

Ponygirl Training

Emily Sinclair

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By Emily Sinclair

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Chapter 1

Bold New Career

I sat in the lobby of WOBN fidgeting nervously while at the same time attempting to keep my anger in check. I had just quit my job of six years at another television station and was hoping the people in charge here were more reasonable than my former employers. For the last year I've worked my behind off trying to improve ratings and bring in more viewers, but nothing seemed to help the failing station. I came up with an idea that I knew would help, but no one wanted to listen. They were more worried with how far they could stick their collective heads up their boss's rear ends to pay me any attention. And so, here I was at a rival station to pitch them the same idea.

I knew Mr. Kitch by reputation only, but what I knew told me he was the type of man that would jump all over my idea for a new show. WOBN - also known as the Obedience Network, was one of three stations catering to the lifestyles of the kinky and open-minded and it was also the largest of the three so-called fetish channels. My idea was perfect. It would draw in millions of viewers the world over and make a profit after the first show. It was ratings gold, but my former employers were too narrow-minded to see that.

"Mr. Kitch will see you now," the receptionist smiled at me, breaking my train of thought. I recognized her from a few pornos I've seen, but didn't know she moonlighted as a receptionist. Or maybe she was a receptionist moonlighting as a porn star. Considering what I was going to propose, it didn't matter to me either way and I headed into Mr. Kitch's office.

Mr. Kitch's office was extravagant to say the least. He sat in his high-backed office chair behind a surprisingly tidy, large C-shaped desk, two more comfortable looking chairs sat opposite him. The walls were lined with awards and trophies from the hundreds of films he's produced over the nearly thirty year span of his career. Along the left wall was a long couch at the ends of which were glass-top stands - the bases carved as like-sized and life-like women, arms outstretched holding the glass top.

"Please, take a seat Miss. Cummings," Mr. Kitch said with a motion of his large hand at the chairs sitting in front of his desk.

"Thank you," I replied, giving him my best smile. He was a handsome man in his late fifties with salt and pepper hair and the most piercing blue eyes I had ever seen. If rumors were true he kept his physique by having lots of sex and running five miles a day. This was the first time seeing him in person, but I had no doubt believing the rumors.

"What can I do for you today Miss. Cummings?"

"Please, call me Amanda," I replied crossing my left leg over the right. "I'm here to pitch you the show of a lifetime."

"Aren't you under contract with channel 74?"

"I was until this morning. I tried to get them to see the benefit of my proposal, but they were more worried about themselves than anything else so I quit."

"I see. And what is it you wish to propose to me?"

"Like I said, it's the show of a lifetime, but I will not tell you without at least signing a contract of intellectual property. I'd rather not have my idea stolen out from under me, no offence meant."

“None taken.” He pressed a button on his desk and continued. “Sam, would you please bring me a copyright contract?” he said to his receptionist. A minute later the door opened and Sam walked in and handed him the contract and left without word. “Here we go, this is a standard copyright contract stating you’re the owner of whatever idea it is that you wish to pitch to me today. Go ahead and fill it out and we may continue.” He slid the form and a pen to me and sank back into his chair.

I spent the next ten minutes writing out my idea in as much detail as I could in the space available and then signed it. He called Sam back in to sign as a witness and after she once again left the office he asked me to continue with my sales pitch. He hadn’t looked at the contract and so had no idea what I was going to tell him which was fine with me. I preferred to see his reaction as I told it, not as he read it from paper.

“My idea is this,” I continued “as you know, there are a number of training facilities throughout the world that train women in the fine art of pet play. The thing is, no one really knows which one is the best, or even how effective the training is. Under an assumed identity I’ll go to these facilities and volunteer for training in order to see which is best.”

“Interesting,” he said rubbing his chin. “I like what I’m hearing so far, but how will you get footage and audio? Won’t be much of a show without either of those.”

“No, no it wouldn’t,” I agreed. “Are you familiar with smart contact lenses? They are contacts with tiny cameras built into them. They would record everything I see. As for audio, I’ve got a bellybutton ring with a built in microphone to record everything I say and hear.”

“I see. And how long will you stay at these facilities? How long before we’d be able to begin production of the show?”

“I guess that all depends on the facility,” I replied. “If we connect the cameras and mic to the station servers you’d be able to start broadcasting live from the moment I start. Think of it! Live broadcast of my training as a puppy, pony, and who knows what else! It’ll make millions!”

“And what are you asking?”

“My idea, I’m taking all of the risks, so I don’t think fifty percent is out of the question. And considering what you stand to make you know it’s worth it.”

“Fifty percent?” he said with raised brow and I saw my dreams coming to an end. If he refused my offer I would be on my own to do it with the hopes of selling enough DVD’s and live webcam shows to eke out a living. “I’ll tell you what, since it is your idea, and a brilliant one at that, I’ll pay you twenty-five percent for the first show with a fifty percent option if we make over ten million profit. And if it’s as successful as you think it will be you can have your fifty percent.

Profit, I thought to myself how can it be anything but profit? It would be streamed live and unedited. All he had to do was make sure it was on the air. I was the one doing all of the hard work. “Deal. I have one more condition before we start signing contracts though. I own the full rights to the show and may stop at any time without penalty. I may do one show or fifty, the choice is mine and mine alone. And when I do stop, the show stops with me. No one else may take my place without my permission. That is non-negotiable.” It was my turn to look at him fiercely. Truth be told, I could have gone the internet route and probably done OK with it, but I didn’t have anywhere near the viewership as WOBN.

“I like a woman that drives a hard bargain,” he smiled. “You’ve got yourself a deal, Amanda.”

“Thank you Mr. Kitch. I think we’re going to enjoy working with each other.”

“Please, call me Charles. So tell me, how long have you been submissive? I’ve seen you on channel 74 and never got the impression you were.”

“I’m not.”

“And yet you are proposing to do a show where you are trained at facilities specializing in that exact form of training.”

“It’s all about the money,” I said honestly. “I know this is a damn good idea and I know it’ll make a ton of money. If you want the truth, I thought about doing it on my own, Doing webcam shows and DVD’s, but you’re station has a thousand times more viewers in a day than I get on my website in a year.”

“So you’re using my station for your own personal gain?”

“And yours, Charles. You stand to make as much as I do off of this insane venture of mine.”

“You know, we are looking for someone for another show we’re launching soon, maybe you’d be interested in that position as well?”

“I’m not sure I’d have the time. I have no idea how long I’ll be at the training facilities so I can’t dedicate any time for anything else.”

“Perhaps between shows.”

“What the position?”

“Anchorwoman for a new news program we’re calling the Bukakke News Hour. We’re looking for a woman, or women willing to read the day’s news while getting her face creamed by as many loads as possible in the allotted hour.”

“Sounds interesting. Perhaps after my first go at the training facilities I’ll give it a go.”

The rest of the afternoon was taken up by talks of the shows and what I hoped to get out of it. We wrote up a contract for me to take to my lawyers to look over and just before five I said my goodbyes to Mr. Kitch, my belly full of fluttering butterflies. Now that the deal was out there I was becoming nervous. I wouldn’t get cold feet and back out, that’s not the type of person I am, but that didn’t stop me from being nervous as all hell.