**Ponies in the Parade**

BY PonyMaster

During my years in college, I had several girl friends, but none that I thought enough of to consider for a long term relationship and I never had one I that seemed submissive enough so that I dared to suggest that we experiment with bondage or spanking. But I knew, from surfing the Internet, that there were women around who liked to be dominated, so when I graduated from college and settled in a comfortable house, I decided to look for one.

My parents had been killed in an automobile accident just as I finished high school, and between the assets I'd inherited and insurance, which had taken care of my college expenses comfortably, I was still able to buy a house and have income to supplement the salary I was able to get after I'd graduated from college. So, I decided to see if I couldn't find a woman who would submit to me. There are a lot of sites on the Internet that accept ads for people interested in various kinds of BDSM. None of them are particulary expensive, so I chose several and ran ads like this:

*SWM in central U.S., recently graduated from college, no experience with BDSM but looking for submissive female slave who shares my taste for classical music (especially symphonic), ballet, theater and reading (detective, science fiction, adventure, etc.). Am seeking a submissive woman who may have hesitated about exploring that part of her personality because of the difficulty of finding a compatible and sympathetic Master. Am prepared to take as much time as is necessary getting acquainted and exploring your desires and limits. I find bondage, spanking and paddling very erotic, would like to try training you as a Pony Girl. I am an engineer, have a 2000 SF house and adequate income, looking for a long term relationship. Your email address and a picture would be appreciated. (I headed my ad with a picture of myself, and ended it with my email address).*

My ads generated a satisfying number or responses, and I exchanged emails with something like a dozen women. I eliminated most of them because their replies were not consistent with my tastes. It is easy to say you like classical music, for instance, but naming composers, orchestras and similar detail requires knowledge that most of them did not have. When I thought I had a woman whose tastes were more or less like mine, I suggested that she send me comments on 126 Basic Slave Rules, which I'd found on the Internet. Her comments agreed pretty much with my own ideas; I wanted a woman who was willing to submit to me whenever I wished, but would act like a live-in girl friend the rest of the time, doing cooking, housework, shopping, etc., except that when we were alone together I would want her to stay naked. So, at last, I was down to one woman. She looked pretty enough in her picture, she was near my age, had put in a couple years at a community college, was now working in a department store and lived in a city only a couple hours (by air) away. Her name was Pamela Anderson (her friends called her Pam), and I told her my name, John Waverly.A week after I'd decided she was the only one I'd consider, I phoned her and arranged to meet her the next Saturday afternoon when she'd finished her work at the department store. I suggested that we spend Saturday evening through Monday morning at a local motel, while I made it clear that how far our relationship would go that week end was entirely up to her, that the room would have two beds and we did not have to occupy one together unless she wished to.

I flew to the town Pam was in, rented a car and checked into a motel, then drove to the department store. The store had a parking garage with valet service, so I parked the car and looked around the store until Pamwould be free, then met her. She lookedbetter than her picture and apparently seemed glad to see me, rather than thinking "what Have I got myself into?"

I said, "Pamela!"  
 She said, '"John!." She held out her hand;, and I took it and kissed it. Then, she picked up a light bag and we went to the parking garage terminal, where I presented my ticket and paid for it. When the car arrived, we got in and took off for the motel.  
 When we got to our room, I said, "If I go too fast for you, tell me. Now, kiss me."  
 "OK!" So, we kissed, and a slight hesitation on her part, it developed into a serious open mouth kiss.  
When we broke off the kiss, I said, "That was a very good kiss. Now, are you ready to be my slave?"

"Yes." (The reader will note that one the many of the 126 rules we did not observe was calling me Master; I had told her online that it was OK to call me 'Master' among people into the bondage scene, but I didn't care for it in private or among non 'scene' people.) So, I put a flat chain dog collar, which had large rings at each end, around her neck, then locked it with a small padlock. (The collar was definitely an unusual 'ornament' but I'd told her that I expected her to wear it in public.) Then, I said, "Now, strip." After a mite of hesitation, she proceeded to take her clothes off, carefully folding and stacking them." When she finished, I said, "I think any beautiful woman looks most beautiful when she is naked; you certainly do, and I want you to stay naked while we are alone together. Now, walk around the room a bit so I can admire you from all angles."

After she had made several circuits of the room, I told her, "Come over here, then turn your back to me and put your hands behind your back." I brought out a pair of wrist cuffs and strapped them on her wrists, then snapped them together with a double snap hook. Then, I said, "This makes you even more desirable looking than you already are. Now, walk around the room some more."

After she had made some more circuits of the room, I got up and put my arms around her and kissed her, clasping her buttocks and pulling us together. When I finally broke the kiss, I turned her around, renoved the cuffs, and said, "Get dressed, darling, it's about time for dinner, and don't put on your panties or bra."  
We had dinner at the motel dining room; the collar locked on her neck was a bit unusual, and I'd made her leave the top of her blouse unbuttoned, which made it obvious that she was bra-less. I'd told her, "I don't expect you to pull the back of your skirt up in public, so your bare bottom will be on the seat, but I will want you to do that when we're riding in the car." The conversation we had was not about our relationship, but we were constantly aware of what we had done in private and what we were going to do. However, we had all day Sunday ahead of us, too much time to fill with bondage or pony games, so I asked Pam to think about places we could drive to.

When we returned to our room, Pam immediately stripped without my having to remind her that I wanted her naked when we were alone together. I said, "Now, I am going to try to train you to be a Pony Girl. All I know about pony training is what I've read, so we're both going to learn from this. When we are ready, I want to go to a bondage club that has Pony Boys and Girls, so we can learn to improve your pony abilities, but that will be a month or so off.

First, I put wrist cuffs on Pam, then ankle cuffs, then connected the ankle cuffs together with a double snap hook. I said, "Ponies are often hobbled to remind them to stay in place. Then, I brought out a wide pony harness belt with d-rings, to which I snapped her wrist cuffs. The d-rings were on the front side of the belt; then I took another belt and strapped her upper arms snugly in, so her arms were close to her side and she could not use them at all.

Next, I put the bit in her mouth; the bit was rubber, 3/4" diameter by 5" long, with big rings in the ends, on which there were straps; I buckled the straps behind her neck, being careful to pull the bit just tight enough to keep it in her mouth, so she couldn't push it out with her tongue. I said, "Remember, ponies aren't supposed to talk. You can whinny though, and the code will be one whinny for 'no', two whinnes for 'yes', and three whinnies are to tell me you have a problem, and I can come close so you can whisper to me. `Finally, I was ready for the tail. I told her that when I gave her the command 'position', she was to bend over so her body was horizontal. "Position", I said, and she bent over as I'd told her. I said, "That position is awfully tempting for spanking or paddling, and your bottom is very nicely shaped and soft, so I hope you'll forgive me if I introduce you to a pony whip. It isn't very heavy, and it is double, so it can make a really loud noise when used." I then gave her three hard strokes with the whip, which barely made a pink mark on her skin, then said, "Now, I'm going to install this pony tail. That plug goes in your rectum, but I'm going to lubricate it with KY Jelly and also put some jelly in your rectum so it will be well lubricated and won't hurt. So, I lubricated the plug with jelly, then put some jelly on my middle finger, and pushed it into her rectum as far as it would go, an act nearly as intimate as sexual intercourse, though hardly as much fun. I wiggled the finger around while I held it there, and told her, "Now, you be a good girl for me, Pam." She whinnied twice! Then, I pulled my finger out and inserted the plug, and said, "Stand".

I then stood back a bit and looked at her, and said, "You are one beautiful pony, but you need to get a little more pony look. See if you can't emphasize your assets. Thrust out your chest, those breasts are lovely, show that you are proud of them, and likewise for those lovely buttocks. And keep you head proudly high," I tapped the parts of her body I was talking about to emphasize them.

When I was satisfied with her posture, I told her, 'Now, walk from one end of the room to the other, back and forth, and try to hold that pony posture while you walk. I wish we had a bigger space, but this will have to do for now. After I was satisfied with her walking, I told her to stop. Then I said, "Now for the real pony steps. Each step, your upper leg should come to the horizontal, and try pointing your toes down. Now, High Step Walk." We spent a lot of time with that pony walk, as I tried to improve her form. I held the pony whip in my right hand, but rather than applying it to Pam, I used it to hit my left hand, which made a satisfactory crack to emphasize what I was saying. For variety, I had her vary the length and pace of her steps, also made tries at other pony steps I had directions for, but the high step walk was easily the most important. I also had her try a 'Present' pose, putting one knee on the floor and stretchng the other leg straight out, this is the way for a pony to present itself to the judges, in a contest.

After an hour or so of pony practice, I decided that Pam had enough, so I hobbled her with the snap to her ankle cuffs, then removed the bit and arm restraints, finally removed her ankle cuffs.Then I said,"Thats enough pony practice for tonight. You look very promising to me; what do you think about being a pony?"

"It's pretty hard work, but it's interesting."  
 "I find it very rewarding to watch you in action. Now, you can use the bathroom first."  
 I had brought a book to pass the time, and when Pam came out of the bathroom, I took her place. When I was ready for bed, she was in one of the beds, so I said, "One bed or two?"

She said, "One." so I climbed into bed with her.

The next hour was as good as I've ever had. I started it by cuffing Pam's hands together in front, then tied them to the head of the bed, allowing me to turn her over as I wished. I started out by having her kneel face down while I gave her a paddling with a large paddle, ten strokes slowly, and she reacted as though it really hurt, but she never asked me to stop. Then I proceeded to kiss and fondle her all over, finally taking her 'missionary style'. During the hour I told her several times how wonderful she was, and as we ended she had a strong orgasm as did I. As we relaxed after I withdrew from her and said, "Pam, that was great, and I love you. Are you ready to try being my slave at my house?"  
 "I think so, John. I have a week's vacation coming, which could start in a couple weeks. Suppose we start out with that. If we still like it, I can quit this job right away."

We had a long drive Sunday, and Pam sat with her bare bottom on the car seat, and her bra-less bosom somewhat exposed, as her blouse was unbuttoned most of the way down. We had some pony practice before and after the trip, and I had intercourse with her a couple different ways; having her on top but her hands cuffed behind her back was another one I liked.

Two weeks after our week end together, I met Pam at the airport, and she had all the luggage she had bags for, and had shipped the rest. She hadn't told the department store yet, but she wasn't planning to go back.  
 During the two weeks waiting for Pam, I'd had a contractor make an elaborate pony trail in my back yard, a trail that went around its periphery with a fifty foot square area inside. I had considered concreting it, but decided that would take too long, so it was just gravelled.

I also made a pony cart, using 20 inch child's bicycle wheels, plywood and plastic tubing, which didn't require bending, as I assembled it with standard fittings. There were eye bolts just back of the hand grips to allow securing wrist cuffs to the cart. The seat was over the wheels.

Of course one of the first things I wanted to do as soon as I got Pam settled was to try out my new pony cart, however I put in a couple hours training her without the cart, just walking, trotting or running behind her holding the reins and getting her familiar with the signals I had worked out, giving her signals with the reins and touching her with with the whip, and until we both unterstood the signals, with voice too. When I was satisfied with her performance, I hitched Pam to the cart, and we found that running it around in different ways was fun; we spent more time manoevering in the fifty foot square than on the trails, as manoevering needed a lot of practice as it was difficult. I decided that I needed a seat belt, as I had to grip the side of the seat during sharp turns.I concentrated on tricky manoevers, particularly backing up. Someday, I hoped to get to work with pony girls pulling carts in a parade, and manoevering like groups of Shriners and others sometimes did on motor scooters in parades.

The night after our first pony cart ride, I started thinking about cart design. Why does the cart have two wheels? Two wheels are necessary if the pony's hands are cuffed behind her back, but if her hands are at her side and hold the ends of the cart shafts, the cart can't tip over unless the pony falls on her side, so one wheel would be all that is necessary, like a wheel barrow in reverse, and the rider could be seated astraddle the wheel, on a saddle and with foot rests, like a motor bike.

The next week, I rebuilt my cart for bike type riding; a single wheel would have been better, but I just put the two twenty inch wheels side by side, I planned to build a better single wheel 'bike' as soon as possible.. The hardest part of the conversion was making a comfortable seat.  
My 'pony bike' was quite successful, and I found that by gripping the seat with my knees, standing up was easy, and Pam soon learned to bank the 'bike' on a sharp turn to equalize the weight on her hands. We found that backing up with it was pretty easy, although it would take a lot of practice before we could manoever backing up with Pam blindfolded.

My second 'pony bike' took over a month to build, because I used aluminum tubing, which I had to have a machine shop shape; I used a motor scooter wheel, and while I had it half built, I decided to make the wheel steerable by the rider. I simply left the wheel mounted on its fork, and attached the fork support to the frame, rather than attaching the axle to the frame, but I had the handle bar mounted forward so the rider was nearly8 directly over the wheel and the handlebars connected to the wheel fork by a direct linkage. This resulted in steering much like a long fire truck which has steering at the rear to permit it to make otherwise impossible turns.  
The steerable pony bike was very successful, and fun. I could even make the bike weave left and right while the pony went straight, the possibilities seemed endless.Handling the reins as well as steering the handle bars at the same time was a little tricky;At last, I had a rig that could manoever as I had wanted. We not only started practicing manoevers that I felt would be interesting to watch, I started planning manoevers that several similar pony bike outfits could do together.

After many phone calls, I had a long conversation with Henry Whipple, president of The Leather Club, which was located in a city of over a million population that I'm not naming. Henry was into the pony scene himself, and after I'd told him about my pony bike and the plans I was developing for a group in a parade, Henry invited us to stay with him a dayi before a club meeting, which would be held at his house.  
 The pony bike was easy to load on a car top carrier, and Henry's City was only a day's drive away. We arrived at Henry's house by five o'clock, and Henry and his Pony Girl/Wife Alice met us at the door, and we took to them immediately, they made us feel that we had known them a long time. They. helped us move into a bedroom, then we joined them for drinks, and we discussed the club meeting tomorrow night, then the city's Mardi Gras parade which would be next spring. Henry was on the board of directors of one of the groups, and said he could arrange to get pony carts and/or bikes to accompany it, and he thought several of the Club's pony couples might be wiilling to participate. I told him that I could leave my pony bike with him and make another for Pam and me; that would make two pony bikes for the parade, and Henry said he could get a couple more made before the parade. I felt that four pony bikes could put on a pretty good show.

After dinner, we were served brandy, then Henry said, "It is customary after a dinner like this in our bondage groups, for the men to spend and hour with women not their wives or mistresses. What they do during that time is no ones business but their own, it is just a way of getting better acquainted. Does this sound like a good idea to you?"  
 I said, "Yes."

When we were alone together in a bedroom, Alice said, "When Henry and I are alone together, I usually wear no more than shoes and stockings, so I'll strip if you wish."  
 "Pam and I do the same, so go ahead."  
 There is no need to describe the next hour, but I enjoyed it a lot. When we went back to join Henry and Pam, Alice stayed naked, and Pam was naked too.

The next morning, after breakfast, we took the 'bike' off my car and spent  
most of the morning practicing with it. Henry had a fifty foot square practice shed with screened sides. Both ponies wore only high heeled boots and wrist cuffs, as Henry's back yard was completely private. It took only an instant to hitch one of the ponies to the cart, it was just a matter of snapping their wrist cuffs to snaps fixed just back of the cart's handles.

That afternoon, Henry and I put harness on our ponies and had a ride around the quiet area Henry's home was in. Henry had consulted with the local police about what Pony Girls had to wear in public, so Alice and Pam wore bikini bras and bottoms under their leather pony harness. Henry said that at club meetings, the ponies wore whatever their masters wished, usually only some kind of leather harness.  
Pam and the pony bike were the features of the club meeting that night; there were six ponies attending, including Pam, two were Pony Boys. Two of their Masters said they would try to build pony bikes, so we hoped to have four for the Mardi Gras parade.

When we got home, I didn't waste much time building another pony bike, but I did manage to make drawings of their construction which I sent to the other Club members who wanted to build their own bikes. I also made up descriptions of the manoevers I thought would be suitable for a parade with three or more pony bikes. A month before Mardi Gras, we all had a meeting at Henry's place. We had a long discussion on costumes, both for the ponies and for the riders. We decided that the ponies should wear more or less the minimum the local laws allowed; the g-strings a little wider than the minimum, colored to match the head dresses, and wider than normal matching wrist and ankle bands. They were to wear high heeled boots. The riders would have longer boots, pants, shirts and caps to match the pony's colours. We decided that the riders should have long whips to crack during the performance, never to whip anyone, but just for show. We also spent a lot of time trrying manoevers out, then we had a final rehearsal the day before the parade. We had three Pony Girls ready for the parade and one Pony Boy.

Our performance in the parade was very well received, I was surprised at the amount of applause we got from the spectators; we all enjoyed it, and were very pleased with ourselves. We put on our best performance in front of the judge's stand, ending with all four ponies doing a kneeling present before the judges. Henry had been able to get good video coverage of our performance, and it got on national news shows, so from then on we had more requests for our participations in parades all over the country than we could handle. During the next year, we were in parades almost every month. and the national popularity of Pony Boys and Girls experienced a big boost, and several Pony Clubs broke off from BDSM clubs because they had begun to dominate them. We had to cut down our participation in parades so we could devote more time to making guides for pony training, including videos.