

# **Whorsie Ranch**

**Faye Valentine**

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Driving down a long driveway towards a series of structures that made up the Whorsie Ranch, I parked between a late model Dodge Ram and an older Taurus. I had been dreaming of this day since I was about seven, but spending one's entire life living in the city does not provide many opportunities for riding and training horses. I had saved every penny of my allowance. Gotten a job at sixteen and saved those checks as well all for this day and now that I was eighteen and finally able to attend the most prestigious riding school in the nation, butterflies swarmed my belly.

Grabbing my purse and the folder from the passenger seat, I got out of the car and followed the signs to the small building marked office. Stopping with my right hand on the handle, I took a deep breath and let it out slowly before pulling the door open. Entering a lobby, I saw a pretty brunette sitting at a desk. She smiled at me and I approached.

"Welcome to the Whorsie Ranch, hun, how can I help you today?"

"Hi, my name is Melissa Burke and I have an appointment." Placing the folder on the desk, I slid it towards her. "I have all the paperwork and a check for fourteen thousand dollars to pay the fee for board and training."

The receptionist spun the folder around and flipped it open. Picking up the cashier's check, her smile broadened. Holding it in her left hand, she perused the waivers, medical forms and contract. "Everything seems to be in order. I'll need your driver's license or ID so I can get your information into our system and then we'll go from there." I gave it to her and she spent the next fifteen minutes inputting information into her computer. "If you'll step to the end of the counter and stand on the footprints I'll take your picture and we can go from there."

She snapped my picture and a few minutes later stepped out from behind the counter. "Um, aren't I getting an ID or something?"

"Nah, we take your picture so we can confirm it's you in our systems. Since you're boarding you won't need an ID. If you'll follow me I'll take you to the orientation paddock."

Shrugging, I followed her through the building and out the back where rolling pastures stretched as far as the eye could see. There were five long stables, several barns, a track, horse walkers and several paddocks. The receptionist led me to one where about a dozen other women stood on one side of a long, box covered table while three men stood on the other.

"Go ahead and take your place in line and I'll let them know you're here."

"Thanks." Smiling at the women as I passed them, I took my place at the far end of the line while the receptionist walked over to the men. They talked quietly and then the receptionist went back the way she came and one of the men went to the closest stables. He returned a few minutes later carrying a box which he sat on the table.

"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 that had fetched the box "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."

The butterflies becoming a maelstrom in my stomach, I moved toward the table with the other women and after unfolding the flaps of the box added my gasp to the chorus. “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?” I asked as I 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!” I 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.”

*Son of a bitch!* I thought as I stared at the thick sex toy in my right hand. He was right and we all signed the paperwork acknowledging it. I don’t know how long it took the others to come up with fourteen grand for this training, but I worked my ass off for it and was not about to let it go to waste. Sitting the plug in the box, I chewed my lower lip and stepped out of my shoes. I was the first to do so and it garnered looks from the other women. Face flushed, I lowered my head and continued stripping.

When I was naked, I put the riding breeches on though, with the missing crotch I wondered what the point of them were. Next, I pulled the form-fitting, sleeveless shirt on and my cheeks burned hotter when my breasts popped through the holes in the front. Next, I placed the collar around my neck – jumping slightly as the magnetic ends snapped together. After putting on the knee-high riding boots, I picked the plug up and stared at it. “Why do we need to wear a plug to train horses?”

“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.”

I was an anal virgin and had planned on remaining that way for the rest of my life, but looks like that is one dream about to be crushed. Gulping back my pride and a fair amount of humiliation, I wrapped my lips around the long plug and sucked as much of it as I could without gagging. Unable to reach the base, I licked until every millimeter was wet with saliva. Around me, the other women came to the same conclusion I had and began stripping.

“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,” I 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 me, took the plug from my hand and sat it on the table. “Get on all fours with your head down and ass up.” I did so expecting him to lube my ass, but instead of lube, he spit on my asshole.

“Um, what are you doing?” Looking back over my shoulder, I saw him unzip his pants and my eyes grew wide.

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

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

“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. I did not have to look up to know the other women were watching my first anal experience and I found that as exciting as it was humiliating. As the shock of having my ass fucked began to fade it was replaced with the shock that my ass was being fucked. “OH GOD! STOP! I don’t know what kind of...Ooww!” I screeched after his hand slapped hard on my ass.

“Stay calm and relax.” Holding me tighter, his thrusts increased in speed and depth. Lowering my head to folded arms, I grunted and moaned as he fucked me for another ten or fifteen minutes. The first blast of semen went the deepest, but as he continued shooting he pulled back until the just the head was in me. Grabbing the plug off the table, he pulled his cock out and pushed the plug in.

“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,” I said, my entire body burning with humiliation. Reaching back, I held the plug by the base and fucked it in and out of my ass. I would learn later that it was two and a half inches thick at the widest but it felt like a telephone pole when I was forcing it up my ass for the first time.