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PONY TAIL FARM

TAKAMURA - THORN

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PONY TAIL FARM

by Takamura

Illustrated by Thorn

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PONY TAIL FARM.

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CHAPTER ONE

Annie falls into a Trap

Rupert Mills sat at his desk, clicking the top of his gold ball-point pen. Annie Jones was late again. Always the same five or ten minutes late, always the same story. There was a knock on his door and she came in. “I couldn’t get on the Tube, Mr Mills, or the one after.”

“That’s all right, Miss Jones”, he said, “but please try to arrive more punctually in future.”

“I will, Mr Mills, honest.”

Mills watched her leave the room the usual way, closing the door behind her, shoulders back, tits out, the final glance to check that he was admiring her profile. He wondered if there was anything so special about her, if you took away those big breasts. Hard to say. No doubt about the tits though! He had seen all the other men looking at them often enough. She knew how to use them too. She was always leaning forwards over a desk, showing most of her breasts, letting them hang down in front of the office boys, squeezing them together slightly with the tops of her arms to make them look even bigger. Sometimes she even swung slightly from side to side, and her breasts gave a little wobble that left men confused and speechless...

Mills had never been able to work out if she was really pretty or not. She had lovely big eyes, that was true. She had a big sexy mouth too. The eyes and the mouth often went together in Mills’ fantasies. He imagined Annie kneeling in front of him, naked, her hands tied behind her back. Then she closed her eyes in an automatic gesture as she opened her mouth to his aching hard-on...

What else did she have going for her? Her hair was nice, he thought, wavy, blonde hair parted in the middle, hanging down just to the top of her tits. And her bottom was good. In summer she often wore tight trousers. Some were so tight around the crutch you could see her mons veneris, which seemed unusually prominent. And then suddenly, when the cold weather came, off came the trousers and on went the short skirts

like the one she was wearing now. A lot of girls did that. But when she did it, it drove him crazy. He never knew whether to look at the big thighs or the big boobs. Both were real, physical, very touchable...

Annie Jones had a tough, bad-tempered streak he had seen in so many working-class London girls. Mills was afraid of that streak. He half expected her to turn on him one day and say "What d'you think you're looking at?" Who the hell did she think she was? She was nobody. She was just a common girl with big tits. A classic cockteaser. Someone who deserved to be taught a lesson...

Mills frowned. He remembered how his wife had visited the office a few weeks ago and had seen him looking at the girl. He hadn't had a moment's peace ever since. She had even nagged him in the pub. "You were looking at her!" "I wasn't!" "You were, I saw you!" It had been very embarrassing. He had buried his face in his pink gin.

Mills ran his hand over his forehead as if erasing the memory. He pressed a button on the interphone.

"Will you step into my office, please, Miss Jones?"

Annie went in. He motioned her to a chair and sat down opposite her. She crossed one leg over the other... Thighs... rounded, pneumatic, swelling, touchable thighs...

"I'm afraid I have some bad news for you, Miss Jones. It's about the missing money."

Annie looked at him, a little pale...

"I was hoping you'd say something about it, but as you haven't, I will. If you look at the ceiling in your office, you'll see a grille. Air conditioning. There's a closed circuit camera in there, focused on the petty cash drawer. It's connected to a video."

Annie turned paler. She looked down and felt her stomach kick. She knew her cheeks were going red. Mills noticed too, and noticed too how she gave a kind of sigh, took in breath, and heaved her breasts. There was movement, a heavy wobble and a quiver as they settled back into

place...

Annie waited to see what was coming next. It flashed through her mind. The police, unemployment, no references from her previous employer, probation, prison?

“I... I’m sorry, Mr Mills, honest. I’ll give the money back, well, all I can. I’ll pay the rest back.”

“I should tell the police, of course, but I imagine you would not find that very pleasant. I have an alternative proposal,” he said. “I won’t tell them if you agree to it.”

Annie’s large blue eyes lit up.

“You stole a thousand pounds. I won’t ask you for the money. And I won’t tell the police. But I want something back in exchange.”

“What?” she asked.

“You’ve been a very naughty little girl, and you deserve to be punished. Here’s the deal. I’ll give you fifty blows with a cane.” He paused to gauge the effect of his words.

Annie’s jaw dropped. She looked nervously around.

“The blows will be on your breasts, probably,” he added. “But I will have the right to cane you on all other parts of your body too. And you’ll have to strip off completely. I want to see you stark naked. I want you to show me everything. You do anyway, more or less. You should be used to it.”

He walked round the table and lifted her top, pulling it slowly up until it came over her large breasts. He had never seen anything like them! She was wearing a black bra trimmed with lace. The breasts seemed to be held back by it, to be straining to rise up out of the cups...

He slipped a finger inside the right cup, very slowly, running it down till it found the edge of her nipple. Then he pressed it against the nipple, and felt it move, wrinkling and swelling. The breast was very white. We’ll soon change that, he said to himself.

She took in a quick breath. The man was repulsive, with his fat beer belly hanging over his belt. The dirty sod, she thought! The filthy old bastard! She winced as he put more fingers in and played with her nipple. This was sexual harassment. He could go to prison for that! But what about her? Theft was theft, and she could go to prison too. Her parents would never forgive her! And she might not find another job if she had no references.

She took another deep breath. "All right," she said quietly.

"Stand up," he said, "and hold your top up, both hands."

Annie hesitated.

"It's your decision," he said. "I can pick up that phone and call the police if you like." His hand hung above the telephone.

Annie shook her head quickly. "NO, don't tell them!" She held her top up above her breasts. Mills ran both his hands up her stomach. He paused when he came to the bottom of her bra, and then he slid both hands underneath and lifted the black lace up and off the magnificent breasts. Annie turned her head, looking flushed. He ran both hands over the whole breasts, causing her to give a slight gasp. Her breasts lifted and fell provocatively.

"We start tonight," Mills said. "I get fifty hits, remember. I can use them whenever I like. And if I wish, I can use something else instead of the cane. Agreed?" Annie nodded. "Stay behind after work today. I'll say you've got a report to do. Get back to your desk now."

Annie said nothing. Her head dropped and she turned to leave.

"I want you in here after work, when the others have gone. This is the cane," he said, reaching behind a filing cabinet and taking out a bamboo cane about two foot long.

She looked at it in horror. He couldn't really hit her on the breasts with that cane! It would be agony! The man was mad!

It was a long day for both of them. Mills could not get his mind off her breasts. He was going to see them whenever he wanted, and to cane them

too! For three months he had been imagining what this girl would be like if she were naked, with her breasts hanging free and unprotected, at the mercy of his cane... Soon he would know.

Annie could think of nothing else. Would she really have to take all her clothes off, or would it only be from the waist up? Where would she have to stand? How exactly would she have to stand? What would she have to do with her hands? How much would it hurt?

When the others left the office and she stayed, no one was very surprised. Overtime was quite common and always welcome...

Mills sat, enjoying his erection, pressing the ball of his hand against it, and sometimes squeezing it... Ten minutes after the last employee left, he pressed the interphone button again.

“Come in, Miss Jones.”

It was the moment Annie had been fearing.

She took a deep breath to try to control her nerves, and then stood up. Why had she put that stupid mini-skirt on? She would have felt better in trousers.

She walked slowly across the room and paused in front of the door. She tapped lightly. “Come in.” He was working at his desk, as always.

He looked up, and looked briefly at her white top.

Then he stood up, fetched the cane and put it on the large table. She was breathing fast, he noticed, panicking...

She looked at him, waiting, not daring to speak...

“It’s the first time,” he said. “You can keep your skirt on. Take your T-shirt off.”

Annie crossed her arms in front and lifted the top off. He took it from her and placed it on the desk.

“Now take your bra off.”

Slowly, she unfastened her black lace bra in the front. She stood there, holding the unfastened cups together. Mills saw with satisfaction that her hands were trembling. “Off, I said.”

Annie lowered her head and took her bra off. Her breasts were large and very white. They shook and settled. She stood there holding her bra in her right hand. Suddenly she felt very embarrassed. She did not know what to do with her arms, she realized. Her right arm hung by her side, holding the bra. Her left arm rose instinctively and covered both breasts.

“Don’t do that. Both arms by your side.”

She obeyed.

“Drop the bra on the floor,” Mills said. His head swam as he stared hungrily at the secretary’s full white breasts. They were lovely. Large but firm, with a pink aurora, and her nipples were already erect as if he’d licked them and blown on them. He picked up the cane.

“Stand next to the table. Rest your bottom against it, lean back on it. You can grip the table if you want to. This is going to hurt, you know that, don’t you?”

She leaned back. Her hands were trembling as she held on to the table.

“Lift your head. And lift your breasts too. I want to see them.”

She straightened her shoulders slightly.

“That’s not enough. Arch your back, stick your tits right out,” he said, touching them with the cane, making small circles around one nipple, followed by smaller and smaller circles until the cane touched the nipple and made it wrinkle and stand out even more.

He ran the cane over the other breast too.

Annie said nothing. She was ashamed at having to show him her naked breasts, and ashamed too at the way the nipples were erect. She gritted her teeth and thought “I wish he’d get it over with.” It was like waiting to have an injection...

Mills was in no hurry, however. He ran the cane down over full, rounded stomach, and then up and down her arched back...

He stepped back and measured the distance carefully, like a golfer taking a practice swing, and brought the cane down onto her breasts in slow motion, stopping just before contact...

The girl was looking very frightened now. Her face was as white as her breasts.

“Offer your tits to the cane! You’re a thief. You took £1,000. You’re going to be punished for it!”

Annie arched her back more, lifting her superb breasts... Her eyes were wide with fear. She felt the sweat on her fingers as she gripped the table...

“Right, first one,” said Mills, pulling his right arm back. She sucked in air and held her breath. She looked at the cane, panting, and turned her head at the last moment as the cane came swishing down onto her naked, defenceless breasts...

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAP!

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!!!”

The girl jumped and screamed. Mills saw her breast take the blow with a heavy jolt. He had a quick glimpse of both breasts rising, then falling heavily into place. The girl’s hand shot up and covered them both. She sobbed and rubbed herself. She had not expected so much pain.

“Put your hands behind you this time. You can hold the table or you can put your hands together, as you wish.”

The girl hesitated. Mills picked the phone up. “Maybe you would rather I rang the police?”

She shook her head. She put her hands behind her bottom this time, and gripped the table. As she uncovered her breasts he saw it had taken a

deep red welt.

“Turn this way a bit. I want to see your other breast.” She turned and he saw that it was also marked. It had been a good hit...

“Now I’m going to punish your right breast. Present it to me.”

His arm went back...

Mills licked his lips as he saw the breast offered to him...

“Two!” he said, bringing the cane down hard.

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It was agony, far worse than she had imagined...

Both hands shot up to her breasts, rubbing them and soothing them.

He pulled her hands down.

“Stop that! I want to see your tits. She obeyed, lowering her arms. She burst into tears.

“No, please,” she begged. Not again, please!”

We’ll have two more, I think. But this time I don’t want your hands coming up. I want to see your breasts move. I’m going to tie your hands behind your back.”

She looked terrified, but did not protest as he unlocked a drawer in a black filing cabinet and took out a rope. He bound her hands together behind her bottom.

Annie was aware now that with her hands bound behind her and her shoulders back, she was thrusting her breasts forwards at him. They had never felt so naked, so defenceless before...

“And you don’t need the table. Stand in the middle of the room.”

She watched in horror as he opened his fly buttons and pulled his underpants down to just below his testicles. His erect member flopped foolishly, like a blind worm. She looked at it in repulsion. It was thick and

heavily marked by twisted, meandering veins...

Mills put down the cane and returned it to the drawer, taking a cat-o'-nine-tails from it. He held it up in front of her face. She saw the nine leather straps pass in front of her eyes...

“Lift your breasts! Higher! Higher, you slut! You’ve been sticking them out for the last three months. You’re a cheap, common cockteaser! You’ve been provoking all of us. I’m going to flog your breasts now!”

“Wait a minute, I’ll tell you what,” Annie said suddenly. She appeared to brighten up. “I’ll pull you off. Here’s the deal. If you don’t hit me, I’ll pull you off. I’ll give you a hand job!”

“A hand job? I may take a rain cheque on that one,” Mills said. “At the moment I’m more interested in flogging you on the breasts.” He let the hanging straps of the flail pass lightly over her nipples, causing them to wrinkle.

She took a deep breath as his right arm went back... He was a fat slob, but heavy, and she knew there was plenty of strength in his arm...

“Stand with your legs apart. Wider.” She obeyed, aware that her mini-skirt was riding up her thighs.

“Three!”

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The cat caught the whole of her left breast, and curled round, catching the right breast too.

Annie screamed and staggered. She couldn’t move her hands to rub her breasts. She took a step forward. Her head hung and she made a strange high-pitched whimpering noise. She saw that the flail had reddened the whole of her right breast, and criss-crossed it with angry-looking red

marks.

“Last one coming up for today,” he said. He brought her back to the middle of the room and, after some thought, he untied her hands. “Put your hands up behind your head,” he ordered.

Annie obeyed, aware that the position left her breasts as naked and exposed as before.

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOGGGH!!!

“Now keep your hands behind your head. Legs wide apart. Four!”

The big breasts wobbled and fell back into place, pink from the flogging. Annie could not help it. It hurt so much she brought her hands down to cover her breasts and soothe them...

“I told you not to do that,” Mills said. He took her right hand and pulled it from her breasts, putting it onto his erect penis.

“I’ll give you a hand job, but it counts as one hit with the cane,” Annie said, sobbing.

“Oh, no it doesn’t, my girl. I told you not to move your hands. And you moved them. You still get forty-six swipes, and I get a hand job.”

Anger flared for a moment in Annie’s eyes, but she said nothing.

“Where are the tissues?” she asked, squeezing his penis and beginning to pump it.

“It goes over your breasts,” he told her. “And if you complain, it goes into your mouth.”

She said nothing. For two minutes she pumped him, sobbing from time to time. He played with her breasts, sometimes stroking the nipples, sometimes taking whole handfuls and squeezing them until she gasped. Mills threw his head back. She was good with her hands. She had strong hands and took a firm grip on him. For a minute or two, neither of them spoke. Mills felt it coming...

“Get down on your knees.”



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“Now keep your hands behind your head. Legs wide apart. Four!”

She obeyed, but pulled her face back. She held his penis down, pointing it at her breasts.

“It’s going all over those big floppy tits, girl ... Point it at your tits ... ugh! ... oooh! ... AAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He gave a long animal groan, then slumped forwards, jerked several times, and shot off onto her lovely breasts. Then, unexpectedly, he grabbed his penis, seized her by the hair and pulled her head back.

“In your face too...”

“No, please! Not...”

She turned her face and shuddered as his semen hit her on the nose and cheek. Some of it went onto her lips! She screamed and rubbed it off frantically with the back of her hand. She had a filthy temper. Mills had seen it with other people in the office.

“YOU FILTHY SOD! You could have Aids, you filthy sod! You dirty bastard! You’re off your head! You’re mad!” she sobbed.

“Open your mouth, Annie. Lick me clean. You’re going to lick ever single drop of semen off. Open your mouth,” he said with authority.

Instead, Annie closed her mouth and wiped her lips again with the back of her hand. It was disgusting! He was fat and repulsive! He had shot off all over her breasts and into her face! Some of it had even hit her lips! She shook her head, pulling her hair out of his hand, and ran into the bathroom. She spat and washed her mouth out again and again...

Mills waited. The door finally opened. She came out, her arms crossed in front of both breasts. “You’ve had it now, you dirty sod!” she shouted. “You’ve blown it this time! You wait till my father hears about this! He’ll kill you! He’ll go to the police!”

Mills looked at her. Yes, she looked serious. She just might tell someone. Her mother, maybe, and her mother would tell her father. He could imagine it. Her father, he knew, was a stevedore in the docks. He had seen him once, Annie’s first day at the office, when he had come to pick her up. Tough man. Not a man to play around with. Yes, her father would tell the

police all right. Or come looking for him, thought Mills. Not good either way, for a respectable business consultant. A bit of a no-win situation, he said to himself...

Annie turned, went back into the bathroom and locked the door. He could hear the water running, the sound of frantic splashing and the soap dispenser being pressed repeatedly.

There was not much he could do, except wait.

“All right, Annie, that’s all for today,” he said. “You can come out now. Time to go home.”

There was no reply.

“Look, Annie, we can talk about this,” he said. “Maybe I’ve made a mistake here. We’ll think about it tomorrow.”

The door slowly opened and Annie came out, her hands still crossed in front of her, one hand gripping each generous breast protectively...

She reached down to pick up her bra, which still lay on the floor where she had dropped it.

Mills looked down for a moment, trying to think clearly. All this could ruin him. His marriage, his career, his hard-earned social standing, all down the drain, and for what? For a wank? For the mammary glands of a slightly overweight, stupid little office girl?

His sweaty right hand slid over a heavy glass paperweight that sat uselessly on the table... Greetings from the Lake District, it said. He raised it quickly and hit her hard on the head while she was still standing, head down, sobbing and fumbling with her bra. She slumped to the ground.

Mills gazed down at her. She looked gorgeous. For a moment, he considered raping her just as she was. But there were more important things to be done. Like what to do with an unconscious secretary...

Stupid, stupid girl. More tits than brains... There had been no camera in the ventilation grille. She had fallen neatly into the trap...

He pulled his trousers up and sat down. He, too, was trembling. He paced around the room, stroking his chin, still trying to get his thoughts together. He needed help. Finally he picked the phone up.

“Robert? Rupert here, Rupert Mills. Look, I’m in a spot of bother. Can’t explain over the phone. I need a phone number. The fellow you know in Dorset, the farmer. Yes, the pony man... OK. Got that. Thanks a lot.”

He jotted down a number and dialled it. He was given another number, a mobile this time, and he rang it.

“That’s right, Rupert Mills. I’m a friend of Robert Ashcroft’s. I’ve been down a few weekends. ... That’s right. Look, I’ve got a pony for you. Are you interested? ... Eighteen, blonde, lovely big tits. Very pretty. ... Yes, interesting is the word, believe me. ... Listen, I was wondering, do you keep ponies for private customers? ... That’s a pity. But you could if you wanted to? I mean, people who have real horses leave them in stables and they ride them at the weekend. Could you do that? If the price was right? ... I mean, she’d be for me, not the other guests. Do you want to give me a price? ... Good Lord! ... No, no way. I think you’d better put her in with the other ponies. No, I don’t want anything for her either. You’re doing me a favour taking her. ... Well, I’ll take you up on that one, thank you. I’d quite like to see the girl on the farm, I must admit. My wife too? No, I see enough of her at home. Listen, can you pick the girl up now? ... Half an hour? Great. She’ll walk out. There’s a security man at the door by the way. ... OK, I’ll keep her here for an hour. When she leaves I’ll go down to the door with her. ... You’ll recognize us, don’t worry.”

There were practical details to be sorted out. Mills gave his address and mobile number. He also jotted down another phone number, the farm’s London contacts, the trappers. “OK, I’ll ring if there’s any problem.” Following instructions, he deleted the calls from his phone.

Annie was stirring now and mumbling...

“Listen carefully, Annie. You hit your head on the table when you were

standing up. You knocked yourself out, OK? I'm keeping you here till you come round properly. Then I'll let you go and you'll go straight home. Just lie there for a bit."

Annie's head was spinning. She felt terrible. She just wanted to go home. Mills insisted. She was not well enough to go yet. A quarter of an hour later, his mobile rang. "OK, fine," he said, and hung up.

"Now go straight home, Annie. You don't look very well. Do you want me to come with you?"

Annie shook her head.

"OK. I'll see you to the door to be sure you can walk." Annie stood up, swaying unsteadily. Miller went down with her. The security guard was not at the door, luckily. He must be on his round. That made things easier...

Annie staggered off into the night. Mills looked up and down the street. There was a small furniture removal van waiting nearby. He nodded at the driver, who nodded back.

Mills went back into the building.

The guard was back when he entered the building. "Needed a bit of fresh air," Miller said.

The guard smiled. "Doing overtime, eh?" he asked, with a grin. "That was Annie, wasn't it?" Miller hesitated, and then nodded.

"Er, yes. Urgent report. The girls are always glad of the overtime, fortunately."

"I wouldn't mind a bit of overtime with that one," the man said, grinning.

"No such luck," said Miller, forcing a smile. "All work and no play, I'm afraid."

The guard sat gazing at the door as if Annie was still there.

"A bit of all right," he said. "She could have me any time she wanted."

Miller smiled again. "Oh well," he said, "back to the grindstone..."

Back in the office he sat down, still trembling. He picked up the note with the phone number on and flushed it down the toilet. Everything had worked out very well. The guard had come back in time to see the girl leave. She would not arrive home, of course, and he had a perfect alibi. The guard had seen it all. He had seen him accompany her to the door, take a breath of fresh air, and then go back to the office to finish the report.

He would leave in an hour or two. If the police wanted to see a report, they would see one...

As he wrote the report, images of the girl came to his mind, distracting him. Sometimes she was naked. Other times, she wore pony gear that lifted her breasts and framed them in shining black plastic. Sometimes she wore long shiny boots, or a robust-looking basque in black leather with strings at the back to tie it up. He had seen one at the farm. It sat just below the breasts and supported them without covering the nipples. It had a deep cut at the bottom, an inverted V led the eye down to her navel and left her triangle of thick pubic hair completely visible...

And as he wrote the report on the advisability of investing in the futures market (South African coffee crop) his mind turned to bamboo canes with cutting ridges across them, long plastic office rulers for slapping breasts and bottoms, chains to hold wrists and ankles, girls down on all fours with their bottoms raised showing both holes at the same time, girls in leather or rubber straps, their legs wide open in positions that exposed big white tits and opened the lips of their big wet pussies, lovely juicy, suckable, floggable, whippable pussies that would writhe under the flail as well as the tongue, big open inviting pussy lips that would suck him in to the dark, warm, passage and hold his dick and squeeze it as he banged away, banging himself and the girl to muscle-jerking oblivion...

He could not concentrate on the report. Finally he abandoned it, and went to the bathroom. In a dozen quick jerks, he shot off into the toilet. He felt better, but it was a poor substitute for a half-naked Annie Jones. He wished he had taken her pants down and raped her when she lay on the

floor.

He would have time, all being well, for that and much more...

CHAPTER TWO

Annie and the Apeman

Annie took the Tube in Holborn and got off in Stepney, where she was approached by a smiling man holding a map.

“I wonder if you could help me.” She was looking down at the map when he pulled it to one side, revealing a spray. When Annie woke up two days later in a dark room she only remembered the spray, nothing else.

She felt sick and dizzy. As her head cleared, she realized she was stripped naked, lying on straw. Her wrists were chained together to two rings set in the wall above her head, and her ankles were chained to two rings set in the stone floor. Her feet were about two feet apart.

For some hours, she saw little in the gloom of a small light bulb. She heard nothing except occasional animal noises. She was thirsty. Everything ached, especially her arms and legs. When she had the strength, she shouted. Someone came running. He was a stocky man wearing a leather suit. It covered part of his arms and thighs and would have looked like a nineteenth century bathing costume, except that it had a hole cut in front through which the man’s genitals flopped. His member was slowly pumping up. He had a Neanderthal, almost apish look to him as he ambled across the room, his jaw hanging loose.

The apeman said nothing, but switched on a stronger light. He took down a flail from the wall and walked around her. As he did so, he flogged her rhythmically and systematically, muttering to himself, “Swish, left tit, swish, right tit, swish, cunt, swish, cunt...”

“NOOOOOOOO! NOOOO! STOP! Who are you? Where am I?”

SWIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAP!

“OOOOOOOOOOOOWWW! NO! STOP! PLEASE!”

After a few minutes, the man took up position between her open legs. She strained in a vain effort to bring her thighs together. She had never liked men to look at her intimate parts, even her boyfriends. She always preferred the light out when she made love, and here she was, showing herself to this complete stranger, this ape! “Nice pussy,” he muttered. “Nice pussy.” He stroked her open vagina as if it was a cat...

Then he thought for a moment, and moved the ankle chains to two more rings, set further apart. Annie grimaced. Her crutch strained as her legs were pulled wide apart. The man looked down at her vagina and still seemed dissatisfied. He pulled the lips apart at the top, where they had stuck together in a fold of intimate, wrinkly flesh. “Nice and open,” he said. “A good cunt is an open cunt!”

Annie felt totally defenceless. This time it was not just her breasts. Everything was exposed! It crossed her mind that it was all some dream. Soon she would wake up sweating in her own bed.

The man began rubbing the straps of the flail around in her open vagina, muttering slowly to himself in a voice hoarse with lust, “Nice pussy, wet pussy...” he muttered, rolling the straps around, backwards and forwards.

Then he examined the straps, sniffed them and took up position with one foot on either side of her head, looking down at her breasts and open legs. He raised his right arm...

Annie held her breath as the apeman lifted the flail high.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

“Nice pussy ... nice cunt ... nice pussy ... nice cunt...”

She couldn't believe it! He was going to hit her between the legs! Her eyes opened wide. He couldn't, not on her cunt! She saw the muscular back ripple, the right arm go up and up, high behind his head... She watched in fear as the arm swung down, hard, and screamed as the apeman flogged her again and again on her wide open sex lips...

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Apeman did not seem to hear her. He carried on, hard and rhythmically, muttering as before: swish, left tit, swish, right tit, swish, pussy, swish, cunt...

“Please, don’t!” she yelled. “NOOOOOOOOO!!! Don’t hit me! Who are you?”

She watched in horror as the man threw down the flail and took a long leather belt from a hook on the wall. His arm lifted again... The belt looked heavy.

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Naughty cunt, wet cunt, naughty cunt, slap, slap, big wet cunt, slap...”

Her screams became more urgent as he brought the leather strap down onto her naked breasts, faster and harder, twice on each breast now and then twice again on her exposed, defenceless vagina...

The secretary’s magnificent, heavy breasts quivered and fell into place with each blow. Red welts appeared across them showing clearly against her white skin.

The tops of her thighs were marked with red welts too.

Her vagina was sore and red...

Then the apeman turned his attention exclusively to her sex lips once again. He stood over her and changed rhythm, hitting her directly on the wide-open lips, getting angrier and angrier... Annie screamed and each scream seemed to provoke him more than the last. She twisted and turned as much as the chains allowed, turning her pelvis, trying to dodge

the cruel stinging blows...

She pleaded with him, begged him, but he did not seem to see her or hear her. He was totally focused and he beat her for a full five minutes.

Then he stopped, short of breath, and turned the belt round.

“Last one,” he said, speaking almost for the first time, last one, buckle. His arm went up...

Anne screamed, a hoarse, croaking scream with what remained of her voice, and turned her head so she would not see the belt come down.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

PLEASE! ... DON'T!

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAACK!!!

AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

For the first time she saw stars, flashing lights, as the pain ran through her nerves.

The man put the belt back on the wall and stood between her open legs. He took his penis in his hand and urinated directly onto her vagina. She screamed again as the acid urine stung into her sore, bruised flesh... Still urinating, he directed the stream up and onto her breasts. Then he knelt on top of her chest and lifted her head by the hair.

“Open your mouth!” he ordered. She did not. He took her nipples between his thumb and forefinger and squeezed hard. “Stop! All right! I’ll do it! Just stop!” He lifted her face again, and put his penis into her mouth. “Suck me,” he said. “Lick me clean.” Annie could smell his penis, the stale smell of old urine. She shuddered as she brought her mouth around the huge, swollen tip...

After a few minutes, the apeman pulled his member out of her mouth and ambled over to the wall. He took a chain that was hanging from the wall

behind her. He unchained her right leg and then put the new chain on. Then he did the same with her left leg. The chains were too short to reach the wall behind her easily, and as he pulled on them, her legs were pulled up and wide, exposing her bottom. When he fastened the two chains to the wall, they pulled Annie's legs up so high that her feet almost touched the wall. She felt as if she was going to split. It was a painful, humiliating version of one of her favourite positions, in which her boyfriend put a pillow under her bottom and then put her legs up over his shoulders as he pushed deep inside her...

She watched in horror and disgust as the apeman took his massive penis in his right hand and spat on it.

“NOOOOO! PLEASE! NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

She winced as he put the tip of his penis against her sore cunt.

She shouted in pain when he gave a quick thrust and drove his shaft deep inside her. As he raped her he slapped her naked breasts again and again, painfully and rhythmically, with the open palm, and then the return blow with the backhand...

It was all ritual to the apeman. He tortured and raped in the same ritual way other men masturbated into their paper tissues... It was a ritual developed over long practice and he seldom varied it...

After five minutes he gave a series of grunts and jerks followed by a huge primitive shout that announced his orgasm. His eyes closed, his jaw hung loose, his head shot back and his whole body shook. He pulled out soon after coming, rested briefly, and then told her to suck him again. Her stomach turned over in disgust at the sight of his flaccid member, dripping slowly. “NO!” she shouted. He looked at her for a moment and ambled over to the wall, from which he took down another cane, about a yard long.

“STOP! PLEASE! I'LL DO IT!” she shouted, writhing as the cane came down onto a nipple.

Annie's stomach heaved with repulsion as the apeman squatted over her,

his now limp member hanging dripping onto her chin. She shuddered as she opened her mouth and a drop fell on her lips... For a moment a flash of rage, of uncontrollable rebellion, made everything go red before her. She was going to tell him to fuck off. Then she looked at the cane as he held it high. She had no choice. She opened her mouth wide. Her eyes closed...

She sucked and pressed with her tongue on the bottom of his member, as ordered. She only knew that she did not want to be beaten again. She closed her lips and took the smelling bulge of the penis into her mouth.

When she finished licking him clean, the apeman released her legs. He put a bright red ball gag in her mouth and fastened it at the back of her neck. It had small holes in it that let her breathe, but Annie found it claustrophobic and frightening because she couldn't get enough air in. The apeman shambled off, muttering "That'll keep you quiet, you big slut!"

Annie spent the night sitting on the straw, her back against the wall and her arms chained above her head. She longed to be able to rub her vagina, which was stinging painfully, but all she could do was press one thigh over the other as if she was masturbating. As the hours passed, the gag became horribly painful. Saliva ran down her chin and dripped onto her heavy, suffering breasts. The gag forced her jaws apart, stretching muscles that were seldom used, and cramp soon set in. For several hours she tossed and turned, trying to shout, hearing only low muffled groans, until finally exhaustion took over and she went to sleep. In her sleep she dreamt she was being raped by a huge hairy monkey. Its big chimpanzee lips chattered away at her and its pink face was pressed against hers...

In the morning the apeman came in and took out her gag. For a time she could not speak. Finally she managed to say "I'm thirsty!" The apeman gave her water. He did not answer any of her questions ("Where am I? Who are you? What are you going to do to me?"). When she said she was hungry he squatted down over her and made her suck him off again. He released her right arm so she could pump him, and he forced her to

swallow down all his semen. Then he replaced the chain and loped off, muttering “Last time, last time...”

CHAPTER THREE

Annie meets her Master and Mistress

In the middle of the morning the apeman took Annie outside to a shower unit and washed her in a rough, clumsy way. She hated the way his fingers rubbed and pushed the soap and shampoo into all nooks and crannies of her aching body, including her anus, but she was glad of the warm water and the clean feeling it gave her.

When he finished, he dried her and ambled off, returning a few minutes later with two people. One was a woman in her late thirties, wearing a short skirt and a very low-cut blouse. The other was a strong-looking man in his mid-forties who was wearing a suit and tie. They both looked at Annie without speaking.

Annie's eyes lit up. She shouted out. "Help me! I've been kidnapped!" The man in the suit smiled. "Clever girl! You're absolutely right. You've been kidnapped. I don't think we've been introduced, have we? My name's Jim. This is my wife, Joan." Joan said nothing. She just smiled and ran her hand through the girl's wavy hair, stroking it. The apeman stood up, reluctantly, muttering to himself.

"You've probably had a busy night," said Jim. "Hobbs is our jailer. Your jailer really I suppose. He has to make the most of the first night, you see. We have this little deal with him. He doesn't get paid. He just gets his keep. He gets the first night with a new pony. Pity, really, the first night's the best. However, money is money."

There was another silence. Annie had no idea what he was talking about.

Joan broke the silence. "Has she had any water?" she asked. "Give her some more. Give her a lot. She might pee for us." Annie drank three full glasses of water, gratefully.

“I think this little pony can do some licking, if you fancy it,” Jim said, turning to his wife. The woman smiled and gestured to the apeman. He loosened the chains that held Annie’s arms above her head. Joan slid her own knickers down and stepped neatly out of them. She placed them carefully on a small table, the only furniture in the room except for a large wine barrel. Then she took off her skirt too and stood looking at Annie, running her fingers thoughtfully through her own bushy pubic hair. Finally she removed her blouse. She wore no bra, but her full breasts held up well with no support.

Annie watched in horror as the woman took up position astride her and seized her head with both hands. She stared in horror at the woman’s hair and half-open sex lips, just a few inches in front of her face...

“I’m ... I’m not like that,” Annie mumbled, trying to turn her head to one side. “I’m not a bloody dyke!”

“Isn’t she lovely? So sweet and innocent!” said the woman, standing with her feet wide apart now and holding Annie’s head firmly.

“I’d like a go too,” Jim said. “You take her face and I’ll give her cunt a work-out from the back. Hobbs can set her up for us.”

Jim watched appreciatively as Hobbs changed Annie’s position.

“Get down on your knees, like a bitch!” Jim ordered. Annie felt the apeman’s rough hands push her to her knees. “Down on all fours!” The apeman pushed her head down and chained her ankles and her wrists to rings set in the rough stone floor.

Annie felt like a dog. She knew she was going to be raped again and felt herself tremble.

The man got undressed slowly. The woman pulled Annie’s head up and stood very close to her.

“Have you ever been so close to a woman?” Joan asked. Annie shook her head. “It’s an important moment for a heterosexual girl like you. Your very first lick of a woman’s cunt! Run your tongue around my hair first.

Play with the curls. Stick it out further. That's right. Now move your tongue closer, slowly now... closer ... good ... now lick my lips, up and down the edge ... slowly ... slowly ... that's nice!" She gave a quick, soft moan. Aah!... put your head sideways and suck one of my lips in... ah!.. that's it, suck it right in. you've got a lovely big mouth, did you know? You've got thick lips like a cunt! Oh!... Now the other lip... oooh!"

Jim watched, fascinated. It was always a special moment, the arrival of a new pony... He loved the way Joan closed her eyes and began swaying, slowly, sensually, as the sucking got through to her...

What fascinated Jim more than anything else was the look of disbelief, of shock, of deep repugnance, on the face of this new pony. She was unlikely to have been a virgin when she came, and was certainly not one now after a night with Hobbs, but this was clearly her first time with a woman. You could see it in the wide, indignant eyes, the shudders of disgust, or repugnance...

His wife loved that! She loved that special look, the unrepeatable moment when innocence is lost.

Joan too loved the indignation that caused their young eyes to open wide and made their young jaws to sag in disbelief. She loved the way their pretty young faces turned desperately around the room, eyes flickering as if looking for help, as if trying to make sense of it all...

There were other pleasures ahead. Jim's erection ached as he pictured the girl in pony gear, with black straps lifting and framing these superb heavy breasts, and other straps that disappeared into that deep cleft between the buttocks, pressing their way into the girl's large, swollen sex lips...

He would have to wait. Rules were rules. Day One, no pony gear. That was his wife's rule, really. She was kinky about nakedness. She wanted it, but just for the first day, and then she made the most of that day. Oh well, if you pay the piper, you call the tune, Jim reflected. Joan had put up the money to convert the farm. He'd been glad enough to be swap cows with real udders for women with big heavy tits, so he wasn't going

to complain.

He looked on with growing interest as the new girl kissed his wife, running her mouth softly, erotically, up and down Joan's open sex lips, caressing her gently...

He loved the slowness of this enforced pleasure. But his hard-on was sending more urgent messages to his brain, making it difficult for him to wait...

His wife had her head back now and her eyes closed. She was swaying more noticeably. She looked briefly down at the shocked, disgusted face of her new pony, and then grabbed the girl's head. She held it tight as she pressed her own damp sex lips against the girl's mouth and tongue in a series of quick, eager thrusts...

Jim put one hand on the girl's bottom and with the other he pressed his erect penis against the girl's clitoris... He looked down at the firm young buttocks and pulled them up sharply. "Lift your bottom!" he said. "Higher!" I want to see your cunt and your arsehole at the same time!"

Annie did not move. Jim stepped back and nodded to the jailer, who picked up a heavy bull-whip, made of thick plaited leather.

"NOOOOOOOO!" Annie screamed. "Don't hit me! Please!"

The apeman fixed his eyes on the girl's naked bottom.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

CRAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Annie twisted and turned in her chains.

She was sobbing and crying now, but no one noticed. Jim was gazing at the red line across her buttocks. His wife was struggling to hold Annie's face still as she pressed her cunt onto it.

"Next time, do as you're told. Bottom up," said Jim. "I want to see a brown hole and a pink hole at the same time."

Annie obeyed, lifting her bottom as high as she could and presenting both her orifices to him. He fondled them both... Her cunt was very sore, and Annie cried out in pain. He just carried on, wrinkling out her little clitoris and fondling that too. He knelt down and kissed it, sucking it in between his teeth and pushing it out again with his tongue, running it over the sharp ridges of his front teeth... He worked on her skilfully, sucking and pushing, until Annie too began making small, involuntary movements, tiny jerks that pushed her clitoris just a little harder onto his clever, relentless tongue...

“Leave me alone, you dirty sods!” she shouted suddenly, pulling her face away from Joan’s jerking vagina. No one took any notice.

Then Jim lifted her bottom a little higher and held his penis against her, running the tip over her clitoris. His hard-on was aching, it was driving him crazy... He would have to be careful or he would explode and shoot his load before he started...

He waited for a moment until she seemed to relax and suddenly, without warning, he pushed home, as far as he could. He felt his member slide in, gratefully, and he pushed several times, as deep as he could, to get the feel of her passage. He wanted to go right in. He wanted to hurt her... Annie cried out, pulling her head back and releasing the woman’s sex lips once more...

“Bring me the belt,” said Joan. “I told you to suck. You’re not doing your job!”

The jailer fetched the heavy leather belt. Joan took it from him, and moved round the side so she could see and feel the large hanging breasts. She knelt next to Annie and ran her hands over them. She did it softly, tenderly, caressing them and stroking them lightly. For a moment she seemed to be in a dream.

“They’re lovely,” she said. “So white. So virgin. Let’s see how they stand up to punishment.”

Jim watched, fascinated, as his new wife stood up and hit the full swinging, hanging breast as hard as she could. Annie screamed and screamed.

Joan moved round the other side and did the same...

“NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

SWIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Excellent,” Joan said, “your big udder takes punishment very nicely indeed.”

Jim was deep into his rhythm by now, hardly aware of the flogging. He gripped the girl’s thighs desperately as his mind clouded over and he pushed faster and faster into her, again and again, hurting her, jerking out of control... No, he thought, too fast... He stopped.

He watched as his wife opened her legs in front of the girl’s shocked face. There was a pause, a long pause, while Joan gazed down at the girl’s already wet face, and then she started wiping her vagina all over Annie’s nose and face, leaving it all shiny, glistening with her female secretion...

“Lick me, damn you!” he heard his wife say, “lick me properly this time, inside, right on the clit ... that’s it. Now suck me. Put your lips on my clit and suck as hard as you can...” She gave a quick grunt. “That’s it ... ugh! ... keep sucking...”

Her pelvis was working now, finding its own rhythm.

She dropped her arms, leaned forward and grabbed one of Annie’s breasts in each hand... she played with them rolling them around, squeezing, testing, working the lovely firm flesh as a baker works dough...

Jim looked down at the girl’s lovely, rounded buttocks and thrust deep into her pink, suffering cunt once again. His eyes were fixed on her bottom most of the time, and his hands were holding firmly onto the rounded hips. Every few seconds he ran his finger over the small, secret, wrinkled anus, pressing it... He looked up from time to time at his wife’s breasts. They were now swinging wildly as she leaned forwards over Annie to squeeze and scratch the heavy, dangling breasts.

Husband and wife smiled at each other. He reached forwards and stroked her breasts. They were both losing control now, and curiously fixed their eyes on each other, as if the girl in the middle was not there...

But the girl was there, stripped naked and chained down like a dog, waiting to receive a stranger's semen, her face glistening with another woman's vaginal juices...

The couple's low moans turned to groans and grunts, their heads went back, they were shouting to help each other, they were flying together...

Finally, they went into a wild, uncontrolled orgasm...

“UGH! ... OH! ... NOOOOO! ... NOOOOO! NOOOOOOOOOO!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Jim slumped forwards as the dark tide washed over him. He went into hyperjerks, banging away like a demented monkey, arms flaying, he was jerking and vibrating, shouting and grunting...

The woman started up again, to Annie's horror. She had let go of Annie's breasts and was upright now, with Annie's head once again firmly gripped between both hands. Then to Annie's relief, the woman pushed and groaned, and finally slid into a series of unstoppable orgasms that left her drained, exhausted, slumped forwards over Annie's head...

For a time no one spoke.

“What's the verdict, dear?” the woman asked finally, when they had both recovered. “Does she have the makings of a good pony?”

“More cow than pony, with those tits,” said Jim. “Floppem was the right word.”

“More goat than anything else, I'd say, the way you made her lift her bottom!” the woman said, laughing.

“I like a high cunt,” he said. “Come and look! It's very tempting!”

The woman moved round to Annie's uplifted buttocks and nodded. She knelt down next to Annie.

"That wasn't bad for your first lesson," she said, stroking Annie's cheeks with one finger.

Annie was sobbing. She had hated the intimate contact with a stranger's vagina. She had found the contact with the woman's hair and oil absolutely repulsive. She spat out a pubic hair.

"Who ... are you?" she mumbled.

"I'll introduce us again. Try to remember this time. My name's Joan. And this is my husband, Jim. We're the owners of this pony farm. It's called "Pony Tail Farm".

"Where are we? Why am I here?"

"We're in Dorset, if that's any use to you. And you're here to learn a new profession. You're what is called a sexual slave now. You're a pony girl. I understand you were never a very good secretary. You'll be a very good pony though. My husband and I will see to that personally."

"Leave her as she is for the night," said Jim. "We'll start work on her tomorrow."

Joan was about to put her skirt and blouse on again, when she turned for a last look at her new pony girl. Annie's head was down, and she was sobbing. "Don't cry, dear," Joan said, stroking the girl's breasts. "There, there, don't cry... Your mistress is going to give you a treat before she goes." To Annie's horror and astonishment, Joan sat on the ground in front of her and took her head in her hands once more. With an ease that came of considerable practice, Joan rocked backwards and swung her open crutch up towards the girl's face. At the same time she pulled the girl's face down onto her, holding it tight against her pubic mound in a tight leg-lock. Then she hooked her feet round behind the girl's head and pressed Annie's face down onto her open sex lips. "Tongue," she said, after a moment's pause.

Annie could not believe it. She thought it was all over! Her eyes flashed with the uncontrollable, filthy temper she had been famous for at school...

“I dunno who you are, but you’re off you’re fucking heads!” she mumbled, turning her mouth sideways. “You’re a filthy pair of bastards! You won’t get away with this! You’ll be sent down for life! They’ll be looking for me! Don’t you touch me again, either of you, or you’ll be sorry!”

Jim smiled. Filthy temper, that was clear enough. Good. More fun breaking her in. He looked at his wife. She had surprised him too. She did not usually go back for more like that. The new pony had something special, no doubt about it. Joan had just not been able to resist. He sighed and fetched a heavy bullwhip, almost reluctantly. He had come hard and was feeling drained. Discipline was discipline, however, and he could not let the girl’s outburst go unpunished. His wife, he could see, was fully aroused once again. She would enjoy the punishment.

“Lesson One is all about obedience,” he said. “Obedience and punishment. A disobedient pony is punished, sometimes on the buttocks, so we’ll start there!” He pulled his right arm back and whipped her bottom. She was still chained down like a dog and could do nothing to avoid the endless succession of cruel lashes which cut deep into her flesh...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“A pony is also punished on the tits sometimes,” Jim said. The guard knew the routine. He released her arms and pulled her up, so that she was still on her knees but sitting up as if at prayer, with a straight back. He tied her arms back behind her, out straight like a bird flying, and fixed the wrist fetters to chains set in the wall. The result was that Annie was obliged to present her naked breasts for punishment, just as she had been at the office. She shuddered as she remembered that filthy bastard Mills, how he had made her show him her breasts and had caned her. Canned her on the tits, could you believe it, the dirty bastard! She had fainted, she seemed to remember. How long ago was that? She did not know.

Jim picked up a long, whippy stick and pulled it back.
“Can you imagine how much this will sting on a naked tit?” he asked, cruelly. Annie screamed as she saw the stick coming down.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!
SLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAP!!!
“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She had never felt pain like it. She screamed and screamed again as the man took aim at her other breast...

“Your tits were famous in the office, I understand,” said Jim.
SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!
SLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAP!!!
“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”
“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! PLEEEEEEEEEEEASE!!!”

“And I believe you let people see your big fat sex lips through your tight trousers! That’s not really fair, Annie. Office boys have external genitals, you know. They get hard-ons at the drop of a hat. You were described to us as a cockteaser, Annie. You have a very naughty cunt, and you’re going to be punished on your cunt too!”

Annie’s eyes opened wide. Not again! They were all mad. Nobody would hit you there! Not even Mills had suggested that!

She watched as the jailer pulled the empty wine barrel over to her. It had been cut down so it could be stood lengthways, like a low vaulting horse. She shouted and struggled, but he was too strong for her and he pulled her by the hair. She saw that physically she was no match for him. She managed to punch him on the cheek, but it only made him angry. He brought his knee up into her crutch and she went down like a sack of potatoes. Jim helped tie her down, legs spread wide apart, with her buttocks resting on the barrel. Her body was arched back over the barrel now. Her head was hanging down near the ground on one side of the barrel and her feet rested on the ground on the other side. The highest part of her body was her open, defenceless vagina...

Jim gazed at it, his erection beginning to take over once more. Joan walked over to him, smiling, carrying a bundle of twigs tied together at the base. They were birch twigs, with cruel natural knots and twists in them. He took them from her and turned to face Annie's vagina, soft and desirable, open and waiting to be punished...

"I like the cunt to meet the birch," Jim said. "I like to wet the wood first!" He opened Annie's sex lips with his thumb and forefinger, and began passing the bunch of twigs up and down inside her lips. He took them out for a moment to rub at the girl's clitoris, and put his fingers up inside her to get some juice down. Annie groaned and tensed her thighs as his finger worked inside her, and she gave a small, involuntary jerk that pushed her cunt up even higher. "Now you must offer all your body, especially your cunt, for punishment." He pressed the bundle down onto her clitoris and moved it sideways, like a cook spreading pastry, rolling it round and round until the birch twigs were beginning to shine. She gave another jerk. It was getting through to her, despite herself...

"It's not a big erection, but you have an erection," Jim said, feeling her swollen clitoris. "I like that. The birch twigs like it. It makes a better target."

"NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!! PLEEEASSE!!!
DON'T HIT ME THERE, PLEEEEEEEASE!!!"

"Put a ball gag in her," said Jim.

"I'll use my cunt instead," his wife said.

"As you wish."

Annie looked up in disbelief, her head hanging six inches from the ground, as the woman knelt next to her. She shuddered as she felt the woman lift her head. She shuddered again as she smelt a hot, moist crutch coming down onto her mouth.

"I said, use your tongue," Joan ordered, her voice hoarse with renewed lust. "And lick me. Your body belongs to your Master and Mistress now."

Do you understand?”

Annie nodded quickly. “Mmmmm.” She was beginning to understand. Her stomach kicked with adrenalin, like a punch.

“Say, yes, Mistress!”

“Yes, Mistress,” Annie sobbed. From where she lay, arched back over the barrel, she could see little but the woman’s damp thatch. Afraid of being beaten on the cunt again, she opened her mouth obediently and began groping around in the pubic hair with her lips and tongue. She began kissing her new mistress again, sucking in the lips and rubbing them with her tongue, and then sucking in the clitoris and working on it...

Jim stood there, reflectively stroking Annie’s bottom as he watched his wife rubbing her cunt all over Annie’s face, using the whole face this time. Most of the time he could only see Annie’s chin sliding in and out of his wife’s luxuriant pubic hair. As his wife got more aroused and her jerking got quicker and noisier, he saw that she was using one of her favourite manoeuvres, a pelvic thrust upwards that gave her lips and clitoris a long, hard run over the girl’s face, not only the tongue, but the chin too, and up over the tongue again onto the nose. Sometimes she stopped on the nose and pressed Annie’s head even harder as she gave a series of rabbit jerks. Jim knew that she was using the hard nose on the clitoris, going for a quick come or maybe sparking off a long, slow series...

Annie made an effort to overcome her natural repugnance, and forced herself to keep sucking and rubbing. She felt sick, sick from the upside-down stomach and sick from the now wet thatch and the hungry lips that were always looking for her tongue and, she now realized, her nose...

“Slurp a bit too. I like to hear my slaves working,” Joan said. Annie sucked and licked and slurped noisily and rubbed her whole face over the woman’s wet sex lips until Joan came again, more noisily this time, and then again and again with a series of huge orgasms that caused her to throw her arms and head around in ecstasy and left Annie choking for breath as the woman’s sex lips finally came to rest under her tongue. The woman shouted “lick me, lick me!” and then fell silent...

Jim watched in fascination, tapping the palm of his left hand with the bundle of birch twigs. He thought how lovely Joan had looked, kneeling down, riding the girl's face, her back straight and her breasts flying wildly as orgasm after orgasm sent them bouncing and wobbling irresistibly... He remembered his own little joke. Women are like peanuts. If you like one, you like two...

Joan gave a last groan and sank forwards into a final spasm. As she fell forwards, her face came to rest on Annie's vagina. Joan closed her eyes for half a minute, and then began to rub her cheek appreciatively over Annie's exposed lips. She gave them a single, gentle kiss.

"She's lovely, Jim,"

"I know. Lick her if you like. You'll make it easier for me."

Joan smiled, sat up and ran her fingers lightly over Annie's nipples. Annie shuddered.

"You're a lovely girl," said Joan. "But we don't want a girl. We want a pony. And a pony has to learn obedience. My husband is going to work on you now. You will not find the birch very pleasant, believe me, but your cunt has to learn that it must obey orders! And on this farm we like the punishment to fit the crime. A naughty cunt gets punished until it learns to open up like a clam in water. Naughty tits gets flogged until they learn how to present themselves. And a naughty little bumhole gets a big hard cock up it."

Jim took the bundle of birch twigs and held them against Annie's clitoris.

"Now you're going to fuck the twigs," he ordered. "Push your cunt onto them."

Annie obeyed as well as she could, pushing her cunt as Jim rubbed slowly. Annie gave an involuntary gasp as the rough, knotted birch twigs passed up and down over her now wet clitoris...

Then Jim stopped. He showed her the twigs, shining with her own secretion.

"You are learning to love the instrument that will punish you. That is good. It will make it easier for you to present the offending part of your

body.”

Annie said nothing. She was terrified, waiting for the cruel blows to fall...

“Now say, I am your slave. You are my Master.”

Annie said nothing.

Jim raised the bundle of twigs and brought it down with all his strength into her open slit.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

It was a heavy, wet sound, followed by a terrible scream.

“AAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

PLEEEEEEEEEASE!

I’ll do it! I’ll say it! Don’t hit me again, please!”

“Too late. You had your chance.” Jim raised his arm and smacked her cunt with the twigs, again and again and again, twisting and turning the birch, hitting from different angles, mashing and pulping...

Annie’s screams grew hoarse. She would have given him anything, done anything, for him to stop, but he seemed not to hear her any more. He hit her for ten minutes on the open vagina...

Finally he stopped. “Obedience,” he said, “is immediate. Now we’ll try it again. Say, I am your slave. You are my Master.”

Annie looked up at him, torn between hatred and fear.

“I... I am your slave. You are my Master.”

Jim stepped back, satisfied. He gazed longingly at her sex lips. Time to fuck her. At that moment, Joan stepped forward. She seemed cold now, her lust spent and only the cruelty left...

She was carrying a riding crop about two foot long and quite rigid. She stood next to Annie. “You have a Mistress too, you know. And your Mistress likes punishing her ponies on the breasts. And I like them down on all fours like ponies for it! Hobbs!”

Apeman lumbered over and unchained Annie. She fell in a heap on the floor, sobbing. There were dark shadows under her eyes and there was real fear in them now.

Apeman chained her ankles to the floor. He pushed her down like a pony, but left her arms free. It was The Mistress’s way of testing new ponies. Jim stood by impatiently, respecting his wife’s ritual but in urgent need of his own, a good straight fuck.

“Right breast first, said Joan. “When I say, Show breast, you lift your arm and put it behind your head. Show breast. Behind your head, that’s right. And you turn slightly to present your right breast for punishment!” Annie, still down on all fours, turned slightly. She felt terrible. The riding crop was a vicious instrument, designed for a horse’s thick skin, not the soft, white flesh of a woman’s breast...

Joan raised her right arm. Annie knew she was trembling visibly... “Wait a minute,” said her husband. He went over to the girl and put his hand between her sex lips. He rubbed her clitoris, causing her to give a little jump. He put a finger up inside her... “She’s wet,” he said. “I thought she looked a bit of a goer. These girls with big tits usually are. Everyone wants to see their tits and they know it and get the habit of flopping them around in front of everyone. All tits and cunt, this one. How many men have you let inside this big wet pussy?”

Joan was amused at the change in her husband’s vocabulary. He seemed to do that when he was very randy or very angry. They had only been married for three months and she enjoyed these little discoveries.

Annie did not reply. Suddenly, she screamed.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Joan had hit her on the right breast with the crop. Instinctively, Annie’s hands went straight to her breast to rub it and soothe it.

“Put your arm back,” said Joan. “You are not allowed to bring your arm down to rub it. Show breast!”

Annie obeyed. “Now answer the question. How many cocks have you had up your big fat cunt?”

Annie hesitated. It was a stupid conversation. She hated having to answer it, especially with her breast exposed waiting to be punished. It was almost worse waiting for the blow than receiving it. Almost, but not quite. “Seven or eight,” she said. “Boyfriends.”

“She’s probably lying,” said Jim. “It’s probably more like seventy or eighty. She’s a real slut, this one! She’s dripping! Her cunt’s dripping like a mop!” He was still playing with Annie’s clitoris. “She can’t get enough of it, look!”

Annie blushed. To her humiliation, she had been pushing herself, very slightly, onto the man’s clever, intrusive finger. She looked down in confusion. “It’s nothing to be ashamed of,” said Joan. “Our clients like ponies to let themselves go... Now turn a little bit more. Let the crop see the breast! Elbow back now... Say, I am a slave. You are my Mistress.” “I am a slave. You are my Mistress,” Annie said quickly. “Show breast,” said Joan.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It was agony. The cruel riding crop was made of hard, plaited leather. It had bitten deep into her. Annie glanced down and saw a long, red line across the white flesh of her hanging breast. She resisted the temptation to rub it. She has seen the apeman take up position behind her with a whip...

Now Joan moved round the other side. “Good girl. You’re learning fast. Show breast.”

Annie did the same the other side, lifting her left arm and turning to present her left breast. She took a deep breath...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She clenched her fist hard and managed not to bring her arm down.

“Good. Now sit up.”

Annie sat up with some difficulty. She was stiff all over and could hardly move.

“Put both hands behind your head this time, both hands! Sit up straighter, arch your back. Stick your tits right out! Higher! Lift them, that’s right!”

Joan seemed to lose control. She hit Annie again and again, until her large breasts were criss-crossed with deep welts. There was panic in the girl’s eyes as she struggled not to bring her arms down to cover her breasts...

And then, unexpectedly, the old fire sparkled in the girl’s eyes. She burst into tears and dropped her hands, rubbing her breasts and covering them.

“You’re fucking mad! You’re off your fucking heads! Leave me alone, you stupid bastards!” she shouted.

Joan smiled. She looked at her husband. “I’m afraid she’s not learning. She’s going to take a lot of breaking in. The customers will love that!” Jim signalled Apeman to tie Annie to the ground, her arms and legs stretched out in the form of an “X”. Joan fetched an armful of flails, cats, whips, whippy sticks, bamboo canes and riding crops. She left them in a pile next to the terrified girl.

Jim had lost his smile. He worked hard on the girl’s naked body. He beat,

flogged and whipped Annie for over an hour until the girl's screaming had become a low whimper...

Every time Jim changed instruments, he sat on the girl's face and made her lick and suck him. He too was exhausted when he stopped.

He turned to his wife. Day One was hers. She rode the girl's face for the last time that day, and jerked herself off into breast-shaking oblivion, using her hungry cunt to explore all corners of the girl's body, moving down the body, rubbing the breasts with her sex lips, sitting desperately on Annie's thighs, sliding snail-like down her legs, pressing herself onto Annie's thighs and knees, and finally sliding up again until, with a slight twist of the body, their crutches met and pressed... Annie, in all her pain and humiliation, found some relief in the insistent pressing of sex lips against sex lips as this woman called Joan, this stranger, twisted her body and pressed damp thatch against damp thatch, sex lip against sex lip, erect clitoris against erect clitoris...

The Mistress came. The slave did not. Joan stepped away leaving Annie confused and gasping, just as the rising tide of orgasm was becoming irresistible, just as Annie's sore and badly beaten body was beginning to find its own consolation in its own rhythms...

"We don't want you to come on your first day," Jim explained as his wife got dressed.

"We want you to stay like that all night, with your cunt wide open. Asking to be fucked. We'll dress you tomorrow to show you off better." Annie's head was swimming. Jim could see that she understood little of what he said. "You get your pony gear tomorrow. It will help you. You'll feel more like a pony. It focuses attention on your most important parts. It makes you feel more naked, if you follow me. It presents your body. It says, here I am, look at my big fat cunt, look at my big pair of wobbly, floppy tits. It says, I've got a tight little asshole in this crack. It says, Take me. Use me. Do whatever you like to me. Punish me. Flog me. Fuck my face. Fuck my cunt. I'm a slut. I'm your slut."

Annie said nothing. There was nothing to be said. She saw the smile on the wife's face as her husband, fully aroused once again, lay on Annie and pushed deep into her cunt, a hard quick thrust that was designed to be cruel. Annie could not see the man's face, but she could imagine his serious, concentrated expression as he raped her. She could feel that he was trying to hurt her, to penetrate her as deeply as possible...

She gave short gasps each time the man's hand slapped her breasts. She screamed when she saw the wife standing over her, peeing onto her face.

Jim looked down in satisfaction. He was doing a good job, and he knew it. When he shot off deep inside her he had another good strong orgasm. He was pleased. It was a good sign. He would have many more like that, better than that...

He was looking forward to tomorrow, when the ex-secretary with the tight trousers and tight tops would wear only straps and buckles, a sign of her humiliation.

He pulled out of her. "That was good," he said. "You're going to give a lot of pleasure to a lot of people, starting tomorrow. And tomorrow someone you know is coming to see you, Annie."

CHAPTER FOUR

Annie dresses up

It was another long night for Annie. She was hungry and cold and her whole body ached. The rough stone floor hurt her bottom terribly. Everything, especially her cunt and breasts, was painfully sore.

In the morning, stiff and cold, she was released and a heavy iron collar was placed around her neck. A paman brought her some water, and a substantial breakfast. "Pity, pity," he muttered, and ambled off. "You're lucky," said Joan, coming down to check that she was eating, "we feed our ponies well here. At least, we feed them if they are obedient. And we don't want you to lose these lovely tits, do we?" Annie shrunk away from the hand that ran lightly down her breasts, but said nothing. She felt terrible. Her cunt was still very, very sore... She could hardly touch it, even when they released her arms. She sat up to eat breakfast, her legs still apart and chained to the floor.

After breakfast, Jim arrived, fully dressed, with his wife. Joan was wearing her favourite working uniform, a skirt and tight T-shirt, with no underwear...

"Do you need a pee?" Jim asked.

Annie lowered her head. She did not want to say so, but she had let it go in the middle of the night, unable to hold it any longer. "I don't know," she said.

"She's had one," said Joan, pointing to urine in the stones. "Maybe she's got another one. Let her go, let her stand up."

Annie was surprised to be released.

"Over there, in the middle of the room."

She staggered over, hardly able to walk on her stiff, cramped legs.

"Legs apart, feet wide apart. Further..."

Annie moved her feet wider apart.

“Pee,” said Jim. “Pee onto the floor, like a pony.”

Annie was shocked. Maybe she didn't have a pee. How could she do it anyway, with two strangers looking at her?

“I ... I can't.”

“Well, that's a pity!” said Jim. “Because we're going to flog you until you pee. On the cunt. Right ... on ... the .. cunt again,” he said, pausing to let his words sink in. Annie looked around in terror.

Jim went over to her and stroked her breasts. “It really will be better for you if you think pony,” he said. “You're a pony now. Ponies don't care where they pee, do they?” He stepped back, tapping a long bamboo cane against the open palm of his hand. Day Two was his... On this occasion, he would have to share it with a guest, but he did not mind that too much.

“Go down on all fours. That's how a pony pees.”

Annie looked around in panic and went down like a pony.

The couple walked round to her bottom, and told her to lift it. They examined her.

Annie shuddered with repulsion as unfamiliar fingers explored her most intimate parts.

“If you want my opinion,” said Joan, “she's just gorgeous. She's going to be a dream pony when we get the gear on her.” Neither husband nor wife could take their eyes off Annie's heavy, swinging breasts. “I can just imagine her in the office getting all the men going, wearing a tight top, high-lift bra, showing her cunt through her trousers...” said Joan. “Can you imagine what the other workers would give to see her like this?”

“They'd give money,” said Jim. “Good money. Maybe we should tell them.”

His wife laughed. Jim, however, remained strangely serious. The girl was getting through to him, Joan could see. So could Jim. He felt it in his dick.

“I'm still waiting to see you pee,” he said. “And what I really want is to see you pee in your pony gear.” He attached a chain to her collar and led

her to a room marked TACK ROOM. As Annie entered the room the first thing she noticed was the smell of leather and grease. Then she saw straps and buckles and harnesses hanging from the walls. And last of all she saw her boss, Mr Rupert Mills, sitting on a chair formally dressed in a suit and tie.

Annie's jaw dropped. Mills said nothing. He just sat there, staring at her... She was breathtaking. It had all been worth it, he thought. He had only caned her a few times on those big swinging tits. He would make up for it now. Everything about her was round, swelling, feminine... Including her prominent mons veneris... She had fat sex lips, an easy target for a prick or a cane, Mills thought, staring at her long and hard.

Annie felt herself blushing. Nervously she put one hand down to cover her vagina, and the other arm across both breasts. Christ! Mr Mills! Rupert Mills! She felt herself blushing even deeper, as shame at her nakedness mingled with shame at the office theft.

Mills' eyes flicked all over her, from her breasts to her swelling pubic thatch. The same dirty old bastard, she thought. "What the fuck's he doing here?" she asked.

"No need to cover your tits and cunt," Jim said. "You know that. Bend over and touch your toes. Show Mr Mills what you've got."

"A slut's cunt, that's what she's got," said Mills. His erection was obvious now, showing through his trousers.

Annie was horribly embarrassed and it showed. She lowered her eyes and blushed again. Her eyes went from Jim to Rupert Mills, and back to the stone floor...

She hesitated for a moment and Jim wondered if she was going to lose her temper. But finally she bent over, showing her boss her full, white bottom...

"You are not thinking cunt," Jim said. "Pony girls think cunt". He put

his fingers into her vagina. “Think, this cunt is not mine any more. It belongs to Pony Tail Farm. It belongs to your Master and Mistress first, and in second place it belongs to anyone they exhibit you to. Mr Mills, in this case. Bottom up! Show the man your goods!”

Jim and Rupert Mills looked in satisfaction at her swollen sex lips, red now from repeated flogging, standing out in the middle of her deep crack... Jim raised his long cane.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He handed the stick over to Rupert Mills, who gave her another hard slap, raising another fresh welt on top of the many bruised lines still showing from the day before, now blue and red.

The two men sat down again.

“Now you have to get used to showing us everything, Annie,” said Joan. “So we’ll start right now. Show cunt.” Jim smiled. He suspected, rightly, that Joan was dragging things out, enjoying the last minutes of Annie’s nakedness.

Annie stood confused, not knowing what to do. She felt terribly embarrassed, but she dropped both arms and let them swing loosely by her side. What else could she do? Mills sat, fazed, unable to speak, listening to Jim’s orders. “Now open your lips. All of them. Your mouth first, open your lips just a little bit, as if they’re waiting for something. Now open your cunt lips! Pull your sex lips open.” She looked down, shamefaced, and blushed again, but obeyed. With a small movement of both hands, she pulled at her lips and separated them very slightly.

Jim stood up, holding the long bamboo cane, and stood beside her. “Don’t move your hands. Leave them just where they are. And open your cunt more! We’ll start with you buttocks! Don’t move your hands, keep them on your cunt!”

He pulled his right arm back and dealt her a terrible stinging blow on her

buttocks. They quivered and jolted as the cane bit deep into her soft flesh and marked it with an angry red weal. Annie staggered and recovered her balance, her hands irresistibly drawn to her buttocks.

“I told you to leave your hands on your cunt!” Annie obeyed.

SWWIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She let out a huge scream as the bamboo hit her bottom again, marking both cheeks. This time she managed to leave her hands on her sex lips. Once again, she staggered from the pain.

“Now go over to our guest and let him feel you. Don’t let go of your cunt!” Annie looked at him and a flash of indignation appeared for a second in her eyes. The old filthy temper. Then she dropped her head and walked over, awkwardly, not daring to let go of her prominent sex lips. She stood in front of Mills, her cheeks flushed, her head down in shame. “That’s right,” said Jim. “Now bend your legs at the knees, like a frog, to show Mr Mills your big wet pussy. And pull your sex lips all the way open this time, as far as they’ll go. Let him see inside properly. Show him what a slut you are! Show him where all your boyfriends have been!”

Annie bent at the knees and opened her thighs.

“Now feet apart too.” She obeyed. She had never felt so absurd, so embarrassed, in her life. “Offer him your cunt. Push it forward at him!”

Rupert Mills sat speechless, unsure for a dizzying moment if he was dreaming or fantasizing or really looking at Annie Jones in all her naked glory. He put his fingers into her proffered vagina and winkled out her clitoris with his fat clumsy fingers. She gave a quick gasp as she sucked in air and threw her head back.

“See what I mean?” said Jim. “She’s always wet. She can’t get enough of it!”

Rupert Mills nodded. “Once a slut, always a slut. A slut and a petty thief.”

“She’s in the right place then,” said Joan. “You can think of this place as

a prison. A prison for cunts.”

“Something between a prison and an art gallery,” said Jim. “We exhibit too.”

Joan smiled. “That’s what they find so hard at first. She’s so sweet this one. She just hates showing her cunt to her boss, doesn’t she? Has she masturbated for you yet?”

Jim shook his head. His wife sat down with the two men. . Mills noticed she had lifted her skirt at the back as she sat down on the cold chair... Kinky, this one, he thought, I’ve come to the right place... Smart piece too.

“Right, Annie,” said Jim, “it’s time to lose a few inhibitions. First we’re going to get some gear on you and then you’re going to masturbate for us. You can use all your fingers, and both hands, and do what you like with them. But you’ve got to come. And make sure it’s genuine, and a nice big one. We want to see your tits wobble.” He paused for a moment and looked at her from different angles, considering which gear to put on her. “Something simple, I think,” his wife said, stroking the girl’s breasts. “You’re a big girl and very white. I’d go for a minimalist look, not to spoil you. You look pretty good the way you are. It’s just a question of setting it off. Latex for you,” she said. “Light, shiny straps, showing a lot of flesh... You’re all round in the right places. We could try a leather basque, though, just to see how it looks... What do you think?” she turned to Mills. “You have a right to an opinion here.”

Mills shook his head. “You’re the experts,” he said. “Most of the cunts I’ve been in were ewe’s at lambing time!”

Joan fetched a black corset and handed it to Mills. She helped him to put it on, pulling the straps tight behind Annie’s back. The effect was superb. It lifted Annie’s breasts. Annie looked magnificent. The men fell silent as the laces were tightened. Even Jim had seldom seen such breasts, so appealingly presented, so inviting, so accessible... Mills was struck dumb by the sight of so many feminine curves...

It had always been the same with Annie, ever since her breasts developed. She was not classically beautiful. But there was something full and phys-

ical about her that fascinated men. It was difficult to know exactly what it was. Perhaps it was something in the swell of the breasts, large but firm, especially attractive when she wore a tight T-shirt, sometimes with no bra, so her nipples stood out and seemed to be bursting through the thin, stretched cotton... Or perhaps it was the roundness of her hips or the jaunty movement of her bottom, or the swell of her thighs, or her exceptionally marked mons veneris that promised so much erotic bliss... “That girl’s got a cunt that groans,” one of the office lads said once after she’d passed through the office. “I can hear it calling me every night. It’s got big juicy lips and it says, fuck me, Dave, fuck me, I’m gasping for it...”

Her large swelling mound seemed to all who saw it, men and women too, to fit well in the palm of a hand. It seemed to be asking, to be begging, to be touched. The office boys thought she knew that. She knew what she was doing, they said, when she wore those trousers that pulled into her crutch so tight you could see her slit sometimes.

Jim had been struck by how touchable she was from the beginning. He was even more conscious of it now, as he looked at her in the basque. His wife was turning her round, studying her from different angles. She had her finger hooked up inside the girl’s vagina, and she turned her round, guiding her by the finger in hooked in her cunt...

Jim could not take his eyes off her. He had seen a lot of beautiful women, and one thing had always surprised him. There were beautiful women, famous women even, the sort you see on magazine covers, who were spectacular but somehow off-putting. They had a cold air to them. You read interviews with them in the magazines and they said they didn’t have a partner. They knew a lot of men, but all the men seemed to be a bit afraid of them, overawed by their fame. He had noticed too on the Underground that if a really pretty woman got on, men stepped back slightly. It was not the way you would think. They moved back, not forwards, and they looked at her a lot, discreetly, furtively. There was a barrier, as if the temperature had dropped when the woman got on the train.

That coldness did not seem to exist with Annie. Every bit of her you

looked at seemed to be asking to be stroked, or kissed, or sucked, or beaten. When you saw you're your hands moved towards her. So did your prick. Unable to resist the call of his aching member any more, Jim stood up and ran his hand over her breasts.

“Let's try something lighter,” said his wife, interrupting. “The basque is nice, but she may feel too dressed in it. I want her to feel undressed in her pony gear, if you understand me. They hate it. They hate the way the straps show their nakedness. They hate the way one part of their body is emphasized. A well-placed leather or rubber strap is like a spotlight. The ponies know it.”

She picked up what looked like a pile of straps, but proved to be a kind of bra, or the plastic outline of a bra. It was a rudimentary object, no more than a shiny black strap below the breasts and another one above them. The effect was superb, framing the breasts and emphasizing them, particularly when Joan tensed the top strap and left it biting into the white skin, lifting Annie's already magnificent breasts... Annie looked at the floor in confusion. Suddenly she lifted her head, proudly, trying to disassociate herself from her own body, from the whole situation... A brief flicker of her old pride, thought Joan as she stroked the much-admired breasts.

“We call it a breast harness,” Jim explained to Mills. “It kind of separates their tits from their body. It makes them stand right out. The boobs float around in the air like they don't belong to the pony, like they're asking for the cane.” Annie glanced down, despite herself. Her breasts seemed enormous even to her. The strap above them was biting into her skin and pulling them up, sticking them out, pushing them forward. Her breathing, faster now in her confusion, gave them an irresistible rise and fall...

Next Jim picked up a similar-looking object, a hollow bikini bottom made only of latex straps. “Just plastic knickers, panties as they say in America. One strap goes round their waist like this, and another one goes down and through their juicy little pussies. That's the good strap. Everyone thinks, that's a lucky strap, everyone thinks, if I pull that strap it'll go right into her pussy and right up the crack in her bottom and she'll gasp! It catches

the eye. It shows you the way.”

Rupert Mills was still sitting dazed, in a kind of trance, his eyes glazed, fixed on Annie’s vagina. He had been on this pony farm before, but this time it was different. This cunt, these tits, belonged to Miss Jones, the stuff of fantasy! But here they were real... He managed to pull himself round enough to stand up when Jim motioned him over. His hands were trembling as he put the gear on.

He pulled the straps tight and the vertical strap slipped in between her sex lips... Jim laughed. “We’ve got thicker ones that hold vibrators in.” Mills smiled, but the smile was a mask, a grimace. His head was swimming...

“Well, let’s get on with the show,” Joan. “What do you men think? Would you like to see her masturbate, Rupert? You say she used to do it in the office.” Mills nodded. “You can masturbate in front of us now, Annie,” said Jim. “And remember,” he added, removing the vertical strap that had been pulled into her sex lips, “you’re not just naked now. You’re presented.” Annie gasped again as Jim unfastened the belt and pulled it out slowly from between her sex lips. She gasped again as he took the rubber strap in both hands as if it was a piece of dental floss, and rubbed it very slowly in a sawing movement, up and down over her clitoris.

“Put the strap back,” said Joan. “It’ll make it more difficult for her.” Annie took a deep breath as the strap was pulled tight again, tight enough to slip in between her lips. She tried to relax, letting her arms hang loosely by her side.

“I’ll leave the black belt round your waist. It will remind you of the knickers you’re not wearing. We’ve still got them, by the way,” Jim added, smiling. “We always keep the original clothes, just in case a client wants to see them.”

Mills suddenly spoke, his voice dark, half-strangled by desire. “You could see her cunt through her trousers, the dirty slut! She deserves to be punished for that! And for showing her big tits too! She’s a cheap thief.

She owes me a lot of hits on her boobs and she's gonna bloody well get them!"

"All in good time," said Joan. "First things first. It's part of our training that we talk about the girl. They find it humiliating. Tell me, would she say she's a shy girl?"

"No, just bad-tempered."

"But did she actually show her breasts, you know, deep V-cut blouses, that sort of thing?"

"Sometimes. Not the nipples though. And usually it was tight tops."

"And she never showed you her cunt?"

"Only in the lavatory. I had a spy-hole. I saw her masturbate a few times. I even filmed her!"

Annie's head had dropped. She felt like a naked body with big tits. She knew she was being systematically humiliated and exhibited in public. She hated every moment of this. She was in somebody else's twisted dreams. How could she masturbate in front of other people, especially her boss? She wished the ground would open up and swallow her. But it did not. She blushed again.

"You can start now," said Jim. "Mr Mills would like to see you masturbate." Annie did not move...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH"

She screamed and screamed and rubbed her bottom. The apeman! She had not noticed him and his whip!

Taking a deep breath, Annie cupped her right hand over her pubic mound. She closed her eyes and tried to think of her boyfriend, of pop stars, of film stars, searching desperately for an image that might help her...

Nothing seemed to work. She opened her eyes again and looked down. She moved her hand down a little and began pressing hard with the ball

of her hand, up and down... It was what her boyfriend, did when they were clubbing or in a car.

“She’s all yours,” said Jim. “Talk her through it. She’ll do anything you say.”

“Use your other hand too,” said Mills. “Stroke yourself, anywhere you like! I’ve seen you do it, you slut! I’ve seen you in the toilet, remember?” Annie ran her other hand up and down her thighs, and then she ran her fingernails more delicately up and down them, scratching herself as if to wake herself up, to make it all real...

“Stroke your tits,” Mills ordered. She stroked her nipples, fondling them softly, sensuously, and then she slipped two fingers in her vagina. The fingers worked their way under the shining black strap with some difficulty and then began stroking her clitoris. She tried grabbing the strap, turning it sideways, and rubbing the edge of it over her clitoris, but she was finding it difficult to forget herself...

“OK, we’ll take the strap off,” said Joan, standing up. “We’ll be here all bloody day if not!” She removed the vertical strap, pulling it slowly out of the girl’s sex lips. She ran her fingers over it appreciatively, and put it to her nose. “Hmmm... you’re juicy enough anyway... We’ll leave the belt round your waist, I think. It looks good.”

“Legs apart, Annie,” said Jim. “We want to see how a slut like you comes on her own hand.” Annie separated her feet, very aware that her sex lips were now fully open. She cupped her hand over them and began moving them slowly, in a round movement...

“How often do you masturbate Annie?” asked Mills. “How many times a week? You can answer my questions while you wank.”

“Not very often,” she said in a low voice. “How often is that?” he asked. “Once a week,” she replied in a hardly audible voice.

“She’s a brazen-faced liar,” said Mills, turning to Joan. “She’s a slut. She was always looking at the office boys and making dirty jokes with the

other girls. And in the toilet, she was always masturbating. Remember I had a camera there, Annie. I had a camera in the toilet behind the ventilation grille just above the seat. I saw your cunt, and when you got your big tits out, I saw them too! She couldn't stop," he said, turning to Jim. "She did it nearly every day! She used anything she could get her hands on! Fingers, hairbrush, an office ruler one day! And I saw her once do it in the office, when she thought she was alone! She crossed her legs and wiggled around till she came! Not a camera job that one. Pinhole in the wall behind a filing cabinet. Chair height. I used to see her crutch. In the office! I went out when she'd just finished. I wanted to see what she looked like. She was all red in the face!"

"You should have spanked her bottom!" said Joan. "After all, it was your chair she came on!"

"My ruler too," said Mills. "I took it home."

"You should have caned her breasts with the same ruler and given her a good fucking," said Jim,

"Plenty of time for that!" Mills smiled.

Annie blushed. It was all true. She shared an office with other women, next to his. Sometimes she'd heard him moving filing cabinets around. So the dirty sod had a pinhole in the wall! And a camera in the toilet!

Her fingers went in and found her clitoris again...

She was having trouble concentrating. As she ran the tips of her fingers lightly over herself, stroking her clitoris rather than pressing it, she could only think of the office...

It was all too horrible, too embarrassing! She knew she masturbated quite a lot, more than most girls, she'd always suspected. She usually did it at home in bed, but yes, it was true, sometimes she did it in the toilet at work and yes, she had sometimes masturbated in the office, leaning forwards over the desk, with one leg crossed tight over another. She pressed her thighs together, squeezing her clitoris, and had an orgasm very quickly... And the dirty sod had seen it all! She thought again about the toilet. What else had he seen?

Her fingers now were rubbing harder, but her thoughts were still in the office...

Usually she just pulled her knickers down around her ankles and used her fingers, but sometimes she'd used her hairbrush, she remembered. It had little black balls on the end of the hairs, and she opened her legs wide, usually taking her knickers right off in case Mills or someone had pissed all over the floor the way men always did, and then she ran the little balls over her clitoris. Sometimes she put the handle of her hairbrush right in... And yes, the office ruler too, rubbing and flicking her clitoris with the edge of it, and pulling all twenty-four inches over her clitoris and then fucking it in a frenzy until she came...

She jerked slightly now, onto her fingers...

Had he seen her the day she went in with a light bulb, and rubbed the neck up and down over herself, rubbing the thread over her clitoris until she came?

She could picture it all too clearly, especially the days she took her knickers off. She often slid down on the seat as she got excited and opened her legs as wide as she could. He would have seen everything! The camera was in the ventilation grille above her! And yes, her tits too, if she lifted her top and stimulated her nipples! From above he would have filmed her cunt looking up at the camera as she opened her legs and slid down on the seat!

It was nothing to be ashamed of in itself, she told herself, but it was a very private business. She knew that boys were fascinated by the topic. Sometimes they asked you. They put their fingers in you and asked if you masturbated and if you said no they didn't believe you because they thought everybody did, and if you said yes they always wanted to know how you did it. But girls never told anyone. It was too intimate, even if you were with a boy and you were having sex with him...

And as for this ... this show... this dirty, twisted sexual abuse, it was worse. She was being asked to do the most private, intimate human act with her boss and two complete strangers looking at her. And yes, they were right, she felt more than naked, she was no longer Annie Jones from Stepney, London. In all this latex, she was somebody else, somebody with big tits and a hairy cunt all on display and all of her, her whole body, was at somebody else's total disposal.

She realized she was beginning to push forwards a little faster onto her finger...

She ran her left hand down over her stomach...

“She’s taking off, Rupert,” said Jim. “Do you want to break her rhythm, slow her down a bit? We don’t want her to have a quickie, do we?”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She opened her eyes. Mills had flogged her on the breasts! He was carrying a short black flail, made of heavy leather straps coming from a simple hand grip. “Say hello to my new flogger,” he said. “I bought this just for you. They say the straps get heavier when they’re wet.” He pressed them into her sex lips and rubbed them all around until they were shiny with her secretion.

“You have to learn to be flogged without losing concentration,” said Mills. “Carry on masturbating now until you come, and you’d better make it a big one...”

Annie rubbed her clitoris faster, and put a finger right inside. She rubbed the tip of her finger up and down, very fast, almost vibrating it against the wall of her vagina. Like most of her friends, she had not found any special point to stimulate, but they all had their own favourite areas that were sensitive, different in different girls...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Her breasts again! And again, and again, systematically, rhythmically, Mills was bringing his flogger down onto her naked breasts, her more-than-naked breasts... Joan appeared with another flogger, and Jim with another. The two men took up position in front of her breasts and the woman beat her naked bottom. None of it was especially painful in comparison with other things she had been beaten with, but it stung and it broke her concentration.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH! SWIIIIIIIIIIISH! SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAP! THWAAAAAAAAACK! SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“That’s enough, I think,” said Mills, “or we’ll be here all day. She always was a slow typist! Couldn’t spell to save her life. Not very bright, either. I’d be surprised if she knew how to rub her own clit!”

Freed of the stinging flogger on her breasts and bottom, Annie was soon able to concentrate better. In a minute or two she had found her rhythm again, and was swaying and pushing rhythmically onto her clitoris. She found a fantasy, one of her most frequent. A year ago, a man she met at a party and they spent hours kissing in his car. They had masturbated each other. Later, things went wrong when he told her he was married. But he was very handsome and he had taken his place in her list of guaranteed sexual fantasies...

The onlookers were fascinated by the spontaneous moans and gasps that turned to grunts and low groans... They were fascinated too by the uncontrolled jerking of the girl’s arms and legs and head, as she slid into orgasm just for them, just for their amusement. Gradually they fell silent as Annie moved more and more energetically. The men were soon silenced totally by the sight of the awesome breasts rising and falling, straining at the straps that framed them, breaking away from the rubber... The panting grew louder and louder, until finally she threw her head sideways, her

face screwed up... She closed her eyes, and she let out a huge shout...

“OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!!”

Her whole body contorted and shook, her breasts strained and wobbled as if they had a life of their own. She staggered forward and went into a deep orgasm...

She found it difficult to come out of it. Her eyes stayed shut. She staggered again, then swayed on her feet. She might even have fainted for a moment.

Her arms hung loosely by her side. It was over, thank God.

There was a long silence. The room was charged with physical desire. The need to be close to this girl hung heavy in the air... You could feel it as surely as you could smell sweat, semen, urine and more intimate female smells...

Annie's head hung in deep shame.

“You were very good,” said Jim, going over to her and lifting her face.

“About the video, her on the toilet,” said Mills. “I don't know if you'd be interested in marketing it?” “Too risky,” said Jim. “We take enough chances as it is.”

Joan brushed away a tear from Annie's cheek. “Did you feel naked, or more than naked?”

“More than naked.”

Annie dropped her head again. She was still struggling to get her thoughts together.

“Did you feel humiliated?” Jim asked.

“Yes. I felt humiliated.”

“Will you show your cunt to me every time I tell you to?”

“Yes,” she replied, head down.

“Good pony,” said Jim.

“Don't believe a word of it,” said Joan. “She's got spirit, this one.”



She staggered forward and went into a deep orgasm...

Yes, Annie had spirit, but she also understood her position perfectly. She had seen and felt enough to know that nothing of hers was her own any more. Her mouth had been filled with penises, her vagina and her anus too, and her tits and cunt and buttocks had been flogged and beaten and raped again and again, by men and by a woman...

She had no real hope of escaping, she knew. She would try if she could, but these guys had it all worked out.

“And you understand that this strap in your cunt,” Joan said, putting it on her again, “this strap means, here I am, look where I’m going, into this big wet slut’s cunt.” She pulled it very tight once more, causing Annie to take a deep breath that heaved her superb breasts. The men watched as the lovely breasts wobbled and settled, slowly, sensually, into place... “And then the strap carries on round and disappears in the intriguing, mysterious crack between your cheeks, and people look at it and the strap says to them, you can come in here too, and you’ll see her lovely, tight, wrinkly little bumhole, and you can stick your prick in it and it’ll squeeze you hard... You understand all this, don’t you?”

“YOU’RE MAD!!!” Annie shouted suddenly, anger flaring up uncontrollably. “You’re all stark, raving mad. They’ll get you! The police’ll get you! They’ll find me, you’ll see!”

“Time for her bit, I think,” said Jim. “Ponies usually wear a bit. It helps the rider to control them. In your case, it’ll keep you quiet and it give you something to bite onto when you’re being punished or trained. You’re going to need it, I think...”

He fetched a collection of straps and a metal bit. “The straps go over your head like this,” he explained, “and they hold the bit in place.” He put the headstall on her and put the bit in her mouth. When he pulled it tight, Annie found she could not speak as it pressed on her tongue. Her jaws were already aching from gags and sucking on penises.

“Boots,” said Jim. He fetched a pair of high-heeled boots and showed them to her. Mills leaned forward, anxious not to miss anything. The

black leather boots had horseshoes fitted to the bottom of the soles. They were high-heeled, and difficult to walk in.

They all stood back to look at her. “Now walk,” said Jim. “Pony walk. Lift your knee so your thigh is horizontal.” Annie took a tentative step and stumbled. She received a thwack on the bottom from Jim’s flogger. She tried again. It was difficult for her to keep her balance.

“It’s difficult at the beginning,” said Jim. “Your tits’ll flop all over the place.”

“Fine by me,” said Rupert Mills.

“Tie her arms, Jim,” said Joan. Jim tied her arms straight back behind her with leather straps at the wrists and again at the elbows and again on the upper arms. This forced Annie to stick her breasts out. They watched as she moved unsteadily around the room. She had even more difficulty when the order came to “Walk backward!”

“What are you into, tits, cunts, bottoms?” Jim asked Mills. “I’m a tit man,” Mills replied.

“There’s plenty in pony movements for a tit man,” said Jim. “Look at the way the tits bounce. There are other things too, though. Look at the way those big, strong thighs go up and down... And the way you get a peek at her pussy, and look at the way the pussy moves too...”

Rupert nodded quickly. He had difficulty taking his eyes off his ex-secretary’s strong thighs. He had filled so many tissues looking at them and spying on them and filming them...

Suddenly, and unexpectedly, Annie stopped, mumbling through her bit. “I ...mmm ... I want to go to the ... mmm ... toilet,” she said, looking down. “Do you mean pee or crap?” asked Jim. “Cwap,” Annie replied, her jaws aching.

“No way,” said Jim. “You owe me a piss. On all fours, and show bottom!”

Annie got down and lifted her firm bottom.

Jim handed the bamboo cane to Mills and told him to cane her until she

peed. Mills pulled his arm back and...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“NOOOOOOOOO! PLEEEEEEEEEEESE!

AAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Over and over again he caned his former secretary on her naked bottom. It was a vicious circle. The more he caned her the more she writhed in agony and the more she excited him by wobbling her superb breasts...

“I’LL DO IT!” she shouted. “I’ll pee! If you stop, I think I can have one!”

Reluctantly, Mills stepped back. There was a long pause and the new pony girl began to pee. The warm liquid emerged from her inflamed vagina, ran down one of her thighs and onto the stone floor. Mills pulled her sex lips back to get a better view.

When she finished, Jim turned to his wife and smiled. “The last drop! Your favourite, isn’t it?” Joan smiled and took the girl’s face in her hands. “I’m afraid we haven’t got any toilet paper to wipe you with. I’ll just have to clean your lips with my tongue.” Annie gasped and sobbed in her humiliation as Joan put the tip of her tongue, very delicately, onto a drop of urine that was hanging from pubic hair. She tasted it, and immediately began licking, with generous broad strokes of the tongue, pressing hard...

“They do that to their cows in the Sudan when they milk them,” Joan said. “It calms them down. Now kneel down and sit up with a straight back. Talking of cows, push your tits out. Show me your big floppy udders.”

Annie obeyed, sitting back on her heels and lifting her breasts.

“Put your hands over your wet cunt,” Joan ordered. “Now lift your tits

with your arms. Press your arms together and squeeze your tits together. You've done it before, I'm sure." Mills confirmed this. "She was always lifting them in the office, the little cockteaser!"

Annie pressed her upper arms together, squeezing her breasts and lifting them irresistibly. The nipples were fully erect now, and stood out tubular and suckable. The pink aureole around them contrasted nicely with the white skin of the breasts, criss-crossed as it was by the marks of cruel sexual abuse.

"I wammm a cwaaap," mumbled Annie.

Joan fetched a shovel while Jim pushed her into pony position again and took her strap off, pulling it out of her deep cleft. "We'll let you crap this time, but you'll have to get used to going first thing in the morning. It's the only time we'll let you. And if you mess yourself, you'll be punished. The only exception is when guests are present. Some of them like to see it a pony have a crap." She placed the shovel on the ground.

Annie stood there, wondering how to do it.

"Show your bottom," said Jim. "Then crap on the shovel. You're a pony. Think pony and crap pony, for fuck's sake!"

Annie felt horribly embarrassed but had no choice. She lifted her bottom and let her crap fall onto the shovel. Joan took the shovel outside and threw the shit into a dustbin with a bin-liner. Annie stayed down, looking embarrassed and confused, not wanting to stand up until she was clean. Joan came back and wiped her bottom with antiseptic wipes. "You're lucky. Most farms just hose their ponies down in the morning," she said. "But we have our standards here. When may tell you to lick our arses but we like to think you have a clean tongue and a clean bottom when you do it."

"Can we try a simpler tit harness, just to see what Rupert thinks?" asked Jim. "Of course. This is the real minimalist look," Joan explained. It's a single strap above the tits. It pulls them up. What do you think? Do you prefer this?" Annie was made to turn left and right while Rupert consid-

ered. “You’re making it difficult for me,” he said, shaking his head. “I like it all.” “All right, let’s try something heavier for a change,” said Joan, producing a black latex bra with two very big holes cut in it. Rupert’s jaw dropped. Finally he managed to speak. “Her tits look like they’re just gonna float out...”

“We use this sort of thing when we want to isolate very big tits,” Jim explained. “It’s the Big Momma Heavy Metal look. It gives tits a life of their own. It makes them just pure tits, flying around in front of you, taking off like Zeppelins. Big fat bombs.” Rupert was having a bad time now. His erection was aching terribly. “They look like they’re going to explode,” he said. It got worse when Annie walked in circles round them, sending quivers and tremors through the now more firmly supported breasts.

“Talking of exploding,” said Joan, “she likes like one of Jim’s cows now. Some of our clients do see big tits as udders. It’s a maternal thing. They think of them as full of milk...”

“Sometimes we get the girls to do a cow routine,” said Jim. “Nothing elaborate. Naked or with one of these bras on, down on all fours. They just walk around and swing their udders and the presenter makes a few jokes. People try to milk their breasts when they walk near the fence.”

“And talking of bursting,” said Rupert Mills, “I’ve got an erection here that’s got a head of steam on it. It’s gonna explode!” “I did notice,” said Joan, laughing. “We’re not always so formal. We dress up to make a new pony feel naked and ashamed. It’s good for training, but we do relax sometimes. She removed her blouse, revealing her naked breasts, and then took off her skirt. She looked pretty good, Jim thought.

“I think it’s a hint, Rupert,” he said, taking his clothes off. Rupert did the same, sitting with his legs slightly apart, his fat stomach hanging, and his erection flopping crazily, rising and falling like some mad eel gasping for water...

Joan removed the bit and headstall and left Annie standing in front of them, her arms still tied behind her back and her breasts sticking through the holes in the black bra, looking large, very white, and very well flogged, ...

Jim called Apeman, who came carrying a long bullwhip. Annie's eyes opened wide in panic. The guard took up position and pulled back his heavily muscled right arm...

“Turn round. Bend over. Show your bottom,” ordered Jim.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Lift your bottom higher! You're going to get another one for not presenting it properly.”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

They watched as a second red line appeared on her naked buttocks.

“Now stand up and face us again.” It was Joan this time. “Hold your head right back. Push your tits out towards us. And come over here and say ‘Please cane me on the breasts, Mr Mills’”.

Annie looked at Mills. He had a fixed, mask-like expression, as rigid as his erection...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The guard again, on the buttocks...

Annie moved slowly forwards. Rupert Mills sat, transfixed, his eyes glued on the two big breasts, now surrealistically huge, floating out of their restraining bra...

Jim placed a cane in his hand...

He stood up slightly to one side of her and waited. When she got level with him he pulled his arm back and waited...

“Please cane me on the breasts, Mr Mills!”

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Try the soft skin under the nipple,” Joan suggested.

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“You can cane her nipples too if you want,” said Jim.

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The cane cut into her right nipple.

The pain was unbearable. Annie staggered. She started sobbing...

“Give me the flogger,” said Rupert, putting the cane down.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He was sweating. “That,” he said, bringing the flogger down onto her tits, “is for the time you masturbated at your desk! And that! ... I didn’t pay you to masturbate! And that!” he said, getting more and more excited, and flogging her breasts with every stressed word, “is for the TIME (Aaaaaaagh!) you put one of my LIGHT BULBS (Aaaaaaagh!) inside your BIG (Aaaaaaagh!) FAT (Aaaaaaagh!) CUNT! (Aaaaaaagh!) ... And that’s for the HAIR BRUSH! ... And that’s for the RULER, and that’s for every time you took your KNICKERS down and played with your PUSSY! You SLUT! You had your LEGS wide apart and your big TITS out and FLOPPING AROUND, you’re a DIRTY, NAUGHTY little GIRL... and that’s for all the TIMES you showed your slut’s CUNT through your TROUSERS! We could see your whole BUSH, and your LIPS and all, and the CRACK, and that’s for your NIPPLES showing

under your T-SHIRT...”

Annie screamed and twisted and writhed under the blows, as her lovely breasts turned a dull red, marked by the straps of the flogger.

Rupert sat down. He seemed unexpectedly calm, perhaps impressed by the unexpected severity of the beating he himself had inflicted. “You had that coming to you kid, for being such a cockteaser! You’ll be very happy on this farm, I should think. You’ll be able to show all the most private parts of your body as often as you like. These people are professionals. They’ll help you display them, don’t worry about that. Now come over here and let yourself down on my prick...”

Reluctantly, Annie moved forwards. Mills was holding his penis ready. She could not take it, with her arms tied back. With a shudder, she moved her cunt around the tip of his penis and slowly slid down onto it, leaning forwards as she did so, inevitably thrusting her magnificent, imprisoned breasts into Mills’ now pink face...

His expression changed instantly. He half-closed his eyes and buried his face for a moment between her breasts. Then he murmured “I’m going to kiss you on the udder now.” He sucked hungrily at each breast in turn. “You’re a naughty little girl,” he said, “a silly cow...”

He sucked on her nipples, and licked her breasts, slurping noisily and groaning. “Give me your milk ... give me your milk...”

Rupert Mills, tax consultant and economics expert, had found happiness between the generous, imprisoned breasts of his recently kidnapped secretary. He had regressed to the perfectly satisfying condition of a breast-sucking baby...

Annie moved up and down on his penis. It took only two minutes for a breathless, red-faced tax consultant to come. He gave a final shout and shot off into her. Annie waited until he slipped out and then stepped back, letting his penis flop out, dripping and flaccid...

She looked down at the floor, hoping to avoid everyone's eyes, but Jim and Joan were watching.

"I think my husband might enjoy some of that too, Annie. And when you've finished, you can lick my pussy clean..."

Annie let herself down onto the husband's member, aware that the wife was watching every move. Jim too had waited a long time for this, or so it seemed to him as the superb breasts wobbled and strained at their latex bra. To his disappointment, however, he was caught by surprise by a quick orgasm that he could not fight off. As the well-flogged breasts and erect nipples quivered and shook, moving up and down in front of his face, he found himself unable to think of anything else, and the full, secreting sex lips slid all too easily up and down his shaft, squeezing him, milking him... He gave a quick shout and caught hold of both breasts, grasping them, clutching at them, looking for support in them... He did not notice as he fixed his eyes on her breasts that he was pushing hard and fast into her. He hardly noticed that he was accelerating until he gave a series of groans that rose in pitch until they became urgent and suddenly he sat bolt upright, shooting again and again into the girl's lovely body.

Joan smiled. Jim was disappointed. But at least it was a good come, powerful and draining. He could see there was a lot of pleasure to be had in that generous body. There was an easy solution to his problem. He would just fuck her and fuck her and fuck her...

"I'm waiting," said Joan. "Come over here on all fours, like a pony. Annie moved awkwardly across the room on all fours, to where the wife was sitting with her legs spread well apart. For ten minutes she worked on the wife's vagina. "Take her breast harness off," Joan ordered, and the guard pulled it off immediately. "Sit up and let me see you," she said, staring hard at Annie, who shuddered a little, but lifted her breasts, offering them, naked, to the woman's soft, caressing fingertips..."

"Lick me again." Annie looked aside in confusion and then dropped her head onto the woman's moist crutch. She found the clitoris with her

tongue, working on it with hard, long strokes as instructed...

Joan soon began murmuring, and the soft finger-touch became a more desperate clutching as Joan, the Mistress, fought in vain against another orgasm that was coming too soon...

“SUCK ME!!! Bite me, chew me, yes... oh! ... NOOOO!...”

Annie grunted in pain as the woman squeezed her breasts painfully...

Then Joan convulsed, leaning forwards, still grabbing Annie’s swinging breasts...

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

And it was all over.

When Joan came round, she was a little irritable. “I’d like her tied next to the bed tonight, if that’s OK with you. I couldn’t hold it back. I’m going to need more tonight...”

“She’s going to need a lot of fucking, I can see that,” said Mills. The other two nodded. ”Time for lunch,” said Jim, “Shall we take her too? She’ll make a good table decoration...”

The three got dressed and went off. The apeman followed, leading Annie by the chain.

They all sat at the same table. Annie managed to eat something and was even given a coffee. The others talked mostly as if she was not there, and sometimes even talked about her as if she was a horse they had just bought.

When they finished, Jim ordered her to stand on the table, with her hands behind her head. “Let’s have a good look at you. We haven’t finished decorating you yet. And you need a name too. You’re not Annie any more. You’re a pony, with a Master and a Mistress. So you’ll need a pony name.”

“Turn round,” said Joan. “Keep turning...” She looked at Annie from different angles. “Any ideas for a name?” she asked the two men.

“It’s got to be a tit name,” said Jim. “You know, cow as well as pony. Those udders would win a prize in any cattle fair in Dorset. How about Floppem?”

“It’s appropriate,” said Joan. “But the real demand is for ponies, not cows or goats. She’s terribly sweet, and ponies love sugar. How about Sweetie? Or just Sugar?”

Jim was not convinced but could not immediately think of a better name. Mills could only offer names like Tits, Cunt or Wet Lips.

“It’s Saturday tomorrow,” said Joan. “Gymkhana Day. We could ask the guests for suggestions.”

“OK,” said Jim. “She can do a few tricks for the guests, and then we’ll brand her and decorate her. We can make it part of the show if you like.” Joan nodded. Mills’ eyes opened wide. So did Annie’s...

CHAPTER FIVE

Annie's Big Day

Annie spent the night on a low mattress, chained to the wall. It was a bad night, but she was so exhausted that she managed to get some sleep. She was woken up early, and washed by the ape. Once again, his fat, grimy fingers carried the soapy water into every nook and cranny of her aching body, to her deep disgust. She was relieved when he finished and brought her breakfast. It was porridge, which she had never liked, but she ate it hungrily.

Jim came to see her, carrying her clothes. "Put these on," he ordered. Annie's eyes lit up as she recognized her own black lace underwear, a matching set that had been famous among the office boys. She had never wore anything else since the day she read the advice of a model famous for her outsized breasts: "Always wear matching bra and knickers. It drives men crazy!"

Annie felt her own clothes in disbelief. She was relieved to put them on. They smelt lovely, freshly washed and ironed, and the smell hit her in the stomach as the memories of her former life flooded back to her. She sighed as she put her skirt on, wishing it was longer.

"It's your big day, Annie. The weekend guests will be here soon. We've arranged a presentation session. They love that."

"What fucking presentation?" asked Annie, sulking.

"Your fucking presentation. They'll choose a name for you, among other things."

"What other things?"

"I don't want to spoil your fun. It'll be a surprise."

He left her and went to the CONFERENCE ROOM, also known as the Punishment Room. It was a nice morning, sunny and cool. He was going to enjoy this, and so would Mills.

The weekend had brought the usual collection of businessmen and lawyers, together with their wives or secretaries, and a small but determined group of spotty bank clerks who were prepared to blow all their savings on a day, or even a whole weekend, on a pony farm.

Jim and Joan always had to be discreet with their advertising. They offered weekend talks on subjects like Organic Farming, The Importance of Hedgerows, and The Dangers of Genetic Manipulation. The talks were combined, the advertisements said, with practical session on country subjects like riding, and advice was given on the correct use of the reins and the riding crop, the selection of a comfortable saddle, boots, etc.

Some of these talks were actually given. A pony who had been a biology research worker in her previous life had given one a few weeks earlier, standing on the podium in the Conference Room completely naked except for a white coat, which hung open in front to reveal all her pubic hair and most of her breasts. Jim had introduced the speaker and the theme, which was Biodiversity, and had made it clear that the audience could ask any questions they liked at any time. They could also ask her to adopt any physical position they wished while she was speaking. Hardly had the girl begun when a hand went up. The Colonel, one of the regulars, was the first to speak, as always...

“I think this would be a more interesting talk if it was more visual. Would you be so kind as to lie back on the table and show us your cunt?” There was general laughter as the girl lay back, her feet on the ground and her bottom resting on the edge of the table. “And perhaps you could open your legs so we can see you properly,” the Colonel continued.

“That’s what I call biodiversity,” said a young man, staring at the girl’s shaven vagina.

“Now explain, ” the Colonel went on, “the physical details of your cunt. Tricky thing, a cunt. Never did work it out properly!” The girl did her best to comply, looking up at the ceiling and holding her cunt open to explain the position and biological function of the various parts.

As usual, the mood was light and chatty, and the room was full of sexual banter and laughter. Some ten minutes into the talk, the girl was instructed to perform a sexual act on herself or on one of the guests. The atmosphere changed dramatically. The banter was replaced by grim concentration, serious masturbation, and unsuppressed sexual sadism in which the girl was flogged and then raped orally, anally and vaginally...

But there were no talks today. Today was Annie's day.

Some twenty guests sat on easy-to-clean plastic chairs in a semi-circle, facing the centre of the room. They were chatting pleasantly, mostly in couples. When Jim arrived, he was pleased to detect an undertow of more serious sexual excitement. The arrival of a new pony was a major event and very few of those present had seen it. He showed Mills to his seat in the place of honour in the middle of the group.

"We picked a good weekend," said the Colonel's fat wife.

"Blonde, they say," replied her husband. "Huge pair of knockers."

"Has she got a name yet?"

"That's on the menu for today, I think."

Joan was one of the last to arrive. She came in fully clothed like all the guests, but with no underwear as usual. She was carrying Annie's pony gear, which she handed to a groom. The groom took it with a smile. "The clips?" she asked. Joan nodded. "She puts them on herself. You only help if necessary."

Joan took her seat, giving Mills a quick smile as she passed. He was waiting, nursing an aching and rather obvious erection, waiting to see his secretary as he had seen her day after day in the office, with her black lace bra showing through her top. Jim waited for Joan to take her seat and then gave the signal. "Bring her in!"

A sudden silence fell.

A large wooden door opened with a creak. The farm presenter came in, followed by apeman and another guard. Annie was between them wear-

ing all her clothes.

She looked attractively dishevelled. Her blonde hair contrasted well with the black underwear clearly visible under her white top. Dressing her in her own clothes had been Rupert Miller's idea. It would make a good strip-tease, he said. Joan had told him he was a clothes fetishist. He was trying to think of a reply when she added "Like everybody else."

Annie stood in the centre of the room in total confusion, flanked by the two guards, who wore tight leather trousers and an open waistcoat.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said the presenter.

"As many of you know, its a special day today. We have a new pony. She has not received much training yet. We've let her put her own clothes back on this morning. You'll be able to see some of the transformation from secretary into pony."

There was a general murmur of approval. Annie looked around horrified. She blushed when she saw Rupert Mills. He said nothing, just stared at her top. Filthy sod, she thought. Same dirty old sod as always.

The guests were fascinated by her. She looked very sexy, not like a model or a film star, more like the way thousands of secretaries look sexy, by dressing up to emphasize their breasts or buttocks. It was a cheap, provocative way, and it worked. You only had to look at them to see their bra and think about their breasts.

Jim looked around in quiet satisfaction. Farming was a difficult business. Subsidies for this, subsidies for that, rotate your crops, have a good harvest and watch the price go down, no wonder there were so few of them left. He had it sorted though. Many of his guests were regulars, and he liked that. His eyes travelled along the line of plastic chairs. There was Dick, as he called himself, an American. He always came alone. There was a university lecturer who, he suspected, was interested in Dick's dick, which on occasions she had sucked during particularly exciting sessions. Then came the Colonel and his fat, bossy wife. She had also been known to take an interest in dick, her husband's, usually to make an unfavour-

able comparison with Dick's dick. Next there was a lesbian couple called Billy and Betty. Billy had short hair and Betty wore pretty dresses. Billy was mean with a bamboo cane and frequently got angry with Betty. Male guests had learnt to keep out of her way. There was also a spotty office worker called Dave and his improbable partner, a strong, buxom Irish girl called Moira. Jim smiled. You saw that sort of thing from time to time, tall girls with short men, thin men with buxom women... He did not recognize any of the other guests.

“Obedience is the most important lesson, almost the only lesson, to be learnt by a pony,”

“ the presenter was saying. Annie was terrified and had difficulty concentrating on the meaning of his words. His voice sounded distant. “On this occasion, one of our guests has asked to see the new pony in her clothes. We thought that was a good idea. You can watch her transformation from secretary to pony. We thought our guest might like to give the orders. She's all yours, Sir, she'll do whatever you tell her. If she knows what's good for her!”

The two guards moved into position, holding whips.

Rupert Mills did not smile. He leaned forward in his seat, tense and focused. It was his day too...

“Take your top off, Annie,” he said. Annie gave him a look of pure hatred. She looked around at the others. She took a deep breath, crossed her arms and pulled off her white top. The guests fell silent as they gazed longingly at her superb breasts, lifted high in a softly feminine, delicate lace bra that seemed just a little too small for them.

“And now take your bra off,” said Mills.

Annie looked at the guards, hesitated for a moment, and then slowly took off her bra. There was a gasp of approval as her magnificent breasts gave a lurch and fell quivering into place

“Now take off your skirt and your knickers.”

Slowly, self-consciously, Annie unfastened her skirt and let it drop. She

stepped out of it.

“Knickers too!”

Tentatively, she put her thumbs into her knickers and pulled them down an inch or two. She stopped suddenly. She could not take them off in front of these strangers! She just couldn’t!

Apeman took a step forward...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

A whip had curled around her arm and had caught her a stinging blow on her naked breasts.

She gave a huge shout as the pain hit her. Her hands went quickly to her breasts to rub them and her eyes flashed an angry look at the guard. She hesitated again and then slowly slid her knickers off, and stepped out of them too.

A respectful silence fell. All the men had erections. Billy and Betty unconsciously leaned forwards in their seats. The new pony girl was lovely and they both wanted to touch her...

“Each pony has a groom,” said the presenter after a moment. “Annie’s groom is Nancy. Annie, meet Nancy!”

Nancy came on, dressed in full farming gear, including baggy green trousers stuck into Wellington boots and an equally baggy brown shirt. She walked decisively, taking the long strides of a country girl, head down as if walking into driving rain.

Nancy pointed to the bra and knickers and said “Pick them up and drop them in the rubbish bag over there.” Annie obeyed. As the underwear fell into the bag, Annie’s heart sank. She had a sudden feeling that she was throwing away her old life. She turned round and looked at everyone, tears in her eyes. They were all aroused, sexually excited. She saw no hope of help in those cold, excited eyes. She knew the look. It was the look in Mills’ eyes when he flogged her on the breasts. The look of the

randy office boys. No, these people would not help her...

The groom handed Annie the pony breast harness. "Put it on," she said. Annie hesitated again. "Put it on!"

Annie was in another world. She just stood there, dazed and overcome by the humiliation and embarrassment of being forced to stand naked in front of so many sexually excited strangers. The groom signalled to a guard and he raised his whip, pulling his right arm straight back and leaning back to get the weight of his body behind the whiplash.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAP!

"AGH! ... AAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

Annie jumped around, rubbing her bottom. The whip had come down hard on her white buttocks. It had left a red welt, with raised edges, across both of them.

"Turn round and show everyone your bottom," said the presenter. Annie glanced at him and obeyed, covering her bottom with both hands.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The other guard had exchanged his whip for a long cane down which he had brought down onto Annie's breasts. It bit deep and also left a long red welt, just above the nipples. Annie's hands went up to her breasts, revealing her bottom...

"Please don't stand on ceremony," said the presenter, looking around at the guests. "If you feel more comfortable without clothes, just strip off. That's what we're here for after all!"

There was a moment's silence, broken by the Colonel, who declared it to

be an excellent idea, stood up and removed his trousers.

Most of the other guests, including Jim and Joan, also removed all their clothes, which in Joan's case was quickly done. She crossed one leg high over the other thigh, as she always did when she wanted to squeeze herself discreetly.

“The next blow,” said the presenter, “will also be delivered onto the breasts. It usually goes onto the soft, shiny flesh just below the nipple.”

“I've got skin like that on the bottom of my bollocks,” said Dave.

Moiria smiled and scratched his testicles. She pressed hard onto his penis with the ball of her hand. She opened her hand and lightly squeezed his balls together. “You won't have any bollocks at all if you're not careful,” she said.

“If necessary, a third blow is delivered onto the nipples themselves,” added the presenter. “We want a good target now. We want to see exactly what we're aiming at, so you can put the breast harness on,” he ordered. Annie obeyed, struggling with the unfamiliar straps and buckles. Her groom helped her, pulling the straps tight from the back. The result was spectacular. The leather straps went above and below her breasts, framing them and lifting them and setting off the lovely, white flesh... Annie had never looked so beautiful, Mills thought. Her breasts were transformed, separated from her body, turned into an object of lust, an object that everyone present, men and women, responded to in the most simple and natural of all ways, by wanting to touch it...

The groom then picked up the buttock harness and handed it to Annie, who tried to put it on herself. It was a complex object and she failed to understand it. The presenter laughed. “As you can see, ladies and gentlemen, she doesn't understand. Ponies are attractive beasts, but they don't make it to university! The groom will put it on for her. It's our own design, by the way, and we're rather proud of it.”

The groom held it open and Annie stepped into it. It consisted of a single belt around the waist and two other belts hanging from it, clinging to each thigh like garters. Joining the top and the bottom belts were straps

which went down the middle of Annie's superbly firm thighs, front and back. From each vertical strap hung a bulldog clip, ready to be placed on her sex lips.

"Turn round, Annie. The vagina, you will see, is completely uncovered, and so is the crack at the back. The groom is now going to ask her to fix our new lip-spreaders into place. You are lucky today, ladies and gentlemen. This is the first time they have been seen in public!"

The clips were about two inches wide and had sharp teeth. The groom took one and pressed it hard, showing Annie how it opened. "Put it here," she said, pulling the lip of her vagina back. "And put the other one on the other side. It'll hold your lips wide open, like a bulldog pulling on each lip. These people want to see you properly, don't you?" the groom asked, grinning crudely at the guests.

"Certainly do," said the Colonel. "No point in having a cunt if you don't let people see it!"

Annie looked around in astonishment. Yes, they thought it was funny. All of them. Slowly, she put the painful clips on, wincing and turning her head sideways, sucking in air, as the cruel teeth bit into her soft lips. Her vagina was now held open, as if a man was stretching it between his thumb and forefinger.

Annie's head dropped in shame and humiliation. She would never have shown herself like that to a man, not even in private... She fully understood what Joan meant when she said that she would feel "more than naked". She was not only a cunt now. She was the inside of a cunt, without the protection of her lips.

A tense silence fell. The guests sensed her confusion and sense of deep shame. They enjoyed it, she could see.

Joan gave a signal and Apeman and the other guard opened a large door and pulled in a round platform on rollers. It stood about two foot high and had two poles set into it on opposite sides. They stood Annie in the

middle and tied her to the poles in the form of an “X” with her feet wide apart. Her ankles were chained to the bottom of the posts, on chains about a yard long. Her wrists were similarly chained to the tops of the poles.

Annie did not know where to look. Her eyes opened in horror when she saw the guests. Men and women alike, complete strangers, were staring at her, running their eyes up and down, all over her body! It was not just Mills! She would have expected that of him. He did it all the time in the office. It was everybody! They were all looking at her breasts, full and beautifully presented, she knew, and they were too looking at her now unprotected vagina, her most private, intimate part, held open by cruel clips with sharp teeth. She felt deeply ashamed at the way her sex lips were open, but there was nothing she could do about it with her legs chained wide apart. She struggled to bring her thighs together at the top, but it was impossible. Christ, it was all so horrible! And Mills was there too! What was going to happen to her now?

Jim stood up. He went to a large cupboard set against the wall and took out a bamboo cane five or six feet long. He swished it through the air, testing it.

He walked slowly, deliberately, over to Annie. He liked the girl. She had spirit, a rebellious touch that would be difficult to tame. She looked very beautiful now, eyes wide open in fear, still a little proud despite her impeding humiliation. His erection hardly let him think. It had taken over. He stood to the left of her and pulled back his right arm. He saw her eyes open wide in terror.

“Lift your big tits, Annie!”

She gasped in fear, but obeyed, pulling her shoulders back, lifting and thrusting her splendid breasts forwards. There was a silence in the crowd. All eyes were fixed on Annie, but other parts were moving – legs stretched forward, thighs were crossed, hands moved onto genitals and stroked and squeezed...

“It would be a great pleasure to cane you on your big tits, Annie,” he said.

“But I think one of our guests has more right than me, today at least.” He smiled at Mills. “I understand you worked with this girl,” he said. Mills nodded. His eyes were glazed and his voice hoarse with lust. “What can you tell us about her?” asked the presenter.

Annie’s eyes opened wide in panic.

“She’s a thief, for a start,” said Mills. “Stole a lot of money from the office. I found out and did a deal with her. She gets fifty blows with a cane, on her big tits. Fair enough, I reckon.”

There was a general murmur of support for Mills. “That’ll teach her,” said Billy.

“She was always provoking us,” said Mills, “with her tight tops and tight trousers! You could see her underwear and you could see her cunt too. A real cockteaser! And a slut, always masturbating in the toilet. She did it at her desk once! And she used anything – her fingers, an office ruler, a light bulb, one of those screw-in ones. She rubbed the screw end over her clit! And one day it was a cucumber!”

Annie’s heart sank. Mills knew it all then! He had seen her with the light bulb! And the cucumber!

“Typical cockteaser!” shouted the Colonel. “A randy slut that gets a buzz from making men randy and then doesn’t give them any! Give her a good caning, I say, right on those big tits!”

“Go for it!” said a respectable-looking businessman, still wearing his suit and tie, but with his trousers open and his erection in his hand.

Mills took aim slowly and carefully. He was in no hurry. He’d waited a long time for this...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He brought the cane down directly onto Annie’s naked, unprotected breasts. It bit hard into them and left a deep red line across both. The

breasts quivered like jelly...

“You bastard!” she spat out at him. “You bastard, Mills!” It was agony. She could not keep still. She twisted and writhed around in her chains, gasping, groaning... And that was only the first blow! He had never hit her so hard before, the sod, the filthy bastard, the shit-head!

“Put a ball gag in”, said Jim. “She’s so stubborn she’ll just build up more punishments for herself.”

“All right by me if she does,” said the Colonel.

“How many blows did you give her in the office?” Jim asked out of curiosity. “Can’t remember,” said Mills. “Five I think. Forty-five to go!”

“Shall we say five more today?” Joan suggested. Mills nodded.

He pulled the cane back again, aiming once more at her superb breasts. An expectant silence fell.

“One!” he said.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The cane came down onto the breasts once more, and Annie’s shout almost drowned the guests’ reaction. There were sudden gasps, and one or two moans of deep, male pleasure as the cane came down onto the firm breasts, marking them...

Mills ran his fingers over both breasts, feeling the red welts... He lifted them both and stroked the soft, white flesh below the nipples, selecting his spot.

“Arch your back,” he said. “Present your breasts.”

If she refused, it would be considered an act of disobedience, a punishable act. She lifted her breasts even higher, exposing the soft, white flesh on the underside to the cruel cane. She took a deep breath and waited. She screwed up her eyes in anticipation of the stinging blow...



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“Arch your back,” he said. “Present your breasts.”

“Two!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Mills stroked her again, running his hand down over her stomach and then down even further, very slowly, through her pubic hair, which he fingered lightly. She turned her head away from him. His fingers found her clitoris and began stroking it and rolling it around. After a few moments, he began rubbing her harder, with long strokes of his fingers, keeping them pressed onto her clitoris. It was soon clear to all that this fondling was beginning to get through to Annie. Her head was beginning to move from side to side. She gave a quick grimace, controlled it briefly, and was then betrayed by her pelvis, which gave a quick, uncontrollable push onto his finger.

Mills smiled and looked around, as if to say, see what I mean?

Annie felt cheap and humiliated. How could her body react like that?

“That’s the way, give her a good stir!” said the Colonel’s fat wife.

Mills stepped back, satisfied with having produced a reaction in Annie in front of all these people.

“Could we have a side view, please?” asked Dick in a pleasant Californian accent. On a signal from Jim the guards turned the platform so that she was now in profile. Her breasts looked magnificent from the side. The businessman removed his clothes. “That’s the way,” said the Colonel encouragingly. “Dicks out for punishment sessions, it’s always been the rule!”

“Lift your breasts again,” said Mills. “Lift them high. Higher! Stick them right out!” Annie kept her head turned away from the audience, but obeyed, offering her breasts to be punished...

“Three!” Mills paused slightly to make her suffer, and then...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Again on the breast, catching both breasts in a straight line through the nipples. Annie screamed and twisted.

“Put her on her knees, head down, and present her hind quarters,” Jim ordered. The guards gave the platform another quarter turn so that Annie’s prominent buttocks were facing the guests. The guards left her a moment like that for the audience to admire, and then took off her chains and forced her to her knees. They pushed her head down to the ground, fixed a heavy iron collar round her neck, and chained the collar to a ring set in the platform. Her head was held down on the floor. Her bottom was pushed up high presented to the guests: The guards then fixed her ankle rings to the ground.

Annie felt bad. She knew that everyone could see her private parts. She gritted her teeth, waiting for the cruel swish of the cane. But it did not come. Instead, she heard footsteps. Jim was walking over to the cupboard, she supposed. Why? What was he doing now?

“I’m changing the wood,” Jim said. “It’s birch this time.”

“How lovely!” said a female guest. “I’m from the Isle of Man. We abolished it there quite recently. Pity, really.”

“Couldn’t agree more!” agreed the Colonel. “Look at the schools now, it’s the same everywhere, no birch, no discipline.”

“She has to learn to obey,” said a small, quiet man. “If people think they’re too good for the rules, they have to be taught a lesson!”

Silence fell as Mills took up position next to Annie’s naked buttocks. Annie could not see the birch when it came down, quicker than she had expected.

“Four!”

SWIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!

Annie cried out as the pain swept through her. It was terrible. She could not even scream properly through the ball gag.

Her lovely raised buttocks were showing pink now. The birch had left irregular lines across them, especially where knots in the wood had bitten in to the flesh.

“That one got through to her, I think,” said Dick.

“Five!”

SWIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!

“Well done,” said Joan as Mills returned to his seat. “We’ll let her stand up and try on her boots now, and then I think we’ll have some oral training! Unchain her!” The groom strode over to a large cupboard and produced a pair of boots.

“Out there in the boring real world,” said the presenter, “people use flat shoes, the same as they use rubber bits for consensual pony stuff. But here we go straight into metal. Our new pony will now put her boots on.”

Annie looked suddenly furious. The boots had horseshoes set into them at the bottom! And they were high-heeled! These people were off their heads. Her eyes flashed for an instant and she threw the boots down.

There was a gasp from the audience.

“Good heavens,” someone said. “That girl’s going to take a lot of training!”

One of the guards seized her arms from behind and pinioned them behind her back. The other came running over.

“That was very silly of you,” said the presenter. “You will now get an extra one. Mr Mills!” Rupert picked up a bamboo cane and the guards took one arm each, pulling it painfully back behind one of the posts, leaving

Annie's breasts exposed. Annie looked in horror as the cane rose... She turned her head. She could not look...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

There was a gasp of appreciation as the cane bit home, causing her superb breasts to shake and wobble...

She buckled at the knees as the pain swept through her.

The cane rose again...

“We'll have another one for good measure,” said Mills. “After all, she's got two tits!”

“NOOOOOO!!! PLEASE!!! NOT AGAIN; NOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Full on the nipples this time. Her breasts shook like jelly and her knees buckled.

That was unfair! They said one, not two!

“Put your pony shoes on!” said the presenter.

It took her some time to put them on and she had great difficulty walking at all in them.

“Walk over to the first guest,” said the presenter. “Lift your knee high when you walk! Think pony. Walk up and down in front of them. Show them how your breasts bounce. Show them the little jolt your buttocks give. Hold your bottom up, higher!”

Annie was made to walk along the semi-circle of guests. She was aware that each step, with its high knee movement, caused her breasts to jolt and wobble. The guests watched in fascination.

When she got to the last chair, an unexpected order came for Joan.

“Down on all fours!” Lift your bottom!”

Annie went down, presenting her bottom. Joan went over to the cupboard and came back with a pony tail made of real pony tail hair. She removed Annie's ball gag and ordered her to lift her bottom higher. She wanted to hear her when she put it in.

“AAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Isn't she gorgeous? She's one of the sweetest little ponies we've ever had. Now go up and down the line again. Let them see your cunt and your asshole!”

Still on all fours, Annie obeyed, moving slowly along the line of seated guests. She was at eye-level with their genitals, and could see that most of them were masturbating, or being masturbated, or both. Some were far gone, already breathing fast, especially Billy and Sandy. To the immense satisfaction of all the male guests, Billy and Sandy were in fact well on the way to orgasm. Sandy was lying on the floor now and Billy had gone down onto her, sucking and licking her noisily. From other parts of the room too came low moans, at first soft and tender, which gave way gradually to harder grunts and more urgent high-pitched sounds. Men's legs were stretched out and women's thighs were held apart invitingly...

“Walk,” said the presenter. “Walk with your tongue out!”

Annie put her tongue out and walked in front of the guests. When she was next to the Colonel's fat wife, the presenter told her to stop. Out of the corner of her eye she could see the woman settle back in her chair and open her huge flabby thighs as wide as she could...

I can't do it, Annie said to herself. I can't do it. They can't make me. They're all mad. I'm not going to do it. It's obscene...

She felt the anger rise in her...

“Turn and put your face in between the lady's thighs,” said the presenter. “And keep your tongue out, you're going to use it in a minute, and our guests like to see it...”

Annie turned round to face the huge, flabby rolls of white fat that hung on either side of the woman's vagina. The cunt itself, Annie saw, was

covered in thin, patchy hair. It reminded her of a half-bald old lady she knew.

She stopped. She couldn't put her face in there, into those rolls of fat! At that moment the Colonel's wife opened her thighs even wider and pulled her vagina open, stretching it by pulling on her lips. Annie had a quick glimpse of red, chafed skin at the top of the thighs where the fat rubbed, and she found herself looking into the woman's huge open vagina. There was thin trickle of menstruation on the woman's sex lips, and a powerful smell of unwashed intimate flesh...

"Put your face in, Annie," said Jim. He put his hand on her raised bottom and began playing with her vagina, pressing it with his cupped hand or running his finger between her lips, over her clitoris. Annie ignored it. She had other things on her mind...

She looked again into the open pink hole. Suddenly everything went red and then black before Annie's eyes. Anger and uncontrollable rage flowed through her. She put her hands under the woman's knees and lifted the huge flabby legs, tilting the woman back until her chair fell over backwards. The woman screamed and lay flapping helplessly like a turtle on its back.

Annie leapt to her feet and pulled the cork from her anus, throwing it down.

"You're crazy, all of you!" she shouted. "I'm not going to do it! You can't make me! She's got her period! She stinks!"

Silence fell. Annie turned and ran to the door, stumbling in her pony boots. Panic! It was locked! She ran desperately in all directions, trying to avoid the guards and the groom and the presenter.

One of the guards sent out a whiplash that curled around her feet. He gave it a hard tug and she fell to the ground.

In an instant she was lying underneath the two guards, listening to the guests' comments and the woman's screams.

“I think the cunt is the most appropriate place,” the Colonel said.

“Present cunt,” said the presenter. “Lean back and push your pelvis forward.”

Annie looked around in panic, but had no choice. She obeyed. It was already painful. The bulldog clamps were biting into the lips of her vagina...

The Colonel pulled his arm back, and paused. “I should warn you,” he said, “that the rod still has its rings on it, and I’m going to hit you with the ring side.”

Annie’s eyes opened wide in fear. She would have given anything, done anything, to be able to protect herself...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SPLAAAAAAT!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The rod had caught her just above the bulldog clamps that held her cunt open, right on the exposed clitoris! She screamed and screamed. She wanted to put ..

“Good shot, Colonel.”

“Leave some for the rest of us, Colonel.”

“Jesus Christ! No need to kill her.”

“Same place, I think. Present cunt!”

Annie pushed her vagina forwards...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

CRAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

A rod ring hit the metal clamps this time, digging the sharp teeth into the stretched sex lips. A thin trickle of blood ran down Annie’s thigh...

“Present breasts!” the Colonel shouted.

Annie was crying. She managed to control herself and push her breasts

forwards.

“Higher! Lift them up, you stupid bitch!”

“Holy shit!” said the American. “You can hardly miss those boobs!”

Annie’s eyes opened wide in fear.

“NOOOOOOOOOO!!! ... PLEEEEEEASE!!!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!!!

THWAAAAAAAAACK!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“My turn now,” said the fat wife. “And I’m going to punish you with my cunt. I’m going to wrap it around your stupid face! That’ll teach you to eat me properly!”

Through her tears Annie saw the rolls of white flesh bearing down on her mouth until they covered it completely. “Eat me, fuck you, eat me!” She sucked and chewed as best she could, gasping for air.

“Right, stop there!” said the woman, and go down like the bitch you are! Show me your big slut’s bottom!”

Annie, still in a praying position and chained by the ankles, dropped her head and lifted her bottom high once more.

She held her breath as the fat woman waddled back to her chair to pick up a thick leather belt.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Annie twisted and turned. There were groans of approval and pleasure from many of the audience as the buttocks jolted and shuddered, and the lovely raised bottom took the outline of the belt.

The woman brought the belt twice more down onto Annie’s buttocks. Annie thought she couldn’t take any more. She was surprised she hadn’t fainted. She wanted to faint. What do you have to do to faint, she wondered.

“Now turn round and finish the job,” said the woman. “And if anyone else wants to hit the slut on the arse, they can. And carry on licking, you stupid bitch!”

Annie carried on licking or sucking or chewing or gasping for air. The guests carried on flogging her, three blows each. She couldn't see exactly when the blows were coming, but the guests, encouraged by the presenter, always told her what they were going to hit her with.

“Bamboo!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Dave and Moira sat masturbating each other and watching. Suddenly Moira stood up and knelt between his legs. She opened her mouth, and brought her full lips down onto the tip of his penis, closing her eyes and licking it and sucking it.

Jim liked the look of this girl. She was a big, red-headed Irish girl about twenty years old, with long wavy red hair and large green eyes. She still had her jeans on but her tight T-shirt was pulled up over her naked breasts. Her partner was stroking them lightly, making small circles nearer and nearer her nipples... Her breasts rose as she gave a deep sigh in response to the light touch, and she leaned back in her chair, her legs slightly apart and straight out in front of her. The back of her hand was moving up and down, pressing the young man's member, which showed erect through his trousers... She opened the young man's trousers and took out his erect member. She gave three or four firm squeezes and then grasped it more firmly and began pumping...

Jim found it an impressive sight. She had huge tits, among the biggest he'd ever seen. But at the same time she was delicate. Jim admired the dignified, almost respectful, way Moira swallowed Dave's semen when he finally shot into her. There was something almost tender about the way she kissed the tip of his penis again and again, catching the last few

drops and swallowing them. He noticed that Moira had crossed her legs and was masturbating in a gentle way by squeezing her thighs together right at the top...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The new pony was still being beaten on the bottom. The Colonel’s wife was about to have an orgasm. She had taken hold of the pony’s hair in her big fat hand and was holding the poor girl’s head still, banging it and rubbing it with her pale, flabby cunt...

“Lick, you bitch, lick me harder! Suck, can’t you dammit? Ugh! Ugh! OOOOH!”

“Hurry up, dear,” said the Colonel. “Some of these people haven’t flogged her yet. They’re waiting for their turn!”

“If she holds her buttocks up higher, they can flog her cunt from the back,” said the presenter helpfully. “Hold your arse up!” he shouted. Annie obeyed, lifting her buttocks as high as she could so that she was presenting her anus and her vagina at the same time...

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

At that moment, the Colonel’s wife gave a series of huge jerks and went into a wild orgasm, thrashing her arms about and shouting.

“OOOOH! UGH! UGH! NOOOOOOOO!

NOOO! AAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She staggered back. Annie was left kneeling, gasping for air. Her face was shining and red. The Colonel’s wife had given herself good value, rubbing her vagina over Annie’s tongue but also over her cheeks, her nose, her whole face...

Annie looked left and right. She was in a bad way. She saw Jim and Joan coming over to her, holding their floggers.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!” she said. “Don’t hit me! Please! I’ll do anything you want!”

“Sit up again,” said Joan. “Stick your tits right out!”

Annie obeyed. Still on her knees, she arched her back and pushed her magnificent breasts out and upwards, as if asking to be flogged...

“Now say, please flog me on the tits,” Joan said.

There was a silence. The other guests were watching, fascinated. Moira’s partner, Dave, was once again regretting shooting off so soon. Moira had made him kneel between her open legs and he was kissing and licking her vagina... It had been more fun before he shot his load, he reflected...

“Please ... please flog me ... on the tits,” sobbed Annie.

Joan swung the flail. It spread out and caught the whole of her right breast with a loud dull thwack.

Jim followed up immediately with quick back-hand flick onto the left breast. The superb breasts wobbled and fell back heavily into place, to the onlookers’ satisfaction.

Annie gave a short grunt. It was clearly not as painful as some of the other punishment, but it hurt all the same, and it moved the breasts well and it marked them well.

Jim and Joan decided to have three blows each too.

“I hope you’re all keeping count,” said the presenter, addressing the others. “If you’ve still got some left, now’s the moment. We’ll have the pony on her front first, and then on her back, so decide where you want to punish her.”

Annie lay on her front, pressing her breasts against the cold stone. She was glad to feel the cool, rough stone on her flogged breasts. Out of the corner of her eye she saw six or seven guests stand up and prepare to beat her on the back or on her bottom. The whip was what she feared most...

“I’m going to beat you now, Annie.” It was the cold, calculating voice she knew all too well. She took a deep breath as Rupert Mills held up a long office ruler. “It’s the same ruler you used to masturbate with in the office. It’s my ruler. Office property.”

Annie looked up. It was true. She had often come on that ruler. She closed her eyes. There was no end to this hell, no end to her humiliation...

The others stood back and Mills slapped her with all his strength across her splendid buttocks.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“I’ll keep the other two for your front,” he said. Annie sobbed. She wished she was dead. She couldn’t take any more flogging, any more pain... But she had to. Mills hit her again on the bottom, treacherously, without warning.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It was a terrible blow with the long ruler. Annie writhed and twisted, longing to bring her arms down to rub her bottom...

“Turn over now, Annie,” said Mills, licking his fingers and running them over her nipples. He blew on the nipples, causing them to wrinkle and erect. “Stick your nipples up, right up! Arch your back and put your head

back. Legs apart! Now say, I am a thief!”

“I ... am a thief!” Annie’s voice was cracking. She was about to burst into tears, he could see.

“And a cockteaser!” added Mills.

“And... and a cockteaser!”

“And I deserve to be punished severely!”

“And I deserve to ... to be punished severely!”

Mills nodded in satisfaction. “You’re going to be,” he said, turning to Jim.

“Can she stand up just as she is, no chains or anything?” he asked.

Jim nodded and beckoned to Hobbs, who released the frightened girl.

Annie stood, facing her former boss, waiting for orders.

“Stand with your legs apart. Put your hands behind your bottom!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Mills slapped her nipples again as hard as he could with the long ruler.

Annie buckled at the knees and staggered, screaming and begging him not to hit her again.

“NOOOOOOOO!!! PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE! NOT AGAIN, NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

Mills stood there looking at her breasts, in a daze. Jim decided to intervene.

“We’ll give you one last hit, Rupert. Take your time. Enjoy it.”

Mills looked up as if surprised to be addressed, and nodded slowly.

“Is it as good as you imagined, when she was in the office?” Jim asked.

Jim nodded. “Could I ask a favour?” he enquired. “Could she put her bra

on again, for the last time?” Jim nodded. It was the kind of thing he appreciated.

He caught Joan’s eye and she fetched the bra from the rubbish bin.

She removed Annie’s breast straps and handed the bra to her. Annie

put it on again, head down, sobbing. “It’s just that the thing I dreamed of

most was the moment she took her bra off. I want to see it again. Turn

round, Annie. Show me your tits!”

Annie turned slowly round. When she came face to face with Miller he

ordered her to remove her black lace bra “Take it off, Annie. Take your bra off very, very slowly.” There was a silence as she bared her badly flogged breasts and took up position, hands behind her back, still holding the bra...

“Stick your tits out!” he ordered. He pulled back the ruler. Annie closed her eyes...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She staggered again, and burst into tears. She felt warm urine flowing down her legs. She was wetting herself! A little pool built up on the floor!

“You always were a dirty slut!” said Mills. “Kneel down in your own piss and open your mouth, drink it up, lick it up!” Annie obeyed, shamefaced, licking her own urine. Mills took his seat, his penis flopping crazily... He was in a bad way. He needed her to do something to him, and fast. “Now move over here on your knees, holding your tits up. Use your hands! Lift them up!” Annie obeyed, supporting her large breasts as she moved towards his open legs. “Now give me a good tit-fuck, and when I come, catch it all in your mouth!”

Annie obeyed, holding her breasts against his erect member, trapping it between them, and pumping. Mills was already close to orgasm when she started, and in a minute or two he shouted “OK, OK, use your hands! Both hands! Ugh! And get your mouth down on it! UGH! ... OOOOH! Catch it all in your mouth! OOOOOOOOOOOHHHH!!!”

He gave a huge jerk and slumped forwards over her. Annie sobbed and shuddered as Mills spurted his thick semen into her mouth. “Give him a good lick! Open and shut your mouth! Suck! Slurp! Let the man hear you!” said Joan. Annie licked and slurped until Mills was

clean.

Mills sat in exhausted ecstasy, holding Annie's head, not wanting her to stop, wanting the moment to go on for ever.

But Jim interrupted. "Nice one, the bra," he said. "Reminds me. We haven't pierced her nips or branded her yet." Not like me to forget that, Jim thought. There was something about this new girl that threw you out of routine, he thought. You just looked at her, whatever she was wearing, and you forgot things.

The second guard brought in a red-hot brazier, with a branding iron in it. The guests fell silent...

"If you have never seen a girl marked with a hot iron before," the presenter said, "be prepared for a shock. It hurts." A marked pony knew who she belonged to, he explained, and if she got lost or escaped, neighbouring pony farms would return her.

"Where shall we mark her?" he asked.

There were different opinions. Some guests were in favour of one breast or both, while others preferred buttocks or the top of the thigh. In the end they voted for the buttocks.

The guards untied Annie and put her over a low trestle with her wrists and ankles chained to rings in the ground. The trestle was adjustable in height. They raised it until her bottom was as high as possible and her vagina and anus were presented at the same time. Most of the guests also had a clear view of her breasts hanging full and freshly beaten, and the effect was so powerful that several guests began shifting uncomfortably in their chairs. Those who were being masturbated at the time sat back in their chairs and relaxed their thighs, or began to breathe more deeply, at first with a sigh and then with faster gasps and groans...

The guards put a head harness on her, strapping it tight. It held a metal bit for her mouth. It fitted directly over her teeth. The bit was painful, the way it forced her mouth open, stretching the corners of her lips and

causing her to dribble uncontrollably.

Straps were attached to the ends of it, and acted as reins that would enable her to be controlled more easily.

One of the guards took a red-hot iron from the brazier and held it briefly against her right buttock. There was another sizzle and some smoke and a stifled scream ran round the room.

When he took the iron away, Annie bore a clear () on her right buttock, the symbol of Pony Tail Farm, an open vagina...

“We haven’t given her a groom yet,” said Jim. “We seem to be forgetting things. Get Sally over here, will you?” Sally walked confidently across to the new pony and stroked her hair and patted her back. “It’ll be easier for you,” she said, “if you get into role. You’re a pony now. You’ll be punished if you forget.”

Annie said nothing. She was sobbing and unable to speak.

The groom fetched a narrow trestle of the sort used for supporting tables. She stood Annie at one end of it, and made her lean forwards so her stomach was resting on it and her breasts hung each side of it.

She stroked the breasts, and took an ice cube from a bucket to wrinkle them up.

“On this farm,” Jim explained, “piercing the nipples is the groom’s prerogative.”

Annie’s eyes opened in horror. She had always hated the idea of piercing, of having metal studs in your tongue or eyebrow. It made her feel sick. She held her breath as she saw the groom take a large, glowing needle from the brazier.

There was a sizzle as the groom pushed into flesh. Annie smelt her nipple burn.

She screamed.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She screamed again when the groom pierced the left nipple too and fitted

small bells on, pushing the safety clasp through the nipple. The groom took Annie's breasts in her cupped hands, showing the guests how the bells, on a slightly different musical pitch, complemented each other and indicated the degree of tit movement when the pony was under punishment or just walking or trotting. The groom led her by the bells to the centre of the horse-shoe of spectators, and left her standing alone, untied, to face the row of faces.

“She still hasn't got a name,” said the Colonel's wife. “Any suggestions?” asked Jim. Annie had a name. She was furious. She could have killed them all, would have done. But she controlled herself. She lifted her head and looked proudly around at the faces, taking them on, asserting herself. To her surprise, the normally cruel, hostile, sometimes ironic mood changed. The guests relaxed into a jocular discussion of Annie's name in her new life as a pony.

The women suggested names like Buttercup, Meadow, Prance and Sugar Lump. The men seemed unconvinced. Billy the butch had some support for Honey Pot and her pretty Betty surprised everyone with Sugar Cane. The Colonel's suggestion, Thatch, went down quite well because of its punning reference to rural England and to the pony's prominent *mons veneris*. Nibble, Lick and Slurp were also suggested as the conversation became more direct and more lewd. The Colonel said that the pony's mouth was so big and tempting that Spunksucker or Spunkgobler were appropriate. Joan's suggestion of Swallowcome or Swallowton received support from several ladies on the grounds that they were polite and sounded like a local village as well as a mouthful of semen.

The Colonel said if they didn't like Thatch, how about Mop? She was a slut, this girl, dripping like a mop. There were no takers, but Mills confirmed she was always playing with her cunt in the office toilet. “She put everything up it. Her favourite was the ruler, though, he said”, staring hard at Annie. She blushed and dropped her head. He had no right to tell people this! “We could call her Ruler. Or Cucumber. Or Light Bulb! Or Belt! She used her belt one day! She pulled it all through between her legs, standing up with her legs apart. When she came to the buckle she

rubbed and rubbed till she finished, stroking her nipples at the same time. She rubbed so hard I'm surprised she's got a clit left!"

"How about Fanny?" asked Dick the American. "It means butt back home. It means cunt over here, I understand. English girls must get sort of confused when someone says, get off your fanny and do something!"

Jim said he only thought of udders when he saw her, so Floppem sounded all right to him (but then I am an old farmer, he added). The American agreed that Annie's big breasts were what struck you most. Suggestions then focused on Annie's large but firm breasts. Some were more original than others: Tits, Tit Pony, Titty, Boobs, Booby, Balloons, Thwacktit, Tit-flog and Nipples, were all proposed, without success. Names with "bags" in them proved very popular: Milkbags, Funbags, Airbags, Suckbags, Fuckbags, Flogbags, Canebags, Birchbags, Wankbags, Cumbags, the list was endless... In the end everyone was getting fed up and the American said "Wasn't she always flopping her big tits in the boys faces?" "All the time," said Rupert Mills, "flopping, swinging, wobbling, you name it, she did it." "Well let's call her Floppem or Swingem or Wobblem or something," said the American. Annie glared at him as if looks could kill. "I don't think she likes those names," said Joan. "They're very silly names. Quite humiliating, really. I think we should choose one of them. She hates them!" The others agreed and it was left to Mills to make the final choice. He looked at Annie for some time. She could not meet his gaze. He choose Floppem, "a silly name for a silly girl with no brains and great big wobbly tits", he explained to her. "They always were very public tits, Annie. They certainly are now. They belong to us, all of us."). So Floppem it was. Annie, now Floppem to farm guests, was made to walk around the horseshoe of guests so that the appropriateness of the name could be checked. Hands came out and squeezed her breasts, testing the flesh, weighing the large tits in the palm of the hand...

"Have you ever masturbated Floppem?" Joan asked Mills. He shook his head. "I think you deserve to. First come, first served, as they say. With the bells on, we'll all be able to see her tits flop around." Mills smiled. Yes, he would like that. He had masturbated her often enough, in his fan-

tasies, usually obliging her to stand naked against a wall with her hands behind her back. The bit he enjoyed most in this fantasy was the way he chose the moment she had her orgasm by ordering her to lift her arms very slowly up and above her head. She came on cue. A lot of women did that...

Mills asked for her to be stood her in the middle of the room with her hands behind her neck and her tits pushed high and forwards. She'd probably come quickly like that, he guessed. He put his hand between her legs, cupping it over her mound and rubbing it around. Annie jerked, and gave another quick gasp as his finger winkled out her clitoris. She was almost grateful for the way it took her mind off the pain of the brand.

Soon she was gasping as his probing finger worked on her clitoris. She did not want to do it, to let herself go in front of them! It was like giving them a present. She hated herself for moving, she hated the sound of the bells as her breasts responded, but the fast, hard rubbing on her now erect clitoris gave her no choice...

Jim stood over her, holding up a bunch of birch twigs... He was trying to put her off again. He had a different idea. He didn't want her to finish. He wanted to punish her tits. "You carry on working on her cunt," he said to Mills. "I'll punish these big udders! Hold them up higher, Floppem. Show them to the birch. And don't dare take your hands off your head!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH!
SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!
"AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The cruel twigs came down on each breast in turn, covering them with thin red lines, and biting in where the wood was knotted.

After each blow, the breasts wobbled heavily. Ripples of shock waves went through them like a pebble in a pond, ringing the bells. There was soon blood on each nipple. The light, chatty mood of the meeting had gone now. Faces were tense, rigid, accumulating sexual tension...

Jim suddenly flushed and lost control, hitting the girl again and again on her naked, defenceless newly pierced breasts...

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP! SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP! SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Annie screamed but managed not to bring down her arms. Meanwhile, Mills was pressing harder and faster on her clitoris. She could feel that she was lubricating. She was giving him her most intimate juice, giving him a present, and she hated it. His fat fingers rubbed on and on until she began to jerk harder and harder. Mills watched the girl’s rounded, swelling thighs push again and again. It was his favourite movement. Joan was admiring it too. It was the most pony of all movements, she always felt. If you looked at a woman galloping on a horse, she was doing exactly the same movement, the same pelvic thrust, fucking the horse...

“Leave your hands behind your head,” Mills ordered, seeing Annie’s hands waving around in the air, near her head.

“She’s dripping like a mop,” said Jim. “She can’t hold out much longer.”

Annie looked superb now. She was at her best, fucking her boss’s finger. Her breath came fast, her nostrils flared, her cheeks flushed and she was pushing fast with her thighs...

She had lost control. Moaning softly, she took deeper breaths and her head was rising and falling, jerking to one side...

Her voice was rising, she was saying no, no, no...

“NOOOOOO!

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

OH! UGH! AAAAAAAGHHHHHHH!!!

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH!!!

“Can I suck her cunt?” Mills asked suddenly.

“Be my guest.”

Mills kept his finger working on her clitoris as he took up position between her legs.

“Lean back,” he said to her. Annie leaned backwards a little way, struggling to keep her balance. She was far gone now, and just moaned softly as his tongue took over from the fingers, pressing hard onto the mixture of his own saliva and the girl’s heady, oily secretion...

He pulled back, found her clitoris again with his finger and in just a few seconds brought her to orgasm with quick, firm pushes. She shouted out again and again, her arms thrashing, breasts shaking, bells ringing, as her body convulsed and betrayed her, seeking its own pleasures, taking her to its own form of mindless oblivion...

She threw her head back, arched her back briefly, and then convulsed forwards, eyes closed, with a shout that she tried to stifle, a shout that came out as a series of protests, higher and higher in pitch, until her body jerked its way into orgasms and she let out a huge, primitive shout of triumph ...

“NO! NO! NO! NO!

AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

It was too much for Mills too, Joan could see. “Why don’t you fuck her?” she asked. Mills looked around, confused and overwhelmed by so much unbridled sexuality, like the other guests, who sat in silent awe. “Over the barrel, if you like,” Joan added.

Apeman put Annie in position over the barrel. She screamed as her burnt bottom came into contact with the rough wood. Mills pushed his aching member into her high, proffered vagina, sliding it in easily and quickly and pumping her again and again, pumping her for all her crimes, real and imaginary, pumping her for all his fantasies, for her tight clothes

and swelling sex lips, pumping her and slapping her breasts around and grabbing them and hurting her until he shot deep inside her and slumped forward, jerking like a rabbit...

There was a long silence...

Mills withdrew, his penis hanging limp and dripping. Joan told Annie to lick him clean. She did, sucking him and drinking him, just as he had drunk her juices, the slave's homage to her rapist, the soft touch of moist lips on the undesired instrument of torture...

Jim looked around the room. The atmosphere was electric, tense in a way he had seldom seen it before. This girl was supposed to be a slave. And somehow she was dominating them all. He sighed. Time to break her in.

“Stand up, Floppem,” he ordered. Annie, sobbing, struggled to get off the wine barrel and stood in front of all the guests, her head hanging.

“One more hit each, ladies and gentlemen!” he announced. “Choose your own weapons and choose your spot!”

It took the guests a few seconds to react. They were sitting in a daze as if a good film had just ended. Slowly, they stood up one at a time and selected their flogging instruments.

“Feet!”

Annie looked round, not understanding.

“Show me the soles of your feet! On all fours, and lift your feet!” said a respectable-looking man with glasses.

She presented the soles of her feet and took a stinging blow from a riding crop.

“Sit up and tits up!”

Annie sat up, still kneeling, and offered her breasts. She received a heavy blow from a length of greasy rope right on the breasts. It hit with a dull thud, mixed with the sound of bells... She screamed.

“Lie down on your back. Put your hands under your bottom to lift your pussy up! Can I take her clips off?”

“By all means.”

Annie screamed again as Billy the butch pulled off the bulldog clips with a rough jerk.

“She’s got a lovely pussy,” Billy said to Betty, who looked a little annoyed at the competition.

“Push your thatch up now,” said Billy.

Annie lifted her bottom off the ground.

“You’re very sore,” Billy said. “You’d better ask your groom to lick you when we’ve finished with you. You’re going to be sorer in a minute. I’ve brought my own dildo, you see. It’s covered in sand paper and it’s heavy and big and thick and it’s gonna hurt. And your lovely, juicy, red, adorable little pussy looks very, very open to me. It’s a cunt made for punishing. You were a naughty little girl, weren’t you? Show me your cunt now! Higher! Higher! Put your finger in, Betty. Make sure her clit is nice and big. Winkle it out for me, there’s a good girl.”

Betty knelt down next to Annie and played with Annie’s clitoris. She opened the sex lips wide at the top.

She brought her head down quickly and gave Annie a kiss, turning her head slightly and sucking in one of her lips. Billy glared at her and she moved back. Billy lifted the heavy stick...

“NOOOOOOOOOO! PLLEEEEEEEEEEASE!!!”

THUUUUD!!!

“UGH!”

A short, hard blow right in the middle of her vagina caused Annie to twist and writhe.

Billy then pressed the stick up into Annie’s vagina and began to move it around, but was stopped by the presenter. “Blows only in punishment sessions. You can touch or kiss, but only to stimulate, OK? I mean if you want a bigger clit or nipple or something.” Betty nodded and sat down, clearly disappointed. She called Betty back to her seat and pointed at her

own vagina. Betty kissed it.

“Last blows, ladies and gentlemen!”

Annie screamed and staggered as the last guests used up their three blows. They were getting excited now, and insulted her as they hit her.

“Take that, you big slut!”

“Here’s another one on your big fat cunt!”

“Stick your tits out!”

WHAAAM!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAP!

THUUUUUD!

“AAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Annie screamed and sobbed and writhed... She couldn’t take much more.

“That’s enough, ladies and gentlemen! Stop please! Her groom thinks that’s enough or she’ll pass out. So we’re going to give her a few minutes with the groom and then it’ll time for her to work on you all.”

The groom brushed Annie’s hair and caressed her. She spoke to her in a soft voice, as if speaking to a pony.

“There, there, it’s all right, it’s all right. You just have to learn to be obedient, that’s all. I’ll be with you this time, you’ll be all right.”

She washed and dried her and put some ointment on the skin. She took off the harness that held the bulldog clips and put on a more conventional harness with a strap pulled tight into the vagina and up in the crack between her cheeks.

After ten minutes the presenter asked the guests to take their seats.

“All fours! Arse up and walk to the guests!” he shouted.

Annie moved slowly and painfully on her knees, with her hands on the ground.

The groom led Annie to the beginning of the first row of chairs. All Annie could see through her tears were upright penises and half-open

vaginas. In all cases the vaginas were in the middle of wet-looking pubic hair...

The groom pulled Annie to the first chair. It was Dave. He was clearly groggy from a long session between Moira's thighs, but Moira made sure he got his money's worth by pumping his penis into shape with her right hand.

Dave sat mesmerized as Annie approached, her mouth open. The groom was holding her head and pulling it forward. At the last moment, however, she released Annie.

"You do it. You do it yourself now. Open your mouth and take him in, Annie."

Annie sobbed and gave a long cat-like wail. She looked around helplessly, looking for support where none would come. Then she opened her mouth and sucked on Dave's erect member.

"You're allowed to use your hand," said the groom. "Pump him."

"Bloody good idea, if you ask me," said the Colonel. "We'll be here all day if she just wets the tip like that. Get a firm grip, girl, on the shaft."

Annie took hold of Dave's penis in her right hand and gave it a tentative squeeze. Dave groaned.

"Pump it," said the groom. "Hold it near the base and pump it. Show him your tits too."

Annie obeyed, lifting her lovely breasts.

"Move your tits around. Let him see them wobble, Floppem."

Annie lifted her lovely, bruised breasts and let them fall heavily into place again. All the men had their eyes fixed on them, so white and so heavily marked by floggers, whips, bamboo canes, leather belts, birch twigs and a particularly painful plastic ruler from the office...

"If they ask you to, stand up and let them lick your vagina," said the groom.

"Gaw fucking 'ell," said Dave, in a Cockney accent. "Not again, please! I nearly drowned last time!"

"You cheeky sod!" said Moira slapping his arm.

In just a few seconds Dave shot off into Annie's mouth.

"Clean it all up," said the groom. "Don't spill any, not a single drop."

When Annie finished, the groom pulled her backward by the hair and led her towards Moira.

There was an expectant silence as Moira tossed her lovely red hair back and opened her legs. She was an impressive sight with her ginger thatch wet from Dave's tongue. Annie edged forward with her mouth open just as the groom had taught her. Her breasts hung full and inviting, swinging from side to side... Moira shook her lovely red hair, dropped her arms to her side, aware that she was the centre of attention, and discreetly pushed her breasts up with her upper arms to make them look bigger...

There was total silence as Moira took the new pony's head and pulled it slowly onto her vagina. Everyone had seen Moira in action already. They knew she had a strong, muscular style and powerful thighs. Joan smiled. Strength appealed to pony fans, especially in the thighs...

Some of the guests had fantasized about Moira's thighs for most of the morning. It happened sometimes. There were guests that were as lovely as the ponies. Some of today's guests had already imagined Moira's thighs wrapped round their faces. They would have loved to be in the pony's place at this moment, being pulled slowly down onto her big sex lips...

Jim pictured Moira in pony gear, her long mane of red hair flowing, while the guests punished her or used her or hit her buttocks with a riding crop as she pulled them around in a pony trap. They were only fantasies, of course. You could not use other guests like that, unless they agreed. It did not happen often, but it did happen occasionally because there were always a few women who liked to be tied down and forced to perform sexual acts, and most of the guests harboured secret hopes and fantasies about other guests... The guests were part of the show on a pony farm...

As Annie's face went down onto Moira's eagerly proffered sex lips, Moira

gave a deep sigh and then a low moan. She leaned forward and reached out, taking one of Annie's breasts in each hand. First she stroked the nipples until they were erect despite the pain of the piercing. Then she took them between her thumbs and forefingers and squeezed them so hard that Annie cried out in pain.

"Keep licking," Moira said. "And suck too."

"When you suck," the groom said, "suck the clitoris in between your front teeth and push it out again with your tongue, so it runs over the ridge of the teeth. You can bite it a little bit. Play with it, push it against the teeth..."

Moira groaned again and sat back on the chair. She stretched out her legs and began hitting her rhythm for the sixth time that day...

Annie froze suddenly, sickened by the undesired intimate contact. She stopped licking and received a sharp slap on the buttocks from her groom. She started licking and sucking again...

The groom took off Annie's harness, pulling the straps out from deep in her crack.

She examined the straps. "She's wet," she said, smiling at Jim.

"She's wet because she's a slut," Jim said.

"I know what you mean," said the Colonel. "Into sex but never putting it out for anybody. Worst sort, if you want my opinion, randy cockteasers!"

The groom put her hand on Annie's bottom and pulled upwards, lifting it. "Maybe my husband would like to get in here while the new pony is working on this lady?" she asked. Jim did not need asking twice. He put his member at the entrance to Annie's vagina, waited a few moments and suddenly gave a quick thrust, sinking it deep into her...

Annie screamed. She screamed again when Moira squeezed her nipples very hard and told her not to stop sucking...

Jim had a long, thick penis, an athletic prick he like to call it. He pushed and pushed into her. He was pushing hard, grabbing onto her hips as he did so...

At the same time, at the front end, Moira took her hand off Annie's nipples and grabbed hold of the girl's head, jerking herself off on her pretty tear-stained face... Annie sobbed and sobbed.

Jim was beginning to like this particular. Things were getting animal, the way he liked it. It's real Pony Farm, he thought, this mixture of sweat and come. Muscular sex. His eyes went nervously from Annie's magnificent buttocks to Moira's equally magnificent breasts. It was a perfect sight, so feminine and yet so strong, so sexy and provocative in its uncontrolled, jerking way, with the buttocks twitching and the breasts flying and Floppem's grunting becoming more and more animal as the pain and the disgust and the humiliation sank home, and Moira's grunting and groaning getting faster and faster and louder and louder as the seventh orgasm of the morning began to close her eyes and swell her nostrils and send her head reeling...

Jim was penetrating Annie, but his eyes were fixed on Moira and her big wobbling breasts. When Moira came it was too much for him. He grunted, jerked too fast and shot deep into Annie, half sinking onto her...

Slumped forward, his head just above Annie's now, he opened his eyes in time to see Moira holding Annie by the hair and wiping her face all over her gingery pubic hair.

"You made me all wet," she said. "Now you can lick me clean. Lick my hair. Lick my cunt. Clean it. Lick me clean, all round my lips." Mills moved closer, peering in deep satisfaction as his ex-secretary got her big sexy mouth onto Moira's open cunt, and her tongue ran up and down looking for the girl's clitoris...

"Lick my cunt. Clean it. Lick me clean, all round my lips."

"Well fucked, old boy," said the Colonel, when Jim finished. "You looked as if you needed that!"

"I did," said Jim.

The groom took Annie by the hair and moved her to the next chair. Annie looked in horror at the penis that was waiting for her. It was the American's. He was a large man and had a proportionally large member.

"Hi," he said. "You can cut out the preliminaries. Just sit on it."

The groom pulled Annie to her feet and pushed her forwards, one foot on each side of his legs.

Annie let herself down onto the penis, groaning with pain.

"And you can stick those big boobs out if you like. That'll be fine by me!"

Annie held her breasts high and pushed them out, into his mouth. He began sucking hard...

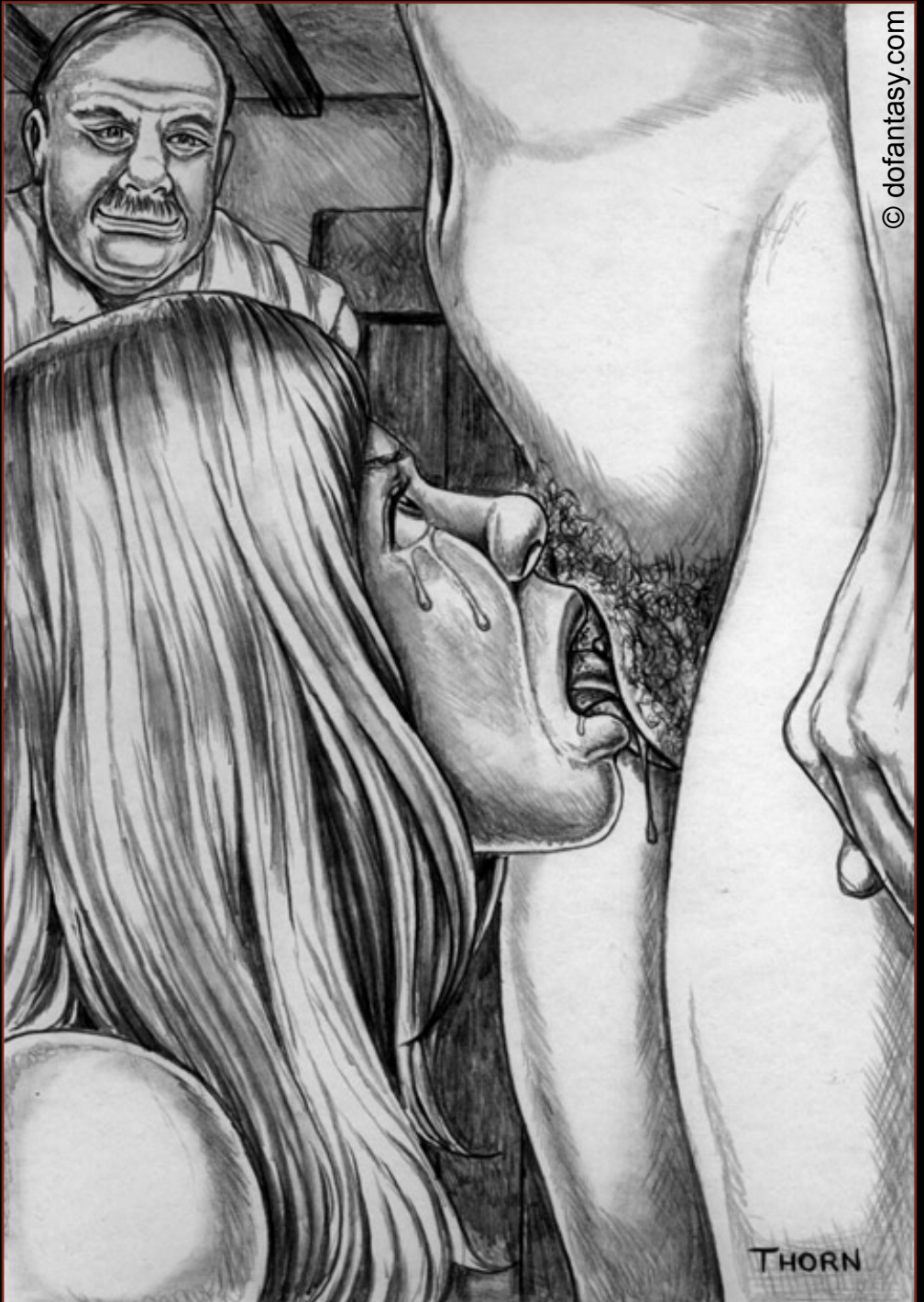
Annie groaned as he sank his finger deep into her anus.

It was going to be a long morning for Annie Jones, now Floppem. It was true that Annie had often shown a lot of tit in the office (never the nipple, though, she knew where to draw the line). But that was different. That was fashion, style. This was what men wanted. They always wanted to take a close look at her most intimate, most secret, most private parts... They're like that, she thought, not for the first time. Dirty, filthy sods. They always want to know how you masturbate. They want you to do it in front of them. And they always want to see what Nature intended to be covered up, protected...

By the end of the morning Annie was lying on the ground, exhausted, looking up at a group of five men. They were masturbating onto her, shooting off all over her, covering her skin with their final present, their final insult, the final humiliation for the moment...

The men aimed at her breasts and face, following the groom's suggestion.

"Now stand up," said the groom. Annie staggered to her feet, her head hanging low in humiliation. "Lift your head. Look at these gentlemen in the eye. Good. Now rub their spunk in. Rub it into your breasts. Rub it



“Lick my cunt. Clean it. Lick me clean, all round my lips.”

into your face too...”

The men watched in fascination as Floppem rubbed their semen into her beautiful, full breasts...

If they had had any reserves of strength or semen, they would have carried on abusing her. But they had none.

It was time for a shower and lunch...

CHAPTER SIX

Annie in her Pony Gear

Floppem was taken to the stables, a gloomy underground room with security doors. She was on a chain that let her move around, but only within the limits of her stall.

In the morning, very early, she was woken up by lights and looked around the stables. There were a dozen stalls in a kind of barn, each separated by a wooden fence at just below waist height. There was straw on the floor. The other stalls were empty but the air was heavy with a strong smell of woman and sweat. She remembered something like it from the changing rooms at school. Sweat and periods, all mixed...

The groom cleaned her up and dressed her brand and put her on a chain long enough to let her to lie down on the straw and sleep. She was naked and cold at first, but a stable hand brought her some fresh straw and she covered herself with it and felt a little warmer.

She was just getting back to sleep when the stable doors burst open and a noisy group of ponies came running in. Their breath was visible in the cool air as they snorted impatiently. They jogged heavily past her, mostly ignoring her, and went to their stables under the watchful eye of the guards, grooms and stable lads.

She had never seen anything like it. They were women! Sweating, muscular women, all bearing the () brand on their buttocks or thighs or breasts, and all wearing pony clothes, tack they called it.

“Who are they?” Annie asked the groom. “What’s happening?”

“They’re ponies like you. There are eleven of them. You are the twelfth and last,” she explained. “Unless of course one dies, then she’ll have to be replaced. They’ve been to another farm. Sometimes we do that. Like dancing girls round the clubs, you know. Today one of the farms gave all the girls a medical, so we sent ours and didn’t get any back. It didn’t

matter though. The guests had you. Good night! If you can't get to sleep, call me and I'll lick you."

Annie made herself as comfortable as the chain would let her, and shrank under the straw. She fell asleep almost immediately. She dreamt she was masturbating in the toilet at the office and Mills came in and licked her. She could not move her arms to stop him.

She woke up in the morning and realized that her whole life had become a terrible nightmare.

She was a sexual slave, forced to dress up like a pony and serve the whims and fancies of anybody who had the money and the interest to rape her and abuse her and use her body in any way they liked, and they were not just men either, there were women too...

As it grew lighter, the other ponies gradually woke up.

Someone brought breakfast of cold porridge, and poured it into the wooden feeding troughs from a dirty-looking bucket. The girls moved hungrily over to the trough and stuffed handfuls of porridge into their mouths.

The girl in the next stall glanced at Annie. "You'd better eat something. Use your hands or you'll get your hair dirty."

Annie managed to eat a little bit. It was disgusting but at least it had some sugar in it and she forced it down.

The other girls were taken outside and lined up against a wall. Annie watched from her stall. They were hosed down with what seemed to be a high-pressure hose of some kind. Their grooms, all wearing loose and rather dirty trousers and rubber boots, rubbed them down with rough soapy shower mittens. Then they hosed them down again and brought them back in, still wet and shivering. They were strong girls, obviously used to the cold.

Annie's groom led her out. "You're clean," she said. "It's just for the porridge on your hands."

Farm hands with bamboo canes hurried the ponies back into their stalls and put heavy metal collars round their necks.

There was very little conversation. Most of the girls seemed to be living in their own little world. The pony in the next stall, however, nodded at Annie.

“You’re the twelfth, aren’t you? We’re allowed to talk a bit, when we’re not in pony gear.”

“Hello,” said Annie, a little formally. “I’m Annie.”

“If that’s your real name,” said the girl, “don’t use it again.”

Annie looked puzzled.

“You’ll be punished. On the mouth, probably, if it’s a talking offence. They might give you a punishment bridle. Or they might fuck your face or make you drink their piss or semen. Or you might have to eat their shit with your porridge. You never know.”

“I’ll be careful,” Annie said. “My name’s Floppem, they say.”

The other girl laughed. “I’m Fluff. Short for bumfluff.”

Annie looked at Fluff. She was a well-built brunette with a prominent bottom. She looked around at the other girls. There was a mixture of hair colours. There were blondes, redheads and brunettes, and also a number of girls with different shades of red chestnut brown hair that looked lovely but reminded Annie uncomfortably of horses...

There was some variety, too, of physical types, she thought. Some had big breasts, while others had big buttocks or thighs and even, it seemed, big vaginas...

“Have they told you what they’re going to do with you yet? I mean, what kind of pony you’re going to be?”

Annie looked blank.

“If they’ve called you Floppem,” the other girl went on, “they’ll probably give you bigger tits.”

“Silicone?” asked Annie, horrified.

Fluff shook her head. “Injections, and sometimes they put stuff in the

porridge or the water.”

“Christ Almighty!” said Annie.

“You might be a trap pony like me. The clients like to see a big bottom like mine pulling them, but they like to see big breasts too, tits hanging down and wobbling around, you know... They call us Bums or Tits. Sometimes a Bum like me is paired off with a Tit like you and then we pull a two-seater trap. But you never know. You could be a riding pony. Then you’ll wear a harness with a saddle and you carry a small person, on all fours or on your back. Riders like to get hold of a big pair of tits. They like to play with them... Shall I tell you the worst thing? It’s when they don’t let you come!”

Annie looked at her in astonishment. “How can they stop you?”

“They tie your legs apart so you can’t squeeze your thighs together. They tie your ankles to those rings in the wood. Or they put a bar between your legs, called a spreader. It goes round your ankles and holds them apart. And they don’t let you rub yourself onto anything. It’s awful. And I think they put something in your water to make you randy too. I’m wet all the time. If I’m lucky they let me come in front of the guests. And they’re always inventing rules. Like I can’t use my hands, or I can’t ask another person to help, or I have to use someone’s dick. They keep changing the rules. I don’t mind that, but I hate it when I can’t come.”

At that moment the Head Groom appeared, a manly-looking woman aged about fifty.

“I’ve got to go,” said Fluff. “We have to train a couple of hours every morning. It’s Sunday today. Gymkhana...”

Fluff fell silent as the harness was put over her head and tightened, and the metal bit went between her teeth.

“Walk,” shouted the Head Groom. Fluff and the other ponies walked out of their stalls. Annie watched in astonishment. It was a high-kicking kind of walk, with the toes pointing down and the knee coming up high until the thigh was parallel to the ground.

The girls walked out, all naked and all wearing head harnesses with bits, breast framers and straps in their cunts. It was an impressive sight, so many breasts bouncing in unison.

When the last pony had left the stable, the Head Groom came over and looked at Annie.

“Turn round,” she barked, slapping her trouser leg with a long riding crop.

Annie obeyed, nervously. I would have branded you on both your tits myself,” the Head Groom said, “but nobody asks me anything round here.” She pulled suddenly on the bells.

“AAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

“Good. I like sensitive nipples. You and I are going to get to know each other well, I can see... She was holding a wire brush, which she ran over Annie’s bottom. Annie gave a little shudder. The head groom pressed harder, scratching her bottom with the strong wires...

“Show tits!” Annie obeyed, turning round and lifting them high. The woman ran the wire brush over her tits, causing Annie to blink and half-close her eyes. Her nipples wrinkled and became erect. The groom smiled and ran the brush round and round, massaging the breasts.

The woman ran the wire brush over her tits, causing Annie to blink and half-close her eyes. Slowly, looking Annie steadily in the eye, she ran the brush down over her stomach, down to her pubic hair, which she stroked. Then she turned the brush sideways and brushed Annie up and down on her sex lips. Annie wriggled.

“Show cunt!” Annie spread her thighs wider and gasped as the wire brush went in. “All right,” said the groom, “we’ll leave it at that. We don’t want to spoil the fun for the guests, do we?” She walked out after the other ponies, taking large determined strides.

Annie was left alone for an hour or so. She listened to the chatter of the grooms and stable lads. Most of it was mechanical, ordinary... It could have been a real farm.

“John, muck that stall out there, will you?”

“Oh fuck, I did it yesterday.”

“Well you can bloody well do it again today, can’t you! There’s shit all over the place. You ain’t getting no breakfast till you muck that stall out!”

Then the guards appeared and tied Annie’s arms straight out behind her back in a long leather sleeve. On this occasion Jim had chosen a length of rough rope which they tied around her waist like a belt. He had then pulled it tight between her legs, so tight that it opened her sex lips and stuck out between them. Annie hated the way it irritated her when she walked.

Mills had been invited to choose the breast support. He had chosen a latex bra that buckled at the back, At the front it was semi-rigid and went just below the nipples, leaving them clear for punishment or sucking. In front it had two thin straps that came down from her iron collar. Two of them went outside the breasts, and a third went between the breasts, and all three lifted her tits. The result was spectacular.

Apart from that, Annie wore only an iron collar round her neck and her pony shoes.

The guards took her to the Training Room where the guests were already waiting, seated and naked.

“Right,” said the presenter. “We’re going to spend a few minutes showing you how the new pony is getting on with the basic instructions, and then we’ve got a gymkhana for you. It’s going to be a muscular occasion, I can promise you that.” There were murmurs of approval from the guests. They wanted to see strong thighs pulling and firm breasts wobbling and sweating...

Annie looked nervously round the room, recognizing some faces. She hardly dared to lift her eyes. Her breasts felt very exposed, and she felt helpless with her arms forced back behind her.

There were so many people, and all of them were looking at her!

Rupert Mills was there too, sitting grim-faced, naked and erect, holding a riding crop. Annie began to tremble when she saw him. She turned round nervously. She saw that Apeman was carrying a whip.

The other guard fetched a head harness with a metal bit. Her own groom brought her the pair of absurdly high heeled boots, with horseshoes set in the bottom of the heels...

“Now I want you to walk around in a circle in front of these people,” said the presenter. “You know, imagine you’re in the office and you’re giving the boys a good look. And you’re going to show just a little bit of your cunt by lifting your knee high each step. Go on, Floppem, a bit higher, parallel to the ground...” Annie swayed and staggered. She had never liked high heels, and these were impossible... At one point she lost her balance completely, and staggered to one side.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

CRAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

“Nice one!” cried the Colonel. The others were struck dumb by the rise and fall of Annie’s generous tits...

“Carry on walking,” said Joan. “You’re really showing them your tits this time. Let them bounce when your boot comes down”. Annie obeyed, walking round in a circle, the exaggerated high knee movement causing tremors and shaking her breasts,

At the presenter’s instructions, the guards then attached blinkers to her headstall. The blinkers snapped into position in the middle to form a complete blindfold. (“Now you see why we call them blinders,” said Dick).

Annie found it dizzying. “It helps a pony to concentrate on her master’s instructions,” said the presenter. As guest of honour, Mills was invited to participate, and when Annie failed to lift her thighs high enough he gave her a sharp slap on the naked breasts with his riding crop. It was terrible

because she did not know it was coming...

“Normally we spend a few days practicing the walking, together with exercises to build up strength and endurance,” explained the presenter. “But we’re just showing you some basic commands. She knows most of them already, so she can show her tits or arse, but this is a new one. “Show!” he said. Annie did not move, uncertain what to do. “Go down on your left knee and put your right leg forward, like a dressage pony. Lower your head. Look down very slightly. That’s it. This elegant action,” the presenter explained. “offers just the smallest peek at the pony’s juiciest parts, as you can see.” They could, and they all wanted to see more. The guests stared in fascination at the way the rough rope disappeared into Annie’s generous mons veneris...

“We’ll try another position. Stand up! Show cunt!”

Mills asked them to remove the bit from her mouth. He wanted to talk to her. He wanted to hear her speak. He wanted to know what she was thinking, he wanted to enjoy her suffering... “Lean back, show them your cunt, stick it out at them,” he said. “That’s what you did at work! Is that what they taught you at school, Annie? You couldn’t spell, could you? But you knew how to show us your cunt!” Annie burst into tears, as her past life came flooding back to her. As Mills raised the crop, she panicked and turned and ran crazily around the room, stumbling in her high-heeled boots, crashing into walls, clumsily off-balance with her arms tied behind her. One of the guards brought her down with another well-aimed whiplash, curling it round her ankles and pulling it. They took her back to where Mills was standing.

“Show cunt!” repeated Mills, slowly and deliberately, holding up the crop. Annie leaned back, pushing her pelvis forwards, pushing her most intimate female parts towards the weekend guests...

“Feet apart.”

She obeyed.

Mills raised the riding crop and brought it down cruelly on her open vagina.



The guests stared in fascination at the way the rough rope disappeared into Annie's generous mons veneris...

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

”AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

He raised it again.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO! ... PLEASE! ... DON’T HIT ME AGAIN!!!
I’LL DO IT! ...I’LL DO WHATEVER YOU SAY... NOOOOOO!!! NO
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

”AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Annie screamed as the crop hit her again on the vagina.

Then, another sound was heard.

“UGH! ... OOOOOH! ... AAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Heads turned. It was Dick, groaning in pleasure and sinking into orgasm as he watched the flogging while his new partner, a University lecturer who had come alone, licked and sucked and slurped noisily on his long, erect penis. She stayed there, sucking it clean...

Jim spoke for the first time, giving instructions to the guards. “String her up by the ankles with her feet wide apart and put a ball gag in her.”

Annie panicked as the bright red plastic ball was forced into her mouth. She could hardly breathe. She hated this thing! It filled her mouth and hurt her jaws and didn’t let her breathe properly.

The guards put iron ankle fetters on her and attached chains to them. Apeman held her under the armpits as the other guard winched her up until she was suspended from the ceiling, upside down. Her head was off the ground and her blonde hair lay attractively on the stone floor in a swirl. Mills stood, looking down into her open vagina, dazed at way one of his favourite fantasies was becoming reality. He ran his fingers over the coarse rope between her sex lips and pressed it onto her clitoris, rolling it sideways until Annie began to moan and respond with small uncontrollable jerks.

“Wet,” said Mills, slipping a finger in and spreading Annie’s female juices all over her pubic hair. “Soaking wet. She obviously enjoys having a rope in her cunt! I’m surprised she didn’t wear one to work! Well maybe

she did. She had some thong underwear that must have been much the same as a rough rope!”

Mills asked for a cat-o’-nine tails and hit his former secretary on the cunt. Nine straps of knotted leather went down hard into her, causing her to jerk. He saw that the rope was providing some protection and asked if he could remove it.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
SLAAAAAAAAAAP!!!
“AAAAGGMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

Annie twisted and writhed like some giant fish caught on a hook. The sight of it seemed to drive Mills crazy.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
SLAAAAAAAAAAP!!!
“AAAAGGMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

Again and again he brought the flail down onto Annie, who was twisting and jerking in her chains as the pain surged through her body with every blow...

Mills then asked for a cane, and immediately began hitting her on her now naked bottom, stopping from time to time only to cane her breasts. This time Annie was upside down and the soft flesh below the nipple was uppermost, so her tits were soon covered in red lines.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH
THWAAAAAAAAAAAAACK!
SLAAAAAAAAAAP!
“AAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!
AAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

By this time Mills had a big erection and wanted to use it. The guards

changed Annie's position. They turned her face up and presented her partially suspended from the ceiling with her bottom resting painfully on a wooden trestle and her legs held wide apart.

"Now you're going to feel this, Annie. It's my dick and it's going right up your CUNT!" he shouted, plunging his penis deep into her. He hit his rhythm almost immediately, holding her thighs wide open and banging away like a madman into her.

"You owe me this, you big cockteaser!" he said.

He slid his arms under her thighs and lifted her legs, placing them over his shoulders. That way he could go in deeper and hurt her more...

UGH! UGH! UGH!

AAAGHHHH!!! NOOOOO!!! PLEEEEMMMMMZZZZ!"

Annie was gasping for air. She could hardly think any more, they had beaten her and flogged her so much...

"Ugh! Squeeze my prick, you big bitch!" said Mills, "squeeze harder! I can't feel you!"

Annie tried to move, but everything hurt too much, inside and out...

"PUSH! PUSH! UGH! UGH!!!"

Both Mills and Annie were now jerking insanely.

The audience had begun its own low murmur of groans and sighs. The noise level was rising fast and so was the pitch. Here and there around the room orgasms were sounding, bouncing off the stone walls...

Suddenly Mills threw his head back.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He had finally shot his load deep into Floppem, once Annie Jones, the office cockteaser...

Mills had finished with Annie, but Jim the farmer had not. He wanted to humiliate her again, to teach her that a pony has no dignity. He gave orders for her to be taken down and ordered her to go on all fours and face the guests. "Have a good look at these people, Floppem," he said.

They got very excited watching you being flogged. Some of them need finishing off and some of them need a bit of cleaning. They're all wet and dripping, you see?" Floppem nodded. She saw very clearly what he meant from her pony position in front of a line of limp and wet penises and soggy-looking vaginas.

"If there's any cleaning to be done, send her over here first," said Dick. "Dick's dick it is then, Floppem," said Jim with a smile. "Go and suck it clean. But first we're going to put a couple of dildoes in you." He held up a pair of huge artificial rubber penises, grinning. He put on her straps around her waist and attached them to the belt. Annie shouted in pain as first one went into her vagina and the other was forced painfully into her anus and held there by the strap.

"First we're going to put a couple of dildoes in you."

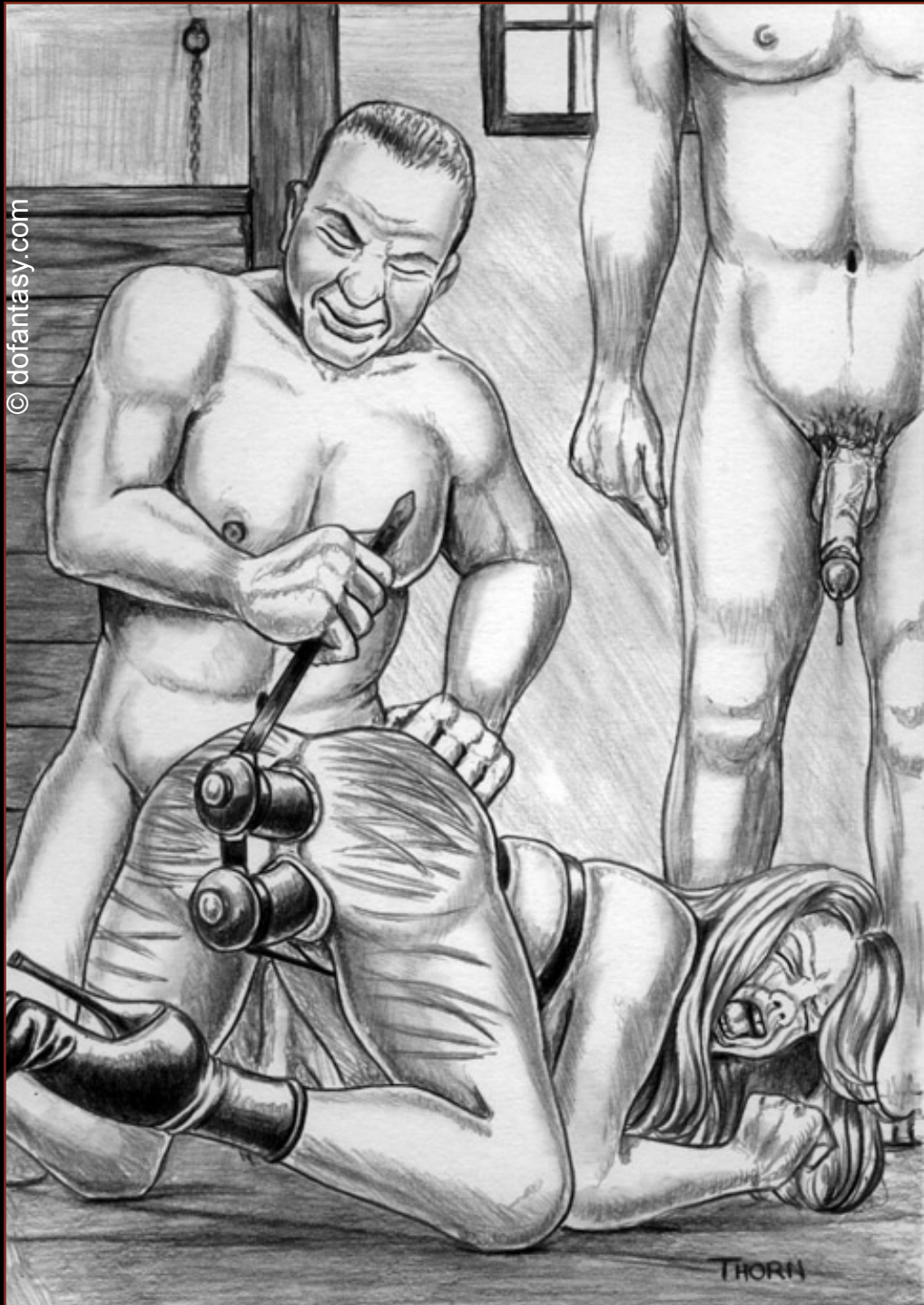
Both vibrators were then switched on and the straps pulled tighter, forcing them even deeper inside her. Annie could hardly walk on all fours, it was so painful...

She moved over to Dick, who offered her his penis, still a commendable size even when flaccid. She took it in both hands and put it into her mouth. Dick looked down in satisfaction as she licked it and cleaned it, all the way up the shaft and especially the tip.

"Put the tip of your tongue into the holes on the tip," he said. "You mustn't leave any drops anywhere, or you'll be punished again, Floppem."

Dick's partner was next. She sat back in her chair and opened her legs wide, inviting Annie to clean her. Annie looked around in confusion and received a stinging blow from the riding crop on her buttocks. Quickly, she put her head down between the woman's thighs and cleaned her vagina with her tongue. "That's right," said Mills, "give her a good lick. After all, you're the one responsible for making her so wet..."

Annie moved on down the row of chairs, licking and cleaning. "Slurp," said Mills suddenly. Annie looked up. "We want to hear you.



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“First we’re going to put a couple of dildoes in you.”

We want to know your sucking and working hard with your tongue. It's music to our ears." He took his seat again and motioned her over. With a shudder of repugnance she sucked at her ex-boss's penis, making exaggerated slurping noises like a pig eating...

Next was the Colonel's turn. "She won't have much trouble cleaning yours," said the fat wife. The Colonel ignored the remark and looked down as Annie took his limp penis into her mouth, sucking it all in easily.

Annie was dreading the next one. The fat smelly wife! But she went slowly up to her and put her head down on the huge open vulva.

SLAAAAAAAAASH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

The fat bitch! She had been holding a bamboo cane behind her back and had hit Annie on the buttocks with it. Out of the corner of her eye, Annie saw it go up again and hang in the air...

SLAAAAAAAAASH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

"Goodness gracious, girl, get on with it! Put some effort into it! She's a lazy bitch, this one!" said the fat wife. Annie did her best. She was confused and dizzy and had little strength left in her after the beatings. And all the time the vibrators were thumping away inside her...

Then came the full, unexpected horror!

The woman slowly stood up and pushed her chair back. She knelt down on the stone floor, offering her huge flabby bottom to Annie. Annie looked at in deep disgust. She felt nauseous...

"I left it dirty this morning," said the Colonel's wife. "You'll just have to

excuse me!”

“Good lord, dear,” cried the Colonel. “Can’t you leave that sort of thing for the domestic staff? These people don’t want to see your bottom!”

“Well they certainly don’t want to see your prick,” said his wife, “and if they do, they’re in for a disappointment!” The Colonel sighed in resignation. All the guests had now turned round and were staring. The bottom was an impressive sight, looking like some strange sea creature, some monstrous jelly fish riding the waves...

Annie looked in horror at the woman’s deep cleft between her buttocks. She turned to Mills and the presenter, who were both smiling. Mills nodded. “Tongue out!” he called. Annie did nothing. Mills picked up a very long bamboo cane and pulled his right arm back straight...

SLAAAAAAAAASH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Annie dropped to the floor and rolled over. She had never felt pain like that. It was one of the sticks used in Eastern countries to administer public floggings. She rolled over and over on the ground.

Finally she came to a halt and lay on her back, aware that her legs were wide open...

Those stupid vibrators were still buzzing inside her. The one in her cunt was beginning to bother her. The one in her anus was, she felt sure, going to give her diarrhoea at any moment...

“Get up, Floppem,” said Mills. “You mustn’t keep a lady waiting.”

She moved her face slowly nearer to the huge expanse of rolling flab. The Colonel’s wife gave a quick shake of the hips. The flab wobbled left and right, causing the other guests to laugh... Silence fell. There was no sound except the distant buzzing of the vibrators as Annie put her tongue out and took a deep breath. The cleft stank! She pulled back.

SLAAAAAAAAASH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The stick again. Quickly Annie thrust her face up against the fat buttocks and began licking...

“I can’t hear you, dear,” said the wife.

Annie made it as noisy as she could.

The woman loved it. She kept her there for over five minutes, licking and slurping, until Annie suddenly turned sideways and was sick all over the floor...

“Time out, I think,” said Dick, and Annie’s groom took her away to be washed while the mess was cleaned up.

When Annie reappeared ten minutes later, she was wearing a blue lace ribbon in her hair. She went down again and began her work, licking and sucking her way through all the guests.

Most of the guests had drifted off to have a shower by the time Annie finished.

Mills was still there, however, as aroused as ever. He noticed that the vibrator in her cunt was beginning to get through to her, despite herself. He noticed how she screwed her eyes up from time to time and threw her head sideways. “Is she going to come?” he asked Joan. “Probably.” “I’d like to see it,” said Mills. “Can she lie on her back and fuck the vibes?” “What a lovely idea,” said Joan. She ordered Annie to lie down and lift her legs up as if a man was fucking her. Annie found that her bottom was pressing on the strap now, trapping it and giving herself something extra to press onto. Rupert Mills stood over her, also pressing with a stick, running it up and down the strap, over the vibrator, over her clitoris... Annie was almost grateful, in her shame and humiliation, when the huge orgasm kicked in. It left her jerking and shouting, coming again and again in a long series of orgasms as Mills’ stick pushed on an on, not letting her finish...

Annie gave one final groan and lay still, semi-conscious. She, was more dead than alive now. A corpse waiting for predators...

The lesbian couple, Billy and Sandy, moved in, removing both vibrators and leaving Sandy free to give the semi-conscious girl lots of delicate, pecking kisses on and around the pussy...

Annie hardly felt them. She hardly noticed, either, when Billy sat on her face later and rubbed herself to orgasm. She just closed her eyes. She had seen enough. Later, she heard distant groaning and felt the soft splatter of semen on her face and breasts. The last guests were having the last orgasm of the day...

CHAPTER SEVEN

Annie and the Gymkhana

Annie's groom appeared half an hour later and helped her to her feet. "You're not going to participate today. You're only going to watch. You need more training before you can compete, and you've had a hard day..."

She led Annie, still dazed, to an area next to the stands where the guests sat waiting. Annie was wearing only her cunt strap this time and a single length of rope above her breasts. It was simple, but impressive. It lifted them beautifully without covering them. The groom tied Annie to a kind of medieval stocks consisting of an upright post and a horizontal plank of old wood with holes cut in it for the breasts. Unlike the normal stocks, which had a big hole in the middle for the head and two holes for the hands, this version just had two breasts holes. The hands were simply tied to the ends of the plank, in the "hands-up" position of cowboy films. By tying Annie tight against the plank, the groom forced her lovely breasts through the holes. The effect was breath-taking. The weekend guests just stood and stared, captivated by the nakedness, the separateness, of the large breasts...

No one was allowed to touch Floppem now, the presenter explained. She was just on show.

Annie did not recognize most of the guests, spotty young men from good families, judging by the accent. Some of them were talking crudely about her tits.

Her groom smiled. "Day trippers. The guests that stay all weekend are different. Some of them don't look it maybe, but the weekend guests are filthy rich. These boys are just filthy. But it's bums on seats. It brings the money in."

Mills arrived looking very serious, just as the presenter was announcing

the first event. “Take your places, ladies and gentlemen, for the first event in today’s programme. It’s a little warm-up event called Hoof Down. There’s only one rule. The ponies are not allowed to lift a hoof.

There was applause and cheering as all the ponies were led in. The girls came out on parade, lifting their knees until their muscular thighs were horizontal, offering teasing glimpses of blonde, brown, and gingery pubic hair. They were all naked except for their boots, head harnesses and the shining straps that tied their arms behind their backs.

“Show,” said the presenter, as the girls lined up in front of the guests, putting one foot well forwards and dropping their heads.

Once again the audience fell silent, this time overwhelmed by the collective sight of so much possible pleasure in those firm thighs, full breasts and squashed, half-glimpsed sex lips... There was something for everyone there, all colours and sizes.

“Show clits!” The girls put their hands flat on their mounds and then pulled sideways with their fingers spread, opening their sex lips to show everyone their wide-open cunts.

The presenter walked along the line with a riding crop, threatening the open pussies, and occasionally hitting them... He even talked to some of them...

“You’re a lovely big wet pussy, aren’t you? You shouldn’t be so wet, you know, really. We haven’t started yet! That’s very, very naughty of you...”

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

The girls shouted through their head harnesses, biting onto the metal bits to help fight the pain. One of them, a big red-head, staggered for a moment.



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They lifted their muscular thighs, offering teasing glimpses of blonde, brown, and gingery pubic hair.

“Oops, she lost her balance there,” said the presenter nodding to Apeman, who walked slowly and ominously over to her, carrying a long bamboo cane...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The girls huge breasts shook and wobbled. The crowd gasped.

The cane came down on the soft flesh again and again..

The girl staggered, and quickly put her feet back in place.

The presenter nodded. “They’re always the same, red-heads. They can’t take it. I read about it once. Redheads are more sensitive to pain.”

“You’re going to punished on your big ginger pussy, I’m afraid,” the presenter said.

The guards brought a collection of rubber straps and electrical cables and put them on the girl. “This is the latest version of our lip-spreader harness,” the presenter said. “Some of you saw it yesterday. This one gives an electric discharge.”

A guard came and attached a cable to a connexion in the back of a belt, which he put on the pony. The other guard put bulldog clamps on the pony’s sex lips, pulling them wide open just as they had pulled Annie’s lips open the day before...

Separate electrodes were also fitted to the girl’s generous nipples and a pin pushed through the holes which normally held bells... “You’re going to take it on your breasts too,” said the presenter, beckoning over one of the guards. “Right through your nips. Now stand with your legs apart, bend at the knees, further apart now, that’s right, give them a good look at your cunt...”

The girl obeyed. She did indeed have a very large vagina. The clitoris too was disproportionately large. It stuck out at the top of the vagina about half an inch, and very red and sore...

“They’re all genetically manipulated,” he explained. “Nothing too much, tastefully done, you know. Just to emphasize their tits or buttocks or cunts.”

“Gaw fuckin’ ‘ell,” said a young man, gaping at the girl’s vagina. “Ang on a minute love, I’ll get me ‘ead in there!”

“You can get your ‘ead and shoulders in there, mate! And I’ll come in wiv you!”

The guests laughed, but Mills did not. It was all irrelevant, he thought. I want to be with my pony, he thought...

“Right, we’ll give you a sporting chance,” said the presenter. “It will keep you entertained while the trap ponies are getting ready. If you can take the punishment without moving your feet, you’re OK. If you move your feet, you’re in for a shock.”

The guard came over with a fibre-glass fishing rod. It cut through the air with a high-pitched SWIIIIIIIIISH. It was an angry blood-chilling sound that caused the crowd to fall silent.

“Lift your tits.”

She leaned back a little and pulled her large breasts up, exposing the silky white skin below the nipple.

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSHHHHHHHHH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

”AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

A deep red line appeared just below the nipple. She swayed a little but kept her balance.

SWIIIIIIIIIISSSSSSHHHHHHHHH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

”AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

Her foot jerked forward, an involuntary response to the pain. The presenter gave her a sharp electric discharge, into her sex lips and

through her pierced nipples...

She screamed, a terrible scream of pain and anguish...

The blows rained down, alternating with electric discharges, causing the girl to jerk and twitch and scream as the pain burnt through her open lips and pierced nipples.

“She’s wetting herself,” said a woman in the crowd. “Look! She’s peeing!”

All eyes turned to the girl’s crutch. A warm, yellow stream of urine was running down her right thigh...

“Good ale, that is! I wouldn’t mind a half a pint of that!” said a middle-aged man, licking his lips.

Mills looked on without interest. It meant little to him. He was only interested in Annie Jones. He found Jim and asked if Annie could pull a trap. Jim agreed, and Annie and Fluff were quickly fitted out and harnessed to an empty trap. Their outer arms were tied to the shafts of the trap. Their free arms were tied together in an L shape, like a sprinter running, to enable them to coordinate their efforts.

“The first race today, ladies and gentlemen, is the Damp Thatch Walk. It’s not a race, so you can take it as fast or as slow as you like. As you can see, the ponies will be pulling the traps with their arms, backs and thighs. Some of the ponies have cunt straps too, so they’ll be pulling with their gorgeous, lickable, loveable, suckable wet pussies! They’re optional. The leather strap passes between their legs and is pulled tight between their lips. The leather is roughed up with a carpenter’s file before each race, to make it hairy and irritating to this soft, feminine flesh...”

There were three other pairs in the trap race. They all had well-oiled bottoms. The same oil had been rubbed over their pubic hair too. The riders were also allowed to stimulate the vaginas if they wished, and rub the feminine secretions over the surrounding hair...

“That’s right, ladies and gentlemen,” said the presenter. “Give it a good

rub round, get the juices flowing. You can get down and give it a good lick if you like.”

Mills was going alone in the trap pulled by Annie and Fluff. Neither of the girls were in very good shape and Jim had insisted on only one driver in the trap. Mills asked for Annie to wear her lip-spreader, and this was fitted. Fluff stood to her right. Mills found Fluff’s enlarged bottom unexpectedly attractive, and he asked for her belt and cunt strap to be removed. The view as he sat in the trap was splendid. Fluff was lifting her buttocks high and showing him her gingery fuzz. “Lift your arse, Annie,” he said, using her real name. Annie leaned forward a little, lifting her bottom to bring her vagina more clearly into view. Mills tightened the lip spreader so that he could see her lovely pink cunt more clearly. He could not resist cupping his hand over her and rolling her lips and clitoris around, causing her to suck in air and turn her head suddenly to one side...

“You’ve got to learn to use your talents here. You show it all. This is a cunt show. I want to see your lips move...”

“Higher!” he ordered. She moved her rump up a little more.

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAGGMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM!!!”

“Take your places, ladies and gentlemen. The Damp Thatch Race is about to begin.”

Annie looked round in fear. She saw Mills, stark naked, carrying a whip and a short riding crop. He also had a short fishing rod.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAGGGGGNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!”

Fluff also jumped as the crop hit her on the bottom.

“And this,” he said “is what the whip, feels like. Plaited leather!



THORN

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“This is a cunt show. I want to see your lips move...”

SLAAAAP! That's clear enough, I think. What you may not understand is this," he said, holding up a section of fishing rod. "I made it myself. The rod-ring on the tip can be placed over your clitoris, Annie. Like this. And if I twist the handle, like this, you'll get a shock!"

Annie went tense as Mills put the rod ring around her clitoris...

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH-
HHHHHHNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG!!!”

She screamed into her bit.

“Ready, steady, STOP!” said the presenter. The ponies, used to his little jokes, did not move.

“Ready, steady, GOATS!” he shouted. The crowd laughed.

“Ready, steady, GO!”

The ponies pulled hard, straining their back muscles, remembering to lift their buttocks high to show the deep clefts to their drivers. The first half-mile was not too difficult for most of the ponies, but Mills' trap went slowly. Annie was an unfit ex-secretary who'd taken a lot of punishment recently. And Fluff was stiff because she'd been wearing a leg-spreader for the last two weeks to prevent her from masturbating. The country track was bumpy from the ruts left by wheels on rainy days. It was hard work pulling over the bumps and it became harder when the track began to climb up onto rolling downland. The drivers began to use their assorted collection of whips and sticks, and fishing rods to encourage the ponies on over the silent downland.

Sometimes, unexpectedly, Floppem gave a sudden squeal as Mills placed the tip of his fishing rod between her stretched sex lips...

Floppem and Fluff had fallen behind the others. Mills had done his best to drive them on but their strength was already failing...

He pulled over in the shade of a tree and led them over to the troughs which the organization had prepared, one with food and one with water. Neither of the ponies were able to eat, but they both sank their heads gratefully into the water.

Mills gave them a few minutes to get their breath back.

Then he stepped onto the trap and stood up just behind Annie.

He pulled roughly at the straps that held the clamps. Her vagina, bleeding slightly from the clamps and from the blows, looked irresistible to him. He had an aching erection and no one to hold it for him. He had not planned on this. It was an emergency...

He stood behind her, put the tip of his penis against her vagina and then pushed it all home, with one quick thrust, deep inside her...

Annie went suddenly tight, squeezing onto him. She had not expected this either.

Soon he was banging away into her like a madman...

With his right hand he stimulated Fluff too, rubbing her clitoris strong and hard, faster and faster... Fluff gave a deep sigh as soon as his finger began working on her clitoris. She needed it badly... She pressed hard onto the finger.

“You can take THAT!” he told Annie, with a specially hard pelvic thrust, “for the ... ugh ... elastic trousers and ... ugh ... THAT! ... ugh! ... and ... THAT! ... and THAT! for all the ... ugh! ... times you showed me your big ... ugh ... slut’s tits ... through your ... blouse ... and your ...ugh ... big wet ... fucking slut’s pussy ... ugh! ... under your short skirts ... ugh ... agh ... and THAT and THAT ... and THAAAAAAAAAAAT!”

He was coming... His head was flying around, he was jerking and groaning and his right hand was rubbing the other pony harder and faster and his left hand was clenched on a handful of the flesh on the side of her buttock...

“You’re a ... filthy ... bitch of a ... cockteasing .. big-titted ... big-cunted ... slut of a...

AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

His whole body jerked and his arms thrashed around as the orgasm washed over him.

He shot deep into her lovely, tempting, provocative pussy, again and again...

He had been saving it for her. It was the Big One. He sank down onto her, only half conscious...

He was grateful. You never knew with orgasms. Sometimes they just dribbled out. But not this one. She owed him this one, the big cock-teaser!

Mills recovered slowly and realized he had left Fluff in a nervous state. She was twitching and jumping nervously. He decided to leave her like that. They had told him about this subtle form of torture, and he liked the idea. Maybe he would do the same to Annie if she were just his, and not the farm's...

He climbed into the trap and they set off again. But something was wrong. Was he just tired? Or jealous? Maybe. He hated the way everyone did what they wanted with Annie Jones, his secretary. In a way, things had been better in the office, when she showed him her breasts for the first time. He remembered her leaning back, gripping the edge of the table, waiting for the cane to fall... Not much he could do about it now though...

The next event of the day was a show event. One by one, and in quick succession, the beautiful girls came into a small arena and followed simple instructions.

Their arms were tied behind them in a variety of ways. Sometimes they were straight back, with their hands over their bottoms. In that case the arms were tied by three leather straps, one joining the elbows, one joining the upper arm, and another joining the forearms.

In other cases the wrists were crossed over the buttocks. Sometimes the hair was tied to the wrists too, forcing the girl's back to arch, the head to go back, and the breasts to lift temptingly...

In other cases the forearms were tied together in the small of the back, leaving the buttocks exposed...

“Show!”

“Walk!”

“Walk backward!”

Walk backward was one of the more difficult instructions, as the girl had to bring her thigh right up until it was parallel to the ground.

“Trot!”

Trotting was a fast walk. On some farms it was done with a high leg movement like Walk, but on this farm it meant jogging, which moved the breasts around more...

“Gallop!” was used with the strongest riding ponies only. It meant a quick crawl while taking the weight of the rider. Riders were carefully selected so that the ponies' backs were not damaged by excessive weight.

To make the show more exciting, poles were then placed in a circle of holes in the ground and a variety of different dildoes, made of rubber or plastic or wood, and in one case of stainless steel, were fixed to the floor at different heights. Some had a bulge at the bottom to permit easier contact with the clitoris. They all had different textures. There was one in particular that the pony girls feared and hated. It had been dipped in glue and covered with sand, giving it a surface like sand paper...

Mills was angry with Annie. He asked for her to be put in the arena with the others, with her hands tied at the nape of her neck. She was led to the sandpaper dildo and took up position about a yard away from it.

When the presenter blew his whistle the girls walked forwards, swinging their lovely breasts and lifting their muscular thighs. They took up position with their sex lips open next to the dildoes. Other ponies came behind and took up position in front of them.

“If this is your first time, ladies and gentlemen, the rules are simple. The ponies have to come, that's all. The last one to have an orgasm will be well flogged by two lucky prize-winners! As you say, each pony has another pony to help her. The fact is, most ponies can't come at all unless they get a good tickle right on the clit.”

He blew a whistle. The ponies went down onto the phalluses, their eyes

half-closed in concentration. They had all learnt the hard way that there was no faking these orgasms. They could sometimes deceive men, but the grooms knew all the tricks. The grooms knew exactly which parts of the body would start flying around and jerking out of control and which moans and groans were spontaneous and which were involuntary. Faking was normally punished directly by the groom, in the form of a continuous series of slaps with a bamboo cane, on any part of the body. Often the calves or the shins were the most effective place, throwing the girl completely off rhythm and causing her to lose concentration...

Annie was using only the tip of the rough, abrasive dildo. She found that if she just pressed against the tip, it was not too painful.

“Down, Floppem, get your cunt down onto it!”

She glanced round. Mills stood there, holding a riding crop.

She slowly lowered herself down onto the abrasive, sandy surface...

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Mills had hit her on the bottom!

She bit hard and moved slowly up and down. It was pure agony. She could see she had no hope! She would be the last! They would flog her on the breasts! They always did!

A groom was already walking up and down among the guests, holding a bag containing numbers for the draw to flog the ponies...

Annie could hear the other girls coming, one by one...

“OH! ... AH! ... UGH! ... OOOOOOH!

AAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She could them slapping up and down on the wood, rubber and metal, a wet, juicy sound punctuated by what sounded like farts, the noise of a well-oiled cunt sucking in air...

“UGH! ... OOOOOOOOH! ... NNNNNNGGGGGG
AAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAGGNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNN!!!”

One of the grooms had spotted a faker and was walking around, bringing a stick down onto her naked, defenceless buttocks and breasts...

In the end, Annie was left alone. Her legs were shaking from the effort of crouching on the dildo, as well as the pain of the sandy surface rubbing its way into her most intimate parts...

There were two winners of the draw. One was the Colonel's fat wife and the other was a man who gave his name was Horatio, a pot-bellied man with a small moustache. A bank manager, thought Annie, as she saw him pick up the cat-o'-nine-tails. Is he married? Does his wife think he's at a banker's conference? The big wanker, she thought.

“Right now, take up your positions on either side of her. We're tying her ankles to the floor with her feet well apart. She'll be standing up with her hands behind her head. You're allowed a dozen swipes each. Only six can be in the same place, six in a row that is... Then you have to swipe somewhere else.”

The Colonel's wife went first.

SWIIIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She caught Annie full on the hind quarters.

Then Horatio took a hard swipe at Annie's breasts, the breasts that had filled a thousand tissues, that had fired a thousand fantasies, that Annie had always half-revealed and half-concealed, that had filled men's minds

and penises until they ached and cried out for relief...

SWIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Horatio the bank manager, the double-gin man, smiled into his triple chin and watched Floppem’s breasts take the marks of the leather flail. The lovely breasts wobbled briefly, and came to rest...

SWIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

The guests began to chant the numbers after each flogging..

“Three!”

“Four!”

“Five!”

“Six!”

Annie stood, hands behind her head, offering her naked body to the flail...

SWIIIIIIIIISH

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

On and on, biting into her body, marking her breasts and buttocks and thighs...

She looked around in panic, preparing for the pain, unable to dodge the terrible, merciless straps...

“Twenty!”

“Twenty-one!”

“Twenty-two!”

“Twenty-three!”

“Twenty-four!”

She had not fainted. She had managed it!

The guests fell silent. Many of them had come while watching her...

The air was heavy with sweat and semen and women’s secretion...

Mills remained unhappy about all this. He wanted her to himself, even it was only for a few hours, at the weekends, sometimes...

He spoke to the farm owners about it. Could he borrow Floppem for the evening? Not take her off the farm, of course. Just have her to himself...

They agreed. Annie’s groom showered her and freshened her up, and after supper the Apeman led Annie to the Punishment Room. He was chaining her to the wall, when Mills walked in and stopped him.

“Take the chain off her,” he said. “Just leave the pony gear on her. It’ll be her and me this time...”

CHAPTER EIGHT

Alone with her Boss again

Annie stood in the middle of the room, looking magnificent. She was wearing only coarse rope, one length above her breasts to pull them up, and another length around the waist and in her crack. Her arms were tied together behind her back, with black leather straps on the wrists, elbows and upper arms, pulling both arms painfully together.

She had no idea why she had been unchained or what Mills wanted from her.

Mills was naked. He picked up a long ruler. “I wanted to see you alone,” Mills explained. “I don’t like the way everybody looks at you. I liked it better back in the office.” Annie said nothing. “You were a proud, bad-tempered bitch! I want to see if you’ve learnt any humility!” He looked around the stone walls. The room was empty except for the flogging instruments on the walls and a trestle against one wall. He had seen it used for punishing ponies by tying them to it in different positions. He would use it, he decided. But first he wanted her to present her body for punishment. He wanted her to participate actively in her own humiliation...

Annie was in a bad way. Almost everyone who wanted to do something to her body had done it. She had been raped and tortured and beaten and whipped and flogged and abused hour after hour, day after day... She was covered in semen inside and outside. She had been forced to stand and watch the rape and abuse of others. It had all been too much for her. The pain was too much for her. She trembled when she saw Mills holding the ruler...

“Hello, Floppem! You don’t mind if I call you Floppem, do you?” Annie dropped her head. He held up the ruler, the same she had so often used to masturbate with.

“I’m not going to tie you down,” he said. “You’re going to ask me to hit

you on the tits! I want to hear you say it. Say it! Say, hit me on the tits, Mr Mills.”

Annie took a deep breath, looked at him for a moment with a mixture of revulsion and panic, and then said in a quiet voice “Hit me on the tits, Mr Mills.”

Mills raised the ruler. “Stick your tits out, arch your back!” He brought it down with a tremendous slap on her naked breasts...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH

SLAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

“Now say, Hit me on the tits with the office ruler.”

Annie repeated the words. It all came back to her. The toilet, the closed circuit camera, the way she used to slide down on the toilet seat with her cunt pointing up at the hidden camera, the ruler sliding up and down on her clitoris, sometimes with a little flick left and right to lift the clitoris...

SLAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”

Again and again, he slapped her lovely breasts. He slapped them until they were red and criss-crossed by sharp lines from the ruler, which he sometimes used flat and sometimes edge-on.

“Now go down on your knees and open your mouth, Floppem.”

Annie obeyed. He pushed his member, swollen and twisted with pulsating veins, deep into her mouth and throat. Annie choked and spluttered. She knew he was playing with her, thrusting deep into her throat and pulling out to give her a little air, but not too much...

Finally Mills pulled out. He did not want to kill the girl. He picked up a flail, with heavy knots on the end of the leather straps. “Push your tits out again!” he said. He walked round her, muttering and hitting her,

mostly on the breasts but also on the buttocks and sometimes directly on the cunt...

“THWAAACK! You’ve got learn obedience, Floppem. THWAAACK! It’s for your own good... THWAAAACK! The sooner you think like a pony, the easier it will be for you, that’s what they told you. THWAAAAAACK! You’ve got to forget you were a person. THWAAAAAACK! You’re just a pair of big tits ... THWAAACK ... and a big wet pussy ... THWAAAAAACK! ... and a mouth to be fucked and a pair of big buttocks ... THWAAAAAACK! ... and thighs to wrap round my face ... THWAAAAAACK! and a tongue to lick my dick clean ... THWAAAAAACK! ... THWAAAAAACK! ... THWAAAAAACK! ... THWAAAAAACK!”
“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Annie twisted and writhed as her magnificent breasts quivered and shook under the stinging blows of the flail. She arched her back as ordered, lifting her breasts and offering them for punishment. She looked beautiful. Her eyes were wide with terror. Her breasts promised so much pleasure...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAP!!!

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Suddenly Mills stopped. He seized her by the hair and dragged her over to the “horse”, a crude wooden trestle for holding up tables. He forced her to sit astride the narrow piece of wood at the top as if she was riding it. It was extremely painful. The edge of the wood pressed onto her open sex lips. Annie pushed herself onto tiptoe to hold them just off the plank...

He then tied her hair to a short chain that hung from the ceiling. Her arms were already out straight behind her, and now he tied them too to the bottom of the chain, pulling up them painfully so that her body hung slightly forwards. The effect, she realized, was to leave her breasts dan-

gling, hanging helplessly, naked and exposed to whatever punishment her former boss chose...

Then she heard the sound of something being dragged across the floor.

Mills stopped in front of her, pulling a large wooden chest.

“It’s all for you,” he said. “I’ll even give you a choice of instrument. You can’t say I’m not a fair man, Annie. You never gave me much of a choice at work. You just unbuttoned your blouse when you felt like making us horny. You played around with all of us, Annie. Now it’s my turn. I’m going to punish you as you’ve never been punished before!”

Mills reached down and pulled out an armful of whips, flails, belts, floggers and other instrument of torture. “Have a good look at these. You’re going to get to know them very well indeed...”

Annie looked in horror at the sinister collection. She could already feel the sticks coming down on her sore and bruised body...

Mills did nothing for some minutes, except walk around her, stroking her, feeling her breasts, putting his finger in her sex lips, lifting the coarse rope or rolling it around over her clitoris... Then he worked on her with his fingers again, masturbating her until she gave small, involuntary jerks onto his fingers...

Her legs soon began to get cramp. And every time a cramp made her shrink and contract, the cruel rope round her hair pulled hard...

After five minutes she was unable to maintain the tiptoe position that was keeping her cunt lifted slightly off the sharp wood...

She sank down, and rested for a moment. She could move just enough to rest one part of her cunt on the wood, but it was painful in seconds wherever she rested...

She hated Mills’ exploring, caressing fingers too. They were clever and there was nothing she could do to stop them. They moved slowly up her stomach, came to the soft flesh below the nipple, and then to the nipple



“I’m going to punish you as you’ve never been punished before!”

itself, round and round in small circles, causing Annie to shudder in disgust, wrinkling and puckering her nipple until it became a living being, standing out long and tubular, asking to be stroked and sucked and kissed and flogged...

When Mills finished stroking her, Annie's neck and chest above her breasts were covered in small pink patches. She was responding, becoming aroused despite herself, despite the pain in her legs...

Mills looked at her for a moment, in ecstasy. He put his fingers down into Annie's vagina once more.

"You're a slut, Annie," was all he said before opening the box of flogging instruments. "It's time to teach you the feel of these things, so you know what punishment to expect. I said I'd give you a choice, and I will. Let's start with the riding crops."

He selected two different crops, one short and thick, the other long and whippy.

Annie looked at them in horror. She was already shaking from the physical effort of trying to keep her vagina off the plank. She looked at the crops, her eyes wide in panic...

"Well?" asked Mills.

She was silent.

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

"AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!"

He had hit her with the long, whippy stick, right across the nipples. She longed to be able to rub them, but her arms were tied and she could not.

"Say, hit me again, Mr Mills."

"Hit me ... hit me again, Mr Mills."

"I am a dirty slut and a thief."

"I am a dirty slut and a thief."

Mills looked at her lovely breasts, so naked, exposed, defenceless, and

pulled the long whippy stick back once more, his right arm fully extended...

“Say, punish me on my naked tits, Mr Mills. I deserve it!”

“Punish... punish me on my naked tits, Mr Mills. I deserve it!”

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

“AAAAAAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

She squirmed around in agony.

For an hour, Mills worked systematically on his ex-secretary, flogging her all over her lovely body with the cruel collection of hitting, flogging and whipping instruments...

For an hour, Miss Jones the ex-secretary screamed and twisted. When she did not have to ask to be punished, she begged for mercy.

“NOOOOOOO!!!

AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!

NO! NO! DON'T HIT ME AGAIN!!!

PLEEEEEEEASE!!!

I'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT!!!

AAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!”

Finally he released her and removed the leather arm restrainer. He ordered her to stand with her legs apart, pull her sex lips back with both hands, and offer her body to him...

“Take my cunt. It's yours,” she said repeating Mills' words. She winced when Mills removed the rough rope and began hitting her sex lips and clitoris with it. She screamed when he pulled it quickly up and down over her sore cunt, rubbing it and burning it with the rough hairs on the rope...

“Take my arsehole,” she said, turning round and bending over to show her anus. “It's yours.”

She shuddered with disgust and pain when Mills took up position behind her and pushed his member deep into her bowels...

She shuddered again when she felt his hot semen inside her, and again when he ordered her to kneel before him and kiss and lick and clean his penis. It smelt strongly of her own excrement...

She shuddered too when Mills ordered her to stand up, and began running a cold metal ruler over her clitoris... "I brought it just for you," he said. "I know you like them, you little slut. I thought you'd like a change of ruler..."

She shuddered too when she found herself, against her will, making small movements of the pelvis, pushing herself onto the metal ruler as Mills twiddled it around, moving it left and right, left and right, flicking it over her clitoris and then giving it a long, slow press, twelve inches of cold steel...

And she screamed when he lifted the now shining ruler and brought it down again and again onto her superb, wobbling, quivering breasts... Mills watched in fascination, loving every wobble her superb tits gave before sinking back into place...

Next he moved a barrel over to a couple of feet from a wall, and tied her ankles to rings set in the ground. He laid her back over the barrel, legs wide apart, her wet cunt pushed up and forwards. Then he tied her arms back to rings set in the floor behind her head. Annie was able to rest her back against the wall. Looking down, she watched as he put his fingers in her sex lips again and played around with her...

Then, unexpectedly, he knelt down on the ground and licked her between her open legs, licking her clitoris with strong, firm strokes until she was unable to resist. She began jerking onto his tongue...

The bastard, she thought. He's making my clit big so he can hit it! Mills took up position next to the barrel. One by one, he brought the cruel instruments down onto Annie's open vagina and then onto each breast, in turn...

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

SLAAAAAAAAAAP!

SWIIIIIIIIIIIIISH!

THWAAAAAAAAACK!

“MMMMMMMMGGGGGGFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF!!!”

Annie’s screams ran round the cold stone room as Mills punished her on the breasts and cunt for almost an hour. He played with her in a cruel, calculated way, alternating periods of masturbation with periods of flogging. Finally, he selected a long bamboo cane and ran it up and down over her clitoris. He liked the ribs on the bamboo and he pressed it hard on her as he moved it up and down, enjoying her groans as the ribs went over her clitoris...

“Your friend Fluff would love this,” he said. “I understand they’re going to let her have an orgasm tomorrow. In front of the guests, of course. Everyone can rub her clit five times, five strokes, up and down. The one who makes her come can fuck her!”

Annie hated his dirty talk, hated what he was doing to her, but she could do nothing to avoid the rising feeling of orgasm. Her head was going from side to side, she was snorting, her nostrils were flaring, and a small trickle of feminine juice was oozing from her pussy, despite herself...

Mills released her ankles and attached chains to her ankles. The chains hung from the ceiling and lifted her legs, holding them apart and offering her pussy to him...

He held his erect member and rubbed it around between her lips for a few seconds, wetting it...

Then he pushed slowly and smoothly in, all the way...

When he was in, he put her legs up over his shoulders. He wanted to go in further...

It was agony. Annie had been flogged, whipped, and caned until she almost lost consciousness. But Mill’s penis deep inside her and his fingers



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“This is a cunt show. I want to see your lips move...”

He would advertise for a new secretary, he thought. He would choose someone just like her. Or someone different maybe, a big redhead this time, someone like Moira who couldn't get enough sex... It did not matter really as long as she was pretty. He would film her in the toilet. Sooner or later, she too would pull her knickers down and slide her hand over her bush, rubbing, exploring with her fingers, looking for the little erect clitoris, maybe with a ruler in her hand...

He would film her.

He would leave money around in a drawer and if she stole it, he would do a deal with her...

Fifty blows with a cane on her naked breast...

He could see it all...

"It's the first time," he would say, holding up the cane. "You can keep your skirt on. Just take your T-shirt off."

The girl would cross her arms in front and lift the top off. He would take it from her and place it on the desk.

"Now take your bra off."

Slowly, she would unfasten her black lace bra in the front. She would stand there, holding the unfastened cups together. Her hands would be trembling.

"Off, I said."

The End

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