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Story: DRAFT - Pony Up (An Anime Girl Story)

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Title: Pony Up (An Anime Girl Story)

Universe: Tom, Anime Girl

Summary: Theta has been training hard, with Tom guiding her step by step. But she's still scared when he strips her down, straps her down to a leather dungeon bench, and then let's her know it time for her to be practice bred. Luckily what he has in mind is just practice - but with her harness on and her piercings tied to the bench, she's still going to get quite an experience as he applies his thick tool to her bottom.

Keywords: MF, D/s, Pony Play, Vaginal & Anal Penetration, Vaginal Sex, Dildo Play & Implied Wearing, Implied Equine & Canine, Piercing, Bondage, Double Penetration, Implied Stretching, Implied Fisting, Implied Female Masturbation

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Theta came into the room with her collar already on and her harness in her arms. Otherwise she was stripped naked - her pale skin glowing in the candlelight from sconces set around the room. She found Tom, standing by a leather bench with arm extensions and kneeling rests, and stood at attention.

Quietly he nodded, smiling softly as he took Theta's smooth leather harness from her. She had done an excellent job rubbing it down with saddle soap and keeping it supple and soft. "For the duration of this scene, you are a pony girl. You may neigh for no, or stomp your hooves for yes. Do you understand?"

Theta looked at him, the soft hair on his bare chest and muscular lines of his shoulders and biceps making her even more wet, and then stomped her right foot twice on the floor for affirmative.

Tom smiled and gestured toward the padded leather bench. "Please pony up," he said enjoying his terrible pun.

Doing her best imitation of a knicker, Theta carefully walked up to the kneeling end of the bench. She could see how it looked almost like a picnic table from this end, the padded center plank flanked on either side lengthwise by equally padded planks about a foot lower. She got up carefully, minding her balance as she knelt on the leather, and then shuffled forward until she felt Tom's hand on her shoulder.

He guided her head down, lowering Theta so her torso and pelvis were against the center plank, and then adjusting her slightly so she was lined up. The center piece had a slightly oval curve, so her thighs were held a little bit less than shoulder width apart as Theta straddled it on her knees. Tom was comfortable with the fit, so he took her elbows one by one and guided them into the padded channels that led to the cuffs for her wrists.

The bench was truly a work of beauty. The cuffs moved easily, sliding without a snag to where Tom needed them, and pushing in the steel lever under the arm channel locked them into place. The cuffs themselves were leather circlets - inside and out - with an air bladder between them. Tom simply pumped a bulb on either side until he felt confident that Theta was sufficiently

restrained. No need to worry about cuffs that were too small or that wrapped around themselves and thus didn't hold well. And to release them he just had to release the air bladder valve. Well thought out engineering like that was rare in dungeon spaces.

Tom had to stop admiring the ease of securing Theta and focus on the scene and her care. Now that she was cuffed against the unheated leather, he knew her body would cool down fast. Luckily he had a solution. Tom took out a large heating pad – the sort usually used for people with back pain – and spread it out from the top of Theta's buttocks all the way to her shoulders. He referred to it as a 'saddle blanket' while he spread it out, talking to Theta about his preparations for his lovely pony. Then he took her harness and fit it in place.

Theta had certain modifications already, and the harness took advantage of those. Tom had crafted it himself, right down to the custom metal stamp he used to put his mark in the leather, and it was one of three he used with Theta. This one fit over her shoulders, with a strap that went down and around the arm to prevent it from riding up to her neck. The front part was held in place by black elastic that came under Theta's breast from the left to the right, and then buckled into place. Then a broad leather waist belt went just above her hips, cradling her smooth abdomen and cinching in the back.

With this harness Tom had designed two special elements. One was an adjoining thigh strap that he didn't intend to use tonight. But the other would be an intrinsic part of the scene.

He tested the buckles and fit of the harness and made sure the heating pad was on medium. Theta was wiggling a bit to get adjusted. When Tom felt confident that she was ready, he cleared his throat and said, "I have a surprise for you tonight." He let the words sink in, and then Theta tapped her foot in his direction. The equivalent of "Yes, Master."

"Tonight we'll begin your breeding training."

The smile in Tom's voice was lost on Theta as her mind reeled in a mini terror. She'd wondered why Tom was taking them to a dungeon. She'd wondered why he had been measuring her progress. She'd wondered why so many things... and now she was here. She almost broke character and cried out, but then she remembered and stayed mute as she struggled in her bonds and harness.

Tom's hand was gentle on her shoulder as he caressed her. "You're a very silly pony, aren't you?" he asked in a soothing voice. "Look around you – there is no straw on the floor, there were no stables nearby, you don't smell a live stud nor could one fit down the hallway, right?" Theta still struggled but her mind was catching up. "I wanted a special setting for you to lose your anal virginity to a wonderful horse cock toy. Something we've been talking about and you've been imagining for so long. That's all."

In those dulcet tones, Tom could have charmed a rattlesnake. Theta found herself relaxing despite her heart racing, and she slowly understood. She wanted to ask a question, wanted to know something more, but she didn't want to speak. She tried raising her hand, then both hands, and shook them around when Theta realized that the cuffs only let her point at things.

"Yes, Theta," Tom said quietly. "Tell me what you want."

There was a logjam in her brain so the topmost exploded from her mouth before Theta had really thought it out. "Does it cum?" she asked and then bit her tongue. That was not what she meant to ask, though it did seem important.

"I'm assured the leather is easy to wipe down and the floor is bare to make it easier to move things around and clean up any fluids," Tom replied with a grin. "So, yes. Tonight you will get as close to the real thing as I can arrange right now including nice hot ejaculate filling you."

Theta was going to ask more, but, realizing her big mouth could get her in trouble, she just moved her feet to acknowledge what Tom told her. The other questions crowding her head would soon be answered anyway.

Tom continued to stroke Theta's arm and shoulder, reflecting on anything else he thought that she needed to know. He decided there were only two things that were important. "If you get in trouble, if this is too much, I want you to shout out 'Big Dipper.' Pony training is hard and your first time will feel very intense. We can try as many times as you like and even come back another time until you feel comfortable." He patted Theta's arm and waited for her feet to move. Once they did, he added, "And since I need you to practice staying very still I'll be anchoring your labia rings to the bench."

She wanted to shake her head and neigh at that, but Theta knew it was what her piercings were for. She had pleaded and begged for all three pair of piercings that went through both her outer and inner labia on each side. And when it was done, Theta suffered the excruciating pain

while they healed and were gauged up so she could wear quarter inch thick steel, a barbell with a horseshoe hanging from it, between her thighs and pulling down on her cunt opening all day long.

Her master and owner's only resistance was the long healing time and the fact that her cunt would be unavailable for his use and her toy training. So she understood what he intended. Theta had agreed to it explicitly and in writing because Tom wanted to make sure she understood the situation clearly.

Quietly she prepared herself for something that she'd been training for with plugs and ever thickening dildos. Tom's voice came floating to Theta while she willed her body to relax, slowed her pulse rate, and thought back to all the times she had practiced her ritual by herself. The candlelight and warmth of her familiar saddle blanket helped. Even when Tom returned with clanking chains, Theta could feel herself sinking into her normal training routine.

The first carabineer always surprised her, and Theta twitched involuntarily. Tom was used to that and kept a steady hand on her buttocks as he clipped on all six 'bineers. One carabineer per labia piercings stirrup - three to a side - the lightweight aluminum barely moving the heavy steel that continuously tugged Theta's labia outward from her pelvis. Then he used lightweight parachute cord to run the left carabineers out to the left side of the bench, taking advantage of an eye hook on the inside edge of the kneeling plank, and tied things in place. Then he did the same with the right side, and using a slipknot Tom slowly adjusted the ropes so Theta's labia were stretched wide apart and down.

Two short segments of parachute cord were all he needed to fix the slipknots in place, and now Theta's cunt was firmly held in place. He watched Theta test her range of motion, moving a little forward and to either side. She could feel what Tom could see: her cunt was spread open, flanked by long labia, the skin of her pelvis pulled taut to the sides of her piercings, each piercing sporting a steel horseshoe big enough to be mistaken with a heavy duty D ring from a hardware store. Placed on display like that, it was obvious that Tom's intent was to create a completely gaping cunt as a persistent reminder to Theta about her purpose as his fuck toy and slut.

But their mutual design didn't stop there. With her labia pulled down and out, Theta's anus was completely exposed. Theta's buttocks were once naturally rounded as they met the backs of her thighs. On the bench the cleft between her buttocks broadened to follow her spread thighs, and the inner curve of each cheek flowed outward leaving her puckered asshole exposed. The tight parachute cord pulling her labia piercings down and out distorted her ass as well. Her perineum - that narrow band of skin between her cunt and ass - was stretched to the sides and pulled toward the leather bench. That left her asshole open, curved at the top but pulled flat across the bottom, resembling an arched doorway to a dark tunnel.

Tom had led her down this path, sometimes with her eagerness pulling them forward, and other times with his repetitive training forcing her through the motions. When she had accepted his mark, one he refreshed every day they were together by inking it onto her pale skin, Theta gave him her cunt and ass to use as he wanted. And what Tom wanted was her ass prepared and trained for breeding to well hung stallions. Theta moaned each time he orgasmed in her cunt without protection, knowing that she had been told she would never get pregnant but also knowing that if it happened then Tom would keep her bred yearly to produce foals. And with her enormous cunt used to delivering babies, her breasts kept swollen and milked, Theta would truly be his brood mare. It was a tortured fantasy that made her increasingly well used cunt wetten every time Theta thought about it.

His hand slipped off Theta's ass and he fetched the special component for Theta's harness. It was a simple sling, fashioned a bit more elegantly, that clipped on to the back of her waistband at two points and then had side runners Tom adjusted for length and slipped to the bench. He fixed it in place with a few tugs and then fitted a curved half pipe with a rubber flange on the end into the sling's cradle. The heavy PVC pipe was necessary because the horse dildo was long and Tom didn't want it falling to the sides. He'd also need the additional control once the embedded hose was turned on. This would serve as a good equipment test to see if the sling would work with the half pipe or if he needed something anchored to Theta's legs.

Making sure the rubber flange sat just below Theta's stretched perineum, Tom spoke slowly and calmly for his pony girl's benefit. "When we start tonight, I'm going to work the horse cock head into your ass slowly and then pause. I'm doing this because it is your first time, and I want to make sure you can enjoy it and adjust at your own pace. After this first time we will train for a real stud - just like we've done with your plugs. And a real stud, once he finds his mark, steps forward and drives his cock as far as he can without hesitating. Do you understand, Theta?"

She moved her feet cautiously. Theta wasn't sure if Tom should do anything different from her

usual training, but he always had his reasons.

"Ok. Now I want to hear you reciting your responsibilities while I prepare your ass and bring out your first artificial horse cock. You can speak it plainly like you've been trained."

He didn't wait for the litany to begin. Tom had drilled Theta for long enough that they both knew the words by heart with minor acceptable variations depending on how tired they were. Instead he stepped over and pumped the pressurized can for the ejaculate, making sure the temperature was warm to the touch but not hot on the back of his hand, and then wet wiped his hands before going to his equipment duffel and slowly removing the enormous equine cock facsimile.

Her murmuring chant set a familiar rhythm while Tom unwrapped several towels and set the eighteen inch long equine cock on them. He had modified the sex toy for his purposes, stiffening the dildo by inserting a threaded rigid tube down the center of the floppy silicon. It had taken two days of slow progress to make sure the tube went in perfectly straight and didn't deform the horse cock. Tom had used a hollow tube for better control screwing it in, but then he realized he had the perfect conduit for a rubber hose. There had been a flurry of activity over the last few weeks while Tom tested different ways to store thick cum like lubricants and keep them warm, and then hook them up via hose to the equine dildo and provide enough force to actually blast the fake ejaculate out rather than dribble it from the tip.

But now it was done. Tom wiped down the head and shaft with wet wipes and then moved everything systematically closer to the bench. He had to power down the heater, but from experience the faux cum wouldn't cool for a good twenty minutes. Then Tom put on his own custom strap-on harness, with straps and buckles to hold the last six inches of the equine cock's shaft in place. It took him another few minutes to mount the dildo, careful of the rubber tubing that ran to the pressurized reservoir, and finally he had everything in place.

Standing behind Theta with an eighteen inch long horse cock protruding from his pelvis, Tom softly called out to her in the rhythm of her litany.

"You are my what?" he asked softly.

She replied "I am your fuck toy."

"Tell me more," he continued.

"I am your fuck slut." The confidence in her rightness carried in her voice.

"And you are here because?"

"I am your brood mare." There was a slight pause, a hesitation that came from realizing she had been saying this one sentence for quite some time without realizing what it really meant.

"You are my brood mare," Tom said firmly while emphasizing the word 'are.' "Tell me the rest."

"I am your fisting slut. I am your bitch cunt. I am your gaping ass. I am your wet mouth. I am your eager property." There was a slow pause as the last words came from her mouth.

Tom understood at once and smiled. "You have more that you have added, Theta?" he asked with tones of encouragement. "Tell them to me." Her rutual had expanded as Theta explored her fantasies. The things she said to herself while masturbating for him almost made Tom's heart beat as fast as hers.

Theta let her cheek rest on the soft leather. It was warm from her flushed skin, and she breathed in the scent of the leather and wood before speaking. "I am your plugged whore. I am your pierced slave. I am your stretched bitch. I am your profane temple..." Her voice wandered off as she waited for her master to approve.

"And what will we do at the altar of my temple?" Tom asked once it was clear Theta had finished.

Remembering her training, Theta moved into the receiving position. Her pelvis tipped a bit to better express her cunt and ass, her backbone straight and forehead down to minimize strain to her neck. Her thighs apart and relaxed, and her hands and arms in place. Then she responded, "You will fuck my ass with your big horse cock dildo to begin my brood mare training. And sir," she added cautiously.

"Yes, Theta, my wonderful stretched bitch," he replied intentionally trying out one of her new titles.

"Don't pause. This pony acknowledges that when she is bred to a real horse, the stud will fuck her hard and deep immediately. This pony is a work horse and does not expect delicate treatment. She should be bred intentionally and deliberately to prepare her for the real thing."

"And then?"

Theta swallowed. She hadn't expected that question, and she cursed herself for saying so much. Her master was smart with words and often reminded her of that when she said too much. "And then I will be bred."

"I know that scares you a little, Theta," Tom said gently as he stepped behind her spread buttocks. "So I promise you this: I won't require you to be bred to a real stud until you voluntarily push a big horse cock toy completely into your ass. I have one toy in mind, it's eight inches long with a four inch wide head, and a three inch wide shaft that increases a little bit toward the base."

"So big," Theta said in a shaky scared voice. "So very very big."

"This one is only three inches across the head and two and a half inches along the shaft. Your biggest plug is just over three inches wide at the base, isn't it? This should go in easily once it's started." Tom's reassurance left out the eighteen inch length and the stiffness of the reinforced shaft.

Theta leaned into the leather while her belly fluttered in anticipation. "I am your fuck slut. I fuck whatever my Master asks of me." She was subdued and the fear lingering in her voice was balanced with acceptance of her role and how that turned her on. "My ass has been properly lubed all day, Sir. Please breed my ass with your stallion cock. I promise to work on fucking whatever you want me to so I can be a good brood mare." She was quiet after sharing and did her best to hold herself in position despite the nervousness that made her legs twitch.

Stepping forward with the equine dildo settling into the PVC cradle, Tom rested the broad flat cock head against Theta's stretched sphincter. He had added a little lube to the head, and took a moment to add some more to the shaft. Horse cocks are different than human cocks - the head is more flat with a wide opening in the center, like the firing end of a canon, and then there is a natural reverse taper behind it that flows into a slightly narrower shaft. He wedged that untapered three inch wide cock head against Theta's ass now that he felt the dildo was sufficiently lubed and lightly swatted her butt.

"Yes, Sir," she said instantly. Theta understood what her Master wanted. Her anxiety vanished with the sense of purpose her master gave her. She pushed back onto the cock head with her bottom, and squeezed out with her ass muscles like she was using the bathroom. It was the last part of her receiving position.

"You are going to be a wonderful brood mare, Theta. Tell me how it feels. I want to hear all about your first time being practice bred." He stepped forward again, watching the long cock shaft bow a bit from the pressure, and then began rocking the silicon head against Theta's anus. "Looks like we will also need to spend more time stretching your gaping ass. In the future, I want something this small to go right in."

Theta moaned from both the feeling of the broad head pushing on her opening and the thought of force fucking her ass to make it more gaping open for him. "It's very big, Sir." She sounded soft and had to catch her breath before saying more. "I can feel it covering my whole opening... and touching the insides of my butt... and all the way to my tailbone."

Tom took the information and stood on his toes while he adjusted the harness. The long dildo was aimed up too high and the angle of approach was a problem. He kept the pressure on and used his hand to guide the shaft downward once Tom felt he had everything aligned.

"Oh yes... yes, Sir... that's better now..." Theta sighed as she felt her ass starting to cave inward. "I think it's in the right spot... still so big... but you can drive it in... push it into my stretched ass and breed me..." She felt wetness on her inner thighs and moaned. "Oh... oh, Master... my bitch cunt is dripping, Sir... it's jealous... my wrecked cunt wants its own horse cock... but it can't have one... you breed my cunt, Master... you cum in my bitch cunt and then fist my slutty openings... you want my gaping ass for breeding to horses... my ass filled with horse cum and then plugged for hours... I'm already your brood mare... all those times filling my ass with hot water and pretending I was a pony girl... riding bigger and bigger plugs... You're right, Sir. I need a bigger plug... my ass needs to be wrecked so you can fuck me with anything you want... I'm your fuck toy... your fisting slut... and I need to work more to have a gaping ass to serve you... your plugged whore..."

Tom could see the pliable head of the dildo flexing as the outer sides of it distorted to

become more streamlined. He was using measured pressure so he didn't damage the internal tubing. Quietly he asked, "Are you ready?"

Theta took a breath and replied, "Yes, Sir."

With no further hesitation, Tom stepped forward and punched the horse head into Theta's rectum. The silicon twisted and crushed for a moment, penetrated her sphincter, and then he slowly stepped forward to drive a good six inches of cock shaft in behind it.

Her scream echoed in the dungeon room, and then she sobbed and dry heaved as her belly did flipflops. Tom kept fucking Theta though. He placed a consoling hand on her hip to make it clear that he was with her even as he did what needed to be done. When he hit the seven inch mark - a thin white line marked with seven on the dildo's shaft, Tom backed out a bit. Then he pushed the horse cock in again, using slow deliberate strokes one after another to fuck Theta's ass.

It took Theta some time to get past the initial shock. The head had been so big and it had torn her ass open to get in. But now there were just the familiar aches and pains and burning Theta associated with her big plugs. She was proud that she got her breathing under control and did as she had been trained. "It tore my ass, and there is some burning, Sir." Tom had repeatedly coached Theta on telling him about any medical or pain issues.

Tom added some lube when he backed out the shaft and watched it coat Theta's sphincter as he pushed back in. "It should get a little better. You're doing very well. I can fuck a full seven to eight inches of horse cock into your slutty ass. You're going to make a lovely brood mare."

With pride in her voice, Theta sang out, "I am your brood mare." She paused, letting her thoughts get organized before she continued, then she added, "You're breeding me right now. With a big horse cock. Mmmhmmmm... It feels good and deep, too."

He was glad they were past the breaking in part. "Theta, pony girl, I need you to practice your prayers so we can work you up to orgasming with your big horse stud in your ass. He won't cum until you do."

"Oh, Sir. He can cum! I want that so much..." Theta's voice trailed off while she refocused. The she started with her usual litany, but added the new additions for her Master to hear again. "I am your fuck toy, Sir. I am your fuck slut. I am your brood mare. I am your fisting slut. I am your bitch cunt. I am your gaping ass. I am your wet mouth. I am your eager property. I am your plugged whore. I am your pierced slave. I am your stretched bitch. I am your profane temple." She shuddered and paused, feeling the effect of saying words like 'bitch,' 'slut,' 'cunt,' 'slave,' and 'ass.' There was a steady trickle of cunt juices running down her leg again, and Theta could feel how gaping open her cunt was as the large equine dildo slowly pumped in and out of her ass.

With her opening litany complete, Theta worked on her prayers. This was a new addition to their training regimen, so it was more ad hoc and less rigidly defined. "Please, Master, make me your fuck toy. Show me what to fuck, and force it into my cunt or my ass as it pleases you. Please, Master, make me your brood mare... no wait... Please, Master, make me your fuck slut... your easy slut. Tell me what to fuck and when. Keep me fucked as often as possible with bigger and bigger things so I'm open all the time. Please, Master, make me your brood mare. Oh, Sir, I understand now... Please train my cunt to receive your cum and my ass to be bred to whatever cock you demand. I'm so sorry that I'm just a pony girl in training, Sir. I know you deserve someone who can handle a horse cock, a full sized real horse cock, and I promise to do whatever I can. I'll be a better pony girl - a better fuck slut. Just let me know where I can get horse cock toys, and I'll fuck them all the time." She paused while she thought about that, her breasts grinding into the soft padded leather, and her body shivered with pleasure.

Tom was always pleasantly surprised by the tangents and distractions Theta could come up with. Bringing her back to what mattered, he asked, "Are you prepared for your ass to be pounded by this horse cock, my lovely brood mare?"

Her whole body nodded yes, so Tom pulled all the way back, stepping away and let the horse cock come out. "We'll try this again. What do you say?"

"Thank you, Sir. Thank you for horse fucking my ass. Please forgive my ass for being so tight and help me make it, ummm, better gaping for horse cocks."

"That was very good, Theta." He added some lube to the long dildo and then ordered her, "Tell me about things that make you cum, Theta."

With the big cock head flat against her bruised sphincter, Theta responded quickly. She knew

Tom's intentions. He would honestly force fuck her ass now. Theta had let him down by not being stretched enough, even after he emphasized all week that she needed to spend extra time on her anal plugs, and now she deserved however it felt. "Fuck my ass, Sir," she said. "Fuck my ass like a real stud... I should have been more prepared... I should have trained harder... If you need to then get my bit out and I will wear it. Or my ball gag if you have it. Or just stuff my panties in my mouth. I know you don't like it when I scream or cry. Please just fuck my ass... as hard as you can... and don't let me stop you. I need to be bred, over and over again, so I can learn how to serve you."

Tom took advantage of Theta's pause for breath to ask her, "And if I have a dog waiting for you?"

She shuddered. "If my cunt is for you... and my ass is for horses... a dog... oh no, sir... I don't know if I could... in my mouth..."

"You will lay underneath him and let him fuck your mouth and throat... his soft fur and testicles on your cheek until he begins to knot... and then you will swallow every bit of his jism... do you understand?"

Moaning she replied, "Yes, Sir... any animal you want, Sir. However you want, Sir... A brood mare is bred however her owner pleases. If you want then please keep the dog all weekend so I get lots of practice. We can get a dog collar and leash for me, and you can take me on walks..."

"Or I could horse fuck you and train your ass to be a gaping hole for stallions... which do you prefer?"

Understanding it was a trick question to test her pride, Theta responded the way she knew that she should. "I am your property. I will fuck whatever, however, and whenever you tell me. If we can find a stray on the way home tonight then pull over and I will fuck him right then. If you want to go to the stables after this then I will clean a stud with my mouth and use my hands to get him aroused, and then you can have me tied to bales of hay so I'm the right height for his big cock to fuck me as deep as I can take."

Tom smiled. Theta had come a long way to get to this point. "I'm going to horse fuck your ass now, and you are going to tell me the things that make you cum until you orgasm. Start with 'fucking whatever my Master tells me.'" Then he stepped forward and drove the slick head of the dildo into Theta's ass, sinking it as deep as he had gotten to before, and pulled it out until only the bulging head was left inside her ass.

As he expected, Theta's body was more relaxed and less shocked this time. The desensitizing lube had fully soaked into her sphincter and rectum, and he could freely fuck her ass like it was a second cunt. With each stroke he encouraged her on, his words subdued but present as Theta started out.

"I cum when my ass is being fucked by a big horse cock..." she said slowly. Then she found her natural rhythm and adjusted to the pistoning strokes into her bottom, and continued with occasional breaks for deep breaths. "I cum when my Master fucks my slut cunt, feeling my big piercings and stretched out hole against him while his big cock is fucking my cunt walls. I cum when I feel his hand, wrapped around his big dick, begins to fist my cunt so easily... my stretched out whore cunt... wrecked and ruined... pulled so open... his big cock fucking me any time he wants... ordering me to plug my ass so I can feel him and the plug both fucking me... My ass stretching and stretching... bigger and bigger plugs that I must wear whenever I leave the house... my slave anklet and my plugged whore ass reminding me he owns me completely... I can feel the horse cock folding and filling my ass... fucking me so I can be ready for the real thing some day... oh... only eight inches long... if I took that whole thing then I'd have to fuck horses... My brood mare cunt would already have to... should already be bred... because I fuck things nine or ten inches deep during my training time..."

Tom listened to the babbling sound of her voice as he drove nine inches of the horse cock in and out of her ass. He could feel the shaft bending, pushed harder, and was rewarded as he hit the ten inch mark on the shaft. "Good, pony girl," he said softly. "Ten inches of this small horse cock. Can you cum with ten inches of horse cock in your ass?"

The fervor of her voice increased. "Yes, Master. Push your horse cock up my ass and then pound it into me. Can you fuck my slut cunt at the same time? Please... I'm so wet and open, stretched so much..." Then she felt the strange sensation of the inner pipe slightly buckling and the silicon cock twitched as it sprang back into shape. "Oh yes. Master. I can feel the stud getting close to coming. He's twisting and twitching in my ass. Please. I'm a good pony girl. I'm fucking my first horse cock. Just like... a good pony girl."

"You have to cum for him to cum, Theta," Tom reminded her gently. He had both his hands on her

buttocks now to keep her from moving too much and pulling her piercings out.

Her voice flowed in sudden rushes and eddies while the endorphins starting to take over and her ass became more and more accustomed to the long thick horse dick. Her brain was prone to take sudden leaps at times like this, and Theta would soon be so over sensitized that she wouldn't be able to stand being touched. "I'll practice when I get home... just like you want... I'll put in my biggest plug and clip on the heaviest weights I have... and then I'll dog sit... spending all night practicing licking and sucking and then... then I'll use my shower nozzle and fill my ass with horse cum... and plug it in... just like a good brood mare... and you can fuck me like that... my ass plugged and full of water... just like a dog on my hands and knees... you can put my sandwiches in a bowl and lead me around on a leash... I'll be your sex puppy..." Her voice trailed off into mumbles for a moment and then Theta checked in with Tom.

"How much is my ass taking? Is it enough?" She sounded worried. Frightened that she might not be doing well enough for her master.

His voice shared his approval while he gave Theta facts. "Just under ten inches, any more and you might hurt his cock."

"Because I'm too tight... we have to stretch me more, Master. You have to gag me and force your hands into my ass and pull me apart and-"

Tom could hear the strain of insecurity in her voice - tipping Theta away from her pleasure and into desperation. "Hush, Theta. Ten inches is very good. A real horse cock could go deeper but this one has a delicate core. Do I need to tell you a story to help you cum?" He wanted to ease her mind and let her enjoy this as much as possible.

She mulled that over. "Please, sir." Theta spoke in a subdued voice. She didn't know why she wasn't orgasming. Perhaps it was being in the strange room.

"When we get home this week, I will leave you with two new plugs. I want you to put away your old plugs, in the box you keep in your closet, and take out the new ones. I want one by your computer desk and one by your bed. That way you don't forget them." He was surprised at how well the lube was lasting but Tom added some more just in case. "You need to stretch your ass enough that this cock and any three inch wide cylinder can go in without resistance. Your gaping ass needs to be kept stretched for eight hours a day. You can decide to do that in small segments, or in two long four hour periods. Until you have succeeded in stretching your ass enough, you can only have my cock in your cunt when you are wearing one of your two new plugs."

He paused to check on Theta's ass and the equine dildo. Tom was encouraged by the way Theta was intentionally pushing back on to dildo. She responded as he expected, her arousal growing when he told her what sexually explicit orders he had for her. "At the same time I have one replica canine dildo. You will practice sucking it and deep throating it - to show me whenever I ask. No real dogs. But I want you familiar with and able to handle your responsibilities as a brood mare in case I ask it of you."

"What about your big cock?" Theta asked.

"Do you want me to continue to breed your cunt?"

"Yes... yes, sir. You should keep trying. I'm so open now."

"Then your slut cunt will be for my cock, my fists, and very big toys that stretch it even further. I want to see it completely wrecked, permanently open, with your long dangling labia hanging to either side of an open gash."

"A fuck toy doesn't have a cunt that closes, sir." Theta affirmed. Then in a disappointed tone she added, "I'm sorry, master, but I'm not sure I can orgasm. I'm not comfortable in strange places."

He had wondered what triggered Theta's anxiety. Now he knew. "Ahhh... well then..." and Tom pressed down on the toggle switch he had in his hand.

Theta let out a long low moan that became a steady wail as her bowels were suddenly flooded with lukewarm faux cum. Unlike the enema nozzle, the horse cock was buried deep in her rectum with the head pushing up against the entrance to her colon. The pressure of the cum was enough to start pouring into her guts, causing air bubbles and other discomforts she only felt with the deepest colonic rinses. "Oh god..." she managed as she gasped for breath. Then she was gone again as Tom felt the second reservoir start to empty into her ass.

When he backed out the big dildo, thick white lube came out with it in splashes. Theta's ass

was still convulsing, but he had planned for this. "I can't let expensive horse cum go to waste," he chided. And then he carefully picked up a three and a half inch wide plug and forced it into Theta's ass while awkwardly managing the eighteen inch cock protruding from his abdomen.

"It was... was it really... oh, sir..."

Tom removed the equine dildo from his harness and set it on the towel. Then he got back up and moved to Theta's side. "Now that you have a plug in, I can do this properly." He removed his harness, and removed the half pipe guide from Theta's harness extension. Pushing his leather trousers down, Tom freed his cock and thrust it into Theta with one driving push that ground into her labia piercings while pulling against the slipknots holding them stretched to the bench. His pelvis smacked into the thick plug in her ass.

It only took Tom half a dozen strokes to feel Theta's pussy trembling and see her body shaking. "Are you going to cum now, my breeding bitch in heat?" She shuddered so much that Tom could feel Theta's entire torso quivering on his cock. The big plug pushed down and pinned him forward into the front wall of her well used cunt, so Tom lifted himself up a bit higher and aimed his cock head down into her g-spot.

Upon contact Theta exploded with an inarticulate outburst as words jumbled together in her mouth and forebrain. Tom orgasmed as well, his ejaculate going deep into Theta's cunt as he had promised and then he backed out. His belly and pelvis were coated in faux cum, and he had to wipe things up before pulling up his leather trousers. Then he refocused on aftercare, letting Theta rest before untying her labia piercings and easing her out of the harness and off the bench, so he could get her mobile and they could go home.

All while his brood mare fuck slut still had a three and a half inch wide plug in her ass and her rectum and intestines were still flooded with almost a gallon of slick white lube that Theta believed was horse cum.

by Max

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