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# Girls and Bridle

## Chapter 2 - Pony Time

"Morning Star, Sophie... Meet Moonlight."

The young girl approached and waved. She was about the same size as Morning Star, very athletic, and wearing a long light brown ponytail, which, along with her name, left no doubt about what she was doing here.

"Hello!"

"Hi!"

Sophie greeted her with some reservation. She had been training ponies for many years and could pick up little details that may have eluded other people. Moonlight's skin was perfectly tanned uniformly on her entire body, a sign that she had spent a great deal of time outside under the sun; it wasn't uncommon for people living in this more arid area.

The problem with her skin tone was that if she was indeed a racing pony, her skin should have been paler due to the necessity to wear a latex suit. To Sophie, this was fishy, but she wasn't ready to make comments about her observation.

Tiantang Zhi Ma introduced her a bit better.

"Moonlight is our recruit. She will turn 20 years old next month and will be eligible for competition. She has great racing abilities, and I want her to team up with you to win the Triple Crown."

Sophie smirked.

"No offense, I'm sure Moonlight is good, she looks like quite an athlete at first glance, but she doesn't have any experience as a racing pony. We are talking about the Triple Crown here. Morning Star is an elite racer, and we know it will be tough for her even to qualify. Your rookie has never even been part of an official race yet. So..."

Tiantang sighed, knowing that everything Sophie had said was accurate. However, she was not an idiot; if she had offered Moonlight to them, she had a good reason. Rather wasting time explaining, she decided on a more practical approach.

"Moonlight, see the tree over there? Can you jog to it, then once you are warmed up, sprint back here."

"Really? Tiantang, is it worth it? She just dissed me."

"Do as I say."

"... Fine!"

Moonlight reluctantly started jogging toward the tree, reluctantly obeying Tiantang's order, which made Sophie chuckle a bit.

"Hehe, your recruit seems to be in a bad mood, Tiang."

"This was not the plan for her. She doesn't see the value in being here yet. She is young."

"Just looking at her jogging, I can tell she never received any good training."

"No, she didn't..."

Once at the tree, the new girl placed her hand on it and started stretching her legs, one by one, as if her light run didn't have any warming effect. A minute later, she turned around and prepared for her sprint.

After receiving a small hand signal from Tiantang, Moonlight bolted forward, lifting dust with her civilian shoes. It only took her a moment to shrink the distance and fly by the puzzled observers. She then slowed down and walked back to them while Sophie was slightly embarrassed.

She didn't want to be mean... but...

"Well... That was... not very good. Sorry Tiantang. I appreciate the offer, but it is not the caliber we are looking for..."

"She is lying!"

Moonlight's sprint had been nothing else than pathetic. The girls had undeniable physical abilities, but her little display was nothing compared to what a gifted racing ponies could do. Right away, Sophie knew that the new girl would need years of training before expressing her full potential, time she couldn't afford.

But when Morning Star dropped her negative assumption, suggesting that this was nothing short than a poor theatrical performance from Moonlight, Sophie looked back at the young girl and immediately reconsidered her analysis, understanding what Morning Star had meant.

"You're right, Star... She is not even panting. Tiang? What's the deal with her?"

"Glad you noticed. I apologize for Moonlight's behavior, we do not own her yet, and this idea of joining your stable isn't appealing to her. She has a problem trusting people. Xiuying... Can you please talk to her? Let her know that this is not acceptable."

"Yes, Tiang... but we can't force her. You know that pony racing isn't really her thing..."

"WHAT?"

Instead of answering, and knowing she probably spoke too much, Xiuying walked away to go have a chat with Moonlight, leaving Sophie very confused about her last comment.

"Tiang? Tell me the truth... That girl... She has never been a ponygirl before?"

"No. Moonlight is not even her official name, yet. She never wore a pair of pony boots before, either. Xiuying and I have been scouting for a new girl to train for years, and we found this little gem in town by sheer luck."

"... In town?"

"Yes, we went out one night for a romantic dinner, and as we were walking toward the restaurant, a man stole a purse from a lady and ran away. I immediately ran after him. He had no chance to get away, obviously. However, out of nowhere, Moonlight joined the chase and ... she kept up with me."

"No way... That's not possible. Only Morning Star and Hemlock can keep up with you."

Tiantang Zhi Ma nodded, knowing Sophie was right. She was an older pony in her late thirties with a lot of experience. She had won the Super Cup twice in her career and probably would have won many more if Morning Star had not joined the NRPA. So the thought that a nobody girl like Moonlight could have kept up successfully with Tiantang Zhi Ma was almost unbelievable.

"So, after we stopped the thief and recovered the purse, the girl just walked away. She didn't even look overly exhausted. I tried to ask her a few questions, but she didn't care and just ignored me. Fortunately, Xiuying followed her and found out where she was working... a small snack bar as a waitress."

"A snack bar? So, where did she learn to run then? You don't become an athlete by selling fried food."

"Well, Xiu went several times to her restaurant and earned her trust with some sweet words and generous tips. But as soon as Xiu mentioned the thief incident and her running abilities, the girl shut herself off and refused to talk anymore. After that, Xiu found where the girl lived, and we went there together."

With Xiuying scolding Moonlight in the background, Sophie was mesmerized by Tiantang's tale. How could the Asian elite ponygirl even consider a waitress as the future of the ponygirl racing? She was very curious about where this story would go next.

"When we arrived at her home, it was a decrepit ranch. Moonlight's parents were two assholes, as racist as Brittany, and refused to let their daughter talk to us because we were Asian. A small

amount of money changed their attitude, and they went to fetch Moonlight for us. As soon as she put a foot on the front porch and saw us, she ran away to the desert..."

"... and you pursued her?"

"... and I pursued her..."

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"Stop chasing me! Go away!"

"I just want to talk to you! You can't run away from me. You are wasting your time."

Tiantang Zhi Ma was running all out across the ranch's rocky land, in pursuit of the young running girl, gradually reducing the distance that separated them. The prey wasn't used to this, and it made her panic a little. Who was this woman who could gain on her? This had never happened before.

"Leave me alone!"

"Not happening. Give up! You can't win."

"In your dream! We will see about that!"

The girl gave all she had and sprinted fearlessly downhill. Her maximum speed was nothing less than astonishing, but in the process, she drained her legs from all her energy reserve, and it was a piece of cake for Tiantang to catch up with her a minute later. When the girl looked over her shoulder and saw the Asian runner, nowhere near the abandoning point, she stopped, exhausted, admitting her first defeat.

Tiantang arrived next to her, panting as much, but grateful for the entertainment.

"Feeew! That was fun, don't you think?"

"Fun?"

"Yeah, you are a quick one. Thanks for the challenge, I feel better about myself now that I won."

"Who... Who are you? What do you want with me?"

"I just want to talk."

"Talk about what?"

"About you. Where did you learn to run like this?"

"... My parents?"

"Your parents? They taught you how to run?"

"No... I kept running away from them. They are idiots."

"I noticed. Interesting... Are you still in school?"

"Nope. Got kicked out..."

The young girl definitely had an attitude problem, but her living situation wasn't a bad thing for the Asian Elite; it was a golden opportunity.

"And you? How come you are running so fast? I thought nobody could keep up with me?"

"Well, that's because you lack humility."

"..."

"I'm an elite racing ponygirl. Heard about those?"

"... yeah... Those freaks..."

"A freak that is running faster than you."

"..."

"Look, all I'm asking is that you come with us so we can evaluate your skills. We think you have what it takes to become an amazing runner. I want you to spend a week with us at our stable so we can show you what our sport is all about and check if you would be a good fit. What do you say? You want to waste your time here on this rocky ranch with parents you hate, or would you like to discover your true potential?"

This little speech and proposal were very unusual for the young girl. Not only her normality was to be treated like shit by her parents, teachers, and clients, but on top of that, nobody ever said that she was good at anything. She grew up thinking that she was the only decent person in this town. But now, this gorgeous Asian lady who had taught her instant respect offered her an opportunity to experience something she had never considered before.

"What's in it for me if I say yes?"

"What's in it for you if you say no?"

"..."

"Xiuying and I would be happy to take care of you if you would let us."

"... One week?"

"One week. That's all I'm asking. After that, it will be up to you."

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"Alright, she says she will try sprinting again."

"Good."

Moonlight trotted back to the tree; she seemed in a better mood all of a sudden. Xiu wrapped an arm around Tiang's waist and nuzzled her neck.

"Check that out... She is going to do it."

"What did you tell her this time?"

"Just that we love her and that she is doing this for us. She has a big heart."

Morning Star could sense something different this time around. There was that noticeable energy emanating from ponygirls when they desired to show off their skills. That expression on the young girl's face was unmistakable; she was ready to give all she got.

Positioning herself for a sprint, Moonlight waited for the signal from Tiang, who didn't make her wait too long. A small wave from the hand and she took off like a bullet.

This time it was no joke. The girl displayed some serious power, which left Sophie speechless. When Moonlight passed by the group, Morning Star voiced her amazement.

"WOAH! She is so powerful..."

"Yeah, and she has no technique either. With proper training, she could do very well."

While Xiuying was clapping her hands and cheering for Moonlight proudly, Tiang explained the deal to Sophie and Morning Star.

"The Triple Crown. Help Moonlight win the Triple Crown. That's what I'm asking. Her life so far brought her nothing but failures. Win the Triple Crown, and her life will become amazing. Then she will come back to my stable."

"But, Tiang... this is a long shot... There is no guarantee that we can..."

"Teach her what it is to be a ponygirl. Teach her what racing is all about. Then you go beat Paul Clover, his two pink ponies, and that racist Brittany! Teach them that they cannot bully us."

"... But, Tiang...."

"Let's do it."

Sophie still had strong reservations using an inexperienced girl to attempt to win an event this huge, but Morning Star was sold to the idea. She trusted Sophie as a trainer and was convinced that Moonlight could become an excellent racing partner for the Triple Crown, granted that some intense work would be required.

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"That was pathetic! You two make me sick! You are wasting my time."

Brittany was furious. In her opinion, today's training with Hemlock and Nightshade was an absolute failure. A critical thing when two ponygirls were pulling a cart together was the synchronization of their steps, and they just couldn't achieve it.

Both ponygirls had an almost perfect running technique, but adjusting to each other was not easy. It was unfair to expect perfection from them after only a few days of learning. But Brittany didn't care about that and unleashed her vitriol as she brought them back to the stable.

"Get in there, you two. If you can't behave like proper ponies, well, we will go back to the root. You are sleeping in your stall tonight! I'll let you sleep in the house again only if you show me that it is not affecting your ability to turn back into ponies."

Brittany was a bitch, but she was right this time. A ponygirl not fully believing she was a pony was not a good thing. She needed her two girls to fully accept their roles, and accept to be trained and conditioned for double cart racing, while leaving their personal thoughts aside. A good way to remind them of that was to take away any human privilege they had, so they could start feeling like ponies again.

After pulling them inside the stall, Brittany removed their head harness and bit.

"Be happy I'm taking those off. But the body harness and cuffs stay on. That will teach you."

She hung their bridles on the wall and walked out before slamming the jail-like metal door.

"I'll be back later with food and water even if you don't deserve it. Try acting like real ponygirls once in a while. That is the least you can do in exchange for what we do for you."

What Brittany was referring to was nothing less than a roof, food, and ponygirl gear. Generally, the contract of ownership was not much more than that; a simple statement that made them the property of an owner and that the owner had to take care of them. There was no money or rewards involved outside the opportunity to live a ponygirl life.

Since the contract could be voided at any time by the ponygirls, it was in the owner's interest to take good care of them and only accept the ones that fitted well within the stable style. Occasionally, some extras were added to the contract when the owner was slightly more picky. Hemlock and Nightshade joined Paul's stable because they were required to be blonde, large breasted, and to wear pink girly clothes and pony gear. It was not something someone like Morning Star would have chosen, but for the two girls, it was oddly appealing.

"Brittany is mad at us again, Hemlock."

"Yes, don't worry. She is not wrong, though. We spent too much time as normal people recently."

"I know... I want to be a pony more often. I'm glad she locked us here tonight. I love it in the barn."

"Mmmm!"

Immediately after Nightshade confessed her love for sleeping in a stall, she pressed Hemlock against the wall and started kissing her. Having their hands cuffed to their waist wasn't allowing them to hug each other, so they could only enjoy their rubber covered breasts pressing against one another.

"Mmmm, Nightshade? Are you turned on by the barn?"

"By you and by being locked in our stall, yes."

Pony or not, they would never stop kissing. Nightshade pushed her tongue deep inside Hemlock's mouth to get as much good sensation as possible out of it. Of course, Hemlock responded positively with a similar action.

They hadn't had a chance to kiss since this morning, and the wait was getting too long to endure. The Sexual waves that they craved so much assaulted them. Unfortunately, they would be limited tonight as to how they could pleasure each other if Brittany decided to keep them cuffed for the night. But it was okay; spending a whole night kissing and licking each other's face wasn't a too terrible restriction.

"Aaanh! Is it the deepest you can go?"

"Hey, I practiced hard. I can go much deeper than before. Not as deep as you, though."

"I have a long tongue, but if you keep trying, you'll improve."

For those two, deeper was always better. Hemlock and Nightshade would let each other attempt to go farther inside their mouth and returned feedback when they thought they had improved. Knowing that they could reach new places inside their mouth was such a turn on, and it always has been.

Hemlock would always remember when Nightshade joined Paul's stable. Not only was she the most pretty and gorgeous blonde girl she had ever seen, but she got a legit emotional crush on her. It was love at first sight.

Before meeting Nightshade, Hemlock was having occasional sex with Paul and Brittany, but it never been great. She was way too strong for both of them, her stamina was off the chart, and they couldn't keep up with her. Hurting their feelings was not her intention, so she always kept quiet about her dissatisfaction and endured those long orgasmless nights.

When Nightshade showed up, she was timid, but despite that, they had their first kiss only thirty minutes after she arrived. They were in the living room, Brittany went to get some drinks, and when she came back two minutes later, the two ponygirls were making out on the couch, not caring about a thing in the world.

Since then, it has been the same thing hour after hour, week after week, month after month. Paul and Brittany quickly understood that they were no match for such an amount of sexual power, so they could only let them do their thing even if this was unexpected. More than likely, Paul's original plan was to end up sleeping with his two bimbofied ponies, but that fantasy evaporated pretty quickly.

"Aaaanh! You went so deep this time. Mmmm do it again."

"Mmm okay!"



The next hour was more of the same in the stall. The two girls exchanged mouth fluids as much as they could until Brittany came back with some food and water. She slid the stall door open and shook her head.

"Ah, come on! You are still at it?"

"Mmmm!"

"Aannh!"

"Alright! Alright! You can eat later. Come here, Nightshade. Show me your wrists."

Nightshade understood what it was about, so she pulled away from Hemlock with some difficulty and went to the gate where Brittany unlocked her cuffs. Next in line was Hemlock, but the small trainer denied her.

"No, Hemlock! You were the worst today. So you stay cuffed until tomorrow. Nightshade can feed you and make you drink."

"Aaah! Really?"

"Yes, and as a warning to both of you, if you don't get enough sleep tonight and you can't perform well tomorrow, you'll get a hell of a punishment. Trust me on that."

Brittany slammed the door closed and lowered the latch, making it resonate through the barn. The ponygirls weren't going anywhere tonight.

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"So, are you sure I can come back after the Triple Crown?"

Moonlight was sitting at the table with the four other girls. A piece of paper and a pen sat in front of her, which made her quite nervous. She had no idea how those contracts worked, and she didn't want to take the risk to be abandoned by the only people she liked, the ones who had managed to take her out of her misery.

"I promise. If you want to come back, we will be more than happy to take you back."

"Good. Because I don't want to stay here with them."

"Stop it, Moonlight. Penny, Sophie, and Morning Star are the best. You'll learn so much here. And don't forget, you are doing this for us."

"Is this that important to you, Tiang? That I win the Triple Crown?"

"Yes, I can't let Paul win this. Not after being banned from the NRPA and almost killing Morning Star."

"Okay, but I've never been owned before. I don't want them to do bad things to me."

"I'm not going to lie. You won't like everything Sophie will do to you, but you'll learn to trust her. Always keep in mind that what they will ask you to do will make you better at racing, even if you think it is strange. We would have done the same. Becoming a ponygirl is a lot of hard work, but also a lot of fun."

Moonlight was a particular case. It was unheard of that a girl joined the ponygirl business without any prior interest in the sport. She knew those races existed and were popular, but she always thought it was stupid.

Tiantang and Xiuying convinced her that it was more a real sport than a show, which was a good start, but it still felt odd. And that whole ownership thing, it was still a blurry concept to her. How being owned could help her performance on the track? It just didn't make any sense.

What Moonlight was about to do was only out of gratitude for the two persons who had dared believing in her. After a long sigh, she grabbed the pen and signed her name at the bottom of the contract.

"Yay! Congrats, Moonlight! Welcome to Penny's stable!"

"Yeah, I guess."

Sophie was all happy and honestly thought it would be a fun adventure. A LOT of work, but fun nonetheless. She placed the contract in a little frame and hung it on the wall next to Morning Star's.

"See, you are next to the fastest pony on Earth. Aren't you proud?"

"Meh."

Tiantang and Xiuying stood up, and the former rubbed Moonlight's back a little.

"Alright, time for us to go. We will visit from time to time. Make sure you train hard and listen to Sophie and Morning Star. Let them turn you into an amazing racing pony."

"It's so weird. But, yeah... I'll try."

"You'll be fine! I'm sure of it, and then you'll be happy to come back to us after you win the Triple Crown."

Following some goodbyes and hugs, the Asian couple left the stable and went back home. In the car, they were chatting about what had just happened.

"So, do you think they can do it? Win the Triple Crown?" Xiu asked.

"No. Impossible. But it will be such a great experience for Moonlight. Spending that much time with the best ponygirl in the world will turn her into a champion."

"So, you manipulated them?"

"A little, but I think they really believe they have a shot at winning the Triple Crown. Deep inside me, I sure hope they do. I wasn't lying about Paul. That rat face does not deserve to win. Not after how they treated us in the NRPA league."

Back at the house, Sophie helped Morning Star to get in bed. Having a broken foot wasn't fun, but being taken care of so well by Sophie made it more tolerable.

"Good night, Morning Star. Hopefully, you'll feel better soon and start walking."

"I don't want to walk. I want to run."

"I know. But while you heal, it will give us more time to work with Moonlight. I don't want to sound too negative, but it's going to be hard. She has no idea what it means to be a pony, the mental state, and all the rest."

"Believe me, Sophie, Moonlight will run. Tiantang wouldn't have gone through this much trouble to get her if she had not seen something special in the girl."

"I know, but she never wore a pair of pony boots... She is almost twenty years old. It's kind of crazy. Usually girls who have an interest in racing go to their first pony camp at like 13 years old... This is nuts."

"She can learn."

"Alright, alright. Have a good night of sleep. We will talk more about it tomorrow."

Sophie kissed Morning Star on the forehead and left the bedroom, closing the door behind her. She then went back to the kitchen, where Moonlight just waited for time to pass.

"So, how are you feeling?"

"This may have been a mistake."

"How come? You like running, no?"

"I guess. I'm proud of being faster than everybody else. But I don't need to do a competition for that. Plus, ponygirl racing is so strange."

"Why do you think it's strange?"

"Because I'm a girl, not an animal. I understand it's popular and all, and I could make money. But pulling a cart? That is kind of disgraceful."

"Disgraceful?"

"Yeah, is it not like a symbol of domination or something?"

"Haha. Do I look like I dominate Morning Star?"

"No... but..."

"We are a team. I want to do well, and she wants to do well, and we work together in the best possible way to achieve that goal. We want to win because it's the greatest feeling in the world. And for that, it is crucial that she loves being a pony, and it is also crucial that I help her love it."

"What does love have to do with racing? The stronger legs will win!"

"Ah! We will see about that. Come now, I'll show you where your room is."

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"AAAanh! It's... It's not fair! AAAanh!"

"Mmm... I love it!"

Hemlock was stuck on her back on the haystack while Nightshade ate her pussy as a dessert after they had dinner. It was not the first time that only one of the two ponies was free while the other was restrained... and it always turned into a massacre for the tied up one.

Nightshade had unzipped Hemlock's crotch and plunged her face in it to get a good taste of her lover. The two fingers she buried inside Hemlock's wet vagina provided the extra stimulation required to drive her crazy.

"Aaaannh! You are too rough!"

"Nooo. Stop saying that. You are moaning non-stop. Anyway, you are mine tonight. I can do whatever I want to you."

"Aaaah Aaah! Aaah!"

"See... you like it a lot."

Two blonde ponygirls having sex while wearing pink latex and leather was a beautiful scene to look at. The straps surrounding their breasts and waist made them look even more erotic. A tightly fitted harness always helped control a ponygirl better, and Nightshade took full advantage of that feature to prevent Hemlock from pulling away.

"Aaaah... I'm about to ..."

"Mmm, give me all you got!"

"No... aaah! It's embarrassing ... I'll... AAAh! I'm... I'm CUMMING! AAAAH!"

"Oh, my God! Yes! Yes!"

Hemlock's eyes rolled back, and she started thrashing in the hay while Nightshade intensified her clit sucking. Then it happened again... As she was cumming hard, Hemlock squirted uncontrollably and splashed her licking friend all over.

"Aaaaanh! Stop! Stop! ... Give me aAAaah! Give me a break!"

"Wow... I'm drenched again. How do you do that?"

"I... I don't know... It never happened with anybody else before. I'm sorry."

"Don't say sorry. You know I love it."

Without any additional discussion, Nightshade laid down on top of Hemlock and restarted kissing her deeply.

"Mmm... After your break, you are going to lick me until I come... three times."

"Aaanh! Only three times?"

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\*Morning, Moonlight! Come to the kitchen. Penny just arrived. She is eager to meet you. Then we will go shopping."

"Shopping?"

"Yes! For pony boots! Hurry, I can't wait!"

Moonlight didn't sleep very well. Only a day ago, she thought she was going to stay with Tiantang Zhi Ma and Xiuying, but now she was owned by a certain woman named Penny and would be trained by Sophie, who seemed a bit too enthusiastic. Owned... She felt more like a loan.

The bed was comfy, though, particularly with this plush duvet with a horse print; it was nice and warm. Her parents never bought her anything nice like this. Penny's stable wasn't all that bad so far.

She put on her street clothes, and headed to the kitchen as requested. Right off the bat, two things caught her attention; an older lady making coffee, probably Penny, and Morning Star, who was reading a racing magazine while wearing her ponygirl head harness and her bit.

It was the first time Moonlight saw this from up close. All the ponygirls she saw were in small black and white pictures in newspapers. To see it live was strange, and to see someone wearing it while sitting at the kitchen table was even more bizarre and purposeless.

Sophie noticed Moonlight's presence and welcomed her in her own joyful way.

"Moonlight!"

"... Why... is she doing that?"

"Who? Star? She is addicted to those racing magazines. It's insane. She likes memorizing all the stats and ponygirl names and stuff. It's her thing..."

"No... I meant... Why is she wearing a bridle?"

"Aaah! She felt anxious. She misses being a pony a lot. With her bridle on, she feels better, and she listens to me better as well. That's an extra perk. Anyway... This is Penny, we signed the paperwork on her behalf, but she is your real owner."

Penny turned around with a smile and walked slowly toward Moonlight to welcome her.

"Haaa... I see why they chose you."

"... Hello."

Penny was so gentle, and her grey hair made her look like a nice grandma. She was in her sixties and clearly had seen more than one pony in her lifetime.

"So, I'm told that you are a powerful runner. Is that true?"

"I'm... okay ... I guess."

"You picked a pretty pony name too. Moonlight."

"I didn't choose it. Tiang did... Kind of..."

"I see. Your body structure is incredible. You were created to run."

"You... You can tell just by looking at me?"

"Oh, yes. You have half of what it takes to succeed. I can tell you that much."

"Half? My body is only half?"

"Your spirit is what will make you a winner or loser. We will only see if you have some once you run a real race."

How could physical strength be only half of what it takes to win? To Moonlight, it was probably a hundred percent. Those muscular legs made her so good at running; it didn't matter if she was in a good or bad mood. What Penny told her didn't make a lot of sense, but she politely refrained from arguing due to seniority.

"Don't worry too much about it, young one. Just follow the best part of your heart, and everything will be fine."

"..."

Sophie chuckled at Moonlight's blank reaction to Penny's philosophical talk and wrapped an arm around her neck.

"Alright, Moonlight. Eat a little something, and we will go buy your first pony boots. It's going to be super fun! I love shopping for pony gear!"

"... okay."

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"Wake up, pink troublemakers! It's time for breakfast!"

Brittany may have been a horrible human being, but she did love ponygirls a lot and knew how to take good care of them. She would never feed them late or neglect their well-being. The morning routine was actually the only time when she was not an absolute despot.

She entered the stall and placed her bucket containing her grooming tools and the breakfast basket on the floor. Her two ponies were spooning romantically on the haystack.

"It breaks my heart to end this mushy scene, but we have work to do. Come on, Nightshade, you are first today. Give me your hand... up... up."

"Mmm..."

The small driver helped the pink pony up and, tugging on her harness, positioned her in the stall's corner where the morning light shone through the barn's dusty window. She ran her fingers under the pink leather straps to make sure none of them were twisted and pulled some pieces of straws out of it as well.

"You are a mess. You always roll around way too much when you sleep... Let me take care of your mane first."

Brittany grabbed a brush from her bucket and undid Nightshade's ponytail, letting her long blonde hair collapse around her shoulders. The slow process of brushing began. Grabbing the base to prevent discomfort, she ran the brush down to untangle the fine golden hair and remove more straw and dirt from it.

Nightshade wasn't used to having Brittany take care of her yet, but she admitted that she was very good at it, and her brushing was very comfortable. No rushing, pulling or tugging. It had something to do with her technique; Brittany only took care of smaller bundles of hair at a time, even if it took longer to do; somehow, it felt as if she just wanted to spend more time on this task.

A substantial amount of brushing later, Nightshade had a brand new ponytail that she could be proud of.

"Alright, now that your hair is out of the way, let's clean you a bit before I put your bridle back on."

Using a soft toothbrush, Brittany brushed Nightshade's white teeth to make them sparkle. If the pony felt good and fresh, the performance on the track would be better.

Next, she submerged a soft cloth in the water bucket, and after squeezing out the excess, she pressed it on the pony's cheek, which made her jerk and take a step back.

"Hehe. I know it's cold... You'll see, it will feel good when I'm done. Stay still."

It only took Brittany a short time to wash Nightshade's face and turn those crusty morning eyes into wide awake diamonds. She then cleaned the only other exposed part of her skin, her hands. She went through each finger slowly, and also the back of the hand and the palm. While she was pulling the latex sleeve back over her wrists, she proposed something different.

"We never took care of your nails, right? Do you want to do that right now? We have time since Hemlock fell back asleep."

Nightshade nodded, still puzzled at how nice Brittany was this morning.

"Okay, then. Let me put your bridle on, and then we will take care of your nails."

Brittany retrieved Nightshade's bridle from the wall and cleaned it thoroughly before mounting it on the pony's head. The bit entered Nightshade's mouth, and the buckles got adjusted on the straps for ultimate comfort.

"Alright, let's file those a little. The last thing we want is for your nails to get caught in your harness and break. Then we will put a nice pink polish on them."

Sitting on a high stool, the small driver delicately grabbed Nightshade's fingers and meticulously worked on them one by one.

"You know, if you ever want to stop racing, you'd do an amazing show ponygirl. You are beautiful, Nightshade. I'm training racing ponies right now, but I would eventually like to try the show scene. I'm thinking about it even more since they... banned me from the top league."

Nightshade didn't expect this kind of confession from Brittany and expected even less a tear to run down from her cheek. Brittany never spoke about her ban since the decision struck, but for the first time this morning, she showed that it had affected her deeply. It was unlikely that she had a clear understanding of what she had done wrong to deserve a ban or regretted the mean things she had said, but the small driver was sad about the consequences in her own messed up way.

Carefully, Brittany painted Nightshade's nails to make them look cute. Her focus and the steadiness of her hands were admirable. If she had not been this evil, she would have made a great owner one day.

"Done. You are all pretty now. Let's give you a quick shine and cuff you back, and then I'll take care of Hemlock."

Using a small pad and conditioner, Brittany rubbed Nightshade's latex suit all over to make it glow, which made the ticklish ponygirl giggle.

"Hehe, you like that, right? There you go... All done. Let's take care of our sleepy girlfriend now."

\*\*\*

"They keep the boots at the back of the store. Follow me."

"... okay."

Sophie guided Moonlight through the maze of alleys; there was way more ponygirl stuff in this store than her new recruit could have ever imagined. The rapid movement of her eyes probably meant she had no idea what three-quarters of those items were for. Obviously, not everything was designed for racing.

"So, Sophie, what other disciplines are there?"



"There are different types of racings. Each of them has specialized gear. You've probably heard about the show ponies too. They are so pretty."

"... I've seen them in a parade once... I thought it was odd..."

"Shhhh! Don't say that out loud here. You'll insult someone. Hehe. What they do is very hard, you know. Their training is so demanding and rigorous. The more you watch them and understand what they do, the more you realize how difficult it is. We will do a bit of that during your obedience training. You'll see."

"... Obedience?"

"Oh! Here! Look at all those amazing pony boots! Aaah! I want them all! They even have the PB-9 model in white leather... Awww!"

Sophie ignored Moonlight's last question on purpose and focused on her secret passion; pony boots.

"Let's get you a pair of thigh-high boots!"

"What? No! How am I supposed to run in thigh-high boots?"

"Ah, come on, you'll look so sexy! Trust me!"

"... Okay... but..."

"Hahaha. I'm just pulling your leg, Moon. They are not for racing. No, for you, we need something like Morning Star. Knee-high ones that will hug and protect your calves well, but we have to make sure they don't dig in your posterior knee ligaments. We will need to try a couple."

"Mmm. I like the blue ones over there."

"You can't. They need to be black. It has to match Morning Star's. It's for promotional purposes. The teams can only have one color. We are black, Paul's stable is pink, Tiantang is red, etc. Come on, let's measure your feet and arches, then we will get you something nice."

The next hour was a lot of measuring, trying, and testing. Poor Moonlight had never worn a pair of pony boots before, so she kept falling to the floor after losing balance. Sophie laughed every time this happened but tried to be reassuring at the same time. She told Moonlight that learning how to walk in pony boots wasn't that steep of a curve, making sure to omit that running in them was a whole different ball game.

After many attempts, they finally found a pair that seemed to fit perfectly. Sophie made the call.

"Let's buy those! They are exactly what you need."

"But there are so many eyelets. It's going to take me forever to lace them up."

"I don't think so, no."

"No?"

"No... You don't get to put your pony gear on yourself. That's my job. I decide when you become a ponygirl, and I'm the one dressing you up. It's my responsibility to make sure you don't end up injured because of a poorly laced boot. You won't have to lift a finger. It's part of the process."

"..."

"Ah, stop acting shocked for once. Try to enjoy yourself a bit. Didn't you have fun shopping for boots?"

"... Yes, I did... But, I'm just confused. I didn't decide on any of this. Tiantang and Xiu just asked me to."

"I know. I know. But trust me, if you just relax a bit and let it happen, we will have a lot of fun, and you will do very well."

"Okay, I'm sorry."

"Alright... Let's buy those boots and get out of here."

"Don't we need a harness too?"

"You are nowhere near ready for harnesses. Let's get you walking in boots first. We will come back for the harness and bridle later. We have some used ones at the stable that will do just fine for now."

The two girls went to the cashier and placed the boots on the counter. Moonlight thought it was just a matter of paying and leaving, but there was another detail that Sophie had omitted to mention.

"Can you fit rim horseshoes on those? The aluminum ones."

"Sure thing, it will take a good thirty minutes, though."

"No problem. We will go check something else in the meantime. We'll be back."

"Okay, see you in a bit."

Sophie walked away from the cashier, and Moonlight ran after her and grabbed her elbow gently.

"Hey? Horseshoes?"

"Yes? You need good traction."

"Won't it be too heavy?"

**\*FLASH!\***

"What the...."

At the least expected time, a bright light blinded the two girls. Someone had taken a close-up picture of them without any warning.

"You are Sophie from Penny's stable, right?"

"Heee... Yes. Why the picture? Who are you?"

"I'm from Pony Racing Magazine. Is this the ponygirl who will team up with Morning Star to compete in the Triple Crown?"

"Heee... Maybe, why?"

"What's her name?"

"... Moonlight, but listen, we are not there yet and..."

**\*FLASH!\***

"Aaah! Damnit, stop with the pictures already!"

"Do you think a crippled Morning Star and a newbie stand a chance against Paul's stable?"

"Ah... Enough! Leave us alone now. This is none of your business. Go bug someone else."

Sophie grabbed Moonlight's hand and pulled her away from this zoo.

"Don't listen to them, Moonlight. Since Morning Star's injury, those reporters are running out of material to talk about to sell their newspapers. They are idiots."

\*\*\*

"There was a reason why I made you all pretty today. We are going to town for a photoshoot at the studio."

Brittany pulled her two gorgeous pink ponies inside a metal trailer. Usually, the trailer's purpose was to go to a race, not to go to town, so this was concerning. If that were true, as soon as they would exit the trailer dressed up as ponies, the whole population would assemble around them to get a piece of the two athletes.

Hemlock and Nightshade were nothing less than famous. They were elite ponies, beautiful and sexy. But they also had a reputation of not being shy to display their curves to the fans along with some erotic moves. However, that was for the show. It was one thing to act that way on a race track where people couldn't get close to them, but it was quite another to do it in the middle of a public place.

Brittany securely hooked the two ponygirls to the trailer rails so they wouldn't fall during the half-hour drive. There had not been any discussion about this. Their owner decided on this activity, and they had to obey as much as they could. It was unlikely that such a surprise would make Nightshade and Hemlock lean toward revoking their contract. Still, some sort of heads up would have been appreciated.

It was an eventless drive. Both ponies were used to keeping balance in a moving trailer, and when the movements were too rough, they knew they could trust their chains to prevent them from falling. It was pretty safe, and Brittany was a good driver too.

Soon enough, their vehicle entered the town. Both Hemlock and Nightshade tried to look through the small openings at the top of the trailer walls to see where they were going. It was a beautiful day, and there were a lot of people everywhere. Not necessarily a good thing for the ponies.

It was always the same; when people saw a vehicle pulling a small silver trailer, everybody wondered who could be in it. Little did they know that, this time around, it would be two of the most famous ponygirls in the world. Their presence would indeed cause a commotion.

The trailer stopped moving, and a fair amount of people started gathering around it already. As soon as Brittany got out of the car, some fans recognized her instantly. Hemlock and Nightshade looked at each other, they couldn't talk because of the bits, but their eyes said everything, "we are so screwed."

The trailer's side door opened, and Brittany climbed in with a big smile on her face.

"Oh, my... so many people. We are quite far from the studio too, so I guess we will have to mingle with the crowd a bit. Ah well, try to enjoy it. And careful with those hooves, you don't want to hurt your fans, okay?"

She unhooked the chains to release the ponygirls from the rails and then attached a set of reins to their bridle.

"Okay, remember, a lot of those fans think you are sexual objects, so don't make a fuss if they touch you a little. Many of them also miss you since you got suspended. So be nice to them. No bad attitude. One wrong move in public and our reputation will take a hit."

Brittany pulled on the reins to turn the two ponies around. The crowd was already chanting their names outside; this was going to be a pony massacre. The small driver pushed the rear ramp open with her foot, exposing the two shiny pink stars to their cheering admirers.

"Hemlock! Hemlock!"

"Nightshade! NightShade!"

"I love you, Hemlock!"

"Nightshade! Would you marry me?"

The ponygirls trembled as Brittany guided them down the ramp. The driver knew she was safe, rendered invisible by her ponies' popularity, so, after pushing the ramp back up and locking it, she addressed the mass, who was already trying to touch her ponies... just to make it worse for them.

"Hey, guys! Thanks so much for the warm welcome. Your ponygirls are super excited to visit. They love affection, as you know, so don't hesitate to touch them, cuddle them and even give them small kisses, but don't be too rough, okay?"

Before she even finished her friendly speech, many fans rushed to Hemlock and Nightshade and started grabbing them everywhere. Brittany pulled on the reins to go to the studio, but the ponygirls could barely move.

There were too many hands on Nightshade and Hemlock to allow them to make any significant forward progress. Their boobs were fondled, ass grabbed, and crotch massaged. They received a barrage of gemy kisses against which they were defenseless. Some fans were even licking their ears, and cheeks.

It took them almost fifteen minutes to cover the distance from the trailer to the studio. Brittany was not even trying to protect her ponies, and she didn't even apply her "don't be too rough" rule. The ponies had their nipples pinched, their butt slapped so that it would leave them with nice red buttocks, and their pussies were molested relentlessly, causing the overly sensitive Nightshade to almost climax in public.

Yes, Brittany was a bitch.

\*\*\*

"What the hell are they doing?"

"Who are they?"

Sophie and Moonlight were waiting outside Pony Exchange while their boots were being shoed when they noticed a big group of excited people around the photo studio. Two bright pink ponygirls just got out of it and were dragged in the middle of a crowd that was totally abusing them.

"I can't believe it. It's Brittany, Hemlock, and Nightshade. Brittany let all those sexually deranged fans abuse them. What a disgrace. She is not doing anything to protect them."

"Who are they? Racers?"

"You really come from a different planet, Moonlight! It's the team that got banned after injuring Morning Star."

"Oh, so they are the bad guys?"

"You could say that. But still... Letting them get abused like this... It's just wrong."

"No, it's not. They deserve it. Hey, they don't know who I am, so I have an opportunity to avenge Morning Star. Wait for me here. I have an idea."

"Hey! Moonlight! Wait! Where are you going? Come back! Don't get involved!"

Moonlight didn't listen. She had received no obedience training and didn't feel that anybody could tell her what to do. Knowing that those people purposely injured Sophie's pony was enough to take a quick initiative.

She plowed through the crowd in a way not to raise any attention. It took a while, but she was now close enough to the two overwhelmed ponies. She then waited for the perfect opportunity. She selected the pony on the left, she didn't know which one it was, but it would be her target.

Right now, a fan was on her back, pressing his crotch in her buttcrack while massaging her generous breast.

As soon as he was pulled away by another fan who also wanted a piece of his idol, Moonlight rushed to the ponygirl and landed an extremely powerful slap on one of her latex butt cheeks. The shockwave made her whole latex covered backside undulate. The pink pony went down on one knee due to the sharp unbearable pain.

Moonlight quickly crouched behind the suffering ponygirl to hide from Brittany, grabbed her ponytail, and whispered some words.

"That's what you get for hurting Morning Star."

She turned around and disappeared in the sea of people, while yelling some specific encouragement to all those uncontrollable idiots.

"Hemlock and Nightshade LOVE to be spanked very hard too!"

Before Brittany could even react, confused after what had just happened, the cheering crowd just started to do what they heard, following like a brainless flock of sheep. Multiple hands started slapping the two ponies' butt, and Brittany didn't find any way to stop them, victim of her opening speech.

\*\*\*

"Get in the trailer! Get in the trailer! Quick!"

After what seemed an eternity, the pink trio reached their vehicle. Brittany quickly opened the rear ramp of the trailer and pulled the ponygirls away from the hungry mob. Nightshade and Hemlock ran inside and fell on the floor, beaten and exhausted. Brittany lifted the ramp and locked it with the metal pins. The noise of the hands slapping on the trailer walls turned it into an instrument of torture.

"Stay on the floor. I'll get us out of here! They are insane."

Brittany got out using the side door and screamed at the out of control crowd.

"Thank you, everybody! You've been amazing. Hemlock and Nightshade LOVED your affection. We will do this again soon. Now, please, step back so we can drive away! Thanks again!"

It took a while, but they managed to drive away without rolling over someone. A few minutes later, Brittany made a roadside stop and went straight to the trailer to check on her ponies, who were still curled into two miserable little balls on the floor.

She removed the bit off Hemlock's mouth so she could talk.

"So, who got that massive slap on the butt when we walked out of the studio?"

"That was Nightshade. I think she will need some ice."

"Did you see who did that?"

"No. All I saw was a girl with a long brown ponytail saying that it was because of what we did to Morning Star."

"Brown ponytail, uh? Morning Star has brown hair, but that can't be her. Plus, she would never ask someone else to do this to us. She is too righteous. Odd. Ah, well, it was still fun."

"Fun? It wasn't fun... we got moles... mmmph!"

Not interested in hearing any complaints, Brittany placed the bit back in Hemlock's mouth and reattached it to the head harness.

"Think about it. You are fine, and you made your fans so happy. They never had a chance to touch cute ponygirls before. Can you imagine how much they love you now? It's going to be super good for the sales of our promotional items. We can print shirts saying, "Ponies are like ice cream. They are meant to be licked." Or "Slap a pony = Love a pony."

Those were atrocious ideas that only Brittany could come up with.

\*\*\*

"Look! We have new boots!"

Sitting on her bed, a gagged Morning Star couldn't talk, but she grabbed the items that Sophie handed to her for inspection; she seemed to approve of the new boots. Sophie and Moonlight just looked at her with a smile.

It was the first time in so many weeks that Morning Star had put her hands on pony boots and she got a massive urge to go for a run. Out of the blue, she quickly tried to put her foot inside the Moonlight's boot, which made Sophie react strongly. The small driver jumped on the bed and tried to stop her.

"NO! Stop it! What are you doing!? You can't run yet! Give me that boot now! I told you! The doctor said that you couldn't run yet! Give it back! Give it back!"

Sophie miraculously won the tug of war and bounced a bit farther on the mattress while the boot twirled in the air, just to land in Moonlight's arms.

"Bad pony, bad! Tomorrow morning, Moonlight is going to make her first steps as a ponygirl. It's so exciting. Don't try to ruin that!"

Moonlight looked at the two funny friends acting like children, and she scratched the back of her head. She thought that Morning Star seemed to really enjoy being a ponygirl. Could she develop such a love for the role herself?

"Can I try my new boots tonight, Sophie? I will need to practice a lot."

"Mmm... Okay. I suppose you are right. Let's have a bite first, and then it's PONY TIME!"

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