Strider Gets Her Tail

by Boxlicker101Â©

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Tara was apprehensive about what the man wanted to do to her. She definitely

wanted to be a ponygirl but, until now, she hadn't realized exactly what was

involved. So far, she had accepted everything that was done to her and for her

as part of the transformation, and the last thing would be the addition of her

tail. That was the problem. Because of some very unpleasant, still recent

experiences, she was having serious misgivings about accepting it from him.

She never expected to be making that decision when, a few days earlier, three of

her dormitory mates talked her into coming out to what they called "The Pony

Farm" for a Saturday afternoon of fun. Tara had spent a good part of her teenage

summers on her uncle's ranch, and had always gotten a great deal of pleasure

from being around ponies and horses. She joined their excursion gladly, only to

be surprised when she saw what the place was like, and what was going on there.

First, there was a high Cyclone Fence with barbed wire at the top, and a locked

that was guarded by men with shotguns. There was also a discreet sign that

declared an extremely high admission fee for those who wanted to enter The Pony

Farm. Buffy, who was the oldest of the group and the woman who drove them there

from the campus, spoke with one of the guards, and showed her identification and

vouched for the new member. Jenny and Kelli showed the same kind of

identification, and all were allowed to enter, including Tara, without paying

anything at all. There had never been a ranch or farm in her experience that

required that much security or that charged people to enter the property. Added

to that, she didn't smell any of the familiar odors of horses, and she didn't

hear any equine sounds, although she did hear several high-pitched noises that

sounded like imitation neighs and whinnies.

She didn't see anybody around who appeared to be horsemen either, although there was a small group of men, all at least in their forties, standing around just

inside the gate. They were all wearing clean, well-pressed clothing that might

have been chic at a dude ranch, but not one of them looked or acted as if he had

ever ridden a horse. The speculative way they stared at Tara made her slightly

uncomfortable although, as a beautiful 18 year old woman, she was used to

attracting appreciative looks from men, and she usually relished the attention.

Her friends, all older than she, were also all unusually good looking and they

seemed to relish the ogling they were receiving. Jenny even smiled and waved to

one of the dudish looking men, and he smiled and waved back to her. They acted

as if they knew each other well, although neither she nor any of the other women

had said anything about expecting to meet somebody at The Pony Farm.

The four young women all entered a large building that resembled a barn, and

Tara got the greatest shock she had received that day. There were no horses or

ponies or any other kind of livestock. What she saw were about twenty young,

attractive women, some of them fully clothed and some of them completely naked.

When she and her companions stopped in front of a desk, Buffy, Jenny and Kelli

wrote something down in a kind of ledger, and each of them was handed a key and

a name tag. When Tara looked at the ledger, she saw the words "Strutter",

"Blondie" and "Lightning". Apparently, her companions had, for some reason,

registered themselves under fictitious names. Seeing her puzzlement, Buffy

suggested she use the name "Strider".

"It's a good name," she added. "And nobody's using it. "

Wanting to go along, but still bubbling over with questions, Tara signed in with

the suggested name. The man behind the desk printed it in block letters on a

small white card and slid it into a leather holder, clipped the name tag onto a

chain that also held a key, and handed everything to her. With her strange

registration apparently complete, she hurried to catch up with the others and

started asking those questions.

"What is this place anyhow, and why were those girls walking around naked? Why

do they call it The Pony Farm? I haven't seen any sign of any ponies. What are

these keys for?"

Buffy acted as the spokeswoman, while the others nodded agreement. "Like we

said, this is The Pony Farm, and we are the ponies. Ponygirls, that is. The

three of us and all the other girls you see. You too, if you want to be. "

"You mean you and all the other girls will be running around naked?"

"Not really naked," Buffy answered. "See over there, some of the girls are

already getting rigged out to be ponygirls. "

Tara looked where Buffy was pointing, and saw what the older woman meant. Some of the naked women's bodies were being buckled and tied into strange looking garments that appeared to be collections of straps. As she watched, one of them had a device placed over her head, and Tara realized it had to be a bridle, and it even appeared to have reins attached. After seeing that, she realized that

the collections of straps were harnesses. The women were being fitted with tack

as if they were horses - or ponies - and Tara came to realize what Buffy meant

when she referred to herself and the other women as "ponygirls".

"C'mon," Jenny urged her and the others. "We have to get ready for our harnesses

and stuff. "The three of them walked over to a row of lockers and found the

four, all adjacent, that matched the numbers on the keys they had been handed.

Tara still had questions. "But what do ponygirls do? And who were those guys

outside this building?"

The others were all starting to remove their clothing and deposit it and other

belongings inside the lockers. Kelli paused to answer Tara's latest questions.

"We do what our masters tell us, at least as long as we're ponygirls. Those guys

outside will be the masters, but don't let that worry you. Nobody is going to

make you do anything you don't want to do. It's really a lot of fun and, if your

master likes you, he'll give you a big tip. "

Jenny was almost through undressing, and she added her input. "It is. It's

really a lot of fun for everybody. You've been telling us about being a drum

majorette and a cheerleader in high school, and it's a lot like that. People

watching and admiring you as you parade in front of them. "She peeled her

panties down her legs, stepped out of them, and placed them in the locker. That

was her last garment, and she stood naked in front of the others.

People would certainly be watching and admiring Jenny. Apparently, she was the

ponygirl known as Blondie, because she had long, blonde hair, with blue eyes,

regular facial features and a creamy complexion. Her body was gorgeous too, with

pretty pink nipples that topped her big breasts that were jiggling as she moved

up and down on the balls of her feet, loosening up her legs. Jenny's ass and

hips were just as sexy, curving voluptuously out from her back and sides and

around to taper into her long, shapely legs. Tara also noticed that her hair was

its natural color, and Blondie's blonde pubic hair was trimmed into a heart

shape.

Buffy and Kelli were equally beautiful and sexy, each in her own way. Both women

had dark hair, as did Tara, with Buffy's tresses cascading down her back and

Kelly wearing hers in a pageboy cut. Buffy's long hair wasn't the only

similarity she had with Jenny, or Blondie. She also had the same voluptuous

figure and creamy complexion. Her pussy was bare, either from shaving or waxing.

Kelly was svelter, with somewhat dusky skin and dark brown nipples topping her

perfectly shaped breasts, and her pubic hair was shaved to a narrow strip, the

style sometimes called a Mohawk.

All three women were beauties, but Tara didn't need to take a back seat to any

of them. Her hair was a great, dark brown cloud and her face was as fair and as

lovely as any of the others. Although not quite as big as those of Jenny and

Buffy, Tara's breasts stood up more pertly, and her waist was slightly narrower,

but flared out to a truly lovely ass and pair of hips. All four young women from

the university were genuine and completely natural beauties, and they all looked

even better naked than they did while wearing clothing.

The nude beauty of the other women was evident, but Tara was still fully

dressed. As Jenny had pointed out, she used to enjoy strutting her stuff and

being the center of attention as a cheerleader and drum majorette, but she wore

costumes or uniforms while doing that. The clothing was usually quite skimpy,

but her body had always been covered. There were no negative feelings toward the

others; she was just extremely hesitant about joining them in their nudity.

They saw her reluctance. "You don't have to if you don't want to," Buffy assured

her. "But, we won't be going back to the dorm for about four hours. You can hang

out in here or go and watch from the grandstand. "

"If you change your mind, you can still join us," Jenny, who was already

thinking of herself as Blondie, added.

Tara's three naked friends closed their lockers and hung the keys and name tags

around their necks. They all walked over, in their bare feet, to stand in line

at the place where other ponygirls were being fitted with tack. As she watched

them go, Tara began to feel some regrets about not joining them. She was not at

all modest and, as Jenny had commented, she had very much enjoyed brandishing

her baton in parades wearing her short white skirt and tight sweater, with no

bra. She had also enjoyed prancing about in her skimpy cheerleader outfits. Tara

smiled to herself as she remembered the deliciously wicked thoughts she used to

have about leaving the panties off and going out to lead cheers with her skirt

swirling and her pussy and ass exposed to everybody in the stands. She had never

quite been brave enough to actually do it, but it had been great fun to think

about it.

Tara stood and watched idly while more women were outfitted with the ponygirl

tack, and saw how they marched through the door. Sometimes they tossed their

heads in an imitation of a pony, and whinnied. They all walked with an

exaggerated strut, much as she had used while marching in parades. "I could do

that. I could do that better than they are," she told herself, but, even though

it really did look like fun, Tara still lacked the nerve to take off every

stitch of clothing and get dressed in a harness and bridle. She decided to go

out to the stands, since there was nothing much else to do.

Instead of leaving through the door where Tara and her friends had entered, the

ponygirls who were ready were leaving through a side exit. She followed, and

walked past a group of men that included some of those that had been in the

front of the barn. The man who had waved to Jenny was among them. They all

looked in her direction but, after seeing she was dressed in ordinary jeans and

a blouse, immediately turned away to look expectantly back at the door she had

just used. That irked Tara slightly. She was used to having men and boys

looking, even staring at her, and liked having them do it, but she was not at

all used to having men glance at her and turn their attention toward other

women. Tara had a strong urge to go back inside and become a ponygirl for the

day, but it was not quite strong enough to overcome her reluctance.

Rather than sit in the stands, Tara stood next to the rail fence next to the

open field where the masters were putting their ponygirls through their paces in

the warm September sun. She spotted her friends, and could see why Kelli had

chosen the name "Strutter". She raised her legs in high steps, bringing her

thighs up parallel with the ground, before driving her feet back into the grass.

It was impressive, but Tara knew she could do it every bit as well. Blondie was

out in the field, and her reins were held by the man who had waved to her

earlier. Apparently, they had a regular relationship going. Buffy was there too,

and she was obviously having fun, as were the rest of the ponygirls that Tara

had never seen before that day.

People in the stands and along the fence were cheering and applauding for their

favorites as they strutted by, whinnying and tossing their heads and thrusting

out their bare breasts. Nobody paid even the slightest bit of attention to her.

Abruptly, Tara realized that she had made the wrong choice, and that Strider

should be out there in the field, having fun with the rest of the ponygirls and

being the center of attention.

She also realized that it was not too late to change her mind. Ponygirls in tack

were still exiting the barn and joining up with their masters for the day.

Strider, as Tara now thought of herself, hurried back to the barn, took the

keychain from around her neck, and opened her locker. She quickly divested

herself of every stitch of her clothing and her shoes and ankle socks and,

feeling liberated, started to walk over to the place where there was still one

woman being outfitted as a ponygirl. After just two steps, she began the

exaggerated pace that she would be using in the field. She would show everybody,

Strider vowed, how a real ponygirl could strut, and she would outshine everybody

else.

There had been several outfitters earlier, but there was only one left, and he

smiled when he saw the last of that day's ponygirls approaching. He was used to

seeing naked, sexy women, but she was younger and sexier than any of the others

had been. The man looked at her name tag. "Your name is Strider?" he asked.

The ponygirl who would be answering to that name whinnied and tossed her head in affirmative response to his question. He smiled at her enthusiasm and at her

succulent body. "Follow me and we'll fix you right up," he told her.

After leading his charge to where he would be outfitted, he began selecting the

tack. Strider still did not speak, but tossed her head, obviously saying "Yes"

when he showed her a harness of shiny red leather, and he started buckling it in

place. As he did whenever he could get away with it, the outfitter copped a feel

of the ponygirl's succulent breasts and caressed her gorgeous ass. He loved his

job.

Strider knew she would love her job that day too, and didn't even mind the

fondling as she was being prepared. In fact, she felt herself becoming aroused

as the harness was being buckled onto her body. She raised her arms to allow a

pair of leather straps to be placed over her shoulders. They were connected to

another that passed above her breasts and under her arms. A narrow strip of

shiny red leather extended from the horizontal strap to fit between her breasts,

allowing the outfitter to enjoy a double handful as he straightened it out.

Similar strips ran down her sides from her armpits. At every junction of the

leather, a small bell was stapled, and their tinkling added festively to the new

ponygirl's enjoyment of her transformation.

The next horizontal strap ran under Strider's luscious breasts, causing them to

stand out even more than they would have by themselves, and the three narrow

strips were riveted to it and to the next two straps. The last of these was a

wide leather belt, and all three vertical parts of the harness were fastened to

it. The outfitter tightened the three upper leather straps and buckled them at

Strider's back. With one hand casually resting on her ass, he pointed out two

elastic loops on either side of the leather belt, which would be the last part

of the harness to be cinched and buckled.

"Put your wrists into these," he directed the ponygirl. You can pull loose

easily if you need to, but you have to have your arms held against your body

while you're out there on the field. "

Strider whinnied her assent again, and did as instructed. The man buckled the

belt snugly behind her back, running one hand up the cleft of her bare ass as he

did so. She didn't mind; it actually added to the arousal she was already

feeling at wearing nothing but the shiny red harness.

The new ponygirl also didn't mind when the outfitter took a matching bridle off

a hook, and she bent forward to have it slipped over her head. It consisted of a

leather collar that would be buckled around her neck and a wide leather and

elastic band that fit tightly around her forehead. Those two sturdy pieces were

connected at the back by a strap and, at the sides of her face, by another that

ran over her head and through the band around her forehead. Both ends of that

strap were riveted to shiny steel rings. Short leather pieces ran up from the

collar, and were also connected to the rings which, after the collar was cinched

and buckled, were held snugly against Strider's cheeks. Red leather reins were

connected by a loop to either of the rings and extended over her shoulders and

trailed down her back, all the way to the floor. With the bridle secured, the

outfitter carefully pulled Strider's hair through the openings, giving her a

flowing, dark brown mane.

She felt good about herself in her shiny red tack, and confident, until the man

took out the last piece to be applied. Tara hadn't thought about it, but she

knew that every horse or pony that was in bridle and harness would also have a

bit in her mouth, and there was no reason why that would not apply equally to a

ponygirl. The one intended for Strider was a six-inch long red cylinder of

rubber or leather with short strips, ending in snaps, on either end. Apparently

for sanitary reasons, the bit was sealed in a plastic bag, which the man removed

as he brought it toward her face. Not really liking the idea very much, Strider

shied away from the last piece of tack, which she considered to somewhat

humiliating. The outfitter was used to this balkiness in ponygirls who were

there for the first time, and he held it in front of her and spoke soothingly.

"C'mon, Girl. You know you can't go out on the field until you have all your

gear, and you know that includes a bit. It won't hurt at all; just open your

mouth and let me put it in place. "

She had to admit to herself that he was right so, after another whinny and

another toss of her mane, Strider leaned forward, with her mouth wide open. The

outfitter placed the bit securely between her upper and lower teeth, with the

ends protruding from either side of her mouth, and attached the leather strips

to the rings that rested against the sides of Strider's face. It wasn't really

uncomfortable, and she could breathe with no problem, but it felt strange to

have the alien thing wedged between her teeth, and she couldn't completely close

her mouth. Even so, Strider accepted it as something minor that she could put up

with for the fun that she was already having and the greater fun that still

awaited her.

"Good girl," the outfitter told her. "There's just one more thing, and you'll be

a proper ponygirl. "

Holding to Strider's reins, he led her to the back wall, where he selected a

strange object from a rack and took a bottle of clear liquid from a shelf. One

end of the object was a plume, about the same color as her hair, and the other

end was in the shape of a thick carrot. He sat down on a wooden chair, and

directed the ponygirl to lie across his lap. With some trepidation, wondering if

she was about to get spanked, Strider did as she was told, while looking back to

see what the outfitter would do with the things he had selected.

As she watched, he removed the cap from the bottle, poured some of the contents

onto one hand and rubbed it all over the carrot shape on the end of the

mysterious object. Holding it in his right hand, he started to try to spread her

ass cheeks with the fingers of the other hand. "Okay, Strider Girl," he told

her. "Just relax and I'll put your tail in place and you'll be all ready. "

Her tail! Of course! All the other ponygirls parading outside had tails so, of

course, she had to have one too. Tara had seen the tails waving and bobbing, and

had assumed they were somehow attached to the harnesses, and she hadn't thought about the absence of hers until that moment. Strider wanted to get her tail, so she could go out and be chosen by a master and join the other ponygirls in the field, but Tara was very reluctant. It was quite obvious to her that what the

outfitter wanted to do was to shove that carrot-shaped thing into her ass, and

she balked at that, and held her cheeks tightly clamped together.

The outfitter could feel her reluctance, and it was not something he was unused

to. "C'mon, Girl," he cajoled her. "It won't hurt, and once you have your

beautiful tail, you can join the other ponygirls and prance and have fun. You

can't go out without it, though. "

The bad memories involved a former boyfriend. Tara surrendered her cherry to him

while still in high school, and they went steady for two years. The previous

May, shortly after her eighteenth birthday, he persuaded her to have anal

intercourse with him, telling her it would be fun, and not hurt at all. That was

a lie. It had been painful from the first penetration and, when she pleaded with

him to stop and take his cock out, he ignored her, and continued fucking her ass

until he ejaculated. She was sore for a week, hardly able to walk or sit, and

had to miss a parade and leading cheers at an important track meet. That was the

last time she had anything to do with that no-good bastard, and Tara vowed to

never again let a man use her like that.

Strider really wanted to go out and do the prancing and having fun that the

outfitter had talked about and, if it meant having a tail shoved into her ass,

then that was what would happen. She could hear the audience, which must have

gotten bigger since she left, and they were applauding and loudly cheering. They

weren't cheering for her, although they should have been. Strider was deprived

of that, because she was still inside, struggling with wanting to be a ponygirl,

but not wanting to wear a tail, even though all the others were wearing them

with no problems.

The outfitter seemed to be giving up on completing the conversion of the young

woman to a ponygirl. "Well, Girl, if you don't want to, you don't have to. We

won't force anybody to do anything. I'll have to take all the gear off you

though. " His hand went to one of the buckles as if to start the divesting.

Abruptly, Strider realized she very much wanted to be a ponygirl that afternoon,

and she would even invite the tail to be inserted. With the bit in her mouth,

she couldn't speak to the man, and badly needed to find another way to tell him

to go ahead with it. She needed to tell him before he started taking away her

shiny red leather harness and bridle and even the bit that she was growing quite

fond of. There was a way to do that without speaking, but she would have to move

quickly. Strider twisted her wrists and pulled them loose from the elastic

bindings of the belt around her waist. When they were free, she reached back and

spread her cheeks, mutely telling the man to insert the tail in her ass.

He understood her silent plea. "Good girl," he crooned. "Good ponygirl. "

The outfitter added more of the lubricant to the middle finger of his right hand

and poked it into the ponygirl's ass to spread it. There was really no need to

do that. The tip of the butt plug that was fastened to the tail was narrow

enough to easily fit into her without lubrication but, like most men, he enjoyed

playing with the pretty pink ass of a sexy young woman. He inserted the tip into

the small hole that Strider was holding open and began imbedding the tail,

twisting it back and forth while he pushed. His eyes carefully watched for any

problem, such as loose skin, because he knew that such an insertion could be

quite painful if anything went wrong, especially with an inexperienced ponygirl.

While his right hand was busy working the tail into Strider's ass, his left hand

reached around and, as if needed for leverage, lightly squeezed one of her

breasts. It felt wonderful, firm and supple and vibrant and covered with

exquisitely soft, smooth skin. When he lightly tweaked her nipple between his

fingers, he was happy to feel it was erect, as was the other one when he moved

his hand to fondle the second of the twin treasures. He really loved his job.

Strider didn't mind having her breasts fondled. After all, ponygirls didn't

object to being touched by their masters and, for the time being at least, her

master was the man who had dressed her in her beautiful tack and was inserting

her tail. She was apprehensive about the pain she was still expecting to feel at

any second, and was wondering why it hadn't started yet. Shortly after the

penetration began, there had been a trivial amount of discomfort, but that had

quickly vanished. Strider even had to admit to herself that the very slight pain

had quickly evolved into pleasure. She was actually enjoying having her ass

filled, and not just because the tail would complete the transformation of her

into a ponygirl. That was one reason, but she was actually deriving a lot of

pleasure from being crammed by the carrot-shaped object, and it felt even better

as it went in deeper and her ass was spread wider.

Finally, the entire tapered part of butt plug was in place, and Strider's anal

sphincter closed around its base. It would stay there until the event ended, and

would have to be removed by the same outfitter or someone else, who would have

to work her sphincter around it with his fingers and pull it free. With Strider

completely a ponygirl, he let go of her breasts and stroked all around her ass

for a final time, even letting his fingers curl under her crotch to touch her

pussy. It was dripping wet, which was the usual condition of a ponygirl after

her tail was inserted.

He scooped up as much of the juices as he could with his fingers and licked them

off. It was delicious, as he had expected. That was what he loved the most about

his job. Although having the sexy young ponygirl across his lap, where he could

fondle her freely was delightful, he was anxious for her to get up and leave so

he could go and masturbate. Outfitting desirable young women as pony girls was

an extremely arousing job, and the last one had been the hottest of all.

"Okay, Strider Girl, you're all set. Go out and wow them, Ponygirl. Put your

wrists back in the restraints first, though. "

Even before climbing off the man's lap, she whinnied her appreciation as best

she could with the bit in her mouth. Once on her feet, Strider turned toward the

exit and, after securing her wrists again, started toward it. She whinnied

again, and tossed her head, feeling her dark brown mane flowing around her face,

but not blocking her sight. Raising her legs even higher than Strutter had been

doing, and thumping her bare feet onto the cement floor, Strider started toward

the exit, with her head high and her breasts thrust out.

She felt good about herself. She felt good about everything, even the tail that

was swinging from side to side and starting to send pleasure swirling through

her body, and juices trickling from her pussy down her legs. She felt good about

her beautiful and shiny red leather tack that looked so good against her skin

and mane. Strider was eager to be selected by some lucky master who would put

her through her paces to repeated standing ovations, and help her outshine all

the other ponygirls in the field. That day was going to be one of the best of

her life.