

Billie and Mary, A Love Story

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by Chris Bellows

Prologue

“Work hard for me, Billie, and I’ll have Miss Pammie give you a brisk rubdown.”

In the palms of my hands I cradle the leather bound face and head of my human steed. My thumbs brush away moisture as two tears begin to form. I return his pining look of want and envy with a smile followed by a mockingly lugubrious pout. Though he knows how much I enjoy making him labor in harness, he also knows my attention is fleeting... that by day’s end it will be back to the stable for him and a return to a vanilla urban life for me. So in ignoring his forlornness, I continue checking the bridle and reins, tenderly tap Billie’s nicely exposed penis with the tip of my crop, then as he lurches in response to my gesture of control, smilingly step into the cart.

I, in turn, know that though Billie enjoys laboring for me, he would prefer to be serving in some other manner... fulfilling the role of husband... or lover... provider... perhaps even father to my children. But alas, an early recognized proclivity and an understanding stepmother forced him into a lifetime of obedience and servitude. So he instead alacritously responds to my command of ‘giddup’ by digging his feet into the soil and pulling against his harness. As my crop painfully nips his exposed buttocks just above his nicely restrained testicles, his mind is forced to enter the curious world of the subjugated human equine.

Today I will run him hard. And if he responds well, I will provide a well deserved respite and allow him to speak. He is permitted to do so rarely, and given the opportunity I know what he will say. He will reminisce.

Billie and I grew up together and he has longed for me since we were adolescents. And I.. well I love Billie as well.

How did such a relationship begin?..

Chapter One

“It’s a rotten day outside, Mary. Your Aunt Mildred is coming

over with her stepson, Billie. You can play in the basement.”

Mother always says girls don’t play outdoors in questionable weather and she feels obligated to ensure that I have no desire to confront the elements. Thus during inclement weekends she is always thinking up activities. With my widowed Aunt Mildred recently moving in nearby, she has extended an invitation to visit.

My aunt is really not my aunt. Mildred is a cousin of my mother, at least that’s what I have been informed. So I suppose that makes her my second cousin. And stepson Billie is my age so I guess the women thought it was natural that we play together. I was told Aunt Mildred became Billie’s ward after her husband, Billie’s natural father, died. She moved from California shortly thereafter, becoming more than a voice on the phone. Aunt Mildred and Mother have been lifelong friends. Both women sought companionship and it becomes apparent they hope Billie and I will likewise form a bond.

The doorbell rings, barely heard over a roaring wind and the splatter of heavy rain striking the windowpanes. My small hands pull open the front door and a smiling Aunt Mildred steps in with young Billie in tow. In just walking a few feet from the driveway across the lawn to the front door they are soaked. Clouds have burst open with a heavy May thunderstorm. A passing front has brought cold.

Billie smiles demurely. He is a handsome lad with soft brown eyes and sandy hair parted in the middle and trimmed so that the bangs across his forehead continue to circumnavigate his entire head. The style is almost girlish and my initial reaction is one of curiosity. At my school no boy would willingly sit and permit his hair to be so effeminately coifed.

I am to quickly learn that Billie is different.

“You must get out of those wet things,” Mother exclaims in a matronly voice approaching from behind. “I’ll take everything down to the basement. It’s quite warm and I’ll hang to dry what can’t be put in the clothes dryer.

“I have a robe you can change into, Mildred. But I am not sure about Billie. Just have girl’s things. Nothing here for little boys.”

“We’ll make do, Pat.”

Aunt Mildred begins removing her coat and slipping out of her shoes. A pensive Billie does not move. An authoritative Aunt Mildred steps into the breach.

“Billie, go with your Aunt Pat and strip. You’re all wet.”

Her tone is surprisingly firm, leaving Billie no leeway to protest

or dawdle.

“And if it’s that warm in the basement it’s just as well he go without. No telling what he’ll do to fine clothing.”

Mother grabs the hand of a silent Billie and tugs him toward the stairs.

“Come, Mary. You two can play in the basement.”

I am at an age when I have only seen the naked male while a doting mother occasionally changed the soiled diapers of a toddler. Thus I pause, almost as reluctant as Billie. He is to descend the cellar stairs and be stripped. And Mother wants me to join!

Puberty is shortly expected and the metamorphous is something Mother has been calmly explaining during quiet meals. Thus there are yet to come any hormonal urges which would serve to alter my insouciant assessment of the male gender. But there is a girlish curiosity. Just what do boys have beneath those pants that is so furtively kept covered?

I am to learn. Just traverse the stairs and the secrets of the male gender will be revealed, I think to myself.

In the warm basement, Mother peels away all of Billie’s clothing. Undergarments are tossed into the dryer. Outer garments are hung to dry. A bashful and embarrassed Billie stands trying to cover himself, naked before a girl his age and a woman he does not really know.

“Put on one of your movies, Mary. Choose what you like.”

Mother playfully smacks Billie’s rump causing him to move his hands from his pubes area to cover his buttocks. I cannot help staring at the tiny penis. Billie is uncircumcised and the tip points like a pencil. I giggle and stare. Billie is hairless down there, as am I, and without his hands nothing impedes my visual inspection. A tiny puff of pink flesh holds testicles the size of peanuts.

“Play nice,” Mother admonishes in climbing the stairs.

And that is how I am introduced to Billie.

There is something inherently dominant in being fully clothed with a peer who has been summarily deprived of clothing. I often ask myself whether the circumstances were staged, Mother and Aunt Mildred wishing to impart a wondrous sense of Feminine Superiority at an early age. But how does one scheme to arrange a thundershower? And time an arrival such that every inch of apparel, socks included, is drenched during a short dash from the car?

Well... I select some childish video, not only sophomoric, but most unappealing to a boy. Ironically, it is about a girl and her pony and Billie is forced to sit and watch in his nudity.

Halfway through the emotion sodden movie, the cellar door opens and Aunt Mildred descends the stairs. I am surprised to see Billie meekly place his hands on top of his head and sit straight up with exaggeratedly perfect posture.

Aunt Mildred wears a slinky silk robe provided by Mother and I feel a tinge of envy in surveying the outline of her womanly charms. She is a young widow in her thirties and very well shaped. I desire my breasts to develop such as hers. The loose folds of silk do little to camouflage the bulging curves of sizable mammary glands.

“You being a good boy?” she inquires, her tone tinged with ominous threat.

I am surprised when she reaches to Billie’s chest and tweaks the pink nipples. He squeals but his hands remain in place. I watch as the nubs firm and turn to points. Aunt Mildred smiles with Billie’s docile reaction.

“Let me know if he’s bad, Mary. He’s nearing *that* age.”

I am not sure of the reference, since Billie and I are colleagues. And though I have had didactic lectures, as stated, concerning the effects of puberty on the female, I know little about what emotional transition Billie will face.

Aunt Mildred moves to the bathroom door, turns the lock mechanism and pulls it shut. The door latches with a click. She has locked it!

“Let me know if Billie has to go to the bathroom. He requires supervision,” Aunt Mildred forewarns, holding up a key.

And with that, she ascends and leaves us to return to the sappy pony story.

After several moments, satisfied that we’re to be left alone, I engage in conversation.

“You can’t use the bathroom?” I am forced to inquire.

“Mom says I am at an age where I should not be touching myself,” Billie quietly offers in an embarrassed tone. “And she wants to make sure I am clean and the bathroom stays neat. She says boys are sloppy.”

I smile inwardly, picturing that tiny appendage spewing excretions where not desired and stirring Aunt Mildred’s rebuke... perhaps with a more firm pinch and twist of those useless male titties.

There comes a scene in the movie, filmed in the heat of a Texas summer, where the young heroine, attired in skimpy halter and short skirt, leads about her pony, breaking him of wayward desires and

acclimating him to bit and bridle. The girl is pubescent, the promising protrusions on her halter evidencing the developing breasts of adolescence which hopefully I shall soon have.

I look over to see that Billie sits with his hands on his lap precluding further visual inspection of that which the bashful male endeavors to cloak. Yet he fidgets somewhat, shifting his thighs. It is then that I notice Billie's penis has transformed! The pencil point tip has changed to roundness!

Mother once alluded to such crass male behavior, though her lecture was somewhat nebulous to a girl my age. It is evident that the charming scene of a teenaged girl and her pony has spurred arousing thoughts!

I am shocked and when Billie notices me looking at his genitals his hands move to better cover himself.

By his own words, Billie has suggested that he should not be touching himself. I feel I have no choice but to report the infraction. Aunt Mildred has requested appraisals of Billie's untoward deportment.

"I'll see if Mom will let us have some juice. This is a good part of the movie," I announce to Billie as a subterfuge.

I then depart, climb the stairs and find Mother and Aunt Mildred talking in the kitchen.

"Billie's touching himself and that thing is growing," I dutifully proclaim as I fill glasses.

Aunt Mildred knowingly looks to Mother. Both women smile as if reading each other's thoughts.

"Well, we'll see about that," Aunt Mildred declares with seemingly feigned concern. "Do you have some lotion, Pat?"

Mother nods as Aunt Mildred goes to her purse, removes some implements and stuffs the pocket of her robe.

"Come Mary. You may as well see what happens to bad little boys."

Aunt Mildred leads. I follow with glasses of juice. When Billie hears footsteps on the stairs his hands once again rise to fold atop his head. I notice that the movie has progressed to a scene where the comely teen is riding her pony... around and around. And my eyes also note that Billie's tiny pencil point has further transformed in shape, size and color.

It is my first view of the aroused male, limited in size, but stimulated to absolute rigidity all the same.

"Billie!.. you've been warned," Aunt Mildred admonishes in the sternest of voices.

A sheepish Billie becomes catatonic. It is obvious he is embarrassed over his tumescence yet he makes no attempt to cover himself. Is he that well disciplined?... hands obediently remaining in place while he displays his disobedient penis? Or is there some furtive desire to display himself... as would a peacock... show his nascent virility to the female gender.

“Over here young man!” Aunt Mildred scolds as she sits on an old straight backed chair.

I click off the movie as Billie stands. With my proximity I am afforded a full view of the angry male appendage, the purple tip seeming to escape its covering sheath with such forcefulness. It is raw male power... but about to be so succinctly tamed by the governing female.

Billie meekly steps to the waiting Aunt Mildred just as Mother descends, tube of the requested lotion in hand. I am mesmerized in watching the erection bob about with each step. It is something I have not before seen.

“In front of them, Mom?” Billie beseechingly inquires.

“You have no compunction about showing off your male insolence. Now you’ll have to show your humility.

“Come,” Aunt Mildred opening the folds of her robe to reveal fleshy warm thighs. Her sculpted legs, completely uncovered, impress. “You know the position.”

Billie stands to her side then bends at the waist, hands remaining in place. He kneels placing his naked tummy on Aunt Mildred’s right thigh as her left thigh parts then rises. Billie further bows and squirms forward. Aunt Mildred lowers her left thigh so that it covers his neck and shoulders. The naked youth is pinned between Aunt Mildred’s uncovered thighs, enveloped in soft and warm feminine flesh.

“Spread ‘em.”

Billie’s knees part, accentuating for all the view of his cute rounded globes. Between is the rosebud of his tiny rectum. Below is a view of the underdeveloped testicles that few girls my age ever see. In staring I note that Billie’s entire body flushes with the intensity of the humiliation. But I also note, in stooping with curiosity, that the offending male appendage is firmer than ever. The top surface of the penis is pressed against the side of Aunt Mildred’s thigh, forcing the tip to point straight down to the floor. It appears that the forced angle is stressful. I would later learn in life that the young male penis much prefers to stand straight up.

“Yes, such a naughty boy but so eager to accept punishment,

Billie. Why is that?”

Aunt Mildred presents her hand and Mother squeezes the tube of lotion to anoint her palm.

“This is a ritual which Billie seems to both readily savor yet bear with such mental anguish. Why is that Billie? You want to be punished before your Aunt Pat don’t you? Want to show yourself to the young and charming Mary. Such lewd impudence!”

Aunt Mildred tenderly smooths the lotion over Billie’s well exposed buttocks as she lectures. Her touch is sensuous... caring... as if coveting something that belongs to her... her action suggesting that the globes are hers... borne by Billie but hers with which to toy at her whim.

After several moments Billie’s moistened backside, a radiant blushing pink, shines in the overhead lights of the basement. Aunt Mildred’s hand has created a most lascivious display of the girlish male posterior.

“Hope you’re not going to cry, Billie. A big boy like you sobbing before Mary, a girl your age.”

Billie’s spanking begins. With the first swat I find myself cringing, never having been so chastised. Yet curiosity mandates that I observe with intensity and I am riveted to the sight of Aunt Mildred’s hand print, its bright red outline covering Billie’s right cheek. A second loud smack soon has Billie’s left cheek bearing the same imprint.

With the third stroke of the hand, all reservation has left me. Watching Billie cry out and struggle within the confines of Aunt Mildred’s shapely thighs is most entertaining... and entertaining in a way I have never before experienced. Yes, Billie’s paroxysmal wrenching and the sound of his cracking voice affords a sense of superiority. The controlling feminine hand is meting discipline. The offending male organ may defiantly rise but its ultimate sovereignty belongs to the female.

The penis is an ornament born for the amusement of the female gender... not the male.... at least that is so under Aunt Mildred’s tutelage.

Billie’s comeuppance continues for some dozen firm and leisurely timed swats. When Aunt Mildred lifts her left thigh to release Billie’s neck, the castigated lad stands. Amazingly, he appears more erect than ever.

Chapter Two

I often think back as to when I fell in love with Billie. Was it that late afternoon in Mom’s basement... observing his bare buttocks

receiving the unyielding smacks of a feminine hand... listening to him grovel for mercy, yet arise from Aunt Mildred's lap even more stimulated than before?

Was it watching a cute young man prance about in complete deshabelle, forced to exhibit every inch of his flesh to female superiors... and learning that he found strange enjoyment in such subjugation?

Something awoke in me during the licentious exhibition, that I knew. But perhaps true affection manifested at another time. There would be so many interludes with Billie...

Aunt Mildred removes some items from the pocket of her robe.

"Elbows back young man."

Billie lifts his arms and pulls his elbows back as commanded. Aunt Meredith encircles his biceps with nylon strips just above the joint. With the sound of two clicks the two straps are linked with a double 'D' clamp connected to rings sewn into the nylon, most uncomfortably immobilizing Billie's arms. He can somewhat swing about his arms, but for sure will be neither covering his pubes nor in any way touching the prohibited area.

"There. Now you'll be a good boy."

And with that, the two women leave for the kitchen to resume conversation over tea.

"I'm sorry you're hurt, Billie," I most disingenuously suggest with a coy smile.

His backside is smarting, I know. But it is difficult to express genuine sympathy when his excited organ suggests he is experiencing a strange enjoyment. I am to receive quite an education concerning the proclivities of certain males. Billie's penis is raging and now he has no refuge. He must show it to me. And displaying its stiffness.... standing naked and bound before a girl... seems to perpetuate its firmness.

Though I'd like to stand and watch, heightening his humiliation, I click on the movie. There flashes the scene of the pubescent blonde riding the pony, returning Billie's psyche to the setting of his initial tumescence. He steps forth and sits on the floor in front of the couch at my feet, leaning back to prop his back against the cushions. He knows that sitting on the couch is too awkward with elbows connected. I sit above, gazing down at his standing penis.

"Juice?" I inquire, returning to the ostensible purpose for my departure many minutes ago.

He nods and I know I must assist. My left hand cradles his head as he tilts it back. My right hand presses the glass to his lips in offering

the refreshing coolness.

On the screen, the pony labors. The pubescent girl encouragingly taps his hind quarters with a crop. Billie seems most sanguine with reddened bottom and forced nakedness. His attention is drawn to a scene which most would deem to be innocuous interaction between a beautiful ingenue and benign beast of burden.

And me?... Well it's an epiphany of sorts. And I begin to feel a sense of power in assisting Billie imbibe. Without me, elbows restrained and hands useless, he can do little.

And then there comes a thought of wickedness. And most curiously I do not find the notion to be something I desire to resist.

The bathroom door is locked. Billie's hands are useless. This cohort of the male gender, a boy my age, will need assistance. Sooner or later, Billie will have to visit the facilities. He will have to rely on someone... trust the governing hand of a woman just as he must for refreshing sips of juice.

Yes, the epiphany continues as I realize I have been empowered. For the first time in my young life I control something.

I tilt back his head and pour in more juice. Between gulps he protests.

"That's enough, Mary."

No it's not.

"It's good for you, Billie. Lot's of vitamins."

Yes. So good that I forgo my own refreshment and within minutes force my glass to his lips. I pleasantly giggle, disguising my evil scheme and Billie drinks, careful not to spill and earn a second spanking.

The movie plot begins to wind to a conclusion. There are fewer and fewer scenes of the young blonde and her docile beast. As I suppose I should expect, the tip of Billie's penis retracts into the fleshy protection of his prepuce, a process which a girl my age finds to be most fascinating and I suppose educational. Billie's appendage slowly returns to its pencil-like shape as before. Disappointing, yet I know that two sizable glasses of juice work to provide the next interlude of entertainment.

I talk, knowing that Billie's nakedness brings reticence. Normally such conversation would tend to foster mental comfort when so exposed. But I remain mischievous with my selection of words.

"Billie, does your thing always get like that when your Mom spanks you? You know... grows like that?" I inquire in an even toned, matter of fact voice, disguising my intent to embarrass. Yet I am indeed curious.

“Most times,” Billie reluctantly replies. “Mom seems to like it that way.”

“You’re very brave. It must hurt a lot and having to show your penis to everyone must be horrible...”

“Yes. The lotion makes the smack burn. Mom says she doesn’t have to swing as hard. And Mom says showing myself... and my thing... is part of the punishment.”

“But it seemed to get bigger. Does that mean you enjoyed it?”

He pauses in thought.

“Something about pressing against her skin. It’s soft and warm. And when she hits me I wriggle and press harder which makes it grow more.”

“So you like being spanked?”

Billie remains silent. It appears he does not wish to respond, yet I am not sure he knows the answer. It just may be something he has not before thought about. It’s possible that he has never self analyzed his priapic response to pain and feminine control. Have I planted a seed?

“Did you like the movie? There’s a sequel I’d like my Mom to buy.”

Billie nods.

“What’s your favorite part,” I ask, fully aware that Billie’s penis has acted as a barometer for his level of enjoyment.

“When she’s with the pony. She’s very pretty yet she’s very firm with her pony. Makes him do stuff.”

“That’s cause she’s training him, Billie. Otherwise the pony would not know what to do.”

Billie has no retort. I continue.

“Mom says that’s true of a lot of boys. When I tell her about bad boys in my class she says they need to learn to obey, otherwise it gets worse as they get older. She says most want to be good but they need to learn how.”

Billie begins to fidget. He rolls to his side and pulls one foot then the other under him to stand. It is obvious that he has before been so restrained... learning a degree of mobility without the use of his hands.

“I have to go,” he announces as expected, walking toward the bathroom door.

He twists at the waist to position his right hand out to his side. He grasps and turns the knob on the bathroom door, forgetting that hours before Aunt Mildred locked it and took the key. I repress a giggle.

“Your Mom has the key, Billie. Remember you’re not allowed to

go alone.”

My plot unwinding as planned, I arise from the couch.

“I’ll get your mother.”

Up the stairs to the kitchen, I am surprised to see that Aunt Mildred and Mom are sitting quite close together and Mom now also wears a silk robe. Her hair is disheveled and her face is flushed, a strange appearance for mid afternoon. In seeing me pop from the cellar door, she folds her legs. Odd... yet in focusing on Billie’s needs, I ask no questions.

“Billie needs to go to the bathroom,” I joyously proclaim.

In whatever activity Aunt Mildred and Mother were engaged, my interruption is apparently ill timed. The two women look at each other, seeming to wordlessly communicate. Aunt Mildred finally speaks.

“I think you’re a big enough girl to help him, Mary. You saw how the fleshy skin at the tip retracts... that’s his foreskin. Well you’ll need to pull it back for him and aim carefully. Steady him with your free hand so he doesn’t miss. And when he thinks he’s done, you’ll need to shake the tip to ensure all is excreted. Boys get very sloppy about that. Ideally, when all is completed, you should dab the tip with toilet paper before sliding the foreskin back in place.”

Wow! I am overwhelmed. Expecting to merely observe, Aunt Mildred has put me in charge!

I hurriedly take the key and turn to rush back. I receive a gentle chiding.

“Take your time, Mary. When dealing with the male you must show a degree superiority. You will condescend and help him... that’s how you should deport yourself ... not act like you’re a hired servant.”

Yes, of course. Sage words offered at a young age in which I have forever taken counsel. I have the key. Billie needs the key. I will decide the timing.

So I leisurely descend the stairs to see that Billie’s need has greatly increased.

“Is she coming?” Billie asks in a voice shaking with urgency.

“No,” I succinctly reply, holding up the key.

“Ok. Unlock the door and release my elbows. I’ll only be a minute.”

I laugh with the temerity of the suggestion but do indeed unlock the door, turn the knob and step aside to clear the way.

Billie steps in and his apprehension shows when I follow.

“Your mom’s busy, Billie. She told me what to do.”

Once again Billie begins to flush. It is easy to ascertain his

reluctance. He'd like to protest... suggest that his need has changed... that he'll go later. But the juice glasses were large and filled to the brim. His bladder is full.

"Can't you just release my elbows for a moment?" his shaking voice manages to beseech.

"No. I'm not going to risk a spanking just to make you more comfortable," I declare in guiding him to the toilet.

I position myself behind him, obviously never before assisting a boy in such an intimate endeavor.

"Your mom says I should pull back on this fleshy part and hold you steady with my other hand," I explain, pointing to his penis and attempting to illicit information.

"Yes," is Billie's laconic reply.

I place my left hand on his left hip.

"Here?"

Billie gulps, not wishing to answer. Yet he knows I will not permit him to commence his flow until I am properly positioned. So I just wait, knowing that unless his foreskin is retracted he either cannot begin, or will do so sloppily, earning another spanking.

Finally a reply comes.

"Between my legs. Mom holds me by what she calls my 'little balls'."

There comes a frisson of delight. I suppress laughter yet cannot quell the resulting goose bumps of joy.

Yes, I often later reflected, how else would a woman manifest her control when assisting in such an endeavor? One hand holding the 'mighty' appendage... the other firmly grasping that which nature has imbued with the seeds of creation... that which the male normally considers so sacrosanct.

My left hand glides over Billie's buttocks and lowers to slip between his thighs to find the small and hairless puff of skin. I tenderly pinch the scrotal sac but with firmness, sending Billie the message of female governance which Aunt Mildred has so astutely ingrained. There is a thrill in feeling within the hairless sac the peanut sized gonads. My right hand reaches around his hip. Thumb and forefinger gingerly skin back the prepuce.

The goose bumps begin to feel like hillocks. I am holding a boy by all that he considers precious! Handling that which is normally kept concealed from young female eyes!

"Ok, Billie. Do your thing," I coo in a tone one would use in

encouraging a small child.

I feel Billie's warm flesh turn hot... a conflagration fueled by humiliation. A girl his age is controlling a most intimate function. He would prefer to resist... to challenge my authority. But how? He must empty himself. I have assured that his need is great.

There is a notable pause. Billie closes his eyes concentrating on standing naked and performing for a girl his own age. My wickedness mounts.

"Open your eyes and look at me in the mirror, Billie. Otherwise I won't let you go."

I squeeze his shaft and also press against his perineum with my left hand to cut off the flow, instinctively knowing that the male plumbing is not that much different from that of the female.

Yes, poor Billie must muster the concentration to go while looking at my pretty face and feeling my controlling hands. I shift to peer around his shoulder providing a line of sight to his face in the mirror.

Finally a look of surrender comes over his face. He looks at me. I look at him. I ease my fingers. I feel abdominal muscles contract. His flow begins.

I often wonder if that is when Billie fell in love with me... encountering a girl his age who so ably stepped into the role his stepmother filled. A woman, however youthful, who by nature found subtle control of the male to be zestfully fulfilling.

The rate of flow and forceful sound of splatter suggest that Billie is indeed filled. When completed, I shake the penis tip vigorously, as instructed. A modest square of toilet paper keeps everything neat, as desired.

I step away and a sheepish Billie turns to face me.

"May I kiss you?" he astonishingly asks. "Mom lets me kiss her if I performed well."

I smile. I have touched the male organ for the first time in my life, and did so under my terms, which I later learned most girls rarely get to do. I am ecstatic.

So I let Billie lean and attempt to kiss me. But I mischievously step back at the last moment and instead extend my hand. Symbolically, it's the hand that controlled his organ. I am not at all surprised when he not only kisses but also licks as would a little dog.

Is there a twinge between my thighs? Or did such an initial concupiscent reaction come during a later interlude with Billie? I cannot recall.

Chapter Three

After that introduction to Billie, Mom and Aunt Mildred conspired to conclude that whenever frolicking with me there was really no reason for Billie to be clothed.

Over many ensuing months of weekend play, I learned control and a naked Billie more than willingly accepted such. I was even given the prerogative of clipping together Billie's elbows, for donning the nylon straps about his lower biceps became de rigeur after he was stripped. Thereafter it was I, his peer, who would decide when and for how long his arms would be immobilized.

I relished the power and used it to control Billie's behavior, forcing him to play girlish games and watch movies from which he, as an adolescent male, would otherwise probably refrain. Any protest would result in elbows restrained and hands rendered useless.

And of course the bathroom door remained locked, forcing him to plead for relief and request my assistance in handling that 'sloppy' male appendage. Feeling his organs slowly develop was a thrill. And with the forming of light fuzzy hair, I knew that Mom's anatomical prognostications were manifesting. Puberty was arriving.

I did not tell Billie that hair was likewise forming about my pubes. A girl's parts and any discussion thereof were kept private.

Mom eventually purchased that sequel to the pony movie and with great mirth I previewed it, expecting another afternoon of play in our basement.

Yes, the pubescent blonde actress had likewise further developed, and even as a girl I recognized pulchritude which would stimulate the male. In watching her train horses, breaking virile stallions, I knew that Billie would 'show' his interest... and I knew how he would show his interest.

Thus it was a greatly anticipated November afternoon when Aunt Mildred arrived with Billie. Both Mom and Aunt Mildred knew that the movie would keep us occupied for hours and that in being anointed with the bathroom key, the two women could leave us alone without supervision. I had begun to notice over the various afternoon rendezvous that whenever I left the basement to retrieve snacks, Mom and Aunt Mildred were no longer to be found in the kitchen. In supervising Billie, I could not take the time to ascertain their whereabouts. I was later to learn they did not wish to be disturbed.

It seemed that in stripping Billie of his clothing and observing me

exert control, a concupiscence of their own developed. Silk robes, with a paucity of garments beneath, became the mode of dress for Mom and Aunt Mildred during Billie's visits. I was curious... but Billie occupied my time.

Yes, it seems there was more to the afternoon than just recreation for me and Billie. Mom and Aunt Mildred were close, in a Sapphic sense of the word.

It came time to play the movie sequel with Billie romping about naked, his only covering being the simple yet very secure bands of nylon encircling his arms just above the elbows. As stated, embedded in the bands of soft flexible woven cloth were steel rings.... hardly noticeable until Billie's arms were drawn back and a double 'D' clamp clipped on to connect the two. This not only served to immobilize Billie's hands and preclude any touching where a girl would find offense, but also force back Billie's shoulders and cause him to thrust forward his chest.

I knew the muscles to slowly cramp and bring a building agony, for on many occasions when Billie's organ was deemed fractious, he would after an hour or so beg for release. But his penis remained erect!

So I learned at a young age that some males are aroused by discomfort, and particularly when the discomfort is effectuated and supervised by a woman!

But what to do?

I could not release his elbows. The purpose of securing his arms to prevent penile manipulation would be compromised!

I believe it was the second or third visit when Billie begged incessantly to remove the clamp that I instead rubbed his shoulders and arms, relieving the cramps. Later, such fledgling massage extended to his chest and pectoral muscles. Billie learned that my hands calmed him and I must admit I learned well to soothe with my fingers as I kneaded muscles and tweaked those cute male nipples, useless for all but administering pain and the faintest degree of pleasure.

Yes, at a young age my sense of power was escalating. I controlled Billie and found an odd complacency in placing him in the slow agony of the arm bondage only to later graciously heed to his entreaties and offer the soothing relief of my novice hands. Over time such hands became rather enlightened in learning the various pressure points and where, for the sufferer of such bondage, a modicum of touch can provide what is perceived as ecstatic relief from pain... pain ironically induced by me.

What wonderful afternoons of amusement... place Billie in slow

agony and enjoy... aloofly listen to his beseeching appeals for relief... and enjoy... then condescendingly offer my touch.... and enjoy.

And to heighten my enthusiasm, I noticed that Billie's penis further hardened as I worked those overwrought muscles. As our encounters progressed in number, I made Billie wait longer and longer before offering relief. I suppose I was ingraining in him my power... training him that it was not his imploring voice that would decide the timing of any comfort. It was I, Mary.

Well, it came time for that sequel...

"Come, Billie. More of that pony lady."

I place the tape into the video recorder and press 'play'. I sit on the couch and Billie knows to sit on the floor with his back against the cushions. He always seemed to prefer having his smooth naked flesh proximate to me and I can feel his warmth on my calves.

Well the blonde girl comes onto the screen and she is ravishing. Her breasts are fully developed and there is shapeliness in those tight fitting jeans in which Hollywood productions always place the alluring cowgirls. She begins to work a young stallion. He is frisky and champs at his bit and fights against bridle. The girl has him on a long lunge line, intending to have the steed exercise by trotting in circles about a corral area. Instead the horse tugs and resists.

A whip is procured. The girl snaps it over her head. There comes an alarming crack. She pulls firmly on the line. She snaps again and pulls more. The horse rears in protest.

It is an enticing display of power over the raw strength of a giant beast.

Is she whipping the horse? Does the snapping leather bring pain? Hollywood will never show such cruelty. But that is the apparent desired portrayal as the stallion initially whinnies plaintively and resists then slowly accedes to the girl's controlling hand.

Meanwhile, I look down to see that the scene has achieved the expected result on Billie's psyche. The exhibition of feminine authority arouses. The tip of Billie's penis escapes its foreskin. He slowly engorges and I know to slip the double 'D' clamp from my pocket. As the pretty girl proceeds to break the stallion, the purple tip becomes fully exposed and I find myself smirking as Billie's hand reaches to grasp the protracted foreskin, desperately seeking to add physical pleasure to the joy of watching a subtly dominant woman ply her craft.

"No, no, Billie," I admonish using the expected simple words of rebuke.

“Elbows back!”

He obediently leans forward and draws back his arms. To the feel of my nimble fingers and the sound of a click his hands become useless, barely able to reach to his hips. He knows to slide down on the carpet to lean back on his elbows and forearms for comfort. In doing so he does not realize that such posture provides a most sordid view of an erection which stands straight to the ceiling. Yes, a stiff male appendage under my control. He cannot and will not touch it. The simple clamp will preclude all manipulation even during trips to the bathroom.

Yes, I revel in my authority. I have a boy under my governance. His exhibition of virility is for naught. There may be some male pride in displaying the impressive length and girth of the standing phallus. But that’s all it will ever do with me in charge... just stand in stiffness... that and empty his bladder.

Well, for a boy who has a propensity for authoritative women, the movie is a corker. Scene after scene of huge, strong stallions being forced into submission under the firm hand of the pretty blonde. Billie’s penis begins to ooze a clear fluid as an ending scene shows the girl riding with her golden air flowing in the wind, her spurs painfully encouraging the beast’s compliance and her riding crop adding stinging strokes of anguish to her directing hand on the reins.

As the video tape winds to conclusion Billie begins to fidget. Over an hour with arms bound, I note. Not bad. There is a definite growing tolerance for bearing the suffering of my hand.

“I’m cramping,” his voice so softly beeches as I rise to rewind the movie.

“I can’t let your hands free when you’re like that, Billie. Your mom made the rules. You’re not to touch yourself when your penis gets hard.”

I speak in a stern voice, heightening the ignominy by speaking about his erection. Billie blushes and looks down. He reacts as though his phallus has a mind of its own, a strange strip of flesh attached to his body but something he does not control. Which is as intended. *I* control it.

“Can you rub me please?”

Yes, the imploring tone begins to excite me. I think of the girl and her whip, forcing the stallion to circle the corral despite challenging his trainer with all his strength and virility.

“If you walk around a bit first, I’ll rub. I want to see you move with your penis like that. It’s fun to watch.”

Yes, the power... the control... the humiliation. So intense. So satisfying. Yet Billie is complacent. He rolls to his side and tucks his legs

under himself to stand. I lean against the console for the television and watch, smirking. As I know too well, his stiff organ bobs about most comically amongst the peach fuzz which continues to flourish as puberty marches onward.

“I think it’s getting bigger Billie. And your little balls are hanging lower.”

Yes, he is growing and my observation is rather aphoristic, since the same peach fuzz grows about my pubes. And I detect wetness between my thighs. My dominance brings a physical reaction causing quivers within my loins.

Is that when I fell in love with Billie? When commanding him to exhibit himself by walking about the room naked and erect? And watching his penis stand even straighter as he so obsequiously complied?

Well, the cramping continues and I see tears begin to form. His gait is awkward, the slow suffering making him twist at the waist in attempts to stretch muscles forced to stillness by the quick clamping of his arm bands.

I finally take pity.

“Kiss the hand that offers relief, Billie,” I command.

He bends at the waist. As always, his kiss is followed by a most degrading licking of my hand. Some how he understands that I like that. Billie’s penchant for subjugation seems to be inherent.

I smile and reach out, tweaking his nipples which I know diverts attention from the slow anguish and makes his standing penis waggle. Then I step closer to begin the soothing massage. For the first time I am proximate to his front, normally sitting behind him. I can feel him thrust with his hips in attempting to frottage his penis against my clothing.

I suppose a normal girl would find such temerity to be offensive. But I know Billie to be obedient. After all, if he is not, he will remain with elbows clipped for a long time.

And then there is the key to the bathroom which I have learned to keep handy by wearing on a chain around my neck. His bathroom visits continue to be under my tutelage, enhancing my governance.

So a degree of temerity is not all bad. It earns the poor boy more slow punishment which will in turn have his penis standing for me longer and longer... which will spur my budding dominance to attain higher and higher levels of submission.

Chapter Four

After being inspired by that sequel, watching the pretty girl physically break the potent stallion, then viewing scene after scene of the docile beast instantly reacting to thrusts of her spurs and strokes of her crop, the ensuing afternoon visits had me exercising young Billie. Yes, I made him perform for me, having him trot about the basement and reveling with a burgeoning sense of satisfaction as my natural dominance seemed to so nicely stimulate his inherent need to submit. His penis began to harden when I barked various commands and within a very few minutes I rushed to have Billie do his pushups, realizing that his stiffening organ would soon make that aspect of physical conditioning awkward.

Yes, I had to give deliberation to the sequence of the exercises. For as I had come to experience with each visit, Billie's arms required the restraining clamp within minutes of being stripped and placed under my governance.

With adolescence, the development of his physique flourished. And despite the effeminately coifed hair, Billie's body transformed to a rather well chiseled specimen of male brawn. He became more and more pleasant to observe.

And of course there continued my own physical metamorphosis. I began to find it necessary to trim unsightly pubic hair and I often celebrated the ripening pink flesh unfolding between my thighs. Yes, after each of Billie's departures, I discovered more and more moisture captured by my panties, my libido fully indulged by Billie's subjugation.

I do not recall when in the curious relationship that a sheepish Billie removed his clothing to display for the first time a glabrous body. Aunt Mildred just chuckled as she extended her hand to take his clothes, leaving Billie, as with every visit, awkwardly standing naked before us women.

"The girls at the beauty parlor decided to surprise me," she casually explained as I gawked at the hairless body of a young Adonis.

And with that, she and mother left for parts of the house unknown, though I knew their destination was ultimately to be the bedroom.

Well I think I soaked right through my panties on that afternoon. Billie's depilated body was quite the sight. Yes, a Greek statue.... yet living... breathing... and able to move in humble response to the sound of my commanding voice.

With my concupiscence seeming to grow with every visit, I think I was sopping before we even began to frolic. And Billie seemed particularly humiliated, evidencing his discomfort with the instant rigidity of his penis. I suppose the modicum of hair which had been removed had become the source of some type of mental refuge, convincing himself that it was adequate covering from prying feminine eyes. And it as removed, at the behest of a woman.

And with Aunt Mildred's explanation, it was revealing to learn that Billie's effeminate hair, grown to the jaw line and styled, was not incidental.... that Aunt Mildred took the time and effort to assure Billie's girlish looks with visits to women who took joy in making a boy look like a girl.

Well, that afternoon of basement play included the obligatory bathroom visit... after quite a lengthy pause for Billie to attain flaccidity. I enthusiastically skinned back his prepuce and to 'steady' Billie, reached between his thighs with my free hand. I found that the girls at the beauty parlor were most thorough. The scrotal skin was absolutely hairless, not a follicle to be felt even on his perineum, a spot where I could not envision achieving easy access. The girls must have placed him in a most embarrassing position to apply depilating lotions there.

And to once again palm those plump testicles, ripening like plums within the smooth and warm scrotal sac... such a feeling of power!

By then I was old enough to know that within the eggs I so brazenly cradled was the seed of human creation. Thus holding such in my young hand once again brought a frisson of delight. To think I had Billie's mighty balls so obsequiously exposed and available for possession...

"You're all nice and smooth, Billie... everywhere," I cooed in a motherly voice.

I felt him tremble. As always he had difficulty beginning his flow and with my proximity I could feel his skin turn to goose bumps. There was shame yet there was odd joy. And making him stand and perform such an intimate function also enthralled me. I really did not wish him to rush. There was developing this controlling intimacy in which we both took delight, as a mother in changing the diapers of a toddler, yet this 'toddler' was virile with his nicely expanding scrotal sac filled with the kernels of life... and yet such was held within the confines of my young and shapely hand.

Yes, the constant nudity, the propensity to submit to control, the affinity for commanding women, all amounted to a living boytoy. Yes,

something with which to toy... as would a cat with a helpless mouse. I often wondered whether there was anything Billie would not do for me.

Well, I felt his stomach muscles contract and he eventually emptied himself. But his complete hairlessness brought a new level of subjugation.

After that afternoon I found myself devising more games... ones where I commanded and Billie obeyed. And Billie thereafter remained hairless, Aunt Mildred explaining that the normally expensive procedure of depilation was offered gratis by a cadre of gleeful cosmeticians only too delighted to have unfettered access to such enticing and subservient male flesh.

With Billie's affinity for the pony movies, my games usually centered about equine themes. Billie grew taller and stronger and I remained at a modest five foot four inches with nominal heft. My own body developed to rather enticing proportions, at least in my opinion. And in Billie's opinion too, judging from the way he continued to thrust his erection against me as I occasionally massaged away growing muscle cramps. And the wetness caused by my arousal continued to increase.

So I began to greet Billie sans panties, wearing just a short pleated skirt, like a tennis outfit. This provided glimpses of what every healthy boy seeks to view and obviated the annoyance of wet undergarments. I began to make Billie kneel in beseeching me for the relief of my massage and this provided added stimulation to his olfactory glands, my maturing quim producing a scent I found to be arousing to the male. And with the short skirt exposing my calves and most of my thighs, the thrusting erection found teasingly ephemeral pleasure in frottaging against my legs.

Oh, I so relished the control... permitting fleeting moments of pleasure and then merely stepping back when I deemed to have granted Billie enough of the smooth warmth of my skin and the bouquet of what the male beast so crassly covets. But why should Billie experience the delectation of smoothing his penis against my warmth and I not obtain my own physical delight?

I cannot remember the date of the visit when I rode Billie for the first time. But I do recall the events.

Puberty brought the need for physical stimulation in addition to the psychological drive for governance. Yes, I found that those plumping folds between my thighs responded lusciously to the smooth warmth of a pressing and gyrating finger. But what would it feel like to press against the smooth warm and hairless flesh of my boytoy?

Having established complete control, there was no reason why I could not find out.

So one day, as I had Billie crawling about on all fours, admiring those pink plums as they heavily swung about between spread thighs, I raised my skirt and straddled his back.

“I’m mounting you just like your favorite cowgirl, Billie,” I exclaimed with girlish enthusiasm.

Of course the reference to Billie’s favorite movie brought pleasantly complacent thoughts... those of a pretty and shapely girl demonstrating strict authority over a powerful male beast.

So there was no protest as I sat on the small of his back, grasped clumps of his Prince Valiant styled hair, then leaned forward somewhat to press my heels into his thighs in emulating the girl spurring a stallion.

“Giddup,” I giggled, Billie not realizing that I positioned myself such that without panties my ripening quim was pressed against his skin.

Oh, it felt luscious... more luscious than when my finger furtively diddled away after Billie’s visits. The short skirt... the missing panties... my energetic thighs... all served to provide direct contact with Billie’s denuded flesh.

And then I had him crawl...

How can I describe the ecstasy?

It was overwhelming. The power... the control... a glabrous Adonis laboring under me... feeling his muscles expand and contract to the direction of my hands... my developing labia so gratifyingly rubbing and pressing against the flesh of a virile male... one whose virility I had thoroughly subjugated.

I did not experience one heart stopping orgasm. Instead there were waves of continuous pleasure along with a series of rapid vaginal contractions and an abundant flow of moisture. And there arose that feminine scent which so much seemed to command the attention of Billie’s nose.

Without the absorption of panties, a small puddle of my essence formed on Billie’s back as we went around and around the room. Given the many months of proximity and access, I audaciously turned to reach behind me with my left hand. Between his straining buttocks I gathered those plums which I so often used to steady Billie during his bathroom visits.

“Faster,” I forcefully encouraged with a slight twist.

I smiled at his grunted reaction. And I smiled more as in moving about, one of my feet met the evidence of my pony’s humble reaction to

being mounted for the first time.

Billie was incredibly stiff.

With his hands occupied in crawling about, there was no need to clip his arms bands to preclude prohibited touching of his penis. But the state of Billie's arousal gave pause for thought. As enjoyable as our games were, only the limits of the imagination inhibited more salacious antics. After all, mom and Aunt Mildred not only weren't to be found, advancing maturity and an increasing awareness of all matters sexual told me they did not want to be found. We were without supervision

But could our escapades expand beyond the confines of the basement?

As I envisioned an answer to my own question, I finally stumbled on practical use for my scholl's annoying sewing classes which an archaic academic agenda forced upon me.

Billie needed a saddle if we were to frolic on any surface other than soft carpeting. So I measured him and in sewing class surreptitiously assembled modifications to a thick waist belt which Billie could adorn and upon which I could sit.

My concupiscence, advancing as the teen years progressed, inspired me to fabricate a seat where a devilish little protuberance could be attached as I sat with my thighs entwined about Billie's waist. The bumpy little lump of rubber would not impale me, my intact hymen was not to be sacrificed in such a trivial manner, but would serve to tantalizingly bristle my clitoris, a morsel of female anatomy that had begun to draw much of my nocturnal attention.

I also devised a more suitable restraint for Billie's arm bands. In place of the double 'D' clamp, a three foot strap, padded with fur for comfort, had single 'D' clamps on each end. I designed it to attach to one of Billie's arm bands, circle around my back, then connect to the other, thus providing necessary immobility in preventing Billie's hands from toying and also providing me with support as I sat and directed his labors.

'Yes, sewing can be fun after all,' I amusingly thought as I assembled the makeshift saddle and smoothed a finger over my clitoris's new friend.

Our secluded backyard awaited Billie's next visit and an upcoming sunny day in June would serve to heighten my entertainment. Despite Billie's effeminate appearance, his advancing muscle tone was all male and after every long afternoon visit he left our basement in near exhaustion. Watching him work, feeling those muscles clench and strain,

forcing him into a good sweat became an intricate part of our frequent encounters. Commanding the obsequious male and placing him in a sudoriferous frenzy served to wonderfully augment my thriving dominance.

I liked making a boy work. I enjoyed subjugating the male physique. Molding the power.

Yes, I ensured that Billie's physical duress approached that of his mental frustration, for Aunt Mildred's strict rule about touching himself was enforced at our house, and his instantly engorging penis, facilely rising to the sound of my voice, proclaimed that he was kept equally chaste at home.

Chapter Five

Mom and Aunt Mildred ascend the stairs. I know that in the few minutes of gazing at Billie's hairless nakedness their level of lust rapidly rises. Theirs is not only a curious relationship, but understanding just how the subservient naked male form inspires such Sapphic sexual appetites intrigues me. Yet I cannot dawdle. My own cravings require satiation.

"Ok if we play in the yard, Mom?" I call out as the pair reaches the top of the stairs.

There is a pause and I know the thought of a naked Billie prancing about outdoors is akin to applying a lighted match to dry kindling of sensuality. I am sure the pause results from efforts to stifle wicked giggling.

"Of course Mary," comes the expected reply, as the duo dashes away to engage in philogyny.

I presciently open the basement door leading to our fenced backyard then retrieve the apparatus which will transform Billie into a beast of burden.

"Come here, Billie," I pleasantly coo in soft words which Billie knows to be a command. "Hands on head."

He steps forward gawking in apprehension. The sight of the thick waist belt, designed for wear while lifting weights, confuses. Anxiety in contemplating frolicking about outdoors, in complete deshabelle, is apparent. While he searches for words I buckle my creation about his waist. His attention is diverted as I intentionally let him brush his penis tip against the folds of my pleated cotton skirt. Billie, as always, is most randy, Aunt Mildred forbidding all forms of gratification. I am not

surprised when I step back and glance down to see that his manhood is somewhat engorged and that the tip of his penis has begun its escape from the fleshy hiding place of his prepuce.

“Kneel.”

He complies as I reach for the three foot cloth strap with ‘D’ clamps on each end.

“You’re going to be my pony today,” I announce with girlish pride as if talking to a puppy.

“Lean forward.”

I step behind my steed, part my feet and mount. I lift the hem of my skirt and lower myself, wriggling about to align the hideous but wonderfully satiating rubber protuberance with my mons. I sigh with the brissance of pleasure as the bumpy rubber bulge nestles between my thighs. Then I reach for Billie’s hair.

“Stand.”

With Billie’s inordinate strength, he effortlessly rises. As my feet leave the floor, my weight is borne by the small fabricated saddle. The protuberance snuggles under my clitoral hood and I find myself moaning with the increasing pressure on my love poach.

It will be a wondrous afternoon.

“Giddup, Billie,” I firmly proclaim in pulling Billie’s hair, my words intended to place him in pony space.

My legs encircle his waist. My calves rest about his hips. My feet dangle to the front at his thighs. I amuse by lifting my right foot and use my heel to caress Billie’s finely depilated genitals.

I find Billie to be already incredibly erect! My control... the realization that he will soon be exposed... displaying his subjugated form to the entire world... replicating, however crudely, the actions of the girl in the pony movie... all serve to stimulate. In typical male fashion his hands reach for his penis.

“Elbows, back.”

As Billie negotiates the basement door and the short set of steps into sunshine, I clip the strap onto his left arm binding, draw the soft cloth around my back and then clip the clamp to the right binding. As measured, the length is perfect, immobilizing Billie’s arms and hands and providing support for me as Billie’s gentle motion rocks me about on the makeshift saddle. Rider and pony are one.

I suppress more moans of ecstasy. The sense of power and control enthralls, the protuberance caresses, feeling Billie’s muscles move under me gratifies.

It is a bright sunny June day. The yard is well fenced. A neighboring house I know to be empty. I will exercise Billie until he drops. His hair suffices as reins. Applying my heels to his stiff shaft can offer reward for proper deportment. Just as with mom's flower garden, Billie's innate subservience blossoms... his purple penis tip blooms.

I bring Billie to a trot. Within minutes my Adonis sweats. His naked flesh glistens in the sunlight. I know my juices begin to flow. Such will stream down the saddle and mix with the perspiration I am forcing from Billie's pores.

A check with my foot proves Billie to be standing as firmly as ever.

We are both in bliss.

As I direct Billie around and around our sizeable backyard, I catch a glimpse of something moving in the window of the neighboring house. I know it to be empty, sold weeks ago and with no hint of activity since. Yet there is a flash of long golden hair and judging from the sudden pause in Billie's gait he also has detected movement.

"Faster," I command diverting his attention back to his task.

His legs pump in an instant reaction of obedience. As we turn away from the empty house, I place the toes of my right foot on his massive penis shaft and ever so gently rub, emulating the masturbatory male hand which I have so firmly restrained. I feel him shudder with the joy. His reaction in turn jostles my clitoris's new friend. It brings a smile.

Then there comes a voice from behind.

"You really need to have him bridled," a young female voice calls out.

Billie stops dead in a catatonic reaction to being observed while exposed and forced to run like an animal. His raspy gasps for air turn to a muffled howl of anguish from the embarrassment. I tug on one side of his hair until he turns to face our interloper. He is reluctant but obeys, displaying to the owner of the voice his naked hairless form, gleaming with sweat, his penis tip reaching for the sun above.

There comes girlish laughter. A blonde girl approaches, evidently the owner of the locks flashing in the window. She is gorgeous, some three to four years my senior, with blue eyes, well formed curves, and donning a confident smile of wickedness. I spy the open gate leading to the neighboring yard. It has not been locked in years.

I quickly conclude from the girl's face that Billie's naked exhibition of male servitude enthralls. She finds no compunction in introducing herself despite Billie's obvious humiliation.

“I’m Nicole. My parents bought the house next door,” she forthrightly explains.

Billie and I are momentarily frozen with the surprise interruption. And in observing Nicole’s amused reaction to our debaucherous antics, I search for words. But Nicole simply steps to Billie’s front.

“He’s standing nicely despite all the exercise. You’ve kept him quite chaste.”

Young but knowing hands reach out and tweak Billie’s nipples. He stirs as Nicole laughs at his response. But then her hands descend and she brazenly begins to palpate Billie’s penis and balls. I am amazed with her temerity.

“My folks own a farm up north. I’ve been known to harness a few of these myself over the years,” Nicole explains as she firmly grips the base of Billie’s upturned shaft with one hand while the other proceeds to thoroughly examine Billie’s testicles. She squeezes, twists, and tugs at one gonad then the other. Her actions are knowing and mechanical. It is apparent that Billie’s well shorn privates are not the first set of male genitals this Nicole has examined.

“I’m going to nursing school so my Dad bought the house next door for me to stay. He says it’s a good investment and will be able to sell it for a profit when I graduate.”

I must tighten my grip on Billie’s hair as he begins to fidget in a combination of extreme shame and what I perceive to be wondrous pleasure afforded by Nicole’s knowing hands.

I finally introduce myself and Billie as Nicole lifts her shoe and presses against Billie’s naked leg, signaling for my steed to spread his feet. Billie acquiesces to Nicole’s dominion, her stern handling instantly establishing a hierarchy to which my obsequious steed accedes. The hand which thoroughly kneaded, pinched and caressed his soft scrotum moves between his thighs to his perineum. Billie grunts and tries to step away. The firm examining grip on his shaft proves to be just that....firm... as Nicole casually laughs at Billie’s futile attempts to escape her grasp. She uses the appendage as a controlling leash. There is impressive insouciance in her handling of Billie. She appears to be a drill instructor inspecting one of her many troops.

“Steady,” she admonishes in completing her audacious examination of all which Billie holds dear.

“Yes, well formed testicles. Nicely sized penis. And his prostate’s swollen with neglect. But it certainly makes for a nice stand... doesn’t it Billie boy?”

A mocking tone gives her unanswered question an embarrassing emphasis as her hands rise to once again tweak Billie's nipples. She knows her fingers tease and tantalize and Billie's pink nubs respond like a musical instrument being played by a maestro.

"Nice job with the saddle. I always preferred riding in a cart. Provides access to the entire body and sometimes the joy of watching buttocks straining under the sting of a nasty crop can provide an entire afternoon of entertainment."

In meeting a girl who thinks like me, I am silent with astonishment. Finally I recover.

"Kneel, Billie."

I dismount, unclip the long strap and use the double 'D' clamp to ensure that Billie's hands will not succumb to male urges.

Nicole and I talk and I notice that Billie stares in envy. It strikes me how much Nicole appears like the girl in the pony movie. Blonde hair, blue eyes, exquisitely proportioned.

"You seem skilled in handling males," I prompt, in attempting to learn more.

"Mom's a trainer. Ostensibly of horses. But as you are discovering, there are women with a penchant for human steeds. Mom provides a supply for women with certain demands."

Nicole has my attention. It is evident she offers information and explanation normally kept secret, but in riding about on a naked human pony, I suppose she quickly concluded that just as with her mother's clientele, I have propensities of my own. So she tells a fascinating story of a secluded farm where males are conditioned and trained for one role in life... pleasing the equestrienne.

I look to see that Billie listens with rapt attention. I also peer at that male barometer of lust. Billie's penis remains most stiff. Nicole's words fascinate, her fine body, immodestly covered by a halter and brief shorts, attracts.

I in turn explain the unusual relationship of Billie and me, and our rudimentary attempt at transforming my subjugated friend to humble equine.

"How often does Billie visit?" Nicole inquires.

"Once or twice per month. We're usually in the basement, but I thought some sunshine and exposing Billie to the outdoors would stimulate. As you can see it does..."

We both glance at Billie's erection and laugh.

"Have you measured him? He's probably still growing. At the

farm Mom insists that charts be kept so that buyers can judge development. The scrotal sac should also be charted. Nothing like a set of low hanging balls to arouse the rider.”

We laugh again. Nicole indeed thinks like me.

There is more conversation. Thoughts are exchanged. Nicole and I are comfortable together and Billie remains deliciously uncomfortable, kneeling before two stern women in naked silence. I know his mind, the pony movie is being mentally played again and again.

Nicole stoops, reaches out and palms Billie’s scrotum.

“I have to be going. Can he waggle for me? Have you trained him to do that?”

I shake my head. Nicole replies with a ‘tsk’, ‘tsk’ then elicits instructions.

“Pull on the pubococcygeus muscle, Billie... like when you finish urinating.”

Billie complies and his long standing erection begins to waggle, as demanded.

Nicole notices my look of amused amazement.

“Part of the training at mom’s farm... ingraining that the penis is for a woman to control... not for the male.”

A single index finger gently diddles the overly sensitive underside of Billie’s penis. Nicole’s knowing touch is greeted with a moan of frustrated pleasure as my new friend turns to leave.

“I’ll bring you proper gear. You’ll find that pony boys prefer to be well bound. They feel better.”

Chapter Six

“Clothes,” a dour Aunt Mildred demands.

Billie disrobes before his audience of women... his mom, my mom and me. He flushes, his hairless flesh slowly changing from pink to crimson. He never really becomes accustomed to the intense embarrassment.

He knows to shed every garment and as he hands over his underwear I detect something glimmering from his penis tip. Billie begins to grimace as the expected tumescence begins. Aunt Mildred smirks.

“You were warned many times, Billie. Now you must pay the consequences... and I’m going to have more added,” Aunt Mildred reprimands as she encircles Billie’s biceps with the simple straps which

offer such thorough control. Billie looks to the floor in shame.

Mom and Aunt Mildred stand and stare for a moment, priming their libidos before departing for the bedroom. I find myself focusing on whatever it is adorning Billie's penis. Mom and Aunt Mildred finally exchange glances then start for the stairs to begin an afternoon of Sapphic embrace.

My eyes suggest that numerous small bits of metal appear to be embedded into Billie's foreskin. Interesting... and with Aunt Mildred and mom gone I can interrogate Billie without interruption.

Meanwhile, the visually examined organ continues to swell and Billie fidgets in discomfort.

"What's on your penis, Billie?"

"Mom had my foreskin studded," he reluctantly explains after a moment's pause.

"Why did she do that?" I ask, not entirely sure of the process.

"She caught me playing with it again."

So Billie was attempting to masturbate and Aunt Mildred acted to enforce her rule. I lean to examine more closely.

Surrounding the penis tip at the very edge of the foreskin, I count four tiny round pieces of metal, about the size of the head of a nail, evidently pushed right through Billie's most sensitive flesh. But what holds the metal in place?

"You can't pull them off?"

"No. The shiny head you see is attached to posts which penetrate the skin and connect to sharp pieces of metal under my foreskin. If I stroke myself it hurts."

I chuckle with Aunt Mildred's determination and her genius. Unseen beneath, but obviously abrading the penis tip, are more similar bits of metal. Should Billie stroke himself I must assume the pleasure sought in so doing would instead result in instant pain. He's even experiencing a degree of agony as the foreskin retracts on its own merit.

"Hold still. I want to look."

In assisting Billie with so many bathroom visits, I have no reservations about handling his penis. And of course he in turn has plunged into an abyss of subjugation, accepting my governance without question. So I gingerly palm the plumping shaft and carefully roll back some of the loose skin before it tightens with complete erection.

Yes, I quickly conclude that Billie's masturbation days are over. The exposed smooth and round portion of each new trinket is attached to a short post which penetrates the foreskin and in turn holds in place small

but very nasty pieces beneath. The surfaces of the unseen metal are rough and sharp. However, once the penis tip engorges and escapes the prepuce the metal is drawn back away from the glans penis and ceases to chafe. But I imagine in sliding the foreskin up and down in the typical male masturbatory fashion, Billie would turn the tip of his precious penis to raw hamburger before any degree of satiation is attained.

Such diabolical modifications! Though painful, Billie can still attain an erection but his ability to pleasure himself has ended. And Aunt Mildred has suggested more will be added...

"Miss Nicole came by and left some things for you," I teasingly announce in changing the subject matter at hand.

I release my gentle grasp of Billie's penis and move to a chest of drawers. During the week my new neighbor friend fulfilled her promise, returning from a visit to her mother's farm with bit, bridle, a long line of leather and various instruments of correction.

"Kneel."

I clip together Billie's elbows as his penis completes its journey to full tumescence. As surmised, he appears more comfortable as the hidden rough metal ceases to abrade sensitive skin when he's fully erect. I again marvel at Aunt Mildred's cleverness. It's as if Billie is wearing a spiked collar about his most precious organ.

Still there is an important task at hand. As demonstrated by our blonde Hollywood friend on our favorite video, introducing equines to the capitulation demanded by an exacting trainer can be challenging. So I have an entire afternoon planned. As Nicole instructed, I gently encourage Billie to open his mouth and accept that which the unyielding hand of a female trainer will use to control his every movement, the bit.

"It's a modified snaffle bit," Nicole explained in showing me how it should be worn. "Instead of steel, there is hard rubber for the human steed. But as you can see, this hinged part will cause the bit to painfully pinch the tongue when the reins or controlling line is tensioned by a trainer. I think you will find you can easily command his attention."

Billie opens and I slip the specially designed bit into his mouth, capturing the tongue within the hinged rubber. Then I quickly buckle various straps to hold the bit in place before he fully understands the emboldening aspects of the leather paraphernalia. It is empowering, and it serves to empower *me*.

In completing the adornment, Billie's head is encased in leather, strapped and buckled such that it is impossible to repudiate the painful rubber device pinching his tongue. It is lodged there until I decide upon

its release.

When I attach the leather line to the bit and gently pull, two things of interest occur. And both bring the wetness which so freely flows when having Billie under my tutelage. He grunts in agony... and his stiff penis waggles in a lascivious symbol of his latent enjoyment of my governance.

Yes, such heady stuff... my naked and hairless toy... now at the end of a long leash... feeling for the first time that perhaps his ceding to my feminine power is just a little more than expected... more than bargained for... perhaps he is now thinking that the suffering will override the enjoyment... that it could be that my amusement is sacrosanct while his is meaningless.

Yes, Billie, I think to myself, perhaps you will enjoy being led about by a girl who can extract instant compliance... perhaps you will not... but your enjoyment no longer matters. You will obey... and a simple motion of my wrist and tug on the controlling line will bring you to complete subjugation.

“Come,” I casually direct, turning to the door to our backyard.

I grip the line and lead. I feel the slack first disappear, then instantly return when the slightest tension brings irresistible pain to Billie’s tongue and he obediently moves to follow. Up the few stairs and out into the summer sun, Billie reluctantly steps to keep slack on the line. He has no choice. I am in complete control.

“I’m going to exercise you, Billie. It’s a little warm but you look good all lathered up.”

Awaiting me is one of Nicole’s instruments. It is a single tailed whip. I did not want Billie to see it in the basement before I had him properly restrained. The long length of leather ends in what appears to be a frilly collection of strands. Afficionados know when snapped that is what provides the crack which menaces the disinclined human equine, or for the more fractious pony boys what provides the shattering sting which terminates disobedience.

I have practiced a bit during the week, cracking away in knowing of the relative seclusion of our yard. Thus I relish acknowledging Billie’s first gesture of resistance. Or perhaps a mere errant footfall will earn a modest welt on those well muscled buttocks. I feel my loins twinge in anticipation realizing the extent of my power. And just as with Billie, it is now *I* who thinks of the blonde girl in the video.

“Around the yard now, respond to pulls on the line... keep a slight bit of tension so you can feel my tugs.”

I crack the whip overhead to ensure Billie's psyche is appropriately introduced to the realities of the situation. He jumps and his eyes roll about in a delicious display of humble fright. Then as I step to the middle of the yard Billie begins to jog, ever so slightly maintaining tension on the long line held in my left hand. Just as Nicole explained, vibrations caused by Billie's movements travel through the lunge line and provide, to the experienced handler, a sense of the pony boy's efforts. His erect penis also provides feedback. As always Billie's priapic reaction to the controlling hand of a female is most evident. Despite his fear of the nasty whip cracking overhead, his mammoth shaft points skyward. The purple tip glistens with smegma and leaking prostatic fluid. His newly implanted studs, drawn back down the shaft due to tumescence, occasionally glint. Within minutes I will have him sweating profusely and his entire glabrous body will likewise reflect the sun's rays.

As opposed to working Billie from the saddle, I can observe his balls swing about with each lumbering step. The mass of pink flesh catches the eye of the dominant female, as one can imagine, and I somewhat daydream about the application of a mild snap where the male beast will most feel the sting. But alas, it is impractical to chastise such a sensitive area with a whip without causing undue damage.

As I increase Billie's speed, pulling slightly to feel him lurch from the increased pressure on his tongue, I begin to hear the air rushing through the opening in his bit. As Nicole explained, such sibilant sounds also become feedback for the diligent equestrienne.

"A rider will come to know her pony boy. Feeling certain motions of the head and advancing rushes of air will suggest fatigue. But no woman instantly responds to such tiring. A good trainer takes the pony boy through such points of weariness and extracts more performance, ingraining the notion that if the trainer insists, she will have the steed drop in utter exhaustion before allowing the mere human equine to decide when a respite is due."

And so I snap away with the whip in compelling top speed from Billie. Despite the months of experiencing my control there needs to be established a new level... that in which Billie as pony boy reacts and never thinks. It is *I* who will determine the velocity of his effort, the direction when appropriate, and the timing of any interlude of rest... if granted.

Working a naked male can be wondrous for a girl of my ilk. After some fifteen minutes I bring Billie to a halt. He appears grateful,

expecting a rest. But instead I tug and snap away with the whip to reverse his direction and have him circle me clockwise.

Another lesson learned for my proud pony... never assume a trainer's intentions.

I bring him to a very challenging speed and crack the whip to once again nip those now wet buttocks. He lurches in pain and I can feel his reaction in the line. If only this could somehow be attached to my clitoris, I oddly fantasize. Sensing the response to my excoriating hand directly where a girl enjoys attention would so enhance the thrill of my power...

As Nicole suggested, the breathing becomes labored. Billie's proud head somewhat drops. His sweat flings about from his feet and ankles. And I am disappointed to see his stiffness somewhat wane.

So I cruelly apply the whip and add another welt. This brings him to a good two minute sprint and then I tug firmly to halt his efforts.

He is so grateful...

I approach as he sucks air, seemingly in chunks. Thumb and forefinger of my whip hand release from the handle to caress his nipples, invitingly thrust forth by his elbow bindings. He is wet, soaked in perspiration forced by my hand. He grimaces as his exhaustion overcomes the tumescence spurred by strict chastity. His foreskin invaginates over his penis tip and his studs glide across the ever so sensitive pink skin of his penis tip to once again remind him of his mother's rule and the penalty for transgressing with furtive stroking.

"Down."

Billie drops to his knees. I tie off his line, tethering him to the water spigot, and depart to fetch water... and his saddle.

Billie will have a long afternoon. My clitoris needs to feel the vibrating bumps of its new friend. And Nicole has provided a riding crop which will ensure that Billie's spasmodic reactions to well placed strokes will nicely jostle the little protrusion.

With a little rest, I know Billie's penis will resume its prideful stand. It is the only way I will ever run him.

Chapter Seven

After watering Billie I suspect the urge to empty his bladder may be upon him. With Billie's studs, any handling of his penis must be done with a merciful degree of dexterity. So after carefully poring water through his bit, cognizant of the difficulty in swallowing with tongue

entrapped, I inquire.

“Need to go, Billie?”

He nods and I stand to his side and gently slide back his foreskin with thumb and forefinger. Still he grimaces and I can only imagine the reaction if indeed Aunt Mildred adds more studs.

Despite his acknowledgment, nothing happens.

“Psst. Psst.” I sibilate in coxing him to begin his flow.

Is it the kneeling position that brings delay? The outdoor environment? “Go ahead Billie, it’s just me watching,” I further coax in advising of the relative seclusion despite being outdoors.

The delay initially gives rise to thought. Then I realize I am not properly ‘steading’ him. So I move to stand behind, bend and slip my left hand between his thighs to palm those wonderfully hairless balls. Yes, that’s the difference. Billie has become accustomed to my tender touch. Within a moment his flow begins and I smile inwardly with the realization of the power Billie has entrusted. Even a simple biological function has been ceded to my governance.

In finishing I tenderly shake away droplets then step away to retrieve my saddle. I am desperate to feel the rubber nub diddling away as Billie labors beneath me.

I buckle on the thick belt, lift my skirt and straddle, mounting my naked human steed. The rubber protuberance finds its home and I stifle a sigh of delight. Feeling between my thighs the warm wetness of Billie’s perspiring skin is exquisite.

For this performance Billie dons bit and bridle, thus short lengths of leather are clipped on to serve as reins. The special strap replaces the double ‘D’ clamp immobilizing his arms. And Nicole has nicely included a riding crop in the collection of instruments brought from her mother’s farm.

“Giddup,” I command.

Billie arises without effort, and for the first time he feels the governing confinement of bit and bridle, my controlling girth, and the sting of the directing riding crop. He lurches with the first stroke, bringing wondrous movement to my clitoral stimulus. And within moments he grimaces as his manhood begins to swell, the foreskin slides back and his studs chafe the moist and sensitive glans penis.

I feel my wetness turn to a river, pulling on the reins with left hand and lowering my right to gently apply encouraging strokes to his scrotum as Nicole suggested.

“In the world of human ponies, it’s the main reason the boys aren’t gelded. Otherwise the female rider would exhaust her arm in cropping just the buttocks,” Nicole explained with a degree of overstatement.

And she proves prescient as Billie reacts instantly when I nip the soft skin there. His spasmodic lurches result in direct pleasure for me.

Yet it is possible to reach back and apply the short length of leather to his posterior. And I do, just to experience the joy in swinging with zest and hearing the loud ‘smack’ as the flat tip strikes wet flesh.

Around and around the yard we trot, my added weight quickly bringing Billie back to a lather as his pores open to provide coolness. Forcing the male to work, feeling muscles ripple and ripple under my controlling hand brings a heady sense of power which my special saddle augments with exhilarating clitoral stimulation. The mild orgasms begin to cascade. I once again feel rivulets of moisture flow to the saddle then join Billie’s sweat... to evaporate in the sun... or more likely to be flung aside as I force my pony boy to prance about in an amusing form of human dressage.

Yes, with crop and reins there is nothing I cannot wring from Billie’s well conditioned form. And as large as our yard is, it does not take long before I yearn to take my naked steed out into the street and force him to show his chiseled physique and proud erection to all... for a quick check with my foot suggests that Billie is quite the stallion. His studded penis reaches for the sky despite the exhausting physical effort I demand and the barrage of diverting antics.... my clenching thighs... the biting crop... the pinching snaffle bit... my caressing foot.

As suggested, I listen for the rush of air passing through Billie’s lips, forced open by the special bit. The curious device also serves to silence Billie, mandating that all communication be from rider to pony boy. There can be no resistance, no verbal protest, only a humble response... and that is the rapid movement of the feet... the contraction of tiring muscles... the instant reaction to tugs on the reins... the humiliating display of the male phallus under thorough feminine domination.

Yet the breathing does serve to communicate a need and when I apply the crop liberally to Billie’s scrotum, spurring him to a few minutes of lustful sprinting... lustful for my insatiable feminine bud... I know the amplified sound of rushing air suggests that it is time for a respite.

Nicole is correct. I must assume that over time, feeling Billie’s muscles and hearing his labored breathing will be the only form of

communication by which my pony boy can express his needs.

I pull the reins to bring my naked steed to a stop. Billie has run well but his energy is depleted. And I.... well I am near exhaustion as well... the orgasms would not stop.

Billie knows to kneel as I unclip the strap and swing my right knee over his soaking wet form to dismount. I return the double 'D' clamp to his elbow bindings. The pause permits rest. When I move to Billie's front he leans in a futile attempt to kiss my hand. Then lost words are burred through his bit, an infraction which I choose to overlook for now, and he cranes his neck to push his nose to my thighs.

It is evident that Billie detects my scent, the intense clitoral stimulation turning my love nest into a fountain of feminine essence. In forgoing undergarments as always, my nectar has streamed forth to leave a fragrant coating where the kneeling Billie has proximity. Perhaps my toy has earned a treat.

"Good boy, Billie," my soft words of encouragement seeming to stiffen his still standing penis.

I reach to the back of his head to unbuckle the bridle then carefully slide away the tormenting snaffle bit. I detect tears of joy as a freed tongue provides the ability to talk.

"Thank you," is his humble response.

He presses his forehead to my thighs and I feel a warm wet tongue begin to lap away and gather the essence coaxed from my quim by the saddle protrusion. He begins at my knees and works upwards, his tongue laboring with alacrity. Terminating such naughtiness is as simple as stepping away. But for now I'll just let him frustrate himself.

I am sure indeed that Billie is grateful... but is it for cropping him into a physical frenzy... for releasing the bridle and finally ending the agony of the bit... for permitting access to my soft and wet thighs... or for just serving as a catalyst to his demented need to serve.... inciting his innate desire to endure the control and resulting humiliation of a forceful member of the opposite gender?

I conclude that the answer does matter. I enjoy working Billie. That is paramount. His needs are useful but secondary.

"Be careful about spoiling him, Mary. There are males who so crave what you are furnishing Billie that they must be well whipped to return them to the harness."

I look up to see Nicole strolling through the gate. Yes, it is time to curtail Billie's oral treat. I step away just as the top of his head lifts the hem of my short skirt in going for pay dirt.

"I got home just in time to watch you bring him to a full sprint. Does the garden hose work?"

A white uniformed Nicole smiles and holds up a large bar of soap. I had not thought of ablutions. Obviously a sweaty pony boy cannot be returned to clothing without some form of cleansing.

"I'm in residence," Nicole explains as she notices me staring at her uniform.

She turns on the spigot and tests the nozzle to send a geyser of spray into the air.

"The picnic table should do," my blonde friend nods toward a sturdy table rarely used.

She unravels the hose. I have Billie stand to remove his waist belt and saddle.

"Come, Billie."

He also stares at our blonde neighbor. But his look is not one of curiosity. Nicole's appearance triggers thoughts of the pony movie. His penis betrays his deviantly lustful thoughts. When he stands I determine that it has not lost any degree of firmness. Even Nicole chuckles in seeing the tip point straight upwards.

"Can you waggle for me, Billie? Remember how?"

In being mesmerized by Nicole's pulchritude, he takes her questions as commands. Billie pauses and waggles indeed to Nicole's pleasant laughter. I join her.

"Up on the table. Careful. On your knees. Spread your thighs. Bend. Forehead on the surface. Yes that's a good pony boy."

Nicole speaks calmly yet with authority. She is not only comfortable in ordering about the mammoth Billie, she also takes joy in surveying Billie's well worked form. A coating of sweat remains and the muscles bulge in having been finely tuned by whip and crop. And of course Billie's phallic salute to the controlling female draws the attention of even those most repulsed by the male form.

"You've nipped him rather well with the single tail," a practiced eye observes. "And you smacked his balls a bit, as I suggested."

A knowing hand reaches below spread buttocks and between well parted thighs to capture the referenced organs. I marvel as she insouciantly inspects, quickly concluding that the unused eggs are without damage. Billie seems to shift his knees to allow for better access. Nicole and I smile at each other with Billie's obsequious reaction.

"We'll give you a nice cleaning, Billie."

Nicole steps away and turns on the spray nose. A fine mist fills

the air and Billie lurches with the initial shock of cold water on heated flesh. Nicole directs the spray everywhere and takes delight in watching Billie's testicles shrink and his scrotum contract to his pubes. Satisfied that he is chilled and well soaked, she turns off the hose and approaches with the large bar of soap.

I notice that Billie has become flaccid. Not even the pent up hormones from months and months of chastity can drive the neglected organ to firmness and have it withstand the barrage of wet coldness to remain erect. I am sure Billie's studs brought irritation when gliding once again down the glans penis. But with the numbing water, I suppose he did not notice.

"When I was a little girl at the farm, it was a favorite time of day, watching the pony boys being washed down after exhausting runs and hours of training. A girl can learn a lot in observing as the experienced hands of a woman enjoy unfettered access to the male anatomy. I suppose it resulted in my interest in nursing."

Tender yet firm hands apply the bar to our pony boy's spine, then briskly rub to create abundant suds. Billie's chilled form seems to welcome her warming touch as Nicole moves to apply a sudsy layer of soap everywhere.

The scene is both matronly and deviant, a fully clothed Nicole... the plain white uniform unsuccessfully attempting to detract from her beauty... tending to the totally naked and bound Billie. There is not an inch of his flesh she cannot handle and while her hands soothe, they also control, mildly slapping here and there to encourage Billie to properly position himself for better access. It seems with Nicole, the thighs can never be parted far enough. Within moments, Billie grimaces despite the motherly manipulation. I stoop to see that his penis is once again rising. Nicole just smiles, knowing that despite her tenderness Billie's studded penis brings anguish. There is the physical touch, the psychological surrender of all control, the surrender of any remaining male pride. All appear to stimulate.

"You do this next time, Mary. You'll get to know Billie very well."

With that, Nicole moves to Billie's lathered buttocks, takes the time to coat the fingers of her right hand with a layer of slimy soap, and incredibly begins to work his anus. As one finger then two disappears into his rear crevice, Billie protests.

"Please no," an embarrassed pony boy beseechingly pleads.

Nicole ignores and works onward, her left hand reaching between

his thighs for the erect penis.

“They all moan and complain, but in the end they all show gratitude despite the extreme humiliation. It’s like a dog avoiding its bath... but afterwards reveling in feeling scrubbed and cleaned.”

I am amazed when Nicole’s firm hand slowly but relentlessly draws Billie’s erection back toward her. His shaft always appeared to be as solid as a rock, and now it becomes a mere toy in the hand of my friend, Billie wriggling in discomfort. I notice she is careful not to touch the tip, and I also notice even the sensitive underside is avoided. As Nicole kneads and caresses deep within Billie’s anal cavity, his proud erection is held pointing down and back by her left fingers pressing against the less sensitive top surface. It is apparently a most awkward position.

Though he squirms and cries out, he must kneel and accept Nicole’s tutelage. With elbows bound and his penis firmly gripped. He knows he cannot escape Nicole’s manipulation.

“It’s good for his prostate,” Nicole matter of factly suggests in wriggling her penetrating fingers.

Chapter Eight

That afternoon began a routine. Aunt Mildred, smiling in apparent satiation when she left with Billie in tow after each visit, was always complimentary about how nicely we ‘played’ together, the use of the term somewhat chronologically retarded by the fact that, as teenagers, we considered ourselves of an age when we no longer ‘played’. But she was correct. An obedient Billie never complained, though those diabolically ingenious studs did bring aggravation with the rise of every erection.

So the afternoon encounters became more frequent... just about every week, unless Mom or Aunt Mildred had a special occasion to attend, like a wedding or Christening.

And maybe that’s when my affection for Billie solidified, with Nicole introducing me to so many new and delightful ways of expressing my complete dominion.

It was explained that Billie should be ‘sacked out’, a process by which equines become accustomed to their surroundings and the control, confinement and restraint of various gear and paraphernalia, just as Billie learned to take the bit.

“A pony boy needs to focus on your commanding voice and tugs

on the reins and nothing else. Otherwise he becomes confused when he's exhibited in public or put on display. Suppose you were to take him for a jaunt on the street, for example. He'll need to react to you and not the stares and jeers of onlookers. Avoiding traffic is paramount, as you can imagine. You can't have a confused pony boy losing his concentration on your commands and control."

And it was for such reasoning that one afternoon Nicole dropped off a hood. Made of stretchable black latex, there was a sizable hole for Billie's nose and mouth. Otherwise, once slipped over his head, the curious gear covered both eyes and ears.

Though concealing Billie's nicely coifed hair, the smooth black latex did serve to add an intriguing anonymity to his appearance, seeming to deprive Billie of his humanity. With facial features cloaked I pictured him corralled with dozens of other hooded pony boys, only their muscling and penis size serving to distinguish one from another.

A docile Billie at first calmly stands as I step on a stool to slip on Nicole's dehumanizing hood. Then I learn he fears the dark.

"No, please Mary, I'll be good."

It makes me laugh, such a powerful and finely chiseled physique, so mentally malleable, such a childish phobia.

"It's for your own good, Billie. You need to concentrate on my voice." I know that tears form and roll about somewhere under all that latex. But it does not matter. Pony boys serve and react to their rider's commands and whims. Tears are superfluous.

The bit is slipped in to hush further protest. The bridle is buckled in place and once again Billie is led out the cellar door at the end of a lunge line. He steps awkwardly with vision completely impaired, but he has no choice but to follow as the snaffle bit cruelly closes over his tongue with the slightest tension on the lunge line.

And of course Billie's penis celebrates my authority, slowly rising to the guttural sounds of his pained reactions as the studs perform their function.

"Now listen to my voice, Billie, and follow the tension on the line. I'm going to run you. There's nothing in the way, for now. You can only be hurt if you're disobedient."

And so Billie begins to be sacked out. His penis seems to rise to such new heights that I begin to understand the propensity at Nicole's family farm for measuring the male organs. Is he physically growing... or his is new found size indicative of growing enjoyment in my governance?

Round and round, I bring Billie to a healthy sweat then slow him to a stop for a good watering. Thereafter I place some small fireplace logs in the path.

“You’re going to need to jump over some objects, Billie. First to the sound of my voice for a few laps, then in reaction to my whip. When you hear my command or the crack of the whip, lift your right foot higher then follow by doing the same with your left.”

More laps... more entrenching of response to my commanding voice and whip. His little jumps make his balls flop about most comically. His rigid penis hardly moves but does amusingly dip with each landing step.

On the next visit Billie is hooded and saddled. I find it curious to note that though his fear of darkness persists, my presence seems to calm him. As long as he either hears my voice, feels the effects of my tugging hand, or lurches to the stinging pain of my whip, his nyctophobia seems to be quieted. The notion is deliciously empowering for me and I learn to, on occasion, hood Billie then stand silently still while his fears of darkness overcome his reasoning. He begins to tremble like a frightened little boy, not daring to move without aid of vision. And I find myself smiling in seeing the large, physically powerful and well conditioned giant become putty, a human pile of flesh to be molded, hoping that I have not walked away to leave him in bound darkness.

Sacking continues for many sessions until the ultimate test is passed. I stuff his ears with foam rubber plugs, cover such with wads of cotton, then carefully slide on the hood. Billie is now both blinded and deafened. He is saddled and I open the gate to Nicole’s yard. With a crisp stroke of the crop to his buttocks he obediently follows the directing tugs on the reins.

I once again experience a headiness in feeling Billie’s muscled form react perfectly. His responses are satisfyingly prompt, suggesting that my pony boy wants to obey. He desires to please. And of course there is correlation with his male barometer... Billie’s penis proudly stands as I bring him to a trot and guide him through the gate into the relative unknown of Nicole’s yard. I know that deep in his mind he wonders where I am taking him, realizing that I have not guided him in the usual turns when traversing my back yard. He wonders if others can see him... naked... erect... a ‘mere’ girl forcing him to great exertion... and yet because of my intense training, he reacts with such obedient alacrity.

Billie is sacked out indeed. He blocks out his own thinking to

obsequiously accept mine in its place. I could take him to the edge of a cliff and, to the feel of my final crop stroke, he would obediently step off.

Well, running Billie while hooded, knowing that he labored in darkness while I enjoyed the summer sun and the jostling of my clitoral stimulator, became more fun than when permitting him to be sighted. The earplugs were saved for special times, as I wanted him to be somewhat aware of his surroundings... particularly when Nicole was present. She always had thoughts and ideas which served to heighten Billie's sense of subservience.

"If you're ever going to run him in a cart, you'll prefer some enhancements to his appearance," Nicole suggested on one afternoon.

"At Mom's farm the display of the testicles is deemed *de rigueur*."

"I can see them just fine," I naively comment.

Billie is kneeling, forehead meekly pressed against the picnic table, as it is my turn to scrub him down after a long afternoon run. And with Nicole insisting that his knees be parted to the maximum, the referenced balls dangle before me quite prominently... thus my response.

"No, Mary, while he's running in harness. I'll show you."

Nicole grasps the hair on the back of Billie's head and pulls back to guide him to kneel upright. The position delightfully causes his erection to stab at the clouds, but his scrotum slips from its position of prominent display to hang between the thighs.

"Watch," Nicole enthusiastically instructs.

She commands Billie to stay then steps to his rear and reaches between his thighs. Once again the young but knowing hand brazenly works Billie's anatomy as she palms the weighty scrotal sac and firmly draws it back until it can be seen just beneath his buttocks.

I smile in seeing the mass of hairless pink flesh captured in a place where the male organs are not normally observed.

"He's not long enough to be placed in a humbler now, but he can be worked."

"A humbler?" I have to inquire.

"It's what we call a special device for displaying the balls. Once he's made long enough, the scrotum can be held in place here, only much more of his testicles will be exhibited. And of course when pulling a cart the rider has access with the crop. As you are beginning to realize, the constant cropping of the buttocks results in diminishing returns in terms of levels of obedience."

I nod in agreement, picturing Billie's elongated scrotal sac tightly

encased in such a humiliating manner. Despite my afternoon in the saddle, my clitoris reveling with each of Billie's footfalls, I feel a twinge within my loins just thinking of another method of governance.

"You can do that?"

"All skin stretches, Mary. I'll bring some things from the farm. Billie boy will be one proud pony," Nicole gushes, I suppose also picturing his rapidly developing testicles entrapped as a woman desires.

The afternoon ends with me doing the prostate manipulation as an embarrassed Billie flushes and Nicole stands closely by with instructions.

"See the gooey stuff flow when you wriggle your finger? That's prostatic fluid. As we've learned at the farm, forcibly chaste males need to be rid of it on occasion. It's for their health. And as cruel as it would seem, keeping a man bound and harnessed, we want them healthy to perform."

Yes, with two soapy fingers of my right hand deeply penetrating Billie's sphincter, I knead and caress the odd flat area within the colon so unique to the male. There begins a discernible flow emanating from Billie's urethra. I've noticed it before during periods of extreme stress and humiliation, but it is fascinating to learn that it can be controlled... that it can be 'milked' away, as Nicole sometimes refers to the procedure.

Nicole also instructs concerning the handling of the penis.

"Never inadvertently touch an erogenous area," she sternly cautions after explicitly pointing to where the male would most like his penis caressed or stroked.

"Pleasure should be deliberate but rare. Something awarded, not erroneously provided. He'll learn to be very grateful for your touch if it's ephemeral."

Poor Billie. I begin to wonder when he last had an orgasm and the thought spurs a question.

"Are the ponies ever... ever given ultimate pleasure at the farm, Nicole?"

My pretty blonde friend pauses, a devilish smile slowly evolving.

"A pony boy will be masturbated for good reason," she announces as if quoting from a written policy.

"But I cannot recall Mom ever finding good reason," she adds, laughing most wickedly.

I join in her merriment, releasing Billie's penis to permit it to right itself. He sighs, probably in disappointment as I suppose my controlling touch provides some degree of comfortable sensation.

The afternoon ends with Billie returning to the basement. Aunt

Mildred descends the stairs with Billie's clothes in hand. She has, as always, this 'cat eating the canary' grin, I suppose being quite satiated in interacting with Mom, and knowing that her stepson Billie has meanwhile endured an afternoon of male submission.

Yes, I wondered if our pony play was a secret, Mom possibly having noticed some level of antics from a second floor window. Aunt Mildred did observe that Billie was well exercised but never inquired as to the exact nature of our interaction. Thus I was further empowered by her silence.

Billie dresses as Mom joins our group. There come female quips on the size and length of his penis. Aunt Mildred also comments about his scrotum and how nicely it hangs in approaching mid thigh. In my mind her observation seems to be granting permission for the perceived 'enhancement', that which Nicole has explained is de rigeur at her Mom's farm.

"Do you think it will get any lower?" I inquire, searching for thoughts on the subject.

"It would certainly be interesting to find out," Aunt Mildred replies, sealing the fate of Billie's balls.

That evening I find myself dreaming. The frequent interaction with Nicole brings fantasy. Her confidence, her casual manner in handling the naked and bound male adds a degree of delight in controlling and humiliating Billie. I awake from the pleasant dream. Despite an entire afternoon of riding in my special saddle and having my clitoris diddled with each of Billie's forced steps, my fingers slide down my tummy and slither within my love nest.

Yes, my concupiscence seems to grow weekly. Feeling Billie's struggling form seems to bring a need for more than my little rubber friend abrading my love button. I think of his tongue licking at my thighs, futilely attempting to gain access to a woman's most intimate place.

Somehow it did not seem right to grant Billie the privilege, yet in the quiet solitude of my bedroom I fantasize about having him service me there... under my terms... under my direction... with me deciding the when and the where.

Surely there is a way.

My fingers rub, grip a tuft of labial flesh and pull. My wetness flows and then come deviant thoughts... images of a chaste Billie alone in his bed, thinking about me and lying in frustration knowing that an erection brings torment... physical anguish as his studs pass over the glans penis... mental anguish in knowing that any attempt to bring the

pleasure he used to feel will instead turn his penis tip to an unbearable rawness.

Such a vision begins a cascade of orgasms. For the first time I feel between my thighs an eruption. A spray of essence wets my thighs. There is an explosion within the pink and moist folds of my quim. Yes, I ejaculate to fantasies of Billie's utter submission. Though it is a first time, it will not be the last.

I sleep wonderfully.

Chapter Nine

Having sacked Billie, the journey down his path of complete submission and utter obedience becomes more expedient. There is nothing that Billie will not do while harnessed and hooded in response to crisp strokes of the crop and firm tugs of my governing hand. And I find that just as I fantasize about his submission, my fingers nightly turning my rapidly developing vagina into a geyser of fragrant juices, it appears that Billie is equally fanciful of me.

On occasion, if the weather permits, I will deafen him and slide on his hood, then gently lead him to the back yard utilizing a line attached to bit and bridle. I will have him step up on the picnic table. He by now knows that a crisp little stroke to the right buttock means lift the right foot, and of course the signal for the left is the same. And when positioned there, for indeterminate periods, he will humbly stand.

So with guiding tugs and a right and left stroke his right foot negotiates the picnic bench and his left finds the surface of the table. There he will docilely display himself, a symbol of my power, the sun basking his nakedness. I slowly coat his alabaster flesh with protective oil then step back and watch as the summer sun turns his Adonis covering to a golden brown.

Why do I presume Billie fancies me? Because helplessly standing hooded, not daring to move and step off the table edge, Billie's penis slowly firms. The studs initially cause a slight grimace, but after his foreskin draws back past the glans penis, he regally exhibits himself to me. He becomes a peacock but with plumage in the form of an engorged and rigidly standing penis.

Yes, in silent darkness Billie finds an odd form of erotic solace. His elbow bindings are clipped to immobilize his hands. The bit silences him. The table edge threatens any movement. He fears the darkness, yet he knows I am nearby and his male barometer belies his fearful thoughts.

He finds such simple governance, forced to so prominently display himself to me, to be stimulating!

The period of time for sunning I deliberately make sporadic in length. Billie will never anticipate when his contemplative sessions will end. And I of course know to closely observe and amend questionable posture with taps of the crop and correcting prods of my hands. And of course if flaccidity does eventually commence, there is joy to be found in encouraging continued firmness.

When I need him to turn to radiate different sides of his body, I jiggle the line to his bit and bridle and then use his well exposed ball sac as a handle to properly align him.

It is during one of these quiet interludes of sunning when Nicole once again stops by, her busy schedule as a resident nurse in training bestowing her with unpredictable hours.

“He’s tanning nicely,” Nicole comments as she places a heavy bag on the table near Billie’s feet. “I trust you’ll be running him later.”

I nod as Nicole spreads the contents of the bag on the table.

“More paraphernalia from the farm,” she announces with devilish exuberance.

With the wads of cotton causing the hood to bulge at Billie’s ears, Nicole knows that I have deafened him. Therefore she speaks freely.

“We spoke about Billie’s scrotum and proper presentation. I borrowed a parachute for you from the handler. Achieving the desired results takes time but the efforts are worthwhile.”

Before me lies an assortment of gray metal objects and a collection of thin leather strips dangling from a thicker open ring of leather. Nicole deftly straightens out the mass then reaches up to Billie’s scrotum.

“Easily attached... the secret is in the weighting.”

She encircles the base of Billie’s ball sac with the ring of leather then snaps it closed such that the half dozen or more strips hang down almost to Billie’s knees. She taps his right foot then left signaling my steed to further spread his feet. He complies and with the parting of his thighs I note the cleverness of the design. When pulled, the six strips stress the circle of leather comfortably surrounding the base of Billie’s scrotal sac. Thus great tension can be applied without causing undue damage to one gonad or the other. It gives pause for thought. I cannot help commenting.

“It appears that you could almost suspend a man from such a contraption.”

Nicole shrugs, but her thoughtful look betrays fantasies of hanging a man by his balls.

“Stretching the scrotal sac is an art. I learned a lot at the farm. Too much weight brings unbearable torment. Too little is ineffective. You want just enough heft so the parachute can be worn for inordinately long periods yet is heavy enough to slowly stretch the flesh.”

Nicole gently gathers the array of strips as she speaks, twists them together then ties such in a collective knot.

“Now let’s see. We’ll begin with a pound and observe his reaction. In judging the needed tension, the ponies always provide the necessary feedback. They really are dumb animals at heart.”

Nicole selects what appears to be a piece of fishing gear from the table. A mass of gray metal is hooked at the knot hanging between Billie’s knees. She momentarily holds it suspended then slowly lowers her hand to let the slug tension the strips and thus the ring. Billie stirs. With the uniform tension he shows little discomfort and instead waggles his penis in sensing the proximity of a feminine hand.

“You see, Mary. It’s as if he’s inviting more... challenging the controlling hand. But trust me, at the farm we don’t run out of weights for the frisky ones. Working the true masochist can amuse for hours. In my younger days I’d take a pony up to ten pounds on a leisurely Saturday afternoon.”

I join her in laughing as she reaches for a second weight. And indeed she is correct. Strewn before us are dozens of the shapeless gray objects. As Nicole slowly hooks on the second pound I cannot help thinking that the contest is so one sided... the helpless bound male presenting his precious gonads for the entertainment of the Dominant woman... accepting the slow torment with such feigned fortitude... a strange chivalry in attempting to please.

Do they think the supply of weights will end before their will is broken?

I note two things as Nicole withdraws her hand with the same deliberate motion... Billie somewhat grimaces... and his penis moves to stand straight upwards to his navel as if drawn by a string.

Nicole smiles with his reaction.

“Perfect. A degree of slow anguish. But not so much that he cannot bear it for you. Look at the erection. In his mind, in accepting the pain, he’s offering you a gift, Mary. He’s pleasing you and in turn that stimulates him. Is that not noble of your pony boy?”

Yes, it is thought provoking and there comes the moisture

between my thighs as Billie indeed fights to stand and take our offering.

“Over time you’ll develop the skill required to have those plums displayed precisely where desired. The longer the sac the more mobility the humbler will permit. Without stretching the scrotum the pony would be forced to be bent over in a kneeling position and not be able to move. The handler at the farm had one pony where his sac could be drawn back between his thighs and cheeks and entrapped such that he could almost stand. Made for fascinating exhibitions of male submission. And he ran rather well... after much encouragement.”

Nicole hands me a third weight, smiles and announces her departure for work. I marvel at her symbolic gesture of empowerment, rightfully suggesting that Billie’s poor testicles are mine to modify.

Nicole strolls away and calls back as she opens the gate to her yard.

“You may wish to walk him a bit while wearing the parachute. The motion adds a most tolerable degree of tension.”

I look up to see that my squirming but stoic pony suffers, yet his penis suggests curious enjoyment in bearing pain under my governance. Meanwhile the third weight rests in my hand and I picture Nicole slowly weighting the scrotal parachute of a randomly selected youth and breaking him with an afternoon of slowly increasing poundage.

Yes, stretching Billie, modifying his anatomy to suit my whim, seems marvelously empowering. And what better activity could be added to his sun bathing?

I let the two pound burden settle both physically and mentally. Then as Nicole so aptly demonstrated, I hook on the third lump of metal and slowly withdraw my hand. There comes another grimace and this time Billie’s stick for measuring arousal suggests that the encumbrance overwhelms. His knees momentarily buckle and the enormous and engorged penis slowly descends from its position of humble salute. Yet I cannot show immediate leniency. Instead I pull at his line and Billie knows to cautiously step forward to search for the edge of the table. With a light nip to his right buttock his right foot descends to the picnic bench. A similar nip to the left buttock has his left foot finding the soil. Meanwhile, the three weights swing about to add exquisite stress to the parachute and I feel more familiar twinges within my loins.

I walk Billie, naked, bound and with his testicles feeling the constant burden of my modifying hand. Round and round we go. Billie nicely bears the aggravating weight. In being thoroughly sacked my deaf and blind pony docilely follows the line tugging at his snaffle bit,

obediently laboring to minimize the anguish to his tongue.

He is sans saddle and my quim begins to desperately seek its protruding rubber friend. I think about past instances when he knelt and licked the abundance of feminine essence from my thighs and how I judiciously pulled away as his forehead pushed up my skirt seeking pay dirt. I think about the lonely nights kneading labial flesh to bring forth the peculiar geyser of arousal. I think about Billie being blinded... deafened... completely under my control.... kept so wonderfully chaste and thus so eager to please.

Who will ever know if we transgress? Mom and Aunt Mildred are not to be found and do not wish to be found. And Billie so nobly bares the anguish of the simple weights... so easy to attach... yet my psyche finds it so difficult to summon the urge to remove. Perhaps a reward is in order... but one in which I can partake...

More laps. With my left hand I hold Billie's line well over my head, forcing his head upwards in a most regal pose. With my right I utilize the crop to alter his gait. With four brisk slaps to his inner thighs he learns to saunter about with his feet widely parted, allowing his parachute and attached weights to exaggeratedly swing about. The comical motion brings a smile to my lips and I notice with the exercise of my control that his penis slowly returns to formidable stiffness.

And thoughts over my own arousal continue as a respite has finally been earned.

I sharply stroke the buttocks and pull downward on the line. Billie instantly stops. I pull more and the pain of the snaffle bit brings him to his knees. Mercifully, the weights rest on the ground relieving Billie of the slow tension of three pounds hanging from his scrotum and testicles. I stand to his front. He senses my presence and cranes his neck to press his nose against my bare thigh. He can smell my arousal and tries to thrust with his entrapped tongue.

I suppose my concupiscence brings unwarranted clemency. Yes, I reach behind his head and unbuckle straps holding in place that modifier of all behavior... the snaffle bit. He senses its looseness and his tongue forces it from his mouth. He breathes deeply... taking in lungfuls of air in welcome relief of the nagging pain.

Then, as expected, his tongue begins to work my thigh in a most subservient gesture of gratitude. He remains blinded. I remain coy concerning males and revealing intimate anatomy. But with smell, touch and taste as his only functioning senses, I let him indulge. He gathers in the juices which stream down my left thigh then mechanically switches

to my right to likewise cleanse there. He slowly works upwards, stifling his own eagerness to assure that no patch of soft warm skin escapes the attention of tongue and lips. Once again the hem of my short skirt greets his forehead and this time I let him continue. Yes, he once again seeks pay dirt and with the many nights mining for gold with my own fingers, I too need to let him prospect there as well.

I part my feet in invitation. I can smell my own sex, suggesting that with Billie's proximity my fragrance must overwhelm. His head slowly rises and then, for the first time in my life, flesh foreign to mine touches where a woman so craves warm wetness. He reverently licks my outer labia, I suppose expecting me to shun his advance.

I do not. I let him continue. The tenderness, the subservience, his bound nakedness kneeling before me, all serve to begin a wondrous journey. Gone are those boring nights, I think to myself. Born is a lifetime of male oral tendance.

I grasp the back of Billie's head and pull, attempting to make one his face and my quim.

Can he bring forth the geyser which has so often soaked my thighs on lonely nights of fantasy?

I endeavor to learn, hoping that my own knees do not buckle in the process.

Perhaps that is when my affection for Billie manifested.

Chapter Ten

Though weekend afternoons became strangely fulfilling, I did have an otherwise normal life. I attended school... socialized with other girls... put aside pubescent shyness to talk to boys... began thinking about dating.

At school, the subject matter of Billie was never brought up in conversation by me. Most friends knew we were practically cousins, with Mom and Aunt Mildred being so 'close'. And with Billie attending school in the next town, some friends would encounter him at the mall, Aunt Mildred having him in tow to help with shopping.

"He's dreamily handsome... tall and so strong... and that hair," one friend gushed after spying him being taken into the beauty salon, hinting that she would thrill with an introduction.

Usually I just smiled, knowing the upon entering that salon Billie would be stripped naked while a bevy of deviant women denuded his body of hair... everywhere... and mostly likely soaked their panties in

watching Billie remain tumefied for the entire time of his visit. And such a vision would bring devilish thoughts... wondering what my friend's reaction would be if she were ever to observe me putting Billie through his paces in my backyard... forcing my friend's newly found 'dreamily handsome, tall and strong' idol to be a mere beast of burden... bringing him to a lather while he obediently reacts to directing tugs on the reins and snaps of my crop.

Yes, I had to disguise my pride in knowing that every ounce of the referenced brawn was sculpted under the firm hand of this five foot four, one hundred and fifteen pound girl. And I often wondered how Billie's physique would have developed if not for the studs of Aunt Mildred's chastity modification and my exacting program of forced exercise. All energy expended on that nasty male habit practiced by the busy hands of other boys was instead channeled into physical endurance, the building of muscles, and of course learning how to use such to please an exacting woman.

In remaining quiet, I am sure my female acquaintances assumed that because of the close relationship of Mom and Aunt Mildred there was nothing more between Billie and me other than casual friendship. And that was as intended. For in venting my inherent need for dominance during those weekend encounters, such release cleared my mind for things teenaged girls otherwise do... when not binding... hooding... riding... and cropping.

So when a bashful boy named Walter awkwardly began striking up a relationship, I responded by playing the role of a meek teen and letting things ripen. Any urges I had in desiring to have a male like Walter strip and perform for me while I examined all pertinent parts pink, were reserved for weekend romps with Billie. I knew Billie's penis to be large, pleasing to the eye and completely subordinate to my will. I had my outlet for my growing proclivity. It was time to discover boys... regular boys... despite the inability to spend inordinate time inspecting and shaping their anatomy and placing such under my governance.

"Wanna hangout... at the mall?" Walter managed to finally utter after weeks of saying hello when passing in the halls of our school.

"Sure," I girlishly giggled, after a discernible pause to feign adolescent indecision.

This seemed to put Walter at ease... not only my affirmative reply but also seeming to grapple with the same apprehension as him. So we did go to the mall. And we did hang out.

He bought me an ice cream and we talked and I liked him. Over a

number of weeks I liked him more and more. I found it somewhat painful to be evasive concerning the many Saturday afternoons when we could not meet.

“Mom’s got visitors,” I would disingenuously respond to each weekend offer of companionship.

“But everybody’ll be there. Rappin’ Rod’s doing his radio show,” Walter enthusiastically attempted to entice me on one Saturday in explaining that the local DJ would be broadcasting at the mall.

By most Fridays, Mom had Aunt Mildred’s visits scheduled and posted on the kitchen calendar. Spying over breakfast the bold letters ‘MIL’ written with such evident fervor also spurred my zeal. So I knew to decline all weekend activities in favor of indulging in my proclivity.

After interacting for a week in the vanilla world, hormones dictated that I be in the basement to greet Billie and watch whatever male pride had restored since his last visit slowly sink into the abyss of female domination as every thread of his clothing was relinquished to the stern hands of Aunt Mildred and under the mocking gaze of three women.

_____ Still, a relationship with Walter blossomed and I learned to become dichotomous in interacting with boys, placing my mind into vanilla adolescence and putting aside as best I could thoughts of the libidinous weekend play where Billie’s tongue arduously plundered within my love portal and his pursing lips brought such rapture to my clitoris.

Technically I was still a virgin... my intact hymen withstanding the deepest thrusts of Billie’s tongue. Though I came to wonder what vaginal penetration was like, Mom lectured me on the importance of a girl remaining intact not only for the right boy but the right time. And with Billie empowering me with his intoxicating subjugation and then orally bringing climax after climax, I could wait. Whatever the act of mundane copulation was like, I could not imagine it to result in ecstasy, both mental and physical, which surpassed that in which I basked while governing Billie.

So between the licentious visits of my human steed, I played the role of innocent ingenue slowly transforming to sexually curious teen, many times suppressing thoughts of Billie’s naked and divine supplication as Walter clumsily took me through the stages of teenaged romance.... sharing sodas... watching movies... hanging out... awkwardly discussing who was ‘doing it’

_____ And yes, there finally came a time when we ‘did it’. Walter proved to be adequate, though I had little standard by which to judge. His

awkwardness was kind of cute and I found myself subtly prodding despite Mom's lectures concerning virginity. It culminated with a matinee at Walter's house... his mom gone for the afternoon. It was ungainly as I suppose all first trysts can be, Walter smoothing his hands all over me, not seeming to know what to do next. I resisted somewhat when he finally raised my skirt, as mandated. But then some spate of curiosity and need over came me and I let him continue.

From that point he rushed, I suppose partially out of lust, partially in fear of his mother's untimely return. So it seemed it was only within moments of Walter's initial advances that there came that initial zing of pain as my hymen gave way. I shrugged off the annoyance and aggressively rolled on top. There I rode Walter's moderate sized manhood in a fashion similar to how I rode on Billie's back. I felt Walter gush inside me before I climaxed and found myself brashly pinching his nipples to encourage one last buck. He was somewhat taken aback by my aggressiveness, but with little experience he really had no grounds to judge or compare my brazenness. And my action did bring forth my own climax... a result which I am sure most girls do not attain in their first sexual encounter. Yet it was not the same as being in saddle. Though fulfilling, I thought of the joy felt in riding Billie, feeling him lurch with every stroke of the crop, knowing that each afternoon ride further fostered his capitulation... physically... mentally... sexually.

I enjoyed control. I needed control. I craved control.

Still it was nice to be able to have some vanilla sexual experience about which I could converse with other girls. And overall I supposed at the time that Walter's performance wasn't bad... just different than the thrill of my Saturday afternoon rides with Billie!

As with all males, he thereafter wanted more. And with my growing concupiscence and the intervals between Billie's weekend visits seeming to be interminable, after school rendezvous at Walter's house became frequent with his mom often attending garden club meetings or some other such prosaic activity.

So the dichotomy flourished and with my secret life, my persona became akin to that of a spy... like a deep mole in some government agency one occasionally reads about. A vanilla life of teenaged romance and clumsy furtive sex interspersed with weekends of incredible dominating debauchery.

Walter did not know about Billie, at least not the full extent of the relationship. Yet Billie knew of Walter, for during one of those trips to the mall it was my turn to observe Aunt Mildred leading Billie to the

beauty parlor. I could understand why the sight made such an impression on my friends as Aunt Mildred was given to take Billie by the hand, like a child, cooing words of comfort as Billie sullenly sauntered behind. Billie seemed reluctant and needed guidance to be obedient, evidently contemplating the forthcoming extreme humiliation in having the entire cadre of women in the beauty parlor about to, not only gaze at his nakedness, but also depilate every follicle from even the most intimate and inaccessible areas of his anatomy.

‘How did they remove the hair from his perineum?’, I always asked myself in picturing the giggling women working around Billie’s enormous erection.

Billie spotted me with Walter and nodded to me, momentarily diverting his apprehension. And I just smiled and waved knowing that he would soon be exhibiting his well chiseled form, earning the time consuming and inordinate free service offered by the beauty parlor in entertaining women whose otherwise principal recreation was a daily barrage of soap operas.

“Is that really your cousin?” Walter asked after that first encounter, his curiosity spurred by the silent communication of Billie and me.

“We’re more like friends,” I replied. “Billie and his mom stop over on weekends.”

Thus I covered myself, never having to otherwise explain Aunt Mildred’s car in our driveway or why Billie might be spied slinking out our front door after a long afternoon of romping about naked under my crop.

Chapter Eleven

Meanwhile, despite matinees with Walter, I was pleased that assiduous oral service was added to the growing roster of activities for Billie and me. Youthful modesty mandated that I keep Billie blinded by the hood. And practicality dictated that I find more comfortable postures than standing while the intense pleasure of subservient tongue and lips brought languor to knees and legs.

I found that a simple outdoor chair sufficed to extend our interludes of cunnilingus. Wide, with sizable arms designed to hold in place the cold drinks of a summer’s afternoon, I sat with skirt raised, thighs parted and knees draped over the arms, thus providing complete access to my pudendum for the mouth, tongue and lips of my kneeling pony boy.

Yes, Billie's romps about the yard came to end with a treat, for both of us. I used the prospect of licking my ripening vulva as a stimulus, offering a taste for good performance while laboring under my commanding voice and unyielding hands. So he learned the fine art of exploring the complex folds of pink feminine flesh and orally satiating his governess. Every session of oral servitude ended with the exquisite pursing of his lips about my clitoris and an eventual eruption which Billie learned to ingest with fervor.

Thereafter, with an interlude to recover my vigor, it was on to the picnic table where Billie would be freed of the ubiquitous hood and cleansed.

It was while on the table that I learned more and more about the male anatomy. Billie's well lathered form facilitated massage, my hands gliding about over hairless skin made slippery by the covering of soap. I deeply kneaded well worn muscles. His gratitude for the respite and the tender care was shown where the male beast so proudly exhibits joy. I found that I had to bend Billie's erection down and back to afford the suggested prostatic manipulation, as Nicole aptly demonstrated. This seemed to require more and more effort as his hormone induced stiffness turned the appendage to stone. Yet, watching the resulting fluid ooze in response to my penetrating fingers fascinated. During those interludes, Billie's penis became an imaginary cow's udder to be milked of all that nasty build up of goo. It flowed abundantly.

And indeed the many hours I had him wearing the parachute began to reveal discernible results. Billie's ball sac was slowly lengthening. His position of kneeling, thighs widely parted with forehead pressed against the picnic table, made it quite easy to ascertain the progress of the stretching, each week his loose dangling scrotum coming closer and closer to the surface of the table.

I cannot describe the feeling of exhilaration knowing that Billie was being altered under my tutelage. With my exhausting exercise, his muscle tone continued to be superb. With his complete chastity, his penis constantly stood in deference to my proximity and control. In being forcibly kept naked, bound and blinded, his psyche was more and more subordinated to my will.

Meanwhile Mom and Aunt Mildred remained sequestered with each visit, presumably in the bedroom, their own licentious pursuits obviating any interference with my expanding governance over Billie's mind and body.

Dreaded cold weather eventually ended our summer of frolicking

outdoors. Our play returned to the confines of the basement where I would hood Billie and force him to pose for hours on end in the most revealing positions.... parachute in place, of course. Yes, I not only continued to stretch his scrotum but also worked him to stretch the ligaments and tendons, keeping his well formed muscles sinewy and ready to serve.

Nicole was most helpful in supplying items of restraint, all inexorable yet comfortable. And she was quite innovative in suggesting various places where eyebolts and hooks could surreptitiously be attached to walls, floors and ceilings without drawing attention.

The parachute proved to be quite adaptable to other methods of lengthening that scrotal pouch without the attachment of weights. For example, having Billie lie supine on a small hassock with his hands and feet on the floor proved to facilitate indoor stretching. For I would encircle the base of his scrotum with the parachute then tie the many strips of leather to a cord emanating from a ceiling hook. When the hassock was carefully slid out from under him, arms and legs struggled to keep tension off his testicles. This served to tone those muscles. And as he tired over time, the scene became quite amusing. Watching the male strain to save his precious organs can be entertaining and my mind often reverted to my observation concerning the suspension of the recalcitrant male by his own gonads.

Still, putting aside the amusements, I took to measuring Billie's genitals more frequently during the boring months of winter. And I found Nicole to be correct in her assessment. The question was not if I could stretch Billie, the question was... when did I wish to stop?

You see, I was given to adding a degree of torment to Billie's time on the hassock, and heightening my sense of control, by having him lift one hand off the floor for a time. This served to shift his weight and greatly tension the parachute until he recovered his balance. At which time I would, of course, have him return his hand to the floor and then have him lift a foot... then proceed to command the same with the other hand and other foot. This proved to be quite the challenge in terms of the use of strength and agility to minimize stress on the parachute. Most sessions ended with Billie balancing on his finger tips and toes as I slowly pulled to shorten the ceiling cord.

I really could hang a man by his balls...

My demands were enforced with a quirt which proved to be very handy in eliciting discipline in the confined area of the basement. And yet Aunt Mildred never said a word when at the end of the day her

stepson presented himself both naked and somewhat striped to receive his clothing for the drive home. Yes, the nasty little strand of leather resulted in both noticeable welts and a very obedient pony boy at the end of an afternoon of my dominion.

Still the winter months dragged onward. On occasion there was an afternoon barely warm enough to run my pony boy over to Nicole's house. With his nakedness, the intemperate climate provided quite the encouragement and a tight grip on the reins to pinch the snaffle bit was needed to slow Billie down as I, warmly dressed, am not wont to rush despite the cold.

It was not often that Nicole could spend meaningful time with us. Her duties seemed to include much effort during weekends, I suppose because of her lack of tenure. But there was one cold Saturday afternoon when I spied Nicole arriving home just as Aunt Mildred and Billie pulled into our driveway...

"I don't understand what's happening to Billie's organs," Aunt Mildred comments as Billie stands before us and strips down, surrounded by three sets of feminine eyes.

The observation brings delicious embarrassment which heightens the pink hue of Billie's flushing skin. As he hands his underwear to his demanding stepmother to stand in complete deshabelle, Mom leans and peers quite closely. I smile noting that Billie's altered ball sac drapes almost to his knees.

"Could be that your regimen of chastity is causing him to be filled with seed, Mildred."

Mom's words bring laughter as we all know it's not true. But I note that with six eyeballs staring at Billie's intimate parts, his penis twitches and begins its painful march to tumescence.

"Go ahead, you nasty boy, display yourself," Aunt Mildred taunts as she encircles his biceps with the nylon strips.

Little does she realize her handiwork is just the beginning of a long afternoon of bondage for my pony boy.

Despite Billie's studded penis tip he indeed displays himself, the many many months of chastity, his natural proclivity for subservience, his nakedness, and I suppose feeling his stepmother's hands adorn him with controlling straps, all serve to arouse.

As always, we just watch, which in turn heightens his humiliation, which in turn fosters the painful yet rapid engorgement of his penis. After the studs irritatingly glide across the smegma coated penis tip, there comes a relative degree of comfort and Billie's stiffness

flourishes. He is both proud and humiliated to be exhibiting his erect manhood before us women.

Eventually it stands straight up in tribute to his governing audience and I notice that Mom and Aunt Mildred are exchanging glances of ardor. I finally break the motionless silence by stepping forward with the double 'D' clamp to connect Billie's elbows and further inhibit any futile attempt to pleasure himself.

"Play nicely now," Mom encourages as Aunt Mildred's concupiscence forces her to step to the stairs and begin the matinee of Sapphic embrace.

I just smile, wondering if the true nature and extent of our 'play' will ever be known to them.

In being left alone I am free to hood Billie and adorn him with bit and bridle. He playfully licks my hand as I slip the hard rubber between his lips. I tap his nose in lighthearted admonishment.

"I'll want you posing with three pounds today, Billie. Then I'm going to run you."

Ankle cuffs are added. I attach a cord to his bridle, step on a chair to loop it through one of the many ceiling hooks, then string it down to where I connect it to his left ankle cuff. I tighten. Billie's head is painfully forced up and he must raise his foot to relieve the tension. I tighten more... more... more. Finally, Billie finds himself awkwardly standing on his right foot, his left foot and leg bent back behind him and forcibly raised toward the ceiling to relieve the tautness of the cord on bit and bridle.

I step back to admire my naked statue. With one thigh drawn away, the pose highlights that plump hairless scrotal sac, stretched over time to dangle almost to his knees. In struggling to stay balanced, his muscling begins to contract and flex. The strain brings wonderfully masculine bulges and with it of course that familiar twinge within my loins.

Such a wondrous display of subjugated male power... helplessly standing bound and eager to perform for me.

I step forward and cup the meaty gonads. In leaning slightly forward, Billie's penis is pressed against his stomach, accentuating the profile and making his elongated sac seem even longer.

I toy, holding the mighty balls, keeping in mind Nicole's sagacious comments concerning pleasure, that it should be rare and never incidental. Still, despite the feeling of warm feminine hands, the moment leads more to frustration than delight... for Billie can do nothing other

then struggle to balance himself and hope that I am merciful. Which of course I am... eventually.

“Just another inch,” I whisper, placing my lips next to his ears. I feel him tremble with my nearness. In bolstering Billie’s fortitude, I know that he fully realizes I am referencing my stretching of his scrotum.

I encircle the base of his sac with the parachute, gather together the many strips and tie such together. One weight... two... three... the slow and deliberate addition of each brings a grimace quickly stifled by what I perceive to be determination. Billie wants to take the weights for me. His submission is such that he’d allow me to carve him like a piece of sculpture... to be molded like clay.

With the third lump of metal I step away and once again admire. The slowly building anguish assures that his penis will remain erect and that my loins remain wet. With a quick trip to the hem of my short skirt, my index finger dives beneath and gathers some odoriferous essence.

“I have something for you later if you’re a good pony boy today,” I teasingly coo as I smear Billie’s upper lip with a sample of that which he has delightfully learned to savor.

With snaffle bit in place he cannot smile. But I note that he waggles his penis in a most subservient form of thank you.

I spend a few moments to tidy up the basement as Billie’s muscles work and his psyche sinks into an abyss of subjugation. Then sensing that the growing anguish approaches unbearableness, I mercifully slacken the cord to lower his left foot, switch the tether to his right and tighten to return him to slow torment. He grunts. His breathing begins to labor. Sweat forms. I perceive pleading words muffled by the cruel snaffle bit. Yet his penis remains erect.

More time passes. More little chores performed as Billie idly endures.

Finally I release. A nearby clock suggests that Billie has suffered for nearly an hour in a pose that most could not tolerate for moments... and with his manly but well controlled testicles bearing three pounds of gray metal.

I decide to reward.

“Good boy, Billie,” I coo in a voice normally reserved for small children.

I reach down and with the very tip of my right index finger diddle the underside of the purple glans penis, gleaming with smegma and a stream of prostatic fluid. It’s a very light touch which most males would deem to be teasing. For Billie, it’s as close to gratification as he has come

in months. I detect a sigh of pleasure and there follows spasmodic attempts to achieve more satiation by pressing against my entire hand. This brings grunts of pain, as his movement tensions the controlling cord and pinches the snaffle bit against his tongue.

And yes, more rivulets of wetness form to begin a flow down my thighs.

“You’re going to run well for me today,” I whisper into his right ear as I cruelly withdraw my finger.

My proximity brings goose bumps to Billie’s skin and more lurches against the simple but effective bondage of the single cord. Yes, he’s primed and ready to serve. He needs to move about. Feel the governance of my girth. Experience both the pain and control of my hands on his reins. Billie wants to perform for me... to show off... to exhibit his standing penis.

I release the cord.

“Penis up for me,” I pleasantly command.

It’s a favorite pose. Billie knows to stand feet apart and lean back in an animated attempt to touch the ceiling with his massive erection. The display pleases, knowing that he so thrusts his erection under my tutelage, and once again he emulates a peacock in exhibiting a plumage of pink and purple flesh.

I retrieve the saddle. Though there is light snow on the ground, the afternoon sun has warmed the air to a tolerable forty degrees. Running Billie outdoors and naked in the cold will add nicely to the painstaking process of instilling my authority. And I will leave him hooded to concentrate on his footwork and his response to my tugs on the reins.

Chapter Twelve

Though I feel a bit of chill in waiting for Nicole to answer my knock, my thighs are warmed by Billie’s skin. Judging from my steed’s labored breathing, for him the cool air serves more to comfort than annoy. Before leading him through the gate to Nicole’s, I ran him about in my yard, cropping his buttocks until a challenging pace was achieved to assure that, though hooded, he was acclimated to my controlling hands. His speed was not the best I have attained, the three pounds of metal swinging between his thighs tends to slow the pace. But it was laborious. And his skin feels clammy with sweat.

As a result of my exacting direction, Billie has been put through a

short but exhausting session of dressage and my little rubber friend has nicely frottaged my clitoris with each footfall.

As I await my right heel shifts to brush against Billie's penis. Despite the temperature and the brisk physical effort he has maintained an erection. Not the firmest, but it is encouraging to learn that the stimulation of my governance surpasses any effects of the cold, concerns of being led about naked and exposed and knowing neither my intent nor destination.

Instill... instill... instill, I muse. The process never ends.

Nicole finally answers the door wearing a bathrobe. My surprise afternoon visit has caught her exiting the shower. I should have realized that after working a double shift a girl is given to relax with ablutions.

"Mary, nice of you to stop by," she exuberantly greets.

I sit in my saddle mounted on my naked pony boy. Billie presents himself erect, as noted, docilely standing hooded with parachute in place. And yet Nicole's reaction, in beckoning us to enter, is one of welcome, as if greeting a neighbor dropping in for tea.

With a crisp snap of the crop to the buttocks, Billie steps forward. My head just fits under the door frame as Nicole closes the door behind.

"Good thinking in running him in the snow," she exclaims. "And keeping him hooded adds such reliance on you, directing him about on a slippery surface."

Nicole, brash as ever, steps to Billie's front, lifts the parachute with one hand and grasps the base of his penis shaft with the other. With my body surrounding Billie's, I can feel his reaction of palpable relief as the strain of three pounds of slow torment are released. Then Nicole's grip becomes most tight around Billie's phallus and she strokes well down the shaft where the male senses more tease than pleasure.

I know the motion to be most frustrating for the male, as Nicole intends, for she strokes where there is much less sensitivity than near the tip. Still Nicole, this amazingly prescient woman with regard to the male libido and the control thereof, quickly returns Billie to incredible hardness. As intended, her touch both tantalizes and restores full erection.

The peacock returns.

Yes, in Billie I detect some degree of joy in displaying himself to two fully clothed women. For my steed seems to lean back, just as he does for my command of 'penis up', to better exhibit his size and rigidity. There is an odd degree of pride, a strange humbled narcissism, in entertaining us with his subservience. He enjoys showing off.

Nicole smiles and lightly laughs.

“At the farm, Mom would train him as a show pony. He’s certainly getting big enough. His balls are stretching nicely. And he has that certain propensity for exhibition.”

Meanwhile, while Nicole comments, I note that her house remains barren. In working many hours and knowing that her stay is limited until graduation, the living room and dining areas are devoid of furniture. But for a television and large comfortable chair the rooms are empty

“Let’s bring him down to the basement. I’ve installed some things for occasional visitors.”

I nod and issue the expected command to dismount. Billie instantly falls to his knees and I remove the long strap supporting my back then swing my right leg back to step off my steed. As I clip together Billie’s elbows, Nicole spies my little rubber friend and smiles. Having captured some of my wetness, it gleams in the room light.

“A clever device. But you should try having him harnessed to a cart at least once. You’ll find that the exhilaration of absolute power surpasses the thrill afforded by your little rubber friend.

“Come Billie.”

Nicole takes the reins. I am always impressed with her handling. Her grasp is firm. An initial tug sends her message of control and Billie grimaces as the snaffle bit cruelly pinches his tongue. He quickly rises then most obediently follows her controlling hand, vigorously attempting to maintain slack on the short lengths of leather as Nicole turns and steps toward the basement door. It is evident she has spent a good deal of her life handling the male beast. Her demeanor is a necessary combination of cruelty and kindness and, in dealing with the psyche of a human steed like Billie, her message is quickly understood... obey and be fairly but firmly handled... disobey and feel pain.

In remaining hooded, Billie descends the stairs gingerly with a knowing Nicole speaking soft words of encouragement. He follows the sound of her voice, helpless to do otherwise. With parachute and weights in place, his long entrapped scrotal sac swings about wildly and I notice that Nicole looks back and smiles at the sight. Despite all the years and all the ponies, well restrained balls still amuse her.

In reaching the bottom of the stairs, bright overhead lights illuminate a sizable open area with much more furniture and equipment. Yes, I conclude, the possessions of a girl like Nicole are better kept secluded where delivery men, the mail man and other unexpected visitors

cannot observe... for Nicole has equipped the area to resemble more of an operating room than the typical play room or storage area of most basements.

Hanging from the walls, stainless steel apparatus shine in the lights. There are also rubber tubes and other objects. All surround an operating table in the center with ominous straps attached. Two glass doored metal cabinets hold numerous smaller devices. If it was I being led into such a room, naked and bound, I would shudder in apprehension. It is apparent that the intent is for human flesh to be palpated, poked, prodded, pierced and generally plundered under Nicole's tutelage.

Nicole notes my interest.

"I do some modifications from time to time. Nothing overly drastic like at the farm. Not much call for brandings in urban areas."

Billie champs a little, pulling away with the mention of the word branding. His brief resistance only serves to pinch his tongue and cause self induced pain. Nicole laughs.

"Not for you pretty pony boy. For show ponies, the brand comes later... when the days of competition end with age."

Nicole's words somewhat comfort as she lowers her hand to release the parachute.

"Let's get him on the table. I'll show you how a pony boy is really milked. And perhaps we can enhance the stretching a little."

As the three pounds of slow torment fall to the floor, I recognize the murmuring sound of a sigh of relief passing through lips and tongue restrained by bit and bridle. With his hairless pink sac exposed to our gaze, both Nicole and I cannot help pausing to stare at the long expanse of flesh. I note her smile of satisfaction, that a naked male beast is well governed and being modified by a superior woman. There is with her smirk a look that suggests all is right with the world. She is sanguine in handling the male who is forced into docility and obedience. She is gracious in lending her talents to assist in the training of such misfortunate creatures.

Soft commands and gentle tugs soon have Billie kneeling on the faux operating table with his forehead pressed to the surface for better balance. I remove his saddle. Nicole suggests removing his hood.

"I think his psyche is better served in observing us work him," she notes with the confidence of experience.

I unbuckle his bridle which permits him to pop the bit from his mouth. Meanwhile Nicole encircles his wrists with nylon, fur lined cuffs similar to those on his ankles. Billie's elbow bands are released and each

of Billie's limbs is fastened to waiting straps at each corner of the table.

Then Nicole adds the coup de grace of restraint. A cord is lowered from an overhead pulley. The simple length of cotton twine ends with two shorter lengths to form a 'Y' shape. Each of those has attached what appears to be large fish hooks, yet without sharpness. Instead each upturned hook ends with a small bulbous protrusion.

"Nostril restraints," Nicole simply explains as Billie must helplessly kneel while the rubber coated hooks are pressed deeply into nostrils. It appears that she presses each bulbous end right into the sinuses. Billie's eyes water yet Nicole insouciantly ignores his discomfort and instead pulls to shorten the cord. Billie's head is forced back and he must crane his neck to stare at the ceiling.

"An incredible number of nerve endings in the nose," Nicole explains. "It's amazing to see how such huge and well conditioned pony boys can be so effectively fastened utilizing nothing more than twine."

Nicole jostles the cord to demonstrate and Billie emits an anguished plea.

"Please no, Miss Nicole. It hurts."

Nicole laughs as she secures the cord to keep Billie's head stationery and in such an awkward upturned position. With wrists and ankles tightly strapped to the table, he cannot move an inch.

"Of course it hurts, Billie, that's why I hooked your nose. Good pony boys know to simply kneel on the table and stay perfectly still for me."

Nicole tenderly smooths her hands down Billie's flesh in consoling him and also demonstrating the ephemeral reward for good behavior. Goose bumps form and I cannot help wondering whether such a frisson results from the brief delight of her touch, or the fright of being handled by a woman of such dispassion concerning the plight of the thoroughly bound and completely naked male.

"Time for a thorough examination Billie... where a boy is most shy about being handled by girl."

A bucket is retrieved and a small unnoticed refrigerator yields ice. Water is added to form an ice cold slush.

"Don't suppose you've ever had a good look at those masturbation studs," Nicole notes in referring to the aggravating thumb tacks which so effectively preclude Billie from engaging in the nasty male practice.

The bucket is placed between Billie's spread knees. His scrotum is summarily plunked into coldness. Billie shouts with the shock and

futilely tries to stir. Nicole ignores his reaction and cleverly uses handy blocks of wood to raise the bucket to a level near Billie's erect penis.

"Watch the vaunted male organ shrivel to nothing," she exclaims with a laugh.

With a firm hand, Billie's manhood is bent downward into the slush. He groans and within moments Nicole releases her grip. The now flaccid length hangs downward limply immersed in freezing slush.

"Just takes a few moments for complete numbness," Nicole notes.

Satisfied that there is little sensitivity, the soft, shriveled penis is drawn back for inspection. Then Nicole's deft fingers do something I have not before witnessed. Her digits diligently work Billie's foreskin to fold over the flesh, expose the pink beneath then continue to invaginate the prepuce by drawing the inside out skin down the soft shaft.

Only the numbness permits such gruff handling without placing the male in acute agony, I realize. And as Nicole suggested, for the first time the underside of Billie's masturbation studs, as she termed his metal piercings, are exposed to our gaze.

Such nasty little gizmos... Aunt Mildred must rest with assurance that Billie's eager hand does not waste energy stroking away at his foreskin, for the inner surfaces of the studs are indeed sharp and scabrous. Nicole displays a knowing smile as she examines.

"Yes, our Billie won't spend any idle moments sliding this about."

She lectures, explaining the most sensitive points of the male appendage, where pleasure is most felt... why it is best denied... that any enjoyment is a process best controlled by the superior female.

"You see how Billie docilely kneels while I palpate with his foreskin invaginated? Well if we were to wait for the cold to dissipate and for feeling to return, he would be in incredible pain if the penis were to engorge. The prepuce can become constrictive when turned over and drawn down the shaft like this. At the farm this can be used as severe method of punishment for new arrivals. As the penis slowly stiffens discomfort turns to agony... which for most pony boys is a catalyst fostering more stiffness. It's such a curious yet useful propensity... the innate enjoyment of pain."

Nicole chuckles with the thought.

The penis is released and an examination of the testicles follows... with a lecture explaining the male reproductive system. Billie lurches as Nicole firmly squeezes one gonad and then the other. Her

touch is both methodical and clinical... but I am sure the testing is more than what would be considered sufficient at any medical facility. She seems reluctant to release and continues pressing until Billie lurches in his bonds. This brings more laughter from Nicole and I find myself smiling as well.

“These little nuggets can take more than is thought, in terms of torment,” she notes as she works to unfurl the long sac shriveled as a result of the freezing cold.

Watching Nicole is enlightening. She truly has a male by his balls and revels in the power such imbues. With the restored warmth she is able to draw the pouch well back past the curve of his buttocks. I experience a sense of achievement knowing that it is by my hand that Billie’s scrotum had been so noticeably altered.

“He’s ready for a humbler. I’ll get one for you with my next trip to the farm.”

I beam with a glow of accomplishment.

Chapter Thirteen

I arrive home from school and see a delivery truck departing the front of the house. Though at a stage in life where advancing maturity has me contemplating college, packages are still exciting to receive... thoughts of Christmas and birthdays and the anticipation of unwrapping gifts continues to thrill.

Mom greets me in the living room and is removing binders from a sizable corrugated box.

“Decided to get more exercise,” she succinctly proclaims in working to remove plastic straps and staples.

I help, holding the box while Mom pulls from within a heavy flat piece of equipment. It is a treadmill.

“Let’s set it up in the den.”

Mother has not spared the dollars in her procurement. The machine is solid, one of the highest quality made and my devious mind races as various attachments slide from the box to add to the assembly.

“It would be better where it can’t be seen, Mom. You don’t want visitors to know you need exercise. Plus a neighbor may see you all messy.”

“Good thought, Mary. It’s probably best in the basement.”

I smile in leading Mom’s thoughts and having her fall into my instant plan. We somewhat struggle but within minutes have the heavy

device resting on the basement floor where it is assembled. When finished, I look up to see that we have serendipitously placed it under one of Nicole's cleverly placed eye bolts in a beam above and directly to the front of the treadmill. My loins somewhat quiver. In the depths of winter, I know my outdoor exercising of Billie will be abbreviated by cold and rain and possibly more snow. I envision the newly acquired machine grinding away with my naked and bridled steed endeavoring to keep pace to relieve painful tautness from his reins. Yes, endless steady footwork will provide challenge and enforce conditioning throughout the inclement months.

"As good a spot as any. I can watch television or a movie while working out." Mom referencing the nearby home entertainment center which served to first reveal Billie's equine interests.

I become giddy in expectation of Billie's next visit. Despite mother's pronouncement, it is *I* who my mind pictures leisurely watching television and it is Billie who 'works out'.

Two days later Nicole stops by, the absence of Mom's car indicating that I am home alone.

"I've got something for you."

She hands me a box somewhat larger than that for shoes. As stated, with packages still bringing excitement, I open it with great expectation.

"A humbler. A beginner's set with no pressure plate," Nicole explains as I reach within and hold up a finely polished wooden device.

It is narrow and some eighteen inches long with an elliptical hole in the middle. Bolts on each end reveal that the implement is actually two pieces of wood with the long flat surfaces pressed together and held by adjustable wing nuts.

Carved into the lengths are two indentations almost shaping the wood into the form of the letter 'W'. Nicole explains.

"It's really very simple. First loosen the wings nuts, slip the hole around the base of the pony's scrotum, tighten the wing nuts. You'll see that the curved indentations nicely press into the curvature of the back of the thighs. And the testicles will be drawn back through the hole, firmly held and prominently displayed just below the buttocks. In experimenting with it, you'll see why some stretching of the scrotum is required so it can be worn."

With that, Nicole excuses herself to depart for another long shift at the hospital, leaving me in a delirium of erotic stimulation. I find myself spending most of the afternoon gliding my fingers over the

polished wood, visualizing how the perimeter of the hole has been burnished to ultimate smoothness by the subjugated flesh of numerous human equines... forced to don the controlling contraption by the unyielding hands of a Dominant woman trainer. In twisting to first loosen, separate the two boards and then tighten the wing nuts, again and again, I fancy Billie's next visit.

Well, on Friday, with the letters MIL appearing on mom's kitchen calendar, I learn that a visit is scheduled for Saturday. My heart leaps and I know to once again refrain and politely decline any offer from Walter concerning companionship and an afternoon at the mall.

"Visitor's," I will concisely explain. And Walter will know not to be dejected.

Though I do not wish to hurt his feelings, I need to be with Billie. My proclivity continues to flourish with Nicole fueling such wonderfully dominant thoughts and deeds. She makes my need to govern seem so natural... so straightforward. Her plain talk along with her sage advice and guidance concerning the care and treatment of the human equine seems to remove all stigma of deviance.

So late Saturday morning, Billie enters our basement. In appearing somewhat jittery, I perceive he has his own needs which require fulfillment. My chaste pony boy has hormones which flow with abundance. I am more than aware of how best to stem the tide and transform his building funk into obedient servitude. He needs to be exercised under strict supervision.

I stand arms akimbo as he delivers each scrap of clothing to his mother's waiting hands. As always his smooth hairless body is a delight for the eyes. In knowing that it will soon be mine for the remainder of the afternoon, I feel goose bumps form.

"You look very pretty today, Billie," Mom interjects, advancing Billie's bashfulness as he knows to stand perfectly still with hands on head.

Her comment accelerates the process by which Billie's penis begins its salute. It twitches then begins to lowly engorge. Billie grimaces when the foreskin begins to draw back. The penis swells to display itself before us three women. By the time Aunt Mildred finishes securing the nylon straps around Billie's biceps, he is amazingly erect. With Mom finding herself stifling laughter, Billie blushes in embarrassment. Yet his standing penis waggles in a curious acknowledgment of the feminine power surrounding him.

There is silence as we conspire to let Billie's humiliation surge.

Then Aunt Mildred turns to leave, signaling the beginning of their long day of philogyny.

“Play nice,” Mom advises, in following Aunt Mildred up the stairs.

There comes outright laughter as the basement door closes... I suppose the expression of mirth to be spurred both by Billie’s exhibition and thoughts of the forthcoming imaginary visit to the island of Lesbos.

“Lie on the floor please, Billie. On your back. I have something for you.”

My priapic charge obeys. I position him as Nicole has suggested, retrieving the humbler from a nearby drawer. I loosen the wing nuts, separating the parallel boards.

“Ankles behind your ears please,” I request with a smile.

In Billie’s mind, my words are commands. His abdominal muscles ripple as his thighs lift and his legs maneuver to comply. And yes, the suggested position nicely exposes Billie’s well stretched scrotum, his two testicles dangling over his anus as his toes touch the floor near his head. With his penis erect, the base of Billie scrotal sac is easily accessed. I lift the smooth hairless bag of flesh and place the humbler such that the curved indentations of the separated boards greet the back of his thighs. In further loosening the wing nuts the mass of flesh is easily slipped into the elliptical opening between the boards. I align the base of the sac within the circumference and slowly tighten the wing nuts. I must smile with the simplicity of the entrapping device. With the back pressure brought by Billie’s thighs, his plump gonads will not escape through the hole, shrinking as I tighten. The connected boards will continue to press against his thighs and be held in place by his most sensitive anatomy.

I inspect to ensure that the desired flesh protrudes through the hole and is not pinched between the boards then give each wing nut a final twist.

“Legs down... slowly.”

Billie silently obeys. But I notice his legs do not fully rest on the floor and he keeps his knees bent.

“Up.”

Billie grimaces as he rolls to his side and awkwardly stands. I further inspect and better understand Nicole’s comments and the need to stretch the scrotum. The humbler is aptly named. Billie cannot stand perfectly straight. His knees remain bent with the entrapping device pressed against the top of his thighs just at where his buttocks begin their

rounded protrusion. The effect is to hold his balls well up and back behind him.

I must smile at the vulnerability of the pink eggs. Such humbling presentation indeed... the male reproductive organs so ignominiously displayed for all the world to observe... seeming to invite the sting of the crop.

“Stand up straight please, Billie,” I suggest in my pleasant but authoritative voice.

“I cannot Miss Mary. It’s my... my balls,” my steed sheepishly explains. ‘They’re stuck.’

Yes, the simple device won’t allow normal posture and I quickly conclude that if I had not spent the past few months earnestly stretching Billie’s sac, he would not be able to stand at all.... the humbler forcing him into a constant kneeling position.

Alas, the device is aptly named...

Billie begins to squirm, reaching behind himself in an attempt to fidget with the device which places him in discomfort. I reach for the double D clamp and quickly immobilize his arms, clipping together his elbow bands behind his back in the simple bondage to which he has become so accustomed.

“No, no Billie.”

The snaffle bit appears. Billie’s bridle is attached. I need to see Billie move about with his precious balls so nicely entrapped and forced to be so humbly displayed. The reins are attached and I walk him about. He steps gingerly, bent somewhat at the waist, and I smile in watching him waddle, his motion serving to exaggerate the display of his testicles.

‘Oh yes,’ I think to myself. ‘Nicole is so correct in her assessment.’

The exhibition brings moisture between by thighs. I reach for my crop and merely tap the pink mass of flesh, swaying back and forth with each labored step. Billie lurches. The humbler will nicely augment my control, I quickly realize. Mere flicks of my wrist translate to instant pain and immediate compliance to my wishes. Over time, in continuing to stretch Billie, he will better be able to stand and move, thus even better able to perform for me while donning the humbler. And his testicles will become even more accessible.

“Can you feel tension on your testicles, Billie?”

“Yes, Miss Mary.”

So the humbler not only nicely presents, it is also functional... serving to stretch the scrotal sac in much the same way as the parachute.

“Come,” I command, suppressing a smile.

It’s on to the treadmill for Billie. I attach his reins to the overhead hook, inspect his stiff penis to see that his reaction to control and humiliation is as consistent as always, then reach to the controls.

“Nice and slow to start, Billie. And don’t worry, I’ll be here to help if you stumble.”

I flip the start switch and turn the speed dial. My thoroughly subjugated steed takes a step. His reins tighten and he knows to quickly take another before the snaffle bit functions to pinch his tongue. I move to the rear, remaining within easy reach of the ‘off’ switch. There I watch Billie’s entrapped balls sway right, left, right, left with every step.

He stutter steps and I apply a modest correcting stroke to where the male least likes the attention of a stern feminine hand. As a result, he lurches causing his sac to flip about wildly in increasing his pace to slacken the tension on the reins.

I can imagine a very fruitful winter... one in which, despite the coldest temperature and the deepest snow, Billie will be well exercised. Yes, with Billie’s simple bondage, he must labor in sync with the treadmill, a machine he will find to challenge his conditioning. And I can merely watch in leisure as I work him to exhaustion, readying him for long Spring rides.

Another flick of the crop has him lurch again. His erection bobs about as air hisses through his bit. But he humbly reacts with renewed effort. It’s an invigorating sight for a girl of my ilk, forcing the male beast to labor and to so shamefully exhibit his precious organs. I become sopping wet and I have not yet saddled him.

At day’s end, a hooded Billie will find my taste to be quite strong.

Chapter Fourteen

Winter is in its final throes and despite the deep snow, there are thoughts of Springtime, graduation, and a relaxing summer before commencing college.

I’m going to Wellesley!

I have Billie on the treadmill... with the expanse of frozen white powder making outdoor exercise impossible I’ve been working him indoors for hours. Sweat pours from every limb and I stop every few minutes to water him. Otherwise he just continues to perform, reveling in my power and soaking up the anguish of every correcting stroke of the crop like a masochistic wet sponge. The painful nips spur his erection...

my controlling hand holding him in a priapic state of bliss.

Satisfied with his output, I move to rest on the couch to watch a movie. The juxtaposition of me comfortably reclining while Billie works and works does wonders for the psyche, though I must occasionally return to crop the buttocks and ensure both his output and continued tumescence.

In time, over the steady whir of the machine, I hear noises and arise to a knock on the door leading to the outdoors.

I open it to greet Nicole. Having tramped through the snow filled back yard she desires to visit without disturbing Mom and Aunt Mildred in whatever endeavor the two are engaged.

“Afternoon, Mary. Saw your Aunt Mildred’s car and thought I’d stop by. Knew you’d be in the basement with Billie.”

She smiles devilishly, very much aware that my governance has become a narcotic... for both Billie and me... and that on a dreary Winter’s day time could not be better spent than in some form of slow torment in exerting my complete control.

We converse while Nicole watches Billie perform... elbows forced back, head held high by the reins attached to the ceiling hook... balls nicely displayed by the humbler. The reflection of the overhead lights makes his perspiring flesh glow. Muscles ripple with each step. His erect penis bobs about in a wondrous salute to the presence of superior females.

There is a pause in the conversation for several minutes to more closely watch. She enjoys observing the human steed being worked as much as me. She smiles that knowing smile and reaches out, as Billie continues his endless exertion, to tweak Billie’s right nipple then smooth her hand down his wet flesh to feel the explosive motion of his powerful buttocks. Her touch is tender but it also palpates, more examining than soothing. When she retracts her hand, I slow the treadmill to a stop for a water break. Billie will soon need to visit the bathroom... but it’s my decision as to exactly when relief will be permitted.

As I align the straw from a plastic water bottle to Billie’s entrapped lips, Nicole retrieves a small object from her pocket. She holds it up for my visual inspection.

“Mind if I introduce Billie to a little more inducement?”

It’s a black rubber cylinder... some four inches long and one and half inches in diameter. It tapers to a flange and I can read Nicole’s mind as a tube of unguent appears from her other pocket.

“Good for the prostate. Pleasing to the rectum. Results in both

stimulus for the subordinate and enjoyment for the Dominant eye.”

Billie idly stands while Nicole’s hand slips to his cheeks just above the humbler. She works inwards between those perfectly rounded globes to lubricate his sphincter. Then the rubber cylinder is introduced and is greeted by some resistance as the more bulbous tip meets the entrance to his tight rear portal. But the knowing nurse is all too familiar with the anatomy of the subordinate male, instantly finding the desired aperture and pressing inward with moderate force.

My steed squirms a little. But when Nicole finishes and steps away Billie finds himself plugged... simply... insouciantly... thoroughly.

“You’ll find it will keep him better erect,” my knowing friend observes.

Yes, Billie’s penis seems to bob about as the tapered portion of the pudgy rubber cylinder seats itself at the very entrance to his rear passage, driving the thicker tip further inward to abrade the prostate gland. Thereafter his stiffness seems to firm and stand a little higher as Nicole smiles with the fulfillment of her prognosis. I watch in amazement. Perhaps it is just an illusion, the Dominant female eye so much desiring to see the subordinate male organ stand even taller. But whatever the case, any subtle resistance to the object ends as my thoroughly chaste steed finds the added stimulation to be more than acceptable.

After a moment of watching Billie shift about to better accommodate his stuffed rear portal, I turn the machine on to resume his unending afternoon of forced exercise. Small talk resumes.

“So, Mary... you’re off to college in the fall. What’s Billie going to do?”

I explain that responses to Billie’s applications were disappointing. As I speak, I stand nearby and gently knead the wet skin of his right buttock, feeling the well toned muscles expand and contract. My well disciplined steed finds my more gentle touch to be both soothing and encouraging... his head lifts. His pace becomes more purposeful, desiring to show off to the stern nurse Nicole the conditioning I have imbued. He is both proud and humbled.

“His preferred colleges rejected him. He is wait listed at a mediocre school for which he has shown little enthusiasm. He’s not sure what to do. As always, without someone making decisions for him, he’s confused.”

I enjoy talking about a bridled Billie when he cannot respond and as if he’s not in the room, further objectifying him. Such discourse aids

in his mental supplication, further immersing his psyche into the world of the human equine.

Nicole watches Billie's gait with a trained eye. Over the past weeks I have stretched his sac to where he can almost stand straight up while donning the humbler. It's an accomplishment of which I am most proud and Nicole's look of satisfaction seems to agree.

"What about the summer? Any plans?"

My wicked grin gives away my thoughts. I have assumed that Billie will be visiting often. Nicole reads my mind.

"It's probably time to take all this to another level, don't you think, Mary? Look at the degree of enjoyment!"

With that, Nicole reaches to Billie's bobbing erection, captures it in her right hand at mid shaft, then bends it towards us for better visual inspection. With the engorged purple head completely escaping the foreskin and prostatic fluid streaming about, it is quite the sight. Probably somewhat fearsome to the timid girl not in control... most gratifying to we women who enjoy thorough capitulation. After all... it stands for us.

"He needs you. He needs to be governed. He revels in the humiliation. But he also needs to be formally trained."

I nod in silence as Nicole releases the erect manhood. Billie rolls his eyes in response to her brash action as his penis comically flops back to its position of standing toward the ceiling. One cannot determine whether the reaction is one of shock or enjoyment... though I realize it really does not matter.

While I contemplate Nicole's words, her hand slides to Billie's tummy. She presses, using her fingers to ascertain the degree of distension.

"He needs to go," she announces with the resolve of a trained woman of medicine.

I reach to the controls and slow the treadmill to a stop. Nicole unhooks the reins from the ceiling hook.

"Come, pretty pony."

Her words softly encourage but her hand firmly tensions the reins.

My blonde friend leads an exhausted pony boy to the bathroom. I unlock the door and Billie finds himself standing before the toilet. His erection will make immediate relief improbable and Nicole cruelly swats the bulbous penis tip with a rapid swipe of her free hand. Billie instantly detumefies and Nicole readily grasps his penis and points it toward the

waiting bowl. Small talk resumes as we wait for Billie to summon the concentration required to perform such an intimate task before two women.

“Why not spend some time at the farm this summer. Mother won’t mind hosting a girl of the right mindset.”

My heart jumps. My imagination reels. I have so many times fantasized about the farm, hearing so many of Nicole’s tales, observing how she so deftly handles the subordinate male.

I beam with joy. But before I can gush forth with an acceptance, Nicole continues.

“There’s plenty of room in the stables for Billie. I’ll talk to your Aunt Mildred. Then I’ll need to prepare him for the farm. That’s just a couple of hours in my basement and I think you’ll find the modifications of interest. There’s plenty of time before summer for him to become acclimated.

“From what you’ve said, it sounds like our pretty pony is going to have time on his hands. If there’s no place for him to go... no college... he won’t have to leave the farm in the fall... unless of course your Aunt Mildred wants him to return.”

Billie struggles to empty himself, his mind distracted by our talk. I reach under his humbler between his thighs. He knows to part his feet and further spread to provide access for me. I cradle his exposed balls in one hand and rub his perineum with the other. Nicole releases his reins and begins to tweak his nipples with her free hand. When she leans to blow in his ear, her knowing action brings a shiver and goose bumps. Billie’s flow begins, his senses overwhelmed by our adroit handling of so many intimate male erogenous zones. Nicole playfully moves her hand about to point Billie’s penis around and around the bowl as his flow strengthens in becoming more comfortable with our authority.

Meanwhile as Billie empties, Nicole’s words begin a cascade of daydreams. I completely flush with the thoughts. An entire summer with Billie under my tutelage every single day! And to picture him stabled... possibly for an indeterminate period...

I have no idea what Aunt Mildred will say when Nicole calls. Does she have the slightest inkling about Billie and me? Is she aware of the full extent of our relationship? But then again... does she care?

After all it’s her stepson... the charge whose presence seems to be of annoyance during her long visits with Mom. The one she takes to the beauty parlor to assure any semblance of male confidence is thoroughly undermined. The stepson whose entire body she’s had depilated... and by

a collection of demented and giggling women... whose hair is effeminately coifed in the style of her choosing... who is forced to strip naked before Mom and a girl his age... who is required to seek a woman's assistance for bathroom visits... whose penis tip she had modified to inhibit masturbation. The stepson who leaves our house with rather obvious welts on his buttocks... the presence of which never gives rise to a single question.

When Nicole speaks to Aunt Mildred, the introduction of her plans will foment a curious conversation I am sure. But my mind speeds ahead and envisions Aunt Mildred and Mom alone together for an entire summer without need for cloaking their homophilic desires. No Billie. No Mary. Just an otherwise empty house. And possibly for longer than just the summer!

They may even find the need for those silk robes to be superfluous...

Yes, I quickly conclude, Nicole will be persuasive... conveniently postulating a scenario which will fulfill Mom and Aunt Mildred's latent desires... to be left alone in uninterrupted Sapphic embrace... for week after week.

It is known that I shall attend college in the fall and be out of the way. But for the two daughters of Lesbos, Billie's unknown academic status could augur poorly, especially without me to 'entertain' him while Mom and Aunt Mildred romp about. And absent Billie's admission to college, Aunt Mildred could be stuck with him for the fall... and longer.

He certainly can't be left behind at Aunt Mildred's house with untoward time in which to contemplate masturbation!

Yes, I am sure Nicole will apprise Aunt Mildred of the possibility of such an undesirable outcome. Thus her simple suggestion, a summer on the farm, will be readily accepted, I am sure. There will follow an entire season of work and sweat... well away from the congested suburbs... where Billie will be assured plenty of fresh air and exercise.

Yes... *exercise*, I think, laughing to myself.

Nicole wants my pony boy trained to pull a cart for me... how delicious!

Chapter Fifteen

It's arranged!

Whatever Nicole said, and I don't think it had to be much, Aunt Mildred graciously gave permission for Billie to spend his summer at the

farm.

And Mom said yes to the notion of my sojourn as well, of course. I am sure the two conspired beforehand to ensure we both would be packing our bags. Obviously granting permission to one of us and leaving the other behind would neither be desirous nor conducive with their goals.

I sometimes imagine what mischief I would make during those long afternoons of Aunt Mildred's visits if I did not have Billie to entertain me. Just what did go on in Mom's bedroom when the silk robes were shucked?

With Billie needing close supervision, I was not to find out.

So... an entire summer frolicking at Nicole's parents farm!

Within weeks, a series of warm days shrank the mass of whiteness covering Billie's stomping grounds to slushy patches of dirt laden grey. Though the treadmill was most effective in keeping Billie trim, naturally along with very strict stretching and calisthenics, I missed having him saddled and feeling a girl's best friend slowly tantalize my clitoris into a frenzy... one to be ultimately satisfied with subservient tongue and lips.

Thus on an unusually sunny Saturday morning in March, a harbinger of fine Spring weather, Aunt Mildred dashed up the basement stairs with Billie's clothing and Mom quietly followed... I suppose the untimely warm weather awakening hormones even in women approaching middle age.

Billie and I were at a point in our relationship where words were few. I suppose the mere act of being stripped before the three of us was enough to trigger his psyche and his demeanor drifted downward into pony space. So it was common that after Mom and Aunt Mildred left us alone, Billie merely stood in naked silence, awaiting commands and wallowing in that strange combination of pride and humiliation as his penis performed for me, somewhat grimacing as his studs pulled back and the organ slowly rose to a full stand.

"Outdoors today," I succinctly announce my intentions as I retrieve the saddle for the first time in weeks, opening the basement door and leaving it ajar.

I attach the waist belt as Billie obediently stands with his hands on his head. Bit and bridle is next. When I reach for the humbler and the long strap to attach his elbows, I spy resting in the drawer the anal plug and the unguent so nicely 'donated' by Nicole. I smile recalling how Billie's penis so demonstrably reacted when Nicole plugged him weeks

before.

“Down and spread.”

Billie knows to kneel so I can mount him, a ritual commencing every ride. What he does not know is that I will exercise him with his anus stuffed.

I apply the lubricant and find myself marveling at Nicole’s dexterity. The tight little aperture is not that easy to penetrate... first the exact location of the opening must be found and then the proper angle must be ascertained. And she had him plugged him so quickly...

On the third try Billie’s rectum greedily swallows the specially shaped implement with just a modicum of pressure. I detect a degree of pleasure as Billie’s sphincter contracts to slowly suck in the rubber and the cylinder glides inward to seat itself. After all, to my knowledge, Billie has been kept chaste for month after month. Why wouldn’t some degree of attention there provide a moderate thrill?

Next comes the humbler and Billie knows to further bow and place his forehead on the floor as I lift and cradle his massive scrotal sac in my left hand and align the loose parallel boards with the other. Having placed the base of his scrotum in the elliptical opening, I carefully tighten the wing nuts, careful to ensure that no excess flesh becomes pinched where the two flat surfaces meet.

Handling the male gonads is heady stuff and I feel wetness begin to flow before even mounting the saddle. The hairless sac is so soft, pink and exposed to a woman’s touch, leaving vulnerable all that the male beast considers consequential. And I can handle it with impunity, having spent many weeks shaping it and deciding just how low and ridiculously exposed I want Billie’s organs to be.

Nicole has explained that in slowly stretching my steed, I am in effect loosening the cremaster muscles, which are what releases in the last few weeks of male fetal development to permit the testicles to descend. Thus, I am extending a natural occurrence, somewhat, in that the muscles are designed to stretch and lower the gonads into the sac. I just want them to be displayed a little more prominently.

So I don’t really consider my implacable efforts to be that extraordinary. Just continuing what nature began...

I reach for my riding crop, straddle Billie, lift my pleated skirt and slowly adjust my hips so that I feel for the first time in weeks my gentle friend work its way to my clitoral hood. I clip the strap on Billie’s right elbow binding, pass it behind my back and clip his left.

Life is good.

It is then that I understand the full benefit of the humbler. With the most casual flick of my wrist, I apply an attention grabbing stroke of the crop to Billie's entrapped scrotum. He bucks and I shiver as the saddle protuberance diddles my clitoris. Billie stands bending slightly at the waist due to the humbler. Yet he settles into his task, stepping forward to work his way out the door, kicking it fully open with his foot and climbing the few stairs to sunlight. The air is cool yet warming rapidly. The ground is muddy, perfect for instilling discipline as my crop will instantly admonish sloppy foot work.

A long afternoon begins. My heel gently abrades Billie's erection. It may be my imagination but the anal plug seems to have added a degree of stiffness to Billie's salute to feminine power. It's like a rock.

In not being hooded, Billie runs with zest, laboring to carry me about the expansive yard with a level of energy not exhibited since autumn. He is a wild beast finally uncaged to freely cavort after many weeks of captivity. Yet, he reacts with precision to every tug on the reins, every stroke of the crop.

Rider and pony are one... both sensing the ecstasy of control and capitulation... the exchange of power.

Within an hour, Nicole's car arrives in her driveway. The fence separating our yard is tall, but in mounting Billie, my head can be seen above the six foot expanse of wood. Thus she knows that at five foot four in height I am riding my steed.

The gate opens and I direct Billie to greet our neighbor.

"Perfect timing," Nicole smilingly hails us.

She extends her arms and cups her hands at the level of her waist. It is curious to note that my steed steps into her waiting palms, frottaging his massive erection against fingers he has come to know all too well.

Nicole giggles at his act of supplication... presenting his penis for her inspection.

"So nice and firm today, Billie. And yet you're all sweaty. You enjoy being worked... as a good pony should. And what happened to your balls?"

Her question is added with mocking inflection as the fingers of her left hand work between his thighs.

"Oh, here they are."

Nicole giggles again as her finger tips greet the wooden humbler holding Billie's precious gonads... out of sight behind him but where I can readily apply the crop. At the same time her right hand grips the base of Billie's erection and strokes... knowing that she more teases than

gratifies at the location well away from the tip.

Billie attempts to lower his head and I loosen my grip on the reins to allow his reaction.

He attempts to kiss Nicole in an odd form of pony gratitude for her fleeting touch.

Nicole laughs. I join her.

“Such a good pony boy,” she coos as she very briefly diddles the extremely sensitive and thoroughly neglected underside of the purple penis tip.

Billie stirs and I can feel him shudder with the unexpected instant of intense pleasure. Nicole draws her hands away leaving a teased Billie most agitated. He bucks his hips in frustration, attempting to resume contact. His action jostles my clitoral friend and I join Billie in an ephemeral moment of ecstasy.

I pull back on his reins. My firm tug reminds him of who is in control and he settles. Nicole laughs again.

“He’s quite frisky. It seems Spring is coming. By the way, Mom sent some things for Billie. Give me a moment then bring him to the back door. We’ll work in the basement.”

Nicole departs. I run Billie for a few more laps about the yard then direct him through the gate, conveniently left open by Nicole. In arriving at her back door, I find that a basin of water has been set out. With a quick stroke of the crop I have Billie step in to wash away an accumulation of mud on feet and ankles. Then I reach down and turn the door knob. The door swings open and Billie knows to step inward. A half set of stairs to the left proceeds upwards to the kitchen. A second half to the right proceeds downward to Nicole’s basement medical chamber. In seeing bright lights below, a pull on the right rein and a snap of the crop where Billie least likes to feel the sting of leather has him descending.

Nicole awaits, remaining in her nurse’s uniform.

“As I said, Mom sent some things for Billie to wear. His indoctrination at the farm will be quicker if he arrives... let’s term it properly ‘attired’.”

Nicole directs as I dismount. She has me remove all of Billie’s pony gear... bit, bridle, elbow bindings, saddle. The humbler is loosened and likewise removed.

“Leave the anal plug. It will assist in keeping him erect.”

My docile beast knows to keep his hands on his head, well away from his standing penis. Nicole leads him to an open shower area where he is most quickly yet thoroughly cleansed. I picture my blonde friend as

a young girl assisting in her mother's stable at day's end, swabbing the well whipped flesh of some dozen naked pony boys, musing as their forced chastity brings the same humble salute of the male anatomy in greeting soothing feminine hands.

Cleansed and patted dried, Billie is taken to the operating table, placed prostrate and strapped down. Wrist cuffs, ankle cuffs, thick comfortable straps encircling neck, thighs and the small of his back make him completely immobile.

Nicole prepares a tray of paraphernalia.

"Just some simple modifications for today. Over the next few weeks we'll do the complicated ones."

Alcohol is used to ensure certain areas are further cleansed and sterilized. Then Nicole holds up a curious device which somewhat resembles a large stapler.

"For installing grommets in fabric... only mom made some design changes for human flesh."

With her left hand, Nicole gathers a pinch of flesh on the inside of Billie left arm near his elbow. With her right she slides the tuft into the jaws of the device. She cruelly squeezes. There is the sound of a snap followed by an agonizing scream from Billie.

"Your Aunt Mildred won't need to put him in elbow bindings after today."

Billie is fighting against his restraints as Nicole insouciantly moves to gather a similar pinch of skin on his right elbow.

"Please no, Miss Nicole."

His pathetic words fall on calloused ears.

"It's best, Billie. Just a couple more... for today."

Larger tufts of skin at the right and left hip meet the jaws of the strange device. The snapping sound reminds me indeed of that made in stapling documents and Billie vocally emits a similar cry of anguish with each. And as Nicole circles Billie to further cleanse and dab away the slightest traces of blood, I move closer to inspect.

Penetrating tufts of Billie's skin are four circular pieces of brass metal with holes in the middle. It is apparent that the device is designed to rapidly pierce the pinch of flesh then widen the hole and permanently attach flanges. The elbow grommets are modest, slightly smaller than a dime and penetrating thin skin. Those at the hips are sizable, larger than a nickle, and penetrate thick skin.

Cords, even rope at the hip grommets, can be threaded through the openings held in place by Billie's very flesh. Metal hooks may also

be quickly attached.

“He’ll feel a little tension for a couple of days. Then he’ll become used to the sensation. Plus the skin will expand somewhat,” Nicole lectures in releasing Billie’s straps.

“And as I suggested, the elbow bindings will no longer be needed.”

Nicole picks up the long strap I use to secure Billie’s arms while riding. She nimbly clips one end into the opening of Billie’s newly installed elbow grommet.

“See,” she proclaims, pulling with moderate force to proudly demonstrate her handiwork.

Billie winces as his arm is forced to docilely follow Nicole’s commanding tug.

“Gathered the skin where the grommet pressures just enough nerves to get the pony’s attention. It’s a skill.”

Chapter Sixteen

Weeks later, a follow up visit to Nicole’s chamber found Billie again strapped down to her operating table. Mercifully he received local anesthesia and grommets of similar design were inserted into his ankles, between the bone and the Achilles tendon, with obviously longer stems passing through nearly a full inch of tissue.

“He’ll have difficulty walking for a few days,” Nicole advised as Billie stumbled in arising from the table.

What was curious was that after each addition of rounded brass, at the end of the day when Aunt Mildred handed Billie his clothes back, she never said a word despite the apparent glimmer of new metal adornments at elbows, hips and ankles. I assumed she had been forewarned concerning the modifications... the proper ‘attire’ required for his visit to Nicole’s family farm.

And later, in being fully clothed, no one would learn of Billie’s restraint grommets, as Nicole termed such. Even in a short sleeve shirt, the circular pieces of brass at his elbows, on the inside of his arms, were unlikely to be noticed unless someone directed their vision there while he moved about his arms. And a sheepish Billie was certainly not going to do anything to draw attention to evidence of his aberrant weekend activity.

No, after the trauma of the ankle grommets, Billie just limped about for a couple of days and explained to anyone who cared to ask that

new shoes had brought blisters.

Then in May, with only weeks before graduation, Nicole announced it was time for the final restraint grommet. She suggested beforehand, outside of Billie's presence, that I work him particularly hard before bringing him to her basement.

"It's best that he be tired and most docile," she forewarned in a more somber tone.

I worked him long and hard then directed him to Nicole's. There Billie was strapped down supine. Local anesthesia was administered to his face, Nicole injecting novocaine some half dozen times at the cheek bones, forehead and upper lip. Then a modified grommet device appeared from under her cloth covered tray. This one had slim and long 'fingers' where a very modest sized open grommet was inserted at the tip.

"Hold still now Billie. You're well numbed and should not feel much."

Nicole cruelly grasped a clump of Billie's longish hair, forced his head back and down into the padding of the table and inserted the slim fingers of the device into his nose. With the sound of the familiar snap, a seventh grommet was inserted into the cartilage of Billie's nose between his nostrils.

It took mere seconds.

"So simple... so quick... so effective," Nicole commented as she withdrew the device and cleansed.

My most stern friend and I conversed as Billie remained strapped down while the novocaine dissipated.

"That's the last one. When he arrives at the farm the handler can put him directly into indoctrination. Instead of waiting for the restraint grommets to stabilize as with most new pony boys, he'll be harnessed and ready to serve you in days."

I became giddy thinking about it all. Nicole described the farm as she continued dabbing about Billie's nostrils. Her words served to both calm me and enhance my eagerness. After several minutes she strolled to one of the glass doored cabinets and selected a cord. She returned to Billie and flicked his nose, bringing a cry of pain.

"Excellent," she noted in announcing the wearing of the novocaine.

In a very smooth and quick motion a metal device attached to the end of the cord was inserted into Billie's nostrils. There was a discernible click. Nicole then released all the straps, freeing Billie from the table.

“As I said... simple... quick... effective.”

She pulled in the slim cord and Billie shrieked. Then his abdominal muscles instantly rippled to propel his torso upwards in order to sit up on the operating table and add slack to the simple cord. Tension on the slim length evidently resulted in an extraordinary jolt of pain.

“There’s a little ‘D’ clamp on the end of the cord which you should practice utilizing, Mary. Properly used it just takes a second to maximize your control. Try it.”

I stepped forward and extended my hand to the end of Billie’s nose where Nicole pointed. There the cord ended, attached to a small clasp. When I gripped it and pressed with my thumb, the clasp released from the newly implanted grommet and the cord came loose. I smiled with its simplicity.

“Now reinsert it,” Nicole instructed.

I did and for the next ten minutes an exhausted Billie sat without protest as I attached then released the nostril cord some dozen times in practice. With the last three attempts I achieved perfection, instantly securing the cord to the unseen grommet in his nose cartilage.

“How clever,” I felt obligated to remark. “No one will ever know that Billie can be so thoroughly and quickly placed on the end of a leash and restrained.”

I snapped the line. Billie emitted a plaintive cry. Cruel yes, but I needed to ascertain the sensitivity. It was extensive and most empowering.

“And it affords such an advanced level of control,” I gushed.

“Yes, Mary. He’s six foot four, 235 pounds and believe me when I suggest he will work very hard to follow that nostril cord anywhere. The nose has many, many nerve endings.”

We giggled like school girls.

For the next few visits of Aunt Mildred, I learned the utility of Billie’s grommets. To run him on the treadmill, his elbow grommets were clipped together behind his back, a slim cord secured his nose grommet to the overhead hook, and strong cords connected his hips to the side railings of the treadmill. In that position he ran and ran and ran, endeavoring endlessly to keep pace and ensure that the nostril cord did not tighten.

Yes... quick... simple... effective indeed. I could have Billie plodding along in his forced and extensive exercise within minutes of his arrival. And Aunt Mildred no longer had to bother with the nylon elbow bindings.

By the beginning of June, Billie could stand up straight in the humbler. I had achieved the desired goal. Thereafter the length of his stretched scrotal sac stabilized, the humbler no longer overly tensioning the flesh.

“If you want him longer, you’ll have to go back to using the parachute,” Nicole suggested. “But be aware that thereafter the standard humbler will no longer fit him.”

Yes, sage advice. What kept the humbler affixed to the back of Billie’s thighs was the tension placed on the parallel boards by the flesh of his entrapped sac. Thus if I continued to stretch him the standard humbler would hang loosely.

“Custom made humblers need precise measurement and skilled woodworking,” Nicole further advised.

Thus I decided to refrain from further modification. Besides, when Billie stood stark naked before Aunt Mildred, Mom and me to begin each weekend visit, his hairless organs dangled more than half way down his thighs. The male organs so prominently displayed for the superior female... mission accomplished.

So as much fun as I had whimsically modifying my docile steed, it was time to move onward.

Graduation came. Walter and I sat together and endured the endless ceremony. He was sweet knowing that I would be away all summer and that thereafter it was off to Wellesley.

But my shy friend managed to be accepted at Boston College, just a few miles from Wellesley. So in some regards, graduation would not be, did not have to be, a final parting. Still he kissed me with a passion which exceeded any demonstrated during our afternoon trysts. He sent the message... I would be missed... and in contemplating the summer of governance over Billie, I had not given such a notion much thought.

Billie graduated the following day. I attended the ceremony and mused whether anyone knew that the tall, handsome to the point of prettiness, male specimen was studded with various metal implements which gave superior women very effective control over his body and therefore his mind. Still, he was impressive in cap and gown.

For two days thereafter graduation parties roared like bonfires. On the third day, with the embers of most gatherings dying out, Aunt Mildred’s car rolled into our driveway. Our departure was arranged, my bags packed.

I waited in the basement with my luggage and watched Billie solemnly descend the stairs carrying his. He was followed by Aunt

Mildred and Mom. It appeared they were as enthusiastic about the forthcoming trip as me... for Nicole was to drive us, leaving Mom and Aunt Mildred, not alone for a few hours of dalliance, but alone for the entire summer... perhaps even longer!

So there was much mirth and laughter while Billie stripped, as with every visit, and his clothing was piled into Aunt Mildred's arms for the final time.

"When she arrives, you can walk over to Nicole's using the gate," Mom advised.

Yes, the Sapphic duo was so eager to embrace that they said their goodbyes in the basement. Billie and I were to wait there for Nicole, expected to shortly complete her shift and pick us up for the four hour drive to the farm. In not waiting to greet her, Aunt Mildred and Mom could begin their deviant soiree.

"Be sure to write," Mom reminded as she reached the top of the stairs, leaving Billie naked and alone with me.

How many afternoons had begun in such a manner? And that was the final one.

By arrangement, I clipped together Billie's elbow grommets and had him kneel. A quick smear of lubricant prepared his rectum and Nicole's anal plug soon stuffed his rear aperture. I also began to water him as Nicole had instructed. As always, his penis rose to full blossom with the plug seeming to add notable stiffness, despite his apprehension. I had to marvel at what could be termed 'yardage' in viewing the distance between the tip of his standing penis and the bottom of his low hanging sac. With Billie's stature at six foot four, he was a most imposing male specimen and I once again shivered with delight in realizing that such would be guided about for an entire summer by my whip bearing hand.

In finishing a third bottle of water, Nicole entered by way of the outside basement door.

"Ready for the big trip?" she enthusiastically exclaimed.

I emoted with a forceful 'yes'. Billie remained silent as I was holding the plastic straw at his mouth and squeezing to make him imbibe a steady stream.

A leash was clipped to Billie's nose grommet. I grabbed one bag. Nicole gathered up the others and the curious procession stepped into our backyard. Leading a tall naked male on the end of a leash must have been quite the sight and I wondered at the time if Aunt Mildred and Mom were watching at all. I'm sure the view would have spurred them to a new level of lust, if such was possible.

Through the gate and across Nicole's yard we reached her driveway where the bags were sorted and readied for the back of her car.

"Which bags are yours, Mary?"

I pointed and held Billie steady as Nicole excluded his belongings, summarily tossing such into her garage and loading mine into the trunk.

"He won't be needing anything," Nicole firmly announced.

Billie stirred in surprise and grimaced, hurting himself in pulling against the nose restraint. He suddenly realized he would be entering his new world with nothing.

"Ride in the back with Billie. You'll see various places where he can be secured. And there's a pee bottle for him. Pony boys tend to get excited during long rides."

Yes, the back of Nicole's car had numerous barely noticeable eye hooks where Billie's leash could be tethered and if deemed necessary I could secure his hip and ankle grommets.

And there was indeed a bottle awaiting a fully watered Billie. The trip was long and Nicole's instructions assured that he had to go at some point. He was forced to use a bottle, held by me, during the long trip. I made him kneel on the back seat, up on his haunches like a begging dog. In knowing where to place my hands I eventually coaxed him to empty, after much humiliation.

Nicole's instructions were well thought out. Billie would enter his pony world after experiencing a most degrading drive... naked... well tethered... relieving himself only when and if an exacting woman gave permission... and doing so under her strict supervision.

So calculating...

Chapter Seventeen

Civilization became more and more sparse as the dashboard clock suggested the fourth hour of travel approached. Nicole slowed to guide the car through a small town then resumed her swift pace along a lightly traveled two lane state highway.

"Ten minutes," she remarked.

When the car again slowed to turn into a drive, I noted her timing to be precise, obviously having made the drive so many times. Other than a small sign with the letters DNIL, the road was unmarked and was more driveway than well traveled thoroughfare. The view was of open fields with an occasional copse of trees... not a house nor building in sight. The

bright June sun illuminated a countryside seen in classic landscape paintings. Multiple shades of lush greenery, several hues of yellow flowered brush, a cloudy wisp of white on a blue horizon leading upwards to a clear deep blue high above... all presented without a hint of mankind's incursion.

After a mile we approached an incline and as the car traversed the peak, a large house with several adjacent buildings came into view. The enclave was nestled into a valley. On the far side, grassy fields sloped upwards to eventually end in thick shrubbery and a tree covered ridge which greeted the sky some mile or more off in the distance. As the car descended towards the house, I noted that no other indication of civilization could be seen... no neighboring buildings, no adjacent roads, just some dirt paths meandering about, the wearing of which could suggest the hooves of grazing animals as much as the feet of humans.

I reached to Billie, grasped the base of his semi erect penis and gently stroked, an action rarely offered during the years of our weekend debauchery. He silently glanced at me with a look of both surprise and gratitude.

"Nice and firm now, Billie," I encouraged in my voice reserved for small children. I stroked with moderate manipulation well away from the overly sensitive tip.

Well, in Billie's state of thorough chastity very little stimulation was required to resume the full stand displayed at the time of departure. I wanted him entering his pony world greeting his new handlers and trainers with a show of proper respect. So as the car slowed to turn onto a road of powdery dust leading to the expansive front porch of the house, Billie's excited organ stood as tall as I had ever seen it.

Nicole stopped the car. I glanced through the window as I pulled the door handle. Descending the stairs from a shady porch was a huge woman of color. Her hair was short, suggesting practicality. Her eyes were merry... lively... indicating an alertness and zest for life. She wore a black leather bodice leaving exposed well muscled arms. Her stomach was bare and abdominal muscles rippled as she stepped. About her waist hung a square patch of matching black leather which could best be described as an apron. Black knee high boots propelled her into the sunlight with the bright rays causing the color of her skin to turn to that of rich coffee.

Nicole stepped from the car and greeted the smiling woman.

"Hello Pammie."

I exited leaving Billie sitting, his clipped elbows assuring that my

handiwork was all the manipulation his penis would receive. As 'Pammie' approached us her formidable stature became more apparent. She was well over six feet in height.

Nicole introduced me to the handler of ponies at her mother's farm.

"Welcome to DNIL Farm," Pammie proclaimed with genuine enthusiasm.

She uttered the letters with such rapidity that my ears heard the word 'denial'. We shook hands. Her grip was impressive yet I quickly concluded her firm squeeze was the genuine attempt of a person blessed with enormous power to use a modicum of strength. She did not hurt my hand, but her grasp was noteworthy.

We talked. Pammie was gracious but a person of little tolerance for the mundane. No pleasant chats over tea and biscuits for her. Not the type to spend her free time baking cookies. After a few moments she moved to the open back door of the car, reached in and took Billie's nostril leash.

"Come pretty pony," she softly coaxed, yet I noticed she gave the leash a sudden snap.

Billie shrieked and immediately moved to slide across the seat to exit my side of the car. His reaction was rapid, in no way wishing to bear another snap. Pammie most authoritatively kept tension on the line as if reeling in a large fish, for when Billie finally climbed completely out she held her leash hand high above forcing my pony to look skyward, nose pointing straight up to follow the taut leash. He indeed appeared to be a prize catch.

It was then that I noticed Pammie's buttocks were completely exposed. The square of leather over her pubes hung freely from a simple waist belt. Other than knee high boots, Pammie wore nothing except the apron-like patch of leather which flopped about when she moved and the skin tight bodice which supported mammoth mammary glands.

"Oh yes. Nicely muscled. And you've already had him grommed."

With her free hand Pammie smoothed her fingers over Billie's naked flesh, examining as if purchasing a fine fur coat. Her fingers paused at the hip piercings, tugged firmly, then moved behind to brush over those mounds of muscle which I was given to crop with impunity. Billie squirmed in response to her touch. It was teasing, apparently intended to test his sensitivity along with ascertaining his muscle development.

“And nicely depilated. Will save us a lot of time... chemicals?”

“Yes. And I am told there aren’t many healthy follicles remaining,” I informed this thoroughly in charge woman of color.

“Good. We do laser removal here. Expensive and time consuming, but permanent. We’ll soon take care of what remains.”

Pammie’s free hand lowered to gather Billie’s balls. The blushing pink sac nicely juxtaposed against the mocha of Pammie’s hand. A thumb pressed against his right testicle then his left, to me indicating that she had handled many male reproductive organs. She nodded approvingly.

“Good firm testicles. And he’s been stretched. He’s nicely sized.”

I had always thought of Billie as enormous. With Pammie having a much better basis for making such a comparative judgement my mind imagined what stiff shafts had come under her firm guiding hands over the many years. She was obviously quite experienced in handling finely conditioned males, selected not only for their propensity for submission and inordinate strength but also the pleasing size of their phalli.

At that point Pammie’s eyes caught the glint of the sun reflecting from the chastity studs pulled well down Billie’s penis shaft due to his tumescence. She released his leash, freeing both hands.

“Steady,” she commanded as all ten fingers approached Billie’s standing penis.

I watched in amazement as Pammie slipped her thumb nails under the bunched foreskin, pinched the tight flesh against her index fingers then quickly pulled up, outwards and down, instantly invaginating Billie’s prepuce... just as Nicole had done weeks ago after much icing. Billie howled with the sudden excruciating pain and tried to pull away. But Pammie had a firm grip on that which the male is unlikely to leave behind. He calmed himself, grimacing in pain as the underside of the studs were exposed for Pammie’s inspection.

“Please Miss. I need to be righted.”

Pammie just smiled. Obviously in hearing daily the pleas of suffering males she was not swayed with his exhortation.

“Interesting. These studs are quite abrasive. Effective?” she inquired of me.

“Apparently so. I am told he would turn his penis tip to hamburger if he ever stroked himself.”

She smiled knowingly and then just as gruffly used her strong fingers to return the inside out foreskin to its normal orientation. Again Billie grimaced with the overwhelming agony and appeared most

humbled, standing naked and erect while this imposing unfamiliar woman had her way with his penis.

“He won’t have an opportunity to try that here,” Pammie mused. “Our pony boys are rather well supervised... 24/7.”

With that, Pammie clapped together her hands. From somewhere a male form appeared, apparently waiting in the house. The sight was rather surprising for what appeared to be a child was actually the diminutive body of a naked adult scampering somewhat effeminately. He approached us with purpose... no delay or hesitation in responding to the simple command of Pammie’s hands forcefully greeting to emit a loud single smack.

“The stables, Frances. He’s been grommited. Begin first stage indoctrination.”

Frances, referred to as Frannie, by Nicole, had rather long blond hair, blue eyes and as with Billie was otherwise depilated. The top of his head barely came to the level of Pammie’s breasts and I watched as he dutifully moved, first checking to assure that Billie’s elbows were properly restrained, then bending to attach a slim chain from left ankle grommet to right. The length was of some two feet, permitting Billie to carefully walk but not run.

I could not help gawking somewhat. Viewing Frannie’s nakedness versus Billie’s provided quite the contrast. Frannie’s skin was soft. There was roundness where the muscles of most males showed and there was such notable meekness in his demeanor... a true docility... not the forced subjugation of the likes of Billie. And as he bent to clip the chain my eyes moved below the plump buttocks resembling those of an adolescent girl to where the male normally displays his maleness. There was nothing to be seen. Where I had stretched Billie to the point that two massive testicles amusingly swung about below mid thigh, there was nothing present to discern Frannie’s gender.

Pammie noticed my visual inspection.

“Step here, Frances.”

Somewhat woefully, Frannie stood and moved to obey, apparently aware of Pammie’s intent.

“Frances has been fixed to better serve us here,” Pammie explained.

She stooped down. Thumb and forefinger of her left hand daintily grasped the tip of a comically small circumcised penis and pulled it up. Three fingers of her right hand gathered a puff of flesh below and drew it forwards for inspection. Frannie lowered his head in embarrassment as

Pammie's right thumb kneaded the remnants of an empty scrotal pouch, callously exhibiting the results of emasculation.

"He serves so nicely now. Cut the male at the right time and attitudes can facilely be changed and molded to the whim of the female," Pammie proclaimed with a degree of authority and amusement. "Now Frances so much wants to be good. He's my little helper... aren't you cutie?"

Frannie blushed like a little girl as Pammie continued to display and toy with that which once held the mighty male gonads.

"Two simple incisions and a few snips. That's all it took," Pammie explained with a snicker. "And the results are a lifetime of supplication."

Finally she released Frannie to return him to his duties. His face immediately brightened in no longer having three sets of feminine eyes staring at his altered privates. A small hand took hold of Billie's nose leash and pulled. My giant steed stepped forward and immediately stumbled. The hobbling chain shortened his normally long stride and tension on his ankle grommets created much pain. Billie yelped with the unexpected anguish.

"Careful, pony boy. We don't allow much leeway here," Pammie chided.

I had not before used Billie's ankle grommets but it was evident that pressure there caused the Achilles tendon to spasm and bring agony.

Frances pulled steadily and headed toward a low structure adjacent to the house with my Billie in tow. He had to rapidly move his feet in adjusting to the tether about his ankles. As a result his long hanging scrotal sac bobbed about deliciously bringing smiles to the lips of three observing women.

"There's an early dinner waiting for you. I'll have Frances take care of your bags."

Pammie turned to follow Frannie to what I would later learn was the stables. I could not help watching as her advanced muscling once again effortlessly propelled her across the grassy yard. Her bare buttocks clenched and rolled with an alluring combination of imposing strength, vigor and femininity. I could imagine the reaction of well restrained and thoroughly chaste young males in viewing such empowered pulchritude.

Pammie was in charge and her message was apparent. 'You may look... but you'll rarely touch.'

Chapter Eighteen

That first week at DNIL Farm was a whirlwind.

I learned the following...

Nicole's mother, known as the Baroness in having been born to a Prussian family of former nobility, spent much time in Europe and was away until July. A large painting hanging in the living room suggested she was blonde and blue eyed like Nicole. But the portrait was commissioned at an age when the Baroness was in her mid thirties. Thus there was presented an aura of authority which Nicole, in her early twenties, had not yet developed. In the painting the Baroness sat wearing the formal red jacket and beige jodhpurs of a regal equestrienne. A nasty quirt rested on her lap and one could imagine that a fractious pony boy had just laid there to have his naked buttocks chastised. I suspected that had Billie been offered a glance, his libido would react just as it had years ago in viewing those movies in my basement. Those which proved to be so telling of his proclivity.

Nicole's father, an extremely wealthy entrepreneur, traveled extensively on business and was not an aficionado of pony boys. Thus he minimized his time at the farm.

Pammie ran things, for the most part. Frannie helped in the stables along with another 'gelding', as Pammie termed her boys, named John. Nicole called him 'Jackie'.

DNIL farm could stable up to 20 pony boys. It was world renowned as a training facility and thus the human steeds came and went. Some, by arrangement, were trained for existing owners. Others were acquired by Nicole's mother while she traveled the world, always seeking good stock. They were trained for later acquisition by an elite group of pony enthusiasts... women of Dominance who raced and exhibited their human beasts of burden with gusto.

While Billie was placed in first stage indoctrination I learned how to control a cart pony. And Nicole proved to be sagacious in her comments concerning access to the pony's entire naked form and the view of well muscled buttocks straining under the whip hand of a woman of Dominance.

On the first morning after our arrival, Nicole knocked on my bedroom door after a night's rest filled with colorful dreams.

"Here's what we usually wear when working the ponies. Simple and comfortable garments which can easily be washed."

She tossed onto the bed two swatches of cloth.

“Jackie will be in to assist you. You’ll see that there’s no need for shyness with him.”

Nicole snickered wickedly as she turned to leave. I picked up the smaller of the two swatches. Some four inches wide, the garment was somewhat elastic and continuous, the ends attached to form a circle. The larger was some eight or nine inches wide and also continuous. It became evident that the smaller was to surround my chest and cover my breasts like a tube top. The larger was to encircle my hips. The elasticity held the coverings in place and one could slip in and out of the garments in seconds. As I was to later learn, the design also provided immediate access to a woman’s more sensuous areas.

Jackie entered and curtsied like a little girl. He looked remarkably similar to Frannie and throughout my stay I would have difficulty distinguishing the two. I immediately determined the source of Nicole’s snicker. As with Frannie, Jackie was also fixed, the emaciated penis with the tiny tuft of furred flesh below suggesting that his prized reproductive organs had been summarily removed. Still, when my neutered little man servant stepped into the shower, turned the water to a very comfortable degree of warmth and then beckoned for me to join him, I paused. Other than furtive afternoons of steamy carnal relations with Walter, I had not before exposed myself to a member of the opposite gender. And even with Walter I was never completely naked, concerns over his mother’s unexpected early return mandating the precaution of partial covering.

But something clicked within suggesting that Jackie’s missing male parts obviated concerns about shyness. So I disrobed and discovered the wonders of having a naked and neutered body servant perform morning ablutions. I joined Jackie in the large shower stall and the docile castrate gently soaped and laved everywhere. His small hands were of smooth softness, more like a child’s than an adult male. I commented as a kneeling Jackie delicately soaped my thighs.

“The Baroness, she makes us apply lotion and wear gloves at night,” Jackie explained.

When Jackie reached my pudendum, he performed admirably in cleansing where neither male hands nor fingers had ever before performed such a personal deed... for that matter, neither female hands nor fingers. He was amazingly well trained, carefully working around my sensitive inner labia and clitoral hood.

When he cleaned my anus I was pleasantly surprised to feel the warmth of his tongue complete the task.

“The Baroness says that’s to ensure a thorough job. I must make you clean enough to lick.”

He licked more, placing his tiny hands on my hips and pressing his face deep within the cleft of my cheeks. I experienced a thrill of exquisite delight as his tongue and lips assiduously worked and worked. I finally deduced that his training was such that he would continue servicing me there until I commanded him to stop. So I just absorbed the pleasure and let the spray of warm water titillate my crinkling nipples as Jackie introduced me to a daily ritual at DNIL farm. No woman bathed alone. And every nether region was cleansed to a level of purity which fostered oral service.

Jackie later dried me and assisted with the simple DNIL Farm wardrobe. When I stepped into the small circle of elastic cloth, the soft tiny hands slid the stretchable fabric up and over my boobies. Likewise I stepped into the large circle and he slid that up to cover my hips. Nothing was worn beneath and I quickly learned of the utility of the design when Jackie playfully folded up the hem of the lower garment and gave my rear crevice one final lick. I giggled, turned and pushed my naked kneeling neutered toy away.

“Enough,” I admonished, having to face the day with such an ecstatic introduction to the power a woman wields at DNIL Farm.

Jackie smiled and led me to breakfast where Frannie was serving Nicole, also dressed in elastic tubes.

“Enjoy your shower? she coyly inquired with a smile.

Yes, I was flushed from the sensation of Jackie’s tongue lapping away where no erotic homage had before been paid, evidencing what Nicole knew... that my late arrival was due to her mother’s mandated morning routine.

“Yes, and you?”

Nicole laughed again.

“It *is* a wonderful way to greet the day. Their tongues are strong and tireless. Mother has trained them well. And with those quick snips ending any hope of attaining sexual pleasure, they seem to relish that of others.”

I nodded in agreement. Jackie did indeed seem to take delight in the otherwise defiling deed of licking my rear aperture.

The scene at breakfast proved to set one’s libido for a typical day at the farm. Watching totally naked and subservient males, altered at the behest of a Dominant woman, scurrying about in service warms one to the hierarchy. As the table was cleared, Nicole dipped her fingers into the

butter and called Frannie to her side.

“Let’s see who’s bigger,” she cooed as if introducing a child to a new game.

Frannie giggled as he placed his hands atop his head. Nicole used the butter to lubricate the tiny appendage flopping about between his legs. She stroked, most dextrously, and I was amazed to see the flaccidity of the tiny shaft slowly turn to firmness. As I had noted in her tendance of Billie, Nicole was expert in handling the male organ and Frannie’s little penis soon stood at a humiliating three inches. I noted that he was circumsized most tightly, not a hint of loose foreskin remaining.

“Your turn Jackie,” she announced.

My shower partner stood to her opposite side and within a minute his penis was slathered with butter and pusillanimously stood at nearly an identical height.

“Contrary to most thinking, castrates can achieve an erection,” Nicole lectured in stifling laughter. “The real question is, ‘what do they do with it?’”

With that she outright laughed, simultaneously stroking both insignificant shafts then toying with the empty sacs to heighten the humiliation and further emphasize their frustration. The boys flushed with embarrassment but also reveled in the pleasure of Nicole’s touch. Finally she took a butter knife and used it to compare first the length of Jackie’s tiny penis and then Frannie’s.

“Looks like Jackie wins again,” she announced with glee.

Jackie smiled and stepped back. A dejected Frannie moved around Nicole’s chair, knelt and extended his hands to steady himself on Jackie’s hips.

“Only a little, Frannie. We’re due in the stables.”

Just as I had discovered the strength and stamina of Jackie’s tongue during morning ablutions, I now witnessed the same with Frannie. It became apparent that the loser of Nicole’s game provided fellatio to the winner... for a comparatively enormous tongue thrust forth and began licking Jackie’s empty sac. Then as Frannie’s hands pulled at Jackie’s hips, the entire erection, all three stiff inches, was engulfed. With the frisson of pleasure, Jackie squealed like a little girl.

“Another advantage of neutering... unbridled bisexuality...” Nicole offered with a smirk. We watched in silence as Jackie obediently stood, hands on head while his cohort licked and sucked. Finally Nicole gave Jackie’s girlish buttocks a firm swat.

“Enough.”

And with the end of the curious exhibition, Nicole arose to lead me to the stables.

“Pammie has suggested you take Big Ned out for a jaunt. He’s quite experienced... one of Mom’s favorites... and he needs both the exercise and the feel of the whip. The exercise wheel just doesn’t do it.”

I began to inquire about the exercise wheel but Nicole moved briskly. Jackie and Frannie skipped along behind us as we strolled out the kitchen door into the bright sunshine of a cloudless day. Within a few yards there came into view an area outside the stable where some half dozen naked males were tethered to a large circular device. The group slowly walked in circles, each nose grommet hooked to a lead line which was attached above to what could only be described as long spokes. The dozen or so spokes emanated from a capstan which slowly turned counter clockwise, forcing whomever or whatever was attached to the spoke to follow. I paused to watch. Each pony boy had his arms restrained behind him by way of a short chain hooked to the elbow grommets. A hobbling chain connected the ankle grommets necessitating many short steps as the capstan turned and tension on the lead line compelled the pony boy to keep up.

“That’s the exercise wheel,” I observed, making a statement and answering my own question.

“Yes, the boys spend hours and hours staying in shape. It’s tedious but makes them eager to be harnessed and run. That building over there has another wheel... indoors for the winter months.”

I could not help further delaying in order to watch the naked forms slowly plod in circles, vigorously shuffling their feet to maintain slack on the lead line and thus ease pressure on the nose grommets. Each pony was a marvelous specimen of male brawn, their well muscled forms appearing to be chiseled from stone. The short steps exaggerated the motion of their genitals with the older ponies having long scrotal sacs filled with testicles the size of plums. I noted that the phalli of three of the ponies were flaccid, and the penises swung about like elephant trunks. The other three were partially erect, the firmness bringing a delightful bobbing about which I always enjoyed in observing Billie move about while stimulated. Two bore the weight of parachutes, obviously recent arrivals being stretched. As the profile of one giant figure turned more towards me I noticed that the bright sun caused something to glint at the penis tip. A rather sizable ring pierced the urethral opening. Further observation revealed that every pony boy donned a ring. I was later to learn it was termed a Prince Albert piercing.

In staring so closely at the genitals, it was then that I more fully understood Pammie's reserved comment about Billie's size. Every pony boy at DNIL Farm had been selected for his penis length. Indeed, by comparison, Billie would be considered average amongst the herd. The notion prompted a thought.

"Where's Billie?"

"Oh Pammie has him tucked away in isolation. It's part of the process. You can visit him if you'd like. But communication is not permitted. I suggest taking a ride first."

We continued, turning the corner of the building to arrive at a the tacking area. There stood Pammie... and there stood Big Ned. My eyes immediately moved to a where a woman of dominance is likely to gaze at the well bound and naked male. And the derivation of Big Ned's moniker became quite obvious. This huge harnessed beast, skin as black as coal as a result of day after day of exerting in the sun, had a penis the size of a telephone pole. It was similarly ringed at the tip and stood most prodigiously with Pammie's index finger playfully diddling the underside of the frenulum.

Chapter Nineteen

Just as I will never forget that rainy afternoon when first introduced to Billie, neither shall I ever forget my first cart ride.

The standard riding carts at DNIL are light and simple, designed so that a pony could be worked for many miles of high speed journey before succumbing to exhaustion. For the most part the conveyance was somewhat like a sulky used in harness racing but with a much more comfortable seat for the equestrienne.

Big Ned had his elbows clipped together behind his back in what I was to learn was the constant state of restraint at DNIL farm. He was harnessed with what appeared to be a single narrow leather strap. It wrapped about the back of his neck and slung forward over his shoulders where it crisscrossed his chest and then pulled back to where it wrapped about his stomach twice. The ends were threaded through the standard pony grommets penetrating his flesh at the hips. To connect him to the cart, the ends of the leather strap, left and right, were buckled to two parallel horizontal poles emanating from the front of the cart. Thus in pulling, the stress of the cart's weight was cleverly borne by the strap which transferred the tension to the pony boy's entire upper body. This configuration allowed the pony boy to lean into the simple harness in

order to pull and minimize strain on any particular part of the anatomy. I imagined that in being tightly bound it made the pony feel as if he was made part of the cart. It also maximized his exposure, leaving most of his body uncovered and not only delightfully available for chastisement but also nicely exhibited to the equestrienne and other interested feminine eyes.

As stated, Pammie's teasing finger had Big Ned as stiff as a board. She smiled in noticing my gawking expression and stepped away, teasingly pinching Big Ned's cheeks as I was afforded an unimpeded view of the largest penis I had ever seen. Big Ned approached twelve inches.

"Could use some help," she pleasantly badgered our two naked and neutered companions, skipping along behind us.

Frannie and Jackie dove into the task. Jackie knelt and Big Ned stirred noticeably when two effeminate hands took hold of his erection, bent it down somewhat and began performing fellatio, Big Ned's enormous ringed penis tip just fitting into Jackie's tiny mouth. Frannie retrieved a bridle and the giant pony boy docilely lowered his head to permit encasement. I noted that there was no bit. Instead two thin lines of leather were attached to Big Ned's nose grommet, one threaded through a steel ring on the left side of the bridle, another through a ring on the right. When Big Ned began to moan with the intense pleasure, Jackie withdrew his lips and forcefully kept the mammoth phallus pointed downward at a more awkward angle. Meanwhile, with Frannie completing his task, a humbler was retrieved and Big Ned obediently spread his feet while another set of softened hands drew testicles the size of apples back between his parted thighs. There such were dextrously entrapped between the parallel boards. As Frannie tugged then tightened, I noticed that Big Ned was forced to bend somewhat at the waist. Otherwise he neither moved nor protested as his gonads were restrained and held in place between the two boards pressing against the back of his thighs.

The harnessing of Big Ned was rapid and mechanical with all parties dutifully testing and adjusting bridle, humbler and harness strap. Finally, Jackie released Big Ned's turgid manhood, letting it snap upwards to thump against his belly. He then skipped to a waiting cart to roll it up behind a thoroughly bound and subjugated human pony.

"Use it liberally, Mary. I assure you Bid Ned revels in the attention," Nicole advised in handing me the nastiest of quirts.

She nodded toward the comfortable seat of the cart, indicating for

me to sit. I was quivering with anticipation in lowering myself. The design of the vehicle placed me sitting at eye level with the hairless dark brown of Big Ned's balls just inches in front of my face. Above were powerful buttocks, the upper left cheek keloided with the letters 'DNIL'. Yes, Big Ned had been branded and this seemed to make his globes beg for the application of the whip. If I extended my arm somewhat I could apply a little snap of the quirt to Big Ned's nipples. When Frannie gathered together the thin lines attached to Big Ned's nose grommet and gently handed me the ends, I thrilled with the notion of empowerment. The slightest tug forced my human equine to move his head in the direction of my choosing. With his endless training, I knew Big Ned's body and feet would follow.

"Light on the reins," Pammie aphoristically suggested in observing me pulling right and left on the leather lines.

"Take him around the house first. When you're comfortable there are many miles of trails and some very scenic country. Keep him well watered," Nicole advised in placing a plastic water bottle in a holder to my right side.

"Tether his ankle grommets while resting. Ponies feel more comfortable in firm bondage," Pammie added in pointing to paraphernalia stowed on the left side of my seat. "Use the blindfold to calm him. Tighten the pressure plate when resting."

With the standard utterance of 'giddup' I extended my right arm and snapped the quirt to apply a most painful nip to Big Ned's right nipple. I felt the most delicious shudder of the cart in having my desire and intent transferred into motion. I also shuddered, but it was a quiver of delight, realizing that my five foot four, one hundred and fifteen pound frame had complete authority and control over a huge thoroughly subjugated male. Big Ned was easily six foot six and more than twice my weight.

I directed the reins and with some moderate applications to his scrotum, Big Ned was soon cantering with the cart circling the house. Pammie and Nicole smilingly watched and I felt like a child taking her first bicycle ride.

Watching his entrapped balls flopping back and forth provided visual ecstasy. It was a sight I was not privy to in riding Billie as I did. I once again recalled Nicole's words in describing the heady sensation of being imbued with power over a cart pony. Access to the entire body... joy in watching the straining buttocks.

In completing the second lap around the house, the growing

warmth of mid morning brought Big Ned to a lather. His wetness made his black skin begin to shine. Strokes of the quirt applied to the buttocks began to make the sound of a crisp snap. I felt my own wetness form beneath the spandex encircling my hips.

After a third lap, rider and pony were one, Big Ned instantly responding to every tug on the rein and snap of the quirt. I waved to Nicole and Pammie, gesturing that I was eager to explore and directed Big Ned to a well worn and dusty path leading toward the distant ridge. A vigorous stroke to the testicles brought him to a full gallop. Perspiration gathered to form rivulets which began to stream down Big Ned's shoulders there to be captured and absorbed by the leather strap. From the waist downward the abundant moisture dribbled to his feet and ankles where it was eventually flung to the soil.

It was a crisp clear June day. Within moments we were out of sight of the farm house and all evidence of civilization. Numerous side paths branched off right and left into thick undergrowth. I wanted to explore them all but had Big Ned stay on what appeared to be the main thoroughfare which slowly inclined as we neared the ridge. The slope provided a need for encouragement as I detected my naked pony begin to strain. The quirt nurtured renewed effort. I found that snaps to the well exposed testicles incurred the most immediate response. Such also enhanced my own joy... whipping the balls of the thoroughly restrained and naked male.

When would Billie be ready for such excursions?

Big Ned's labored but steady breathing suggested he was indeed a most experienced pony. Despite the increasing degree of inclination, his pace remained almost constant. Some flicks of the wrist insured that his effort continued to be maximized.

With sweat gushing from every pore, my own moisture flowing between my thighs, pony and rider finally reached the peak of the ridge. I gently pulled on both reins and Big Ned knew to bring the cart to a halt. The view was exhilarating. Well focused eyes spied the state highway well off on the horizon. The farm house and stable could be seen nestled within a seclusion of green grasses and flowering shrubbery below and some mile or more away. I found myself smiling in arising from the low seat. My tiny white hand patted the blackened buttocks of my steed and I tenderly kneaded the entrapped testicles I had spent the past half hour excoriating with the quirt.

Big Ned's breathing slowed to less frequent large gulps of air. He remained leaning somewhat forward, the humbler forcing him to tension

the harness straps. As instructed, I clipped the tethering chain from one ankle grommet to another. For the first time I used the pressure plate attached to the humbler. It was a separate block of wood loosely connected to the humbler just where the base of the scrotum exited the elliptical hole. Wing nuts permitted the controlling equestrienne to tighten the nuts and further pressure the entrapped testicles. This added a wonderful reminder of total governance disavowing the pony boy of making any sudden movements. Pammie explained that the tightness also made the more experienced pony boys feel more comfortable, the years of bondage mentally equating to the exacting care of a firm woman... for which all pony boys pined.

Sufficiently tightened, I then reached for the water bottle. Using the reins, I pulled Big Ned's face down to the level of my chest. There I held him by his nose grommet as I inserted the plastic straw into his mouth and squeezed. He imbibed greedily, never breaking the DNIL Farm rule of silence but otherwise communicating his gratitude with broad licks of his tongue on my offered hand. I giggled in feeling the warm wetness glide over my fingers. When the bottle emptied his attention completely diverted to licking my digits. I playfully captured the wet appendage between thumb and index finger and slowly drew it out from between his lips. It seemed everything with Big Ned was outsized, for the pink span unfurled to such an obscene length that I was eventually able to hold it in the palm of my hand.

"You are a big one," I laughingly observed, thinking of how Billie's tongue and lips so arduously serviced my nether regions.

Despite the glee and exhilarating view of the landscape, I was saddened to realize that Billie's first stage indoctrination would last a week. I missed his tendance.

Then I recalled the blindfold. Then I recalled how Jackie had so easily folded up the hem of the spandex garment surrounding my hips to provide access to feminine parts pink.

It was just me and Big Ned... and Big Ned was totally under my control.

Yes, I reached for the blindfold. Yes, I facilely covered Big Ned's eyes. Yes, I rolled up the broad tube covering my pudendum. And yes, Big Ned's over sized tongue eagerly found my mons. He was easily guided by the scent of my essence.

"Down, I finally commanded feeling goose bumps form with the thrill of several ebullient licks.

I pulled on the lines attached to the nose grommet. He knelt and

with his inordinate height still had to bend at the waist to service me. But that broad long tongue was impressively well trained. He dutifully lapped my outer labia, snuggled his tongue inward and laved my inner labia. When it finally thrust into my vagina, I was reminded of the afternoons copulating with Walter... the tongue was that large.

Yes, my first cart ride. I was overwhelmed with the beautiful scenery, my new found power, the isolation, the regimented existence of the pony boy versus the leisurely life of the equestrienne.

In feeling my knees begin to buckle, my strength ebbing, I likewise rolled up the spandex covering my breasts. Then, to give my quim a respite, I had Big Ned suckle my nipples.

Lunch time was more than an hour off. The descent to the stables would be quick. Big Ned's tongue was dauntless. There was time... there was unending sentient energy.

I eventually stepped out of the simple coverings altogether and lounged about completely naked, enjoying the view and permitting my blinded pony boy to access every square inch of my flesh. And with his forced chastity, Big Ned stayed just that way... big. His erection remained pressing against his stomach for the entire time as he orally serviced. And his reward? I teasingly diddled the underside of his standing penis just below that huge ring. For what more could a pony boy ask?

Chapter Twenty

The week continued with a morning cart ride each day. I explored the many, many paths and relaxed in the idyllic seclusion of the countryside. Each day I stepped from the breakfast table to find Pammie harnessing a different pony boy for me, the intent being that I would more quickly learn the regimen of handling the well bound and tamed male beast in experiencing a variety of encounters, chastize many pairs of straining globes of muscle.

I soon learned how to enshroud the human equine in the simple but ingenious harnessing strap... as described... really just a single length of leather which every pony knew to humbly accept by bending to lower his head. Thereafter, the middle of the length was placed on the back of the neck, left and right hand pulled forward to crisscross the torso, then pulled both ends back around the waist and then threaded each through the hip grommets. The configuration so effectively made the pony and cart one.

A routine developed where, after lunch and a perhaps brief nap, it

was back to the stables where two carts awaited for a trip to the farm's pond, a delightful swimming hole formed by an old quarry. Nicole would join me and I would race her. No matter which pony boy used, she always won... her skill set in deriving the maximum effort from the bound male to be well advanced of mine. Still, it was good to learn and observe the curious dichotomy of her attitude in extracting performance... abject cruelty while whipping the naked flesh for more speed... versus the reward of tender care upon reaching our destination. For when it came to tethering, watering and then blindfolding the worn pony boy, Nicole was impressively heedful of his needs, her hands soothingly caressing, kneading and stroking where moments before she had lashed with abandon.

At the pond, the utility of our special attire became even more apparent. For on a hot June afternoon we would bare ourselves completely and plunge into the cooling water of the quarry. Preparing took mere moments... sliding down the elastic covering and stepping away as soon as the ponies were blindfolded. As suspected, Nicole had a most alluring figure, the many hours of nursing keeping her energy level high with minimal distractions over insalubrious food. I noticed her pudendum was trimmed almost to the point of hairlessness, and she remarked that she'd have Jackie do the same for me. "He's quite careful," she giggled. I joined her in her expression of mirth, once again reflecting on the irony of having fingers kept effeminately soft being permitted unfettered access to that which the intact male covets but is regularly denied.

We frolicked completely naked, our unsighted male beasts tethered in the shade and permitted to kneel. Short chains connecting the ankles inhibited any attempts of mischief. The pressure plates were firmly tightened. So Nicole and I just relaxed and talked, gazing at the amazingly well conditioned male conveyances, sanguine in knowing such were well under our control.

"How is Billy?" I inquired in thought toward the end of the first week.

"Oh, Pammie is taking good care of him. Why not stop in to see him after dinner?" Nicole suggested sensing my genuine concern.

"He's in the stables in the isolation room. All our ponies begin their training there... after being grommeted.

"You won't be able to talk to him but Pammie will show you an appropriate way to communicate."

I made a note to do just that as Nicole continued splashing about. Then the subject changed and girlish chitchat moved the topic of conversation onward. We talked about Walter, my awkward but charming plain vanilla companion, for whom I had the greatest affection.

“Are you going to miss him?” Nicole asked of Walter knowing that with the end of summer matriculation approached.

“Yes, but he’ll be attending college nearby. I suspect we’ll see each other.”

That led the discussion to boys... the entire male gender really. Nicole seemed to be somewhat envious of my relationship with Walter. ‘Mr. Wonderfully Steady’ she called him. Quiet, studious, not overly physically attractive but adequate in many ways. We both agreed that Walter was the type of boy with which a girl eventually desired to settle... but only after much adolescent sexual experimentation. Walter was a boy who would not stray and on whom one could rely on to provide... pay the rent... put food on the table... strain in the harness of life, as Nicole humorously suggested.

“In the end, that’s what mom found,” Nicole commented in referring to the Baroness and her father. “She traveled the globe delving into the world of the male pony... training, racing, much dressage and exhibition... had a ball... however when the time came she married a guy like Dad. Tolerant... open minded... a noted businessman... no sexual proclivities... but able to provide stability. The farm can be lucrative, but there are lean years too. Yea, for Mom, Dad wears a different kind of harness.”

We laughed at the thought... that the entire male gender labored for the ‘softer sex’ in one regard or another. But Nicole’s words fostered thought. In a few months, by summer’s end, Billie would have to make a decision, or more likely a decision would have to be made on his behalf. In growing up together, I knew it would not be easy for him to do so on his own. What would he do in life? What would happen to a boy who’s stepmother made him visit the beauty parlor?... had his entire body depilated... had his penis modified to inhibit masturbation... knew her son well enough to place him into situations of extreme embarrassment... realizing that such were so gleefully stimulating for him?

I thought about the relationship of Aunt Mildred and Mom... how much disdain they had for the male gender in general and Billie in particular. As a stepson, Billie’s presence was not forever welcomed. Yet if Billie was to attend college, with whom would he interact? What type of social life could he develop? How would he explain to a girl that for

him the most stimulating of encounters is to be stripped naked before the observing eyes of fully dressed women? And then to perform... as a beast of burden... enduring directing tugs on reins and painful snaps of leather instruments of correction... the resulting level of control bringing his penis to full erection? How would he explain to a girl that with studded penis tip his sexual performance would be limited to assiduous laps of his tongue and sprightly pursing of his lips? There are girls who seek penetration... and Billie would not know where to begin.

Nicole arose to step from the cooling shallow end of the pond, interrupting my thoughts. As she approached her pony, Fred, I found gazing at her fine figure in complete deshabelle to be distracting. My reflection ended in watching her gently grasp the bridle to guide Fred's head down to her mons. He craned his neck forward and a long pink tongue emerged without need for command or further encouragement. She smiled smugly in appearing to offer a favored pet a savory treat.

"I'm sure you've discovered that our ponies have other attributes... those which a girl appreciates as much as the supplication of muscle and brawn."

Nicole smiled as a sightless Fred began to perform cunnilingus in much the same manner as did Big Ned.

"Your pony boy can provide the same, Mary. Pammie has them all well trained. That apron of hers has been lifted by the forehead of many a pony boy. And there's no need for shyness... just us girls here really," Nicole encouraged as I also stood to offer my pulchritude to the setting sun.

Well trained indeed, I realized in observing the well disciplined tongue mechanically perform.

"Since you're staying here for a couple of months, I'll have to show you some spots where you can be a little more comfortable in taking your respites. The trunk of a fallen tree makes for an excellent place to sit."

I likewise stepped from the water and moved to stand before my pony. We chuckled as his tongue dutifully sought my mons. Our conversation resumed, two girls standing naked, each receiving the most arduous oral service from the well bound male beast. It was as if we were sitting together at the beauty parlor.

"You know, whereas Walter is Mr. Steady, I have great affection for Billie too, Nicole. We've known each other for many years. As you are aware, he's almost family..."

"Yes, I envy your situation. Does Walter know... about the extent

of your relationship with Billie?”

“No. He knows Aunt Mildred and Billie have visited most weekends and that I’m not free to socialize while he’s at the house. But he has no inkling of why.”

I giggle with the thought of the possibility of Walter observing our play... me exercising a naked Billie in the basement... having him trot about the yard while I crop away... my saddle and its protuberance bringing such ecstatic orgasmic relief.

Nicole paused, absorbing what appeared to be the first of a series of pleasant vaginal contractions.

“Have Walter visit the Farm. By August Billie’s fate will be known. And it’s best that Walter understand your needs. I believe over the course of the summer you will find that your equestrian interests will become like a narcotic... if not already. Power can be quite addictive, Mary. And a girl will never have more power than that afforded here. The summer’s end would be an appropriate time to sort things out. If Walter does not understand your penchant, then your separation for the pursuit of education can serve as a parting point. You both simply move onwards.”

I absorb Nicole’s words as a strong, warm and wet tongue thrusts past my inner labia, spurring my own contractions. I sense the power indeed. Yes, the DNIL Farm pony is more than mere beast of burden.

“Do you really think Walter would accept all this?”

Nicole laughed.

“It’s really not about accepting this. You have to know whether or not he accepts you... and that which you have come to accept. He cannot ask you to repudiate your relationship with Billie. Where would your steed be without you?... and you without Billie?”

Such a pleasant way to contemplate life’s more consternating uncertainty... that of a girl’s future... life’s questions of what, where, how, and most importantly... with whom... then while being orally satiated.

We talked more. And it was agreed. By summer’s end Walter would need to visit. And to stop in while on his way to register at Boston College would be a logical time.

“Billie will impress. By then, if he has decided to stay here, Walter will have quite the show.”

The conversation waned as the pair of ardent tongues plunged deeply to finish their tasks and we both found speech to be difficult, other than to emit exaltations of intense pleasure.

Later returning to our attire was quick. Then the blindfolds were whisked away, ankle tethers removed. pressure plates loosened and the challenge of a race to the farm house was proposed.

Despite much fervor I lost, of course. But in being offered suitable grounds to crop naked male flesh with abandon, there was little remorse. I really was not far behind when a waiting Frannie took hold of Nicole's steed and Jackie smilingly stood awaiting mine.

Nicole and I retreated for some rest and to prepare for dinner as the pair of blond hermaphrodites led away our well worn ponies. I returned to my room and slept soundly. I shortly thereafter awoke to the feel of a sensuous tongue playfully lapping at my feet. I was to learn that Jackie has this warming way of waking a girl. He giggled when my eyes opened in delightful surprise. He then crawled onto my bed and applied laps to my buttocks slipping his face into my gluteal cleft. Yes, I was given to sleeping naked and with the door unlocked, having quickly become comfortable with the farm's protocol of complete feminine superiority.

"Almost dinner time, Miss Mary," Jackie advised, his long tongue slithering all the way past my anus to touch the lower opening of my slit.

I trembled with the pleasant sensation and found myself purring somewhat like a cat as Jackie worked and worked. Finally I turned to push away his face and arise. Jackie knew to jump from the bed and scamper to the shower. As with my first morning at DNIL Farm, my castrated body servant began a soothingly warm spray and once again beckoned for me to join him. He smiled and held up a set of small scissors and a safety razor, Nicole making good on her suggestion that Jackie could deftly trim what little pubic hair I had.

And join him I did.

Chapter Twenty One

After dinner, Nicole once again suggested I visit the stables. In my few days at DNIL Farm I had not seen the inside of the building, most of my time spent in the farm house or recreating outdoors with quirt and reins in hand.

"Pammie will be there to show you around. I'm into this captivating book..." Nicole hinted in explaining her disinclination to join me.

I accepted her reluctance, realizing that she had spent her many

formative years with the subjugated human equine and the prospects of a good book would certainly outweigh any enjoyment derived from another tour of the family compound.

So I journeyed alone, stepping into the dusk as the cicadas and other insects of the night began their evening serenade. The stable building was a short walk... and a pleasant one on a warm summer evening. Dimly lit windows silhouetted the darkening red of the clapboard sides. The main door remained open and I entered strolling past some dozen pony carts lined up right and left. Further along the vehicles became larger... a couple of chariot like conveyances which could accommodate two or possibly three standing passengers, and finally a regal carriage where four pony boys could be harnessed to labor for up to six passengers. A long single tail whip was propped at the ready in a scabbard to the driver's side, obviously needed to excoriate the buttocks of even the furthest most pony. I wondered how much flesh had suffered on hot July days as the Baroness took guests on a tour of the farm... perhaps a leisurely picnic at the quarry pond... the pleasant occasion subsidized by the sweat and the suffering of the supplicated naked male.

I passed through a set of double doors into a curious room. The barn-like atmosphere transformed to what appeared to be a large bathroom or shower room. The walls were tiled as was the floor and the entire area was well drained. A sizable stainless steel table occupied the center with numerous hoses hanging above from a labyrinth of plumbing fixtures. Cabinets covered much of the wall space except for a large writing board. Large letters listed the name of each pony with numbers charting what I presumed were weight, penis length and... what?.. possibly some measurement for the scrotum. Large fluffy towels were piled in one corner. In spying eye hooks welded into the edges of the table I realized that this was where the DNIL Farm pony boy ended his day of grueling toil... kneeling or lying on the austere metal table... strong feminine hands kneading worn muscles and cleansing sweat drenched skin.

What a simple existence... to be worked.... fed... put up for rest... then worked more. Thorough chastity assured the desire for exercise... a constant need to counter the flow of hormones. It also dangled before the subjugated male psyche the distant prospect of climactic relief... that at some point a condescending feminine hand would offer the possibility of a brief moment of ecstasy. I recalled how Big Ned so much reveled in the simple gesture of my index finger diddling just below the exit point of

his Prince Alert ring, where the male organ seems to have the most sensitivity.

Noises from the opposite end of the room distracted my thoughts. Another doorway offered entrance to another of the progression of rooms in the long low building. I moved forward and stepping through the door frame my eyes were greeted by a most astonishing sight. There Pammie moved about lording over the entire herd of DNIL steeds. She was dressed as always, brief black bodice outlining firm massive breasts, jack boots, dangling apron draped over her mons. In one hand was a giant bowl and in another a wooden spoon.

It was feeding time at DNIL farm. And it quickly became apparent that every pony was hand fed and forced to beseech for every morsel of sustenance.

Watching one woman reign over an entire room full of naked well restrained males... well muscled males... males with prodigious genitals... brought a warming sense of comfort to this girl. All seemed right with the world in observing from afar as Pammie extended her arm to offer a spoonful of bland looking mush to the lips of Fred. The steed carefully used his long tongue to gather in a dollop of the moist gruel. It quickly became apparent that sloppiness was highly discouraged, for as hungry as Fred appeared, he very diligently partook in only that quantity which he knew he could safely negotiate into his lips and mouth.

I watched in silence, Pammie not aware of my presence. As the third excursion of Fred's tongue emptied the spoon and Pammie's hand returned to the bowl for more, my eyes explored the room.

Fred was secured tummy down on a long bench, leaving his head at the height of Pammie's waist. The bench was wide enough to accommodate his torso from his chest to his hips. His head jutted over one edge and his thighs jutted over the opposite.

Hanging from an above beam which ran parallel to the length of the long bench was a sturdy chain ending in a hook some three feet above Fred's prostrate form. From this hook various cords ran to Fred's nakedness, holding him in place. The doubled cords with adjustable slip knots could be quickly loosened or tightened, knowing fingers easily adding slack or for the recalcitrant pony boy pulling taut to increase discomfort.

One cord was threaded through Fred's nostril grommet, holding his head upright so he was forced to face his handler. Another ran to his right hip grommet, slipped through the opening and continued on to cross over his buttocks and was threaded through his left ankle grommet. From

there it returned to form a loop ending in a slip knot near where the cord originated. The tightness of the loop forced Fred's left knee to be bent, holding his left foot up and drawn toward the back of his head. A third cord ran through left hip grommet, right ankle grommet and likewise ended in a loop holding in the air his right foot. A fourth cord tethered the elbow grommets, holding the arms together and in a position which could be most uncomfortable, drawn straight up toward the hook, if shortened.

Rather simple bondage but with the possibilities for dispensing such slow anguish... tightening the cords, removing all slack, could place a fractious pony boy into a reverse ball... his weight almost entirely borne by the hook and painfully dispensed amongst the deeply set grommets embedded in his flesh, tendons and cartilage.

As my eyes scanned the length of the bench, I noted Fred was accompanied by Big Ned resting to his left and four others aligned tummy down on the bench. Across an aisle running the length of the room was another bench where six naked pony boys rested on their bellies. Those were similarly secured but also hooded, evidently having been fed and put up for the night. It was difficult to conceive that they slept in such a position. The five point restraint left almost no mobility other than for the wriggling of fingers and toes.

"The well disciplined human form can acclimate to almost anything... given time and the proper inducements."

Pammie had finally noticed my presence and answered my anticipated question. She turned her head to me.

"Every first time visitor asks the same question," Pammie suggested with a smile. "They'll all rest fine. After all, they've been worked hard. And the seemingly severe restraint will make them eager for release so I can work them more tomorrow."

Pammie laughed wickedly, scooping another spoonful from the bowl.

"Yes they've all been scrubbed down, bowels well cleansed, and then firmly massaged. Now they're to be fed. Not a care in the world. For the male of the right psyche, life doesn't get better than this. They just have to labor... react to the crack of the whip and the command of an exacting woman. For the pony boy, life is not about attaining comfort... it's about minimizing pain. And it requires very little effort before they all realize that at DNIL Farm pain is an abundant commodity which is quickly and easily dispensed by a woman in charge. Please the women...avoid the suffering..."

Her hand extended once more. Fred again slowly and carefully partook in the offering. Not a speck fell to the floor. The process of feeding the dozen must have required well over an hour of time. But Pammie seemed sanguine. I had seen similar looks of satisfaction on nursing mothers.

I moved to the opposite side of the bench and stepped behind Fred where I could face the busy Pammie.

“Nicole suggested I might visit Billie,” I offered in explaining my visit.

Pammie smiled in thought.

“Of course. You’re very fond of him and concerned. He’s acclimating very nicely. You’ve indoctrinated him well to a woman’s desires. He’s naturally most submissive. Be ready for the harness in a couple of days.”

As Pammie spoke I looked below to where a woman cannot help gazing at the naked male form. With Fred’s feet pulled upwards and toward the opposite hip, the cords held his knees well apart. This left open to view the massive scrotal sac which hung just off the edge of the bench. A long flaccid penis also dangled with its Prince Albert ring glinting in the light. But there was another glint. I had not before noticed that a second ring pierced his perineum between his anus and the base of his balls. Pammie noticed my inquisitive stare.

“It’s termed a guiche. All the DNIL Farm pony boys have one. It’s quite functional. Check the others who have been put up for the night.”

Pammie nodded toward the row of hooded resting ponies on the other side of the room. I could not stop myself from investigating, stepping around the bench to position myself in back of the others. There in the dim light my eyes focused on an amazing sight. The flaccid phalli of all six pony boys was pulled downward, forced back between the two large testicles and locked to a guiche piercing. Each Prince Albert ring was connected to each guiche ring by way of a small locking loop of vinyl, holding the penis down and pointed back toward the rectum.

“It prevents erection, as I’m sure you can ascertain. No nocturnal penile tumescence here at DNIL Farm. The ponies are trained that only in the presence of a woman are they ever to put on a stand. It also makes them very eager to show off in the morning. I just go down the row, cut each vinyl loop and watch as the chaste male beast futilely exhibits his virility... virility well under feminine control,” Pammie added with a sardonic laugh.

“So big... so proud... so helpless. None of these boys has even touched his penis since arriving here. The Baroness insists that that is for the supervising female.”

Not only chastity but forced flaccidity! Cruel, I thought.... but as Pammie stated, I suppose the well disciplined human form can acclimate to almost anything indeed.

“Billie’s in the next room. The door is unlocked. He’s in sensory deprivation in not being able to see and he’s only heard my voice and a certain repetitive recording since arrival. But I suspect he’ll know your touch. So feel free to fondle. Just don’t remove the hood or the headphones.”

I moved toward the door impressed once more with the DNIL Farm protocol. It was obvious why the Baroness produced the most renowned pony boys. Any male undergoing such strict discipline and incarceration was bound to be eager to please when finally granted an opportunity to serve.

I proceeded to open the indicated door and entered the last of a long line of connecting rooms. It was initially dark until a small light automatically illuminated in sensing my presence. My heart leapt when I saw the familiar naked and hairless form of Billie. He was so enticingly well restrained, lying belly down with various cords holding him in place just as with the rest of the herd. Yet Billie’s cords were cruelly tight, placing him in a hogtie. His head was completely covered in black cloth and headphones were placed over his ears. It was such a pitiful sight. I knew that Billie preferred interaction... attention... he was a puppy that needed to be played with.

I came very close, reached out and very gently took his left nipple between my right thumb and forefinger. I rolled it about, causing the pink nub to crinkle and stand for me. I followed with the left. Somehow Billie stirred in his bonds, acknowledging my touch. I noted that his stomach just touched the surface of the table. His weight was almost entirely suspended by the cords threaded through his seven grommets. The tension on his nose grommet alone was heart rendering.

I released his nipples and stepped to his rear. There the penis that I had first observed so many years before, which I had essentially watched mature, began to twitch and harden.

“He’s reacting to the subliminal programming already. I assume he’s firming for you?”

Pammie stood at the doorway. I nodded and smiled, knowing that despite Billie’s penis studs he wanted to exhibit himself for me.

“He has always liked showing off. It should not be difficult to achieve that level of discipline,” I informed Pammie.

“Then he’ll take nicely to dressage,” she noted with a knowing smirk

Pammie retreated and I smoothed my hands over Billie’s powerful buttocks, the massive globes which I crafted over many weekends of extensive exercise in my basement and many romps about my back yard. I felt proud... as if I had a son or brother entering the Marine Corp. Billie was being trained by the bestto fill a lifelong ambition... to be of complete and utter service to the dominant female.... to be used as a woman saw fit.

I patted his hanging balls then returned to his front. The black cloth hood had two dark spots at the eyes. Billie was crying, his tears absorbed into the thick fabric. He knew it was I who tenderly kneaded his nipples and caressed his skin. He knew my touch and so much pined for it. He after all afraid of being alone in the dark. His indoctrination must have terrified.

“We’ll be together soon,” I whispered in once again toying with the overly sensitive areolas, knowing he could not hear.

I departed somewhat dolorous, but heartened in knowing that tomorrow morning would begin another day where I could work naked male flesh with impunity. Billie would just have to endure and wait.

Chapter Twenty-Two

Days later, I was heartened to learn that Billie was released from his sensory deprivation. Still not deemed ready to a pull a cart, I continued to spend my mornings with quirt in hand directing the more experienced pony boys in joyfully traversing the DNIL Farm landscape. Though disappointed with the separation from Billie, my skills as an equestrienne progressed and overall I knew it was for the best. In a way, both Billie and I were in training. I looked forward to the day when I could once again work his naked body and bring a sheen of sweat to his hairless flesh.

Nicole returned to the city to resume her residency. Thus I became the lady of the house with Frannie and Jackie scurrying about to assure I was comfortable and Pammie having a well muscled steed ready each morning for my ride.

Whatever training Billie was undergoing, Pammie undertook during my rides. Therefore the skills being conveyed and the manner of

teaching such were unknown to me.

But each morning, when I returned to the house for lunch, I would spy Billie hooked to the exercise wheel, slowly plodding in circles, his fine form as lean and well sculpted as ever.

I noticed he was kept blindfolded and the experienced ponies were permitted sight. I therefore surmised there were several levels to be attained in his training and Pammie had a reward for achieving each. I am sure Billie looked forward to the day that his submission would be deemed sufficient and he could endlessly labor in other than complete darkness.

Meanwhile the hours of exposure to the sun were transforming his alabaster skin into a rich golden brown. In circling without a stitch of covering, Billie's tan developed uniformly and over every square inch of his exposed body.

"I'll have his face tanned when it's time," Pammie observed in anticipating my concern that my pony lacked coloring under his hood.

Finally at the end of June, I left the breakfast table after consuming exquisitely prepared eggs benedict and sauntered to the tacking area. Jackie followed and we turned the corner to see my Billie standing before Pammie, naked, hairless and with his muscles seeming to beg for exertion. As always my heart leaped in seeing him. No other pony boy was present. Billie would be my steed for the morning ride.

"He's ready." Pammie extolled with a smile.

I was initially disappointed to see Billie present himself to me flaccid, for over the years the mere act of disrobing in our basement had been enough to foster firmness. Then Pammie revealed an element of the DNIL training, the results of many days of sensory deprivation and the seemingly furtive dressage that followed. She stood facing Billie, nodded, then clapped her hands. I followed her gaze to look down and see Billie's penis first twitch then begin to harden. It slowly rose, with Billie grimacing as the foreskin slid back and the studs abraded his pink and moist glans. But within a minute, with nothing more than Pammie's signal and gesture of control, Billie's sizable phallus stood in humble salute to his feminine superiors.

"We will have to dispense with those studs if he's to remain here, Mary. The precaution is unnecessary since there is no occasion to masturbate at DNIL Farm. And besides, our pony boys are all circumcised."

I nodded in agreement as Jackie handed me the single harnessing strap and my steed knew to lower his head. I dextrously enshrouded his physique, playfully tweaking his nipples and pinching his

buttocks as I threaded each end of the strap through his hip grommets. Jackie rolled up a cart and for the first time Billie felt that odd level of comfort which I observed with every DNIL Farm pony boy. As the humbler forced him to lean forward and the harness tightened in being tensioned against the weight of the cart, he was made one with the contraption which he would be compelled to pull until exhaustion.

I sat. Before me for the first time was the large pink and hairless scrotum I and spent months stretching in the humbler. Once again I experienced that heady feeling Nicole had so aptly described. Jackie handed me the reins and I knew to be gentle. But that initial snap of the quirt must be cruel and stinging... there is not an equestrienne who would advise otherwise. So with a throaty ‘giddup’ and a crisp stroke to Billie’s right nipple, my gentle and caring demeanor transformed... as did Billie’s. My life long companion instantly leaned into the harness, dug in with his right foot and lurched forward with his left.

The many days of working the other pony boys had provided me with an excellent barometer by which to judge the necessary level of anguish in which to maximize performance.

I remember Nicole lecturing during one afternoon at the quarry...

“Figure you want to take the boy to 90% output and that you should whip immoderately to achieve that. If ever that final 10% is required... that’s when you need to be outright cruel. Remember, sometimes it’s for the pony boy’s own good... avoiding a thunderstorm for example, that you’ll need to extract every ounce of toil. That’s when you need to bring suffering. Skin heals... we’re very good at fostering that.”

And so I stroked immoderately, bringing Billie very quickly to a full gallop. From caring friend to stern taskmaster, the transition was well evidenced by the quirt. And Billie obediently reacted. We headed toward the main path leading to the ridge. I wanted to talk and I knew exactly where to have a very pleasant tete a tete.

It was a sunny morning, but humid. Off on the horizon, clouds were gathering. Afternoon showers were predicted. I was wearing the brief and cool spandex tubes but Jackie stuffed a rain jacket in the holder where the ankle tether and blindfold were stowed. Soon the pores of Billie’s flesh opened like a faucet and I detected a degree of delight in his running. After all, nearly two weeks of tight restraint, sensory deprivation and tedious walking on the exercise wheel had ended. I once again marveled at the DNIL Farm protocol. Billie was most eager to run for me. So eager that I pulled back a little on the reins knowing that the slow

incline required reserve energy as the trail steepened near the top. That was my role... to control... to assure that my trusty steed did not completely exhaust himself until the end of our run... those final one hundred yards dashing for the stable.

Still, I found myself applying painful little nips to those well exposed balls, pulled back and up and held at eye level by the humbler. Each flick of my wrist was followed by a shudder of the cart, Billie's suffering instantly translating to spasmodic physical motion. And yes, the control was a narcotic indeed.

Reaching the apex I guided Billie along the ridge to a location I had found days before. There I pulled him to a stop and dismounted.

"Good boy Billie," I gushingly commented, reaching for the water bottle.

Sweat pored from every inch of skin. As with Big Ned, Billie's breathing was firm and loud but impressively steady. I pulled down on the nose grommet and inserted the water bottle. He imbibed gratefully.

"What do you think of your summer vacation so far?" I teasingly inquired. "You may speak."

"I like running... out doors... for you," Billie gasped between breaths.

I smiled, wondering if Billie had envisioned such interplay years before in viewing that movie... watching in a state of arousal as a very becoming young girl governed a virile equine.

"Then I shall run you," I glibly replied. "For the entire summer."

As the level of water drained, I drew down on the reins to bring Billie to a kneeling position. Then I pushed forward my left thigh as I continued to hold the bottle. No invitation was needed in feeling Billie thrust forth his hips as much as the humbler permitted. He began to frottage his semi firm penis against my smooth skin returning his manhood to complete hardness.

Behind me was a fallen tree, the area selected so I could sit while talking. When the bottle was drained I stepped back and sat on the stump. Billie immediately crawled forward the few inches needed to maintain contact with my warm skin. The cart, of course, rolled with him.

"What are your plans, Billie? High school is over. The college that wait listed you has finally accepted your application. Are you going to attend?"

Billie's face scrunched. He appeared baffled. There was cognitive delay. I asked more questions. Attempting conversation with Billie was

always challenging, but that was because of shyness, embarrassment in being naked and governed by a woman. Now his reasoning seemed impaired. I finally asked simple and direct questions.

“What are you going to do tomorrow?”

He paused, searching for a reply.

“I will be exercised, bathed, fed and put up for the night. Miss Pammie will know,” he finally answered.

I did not bother parsing a question concerning the day after. I would have received the same reply. It was apparent that the sensory deprivation with subliminal recordings had been most effective.

I retrieved the blindfold from the cart.

“Well, Billie, since you don’t have much to say, you can just listen. You can listen can’t you?” I spoke in a motherly tone, carefully enunciating each word to assure verbal cognition. I realized Billie’s mind was like sieve, capturing the meaning of some phrases, but with others flowing onward without cerebral recognition. Billie had been brain washed.

I rose to blindfold him then soothingly kneaded his chastised balls. I peeled away my spandex garments. Naked with Billie... not a care in the world... I sat back on the stump and guided his face to where a girl can so much appreciate the ministrations of the subservient male.

In parting my knees, Billie’s nose took him to where my enjoyment of the toiling ride was most evidenced. He found my moistened quim and a long morning of cunnilingus began.

I sat back in comfort, both mental and physical. What I thought would be a difficult decision had been made. In now wondering if Billie could remember how to write his own name, the question of higher education became superfluous. There would be no plans of college for my lifelong steed. No, his fate was sealed.

But as Billie’s tongue continued its arduous task, I wondered if indeed his fate had not been sealed many years ago when, as a naked adolescent, he so naturally performed for me... reacted with such obeisance to every whim and command, pranced about seeming so eager to display himself, yet so embarrassed by his own submission.

I also wondered exactly when Aunt Mildred had uncovered Billie’s latent propensity. On that day he first arrived at Mom’s house his hair had already been coifed. The effort was not so much to feminize as it was to place him under the tutelage of women, rob him of dominion over his own appearance, strip him of the most basic male dignity.

I moaned with the pleasure of the first of many vaginal

oscillations. I gathered the slim cords attached to Billie's nose grommet serving as reins and used the restraints to draw his face even closer. Billie's style of oral servitude was a welcome change. He grew up servicing me. His strong tongue explored every fold of warm wet pink.

So here was Billie at DNIL Farm, I thought. Tomorrow he will be exercised, bathed, fed and put up for the night. I needed not to ask about the activities for the next day and the day after that. The answer would be the same.

"You will have to bear some modifications if you wish to stay here Billie," I suggested more talking aloud to myself than communicating. Billie could no longer understand a word like 'modification'. And in deeper thought, I realized that his understanding no longer mattered.

Threatening clouds brought thunder as I paroxysmally clenched my thighs in reaction to a third orgasm. I pushed away Billie's head. Fortunately I had not tethered his ankles so in preparing to depart I merely had to slip on the spandex garb, whisk away Billie's blindfold and mount.

"Giddup," I yelled in grasping the quirt.

Violent strokes of thin leather to right nipple and then left brought Billie back to the main path. I reached for the rain jacket and draped it over my shoulders. In reaching the main path, Billie ran like a gazelle. Still I did not spare the anguish as light precipitation began and we raced against the pending storm.

He performed for me admirably.

Chapter Twenty Three

Billie and I happily explored the thousands of DNIL acres, every morning taking long jaunts. Each afternoon we visited the quarry where I assured that Billie's tan evened out by tethering him in the hot sun while I swam in the cooling waters. Insouciant perhaps, but Billie's indoctrination made him accustomed to unending bondage. While not swimming I sunned myself and we talked a little. I noted that some level of cognitive ability began to return. However, I knew that at the Farm the degradation of the male was constant and consistent. Those nights of lying tummy down on the bench, hooded and tightly restrained must create mental havoc, I thought to myself. And every pony boy had to grovel before Pammie just for food. So in terms of perspicacity, I did not expect notable improvement from the many days of subliminal

programming Billie had endured.

Billie had been indoctrinated to serve, not to socially interact.

The Baroness returned from Europe in early July. Nicole drove the four hours to visit for a long weekend in order to greet her and introduce me.

I found the blonde woman to be amazingly regal. Nobility indeed, I thought when first greeting her. She had impeccable tastes and spoke with the diction of a statesman. She was in fine physical condition, in her mid forties, a woman who exercised zealously. She had piercing blue eyes and her stare could melt ice when irritated. I noted that no pony boy could or would look her in the eye. Instead all humbly gazed downward and docilely awaited a firm command when Pammie lined up the entire herd to salute her return.

Yes observing the little ceremony for the Baroness's return was quite amusing. Watching a dozen males simultaneously begin to engorge and humbly bring their penises to a full stand was a rousing tribute to the superior female. The Baroness paraded past her prized steeds with lordly pride, suppressing a broad grin as she paused to assure each appendage had arisen to her satisfaction. Each wagged a greeting, a comical motion I recalled Nicole teaching to Billie. Big Ned received a pinch on the cheek, for which he wagged his full twelve inches most unabashedly.

The Baroness arrived late on a Friday and after briefly reviewing her supplicants announced the need for sustenance. We strolled to the house where Frannie and Jackie presented a sumptuous meal. Four courses with fine wine and served by the naked castrates whose girlish buttocks seemed to capture the Baroness's eye. She noticed that I had observed her glances.

"I have rather missed my little toys, Mary. I'm given to firm hand spankings on the bare buttocks and both Frannie and Jackie's little posteriors nicely suffice. Curious that one develops such a penchant after years of applying leather to obstreperous male flesh."

In announcing her predilection, the Baroness lightly laughed... perhaps more of a snicker... and I smiled in thought not imagining what would prompt such punishment. The deportment of the little altered servants was exemplary. But I noticed a gleam in Nicole's eye and I also noticed that Jackie was repressing a smile as he ladled a creamy lobster bisque into my bowl.

Conversation continued, the Baroness asking polite questions about me and my plans for college. I, in turn, formally answered all, emphasizing both my enjoyment of my summer at the Farm and my

gratitude in being permitted to bring Billie.

“And what of your companion, Mary? Nicole has told me about your little friend. He has to be the uncircumcised one at the end of the line.”

It was interesting that such a feature so readily came to her attention.

“Not so little,” I felt obligated to reply, intrigued that the Baroness found Billie’s uncut penis to be so distinctive.

I proceeded to verbally download concerning Billie, his proclivity, the discovery thereof and how much he enjoyed the Farm. During my discourse Jackie brought a platter of finely roasted Chateaubriand. It was elegantly spiced and presented to the Baroness for approval. She shook her head disapprovingly.

“Too rare, Jackie. Tell Frannie just another minute in the oven. And also tell Frannie to bring some baby oil for when we talk about this later in my room.”

Jackie skipped out with the platter, oddly smiling with the Baroness’s rebuke. I immediately concluded who would be lying over the Baroness’s lap for the ‘hand spanking on the bare buttocks’. Frannie was to receive a post prandial lecture on cooking.

The encounter brought memories of witnessing Billie’s spanking when Aunt Mildred applied lotion to his buttocks to so nicely prepare the smooth flesh for the application of the firm feminine hand.

“So Mary... your equine friend enjoys it here. And college for him?” the Baroness resumed conversation.

I paused in thought. Nicole stepped into the breach.

“He’s thinking about it, mother. Not being the best of students, the colleges Billie preferred turned him down. He was wait listed at some unremarkable institution that finally accepted him. He has a big decision to make about his future.”

“Not really,” I interjected, finally summoning a degree of pluck. “I don’t think Billie will be making a decision. Left to his own graces I think he would just pull in harness until the snow falls and rises to his... well... to his knees.”

Nicole and the Baroness laughed with my faux pas, knowing that I envisioned the snow rising to his balls.

“It’s true mother. Billie is six feet four inches of human steed. He has no interests, no ambition. Mary says he’s never even dated a girl!”

The Baroness paused as Jackie returned from the kitchen with Chateaubriand cooked to perfection. She inspected and nodded and the

main course was served. In spearing a sizable tornado of beef she spoke.

“We shall see... we usually don’t run the pony boys in the snow...” she noted bringing a chuckle to all. “But we’ve also never turned one loose if the performance level has been sufficient. Every pony boy earns his feed every day.”

We thereafter ate in silence. Later, over coffee, the center of conversation returned to Billie.

“It cost about the same to board ten pony boys as it does twenty, Mary. The feed is nutritious but not expensive. So Billie is welcome to stay here, as are you. But you understand there are conformities required if he is to stay long term. We consider such to be minor... but conducive to discipline.”

“I do not think there would be a problem,” I quickly interjected. “Anesthesia?”

Nicole answered for her mother.

“We’ve found that just a touch of novocaine is best. For long term introduction to DNIL Farm, the male is best humbled in both watching and feeling a woman apply her power.”

I nodded in silence, envisioning a surgically masked and gloved Nicole slowly trimming away Billie’s foreskin, yet finally freeing him of the anguish of the masturbation studs. By comparison I supposed the piercing for the guiche ring to be innocuous.

There was no more said about the ‘conformities’. I sipped coffee realizing that I had just sacrificed Billie’s precious foreskin to the whims of the regal Baroness and the medical prowess of her daughter Nicole. And to think he never really had the opportunity to slide it up and down with abandon, achieving the climactic relief so commonly attained by other boys...

Such is life...

That night I stayed up reading in my room in a large stuffed chair. I was distracted by the sound of crisp smacks followed by plaintive wails as the Baroness celebrated her return and Frannie received a lecture on the preferred presentation of fine beef. Her technique sounded slow and deliberate and just when I thought Frannie had had enough another loud crack rang out. I was amused to hear that Frannie cried like a little girl, apparently all fortitude having been trimmed away along with his little gonads. Likewise Jackie’s courage also gave way, for after nearly an hour of punishment, the naked castrate slunk into my room seeking comfort, apparently ashamed that he earlier greeted the Baroness’s message of chastisement for Frannie with a smile.

"I'm scared," he beseeched as would a child while watching a frightening movie.

"Go to the bathroom and get some oil," I pleasantly commanded, knowing that obeying authority would bring solace.

Jackie complied with a saturnine look, apparently believing that his bottom was next to receive thwacks from an unyielding feminine hand. Instead I laid him on the bed, coated his entire nakedness and performed a relaxing massage. It afforded me the opportunity to also undertake a thorough examination of his cherubic body.

The little blond was most submissive as I placed him in the most humiliating of poses, kneading and caressing the various areas which Nicole had showed me. I found his body evidenced an odd dichotomy of maturity and adolescence. Obviously in his mid twenties, the snipping of his little nuts came at a time in life that curtailed serious muscle development. I was sure such timing was deliberate.

Still, as I soothingly rubbed and caressed, his gratitude was evidenced where even the altered male is so wont to demonstrate... that tiny penis hardened to its full three inches.

"Ankles to your ears," I giggled as I placed him lying supine.

He complied. And to the sounds of Frannie's tearful pleas I inserted one and then two fingers of my left hand into Jackie's rectum. Then with my right hand I began toying with what remained of his withered scrotum. My examination revealed the remnants of two simple scars, one left, one right, of the scrotal pouch. Fascinating how easily a man's balls can be slipped away, I recall thinking, and with it a life of normality.

"What happened here, Jackie?" I teased in pulling at the little tuft and then rolling the sensitive flesh between thumb and forefinger to better expose the scars.

At that point he squealed with delight and became quite hard, bucking his hips in simulating copulation. I just laughed and laughed, wriggling my fingers deep within his anus. Whatever trauma Jackie had endured in his transformation to neutered servant was long forgotten

Yet his rhythmic motion expressed such futility...

"You want to make love to me Jackie?"

I labored onward as Jackie's clamors of joy made him struggle to catch his breath.

"It's strange Miss Mary. I want you to stop... but I want you to continue. What's happening?"

"You're trying to ejaculate... and that's not possible," I mockingly

explained, feeling obliged to inform.

“All gone Jackie... no more climax for you. You’ve been fixed!”

Yes, how cruel, bringing the cute little castrate as close to the brink of climax as he could ever come and then mocking him for his insufficient performance... his inability to function as a male. And the incessant sound of smacks emanating from the Baroness’s room continued, seeming to capture more and more of Jackie’s attention. I detected a need... an unspoken desire.

“Perhaps it’s not pleasure that you need Jackie... perhaps the futility of surgical chastity drives you to seek something else...”

Up to that point I had remained robed, arousing with my hands rather than my physical charms. To heighten the scene, bring Jackie to full frustration, I withdrew my fingers from his anus and slipped away the fluffy garment, presenting myself completely nude. There was nothing Jackie had not before seen, but my soft and shapely form added a level of stimulus.

“Yes, I think there’s something else you need. Lie here Jackie... tummy down.”

I positioned myself sitting upright on the edge of my bed, patting my thighs. Jackie somewhat reluctantly crawled to my lap as I continued to smooth my hand over the tops of my thighs. He knew to place his tummy where indicated, obviously having many times sacrificed his effeminate globes to the correcting hand of the Baroness. I felt his tiny erection thrust between my thighs. I repressed laughter.

“So, let’s see if the altered male can discover joy in being with a naked and nubile woman.”

With that I joined the Baroness in swatting the vulnerable effeminate flesh of the altered male, swinging my right hand from my shoulder and landing a crisp smack to Jackie’s right cheek. He in turn joined Frannie in vocalizing dismay. He squeaked more than hollered. And there was something about the objection that was transparent.

‘He doth protest too much’, I was quick to conclude.

I swung again... and again... and again. Jackie howled but his enjoyment became apparent. With Jackie continuing to frottage his little penis between my thighs, the frustration of the castrated male seemed to blossom. His physical alteration had also brought a psychological transformation. For ultimate joy, Jackie needed pain and the humiliation of being mocked. And at DNIL farm, such was meted with impunity.

I spanked without compunction.

Chapter Twenty Four

Over all, the Baroness and I got along fabulously. Nicole left for the city on Sunday and my privileged life as an equestrienne continued. I began to realize that it was going to be difficult to resume being a student, particularly when the notion of Wellesley being an all girls college struck me during daily oral satiation.

No orally proficient pony boys at college. Nor would there be naked castrates tending to my shower!

But I was a serious student in high school and I convinced myself that self discipline would return me to my studies. So I just continued to enjoy, knowing like all good things, they would end, but also sanguine in knowing that Billie's care would continue in my absence.

Though the decision had long been made, I waited until mid August to make the fateful phone call on Billie's behalf. After an inspiring day of riding, sunning, and swimming I delayed my late afternoon nap to telephone and inform Aunt Mildred that Billie would not be tapping into his college fund... at least not for the forthcoming year.

"The school that accepted him from the wait list does not warm the spirits. And he so very much enjoys farm work, Aunt Mildred. It's very remote and peaceful here with few visitors. And you know how shy Billie can be around people. He's comfortable here."

Left unsaid was the root cause of his shyness... the fact that his stepmother all too often deprived him of clothing before groups of women such as at the beauty parlor... and had his penis studded to inhibit masturbation... which also inhibited dating.

"Tell him to stay as long as he wishes," came the expected reply, as Aunt Mildred hurried the conversation.

I knew she was eager to call Mom and gush the news... with Billie's prolonged absence there would be many more months of Sapphic dalliance.

"There are papers that need to be signed for his mod... his medical examination," I corrected myself.

Nicole had indicated she wanted a release before working to conform Billie's anatomy.

"Sign my name to whatever is needed, Mary. I'll never object."

Easy enough, I thought in hanging up. Billie would become a DNIL Farm pony boy.

I noted in the brief conversation that there was no expression of

concern for Billie... no message for her stepson... no polite inquiry as to his well being... no question as to when he would return home. Billie was a defacto orphan.

The more I thought, the more I realized DNIL Farm was the perfect place for my obedient steed. He received food, discipline, and exercise. For Billie there was not much else required.

I informed the Baroness of the decision and she smiled wryly.

“Good. We’re happy to have him. Nicole will be here for the weekend and he’ll be conformed.”

The timing was good, for Walter was scheduled two weeks hence to spend the last weekend of August at the Farm. By then, Billie would be reasonably healed.

The next morning I took Billie up the path to the ridge, impressed as always with his speed and his desire to run for me. At the apex I blindfolded him and stripped. He knelt as I watered him.

“Nicole will be staying the weekend Billie. She’s coming here to fix you. I suppose you’ve noticed that your penis doesn’t look the same as the other pony boys. Well that’s because they are circumcised and you are not. Since you so much enjoy being here, I’ll want you circumcised just like the others, as I’m sure you’d agree. Then you can stay as long as you like.”

The sucking of water stopped. I pulled away the bottle understanding that Billie had something to say. That was very rare.

“Will it hurt, Miss Mary?”

“Yes, of course, Billie. But being a human pony hurts. However, you will no longer feel pain when you become erect. Your foreskin will be trimmed away but so will your studs. It’s been many years...”

That seemed to mollify the notion of having a woman so callously trim, though I doubted he could recall the last time he achieved an erection without the duress of the studs aggravating his glans. It had indeed been many years.

“You’ll be able to show off without feeling pain Billie. And I know how much you like to show off.”

I returned the water bottle and he sucked, seeming to end the conversation.

Since Billie was facing such a potentially traumatic experience I decided to spend more time with him until Nicole arrived to take control. So after the usual afternoon at the swimming hole I returned him to the stable whipping vigorously and dashing the final hundred yards at absolute maximum performance. There is something about being cooled

by a flow of air created by the ardent toil of a subjugated male that cools that much better, I had come to realize. And so on those late afternoon final sprints I was given to applying the quirt to every accessible area of Billie's flesh... just about his entire body. And that late afternoon was no different. Billie arrived at the stable exhausted and well whipped.

Frannie stood waiting, reached out and hooked a finger to snag the reins. I dismounted, impressed as always at how easy it was for a diminutive little hermaphrodite to take control of a huge, virile and well muscled human steed. Normally I retreated for a nap and to freshen up for dinner. But I wanted to stay with Billie and followed that entourage... naked castrate... naked pony boy... into the stable. There I observed as Billie was quickly unhooked from the cart, his harness unfurled, humbler removed and lastly the reins unclipped. Then, with a simple slap to his buttocks, Frannie sent him prancing toward the wash room.

It had to be the only time at DNIL Farm that I ever saw a pony boy free of both tight bondage and close supervision, though his elbow grommets remained tethered. Yet Billie obediently trotted into the tiled room where the steel table awaited.

"The ponies very much enjoy their cleansing," Frannie explained in noticing my look of perplexity.

I followed Billie and there awaited a smiling Pammie.

"Hello pony boy. Did Miss Mary run you well today?"

Billie was only semi erect upon entering, his extreme exertion having a calming effect on the male response to hormonal overload. But in seeing Pammie and hearing her words, Billie slowly tumefied, wincing as his studs again slid over his glans.

"Good boy," Pammie cooed in a childish voice in response to the demonstration of obedient virility.

Billie knew to approach then turn his back. I was shocked to see Pammie release the short double clip connecting his elbow grommets, completely freeing him of all restraints.

"He's not going to give me trouble, are you Billie? This is a pony boy's favorite time of day," Pammie informed in sensing my concern.

"To the scale."

Billie's excited feet scampered to a large scale. Pammie deftly pushed about the sliding counter weights.

"Two hundred and thirty pounds. Table!"

The feet again scampered to the center of the room.

"Up."

With that simple command Billie bounded onto the stainless steel

table, raising his left leg to place his knee on the surface then using his hands to pull himself up and kneel.

“Very good, Billie. Looks like Miss Mary was generous with the quirt today. Were you a good pony boy for her?”

Billie nodded and grunted a ‘yes’. I did note that his body was covered with dozens of lash marks and his scrotum of course was just one large collection of stripes, all courtesy of my demanding hand.

Then I began to better understand the curious relationship between stern handler and obeisant pony boy. This was mother and child... knowing couch and inspiring player... idol and idolater. I seated myself in a corner and just listened. With Billie completely focused on his handler, I was not sure whether he knew of my continued presence. It did not really matter.

Just as Nicole had positioned Billie on my picnic table so many months before, my steed knew to climb to the table top and kneel on all fours with knees well spread. Pammie approached with a steaming hot towel cradled in both hands. She stood to Billie’s side, opened the folds of moist warmth then welcomed Billie’s low hanging and well whipped scrotum into the pouch formed by her massive palms. I could only imagine her gracious gesture as feeling exquisite after a long day of having the organs entrapped in the humbler and lashed with impunity. I was to later learn that the hot moist towel was saturated with a soothing and healing balm... intended to assuage all irritations and better prepare the flesh for the next whipping.

Billie sighed with the sensation... a woman’s comforting tendance where the male so craves attention.

“If you had run better perhaps these wouldn’t be so sore. A woman only needs to apply pain to achieve what she wants, Billie. Perhaps you should just run a little faster...or maybe react a little quicker to a tug on the reins next time.”

Pammie shifted so her left hand continued to apply the warming towel to Billie’s testicles but her right hand was freed to caress and soothe elsewhere. Actually I knew she was inspecting, seeking any untoward damage done by an errant snap of the quirt. She was skilled and practiced, obviously having examined the naked flesh of many kneeling pony boys. It was apparent that Billie very much appreciated the attention. His penis stood like a pole.

“Nothing major Billie. Your good friend Mary knows how to whip a boy. Lot’s of undamaged skin available for tomorrow’s excursion.”

And with that Billie's rubdown began with abandon. Whether Billie accepted his ablutions or preferred to defer, it did not matter. Pammie was in charge and Billie was no more than a piece of beef to be sliced, diced and skewered.

First a slim line was drawn from above and clipped to Billie's nose grommet. So much for the lack of restraints. Then Pammie reached above and pulled down a spray hose and Billie found himself being inundated with what appeared to be a warm and comforting mist of rinsing water.

Once soaked, a good lathering followed with Pammie's powerful hands applying a thick layer of foamy soap, kneading and caressing well worn muscles as she cleansed every inch of flesh.

"You'll be running better tomorrow, Billie. I know you can do betterfor Miss Mary and for me. You like to perform... to show a woman how strong and virile you are. Just look at your penis... how much you enjoy showing it to me."

Pammie's hand right hand slid across slippery flesh and then down and under Billie's belly to capture the aforementioned organ. With her sensuous massage, a tumefied Billie was indeed in a position to show off. He was as erect as I had ever seen him.

The thick soap was worked between his gluteal cleft. Pammie actually scrubbed.

"Such nice big buttocks, Billie. Very powerful... so you can run for Miss Mary. I'll bet you like running fast for her... don't you pony boy?"

Pammie leaned to observe the state of Billie's penis, quite aroused from the manipulation of her fingers where the male feels odd pleasure. Seeming satisfied with its firmness, she stepped away, retrieved a tape measure, and returned.

"Still just over nine inches," she commented in unfurling the tape along Billie's erection.

Then she measured the distance from the table top to the bottom of his dangling scrotum.

"And two and one half inches," she announced smiling contentedly.

I looked to the chart next to Billie's name to see that the numbers there corresponded. There also appeared his weight. A final column was blank where the other ponies had a date recorded. Pammie noticed my inquisitive look.

"That's the date of the pony boy's last prostate massage," she

explained.

Disposing of the tape measure, another hose was drawn down from above. This one had an ominous nozzle attached. Billie silently lowered his head and raised his buttocks to accept the enema hose. The nozzle slid past the soapy rectum without resistance. Billie knelt in a curious stupor as Pammie began to fill his bowels

Was there no end to a pony boy's humiliation?

I hoped not.

"Yes my pony boy is going to be cleaned inside and out. Then you'll be tied down and you can grovel for some gruel. With a nice rest you'll be able to please again tomorrow. Up with the sun, harnessed and ready to be run. Another day... another opportunity to perform... and you do wish to perform don't you Billie? There's not much else for a pony boy here at DNIL Farm."

Pammie's verbal encouragement continued as Billie bowels filled and her hands smoothed everywhere the male beast would normally seek the attention of feminine hands.

"And look at this nice big scrotum... filled with what a well nourished pony boy likes to create but cannot discharge. Oh someday Billie. The Baroness will give me a nod and you'll be masturbated... just because she's in a kindly mood... or perhaps because you've pleased her."

She spoke so condescendingly, yet with Billie's mind so overwhelmed with both subliminal suggestioning and strict feminine supervision, he appeared to be absorbing her words with odd rapture. As impressed as I had been in observing Nicole first give Billie a bath, Pammie was a master... establishing control... offering self serving counsel... bringing Billie one small step closer to utter capitulation.

"The Baroness is going to show you, Billie. You'd like that wouldn't you? Being put on display so all the other pony owners can gaze at this nicely muscled body. So smooth and hairless and with such manly curves. You're going to be exhibited and you can show everyone how much you enjoy being kept naked and restrained."

I noted that Billie seemed to further harden reacting to what he must have perceived as stimulating words.

The surface of the steel table was beveled to a drain in the center. The mixture of warm water and soap flowed to there and disappeared presumably to a floor drain. Thus when it came time for Billie to humiliate himself to the extreme, his belly bloated with soapy warmth, Pammie slid away the enema nozzle and the contents of Billie's bowels

flushed to the table where Pammie hosed it away.

“Yes you must feel much better, pony boy. Ready for a nice meal.”

With a final rinse, Pammie coated Billie’s entire body with some oily lotion. It was designed to close the pores and placate the dozens of little areas irritated by my quirt.

Then Pammie released the single cord attached to the nose grommet and Billie knew to step to the floor. It was curious to see him lower to all fours. There a leash was clipped to his nose grommet and Pammie led him on all fours to the next room to be secured to the bench for his evening rest.

I recalled years before at Mom’s, when I had him crawl. Billie seemed more eager to do so for Pammie and I watched as his oiled body glistened and his balls swayed back and forth as he shuffled on his knees. He looked up at Pammie’s uncovered and nicely shaped posterior as she led him to the next room. It was evident he sought something there.

“Come my little pet. I have something under my apron that you may enjoy.”

Those were the final words I heard in the stable. I departed for the house, very much needing the attention of Jackie’s tongue and lips.

Chapter Twenty Five

Nicole arrived late that evening, well after dinner. She was tired and we spoke only briefly before she retired.

“I’ll do him first thing in the morning, Mary. Just take a few minutes. Then you can take one of the other ponies for a ride and later in the afternoon maybe we’ll all go to the pond.”

I ate quickly at breakfast on Saturday morning. Just juice and a Danish. Nicole was not to be seen, having arisen early to begin preparations in the stable.

I stepped outside to ominous weather. Dark and threatening, a morning cart ride would be questionable. Still as I sauntered to the stable, I noted the exercise wheel had six pony boys slowly circling the controlling capstan. The wheel turned unyieldingly... never allowing a respite. Frannie had told me the pony boys stayed out in the rain, only lightening curtailing their unending toil.

I entered the stable, passed by all the carts and found the large double doors to the wash area closed. I knocked and pulled open the right door. Pammie greeted me dressed in a starched white uniform.

“Would you mind wearing this, Mary. We’ve sterilized the area.”

She handed me a surgical robe and mask. I noted that the area around the stainless steel table had been curtained off and within the lengths of draped white plastic the floor was even more spotless than normal.

Nicole was similarly attired, appearing as if a starlet on some hospital TV show. Her lively blue eyes moved about above a surgical mask and I could tell there was a smile beneath.

The table had been converted to suit her needs with stirrups attached to the sides to more resemble a gynecological chair than wash table. Pammie stepped to the next room to retrieve Billie. She found it necessary to use a leash, I suppose as a precaution against sudden reluctance. With nose grommet well tethered, no pony boy resisted the controlling tugs of a woman.

I was surprised to see that the table tilted downward at the stirrups, upwards where Billie’s head would lie.

“Just be a minute, Billie. Then you can rest all morning,” Nicole suggested in her calming voice as Billie entered following Pammie’s tugs.

“Up on the table now. Feet in the stirrups.”

Pammie guided and Billie obeyed. Within a minute Billie and the table were one, straps holding down chest and stomach. Every grommet was utilized with more straps at mid thigh and mid calve to hold his legs firmly in the stirrups.

“For Billie I’ve decided to use only a little lidocaine. The pony boys tend to squirm a bit, so I suspect with limited anesthesia Billie will be reacting even more,” Nicole explained as Pammie’s powerful hands tightened every restraining strap and cord to the maximum.

Lidocaine! As I recalled that was merely a topical anesthetic! Poor Billie.

“Well Billie, today you’re going to lose your foreskin... and your studs. You must be very excited,” Nicole gleefully proclaimed

Billie laid somewhat upright on the table which was angled at some forty five degrees. He was positioned so he could look down to see everything Nicole’s hands would do. I supposed it to be part of the ritual, the helpless pony boy forced to watch himself being modified by a domineering woman... observing with despair as knowing fingers first cut and then tore away his prepuce.

Nicole palmed Billie’s low hanging sac as she spoke. Her voice was filled with enthusiasm. My nervous steed squirmed indeed. A woman

was about to have her way with his most prized possession and in full view there was a tray perched next to the table filled with frighteningly sharp instruments.

Nicole lifted the massive bag of flesh completely out of the way and examined Billie's perineum. Hair had not appeared there in years and I knew Pammie had been applying a laser to rid Billie's entire body of hair follicles. Still, Nicole looked closely then swabbed the area with a sterilizing solution. Next her gloved hands gathered a pinch of flesh between the base of his balls and his anus.

Billie remained unusually flaccid, I supposed in some catatonic state, and Nicole grasped the tip of his penis and gently drew it down. I watched closely as she judged whether an appropriate place for the guiche piercing would be where she pinched. This entailed letting his testicles hang loose and drawing the penis shaft between the two plums. Thus when Billie's Prince Albert ring was to be secured to the guiche, one gonad would hang to the right and one to the left of the back bent shaft. His flaccid and secured penis would split his scrotum and hold up the center of his sac. His balls would then freely hang to the right and left of the secured penis. I had stretched him that far!

"The position look right to you, Pammie?"

The woman who would most utilize the locking configuration stooped to closely examine.

"A little further back toward the rectum, Nicole. He's long enough and I always like a pony boy to feel his penis tightly pulled when I lock him up for the night. It sends a very authoritative message of control. Over time, Billie will find the sensation to be comforting."

Nicole released the small pinch of skin and gathered another further toward Billie's puckered anus. Then she tugged the penis back once more to assure it would have to be pulled tightly to be locked in place. She then highlighted the spot with a marker.

Pammie looked again and nodded her approval with a smile.

"Yes, nice and tight every night is what we say in the stable, Mary."

"Let's begin," affirmed Nicole as I found myself also nodding..

Nicole slid down Billie's foreskin and for the last time in his life he grimaced as the masturbation studs glided across his glans. Lidocaine was applied everywhere. A moment was given for effect. Then a scalpel was retrieved.

"Say good bye, Billie."

To a grievous cry of 'please no', Nicole insouciantly sliced

Billie's prepuce, using the tip of the scalpel blade to make a small incision running parallel to the shaft.

"That rids the natural tension of the foreskin," Nicole explained as Billie screamed in agony. "Now I can easily cut around the frenulum. Quick is most comforting for the male. I like to go slowly."

With that, thumb and forefinger of Nicole's left hand continuously tugged at the narrow strip of flesh as her right guided the cutting scalpel and forever freed Billie of his foreskin, the whole time Billie beseeching for mercy.

"Not too many pony boys forget their circumcision. This is a big day for you, Billie, being circumcised by a woman... watching as your precious manhood is modified at our whim."

Yes, Pammie propped forward Billie's head, pointing his gaze downward and forcing him to watch. Within seconds the curious strip of manly pride was torn from the penis tip, though I am sure Billie thought it seemed more like minutes. Pammie released Billie's head and applied hydrogen peroxide to forestall bleeding. Nicole held up the small but one time overly sensitive strip of flesh as if exhibiting a trophy.

"Studs and all. Nasty little things," she felt obliged to comment.

"Normally mom likes to keep the prepuce. But she'd rather you have it Mary."

The pink strip was inserted into a little jar with formaldehyde.

"It'll be here at the Farm until you have a permanent place to keep it."

I stared at the specimen, the studs shining back through the glass. The notion of tucking it away somewhere gave rise to thought. Where would a woman of dominance display such a treasured artifact? It so nicely symbolized the power of a woman and the pain she could bring to bear at her caprice. And it would forever foster such delightful memories... first of Billie enduring the pain of the studs for so many years... and then enduring the utmost agony in finally being relieved of the constricting bits of metal.

"Now relax, Billie. The guiche is next and is comparatively painless."

It wasn't. But it was quick. A device similar to that used to instantly push grommet holes through the skin proved to easily penetrate the marked area near Billie's rectum. There was the sound of a snap, followed by a howl and Billie had an opening for a temporary guiche ring. Nicole expertly threaded an open circle of stainless steel through the opening and crimped it closed.

“He’ll be ready for something permanent in some ten days,” she remarked.

Nicole’s attention turned back to Billie’s penis. She inspected and commented that the bleeding had subsided nicely.

“Ready for the painful part?” she mockingly inquired, fully realizing that Billie had endured what he thought was unbearable.

“Please Miss Nicole, no more.”

“Well you’re not going to be run at DNIL Farm without a nice Prince Albert ring. And mom wants to exhibit you. It’s her signature marking. A nice prominent golden ring piercing that which the male so much enjoys showing off.”

Nicole’s convincing words were superfluous. It was not as if Billie was required to acknowledge the need. If he did not realize by now, he would look and be presented in any manner that a dominant female desired. And the desire on the part of the Baroness was that he bear the agony of a Prince Albert ring and its practical uses for constraint.

“Here we go.”

Billie futilely thrashed within his bounds as Nicole’s gloved left hand gathered up his flaccid and wounded penis. The penetration device was aligned with his urethral opening and with a squeeze of her left hand Billie again screamed in suffering. A hole was instantly opened within the urethra some full inch from his penis tip. It exited underneath, well down the shaft.

“Mom’s orders. Large and heavily gauged. That’s what you’re to bear, Billie. Forever. And you’ll notice how deeply it will be implanted. It will not easily tear.”

Yes indeed. The spacing would require a ring of at least two inches in diameter to slip into the urethral opening, penetrate the newly made hole and then exit and circle forward to the tip.

Pammie handed Nicole a temporary stainless steel ring. Sure enough, it was two inches in diameter with a gauging somewhat less than the diameter of a pencil... but not by much. It was huge!

Nicole dextrously slipped it into the opening and crimped it closed.

“A nice weighty ring. Welcome to DNIL Farm Billie. You’re now one of the herd.”

Pammie carefully bandaged Billie’s penis, enshrouding the length in layers of white gauze and strong tape, making the appendage appear ridiculous. His temporary ring stuck out the tip, making the thick white

cylinder appear even more comical. Finally Pammie released the straps. Nicole tended to her instruments. I strolled out.

I paused at the egress of the stable to see that the expected rain had arrived. So I kept on the surgical garb for covering and dashed for the farmhouse. I noticed that the cadre of pony boys on the exercise wheel continued walking in slow circles. Every inch of skin was drenched.

Kept ready to run indeed, I thought to myself. No matter the weather, a DNIL Farm pony boy was always eager to serve. A full and warming run in harness had to be more comfortable than the slow exposure to cooling rain.... or the unyielding sun for that matter. And to also have to face the unending tedium of walking in circles...

The challenge of a brisk run, reacting to reins and snaps of the whip, had to be mentally inspiring compared to the monotony of the wheel, and in today's weather, the chilling precipitation.

I kept such thoughts in mind for the next time I had reservations about summoning a boy to be harnessed. I was actually rescuing him from boredom. Yes... I supposed for the pony boy there was nothing better for breaking the monotony than to endure sharp signals of pain and feel the controlling but comforting tugs of a woman's hands. Perhaps running a boy to exhaustion was not so cruel...

Chapter Twenty Six

Billie stayed belly down on the bench for most of the ensuing three days. I visited him and actually fed him a couple of times... Pammie explaining the ritual as I had surmised... slow... controlling at all times... no spillage permitted.

On the fourth day I arose early to visit and entered the sleeping room before breakfast. Pammie was just waking the herd, a procedure I had not before observed. It was quite the sight.

She began with a set of wire cutters, standing behind the furthest most pony boy to the right. With a snip, the slim strip of vinyl connecting the Prince Albert ring to the guiche was cut, freeing the penis from its nightly restraint. She quickly moved down the line... snip... snip... snip... snip... snip... freeing each entrapped organ. Then she stepped without delay to the opposite side and snipped the remainder, skipping Billie whose convalescing organ was not secured.

Then came the entertainment.

"OK, boys."

With that, Pammie clapped her hands and a dozen pony boys answered the call to nature. With proper floor drainage the combined flow of excretions splattered to the smooth tile and quickly streamed toward two gratings, each running under the entire length of each bench.

I could only guess the punishment for the recalcitrant pony boy whose timing ruined Pammie's exhibition of complete feminine control, for each pony seemed to struggle earnestly to assure his response to Pammie's clap was immediate.

Pammie smiled and I found myself laughing.

"Each and every morning, Mary. The boys are very obedient... wouldn't you agree?"

"Can't they go during the night?"

"Physically yes. But it's not permitted. Besides they know that the morning show pleases me... and every pony boy wants to please..."

As I nodded I noted that behind where Billie lay on the long bench, Pammie had hung two sizable slings from an overhead beam. Between the two, also hanging from the beam, was a pulley with a cord dangling down.

"For your pony boy, Mary. Don't want him languishing on his stomach for too long."

Pammie released Billie's bindings, helped him stand and pushed him back toward the slings. She had him stand on a small stool and then encircled his left thigh with a broad and well padded stretch of cloth. Then she did the same with the right thigh. One end of the cord was lowered and clipped to his nose grommet, the other end to his elbow grommets behind him. Pammie then tightened the slings, shortened the cord and kicked away the stool. Billie found himself suspended in the air with most of his weight borne by the thigh straps. The wide separation and angle of the slings widely parted Billie's knees. Thus his scrotum hung freely, making quite the display of his balls.

"The cord for the nose and elbows is only so he can balance himself. Not much tension... unless he fidgets too much," Pammie suggested in addressing my silent concern.

She stepped away and began releasing the remaining pony boys, tossing aside the blindfolds and sending each one running to the egress with a crisp swat to the buttocks.

"Exercise wheel... exercise wheel... the Baroness... exercise wheel... the Baroness.... exercise wheel.... Miss Mary..." and so on as each pony boy was assigned to his toiling task for the day.

The Baroness was given to long excursions in a chariot. Quite

heavy and lumbering, the weight usually required two pony boys, particularly if she took Frannie with her and packed a large lunch.

I preferred the speed of the cart and the proximity such afforded to the exposed male flesh. I suppose every equestrienne had her preferences.

I approached Billie, blindfold remaining in place.

“Morning, Billie. Everything OK?”

I tenderly slipped the index finger of my right hand through the large temporary Prince Albert ring. With my left I reached under and between Billie’s thighs to find the smaller guiche ring, some half inch in diameter. I toyed with both, acclimating both Billie and me to his new controlling implements. He only winched a little, suggesting that the skin was healing rapidly.

Then as Nicole suggested, I began to rotate the rings within the openings to assure that the skin was not healing to the metal. We needed clean openings for Billie’s solid gold permanent rings... those to be welded closed forever.

Billie began to tumefy to my touch. Finished, I retracted my hands. A complete erection could be very painful and inhibit healing.

“Walter’s going to visit us next week, Billie. But don’t worry, by then the bandages will be gone and your permanent rings will be in place. You’ll make a very good impression,” I childishy cooed.

Billie silently stirred in his bonds.

“You remember Walter. Think you saw him at the mall a couple of times.”

Billie nodded as best he could.

“Why Walter? Why here?” the normally reticent Billie beseechingly asked.

“He’s on his way to college and he’s just going to spend the weekend. Kind of a little vacation before the drudgery of academics... something you’ll never again have to worry about,” I added in a slightly sarcastic tone.

“We’re good friends.”

The declaration of our relationship brought more silence. Something was stirring in Billie’s mind.

“I thought *we* were good friends,” he most dejectedly pouted.

“We are... but Walter’s different. I don’t ride Walter. He doesn’t prefer to be led about naked on a leash... bound all the time. You know... it’s Walter. Just a regular guy. We go to movies and concerts and stuff. Sometimes we’re intimate, though just for fun... and though not as much

fun as being with you.”

I tweaked Billie’s nipples in offering consolation. Though my words may have seemed flippant, they were true. How many times towards the end of a long evening out with Walter did I pine to govern Billie’s naked flesh, mount my little saddle and crop his balls.

“Will he see me... like this?” Billie’s tone became plaintive.

“Well I don’t know how else he’ll see you! There is no form of covering for pony boys at DNIL Farm. And after all the training I’m not taking out any of the other ponies... I want to show you!”

My tone of voice became firm and commanding at that point. Billie would just have to get used to serving whom I demanded and when. I began to realize that in Billie’s mind the vanilla world was not to mix with his odd propensity for equine pursuits. After all, we were never really certain whether or not mom and Aunt Mildred were aware of his specific proclivity... though his general penchant for utter submission and subjugation had been recognized at an early age ... if not nurtured and encouraged.

Though forceful in tone, I initially felt some empathy for Billie’s mental plight. His deep secret would hence forth be known outside the little world I had created for him at DNIL Farm. A rather cathartic realization. But then I looked down and saw his penis again begin to harden, despite its wounds and without touch or encouragement from me.

An interesting reaction requiring further analysis. Thus I continued.

“Yes, Walter may wish to try his hand at dressage, Billie. You may enjoy pulling him around in a cart. Particularly if I insist. Think you’d run faster with a man cropping your balls, Billie? I’m sure Walter can stroke more firmly than me. Or perhaps the added weight will slow you. And then there’s the oral satiation you so graciously provide. Guys aren’t as shy about it. Walter probably won’t blindfold you for that.”

Provocative words, cleverly offered as a test. For in planting such homophilic thoughts, Billie continued to harden, grimacing somewhat as his stiffness irritated the wounds from his circumcision.

I repressed laughter, realizing that though I had no idea as to what Walter’s reaction would be to the world of human ponies or if during his short visit he would even care to ride, I now learned that Billie’s response to the scene could be most interesting.

In not wishing to disrupt or damage Nicole’s fine modification work, I retreated, permitting Billie’s penis to return to flaccidity. A quick breakfast awaited as did Fred whom Pammie designated as my pony boy

for the day.

The ensuing days were unremarkable, from the standpoint of DNIL Farm normalcy. Billie continued to heal and the servitude I required rotated amongst the herd. I was grateful for the Baroness's hospitality but missing was that which drives all woman of dominance... ownership. I wanted to whip Billie.

So I was heartened when within a week, Jackie quietly entered to wake me from my late afternoon nap by once again licking my feet. I stirred, tired after an afternoon of Big Ned's oral servitude, wishing for more rest.

"The Baroness would like you in the stables before cocktails, Miss Mary. Dressed for dinner."

Jackie moved to the shower and turned on the faucets. I smiled to myself thinking that if I had to lose a few winks of sleep, there would not be much better occasion to sacrifice. Jackie's tendance was warm and soothing as always.

Entering the stables I proceeded to the wash area followed by Jackie. Billie was again laid on the stainless steel table with feet and legs in the stirrups. The table was tipped at an angle, as it was for his circumcision, but his bonds were moderate. The Baroness, dressed for the formal evening meal, stood to one side with Pammie on the other. Frannie timidly stood in a far corner. A tray was propped next to the table, once again filled with implements. An electrical cord emanated from one.

"We always have a little ceremony when a pony boy gets his final rings, Mary. I've done so many, and Billie is your pony boy. So the honor should be yours."

The Baroness opened a satin covered box. Inside were two shining gold loops, one thickly gauged and two inches in diameter. Another, the guiche, was rather modest... slim and only half an inch in size. In having to don it between very active thighs, I realized that its circumference had to be limited. But the Prince Albert ring, that which a pony boy would proudly display for the remainder of his life, and in a location which would catch every equestrienne's eye, was most ostentatious. It gleamed noticeably.

Both loops were open, ready to be inserted into an opening in the flesh and thereafter forever closed.

Little did I realize how much the Baroness appreciated my Billie's beauty. She planned to show him indeed! The weighty Prince Albert ring must have cost a fortune.

Pammie cut away the temporary stainless steel guiche and inserted the gold one. She crimped it closed with sizable pliers then reached for the electric device on the tray. She worked dextrously in welding closed the ends. Billie squirmed with the heat as the ring was permanently attached.

“You have the honor of doing the Prince Albert, Mary.”

Having watched the two stainless steel rings being inserted and the final guiche, I was comfortable in accepting the responsibility. And I had certainly handled Billie’s penis often enough over the years. With my left hand I picked up the flaccid tube, recalling how often I had to assist him in his bathroom visits. The fingers of my right hand removed the ring from the felt folds of the box. I aligned one end of the open loop and pushed the thick gauging into the sensitive opening at the tip of Billie’s penis.

“Please no Miss Mary, it hurts.”

The Baroness had this look of Schadenfreude knowing that the initial discomfort was nothing compared to the lifetime of donning the discernible weight. She spoke pleasantly but with ominous inflection.

“There are stables where the pony boys are tethered by their penis rings. You wouldn’t want that now, would you Billie?”

“No ma’am,” Billie grimaced as I worked and thrust the end out the new opening in the underside of his manhood.

Pammie handed me the pliers and I crimped the ends together as best I could.

“You are ringed Billie. Forever an obedient pony boy,” the Baroness ceremonially proclaimed.

Pammie took the pliers and used her powerful grip to crimp a little more. Then, in Billie’s final moment of pain, the ring was welded. The spark of heat was quick but intense.

I beamed with pride and expressed my sentiment to Billie.

“I’m very proud of you Billie. You look very pretty with your penis pierced like that.”

There was another vainglorious moment as the pain subsided and Billie slowly become erect, saluting the Baroness, Pammie and me. Jackie and Frannie looked on with great envy. Pammie broke the silence as Billie came to full blossom.

“Frannie and Jackie will need to burnish the welds over the next few days, Billie. Don’t worry, your beautiful ring will appear shiny and absolutely seamless when they’re done.

“Polishing penile rings is their favorite pastime.”

Chapter Twenty Seven

It was heartwarming to observe how much time the little naked and neutered pets spent on Billie's huge ring. Just a tad larger than most, it made Billie stand out amongst the herd and I supposed that's what warranted their fervent attention.

Every evening after dinner, one of the duo retreated to the stable where Billie laid tummy down for his evening rest. Pammie left his penis untethered in the expectation of a visit from one of the castrates. And with the devotion of zealots either Jackie or Frannie would kneel beneath the long bench, grasp Billie's penis and diligently work with a special cloth to polish the gold, burnishing indeed the slightly blemished area of the weld. Billie would slowly become erect with the attention of course, but the boys certainly knew how to handle the aroused male. At bedtime, cold water was applied and the effeminate little servants were offered the reward of securing the Prince Albert ring to the guiche... under Pammie's supervision. As always, controlling a stiff penis, more massive than either could ever imagine attaining, thrilled the duo. As did being given the satisfaction of locking it away for the night after toying with impunity. So the endeavor became a fair exchange... Billie's ring soon glinted in even the dulllest light... Jackie and Frannie were greatly entertained in honing it.

I, in turn, was also quite pleased. Sans studs, Billie could become erect without experiencing discomfort... and the dear boy began to do so before I even began to harness him... the sign of a very virile and randy pony. About a week after the final ring was inserted, I took Billie up the ridge to our favorite spot. There I could not resist unclipping the reins from his nose grommet and clipping such to his Prince Albert ring.

"Come Billie."

I stood to his front and gently pulled. His erection followed the reins of course.... and he followed his erection. I stepped backwards thrilled with the notion of controlling a man by his penis. I walked just a few steps and a frightened Billie followed me most carefully, the cart slowly rolling with him. I noted that though Billie grimaced, the deeply set ring could accept a goodly degree of tension. It would not tear away easily. Nicole certainly knew her business.

Well that got my juices flowing and within a minute I released the penis tether, blindfolded Billie, stripped and sat with thighs obscenely parted to languor under the ministrations of his tongue. He was as always quite satisfying.

Much later, physically spent after dozens of orgasms, I had Billie relieve himself before the quick jaunt back to the stables. It was ironic to see how sloppily he urinated with the heavily gauged ring partially blocking his urethra. I was reminded of those early days in Mom's basement when I inherited the task of assuring neatness during excretions. And here we were, years later, with Billie helpless in directing any flow. Though outdoors I found it necessary to again hold his penis to aim the stream away from his feet.

I then understood the configuration for urinating in the stable. There the pony boys just had to hit the floor.

So by the time of Walter's visit, Billie was one proud pony boy and was back to being harnessed daily for my amusement. With August's end the fateful Friday finally came with Nicole accompanying Walter in his drive from the city. He had purchased an old car which presumably could make it the rest of the way to Boston and he was expected just before dinner.

I was apprehensive but assuaged my concerns knowing that after a four hour drive Walter would be tired. Therefore it was unlikely he would return to his car shocked by the DNIL Farm environment and thus drive onward. And I am sure Nicole would drop hints during the four hours providing some level of expectation.

I gave much thought to requesting that the neutered and naked servants be dressed. I least that would moderate some of the appall Walter would encounter. I conferred with the Baroness, expressing my concerns.

"Well, I have had parties here when a smattering of vanilla types dictated that some degree of modesty be undertaken. So I coifed their hair most effeminately and put the boys in frilly aprons. No one seemed to object to watching the cute rumps of 'girls' roll about. And the more knowing guests could easily slip a hand under the sole garment to toy without reservation."

Done. I gave the command and Jackie and Frannie even had fun doing each others hair. Upon completion I applied makeup. They giggled like school girls in looking at each other... and they in fact appeared to be school girls.

So when I spied a car traversing the long somewhat dusty road from the state highway, I was prepared and excited. As Nicole suggested, it was indeed important to learn whether Walter could accept my penchant along with me. Absent that we would just let the separation of

college become the means for moving onward.

Nicole waved as the car rolled to a stop. I waved back and rushed to the driver's door.

"Walter!" I smilingly greeted my first lover as he stepped from the car.

We hugged. His genuine expression of affection indicated I had been missed. Nicole exited the car with a smile of her own. It was apparent that the two had gotten along over the course of the four hour drive. The scene appeared to be that of a happy family reunion.

And then Frannie and Jackie pranced from the house. Their blond locks nicely styled, I had them in earrings with lipstick and rouge. Their eyebrows were plucked and eyeshadow and mascara completed their feminization. In being completely nude but for the frilly apron, Walter gawked. Both appeared to have the nipples of pubescent girls which further disguised their true gender.

"This is Frannie and this is Jackie, Walter. They're servants here and will help you with anything you need."

The two nymphs curtsied most effeminately, so nicely falling into their roles. And even their names disguised that which Walter sought to know. The aprons served to nicely cover the remnants of their sex. Assuming Walter would not balk completely and get back in the car, it appeared that a curious evening would unfold.

As I expected, Walter politely allowed himself to be brought out of the initial shock as the mostly naked duo scampered to the car to retrieve luggage. Nicole preempted his questions and broke the short but awkward moment of silence.

"As I mentioned in the car, Walter, my mother has certain eccentricities. I assure you both Frannie and Jackie are of adult age. You'll find that the farm is quite isolated. If you have any proclivities of your own, here is the place to express such."

So nice of Nicole to thwart any expressions of shock. And no sooner did she finish her brief explanation than Frannie and Jackie, heavy luggage in hand, struggled toward the house. A silent Walter just stared at the cute buttocks, obviously thinking he was visually examining the smooth and hairless rumps of young girls.

Such a delicious scene.

"I hope you like riding, Walter. Lot's of trails with plenty of scenery here at DNIL Farm," Nicole suggested in continuing to fill the

silence as we walked toward the house. “But first you need to freshen up for dinner.”

In the odd decorum of DNIL Farm, Walter had been assigned to a separate bedroom. Yet in conformity with the continuing lascivious atmosphere, the room connected with mine. Thus Walter and I could cohabit as an unmarried couple if we so chose and the ostensible propriety of nobility would not be offended.

“See you at dinner,” I exuberantly exclaimed once again hugging my staid school friend before his bedroom door.

Later I would show him the connecting door to my bedroom. His acclimation to DNIL Farm would be one step at a time.

Well, things went well at dinner. The Baroness was regally attired which served to coat the deviant atmosphere with a veneer of proper decorum. And she was gracious, listening when her mundane guest spoke and nicely offering interesting but somewhat prurient stories of life at DNIL Farm to fill in gaps in the prandial discourse.

Walter’s eyes followed the posteriors of Frannie and Jackie whenever they served. I had to admit there was a certain genderless delectation to the perfectly rounded, soft globes. Nicole noticed Walter’s preoccupation and stifled laughter, particularly when the Baroness slipped her hand under Jackie’s apron and toyed with... well whatever Walter thought was beneath. As a guest he dared not question or object to his hostess’s deeds and I was heartened to note that by the time dessert was served Walter seemed to be sanguine with what he would normally perceive as lewdness.

“Let’s have some Port on the back porch,” the Baroness suggested more in the tone of a command.

We arose from the able. I noted that Walter stood rather gingerly and a quick glance to his crotch suggested the source of the problem. In viewing the nearly naked castrates, cutely arrayed in quite feminine makeup, my Walter was aroused!

Yes. Perhaps the weekend would go well.

Thinking quickly, I instantly realized there was an opportunity to turn the tables before Walter could become preachy or overly moralistic concerning life at DNIL Farm. I counseled Jackie as he cleared the table.

“It’s rather sticky on the porch, Jackie. You and Frannie can dispose of the aprons of you wish.”

Well the Baroness just smiled and nodded her consent. After all, the garb was my idea to begin with and suggesting that such brief

garments were no longer required received no objections. But Walter did noticeably gulp.

We seated ourselves in nicely cushioned wicker chairs. I smiled inwardly realizing that in daylight the chairs overlooked the stables and Walter would be viewing a bevy of naked pony boys being trained and exercised by stern feminine hands. At night all was quiet and conducive to mere conversation.

But Baroness's roving eye was quick to also discern Walter's small problem.

"I'm sure Nicole has mentioned how secluded we are here at the farm, Walter. No visitors. Miles from the main road. We all have our peccadillos and many guests enjoy indulging such here. I think you'll find the household servants to be just a small taste of a smorgasbord of delights. Shyness is not a virtue at DNIL Farm. Only an impediment to recreation."

No sooner did the Baroness utter her comforting words than Frannie appeared completely nude and carrying a tray of drinks. The teasing minx held the silvered platter at his waist, with his diminutive stature obscuring from view that which Walter most wished to visually examine.

We all took a glass. Then the Baroness playfully slapped Frannie's buttocks as he turned to scurry back to the kitchen, disappointing Walter in still not revealing the evidence of his gender.

"Don't leave here without partaking Walter," the Baroness fancifully advised in noting his interest.

Light conversation followed. Within an hour the tediousness of the four hour drive began to be evidenced. The Baroness noted the waning energy of both Walter and Nicole and called for one more round of Port.

"Take the glass with you to bed, Walter. Frannie will lead you to your room and prepare you bed."

This time Frannie put the tray aside after serving the drinks and revealed his form in all its asexual glory. Though dark, the emaciated penis was prominently displayed by the light of the citronella porch lamps.

The Baroness beckoned and Frannie obediently stepped to stand before her. His hands went to the top of his head sensing her desire.

"Rather tiny... but size is meaningless when it has only one function remaining..." the Baroness mockingly proclaimed in grasping

Frannie's tiny flaccid penis and stretching it out for formal display to the group.

"But perhaps Walter, you'd like to learn of its limited usefulness for yourself..."

With that the Baroness released Frannie and arose. We all did likewise. Bedtime was announced. A quick glance to Walter's crotch showed him to be more stimulated than before. My mind reeled in learning that my sexually mundane Walter may in fact not be so mundane. At least I would not experience any true repugnance concerning my relationship with Billie.

So as I watched Walter follow Frannie's cute little posterior to bed, I called for Jackie's company. The benefit of having connecting bedrooms would wait for another night.

Chapter Twenty Eight

I arose early the next morning. I skipped morning ablutions with Jackie and instead sent him to the kitchen to have juice waiting. I was aggravated with Walter but could not really be angry. After all, it was I who assumed his preferences were overly vanilla.

What had happened in that adjoining bedroom after Frannie showed him the way?... turned down Walter's sheets. I had listened for movement in the hall suggesting Frannie's departure and heard nothing, though the little nymphs were known to move about most stealthily. I was tempted to more boldly listen at the adjoining door. Instead I stripped and slept with Jackie's head wedged between my thighs. As always his service was ardent and satisfying, but the mystery of Walter's conduct puzzled.

So in deciding that a morning jaunt with Billie would clear my mind I guzzled the juice Jackie offered and exited the house. I entered the stable knowing that at that early hour Pammie would just be releasing all those entrapped penises.

I arrived as the last vinyl strip was snipped. Pammie clapped her hands and the herd responded as trained, flooding the stable floor. I wondered how many feet of male tubing hung so docilely under Pammie's control.

"I'll want Billie for a quick ride before everyone awakes," I suggested to Pammie.

My steed was the first to be released from his bindings. Pammie

handed me a set of reins and I clipped Billie's nose grommet and led him outdoors to the tacking area. It was daylight but the direct rays of the sun had not yet risen above the eastern ridge. Thus there was some chill in the air and as a result Billie seemed even more eager to perform than usual.

"Bring yourself up for me nice and firm now, Billie," I cooed in my stern but caring voice as he bent at the waist and I enshrouded his body with the single strip of leather serving as his harness. He appeared to be so handsome, tall, virile... yet so responsive to a woman's commands. How could one not adore the tanned and muscled form?

Jackie arrived to assist and I explained that since I had skipped my morning shower I was intending to go to the pond for a refreshing dunk.

Just then Walter stepped around the corner. In indulging in his tryst with Frannie, I had expected he'd be sleeping late. I was wrong.

His first reaction of surprise seemed to be in peering at my brief attire... as always I was wearing just the spandex tubes. As stated, our hurried after school dalliances did not allow for complete nudity and I supposed Walter was seeing more of me than he was usually accustomed. He initially smiled pleasantly. I *was* rather shapely.

But then he focused on my hand firmly holding the slim reins attached to Billie's nose grommet... the nose grommet of a naked Billie... a Billie who was obediently bringing himself to full erection at my behest... an erection pierced with what must have appeared to be an outlandish gold ring... a Billie whose stretched sac swung heavily between well muscled thighs.

Walter's smile slowly dissipated and turned to a look of astonishment. He remained silent. I just smiled rather demurely and finally uttered a greeting.

"Morning, Walter."

With Billie's head firmly held turned away, he could not see Walter. But he lurched in harness in learning of his presence... of being exposed to a male... a colleague... a friend of mine... a boy he considered as a rival for my affection. And in a way Billie was correct... but it was a different kind of affection.

I paused and let Walter thoroughly gaze at Billie's well secured and naked form, standing in such docility. There seemed to be some degree of initial envy in viewing the buffed physique, the huge set of balls, the sizeable upturned penis. But then a more sanguine look evolved

as there came the realization that this fine male specimen was forced into complete nudity and was about to be tethered for a woman's amusement.

"Thought I'd take a morning ride. Want to join me?"

Meanwhile, Jackie knelt to attach the humbler, dextrously gathering Billie's huge scrotal sac, pulling it between his knees and trapping the mass between the parallel boards. Walter silently watched, not hinting whether his reticence was derived from shock or curiosity. He finally spoke.

"Ahhh, well. I suppose so. The Baroness said the area was secluded?"

It was more question than statement and I smiled and nodded.

"No will ever know of your ride. You can't see a house anywhere.

"Jackie roll out a chariot instead of a cart. We'll return for a late breakfast."

Once harnessed, whether Billie was attached to a cart or a chariot, the bindings were the same. Jackie handed me a moderate length whip and thoughtfully threw some towels in as Walter and I stepped onto the low platform resting between large wheels.

"With the burden of two people, the pace may be moderate. But Billie is well trained as you can see and the pond is not far."

I snapped the whip, most callously abrading Billie's right nipple.

"Giddup."

Billie's feet dug in and I thereafter turned my head to assess Walter's reaction. In standing, Billie's gonads were not as prominently presented as when sitting in a cart. Still his powerful gluteus maximus muscles rolled and contracted and Walter seemed somewhat mesmerized by the process... for I immediately applied two crisp strokes to those straining globes and brought Billie to an impressive trot. A challenging pace considering the weight.

"He likes to run fast, as do I, so pulling a heavy chariot is a little frustrating for him."

I pulled on the reins to make the turn onto the quarry path then tapped those entrapped balls. With that, Walter smiled for the first time, I suppose finally putting aside that natural empathy anyone feels in observing a well bound beast. He finally spoke in mentally grasping my complete level of control... my authority over a male he had thought of as a near relative of mine.

"You've done this before. He's amazingly well trained," Walter

observed.

In directing Billie through another turn I tugged and snapped some more. Faint welts appeared, reddening the flesh but not breaking the skin. Walter was more impressed.

“Obviously you enjoy this. And Billie?”

“Let’s talk over a swim,” I suggested in spotting the pond just ahead.

The sun’s rays began to warm and reflected from the smooth and crystal clear water of the deep quarry. I pulled Billie to a stop, tethered his ankle grommets and thoughtfully slipped on his blindfold. Though I did not intend to shuck my attire, Billie would be more comfortable in not having to look at Walter. And Walter could gaze at Billie’s nakedness with abandon, setting aside any homophobia in knowing that only I would ever know of his admiring stares.

After last night’s rendezvous with Frannie, I had an inkling that my vanilla friend.... was it ‘Mr. Steady’ that Nicole termed him?.. would enjoy a thorough visual inspection.

I waded into the water and Walter uncharacteristically stripped. Perhaps I did not know him as well as I thought.

“So... all those Saturdays when you couldn’t get the to mall...” his inquiry began.

I smiled and laid back to float. I looked to see Billie idly kneeling in his world of subjugation, out of hearing range. So I began my story... our story... a tale of a very shy Billie who so much disliked being under a woman’s control yet whose penis conversely indicated he so much enjoyed being under control. Of a pony movie that aroused... of a girl who found a thrill in governing the subordinate male... yet also thrived in the vanilla world of shopping, dances, concerts and the company of staid and quiet males.

It was a complete download. A story not before told. One which even my mother and Billie’s mother did not completely know and probably would never know. I emphasized such to Walter in not wanting him to be upset with all the furtive interplay.

“So it was only Nicole? Only she knew?”

“Yes, rather serendipitous, a girl with such advanced equestrian training moving in next door. She grew up here, Walter. She’s lived in this world since she was a little girl.”

I paused to let a very long story settle. Walter ruminated. I pondered asking him about last night yet decided to refrain, holding his

own peccadillo, as the Baroness termed such, in reserve should Walter become overly critical of my propensity.

“There must be more to it than just restraining and whipping naked flesh,” Walter posed, overly simplifying what I had thought of as a complicated and dynamic relationship.

The chill of the water brought a slight shudder. The rising sun felt good on my face and shoulders. I stood and stepped toward the shore to bask more of my body in its warmth.

“Ever have a dog, Walter? A pet?” I inquired as I approached Billie’s kneeling form.

Walter also exited the water. His modest manhood was shriveled in the cold and was comically small in comparison to Billie’s semi erect appendage. Still Walter seemed unperturbed. In his mind an unsighted Billie was merely an object.

“Of course. Went through the puppy thing when I was nine or ten years old.”

I stood to the front of Billie’s bridled head and folded up the lower hem of my spandex bottom to provide access to my well shaven quim. I gently grasped Billie’s bridle and guided it to where his tongue and lips so arduously liked to labor. Billie’s enormous tongue extended in sensing the proximity of that which he so enjoyed servicing. Walter looked on while Billie tenderly lapped away.

“Billie is kept forcibly chaste, Walter. Other than early childhood masturbation he has never experienced a full climax and probably never will. Those are the rules here. A randy pony boy is a pony boy eager to run and perform. The thorough chastity also inspires other endeavors,” I added with a smile as Billie craned his neck to better plunge his long wet tongue within my vagina.

“He seems to so much enjoy pleasing others... instilling the orgasm so long denied him,” I felt obligated to add.

Walter watched in silence as Billie mechanically continued. I was impressed that he would perform so valiantly with Walter watching. In being blindfolded he seemed to ignore the fact that another male was observing his degradation.

The first mild vaginal contraction brought a wave of ecstasy, I closed my eyes and my attitude mellowed as my hormonal balance shifted to bring a sense of euphoria.

So what if Walter objected to my life’s pursuit? So what if he returned to the farmhouse in disgust, packed his car and headed for

Boston, never to be seen again. There were other young eligible males in the world. I had not yet even begun college. And Billie would forever be here at DNIL Farm for the holidays and for the long summer interludes. I doubted if Aunt Mildred would ever even call to ascertain his well being.

I heard Walter step behind me. His arms encircled my stomach. His hands smoothed up my belly and fingers slipped under my elastic tube top. The thumb and forefinger of each hand tenderly pinched a nipple just as Billie pursed his lips to draw my engorged clitoris into his mouth. I moaned. The physical pleasure was overwhelming. But in learning of Walter's symbolic acceptance, in feeling him join in experiencing with me the ultimate in equine subservience, I mentally climaxed.

Walter's tender fondling meant he found my penchant for subjugating the well trained male to be unobjectionable... yes the naked and restrained male... the orally proficient male... the male honed to physical perfection by my governing hand.

Our friendship would continue.

Perhaps one could have his cake and eat it too.

Chapter Twenty Nine

The remainder of the weekend went swimmingly.

In returning to the stables after that early morning swim, I pressed a finger to my lips to suggest silence and then handed Walter the whip. I did not want Billie to know that his naked form would be chastised by a male... one known to him... a friend... someone he perceived as both an equal and a rival for my affection.

Walter took the strip of leather without a hint of eagerness nor reluctance. He swung quite firmly and applied a rather crisp stroke to Billie's left cheek. The whip snapped soundly and the chariot shuddered with Billie's spasmodic reaction. I knew deep down that Billie realized it was not my hand. Pony boys can feel the difference in a riders touch. But the more I thought about it, why be concerned? Billie was well restrained and completely vulnerable. So even if he did summon the fortitude to resist, it simply meant we would whip him harder.... and in places where the naked male did not relish the application of leather.

Walter suppressed a smile. I pulled to turn the chariot onto the main thoroughfare and nodded to him for another stroke and more speed. He applied the whip to the right buttock with the same vigor and

obtained the same result. With one hand free I playfully leaned down to where Billie's massive plums shifted about in the humbler. I tenderly caressed the soft scrotal flesh, sending Billie a message... either he was being whipped by Walter or having his balls fondled by him. Two hands could not handle reins, whip and testicles.

I smiled with the notion of the funk that placed Billie into, being whipped and handled by a male.

'Yes Billie, you'll toil when, where and for whom I demand,' I thought to myself.

In returning to the farmhouse Nicole and the Baroness were lounging on the back porch, pleased to observe that Walter's indoctrination to both DNIL Farm and my penchant was proceeding.

"Picnic ride at noon," the Baroness announced to both of us. "We're taking the carriage and touring as much of the Farm as possible. Frannie and Jackie will join us to serve," the Baroness added in riveting Walter's attention to the afternoon excursion.

"We'll need to shower," I explained in excusing ourselves.

Walter went to his room. I found Frannie.

"Walter is showering and I believe could use the benefit of your touch," I informed the little blond more as command than a suggestion.

That's when Walter learned of the adjoining bedrooms and the DNIL Farm tradition for enjoying one's ablutions. I listened at the adjoining door for Walter's exclamation of surprise as Frannie entered to assist him. That's when I doffed all clothing and stepped through the connecting door.

"The shower stalls here are designed for more than one, Walter," I whimsically pointed out as he gawked at my nakedness.

Frannie was already in the stall adjusting the water. Walter smiled, peeled off his last garment and we stepped under the torrent of perfectly warmed water.

So we washed together with Frannie working diligently to cleanse us both. But we hardly noticed his ministrations. Watching me work a naked Billie stimulated something in Walter. We embraced, Walter seeming to be somewhat envious of Billie's access to my charms. As Walter kissed me, I felt his modest erection press against my thigh. Then a kneeling Frannie inserted himself between our entwined flesh and began to fellate the staid Walter.... Mr. Steady.

I had read somewhere that some males do not consider receiving oral gratification from another male to necessarily be defined as

homosexual relations. This is particularly true among the prison population. Thus perhaps Walter's thinking was more open minded than anticipated... or perhaps after closely inspecting Frannie's alteration the night before he had conveniently convinced himself the feminized servants were not male.

Whatever his thoughts, Walter and I hugged and kissed while Frannie fellated him. With the castrate's prowess I had to hold Walter up as he neared climax and he ejaculated quite strongly. The well trained castrate took in every drop of semen offered.

But I could only imagine the ecstatic feeling sensed in pressing his naked flesh against mine as gifted tongue and lips worked his organ.

Walter recovered enough to suckle my breasts as Frannie continued kneeling and serviced me. Somehow, by the end of the morning, we stepped from the showed well cleansed. But I could not recall the details of the application of soap and shampoo and I doubted if Walter could either.

For the long afternoon ride I forwent the simple spandex tubes and instead wore a light blouse and shorts. Walter also dressed casually and just before noon we gathered in the tacking area for the picnic ride. Pammie, Frannie and Jackie worked to harness and ready four pony boys to the sizable carriage. Big Ned took the lead position at the front right, that being the most receptive to the long single tailed whip.

Billie was not harnessed. With the morning ride he was deemed to have insufficient energy.

"With a four pony configuration, a tired boy can become more of an anchor than an aid," Nicole explained. "Billie's on the exercise wheel and will be quite fresh for you tomorrow."

Baskets of food were loaded along with bottles of wine. Nicole took the driver's seat. The Baroness, Walter and I climbed into the rear seats. With everything finalized the castrates checked all reins and harnesses then scrambled aboard, Jackie sitting in the front next to Nicole, Frannie sitting at everyone's feet on the floor in the back. Everyone could gaze down at his nakedness and the Baroness playfully lifted a foot to part his thighs and better display his empty sac. Frannie smiled and blushed knowing that the remnants of his masculinity were plainly exhibited.

Nicole expertly drew back her arm to unfurl the long whip then rapidly snapped her wrist to apply a frightful lash to Big Ned's right buttock. All four pony boys knew to dig in and the carriage began to roll

with what felt like surprising ease.

If there were reservations in Walter's mind about me and my penchant, I believe that long and leisurely carriage ride assuaged all concerns. The Baroness narrated as the heavy carriage rolled through a variety of flora and notwithstanding the fact that we were propelled by the sweat and toil of four well restrained naked males, our entourage seemed like a pleasant group of picnickers.

Thus Walter became sanguine in understanding that I was not alone in the curious world of the human equine. The Baroness was most persuasive in explaining the limited exigencies of male servitude.

"Just have to provide basic gruel," she flippantly explained. "And some of the pony boys are boarded here for a monthly fee. We also train... and that can be lucrative."

So Walter benefitted from the Baroness's extensive experience, learning that perhaps my one odd penchant in an otherwise normal lifestyle was not so nefarious.

Nicole circled the vast property and eventually guided the carriage to the quarry pond. Walter took delight in watching the naked castrates scurry to first tether the pony boys' ankles and then arrange lunch. With those tiny penises flopping about there was no longer any doubt as to their gender... or their former gender. But with Walter's rapt attention there could also no longer be any doubt about his attraction.

"What will become of Billie?" Walter inquired with some degree of concern... more than that ever expressed by his stepmother.

"Near term," the Baroness responded. "He'll be boarded here while Mary is attending college. The winters aren't too bad. We do allow covering for the torso in the coldest weather. We may lose ten days to two weeks because of snow. But we have an indoor exercise facility.

"I'm also going to exhibit him. He's got good bone structure. A reasonably sized penis. Pammie can add a little muscling and the prize money is worth the effort. We can add it to his college fund if Mary thinks that is appropriate."

I smiled with the gracious but superfluous thought. Billie's life outside DNIL Farm was over as far as I could determine. The sensory deprivation had transformed his mind to jello.

"Mid term, when his exhibition days are over, Mary has to decide. If he stays here I'll have him branded, a mark which ends his days of exhibition. He can be bred utilizing artificial insemination.

"And long term... well what happens to any subservient male

without education and who's skill level is limited to pulling a cart?..”

The Baroness smiled wickedly making it clear that no one really focused on the long term. Perhaps that is when the world of the aging human equine merged with that of the indigent and the homeless.

Overall, the Baroness's matter of fact explanation appeared to mollify Walter, seeming to appease in explaining that whatever part of my life the likes of Billie continued to occupy, it would be tangential. Our interaction, pony boy and equestrienne, never becoming more than a summer recreation... or a weekend fling.

On Sunday Walter and I once again took Billie out harnessed to a chariot. This time we made love while a blindfolded Billie had to listen to our passionate grunts and moans. We laid out a blanket and I rode atop Walter and twisted his nipples as I was wont to do when I needed to extract that final lurch of amorous zeal.

Yes, I then cruelly had Billie cleanse my love pouch of all of Walter's spendings while my 'vanilla' friend looked on and laughed.

“He does have a prodigious tongue. I can see why you prefer that to his ringed penis,” Walter chided assuring that Billie heard.

“Walter's taking the reins for the trip back,” I informed my dejected equine as the last drop of Walter's copious spending was consumed.

Walter awkwardly directed the reins and mocked Billie with every swing of the whip. He swung most firmly, never striking his entrapped scrotum. He left that for me to handle, preferring to swing with zeal and knowing that the thin skin of the scrotal sac would not endure such duress.

And that's how the weekend ended, the two days that determined the course of my relationship with Walter and thereafter my life.

Hurtful? Yes. But Billie had to learn he was there to please. It was never his prerogative to determine who, when or why.

Walter left for Boston College late that Sunday afternoon.

A week later I packed and went off to Wellesley. The rigors of academics quickly returned my mind to some degree of normalcy and I called on occasion to the farm to obtain updates on Billie. Pammie was quite the handler, continuing to chart his weight and performance. She even had been recording his resting and running heart rates.

“He stands for me every morning, Mary,” was her typical report. “I believe he's thinking of you.”

How heart warming.

Walter and I dated just occasionally during our freshman year. But thereafter, with neither of us finding suitable companionship elsewhere, we found ourselves dating more and more over the course of our matriculation. By senior year we were going steady. During summer breaks, I found my welcome back home, where Aunt Mildred had all but moved in, to be limited. So I sojourned at the Farm where I whipped with impunity, reveling in my return to the world of complete feminine authority. Walter missed me but was understanding, and on occasion took time from his summer job to visit on weekends.

As suspected, Aunt Mildred completely neglected Billie... calling to the Farm just once. It was during the summer after my junior year that she announced Billie's college fund was busted.

"Tell him since he wasn't using the money I bought a car," she blatantly proclaimed in ending all hope Billie had for education and a normal life. "And Mary, I trust he's properly entertaining you without the need for clothing..."

Aunt Mildred cackled and hung up, apparently sanguine with the notion that Billie's proclivity, that which she spent years nurturing, was being assuaged in some form at the Farm.

I didn't bother passing on the message. Billie's simple existence of exercise, food, massage, oral servitude and rest... all combined with constant abject humiliation... placed thoughts of acquiring material possessions well beyond his mental capability. He would live out his life at DNIL Farm in need of nothing but the benefit of a soft and controlling hand and a bowl of gruel.

And so dear reader, there is the story. A story of a girl and her pony... her pet... her frustrated amour. But a love story all the same...

Epilogue

The mellifluous but overpowering voice of the master of ceremonies stuns the crowd and all attention is instantly riveted.

"Pony lovers.... the Baroness now presents three time champion... Biiiiiiiiiiiieee."

She enunciates in a manner reminiscent of a circus announcer presenting an exciting new act. An organist keys some dramatic cords and on the stage a thick felt curtain parts. Into view strolls the Baroness in her most impressive attire. A long flowing purple silk gown suggests she is being coronated. In her right hand she carries a four foot long

obedience stick. Her bejeweled left hand is held high and grasps a control stick, really nothing more than a slender pole with a hook on the end. She gracefully steps aside and prancing behind her comes Billie, naked as always but without bindings... except for a slack cord running from nose grommet straight down to his Prince Albert ring.

“The proud steed of Mary Maguire, Billie is boarded at DNIL farm where the Baroness trains. Miss Pamela Harrison handles.

“Billie is 23 years old, six foot four inches in height and weighs 230 pounds.”

The juxtaposition of fully clothed woman... regally attired woman... and totally naked young male is most distracting. The crowd sighs a collective ‘ahhhh’ as the Baroness raises her left hand even higher. With the control stick hooked to the single cord the Baroness gathers up all slack. In being attached to the nose grommet Billie is forced to raise his head. The tension on the cord increases and the lower end of the cord pulls at his Prince Albert ring. He gracefully rises to his toes in response to the slowly increasing tautness, placing his folded hands behind his head in a well practiced show of obeisance.

The pose draws all eyes to the male appendage. As I have come to know over the years, the simple act of being exposed to viewing women can bring the forcibly chaste Billie to amazing levels of arousal. And so it is on this afternoon. Billie’s rigid penis is engorged to the color of purple and would point to the ceiling, even without the cord and control stick.

Billie is one large and stimulated puppet on a string.

In a well rehearsed display of choreography the Baroness moves about the stage handling the control stick, holding it high and forcing Billie to most obediently follow. As trained, he prances....well up on his toes. Billie is being displayed and the crowd desires to see his amazingly conditioned physique from every angle. On occasion the Baroness stands still and pirouettes, drawing her raised left hand in a broad circle so he must daintily tiptoe around her. The right hand playfully strokes with the obedience stick. Long enough to access every inch of his naked flesh, the broad rubber slapper at the end produces more sound than pain, but the thwacks, when applied to hairless buttocks, nicely capture the attention of the audience. And with every thwack Billie’s muscles reactively quiver and a delicious red imprint highlights the Baroness’s governance.

“He’s beautifully tanned,” I hear a nearby admiring equestrienne

comment aloud.

I am pleased to hear the remark come from a woman with a clipboard on her lap. She is a judge.

Yes, I too must admire the golden flesh, perfectly sculpted over the years and evenly tanned as a result of incessant nudity.

“Look at the muscling... so well toned... and the fluid motion in so obediently reacting to the control stick.... absolutely superb!” another judge notes. “He must be worked in dressage for hours.”

The loudspeakers blare again.

“Billie can put on a stand in excess of nine inches and dons a number 2 gauge Prince Albert ring, though the Baroness is considering something even larger. He’s quite docile and as you all know is strenuously worked daily at DNIL Farm.”

A frisson of delight brings goose bumps knowing that this show champion named Billie is mine and his award winning physique has been developed mostly as a result of my tutelage.

“Kept in constant chastity, Billie’s sperm is abundant and available for breeding... ladies.”

I smile wryly with the announcers suggestive proclamation. Just how such semen is collected is grist for another story, but I assure the reader, Billie neither gives it up willingly nor feels any pleasure in parting with it.

With the announcer’s reference, the Baroness playfully lowers the discipline stick to Billie’s left thigh, wedges the rubber slapper behind the scrotum and jiggles the massive set of plums dangling before the audience. Billie dutifully parts his knees to facilitate access. The brash exhibition of feminine control over the vaunted male organs brings a collective snicker from the audience.

“He does put on quite a presentation,” my dear husband Walter leans and whispers in my ear. “I do think he will win for a fourth year.”

My hand playfully moves to my mate’s thigh and then slides up to his zipper. I can feel beneath another firm penis and tenderly pat with teasing fingers. It stirs and further stiffens. Yes, my husband, Mr. Steady, has come to view Billie’s naked subjugation as an art form to be admired.

“Walter, perhaps you’d like to join me in a visit to the Farm this weekend. Billie always enjoys being well run after competition and you’ve come to handle the crop quite well...”

Other books by Chris Bellows
(available at Pink Flamingo (<http://www.Pinkflamingo.com>))

A Gift From James
A Sadist's Story
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An Interview With Mrs. Carlotta Fenwick
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Supplication of the Male Pig
Tales From the Estate
Taming the Virile Male
The Incarceration of Jennifer
The Interrogator
The Last Pony Girl
The Male Concubine
The Predator

About the Author

Chris Bellows, a nom de plume, is single and on the north side of middle age. He lives an astonishingly ascetic life in the New York metropolitan area.

After a lifetime of reading erotica, Chris began to write some ten or more years ago when he found the quality of the store bought material which he formerly enjoyed reading had deteriorated into 'mush'. With fervent fingers and well worn keyboard, his hard drive filled, yet his early efforts did not initially meet his own standards. He continuously honed and polished until finally, with the completion of 'Lady Constance', he produced a work which he deemed worthy of publishing.

Pink Flamingo had the best author's guidelines and after submission and acceptance in January 2001, Lady Constance was published and the relationship has continued to the present day release of 'Supplication of the Male Pig', book number twenty.

Writing erotica..., strong, unbridled, always attempting to push the bounds of 'conventional' D/s..., has become a daily passion for Chris. He endeavors to make his story lines unique, avoids vulgarity, abhors the sophomoric onomatopoeia of flagellation stories, and constantly seeks to 'work outside the box' in efforts to entertain the reader.

Chris writes in many different genres, salting female dominant themes with male dominance and vice versus. He writes credibly from many viewpoints including 'first person female'. He avoids replicating themes and attempts to introduce remarkable fantasies and methods of manifesting Dominance with each story, a trait which has become an unwritten warranty with his readers.

There is no prepackaged format for Chris's work product, and he has turned down offers from some publishers when such have sought to trim and edit his efforts in order to more suitably conform his writings to their envisioned 'box' of erotic offerings.

The results speak notably..., stimulated readers with an interest in D/s who will be surprised, enlightened and entertained with each unique plot and storyline.

Chris enjoys reading and responding to readers comments. He can be contacted at chris_bellows@hotmail.com.