

Puppy Ranch

Faye Valentine

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Natalie had just gotten home from work. Sitting her purse on the stand by the door, she kicked her shoes off and breathed a sigh of relief. It was Friday and she had the whole weekend to relax and unwind. Walking across the living room, she reached the kitchen when she heard a ringing from her purse. “Son of a bitch!” she groaned. Swiveling on her heels she walked back to her purse. “I swear to god if they call me back in I’m quitting.” Opening her purse, she pulled her phone out and looked at the screen. She did not recognize the number. “Hello?”

“Hello, may I speak with Mrs. Burke?”

“Speaking.”

“Hi, Mrs. Burke, this is Wayne Davidson from the Whorsie Ranch and I’m...”

“OH GOD! What happened? Please tell me...”

“Please calm down, Mrs. Burke. Melissa is doing just fine. Great in fact. She’s one of our star pupils. I’m calling in regards to her graduation ceremony. Will you and Mr. Burke be able to make it?”

“Graduation ceremony? Melissa never mentioned a ceremony.”

“That’s because this is something we keep from our students,” Wayne explained. “Don’t worry, all expenses are paid in the fee your daughter paid for training. So, can we count you and your husband among the guests?”

“Um, when is it?”

“Two weeks. I know it is last moment, but this has been one of our biggest classes and we simply did not have time to make the calls until today. That being said, if you’re able to attend we’ll need you to go to the airport by six.”

“Six? You mean today? Why would I need to come today when the ceremony isn’t for two weeks?”

“I feel so bad for dropping this on you at the last possible second, but our graduation ceremonies are interactive and require a great deal of rehearsal to get just right.”

“What do you mean by interactive?”

“Audience participation. You and the other guests will go through a two week crash course in riding and various other activities for the ceremony. I really hate to rush, but I have thirty-five other parents to call so if I could get an answer soon that would be great.”

“I’ll be able to make it, but my husband is out of the country on business and won’t be back for another ten days.”

“No problem. Alright, here’s what you need to do. Go to hanger nine at the Columbia Metropolitan Airport. There’ you’ll see a man holding a sign with your name. Show him your driver’s license to confirm identity, board the plane and you’ll be flown right here. There is one more thing before I let you go. We have not told the students about the ceremony as we prefer to surprise them, so please do not call your daughter about this matter. Anyways, thank you for attending and we’ll see you in a few hours.”

Hanging up the phone, Natalie’s thumb hovered over her daughter’s number but she pressed her husband’s instead. “Hey honey, how’s Moscow?”

“Cold,” her husband Samuel replied. “It’s also one in the morning. What’s up?”

“Sorry. Forgot about the time difference. “I just wanted to let you know I’ve gotten a call from the Whorsie Ranch and we were invited to Melissa’s graduation ceremony in two weeks. I told the guy you were out of the country but I’ll be attending so that’s where I’ll be when you get home. Oh, also, don’t call Melissa about this. Apparently the academy likes to surprise their

students with the ceremony. Anyways, I need to get to the airport and you need to get some sleep.”

“Airport? You’re going now? I thought she had a few weeks before finishing the program?”

“She does, but apparently I’ll be participating in whatever they have planned so there’s rehearsals and all that. Anyways, get some rest and I’ll give you a call in a couple days.”

“Night. Love you.”

“Love you to.” Hanging up, Natalie slipped her heels back on, grabbed her purse and left the house. An hour later she arrived at the airport and made her way to hanger nine where she saw a tall, handsome well-dressed man in his thirties holding a whiteboard with her name written on it. “Um, hi, I’m Natalie Burke,” she introduced herself.

“I’ll need to see some identification please.”

“Of course.” Opening her purse, she fished her driver’s license out and showed it to the man. “So, I don’t need a ticket or anything?”

“Nope. Private flight,” the man replied. After looking from her to the laminated card, he smiled and handed her license back. “Pleasure to meet you Mrs. Burke.” Lowering the sign, he motioned her up the stairs and onto the plane. “Go ahead and be seated and we’ll be off in about ten minutes.”

“Thanks.” Looking down the fuselage, she spotted a man sitting near the back reading a newspaper that covered most of his face. Not wanting to disturb him, she picked a seat near the front of the plane and buckled herself in. Ten minutes later the plane was on the runway and after a few more they were in the air.

Twenty minutes into the flight, the little screen in front of her came on and she saw a handsome man staring back at her. “Good evening, Mrs. Burke. Do you mind if I call you Natalie? Don’t answer, this is a recording and I wouldn’t want anyone thinking you’re crazy by talking to yourself. Anyways, Natalie, my name is Wayne Davidson and I’m one the owners and primary trainers at the Whorsie Ranch and it is my duty to prepare you for the next two weeks. The first thing you need to know is that your life is about to change in ways you’ve never imagined, but before it does I need to show you a short video of your daughter’s training and what you can expect to go through yourself in the next two weeks.”

The screen turned black and then Natalie saw a ranch. There were barns, stables and other structures, but it was one particular paddock that drew her interest. The camera zoomed in and she saw her daughter standing among fourteen others on one side of a table while three men – one she recognized as Wayne, stood opposite.

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“Alright ladies,” another of the men said “My name is Ryan, this is Mark,” he said motioning to the man on his left “and Wayne,” he motioned to the man Natalie recognized “and we will be your trainers for the duration of your stay with us. Before we get to it, however, there are a few things that need to be said.”

“We do things differently here at the Whorsie Ranch,” Wayne took over. “They may seem strange, bizarre even, but our methods are effective and when you leave here in three months you’ll be fully trained Whorsies.”

“You’ll see fifteen boxes on the table in front of you,” Mark stepped into the conversation. “Each has your name on it and contains your clothing and gear you’ll need during training.” You may now approach and open your box.”

Melissa walked toward the table with the other women and after unfolding the flaps of the box, gasped in shock. “Um, excuse me, but what in the hell is this?” a pixie-haired blonde near the middle of the table asked, holding up a pair of riding breeches completely missing the crotch area.

“Those are your riding breeches,” Ryan answered.

“And these?” Melissa asked as she nervously held up two collars – one much larger than the other.

“Those are your collars. The smaller one goes around your neck and the larger around the horse you’ll be training. They are color coded to prevent you from training another’s horse.

“What the hell? This top won’t cover anything,” a brunette at the other end of the table said.

“That’s the point,” Ryan said. “Look, ladies, you’ve paid good money to be trained at the best riding school in the nation and that comes with specialized gear. You have ten minutes to strip out of your clothes and dress in your new gear.”

“There’s no way in hell I’m walking around wearing this!” Melissa said, holding up a long, curved butt plug with attached horse tail.”

“Each of you will wear everything in your box or you may leave our facility, but may I remind you the fee is non-refundable.”

Melissa groaned as she stared at the thick sex toy in her right hand and Natalie could see the gears turning in her daughter’s head even as she began stripping. When Melissa was naked, she got dressed in everything but the huge plug. “Why do we need to wear a plug to train horses?” she asked, her voice trembling.

“We find the best way to train a horse is to understand what it means to *be* a horse,” Ryan answered.

“Um, I don’t see any lube in the box.”

“Because there isn’t any. You’ll suck the plug and then put it in your ass.”

“And if we can’t take something this big?”

“Then you’ll stay here until you can. We have three months, ladies, but the longer it takes for you to get dressed, the less time we’ll have for training so I suggest getting a move on.”

Melissa gulped back her pride and a fair amount of humiliation before wrapping her lips around the long plug. After a brief pause, she sucked as much of it as possible without gagging. Which, was not very much. Unable to reach the base, she licked until every millimeter was wet with saliva.

“We find bending at the waist or getting on all fours with your head down helps with getting the plug in,” Wayne said, his dark brown eyes locked onto mine.

“Um, thanks. I’ve never done anal before so this might take a while,” Melissa said looking from him to the huge plug.

“Ah, a virgin, huh? Anyone else?” No one replied and Wayne continued. “Tell you what, since you’re an anal virgin I’ll give you two choices. You can use your spit and work the plug in your ass, or you can use something a bit thinner that will provide you with some lube.”

“I’ll take the lube.”

Wayne walked over to Melissa, took the plug from her hand and sat it on the table. “Get on all fours with your head down and ass up.” To Natalie’s continued shock, she watched as Melissa complied. And then she gasped along with her daughter when, instead of using lube, Wayne spit on her asshole.

“Um, what are you doing?” Melissa asked, looking back over her shoulder to see him unzip his pants.

“I’m going to lube your ass,” he grinned, placing the head of his cock against her tightly puckered hole.

“WHAT!? OH GOD! You mean...you’re going to...UHN!” Melissa grunted when the head pushed into her.

“Just relax and your ass will be lubed in no time.”

“I...uhn...I can’t believe you’re...ooohhhhh fuck!” He added more spit and slid deeper. “OH GOD! STOP! I don’t know what kind of...Ooww!” she screeched after his hand slapped hard on her ass.

“Stay calm and relax.” Holding Melissa tighter, his thrusts increased in speed and depth. Lowering her head to folded arms, she grunted and moaned as he fucked her for another ten or fifteen minutes. Natalie knew the signs of a man cumming from a mile away and knew Wayne was filling her daughter’s ass. Unable to turn away from the screen, she watched as he grabbed the plug, pulled his cock from Melissa’s ass and then push the plug in more than half way.

“Uhhnnn!”

“See, I told you it would make it easier. You’ve already got more than half the plug up your ass. Now work the rest in like a good Whorsie. And you’re welcome.”

“T-Thanks,” Melissa replied. Reaching back, she held the plug by the base and fucked it in and out of her ass.