

Training of a Ponygirl

Faye Valentine

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Waking to a world of darkness, I found it impossible to move more than my feet, fingers and neck. Two things were readily apparent. First, I was butt naked. And second, I was lying on a cold concrete floor. Something held my legs tight together and my arms – which were touching in what I could only describe as a reverse prayer, were bound behind my back from palms together and secured in place to whatever was wrapped above and below my naked breasts. I tried pulling against my bonds, but that got me exactly nowhere and as my head spun in a million directions I tried remembering what in the hell happened to bring me to this nightmare.

Fighting to remain conscious, I sort of vaguely recalled being on patrol. Something about a break-in. And waking up moments ago. But the fog dulling my train of thought prevented me from filling in the gaps. My police training the only thing keeping me level-headed, I kept quiet and waited – taking slow, deep breaths to stave off the panic that threatened to consume me.

I have no idea how long I lay there until a door opening and I heard the unmistakable sound of heels clacking down stairs and across the floor. A moment later, one of those same heels pressed painfully into my right thigh causing me to yelp. “Welcome back to the land of the living,” a woman said. “Honey, you picked the wrong fucking house to rob.”

“My name is Officer Evie McDonald. I’m with Metro PD and I demand you release me this instant,” I replied in as calm a voice as I could muster under the conditions, though even I was not convinced of the pretend bravado.

“Heard that one a million times.”

“You took my uniform! You have my badge and ID.” *And my gun*, I thought.

“Dollar store knockoffs. Don’t worry your pretty head off. I’ll call the real police eventually, but stupid sluts like you need to be taught a very valuable lesson and I’m one hell of a teacher.”

“I’m telling you...”

“No, *I’m* telling you. Shut your mouth until spoken to or you’ll regret the day you were born. Am I making myself clear?”

“Let. Me. Go. Aahhgghhhh!” I screamed in agony as her heel ground into my clit.

“Why do I always get the dumb ones?” I could not see her but I had a feeling she was shaking her head in disgust, annoyance, aggravation or a combination of all three. “Let’s see if you’re capable of following some very basic rules. One, you will keep your lips shut until directly spoken to. Two, you will address me as Mistress. Three, you will obey every command without hesitation or complaint or you will be disciplined. Four, once your training is complete you will put on a show during which time you will be auctioned off to your new owner. Do you understand the rules as I have laid them out for you?”

I really, really wanted to scream at her, but I knew she was being serious and I was in no position to be as stupid as she thought I was. “Yes Mistress.”

“Well, it looks like you might be trainable after all. Count your blessings because you would not like the alternative.”

I hardly like lying on the cold floor you psycho fucking bitch, I thought.

“What is your name?”

“You have my ID, go look at it!” I shot back and instantly regretted it as her heel pressed even harder against the sensitive bundle of nerves that was my clit. “Ooowwww! Oh god please stop! I already told you my name is Officer...aahhgghhhh!”

“No, your name is...Gingertwat,” she said after a short pause. “It suits a dumb redhead like yourself. Now, what is your name?”

“Gingertwat! My name is Gingertwat!”

“Your ass is going to be blazing after I cane it for disrespect.

“Mistress! My name is Gingertwat, Mistress.”

“Too little, too late.”

Hands grabbed me and roughly stood me up. Had she not maintained her hold I certainly would have fallen back to the floor which I was now being guided across. The bindings holding my legs suddenly went slack and my first instinct was to kick, but blindfolded and arms restrained behind my back, I thought better of it. She grabbed my left ankle and moved it further left. Something, most likely a cuff, was placed around it and buckled tight. The right followed and then my left nipple was being sucked as the right was pinched hard between finger and thumbnail. Grinding my teeth together, I kept all comments to myself, but my blood was boiling with rage and my mind raced at all the things I was going to do to her before she was arrested and tossed in a cell so deep she would never again see the light of day.

My arms were released, but before the blood had time to start flowing to them again they were raised above my head and secured by more cuffs. My nipples were pinched hard and this time the pain was not easing up and I knew they had been clamped. The sadistic bitch did the same to my inner labia with something heavy enough to stretch them to the limit.

“I am going to discipline you now for blatant disrespect. You will receive twenty swats of the cane. After each you will count and say: thank you Mistress. If you fail to count or give thanks we will start over and add five more swats until you get them all right. Do you understand or should I speak a little slower?”

“I understand Mistress,” I seethed.”

“Well, you’re just full of surprises aren’t you my dumb little slut?”

THWACK! Expecting the cane to strike my ass, I was completely caught off guard when it instead sliced across my breasts just above the areolas. Thrashing around like a madwoman, I did the last thing I should have. Screamed bloody murder.

“That one does not count and you now have twenty-five. So much for understanding,” she said with a condescending tone that made me want to rip out and beat her to death with her own tongue.

CRACK! The thing length of wood bit into my inner left thigh.

“ONE! THANK YOU MISTRESS!” I wailed.

SWOOSH! This one struck the right.

“Two! T-Thank you Mistress.

THWACK! Breasts again.

“Three! Thank you Mistress!” *What in the fuck happened to caning my ass?* I thought as the next one landed right where my legs and ass met – the tip of the cane digging into my left thigh with agonizing precision. “FOUR! Thank you Mistress.

THWACK! I tried preparing for it based on where I heard her heels stopping on the floor, but it was no use as the cane once again slapped across my breasts.

“Five. Thank you Mistress.”

And so it went one swat after another as she hit my breasts, inner and outer thighs and eventually my ass until all twenty-five had been delivered and I was left hanging, unable to move, panting for breath and in extreme pain caused not only by the brutal caning, but my inner labia stretching with every swing of the weighted clamps attached to them. My nipples, while

protected from the agony of the cane still suffered between the tightly pinching clamps. I've been used in the past by men sweet-talking me into a night of sex, but this is the first time in my life I felt like a lamb being led to the slaughter which a small part of me wanted if only to end the nightmare of pain delivered by an criminal whose face I had never seen.

"That's one discipline down but I have a feeling it won't be the last," she said with condescension. "Tell me slut, how are you feeling about breaking into my house now?"

"I didn't break into your house, Mistress. I am a cop and I was answering a call. I don't know what you did you knock me out but the longer you hold me here against my will the worse it's going to be for you when other officers come looking for me."

"Really? You're going to stick to the 'I'm a cop' story?"

"It's the truth Mistress. You have my badge, gun and identification. Please call the station and they'll confirm. It's not too late to end this madness before you go too far and do something we'll both regret. Knock me back out, dress me in my uniform and drop me off at the side of the rose. I don't really care as long as you let me go. I haven't seen your face so there's nothing for me to identify you on."

"Except I already said you broke into my house which I'm assuming wouldn't take long for the police to discover the owner of said home you supposedly answered a call to. You may be a cop or just another criminal pleading for release without paying for your crimes. Either way you're not going anywhere until I've trained you."

"Trained me? Trained me as what, Mistress?"

"My ponygirl slave, of course," she said as if it were the most natural thing in the world. By the time I'm done I will have all the evidence I need to prove without a shadow of a doubt that you were here of your own accord and in fact sought me out for this particular type of training."

"That is never going to happen Mistress."

"No? Then why do you continue calling me Mistress?"

"Because I don't want you caning me anymore, Mistress."

"Remember that as I ask you a series of questions because every wrong answer gets you one hundred swats of the cane and the next time I won't go easy on you."

I heard her walking across the basement. There was a sound of a drawer opening and closing and then she approached. "I'm going to ask you some questions now and I want nothing but the truth. Do you understand?"

"Yes Mistress?"

"What is your name, age and reason for being here with me today?"

I hung in desperate silence, my body trembling in fear as I thought about the cane flaying me alive one agonizing swat at a time. "My name is Evie McDonald, I am twenty-seven years old and I...I'm here to...I want you to train me as a ponygirl, Mistress."

"And are you of sound mind and body and here of your own free will?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Prior to this recording you were caned. Please tell me why you were caned."

"I was cane because I disrespected you, Mistress."

"Was the caning forced on you in any way or did you agree to it?"

"I agreed to it Mistress. I was disrespectful to your authority over me and I truly regret it. And as much as it pained me, I got what I deserved." I replied, digging myself ever deeper into a hole I had no chance of ever climbing out of.

"Why are you now tied up and blindfolded?"

Thinking quickly, I said the first thing that popped into my head and hoped like hell it would not earn me another one hundred swats. “I asked to be blindfolded and restrained to add an element of fear and mystery, Mistress.”

“Can you elaborate?”

“As this is our first time meeting and I am to be trained as a ponygirl I asked to be blindfolded so I could not see your face right off the bat, Mistress. In my mind it added an element of mystery and excitement I don’t think I would have gotten otherwise. As for the restraints, I asked for them because this is all very new to me and I feared I might’ve run away before my training really began.”

“What is your name?”

“My name is Evie McDonald, Mistress.”

“What is your sexual orientation?”

“I’m straight, Mistress.”

“And yet you came to a woman for training and not a man. Why is that? Remember, if this relationship is going to last I need the truth and only the truth.”

“I chose a woman over a man because I feared a man might take advantage of certain situations. Such as the one I am now in.”

“Would you not have used the safewords to end the scene if that happened?”

“I do not have safewords, Mistress, and even if I did I’m blindfolded and restrained. How would I ever prevent him from stopping?”

“And you can prevent me from stopping?”

“No Mistress, but them again you are not capable of taking advantage of me in that way.”

“No? So I could not use any and all of the sex toys lining the walls of this room if I chose to do so?”

“Yes Mistress, you may do so if that is what you wish, but you cannot impregnate me.”

“Ah, I see. So I take it you are not on birth control then?”

“No Mistress I am not. Hence, choosing a woman to train me.”

“You do understand part of your training as a ponygirl will be to have sex with me, right?”

“I understand Mistress.”

“And you do so freely?”

“I cannot say that I’ll enjoy it, Mistress, but it is a small price to pay to eliminate the risk of being knocked up.” *Son of a bitch how deep is this fucking hole going to get?* I thought as the questioning continued.

“Why are you here Evie?”

“To be trained as your ponygirl, Mistress.”

“You said you do not have safewords. Does that mean it is your desire to be trained as a ponygirl slave?”

I honestly had no fucking idea what she was really asking me, but I had a damn good idea the answer she was seeking. “Yes Mistress. I want you to train me as your ponygirl slave.”

“You understand that being trained as a slave means giving up rights and privileges that come along with being a human being and that you submit to be in all things, right?”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“You also understand that being a slave means obeying every command given without complaint or hesitation as long as said command is not illegal or would cause harm to you or another, right?”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“Just so we’re both on the same page here, you’re telling me and everyone that might see this interview that you freely and willingly give up your rights as a human being so that I can train you as a ponygirl slave?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Are you sure you’re in your right mind, Evie?”

“Yes Mistress. If you do not believe me I had a psych evaluation last month as part of my job.”

“And what is your job?”

“I’m a police officer, Mistress.”

“And you honestly expect me to believe you would give up everything to become a slave?”

“That is the only reason I am here Mistress. I want to be trained as a ponygirl and if you won’t do it then I’ll find someone who will.” *Son of a god damn bitch!*

“Just to make sure you fully understand what you are asking for, I must ask: You do understand that being a slave means performing acts of sexual perversion that you may not like and you must do them without hesitation or complaint, right?”

“Are you going to command me to do any acts of sexual perversion that are illegal, Mistress?”

“I will not.”

“Then I understand.”

“And you agree to suck treatment freely and of sound mind?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then welcome to your official slave training.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“That concludes interview one with trainee Evie McDonald.” I heard the footsteps walking away and then stop. “Actually, I have just one more question. You mentioned you were a cop. Is it your intent to tell me what you think I might want to here in an attempt to entrap me so that you may use your training as evidence in some sort of legal claim in the hopes of receiving a huge settlement?”

“Absolutely not, Mistress. I am here solely for the purposes of being trained as a ponygirl slave and nothing more. You have my word I will never use my training to sue you for monetary gain.”

“I’m sorry. I lied to you Evie. I actually have one further question that slipped my mind until just now. You understand that every second of your training will be recorded and while you are entitled to a free copy of said recording, the masters will remain in my care and will be posted to the internet so that people around the world may watch and follow your progress, correct?”

“I understand, Mistress.” *And there goes my fucking career.*

“And you freely consent?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I need you to say the words so there is no mistaking your intent.”

“I understand my training will be recorded and posted on the internet and I give you my consent to do so Mistress.”

“And now, welcome to your training as a ponygirl slave.”

“Thank you Mistress.”