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# Girls and Bridle

## Chapter 4 - I am a ponygirl

***"Gate 7 ... Cart number 7 ... Moonlight!"***

The mocking crowd was mostly making jokes rather than applauding as the embarrassed ponygirl advanced to get inside her gate. Her recent incident, having rammed her gate before it had opened, had left an indelible mark in the public opinion.

"Don't listen to them, Moonlight. They are just having fun. We will show them something different this time around."

The ponygirl took a deep breath and focused on her next task, racing. After her humiliating way-too-early crash, Sophie changed her tone and became much bossier and severe. It was not so much to assert her power over Moonlight rather than acknowledging her responsibility in the debacle.

Sure, Sophie had explained Moonlight exactly how the start of the race would occur and what to do technically, she was certain of it, but she had failed to prepare her pony mentally for the excitement of the race and the side effects that came with it. It was a well-known fact that fear and anxiety could affect memory and judgment; therefore, remaining calm before a race was mandatory to avoid mistakes. Perhaps Sophie got too used to race with Morning Star, who was generally in absolute control of her emotions. Obviously, this excluded her recent mood swings due to her injuries.

Adopting a more severe tone toward Moonlight was the right thing to do. It was the best way to separate what had happened before from what would happen next. Racing a ponygirl who just wanted to go home would guarantee a catastrophic result. Imposing a strict course of action and revoking her freedom of choice would ensure such irrelevant thought wouldn't surface again.

***"Ladies and Gentlemen, hold on to your hats for the last race of the evening. Can Electra, winner of the first race, manage to surprise everybody again? Hopefully, our newcomer***

***Moonlight will have better luck this time. Please encourage all our participants, and let's get this race going!"***

"Alright, Moonlight! Stay calm, and don't move a hair until I say go! Got it? We don't need a good start. Trust me. Let me take care of the strategy, and you just run as I tell you too."

Moonlight gave a little nod and let her shoulder drop a couple of times to evacuate the stress the way Sophie showed her. She dug her horseshoes in the dirt in a much less aggressive manner this time around. Her focus was on Sophie and no longer on the gate.

**"Ready! IN THREE ... TWO ... ONE..."**

The ponygirl's head was slightly turned to the left to hear the small driver better, and her eyes were closed... Then, the metal gates slammed open, and Sophie yelled at her...

"GO! GO! GO!"

This time it was a successful start. Moonlight strong legs engaged and the cart got moving nicely. Right off the bat, they were last, behind everybody else on top of having the outer corridor; that was the worst combination to overcome.

***"Great start for most ponies. Silver Sword and Red Pearl in the lead. Electra in 3rd followed by Lady Wallenstein and Private Grin. Moonlight is last, two lengths behind Last Moment."***

"Good start, Moon! Don't worry about being last. It's all good. Just focus on running and follow the reins."

Moonlight battled with the thought of being on a real racetrack and competing with other ponygirls for the first time. Sophie had asked her not to push right at the start and to stay behind everybody to avoid all traffic.

She felt a little tug on her left rein and obeyed by slowly moving toward the rail.

"Great! Now we just need to catch up to them and wait for opportunities."

***"Silver Sword still in 1st. Electra aggressively passed Red Pearl and is going after the leader. Lady Wallenstein and Private Grin are battling for the 4th. Moonlight moved to the inside and passed Last Moment, which is now last."***

"See, we already gained a position without even working hard. Those two in front of us are burning each other out. Pay attention to your breathing, Moon. save your strength."

To Moonlight, racing without unleashing all her power was a strange concept. Following the pack so casually gave her a wasted opportunity feeling since she knew she could go much faster. But she promised to follow Sophie's instruction by the letter this time around; after what she had done during the first race, she intended to stick to that promise.

A little tug to her bit's right side directed Moonlight to go back to the outer lane. As soon as she did, the cart that was in front of her slowed down for another easy pass. The pony wondered how Sophie anticipated this to happen.

"Keep going, Moonlight. You are doing fantastic. Keep that pace. And keep those wrists to your waist... You are moving them too much to my taste. If you disconnect a cuff, we will get disqualified."

***"As the ponies are about to enter the second turn of the first lap, Electra and Silver Sword are neck to neck, battling for the lead. Lady Wallenstein passed Red Pearl, who is now fourth. NICE SURPRISE! Moonlight is now fifth after passing Private Grin. The newbie seems to have some fresh legs after abandoning her first race."***

"Alright, Moon. We are about to enter the final lap. I know you want to go faster, but keep listening to me, okay. You are doing just fine. Once we pass Red Pearl, get very close to Lady Wallenstein but don't try to pass her just yet, you'll see. Relax as much as you can right now. Don't think about anything else than your running technique and breathing."

Sophie navigated carefully around Red Pearl, who seemed to have made the critical mistake to keep up with the best ponies right at the beginning of the race and was now running out of fuel. She knew moonlight was far from being at her limit just yet, so she crafted a strategy based on that fact.

Moonlight her was growing impatient, though. She knew she could catch up with the leading ponies, but she had to listen to her driver, no matter what. Making another mistake tonight would be catastrophic on so many levels. All she needed was a good racing experience, and Sophie had promised to deliver that in exchange for blind obedience.

***"Moonlight passed Red Pearl to get in fourth position. She is now right behind Lady Wallenstein, who hasn't slowed down since the beginning of the race. As they come out of the***

*first turn, Electra and Silver Sword are still battling each other, refusing to concede the first position. I'm wondering if the two carts touched just now. They will have to be careful not to get disqualified."*

Dirt was flying from Lady Wallenstein's horseshoes and kept hitting Moonlight's legs. She wanted to go around her, but she had not received any command to do that; she was not even a meter away from that cart.

Lady's driver kept looking behind herself and even threw some invectives at Moonlight, who frankly didn't know how to react. It wasn't her fault... It was Sophie's odd decision to tail her like that.

"Come on, newbie! Are you going to climb in my cart too? Why don't you go back to your stall and play with some toys! Leave the racetrack to the adults."

Sophie heard every single word, and this reaction was exactly what she had hoped, putting pressure on Wallenstein's team. Racing was not solely about physical prowess; some mind games were going on at all times. Sophie had raced against the Elites and was used to this kind of behavior, but the other amateur contestants in this race were not as familiar with it.

Brittany's terrible attitude during the NRPA races had been good training for Sophie. Enduring that crazy girl successfully meant that she could easily cope with anything else. It was a bit dirty to apply some of those nasty strategies during an amateur race, but it was legal, even if not ethical.

"Hey, whatever your name is, if you don't want us to pull your hair while we are riding your ass, you should try to pick up the pace. Or is it that your ponygirl can't do it?"

"Screw you, newbie! Come on Lady Wallenstein! Show her what you can do!"

And the bait worked like a charm. Lady Wallenstein started to sprint as they entered the last turn, increasing the distance separating her from moonlight, who was more confused than ever. Sophie had not told her to go faster yet and didn't seem worried that they were falling behind.

*"Lady Wallenstein started an early sprint, trying to catch up with Electra and Silver Sword, who seem to be slowing down now. Moonlight is still in fourth position keeping her nice pace as we are about to enter the final straight of the race."*

"Alright Moon, get ready, as soon as we exit that turn and I say go, you'll sprint with all you've got. Don't leave anything in those legs of yours."

Moonlight was still feeling great. She was more than ready for a sprint and wanted to start it right now. Just the thought filled her blood with adrenaline, and she only needed to hear one single word to release all her energy, a tiny two-letter word that meant so many things... In this case, it could mean victory.

"GO!"

The ponygirl leaned forward, glued her wrists to the small of her waist not to make a costly mistake, and pulled the cart like never before. Sophie gently guided her to the outside lane, where there wouldn't be any traffic to worry about.

**"Lady Wallenstein just passed Silver Sword and Electra, who have nothing left in the tank... but ... Oh, my! Moonlight picked up some incredible speed and is passing them too. She is dangerously catching up to Lady Wallenstein who will maybe regret having started an early sprint. WHAT A SPEED! Only three lengths away... Two .... Will Moonlight have time to pass her before crossing the finishing line ... ONE! It's going to be a very close one... CAN SHE MAKE IT?!"**



"Paul! Paul!"

"Mmm? What!?"

"Wake up, Paul! I have some information for you!"

"What the hell, Brittany? What is your problem? It's the middle of the night!"

Sophie burst into the bedroom and woke up Paul, who was about to kick her away for disturbing his sleep.

"I know who it is!"

"Who it is what? What are you talking about?"

"Penny's new pony! Who else? The one who will team up with Morning Star to compete in the Triple Crown."

"Okay? Who is it then? Is it someone from the NRPA?"

"Nope! I've never seen her before. Her name is Moonlight. She raced for the first time tonight."

"Oh, really? So, they decided to go with a newbie? What kind of stupid ass move is that? They lost before we even had a chance to beat them. That's a let down."

Brittany shook her head, disapproving of Paul's simplistic assessment.

"You are wrong. Moonlight won!"

"What? She won what? Her first race?"

"No, she crashed in her gate like an imbecile during her first race. But she won her second one."

"So, what then? She had fresh legs. It's not like the amateur league is very challenging anyway."

"... Sophie didn't try to win. I know her... She took it easy for the whole race and went for a sprint in the last straight. She was testing her ponygirl. It was Moonlight's first race, and she flew on the last straight of the track like a cheetah on steroids."

"Was she that fast?"

"Yes. Super Cup fast. And I got the feeling she could have started her final sprint a full lap before everybody else."

Paul paused for a bit after that last sentence. Brittany was insane, but she was not a liar. Additionally, she was very competent at assessing ponygirls. She had been right about Hemlock, and she had been right about Nightshade. There was no reason to believe she had imagined things.

"Take off your clothes and get in bed."

"... Is that how much you are concerned about this?"

"What do you want me to do about this at 1am? But since you are here, I would not mind getting a blowjob... unless you prefer anal?"

"..."

"I thought so... Come on. Get in bed and get to work."

Paul was rude.



"You got 8 points for your win, so that was not enough to get a prize, but I'm very proud of you. You would have brought back a medal if you hadn't had your little accident during the first race."

Moonlight lowered her head. Yes, she was happy to have finished a nose length ahead of Lady Wallenstein, but she finished fourth overall because of the cumulative scores, and there was no reward for that. Such was the harsh reality of amateur racing.

"Don't worry, Moonlight. It was a great night, and you learned a whole lot. Go to bed now. Tomorrow we can talk about it some more. It's 1 am already. I need sleep."

"Aren't we going to tell Morning Star? She must be lonely in her stall."

"I put her there for a reason... It's going to be good for her in the long run. I'm sure she is asleep anyway."

"She looked a bit depressed this morning when we left her behind to go to the track. I'm sure she would have loved to come with us."

"Aaah, Moon. Stop feeling guilty for her. I've been her trainer for years. Yes, she was sad, but she is smart, and she knew I was right to leave her there. Look, I need to sleep now. So you can sleep here in your bed, or if you feel that guilty, you can go sleep in the stall next to hers."

"... I... I never slept in a barn before."

Sophie stretched her limbs and let a long yawn out.

"It's not nearly as bad as you think. If you decide to spend the night there, just don't get in Morning Star's stall, please. Alright?"

"Okay... Good night, then."

"Night, Moonlight. And try to be proud of your race. You did very well."

"Thank you."

Sophie left, and her lazy footsteps in the wooden staircase indicated that she was more than done for the day. Moonlight was just standing in the kitchen, trying to decide whether or not she should sleep in the barn with Morning Star.

Then something caught her attention. There was a pile of paper on the kitchen countertop, more than likely today's mail. She walked to the pile and pulled out what looked like a magazine.

"One of Morning Star's racing magazines..."

Moonlight knew that Sophie had taken away all racing magazines from Morning Star as a punishment for her bad behavior a few days ago. It was only fair since she could have aggravated her injury and, at the same time, obliterating any chances to save Penny's stable. Knowing how much Morning Star loved those magazines, it was still a rough punishment, though.

Sophie had missed that new one apparently. It was a special edition with some color photos inside too.



"Pssst... Star? You are awake?"

Morning Star just turned to her side, not overly wanting to socialize right now. The frustration of being excluded from the racing night was still fresh, and she didn't want to hear about it. Seeing Moonlight on the other side of the jail-like door didn't help her to feel better. She was stuck in her stall, with the bridle on, and a short rope attached to the wall ring. Her cuffed wrists prevented her from getting free.

Then a metal squeak sliced the silence of the night. Immediately, Morning Star turned around and looked at her door.

"Mmmph!"

It was not right at all. Moonlight was not supposed to be inside her stall like this. Sophie had more than likely prohibited her from doing such a thing. The young ponygirl entered the stall and closed the door behind her and held her pillow to her chest. Was she coming to sleep with her? Maybe she didn't know pillows were unnecessary when sleeping on a haystack.

"Shhh... Don't make a noise, Star. I just wanted to check on you. Let me sit on your haystack."

"Mmmph!"

"I know... I can get us in trouble. But I'm fine with it. Can I sit?"

Morning Star stared at Moonlight for a few seconds before deciding to nod and move a bit to give her some space. The ponygirl wearing civilian clothes found a comfy spot very close to the latex-clad pony and started to chat using a discreet voice.

"I'm sorry you couldn't come tonight. But I'm glad you didn't see my first race. I rammed into the gate before it opened and didn't get to do the race. It was so embarrassing. I wanted to leave, but Sophie prevented me from doing so and became all bossy. She didn't let me say another word until my second race."

"Fff fff ff!"



"That's not funny! I thought I was going to die of shame, but then Sophie made me win the second race. So I guess she was right."

Morning Star nodded. She had never rammed the gate that way, but she did have a couple of bad performances and remembered how Sophie reacted to those counter performances. There was no doubt Moonlight got the same treatment, which was a good thing.

"So, I missed you there. I thought it was unfair for Sophie to leave you here all alone."

After a short sigh, Morning Star shook her head. Her understanding of her mistake and the reason why she was punished made sense. In a certain way, Sophie knew better, and her predicament would be a good thing in the long run. She would have liked to talk at this moment to explain to Moonlight that it was okay to get punished when it was fair; it was not a negative thing even if it was not fun.

But her train of thought abruptly terminated when Moonlight pulled something from her pillowcase... Morning Star went ballistic when she realized it was a new racing magazine.

"MMMPH!"

"Oh... You seem to know what it is, right?"

Morning Star nodded energetically and got hyper-excited all of a sudden. She had been waiting for this special edition for a while. Nobody had told her that it had finally arrived. Moonlight tried to push her back with some difficulty and kept the magazine away from the overacting pony.

"Heeey... Shhh! Stop stop... Stop making so much noise, Sophie will hear us. Calm down, okay? I can't uncuff you or remove your bridle, so I'm going to help you read it, okay? It's very dark, but we will do what we can with the moonlight. Hehe... That is like my name. I'm qualified for doing this."

"Mmmph! Mmmph!"

"Okay, just sit very close to me, I'm going to flip the pages for you, just let me know when. I don't know how you like reading those magazines."

For a couple of hours, Moonlight patiently made Morning Star read her new magazine. The two ponygirls got comfy and eventually fell asleep next to each other. The bright moonlight was reflecting on Morning Star's latex skin. The pillow they shared wasn't bad either, even if it was not needed when sleeping on a haystack; some exceptions were always a good thing.



"Wake up you two!"

"Mmm? Aaah!"

"Mmmph!"

That was bad news. It was early in the morning, and Sophie showed up at the barn before the two ponies had a fair chance to wake up and separate. They were so screwed.

When they opened their eyes, they saw the small trainer in the stall, bringing some water and tools for the morning routine. She didn't seem mad to have found the two of them together like this, but Moonlight did feel very guilty about it since she did this without permission.

"Sophie... I'm... I'm sorry. I know I shouldn't have—"

"Don't worry, Moonlight. It's all good. Go to the house, take a shower, and put your latex suit on. I'm going to turn you into a nice ponygirl today, and we are all going to train together."

"Together?"

"Yes... Come on, Moon... Hurry!"

"Y... Yes!"

"You forgot your... pillow. Who needs a pillow when sleeping on a haystack?"

"Oh... right... sorry."

Moonlight turned around and grabbed her pillow, and sneakily tried to hide the magazine behind it before rushing to the exit. Sophie stopped her in her tracks.

"Wait! Give me that!"

"My... My pillow?"

"No, silly, the magazine you are trying to hide from me."

Moonlight looked at Morning Star, worried about this special edition's faith, but the ponygirl didn't seem to know what to think either. Moonlight handed the magazine over to Sophie.

"Thanks. I know Morning Star... She will want to reread it until she memorizes the whole thing. We will leave it in her stall for now. Go! Don't make me wait. I have your breakfast with me here."

"Okay... Yes!"

Moonlight ran out, puzzled like never before.

Sophie placed the magazine on a small dusty shelf on the wall, walked to Morning Star, and crouched in front of her. She grabbed the twine rope attached to her bridle and pulled on it gently.

"If I give you back some freedom... Will you listen to me?"

Morning Star nodded shyly.

"I swear, if you don't, I'll take everything back and for a long time. We need to get very serious now. Don't forget we are doing this to save Penny's stable."

Morning Star shook her head.

"I knew Moonlight wouldn't listen to me last night. She felt so bad for you, that's why I let her come here. I thought spending a night in the barn with you would push her in the right direction. She has trouble feeling like a pony, and I need you to help her with that. She won a race last night, but it's far from being enough for the Triple Crown. You know what I mean?"

Morning Star nodded as Sophie began to take off her bridle.

"She has to change. She has to become as good as you and quickly. As for you, you need to get better soon. We will see your doctor again at the end of the week, and I want a green light for running. So, we have five days of serious physio to do, and I want those days to be PERFECT. You get me?"

"Yes! And I will help Moonlight too."

"Good! Now come over here. I'll clean you and make you eat."

"Can I read my magazine after?"

"Unbelievable... I don't know why you like those so much. Fine... Yes, you can while I'm taking care of Moonlight."



"Good morning, gorgeous!"

"Mmm! Is it morning already? Mmm!"

It only took two seconds before Hemlock planted her lips on Nightshade's after she woke up. They didn't have to be fully awake before starting their torrid deep-kissing sessions. This time,

Hemlock woke up earlier than necessary so that she could play with her companion as much as possible before Brittany showed up and spoiled their fun.

They had enough time to kiss and fondle each other for a good two hours last night, but it didn't feel like it was enough. Sleeping in the barn provided them with this extra intimacy that they needed to do whatever they wanted without being interrupted all the time by whiny people.

Being an official couple of ponygirls came with some perks. It was profitable for Paul to keep them together as it was an attractive product for promotional events and merchandise sales; a signed picture of the two ponies french kissing each other could fetch a large sum. It was the main reason why they were allowed to sleep together in one stall while remaining uncuffed. Preserving this loving relationship was lucrative in the long run.

Hemlock ran her hand one Nightshade's enlarged breasts.

"Mmm! I knew you were going to like them."

"I liked your boobs before, Night! Your new size doesn't change anything."

"I know... but... you still like my new size better."

"... No... That's not true..."

"Yes, it is... You know I'm right."

"They... They are nice... yes"

"Ah! Just say it, it would make me happy!"

"I... I love your bigger breasts... I was wrong, and you were right. It was a good move to go ahead with this."

"Nice! And I love yours better too! Thanks for doing this with me."

As per their contract, the two pink ponies had to look alike as much as possible. If Hemlock had said no, Nightshade wouldn't have been allowed to get this cosmetic surgery, but she had agreed to do it in the name of love.

Since that day, Hemlock couldn't keep her hands and mouth away from Nightshade's augmented puppies, covered in pink latex or not.

The combination of chest massage and deep kisses sent Nightshade to her happy place every time.

"Mmm! I wish I weren't wearing my latex suit right now, so you could nibble on them."

"... Turn around."

"... What?"

"Turn around, Nightshade."

"Hemlock! No! We can't do that!"

"We have plenty of time before Brittany shows up... It's going to be fine!"

Nightshade didn't feel that good about that move. If there was one thing they were not allowed to do, it was to remove their harness and latex suit without permission. And that was exactly what Hemlock intended to do, which was heresy!

"Don't you want me to nibble your breasts? That's what you were hoping for... No?"

"Well, yes... but... if Brittany catches us, we are dead ponies."

"She is not going to catch us, it's too early. I'll zip your suit back up before she shows up."

"But..."

"Alright, turn around and let me take care of everything. Stop worrying so much."

Hemlock has always been fearless. She was the one, more often than not, proposing and trying new things. Generally, it was all innocent, but this time around, the consequences of being discovered could be important... Brittany type of important. This was undoubtedly a perilous move, but Hemlock didn't seem to worry about it.

Since Nightshade wasn't really moving, Hemlock knee-walked around her to reach her buckles and zipper. There was no resistance from her partner, who was mostly paralyzed by fear.

Her pink painted nails grabbed one of the leather straps and pushed the excess out of the leather loops. And then, with a little tug, she released the prong and let the leather band slide out of the buckle. The harness lost all integrity and flopped down Nightshade's body, confirming the severe infraction.

"See, it's all good. Let's get you out of that suit now..."

"Are... Are you sure about that... I mean... Brittany..."

"Brittany is not here... I am."

Wanting to play with naked boobs too much, Hemlock pulled the zipper down, revealing Nightshade's soft skin. She pushed the tight latex off her shoulders and peeled the latex from the trembling arms one by one. There was now a beautiful topless ponygirl who had a crumpled pile of latex and leather dangling from her waist.

"AAANH!"

"See... All worth the risk!"

From behind, Hemlock slid her hands around her lover and reached the large firm breasts. Her little fingers quickly found the erected nipples and pinched them not so lightly, sending a wave of fire directly to Nightshade's brain.

As if it was not enough sensation, she pulled on them forcefully while twisting.

"Aaaah! It... It hurts!... Stop! Stop!"

"Mmm? Are you sure you want me to stop?"

"... N... No... Aaaaanh!"

Their profound knowledge of each other prevented them from lying. Of course, Nightshade didn't want Hemlock to stop; she loved this kind of playful torture way too much. She turned her head sideways and begged for a kiss that would surely help her cope with the pleasant pain that was tenderly inflicted on her.

"Mmmph!"

"I knew you couldn't resist me..."

"It's... It's so good..."

While holding her grip on the sensitive nipples, Hemlock dug her nails in the round firm breasts and squeezed them together. The difference in size from before was day and night. Her reluctance to this cosmetic enhancement seemed so foolish now that it was done. Big breasts were so much more fun for both of them.

Hemlock released Nightshade's nipple just to pinch them again from a different angle, causing her victim to throw her head backward.

"Aaaaaah! It hurts!"

"I know. Hehe. Does it not feel good?"

"Aaanh! Can... can you pull... harder? AAAAAH!"

Nightshade barely had time to ask for more before Hemlock put a lot more strength in her action. The two racing ponies were athletes with a lot of power at their disposal, but those fingers were particularly well-trained from pinching and fingering each other daily.

For a while longer, they kissed and had a lot of fun and pleasure. Hemlock pushed Nightshade in the hay when the pinching and pulling were no longer enough and started nibbling on her nipples. When this next teasing phase started, Nightshade almost came from breast

stimulation. At that point, their common sense went out of the window, forgetting about the big risk they were taking at the moment.

"AAanh! Please, Hemlock ... You... you have to lick me now... I want to cum so badly!"

"Hehe. I'll be happy too. Lift your butt a bit."

"Aaah! Aaah! Hurry! I can't wait any longer!"

While Nightshade was doing her hip-up, Hemlock pulled the latex and leather bundle down to her knees, uncovering the most delicious part of the pony breakfast.

Without any hesitation, Hemlock plunged her face in Nightshade's crotch and started licking her clit. The receiving ponygirl placed her hands on her own chest to continue to stimulate herself. She wanted everything at once.

"Aaaanh AAaanh! It's so good... Why is it always so good when you do that?"

"Mmm/ Because you let me practice all the time, and I get better at it? What if I do this?"

“AAAAAH!”

Of course, having her clit sucked on hard wasn't unpleasant. Being the one who could come quickly, Nightshade was dangerously coming close to the edge. She didn't want Hemlock to stop, but at the same time, she wanted to experience this feeling for just a bit longer, just to prolong the ecstasy.

"I'm... I'm so close... just... just keep me there... yes... AAANH... Don't let me come just now."

"Mmm... That's hard... I'll be gentle then... Like this?"

"Mmmm! Yes, yes.... That's perfect! Aaaanh!"

Nightshade was in paradise... So close to orgasm; it was the most amazing feeling in the world. Pleasure and love flooded her brain, and she was so grateful to have such a fantastic partner who took the time to learn what she loved the most.

Everything was perfect, Nightshade was living a dream, but then...

"WHAT THE HELL IS THIS!?"

“AAAAH AAAAH! I’M ... I’M CUMMING! I’M CUMMING SO HARD! HAAAAA!”

Brittany showed up out of nowhere, and when she saw the half-naked pony being licked in her haystack, her whole face turned red of rage. Her powerful yell, announcing death, shocked Nightshade so much that it triggered an incredible orgasm... the most inappropriate one ever..

"AAaah! AAAH! It... It doesn't AAaaanh! It doesn't stop!"

"STOP CUMMING RIGHT NOW, NIGHTSHADE! HEMLOCK! Leave her alone!"

"I... I'm not touching her... You are the one who made her cum, Brittany... Not me!"

"Wait!? What!? NO! I didn't make her cum... Tell her to stop!"

"I... I don't think it works that way..."

"Aaaanh! Aaanh! Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Aaaanh! I'm cumming so haaard!"

Brittany slapped her forehead and shook her head.



A few days later, in the Dr. Office, an anxious ponygirl and a small driver were waiting for the physician to come back with the result of the latest x-rays.

"Put that magazine down, would you? Why did you even bring it? You've read it about fifteen times since Moonlight gave it to you."

"I like it."

"I know you do, but the doctor will be here in a minute. Give it to me. I'll put it in my bag."

"I hope I can run again."

"Well, you have to... It's getting late in the game to prepare for the Triple Crown. If we don't get the okay today, it's going to be very difficult. Moonlight can do those amateur races in the meantime, but you need to get back on the track as soon as possible."

The metallic noise of the door handle interrupted their discussion. The doctor entered the room and placed his binder on his old desk.

"Morning Star, can you sit on the examination table, please?"

"..."

It was always hard to know what this physician was thinking. To him, this kind of work was his daily routine, and it was not that exciting. But to the ponygirl, it was a big deal. Morning Star walked to the small bed and sat on it.

The physician lifted her recovering leg and inspected it with care.



"How did it feel during this past week?"

"Weak, but good."

"What if I turn it like this? Any pain?"

"No."

"And now?"

"No."

"Can she run?"

Sophie was as impatient as Morning Star; they were a team and wanted to go back to work. But the doctor focused on his patient and ignored the premature question.

"Place your foot on my hip and push... Push harder.... Push, push, push... Okay, let go. How did it feel?"

"Good... I just feel stiff a little bit."

"Okay, you can go sit back on your chair."

Morning Star got off the table and went back to Sophie. The physician added some notes in his document and also slid a piece of paper toward Sophie.

"Morning Star needs more physio. Keep doing the exercises I listed on the note, and I will see you again in two weeks."

"..."

"..."

Sophie and Morning Star looked at each other, unsure about what to think. This was not at all what they had expected to hear today. At the same time, what he said was so vague that they felt they needed some clarification. Sophie decided to inquire, feeling that Morning Star was too busy fighting her growing disappointment.

"Does that mean—"

"If she can run?"

"... yeah? It's kind of a big deal, you know, for a runner."

The doctor let a long sigh out and placed his little round glasses on his desk.

"Okay, here is the deal. The x-ray is perfect. The bones healed very well. So it's not going to break again or anything like that. The ligaments are also in excellent shape, considering how bad

her injury was. That said, Morning Star is not the first ponygirl I'm treating, and you are all the same. You always want to do too much too quickly."

"Yeah, Morning Star can be like that. But I can control her well enough, so she doesn't push too hard."

"Okay, well... A racing pony is not an average person. You'll put way more force on that ankle than anybody else could, which worries me. I would have cleared anybody else at this point, but I prefer to be on the safe side and wait a bit longer because of the sport you do. Otherwise, there is a risk of making it worse and nullifying all your great progress."

This assessment had the effect of a cold shower on Morning Star, and she lowered her head, eyes welling up. Then she murmured some familiar words...

"I... I just want to run..."

"Star, you heard him... It's just two more weeks. Your health is more important than anything else... You are not going to risk your career... right?"

"I'm not going to get hurt... I want to run."

The ponygirl lifted her head and looked straight into the doctor's eyes with the same determination she usually displayed before a race.

"Clear me!"

"Star, I know you want to run but—"

"Clear me! And I'll be careful. I promise."

"Star, he is just doing his job..."

"And I need to do mine. I need to run, and I know I can. Clear me!"

The doctor let another long sigh out. Feeling that his patient was no longer patient, he decided to propose something else. Being a physician was not exclusively about healing the body; it was also about healing the mind. The latter seemed to need some care.

He severely looked at the begging pony and pointed at her with two menacing fingers, which caused her to jerk back.

"No competitive races!"

"No!"

"No running with other ponies!"

"I won't!"

"No sudden change of direction or brusque stopping!"

"I promise!"

His fingers shifted to Sophie, startling her.

"You! You make sure she follows my instructions. If she comes back here in two weeks in worse shape than she is today, I guarantee you that I won't clear her for racing for a very long time."

"Eep!"

"You also make sure that you provide her with boots that have the strongest support possible."

"I will!"

"And you keep doing her physio every single day!"

"Yes!"

"Now, if you get out of my office and start running in the hallway like last time, I swear you can kiss goodbye to your clearance!"

"..."

The message was pretty easy to understand and didn't leave room for interpretation; Morning Star and Sophie had to be very careful. The fear strategy adopted by the cautious doctor was not without logic. Telling a racing ponygirl who was used to sacrificing her body to achieve the best results that she had to be careful was wishful thinking. However, a well-placed threat would at least act as some sort of invisible leash to control her ardor.

"You heard that, Star? You have to listen to me, or else it's all over."

"Yes... Can... can we go back to the stable now?"

"Yes, we can... I know you are dying to get those legs moving for real. Thanks, doctor. I swear I'm going to keep an eye on her!"

Sophie and Morning Star said their goodbyes and exited the room to meet with Moonlight, who was still sitting in the waiting room... a cookie in her hand.

"Moon! What did I say last time? I'm in charge of feeding you!"

"But... the lady said I could have it..."

"Unbelievable! Alright, let's go. Star got her clearance for running, so we are going back to the stable right now."

"Ah! That's good news! We will race each other!"

"Absolutely not! And don't put ideas in her head... Come on. Let's go home!"

The two ponygirls and their trainer walked out of the clinic with hopes and a desire to go back to training. It's been a long time since they got the feeling that they were going somewhere with their Triple Crown plan. There would be a lot of work ahead.

Meanwhile, the doctor's administrative assistant got back to her desk and looked around for something.

"I swear, I put my cookies on my desk. Where did they go?"



With a firm tug, Sophie finished lacing the pony boots on her elite ponygirl.

"How does it feel with the brace in?"

"It's too tight."

"Well, let's try it, then we will adjust. I prefer you to have too much support than not enough. Do you want your bridle on for your first run?"

"Yes, please. And my harness too."

"You want to go full pony? Aaah! I don't blame you. Let me go grab them real quick."

"I'll go!"

It was exciting. Morning Star was about to go for her first run since her nasty accident. Moonlight, also excited, offered to go fetch the gears for Sophie, but she was stopped in her tracks.

"Don't... You can't touch the harness and bridle of another ponygirl."

"... Why? I just wanted to help."

"I know, I'm not scolding you. You don't know much about ponies yet. There is a little bit of tradition going on, I'll admit it, but it also has a real impact. When I put the harness on you, it means you are going to work for me. You stop thinking, and you become a pony. If you are the one manipulating your own harness or the one of another pony, it is a declaration that you are a trainer. I know it sounds silly, but it is true. Never remove your harness or Morning Star's. If I catch you, you'll be in big trouble. It's probably the most disrespectful thing you can do to a trainer. We put a lot of effort into training our ponygirls, and such a gesture would be hurtful. It would mean that you don't care."

"I'm sorry... I didn't know."

"No worries, I don't expect you to know everything."

"Do you want me to run too? I haven't run today yet."

"No... I just want you to watch Morning Star. For you, it will be an observation class today."  
"... okay."

A few minutes later, harness and bridle on, Sophie led Morning Star to the interior paddock annexed to the barn. This time around, the charismatic ponygirl didn't go all nuts. She was still on probation, and the big bruise on her thigh hadn't entirely faded yet; she didn't want a refresher.

"Moon, go sit over there and keep silent, okay?"  
"Sure."

As the duo walked to the center of the large room, Moonlight couldn't help but find something magical about what she was seeing. It was the first time that she saw Morning Star wearing her full pony attire with the objective of running; the mood was different.

Morning star appeared so much more pony-like than before. It was not just because of the gear... She had fully become what she wore. Her level of obedience was mesmerizing; she was an animal conditioned to blindly obey her trainer. The trust emanating from this relationship was absolutely beautiful to gaze at.

It was hard to explain. When Sophie had led her in the past, Moonlight just knew that following was the right thing to do. It was a conscious decision to do so. In the case of Morning Star, there was none of that; no thinking, no questioning, no anticipation. It looked so relaxing, somehow. Was it possible that this state of mind was what Sophie had talked about during the various training sessions she had with Moonlight? Was this the secret that would turn her into a champion like Morning Star?

The young girl sat on the bench and observed her two friends who stopped in the middle of the paddock. Morning Star continuously pawed the ground with her hoof; she seemed bothered by the extra brace, or maybe she was just testing it.

Sophie attached a twine rope to her bridle and took a few steps back.

"Alright, Star. Go slow, okay? Just be patient."

*Neigh!*

Moonlight's eyes just got bigger. It was the first time that she heard her pony friend make that noise. It seemed so natural compared to when she had dared try it herself for the first time.

Then it started.

Morning Star began walking around Sophie, who was only two or three meters away. The eyes of the trainer were fixated on the pony's feet, analyzing her gait. Her knees were high; her back was straight...; it was a perfect form.

"YUP!"

Sophie let out a loud yelp and made a couple of long steps backward, giving much more room for her pony to navigate. Morning Star engaged her large leg muscle and switched to a trot... It was a revelation for Moonlight.

"What the ..."

"Shut up, Moon! Just watch!"

When Morning Star pushed her body forward to gain speed, it was so gracious... She looked ridiculously light, and it would be fair to question the veracity of her injury. How could she look this fluid after such a long time off the track?

It was a feeling of shame that Moonlight experienced at this moment. She thought she was a good runner. She thought she had learned a lot from Sophie. But now... She knew she didn't look like this, not by any stretch of the imagination. It was a master class offered by Sophie and Morning Star.

"HOLD!"

Another short yell from the trainer made Morning Star stop and run in place, beating the dirt with her horseshoes. Sophie got close to her, wrapping the rope around her arm then she pushed the pony lightly in the chest with her fingers, throwing her off balance to see how quickly she would recover while stomping her hooves.

She did it a couple more times, checking for any imbalance.

"Not bad... Not bad at all. I honestly thought you were going to struggle a bit more than this. We still have a lot of work to do. Your left shoulder is lower than your right one... Back to your old habits, I guess. Stop trotting now. Let me untie that rope from you."

Sophie slid two of her fingers under Morning Star's chin strap to hold her head steady as she unknotted the rope from the bridle ring. The ponygirl knew what was coming... She has been waiting for this moment for too long... She only needed the signal.

"Alright... Don't go crazy, okay? You remember your promise?"

The jet black ponygirl nodded, and then Sophie slapped her on the buttcheek as she released her. Morning Star leaned sideways and initiated a quick u-turn, keeping eye contact with her trainer as long as possible as a gratitude gesture.

Her strong latex covered calves and thighs contracted, and she took off like a bullet, leaving a cloud of dry dust on her trail. This paddock was too small for her, so she reached the wall way too quickly, forcing her to turn around and accelerate in the other direction.

Moonlight, who forgot about the entire world, was just staring at the scene in disbelief. The incredible joy expressed by Morning Star was so uplifting. A wild animal had been given back her freedom. She was savoring it without any worries or fear of being judged for this childish behavior. This was only the pony. The girl, the one craving racing magazines, had been carefully stored away, leaving all the room for the playful runner to enjoy life.

"Haha! Careful, silly pony!"

This was no longer training. Now running in an eight-figure pattern, Morning Star made sure she flew by as close as possible to Sophie, who was still standing in the middle of the place, laughing and giggling, and thrilled to see her ponygirl finally able to do what she was born to do. It must have been so hard not to run for several months.

After what seemed an eternity, Morning Star showed some signs of fatigue, and her trainer had to recall her. It would take a while before regaining her legendary cardio.

"Alright... That's enough, Star! Come here!... I said, come here!"

Reluctantly, the ponygirl slowed down and trotted back to Sophie, panting heavily through her bit.

The small trainer did something unexpected. She wrapped her arms tightly around Morning Star and pulled her in a tight hug. They stayed like this, in the middle of the paddock, surrounded by the floating dust that was rendered visible by the sun rays piercing through the long windows atop of the walls. It looked like a love scene...

It was a love scene...

"Ah! Morning Star! I missed you so much! You have no idea! You just made me so happy."

Of course, with her hands cuffed to her side and her bit preventing her from talking, Morning Star couldn't do much else than lowering her head on Sophie's shoulder in an attempt to signify her agreement. Their unbreakable friendship flowed through their veins. This connection between the pony and her trainer just couldn't be severed by anything, ever.

Moonlight sat on her small bench, not being part of this enviable scene. She claimed that she didn't want to be a pony before. She said she just wanted to run as if it was a job. But seeing this emotional display made her realize that being a ponygirl was not just about racing. It could be much more than that.

She was jealous.

Her shitty family treated her reductively; the rest of the society never cared about her, or about what she wanted; none of them had ever provided her with what she was witnessing in the paddock right now.

Tiantang Zhi Ma, Xiuying, Sophie... Morning Star. They were the only ones who had believed in her. The ones who had opened all those doors, waiting for her to make a move. She sensed that she could get the same love... the same one that was so genuinely displayed in front of her.

At this moment... Moonlight decided that she wanted to be a ponygirl too... and not just a runner.

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