

Hatherby

# BRIDLES AND BRANDING



**THE STORY OF TIFFANY:  
CHEERLEADER TO PONYGIRL**  
Artist Edition

**Bridles and Branding: The Story of Tiffany**  
**Cheerleader to Pony Girl**

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consent

This book and the illustrated version of this book exist in 2 different versions:  
The author's version and the artist's version. Both versions have different  
endings, but are otherwise identical.

This is the **artist's version** of Tiffany's fate.

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## 1: Bouncing Back

Tiffany bounced up the steps of the main entrance of the San Juan Fliers stadium. That was what Tiffany did, she bounced. Her energy was boundless and her cheerfulness relentless, even by California standards. She saw the sunny side. She liked to get up early to dance in the dawn light, before she headed to the gym or to cheer camp for hard training. Tiffany Holsen bounced her way through life.

It was true that she had not been quite so bouncy lately. Not making the senior Flyers cheerleader squad had knocked a bit of bounce out of even Tiffany. She had been so sure of selection. Her gymnastics were unmatched. Even her rivals for the spot conceded that she was cuter than a box of buttons and she was brimming over with pep and positivity. But they had found out, somehow, about her record, and pinch-faced Miss Cleland had explained that the "Fly Girls" had to exemplify morality and probity and so... regrettably...

Which was ridiculous - it was only a juvenile citation back in high school. She had not even been drinking, just in Brett's car when those bored cops had stopped it, But, Miss Cleland regretted and Tiffany had lost her almost promised spot, and a good bit of her famous fizz had fizzled away.

But it had bounced back when she got the letter and the follow up phone call from Mr Hooker. The offer was amazing, even if the job description was a bit vague. It involved her skills, they wanted to see her perform a routine but no, it wasn't for the cheer squad. Miss Cleland was adamant and Mr Woodruff never overrode her on matters like morality. Deke Woodruff was the Flyers owner, a Texas oil billionaire. The fact that he had taken a personal interest in Tiffany's situation was thrilling in itself and Mr Hooker had hinted that Woodruff might even, if he could find time in his schedule, actually come himself to watch her routine. She believed in herself, but that prospect was a bit daunting. Mr Woodruff was one of those super rich guys who could just snap his fingers and make any dream come true, so stratospherically wealthy that it made her a little dizzy just to think he might turn up.

Tiffany had been to the stadium a few times, but she had never bounced right up to the impressive main entrance before and, as the security guy opened the door from the inside, she wondered for a second if she had

remembered the instructions correctly.

'Yes, can I help you?' He was black, very big and burly, his manner not friendly in the least.

'Ah... Tiffany Holsen, to see Mr Hooker.'

The guard peered at his clip board. 'I don't see any...'

'It's all right, Maurice, she is expected.' The speaker was a smart looking woman in her early thirties. She stepped forward and extended a hand. 'Ms Holsen, I am Monique Dubois. If you would come with me.'

The atrium was deserted. The woman walked very briskly, her high heels click-clacking on the marble floor and echoing around the cavernous entrance hall.

'You have your... costume?' There was something in the way she said it, amusement perhaps or just a soupcon of contempt.

'Yes.' Tiffany indicated her tote bag. 'I still had the reserve squad uniform so...'

'How long do you require to change?' Was that a trace of French in her accent?

'Oh, no time... five minutes, max.'

The woman produced a phone and tapped the screen. 'Yes, Sir. No, no problems. She will be ready for you at seven-twenty. She turned the phone off and gestured at a door. It was the senior cheer squad changing room. Tiffany's heart skipped a beat.

'Change in there. As soon as you are ready go down that tunnel which will take you to the field.' She perused Tiffany for a moment, a cool appraising glance that brought a touch of pink to the cheerleader's cheeks. Then she smiled briefly, her stern, efficient face suddenly beautiful.

'Yes,' she said. 'I think you should do very well indeed!'

\* \* \*

There were eighty thousand empty seats in the stadium but the men preferred to stand. They watched as the blonde girl performed her warm up exercises.

'Well, Willis,' Woodruff said. 'She sure is cute, always a good start. Ain't she just a mite dinky though?'

Hooker shrugged. 'She's cheerleader sized, Deke. They come kinda standardized. Beauty and bodaciousness aplenty but if we want extra-big we need to look elsewhere. Cheerleaders and dancers are fit and flexible enough for the development program but once we open the facility...'

'I know it.' Woodruff nodded at the girl who was waiting, pom-poms at the ready. 'That's it darlin', just begin when you're ready.' He scratched his beard. 'Any ideas?'

'The lucha libre circuit, mebbe. At least when we get to recruiting guards. Not all those gals are tattooed and pug-faced...!' Hooker stopped mid-sentence as the girl launched her routine with a toe-touch jump that looked impossible without a trampoline. The blonde girl bounced into a back flip, followed by a hurdle jump that defied gravity. The two men watched, totally entranced, as she leapt, bounced and gyrated through the most energetic, bounciest routine that they had ever seen.

'Well, Deke, did I promise you too much?'

Tiffany had gone to get her water bottle and towel from the tote bag. She bent over to unzip it with, her back to them. Woodruff swallowed hard. 'Hell no, Willis, she's perfect. Look how flexible she is.'

'Yeah, and totally fit. Got real stamina, this filly.'

'Guess we could run that sweet ass just about right round the range.' Woodruff could not take his eyes off her as she turned back to the men, her blue eyes wide and with a slightly anxious smile.

'Sure! I baited the hook with a fat cash worm and she's already bitten.'

'Fine. Invite her up. Let's go reel us in some dee-licious pink snapper!'

Tiffany walked back towards them, towel around her neck, sucking at

the top of her water bottle.

'That was real impressive, little lady.'

'Oh,' she was still panting and perspiring in a way that Woodruff liked a lot. 'Was it OK? I stumbled on the landing after that last touch-toe... uff... and...'

'You did fine. Now why don't we all mosey on up to the Supersonic Lounge and talk some turkey?'

'Oh yes! I would love to... Ah, can I get a quick shower and change first? I'm awful hot and sweaty and...'

'Sorry, Darlin,' said Hooker, 'But we have a plane a-waiting. Don't worry none; we won't mind it if you are a little bit sticky. We won't mind one bit.'

\* \* \*

Tiffany wrinkled her snub nose as she studied the contract. She tried to remember the college class on sports contracts she had taken because it was compulsory for college athletes, and that included cheerleaders. The trouble was it had been super-boring and Dillon, the cute quarterback, had kept winking at her and doing things with his fingers to make her blush. About all she remembered of the actual class was the slogan, repeated by Professor Dodds about a hundred times: 'Think before you ink.' And him droning on about how it meant, 'read and understand before you sign.'

She read, the first two pages anyhow, but there was lots she didn't understand. But with terms as good as these even old Dodds would see she had to sign it, surely?

'It's super-generous, Mr Woodruff,' she said, re-reading the puzzling bit about straps, reins and "miscellaneous restraints." 'But I don't understand. We don't use harnesses...'

'They ain't for cheerleaders, Honey, Mr Hooker said. 'Deke here has interests in all kinds of extreme sports.'

'Mr Hooker is correct, canyoning, white water rafting, equestrian. We see big expansion in The West and aim to grab a piece of pie. Cheerleaders are about the fittest, toughest athletes and we need the best to really test our gear.'

'Yes, I see. Um, this part about agrob... abrogating all rights to my body?'

'That's just lawyer talk for, "give up." Some girls find it too tough and want to quit on us, after we've invested heavily. It's just a year, but if you don't think you can handle...'

'Oh, I can handle it, Sir. Cheerleaders love tough! I was just puzzled. Can I ask about clause thirteen?'

'Branding rights? Well, we need to protect our copyrights and patents.'

'Oh, *I see*, sure.'

'Was there anything else, little lady? I'd hate to stampede you but we're due to fly to Texas...' He looked at his Rolex.

Tiffany *so* wanted to sign, and she didn't want to displease Mr Deke Woodruff and his friend, but she wanted to be professional too. To show Professor Dodds that she was more than the airhead cheerleader he had clearly thought she was. So she furrowed her brow and read part sixteen again. She wasn't sure why but, like the branding bit, it made her feel strangely tingly.

'I'm sorry, it's a fabulous offer.' Tiffany looked up from the contract and gave the men her perkier smile. 'Before I sign could I just ask about this "gagging clause"?''



## 2: Gagged and Bagged

They were moving again. She must be in a car, Tiffany thought. The bag she was encased in on the back seat... no, the surface underneath her felt too hard; the trunk then, or perhaps the back of a pickup. Her arms ached awfully now, duct taped so that she could barely move them, not that the holdall allowed any wiggle room at all.

They had offered her three options. If she could stop them bonding her up for half an hour she could travel to the ranch in the comfort of a private jet cabin. If she let them tape her up compliantly it would be with the baggage but in relative comfort. But if she struggled and lost she would be shipped out in a sports bag.

Tiffany had taken one look at the bag and the equipment. Memories of the sorority had come shrieking back and, almost without conscious choice she had fought. Mr Woodruff had grabbed her arms from behind and Mr Hooker had picked up the roll of duct tape. It was a smooth, practised manoeuvre, Tiffany realised, going over the events in her mind. They had done this before, perhaps many times. But she was not a cheerleader for nothing. Tiffany had jumped up, and using the low table as a step, for extra purchase, performed a power back flip, breaking Woodruff's grip and sending him sprawling.

'Ha ha, you're getting old, Deke! Can't you even hold a teensy little cheerleader?'

Mr Hooker was between her and the doors of the stadium bar. But Tiffany had watched her share of football, as well as cheered it, and she had thrown a feint, sending Hooker the wrong way and leaping right over a low table. Then she was through and free, snaking through tables and chairs like a star wide receiver. She had outpaced the two men easily but, when she got to the heavy double doors and tried to wrench them open, they had refused to move. Only then did she remember; Mr Woodruff had locked them when they came in, 'so we won't be disturbed.'

She had not given up. Tiffany had jumped and dodged and pirouetted until they finally cornered her next to the rest-room doors. Then she had fought

and squirmed and even tried to bite them as Hooker held her while Woodruff ripped the little skirt of her uniform off, followed by her panties. They had then duct taped her arms and legs up tight, stuffed her ripped off panties in her mouth, and secured the gag with more tape. Finally, and with great difficulty, for she had still been thrashing like a cornered bobcat, they had somehow stuffed her into the holdall. It was barely big enough to contain a cooperative captive and she had squirmed and tried to kick her taped legs, right up until they had zipped it up and the heavy fabric hugged her too tight for any further movement beyond breathing and wiggling her toes.

The thing that struck her now, as the vehicle slowed to a stop and then moved off again, was that the two men had never seemed angry. The bastards had enjoyed the chase, the fight, the stripping and the struggle. All her fighting had done was enhance their fun.

The vehicle stopped again. This time, she thought, they had arrived somewhere. The engine was turned off, car doors slammed, and there were voices, only slightly muffled by the fabric of the bag. Abruptly, the holdall was lifted and Tiffany felt herself swung out of the automobile.

'Good day, gentlemen. Is this all your baggage?' The voice was female.

'Fraid so, Jessica. We're travelling rather light today.'

A woman's tinkling laughter. 'I see. Put her... put *it* in the hold, Jens. If you would care to board, gentlemen, we have been cleared to take off right away.'

\* \* \*

How long did she sweat and struggle, taped up and bagged, on that plane? Two hours? Four? More? All Tiffany knew was that it seemed to last forever. First her tape bound arms and legs hurt terribly, but slowly they went numb, and finally she could barely feel them except for periodic fits of cramping. Then, she mewled with pain through her gag until the cramps subsided. But numbness came with scant relief. At first because this gave her chance to think about her situation and fall prey to panicky imaginings. What had she signed up for?

She had heard the stories of girls being abducted and sold as sex slaves to Mexican brothels. Though why a billionaire like Woodruff would do something like that was hard to imagine. But if not that, what? Could it be something worse? What could be worse? What did they want her for? A present for a harem owning Arab sheik to seal a big oil deal? The quarry for a human hunt like in that horror film? A fit young thing for organ harvesting? A sacrifice for a satanic ritual killing? Every new explanation her fevered mind came up with was more horrific than the one before.

As the flight wore on she was, at least, spared these terrors as, what started as a slight feeling of pressure, built up to a strong urge which, little by little, became an absolutely desperate need to pee. Until, at last, the griping pain that hit her bladder, in wave after excruciating wave, was even more piercing than the cramping in her legs. Tiffany moaned and whimpered through her gag. Tears welled and trickled down her cheeks. She tensed her thighs and pressed them together as hard as she could. But nothing helped. The need to go just built and built and built, inexorably.

It was the sudden shock of plane wheels jolting on a runway finally undid her. Tiffany moaned as a warm flood gushed down the furrow in between her tape bound legs. It seemed as if it would never stop, the pee soaking the nylon fabric of her holdall prison. She had held on so very hard and long, but once the dam burst it was an unstoppable torrent and she sobbed in shame, but also in relief.

Relief was fleeting, humiliation more enduring. The plane travelled down a rather bumpy runway before coming to a halt. The true appalling horror of her situation had a few moments to sink in before she heard the compartment door open.

'Oh shit! The bitch has pissed herself. The bag is in a fucking puddle.'  
The male voice was new.

'Well let it drain before you put it on my table. And put some towels down. Goddam it, not again.'

\* \* \*

The sound sent a chill of fear through Tiffany's helpless, immobile body. If

she had had anything left in her bladder she might well have peed herself again. And yet it was a banal enough noise; Just the familiar zwwwlllllt of a bag being unzipped.

Light made her eyes smart after so long in the bag. A hand grabbed one of her bunches, hauling her up and onto quivering knees. Tiffany swayed there for a moment, unsteady after so long in such immobile bondage. Blinking against the light, she looked around in panic. She seemed to be in some sort of ranch house. Hooker let go of her hair to finishing the unzipping. Woodruff stood behind a black haired woman who was lounging on a sofa and looking back at Tiffany with predatory eyes.

'Ay mira, que preciosa! Did she come easy?' The woman said.

'Hell no, Conchita! Took twenty minutes just to wrap and bag her, right, Willis?'

'At least. This little critter surely loves to rastle.'

The woman was toying with something. With shock, Tiffany realised that it was a riding crop.

'Good. I like them with vivaz. What will you call her?'

'Oh, I don't know,' said Woodruff. 'Any ideas?'

'You say she was cheerleader? "Pompom" is always good for cheerleaders.'

'Pom-pom? Don't we already have a Pom-pom?'

'No, Deke, not any more.' Hooker wrinkled his nose as he grabbed Tiffany by the arms to steady her. 'Not since that last poker night with Sanchez.'

'Oh shit, yeah. I forgot. Remind me to lay off the tequila when I'm playing Texas hold-em!'

'Only if you remind me to diaper up these darlin's before we ship em. This is the third time one had "an accident" in transit!'

The three laughed in a way that froze Tiffany's blood.

\* \* \*

The woman got up from the couch and sashayed over. There was something sinuous about the way she moved which was almost hypnotic, like a swaying cobra. She put the end of her crop under Tiffany's chin and lifted it until the girl was looking in her dark brown eyes.

'Listen to me very carefully, guapa. I want you to do exactly what you are told. If you do not, I will have to hurt you and you must believe it when I tell you how I am very, very good at hurting disobedient girls.'

There was no doubting this assertion. Conchita's dark eyes were utterly compelling; unwavering and steady, and bottomlessly cruel.

'Now, we are going to untape you, get you out of that soaky, pissy bag, and put you in a nice bridle. The senores tell me that you had a little tantrum before. We have no such nonsenses here. You will blink once for yes and twice for no. Do you understand?'

Tiffany blinked.

'Good. Now, will you be a good girl for me?'

Tiffany felt her cheeks flame even redder as tears of sheer, helpless humiliation trickled down her face. But, too frightened to do other, she blinked once, again.

\* \* \*

She was ordered to keep still and she did her best to so though she could not stop her body trembling, or jerking when they pulled the gagging tape away because it had stuck in places to her hair and Conchita was not gentle. Hooker held her upright, by her upper arms, while Mr Woodruff simply sat and watched, smoking a fat cigar, nonchalantly stroking the bulge in the front of his pants. The tape finally disentangled, Conchita hooked the saliva sodden panties out of Tiffany's mouth and dropped them on the table. She put a finger into the girl's mouth.

'Suck!'

Tiffany sucked, too scared to disobey.

'Tsk, is this how you suck your boyfriend's cock? This one will need much training. Drink this!'

The finger was withdrawn and the sports cap of a plastic water bottle replaced it. Tiffany sucked the liquid down. It was warm and tasted slightly odd but she was desperately thirsty. Once she had drunk half the bottle, Conchita took the bridle up, and deftly buckled up the narrow straps around the girl's head and under throat before brandishing a cylinder of leather coated steel.

'Open up.'

Tiffany very nearly balked then. The fear of defying Conchita was almost matched by her horror of having the bit put in her mouth. It was terror versus panic and the struggle paralysed her for a moment.

'Guapita, we can do this easy, or we can do it screammy,' Conchita's smile hinted that she would prefer the latter. Tiffany opened her mouth and the bit went in.

Conchita turned to the tape on Tiffany's arms and hands. 'Ay, so much taping, Senor Deke! Why can you no use zip ties like Madeleine and...'

'Not good for longer hauls, they can cut off the circulation. Anyone want Bourbon?'

Tiffany winced as more tape was peeled off her arms, taking fine hairs with it.

'Steel handcuffs, then. And ball gags instead of taping round the head...'

'I'll take a Scotch, Deke. Lord God, Conchita, do you complain like this when you unwrap your Christmas gifts?'

The last piece of tape on Tiffany's arms came away. Hooker took a firm grip of her wrists as Conchita began to peel off the duct tape binding her legs together, just above her knees.

'Well... I tell you, Senor Deke. I don' actually remember the last time my Christmas presents came in a wrapping soaked in piss!'

\* \* \*

'When will you break her, Conchita?'

'Not tonight,' the woman answered, after a moment's thought. 'I give her to tomorrow to become used to the stable, and for the fear to grow. I want to do her real, real, slow and sure. Also, to make the others watch, and to hear the squealing. It is good for their behaviour.'

'Lord God, Conchita, I'm sure glad I ain't in her cute little pink sneakers!'

'Will you attend it?'

'I wish we could, I surely wish we could,' said Woodruff. 'We're flying out first thing. I have to grease some wheels for the prison project. And Willis wants to scout a hot prospect in Chicago.'

'Cutest little ballerina you ever did see.'

'I will live-stream then, so you can enjoy on the plane, Senor Deke... And for tonight?'

'Well, if you could send a couple of yeguitas over after supper we'd be obliged. Just two though. We got to light out too early to really party.'

'Of course,' Conchita said. 'Any girl especial?' She ripped the last tape off Tiffany's legs, causing the girl to squeak in pained surprise.

'No, it don't matter none,' Woodruff said, and took a long, satisfied pull at his cigar. 'They're all prime.'

### 3: Le Parfum de la Meur

Tiffany's head reeled as she tried, without success, to make sense of what was happening to her. After bridling and biting the girl, Conchita aided by Hooker, had buckled leather straps around her shoulders and upper arms, put bands about her wrists and clipped these to the back of the collar of the bridle. Her upper body was now almost as immobile as she had been in the bag. Using a hair bunch for a handle, the woman had hauled her off the table and onto unsteady legs.

'Bye, baby! See you soon.'

Tiffany gasped through her bit gag as Hooker smacked her hard on the bare bottom. Woodruff got up and preceded the women through a hallway, opening one of a pair of double doors then standing aside. Conchita propelled Tiffany towards him with her grip on her hair. So close the smell of his cigar was overwhelming.

'Look at me, darlin''

Tiffany raised her head and found herself transfixed by cold, grey, lupine eyes.

'We're goin' to have such fun together when I get back, you and I. 'He grabbed her right breast and squeezed and hefted it appraisingly. 'Such fine and purty titties. Have you had them whipped before now, Sugar-pie?'

'Mmmmwo... phweeem...'

Woodruff put his cigar in his mouth and took hold of her other breast, squeezing and kneading hard enough that Tiffany mewled in alarm and pain. Then he took hold of her nipples, pinching and twisting them and letting out an appreciative chuckle as they stiffened in response.

'Lord God, Conchita,' he said, releasing her at last. 'I could play with those beauties all night. They're jest as sensitive as they're purty! Still, best let you get on. I should be back about Friday.'

'Very good, Senor. Pompom will look forward to see you.'



\* \* \*

Outside was a shock. The air was cold and crystal clear and it was so dark that the Milky Way glowed in the sky above them. The porch of the ranch house was lit, and there was a light above the door of a barn like building, but otherwise the yard that Conchita propelled her across was shrouded in sinister shadows.

'I should hose you before I stable you,' Conchita said. 'But it is late and expect you are used to lying in your own sweat and piss, eh, cochina?'

They had arrived at the other lit building. Conchita pushed open the door with the toe of her riding boot. A flood of air rushed out engulfed them, as warm and humid as the outside air was cool and dry. The woman used the hand that she had around Tiffany's throat to force the girl's chin up.

'Smell!' she said, taking a deep, appreciative breath in through her own nose.

The bit, and grip on Tiffany's throat precluded any answer bar a gurgle, but the musky odour was powerful and strange enough to make her momentarily dizzy.

'That is the perfume of heaven and of hell. The scent of slut arousal. The reek of mares in heat. A bit of piss, for you are not the only dirty little filly here, and lot of perspiration.' The woman smacked her lips in relish. 'But most of all, it is the smell of fear.'

The scene inside the building was as strange as its scent. It was a stable, not so unlike the one in Mendocino Tiffany had visited with her high school cheer squad once, but this was far more cluttered, and the scale was wrong. Everything was a third the size of the Mendocino stables: the rows of open stalls that lined the long walls of the building and the row of box stalls at the other end. But the thing that made her legs buckle and would have made her fall if not for Conchita's strong supporting grip, was that many of the open stalls were occupied. No Shetland ponies stood in the small compartments, despite the straw spread on the floor and reins attaching bridled heads to the posts at the front of the stalls. Instead, the occupants were all naked young women.

Tiffany's mind reeled and her bare feet stumbled as Conchita marched her through the stables. It was so like a mad, perverted nightmare that she could hardly believe that she was really seeing what she saw. The naked girls all seemed to be beautiful, as were their bodies. And though these varied from slim to curvaceous, all looked very fit. Some stared back at Tiffany and her escort, or else shot them covert glances, eyes wide with dismay or curiosity, until then they passed a stall whose occupant did not look up.

The girl was tall with strawberry blonde hair and she was kneeling, her front, pressed against the back of her stall. Her sobs were audible and her shoulders heaved and quivered as she cried into the corner. The reason for her distress was all too evident; her pale back, bottom and thighs were laced with a tracery of livid scarlet welts. Oh my God, that poor girl has been flogged, thought Tiffany, a sick feeling in the pit of her stomach. She has been brutally whipped!

'That sorrel, Strawberry is quite new too,' Conchita said, noting her horror. 'Perhaps you will be friends.'

\* \* \*

Conchita hauled her forward and Tiffany found herself confronted with another insane vision. A huge man loomed over a girl who was strapped over a trestle.

'Ola, Rory. We have a new recruit. Meet Pom-pom.'

The man had been absorbed in his work, but he looked up, gave Tiffany a long appraising look and smiled. 'Why, she looks mighty fine. What is she, palomino?'

'No, blue eyes so cremello, I should think but we will see what the vet and Chanel say. You are adjusting Twinkle's belt?'

'Yeah, just about finished. It's nice and tight now. Should put a stopper on her monkey tricks!'

Tiffany realised, with a shock, that the thing around the girl's waist and band between her legs was some sort of steel chastity belt. Bridled and bitted like Tiffany, she looked round with wide, desperate, eyes.

'Rory is our farrier,' the woman said as she propelled Tiffany onwards. Conchita propelled her to an empty box stall and pushed her inside. A long leather strap was already secured to a ring bolt in the back wall. Taking this up she clipped the snap hook at the free end to a ring in Tiffany's halter.

'We wouldn't want you straying. Until tomorrow, carina.' She kissed Tiffany gently, just under the eye, dabbing the girl's skin with her tongue.

'Oooh, lovely and salty,' she said. 'Yum yum yum!' Now get plenty of sleep.' Conchita's smile made Tiffany's knees go weak. 'For tomorrow is a school day.' And bolting the stall door behind her, she was gone.

Tiffany looked around, wide eyed, but there was not much to see in her little stall, just straw on the floor at the back of the compartment and two gleaming steel bowls, held by an iron bracket, some three feet or so above the floor, one filled with water. The rein was long enough that she could move around its modest confines, sit or even lie down on the straw, should she want to. If her hands had been free she could have just unclipped the snap hook. She turned to see how well the other end had been tied to the ring, but before she could explore further, the sound of the door bolt being drawn made her jump.

The door swung open to reveal an extraordinary figure. The girl was tall and, although she was not naked, she might as well have been for her costume consisted of a strip of fabric that ran down between her fine big breasts, dividing, just above her shaven pussy to form even thinner strips supporting stockings or leggings. Tiffany's gaze continued down, astonished, for the stocking things turned into bizarre boots. Her feet were encased in strange shoes that forced her to stand on tip-toe, as if in steeple heels, and yet they had no heels at all.

'Fodder time.' The girl was carrying a bucket and she turned to put some sort of thick paste into one of the bowls with a big wooden spoon. As she turned, Tiffany's heart skipped several beats, for on her flank was a mark, dark red and indented in her skin. It was the logo that had been printed on the front of the contract. The trademarked stylised pronghorn face of Pronghorn International. 'Eat up, then try to get some sleep. You will need all the rest that you can get for what is coming!' The woman's full lips smiled, not

altogether kindly, as she unclipped one end of the bit from Tiffany's halter, leaving it dangling from the other side. Then she was gone, bolting the door behind her.

Tiffany stared at the mess steaming in the bowl. 'What... what is this?' she asked no one in particular.

'It's bran mash, well they call this bran mash. It's because it is your first night. You are lucky.' The speaker licked her lips, her sloe eyes hungry.

The stall Tiffany was held in was separated from the next, on either side, by metre high wooden walls, and above these by vertical bars of wooden doweling. The girl in the next stall was peeping through these bars, her hands evidently free as she was holding two of them. She had a mane of luxuriant dark hair and a slightly oriental look, and was so beautiful that Tiffany found looking at her almost painful. She wore no bridle but had an ornate golden collar round her slender neck.

'Well, whatever this shit is, I can't eat it.' She tore her gaze from the lovely face and stared at the bowl again.

'You have to, darlink. There is no choices here. Senora C will punish you if you don't eat up all your fodder. And believe me, baby, that bitch knows how to punish.'

Tiffany turned. A pretty blonde girl was looking through the bars on the other side of the stall. Her voice was accented. Russian, perhaps?

'But how can I?' Tiffany said. The truth was that Conchita terrified her, and she was very hungry. Perhaps the mash stuff wouldn't taste so bad?

'Just get on your knees and put your face in.'

'What? Like some sort of animal...?'

'Yes, like yeguita.'

There was that word again. 'What... what is a yeguita?'

'I not know what it really is in Spanish. Like my little pony, maybe, I think. But here it mean... *us*.'

Tiffany had got onto her knees and lowered her head until she could take a mouthful of the bran mash stuff. It didn't taste of much but was warm and not unpleasant. She had to swallow before she could ask the question that hung in the musky air.

'And what... what *are* we?' She was not sure, she realised as she blurted out the question, if she wanted to hear the answer.

'We are slaves, of course,' the black haired beauty from the other stall said in a melancholy tone.

'But sometimes they treat us more like pony,' said the blonde, more cheerfully. 'Pony-slavegirl, this what are we. Now, you be good yeguita and eat your nice mash up.'

\* \* \*

Exhaustion wrapped her like a blanket, but sleep stayed out of reach. First of all there was discomfort. The straw she lay on scratched and tickled. And the way her arms were strapped behind her back, though less brutal than the duct tape in the bag, did not allow her to lie in a natural position. Then there were the noises. She did not know how many girls were stabled with her in this mad place but she thought that it must be at least a dozen. There was only the odd snatch of muted conversation but they moaned and whimpered. Somewhere, in a stall not far from hers, someone, perhaps the whipped girl still, was sobbing. Not all the moaning sounded distressed, however. From further away came the sound of frantic bumping and a girl's voice cried out in the night.

'Oh! Ah! Yes! Harder you slut, harder! Fuck... Oh fuck... *Fuuuuuck!!!!*' Followed by shrieks that might have been in pain, but that sounded more like screams of pleasure.

'Keep it down, you two, some of us need to sleep!'

'Oh... oh... oh... ah...'  
Came from the blonde girl's stall next to hers, in time to rhythmic bumping.

'Oh, hell. They've set Prancer off again now.'

And so on deep into the night. But the thing that banished sleep for longest was the questions that galloped, in frantic circles, round and round her brain. Pony slave? What in hell's name even was a pony slave? What could that mean? Where was this asylum anyway? Was she still in the USA? What had been done to that poor girl whose back was so horrifically welted, and why? And, most chilling, most urgent of all, what had the men meant when they asked Senora Conchita when the woman meant to, 'break her'?

One thing she did understand now though. She understood what Senora Conchita had meant when she spoke about giving Tiffany time, 'for the fear to build.'

#### 4: Ice and Fire

'Come on you, wake up.'

'Oof... what? Where the..? Oh fuck.' It was not the noise that woke her, which was a wonder, but the cold of metal pushing at her belly. It was not the girl from the night before but another dressed just like her, prodding the toe of the weird heel-less boot thing into her stomach. Tiffany realised that it was shod with a miniature horse shoe.

'Hey!' she protested.

'Well, wake up then and eat your fodder, quickly before Senora C comes.' The girl turned to put food from the bucket she carried into the metal bowl and, as she did so, Tiffany saw that she had been branded too. The sight worked like cold water thrown at her, shocking her awake. The questions that had hummed around her head last night returned: what did it feel like to know you had been branded like livestock? How much had it hurt? What did it mean that she had signed away all 'branding rights' in that terrible contract? Like disturbed wasps they woke and buzzed again.

She wasn't given leisure to worry about them though. The girl turned and grabbed her by the ear and hauled her onto her knees.

'Ow!'

'Eat! You need to lick it clean.'

Tiffany felt her cheeks flame in humiliation but she put her mouth to the mush.

'Ugh!'

'Not nice like the bran mash is it?' The blonde girl from the next stall was looking through the bars. 'It's the fish oil that make it taste like that...'

'Shut up, Prancer. Look, it doesn't matter what it tastes like. You have to eat what you are given here. And anyway the oil is good for us, it keeps our skin sleek and our manes glossy.'

Prancer snorted. Tiffany swallowed. It really wasn't so bad, she told herself

and took another mouthful, but as she ate the faintly fishy mash she could not stop her cheeks flaming with the humiliation of it.

Having eaten all the mushy stuff, Tiffany drank as much as she could from the other bowl to wash the taste away. It wasn't easy. She was not a dog or pony with the right shaped muzzle. She had to put her face into the water and remember not to breathe in as she drank. The first attempt produced a deal of gasping and sneezing when she got it wrong

The stable was in uproar by the time she got to her feet and peeked, wide-eyed, through the wooden bars. The girls in the boot things, there seemed to be several of them, shouted orders and unhitched naked girls who were tethered in their stalls like Tiffany, and led them out of the stable doors.

'The brandees like to think they are queens of the stable,' Prancer said. 'But they are only pony slaves too, really.'

'Brandees?'

'The ones that boss about. You have to get brand to boss. I get mine soon I hope!' The blonde grinned through the bars.'

'You hope? But won't it hurt a lot?'

Prancer laughed. 'Sure, it hurt like a fucking bugger!' She shrugged. 'But pain not last forever and then I get to whip and fuck little slaves like you.' She shot Tiffany a wolfish grin. 'Look out, Sunshine coming back.'

The girl who had fed Tiffany returned with a bridle, she fiddled with a lock on the neighbouring stall before opening the door. With practiced deftness buckled the bridle round the head of the black haired beauty, before leading her out. Tiffany watched them go, astonished. Her neighbour wore a gleaming golden belt. with chains that disappeared into the crack of her exquisite bottom and a grey anklet with a bulge on one side.

'Zephyr has to wear chastity belt, poor little mare.'

Tiffany turned to see that Prancer was still watching her.

'And that other thing, on her leg?'



'Is ankle tag like they put on criminal. To track in case she stray.'

'They think she might escape?' A faint flicker of hope thrilled through Tiffany.

Her neighbour snorted. 'Escape? Is no escape from Pronghorn Springs, baby. We are in desert. Hundred kilometres of just cactus and rattlesnake every way. No, Zephyr very precious so she tagged so if she bolt they catch her quickly, before snake or jaguar get her. She not belong to Pronghorn you see.'

'Ah, not really.' Tiffany was curious despite herself, despite the news that they were sequestered in a hostile desert. 'Who does she... belong to... then?'

Prancer shrugged. 'Some rich Arab sheik or something. He send Zephyr here for training to be yeguita. Our Senora very famous training lady.' She sounded almost proud.

'Alright!' Sunshine had returned and she unbolted Prancer's stall. 'Stop gossiping, Prancer and trot over to the hose.' The girl opened Tiffany's stall and untied the rein that tethered her bridle to the ring bolt. She took the bit, still dangling from one side of the bridle.

'Open.'

Tiffany hesitated.

'Open up or Senora C will punish both of us and, believe me, if I get a whipping on your account I have ways to make you pay!'

It was said with conviction. Tiffany opened her mouth and in a trice she was bitten again.

\* \* \*

The early morning sun had not yet really warmed the air as Tiffany followed the girl holding her rein outside. She looked around wide-eyed. The stable and the ranch house were situated, along with a big barn and several smaller buildings, in an extensive yard. There was a western style corral across from the ranch house but most of Tiffany's attention was drawn to a huge cage, around ten feet high and three times as long, which they were fast

approaching.

The reason that this compelled attention was not so much the cage itself, though it was odd and she wondered what its purpose was, but the mass of naked young women milling around in front of it. There was a bustle of activity, brandees in the hoof boot things were stripping off bridles and bits of harness from otherwise completely naked girls. Most of these were hugging themselves against the morning chill or jumping up and down to keep warm.

Tiffany's companion unbuckled her bridle, and then the straps that pinioned her arms behind her. Released, Tiffany moaned as she moved her free arms, stiff and sore after her night in bondage. But she was given little time to rub and shake them as Sunshine pushed her towards the milling girls.

'Please...!' Tiffany protested.

'You want to get clean, don't you?'

The cage was made of the sort of grids of metal bars used to reinforce concrete; thin twisted strands of rusting iron with wide squares of space between them. She thought it had no front, at first but as the brandees pushed and prodded the girl herd back into the cage discomfort in her feet made Tiffany look down and she realised that the front of the structure had been lowered flat onto the ground. The iron rods were hard and freezing cold on her bare soles, and she was glad to get into the big cage and her feet back on beaten earth.

The other girls were pushing back, jostling to try to get behind one another, anxious energy rippling through the milling mass of naked young women. Their fear infected Tiffany. She looked wildly about. Three of the brandees had picked up what looked like hose pipes.

'What... what's happening?' she cried out, her panic mounting.

Strawberry looked at her with wide blue-grey eyes. 'You will find out in a minute,' she said, quietly.

'Don't worry.' Prancer emerged from the crowd of naked female flesh, rubbing her own goose pimpled arms vigorously. 'Just... shit it cold this

morning... just don't try to bolt when the turn the hose on us. It only makes it worse.'

\* \* \*

Tiffany screamed. She was a tough cheerleader but she was also a California girl. Hot sunshine and warm swimming pools were her thing. The water jets were absolutely freezing. If not water canon force they were not far from it, pushing the naked girls they played on backwards, several bumping back against Tiffany before they squirmed aside, leaving the icy jet to smack her in the belly and her breasts.

She was not the only screamer. The morning air was filled with a cacophony of shrieks and squeals and yelps. The brandees with the hose played them back and forth, soaking every girl and leaving them shivering in the crisp morning air.

'Good morning, mi yeguitas.' Tiffany had been too busy squealing and futilely trying to avoid the hoses to notice Conchita's arrival. The woman was immaculate in a crisp white shirt, skin tight stretch pants and polished riding boots that seemed incongruous amongst so much naked girl-flesh.

'It is a cool morning so we will have a run to warm up. Five times around the corral. To make more interesting the last three will get the strap; one dozen on the hands. Wait for the signal...!' She raised a single tail whip, like a smaller bullwhip. The girls around her all turned in the same direction and tensed.

Crack!

The herd of naked girls took off, running towards the corral where a brandee was waiting, leather strap in hand. Tiffany did not have to wonder what to do. Clearly this was a familiar morning ritual to most of the yeguitas, and she followed the herd. They ran through the gap between the brandee and the corral and began circling the fence.

The ground was hard on her bare feet and there were sharp little stones from time to time to make her wince and grimace. But it was good to be moving, and warming up, and better yet to have free arms after having them, taped up

and then strapped, for so long. Tiffany had heard the threat about the last three, with a little thrill of fear, but any trepidation from that quarter soon evaporated. Her companions were evidently all fit, and she was far from the fastest, but her cheer training and natural athleticism soon had her outpacing the slower runners.

As the girl-herd rounded the corral, so it began to stretch out. Tiffany, unfamiliar with this race had started slow but as the run continued she began to catch and overtake one naked young woman, then another. Four brandees had stationed themselves at equidistant points around the corral and the yeguitas had to run between them and the fence. They all had straps and peppered the backs and bottoms of the running girls with nipping strokes that stung like fury when they cracked home. Tiffany had made three circuits before Sunshine caught her on the bottom cheek with a wicked little stroke. She let out a yelp but kept her footing and even increased her pace.

By the start of the fifth circuit she was running in fifth but could not improve on that. The girls in front of her were fleet and she had gone too fast after the whip stroke caught her so she was forced to slow and try and get some breath back. Only one girl overtook her, a long legged oriental looking woman with a deceptive loping gait, so Tiffany held on for sixth.

It was crazy, she thought, as she trotted after Sunshine, back towards the stable. She had been forced to run, naked and humiliated, like a mustang filly round the corral. But once she had warmed up and was in no danger of being in the last three, she had not stopped; she had not been able to stop, competing.

It was in her blood, she supposed, as Sunshine bolted her back in the box stall. She should do the bare minimum that she dare get away with. But she knew in her heart that the next time she had to race against fellow pony-slaves, she would end up trying her cheerleader best to beat them.

\* \* \*

Tiffany spent the morning in her stall. She could have, had she dared, have put her arm through the bars to see if she could reach the bolt on the outside of the door. She could have, but then what? She could not have got out of the

stable unobserved and, stark naked and unshod; she could hardly run off into the rattlesnake infested desert. Instead she got down on the straw and tried to catch up on much needed sleep. It was impossible.

The stable was a hive of activity. Brandees put naked girls in stalls, took others out, strapped bridles on yeguita heads and buckled leather harnesses on naked bodies. Pony girls brushed each others' hair and oiled each other's bodies under brandee supervision. Conchita strode about issuing orders and the farrier, in his leather apron, re-shod the hoof-boots of a girl who was splayed over the wooden trestle. Tiffany watched this perverse parody of a blacksmith at work with aghast fascination. The air was filled with shouts and cries, the ringing of hammer striking anvil, orders and laughter, yelps of pain and the occasional crack of leather on flesh. Whips were used quite casually, to chivvy or to emphasise an order, it was becoming all too clear. She stroked the little welt that Sunshine had inscribed on her bottom gingerly, as she peered through the bars and tried to make sense of the scene in the stable.

Eventually, after a couple of hours, some order seemed to be emerging from the chaos. More and more girls were being brought back to the stalls. Some bridled and tethered, others just left to stand there freely. Zephyr was put back in the next box and then the brandee that had brought her hurried off again.

'What's happening?' She looked through the bars, curious to check that the dark haired girl was still locked into chastity belt and electronic ankle tag. 'Is it food time again?'

Zephyr regarded her with solemn almond eyes. 'If you don't know,' she said. 'Best that I don't tell you.'

\* \* \*

Sunshine and a tall, auburn haired, brandee came into the stall bearing broad leather fetters.

'What... what is this for?' Tiffany asked as they began buckling these on her wrists and ankles. 'Please... tell me what's happening?'

The pair ignored her and kept working. The restraints were more comfortable

than any she had experienced so far. Lined with sheepskin and secured snugly they seemed to hug her wrists and ankles. The wrist restraints came with a bar that she could grip. This only made Tiffany more apprehensive.

'Please...' she begged. 'What are these things for? Say something, please tell me something.'

Finishing the second anklet Sunshine stood and looked Tiffany in the eyes.

'It's too prepare you for your breaking, sweetie,' she said, and smiled malevolently.

Tiffany did not have long to fret. Conchita's clear voice rang out. 'Clear the stable! Flicka and Bubbles, move that trestle into the empty stall at the end. Pepper secure Dapple. Rory, are the cameras all set up?' After a flurry of orders, and the sounds of bustling activity, quite suddenly everything went quiet.

'Pepper, when you have done that, move Zephyr to that empty stall there. I want her to see.'

Bang! The signal whip cracked, sounding like a pistol shot retort as it echoed around the building. The stable went from quiet to silent.

'Bring her out!'

Sunshine and her companion seized Tiffany by the arms and frog marched her out of the box into the main stable. Almost every open stall on either side was occupied. And every pair of pony girl eyes was fixed on Tiffany, as her captors walked her to Conchita. As Tiffany approached the woman handed her signal whip to a brandee and grabbed the blonde girl by the throat, forcing her to look into those terrifying dark eyes once again.

'I am going to hurt you now,' Conchita said. 'Not for pleasure, although I will enjoy. But to teach. I will teach your name and your position. I will teach you that here in Pronghorn Springs, for you there is only absolute obedience,' she let go her grip. 'Or impossible pain.'

So compelling was Conchita that Tiffany was barely aware of something being attached to her wrist and ankle bands while the woman was speaking.

Conchita stepped aside and made a gesture and Tiffany let out a startled gasp as she was pulled off her feet. Strong ropes led to pulleys and four brandees pulled these tight. Tiffany found herself suspended, in a horizontal star shape, a few feet above the ground.

'Help... what? Please...!' She felt extraordinarily helpless, only her head free to move around. She looked one way and then the other, but all she saw was naked young women, standing in their stalls, looking back at her with horror, fear, in some cases excitement.

'Oooh!' She could not really see Conchita behind her, properly but she felt the woman's fingers probing.

'Well now, the little slut is dripping.'

The woman's tinkling laughter mortified her. If Tiffany had thought herself inured to humiliation, she now knew that was wrong.

'Don' be embarrassed, pobrecita. No need for blushing or for tears. Many girls come to me perverse little putas. Is OK. But today is not about a little kinky spanky. Today is for you to learn you must obey. For that the pain must be much more than makes you horny!'

It was a nightmare. It had to be. How could this craziness be real? Maybe she was on some sort of drug trip that had set off her darkest fantasies. Only, the pressure on her stretched-out arms and legs felt all too real...

'Today I think the quirt, Sunshine,' Conchita said. And it began.

\* \* \*

'What is your name?'

Her whole body was on fire. Conchita had worked methodically, lashing her back with even, steady strokes, snapping the rawhide quirt tails on her skin in a way that stung ferociously without bruising it deeply. The girl who had been Tiffany had gritted her teeth, determined not to cry out or beg. She had managed too, apart from some pained hissing and a little grunting, until the whipping reached her bottom.

Perhaps Conchita put more weight into the strokes then, having reached better upholstered regions, or perhaps Tiffany's resolve had been chipped away, stinging lash by stinging lash, bit by bit. The hissing became whimpering, then moaning. As the lashing continued down her right, and then her left leg so she began to squeal and beg.

'Haaoooww... oh, oh, oh, pu...pu...please...I, I, haaaaaooooooooooooow...'

Conchita said nothing. She offered no bargains and responded to no begging. She simply lashed the girl's writhing naked body with the steady, methodical skill of a craftsman turning wood. Not until the cheerleader's back, from neck to ankle was an angry scarlet, did she pause to speak, only very slightly out of breath.

'Stop snivelling and listen if you wish to keep your skin. Your name is now Pompom. Your old name and old life no longer exist. You are Pompom, property of Pronghorn Springs Ranch and so of Senor Woodruff. You exist to please your owner. Do you understand?'

'Ah, oh, oh, what? Pu...please I du, du, don't...'

Thwwwwwwiiiiickkkk!

'Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo..!'

Conchita began thrashing her again; flogging already scalded skin with measured, but quite merciless precision. But then she began to lash Pompom's tender inner thighs.

\* \* \*

'Again. What is your name?'

'Ah... Tiff... I mean... Pu... Pom...'

Thwwwuuck!

'Aaaaaiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...eee...eee!'

'Tiffpupom? Wrong. This not your name. We try again. What is your name?'



'It... it's ah, Pompom, snff... my nu..name is Pompom...'

Thuwwwick!

'Aaaaaaaaargh!'

""My name is Pompom," *what?*'

'Awooooh...oooh...hoooo... Mi... Mi... Mi... Mistress...'

The quirt whipping seemed to have gone on and on forever. Once Conchita had flogged her back from neck to ankles she had lashed the soles of her feet. This had drawn even shriller shrieks, but proved only to be a sort of punctuation in the flogging process as she soon went back to whipping the girl's shoulders - starting again from the beginning, but this time striking already scalded skin.

'So, we try once again. Best get it all right this time. What is your name?'

'Ah...oh... My name... ah... is Pompom, Mi...Mistress...'

'Bueno! You see, is really not so hard. To take an hour! Zephyr and Mist, I see you look away once more you take Pompom's place when we are done. Prancer, stop touching yourself or I stroke you down there with my quirt, you little puta!'

'Ah... ah... oh... oh...'

'Now where we? Oh yes. Your name is Pompom and, this you must also remember: you exist to please your owners.'

'Ah... Oh... what? I don't under...'

Thwwwwuuuwuck!

' Haowwwuuoooooo...'

'Is not complicated, Pompom. You exist to please your owners.

We try... Zephyr, I see you look away. Soon, I make you very sorry. We try once again. What is your name?'

Thwwiiiiick! The quirt tails cracked into Pom-pom's swollen pussy. She jerked convulsively in her bonds as pain tsunamied through her. When the next stroke took her in the same place, and the next, she screamed and screamed and screamed.

## 5: A Visit to the Vet

She was allowed an hour to cry. Like Strawberry the night before, she sobbed into the corner of her stall, tears running down her face and shoulders heaving.

Around her weeping form, the stable came back to busy life, but Pom-pom was barely aware. She kept on crying into her corner as Zephyr shrieked in anguish, when Conchita administered her promised punishment. While Rory hammered little horse shoes on his anvil she sobbed quietly on. And when Conchita's voice cried out that it was time for exercise and the stable emptied out again, Pom-pom just kept on crying.

An hour was all she got though. It was Conchita who came for her.

'Ay, pobrecita! Enough blubbing now. Kiss your mistress boots before we go to see the vet.'

The memory of Conchita's quirt was lemon fresh. Fear cut through Pom-pom's fug of misery immediately. She turned, with one last sob, and hurriedly pressed her lips to the toe of Conchita's riding boot.

'Is not how you kiss boots but I don' have time to teach you now. Kneel up, arms behind your back!'

Pom-pom scrambled to obey.

\* \* \*

Conchita strode across the yard. Pom-pom limped after her, struggling to keep up. It was the whipping of her inner thighs that made her walk with her legs splayed. Pom-pom's legs were not so plump that they rubbed together when she walked, but Conchita's quirt had left her tender thigh flesh feeling blistered; the skin so sore that the least contact stung atrociously, and in their desperation to avoid the slightest contact, her legs made her waddle like a frightened duck.

They came to a low wooden building that stood somewhat apart. Pom-pom read the sign beside the door: 'Dr. H.O. Swinson. Veterinarian.' The room they entered could have been a doctor's surgery, but was odd for a vets - the

charts of skeletons and internal organs were for humans and the couch and equipment looked like doctors' paraphernalia too. About the only thing that looked more suited to a vet's office was a large wire dog cage in the far corner of the room.

A tall man in his fifties in a suit and a white coat, wheeled round to face them with an irritated expression, but when he saw it was Conchita his expression softened instantly. And he regarded Pom-pom with evident pleasure. Behind him, seated at a desk, a girl in a white uniform looked up .

'My my,' he said. 'The new cheerleader, I presume. She has had her breaking whipping, I guess, from the scalded look of that hide!'

'Diagnosis brilliant like always, Howard,' Conchita said. 'Stand straight, Pom-pom. Feet apart. Keep your hands behind your back.'

'Bella, bring up the medical records of, what was her name before?'

'Tell the vet what your name used to be,' Conchita ordered.

'Tiff... Tiffany Holson.'

'Date of birth?'

She told them.

'Twenty then,' said Swinson. 'Put her down as a filly.'

'Got her,' the girl said. 'Full medical records. Nothing serious. A hairline radius crack three years ago, but green lit for gymnastics after recovery. '

Pom-pom winced at the memory even as she wondered how they had her medical records.

'I go get Chanel,' said Conchita.

'Fine, we will get on. Oh, what is her stable name?'

'Pompon, like cheerleaders wave about.'

Conchita left. The vet picked up something up from the desk and walked up to her.

'I am sure Senora Conchita had impressed on you the importance of doing what you are told,' he said. 'But we have a lot to get through and I like to ensure that my patients are fully compliant. Do you know what this is?'

The object in his hand was black and yellow with two protruding metal studs.

'I... Er...'

'Some people would call it a taser though it is really a stun gun.' There was a sudden crackle and a blue spark jumped between the studs. 'But it doesn't really matter what we call it. The important thing to remember is that if you don't do exactly what I say, I am going to electrocute your pussy.'

\* \* \*

The examination was humiliating, bewildering, and occasionally painful. Dr Swinson made her stand on the balls of her feet, legs wide apart, her hands behind her head, while he poked and prodded her. At the start of the examination he had slipped the taser in the pocket of his lab coat, but the material was light, the stun gun heavy, and it was only too ominously visible as he moved about her. He took her pulse and blood pressure, muttering results to his assistant, who tapped them into the laptop. Then he prepared several syringes.

'Turn around. Bend over and touch your toes.'

'Ow!' There was a sharp pain in her left buttock.

'Be quiet. Hold your position.'

'Ooh!'

'I said be quiet. And stop fidgeting unless you want a tickle with my taser.'

Pom-pom bit her lip to stop from crying out as the third shot stung her bottom.

'Get back into position. Feet wider than that. Hands behind your head. Open your mouth. Wider. Lift up your tongue. Teeth good, Bella. No cavities or fillings. Go over to that wall. Stand with your back to the chart. No, flat on your hooves. *Your feet!* Sixteen hands exactly.'

The young woman got up from the desk. Her uniform was too short and too tight to be that of a real nurse, veterinary or otherwise, and Pom-pom caught a glimpse of the tops of her tan stockings and unclinical high heels. She had a camera.

'Stand straight,' Bella ordered, her tone as brusque and instructions as clipped as the veterinarian's. 'Arms at your sides.' Click, click. 'Turn to the side.' Click, click. 'Face the wall.' Click, click. 'Wow, Senora Conchita really did a job on this one. How will you judge her colour?'

'Oh, there are patches not whipped. Look, the back of the knees and here, over the kidneys. Conchita knows her business. Always check the nape. In freshly captured fillies it has often been covered by the mane, so gets less sun. And schooled yeguitas are often collared. If all else fails...'

Pom-pom let out a yelp as her ear was grabbed and pulled back.

'Stop whinnying and stand still! If all else fails examine the skin behind the ear. Almost always in shade even if the mane is worn in bunches like on this one. Look, this skin is honey-peach but the filly was a cheerleader in California so some tanning is to be expected. It's the points that are harder to determine. Turn round. Stand as you did before.'

Pom-pom did as she was told as her mind struggled to make sense of what he said. As she turned and widened her stance, putting her hands back behind her head, she felt appallingly exposed. The fact that Dr Swinson was staring at her pussy did not help one bit.

'When landing strips were common it was easier,' he remarked. 'Now that full waxing is the fashion they keep turning up completely docked. If we could wait a few weeks before, we registered them, for some tail hair to grow back it would be easier, but it's always hurry, hurry, hurry.'

He stepped closer and took some hair from her left bunch between thumb and forefinger. 'And, of course, the little mares *will* bleach their manes. You! Is this your natural colour?'

'Y...yes, Sir.'

'She's probably lying. But here is another tip; fair hair is the finest. This is

fine enough, to be a natural blonde but light brown mane hair is also often light and fine.'

'Would brown make her champagne?'

'More likely dun, or buckskin. Buckskin fillies have pale hides but their mane and tail can go from black to quite light brown and their eyes can be any colour, even blue like this one.'

'And if her mane is really that colour?'

'Cremello.' The voice was Conchita's.

\* \* \*

The woman with Conchita was slim and delicately beautiful. Perhaps in her late thirties she still had a trim figure shown of by a white silk cheongsam style uniform. Figure hugging, this was unadorned except for an embroidered version of the Pronghorn logo picked out in a crimson that exactly matched her lipstick and her nails. Sharp green eyes regarded Pom-pom critically.

'Tsk, tsk, Conchita. What have you done to the poor thing?'

Despite herself, Pom-pom felt a lump in her throat. These were the first sympathetic words that she had heard since emerging from her bag and into this madness. The woman reached up to touch her hair.

'I have said it before and I will say it again, these morning hose downs are ruinous on manes. They need shampoo and conditioner. ..'

'They need to be washed down. Always the same complaint, Chanel. We don't have time to clean them all another way. If *you* wan' to give them all showers and hair washes...'

'If you want to give me more assistants I'd be glad to...'

'Ladies, ladies,' the vet said. 'We don't have time to go over this again. What do you think, Chanel? And I don't mean about split ends!'

'Oh, cremello all the way. This may have been lightened and heightened a little but it is a naturally blonde mane.'







'Well, it is Dr Swinson's own secret recipe but, between you and me I think it is the scotch bonnets in it that make you fillies buck so when it goes on. Will that do, do you think, or should we have a second application?'

\* \* \*

The computer beeped.

'At last,' said Bella. 'I was starting to think that they were on another of their holidays.'

Pom-pom watched her walk across the surgery through the wire of the dog cage. The vet's assistant had made her get into the cage what seemed like hours ago. She had followed Bella with her eyes for most of that time, there being little else to look at. Not that the young woman had done much worth watching. She had typed into the laptop. She had put some boxes into a cupboard and then taken some tubes of something out. More work on the laptop. More organizing medical supplies. It was mundane, or would have been had Pom-pom not been kneeling, naked, in a cage and terrified that every box or tube or jar that Bella sorted might contain the sort of pain that the liniment had visited upon her. So, although the woman did not seem averse to conversation, Pom-pom dare not ask the questions that tormented her.

Suddenly though, things seemed to be moving. Bella typed and clicked the computer mouse and a machine that Pom-pom had assumed was a small printer started humming and clicking. The uniformed young woman picked something from the side of it and walked over to the cage. She squatted, holding out the object for Pom-pom to see. It was a pink plastic tag, like a smaller version of the tags that she had seen on the ears of livestock.

Understanding hit like a sledgehammer to the stomach. She had *seen* these things, on the ears of Prancer and the other yeguitas, branded and unbranded. Yet, somehow she had not. It was as if the sight was so appalling that her brain had refused to recognise it, distracted as she had been by the naked bodies, harnesses and whips. Now though, she could not help but register the awful reality. It was a cattle tag. It was the sort of marker that farmers and cattle dealers used to identify their livestock. And the livestock this tag had

been made to mark out had, until a few hours past, been a cheerleader called Tiffany.

On one side of the ear tag was the now familiar pronghorn logo in a dark crimson. The stylised pronghorn face had seemed cute to her, just yesterday. Now the grinning, goat-like symbol seemed unspeakably sinister. Bella turned it over to reveal a bar code and number.

'This is your IPGA registration number: CR 009783. Remember it. Your name may be changed but your number is permanent. Knowing your own number is compulsory, which is to say you will be punished if you forget it.'

'Please...!' Pom-pom's voice was hoarse. 'I don't understand. Wh...what is the I...IPBD?'

Bella laughed, a musical tinkling laugh that cut Pom-pom to the soul. 'IPGA, silly sausage: *The International Pony Girl Association*. You have to be registered so that your owner can enter you in races or dressage events etcetera... Or, for if you were to be sold.'

## 6: Prickle Bottom

The sun was getting low in the sky as they trotted back toward the ranch, the two little sulky carts running side by side along the dirt track. It was Deke Woodruff's favourite time of day, in his favourite place in all the world, and this was his second favourite occupation. So it was with a deal of satisfaction that he studied Dapple's back as she pulled him down the road.

It was a pretty back, if largely obscured by arms forced back and bound up in a leather bag, and a very cute bottom, both now with a bloom of perspiration after Dapple's efforts pulling the sulky for the last few miles. Whip welts were sparse however, Dapple was a petite Mexican beauty and just not robust enough for racing, even after nine months of Conchita's training. Her thighs had developed and her buttocks were more like a dancer's than a fashion model's now, but she would never be a match for an athlete like Lightning, even on this gentle downward slope.

'Whoa, there. Steady, girl,' Willis Hooker said, as if reading his mind, tugging on the reins to slow his own yeguita and keep the carts running, quite literally, abreast of one another. Lightning was a real racing thoroughbred. Tall and long limbed and stronger than her slim build suggested the Argentinian girl could outpace any other filly in Deke Woodruff's stable. Over short to medium distances, no one, not even Cherryblossom, could come close.

'Give her a run up to the ranch if you like, Willis,' Deke said. 'She is raring to go. Me and Dapple can mosey on at our own pace and catch you there.'

'Mebbee, in a minute,' Hooker replied, 'but the mare needs to respond to the reins, however frisky she might be feeling.'

Deke watched Lightning's ears flush pink. Even after all this time and training the girl still blushed when they talked about her like this. That Argentine pride, he supposed, smiling as he felt his dick start to stiffen.

'You sound like Conchita!'

'Well... that's mebbe 'cause I'm jest repeating her instructions.'

The two men laughed. The dirt track levelled off as they reached the bottom of the hollow. The pony girls pulled them along at a good steady trot up to the big patch of prickly pear that they had christened, "Prickle Bottom."

'OK, I'll run her in from here,' said Hooker. 'Whoa there, girl!'

Deke pulled gently on his own reins, bringing Dapple to a halt beside the taller young woman. The Mexican girl's shoulders were only heaving gently, suggesting that the pace had been within even her limited capabilities, but there was a tension in her posture. Dapple knew that the pull up to the ranch was mostly on a long rise, and even that easy gradient was a challenge for her.

There was an old fence post at the end of the prickly pear thicket, put there for a mile post. Hooker urged Lightning right up to it, and stopped her there.

'Ten minutes to get to the ranch gate, sweetie, or I'll rub you down with nettles,' he said cheerfully, checking his watch. 'Wait for it. *Wait...* One, two, three... giddap!' The carriage whip cracked hard across Lightning's exposed bottom, and the girl let out a pained cry as she set off. Every muscle in her superbly fit frame flexed as she leaned forwards, hauling on the traces linking her harness to the shafts of the sulky. Hooker whipped her bottom and her shoulders as she picked up speed. The snapping of whipcord on bare flesh, and gasps of pain, rang through clear desert air and made Deke grin. He watched them start the long, gently rising curve until they passed out of sight.

Dapple was trembling visibly now. The evening air was warm but, Deke thought, no doubt she was thinking of what was coming; she had had to haul him up the rise many times before. Her bottom cheeks twitched so deliciously in nervous anticipation, that Deke licked his lips and considered unbuckling her crotch strap and fucking her right there in the traces. Taking a deep breath he controlled the urge. He had other plans for Dapple this fine evening.

'Alright, my li'l darlin, let's head home,' he said, readying the whip. Encouragement never came amiss in Deke Woodruff's opinion.

\* \* \*

'And... trot!'

Pom-pom picked up the pace, lifting her knees high as she trotted. That awful hiss *again* was followed by a wicked little 'thwiiiiick!' and she let out a squeal as the whipcord cracker of the lunge whip struck again, this time snapping at the back of her thigh. The thing stung like a wasp.

'No, higher than that, and faster,' Conchita shouted. 'Trotting is not strolling. Knees high. Pick up the pace!'

Easy for her to say, Pom-pom thought bitterly, blinking fresh tears away. The problem, the main problem at least, was the hoof-boots. They forced her aching feet into a brutally unnatural position and there were not even any heels to take the weight or help with balance. After a week her feet were still sore and, though her calves were getting stronger, a long session like this one on the lunge rein, made the muscles burn like fury.

Cheerleader training helped her with the balance, though the absurd hoof glove things, and the way her arms were restrained, prevented natural posture. She had most always worn sneakers before though, so the high arch that the boots forced her feet into was pure purgatory. And Conchita made no concessions to her being unfamiliar with the things. She had had some tough, relentless cheer coaches. At least Tiffany had thought she had. As Pom-pom she knew the worst of them had been fluffier than bunnies. Conchita was even worse than the sorority had been.

'And... canter!'

Oh please God, not again, she thought. Cantering was easier than trotting as far as gait and balance went. It was more natural, really just long distance tempo running. The problem was that Conchita had had her on the long lunge rein for over an hour, making her trot and canter around and around in circuits of the corral, with the whip nipping at her naked flesh for the least imagined fault. Pom-pom was exhausted, every muscle in her body shrieking for respite, and the canter meant picking up the pace and working her bone-tired, sweat drenched, body even harder, or...

Thwiiiiick!

'Yiiiiiiiieeee..!'

'Come on, faster! Call that a canter? Look, the Senores have returned from their evening drive. Surely you wish to put on a good show for your owner?'

\* \* \*

'Jeepers, that sure looks raw!' Deke said with a chuckle, giving the reins a tug to bring Dapple to a halt. Hooker had unharnessed Lightning by the time the second pony-cart pulled up by the old pump, and she was bending to gulp down water from the stream that issued from the spout, as he worked the handle. The tall girl's buttocks and thighs, fetchingly displayed by her position, were a crimson mass of angry looking marks; welts that had not been there when they parted company at Prickle Bottom.

'I reckon so,' said Hooker. 'She slowed some on the last part of the rise for some reason. Day dreamin' I s'pose. So I had to give her a few licks to help her concentration.'

Lightning's whole body was slick with perspiration, which Deke considered might give a clue to why the girl had slowed up. It was a long if not a steep pull, and he had had to give Dapple a good few encouraging tickles with his own whip, though they had carted at a far sedater pace. Even so, the smaller girl was quivering and panting desperately, and her legs seemed to be on the point of buckling beneath her.

'She is guapa, si, but too small and weak for yeguita, Senor,' Conchita had insisted half a dozen times. 'Why we don' sell her, or send her off to maid school if you wan' to keep her?'

The woman was right, he knew, but he had a fondness for the Mexican girl. And maids were just conveniences and trifling distractions for Deke; pony girls were his passion. So, she would never be a racing prospect. But, seeing poor little Dapple in harness struggling to haul his weight up a desert dirt track... well, there were times when practicality just had to stand aside for pleasure.

He got out of the cart and patted her head. 'Good girl,' he said fondly and began unbuckling the traces. Once she was free of the cart he unbuckled the

bridle straps that secured her bit. Her big brown eyes looked up at him, wide with what might have been fear or adoration, possibly both. Dapple's mascara had run tragically, and snot, sweat and saliva had mixed with the tears that slicked her face.

'Lord God, Dapple darlin' you're one hell of a mess. You best report yourself to Senorita Conchita after I'm done with you, and ask her to give you a good old fashioned lickin' for poor grooming and presentation.'

'Ye... yes, mu... mu...master,' she managed somehow and the anguish in her beautiful big eyes nearly made him cream himself right there and then. Fortunately, Lightning had finished drinking so he grabbed Dapple by the ear and hauled her over.

'You havin' trouble walkin' Deke? Bit stiff after your ride?' Hooker chuckled.

'Just shut the fuck up, Willis, and keep pumping!'

'Don't let her drink too much, too quick, now.'

'Tarnation, Willis. I been ranchin' yeguitas nigh on fifteen years. I reckon I know how to water my own stock!'

'Jest sayin. Shall we take these pretty ponies back to the stable for their rub down?'

There was the unmistakable sound of whipcord cracking on bare flesh and a high whinny of pain. Deke looked across at the corral.

'I got a better idea. Looks like Conchita is still schooling our new cheerleader. What say you we mosey on over to the corral and watch a spell while these here mares demonstrate their gratitude for our kindness?'

\* \* \*

Dapple's hot little tongue flickered round the edge of his glans. Deke suppressed a groan somehow and took a deep breath; he didn't want to come yet, he was enjoying this way too much. He would have made the blowjob last a whole exquisite evening if he could, but his balls seemed to have a quite different idea. Hooker was not helping, he held Lightning up against



himself while he fondled her and rubbing his crotch against her scalded bottom, which kept provoking sobs and gasps of pain that Deke found distracting in the wrong way altogether. The sight in front of them was worse, as Conchita whipped poor bewildered Pom-pom round and round in circles.

'Damn if she ain't purty!' Hooker said, as if reading his mind.

'And the best girl-trainer west of the Pecos...' Deke said as Conchita's pirouette on the spot gave them a fine view of her riding-britches encased bottom.

'Ha ha, Pom-pom not Conchita! Little darlin's took to schooling real well, to say she's only been broke to harness for a week.'

Dapple bent her head to take him right into her throat. The tricky little minx was trying to make him shoot off in her mouth. It was an old game, no less pleasant for that, or for the rules being unwritten. Deke looked at Pom-pom again. As she came round in a tired, rather unsteady walk, he noticed how much drool had dripped on her quite fabulous titties and had to bite the inside of his cheek hard to stop himself erupting.

'And... *trot*. Trot, I said, you silly yeguita. No! I told you. You got to lift your knees high when you trot.'

'Aawumph..!'

'Lord God, Conchita surely knows how to use that toy.'

'Oh God, that's good. Oh yeah! And don't she love to too?'

'Phheeeeph...phwaiii...phanth...!' The bit made Pom-pom hard to understand but there could be no doubt that the silly filly was wasting her wind pleading.

'And... *walk*. Walk on. Breathe. Get your breath back while you can instead of whinnying. Walk on...'

'Aint this one beautiful evening, Deke?' Hooker had his fingers deep in Lightning, and judging by the increasingly desperate squeals that the girl was making, his ministrations were effective.

'Uff... Darned near perfect. Makes a man... ah, plum glad to be alive.' He wasn't going to be able to hold much longer. Sense told him that he should pull out now, but Dapple's mouth just felt so damn good. Surely he could hold on for a few more delightful moments?

'Now... *canter!*' Conchita cried out, lashing Pom-pom across the left breast, stinging her left nipple with fearful accuracy.

The girl let out a piercing squeal of pain and that did for Deke. He felt his climax start but, somehow, controlled the urge to empty himself right down Dapple's throat, wrenching his dick out of her hot, hungry, little mouth. About half of his load had spent, and some more spilled on the girl's breasts before he managed to hurl her, sprawling in the dirt and out of the way. A few biggish gobbets hit the ground, at least.

'Oof...' he said, well, I reckon that's a score draw! Fifty fifty?'

Dapple eyed the dusty jism with what looked almost like dismay. A tendril of cum linked her mouth and the spatter on her breasts. Were those tears fresh? Deke did believe so. The cute little thing really didn't relish this particular act of homage.

'Come on now, honey, I know you know your duty.' He smiled down at her and patted her head gently.

Blushing furiously now, Dapple shot him one last imploring look with her beautiful brown eyes. It was so poignant that Deke felt something start to stir again. As she began to bend down her slender shoulders were racked by a sob. Then she began to lick up the dusty blobs of semen.

'Well now,' Deke said softly as he watched her shoulders convulse and listened to the sound of her sniffing. 'Maybe I win at that. Call it seventy, thirty?'

## 7: A Stable Relationship

Pom-pom gulped down the last mouthful of mush and took a drink. It was automatic now, rather than really needed. She had got used the slightly fishy taste and even learned to relish the pieces of raw carrot that were mixed into the mash. She didn't splutter in the water now either, even though she drank on her knees, putting her face into the water, with arms folded in the small of her back.

These were free. The posture was not forced on her by harness. In fact she could have picked the stainless steel bowl out of its holder and drank from it like a person if she had chosen to. Why she didn't was a question that troubled her. There was fear, of course. Many things were forbidden to yeguitas at Pronghorn Springs, open disobedience or "straying" always meant a ferocious whipping, with lesser infractions incurring penalties like or paddling, or spell of punitive restraint. But there was no prohibition on using hands to eat or drink, it was just that it was one of the innumerable things that felt, somehow, disapproved of. And it was good to behave in ways that were approved of in that stable, with its CCTV cameras and so many girls ready to inform on their stablemates in the hope of a pat on the head, or a bit of apple.

Or so she told herself. It was quite true, as far as it went, but there was something else; something she barely dare admit even to her secret self. It had started to feel better, more comfortable, more 'right,' to eat and drink like this. Pom-pom had not become inured to whippings or the icy morning hose-down but, many aspects of yeguita existence had become, little by little, her accustomed life.

She slept in her pony stall better than she had when she had been Tiffany and had a pink, butterfly-themed, bedroom. Usually, having been worked and trained or raced for hours, she would fall into a deep sleep as soon as her bridled head hit straw. Not as soon as she was stabled though.

That was the hardest part to acknowledge to herself, and harder yet to understand. Tiffany had been a healthy girl with a healthy sex drive - Pom-pom the pony slave was as horny as a cat in heat. Maybe it was that musk, the stable fug Conchita had called the scent of mares in season. So many fit young women, one's arousal triggering the next, in a spiralling turn-on circle.

Perhaps the harness, whippings and daily humiliations triggered perverse desires. Mist claimed that they must be putting something in the water, while Prancer thought it was all the naked flesh, forever on display.

'All day is pussy and titty titty bum bum everywhere you look, of course we fucking horny!' Everybody knew that Prancer was a sex-obsessed bisexual slut. But, then again, Prancer was only the most extreme; sometimes, Pom-pom thought, simply the most honest. Because, every night, the stable would slip into a yeguita-on-yeguita and masturbation frenzy.

First though, there was tension. If Woodruff and Hooker were in residence some girls were usually selected for their pleasure. Both liked their entertainment fairly raw, with sweat and fresh welts very much a bonus, and yeguitas who had been whipped around the ranch between the shafts tended to see their master's dicks as perquisites, with much resentment if other girls were chosen. Conchita's choice came next. Her tastes were different.

\* \* \*

The first time that Pom-pom was summonsed to entertain her trainer haunted her night thoughts for ever after. By then she usually spent the night in an open stall. Her bridle was attached to a post at the front of its low wall. Cherryblossom, a tall half-English, half Japanese girl, was to the right but there was no hope of help to ease her urges from that quarter. 'Blossom' was besotted with Zephyr. The crush was mutual and the sweethearts never chose to partner up with anyone else. The closed box stalls, Pom-pom had learned by then, were to settle new arrivals or to punish. Except, that was, for Zephyr whose box was permanent and kept padlocked as well as bolted. Sometimes, to the joy of both, Blossom was put into the stall before it was secured for the night. What the caged lovebirds did about Zephyr's ornate gold chastity belt was a subject of speculation, but that they managed somehow was indisputable, for Zephyr's orgasms were very loud and echoed round the stable.

That night the padlock had not yet gone on, and Blossom stood at the front of her stall, staring at the door of Zephyr's box stall, as if by sheer intensity of hope she might will being locked in with her darling. Pom-pom had learned by then that, whatever Blossom's fate, she would find no solace there.

The long rein that tethered her was over the right post of her stall. It would have been simple to lift the loop of leather from the post and visit whichever yeguita she chose. Simple, but forbidden. Moving within the limits of the leash rein was permitted. Unhitching it from the post was 'straying,' and a crime that would incur a blistering punishment. All was not quite lost, however, the length of the tether allowed her to enter the front of the stall on the other side.

This was occupied by Dumpling, a pretty Chinese girl. Dumpling was fresh meat, her still slightly plump, curvaceous body marked from her breaking. The cute Asian was still at the sobbing in the corner phase of new yeguita life. Still, thought Pom-pom, if she could persuade the silly creature to come into her stall for some comforting caresses, one thing might lead to another...

It was not to be. Sunshine entered the stable, unhitched Blossom's rein and led her across the stable to her heart's desire without a word. The brandee fixed the padlock and returned to Pom-pom's stall.

'Fancying a bit of wonton, are we? Well, forget it. She's meat for your master tonight.'

Pom-pom blushed, wishing, not for the first time, that Sunshine's eyes were less sharp.

'No need to luck so glum, you little tart, you have been marked for other duties.' The girl picked the loop of leather from the post and led Pom-pom out into the night.

\* \* \*

Pom-pom was puzzled. Dumpling being destined for the ranch house made sense. Mr Woodruff liked his entertainment fresh from punishment or punishing exertion. All yeguitas very soon learned that sweat and tears and crimson welts were their owner's Viagra. But Pom-pom had not been whipped for days and even the casual 'starting' strokes, that the brandees routinely dished out to chivvy and chase the girls around, had been light lately. For the first time since that ferocious breaking whipping, Pom-pom's peachy-golden skin was flawless. Her stomach fluttered at the thought that her hide might just have been spared to ready her for an exceptional flogging.

But Sunshine didn't trot her across to the ranch house. Instead the brandee turned and led her charge over to the tack room. This was a misnomer. It was not a room but a substantial building, albeit lower than the ranch house or the stables. It did contain a large room festooned with a dizzying array of tack: bits and bridles, all sorts of harnesses, reins and even girl-sized saddles. But on the other side of the building was Chanel's domain - the grooming bay.

Pom-pom was familiar with this. Every day the yeguitas had their hides well oiled and massaged. Manes were brushed and put in pony tails, plaits or bunches. The girls were waxed, if deemed required, and make up was applied. Mostly, this was just mascara, doomed to run in sad black rivulets down faces red with exertion or shame, and a touch of lipstick. Pom-pom dreaded the process almost as much as the freezing water jet; obliged to kneel in front of a big mirror staring at her own naked, enslaved, body and her own wide, anxious, eyes while a grooming brandee made up her eyes and rouged her lips and nipples. She dreaded it because the mirror made her contemplate what she had become, but there was something else. Despite the mirror and the makeup, she never felt like a model being prepared for a photo shoot, or catwalk, or even a porn star, but rather like a prize pony or heifer being groomed for the show ring, or for the auction mart.

That time it was different. Sunshine removed her bridle and pushed her into a shower cubicle. A warm shower after three weeks of ice-cold hose downs! A warm shower with scented soap! She was handed shampoo, and then conditioner.

When she emerged from the cubicle Sunshine had gone but Chanel was waiting for her. Chanel ran the grooming bay but usually she supervised brandee minions. This time, she did the work herself. Pom-pom had her hair dried, brushed and put in pink ribbon tied bunches. Her eyebrows were plucked; eye shadow, eye liner, pink lipstick and a delicious perfume were applied.

Pom-pom knelt on the bench facing the row of mirrors, looking at the pretty, wide-eyed girl reflected back and wondered what she was being primped and prepared for. But in her heart she knew, and that unacknowledged knowledge made her heart pound with excitement, and not a little terror.

'Very well, Chantilly, I think she'll do. Now, what costume shall this poor girl wear?'

Chanel's assistant groom was a tall, brown haired brandee with the body of a fashion model.

'Schoolgirl, Mistress?' she suggested.

'No, I think not, though it would suit the bunches and the sweet, foolish naivety of that pretty face. We sent up Mist in school uniform only last Tuesday. No, I think we will go 'girly-frills.'

'Oh yes, Mistress! Diaper and plastic panties?'

'Just the frilly panties, white stockings with bow-garters just above the knee. And a little smock frock, there is one in pink satin on the rack that should just fit this filly. It might be a bit tight around the bust but *she* won't mind that at all. When you have got that run into the collar closet and find a pink one with diamante studs. Oh, and a pink leash, if you please.'

\* \* \*

If the smock skirt was ridiculously short, its hem swishing about the middle of the frilly panties, the shoes were even more absurdly tall, with super-high heels and a three inch platform under the toes. Pom-pom teetered along, tugged by the leash, hands cuffed behind and held high by a little chain padlocked to the back of her pretty, jewelled, dog collar. Her heart was hammering now and her mouth had gone bone dry. Chanel led her around the back of the ranch house to a solitary cabin, and knocked on the screen door.

'Andale!'

The voice was unmistakable. Pom-pom's belly did a little somersault.

Chanel tugged on the leash and Pom-pom's high heels clip-clopping on the wooden porch, as she followed into the cabin. Towards one end of the room Conchita sat at a small, elegant, table eating dinner. She looked up, gave Pom-pom a brief uncurious glance and nodded very slightly.

'Gracias, Chanel.'

Chanel released the leash, murmured, 'stay' in Pom-pom's ear and left the cabin. Conchita went back to her meal, ignoring the leashed and perversely costumed girl completely. Conchita was dressed differently, in some long confection of black lace. But Pom-pom did not dare to stare so looked around her. The cabin seemed to consist of one open plan room, there was a leather covered sofa and armchair near the dining table and a large bed at the other end, but it was the walls that compelled Pom-pom's attention.

The long wall in front of her was festooned by several hundred whips; so many that few patches of the wall behind were visible. They looked to her terrified eyes like so many snakes hung up by their tails. Oh, there were riding crops and multiple thronged floggers aplenty, but these were nothing to the rows of single tailed whips: signal whips, dog whips and bullwhips, most of all quirts by the score. Pom-pom was very grateful that Chanel had made her pee before preparing her because she might have wet herself again at that blood freezing sight.

Conchita made a noise and she quickly looked over, but no, the woman was just making a sound of satisfaction. It seemed that her meal was delicious. She raised a glass of red wine to her lips and Pom-pom noticed that these were a more dramatic crimson than usual. For her part, Conchita took not the least notice of the girl standing, uncomfortable and awkward, in her embarrassing costume. It was almost as if she had forgotten that Pom-pom was even there.

It was bizarre and paradoxical. After weeks of being kept stark naked, the flimsy, frilly garments made her feel more exposed not less. And Conchita's complete lack of interest in her made Pom-pom feel super self-conscious. She was terrified of doing something that might attract attention, for her trainer seemed to want to enjoy her meal in peace. But did Conchita expect her to do something. She did not know and she dared not ask.

Instead, to avoid looking at the wall of whips, or Conchita, she turned her gaze to the other end of the room. The bed did nothing to calm her. It had a frame of solid wood with heavy steel rings set into the posts and bed head. Pom-pom looked at these and gulped. The wall behind the bed was almost as busy as the whip-wall, though smaller. This was decorated by framed



photographs, shelves bearing silver cups and dozens of rosettes.

'You admire my trophies?'

Pom-pom had no idea what to say. 'Ah... Er... Um...' she mumbled.

'Maybe I show you later, if you are very good.'

\* \* \*

Conchita took another drink of wine, put down the glass, dabbed at her crimson lips with a napkin, and stood up. Pom-pom had been aware, of course, that Conchita was a very handsome woman. Nor was it news that she had a fine curvaceous figure. The stretch riding britches she invariably wore for work showed off a firm, voluptuous rear and the tight blouses, often unbuttoned enough to display plenty of cleavage advertised an impressive bust.

But her work wear might as well have been baggy dungarees compared to this splendour. Glossy unbound hair fell in raven tresses round her shoulders. Crimson lipstick emphasised the fullness of her lips. She wore a full length negligee of a diaphanous black lace tied at the bust with one ribbon bow and below that falling open. A corset of black satin, laced ferociously tight, supported her full breasts on balconette cups which left her nipples bare beneath transparent negligee lace. Broad garter straps descended from the corset to support the sheerest black stockings Pom-pom had ever seen, and these framed a trim triangle of black pubic hair.

'In some quarters it is considered rude to stare, without permission, at the pussy of your mistress.'

Pom-pom felt her face flame and she looked away quickly. Not daring to meet Conchita's gaze she turned her own to the wall of whips. It was not a comfort.

'So,' said Conchita. 'You like my little collection?'

Pom-pom panicked, flailing for an answer that would not sound insincere, or invite a demonstration. 'Ah... it... it's most impressive mistress,' she eventually managed.

'Is the best collection of Western quirts in Texas. It need more signal whips and dog whips to compete with... but hey, you don' order cherry pie to talk about your toys with it, eh guapita? Come here.'

Pom-pom dare not disobey. She tottered across the room on her ridiculous heels, legs trembling. Every tentative step took her closer to that vision of unbearably beautiful malice. Conchita hurt to look at, her beauty terrible and intense, like some malevolent dark sun. The knowledge that she could and would dispense agonising pain at the least whim was terrifying. But something altogether else was making Pom-pom's body quiver.

It was a need soon fulfilled. As Pom-pom stopped before her, Conchita picked up the pink leather leash that Chanel had left dangling. With her other hand she reached up and pinched a nipple between crimson varnished nails. Pom-pom looked down. The smock had a satin panel over her breasts. Too tight and too thin, she had thought when they put it on her.

'Your nipples are standing up like little soldiers.' The talons moved languidly from one nipple to the next, pinching and twisting until the nub of flesh was fully erect. 'I have noticed that they are stiff like this a lot. Why is that pequena?'

'Ah... Ow! I, I du, don't know, Mistress.'

The slap took her by surprise, a crack across the cheek so fast and unexpected that it might have knocked her off her teetering heels had Conchita not held the leash taut.

'Don' lie to me, Pom-pom!' Tonight it is for pleasure, not for training. We are relaxed here, having fun. But don' you fucking lie to me! You trot about with nipples sticking out like... como se llama? Like wine corks, because you are a horny, drippy-cunt, fucking slut, no?'

'Ah... ha... ah... yes, Mistress.'

The hand had gone back to her nipples. Blood red nails, so sharp that Pom-pom half expected them to shred the flimsy satin, nipped like pincers.

'Say it then, Pomponita.'

'Sorry, say what, Miss...eeeeow! Oh, oh, ah, I am a...ah... horny... du du dripp-cunt, fu...fucking slut... Mistress.'

She would not have dared to contradict Conchita. But the tears of humiliation did not fill her eyes only because her mistress made her say such mortifying things; they welled because, in her hammering heart of hammering hearts, Pom-pom knew them to be true.

\* \* \*

'Are you any good at licking pussy, Pompon?'

Conchita's talons went from tormenting her nipples, to forcing up her head by pushing up under the girl's chin until she was again impaled on those pitiless dark eyes.

'Um... I don't know, Mistress, ah... I never...' It was true. Prancer and Strawberry had gone down on her in the stables, but before the stable Pom-pom had only been with boys and so far she had never quite dared do more than finger her stable mates.

The beautiful, cruel face was transformed by a delighted grin. 'Que va! You are a pussy licking virgin? Silly yeguita, pussy is so much sweeter than dick! I make you a deal...'

Pom-pom felt a thrill of fear. Conchita didn't make deals she just issued orders. And the last time someone had offered her a deal was that contract.

'You lick my pussy. If you do bad I have to whip you. Sorry...' Conchita smiled a wolfish smile and winked. 'Is just the rules. But if you do good then I fuck you with my strap-on. What do you say?'

'Thu...thank you, Mistress,' was the only thing that she could think of.

## 8: It Started With the Shoes

It started with the shoes. Conchita sat on the dark red leather armchair, glass of wine in hand and one stiletto resting on Pom-pom's back, as the girl licked the other shoe. It was not a quick process, Conchita made her lick the steeple heel from bottom to top, before starting on the toe.

'Kiss it first, carina. No, no, more kisses. Smother with kisses. Is your mistress shoe. Don' you want to kiss your mistress shoe? Is great privilege. I start to think maybe you prefer to go over my knee.'

'I want.. mmm... mmm... to kiss your shoes, Mistress, mmm...!' She kissed it fervently as the idea of the other option melted her insides.

'OK, so lick now, lick lick you pathetic little puta. Lick like your tender hide depends on it. Because, ha ha ha, it does! Now kiss my stocking foot. Kiss kiss, lick lick.'

The idea of being spanked over Conchita's knee had raged into her brain where it burned like a fever. As she licked and kissed her way up the nylon encased leg the thought tormented her. How much would it hurt? A hand spanking was nothing to the quirt thrashing, or the lunge and carriage whippings she had had to endure, surely? It could not hurt that much, could it, would it? The fear danced with a desperate desire, but her arousal had other, even stranger sources.

Why her trainer wanted Pom-pom to lick her stockinged leg puzzled the blonde girl at first. But, bizarre as it seemed, as she worked her way up the woman's shin, showered her knee with kisses and began to lick Conchita's thigh she nearly fainted with arousal. Wet lips and tongue, sheer nylon stocking, smooth warm thigh, Pom-pom had never dreamed that these three things in combination could be so utterly intoxicating. Judging by Conchita's moans and quivering spasms, it was just as arousing on the receiving end.

At last her searching tongue discovered stocking top. Conchita ordered her, in a hoarse voice, to tongue the line where thigh flesh surged out of its nylon sheath. It wasn't just Pom-pom's brain that was on fire now. She was almost glad her arms were cuffed behind her because the ache between her legs was so intense that the silent threat of all those whips, on that appalling wall,

might not have been enough to stop her thrusting a hand down the front of her panties.

She was cuffed though. And something, residual fear or instinct, kept her kissing and licking up the smooth, warm inner thigh until her upper lips met Conchita's lower lips and her saliva mixed with her mistress's juices.

'Ay! Si, si! Lick up my slit you little perra. Ai, ai, ai, aieeee... go round my clit with the tip... Joder! Stop now and I will skin you...'

Was she good at pussy licking? It was not the night to find out. Conchita, shouting obscenities in Spanish, grabbed Pom-pom by both bunches and pulled the girl's face hard into her cunt. Bucking like a rodeo rider she frothed herself, grinding her pussy against Pom-pom's mouth, chin and nose with brutal abandon. Pom-pom could do nothing, indeed she could barely breath, so hard did Conchita force the girl's face into her pussy.

Then, with an abandoned scream, Conchita wrapped her thighs around Pom-pom's head, crossing her lower legs to get a better purchase. Now Pom-pom could only inhale pussy juices and she could hear almost nothing, so tight did those thighs squeeze her head. But if she could not hear Conchita's ecstatic shrieking she could feel the spasms of her mistress's orgasm, on and on and on. Pom-pom could only pray that the climax would subside before she passed out from lack of oxygen.

\* \* \*

'He he, your face is a fuckin' mess, pobrecita. Go fetch the napkin.'

Conchita had crooned something in Spanish to herself as the last little after-tremors of her orgasm faded to nothing. Stroking Pom-pom's head she had, at least, unclamped her legs, allowing the girl to gulp lungfuls of sweet air as she waited for her trainer to recover.

'Yes, mistress,' she managed, struggling to rise on her super high heeled shoes, unable to use her arms for balance. Once up she clip-clopped across the wooden floor to the dining table, on legs that quivered with unslaked desire. The napkin was snow white except for dark wine spots and a smudge of blood red lipstick. Seeing no other option she bent to take in her teeth.

'He he he, your culito looks muy guapa in those panties, but they are going to have to come down for your spanking. Get yourself back over here, Pompomita!'

Thrills of fear, but not just fear, went through her as she trotted back to her terrible tormentress. Conchita made her kneel again and took the napkin from between Pom-pom's teeth, using it to wipe her sticky face.

'Tsk, the mascara always runs. I tell them to get waterproof, or go without but they don't listen. Men!' She chuckled as she rubbed away. 'They like to see it running down the girls' face. Men are so cruel, not kind and sweet like women.' Conchita leaned forward and licked Pom-pom's cheek under her left eye, then smacked her lips with relish. 'Is much better to taste the tears, but not so good to lick mascara.'

Her tone changed, becoming suddenly commanding. 'Get up!'

Pom-pom struggled to her feet again and stood trembling before her mistress.

'I'm goin' to spank you now, Pompon. Not for punishment. You lick my pussy pretty good. But for reward. What do you say?'

'I... ah... em... th...thank you, mistress.'

A slight smile flickered on the blood red lips. 'Correcto, this is what you say.' Conchita leaned forward in her chair and hooked her thumbs in the elastic waistband of Pom-pom's panties. The woman paused and sighed with anticipation before peeling the panties down to the girl's knees in one smooth movement.

'Oh, Pompon your gusset is all wet. Did you piss your panties?'

Never, not even when she had been unzipped from the sodden bag, had Pom-pom blushed so hard. There was not a chance of stemming fresh tears of utter humiliation.

'Nu...nu...nu...sniff...no, mu...mistress.'

'Then what can be this wet and sticky patch? Can it be slutty whore-cunt juice?'

Had Pom-pom's hands been free she would have buried her face in them. Her hands were not free so all she could do was sob with shame.

'I ask a question.' Conchita's gaze was completely pitiless.

'Mwua...sniff...bwua...wua...yu...yes...mistress.'

'Say it then, pequena.'

'Oh! Ah... sniff... it...it...snffle...it's slu...slutty cu...cu...cunt juice.'

'Is slutty *whore*-cunt juice, but I let you off as I am very kind and don' want to be here to Tuesday.'

\* \* \*

It felt delicious stretched over Conchita's lap, so delicious that Pom-pom even forgot her humiliation. Well, at least enough for sobbing to turn into sniffing. First, the woman pushed her little dress up over her breasts, so Pom-pom was naked from her titties to her knees, then pulled the girl across her thighs. Under her bare belly, Pom-pom could feel the cold, hard, metal garter strap tabs, and her flank was pulled hard against Conchita's rigidly boned corset. The rest was soft: soft nylon sheathed legs, soft, firm, warm bare thighs and soft garter strap elastic.

She could have lain across that lap forever, albeit with a bottom that flinched from time to time in anticipation, if Conchita had confined herself to stroking, instead of also talking.

'What's this? Ooh, you naughty little puta, this pussy is all swollen, and still gushing.'

'Ooooooh...aaaaaah... pleeeeeease... mu...mistress...'

'Ha ha ha, lie still and stop squirming, little drip-cunt. I know what you need.'

'Aaaaarrngle...yes, yes, please, yes, I needeed...'

'A spanking!'

'What? Wait! No...I...'

Crack!

'Haaaaaaaaaooooooooooooo...'

\* \* \*

She should have known. She really should have known. 'Spanking' sounded fun, a sexy game, some slap and tickle. Seduced by the word and enticed by arousal, she had almost been looking forward to a spanking from Conchita.

Until it started. The trainer's hand came down on her left cheek with an explosive crack and pain came searing back into Pom-pom's world with vengeance. The next smack spanked her right cheek and then a blistering stroke clapped across the groove of her bottom. Conchita's hand was hard as any paddle, her strength was frightening, her skill that of a mistress of the dark art of corporal correction.

It was bottom scalding agony. That merciless hand rained down smack after bottom blistering smack. No threats or fear could have kept Pom-pom obediently still for such a spanking. Instead, Conchita used her strength to grip the bucking, squirming girl by the waist, pulling Pom-pom hard into her corseted belly. Arms still secured behind her, Pom-pom could only twist and wiggle frantically, kicking and thrashing like a gad-fly bitten pony. But none of it staved off a single agonising spank.

She screamed. She howled. She yelped. She shrieked and gasped and squealed and begged for mercy. All of which Conchita seemed to find delightfully amusing. The woman kept on spanking like some sort of punishment machine: pitiless, relentless, quite unstoppable.

And then, at last, she stopped. Pom-pom writhed on for a minute, her body bucking automatically, her moaning hoarse and breathing ragged. The whole of her hindquarters felt as if she had sat in fire. It took a while for the stinging to fade enough for her to feel what Conchita was doing with her fingers. Pain did not turn instantly to pleasure. It took a little time the for throbbing soreness to subside enough and for the cunning hand to make her gasps of anguish turn to moans of inchoate desire. And then the fingers withdrew.

'Gruuuuaaaarrgh... please, Mistress... I need...'



'I know what mares in heat need. But you come when, and if, I decide the time is right.'

The long, frustrated, moan that Pom-pom could not suppress, in all truth sounded like an in season pony's whinny.

'Trot over to the bed.'

It was not that she had ceased to fear Conchita but that fear had other overwhelming feelings to compete with. It was enough to get her off the woman's lap, but she didn't trot over to the big bed, she stumbled, hobbled by her panties. Unsure what to do when she arrived, she turned. Conchita was calmly pouring herself more wine.

'Lie on the bed. No, on your back.'

Pom-pom hissed in pain. Even the satin coverlet was sore on her scalded bottom.

'Wriggle further up,' said Conchita, strolling across. She put the wine glass down on a bedside cabinet, knelt on the bed and took hold of the girl's leash. There was a steel ring set in the centre of the headboard and the woman deftly hitched the leash to this. Then she peeled the panties from around Pom-pom's knees and off her altogether before tying her ankles to the rings on the bedstead, forcing her legs wide apart.

'Now, pequena, close your eyes. No peeking or I will punish you severely.'

\* \* \*

It was an agony of anticipation. Pom-pom's sore bottom was throbbing. Her clit was tingling fit to drive her half insane. But it was the sounds that made her heart race. What was Conchita doing? High heels clacked on floorboards, then there were softer, less clear sounds. A little more click-clacking then nothing but rustling. Whatever was the devil woman up to? But however maddening her curiosity, Pom-pom simply did not dare open her eyes.

'You may look now.'

Conchita stood some way from the foot of the bed. She still wore the black

lace negligee over corset and stockings but there was a heart stopping addition. Buckled around her waist and upper thighs was a harness supporting a big black dildo. Conchita held the shaft of this thing in one hand while the other gripped a jet black riding crop. Pom-pom's heart very nearly stopped.

No jaguar ever stalked its prey with more sinuous menace than Conchita exuded as she advanced towards the bed. Her smile alone was so petrifying that Pom-pom would surely have lain, paralysed even if she had not been bound to immobility. Conchita reached the bed and continued, even more panther-like, on all fours, until the head of her strap on nudged against Pom-pom's pussy lips.

'Ooooooh... Aaaaah...'

'Do you want me to fuck you?'

'Aaaargle...'

'If you want me to fuck you, you goin' to have to beg.'

'What? Oh... Oh... Aaaah... Pu... Please...'

'Please what, puta?'

'Pullllleeeeeeese... Mistresssssssssss... Fu... fu... fu... *Fuck me!*'

## 9: Airstrip 8

Crack!

The carriage whip lashed Pom-pom's exposed rear again, the sudden pain so intense that she gasped despite the bit. Despite the fact, after two miles running, hauling Mr Woodruff's sulky, breath was in very short supply.

They had been trailing Willis Hooker's cart for a mile and some. She knew because they had passed the airstrip milepost a while back. Hooker's cart was being drawn by Bubbles and the tall, long-legged, big-breasted mare had shot out of the ranch compound like she always did; far too fast for Pom-pom to keep up with; too fast to even try.

Not that stopped her owner from wielding his whip, of course. She knew that he knew that lashing her ass would not help Pom-pom to catch Bubbles. She also knew that wasn't why he did it, for all his shouts of, 'giddap, girl!' and, 'go on, you can catch her.' Every yeguita in the stable knew that Mr Deke Woodruff was a man who loved to whip naked girls. Confronted by a bare behind he simply could not help himself.

'Ignore the pain, Conchita had instructed, as if telling her to ignore wolf whistles like a cheer coach would have done. 'Always remember, there is big pain and little pain. These slaps on the culo are just little pains.'

Easy for you to say, Pom-pom had thought bitterly, but of course she had kept that to herself.

'Big pain is what I give to you if you don't race your best.' Conchita had continued. 'Bubbles she is sprinter, short middle distance maybe. You can't catch her over a mile, so don't try. Over four miles I bet you beat her easy. She is fast but you have stamina. So, find your best pace and keep to it, let her go, and as she tires then reel her in.'

It made sense but it never stopped Mr Woodruff or Mr Hooker whipping her and urging her to go faster. There was nothing for it but to bite down on the bit, blink away the tears, and do her best to ignore the strokes that peppered her, in the full and certain knowledge that if she did not have a good race, the punishment would make these wasp-stings feel like friendly

pats.

They had a five mile run once. Woodruff, who was the heavier, riding Pom-pom. She had beaten Bubbles out of sight. The big mare had limped in, wind completely broken, minutes afterwards, hauling a furious Hooker. The punishment the tall girl received had been so long and painful that Pom-pom would have felt a pang of sympathy had Bubbles not been such a bitch.

Today's run was a three mile race, though, and at that distance the two yeguitas were pretty evenly matched. She just had to keep her pace right and her breathing even, ignore the whip strokes and keep faith that she could reel the distant Bubbles in.

They were racing the 'Airstrip Eight,' a three mile, figure of eight dirt track that looped around the Pronghorn Springs Ranch private airstrip. Compared to the Prickle Bottom circuit, this route was fairly flat, but the terrain was uneven. Out here, on the far side of the airstrip, the dirt track was rough. In need of another chain-gang working party to improve it. The thought gave her a shiver but she pushed it away - she had more urgent worries.

The track turned into a long bend and, for a spell she was almost facing Mr Woodruff's executive jet. The size of it always surprised her, much bigger than her idea of a private plane. Again, she wondered if she had come to this place, and this life, inside it; locked into that tiny bag somewhere in this big plane.

Just before they reached the crossroads at the middle of the eight for the second time, she began to draw level with the other sulky. The last quarter was the fastest, the track smoother because of the traffic between the airstrip and the ranch, slightly downhill as it wound round the low rise between them.

As always, Mr Woodruff got excited as they caught up with their rivals.

'Yeeeeehawwww... giddap there, Pom-pom. You can beat that big mare.'

'Gwarphh..!' The sting of his whip drew a gasp despite her best efforts.

'C'mon, Bubbles, with those long legs you ought to be away...'

'Ha! Your mount has the speed on a short course but Poms has the stamina on distance.'

'Care to wager on that? I've a dollar says we beat you back to the ranch.'

'A whole dollar? You're on. C'mon, Pom-pom, you can take her. You better or I'll curry comb your tender parts again...'

'Bubbles, if you let the little cheerleader cost me a dollar, you know I'm gonna tie you to the corral and whip you to next Tuesday!'

'Phmepheeee!' It was Bubbles' turn to squeal in response to her rider's whip. Pom-pom felt a surge of confidence flood through her.

They were on the smooth road now. It should have suited Bubbles but her legs were going. Pom-pom had to stop herself from increasing her pace. Steady! Keep the cadence steady. Pull away from her slowly, let the bitch savour despair as she watched Mr Woodruff's back recede inexorably.

She was going to win. Pom-pom was going to win a dollar for her billionaire owner. Her master would be pleased. With luck she would get a fuck. Pom-pom wondered with an exquisite thrill if she would be allowed to watch Bubble's whipping?

Her legs felt good, her breath, though very heavy, was even even. Pom-pom could afford to up the pace as the ranch compound came into sight. Elated, she realised that she was going to beat Bubbles by some distance. If Conchita was not around after she'd been watered, Pom-pom thought with a sudden burst of hope, she might even get a sugar lump.

## 10: The Emir of Hajja

The herd of naked girls jostled each other gently, all trying to get a better view through the rails of the corral. Bare flesh pressed and rubbed against bare flesh, not all without intention and even the accidental contact came with frisson. It was a morning ritual that Pom-pom could never have imagined getting used to, and yet now it seemed almost as normal as the sun coming up.

Not that there was punishment to watch through the corral fence every morning. The freezing hose down began every day, and unless it was especially warm, a gallop around the corral was usual too. Conchita was not an early morning person and often left the hosing down to the brandees, who were not authorised to mete out proper whippings themselves. When she did turn up, however, ripples of fear would eddy through the girl herd. All yeguitas soon learned that, 'pre-coffee Conchita' was as amiable as a jaguar in a bear trap and a quirt flogging or two usually ensued. Most days the girls would be just be herded into the enclosure, to wait while Sunshine consulted a clipboard detailing each yeguita's allotted fate.

Today, however, Conchita had come across, coffee in hand, to watch the herd being run five times around the corral. And Dumpling was for it. The Chinese girl had recovered from her breaking whipping well. She ate her fodder dutifully and stood patiently while being harnessed. 'Frightened eyed obedience,' was how Pom-pom thought of her general demeanour.

Unfortunately for the new girl she still ran like a dumpling, stumbling in red faced and gasping, thirty yards after poor, slow, Dusty. Conchita had been indulgent, at least she declared she had, but: 'spare the quirt and spoil the yeguita,' was what it said in the Bible and who was Conchita Mercedes Velasquez to go against the word of God?

No one, not even Twinkle, whose father had been a pastor, dared challenge Conchita's quotations of scripture, though some of the girls may have harboured private doubts. Few would have protested anyway as all but the softest hearted watched their stable mates flogged with fascination that often tip-toed into relish, just so long as the whip stayed a safe distance from their own tender hides. And even the sympathetic were gripped by a terrible,

compulsive, interest when corporal correction was in the morning air.

So it was that there was a deal of jostling and craning as Dumpling was bent over the hitching rail, her wrists gripped by Sunshine, while Pepper and Coco knelt to hold an ankle each. Conchita stepped up, quirt in hand, and administered a brisk, efficient, thrashing. As usual for these morning punishments, she did not draw it out. To the disappointment of several of the watchers, the trainer simply whipped Dumpling's plump, split peach of a behind, meting out two dozen searing strokes in quick succession. The snap of rawhide quirt on buttock flesh echoed like rifle shots, splitting the morning air. Every single naked bottom in the corral clenched convulsively in response to that appalling sound, however much its owner relished watching Dumpling getting lashed.

Dumpling howled in pain and wriggled in the brandees' grip delightfully, but the spectacle was as short as it was sweet.

'She should have got twice that!' A voice whispered in Pom-pom's ear, 'the lazy little mare.'

'Don't be cruel, Prancer, she can't help being slow. And you aren't so fast yourself. It might be you again tomorrow.'

'Ha ha, that's why I want her to have more. Maybe get it out of the Senora's system. Anyway, you like watching too. I bet you dripping...'

'Prancer! Stop it! Ooooh... Don't... Stop it now, here comes Sunshine.'

\* \* \*

Sometimes the brandees wielded whips, more often long spanking straps. Sometimes they only had bare hands to smack and slap their charges into compliance. Today was a cattle prod day. Pom-pom dreaded these the most. Not only did she hate the jolts of crackling pain, the lack of marks left by electric shocks meant that the brandees felt far freer to mete out corporal encouragement and correction. It was a liberty that they delighted in. Clear desert air would fill with crackles and sharp electric zaps, yelps and startled squeals, and the sound of brandee chuckles.

Otherwise, it was a normal morning. Silent now, so near to brandees looking

for the least excuse to use their cattle prods, the naked girls queued up near the corral entrance as Sunshine checked them off on her clip-board.

'Dusty, tack. Mist, tack. Bubbles, trot along with Pepper to get harnessed for a pull. Twinkle, to the saddler for a fitting. Blossom, grooming. No, Zephyr you go to the vet for your check up. Look at me like that again and I will fry your oh so fucking precious pussy, that fancy belt won't save you, gold conducts remember... that's right, off you trot. Dapple, tack. Prancer, Pom-pom and Strawberry, follow Pepper to the tack room and present yourselves to Mistress Chanel for grooming.'

Pom-pom hurried after Bubbles and her escort. She had hoped for tack. She always hoped for tack. Tack meant the morning cleaning harness in the tack room. It was hard work, saddle soaping leather, polishing brass and steel, with painful penalties for any work not passing Conchita's perfectionist inspection. But quiet conversation was usually tolerated, and it was better than any of the alternatives; much better than most.

But a visit to the grooming suite was inevitable at some point, the only question was when. Mistress Chanel only had three brandee grooms to assist her and so yeguitas would be sent for grooming at different times throughout the day. First was ominous when Mr Woodruff or Mr Hooker were at the ranch, for they often enjoyed a morning sulky ride and, naturally, expected their mounts to be immaculately groomed.

Mr Woodruff was at home. The yeguitas had all heard the sound of his executive jet landing at the airstrip late last night. It was a sound that came with considerable frisson - ripples of fear mixed with excitement. Tension always cranked up when the owners were at home, for who knew who might be summarily summonsed for punishment or pleasure? Who knew who might be harnessed for a brutal five mile race, or to service the owners or their guests? But, for Zephyr, the sound of the plane engines held a particular fear; the dread that it had come to whisk her far away.

\* \* \*

Zephyr was not normally loquacious. Prancer rattled merrily away, Dusty was prone to gossip and Twinkle liked to talk about celebrities, as if they



were still drinking lattes in an overpriced cafe. Cherryblossom, when not with Zephyr, talked mostly about Zephyr. But Zephyr herself, when not with Blossom, spoke very little, so Pom-pom had been surprised when the Persian beauty had opened up to her a few day's previously.

Pom-pom had been put into the box stall next to Zephyr's for the night. Blossom was one of six yeguitas summonsed to the ranch house to provide entertainment for a visiting judge, so the stable was unusually quiet that night.

'She's not strong you know. She puts on a brave face and people think that she is as tough as harness leather, but she is very sensitive.'

Pom-pom did not need to ask who they were talking about, even if the idea that Cherryblossom was tough as leather was absurd. No one at all thought that.

'I think my master will recall me to his palace soon and she will be sad,' said Zephyr sadly.

'Is it as hard as this?'

'As hard as this?' Zephyr spoke with a low, modulated voice that reminded Pom-pom of the cooing of doves. She was Iranian, Pom-pom had discovered, but her English was very nearly perfect and her accent very slight.

'Life in the... harem.'

'Harem...' Zephyr began a little wearily as if she had explained a thousand and one times, and then thought better of it. 'Sara'i life has its tribulations, but in a different way,' she said. 'There is more boredom and a good deal more bitchery.' She gave Pom-pom a wan smile. If Zephyr ever smiled it was wanly, Pom-pom thought. Except when Blossom was with her, then that beautiful face would light up like the sun.

'The difficulty is the politics. There is not much politics here. For that, at least, we are fortunate.'

'Politics?' Pom-pom said, puzzled.

'Palace politics. I was looked upon with favour by our master. Alas, I was not good at the game. My rivals persuaded him that I should be the one sent to be trained to start his *muhra* stable. Now they recline in the garden eating sweetmeats whilst I...'

A single tear had formed in the corner of her exquisite almond eye and her melodious voice had become a little husky. But she shook her head like a highly strung pony and forced a smile.

'Regrets are foolish, and,"It is better to be in chains with a friend than in a garden with strangers," after all. Though my fate will not be to dally by the fountain after so much training, I suspect.' This time, the wan smile was rueful. 'But I speak foolishly. By now my enemies will have conspired against one another and most will, no doubt, be less comfortably situated than I. It is a vipers' nest and snakes will always bite one another in the end.'

'What... what will happen to them?' Pom-pom asked, compelled by a strange mixture of horror, excitement and overwhelming curiosity.

'Oh,' Zephyr shrugged, 'Below the west wing of my master's palace are subterranean vaults. There are cages there for those who incur displeasure.' An almost imperceptible shudder passed through her body, as if a ghost had brushed her in passing. 'Also there are special chambers where certain... unkindnesses occur.'

This statement had done nothing to satisfy Pom-pom's curiosity but Zephyr would not elaborate. Instead Pom-pom closed her eyes as her companion talked on and on about her darling. It was obvious enough that Zephyr dreaded being parted from Blossom far more than she feared the vipers nesting in the emir's harem. Pom-pom could only pretend to listen as her imagination conjured all manner of terrors taking place in those chambers where 'unkindnesses' occurred.

\* \* \*

Something unusual was happening. Pom-pom knew it and she itched with curiosity, although that word did not do justice to the feeling. New things at Pronghorn Springs were occasionally good but far more often involved pain and novel humiliations. Sometimes they were terrible indeed. But it did no

good to ask. Chanel and her assistants would not answer and she would most likely get a jolt for 'whinnying,' from a cattle prod.

Grooming usually took at least an hour. First, the yeguitas would have their hides oiled and then they would be massaged. That was by far the best part. The grooms were excellent masseuses. Pom-pom loved to lie on the massage table while muscle aches and knots from hard training and racing were stroked skilfully away. So it was with bitter disappointment when, as soon as Chantilly finished oiling up her skin she heard the tall girl say, 'come!'

'Oh, but aren't you going to mass...'

Chantilly was far from the meanest of brandees but the look she gave Pom-pom could have blistered skin.

'The only reason I don't gag you now is that I have to lipstick you,' she said with ice in her tone as cold as in her gaze, 'But whinny again and I will put a shock collar on you!'

Pom-pom did not dare whinny again. But the questions did not cease to plague her as her mane was brushed, make up was applied, and nails were filed and polished. The fact that Strawberry, Prancer and Blossom were being primped beside her only added to her anxious curiosity. After make up the girls were hurried into the tack room where Dusty, Dapple and Mist glanced up from their saddle soaping with questions in their eyes.

The harnesses and bridles had been polished to perfection. Every strap was buckled as tight as it would practically go, which caused some squeaking when the crotch straps were pulled taut. Arms were bent back and confined in the familiar boxed armbinders. Plumes were added to the head pieces and there was more gasping and suppressed moaning as tail plugs were lubricated and inserted, through steel rings, wider than usual, in the back of the crotch straps. This threading was fiddly and invariably resulted in some squirming, but for once the 'skittishness' produced no smacks or slaps, only the usual curt injunctions to, 'be still, you silly mare!'

'Oh!'

'Iiiiiiiiiieeek!'

'Ooooooooooooooh..!'

'Silence, Strawberry.'

'Be still, Blossom, stop fidgeting.'

'Stand still and stop that noise, Pom-pom, you are squealing like a piglet!'

But large bulbs, requiring lubrication and strong pressure for insertion, were necessary however uncomfortable the fitting process. Smaller plugs could not have supported such luxuriant tails. They stood high and proud and bushy and, like the plumes, must have been prepared in advance, for each one matched the mane of its yeguita with something near perfection. Cremello Pom-pom's tail matched her blonde bunches; Prancer's her almost white braids. The buckskin Cherryblossom's coiled black plaits echoed her sable tail, while Strawberry, the sorrel, had a strawberry blonde tail to match her strawberry blonde mane.

Silver rings with bells were slipped through nipple piercings and the final touch was added; thigh high hoof-boots, like the harnesses fitted that bit tighter than usual. Too tight by a touch to be optimal for running.

This is not for racing, thought Pom-pom realised with a feeling of foreboding, this is for display.

\* \* \*

They were kept standing for over twenty minutes. Long enough to have had that massage, Pom-pom thought. She didn't have much leisure to be resentful. Chanel had lined the four girls up and made them stand, hooves three feet apart and legs absolutely straight, as she fussed about them. The woman noticed the tiniest flaws in their presentation, re-applying a spot of lipstick here, polishing smudges on the harness invisible to ordinary mortals there. All the time she scolded them for imperfections in their posture, and for fidgeting, when minute movements made the nipple bells tinkle.

'Pom-pom, stand still you skittish filly. If your bells ring again I'll give you something to hop around about. Strawberry, arch your back. You have fine udders, show them off! The same with you, Blossom, shoulders back.'

Don't strain too hard though or you will tremble and if tears mess up your make up I will make you so sorry...'

For once in her hard yeguita life Pom-pom was actually relieved to see Conchita when she finally appeared.

'Again, Chanel,' she said after studying the four pony girls with a gimlet eye, 'you have made silk pussies out of sow's... well, sows. They look estupendo!'

Conchita looked more formal than usual too. She wore a white silk shirt with a high collar and a stock and her riding boots were polished to mirror like perfection.

'Now listen, yeguitas. We have an important guest and your deportment must be so good as your grooming. I will not mar Mistress Chanel's perfection by marking your delicate skins now but, if you disgrace me, I shall take pleasure in making your lives living fucking hells.'

Pleasantries concluded, she bitted them and attached lead reins to their halters, then led the quartet across the yard and to the main ranch house. As they entered the main room, Pom-pom sensed Cherryblossom tense. Deke Woodruff and Willis Hooker were sitting on one sofa; across the big square coffee table a dapper little bearded man in an expensive suit was seated. Kneeling on the low table, her arms folded behind her back, and head bowed submissively, was Zephyr. The three men looked up and perused the newcomers. Zephyr did not stir.

'Magnificent,' the small man said. Pom-pom felt herself blush. She should be used to this by now she thought. I will never get accustomed to this, another part of her responded, not in a hundred humiliating years.

'These are the three honey-bunches I was tellin' you about, Your Excellency,' Woodruff said. 'The fairest of skin, mane and tail we have currently, not yet branded. Also the Eurasian buckskin that we were talkin' about.'

The man got up and walked over to the women, turning first to Cherryblossom. Conchita dropped the lead reins and unfastened Blossom's

bit, retaining hold of a halter strap that ran across her cheek to hold her head steady.

'My rival for this one's affections, I take it?' he said with a sly smile. 'Perhaps I should be jealous!'

With her hoof boots on, Blossom was taller than the emir. He took her breasts in his hands, squeezed them and then hefted them, as if gauging their weight. Then he put his hand between her legs.

'Moist, however. So she does not respond only to feminine caresses.' He brought his hands up and took hold of her lips, pulling her mouth wide open. Blossom let out an alarmed gurgle.

'Easy, girl, easy...' said Conchita in a soothing tone, rather to Pom-pom's surprise as a slap or threat was more usual. It must be for the guest's benefit, she thought.

'Excellent teeth. Yes, were I a jealous man I might resent this beauty but I can see the attraction. Also, I have a flat racing stable in Newmarket in England. Do you know it?'

'Never been, Your Excellency,' said Hooker. 'Went to Ascot once.'

'Well, I have a colt there, Creme de Cassis. Very fine horse but highly strung. The trainers were at their wits' end and he put a stable lad in hospital. Then they discovered that if they put him with a certain little pony he calmed right down and became much more manageable.'

'A pony horse,' said Woodruff. 'I have heard tell of 'em.'

The emir smiled and released Cherryblossom's lips, moving on to Prancer. 'Of course, the case is hardly the same. And yet I wonder? Ah, this... white?'

'Cremello, your Excellency, said Conchita. 'The IPGA system is much simplified compared to equines. Most blondies are classified cremellos unless brown eyed palominos or reddish blonde, like the sorrel mare there.'

'This *cremello* is delightful.' He took hold of her breasts and hefted then

as he had done with Blossom, as Conchita unclipped Prancer's bit. 'Her mane is almost silver, where is she from?'

'Prancer is Ukrainian bred, Your Excellency.'

'Ah, that land had long been a source of beauties. She seems, also, a sturdy little beast.' The emir took Prancer's lips in his hands and pulled her mouth open wide.

'Gugg...'

'Quiet now, Prancer... Easy, girl. Yes, she's not our fastest mare but she is strong and mostly biddable... so long as you keep a good whip close to hand.'

The three men's laughter joined Conchita's as the emir moved on to Pom-pom.

'Is it the cheerleader you were telling me about?'

Conchita had released Prancer and she now unbitted Pom-pom, taking hold of the blonde girl's bridle and holding head still.

'Indeed, Your Excellency.'

'Ooh' Pom-pom's nipple bells jingled as she shuddered in response to the emir's touch.

'Steady, Pompon...!' Conchita's voice was low and, on the surface, soothing. But Pom-pom could hear a note of warning in it.

'Well, well, this one is more than moist!'

'Si, Your Excellency. Pompon is a gusher. The naughty little filly is in season all the time!'

Pom-pom felt her face flame crimson and had to blink away tears of sheer humiliation as he grasped her lips and pulled her mouth wide open to inspect her teeth.

'Do you keep her at the cheerleading routines?'

'No, said Deke. 'We thought on it but Conchita has her hands pretty well full with the yeguita and sulky training.'

'Ah,' the emir said. 'Of course, and yet, a pity.' He let go off Pom-pom's lips and, for a moment, she found herself impaled on dark hawk eyes before she hurriedly dropped her gaze.

'I have often thought...' the emir moved on to Strawberry '...that a private troupe... that acrobatic dancing, those sweet little skirts...

'Topless, with nipple bells, but without the need for panties,' put in Hooker.

'And a good ole hickory paddle at hand to punish any slackin'...' said Woodruff.

The emir was squeezing and appraising Strawberry's titties now. 'Well,' he said. 'It might be rather entertaining. This is the sorrel mare, I take it?'

In her hoof-boots, Strawberry was so tall that the emir's face was only just above her big breasts. Conchita, having unclipped her bit in turn, used the bridle to pull the yeguita's face down to a more convenient height for him to force her mouth open. Risking a glance sideways, Pom-pom saw that Strawberry's pale face had gone strawberry red. At least, she thought, she was not the only one to find this brusque, dispassionate manhandling so humiliating.

Pom-pom swallowed hard but the lump in her throat remained. Don't cry, you silly filly, she told herself, desperately trying to hold back the tide of tears.

'Very fine little beasts indeed,' the Emir said, releasing Strawberry and strolling back to his seat. He sat down and picked up his drink. 'And might any of this prime girl-flesh be for sale?'



## 11: Wagons Roll

They lay in the same adjacent box stalls as Pom-pom's very first night in the stable, too exhausted to stand and talk through the wooden bars. It didn't matter. All the yeguitas were shattered, even the brandees, and the usual mix of conversation, ecstatic shrieks and frantic bumping, was reduced to a weary hum of murmuring and a little moaning. Pom-pom and Prancer could hear each other fine as they lay, tired to the bone, on their bedding straw.

'So... you think the master goin' to sell us for harem slave ladies?' Prancer's tone was jokey but Pom-pom knew the Ukrainian girl well enough now to detect a note of real anxiety in her tone.

'If he does I guess it will be for harem *pony* slave ladies.' Pom-pom replied, ruefully feeling the welts, still tender on her bottom. After the dehumanising examination the inspected yeguitas had been hitched to sulkies and the emir had ridden them, one after the other, several times around the corral. He might be new to yeguita trotting, Pom-pom thought, gingerly stroking an especially sore spot, but the little man was clearly not a novice with the whip.

It was the conversation that continued to disturb, long after the whip's sting had faded. Mr Woodruff had deflected the emir's question with a genial, 'pleasure before business, Your Excellency.' But after being unhitched from their little carts the girls, two by two this time, had had to prostrate themselves and lick the emir's grey Italian loafers.

'They are all in exceptional condition,' he remarked as Pom-pom and Prancer took their turn to do homage. The shoes were already slick with Strawberry and Blossom's saliva, but at least that meant less sandy dirt to get into their throats and make them gag. Pom-pom tried not to think about the sight she was presenting, face down in the dirt, her well whipped bottom and sweat slicked and dusty body, exposed to his predatory gaze. 'My compliments, Senorita. If only the ladies of my... my little collection, were half as fit and strong.'

Then he had said something that had made Pom-pom freeze, mid-lick of the side of his expensive loafer. 'I definitely need to purchase several well trained sulky-trotters, and I must confess to a predilection for the fairer skinned and

maned. My people have long prized the honey haired and ivory complexioned maiden. We used to trade in Circassian slavegirls, you know, and my forbears were infamous for plucking the sweetest peaches from the auction block and keeping them for themselves.'

Pom-pom, managed to resume her humiliating duty but fear, not far from panic, churned in her vitals. She did not know what 'Circassian' meant but 'honey haired' was obvious enough. So it was with considerable relief that she had trotted off with Prancer, Strawberry and Blossom to be watered and hosed down. It had been a scary, painful, morning humiliating even by Pronghorn pony slave standards, she reflected as she munched her mid-day fodder from the leather, 'face bag.' Pom-pom made a fervent little prayer that the afternoon would be better. Perhaps it would be tack, she thought. The harness they had used to haul the emir round the corral would all need cleaning.

'Oh, God, she murmured aloud. 'Please let it be tack!'

\* \* \*

It wasn't tack.

There was a little fleet of four wheel drive pickups at the ranch that could be use to ferry supplies, not to mention the odd holdall full of tightly trussed up girl, to and from the airstrip. *Could*, thought Pom-pom, near to tears once more. The trucks sat, idle, in the compound while eight, sweating, naked young women hauled an old-fashioned covered wagon to the sound of Conchita's cracking whip.

It was not Pom-pom's first time hitched to that hateful wagon. It was sometimes taken from the barn, loaded with delightful food and drink, and fodder for the yeguitas, and hauled off to the pool at Pronghorn Springs for a picnic. The wagon was a small one of its type, but hickory and steel are by their nature heavy and even a ten strong team of draft yeguitas would labour, pant and perspire on the hill between the ranch house and the spring.

This was worse. There were only eight of them to pull it up the long low rise up to the airstrip. The emir kept pace, pulled by a demurely trotting Zephyr, in a sulky. Deke Woodruff did the same with Lightning, while Hooker drove

a new Brazilian bay filly called Melaos. She was tall and very strong with breasts so big and magnificently firm that they put even Bubbles' in the shade. But, although she had arrived supposedly already broken, she was very new to rein control and, speaking only Portuguese, was sorely puzzled by Hooker's yelled instructions. In consequence they continually zigzagged alarmingly across the track, missing colliding with the wagon team and the other sulkies by a hair's breadth. Much hilarity, emphatic whip-work, and bit-gag distorted squealing had ensued.

The yeguitas did not share in the amusement. The wagon rig involved a shoulder harness - two bands of stuffed leather that went over the girls' shoulders with a chain that ran under their armpits, securing them to the wagon traces. To move the cart they had to lean into this harness and, padding or no padding, Pom-pom's skin, which was unused to such a rig, was soon rubbed sore. The sun was hot, the perspiration poured off every pony-girl in rivulets and, though the wagon was unloaded, the gradient was against them.

Pom-pom had been paired with Prancer, behind Bubbles and Blossom who led the straining team. Dapple and Butterscotch were behind them, with poor Dusty and Dumpling bringing up the rear. And *their* rears were thus exposed to Conchita' signal whip. She used it sparingly on them, at least by Conchita's standards, mostly using it to crack above the team's heads to make them pull in unison and to punctuate her threats. Still, the yelps of pain behind her came frequently enough to make Pom-pom most fervently glad that she was not at the back.

Blinders had been affixed to the bridles of the draft yeguitas, so Pom-pom could see little except Bubbles' leather arm-binder through eyes that were, anyway, soon misted with tears. She pulled when Conchita shouted, 'pull,' and cracked her whip. She halted when Conchita yanked the reins back to avoid yet another near collision with the panicked Melaos and her laughing driver. But, if she couldn't see the gradient, Pom-pom could feel every inch of it in her shrieking thigh muscles, her aching calves, and her raw, sore, sweat-slicked shoulders as she gasped and groaned up the never ending rise.

At long, long last the burden eased as they crested the slight hill. She knew

this dirt track well having been whipped up to the airstrip and back, pulling a sulky, dozens of times. From here the track was very nearly flat. Pom-pom's shoulders were not the only pair to heave, as she sobbed in sheer relief.

\* \* \*

Relief, as so often at the ranch, was horribly short lived. The pull down to the airstrip was mercifully easy, at least by comparison, but it was still dusty and as hot as hell as the gasping team hauled the wagon up to the Emir's jet. Its livery was black and dark blue and it seemed sinister to Pom-pom as Conchita guided the team into the shadow of the plane.

It was a busy scene she witnessed; now that she could turn her head and blink away dusty tears. Yeguitas missing from the wagon team: Strawberry, Twinkle, Mist, and brandees whose naked bodies seemed to be as sweat slicked as their charges, were unloading boxes and cases from the plane's hold.

'Bueno, OK, Sunshine and Pepper, water the team. Strawberry and Mist, that case is in the sun. Put it in the shade you donkey-brained mares, is fuckin' Lafite! Senor Willis, is just a suggestion but maybe you like to canter that filly up and down the runway a few times and whip some of the frisky out of her before she knock over that pile of cases of champagne that some *stupid* mares thought was a good idea to build the tower of Pisa with...'

'Sorry if it is a tad bit chaotic, Your Excellency, 'Woodruff said. 'But we thought you might like to see your gifts transported in the traditional, Old West, way.'

The emir chuckled as he eyed the covered wagon and the team of naked girls harnessed to it. 'This is the traditional manner? And yet, although I have seen many of your cowboy films I confess that I do not recall seeing the wagon trains pulled so delightfully.'

'Oh, perfectly authentic, I do assure you. Of course there would have likely been more bloomers and corsets on the mewls in those days...'

'Mules?'

'Mewls. We call 'em that because when you hitch sulky trained yeguitas to a

wagon or stagecoach there is always a deal of mewling. I expect the high strung critters think themselves too fine for haulin' freight.'

\* \* \*

The water was utterly delicious. Pepper had unbitted her and, grunting with the effort, raised the metal bucket filled with cold water from the airstrip pump. Much of it splashed onto Pom-pom's breasts and belly but she was not complaining. It felt lovely on her hot skin and enough went down her throat to slake her thirst.

It was a brief respite. The Emir had been generous when it came to gifts and it took some time to load the cases and cartons onto the wagon. To Conchita's delight there was fine wine and brandy. Cases of expensive bourbon and boxes of Cuban cigars were more to Woodruff's taste while Hooker, when he had, at last, managed to tire Melaos to a limping stagger, yelled in approval as cases of rare malt whisky emerged from the hold.

Pom-pom watched the busy scene with a sort of horrified fascination, aware that every case would make the wagon even harder to haul. She was watching as the emir came out of the plane, followed by two companions.

One was small and extremely curvaceous, dressed in little more than a veil and some sort of flimsy harem pants. The nipples of her big breasts were chained to a leash, with which the emir led her down the plane steps. Behind them came a very tall black girl in a crisp military style uniform. This curious trio joined Conchita, who was standing near Pom-pom, casting a critical eye over the team.

'I thought,' said the emir, 'that as this will take some time, I would ask Nyigu here to exercise this sweetmeat, the poor creature has been in the hold cage since yesterday.'

'How thoughtful, Excellency. I am sure that, ah...?'

'Oh, she doesn't have a name yet...'

There was a muffled squeaking from the direction of the slavegirl. Gagged beneath the veil, Pom-pom thought, wondering if the girl was trying to protest that *she* did have a name.

'I only acquired her yesterday, a present from a friend,' the emir continued. 'And, naturally, I leave that sort of thing to my staff. She will have to be content with, 'the gift' until we return to the palace.'

'I am sure that the gift appreciates your kindness and concern for her welfare.'

The emir laughed. 'I rather doubt it. I fear that she has not as yet, alas, become entirely reconciled to her new situation.'

'I would be very happy to explain the importance of proper gratitude...'

'Why, thank you, Senorita but I would rather not forgo the pleasure of teaching her that myself,' the emir said.

The girl squeaked again and Conchita laughed.

'Nyigu, just walk this gift around the plane a few times, but be careful she does not trip. With her arms secured behind her she might graze that big bosom, which would never do.'

'Yes, Master,' The black woman took the leash and led the new slave off. The girl taking tiny steps, seemingly hobbled by her garment.

'There is a woman who could pull a sulky,' Conchita said, 'she must be six feet tall.'

'Six, two,' the emir answered. 'But I don't see her volunteering.'

'So she is not...?' Conchita began. 'An officer in your army?'

'Not exactly. My great uncle created a female enforcement corps to police his harem when eunuchs became so lamentably difficult to obtain. All are volunteers and extremely loyal. We call them the Correction and Control Corps, Corcon for short. Mostly, they are African but we recruit widely. If you ever desire a change of scene...'

'Ha ha, thank you, Your Excellency. It sounds very much fun but I am contented here.'

\* \* \*

It was not just standing in the heat, unable to brush away flies that bothered

the re-bitted girls. It wasn't even that Pom-pom's heart sank another notch every time she felt another heavy case of wine or whisky loaded into the wagon with a bump. It was that, despite all the perspiration, the copious watering before they had been hitched to the wagon, coupled with that from the bucket, had an inevitable effect. The longer she stood there in harness as the wagon was loaded, the greater the pressure on her bladder. Pom-pom needed to pee.

She was not alone in her distress. Bubbles began shifting her weight from one foot to the other with increasing frequency, then pressing her knees together, bending and straightening her legs while groaning through her bit. More moans and whimpers came from behind while Prancer, at her side, suddenly squatted as much as the traces allowed. The leather strap between her legs meant it was a spray in multiple directions, rather than a stream. As much urine splattered on the cremello mare's hoof boots as hit the sandy desert soil and Blossom rattled the harness, startled as some of it hit her naked rear.

Most of the mewls froze, expecting anger from their trainer, but Conchita laughed.

'You see how these mares just piss, as they stand there in the traces, Excellency. Such shameless little criaturas they are. They know no better. Sunshine, Pepper, undo their saddle straps and release them from the traces so the mewls can go pipi without it goin' everywhere. All of you, when your turn comes squat with legs apart so you don' go piss on your boots, or Chanel will kill me. Ha ha, really, I mean, kill you!'

Pom-pom, along with most of the harnessed girls, jiggled impatiently as the brandees made their way around the team unhitching girls, one by one, before leading them away from the rest and unbuckling the strap that caused the yeguitas more anguish than the rest of the harness put together. These 'saddle straps' ran between their legs and were always secured tight enough to all but disappear into the softest parts. They were fixed tight enough, indeed, to rub a cantering pony girl's clitoris constantly, driving her to the limits of distraction and frequently beyond.

Of course, Sunshine and Pepper took their own sweet time and made their remarks loud enough for everyone to hear.

'Why Bubbles, your saddle strap is dripping. Did you piss on it already, you filthy mare? Stop jiggling about while I unbuckle...'

The sound of streams of piss hitting the sand made Pom-pom moan in desperation as she tried to wait her turn. It was Rory who released her in the end, just before she lost control. The big farrier hauled her away from the team, but to her horror he pulled her nearer to Conchita and the emir, who had been rejoined by the gift and her stony faced guardian.

'Stand still, Pom-pom, if you want me to undo your saddle strap!'

She did. Despite her embarrassment at having an audience she wanted it more than anything. Standing still was easier said than done however, such was her desperation now. At last he got the strap unbuckled, making her squat with legs apart. The sound of urine hitting sandy desert soil accompanied her sudden relief. It was not, to her deep mortification, loud enough to drown out her audience's comments as her pee streamed on and on...

'My word, that one must have had a very full bladder.'

Pom-pom blushed even deeper, but still the stream ran on.

'Si, Your Excellency. Pom-pom could piss for California, ha ha ha ha.'

'And is it usual to let them to urinate like this, just anywhere?'

'When being worked, out and about. It saves them sprinkling the straw in their stalls.'

'They don't mind going in the open, in public?'

'Oh no. The little mares don' have no shame. Or sense. They just piss in the traces and stand in their own puddles if we let them.'

Pom-pom would have hung her head in unendurable humiliation, but Rory's grip on her bunches prevented her.

'New broken yeguitas sometimes whinny first time,' Conchita continued. 'And some get bladder shy. But we found a magic wand that open up the flood gates, every time, it don' matter how reluctant.'

'I see, and is this secret magic, or might one enquire...?'



'Ha ha, no secret, Excellency; is just the electric cattle prod!'

The Emir's laughter made her quiver with quite impotent indignation. Pom-pom remembered how she had been shocked into pissing, in public, on demand. In truth there was no way that she could ever forget it. The smell of urine was pervasive and she had to stand in the dark patch of sand, as Rory re-buckled her saddle strap.

All she could do was try her futile best to ignore the laughter of the watchers.

All she could do was try her futile best not to let them see her cry with shame.

\* \* \*

Crack! Conchita's whip snapped like a pistol shot again.

'Pull!' she shouted. 'Come on you lazy mewls. Put your sweaty backs into it!'

Pom-pom obeyed. She grunted and she strained, ignoring the pain in her shoulders and aching calf muscles. Around her the team did likewise, not daring to do other. They leant into their shoulder yokes, gasping and groaning with the effort. But the wagon would not move. Loaded with so many cases of fine wine, caviar and costly spirits it defied the desperate efforts of the mawl team to make it budge.

'It's no good, Conchita,' Deke Woodruff watched from his sulky, an amused smile on his face. 'It's too darn heavy for the little darlin's...'

'Too heavy, mierda' Conchita cracked her whip again. 'The idle mares don't try. Is my fault for being always too kind and gentle...'

'Might I make a suggestion?' Hooker said. 'Seems to me that the idle mares here ain't the ones in harness!' He gestured with his carriage whip to the little knot of girls standing in the shade of the jet's wing. The smiles of Sunshine and Pepper froze on their faces.

'Ha' said Conchita. 'Well, no the only idles anyway. Sunshine, Pepper, Strawberry, Mist, Twinkle! Get behind the wagon and when I say "pull!" you Push!'

Pom-pom took a half minute's rest as the loading crew got into position, trying to get her breath back, grateful for even so brief a respite. The perspiration trickled in between her breasts. The saddle strap was galling her, now that the pressure on her sore shoulders had momentarily eased. A fly was tickling her belly and she hoped it was not the biting kind. Suddenly, a mad thought crossed her fevered mind. She wondered what those costly wines would taste like. It was so absurd a question that she almost laughed but the laughter became a lump in her throat as she imagined her owners and trainer eating caviar and drinking vintage champagne while their pony slaves chewed their bland and fishy fodder and drank water...

'Senor Willis, a whip might help encourage...' Conchita waited as Hooker climbed out of his sulky and handed Melaos's reins to Deke Woodruff, before strolling to the back of the wagon, carriage whip in hand.

'That's me all set to encourage!' He shouted.

'All in position?' Conchita raised her whip, ready to crack it once again. Bueno, one, two, three and... *Pull!*

\* \* \*

'I thought that fuckin' wagon was goin to squish us!' said Prancer.

Pom-pom lay in the straw, massaging sore thigh muscles and remembering the pull back to the ranch. Once the wagon had finally got moving it was still a hard haul from the airstrip for the first few hundred yards. Conchita's whip had cracked and she could hear Hooker urging on the girls pushing the back, and the occasional yelp of pain as his whip found its target.

So she was soon perspiring freely again and her calves and thigh muscles were agony by the time the wagon reached the start of the down slope. The effort eased abruptly. Pom-pom had gasped through her bit in the sheerest of relief. But relief had lasted seconds.

'Whoa! Slow down you silly mares!'

The heavy wagon rapidly picked up momentum. They were not pulling it, it had begun rolling down the slope, all tension in the traces had vanished in a trice. Instead of the yeguitas hauling the wagon it had felt as if the thing was

chasing them down the hill. The urge to run had been almost irresistible despite Conchita's threats, even though, harnessed to the thing, they could hardly have outrun it.

The panic had been short lived. The wagon had a brake and Conchita was a skilled handler of mewn teams. She had slowed the wagon and, hauling on the reins, had brought the draught yeguitas to a steady trot. Conchita had yelled out in delight as the overloaded wagon had trundled down the track and into the ranch compound.

'I'm still trembling at the thought of it,' said Pom-pom.

'The thought of gettin' squished?'

Pom-pom had to pause before she answered because another agonised shriek rang round the stable. Cramp in the legs, no doubt, had claimed another victim.

'Oh no, getting crushed was the least of my worries,' she said as the cries subsided to a whimper. 'I was thinking what Senora Conchita would do to us if we let all that wine get smashed.'

## 12: Salver Service

Pop-pom's nipples ached. So did her back and legs. The strain of standing to attention for well over an hour had ratcheted up, gradually but inexorably, until discomfort was becoming agony. Every part of her was hurting but the pressure on her nipples was the sharpest and most urgent. Fine chains, bowstring taut, ran from her nipple piercings to support the front of a large silver salver, the back of which fitted round the front half of her waist. On the tray were opened oysters and lemon wedges. The silver salver would be quite heavy enough, but to make it even worse the oysters had been laid on a thick bed of crushed ice. Something, perhaps the proximity of ice, or the painful tugging of the chains, had made her nipples swell and stick out like pink thimbles. Pom-pom tried not to look down at them but she was unable to ignore the painful throbbing.

The yeguitas selected for party service had been cleaned and re-made up but they had not been fed and she was ravenous. Not that the oysters appealed but she had wondered what the crackers heaped with caviar on Strawberry's tray would taste like, and the scent of the tiny cheeseburgers that Prancer was proffering had made her tummy rumble, before nipple pain and backache had banished any less intense discomforts.

'I order you canape trays to serve ungagged, for convenience, just in case some guest wan' to use your slutty mouth.' Conchita had appeared, a vision in black satin evening dress and opera gloves. 'Not as license for silly groanings. Our guest don' wan' to hear the furniture whimper!'

Pom-pom had not even been aware of the low moan that had escaped her. She stiffened and shut up, praying that Conchita would forgive the lapse, or at least forget about it in the course of the party. The woman looked her up and down as Pom-pom made a superhuman effort to stay still, to stay silent, and to keep her body in the mandated position.

A gasp, not quite completely stifled, rescued her. Conchita whirled and stalked on her high heels across to the caviar tray to give Strawberry the benefit of her attention. Pom-pom breathed again and let her shoulders relax, just a tiny amount, but enough to ease the discomfort a little.

'Oooh, oysters! I love oysters.' Bella, the vet's assistant, wore a *very* little black dress, low cut and short, even by her standards. She took a shell and tipped the contents into her mouth, savoured them and swallowed. She picked up another, 'you know what they say about oysters, don't you Rory?' She swallowed the second one and sighed with pleasure.

Rory went a bit pink. The big farrier looked strange and desperately uncomfortable in a too small tuxedo. Had he been ordered to attend by his boss, Pom-pom wondered, curious despite her own travails?

'Um yeah but er... nah...' he mumbled.

'We shall just have to make do with caviar then. Come on, Rory.'

Or was his suited presence more to do with Bella? The vet's assistant sashayed over to the caviar tray, Rory following her like a ship towed by a tugboat. But a tinkling sound distracted Pom-pom from the sight.

Hard as silver salver service was, and already it had been a severe ordeal, Pom-pom was thankful that she had been made to be a tray and not a table. Melaos and Bubbles had lost the slavegirl lottery. On their hands and knees they had sheets of thick, transparent, Perspex on their backs. On Melaos' were wine coolers with champagne bottles. Bubbles supported other drinks and mixers. But worst of all glasses had been put on each table, so close together that they touched. If the girl supporting the table moved, if she even trembled, the glasses jingled in response. Bubbles, rather to Pom-pom's disappointment, had so far managed to stay still and keep her table top more or less straight.

Poor Melaos, whose table held a dozen champagne flutes, was another matter. As new to this duty as she had been to sulky pulling, the big, buxom Brazilian was clearly having a very trying end to a purgatorial day. Every time her trembling set the glasses tinkling the hum of chatter in the room stopped and all eyes turned to her table. Twice, a small shift in her position had set the wine coolers and glasses slowly sliding. Twice Melaos had somehow managed to straighten her acrylic table top in time. Pom-pom would not have put money on her succeeding a third time.

The tinkling sound continued. The strain of keeping still, bearing that

weight, seemed to have set off sustained quivering. Pom-pom stared, appalled but unable to look away. She was stationed behind Melaos with a full view of the Brazilian girl's sumptuous bottom, already well weltd by Mr Hooker's whip. What would it look like if Melaos let six bottles of vintage champagne go crashing to the floor, Pom-pom wondered? She tried to swallow but found that her mouth had gone dry.

'Ah... let me see,' The emir reached up and took Pom-pom's ear tag between thumb and finger and examined it. 'Pom-pom. Oh yes, the little cheerleader.'

She was the same height as him, taller in her hoof boots, but Pom-pom did not object to the adjective. Indeed she barely dared to breathe. The emir let go of her ear and stroked her cheek, his fingers continuing down over her right breast, just brushing her nipple ring before continuing down.

'You tremble most delightfully, my little dove. Is it the strain of standing at attention for so long, I wonder, or perhaps fear?'

Had speaking been permitted, Pom-pom could not have told him. It was some cruel mixture of both, she supposed, as she tried to control the quivering and told herself to keep breathing.

'Ah, oysters. Do you like oysters, Pom-pom.'

Furniture doesn't talk. Conchita had been very clear. Serving trays don't babble, moan or whimper. But it was a direct question and he seemed to want an answer. She simply did not dare ignore a question from an honoured guest.

'I... I don't know, Master,' she said, in a voice husky with fear.

'Have you never tried oysters, little slave?'

Pom-pom bowed her head and shook it. 'No, Master.'

'Oh but you must.' He raised a half shell and held it up before her face. Tiffany had never been a fan of seafood and the grey, slimy looking oyster was not at all appealing but he had emphasised the 'must.'

'Open your mouth.'

Reluctantly, Pom-pom obeyed.

'Don't swallow. Not yet. Hold it in your mouth and taste.'

The taste was much better than she had expected, clean and fresh with a tang of the sea. The texture, on the other hand, was strangely disturbing. It felt almost obscene in her mouth.

'Glggle.'

Having put the shell down on the tray the emir had reached underneath it, probing with his fingers. 'Hush, little trembler,' he said softly. 'Well, well, I do declare that you are moister than that oyster, ha ha ha.'

Pom-pom blushed beetroot as he fondled her wet pussy lips. She tried to stop herself from squirming in response and might almost have made if he had not moved his fingers up to stroke her clitoris.

'Grrrurgle...'

'Don't swallow yet!'

The oyster was fat and fleshy on her tongue; his fingers cunning and knowing.

'Sometimes an oyster may contain a pearl,' he murmured. 'Now you may swallow.'

She hardly felt the shellfish slip down her throat, so intense was the sensation from his fingers. Her gurgles turned to groans and the remaining oysters began jiggling on their ice bed. Terror of what Conchita would do to punish such indiscipline held her in its grip, but even that fear was quite powerless to slow the slide towards inevitable climax.

Then, just before the orgasm took her, there was a crash of breaking glass, and as spilled, ice cold, champagne spread across the floor to startle Bubbles, the second table went. Pom-pom was aware, in some part of her mind, of a cacophony of breaking glass, laughter, hoots and clapping from the guests. But most of her was just lost in a delirium of pleasure. It flooded through her in wave after ecstatic, shuddering, wave. When it finally released her, Pom-

pom was surprised to find herself still standing.

The emir had gone. The scene in front of her was carnage: spilled wine, scattered bottles, coolers, ice and broken champagne flutes. Deke Woodruff was ushering his guests out to the Porch. Rory had a big hand round the back of Melaos and Bubbles' necks. Both girls were standing sobbing as Bella bent to check their hoof boots for broken glass. The other serving tray girls stood with wide eyes and horrified expressions.

'Rory, when you are sure there is no glass, por favor, take these wicked fidgiters to the corral and get them ready. Our guest may enjoy to see exemplary punishment. Sunshine, when the glass is all cleared up we will see if Twinkle and Dapple are any better at table service than these pitiful objects.'

Conchita wheeled and Pom-pom felt the trainer's predatory gaze rake her.

'And you, oyster tray. What do you have to say?'

'I, I'm sorry mistress... I couldn't help it... the, the, the fingers...'

To her great surprise Conchita grinned.

'Don' worry, I'm not angry because you go orgasm in front of your owner's guests.

Pom-pom did not dare to speak but did, just, manage to breath.

'No, everyone know that you are a worse puta even than Prancer. Just an insatiable slut who comes if someone even look hard at her slutty little pussy.'

Was humiliation or relief the dominant emotion? Pom-pom could not have said. Shame cut her to the quick, profound enough to make the tears well. Relief was sweet, however.

Conchita made a step towards her, stopped and turned something over with the toe of her shoe. It was an oyster shell. Shells, oysters, ice and lemon wedges were scattered in a six foot radius from Pom-pom's nearly empty salver.

'No, I am not going to punish you for orgasming.' Her smile became a



terrifying snarl. 'But who in fuckin' fuck gave you permission to throw fine food over the fuckin' floor?'

Pom-pom looked at the mess in horror. She had not even been aware she had been thrashing around enough to scatter the contents of her tray so widely.

'Pepper, leave that. Get this tray off this useless serving-slut. Then run her over to the corral and ask Rory to string her up beside the others. Then go fetch my second best bullwhip. We goin' to find out the answer to a most important question.'

Conchita's smile was so malevolent that Pom-pom thought her heart had actually stopped beating for a moment.

'Can you guess the question, serving tray slut?'

'Nu... no, mu... Mistress.'

'We goin' to find out if furniture feels pain.'

### 13: Fair Game 1: Jackrabbit or Quail?

Pom-pom stamped bare feet and hugged herself against the cold. The sun was spilling over low hills to the east but it had not yet warmed the desert air. She was not alone in shivering; fifteen girls, bare bodies still wet from their encounter with the icy water jets, hugged themselves by the corral awaiting their instructions. The ritual of the morning hose down had been testing in the summer. In November it was daily purgatory, especially for a California girl like Pom-pom.

Usually, on mornings as cold as this, Senorita Conchita would gallop them round the outside of the old corral a few times. Often, there would be a belting or quirt whipping for the slowest, but at least it got the herd of naked girls warmed up.

'Rejoice, mis yeguitas, for it is a special day.' Conchita contemplated the stiff nipples and goose pimples of her charges with satisfaction. 'Senor Woodruff has invited some important visitors to the ranch.'

Conchita Velasquez was a beautiful woman, with raven hair and a dazzling smile that struck fear into the heart of every yeguita in the stable. She was grinning broadly now as she contemplated the fifteen shivering young women, none of whom looked convincingly delighted at her news.

'We must put on an entertainment for these special guests. If you would like to volunteer... step forward one pace.'

Two thirds of the naked girls immediately stepped forward. Prancer, her long blonde hair plastered to her head from the hosing, turned back to glare at Pom-pom. None of the yeguitas dared speak in Conchita's presence without permission, but it was a look that plainly said, 'are you mad? Step forward, idiot!'

Pom-pom stepped forward. So, after a moment's hesitation, did Strawberry. That left Dumpling, the Chinese girl, whose English was still poor and who probably had not understood, and Butterscotch. Barbadian Butterscotch was the newest pony girl in the stable. Her lovely cinnamon skin had only recently recovered from her, 'breaking' whipping, though goose pimples poked its perfection at the moment. Butterscotch and Dumpling shared a

panicked glance, and both of them took a very hurried step to join their stable mates.

\* \* \*

'Well, I just hope your whey faced Yankee friend can shoot.' Deke Woodruff was feeling disgruntled. He had been looking forward to catching up with his old friend, State Senator Charles Downing over some rare bourbon, but old Chuck had pulled something in his groin just two days before the shoot.

'He ain't my friend, Deke,' Willis Hooker answered, with a tolerant smile. 'I jest met him at Cory Lazlo's furniture-gel thing. But Cory trusts him, he can help us out a lot if has a mind to, and I know for certain sure after that exhibition that that boy is kinkier than a container load of snakes.'

There was no official waiting list for the rare rough shoots at Pronghorn Springs Ranch, just informal indications of interest; a murmured word in the right ear. Then, if you were potentially useful enough, favoured enough, and lucky enough, one day the phone might ring. Dawson Phee, despite his phenomenal wealth, was some way down the list that did not exist. But billionaires and powerful politicians tend to have busy lives, and Chuck's cancellation had been right at the last minute, so the reclusive dot com mogul had got lucky.

'I still don't like having two greenhorns out of three...'

'The Judge has sponsored Ms Vogel. He'll keep an eye on her. We could always get Rory to look after Phee if you are that concerned.'

'No, we need Rory for the bagging. One of the more experienced brandees? Sunshine or Pepper, mebbe?'

Willis shook his head. 'From what I saw at Cory's he'd spend the whole hunt poking them under the creosote bushes!'

'Don't he know about the hedgehog cactus?'

Both men chuckled at the image.

'Oh well, so long as he does OK at the butts,' Deke said. 'Hey, sounds like a

jet engine. You best mosey on over to the airstrip and collect our guests.'

\* \* \*

'It's a hunt!'

'Got to be a hunt...'

'Oh fuck, another hunt!'

Conchita had trotted her girl herd over to the tack room where they stood in a thawing huddle, very glad to be in the warm and enveloped in the comforting scent of leather and saddle soap but in a fug of nervous apprehension too. Usually, they got the chance for snippets of murmured conversation at this juncture, as their trainer discussed individual's tasks or training programs with the 'brandees,' or make up with Mistress Chanel who ran the adjoining grooming bay. Today, however, Senorita Conchita only stepped out of the tack room for seconds before returning with Chanel.

What did they mean, *a hunt*? Pom-pom's heart was hammering at the mere sound of the word but Conchita and Chanel were coming back and it was too late to ask. Fear seemed to ripple through the little crowd of young women. Wide eyes met her own panicky gaze everywhere she looked. Girls who had been sequestered at the ranch for many months, or even years, looked more frightened than the fresh broken to harness. This is not good, thought Pom-pom; this is not good at all.

\* \* \*

'I thought you already had breakfast, Deke!' said Hooker.

'I have. But this is brunch!'

'I'm just thinking of those poor little yeguitas as have to haul your bulk up that rise from Prickle Bottom!'

'Heh, ain't it the truth, poor little fillies. But Bechamel fixes huevos rancheros just the way I like 'em. I cain't help it if the flesh is weak. Ms Vogel, can I tempt you to a mimosa?'

'Only if you call me Shelley.'

'OK, Shelley so long as you call me Deke.' He liked this Shelley Vogel. The new attorney general of Hackberry County was a tall, good looking woman in her mid thirties. It wasn't that she was a handsome piece of business, though lord knew Deke Woodruff appreciated beautiful women. He liked her frank, straightforward manner and the steel he sensed in her.

'Delicious as ever,' said Judge Geddings. 'But are your maids on strike?'

Deke chuckled. 'Sorry for the buffet, Judge. I figured we had enough to get through without triggering your stocking fetish this early.

The judge smiled wryly. 'Wise, perhaps, but a tad bit disappointing.' Geddings was an old friend. Every bit as corrupt and kinky as a judge ought to be, in Deke's opinion. He was no spring chicken though, and was overweight. The hunt promised to be strenuous enough for the old boy without a bout of maid chasing and spanking to start the day. And then there was Phee.

Dawson Phee looked exactly as Deke imagined a dot com multi-billionaire would look like; thin, weedy and impossibly young. He was not a bad looking boy, Deke had to admit, but pasty enough to have spent his whole life in his bedroom. How he would do out hunting, Deke did not like to imagine. His camouflage outfit looked like it was brand new and those combat boots, surely, must be fresh out of the box. The kid would have blisters in no time at all and, November or not, he had better make sure that Phee used some sunscreen.

\* \* \*

The sun had warmed the yard by the time twelve reluctant girls were trotted out to be inspected by their owner and his guests.

Three yeguitas, precious Zephyr and Butterscotch, both kept in chastity belts if for different reasons, and Lightning, the fastest racing pony in the stable, had been cut out and sent to other duties. This was worrying Pom-pom. If what was coming was too perilous to risk the most valuable hides, what did that mean for the rest of the yeguitas? What did it mean for her?

The remaining dozen girls had been divided into sixes, as far as Pom-pom

could see entirely based on size. Taller fillies like Bubbles and Strawberry were sorted into one group, petite Dusty, the Filipina and Mexican Dapple, to the other. Pom-pom and Prancer were both right in the middle and the trainer and head groom had a quick discussion before Senorita Conchita pointed to the tall group.

'Prancer, you are jackrabbit. Pompon, quail.'

The quail costume was better, she told herself. It might look bizarre but the jackrabbit was even more humiliating. The downside was the time she had to spend kneeling on the bench before the mirror, staring back at her own anxious eyes, as Mistress Chanel's assistant did her make up and put on, or rather assembled, her costume.

First, her arms were secured behind her. A little leather waspie corset, little more than a wide, shaped, belt was cinched tight around her waist. Make up was applied and a ring gag put on her. Her mane was brushed but, for once, this was not put into bunches but merely tied behind her loosely.

The plumage took much longer. A close fitting head-dress of beautiful, blue sheened, feathers was secured by means of hidden Velcro strips.

'Argleoggle.'

'Be quiet and stop fidgeting. We aren't supposed to mark you today but there is always the cattle prod.'

Next came a sort of feather-covered bolero jacket. This fitted snugly over the armbinder, but left her breasts uncovered.

'Oggliggle...' a feather hanging from the waist band was tickling Pom-pom beyond distraction.

'Shut up! I won't tell you again. And don't you dare drool on your plumage!'

Chantilly made her stand and walk around, then adjusted feather covered bits of Velcro until everything was snug and to her satisfaction.

'I think you'll do,' the tall young woman said. 'Now, let's see about some wings.'

\* \* \*

'Lord God, Chanel,' said Deke Woodruff. 'You've plumb outdone yourself this time!'

The game stood in two well spaced rows, facing each other, with jackrabbits on one side and quails on the other. Their faces were a little obscured by lacquer beaks and black, jackrabbit noses complete with whiskers. And ring gags forced jackrabbit and quail mouths alike into forlorn 'O's. But their expressions could be judged from unobscured eyes, and, Deke thought with deep satisfaction, he had rarely seen a dozen girls look quite so embarrassed and apprehensive.

The guests were clearly entranced too.

'What magnificent boobies! May I?' Dawson Phee had been looking from one set of titties to another since the game was lined up. The image of a kiddie in a candy shop was hard to get beyond.

'Of course, Senor,' Conchita favoured him with a dazzling smile. 'Feel free to... feel. Bubbles will be delighted. She loves to have her udders fondled. She does not enjoy to have them whipped so much, do you, Bubbles darling? Sadly it is necessary sometimes, when she is naughty. Perhaps you would like to whip them later, Senor Phee? I have a premonition that she is going to be naughty, and I am always right.'

The dot com billionaire turned and walked, limping uncomfortably, over to the quails. I'll have to watch that one, thought Deke, having a sudden premonition of his own. He will leave here wanting his own stable and he will try to poach Conchita. You could bet your bottom oil well on it.

The jackrabbit costumes were much simpler than the quail ones, but Deke was not sure that he did not like them even more. Brown fur, tightly tailored onesies, they covered everything from high heeled shoes to the top of the girls' heads. Except that is, for the holes. These were extensive, and situated exactly where the wearers might most hope to be covered. The feathers of the quails were beautiful. The fur wrappings of the jackrabbits made Deke want to grab, and fuck one there and then.

'Why, pretty one,' said Shelley Vogel, drawing a pink nail up Prancer's exposed breast. 'What big... ears you have.'

It was facetious, but it was also true. The jackrabbit ears were the costumes' crowning glory; two feet of wire supported fur. Not a shred of dignity was left to wearers of those costumes, but, had a scintilla remained, those ears would have snuffed it out.

\* \* \*

The pickup truck bounced alarmingly on the rutted, rock strewn, track. It would have been a rough ride in the front seat, with a seat belt. Pom-pom and the other quails were crammed into a large wire dog cage in the open back. She was far too squashed to move, but the way Conchita drove that may have been a mercy. At least, compressed by wire, female flesh, and feathers, she could not be thrown around the truck back. The problem was, she could not move at all.

It could be worse; she tried to tell herself, as they jolted down the dirt track. The jackrabbit girls were bigger but their cage had looked to be exactly the same size. How they had got those ridiculous ears in, Pom-pom could not imagine. But a cattle prod had been employed to help persuade the girls to squash down further into their cage. The squeals and the electric crackles were still ringing in her ears.

For months now Pom-pom's world had shrunk to a few miles around the ranch. She knew the run out to the airstrip and the long pull up from the hollow they called Prickle Bottom all too well. She had been whipped along these tracks, harnessed to a sulky, more times than she wanted to remember. There had been a few longer routes too, raced or trotted out beyond the usual limits, but the trucks had soon barrelled far beyond the furthest she had ever been.

It's just more of the same, she thought as they bumped on and on; endless semi-desert stretching away forever. How much of Texas, supposing that they really were in Texas, did her owner own?

\* \* \*



'The emir says it's fine,' Deke said with a grin, and waved his phone at Rory who held a big hand up, then steered Zephyr, whose arm he gripped in his other hand, towards the butts.

'The emir?' Shelley Vogel cocked an intrigued eyebrow.

'Zephyr ain't mine, I'm desolate to say. She's jest here to be trained by Conchita. Our Senorita is quite celebrated in certain circles and the Emir of Hajja asked us this favour...'

'Ah, so that chastity belt..?'

'Exactly. The emir is a modern sort of ruler. English private school educated and all. But he is a mite propriatorial by our lights.'

'And the coffee coloured girl? Who does she... belong to?'

' Oh, Butterscotch is mine. She is belted for entirely different reasons. Somehow she has contrived to stay a virgin at nineteen. We say bay, by the way.'

'Sorry?'

'You say, "coffee coloured girl," we say, "bay yeguita."'

'Let's call the whole thing off! That's a joke, by the way. Let's not call anything off.'

'You're enjoying the day?'

'So far, immensely.'

'Well I'm powerful glad to hear it, Ma'am. But the fun part's still to come. Looks like Rory has the targets almost ready. Gentlemen, Ma'am, if you would care to choose your markers. These are the most accurate guns available.'

The butts were wooden boxes that the big farrier had set up by the corral; wider at the bottom they were narrower at the top. Now that Zephyr had been secured in the last one, each contained a naked girl, bent over a bar and secured by ankles, wrists and waist. The boxes were frontless so the guests

were confronted by three very pretty bottoms, some seventy feet away.

'What delightful targets!' Shelley Vogel said.

'Just hold on a second, folks,' said Woodruff. 'The finishing touch!'

Rory swung a door round that had been folded back, unseen, against the side of the box containing Butterscotch. It had a hole, about fourteen inches in diameter, towards the top and aligned with her behind. The girl's bottom protruded out so the big man had to push hard to close and bolt shut the door. A little wail reached them across the yard.

'Butterscotch is very new and still a little skittish,' Woodruff said, apologetically.

All three doors had been pressed closed now and all three bottoms stuck out proudly from the holes. Even from seventy feet they could see the buttocks twitch and flinch in anticipation. Zephyr's pale skin was bisected by a gleam of gold from her chastity belt. Next was Butterscotch, her golden brown bottom set off by the stainless steel of hers. Last in the line came Lightning, her muscular, athlete's bottom more tanned than Zephyr's split peach, but paler than Butterscotch's buttocks.

'Ladies first. If you would state your target before firing,' Woodruff said.

'Oh, I shall have to go for gold!' Shelley Vogel put the rifle to her shoulder, paused, and fired.

There was a bang, swiftly followed by shrieks of alarm from all three targets, but the shot had just missed the proffered bottom.

'Shit!' she said and shook her head.

'Don't worry, you were in the white,' said Deke. There was a white painted circle, six inches wide, around the bottom hole of each butt. Zephyr's was now splashed with bright pink paint.

'Mr Phee?'

'Oh, after you, Judge, I insist.'

'Why, thank you kindly young fella. I'm going for that little bay piece of mischief.'

He shouldered his paintball rifle, took a breath and fired. This time the frightened cries of Zephyr and Lightning were mixed with a high pitched keening shriek of pain. Butterscotch's frantically twitching left buttock was specked with light blue paint.

'Oh, good shot, Judge,' Deke said as Shelley clapped in admiration.

Phee was focussed on his target. 'The one without the belt,' he said quietly.

Bang!

A piercing scream, far louder than the previous cries, drowned out the frightened squeals of Lightning's fellow targets. She bucked so hard that her confining box juddered visibly.

'Woweeee... We call that there a hole in one!' said Deke. 'Aint seen it more'n three times previous. Leastways not at seventy feet.'

'Beginners luck,' said Phee, smiling.

'Beginner's luck my hat. Where'd you learn to shoot, young fella?'

'Well my mom always said I spent far too much time on first person shooters...'

'Ha ha, I guess you never know when a misspent youth will come in handy. Lord God that Lightning has a set of lungs on her, don't she. That's our vet just checking her out there. Yeguita welfare is always our top priority.'

The vet, having wiped away the green paint with a sponge to check that Lightning was uninjured, raised his hand to signal all was fine, and moved out of the way.

'Ok, folks,' said Deke. 'I reckon we have time for a couple more rounds before we head out. Ms Vogel, do you want to stick with the same target, or try another butt?'

## 14: Fair Game 2: Making Tracks

'Ooooooh..! Aaaaaaaah... Gaaaaaaaah... Gaaaaaaaah!'

'Find what you were looking for there, Deke?'

Deke and Shelley Vogel were alone, other than the three yeguitas still encased, immobile, in their wooden butt prisons. Hooker had taken pity on Dawson Phee and led him off to the grooming bay to find one of Chanel's girls to give the young man relief. The judge had scented coffee in the air and had gone off in search of it, and if Shelley knew the judge, the hope of more pancakes. Deke was examining the impact of Phee's last shot. Butterscotch had been his target and the green paint spatter testified that he had been stunningly accurate again.

'Heh heh, well it's pretty sticky down here. Not sure how much is paint!'

'Eeeeeeeiiiiiiii... Yiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...!'

'From the way that girlie's squealing, I'm gonna guess not all! What are you doing to her?'

'Just checking that her chastity belt is secure. It's what we call...'

'Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii...!'

'Be quiet you silly little filly!'

*Crack!* He gave Butterscotch's proffered bottom a blistering smack.

'Haaaaaaaaaaaaooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooow..!'

'As I was sayin' it's what we call "finger slipping loose." I'll ask Rory to tighten her down some later. But as we are... Well, even naughty little virgin gushers deserve a spot of... stimulation after being such a beautiful target... speakin' of beautiful targets, how's Zephyr doin' - the bay mare in Butt Three?'

Pausing briefly to admire the girl's sumptuous bottom, now most gratifyingly splattered with pink paint, Shelley walked around to the front of Butt Three

where a head protruded from a hole. It was like those in old fashioned stocks, though this one came with a padded collar to protect and hold her neck. Zephyr's face was obscured by her quite extraordinarily luxuriant mane of jet black hair which hung, unbound and swaying. Shelley put down her paintball gun and raised the girl's head, using her other hand to brush away the tresses.

The sight that greeted her thrilled Shelley to the very marrow. Even by Pronghorn's elevated standards Zephyr was gorgeous, with an elegant, slightly oriental, beauty. Every feature, from her almond eyes and perfect cheekbones, to her full exquisite lips, exuded grace. But it was the contrast that transfixed Shelley Vogel; that graceful loveliness set against the tears and sad rivulets of run mascara; the trickle of clear snot running from her perfect nose to slick those fabulous lips. Most of all it was the lost look in the mare's exquisite eyes that made Shelley almost go weak at the knees.

'What a beauty!' she managed at last. 'Whimpering and quivering some.'

'She's a trembler! Sensitive skin too.'

'That why she's crying so hard?' Would it be good etiquette to lick the tears from that lovely face, she wondered? 'Didn't know paintballs hurt so much.'

Butterscotch's shrieks became one long ecstatic scream. Deke waited until it subsided into crooning and lost babbling.

'Well, it's the short range, Shelley, and the season. Much more painful when it's cold.'

'Cool!' A tag in the girl's ear, reminiscent of the livestock tags used for identifying cattle, but gold and exquisitely wrought, reminded her of something. 'Is that a gold chastity belt?'

'Gold plated. Her owner wanted solid gold but it was too soft. Zephyr mebbe don't mind. The solid one was *heavy*.'

Shelly smiled, imagining. To be strong enough to be secure a solid gold belt would be like having gym weights strapped to your lower body, to say nothing of the cost. 'You say she belongs to some sheik?'

'The Emir of Hajja,' Deke walked round to the front of Butterscotch's butt and presented his sticky fingers for the bay filly to suck clean, which she did after a momentary hesitation. 'Claims his harem girls are getting fat'n' lazy, lying' round stuffin' Turkish dee-light. Asked us to train her so she can pony em up and run em round his palace.'

'Claims?'

Deke chuckled, 'I seen the look in his eye at the Quintana Clasico. I figger he aims to start a racing stable of his own. Though Zephyr's more show pony than racing thoroughbred.'

Shelley wasn't sure what a show pony was. She was sure that she wanted to find out. She took out a tissue, spat on it, and started to wipe some of the mess from Zephyr's face, letting herself imagine for a moment what it would be like to own such a fabulous creature. Oh, she had her own, Bunny-in-the-Basement waiting in her little hutch for Shelley to come home. But while Bunny was cute, this girl was truly fabulous, her trembling lower lip and anguished eyes seemed to be melting something deep in Shelley's vitals.

'She sure looks doleful, can I give her a sugar lump?'

'Sure, Conchita's gone so it should be safe.'

Shelley smiled. Conchita was supposed to be Deke's employee but the relationship hardly seemed that of boss and underling. She remembered what the judge had told her when he had outlined the ground rules. 'Rule number one, above everything else, whatever you do, don't fuck with Conchita!'

Deke found a slightly grubby sugar cube in one of the pockets of his jacket and wandered over to hand it to her. Shelley could not stop herself from taking a furtive look round, although she knew that Conchita had driven off with the caged game girls. Putting it on the palm of her hand she proffered it, as one would to a horse or pony.

The helpless mare looked up, just for an instant, before lowering her eyes and taking the sugar lump delicately in her mouth, a hot little tongue brushing Shelley's palm for a delicious instant. What was that look: embarrassment, fear, shame, gratitude, perhaps even resentment?

It was too quick to tell but Shelley did know that she would have given all her savings plus poor Bunny-in-the-Basement for the chance, even just for one day, to interrogate Zephyr on question in her little private dungeon.

\* \* \*

It was a wide, shallow depression, perhaps half a mile across and very roughly circular. The pickups had gone off road for a while until driving, with even more violent jolting and some very alarmed noises from the cages, right over the rim. At the bottom of the slope it was a flattish draw with little vegetation, and here the two trucks had finally pulled up.

It had taken some time, and more effort, to extract the game from the cages. A lot of legs seemed to have gone to sleep and, the jackrabbits' especially, become tangled up.

'Run around for a minute, you will need your legs working. But don' go far. I have to explain you what to do.' Conchita said.

Pom-pom did not run, she was still getting used to the heels, and the sandy, rock strewn ground. But she moved around and stretched and, as she did so, she looked about. The vegetation in the basin was similar to that near to the ranch; creosote bush and yucca she recognised and, with a shudder, a patch of prickly pear. The scrub was bigger here though. Most of the bushes round the ranch were little more than knee high. Here, many came up to her waist or even higher.

'Here, bunny bunny bunnies! Here, birdie birdie birdies!'

Reluctantly, Pom-pom tottered back towards the pickups, wishing that Conchita wasn't enjoying herself quite so obviously. The trainer stood on the back of one of the trucks, leaning on the top of its cage, and counted her little flock.

'Bueno, six conejas and six codornices. No one flew away, ha ha. Now we play a funny game. The guests will hunt and you will be the caza, the game. You must run and you must hide. But if you are shot and the paintball hits you on the bare part; udders , culo, belly, you must stop running and stand and raise your... Oh no, ha ha, you can't! Well, wait for hunter that shot you

to come and hobble you and Rory to retrieve the game. Or, for adjudication if is not a clear hit, or more than one gun claims you.' She looked over the gaggle of absurdly costumed girls. 'Does everybody understand?'

Everyone looked at Dumpling. Conchita jumped off the tailgate, grabbed the Chinese quail by one nipple, and pulled her round to the truck cab, where she played a recording of something in Mandarin. If Dumpling understood now, Pom-pom thought, it would be a miracle. The little bay mare looked even more bewildered.

But Pom-pom had urgent worries of her own to focus on.

'Senor Woodruff, he wants that his guests enjoy an exciting hunt. So to make sure you game tries hard, the first three to get bagged will be whipped, with my *special* signal whip, in the barn during this evening's fiesta.' Conchita beamed as if she had just announced a massive lottery prize.

'Enjoy the hunt, conejas y codornices. You may start running... *Now!*'

\* \* \*

'As you have seen, these rifles are accurate by paintball marker standards but only fire one shot before you have to reload. Also, you only have twenty four rounds for the hunt.'

There was a surprised murmur.

'That's two for every quail and jackrabbit. This is a hunt not a paintball splatter fest. The aim is to track and stalk the game. The one shot means that, if you miss, the girl gets a chance to run while you reload. In those high heels they likely won't get far but we like to give the li'l darlin's some sort of chance to get away.' Deke grinned. 'It's only sportin'. Now there's six quails at ten points a tail and six jackrabbits at five, jackrabbits bein' ten a penny, so to speak. So between the three of you...'

'Three? Said Shelley Vogel. 'Aren't you hunting yourself, Deke?'

'Deke used to but he got too damn good at it,' Judge Chisholm said.

Deke shrugged modestly.



'And Senorita Conchita?' Dawson Phee asked, a mite too eagerly to Deke's way of thinking.

'Conchita has to adjudicate.'

'Has to?' Phee sounded intrigued.

'I mean she's indispensable. See, we have influential people on these jaunts. Fine folks, but powerful people tend to come with powerful egos, and powerful competitive drives. Conchita has to referee cos' she's the only one that no one dares dispute her decisions.'

'No one?' said Vogel.

'No one in their right minds.'

'Well there was that senator that one time,' put in Chisholm. 'Bronsky.'

'Oh yeah, I forgot good ol' Brad Bronsky,' Deke said with a chuckle. 'He did try to argue the toss one time...'

'What happened?' Phee asked.

'Oh,' said Deke. 'She shot him.'

There was a stunned silence.

'Still buried out here somewhere...' but he could not keep his face straight. 'Just kidding! She did shoot him, but with his own paintball gun. That's the other reason we went over to single shot rifles. Sheesh, what a mess!'

An air horn sounded in the hollow, down below.

'OK folks, that means time to get huntin'!'

Phee and Vogel set off down the slope, their eagerness apparent in every step. But Judge Chisholm hung back for a moment.

'What did happen to Bronsky? He was in quite a state'

'Oh,' said Deke. 'He's still sending Conchita love letters, I do believe.'

\* \* \*

This is what it feels like to be hunted prey, Pom-pom thought; the hammering heart, the dry mouth, the jumping at every rustle in the bushes. But no, a real quail would not know what was stalking it. It would just react by instinct, not visualise the hunter, the way that she saw dark figures with guns in every shadow.

Nor could it make a plan. She could, she told herself, though her own instincts were shrieking, *run! run! run!* at her. She tried her best to think. Should she get as far away from the trucks and the other game girls as she could? Or should she look for the best cover she could find immediately? She had run from the pickups behind Dusty, who had dropped on her front and squirmed under a bush not a hundred meters out. Apart from those protruding legs she was remarkably well camouflaged, the feathers of her plumage working with the sparse creosote bush leaves to break up her profile. But Dusty was a bay, her light brown skin, where it showed, a good match for the sandy desert soil. Besides, there *were* those legs.

Maximising distance was appealing, but it made no sense. They had heard distant engines, but the hunters' trucks had not crested the rim. Pom-pom had no idea which way they would be coming from. The game might all be scuttling in panic straight towards the guns. Still, she scurried through the bushes. At least it must make sense to get away from the other quails and the jackrabbits, to spread out a bit.

A bush root tripped her and Pom-pom fell, with a distorted wail, onto her knees. As she struggled to rise, something struck her. Tracks! Distinct imprints had been left on the desert floor. Bird tracks, though they looked big for quail, even to her inexperienced eye, and they were far too wide apart.

She looked back, the wide spaced tracks were doubled. Forward again, definitely only half as many. Pom-pom found a stone free patch and stepped in it. When she took her foot away she gasped with renewed fear. There was a clear bird track. A trail was being left by the soles of her damned thigh boots.

Moving more carefully now, she tried to step on rocks as much as possible, but it was hopeless. She considered doubling back to lose her trail amongst all the others, but then what?

Coming across a little island of rocks she got up on it and, heels skeetering on the hard surface, began to explore. It had a cleft, might that be big enough to squeeze herself into, next to that bit of dead agave? Oh, that was not agave, it was jackrabbit ears.

'Ugg ogg, Gom-gom,' said Bubbles. 'Igg ig gwy gole!'

If the gag obscured the words, the glare made clear the meaning; Bubbles was not about to share her hidey hole. Pom-pom looked around in mounting panic. Then something struck her; the patch of earth beyond the rocks was pristine. There were few bushes and no tracks at all in it. To the right of this the vegetation was particularly dense, though.

She clambered down onto the bare part and walked backwards as quickly as she dare; cursing the heels, and her bondaged arms. Beyond the clearing she worked her way around bushes and narrowly avoided backing into a barrel shaped cactus. Then, just as she was about to give up in despair she found what she wanted; not one but two sets of tracks, a fake jackrabbit's criss-crossing a fake quail's.

Just as she set off, this time going forward, a compressed air shot rang out. Pom-pom's belly clenched with terror. That sounded far too near. She hurried back towards the rocks, making sure that the trail, now doubled, was obvious and clear.

There was no sign of jackrabbit ears now. Pom-pom prayed that Bubbles would not dare peep out to see what the noise was. She got into position, tensed and did her best cheerleader leap off the rock and into a thicker, greener, bush, praying that it would not be as spiny as most plants in this hell hole. If cactus had been lurking in the shrubs she would have been in real trouble. As it was she got a scratched belly and lost a fair few feathers which she prayed would fall somewhere out of sight.

Another paintball gunshot rang out and this one was answered by a scream. Pom-pom squirmed down to the ground and, cursing her pinioned arms, began to wriggle her way forward, under the low canopy.

She was not safe. She was very far from safe. It was a thin strip of thicker cover, ten feet wide at best and often less. Some dried up old stream

bed, Pom-pom supposed. The bushes might grow thicker, but they were still far from dense. Every now and then there was a gap and she could see the clearing where she had laid the false trail. Every now and then there was a patch of low growing cactus that she had to work around. Every now and then, the compressed air crack of a paintball gun firing.

Every now and then there was a shriek of fear or pain.

\* \* \*

Footsteps and low voices. Pom-pom froze, face down in the dirt.

'Definitely two sets.' The voice was the judge's.

'One each, fine by me,' said Vogel.

'Heh, let's not count our quail before we pot them now, Shelley.'

Slowly, Pom-pom turned her head to the side. She could see their boots and camo pant legs. If one of them squatted down to look at the tracks and turned her way she would be seen. She did not dare move an inch. She barely dared to breathe.

The hunters did not stop. The boots passed out of sight.

'Goddam, the trail has given out.'

'Let's see if we can pick it up again beyond the outcrop, Shelley,'

'Sure, just want to check this fissure in the... Oho, what have we here? Hello there sweetie. Why, Judge, just look at how this pretty critter's trembling!'

'Don't shoot her, not at point blank range.'

'So what's the protocol, live capture?'

'Head start. That's it, out you come, my darlin'. Hope those long ol' legs are ready for some runnin'.'

'Oogleog!'

'Oh fuck this is so horny.'

'Fun, ain't it? You get first shot as you found her, Shelley. Now, my furry little friend, when I smack your butt get runnin'. One, two, three...'

Crack!

Rapid footsteps, coming closer, fur wrapped lower legs, trying to run on rough ground in high heels. The sound of a paintball gun firing and a strangulated yell of pain.

Bubbles stumbled and fell, face forward with a despairing, porcine, squeal. Pom-pom watched, aghast and suddenly remorseful that her plan had worked so well. Bubble's butt was splashed with pink paint and her face was splashed with tears.

Boots were running, coming to secure her, when Bubbles wet eyes focussed.

'Gom gom!' she shouted. 'Ig Gom-gom!'

Shut up, you bitch, thought Pom-pom, no longer sorry, but petrified with fear.

'Gom-gom, igg agg gigjjj Gom-gom!' Bubbles yelled, nodding furiously towards Pom-pom's hiding place.

'Come on now, darlin' it cain't have hurt that much...'

'I think she's trying to tell us something, Judge.'

With horrible inevitability, as if in slow motion, Pom-pom watched Shelley Vogel squat down, and then bend her back and lower her head to peer under the bushes. Pom-pom found herself impaled on the blonde woman's icy gaze.

Vogel chuckled. 'Well now,' she said, giving Bubble a pat of thanks on the head with her free hand. 'Your bird, I think, Judge.'

Pom-pom bolted. At least she tried to. With her arms bound and in a maze of bush stems it took some wriggling and squirming over stones that grazed her bare breasts to get free. Her saving grace was that the hunters could not run through the thicker cover.

'Get round and cut her off, Shelley. Fire if you get a shot!'

'Fuck it, I didn't reload, hang on, Judge...'

Pom-pom was out and up and running, swerving around the sparser bushes,  
Crack!

Her bottom flinched convulsively but there was no burst of pain. She kept running.

'D'ya get her, Judge?'

'Naw, dammit. Paintball broke up in the foliage. You'll have to run her down, Shelley. My days of chasing quail-girls round the bushes are long gone!'

The high heels were a menace and the district attorney woman had looked pretty fit. But, Pom-pom had hope now. She had been an athlete even before Conchita's training. Vogel could not shoot her unless she stopped to reload. If she stopped to reload, maybe Pom-pom could get away. Not daring to look back, Pom-pom scampered through the scrub, listening for Vogel's boots thumping behind her. For what seemed like forever they did not sound closer, but nor did it seem that they were getting further away.

Shit, this bitch is hard to shake, she thought, not far from despairing, when she almost ran slap into Cherryblossom, hurtling the other way. The Eurasian girl's eyes were wide with fear and, where her jackrabbit costume left her skin exposed it was beaded with perspiration. How long had she been chased for, and by what? Pom-pom's own terror surged but there was no time to consider. As Blossom was being chased by something Pom-pom veered off to the left, hoping to bypass it.

'Ha ha, mighty good hunting in these parts!' The voice some way behind her.

Blossom must have run into Shelley Vogel, Pom-pom thought. She stopped running and listened. Had the woman had time to reload yet, she wondered, moving through the scrub as quietly as she could.

A shot. A cry of pain. Blossom bagged, no doubt. How many was that, she wondered? Surely, the first three game girls had been shot now? She hoped that Cherryblossom, who had been kind to her when she first entered the stable, had missed the whipping. She really hoped that that bitch Bubbles had not.

\* \* \*

There was a patch of prickly pear two thirds up the slope, promising more solid cover than the creosote bush. Crouching, sometimes crawling when the cover was too low, she worked her way up to it. Now, squatting and peeping through the lobes she had a good vantage point. She could see the trucks in the distance and although she could not see the judge she did make out Rory's powerful figure with a fur clad girl slung over his shoulder. Bubbles or Blossom, she wondered? It mattered because she didn't think that the judge would chase her up here. But if it was Cherryblossom then the fitter Shelley Vogel would be free...

'Haaaaaaaoooooooooooooh..!' Pain like a bursting blister on her bottom. It was so sudden, such a shock, that she only just avoided pitching forwards into the prickly pear. She turned, blinking away tears. A hundred feet further up the slope Dawson Phee was calmly reloading. He must have sat there, invisible in his camouflage clothing the whole time, she thought.

He worked his way down to her, grinning all the time.

'My my, gorgeous,' he said as he got close. 'Your feathers are dishevelled. Are you having a rough day?'

He wasn't. He kept smiling as he told her to lie on the ground and zip tied her ankles together and her legs above her knees. It was a long wait for Rory to collect her, but he did not seem to mind, even though he was clearly eager to continue hunting. He squatted by her side and pinched and pulled her nipples.

'Can't be much game left now. I do hope I can bag another quail before we finish. This really is a blast, isn' it?'

'Arrrgugggle,'

'I'm so horny I could just... Ach, I suppose I better wait. You really have the most delicious boobies. Even all grazed and dusty... maybe especially grazed and dusty. I don't suppose that old Woodruff would sell you... Or even just rent you to me for a week. I could play with these forever... God! How stiff your nipples get! Do you like needles in them?'

'Geeech... Geeeeech... Agggleech...'

'I forgot to bring my needles. That was silly of me... Hold on, though, there is that prickly pear! How long do you think that Rory guy will be?'



## 15: Heartbreak Ridge

Was she going to make it, Deke wondered? Pom-pom strained and struggled, every muscle in her legs and bottom tense and quivering. The track, more of a path, really, was steep and much rougher than the dirt tracks that he usually ran his yeguitas on. And, though Conchita had brought Pom-pom to a superb condition, the girl was too small, in truth, to haul his bulk up a gradient as steep as this.

The rough track zigzagged to ascend the ridge and Pom-pom turned into the steepest section which led up almost to the top. Now she slowed to less than walking pace, leaning forward in the traces to try to get as much purchase as possible. The hoof-boots didn't help; as she lifted one foot to step forward, Deke and the sulky's weight started to drag her backwards. There was no doubt about it, Deke thought; they were going to have to obtain bigger girls.

Encouragement seemed only fair but he had already flogged her bare bottom to tomato coloured soreness, and he wasn't altogether sure if more whipping would help.

'Come on, girl. You can do it. If I have to step out of the carriage, you know I'll be obliged to tell Senora Conchita that you disgraced her!'

She made a gargling sound that might have been despairing. She must have learned the futility of begging by now? Pom-pom made a last, tremendous effort, straining every sinew in her fit, young body. The little cart jolted alarmingly. One of the wheels must have caught on a stone before she somehow pulled it over. A few more staggering steps and the track started to level. Pom-pom's shoulders heaved as she gasped for breath. Her whole beautiful body glistened with perspiration as she pulled the sulky onto the ridge top and along to where the path disappeared in a mass of flattish rocks.

'Whoah!' He gave the reins a gentle tug to stop her and climbed out of his seat. "Good girl, Pom-pom." She deserved a sugar lump really. Conchita did not approve of sugar lumps, but then Conchita didn't need to know.

And he deserved a fuck. Needed one, more to the point. He really fancied bugging his mount, right there in the traces, but she had the tail-piece in. Getting those dohickys out and plugging them in again was a hassle best left

to brandees in Deke's informed opinion. He turned instead to the flat below the ridge. The sight was startling after all the miles of empty semi-desert. A vast construction site was spread out below them, humming with activity. Cranes lifted heavy loads, dumper trucks moved earth, and men made ant-like by the distance, toiled away conjuring high walls and huge buildings from the unpromising, arid soil.

'Aint that a sight, Pom-pom?' he said, looking from the construction site back to the girl. 'Why, I declare you're trembling.' In truth her whole body was quivering and her legs looked like they might buckle any second.

'Well, I guess that last rise was pretty steep, heh. Worth the effort to see this, though, wouldn't you say?'

'Mmmppff.'

The bit gagged her, of course, but her mewlings seemed even more incoherent than usual. Perhaps her throat was dry? If so it was a long hard pull back to the ranch and water for the poor little filly, Deke thought.

'What is it?' he said. 'Well, I'm glad you asked. That there is gonna be the first Pronghorn International female correctional facility. You see, the oil business is finished and you know what they say.'

'Bwumffufffle...'Pom-pom replied.

'That's right, darlin; "diversify or die." Now sports and entertainment have potential, but the real money is in incarceration.' Deke swept his gaze over the arid land beside the half built penitentiary. 'See, drought and overgrazing have shot this land for cattle. But then I got to thinking, if I can't ranch longhorns, why don't I ranch me female felons?'

He turned his gaze back to the construction site. The outer wall of the West Section looked nearly complete bar the watch towers for the guards. After all the delays the project was really moving at last.

'But don't think this is gonna be one of those convict warehouse outfits. No Ma'am. We're building us a special, pioneering, prison with all kinds of innovations...' He thought about the dream: industrial scale experiments in behaviour modification, chain gangs of girl convicts available to hire for

those who could afford it, convict pony transportation for the guards, if they could only perfect the harnesses and control sets in time. And obtain bigger girls.

'Glufff gloffach,' Pom-pom said, her eyes wide with... with what? Amazement? Alarm? Fear?

'I know it. Your contract's nearly up and we've been thinking about that. You've settled in right well, and with all this expansion we need more employees. How would you feel about a permanent position?'

'Mwow ffwog! Pheewwwv mweph phee pho!'

'I'm powerful glad. I hoped you would say that. We'll have a special celebration to mark it.'

He took a long last look at the construction site and, as always when he came up here to watch his vision slowly emerge from the unpromising scrub of the Chihuahuan Desert, felt a surge of pride leavened with keen anticipation. Climbing back into the sulky seat he gave a satisfied grunt.

'All righty, it's a long old haul home, darlin' and you look about ready for your... rub down. Gee up, girl. Let's go.'

## 16: 'Just Rope and Throw and Brand em...'

She woke up early with the fear, her arms wrapped around Dusty, who had her back to Pom-pom. The little Filipina felt good. She always felt good. Somehow, Conchita's best efforts had failed to turn her soft, curvaceous body really hard.

Apart from the low red night lights it was still dark but, after a year, Pom-pom's ears were attuned to the sounds of the stable and from the rustling of straw, low voices and the odd cough she could tell she was not the only early waker.

The fear was not unusual. It was an old, familiar caller in the pre-dawn, but most times she knew the reason for its visitation. She might be scheduled for exemplarily punishment, or a brandee had gleefully told her that she was down to race Lightning. This time it was different. Something had been brewing for a week. The brandees had been even more than usually smug. Punishments had been lenient and mostly by cattle prods and tasers which could only mean one thing; the yeguitas' hides were being saved for something special. The question was; what could it be?

'There is going to be a big livestock sale,' said Sunshine when Prancer, in her usual bold way, asked her directly what was happening. 'Your hides are being spared to make you look good for the buyers.'

It was possible. The emir's queries still turned her legs to jelly, when she remembered that appalling day and, she knew, she was not the only pony in the stable who was haunted by the fear of being sold. But Pom-pom did not really believe it. The brandees were always joking about auctions. They believed their brands meant that they were safe from sale themselves. But Pom-pom thought Deke Woodruff was more likely to buy more yeguitas than sell the ones already in his stable. He might part with a few, reluctantly; but all the girls were being spared the whip and he would never put his whole string up for auction.

Which left two possibilities that Pom-pom could think of: some sort of rodeo or show, of the sort where Conchita had won her cups and rosettes... Or there

was going to be a branding.

\* \* \*

Deke woke up early too, with a rigid hard on. Despite his age he always woke with an erection, but this one was so super-stiff that it was almost painful. This puzzled him for a few seconds then he remembered what his subconscious had clearly not forgotten. Today was branding day.

He rolled over and grabbed the chain that was padlocked to the headboard. This snaked along the cream silk sheet and vanished over the side of the bed. Deke gave it a tug and there was a startled grunt. Deke pulled the chain again and a face appeared. It was a very pretty face, framed by a dark brown bob and the heavy steel collar that the chain was secured to. The lace cap on the girl's head had gone askew at some point, as she had slept on the floor. The poor thing could not straighten it, of course, her hands being cuffed behind her back. Still, he would have to punish her for poor presentation, rules being rules. But that could wait. Her hazel eyes were sleepy and she failed to stop a yawn.

'Good mornin' darlin' I hope you slept well?'

'Yes... th..thank you, Master.'

'Well, if you've finished yawnin' mebbe you'd be so good as to get up here and get those pretty lil lips around my dick!' He yanked the chain to indicate the urgency of his request, chuckling at the notion that his penis had remembered what day it was sooner than his brain.

\* \* \*

There was no longer room for any doubt. It was a warm morning and the naked herd had not been run around the corral to warm up after their hose down. They were trotted over to it, though, and on into the pen. All but three of the girls were absolutely naked, their wet bodies glistening in the morning sun. The exceptions were Zephyr who, as always, was locked into her ornate golden chastity belt and collar, Silky and Whisper who both wore more functional steel belts. Silky, a quite exceptionally beautiful Asian bay, seemed to understand no English, French or even Chinese. Dumpling claimed

that the language she did hesitantly speak was Vietnamese. She had a Pronghorn ear-tag and rumour had it that she was belted because she was a virgin.

'She some hill tribe peasant.' Dumpling had become quite chatty though her English remained limited. 'Given to master for present, I bet.'

Whisper, a pretty, shy, Canadian chestnut who still tried to cover her full breasts and pussy if ever her hands were free, was something of a mystery. She wore, like Zephyr, an ankle tracking tag which suggested she was especially valuable, but her ear tag bore no Pronghorn logo and yet no collar disc proclaimed outside ownership. Whisper was still bewildered by her situation and could shed no light.

The rest wore only their ear tags and their piercing rings, the nipple rings did not even have any bells attached. All of which suggested one appalling thing, which was confirmed as the yeguitas trotted across to the corral.

'Oh shit. Oh shit. I knew it.' Pom-pom's stomach clenched in fear. Rory was attaching the propane tank to the brazier. She had seen this once before.

'What? You knew what?' Shalimar, a tall, beautiful black girl, had only been at Pronghorn for two months.

'Branding day, we gonna burn, baby, burn.' If Prancer's words were flippant, her voice was tight with fear.

'I thought you wanted to be branded,' Pom-pom said, her own voice high and squeaky.

The girl herd picked up the pace past the branding station, scurrying for the illusory protection of the corral.

'I wanna *be* brandee,' said Prancer. She was trembling, Pom-pom realised. Phlegmatic Prancer had gone white and was shivering with fear. 'I don' want a... that red hot fu...fucking iron scorching on my skin.'

\* \* \*

Sunshine and Pepper opened the gate again and panic rippled through the

naked girl herd like a breeze through birch trees. They were distributed randomly in the corral; but all, in twos and threes, or forlorn and on their own, looked in one direction - at the corral entrance and at Willis Hooker, mounted on his pinto pony.

A sudden spurting sound made Pom-pom glance round. To her horror it was Bubbles. The big girl was no friend but she was tough and confident, at least on the surface. Dapple had pissed herself in fear the first time Hooker had come hunting, lariat in hand. The urine had run out of Whisper's chastity belt and down her legs when she grasped what was happening. But it was a real shock when even Bubbles wet herself with terror. It emphasised the terrifying truth of the situation and amplified her own ever-mounting fear.

Pom-pom did not pee herself. None of the naked girls milling around in the corral should have done really. They had all had the chance, the order in fact, to urinate into the collecting trough behind the compound before the morning hose down, but not everyone had been able to go. New girls got bladder shy sometimes and, if you were a bit self conscious anyway, pissing like a mare, under the eye of cattle prod wielding brandees, took some getting used to; often some whipping or electric shocking into. This morning anxiety of a different stamp had frozen up some usually less sensitive bladders. That is, until Willis Hooker and his lariat turned the tap back on.

\* \* \*

Hooker began as he had the previous pass, walking his horse round the corral in leisurely circles. No one had told the girls to move, frequently casting fearful glances over their shoulders, but standing still waiting for the lassoer to come up to them was too hard to endure. It was absurd really. They all knew that they could not escape once he decided to rope them. And yet, as one, the herd moved forward, walking and then trotting and then finally breaking into a panicked run as the rider picked up the pace.

It was a game. Pom-pom felt the cold fingers of terror running down her back and propelling her faster. There was no need for this performance. The stock singled out for branding could have been bridled and harnessed and kept, helpless in the stable, until it was time to lead them out to meet their date with glowing iron and agonising pain. But Willis Hooker loved this; driving

the herd of naked women around and around the corral in ever quickening, ever more terrified, circles. He never unleashed his lasso until they were galloping full pelt, Pom-pom realised. It was all a cruel and perverse game.

The lariat whipped forwards lassoing Silky who shrieked in alarm. Pom-pom, who had been right behind her dodged sideways as the girl, roped round her waist, was pulled to a sudden stop. Relief surged through her but it was to be short lived. She circled the corral but when she came round to the same spot a dismounted Hooker was releasing the trembling Vietnamese girl.

'Now now, little girly, no need to cry so, It ain't hot iron day for your sweet little hide jest yet.'

Unroped, Silky dashed off like a released mustang. And something appalling occurred to Pom-pom. If Silky had been roped accidentally, then Hooker must have been aiming for someone very near to her.

The girl herd had slowed to a walk, but Hooker had remounted and he now urged on his pinto. As one, the yeguitas broke into a jog. Pom-pom could hear the hooves getting faster behind her. The fingers of fear were back and they were icy. She was running now, turning her head to look back when the loop of the lariat dropped over her shoulders. It closed in an instant, pinning her arms to her torso, just under her breasts. The rope looped round the horn of his saddle, Hooker pulled up his pony, and Pom-pom was stopped dead.

\* \* \*

'Be obedient.' 'Be a good, compliant yeguita.' 'If you fight the halter rope I'm gonna teach you not to with my quirt!' Training whipped into her over a year, that seemed to have become second nature - part of her very soul - just dissolved as she was dragged out of the corral and toward the brazier. Somehow, she stayed on her feet. Even in the midst of panic, Pom-pom retained the image of Dapple who had been roped at the last pass. The Mexican yeguita and fallen over as she fought the rope in terror. Hooker had simply dragged the squealing girl over to the branding station through the sandy dirt, her legs thrashing wildly as she was hauled towards the brazier. So, though she could not heed her training and trot docilely over to her fate, Pom-pom struggled to stay upright. Even as she fought, without the slightest



success, against the lariat's pull, she stayed up on her hind legs.

As she got closer, so her terror mounted. There was a terrible scent around the brazier, reminiscent of pork crackling, which made her knees go so weak that she finally stumbled. Rory's strong arms seized her and Hooker jumped off his pony to help rope her hands and ankles together. It was all done with the speed and practiced assurance of cowboys, skilled in branding heifers. Almost before Pom-pom realised what was happening, Hooker had retrieved his lariat and set off back to the corral to lasso another girl.

Pom-pom was pulled into position and pinned down the dirt by Rory's strong hands and his knee.

'Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeease...'

'Hold hard, there. This one's a squirmer!' Deke Woodruff's voice said. ' There was a clank as a branding iron was taken from the brazier. Pom-pom caught a glimpse of red hot glowing iron and, for a second she stopped breathing...

'Now, darlin' this might smart, just a tad bit...'

And Pom-pom's world was pain.

\* \* \*

Only Cherryblossom and Zephyr were still sobbing, although all the freshly branded girls had faces wet with tears and streaked with run mascara. What Zephyr, who had not been branded, was doing in the little enclosure of sheep pen panels that had been set up near the brazier, was a puzzle. Why she and her sweetheart were crying was no mystery at all.

'Thu... thu... thu... they will nu... nu... never sell me to your master now...'  
Blossom blubbered.

Pom-pom was sympathetic to the lovers but there were more urgent claims on her attention. Most compelling was the scalding pain throbbing on her flank. The first impossible agony had subsided to what felt like a fresh burst blister but it was still intense enough to make her body quiver and her knees feel weak.

The next was that Prancer, shrieking and begging, was being hauled by Hooker's lariat towards the branding irons. Be careful what you wish for, Pom-pom thought, herself wishing that they would water the branded girls. Her throat was dry as dust.

They were waiting to be examined by Bella, the vet's assistant, currently inspecting Mist's brand. Mist let out a gasp of pain as Bella sprayed her burn with antiseptic. On the other side of the pen, Prancer's squeals of fear became an agonised howl that drowned out the hiss of branding iron on bare yeguita flesh. A howl that abruptly ceased.

'Bella! We have another fainter!' Woodruff's voice called out.

'Stay!' Bella ordered Mist. 'Do not touch it.' She grabbed her bag and hurried across to the brazier.

Pom-pom turned back to the lovers. Strawberry stood behind them, a lost look on her face. Zephyr cradled the still sobbing Blossom, who had her face pressed into her beloved's chest. Dapple was on her knees nearby and she turned towards them.

'Hey!' The Mexican girl said, staring at Blossom's brand which was at about the level of her head. *'Hey!'*

'What?' Zephyr demanded, sounding irritated, unusually for her.

'Blossom's brand. Is different. What is that?'

Pom-pom stepped over too as Zephyr bent to look. Instead of the Pronghorn brand there was an, "**H**."

'She's right!' the Persian beauty said in a hoarse and husky voice. 'This is not the Pronghorn symbol... What, what is that?'

Pom-pom now bent down for a better look. 'Is it Arabic script?'

Zephyr's sigh spoke volumes. 'No, it looks a bit like... but no. Wait, could it be an H?'

Blossom was craning her head, trying to see her own flank. 'Oh! It could be, couldn't it? An H for Hajja?'

'I don't know,' said Pom-pom, staring at the H. 'Is it familiar, Zephyr? Have you seen the brand before?'

Zephyr looked intently. 'My master... my master does not brand his... At least, he did not used to... But yes, it looks familiar. Perhaps from stationary.'

Zephyr and Blossom looked one another, hope flickering in their eyes. A sound alerted all the penned girls. Rory was lifting one of the barriers away so that Bella could help a dazed looking Prancer into the enclosure.

'Look after her girls, she's a little wobbly,' the veterinary assistant said with a cheerful grin.

Rory replaced the barrier and all eyes turned to Prancer's livid new brand.

'Oh, Prancer,' Pom-pom said with a sudden stab of pity.

'What? Fuck, that fu... fuckin' hurts!'

'It's your brand, sweetheart,' said Zephyr softly.

'What the fuck you mean, "my brand?"'

She would miss rude, crude, horny, irrepressible Prancer, Pom-pom thought. Then a terrifying thought seized her. Pom-pom twisted and bent and craned her head to look at her own brand.

'Oh, thank God!' she said.

'Thank God what? What the fuck you silly mares all whinnying about?'

'Thank God,' she repeated. 'I'm sorry Prancer.' A wave of sheer relief swept through her, so powerful it made her body shudder. It was the mark of home, she realised, the symbol of belonging. Even though it was a livid brand, fresh burned into her own flesh, Pom-pom had never been so happy to see that grinning Pronghorn face.

## 17: Tags and Tails

Physically, at least, it was the easiest week of Pom-pom's yeguita life. The freshly branded stock was not hosed down with the rest of the girl herd, nor were the girls harnessed up to sulkies. They were lightly exercised each day; just cantered round the corral on a lunge rein. And they were barely even tickled with the whip. After exercise they were trotted across to the grooming bay where they received, luxury of luxuries, warm showers. Bella would check that their brands were healing properly, the grooms would brush their manes and do their nails and make up, and then they would be trotted over to the stable to be locked back into the box stalls.

There were eight of these and seven girls had been branded. The eighth box stall was occupied, as ever, by Zephyr who spent most of the endless leisure time of that week talking quietly through the wooden bars to Cherryblossom, who was always confined in the next stall.

'This is boring! Zephyr, tell me more about the emir's palace. Tell me we don't have to wear this fuckin' chastity shit there?'

As soon as they had been branded with the emir's mark, Prancer and Cherryblossom had been put into golden belts, like Zephyr's but less ornate, and Rory had been asked to fix these ultra-tight at night. He released the settings each day, enough to make exercise practicable, but tightened the belts up again before they were locked back into their stalls. Blossom bore this with equanimity, Prancer with none at all.

'Shitty shit shit! Why has he have to make it so fuckin' tight. I can't even get my little finger in!'

'You wanted to be branded, you little slut, you should be happy!' Bubbles' laughter echoed round the stable. She was tethered in an open stall for Bubbles, to her bitter disappointment, had still not been branded. Nobody knew why. Most hoped that the big mare was going to be sold.

Pom-pom was more sympathetic to Prancer's predicament. The Ukrainian cremello was stalled on one side of her, Zephyr on the other, so Prancer's endless questions and Zephyr's reluctant, sometimes evasive answers, passed over her head.

'Yes, the women of the harem eat people food. Very fine food, actually, prepared by wonderful chefs. But my master means to establish his own stable, so...'

'So what?'

'Perhaps the pony slaves of his new stable will be given fodder like that which we are given here.'

Physically, it was the easiest, the most relaxing period she had spent in the stable. Psychologically those endless, idle, hours spent locked into the box stall were harder. It wasn't Prancer's complaints and querulous questions. It wasn't even the need to try to masturbate without making a sound so as not to upset a desperately horny Prancer; well nigh impossible with all that rustling straw. It was that, for the first time at the ranch, Pom-pom had all the time in the world to think. Time to contemplate her owned, enslaved condition. Most of all, she had time to think about that terrifying, agonising, branding, and what, the next day, had followed it.

\* \* \*

'Lucky, lucky, Pompita!' Conchita said. 'We bring beautiful presents to welcome you to Pronghorn, *permanently*.'

'Mmmpppph...!' Pom-pom could move little, not even her head. Rory had trussed her arms in an armbinder and suspended her with legs stretched out in a 'splits' position, as if she had been frozen at the very apex of a star jump. She was not frozen though, her naked flesh perspired and quivered, thigh muscles shrieking their protests at being held so long in so unnatural a position.

Pom-pom blinked away the tears to see better, and immediately wished she hadn't. Conchita, Rory and Deke Woodruff were smiling up at her, Conchita and Rory holding things she did not like the look of one tiny little bit.

'Look, such a fine new tail. See how silky and how the colour matches your cremello mane. It has, also, a plug that pumps up *inside*. This one will never pop out, even when you are galloped very hard...'

'He he, I reckon you're wastin' your breath, Conchita,' Woodruff said.

'For once the li'l darlin' only has eyes for Rory. Real purty bit of jewellery ain't it, Pom-pom?'

The pincer thing in the farrier's hand was familiar, frighteningly familiar, from when he had pierced her nipples and put silver rings in them. She had seen things like the disc that dangled on a little chain from the open ring before too, never without a shudder. Most of the branded yeguitas carried such tags. Panic seized her and the ropes that held her so tautly quivered as she tried, vainly, to buck. The ball gag Rory had put on her meant she could not even plead.

'Pheeeeeeeeph...'

'Thing is, it ain't like the olden days when a clear brand was enough,' said Woodruff. 'Nowadays, livestock's gotta have a marker-tag with all kinds of information: owner's details, IPGA registration number, bar code and all. The ear tags are just temporary. This here is for keeps.'

'Wheeeee... wheeeeph?'

'What's that, darlin', where does the ring go? Well, Pom-pom, sweetheart... I'll give you three guesses.'

But Pom-pom did not need to guess. The taut ropes holding her thrummed like plucked bow strings in response to her frantic struggle. But they held her as helpless as any fly stuck in a spider's web. Pom-pom could only watch as three smiling spiders advanced towards their prey.

\* \* \*

Desperately, Pom-pom tried to concentrate on licking her owner's cowboy boots. It was next to impossible. How much of the fluid that made the tooled leather glisten was saliva and how much tears and nose juice was a real question. But all poor Pom-pom could be sure of was that her rose hole was on fire.

'Que bonita. She suits the brand and tag so well. Pompon was made to be yeguita. Look how her pussy glistens. The little mare's in heat!'

Her trainer laughing at her arousal, usually the thing that mortified her

most, for once could not make her sob with shame. She was already sobbing. Pom-pom was aware of the mocking audience behind her, but only barely. Her sensitivity to shame and humiliation, usually so acute, was pushed aside by the awful, blistering, sensation in her bottom hole. The labial piercing had hurt like hell when Rory did it. Now she could barely feel her pussy lip, her still fresh brand, or anything else except a bottom hole that felt like a blowtorch was playing on and in it.

'She sure is swishing that tail,' said Rory. 'She just can't keep that cute tushy still; I guess the brand still smarts.'

'Is the ginger, actually.' Conchita said with a deep chuckle.

Pom-pom stiffened. She certainly heard that! So that was why the tail plug, inflated inside her, felt more like a red hot poker.

'Ginger?'

'Si, Rory, surely you know about gingering a pony? Is a very old trick to make them hold their tail high.'

'Sure, I've heard of it but... hey! You mean? But how?'

'Is simple. I put plenty of ginger paste on the tail plug...'

'I wondered why she was whinnying and squirming so much. Ouch! Must feel like she's on fire up there.'

'Sadly, it cannot make her hold it up like a show pony. But it lets her really *know* she has a tail!'

Wriggling her up-thrust bottom did absolutely nothing to assuage the pain, and the small part of Pom-pom's mind that could still think almost straight told her that shaking her tushy, like a terrier with a squirrel, only served to amuse her tormentors.

The problem was that the scalding sensation was so excruciating that she could not stop herself.

\* \* \*

The burning in her rectum had not gone altogether but it had faded to a hot glow. The relief when Conchita had finally deflated the tail plug and popped the terrible thing out had been incredible, indescribable, absolute bliss.

But now she could almost wish the damned thing in again. Not for the first time, Pom-pom found physical pain replaced by humiliation that cut so deep that she seriously wondered which ordeal was worse.

'Look, what a beautiful yeguita it is,' Conchita said, selecting a lipstick. 'Now you belong to us completely: branded, tagged and trained. Is a magnificent sight, si?'

Pom-pom was transfixed by her reflection in the mirror. Before her branding she had always found it hard to contemplate her own naked body as she was groomed and prepared. Now, with her owner's disc dangling from her pussy and the lost look in her own blue eyes it was close to unbearable. What she was staring was Tiffany totally transformed; the perky girl she had once been moulded, whipped, and trained into a submissive pony slave. The trembling creature in the mirror seemed to her to not even be a person any more. Her humanity had been stripped from her, layer by layer, until what remained was but an owned thing - just a compliant object incapable of disobedience. A tear trickled down her cheek, a tear of mourning for the carefree girl she had once been, but now had gone, she thought, perhaps, forever.

Conchita made the low jaguar growl that indicated she was waiting for an answer.

'I... yes... I guess so, Mistress.'

'Why do you cry, Pompita? It is a happy day. A day for joy.'

'I... I know, Mistress. It... it's just...'

'Just what, guapita? You can tell your mistress.'

Could she? Or would her trainer punish her if she told her how she felt? Pom-pom took a deep breath.

'It... it's just hard to get used to... bu...being branded and tagged like...



like an animal.'

Conchita snorted. '*Animal!* Que va, Pompon? Treat like an animal! Listen to me, you silly girl, I promise you that we will never, ever treat you as we would treat an animal.'

'Nu... no, Mistress?' She could not keep the note of hope out of her voice.

'Of course no, preciosa! After all... Animals have rights!'

## 18: Showtime

Brandee life began for Pom-pom as a bitter disappointment. A week after her pussy ring and tag had been fitted, mornings returned to the same ordeal of icy hose down followed by being whipped round the corral.

'Is so fuckin' unfair! Now we have brands we should be strappin' and zappin' the unbranded sluts, not bein' chased about the same like always.'

Pom-pom did not point out that Prancer did not have a Pronghorn brand so maybe never would get to play out her dreams of domination. She shared the feeling of acute injustice though. After the excruciating pain of the branding she had expected an easier, sweeter tasting, life. What she got was just more of the same. It was a puzzle, a bitter, unjust puzzle, and she was far from the only yeguita in the stable to wonder what was going on.

Then one morning Conchita had the naked young women line up, still panting, against the corral fence, legs apart and arms folded behind them. Fear shimmied through the girl herd. Conchita often made them hold the corral fencing while she thrashed yeguitas with her quirt, or had Sunshine and Pepper lash them to it for a whipping. So the tension was fierce and trembling almost universal.

'Lucky, lucky, lucky little yeguitas!'

Pom-pom's heart sank. Experience dictated that what Conchita considered good news was very rarely how her poor pony-girls would see it.

'The long drought is over. Competitions are back on! Sulky races! Rodeos! Dressage contests and exhibition in the show ring! Some of you might even be selected to go to Europe for what they call "gymkhanas." Rosettes and silver cups are to be won. Yes, Dapple my darlin' you may well cry tears of joy. The time of idleness is over. We start training today.'

Conchita inspected the lined up girls minutely, issuing instructions to Sunshine who scribbled notes onto a clipboard.

'Lightening, sulky racing, of course, one and two miles. But she is a fine mare in beautiful condition so we might try her in team dressage also.'

Maybe as reserve for six in hand.' She moved on. 'Cherryblossom, sulkies, two miles. Six in hand also, the Emir and Senor Woodruff want to make a joint team, just for this season. It will not work, and we give our training secrets to a rival stable...' she made a derisive snorting sound. 'But who can talk to men?'

Pom-pom, some way down the line, waited with hammering heart to hear her own fate. She guessed that she would be assigned longer distance sulky racing and did not relish the prospect of the training. But something about 'team dressage' sounded worse, if anything. She was glad when Prancer, Strawberry and Dapple were put down for it. Conchita could not train that many yeguitas for dressage could she?

'Dumpling. What we gonna do with you? No good for racing. Too short for dressage. Put her down for stable duties, Sunshine. She can be your little pack pony, help you see to tack, water and fodder.' Conchita shook her handsome head and moved on down the line.

'Silky, still too slow for racing, though her times are improving so maybe by next season. Her English is too shit for even individual dressage. Is a very fine filly, though, so we try her in the show ring. Even Silky can be taught, "walk on," and "trot," and, "kneel," with a little touch of whip, I think. We will try, anyway!'

Pom-pom was next. She barely dared to breathe as Conchita stepped in front of her. She had her head slightly bowed and eyes downcast submissively but the trainer put her quirt under Pom-pom's chin and raised it until she found herself impaled by that dark, amused, and predatory gaze.

'Ah, Pompon. Put her down for sulkies, four miles and above.'

It would be hard, but it was what she had expected.

'Oh and she was cheerleader so drilled in synchronised routines. This little filly should be perfect for team dressage!'

\* \* \*

If Pom-pom thought her first, unbranded, year at Pronghorn Springs had been a tough ordeal she was soon taught better. She stepped up five and six mile

sulky race training was challenging enough. Next to the team dressage it was a mere trot in the park. If Conchita liked to win cups and rosettes for racing she lived for dressage, and especially the team events. No army sergeant major ever drilled his troop half as relentlessly, and the moves were far harder to maintain than any on the parade ground.

She got to travel, she supposed. Tiffany, the girl she had once been, had longed to go to Europe. Pom-pom the yeguita went to England, Austria and somewhere that some of her stablemates thought might have been Sweden. They saw nothing of those places. Flown in, trussed up and gagged, packed into small dark and padded crates, they stepped out of the jet the first time into cool night rain on a nondescript airfield. There was little to be seen as they were herded into a horsebox trailer. There were twelve girls and there was barely room to stand. Pressed hard against each other and the metal horse box sides, they were driven along bumpy country roads for a short, sometimes bumpy, journey.

The yeguitas had been unloaded in a stable yard: all barking dogs and wet concrete, cold beneath bare feet, laughter and unfamiliar accents. What she could make out of the buildings in the dark was old and brick built rather than familiar timber. But inside was the familiar musky fug and stalls with naked, tethered girls so it was clearly another pony-girl stable. However, the bewildered Pronghorn girls had not been put in these already crowded stalls. Instead they were chivvied through an ancient looking iron gate in a dark corner of the stable, into a down-sloping tunnel.

The passage was red-lit, the chalk it had been carved out of white, so the walls were pink as they hurried down the tunnel. At a crossroad of passageways each route was barred by more iron gates which had to be unlocked with a huge iron key. They had been led along the left hand tunnel and soon came to a row of cells carved into the chalk, fronted by iron bars. Beautiful, oriental looking girls, naked and solemn, had peeped out through bars at the Pronghorn yeguitas as they were trotted by. At last, they had come to a set of unoccupied cells, empty but for straw strewn on the floor. They had been divided up and locked into three of these.

'You are in England, yeguitas! Isn't it exciting?' Conchita had said, once the

cell gates had clanged shut and been locked. 'Perhaps is not The Ritz but there is plenty of clean straw and Dumpling and Sunshine will bring water and your feed as soon as it is ready. Then you must sleep, for tomorrow we have especial competitions and I know you wan' to make your trainer and your owners proud.'

They had not made their owners or their trainer proud. Jet lagged and disorientated, having struggled to sleep in those strange, subterranean, chambers, they had only managed fourth place in the team dressage event, to Conchita's vituperative fury. Other shows and races had been equally exacting and the only time that Pom-pom had seen anything of anywhere was when running for dear life hauling a sulky. Being whipped down muddy country lanes in Europe, being lashed along dusty tracks in the Sonora desert, being flogged through pine scented forest roads in what might have been Canada; none of it had much in common with what Tiffany had once imagined as, 'travel.' When the competition season ended after three gruelling, relentless, months it was the sweetest relief.

\* \* \*

Pom-pom woke in the middle of the night. She was on her own for once, in an open stall and not even tethered by a rein clipped to her bridle. A sick feeling in the pit of her stomach told her what the commotion was about. Earlier, she had been sent over to the vet's surgery with a message from Rory. She had trotted across the ranch compound excited and, truth to tell, a little nervous about being neither tethered nor under supervision, which was still novel and felt more than a little strange. An engine noise had made her look up. The black and blue livery of the jet was unmistakable. A pang of sadness had pierced her as she had hurried on her errand.

She had said nothing to Prancer or the others. Since the branding the Ukrainian cremello, Blossom and Zephyr, had been kept in locked box stalls, taken out only for exercise, training and grooming except when being transported to the races and the shows. Prancer found this very hard. Her frustrated moans had filled the stable by night. By day she complained, got angry or dissolved into un-Prancer like tears. Pom-pom was no longer put into the box stalls at night, and she was not sorry. She had no idea what to say

to her stablemates.

She never even got to say goodbye. Pom-pom watched by the low red light as Rory and Conchita took Zephyr from her stall and buckled an armbinder on, behind her back. A close fitting hood went over her beautiful head and a leather collar round her throat. Then came Cherryblossom who stood docilely while the same was done to her. But Prancer had to be hauled out of her stall.

'Please, Mistress... please don' send me away...'

'Easy girl, settle down. Just think of it as a lovely holiday.'

Rory held Prancer by the shoulders as Conchita took up the sensory deprivation hood. Prancer began to beg again but then, as if sensing it was hopeless, shouted, 'bye bye, darlin's, be good...'. And then the hood was being zipped up and the only sound was a muffled sob.

Pom-pom felt the tears trickle down her cheeks. It wasn't just for Prancer. Zephyr and Cherryblossom had been with her in the stable since her first, fearful, night and had always been kind. She would miss them all she realised as the three young women were leashed and led, stumbling in their blindness, away to harem life in far Hajja.

## 19: Pump Action

Pom-pom had little leisure to mourn the absence of her friends. The stable had been busy when she first arrived but now it was frequently frantic. New and often unbroken yeguitas seemed to arrive every other day. Once, she would have felt sympathy for the bewildered young women. Now she found her main emotion was curiosity about the new girls' beauty, their temperaments and bodies, and a keen sense of competition with the other brandees as to who got to debauch the fresh meat first. And she witnessed their breaking whippings with clit tingling glee.

Pom-pom had always known that she had a deep submissive streak. As Tiffany the cruelty and abuse of those sorority bitches had got her wet and desperately horny even as it had hurt and humiliated her. It had taken Pronghorn to make her understand, or at least to acknowledge to herself, that she had a dominant side too. The weeping and whinnying of freshly roped yeguitas was almost as arousing as having to lick Conchita's pussy while in terror of her trainer's ever ready whip.

But watching was nothing to doing. At first she had to take charge of girls who were fairly well trained and accustomed to the realities of Pronghorn yeguita life. It felt very strange to start with, leading stablemates like Whisper and Shalimar off to be harnessed to a sulky or some other appointment with exacting bondage, pain and humiliation. But soon enough she was enjoying ordering Silky to piss, lifting a leg to show the blushing Asian filly what she meant, and lifting the cattle prod to show that the order really was not optional.

Brandee life was strange at first, but she soon came to relish it. In her yeguita servitude she had often looked at Sunshine and the others with envy. They were worked hard but, at least, they did not spend almost all their time bridled and tethered. About the only time unbranded mares and fillies were not hitched to rails or a stable post, led by reins, or harnessed up to sulkies, was when they were being hosed with freezing water or run in a naked herd round and round the corral.

Little by little, Pom-pom had grown accustomed to being leashed or tethered. In some strange corners of her soul perhaps she even liked, or at least took

some comfort from it. But watching Pepper and Coco strolling and chatting, long leather spanking straps swinging in their hands was, for Pom-pom as for most girls in the stable, to feel pangs of jealousy and longing. Brandees were rarely whipped and only the fastest were harnessed up to sulkies regularly. They had other duties; they were the stable girls that minded the pony slaves.

\* \* \*

The sun was going down and turning from gold to red, casting a rose pink glow over the scene below. To Deke's way of thinking this made the vista even more attractive. It would make a fine painting, he thought, if he could find the right artist. Deke and Willis were on horseback, their mounts on a small rise a hundred yards or so from the working party giving them a fine view of the chain gang's labours and travails.

Fifteen girls, naked but for boots and work gloves other than their chains, worked on the dirt road that looped beyond the airstrip. Dusty and Silky cut back encroaching creosote bushes, on either side of the track, while Shalimar zigzagged across it, clearing larger stones. Then came nine girls in an uneven line, chained together by their steel collars, flattening the ground with heavy iron tampers. The last three followed up, chains clanking as they hobbled here and there to pound any missed bits. Brandees with spanking straps encouraged all of the girls with hunting strokes. As proud as punch, Sunshine supervised, brandishing the signal whip that Conchita had entrusted her with and cracking it to punctuate her orders.

It was a noisy enough business anyway. The girls lopping the spiny vegetation first beat the bushes to scare of any lurking rattlesnakes or scorpions, but most of the sound came from the cuffed nine who shuffled forward in an uneven line, pounding the dirt with their tampers. That, and the incessant clanking of the heavy chains.

These were quite unnecessary, of course. Indeed by hobbling the girls and restricting their arm movements the fetters slowed the work. It wasn't just for aesthetic reasons, though in Deke's considered opinion there were few sights finer than chain encumbered girls, put to hard labour. No, there was a practical consideration. If they were going to hire out chain gangs of female felons from the penitentiary they needed to work out the best rigs to



maximise ability to perform hard labour with security. Still and all, as they worked away lit by the setting sun, they sure looked pretty.

'So Pepper's off to Vegas?' Willis Hooker said, as that brandee, who was chivvyng the tamping line, gave Whisper an encouraging smack with her spanking strap, causing the chestnut to yelp in pain.

'Yeah, should be plenty of pickins' there. All those bored croupier girls and cocktail waitresses gettin' their pore selves in debt gambling. Now we just need to find someone to trawl for talent round The Bay.'

'Pity we can't send Bubbles.' Willis Hooker said. 'She has the temperament in spades.'

They both watched Bubbles, easy to pick out from the tamping line by her height, pound the track. The work had given her bare, buckskin, skin a sheen of perspiration which the setting sun had turned a quite delicious pink

'I know it. Would have been a waste of a racing thoroughbred, though, anyways.'

'So why sell her to Dawson Phee? You know that boy is startin' up his own stable. Bubbles will be raced agin us in his colours...'

Sunshine shouted, 'whoa, there!'

The work stopped. A very welcome break to judge from the heaving shoulders. Pepper began unlocking the padlocks securing the collars of the three girls to the right of the tamping line, to the coffle chain. The trio who had been on bush clearance and stone pick up duty, reluctantly clanked over to the line to take their place.

'Two reasons, Willis. It's good to be friendly. Same as helpin' out the emir. Phee is richer than Croesus. Younger folks like him and the emir are the future of the sport and it behooves us ole timers to give them a hand to get started.'

Hooker made a derisive snort. 'Deke Woodruff the philanthropist, I declare I've heard it all now! What happened to Mr Competitive I used to know?'

'Well, when you are as old as me you start to see that there is more to life than winning cups.'

Dapple and Dumpling, freed from the coffle chain, had picked up the loppers while Twinkle hobbled forward to start picking up stones. Sunshine cracked her signal whip to start the tamp line pounding again, an order emphasised by Pepper and Pom-pom, who gave every naked bottom a crack with their spanking straps, in turn.

'For fuck's sake don't let Conchita hear you talk like that! What is the other thing?'

Deke paused before he answered. The setting sun had turned the figures labouring below from pink to red and with the clank of chain, cracks of spanking straps on naked flesh and cries of pain there was something diabolical about the scene. Though, he doubted if the denizens of Hell looked half so lovely. He really must find a painter who could do it justice.

'Well,' Deke said at last. 'We still got Lightning. Oh yes, and young Phee's cheque *more* than paid for a couple of fillies way faster than Bubbles or Blossom. The darlin's are winging their way up from Brazil and Argentina as we speak.'

\* \* \*

Feeding, watering, rubbing down perspiring yeguitas with handfuls of straw, buckling up harnesses, pulling rigs, and bridles, unstrapping them again, leading dolled up girls on leashes from grooming over to the ranch house or Conchita's... brandee life was busier than she had ever imagined and much harder work. Supervision was the least of it, but also the sweetest. A taste for domination had awoken in her, and once having germinated it grew with every strap stroke she delivered to a quivering bare bottom.

Most of all, Pom-pom fell in love with the electric cattle prod. As an unbranded yeguita she had felt its crackling bite enough to fear and hate it. As a brandee with licence to sizzle slow or recalcitrant, or even just confused yeguitas with a little shock, her detestation soon became devotion. She loved the fear in the girl herd's panicky eyes. She loved the squeaks, half terror and half pain that her charges would let out when she crackled their bare breasts,

bottoms, or best of all their pussies. Pom-pom delighted in the leather spanking strap; the first time she landed a stinging crack across a bottom a thrill flooded through her. It was Whisper's pale behind as the Chestnut filly scampered around the corral in a morning warm up and, though Pom-pom did not get her again on the next lap, the livid red band striping the girl's buttocks made her feel strangely proud.

But the brandees weren't allowed to bend their charges over and administer a real whipping, or even a proper spanking with the strap. Not without orders, and with an owner devoted to the whip and a trainer who so loved to wield her quirt, such orders were very rare indeed. So the cattle prod soon became one of her favourite things.

\* \* \*

'Water this pair, Pompom

'Yes, Mistress.'

Pom-pom took the reins and gave them a tug, delighted to have such prime fresh meat under her control. Spanky was a honey blonde Australian cremello, Starlight, a dark haired buckskin from Vermont. Both were in the bewildered state typical of newly roped yeguitas. Neither had adjusted fully to ranch reality. Spanky, a spunky, sporty Aussie was less disoriented than refined and academic Starlight. But both had just had their first real run hauling sulkies, which invariably left even the toughest, most phlegmatic, new girls in something of a shell shocked state.

So suffering was to be expected. The new pair hobbled after her, sore-footed after their long run in unaccustomed hoof-boots, sweat soaked naked bodies laced with livid carriage whip welts. What was more unusual was that Mr Hooker had not waited to take pleasure but had jumped into a pick up, his erection bulging in his jeans, and driven off straight off towards the airstrip.

But then nothing was normal nowadays, even Mr Woodruff and Mr Hooker finding the time to race a pair of their yeguitas had become a rarity; a snatched moment of pleasure in their ever more frantic schedules. That Master Woodruff had kicked back to have a drink with Senora Conchita on the porch was most unusual. And not entirely welcome as she felt their eyes

on her.

Under the pump spout there was a water trough which was equipped with handles for tethering yeguitas. With what was now practiced skill Pom-pom hitched Spanky's rein to the bar under the pump spout and Starlight, who looked more desperate, further away. Then she unbuckled the bridle straps securing the new girls' bits.

'Awgh... Oh God...' said Spanky in her cute Australian accent. Starlight just gasped and gagged.

The reason that Pom-pom did not entirely welcome being watched by her owner and trainer was twofold. Firstly it suggested very strongly that Mr Woodruff had not finished playing with his new toys and so she would have to wait to have some fun with them herself. More urgently there was the matter of the pumping. Pom-pom had developed a technique for working the handle, straddling and riding it, and she was desperate to feel the cold iron rub up against her clit. But, although the game had not actually been forbidden, she was more than a bit anxious that Conchita would be displeased.

Did she dare give in to the temptation? Pom-pom looked at the new girls' tear stained faces and their lovely, abused bodies and sighed. The real question was, with eyes as wide and frightened as poor Starlight's staring at her, how could she possibly resist it?

\* \* \*

Deke took another drink as they watched Pom-pom hump the handle. The new girls bent to drink, Spanky from the streaming pump, Starlight seemingly too thirsty to wait her turn, bending almost double to drink from the trough. The posture presented their sweat-slicked, well whipped rears so temptingly that his erection twitched. Which one to service though? He might have to toss the silver dollar that he always carried for such quandaries.

'Well, how about Pompom?' said Conchita, dragging his thoughts back to the business at hand.

'You really think she's ready to work in acquisitions?' The girl under

discussion worked the handle harder, the expression on her face not one he was used to seeing on employees being considered for promotion.

'Sure, look at her ride herd on Spanky and Starlight. She is a natural.'

Deke took a sip of beer. 'Well, she must know half the cheerleaders in California. You don't think she might stray?'

'Que va, Senior Deke! When I train a yeguita she stays trained. Also, she will enjoy the work.'

'Hmmm... mebbe, but I'd sure miss that sweet tushy...'

'So stable her in the Pacific Heights penthouse, there for when you visit.'

'That's not a bad idea. She could exercise the maids and that little chauffeuse I got stored in the garage.'

'Is a waste, three girls lazing...'

'Yeah, so you've said, though not more'n fifty times, Conchita. But I like to be comfortable when I go to Frisco and San Jose, and those maids know my tastes. Still, stabling Pom-pom there and setting her to round us up unbranded cheerleaders...' he took another slug and smiled as Pom-pom started to emit squeals of pleasure. 'Well that do make a heap of sense. Monique is always saying that Fifi and Gigi need someone to discipline them more than she has time for... hey, what the fuck?'

Pom-pom had let out an ecstatic scream, hugging the pump handle as if it were a long lost lover. Even her parched charges paused their drinking and looked up at her, startled.

Conchita made a clicking sound with her tongue, put down her glass, and stood. 'But who disciplines the diciplinaria?' She picked up her quirt and grinned.

'Oh yes, that would be me!'

## 20: Cheerleaders Love Tough

Tiffany was so horny. Not just horny though, that could have been satisfied by Fifi, Gigi or Genevieve, perhaps all three. The trouble was that she wasn't just horny, horny, Tiffany was desperate for dick. It didn't need to be real. In fact it was Conchita's strap-on that had consumed her imagination for the last few nights. Thoughts of being strapped up in immovable bondage while her merciless mistress reamed her, fevered Tiffany's dreams. She could fuck the maids or chauffeuse and she did, with relish, but she could not have them screw or bugger her in turn. She was their mistress. It would just be wrong, not to mention possibly get her into trouble, what with the damned CCTV.

Her monthly supervision with Monique was coming up and that invariably meant a spanking, sometimes a blistering caning. But Mr Woodruff's Bay Area executive never fucked her afterwards. The woman administered corporal correction with cool, quite pitiless, efficiency. If it gave her more pleasure than reading the minutes of a finance meeting she gave no sign of it. Still, the fluttering in Tiffany's belly when she thought about the looming supervision was not *entirely* fear.

She could go out and pick up some jock, she supposed. It had not been explicitly forbidden and though she could hardly bring him back to the penthouse she could rent a motel room or something. But it wasn't what she craved, she realised. A bland vanilla poke was no longer enough. Even as she had the thought, she realised that it never really had been.

Could she be missing life as Pom-pom, the poor, abused yeguita? The idea seemed absurd. Tiffany loved her job in acquisitions. She loved the credit cards and having accounts in all the most exclusive and expensive stores. She really loved the Pacific Heights penthouse and its panoramic views over The Bay. And most of all she loved having Fifi, Gigi and Genevieve at her beck and call.

Oh well, she thought, if no one was going to chain her to the wall and whip her before fucking her into screaming delirium, there really was only one thing to do to take her mind off it.

She would just have to go shopping. Again.

\* \* \*

'You will be expected to feed, water, exercise and discipline the staff.' Monique had explained. The executive had met her from the plane and Genevieve, the uniformed chauffeuse, had driven them back to San Francisco from Pronghorn International's discrete private airstrip.

'Genevieve is well trained and docile. So long as you keep her in strict bondage when not in use she should give no trouble. I have been giving her a hairbrush spanking or a belting, just once or twice a week, to keep her on her toes. And she needs exercising daily. The maids are supposed to put her on the cross trainer and treadmill for twenty minutes each, every day, but the lazy sluts don't always bother, as can be checked if you review the CCTV.'

Tiffany had looked at the rear view mirror, catching the chauffeuse's dark eyes looking back, just for a second, before the girl looked hurriedly away.

'The maids are another matter, I'm afraid. Really, they both need a spell of remedial training, back at the ranch or, even better, maid school. I have told Mr Woodruff but he is so busy with the prison project...' The car turned, went down a ramp and entered a garage at the bottom of an apartment block, the door to which had opened as if by magic.

'Anyway,' Monique continued, 'it will be down to you to control those two. I recommend plenty of cane but there is a play room... well a play floor really, on the level underneath the penthouse proper and there is room to use a signal whip should you decide it is required.'

Genevieve parked the limousine amongst the other expensive cars and sprang out, hurrying round to open Monique's door for her. Tiffany got out and joined the other women at the back of the limousine where Genevieve opened the trunk and immediately, without instruction, stripped down to panties, bra, her garter belt and stockings. There was a long leather bag in the trunk and some straps. Monique handed some of these to Tiffany.

'Help me. The shorter ones are for her legs, the longer for her upper body. They need to be quite tight.'

The chauffeuse had adopted a rigid posture with her arms beside her body

and legs together with her back close to the car trunk. Monique strapped her ankles together and Tiffany got the idea. Working together they quickly buckled straps below and above her stockinged knees, above and below the girl's breasts and round her waist, binding her arms tightly to her body.

Monique pulled the leather thing out of the trunk. 'Sit,' she said.

The strapped up girl bent at the knees and sat in the trunk immediately lifting her feet until her legs were stuck out horizontally.

'Help me with this. The leather is damned heavy but you will have to learn to do it on your own, though here in the garage the maids would normally secure her.'

The bottom few feet of the bag was a narrow tube of black leather, just big enough to pull over the girl's strapped together legs with some tugging and pulling.

'Stand!'

Genevieve stood up again, Monique holding her upper arm to steady her.

'Now, lift up the rest and zip it up. It's easier to do it with her lying on the floor but then it becomes difficult to put her in the trunk.'

Grunting a little with the effort, Tiffany had lifted up the thick leather sheath, zipping the heavy duty zip up as she went until the thing encased the girl up to the shoulders. The zip stopped at her throat under a baggy piece.

'It's best to sit her again at this point. Don't want her toppling over while you fiddle with the hood.'

Genevieve sat back on the floor of the trunk, with much more effort this time and a deal of leather creaking.

Monique showed Tiffany that the thing that had flopped forward over the sheathed girl's chest was an attached hood. 'It zips up at the back, you see, but first you must ensure that this tube goes in her mouth so she can breathe.'

A thick rubber tube protruded from both front and back of the face part of the hood. Tiffany took the internal tube. Genevieve opened her mouth obediently



to receive it but her eyes were wide and rolled with... with what? Panic? Despair? Lust? Tiffany quickly zipped the back of the hood up and Monique slipped a small brass padlock into the zipper end, securing it to a steel ring in the back of the leather cocoon. Then she pushed the leather sheathed figure back and into the trunk and shut the hood.

'There is a rubber containment for her in the penthouse, for nights, but she needs to be stripped completely for that, it is *very* tight and the straps are external for that one.' The clacking of high heels echoed in the underground garage as the two women walked over to the lift.

'I see,' said Tiffany, not seeing. 'But... why? Does she need...? Does she like it?'

Monique pressed the lift button and turned to her with a surprised look. 'Like it? I have no idea. It is convenient and secure storage. What she likes or dislikes hardly matters. It keeps her compliant, however.'

The maids were less surprising. Indeed they were just as advertised: two very pretty minxes who had been kept on far too loose a leash for much too long. They stood to attention with their arms folded in the small of their backs properly, but there was laughter in their impertinent eyes that promised worse to come.

'This is Fifi Seven.' Monique gestured at the taller girl who had a dark brown pony tail and black stocking sheathed legs so long and shapely that Tiffany wondered why she wasn't pulling sulkies or being whipped around the corral. It seemed bizarre and almost indecent, though the girl did fill her tiny, black satin, French maid's uniform spectacularly well.

'Seven?'

'Mr Woodruff is of the opinion that maids should be named: Fifi, Gigi, or Mimi, but that is far too few to cover his stock...'

'I see.' She did. Tiffany remembered the humiliation of being re-named Pom-pom. Having a number attached to an embarrassing slave name must be even more mortifying, and she noticed Fifi Seven tense and her colour rise.

'And this is Gigi Three.'

The second maid was a pretty, petite, red head with green eyes that sparkled mischievously. They are wondering what this new thing in their lives is going to be like, Pom-pom... no, Tiffany thought. The wicked little bitches are calculating if they will still get away with lounging away for half the day masturbating and reading celebrity magazines, with me in the picture. Well, I will soon show these idle sluts what my Mistress Conchita has taught me!

\* \* \*

Tiffany admired her own reflection in the changing room mirror. It was funny how the signs of her submission, which had distressed her at the ranch, now gave her such deep pleasure and a sense of reassurance. She was looking at the lingerie, a delicate cream silk bra trimmed with lace, and matching garter belt supporting diaphanous grey stockings so fine and delicious to the touch that she had shuddered with pleasure as she rolled them on.

Well, that had been the plan, but the sight of the disc dangling from her labial piercing compelled her attention and prompted her to twist her hips so she could see her brand.

'Would you care to try the panties on too, Ma...' The sales assistant swept in, the basques and baby-doll nightdress that Tiffany had asked for in her size draped over her arm.

Tiffany turned to face her with a smile, making sure to stand with feet apart.

'Thank you but I can't really wear panties, you see...'

The shop assistant saw. They were in the plushiest Palo Alto mall, so hardly The Castro, and yet they were in urban California. Tiffany would have thought a shop assistant in an exclusive lingerie boutique would have seen most things. So she was surprised that the chic, pretty, blonde looked so taken aback. Fresh off the plane from Iowa, maybe?

'Oh... ah... that's um... er, very... ah pretty, Ma'am.' The girl had gone quite pink.

'Pretty? Do you think so? Well, perhaps. That's not really the point though. The main thing is to show my owner's mark and my registration details. Put down those things and come closer.'

For a moment she thought the girl might bolt. Her eyes were wide and fixed on Tiffany's disc, but she hesitated.

'Come on, I won't bite.' She smiled. 'What's your name?'

'Clara.'

'What a pretty name. Well, Clara if you like my tag you'll love my brand.'

Clara had put the lingerie down but was clearly rooted to the spot, so Tiffany went to her.

'Bu... brand?'

'Yes, look! Isn't it delicious? Feel.' Tiffany grabbed the shop girl's hand and pulled to her flank until Clara's fingers brushed the indentation of the brand. The girl let out a little cry, like a startled bird and tried to pull her hand away but Tiffany kept it pressed against the scar tissue.

'You see, Clara, my owner likes to brand his livestock as well as put his tags on us.'

'Oh... owner? Livestock...?' The girl was clearly shocked but she had not bolted. She is as fascinated as she is horrified, thought Tiffany.

'Of course. Don't you have an owner, Clara?'

'Na...no. No!'

'Oh you should do, Clara. A pretty thing like you, so in need of... discipline. You really ought to have an owner to whip you when you misbehave, or just for their perverted pleasure. Wouldn't you like to have an owner, Clara?'

'No, no! Of course not. Oh no, you have the wrong idea, Ma'am. No offence... your thing... I'm not like that at all, I'm sorry, each to their own and that but...'

Tiffany released the girl's now quivering hand and sashayed over to her purse quite confident that Clara's eyes would be riveted on her naked bottom, framed as it was by garter belt and stockings. Such a pity that she had not just had supervision with Monique, she thought. If her buttocks had been lined with lurid cane welts it might well have clinched the deal. She took a card

from the holder in her purse and held it out for Clara.

'When you are ready for a real adventure, call me.'

Clara hesitated just long enough for Tiffany to wonder if she had gone too hard, too fast, but then the blonde girl snatched the card, blushing even more intensely.

'Good girl. Now, I'd like to try that black basque next if you would help fasten it for me.'

\* \* \*

Tiffany strode out of the boutique, carrying just her little purse. 'Oh, could you be a darling, Clara, and help me with these bags. Just to my chauffeuse, she's parked outside the shop.'

She had then not picked up any of the lingerie filled bags but walked out, leaving Clara to scramble with them all and scurry after her.

Genevieve was where Tiffany had left her thirty minutes earlier, standing outside the lingerie emporium, already loaded down with whips and crops from the riding shop across the way and boxes from the sex toy shop. Tiffany had thought of parking her inside the boutique so that her almost obscenely tight and low cut uniform could provoke stares and perhaps sniggers from the shop assistants and other customers. But the thought that the chauffeuse would have to endure more leers from men and sneers from bratty teenagers outside the shop decided her.

Now though, she wanted to ensure that Clara saw Genevieve and she was not disappointed. The shop assistant's mouth actually dropped open. There was no sign of abusive passersby but the pinkness of her face above the mask, the tear in the corner of her eye and the trembling of her body, suggested that the chauffeuse was finding the afternoon extremely vexing.

'Take the bags from Clara, Genevieve.'

'Oh, but can she manage... can you carry these...?'

'She can't answer you, Clara. She's gagged beneath the mask, and anyway

she's not allowed to talk to strangers, are you Genny pet?'

In answer the chauffeuse dropped her eyes and bowed her head submissively. It took a little time for Clara to transfer all the bags to the overloaded girl but, at last, it was achieved.

'I... better go...'

'Of course, Clara sweetie. Off you trot. Don't worry about Genevieve, she can manage. She will have to if she doesn't want a whipping!'

Tiffany watched the blonde girl walk awkwardly away, her chic grace vanished. There is a girl heading for the changing room to jerk herself off if ever I saw one, she said to herself, smiling at the thought.

'Clara!' she called out just as the assistant reached the shop door. 'Call me!'

\* \* \*

Tiffany was wondering whether to go straight back to Pacific Heights or have a latte first. It would be a bit cruel to make Genevieve stand waiting again with so many bags and bundles, but...

'Tiffaneeeeeee..! Haven't seen you since... I don't know. Didn't you go off to Dallas?'

Tiffany turned round. 'Hey Paige, hi Calypso. Well, Texas anyhow.'

A brace of cheerleaders were eying her expensive outfit with barely concealed envy, and Genevieve and her burden with astonishment.

'I heard how your squad got cut,' she said. 'I'm really sorry.'

Paige made a face. 'Yeah, it sucks,' she said. 'And no one else is hiring. Cutbacks all round since the oil price crashed. *Someone* is doing fine, though. You look amazing. What are you up to?' The blonde girl looked at Genevieve pointedly.

'Thanks, I do OK. I'm in recruitment now...'

'Recruitment, wow!' Calypso broke in eagerly. 'Got anything for us? We sure as hell need "recruiting."'

Tiffany shook her head dubiously. Three months of this work had taught her how to play a bite like this. The girls were clearly keen but she wanted to work them up to agree-to-anything desperation. Paige had been a track athlete before cheerleading full time, a sprinter if she remembered right. Conchita would love to have the blonde girl in her racing stable. Calypso was just voluptuous and gorgeous, made to measure for being whipped around the airstrip hauling Mr Woodruff's sulky. Tiffany simply had to round them up and rope them.

'Well... I don't know, girls,' she said in a doubtful tone. 'It's for extreme equestrian sports, and the gig is pretty tough...'

Calypso laughed and Paige broke into a grin. 'Are you kidding me?' she said. 'We're cheerleaders, girl! And you know that, "cheerleaders *love* tough."'

## 21: A Girl Can Dream

The sun was warm on her skin. Perhaps a bit hot, a bit humid. It made Tiffany think about going to the beach but she was feeling lazy. A nice dip in the pool would do. She loved California, if only she it was not so sticky and she did not feel so tired. She never used to feel so tired, even after a long training session at cheer camp. Why did she feel so very tired? Her legs felt all achy and her arms! Her arms felt so heavy she couldn't even move them...

Atrocious pain ripped across her breasts, shocking Pom-pom awake. She shrieked but the gag filling her mouth reduced the sound to muffled squeaking, and the ear-pieces of the all enveloping head-harness meant that she heard her own scream more through vibration than from sound waves.

'Were you sleeping again, you lazy sow?'

Officer Joy's voice came through loud and clear. The prison guard had a microphone to transmit her orders to her mount's earphones. It was clearly a rhetorical question. The gag was too effective for her to reply. In full harness with the headset on Pom-pom could do nothing but attempt to obey very basic orders: speed up, slow down, present your breasts for whipping, bend over for the belt, don't you dare to move...

Reality crashed into Pom-pom's world like a tidal wave engulfing a beach sunbather. She was not in California she was in hell. More precisely she was in the terrible reformatory and at the mercy of her rider, Officer Joy. Her breasts which, unlike most of her rubber encased body were naked, trembled in anticipation of another riding crop stroke, but she dare not flinch or cower. The head harness had only tiny holes for her to see from but she could make out her rider swishing her beloved whip to and fro. Pom-pom knew that meant that Joy was itching to administer a whipping. She made a silent prayer that the recipient would not be her.

There were grounds for hope. Officer Joy had tethered her to the hitching rail of the 'Welcome Suite.' This dismal, grey concrete, chamber with its big mesh cages and whipping frames was where new convicts were stripped, shackled and processed before being marched off to their allotted wings and reformatory life. The wardresses performed this vital work but guards were

always present and usually willing to help out. Officer Joy was positively eager to lend a hand.

Pom-pom knew the grim space very well. Officer Joy wangled intake duty just as often as she could and they were often on security detail when new inmates were delivered. Sometimes Pom-pom had to bear her rider's weight as she observed the processing, but Joy was a very hands on guard. Usually, after observing the new batch shuffle into the hall, their cuffs and ankle chains clinking, she would hitch her mount to one of the handy tethering rails and go help encourage the new inmates to strip naked, with her crop. This was about as easy as life got for Pom-pom.

Without her rider's weight to bear she was ignored as long as she stood quietly and though the hood goggles restricted her vision cruelly she did at least get to watch the young women having to undress, and view their blushing, pointless protests and tears. And she could hope. Hope that some silly convict would fail to obey and that Officer Joy would vent her malice on some squealing, begging, newcomer. If, that was, Pom-pom could stay awake. She would never have believed before she came here that she could have slept, standing up and tethered to a rail, but then she had not really known true tiredness. Exhaustion after a long sulky run or training session yes, but nothing to the deep bone tiredness of life as reformatory guard transportation.

'Right, we had better make a circuit before supper,' Officer Joy said, unhitching her mount's rein.

How long had she been asleep? One of the big cages was still full of partially dressed girls but that meant nothing. She had been here long enough to know that the wardresses and guards enjoyed this work so much that, if they did not have pressing other duties, they would stretch the stripping and processing out indefinitely.

Pom-pom grunted as Officer Joy stepped from the mounting block and into the 'saddle'. She was better able to bear the woman's weight now than when she was first brought here but it was never easy. As usual, her rider eschewed verbal commands, simply loosening the reins and giving Pom-pom a sharp rap on the bottom with her whip to set her mount trotting.



Pom-pom fought to regulate her breathing. The welcome hall was kept almost oppressively warm but she knew where they were going. Once, it seemed so long ago, she had seen a prison being built in Texas but she did not think that this reformatory could possibly be there. The climate seemed to her more like Alaska. When she had been plucked, so suddenly, from her life of luxury and ease in San Francisco part of her had been appalled but another part had rejoiced that she was going back to life in the stables and the dominion of Senora Conchita.

Alas the long, long truck journey had not ended at the Pronghorn stables or the cruelties of her Mistress Conchita, but here, wherever here was, and the even harder life of prison. Once, again it seemed so long ago although it was probably just months, she had thought pulling sulkies as her rider whipped her bottom a hardship. Now she had to piggy-back a guard around all day. Hauling Joy along in a sulky would have seemed like a life of ease, almost a pleasure.

'Whoa!' The instruction was redundant as they had come to the heavy iron doors that blocked the way to the outside compound. Officer Julie was guarding the door and exchanged remarks with Joy, but all Pom-pom could here was muffled noise at first. But then there was a crackle as, by accident or design, Joy's microphone came on.

'Coming to the staff bar for a beer later, Julie?'

'Yeah, Lottie's fixing up a live stream for that auction in England.'

'Pah,' Joy said. 'Lottie and her slut-sales. We have pussy on tap. Who needs stuck up English...?'

'I know, I know, but Dimples is up for auction, apparently. Lottie wants to see how much she fetches.'

'Dimples?'

'You know, the sorrel that she had for a mount before Bootylicious, the one with the big...'

'Oh yeah, I remember. Going on the block, is she? Well, whatever, you know me. So long as there is cold beer and a cute convict to lick my clit I'll

watch anything. OK, we had better get going.'

The guard unlocked the door, which took some time as the locks were multiple and heavy. Finally, she pushed open the door and the cold hit Pom-pom's naked bits even before she trotted out into the dark. It always seemed to be night here, and it always seemed to be windy and wet. But this was worse than usual. Bitter wind blasted hail at the bizarre pair, stinging Pom-pom's naked breasts and peppering her thighs.

'Pick up the pace, you idle mare!' Joy's voice was crackly in her earphones. 'If you make me cold from your malingering I will warm you up with my bullwhip.'

Pom-pom staggered on, praying that she would not lose her footing on the ice granules that were drifting across the path. Despite the struggle, the guards' conversation still rang in her ears. So guard mounts were sometimes sold? That traitor hope stole into her heart despite the best efforts of the hail. Once upon a time, Pom-pom thought, she had feared above all things that Mistress Conchita might make good playful threats and sell her.

'Giddap, you lazy slut!'

Officer Joy emphasised her order by cracking her crop on Pom-pom's naked bottom. The cold made the whip sting even more than usual. Again and again the guard lashed her as she struggled on against the bitter wind and hail.

Now, being sold at auction was just about the best thing Pom-pom could imagine. How likely it was that, one day, she might be plucked from this purgatory, shipped off, and sold at auction, she had no way of knowing.

But a girl could dream.

### **Postscript: Agreeing the Fee**

'What... what is this place, please, Aunt?' Penelope asked as the Bentley stopped in front of imposing wrought iron gates.

'It's a sort of college,' Lady Thornicroft-grey said with her usual asperity. 'You can forget about Cambridge now, with your criminal conviction. However I have pulled some strings and they may accept you here, if we can come to an agreement on the fee.'

It was such nonsense that Penelope almost protested. She didn't have a criminal conviction. The tribunal that had sentenced her to nine hellacious months in the so-called reformatory had been nothing but a kangaroo court made up of her aunt's cronies. She didn't protest though, she was too afraid that her aunt would carry out her threat and order Collett to turn the car around and drive her right back to that horrid place. Even if the memory of her 'farewell' had not been freshly seared into her brain, Penelope's bottom was still so sore that even sitting on the plush leather seat of the Bentley was purgatory. Aunt Maude had ordered her to stop fidgeting several times.

'Should I try the intercom again, Ma'am?'

'No, they said that there might be a delay, Collett.'

At last the big gates swung open and the Bentley started up a gravel drive. A mixture of curiosity and trepidation compelled Penelope to peer out of the window. The house was an uninspiring eighteenth century mansion, with what looked like a large stable block a little to one side. In front of this there was a horse box trailer and as they passed, just for a moment, Penelope thought that she saw several pairs of eyes peeping out of the small window in its side.

The car swept up to the wide steps at the front of the building where a young woman stood waiting to greet them.

'Lady Thornicroft-Grey? I am Daphne, Mr DeLong's secretary. If you would follow me.'

Something about the girl disturbed Penelope. Daphne's blouse was just that

bit too tight, her pencil skirt too short. The skirt was too tight too, so tight that Daphne had trouble ascending the stairs, and once in the building was compelled to make tiny, rapid, steps, her heels rat-atat-tatting through the echoing entrance hall.

\* \* \*

'Lady Thornicroft-Grey and niece, Sir,' Daphne announced.

'Thank you, Daphne, you may return to your duties. 'The man was in his forties, smart suited with the look of an executive or a senior civil servant. He stood and leaned over the desk extending a hand.

' Maurice DeLong,' he said. 'Welcome to Claversham Manor. You found us all right then?'

Aunt Maude snorted. 'Eventually' she said.

'We are rather secluded here, I am afraid. There are advantages, however.'

A single Queen Anne chair had been set in front of the desk and Aunt Maude took this as the man resumed his seat, leaving Penelope to stand, feeling awkward and out of place. The clothes her aunt had brought when she collected her were better than the reformatory uniform, perhaps, but barely. The pleated navy skirt was not so bad but the short-sleeved cotton blouse was very thin - she felt as if DeLong was looking straight through it.

'And this must be Penelope,' he said.

'Yes,' Lady Maude said. 'I am afraid so.'

'Lovely. Really lovely. And I understand that her criminal tendencies have been eradicated?'

Aunt Maude snorted again. 'So the reformatory has certified. I beg leave to doubt it. In any event I do not propose to hazard my family's good name on the claim.'

Penelope felt herself flush as she clenched her fists impotently at her sides. It was all horrid, horrid lies. She had never stolen anything. Someone had placed that opal ring in her knicker drawer. One of Aunt Maude's servants, no

doubt, though she suspected that they had acted on her aunt's instructions. She did not protest her innocence once more though. She had long since had that caned out of her at Miss Merriweather's Reformatory.

'Very understandable,' said DeLong.' Well, hopefully we will be able to come to terms. It is a vulgar expression but apposite, I believe it is time to, "let the dog see the rabbit." Shall I call a groom or will she disrobe on instruction.'

Lady Thornicroft-Grey snorted for a third time. 'She damn well better if she doesn't want to be returned to the reformatory. Take off your clothes, Penelope.'

'What? Oh no! Please, Aunt...'

'Stop gibbering, you silly besom and strip this instant, unless you want Mr DeLong's staff to come and rip the clothes off you. The grooms here would enjoy that, I imagine.'

The tears that trickled down her blazing cheeks, as she unbuttoned her blouse, were not just tears of shame. They were also tears of bitter disappointment. She had thought, as her aunt's Bentley had sped out of the reformatory's security gates, that her ordeal had ended at last. As they took the M11 north instead of south to London, anxiety had seized her and her aunt's evasive answers when she asked where they were going, had amplified her fears. But she had held on to hope that life was about to get better. She took off the little skirt knowing that her humiliation, at the very least, had by no means ceased.

'Very sweet, but take the bra and panties off too please, my dear.' Mr DeLong smiled like an indulgent uncle.

'For heaven's sake stop snivelling, girl, and get your knickers off.' There was nothing indulgent at all about Aunt Maude.

Stripped to white stockings and suspenders she tried to hide her breasts and sex with her arm and hand. Mr DeLong appeared beside and took her right wrist in a strong grip and pulled her arm back, behind her back.

'Oh! Please...!' She felt cold metal on her wrist and heard the click.

'Hush now, little one.'

He took her left arm and in a trice her hands were cuffed behind her back. Mr DeLong took a firm hold of her upper arm and used his free hand to feel her naked bottom.

'Ooooooooooh...!'

'Yes, that does look sore. Did you get a birching, sweetheart?'

'They are old fashioned at Miss Merriweather's.' Aunt Maude answered for her, which was as well for Mr DeLong's squeezing of still red, abraded flesh was making Penelope hiss in pain like a steam kettle. 'They still honour the old ways.'

'And quite right too.' DeLong ran his hand up Penelope's side and took a firm hold of her breast. 'A punishment for misbehaviour?'

'Oh no, nothing like that. It was merely her farewell.'

'Yes, I had heard that they still do, "welcomes" and "farewells."'

'The whip for welcome and the birch rod for farewell. As I said, Miss Merriweather honours the traditions.'

Penelope screwed her eyes shut tight. It wasn't just the squeezing hand she tried to will away, but the memories that this casual conversation brought cascading back: being strapped down on that hateful oaken block, the sniggering of the other inmates, the agonising pain, building and building with stroke after stroke...

'These are really rather lovely,' DeLong's voice and groping hand brought her back to the present. 'A good size for a slender girl. Would that be a B cup?'

'BB, I believe. Her details are with her papers. Look, Mr DeLong, I don't wish to seem impatient but I have a long drive back to London...'

'Of course. To business then. Well she is pretty and rather sweet but very slender for sulky trotting. I really could not offer any more than fifteen thousand guineas.'

## Postscript Part 2: Paying for Straying

'Push my button. Push my button. Push my button... *please!*'

Pink 17 didn't say this out loud, of course. No 'deliverette' would ever dare. She stood and waited with her head bowed and her eyes downcast submissively, but she fervently prayed that someone would click the little button on her collar so that she could start trotting back to despatch. The sales people were the worst, young mostly and boisterous. They had grabbed their lattes and americanos from her tray and gone back to their banter, trying to make sales on phones, or hyping up the coming auction via online meetings. 'The spring sale is going to be special, Mr Phee.' At the nearest desk an immaculately dressed and coifed blonde purred at her screen. 'The catalogue won't be published for a couple of weeks but, for a special customer like you, I'm sure I could arrange a sneak preview. Just you let me know what sort of thing you are after... For starters, how about a matched pair of lovely Scottish sorrel s, only part-trained but with real potential...'

P17 felt the familiar goose pimples break on her bare skin. The subject of livestock sales always struck her with a special sort of horror. For all the challenges and cruelties of her life at Claversham Corrective Solutions, she retained a morbid fear of being sold.

'What are you standing loafing there... oh.' The speaker was a portly man, older than most of the sales team. '*Guys!* You have to press the collar timer to release her! How many times do I have to fucking tell you?' He reached out and clicked the button. Pink 17 bowed in respectful thanks and turned to leave.

Crack!

'Oooh...'

'Giddap then girlie, off you trot!

Her naked bottom cheek stinging from the slap, Pink 17 started her return run. 'Run!' That was a sick joke. The hobble strap above her knees restricted her gait to tiny little steps. 'No excuse for dawdling,' Mistress Pym had assured her on her first day, as she and her shift-mates were being secured in the contraptions. 'You will just have to move your hooves more rapidly to compensate. Lots of quick little "tippy-trots," that's the ticket! You'll soon get used to it.'

Two months later she was tippy-trotting down the corridor as fast as

ever she could, trying not to think about the ticking stopwatch secured to her throat. There wasn't much rebellion left in P17. Most of it had been whipped out of her during her long sojourn at the stables. But, apart from the fodder, the thing that vexed her most was the unjust, unfair, absurdity of chivvying the deliverettes to hurry, hurry, hurry, whilst ensuring that they were slowed down by the hobble, and the leash that ran from collar to leg strap, forcing the girls to maintain a respectful bowing posture.

The staff she passed as she tippy-trotted down the corridor towards the service lift took no notice of her. This was good. Usually, if HQ office workers took note of the postal-pony-girls as they scurried round the gleaming glass and steel building, it was to give the girls' bottoms a smack as they passed, or perhaps a crack with a plastic ruler. Unlike at the stables, few of the staff here routinely carried riding crops or canes, which was a mercy. But plenty seemed to think they had a duty to chivvy the hapless, nearly naked, 'Pony Express' girls round the building with encouraging whacks. That or perhaps it just amused them.

'Four minutes overtime!' Lacey remarked, matter-of-factly. Lacey was the secretary in charge of dispatch. 'No rating.'

P17's belly did a little flip. No rating went down on her account as negative feedback but the four minutes deficit was worse. As usual she tried to tot up the numbers for the day so far in her head. Two minutes overrun for the previous trot, but a minute in credit for the accountancy delivery before that... as usual the minutes and seconds became a confused blur. The tariff at the end of each day was a tawse stroke on the hand for every minute over her time allowance, up to ten. After ten the punishments got much more severe. Exactly how severe depended on the deficit and the feedback.

'You have a pick up from the cafe for Research,' said Lacey. She was a pretty young red-head who wore the default secretary outfit: white blouse, little pink pleated skirt, tan stockings and stilettos. She did not have a tracking collar on but wore an ankle tag. 'One, two, three and...' She reached up to press the timer button on P17's collar. 'Trot!'

It was grimly familiar. Trotting as fast as she could with her hobbled legs, hoof boots clip-clopping down the subterranean corridor from despatch to the service lift. The lift button was at nose height and, though her arms were unrestrained she kept them folded against the small of her back as she



had been trained and used her snub nose to press it. The lift doors opened right away which was a relief, and she had it to herself which was even better.

The atrium was almost empty so late in the working day, making it seem even huger. The sound of Pink 17's hooves' staccato clapping echoed round the glass enclosed space. There was no queue at the cafe and they even had her order ready to go, so she was soon clip-clopping back to the service lift as fast as the hobble would allow.

\*

'Kimmeeeee...!' Sophie jumped up to give her friend a hug.

'Hi, Sophie, how's it going? Any luck?'

Sophie sat down again and grimaced. 'Well, I have been too busy with finals to apply for much but... not a nibble so far.'

'I'll get these. Latte? Want a doughnut too?'

'Ugh, no, thanks.'

'How about a chocolate brownie?'

'No, I had better not.' Sophie had been a decent middle distance runner at school but despite her best intentions she had lapsed since London and university life. A certain melancholy took her as she looked around. This was Kimmy and Sophie's favourite cafe. Although it was in Bloomsbury it was not too near any of the colleges and, despite the fact the street was pedestrianised, they usually managed to get an outside table.

Sophie took a deep breath. She loved the smell of London, the sense of being in the middle of things. But it was unlikely she could stay once college was finished. Rents were just insane. As it was she had to live way out in Acton while Kimmy was south of the river. But at least they could meet up here from time to time and feel the thrum of the big city. Opposite the cafe was a black glass tower of the sort that shouted: money! glamour! importance! The gold logo looked classy on the black glass too, even if it did look a bit like a bottom. The motto, strap line or whatever it was was curious though: 'The Pain Training People.' What could that mean? She had wondered about it loads of times but never remembered to check these CCS guys out. She got her phone out to google but then Kimmy came out with the coffees and they were straight into the horror of revision.

\*

It was the doughnuts that undid her. The atrium cafe did not do doughnuts so they must have been ordered in from outside. *Outside*, that boundless realm of freedom that, after so long in captivity, hardly seemed more real than fairyland to Deliverette P17. In her imagination every other shop out there was a bakery or patisserie. Truth to tell, she did not know London but she was pretty sure that the building was in the centre. There were towers visible from the upper floors that P22 said was St Pancras Station. And even if it wasn't quite the way her cake-starved imagination pictured it there must be innumerable cafes, supermarkets, doughnut selling shops...

Food was the one thing that she pined for. The stables and its merciless disciplinary regime had been very hard at first but she had got used to most of it, and when they transported her to London she even found that she missed her little straw lined stall. HQ had been even harder to adjust to but it had its pleasures. She looked forward to the snatched conversation with the other girls once they were locked in their little cages for the night and before the exhausted delivery girls fell asleep. The yoga was pleasant. Occasionally, good pony-girls were even allowed orgasms. But one thing, apart from the fear she felt when she had to deliver packages to the 'Research' floors, tormented her days and haunted her dreams. That thing was food.

Back when she had been a person with a name P17 had loved her food. Not that she had been a foodie. Pizza, chips and doughnuts had been her weakness and she had been plump, and getting plumper when taken into Claversham custody. They had soon run the excess fat of her and the fodder had made her mane shine and her skin glow with health. But she hated it. She hated the chewy little feed pellets that tasted of nothing much at all but smelled slightly of fish. Some girls, new to captivity, would baulk at having to eat their feed directly from a dog bowl on the floor but Pink 17 could have borne that if it had been fried chicken or cheesecake, rather than those horrible fodder pellets.

In the lift again, alone again, the temptation was so great that it was making her hands shake. The scent from the coffees was delicious but it was the two fat, succulent looking, doughnuts which transfixed her. Her mouth filled with saliva and as if in sympathy a tear trickled down her cheek. She had to have a doughnut. She did not dare eat the order. But she had to, had to, had to. She could taste the sweet-sticky deliciousness...'

She was saved by the 'bing' as the lift doors opened on Floor 7. Temptation was suddenly displaced by fear. The Research staff were by no means the worst in the building. Sales were more obnoxious and Security, naturally, were brutes, while 'Personnel and Livestock' were probably even worse with their inspirational quotes and interrogations. The designers, engineers and scientists of Research were mostly too absorbed in their projects to waste time tormenting Pony Express girls. But the place gave P17 the rampant heebie-jeebies.

It was the Whites she found so unsettling. Pinks, Blues and Apricots were Pony Express posties, and Yellows were the cleaners but the Whites were, 'guinea piglets'; experimental subjects for the research teams' projects. They mostly wore just little white fur crop tops with holes for their breasts to stick through and furry leg warmers. In truth she didn't see much of them, but when she did they were usually in some excruciating bondage or squealing in response to some diabolical new pain inflicting system being developed by the white coated Research experts.

The boffins took their drinks and doughnuts and a woman with steel grey hair and steel grey eyes clicked the button and turned the feedback knob to 'satisfactory.' Pink 17 bowed and turned.

'OK, let's try again,' a male voice said.

A buxom guinea piglet stood in the prescribed pose, legs apart, arms behind her back, head slightly bowed, a bright orange collar round her neck. The man, tubby, short and balding, reached out pointing something like a car key fob at the girl. She flinched, as if expecting a shock. Nothing obvious happened to her, but P17 felt something click and shift slightly in her own collar. Not knowing what to say or do she clip-clop, clip-clop, clip-clopped out of Research as quickly as ever she could.

In the lift her hands went up to investigate, gingerly because the collars were rigged to give shocks if someone tried to remove one improperly. Instead of a shock, the thing came open in her hands. Terror and excitement flooded through her. She was in for it now, she knew. Even if they believed that the unlocking of the collar had been none of her doing, she was bound to get an exemplary punishment to discourage her cage mates from playing with their collars.

And if she was bound to get a blistering good hiding anyway, might she

sneak out and get a doughnut? Two doughnuts? Six doughnuts? In her state of panic and over-excitement, this mad scheme somehow seemed like a plausible idea.

\*

P17 did not really think super-quickly. All the elements of her reckless plan had been rehearsed already in her head. 'If I did this, then that...' she had thought a hundred times as she trotted round the building. Not with any real thought of escape, of course, just as a theoretical idea to take her mind off how many minus-minutes and bad feedbacks she had accrued that day. But the elements were there, thought out, considered. When the time came they were ready. To her own surprise she found that she already had a plan. She needed clothes and she had an idea of how, with luck, to get some. It was the custom of many managers, when intending to spank or cane their secretary, to make the girl strip off and hang her clothes up outside the office door. The idea, P17 imagined, was to humiliate the secretary concerned by having her work on awhile in complete or partial nakedness while the hanging garments advertised to all and sundry that she was going to be punished. Often, a board with a time was hung up too, so anyone who might wish to witness the delightful show could do so. Sometimes quite a little audience would gather to watch, enjoy, and complete the luckless girl's humiliation.

The little pink skirts were too short but not all secretaries were costumed in the standard outfit. Those allowed out on their own always had more modest, less fetishistic, garments. P17 pressed the button for floor 3 and tried to put the collar back. Unlockable without the right key fob, it felt horribly precarious. But it stayed in place so long as she bent even further than usual, preventing any tension on the leash that linked the collar to the hobble.

The main corridor on 3, like most floors, overlooked the atrium on one side with private offices on the other, en-route to the main sales floor. As soon as she stepped into it she saw what she wanted; a dark skirt and white blouse hanging outside an office. So close to 5.00pm there was no audience hanging round the open door. As she clip-clopped closer she heard sounds that made her belly tighten.

Whoooooooooosh... *Crack!*

'Aaaaaiiee...'

'Don't make such a silly fuss, Debby, and push that bottom right out. I intend to make you feel this!'

Whoooooooooosh... *Crack!*

'Aaaaaooooo...'

Heart hammering, P17 took the hanger with the clothes, picked up the high heeled shoes that had been placed beneath them, and started back.

'I won't tell you to keep those legs straight again, Deborah. I am sorry but I shall have to add six strokes for poor comportment under correction.' The man's voice did not sound remotely sorry.

P17 clopped on, to the sound of sobbing. A smartly dressed woman stepped out of an office just in front of her and P17's heart nearly stopped, but the woman took no notice of her, instead just listening to the sound of the caning with a contented smile. P17 almost stumbled but, somehow, she clip-clopped on.

Of course, she realised, the deliverettes often had to take secretary clothes to the dry cleaners in the basement when sticky fluids had been spilt or squirted onto them. There was nothing unusual about it. She prayed that the woman didn't go to watch the rest of the flogging though. She had picked the sales floor because the boisterous staff were always pranking one another. When it was discovered that the clothes were missing, she was banking that the first assumption would be that they had just been hidden by a jocular colleague.

By the service lift was the blank door of that floor's cleaning closet. It was not locked and she was in it in a moment, shutting the door to find herself enveloped in darkness. She leant against the wall and let out a huge sigh of relief.

There was an indistinct sound, so unexpected that she let out a startled squeak and flapped about for the light switch. One side of the small room was shelves of cleaning products. On the other, four wider metal shelves, each one holding a figure encased in yellow latex.

Silly filly! She had forgotten that most of the cleaners were stored in these cupboards during the day, released from their rubber cocoons to labour through the night. She looked at the gently writhing figures with curiosity and some fear. When they caught her would they demote her to Yellow? What was it like to spend all day ever day...?

P17 told herself sharply that she did not have time for foolish speculation. She stripped off collar, leash and hobble then, with some struggle, her gloves and hoof boots. She could not get her ear tag off so undid her bunches and arranged her hair to hide it. If only she had a hairbrush! Dragging her fingers through her hair she did her best to make it look more like a person's. Then she put the skirt, the blouse and jacket on. She wished there had been stockings and underwear but, presumably, the manager who had been punishing his secretary liked to cane girls in their lingerie. She was ready. It must be close to 5.00. It was now or never. Fear paralysed her for a full minute but then she thought; you have removed your collar, failed to report it, stolen clothes. You will be judged guilty of theft, and what is much more serious, running away. If you stray, there will be hell to pay! The message had been repeated time and time again. She had *already* strayed. There *would* be hell to pay. She might as well try and get a doughnut before they caught her!

\*

It was the end of another working day. People were streaming through the atrium. At the end, sliding doors gave onto a passage and this, being narrower, was quite crowded. The passage dog-legged and she was in the entrance hall, much smaller than the atrium but still substantial. Security guards lounged by the turnstiles. P17 tried to stroll casually on legs more used to rapid, hobbled, trotting. The secretary's skirt was knee length. She might even look like a manager, P17 thought, trying to stay optimistic. The stolen shoes were too big and their looseness made her afraid of losing one every step she took. Don't look down submissively, she told herself. Don't look up arrogantly either. They might think you are a secretary or a manager so look like you might be either.

A huge female guard was fingering a baton. Don't look at her. Just walk on like a person; just a person who has finished their day's work, going for a doughnut. What about her microchip? Would that set off an alarm or stop the turnstile? She was pretty sure the collar would have. Could the microchip they had put in the flesh behind her ear do that too? The turnstile let her through and she was almost at the big revolving glass doors. Breathing a sigh of relief P17 stepped towards them.

Suddenly, the doors stopped revolving. Some people were stuck in the

segments and these, and the people who had been about to exit, looked back to see what was the matter. P17 looked back too. The big woman and a much smaller male security guard had their batons out and were both smiling at her. 'Going somewhere, pet?' the man said.

P17 felt as much as saw the people around her move away, giving the security guards room. And suddenly she realised that the things that they held in their hands were not ordinary batons.

They were electric cattle prods.

\*

'Haaaaaooooooooooooooooowwwwwwwwwwwww...!

P17 had had more whippings than she could remember since entering the iron embrace Claversham Corrective Solutions. None of them compared to this. The pain of Mistress Pym's thick, plaited leather, whip on her bare behind was utterly excruciating.

Thwuck!

'Yaaaaaiiiiiieeeee...!

Agony flared again. Not that it ever stopped or even dropped to bearable. Between strokes her throbbing bottom burned like hell, but though that felt as high as pain could go, every few seconds another lash would take the agony to another level. She was hoarse with screaming, her leather constrained body wet with sweat, face slick with a torrent of tears.

How long had it gone on? How many lashes of that brutal whip had her bottom taken? Pink 17 was lost in a delirium of pain. It might have been fifty strokes, a hundred or a thousand. All she knew was that it seemed to have gone on and on forever.

Thwuck!

'Haaaaaooooow... mu... mu... mercy, Mistress... mercy.' Her voice was a strangled croak.

'What were you thinking, you silly little mare? That you could just trot off and get yourself a latte?' Mistress Pym demanded.

It took a while, gasping for breath and spluttering on tears and snot, before she could answer. 'Haaoww... Pu...please, have mu... mercy... mu... Mistress... Hoowooooooooo!'

'Whinny away, it's completely soundproof. And don't worry, no one can see in, the glass is polarised. Did you think you could be out there, free

as a bird, chatting away like a person?'

P17 blinked tears away. Through the glass wall she could see a street, a couple kissing, people strolling while chatting on their phones. Two girls about her age were sitting outside a cafe, completely carefree and relaxed, perhaps eating doughnuts. It was a few meters away. It was another universe entirely.

'Ooh... Ah... Pu... please... I, I'm su... su... sorry...

Thwuck!

Haaaaaaaroooooo!!!!'

You're not free, are you though?'

'Nu... no, Mistress...'

'And running off isn't permitted, is it? You were told when you were brought here: "ponies that stray have Hell to pay," remember?'

'Oh... oh... oh... ah... I... I'm su... sorry...'

'Not sorry enough. Not nearly. Not yet. But you will be, darling. Oh, yes you will be!'

\*

Kimmy was already there for once and she had nabbed their favourite table. 'My turn' Sophie insisted, though the London coffee shop prices made her wince even more than usual. She was going to have to turn tail back to Kidderminster if something didn't turn up soon.

Kimmy was on her phone when Sophie brought the coffees out.

'Lars,' she said and shrugged. Lars was on the way out but he was being slow to notice.

'I was always a bit surprised about that,' Sophie said.

'Just cos you pigeon-holed me as a lesbian.' Kimmy grinned.

Sophie decided it was time to change the subject, 'Look at the logo on that building, Kimmy. Is that a bum?'

'Ha ha, Sophie, you and your one track mind! More like a "W" I'd say.'

'What is that place anyway, I've been wondering for years?'

'I think Lars said it was an exclusive gym.'

'"The pain training people." Pretty hardcore sounding for a gym.'

Kimmy shrugged, 'just some copywriter's jazzed up version of, "no pain, no gain," I bet. Hey, you keep saying how you want to get properly fit



again. Why don't we see if we can join up?'

'I dunno, it looks a bit forbidding. And it's bound to be way too expensive. Anyway, I don't suppose I will be around long enough to make it worthwhile.'

'Well, you never know, they might do student discounts. We might as well use our student cards while we still have them! Let's go and ask. After all, it can't hurt to find out!'

As usual, Sophie let her friend chivvy her into agreeing. But as she followed Kimmy across the pedestrianised street she couldn't shake a strange sense of foreboding.

\*

Mistress Melissa Pym needed a shower. It was a while since she had bestowed such a magisterial whipping, and it been as good as an exhaustive gym workout. She needed a shower, but she needed something else more urgently.

Lacey, have you signed off yet?' The secretary was handing over to the night despatch girl, Angela. They both looked up with anxious eyes; more anxious than usual. It was the whip, she supposed, the heavy whip that she had thrown down on her desk with a hefty clunk.

'Almost, Mistress.'

'Well finish, and get over here. I'm in need of your slut tongue!'

The petite red-head went pink and nodded. 'Right away, Mistress.'

Melissa Pym started pulling off her panties. She was too horny to make Lacey tug them down with her pearly little teeth today. Just as she was tossing them on the desk her phone rang. Shit, she thought, considering ignoring it. But it was Personnel and Livestock, so she supposed it might be urgent.

'What?' she snapped into it. 'Oh, hi, David.'

Lacey came over and got down on her knees. Melissa signalled the secretary to unbutton her blouse.

'Well, yes. I do have one vacancy. You heard about that? Silly little stray has gone off up to Research where I'm sure she will be happier in white, ha ha.'

Lacey was fumbling with the buttons. Fingers made clumsy by fear or desire, Melissa supposed. She gave the kneeling girl a light slap across the cheek to buck her up.

'Well, it's a bloody liberty asking me to start a new, completely inexperienced, trainee two weeks before a major sale with the place going crazy...'

Lacey had got her blouse open at last, exposing pretty breasts encased in a pale blue lace brassiere. Melissa licked her lips.

'What, two? *Both* completely inexperienced? Jesus Christ, David!'

She reached down and took one of the secretary's nipples through the lace and pinched it hard, enjoying the way the girl bit her lip to stop herself from crying out and how the nub of flesh swelled as she twisted.

'What? No, no, I'll take them. They can share a cage for now, I suppose. But you owe me David.' She grinned at the slender, kneeling girl. Lacey let out a squeal of pain as Melissa used her fingernails to nip the secretary's nipple.

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