
AMANDA AND THE
STABLEMASTER

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Chapter 1

Amanda Matthews was a woman who demanded respect and accepted nothing less in every aspect of her life. Even to her friends, who were not thick on the ground by any means, she was Amanda, never anything as casual as "Mandy." To her underlings she was "Ms. Matthews," no matter how late at night they worked. She had a powerful, responsible position as the youngest executive, in the investment department, at a large commercial bank. She was, in her business as well as her personal dealings, what used to be referred to as "prim and proper." Having a very singular mind towards her career goals, she had never found a man who attracted her enough to pull her away from her job, thus, at twenty-nine, she was an unapologetic and highly successful virgin. She kept her sexual preferences, whatever those were, to herself, disdaining those who brandished their own in public.

Before she'd died, her mother despaired of her ever "finding a man," but Amanda was quite satisfied with her life and needed no man to complete it. She had her job and a few close friends, and that was all she aspired to in this life; spinsterhood was not a concern.

It was enough, she kept telling herself as she left her job one evening, the last person out of the building, as usual. The parking garage was dark, and the attendant was nowhere in sight, of course. She had her keys already out, though, and looked around carefully for anyone else. She saw no one.

By the time she noticed the van pull up beside her, it was too late. A big, burly man had already jumped out, clamped a damp, chloroform soaked cloth over her mouth, and dragged her unconscious body into its dark interior, closing and locking the door with a loud clunk.

ACROSS TOWN, a nubile eighteen-year-old woman stepped out of the abandoned building, where a huge rave was ongoing, and had been for several days. It was so loud in there, she could barely think. She was getting a headache, partly from the noise, and partly because she hadn't eaten in three days. Debbie Townsend took a deep, breath of clean air, indulging in a full-body stretch, with no concern at all about the need to be careful in that part of town. She was newly homeless, a runaway with no place to live and no one looking after her. As yet she had no pimp and was not hooked on any of the drugs that were so readily available inside.

When the blue van pulled up alongside her, she paid it no mind, nor did any of the others milling about outside. As soon as Debbie turned the corner, away from the crowd, the sliding door on the side of the van opened, and she was dragged inside, the sounds of her screams drowned by the still booming music.

Generations Stables had been in business for, as the name implied, generations. It functioned in complete secrecy, with a blind eye from the government, who occasionally provided new bloodlines for the operation, or new farm or field stock.

Aaron Johnson, whose family had run the Stables for more

years than anyone liked to remember – probably since its inception - rubbed his hand through his full head of black hair, drawing in a lungful of sweet smelling, early morning air. He'd just gotten a call on his cell telling him that there'd be two new arrivals in a few minutes, so he set a groomsmen to making sure that all of the necessary arrangements were made in the receiving room, and that there were two immaculately clean stalls ready.

When the blue van arrived, the two women were still woozy from the chloroform. They had been bound, gagged and undressed while they were unconscious, making it relatively easy to move them into the reception area, a large room with soft dirt on the floor, strewn with layers of clean hay and sweet smelling herbs, the required flooring in all stalls. Each animal's stall was scrupulously cleaned out morning and evening, and Aaron was known to fire on the spot any groomsmen or stable hand that passed by a stall with a mess in it and didn't clean it out. He applied the same rule to himself, too. He would not tolerate his valuable animals standing around in filth under any circumstances, and could often be found in a mare's stall – he definitely favored the females – with a shovel in his hand, and more often than not a sweet treat for the mare like a sugar cube or a bit of apple or carrot, or the highly prized chocolate, but that was only given out on very special occasions.

The women were arranged together in the receiving room; Aaron had found that, in the beginning, it was often beneficial to keep the mares together. They tended to be a little bit less hysterical when they were with their own kind. Each had been put into the stable's special type of restraints for newcomers that would keep them, as well as any trainers, groomsmen, or stable hands that got near them for a while, safe. They could – and, Aaron acknowledged with a smile to himself, did quite prettily – buck and writhe and wiggle and arch, but there was truly no way out of the system of straps and stocks he had created himself. The

flesh displayed before him was quite arousing, and that was no mistake at all. Each animal's neck was encircled by a very pretty, soft leather collar that had three D-rings, one on either side and one in front. A short leather length bound the front ring to a bolt in the floor, limiting the females' ability to raise their heads. Each feminine wrist was secured in a highly padded cuff that was chained to the floor on either side, so that neither of them could raise their hands off the floor. Each mare's shoulders were, because of the shortness of their lead, inches above the potpourri hay. Generously padded wooden stocks both supported their waists, enhancing and lifting them into the "present" position, and capturing them, holding their torsos as still as possible, and framing the lovely heart shaped asses that spilled out of them. Knees were bound and bolted, more than twenty inches apart, ankles in much the same cuffs as the other areas of their bodies, short-chained to prevent scissor kicking or, truly, much movement at all.

Amanda's long mane of chocolate brown hair was arranged in an artful bun at the base of her neck to keep it out of the way for training. Within the next two to six weeks, depending how she took to her new situation, it would rarely be allowed to flow loose unless she was being groomed, but despite the fact that no one as yet would see its rich glory, her groomsmen would wash, condition, and brush it every day until it shone. The bun covered part of the back of the bridle she was wearing – that they both were wearing. It was a training bridle with the bit removed, in consideration of the minor dental surgery that had been performed; the average person had thirty-two teeth, they now each had thirty. Two bottom molars had been pulled to make a place for the bit to rest well back within their mouths. But for now, until their gums healed, they wore only the leather harness part of the bridle, which consisted of straps over and around the head and beneath the chin, with big blinders on either side of their eyes.

They were just starting to come around, testing their bonds

by reflex more so than anything else. Aaron stayed behind them deliberately. Her handlers' looks should be of no concern to a mare. Eventually, she would be able to recognize and differentiate each one of them by sound and smell alone. Debbie seemed groggier than Amanda, who, once she woke began to diligently pull at her wrists and ankles, but then Debbie could simply be more inherently submissive than Amanda. Time would tell, and the grooms would carefully note each mare's personality traits, moods, and menstrual cycle. Of the two, if Aaron had been pressed to make a snap judgment, he would say Debbie was going to have the easier time of it, but then, he wasn't always right about those things. Sometimes the little fillies surprised him.

His voice was calculatedly firm and reassuring, pitched low to make them strain just the slightest to hear him. "Right now, you're probably wondering where you are. You're in a safe place, where you will never be harmed, but your lives have changed irrevocably. As of this moment, you are no longer whoever you were before you came here. Those two identities, those two human women, are gone, and from what we've observed, not a lot of people are really going to miss you."

He stood between them, but neither woman could lift or turn her head enough to see him. His fingertips rested possessively on the small of each bare back. The words came to them as if on a cloud of chloroform haze, only every other word penetrating their fuzzy consciousness. And that was exactly the way Aaron wanted it, at first. If he had to, he would keep them like that – just a bit off center – with carefully controlled doses of a particular drug until each was slowly weaned off it by the end of their schooling. He hated to taint his girls that way, but had sometimes found it was the least traumatic method of easing them into their new environment. Each upturned set of buttocks already bore the evidence of their first light dose; light to make sure there were no adverse reactions, small enough to allow them to find their way out of the soupy shroud left by the chloroform. "There

is no escape from this place; and you do not want to learn the penalties for trying to flee. They are some of the most severe we have. There are no penalties for an actual escape, since no one has been successful yet."

"From now on," Aaron continued, stroking each sleek flank, "you each belong to me. You're mine. You will each be trained to my particular specifications, primarily by your own groomsman, whom you will meet in a moment, but occasionally by others as well, including me. It is not necessary that you understand the whats or whys. The important things are that you obey any men you see and learn your lessons well. Although you will soon lose any track of time beyond day to day concerns, your re-education will take anywhere from two to six weeks. The length of time it takes to accustom you to your new position in life depends entirely on you."

And, just as he'd predicted, the filly on his left, whose first name had been Amanda in her former life, was having a hard time of it. Debbie had settled nicely under his hand, even arching a bit when his palm left her skin, bereft of its warmth for a moment. But Amanda...she was testing the strength of every cuff, not systematically, but almost furiously, trying to buck out of the waist stock. Aaron grinned softly. He was glad he'd had Ted, her groom, put the extra padding on hers. Intuition? Nah. Just care for the delicate, flawless hide of his property. Her milky white skin drew him like a magnet, and he didn't want anything marring it.

Kind of stupid, actually, considering what a mess her bottom was probably – definitely – going to be at various points during the next few weeks, but then no permanent damage was ever done to any mare he owned. In fact, he'd had a hand in taking down some men who ran operations like his own – well, operations for the same reason as he did. But they had no respect for the treasures in their care, abusing them with bullwhips and singletails that marked their trembling hides forever.

Nothing like that was ever used on his animals. Even the farm studs, who worked in the fields pulling plows all day, were treated better than that.

"Now, we've kept your names the same so you don't need to learn to respond to new ones." Aaron touched each of them between the shoulder blades, stroking slowly. "We have Mandy here on my left and Debbie on my right. You two will be spending a certain amount of time together today. You're each naked, and you're both in exactly the same position right now, with your cute little behinds way up in the air, so there's no need to be embarrassed about it or to get fretful."

Aaron squatted down, knees cracking from previous injuries, reaching under Mandy first to tweak a pouty nipple, then it was Debbie's turn. Neither of them could scream due to a particular spray used on the backs of their throats that was powerful enough on one application to begin to atrophy their vocal chords, and eventually, the disuse would become permanent. In time, no matter how hard they tried, they wouldn't be able do much beyond screams of pain and moans of pleasure – nothing with any particular articulation, but rather high-pitched mewls or low, guttural groans, and not much in between.

His casual caresses helped reinforce the idea of his ownership and their submission. There was nothing they could do to stop him from exploring anywhere on their bodies any time he wanted. The sooner they came to grips with that fact, the easier the transition would be for them.

"Now, this is the not-so-nice portion of my welcome lecture." He cleared his throat. "I've said that what you need to do to get on well here is to obey and learn. Keep that in mind, because although I have pretty close to infinite patience with someone who is trying hard to learn something, making every effort to do as she's told, I have less than no patience with someone who is deliberately disobedient or defiant. If you should display either of those attitudes to me, or your groom, or for that manner to

any man that you come in contact with, punishment will be swift and severe – each and every time."

He rose and picked one of the bath brushes that the grooms used when bathing their charges. It was about twenty-four inches long, solid oak, with a flat oval head that was about four inches wide by five long – roughly the size of a large palm. Aaron hefted it a little; it had been a while since he'd actually had a hand in a first punishment. And longer still, since he had gone through grooms' training and had taken fifty whacks with each disciplinary implement that Generations employed, one session each week of Disciplinary Attitude class for eleven weeks: hand, hair-brush, leather paddle, wooden paddle, tawse, rubber strap, bath brush, birch, switch, belt, and cane. The Stables required that anyone who might use an implement on a horse would know how it felt to be punished by that particular implement. It made the men deliver more sound, less emotionally inspired discipline, because their own butts had been bruised by the same exact implements.

Before he even approached her, Mandy had caught on to what was going to happen next. How, he didn't know, but she was pulling and wrestling for all she was worth, keening and mewling and making his flesh rise in his pants as her breasts and bottom jiggled and wobbled, while she tried to get out of those unforgiving restraints. That one was a smart girl. High-strung and beautiful, she'd be gorgeous in the ring and would probably throw some beautiful foals when he put her into the breeding program.

But right now, he stood to one side of her, laying the head of the brush flat against her taut rump, then snapping it down five times, good and hard – once on each lovely cheek, once on the back of each thigh and once in the middle of what would have been called her "sit spot" – leaving several seconds between each swat to allow the pain to truly sink in. With each stroke he saw her body flex, absorbing it against her will yet trying to fight

against it at the same time, the whimpers becoming more frantic at each sharp crack of wood to skin.

Aaron found it hard to resist patting Mandy when he was done, but he did. At this point in her education, sympathy would do nothing but rile her, anyway. Debbie was already sobbing when he got to her, but she seemed resigned to her fate and was nowhere near as agitated as her companion, even at the end of her introduction to the Stables' style of discipline.

He returned the brush to the hook it hung from. Each stall had a built in cupboard that contained one of each implement, so that the groom was never without one. Generally, though, they carried something on them, in a pocket or hanging by a leash from their belt – whatever their favorite tool was - just in case a lassie got a little uppity and forgot her place. Once a female had completed training, she knew that it was useless to resist and usually settled down; a good percentage of women, seventy-five to eighty percent, by his records, fairly thrived in their new lives.

The idea was not to allow either of the two new arrivals to become a part of the twenty percent who fought their captivity for the rest of their days.

Resuming his place between them, Aaron squatted down again, cupping a breast on each side as he spoke, hefting them gently in contrast to the spankings he had just delivered. Debbie's nipple was flaccid, as he expected. She was still weeping pitifully, and he let his hand become more caressing, more soothing, patting her back and murmuring wordless sounds hypnotically under his breath. She settled down almost immediately.

Turning to Mandy, he cupped her breast and was startled to find her nipple rock hard. With a surprised frown, he rolled that impudent nipple, pinching just a tiny bit, listening, looking, and feeling for sounds of arousal that were almost never present in a filly after a punishment; especially not a newly captured ponygirl who had just experienced her first taste of what disobedience wrought in this existence. But in Mandy, they were excitingly

blatant: her breath became hard, well beyond the leftover from her tears, and both nipples – upon inspection – were found to be what had to be achingly tight tips. He probably shouldn't do this, Aaron thought, but he did it anyway – a big hand followed a wandering path down her sides and over the sore red rump that bore the remnants of his attentions: five bright, angry splotches of pain in each area, on each cheek. Repositioning himself to hunker down behind her, he stayed there for a long moment, enjoying the sights and sounds before him; her legs were forced wide apart by the straps around her knees, bottom held high in the air, presenting her beautiful genitals to him like a supplicant offering – hence the name for the position as "display". It was a wonderful position for breeding, pleasuring, punishing, bathing, inspecting...so many fantastic things that made his mouth water just to think of doing them to Mandy.

Her sweet, musky scent drifted into his nose. Aaron adored the female scent; he found it incredibly exciting. As he considered her nude beauty, he was amazed to see visual evidence of what his fingers were going to confirm tactilely – she had been aroused by that light little disciplinary demonstration. Oh, she didn't like the fact that her body had responded in a sexual manner to such searing pain, to be sure, and she also didn't like how he was inspecting her right now, either; Mandy was pulling so hard at the cuffs that held her that Aaron was just a tad concerned she might damage herself accidentally – pull a muscle or dislocate something in her agitated frenzy.

But he wanted to feel her, and so he pressed two fingers into that involuntarily welcoming slit. His action ended up doing just what he'd wanted to. It shocked her enough that she stood stock still, quivering and shivering and blowing breath out of her lungs, just like a real horse, as he carefully but firmly parted two plump, swollen lips, exposing the well-guarded entrance to her body. Aaron knew Mandy was a virgin. A preliminary gynecological exam had been conducted on them not long after they'd

arrived, along with a denuding of the pelts between their legs, while they were still unconscious. He wouldn't be able to get into her very far and that was fine. He just wanted to feel her silky liquid dribble onto his fingers, and she obliged him with a steady stream of luscious honey that coated his exploring digits instantaneously.

Aaron had found the idea of her virginity unbelievably sexy. They generally accumulated women who were much younger than Mandy, preferably in their late teens or early twenties, the prime breeding years. Even the young eighteen year olds rarely arrived intact. Hence, Miss Mandy-girl's entire sex life would take place in his stables. The only sexuality she would know – beyond anything she might have done with her own fingers in her own bed late at night, and she would never again be allowed to reach down and do to herself – would be that of a ponygirl, which, definitely in her case, would be almost wholly concerned with breeding and being impregnated.

"Ah, Mandy, we're gonna have to be extra hard on you, aren't we?" he breathed hoarsely, his cock straining against his pants. At his threatening words, she began to tug again, as Aaron withdrew with a gentle pat to her flank. He trailed his wet fingers up her back, as he came to stand between them again. "I think I might just have to train you myself, honey. And, based on what I just saw, I think you'll like that a lot."

Having made that snap decision, though, they would both still need groomsmen, so the next thing that Aaron did was to introduce Ted, who would be Mandy's groom, and Eric, who would be Debbie's. Each of the men immediately lay their hands on their animals, near their roasted butts, then firmly and gently approached the girls' heads. Each groom ran their hands over every part of the filly's bodies, mentally noting any sensitive or ticklish places, and when each mare might have had an indrawn breath or bucked against her restraints. Ted had it easy with Mandy – she bucked through the whole thing. He turned to

Aaron and smiled. "This is one spirited filly you've got here – you sure you wanna do the training on her? I'd love to tame her myself."

Aaron grinned back and clapped Ted on the shoulder. "I'm sure you would, buddy, but no, I want to educate her myself. She'll probably end up as my stablemate."

Although any of the grooms or stable hands could take any mare at any time, except for those mares that might be restricted for whatever reason, each of them had favorites that were called stablemates. They were the ones that each man was more likely to breed with, because of preferences in personality or body type or mane color, or just plain bonding. Pretty much every filly in the stable was a favorite of someone, and some of them were the favorites of more than one male, which Aaron permitted as long as no jealousy was ever exhibited by the hands or grooms in question.

"You're going to have your hands full with her, boss," Ted whistled, still stroking Mandy in what he knew was a soothing manner. He'd done this, thousands of times before, for a newcomer, but she was not responding and settling down as she should. Debbie had already happily nuzzled her groom, and was being released to follow him to her own stall.

"What do you think?" Ted asked, looking to Aaron as he hummed softly to the sweating, agitated mare. "You think a fussy pill will help her for the night?"

Aaron frowned. A "fussy pill" was a euphemism for a suppository with a mild sedative – Phenobarbital – just enough to take the edge off. Aaron hated to use them, much preferring a more natural method of relaxation, especially for the fillies. But, if he did it, it would be a temporary solution that would assure that she would get a good night's sleep. He wasn't willing to consider a program of regular medication to control her, and he prayed, fervently, that it wouldn't come to that at all. "Give me a minute with her, hmm? Maybe I can get her to relax some. If my

method doesn't work, then, yes, I'll have to agree that she needs settling by whatever means necessary."

"Okay, boss."

"Check back with me in..." He narrowed his gaze on her slender back. "oh, about a half an hour. If we're not here, then we'll be in her stall, which will mean that I've been at least somewhat successful. Turn that heat up for me a couple notches, will you, on your way out?"

Ted grinned back at him as he left. "Ah, boss, if anyone can get a fractious filly to settle down, it would be you. They all love you."

Aaron began to pat Mandy's flank. "You don't love me right now, though, do you, Mandy-girl?" he asked rhetorically in a whisper. His fingers unwound the bun at the back of her neck and delved into the soft, sable hair, letting it flow over them like water. "I bet if I took that bridle off, you'd do your best to give me what for, even though you still wouldn't be able to talk well without it. I'm sure you'd try, and maybe you'd succeed, in biting me."

Mandy stood and shivered under his hands, but she couldn't even nod her head in agreement, she was so tightly bound.

"Well," Aaron said in a very low, comforting tone, "maybe you'll like me better if I can help you unwind some, hmm, sweetheart?"

In her mind, as she gritted her teeth, even though it hurt her to do so, Mandy fumed at him. She was furious. Livid. And she wanted out at any cost. She hated the man next to her, she hated this whole situation, and if it killed her, so be it; she was going to get the fuck out of here. Case closed.

But as rabidly as her mind kept repeating how it detested the circumstances she currently found herself in, her body managed stubbornly to betray her at every single turn. Her body was primed and ready for whatever they threw at her next.

She had always had dominance and submission fantasies.

Although no one who knew her would have guessed, she was always the submissive in the storyline, always the captive forced to do the sheik's obscene bidding, always the Rebel sympathizer cornered in her plantation basement by a huge, masculine Yankee Colonel come to occupy her house and her body and eventually her heart.

The big man's movements were slow and easy, but unconscious, as if he'd done this a million times and gave no particular thought to it, and all he did at first was merely brush her hair. Mandy realized that she must've been up on some sort of platform, because her shoulders were about nipple level with his chest, and on all fours as she was she would never be that tall. As if he'd read her mind, he began to speak. "You're on a grooming platform," Aaron kept the same gentle tone throughout, but gave her information that he thought would help her soothe herself. With some fillies it was the unknown that scared them the most about things . . . or first times doing things, and not just sex. Once they'd done something and been okay doing it, and nothing bad happened to them while they did it, they were fine to do it again on command, even. But a lot of the smarter fillies were xenophobic. They had lost any control over the lives and their surroundings and their bodies, but they were not going to do something unfamiliar on top of that. Sometimes, Aaron mused, the smarter ones had it harder – but he had to smile. He felt, though, that those mares were the most challenging to help adjust to their new lifestyle. They were the ones worth working extra hard with, worth being extra hard on, because if they could be turned, then they would be fantastic brood mares, and they would add their tremendous strength to the Stables' bloodlines.

"You'll be groomed thoroughly at least twice a day – morning and evening – more often if you're taken outside at all, which you really won't be much during your training period." He had put some sort of sweet smelling lotion on his hands, and proceeded to start to rub it all over her back. Mandy's head came up as far

as it could, and he could see that she was drinking in the new smell as much as possible. "I think we'll use lilac and lavender with you. Royal purple suits a fine-blooded filly like you." The massage felt great – only Mandy didn't want it to feel great, and for a while she tried to avoid his hands. He never made mention of her efforts, although he certainly must have noticed them, just kept rubbing and speaking in hushed tones. "Generally, you'll be awakened at six or so, and you'll have a good, nutritious breakfast, and then you'll be groomed and washed and perfumed and powdered to within an inch of your life so that you're all beautiful and pretty, not that you're not already. And then maybe, when you're not in training, you'll be turned out into the indoor paddock that's just down the hallway here, while your groom – that's the man, Ted, that you just met – cleans out your stall and lays down fresh hay. The hay will have lilac or lavender potpourri in it, too, so you'll be all coordinated in your smells, with your bedding, your soaps, your lotions and the perfume we'll use on you if we put you in the ring. When you lay down to sleep at night on purple silk and velvety blankets, you'll smell clean and familiar scents. All of your fabric bedding and blankets will all be washed and dried with softeners that are either lilac or lavender, too. Perhaps Ted will rotate them for you weekly. We'll have to think about that, or maybe he and I will pick the scent that best seems to suit you."

He pushed a button. Mandy heard a click and a whir – and the platform she was on was raised up a bit. The next place he put his hands was her stomach, making her start and try to arch her back up and away from him. "Shh-shh-shh, honey-girl. I'm not gonna hurt you. Quite the opposite, in fact. Just relax and let it feel good, baby."

Aaron continued to talk to her, as he massaged her flat belly for a little while, then moved to the fronts of her thighs, which were trim and slim as if she was a runner, then eventually to her calves and bare feet. "Now, where you go once he's gotten your

stall all fixed up for you will depend. Some days you'll just rest, either in the paddock with the other fillies or in your stall, although, there won't be a lot of those during your training. Most days you'll have something to do, even if it's just being lunged on a line by your groom – you'll get some sort of exercise, morning and afternoon, for maybe an hour or so each session." He carefully skipped over what she would probably be doing for some other hours during the day, but there was no sense in getting her all upset right now. She was already distressed enough as it was.

"If you're in the paddock around noon, all of our girls are fed together at the troughs. Cold spring water bubbles up into the paddock, as well as all of the stalls, so water is always available. After you eat, you'll be put down for some rest, ponygirls can get bloat if they're exercised or running around playing in the paddock on a full stomach. During the afternoon, you might have some training, or you might just have your exercise or something else, and then some time in the paddock or your stall. Dinner is at six, and then usually quiet time in your stall until your groom grooms you again and puts you to bed for the night, at nine."

By now she had stopped shivering, partly in response to what he was doing, and partly because she was concentrating on what he was doing. Aaron felt that she was loosened up enough for him to do what he'd wanted to do the whole time. He put a warm, lotioned palm over each of her breasts and began to actively massage them. She reacted exactly as he'd expected, trying to jump away from his gentle but firm motions, but she couldn't even move enough to bring her breasts out of his hands. "Shh-shh-shh, baby girl. I only want you to feel good. This is something your groom is going to do to you every morning and every evening, until we bring in your milk. And I will probably do it every time I see you, because your breasts just call to me. They beg to be squeezed and milked, and your tight little nipples definitely need to be pulled

and pinched to make them hurt just right, just as you like them to be."

OH, God, he had to stop doing this! He had to! It was feeling too damned good for her to resist! If he continued, there was no way she was going to be able to prevent herself from having an orgasm. But she couldn't get away from him, and he wasn't about to stop. She couldn't even scream or rail at him; Amanda could only stand there on her hands and knees and be touched and fondled, as if she was this man's property rather than a high-powered bank executive.

SHE WAS SHIVERING AGAIN, but he knew that it was not with cold, it was with annoyance and desire. Her nipples were firmer than they had been when he started, and he could hear the changes in her breathing that betrayed her body's interest in his manipulations. He kept them up quite deliberately, even increasing the pressure of his touch, trying to make her moan, and he succeeded after only a few more minutes. "That's it, Mandy-girl," he praised, when an almost agonized moan rumbled up from deep in her belly. "I know it feels good – it's supposed to. Just let me pleasure you, honey. I'm gonna do it anyway. Don't fight it. Don't fight me."

His words only made her fight harder, which he'd known there was a high probability was going to happen. But she wore down faster this time to another moan, when one of his hands ran down her taut belly to part those pretty red lips in a nonsense fashion, as if it was something he did every day. If she could have squealed, she would have, but he knew exactly what he was doing, so her outrage at his audacity in touching her so

intimately was largely diffused into a moan of ecstasy at the touch of his knowing fingers, which made the whole of her body suffuse a beautiful glowing pink.

"Ah, sweetie pie girl, don't you fret about being handled like this." He continued his gentle, inexorable manipulations as that slick territory swelled and strained beneath his fingers, both voluntarily and involuntarily. "I'm just the first of many. There's no room for shame or embarrassment here. Whatever you were before you came here is well and truly gone now, and you are now and forever an owned filly – owned by me." There was a wealth of satisfaction in that statement. "You're a cosseted, well-cared for ponygirl, who nonetheless will feel the sting of the cane or a paddle or strap across her backside, if she doesn't obey the men around her who train and handle and take good care of her. Ted is going to do this to you every time he grooms you – it's a requirement I have of all of my grooms – that they satisfy each mare in their care every morning and every evening, and they can choose to do the deed with either their hands or their mouths."

More reluctant, but excited, moans and groans, struggles that were rapidly waning, as he brought her closer and closer to his goal against her will. Her muscles were tensing again from more than her awkward efforts to escape; she was nearing orgasm just as he'd planned. Aaron read her responses quite expertly, as her breath began to heave out of her lungs, and her back arched. He redoubled his efforts, slipping down her crease a little further to gather the moisture he was gratified to find at her virgin entrance, bringing it back up to baptize her little bump. Those fingers caressed her relentlessly, until he saw her try to throw her head back and felt her convulse beneath his hand, keening in that awkward way the new ones had because of the way the spray affected their vocal chords. He didn't let up, though, milking her dry of every possible spasm, although she began to fight him again immediately after the first few hard contractions,

despite his murmurs of encouragement to give in to it and enjoy it.

Afterwards, she collapsed in on herself as much as was possible physically, as he made preparations to take her to her own stall. Aaron attached reins to the rings at the cheeks of her bit-less bridle, lowered the platform with a hydraulic switch so that it was level with the floor again, and released her wrists, waist, and ankles. He coaxed her up onto her feet, helping her a lot with muscles that were not cooperating well after such a long time in one position. It was only then he realized when he looked at her face that she was crying. She'd been doing it in complete silence.

Before he moved to comfort her in any way, he saw to her safety and his, folding her arms back behind her, one by one, and locking her forearms together in gauntlets that kept them bound there. In an abstract moment, he considered how much he loved what this did to a filly's breasts, throwing them into amazing prominence with their wonderful tips pointing straight out. Eventually, he would decorate Mandy's beautiful little nubs, but not right now. The last thing he did was hobble her ankles together with a short length of sturdy leather.

He stood next to her, towering over her, and by casually turning her head, Mandy was able to get her first quick look at the man who already knew her with an incredible amount of intimacy. On all fours, Amanda had not gotten any real sense of his size, but she was a small, delicate woman who barely stood over five feet. Normally, she wore four-inch heels and shoulder-padded business suits, to compensate for her lack of stature – to say nothing of her carefully cultivated killer, killjoy personality. As she stood there in bare feet, he must've been at least a foot taller than she was, and probably outweighed her by more than an hundred and fifty pounds of what appeared to be solid muscle. He was huge, and for some reason that just made her cry all the harder.

Aaron was well aware that his charge was trying to get a gander at him, and that was fine, as long as it didn't interfere with what he was doing for her, but it worried him that, having looked at him, she was crying even more. He almost smiled, wondering if he hadn't perhaps been quietly and firmly insulted by the little one, which he was sure she'd just love the idea of at this point. "Shh-shh-shh," he shushed gently at her broken-hearted tears that were ripping into him. He hated to see any woman cry, but he thought that seeing a ponygirl cry was even worse. It was harder for her to tell him what was wrong, and sometimes harder for him to fix it, unless the tears were inspired by a scolding or a punishment. Even though, in that case, he knew that they were well earned, they were still hard to hear. His body definitely drew pleasure from the punishment of a naughty pony, and he understood the reasons behind how necessary swift, regular – at first - punishments were – even the harsher sessions – but his heart and mind always felt inherently discomfited by it; Aaron always saw his role as a pony breeder/trainer as much more of a caretaker, who guided, comforted, praised and pleased his girls into obedience, even though he went to the whip if it was necessary. Frankly, the idea of having to do that with Mandy, which he was quite sure was going to be the situation for a while until she settled into her new existence, made him stiff as a poker. But he hated to think of that as his predominant method. He would always give a filly the chance to decide to behave herself.

Whether she complied with the rules or not was one of the few things she would still have control over in this life.

"What's with the tears, little one? Am I that ugly, that one look and you're bawling your eyes out?" He smiled at her.

She sniffled a little, and seemed embarrassed that he'd commented on her weeping.

Aaron took a handkerchief from his back pocket, which he had deliberately scented with the brand of aftershave he always

used, and carefully wiped her face. He knew that scent associations were very important in training his girls, and he wanted his scent to represent comfort to Mandy. "Now, then, that's much better, honey-girl, isn't it? Yes, it is. Now, let me explain to you how to walk properly with your trainer or groom: your groom will always be on your left side holding your reins or the lead to your halter. You will always be as you are whenever you are taken somewhere, although, you'll usually be wearing more decorations than you are now. You'll always be nude, even when you're dressed up – or 'dressage' nude, the only things you'll be wearing will be little tassels or bells hanging from those pretty pink nipples of yours, or dripping out of your bare cunt, which will never again have hair on it." He deliberately stroked each area as he spoke of it, and when she tried to struggle away, he gave her her first training lessons in ponygirl behavior. Never fidget away from the man who is handling you, especially at a stand, but generally not anywhere else, either, unless you were being punished, in which case it was considered natural to flinch from the implement or hand.

Each time she moved even the slightest bit away from his hand, she got a sharp smack to her already tenderized derriere with something that felt like stiffened leather. It smarted something fierce and quickly had her reconsidering whether or not she should be flinching away from him, even if that was what her mind wanted her to do each and every time. Her bottom was definitely screaming that she did not want to have to feel that horrid thing stripe her already tortured flesh again.

"Stand proud," Aaron repeated the command in a low growl for the umpteenth time, after delivering yet another sharp smack to the stubborn pony's backside. "Stand still, Mandy, or I promise you we will be here all night until you learn to do so. I have nothing else to do but to teach you proper ponygirl behavior. And a ponygirl does not try to get away from her handler's touch." He deliberately pressed a thick finger between her nether lips,

watching her reaction closely. Her teeth were clenched hard, which he knew had to hurt from her recent dental surgery, and tears of frustration and pain tracked down her face and onto her heaving bosom.

But she stayed still.

There would never be any question, that in a war of wills with a stubborn pony, as to who would win the fight. Aaron had been doing this since he could hold the reins in his hands. He had grown up dominating women in general and ponygirls in particular. He'd seen every trick in the book, and he'd dealt with all of the various personalities the fillies had when they'd first arrived. Mandy was his favorite type, a castrating, balls-to-the-wall businesswoman. The idea was to turn her consciousness more inwards and bring her sexuality to the forefront; he already knew her preferences ran to submission. All he really would be doing would be indulging those submissive tendencies to a somewhat radical extent. She would be getting just what she secretly wanted – and more. Much more. Her ability to submit would be enhanced and tested to its limits.

The tentative question was how would she react – how would she decide to be. As much as the men at the Stables would control her behavior, and they would control essentially every single aspect of it. But only she could decide whether she would be happy in this life, being coddled and cosseted and floating on a cloud of intense sexual satisfaction, well-fed, well-clothed – such as it was – with pretty – if ponygirl – accoutrements in an always clean, fresh stall, being bred frequently and by a multitude of different men, eventually.

"Good girl. That's my good girl," Aaron praised lavishly, petting her gently on the back, beneath the curtain of her mane. His hands roamed freely about her body, testing her responses and making sure that she behaved, no matter where he touched her. Even when his fingers sought out her most intimate secrets, she remained quiet under his hand. "That's very, very good, baby

girl. You see, as long as you behave, everything's all right. You'll always feel gentle hands and tender touches. Every man around you will do his level best to make sure that you are the most comfortable we can possibly make you. You don't want to misbehave, honey-girl, I know you don't, because then every man around you will do his level best to make sure you're as uncomfortable as we can possibly make you – whether that's putting you into an uncomfortable and vulnerable position and/or taking a paddle to your behind. There will always be a painful consequence to any naughtiness you might get up to, Mandy. Always."

Aaron again gathered the reins in his hands as he spoke. "When you're being led at a walk, Mandy, you must never get ahead or behind your groom or trainer, or any man that might be walking you. You must always keep pace with them, to stand and walk proudly beside them. You'll be hearing the command 'Walk Proud' a lot in the next few weeks. This means to thrust your breasts out as far as you can, keep your head high, eyes straight – never head down or eyes down – with your knees brought up very high for each step." He took a step forwards, and so did Mandy, but her first instinct was to look down at her feet because the hobbling required that she take small, dainty steps. Whatever material they were using in the hobble would allow her knees to come up in the preferred manner, but she could not take large steps ahead at all, especially since she just noticed that her knees were covered and braced with an extra padding that must've cradled her there while she was on all fours.

She felt a mild tug on the reins as he reminded sharply, but not nastily, "Head up – walk proud." It was only about fifty feet into the stall he lead her to, but Mandy was corrected a multitude of times during the short walk, her knees weren't lifted high enough for him towards the end of her journey. She jerked her head around when Ted reappeared to see how Aaron was progressing with the feisty one, and she'd even gotten several crisp swats to her bottom from that horrible leather thing that

made her yelp, because she'd gotten ahead of him and behind him a few times.

IN TRUTH, Amanda had considered the possibility of merely going limp and refusing to do the whole thing. But she figured several things would happen if she did that. Firstly, she figured her bottom would end up feeling much worse than it did right now, which was pretty damned bad. Secondly, she figured that, once the behemoth next to her realized that she truly wasn't going anywhere, he'd simply pick her up and carry her to where he wanted her, so she'd end up there anyway. So she went. The idea of lying down and getting some sleep sounded like a fantastic idea to her, and she fully intended to regroup for a fight the next morning.

Ted was lavish in his praise, and used a particular voice with it, higher pitched, a little louder and very enthusiastic. "That's it, Mandy, you got it. Knees up, girl, that away. Good girl! You are one magnificent animal. Look at that mane flow!"

Everything was fine until he touched her back and breasts, and she shied away automatically. While Aaron held her head with the reins close under her chin, Ted took his own tawse out and gave her seven very hard strokes, scolding her as he did so, just as fiercely as he had been heaping compliments on her not seconds before. "A ponygirl *never* moves away from a man's touch, naughty girl. I can see this is something we're going to have to work on. That's naughty behavior and it won't be tolerated."

Mandy yipped and yelped – or tried to – with each searing stroke, but was reduced to blowing heavy, hot lungfuls of air out of her nostrils and mouth, as the tears flowed again down cheeks that were already stiffened by the salt of her prior sobs. All of the things they were demanding that she remember, and all of the pain and pleasure of the last few hours had caught up with her.

Amanda was beside herself, with her loins still throbbing from Aaron's fondling, and her bottom set on fire repeatedly by their hands and their leather straps and their vicious wooden paddles. Her shoulders were aching from the way her arms were yanked and clamped behind her, which put her bobbing breasts on obscene display for anyone who cared to look, and apparently, she could do nothing but stand still and take it whenever any man who happened by decided to reach out and touch her there or anywhere! It was all too much for her, and as soon as her hobbles and arms were released, she fell to the floor and sobbed her heart out right where she landed. She didn't care if they thought she was weak for it. It was just more than she could stand, and her mind wouldn't let her deal with it a minute longer.

The men did nothing for or to her for several long moments; they both knew that in a case like this it was just better to let a filly cry it out for a little while. She would feel better in the morning. Ted and Aaron pattered about her stall, not that it hadn't been readied for her just after she was acquired. But both being type-A's, especially about their girls, they tidied a few things up and talked over the lilac/lavender decision, deciding to rotate for a while until one or the other scent jumped out at them. They made sure her pile of hay for sleeping was soft and comfortable and covered with several sheets of pure purple silk embroidered with the Generation Stables crest, which was a U of horse tails with a filly in profile in the "display" position for breeding, and a groomsmen/trainer behind her. It was obviously a groom, because there was a patch with a bold "G" on his shoulder. He was giving her what she needed most, a broad grin on his face. All of this was elaborately detailed in gold thread in the corner of each horse blanket, each set of silk sheets – the crest was everywhere, including on the patch on the shoulder and above the left breast nametag on the light denim shirts every groom and trainer was required to wear. Hell, even Aaron wore a GS uniform shirt with his worn jeans every single day. Stable hands

wore them too, but they were just plain cotton t-shirts with the emblem on the breast. Groomsmen and trainers – one was almost always the same as the other – went a step further in their commitment to the Stables, though.

These men were promoted from their status as hands – only. Aaron never hired a groom or a trainer off the street – ever. They had to have been with the Stables at least five years and have exhibited exemplary behavior in that somewhat menial role. They were temperament tested during the hiring process, as well as by the job itself every day. Any abuse towards the animals, verbal or physical, or any hand found dipping his wick where it didn't belong, or not within specified parameters, was set off the property immediately, and he would be damned lucky if the rest of the crew – especially Aaron himself - didn't give him some gut-punches and broken ribs as going away presents.

If a hand applied to be a groom or a trainer, or both, then they went through an incredibly extensive battery of personality tests as only one small part of the exceedingly stringent application process. There weren't usually a lot of those slots available. This was a man's lifework, and he didn't leave it easily, although Aaron did automatically retire them at fifty, due to strength and health concerns. The men were provided with huge pension and stock option benefits, as well as a lifelong ability to come back to the Stables and indulge himself with any mare that was available. Aaron had also started a program, whereby those retirees that wanted to could come back on a consulting basis, in whatever area they liked best – breeding, training, grooming, or stable construction. Aaron appreciated and accepted suggestions from any man, but the retirees had a wealth of knowledge and experience that no one could replace.

When there was a coveted position open, there were usually upwards of twenty-five applicants for each job, and Aaron would only pick the best possible of the candidates to entrust his babies to. It was a tradition that when a hand became a groom, he had

the GS crest tattooed into his skin, right beneath where he would proudly display the patch on his uniform.

Ted had been at the stables for fifteen years. He rivaled Aaron in size, strength, and ability with the mares. Their temperaments, personalities, and philosophies about ponygirls were very much alike, which is why Aaron had chosen Ted to be Mandy's groom. He knew Ted would reinforce anything Aaron decided to do with her without question, just as firmly as if Aaron himself was doing the reinforcing, with an eye to praise and positive feedback, but with a complete willingness and ability to use the whip – well, the crop or the tawse or the paddle; whips were not allowed on the premises except in the ring, more for show.

They were opposites in looks, however. Aaron was tall and very dark, with black hair and eyes, and a wide, trimmed mustache. Both of them were tanned and extremely muscular, but Ted was tall and gray, since he was twenty or so; he defined salt and pepper hair, but he still had a full head of it, along with a somewhat bushy gray mustache. Aaron used to tease him that if he were a stallion he'd throw gray colts. If either of them had had a mind to, they could have easily been models. Ted, in particular, made a striking picture of the quintessential cowboy, although Aaron was no slouch in the masculinity department, either, nor were any of the men that worked there. They were all big, strapping men with extremely high levels of testosterone (blood and drug tests were mandatory upon application, and drug testing was randomly conducted for the length of any man's employment at GS. No alcohol was ever allowed to be consumed around the animals, either), but they treated the animals entrusted to them as if they were priceless. Hell, they never even swore around the mares, and any man that did was frowned at so much, that he stopped immediately. The men all used particular words and phrases that made the ponies feel and act submissive – they were often spoken to as if they were little girls – words like

"naughty" and "disobedient" and "little" were used a lot, as were either animalistic or babyish words for body parts or functions – "breasts" became "udders," nipples were "teats," "vagina" became "cunny" or "pussy." They were all tough, macho, dominant men, who thoroughly understood the psychology employed in the intricacies of wrangling their particular breed of little fillies, which they enjoyed a helluva lot more so than they preferred working with real horses.

It was Ted who, when they had decided that she'd had enough time to wallow, bent and picked up the crumpled little mare to set her down with the utmost care on her bed. Aaron loosened her arms from behind her, only to use the same leather gauntlet to rewrap her forearms together in front of her, adding thumbless mittens to her ensemble, just in case she decided to harm herself – occasionally a filly was so unhappy she tried to harm herself, so this was merely a preventative measure. Lord knows everyone here hated to see any sort of blemish on a mare's hide. Once Ted determined that she was stable enough in her new life not to do that, she would no longer be required to wear them at night.

The restraints were not apt to go away, unless she behaved in an exemplary manner for a long time, although they could be reduced to a certain extent. Not only were her hands bound, but her supple leather collar was attached to a lead which was bolted into the floor, and the length of her hobbles was shortened by Ted, who was working at her other end, so that her ankles were essentially bound together as securely as her wrists. Mandy was lying on her side, and this worked to their advantage when Aaron leaned over her hip from the front, pulling her towards him, almost over onto her belly, but not quite. Someone, who must've been Ted, was behind her, and she soon discovered why: before Mandy even had a chance to register what was happening, she found her upper bottom cheek pulled up and something fairly thick but blunt pressed against her tight little hole. As it was

pushed uncompromisingly up into her, Mandy emitted a low "ungh," and got a gentle reproach, "Quiet now, this is one of your fussy pills, little girl." It popped up into her channel, sitting in there and filling it with its wide presence as surely as it had stretched her open to get there. Another followed, just as quickly and easily, filling her to an uncomfortable extent, and the third one made her groan as it was worked up into her, then took its place with the other big rods inside her bottom. The men exchanged satisfied glances. She had taken them well. The fussy pills were fairly good sized suppositories, about an inch and a half around and each about two inches long, that were designed to melt very slowly inside her, but not irritatingly so. Only a very small part of them was actually the drug. They were deliberately large, hard to accept pieces, to give the little filly something to distract her from her troubles and to seat her mind's attention where it belonged for the rest of her life – at her bottom, her genitals and the area between her legs or at her breasts – in the places at which she was most female, most vulnerable, and most concerned with pleasure and breeding. To further encourage this concentration, Aaron reached towards her head and flipped something from her blinkers over her eyes, so that she couldn't see anything – nothing – no light, no shadow, no motion.

In an almost fatherly gesture, Aaron leaned over and kissed the now soulfully keening woman on the forehead. "Sleep well, my lovely."

From Ted, she received a light pat on the bare flank. "Get a good night's sleep, girl, there's a lot for you to begin learning tomorrow."

Mandy would never know it, but she was far from alone that night. Ted and Aaron took turns watching her all night, not to mention the fact that the stables was staffed twenty-four-seven. Each stable housed sixty ponies in a building that was designed like a plus sign – sort of. Three arms of the plus had nothing but immaculate stalls, twenty to an arm, ten to a side. Each stall had

its own food and spring-fed trough, electrical outlets set up high where the ponies couldn't get to them, thermostat, air conditioning, aromatherapy equipment, vaporizer, air purification... anything he could think of to make each filly's stay as pleasant as possible. They were kept cleaner than most people's houses and were open and airy. The fourth arm was the indoor paddock and training and show rings. Grooms and trainers who had new charges always stayed with them at night – although the fillies didn't know it, unless they got into some type of trouble. There was a night staff of hands, who did nothing but make the rounds all night long, checking into stalls to make sure that no mare was in distress in any way. Mares in foal were housed in their own stable, and their grooms, hands, and handlers followed her to that special stable once she was determined to be in foal, as well as any and all of her familiar accoutrement, so that the transition was as easy as possible for her. Her scents and colors were scrupulously maintained, as was as much of her normal routine as possible.

The overnight shift was eleven to seven, and there were thirty men on it in each stable, to get the overnight cleaning done and watch over each of the girls. Aaron had been considering increasing this. He didn't like the idea of any of his mares stressing at night, because they were alone or lonely, rather than sleeping as they needed to – especially the ones that were being actively bred. While he kept both eyes on his at first fussy and sobbing, then finally sleeping charge, he still had a third eye out for how things were running at night. Ben Two Deer, a six-foot-seven, over three hundred pound half-Irish, half-Indian man was the supervisor on that shift in this barn, and his expertise was worth its weight in gold to Aaron. Ben could spot a problem-child mare at a hundred paces, and, for all his huge size and proportions, he had the gentlest touch with a fractious mare that Aaron had ever seen. The mares seemed to be drawn to him, as if they expected him to protect them, and, frankly, he did with

everything in him. Oh, he'd whip their bottoms good with the best of them if they were naughty, but Ben had been known to nearly kill any man on his shift he found abusing any of his mares, and he'd put men in the hospital who had committed the unutterable sin of falling asleep on their shift; it was easy to do. No one was ever allowed to raise his voice, except in the case of an emergency, after lights out for the ladies, which was nine sharp every single night. The place was kept very quiet so that the mares could sleep. The stalls being as open as they were, sound traveled, and woe betide the man who awoke a filly in the middle of the night because he forgot himself and raised his voice. Ben recognized, as did every other good man there – every groom or trainer for certain – that these women depended on them for everything – for their very lives – and that this job, for all of its fringe benefits, and they were certainly the best he'd ever had, was not all fucking and disciplining some very beautiful women.

Their complete and total care was an awesome responsibility, and any man on his watch or any other that didn't treat it as exactly that wasn't welcome in this organization – and he knew that Aaron backed him one hundred percent in that philosophy.

"Got some newbies in today, I heard," Ben whispered as he came to stand next to Aaron, who was perched on one of the deliberately uncomfortable high stools that all the grooms/trainers used to watch over their girls when they stayed late or overnight. It helped them to stay awake when they weren't usually. If the mare was truly sick, though, they'd usually be in the stall, holding her, or in the infirmary or at least calling for the vet, but this situation really didn't call for such coddling. Aaron didn't want Mandy thinking that she could expect that type of attention every night. Ben folded his arms along the top of the stall, where there were pastel painted wooden rails for about three feet down from the ceiling to the solid wall of the stall, before it became the doorway. "She's a beautiful animal."

"Absolutely," Aaron whispered back fiercely.

"She give you any trouble?"

Aaron considered his response for a minute. "Nothing really. She's just a feisty one who's not going to take it lying down and she let us know, although she really did an excellent job on her short walk in here. Man, when she's all dressed out she's gonna put every other pony in the ring to shame. Gave her three bullets, though, to settle her down to sleep. It's on her chart." Each mare had a chart outside her stall, just like the ones in a hospital that hung at the end of the beds, where every ounce of food they ate was recorded, how much water they drank, how long they were exercised, their weight daily, and any medications or vitamins they'd received. These things were extremely important to keep track of in regards to the breeding program, especially. Their cycles, too, would be charted and plotted carefully.

Ben heard the unmistakable pride in Aaron's tone. "Gonna be your stablemate?"

"Yeah."

"Are you gonna put her in the ring for a while?" he asked amiably. What Aaron did with his ponies was entirely up to him – Ben didn't care one whit. But he did think that this one would probably throw some gorgeous foals.

"Long enough to get her championship titles in conformation at least – less than three months, I should think. She's gonna cause such a sensation they're just going to hand her the trophies, then I'm going to breed her and she's gonna throw me some beauties."

"Hell, yes, she will."

They both sighed in contentment and agreement, as they watched the woman they were already making big plans for, while she slept peacefully with three big suppositories up her bottom to help her stay asleep.