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Girls And Bridle

Chapter 1 - The fastest pony on Earth

Flash! Flash!... Flash!

A cloud of fine sandy dry dust formed around the black hoof that softly struck the ground in the hallway leading to the race track...

Flash!... Flash! Flash!

... followed by another, and another. The bright lights emanating from the cameras' bursting bulbs were immortalizing their subject and making it shine for the fervently awaiting crowd to admire.

Occasional twitches could be noticed on her powerful latex covered thighs, betraying the febrility of the ponygirl. Her torso, too, was made of shiny rubber and was surrounded by a perfectly fitted leather harness, which was contouring her breasts and curves flawlessly as well as highlighting her healthy musculature.

Her tightly-laced pony boots gripped the soil and effortlessly pulled the cart attached to her hips despite the weight of the driver who was sitting in it. Her cuffed wrists were linked to her sides by short chains, forcing her elbows backward; it was cosmetic at best since her training made this restriction almost unnecessary.

The cheers of the crowd grew closer; a couple more steps from the athlete, and they would be roaring of joy for their number one racer. She was part of the elite for the past three years and stole everyone's heart with her beauty and prowess on the track.

Even though the leather ears mounted atop of her bridle were not real, she could hear everything. Eyes closed, she embraced the feeling to have someone she trusted with her life guiding her. Her perfect white teeth were comfortably biting on the rubber bit, but there was no smile; this was work.

Then, the intense sunlight hit her face, exposing her charisma to the thousands of eyes, which triggered a roar of happiness all over the stadium. A light breeze put her long brown mane in motion, enhancing the surreal spectacle.

She opened her eyelids fully which revealed her grey eyes and dilated her pupils instantaneously. Above her determined gaze, the white star engraved in her leather headband shone like never before.

Her name was Morning Star!

This particular sight was exclusive to the National Racing Ponygirl Association, which organized some of the most prestigious ponygirl races on the planet. Tonight was the most important event of their calendar, the Super Cup. The winner would take home both riches and the admiration of the 15000 spectators present on-site and countless more on television.

"We got gate number one. If we get in the front of the pack right off the bat, it will make life difficult for everybody else, but don't go crazy, okay? It's 800 meters. You don't want to run out of gas half-way through the race."

Sophie was the petite driver sitting in the cart pulled by Morning Star. The information she fed her ponygirl with was unnecessary, but it helped them focus on the task ahead. The runner much preferred not to think about anything at all, so the little speech from the driver was just a way of showing her that things were under control.

Morning Star slowly trotted behind the gates to get the blood flowing and keep her calves warm and ready for the upcoming painful exercise; at the end of this high-speed race, her entire body would be burning like fire.

"Heeey, Morning Shit! Ready to lose?"

"Ah, can't you keep your mouth shut for more than 30 seconds, Brittany? Leave my pony alone!"

"What's that, Sophie? You don't want your weak-minded creature to crumble under the pressure?"

Brittany's brain hosted a mixture of stupidity and social failure. She was one of the nastiest people who had ever roamed this Earth and, unfortunately, for the past few years, her favorite target has been Morning Star.

She was doing this partially out of jealousy, but also because she was genetically engineered from birth to be a moron. What made it much worse in her case was that she was driving one of the best ponygirls ever, Hemlock. Whoever put this incredible athlete in Brittany's hands had to be out of his mind, but the sad reality was that she managed to win races, and for some odd reason, she had very good chemistry with her superstar ponygirl.

Hemlock was good; very good. Under her girly pink latex suit and harness, it was an unsuspected war machine and on the race track, her long blonde hair floating in the wind was the most beautiful sight. But her athleticism and beauty weren't the only reason why she was a number one enemy; her attitude was downright concerning at times. Her prettiness was hiding an fearless individual ready to flirt with a disqualification to win a race. It was unclear if it was because she simply obeyed Brittany blindly, though; that was what ponies were good at, after all, run and obey.

As annoying as they were as a team, the root problem was certainly their owner, Paul Clover. This man had too much money for his own good and kept sweet-talking the officials to prevent his team from being expelled for good. Pony racing could sometimes be a dirty business.

Morning Star's owner, Penny, was not like that at all. She was an older woman who loved the sport so much that she always did everything to keep her ponygirls and drivers happy, even through difficult times. In return, they tried to win for her. She was the reason why everybody was training so hard in her stable.

"Gate 1 ... Cart number 7 ... Morning Star!"

"I'll wait for you at the finishing line, Morning Shit!"

"Brittany, you can really hope to win this one because, clearly, you left your brain in the locker room. You know... weight advantage."

"Go to hell, Sophie! Watch yourself on the race track!"

"Yeah, whatever you say, flooded-skull!"

After the usual unrestrained exchange of insults, Sophie guided Morning Star to her gate while the announcer called the other ponies to do the same, one by one, in a randomly assigned order.

"Gate 2 ... Cart number 14 ... Tiantang Zhi Ma!"

"Ah, crap! I would have preferred to have somebody else next to us. We will have to be careful. She is very fast."

"Gate 3 ... Cart number 89 ... Hemlock!"

"Well, at least we're not next to those assholes."

"Gate 4 ... Cart number 13 ... Nightshade!"

"Another bimbo-pony from Paul's stable. They shouldn't be a big threat to us tho... But Nightshade is getting much better recently."

"Gate 5 ... Cart number 42 ... Biscuit of the Sea!"

"Gate 6 ... Cart number 33 ... Main Yak!"

"Gate 7 ... Cart number 72 ... Hilda Go!"

"Gate 8 ... Cart number 50 ... Fifty Shades of Hay!"

"Listen, Morning Star. Hemlock and Tiantang Zhi Ma are the only two who might cause us real trouble. But we have to be careful of Nightshade because she will probably do all she can to interfere so her friend Hemlock can win. Stay close to the rail so nobody can pass us on the left, okay?"

Morning Star nodded and pawed the ground a couple of times. The only thing missing was an open gate and a freshly groomed dirt track. This race would consist of two intense laps, the most important ones of the year.

The announcer's voice resonated through the metal speakers perched atop of some poles around the spectator stands.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Welcome to the annual Super Cup of Ponygirl Racing. This year we have eight AMAZING competitors ready to put their heart on the track for you. Who will win? Will Morning Star win her 4th Super Cup in a row? Your guess is as good as mine! This year, the winner will take home 250000\$."

"Ladies and Gentlemen! ARE YOU READY FOR THE RACE?"

The huge crowd roared at the pointless question. There was no doubt this was a perfect day; the sun was out, the beautiful people were lightly dressed, the lineup was incredible, and the ponygirls were all gorgeous!

"ALRIGHT, THEN! THE RACE WILL START IN..."

"THREE!"

All the ponygirls pressed their leather headband on the metal gates in front of them to bolt out as soon as they would open. Using hands was not permitted, hence the cuffing, so this was a technique adopted by everybody. Every fraction of a second would count.

"TWO!"

The tension was so high in the spectator stands; everybody seemed to hold their breath. However, the ponygirls knew better; all of them breathed heavily, charging their blood with oxygen.

"ONE!"

That was it... The moment has arrived. It was the most important day of the year, a day that would ensure financial security to the winner. That said, Morning Star was not thinking about that one bit.

She was not thinking about anything else than being a pony. She had a job to do—running, obeying; everything else would be taken care of by her driver. The fear, the joy, the ambition, the hate, the frustration... Her training taught her to put all of it aside and keep her focus on running.

"RACE!"

The time slowed down to a crawl. As soon as her forehead perceived the faintest vibration on the door, Morning Star engaged her incredibly strong legs to push her torso forward, not thinking about what would happen if the gate were not to open; it would be catastrophic.

As always, she has sensed right. The metal doors slammed open just as her latex covered breasts brushed against them. With all her strength, she made her cart and her driver accelerate. It was crucial to do this well if she wanted to keep her lane advantage on the track.

Morning Star managed to keep her corridor next to the rail, but to her right was Tiantang Zhi Ma, the very attractive Asian Pony wearing a fiery red latex suit, keeping up with her. The ponygirls ignored each other, but it was not the same for the drivers. Sophie didn't like the close proximity of her opponent; their cart wheels were almost touching, a couple of inches apart, and that rail on the other side was dangerously close.

"Hey, Give me some room, Xiu!"

"Just slow down and let me take the rail."

"In your dream! Not going to happen!"

"After the first 100 meters, the ponies are entering the first turn. Morning Star and Tiantang Zhi Ma are head to head. Hemlock is not far behind waiting for an opportunity, followed by Main Yak, Hilda Go, and Nightshade. Unfortunately, Fifty Shades of Hay seems to be in trouble. It looks like one of her hooves is defective and she is pulling to the side."

"Come on, Tiantang! Get in front of her!"

The red Asian ponygirl got her legs moving a bit more, obeying her driver Xiuying, and started to pull ahead of Morning Star. Sophie knew what was happening and controlled her pony.

"No, Star! Relax, relax... let them take the lead. Whatever... It's too early in the race to push that hard. I guarantee you they will have to slow down later. Our problem is Hemlock now."

The hooves of the seven remaining ponygirls were battering the dirt track at high speed. Those steel horseshoes were no jokes; no one dreamed of getting stomped on their foot

by one of those. They were mandatory for racing as per the rulebook, and it made total sense. It prevented them from sliding and getting injured, even on a dry day like today.

"Tiantang Zhi Ma takes the lead. Morning Star is now second, followed by Hemlock, who seems to conserve herself now, not attempting anything yet. Nightshade is now fourth. Biscuit of the Sea, Main Yak, and Hilda Go are side by side battling for the fifth as the competitors just reached the 300 mark and are entering the second turn."

"Hey! Sophie! Don't you want to follow Chopsticks? I get it. Morning Star has no cardio whatsoever!"

"Shut up, Brittany. You are a racist and an idiot! Only your bimbo whore finds you funny! Oh, my bad... I meant horse!"

"You are going to pay for that comment! Come on, Hemlock, one lap to go, pass her now!"

The pink and athletic ponygirl accepted the order with pleasure, activated her incredible runner legs, and had no difficulty catching up and initiating a passing maneuver over Morning Star.

"Calm down, Morning Star, pick up the pace but not too much. You are doing so well. Just do as I say, and we will win this. They are all pushing way too hard."

"Ladies and Gentlemen, witness the power of Hemlock, she is about to effortlessly pass Morning Star, the favorite pony of this race. But Morning Star is not giving up and is accelerating as well as they are entering the first turn of the final lap. Things are not going so well for Tiantang Zhi Ma as she seems to run out of breath."

"Good job, Hemlock! Stay on the outside lane to pass Chopsticks too!"

"Brittany! I told you! That's racist! You can't say that!"

Sophie gently pulled on the reins to indicate Morning Star to change lane and pass Tiantang Zhi Ma, who was dangerously slowing down. As soon as the tired red ponygirl was out of the way, the two new leading teams returned to the inner lane.

"Alright, Star. Only 200 meters to go, we will make our move in the last turn... Hey... What the ...!"

"COME ON, NIGHTSHADE! GIVE ALL YOU GOT!"

To the right of Morning Star, Nightshade, being yelled at by her driver, was on a mad final sprint, really trying to pass them; it was way too early for such an expense of energy. The second pink pony's hooves were striking the ground relentlessly, and she was breathing as hard as she was biting in her bit. Nightshade was on a mission, and it was not to win the race; Sophie knew that very well. Nightshade's goal was to interfere so Hemlock could win the race.

"Guys! Don't try this! You can't do this! It's too late. Nightshade can't pass us now!"

"Shut up! Come on, Nightshade! We have to block them!"

"NO! Stop! It's madness! You are going to cause an accident. Don't be stupid!"

Nightshade was only a few steps in front of Morning Star, but her lungs were burning, and her entire body was on fire. She couldn't give anything else as she spent all her energy trying to catch up with a faster pony than her. Unfortunately, she got the signal to move to the left lane, where Morning Star was. There was not nearly enough clearance for this to happen.

The wheel of Nightshade's cart hit Morning Star's leg, instantaneously ripping off her rubber skin and causing massive pain. On the impact, and with the twisting motion of her cart, Nightshade tripped and fell right in the legs of Morning Star.

The two ponygirls, having no other option, pulled on their chained cuffs to release their hands, thanks to the quick disconnect system allowing them to do so. Morning Star put her two arms in front of her face to protect herself and crashed violently in the dirt while her cart bounced on top of Nightshade's body, sending Sophie flying off it.

The cart safety engaged as well and disconnected from Morning Star's harness, but the worst thing that could have happened became a reality. One of the two carts flipped in the air and fell straight down on the poor black ponygirl.

Everything went dark.

"The committee will see you now, Mr. Clover. Please follow me."

"What a waste of my time. Do you know how much I contributed to this organization? And they are treating me like this?"

"Sir, I'm simply a doorman. I have nothing to do with this. Please follow me."

"Well, you are probably being paid by my money! So, shut up!"

"Yes, Sir. But please, follow me."

Paul was furious. Two days after the catastrophic Super Cup race, he was summoned, as the owner of his stable, to appear in front of the NRPA committee along with his two ponygirls and his drivers. He followed the doorman, grumbling and under the delusion that he would be immune to any consequences.

The group was led to the end of the hallway and through some already opened large burgundy wooden doors.

"Please, enter and sit."

"Waste of my time!"

There was one table with five empty chairs facing another long table where the eight committee members of the National Racing Ponygirl Association sat in silence. On each side of the rooms, there were the big NRPA flags, making the ambiance feel particularly official.

Paul sat in the middle, his two pony girls to his left and Brittany to his right.

Still very frustrated by all this, the angry owner asked the first question.

"What is this bad joke?"

"Please state your name."

"What? You know who I am? You called me here."

"Our secretary doesn't, and she is writing down everything that is being said here today. So, please, state your name."

"Ah, whatever. Paul Clover."

"Thank you. And your companions are Nightshade, Hemlock, and Brittany, I presume."

"Yes, you already know that. What am I doing here."

The older man in the middle let out a long sigh and placed his glasses on the table in front of him. He interlaced his finger and knew exactly what kind of man he would have to deal with today. Paul Clover has always been an annoying member of the NRPA, and he was difficult to talk to.

"Mr. Clover. Do you see something strange at your table?"

"Yes, me. I shouldn't be sitting here."

"No, Mr. Clover. In case you haven't noticed, there is an empty chair. Would you know, by any chance, why that is?"

"You don't know how to count?"

"Mr. Clover. One of your drivers is at the hospital at the moment, and she is not doing well."

The old man looked at one of the reports under his nose and placed one of his fingers on it.

"Your driver suffers from a broken collarbone, five broken ribs, and she will have a scar on her neck for the rest of her life."

"Well, bad drivers, you know... it happens."

"I see... And you, Miss Nightshade. How is your health?"

"Aaah, she is fine! Don't worry about her."

"Mr. Clover, the question was for Miss Nightshade."

Nightshade was a very pretty blonde girl. As a ponygirl, her body usually exhaled health and strength, but not today. Wearing ordinary clothes, her long sleeves and pants were hiding severe bruises from her hard crash in the dirt and from having been run over by Morning Star's cart.

She lowered her head and attempted an answer that wouldn't infuriate her owner.

"I'm well, thank you. A few bruises, but it's part of the sport... right?"

"Do you realize how lucky you were, Miss Nightshade?"

"... I... I think I do."

"That's good to hear."

The committee leader placed his report aside, grabbed the next one, and started reading it out loud.

"Sophie. Driver. Sprained knee, countless bruises, severe concussion."

"So what? This job comes with risks."

"I'm not done, Mr. Clover. You'll get your opportunity to talk. Next, Morning Star, Elite ponygirl. Punctured lung, broken shoulder blade, fractured sternum, broken tibia, fractured foot, mild concussion. She might never be able to race again."

When the committee leader read all this, he had limited hope it would trigger the right kind of emotions inside Paul Clover's heart. Nobody knew if he actually had one.

"So, Mr. Clover. Do you see the problem here?"

"Yes, you are wasting my time."

"I'm sorry to hear that, but let me help you a little bit again. Your hospitalized driver has had enough of your management style, and provided us with a full report of what happened before, during, and after the race. You ordered her to interfere with a competitor at all costs to increase the winning chances of your lead ponygirl, Hemlock."

"Yeah, so what?"

"Do you realize that you just admitted that what I just said was correct. Thank you for making my life easier."

The secretary was frantically writing every word she was hearing on her typewriter. At the rate things were going, it would be a short meeting, and she would be able to go back home early today; this session was going straight as an arrow.

"Mr. Clover, you have broken several of our most important rules. Your two teams colluded to provide an undue advantage to your stable, and you instructed one of your team to perform reckless and dangerous maneuvers, disregarding the safety of your own teams and others. Those actions led to a major and preventable accident that severely injured four participants. Therefore, the committee bans you from the National Racing Ponygirl Association with no possibility of return."

"WHAT? WHY?"

"As for your two ponygirls, Hemlock and Nightshade, they are suspended for one year period as a warning, then they would be allowed to return under a different owner if that is their wish."

The two ponygirls knew this was well-deserved and didn't dare to do anything else than looking down. They were both used to playing dirty, but this was a whole new level of craziness.

One person in the room was getting anxious as she didn't hear her name yet. Brittany couldn't help herself and asked a question to which she feared the answer.

"What about me? Am I suspended too?"

"No, you are banned as well."

"Banned? But... Why? The ponies only get a suspension and me I get..."

"Miss Brittany... Miss Brittany... Several witnesses reported your incessant racist comments to us, and frankly, it was not the first time."

"What? Because I called an Asian girl chopsticks?"

"Calling an Asian person "chopsticks" is very racist in this context."

"But... They do use chopsticks, right? The yellow people? That's how they eat... No?"

"Please, Miss Brittany... Stop talking! I beg of you. You are making things worse for yourself."

"... Okay... But I still don't get it... I mean..."

Paul absorbed everything. Mostly his ban, because he didn't care about the others, and he came up to a conclusion that only existed inside his thick delusional skull. He started laughing out loud and stood up.

"Hahaha! Alright, alright... I get it. So, we won the race. I'm going to be generous and give you 25% of the prize money. Would that work?"

"Mr. Clover. You are banned for life."

"Aaaah, don't be greedy. 40% then."

"Our decision is final. You may leave our facility."

"Ah, come on. 50%, that is my last offer. Fifty-fifty is a good deal, right?"

"No, the money will go to the real winner, Tiantang Zhi Ma. And, you will get nothing."

"WHAT? You can't do that! I'm your most important member."

"Security, could you please escort Mr Clover out? We are done here."

"Hey! Can you hear me?"

"... mmm, Penny?"

"It's okay. Don't move."

"Owww... I feel like an elephant is sitting on my chest. I'm hurting everywhere."

"My Morning Star is strong, but not that strong. From the stands, I thought you had died."

"Ah, sorry for scaring you like that. Where is Sophie? Is she feeling any better."

"Her concussion is way worse than yours, so we can't visit her right now, but she will be okay, I'm sure. I just got back from the NRPA hearing. Paul and Brittany got banned for life, Hemlock and Nightshade got suspended for a year and will have to find a new owner if they want to race again in this league."

"They are never going to get a new owner. They will stick to that dickhead Paul like leeches."

"Well, I know you don't like them much, but don't sell them short. You don't know them well. They have a full year to think about it."

Morning Star sustained injuries before, but the ones she got this time around were not fun at all. Breathing hurt. Being trained to endure physical pain was probably helping a bit, but she knew this bed would be her home for quite a while. Yet, her concerns were for Penny.

"We didn't get any money, right? How are you going to pay for our stable now? We were supposed to win this. Even a second place would have been good."

"I have enough funds to make us survive another six months, maybe a bit more if we ration. After that, I would have to sell."

"That gives me time to heal, and then we can go back to race on the NRPA circuit and make a lot of money."

"Aaah, Morning Star... You always had a big heart. For now, just rest. We can talk about this later when you and Sophie are back home."

"Okay."

It was quite a sensual sight. Far from being uncommon for ponygirls to form couples, some of them were just naturally sexier than others. Many people would have paid big money to watch what Hemlock and Nightshade were doing in bed tonight.

They both had an amazing body, healthy and strong, but they also almost looked like twins; it was part of their contract. Their owner had particular tastes in ponygirls; they had to be blonde, they had to have a generous chest, wear the same clothes, preferably pink, and had the responsibility to look alike as much as possible.

This particular list of characteristics was the reason why people often referred to them as bimbo-ponies. Indeed, it was a pejorative term, but they were not offended by it because they were the ones who had accepted to play this role. It was all written in their contract of ownership. Sure, Paul was a strange one, and he obviously requested those prerequisites from them to fulfill his fetish for girly blonde ponygirls, but it was also a great promotional tool. At the end of the day, his ponies were happy to play that game.

It was even more right because when they were having sex, they really found each other hot and sexy.

"Mmm... How long have we been kissing? Shouldn't we go to sleep?"

"I lost track of time, but I don't want to stop."

Hemlock and Nightshade's favorite thing in the whole universe was kissing. Whenever they had an opportunity to make out, they would jump on it. They would literally spend hours each day, kissing deeply, sucking each other tongue, and licking each other's visage, neck and ears.

In between those long drooly sessions, generally, bedtime was when they cranked up the heat and had intense sex. But Nightshade's poor condition due to her accident made things a bit more delicate this time around.

"Mmm, Nightshade... Would it be okay if we licked each other gently, or are you still too much in pain?"

"I don't want to move too much, but I would love that."

"I'll be careful. Just stay on your back, I'll take care of the rest."

Hemlock had much more compassion for her lover than she had for anybody else. She never had the same feeling for her owner and driver. Nightshade was the bright light in her life; it was pure unconditional love like it was rarely seen.

Navigating carefully on the bed, Hemlock climbed on top of Nightshade into a sixty-nine position, making sure not to put any weight on her poor recovering companion. She then pressed her moist pussy on Nightshade's mouth who immediately got her tongue into motion.

"Aaaannh! Aaah! I needed that so badly... aaaah!"

Almost forgetting that she had to return the favor, Hemlock lowered her mouth on Night's privates and quickly located her clit using the tip of her tongue. Then the competition started.

The two beautiful blonde girls didn't go easy on each other. Their very resilient body provided them with extreme sexual sensations and incredible stamina that allowed them to make love for as long as they desired.

"AAahhh! Mmmm!"

"Aaann! AAAH!"

Nightshade was the one who could cum quickly and get so many orgasms in a row. Making Hemlock cum took much more effort, but the reward was often a very powerful orgasm and uncontrollable squirting.

Once they started, they were unstoppable. Nightshade was in a pleasant position; Hemlock's pussy was always so wet when she got excited; she was leaking like a maple tree during springtime, and there was no reason for it; it was just how she was. Hemlock also had the habit of not staying still, with the very hot result of smearing her juice all over Nightshade's face.

"Oh, my... You are so wet tonight. I'm drowning!"

"S... Sorry... You just turn me on so much, it's ridiculous. But you love my juice, right?"

"I adore it, Hemlock! Give me more!"

"Aaaah! I can't control it... aaanh!"

Nightshade kept licking while pulling Hemlock's pussy lips apart, allowing more juice to flow out. Getting her entire face wet was one of her favorite dirty kinks; Hemlock was the perfect partner to assist with this.

"You want more? Here, I know you like it..."

"AAaanh! Mmmmpfh!"

Hemlock pressed her crotch in her face harder and moved her hips around to provide what Nightshade craved. While she was sitting on her face, she fingered her lover's clean-shaved pussy, which was another thing that Nightshade loved.

"Mmmm! I'm... I'm coming... don't stop!"

"I won't. You always come so easily."

"AAaanh! It's not my... AAaah!... It's not my fault!"

"Here, you deserve three fingers inside, while I'm licking you."

"AaaaH!..."

Knowing each other so well granted them the ability to always push the right buttons. Hemlock could make Nightshade climax all day if she wanted to. On the flip side, Nightshade was an expert lick. She had the patience to work hard on Hemlock until she finally erupted, which was no easy feat.

The intense licking continued for an eternity; Nightshade came a couple of times, but Hemlock was just getting on the edge and was about to explode. She pressed her crotch hard on Nightshade's face and rubbed it all over the place.

"Aaaah! Come on! I'm so close! Make me cum!"

"Mmmm! Stop wriggling then..."

Nightshade's tongue went to overdrive and worked Hemlock's clit harder, making her thighs tremble; she was so close.

"Aaanh! Aaann! Oh, yes... yes! ... AAAAH ... Don't stop, Shade!"

"It's gonna be a big one..."

"Stop talking! AAAaH! AAAAH! YES! YES! YES! AAAAH! IM ... CUMMING! AAAAH AHHH!"

A big splash of pussy juice covered Nightshade's face as she kept licking as hard she could, trying to prevent her lover from pulling away.

"AAAAH AAH! STOP! AAAH! It's too sensitive ... STOP!"

But Nightshade knew what she was doing; she sensed it was the right timing for attempting a double-orgasm. It was the nature of ponygirls to be competitive. There was no guarantee that it would work, but nothing could prevent her from trying.

With a couple of fingers inside Hemlock's vagina and her tongue as strong as ever, she pushed her friend to the limit.

"AaaanH! Nightshade! Stop... I'm... I'm about to ..."

"Let it go! You know you want to!"

"AAAAAH OH GOD! AAAANH! Nnnngng! AAAAAH!"

Hemlock convulsed again, washed by another climax. This time Nightshade couldn't prevent her from leaving.

"AAAh! Enough! Enough! You are going to break me! Aannnh!"

"Hehe, I'm drenched. Good job!"

"Did... did I squirt that much again?"

"Yes, and it was delicious!"

Hemlock turned around and laid down next to her smiling companion to cuddle with her some more.

"You are so good at making me cum."

"Yes, but you should get me a towel now."

"Mmm, no."

"No?"

"No, I'm going to clean you up myself with my tongue. I'm still very turned on."

Very erotically, Hemlock re-initiated a deep and intense makeout session.

"We are a bit slutty, right?" Nightshade asked.

"Very slutty. But it's so nice to have found a stable that allows us to do what we like to do."

"Yes, I don't mind if they keep calling us bimbo-ponies. I think the way we take care of ourselves is very hot. Trying to look like each other is so fun. I love blond girls; I love big breasts; I love pink latex; I love being sexually aroused, and I want more of it."

"I totally agree! The hell with people that don't like how we like to do our things!"

And just like that, the two beautiful blonde girls kissed some more.

"Hey, Hemlock... Did we go too far... I mean ... with Morning Star... I mean. She could have died."

"Yeah... It was a bit too much this time. But we are ponygirls. You know you are not responsible for what happened. We train to run and trust our driver blindly. Ultimately, you tried to do your job, and your driver was the one who made a mistake. You were looking in front of you. You didn't know Morning Star was still too close when you moved in."

"Mmm... Yeah, I suppose you are right. But, we got suspended, now. What are we going to do, Hemlock?"

"I don't know... I really don't know. There are other leagues, but I'm not sure Paul will settle for less than the NRPA. Anyway, let's try to get some sleep now. We can think about that later."

"Mmm, maybe after you kiss me a bit more?"

"I want to run!"

"I know. But it's going to take a while longer before you can."

"I'm getting fat."

"No, you are not! It will all melt as soon as you start pulling a cart again. You know that!"

Sophie was sitting on the bed, trying to entertain Morning Star as much as she could, but the ponygirl was becoming more and more restless over time. It's been a month

already since the accident, and there was still a long way to go before she could put her pony boots back on and go for a jog.

Morning Star's body was healing exceptionally well, considering the severity of her injuries. Her lung was already back to normal, and her sternum and shoulder blade pain were almost a bad memory. Being inactive was not demanding, though, so feeling good was not enough sign to claim a full recovery of those body parts.

The biggest thing was her broken foot and tibia. It would take many more weeks before she could even walk, and that was very distressing for a girl who chose the racing pony lifestyle.

"I miss my harness! I miss my racing bodysuit!"

"I know, Star! I miss it too. Your latex suit is a goner. It ripped apart when you crashed. But it was so nice of you to cut it into a million little pieces and send them to all your fans who sent you supportive letters."

"I want to be a pony again!"

"That bad today, uh? Alright, I'll tell you what. I'll go get your bridle if it makes you feel better, but no walking or running, or else you'll get a solid punishment. Penny will need you when you feel better, or else she will have to sell the stable. You don't want that, right? So don't do anything that could delay your mending."

"Nooo... But I want to be a pony now!"

Sophie got off the bed and went to fetch the head harness, not too sure where she left it last. The thing with most of the ponygirls was that it wasn't just a lifestyle; it was who they were. If one were to take away their hooves and harnesses for too long, they would begin to lose their mind.

Since Morning Star was a kid and watched her first ponygirl race, the sport hooked her. Seeing amazing girls, like her, wearing shiny suits, pretty harnesses, and pony boots, was all so awesome. But the real magic was when she watched the girls race, displaying so much power on a race track, Morning Star knew she had to become one of them. That deep desire to be as powerful as her predecessors never faded one bit over time.

Being stuck in a bed, unable to do anything else than reading her magazines, was unbearable. Her pony blood was boiling inside her veins, and she was losing patience. Sophie's presence was the only reason she could cope with this mental torture so far; even that was starting to lose its efficiency.

"Here, I found it. I think it's going to make you feel better. It's all scratched, but it's okay. I won't blame you for it this time. Let's start with your hair. A high ponytail, of course..."

It was not her first time. Sophie grabbed an elastic and wrapped it around her wrist. To construct a high ponytail, she began by gathering all the long brown hair between her thumb and index using a brush, then wrapped the elastic a couple of times around the base to make sure it would hold well.

"Let's make it perfect... Like on a race day."

She grabbed a small bundle of hair from the ponytail and wrapped it around the elastic to hide it. Inserting a couple of small pins would keep everything in place.

"Feels good? Not too tight?"

Morning Star knew better; it was a question she shouldn't answer. Sophie knew exactly what she was doing and was only communicating with Morning Star, not to get feedback, but to justify the inutility of a perfect haircut, the same way people talked to animals while brushing them to make them pretty.

The ponygirl felt some excitement when, finally, Sophie grabbed her head harness and pronounced the words she wanted to hear so badly.

"Alright, open wide."

They have done this countless times together. The words "open wide," combined with the sight of her head harness, always sent a magical wave of pleasure down Morning Star's spine. Once it would be on, she would stop thinking and surrender herself to Sophie entirely until further notice. It was a mixture of willingness and deep conditioning.

The bit piece went in between her teeth; then, the straps tightened comfortably around her head. Morning Star was in heaven; it was the first time in over a month she got to wear her bridle, and the feeling was unmistakable, she had missed it so very much.

Sophie threaded each strap through the silver buckles as she did so many times before while moving her long brown ponytail out of the way. That was the moment the ponygirl loved; the peace she sought. There was so much happiness that Morning Star let a small whinny noise out.

"Oh? Morning Star seems much happier now. No more complaining?"

Sophie was so very gentle, full of compassion for her ponygirl. She ran her fingers on the leather straps of the harness and just smiled. One-way conversations would be the only ones she would have until the bit was removed, and it was perfectly fine.

"Morning Staaaar. You are so cute. You know that? So, I was thinking about something... You know, when we talked about your future? You were worried not to be able to run anymore. Well, as per the doctor, he is pretty sure you'll be able to because you are healing like a champ. But you know we won't be able to do the top NRPA races right away, right? It is too demanding and it would take us a lot of time to go back to that level."

Morning Star was listening, not pretending to know where this discussion was heading, but she was a bit sad about the reality of her situation.

"So, you know that we will need money as soon as possible so Penny can keep her stable, right? She said she had a six months reserve, but I know she was just being optimistic. So I was thinking about how we can help her, even if you cannot compete in the NRPA Super Cup yet."

All the ponygirl could do after hearing this was to cock her head in curiosity while Sophie kept petting her head harness.

"Oh? I got your attention, I see. One sec, let me go grab something, I'll be back in a sec. No walking! Okay?"

The small driver jumped off the bed and bolted out of the room. It was as if she had been holding a secret for a bit too long, and the excitement of sharing it had caught up to her.

It only took a minute before Sophie returned with a magazine that she placed in Morning Star's hands. The puzzled pony looked at the cover, and, of course, she knew exactly what the picture was. Morning Star was absolutely addicted to all pony related magazines and she had, of course, seen this one before. But a million questions popped up in her head when Sophie showed this one to her.

Sophie wrapped her arms around her friend and provided some well-needed clarification regarding this seemingly terrible idea.

"Don't stare at me like that, silly. Yes, it's the Triple Crown, and I know it's not your discipline at all. You are a sprinter. You only do the 800 meters races, which are the most lucrative ones. But here is the thing. Even though the races leading to the Triple Crown are not paying very much, if we qualify for those final three races, that is where the money will be."

Morning Star shook his head in disapproval. Her only hobby outside racing was to follow everything ponygirl related, and she knew Sophie was wrong about this one. Each of the three final races was not paying much more than the others after travel expenses.

"Stop making a fuss. Let me finish. I know what you are thinking, but look at the list here."

Sophie flipped a couple of pages and placed the magazine on the bed before pointing at some stats.

"See... Those are the past winners of the Triple Crown. The last time someone won the three final races in a row was in 1948... Can you imagine? It will be 25 years this year. If we win the three races, it will be way more money than the Super Cup! We would become legends."

Morning Star rolled her eyes and shook her head again in disbelief. There was a very good reason why it had been 25 years— it was downright impossible.

"Hey! Watch your attitude around me. It's not because you are injured that you are not my pony anymore. I will punish you if you don't stop acting like this. I know it will be hard, but I think we can do it. We will get you back in shape and retrain you for long-distance, then we will do the qualification races, and we will win the Triple Crown!"

Earring this nonsense, Morning Star locked eyes with Sophie, lifted her two hands and placed them side by side, then, with her indexes and majors, she mimicked two pairs of legs running side by side and ended it with a dry grunt.

"Aaaah! That's what you are scared of? The Triple Crown league requires two ponies per cart, and you never ran with another ponygirl before?"

Morning Star nodded, which made Sophie smile. She started playing in the fluffy ponytail with her fingers and attempted to reassure her.

"It's fine. We will teach you how to do it. And we will find you a good partner, I'm sure."

Once more, very unsatisfied with that idea, Morning Star shook her head and rolled her eyes.

"Hey! That's it. You'll get some "special training" as soon as you are back on your two hooves! I warned you!... Oh, stop whining, you deserve it. I can't let all that discipline go to waste... but... maybe there is a way to redeem yourself..."

Avoiding a "special training" was always interesting, so the ponygirl cocked her head and listened to what Sophie had to propose.

"... you have to help me convince Penny to let us do it. I haven't told her about it yet."

Morning Star immediately rolled her eyes again.

"Ah, come onnnn! She won't say yes if it's just meeeee!"

"Listen to me, airheads. Because of the chaos you caused at the Super Cup, we need a new plan to finance our stable."

Hemlock and Nightshade were fully dressed up in their pink ponygirl attire, including their bridle and bit. They couldn't respond, but they looked at each other, wondering what that plan might be. They also had not caused chaos; they just did what they were told to do; they were ponies, not riders or owners. That was so unfair for Paul to accuse them of something he was ultimately responsible for!

A brutal yelp made them jump off their seats.

"HEY! Look at me when I'm talking to you!"

Paul leaned back in his chair and placed his two feet on top of his office desk, arm crossed. An evil grin appeared on his face.

"Brittany, tell them what you just found out."

"With pleasure! So, I was at Pony Exchange this morning, scouting for a new driver for Nightshade, and who did I see from the corner of my eye... That bitch, Sophie! I was going to punch her in the face, but then I noticed she was filling a form, which picked my curiosity. I laid low, and when she left, I went to take a look at the form she placed in the box. It turns out her stable is looking into hiring a new ponygirl."

The two blonde ponies looked at each other again. Did this mean that Morning Star was never going to race again? Penny's stable surely didn't have enough money to keep an additional driver and a new pony. But Brittany continued...

"Stop thinking. You are not good at it... Morning Star is still on the injured list, and Penny will never let her go, even if she can't race. So, that got me curious. I followed Sophie from afar, and she ended up in the showroom, placing an order for a new cart. I thought she was just replacing the one that was destroyed during the Super Cup accident, but no... she was sitting in the double carts, trying them out."

Paul smiled, got his feet off the desk, and placed his elbow on it instead.

"The Triple Crown! Those assholes who got me banned are going to try and win the Triple Crown. It's the only way their stable can survive. And you know what? I'm NOT going to let this happen! You'll be happy... You two can't stop having sex together... Well... Now you are going to pull a cart together! We will be the one winning the Triple Crown! I swear! The NRPA banned us, but there is nothing that prevents us from participating in the Triple Crown League. It's not the same organization."

NEIGH!

Hemlock and Nightshade's heart stopped, and they let a nasty noise out. They were both powerful sprinters and never pulled double carts before... This was madness. It would be an entirely different training regimen, and there was no guarantee they had the genetic background required to excel in such endurance races, let alone win the legendary Triple Crown, which had not been won in forever.

"Brittany, take them to the stable and punish them hard. Apparently, they have to learn their place again. Then go register us for the Triple Crown season and get us a double cart. You'll convert Hemlock and Nightshade into the best long-distance racing ponygirls."

"But, Boss... Are we going to get a new trainer? I'm kind of specialized in sprinters, you know."

"Oh? You want me to fire you then?"

"NO! NO! Forget what I said... I'll... I'll do it."

"Tiantang... Are you asleep? Look at this!"

Tiantang Zhi Ma always slept in a barn. Being a ponygirl was all she knew, and she even gave up the comfort of a real bed. Sleeping on a haystack was what she was used to. Some people called her an extremist, but she didn't care. This was the life she wanted, the life she had chosen.

The Asian red pony was a very strange creature in the world of pony racing. Tiantang purchased her stable, so she was oddly her own owner. Her driver, Xiuying, was taking care of her and was also her lover. It was one strange relationship, but it worked very well for them; they were two of the most amazing persons in town.

Xiuying placed a newspaper in front of Tiang's face, and in big letters, the title said, "Morning Star vs Hemlock: Race to the Triple Crown!"

Tiantang choked on her bit and pulled on her cuffs a couple of times. Xiuying understood what it meant, and right away, she untied her cuffs so Tiantang could grab the newspaper. She read the article with one hand while untying her head harness with the other.

"Tiang?... It is unlike you to act so humanly all of a sudden..."

"Ah! This is urgent. You did the right thing by showing me this. Tomorrow, we go to Penny's farm. Our new prospect will come with us."

"Why? You said nobody could know about her. She is the future of our stable. She is a find of a lifetime."

"Not anymore! We will give her to them."

"WHAT? Are you nuts!?"

"Xiu! Listen... Penny's team had our back more than once. They are the ones that denounced loud and clear the racist comments we were victims of. We complained for a while about Brittany, and nothing happened, until Morning Star and Sophie spoke up, risking their reputation for us. They finally got her banned. Plus, we would never have won the Super Cup this year without them."

"I know... but... It was so much work to find our newbie... We have to think about ourselves too."

"Look, Xiuying. Morning Star won't be able to do this without our help. Hemlock and Nightshade will work extremely well together. They are like twins. I don't want to see those bastards who almost killed Morning Star win the Triple Crown. That would be an insult to the world of pony racing. The pink team is too strong for us, and Morning Star is the only one who can beat them! She is a machine. It HAS to be her."

Xiuying sighed and laid down in the hay next to Tiantang Zhi Ma. She understood the rationality, but from a driver's perspective, she was disappointed. The prospect girl they had found was bound to become the best ponygirl in the world, and they didn't even discover her through the official channels. Xiu always dreamt of training such a superstar one day, even more now because it would soon be Tiantang's last racing season.

Tiantang placed a hand on Xiu's belly and leaned to kiss her.

"... and after all... Do we really need anybody else than each other?"

"... Tiang... I so want to have sex with you right now!"

"I shouldn't be the one saying that, but... Good girl!"

"My poor ass! Look at all those marks! She is way too rough."

"She is a good trainer, Nightshade. You'll get used to her. But yeah, Brittany is very different from your previous one."

Hemlock and Nightshade were taking a shower after their first official training session with the double cart and, of course, crazy Brittany as a driver. Hemlock used a big soapy sponge to wash her lover from head to toe, including her bruised butt cheeks.

"I like doing that... washing you."

"I love it too."

Nightshade rubbed her generous slippery breasts on Hemlock's, initiating a sexual vicious circle.

"Aaaah, we needed to go to bed early... why did you have to do that?" Hemlock asked.

"Can I suck on them?"

"... yes."

And just like that, Nightshade attacked her lover's boobs with some nibbling. As an extra, she also slid her hand down and started rubbing Hemlock's sensitive clit.

"Aaaaah! Aaaanh! So good... Aaaaanh!"

"You are so tasty."

No, there was no going back now. The two blond girls started making out again without any hope of being able to stop. They always tried to kiss deeper and deeper. With their heads tilted sideways to increase depth, their mouths were locked together and stayed that way as their tongues wrestled slowly and sensually.

They could keep this position for a very long time without feeling the need to break the kiss for a breather. There was nothing to understand; they just started doing it in the past and never been able to stop since then. It just felt too good to even think of stopping one day.

Their hands were rubbing each other's crotch, making everything feel even better. But tonight, Hemlock had a little surprise... She inserted her thumb inside Nightshade's wet slit and started massaging her anus with her major.

"AAaanh! Hemlock! What... What are you doing?"

"It looks like you like it..."

"Aaanh! No... It's... You... you never did this before! AAAANnH! Don't push!"

It was a very soapy area, so of course, she was going to push. Since her lover was a bit too distracted to kiss anymore, Hemlock went down to her knees and grabbed the soap bar which had fallen in the shower pan earlier. She slid it back and forth between Nightshade's butt cheeks and restarted massaging her rear hole. Her mouth also started working on the almost-exposed swollen clit in front of her face.

"AAaanh! AAaanh! Hemlock! AAaaanh! If you push too hard... it's going to go in! AAaaanh!"

"I have no problem with that. You seem to enjoy yourself a lot."

"Stop! Aaaanh!"

Hemlock had no intention of stopping something that seemed to generate so much pleasure, so she decided to go for it. She pressed her finger harder, and it entered the tight hole, which caused a moment of silence.

"..."

"Try to relax ... you are doing so well."

"AAAAH! AAAAnnh! Why... Why does it feel so good!"

"Because you are a very sexual pony, and this is just right!"

"Mmmmh! D... don't stop... aanh!"

"Hehe. It didn't take long before you changed your mind."

The tongue massage and the fingering intensified over the next few minutes. A pink bubble of sexual bliss encapsulated Nightshade, and Hemlock was extremely happy to see that happening. The receiving girl's legs started to buckle.

"Aaaah! I'm so close... AAAH!"

"I know you are ... come on, cum for me, cutie!"

"Mmmm.... Mmmm ... aaah... Put ... Put another one in... Please...AAaanh Yes! YES! AAAH Cum... Cumming! Aaaaah! Don't stop!"

Hemlock was laughing internally when Nightshade asked for an extra finger in her rear. It didn't take her long to get used to it, and now she would be asking for more of this all the time. Their little experiment turned into a very pleasurable discovery.

She kept fingering and licking Nightshade for a bit longer until a loud banging pulled them out of their mood. Brittany was yelling at them through the bathroom door.

"Would you get out of there? Are you having sex again? I can't hear you! I need to take my shower too, and you are wasting all the hot water! You do that to me all the time!"

Nightshade chuckled softly while playing in her lover's hair.

"Haha. I don't think we wasted any water... this was so worth it."

The two naked ponygirls rinsed each other and complied. After drying themselves, they were back in their bed, squeaky clean.

"Alright, no more sex, we need to sleep now. Tomorrow we have to train again. It's going to be hard, and we need to be in top shape."

"Absolutely! Goodnight, Hemlock."

"Good night, Nightshade. I love you."

They turned off the light and got comfortable. Nightshade always slept flat on her back, and Hemlock usually wrapped herself around her. Their hairless skin was so soft... and that was all Hemlock could think about.

Her delicate hand rubbed on her partner's soft skin, and it felt so awesome. But unfortunately, that made Nightshade's heart beat a bit faster... and it got even worse when Hemlock began to massage her breast.

"Hemlock, stop! We need to sleep!"

"... Do you want me to stop?"

"... no! AAaanh! Don't pinch my nipple!"

"Okay, so what about this then?"

"Aaah! Sucking on it doesn't help either! Mmmmm!"

"I want to kiss a bit more before sleeping."

The mention of this desire was all it took to trap the two girls into another hot and wet make out session... and some more sex.

Around noon, a vehicle arrived at Penny's stable and parked in front of the house. Sophie and Morning Star were eating in the kitchen when they noticed it through the window.

"Who's that?" Morning Star asked.

"Hey, it's Xiuying! And... No way! Is that Tiantang Zhi Ma?"

"No, don't say that. It can't be her. We've never ever seen her without her pony attire!"

"Well... Let's go outside... I really think that's her."

Morning Star wrapped her arm around Sophie's shoulder and hopped to the front door on one leg to go out and meet their friends.

"Hey, is that you Tiang? And, hi, Xiuying!"

"Hi, Sophie. Hi Star. Yes, it's me!"

"Oh, my God. You can talk too? I've never heard your voice in 5 years."

"I can, and yes, it is unusual. I came here to make a deal with your stable."

"A deal? What deal? We have nothing to trade right now... We can't even race."

"You are going to. I know you are going to attempt the Triple Crown. It was in the newspaper yesterday."

"WHAT? How did they know?"

Sophie had done her best to keep a low profile when she registered and purchased the cart. She didn't even go to Pony Exchange with Morning Star; for sure, people would have recognized the elite ponygirl, but Sophie? No. She was a nobody even if she was driving the most famous horse around. Tiantang Zhi Ma had a theory.

"Well, based on the big title, our pink friends are registering too, and they are probably the ones that leaked the story for promotional purposes."

"WHAT? Well, that sucks... They have two of the best ponies ever. Morning Star is the best, but she is still broken, and we didn't even find another ponygirl yet."

"I thought so... And this is why I'm here. I brought you a gift."

"A gift?"

Tiantang waved in the direction of her car. One of the rear doors opened; they had brought someone else along.

A young woman stepped out of the vehicle and nonchalantly walked toward them, hands deep inside her pockets. Tiantang smiled and introduced her...

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

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