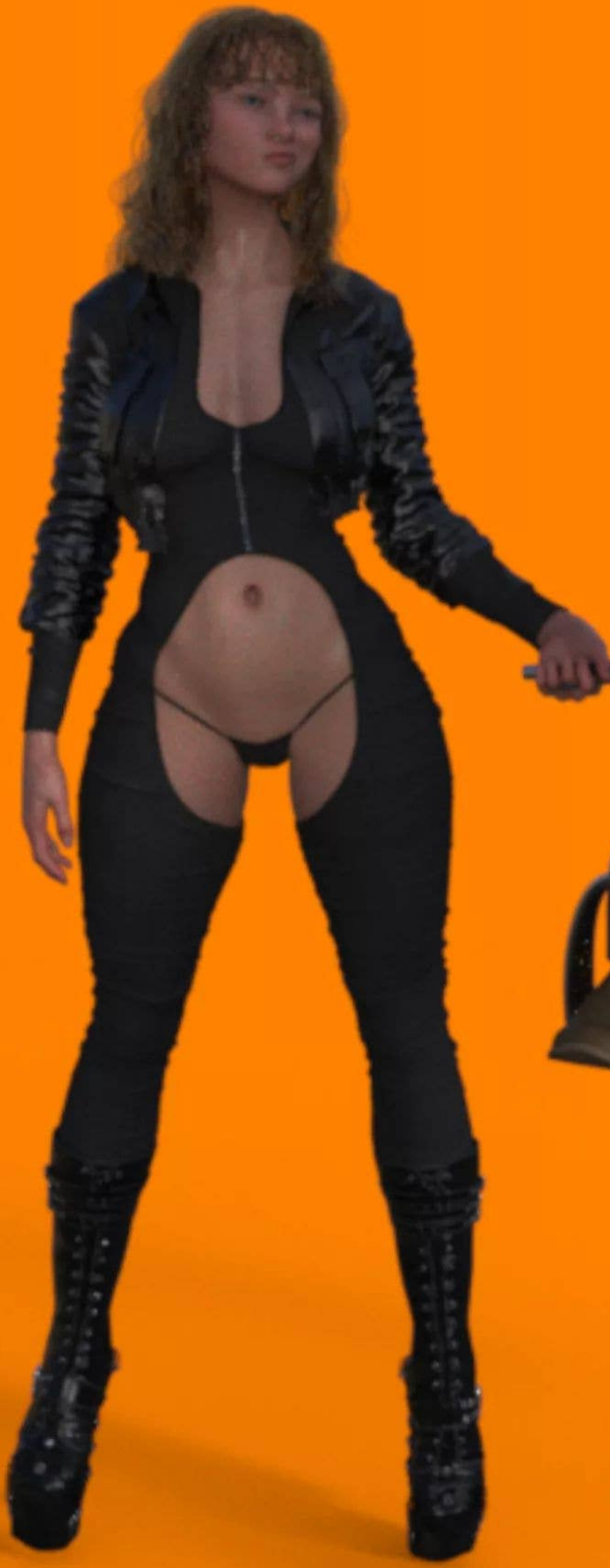


Bully!



Tesholi

Bully



Tesholi

So, this is where my little rabbit lives.



Talk about your shit neighborhoods.

Of course, if she didn't live in a place like this, she wouldn't be so ripe for the picking (on). There might be someone in a position of power to keep those classmates (like me) from taking advantage of her.



I'd been taking my due from my poor little rabbit long enough now, that it was obvious she had no one like that. There was no one to protect her. Poor little thing.



Truth be told, that was my favorite thing about my new little friend. That, and the fact that she was so helplessly cute.



Candice?
What are you doing here?

What do you think, Stupid,
I'm here to pick you up for
our road trip.

Today's little game was bound to be particularly fun... and it was guaranteed to last through the whole of Spring Break. Last year, when I discovered that my Rabbit had a vacation planned, I stole it from her. Not that I used it, but then that's wasn't the point. The point was that she didn't get to use it. But her vacation for his year was different. This year, I intended to enjoy her vacation.

Why aren't you ready to go?

Candice! The vacation ticket you stole from me is only good for one person.

Technically, that's all true, but I did a little research.

Turns out that, deep down you're actually a very kinky little girl, Lisa. You're get-away at a dude ranch isn't just a place for horses. It's a ponygirl farm. And it turns out all sorts of things are less expensive if you bring your own pony to train. Guess what, girl? That's you.

Somehow, I didn't think my new little toy was going to enjoy it very much, but then again, that was the reason I would be enjoying it so much.



Besides, I didn't steal your vacation, you volunteered to give it to me, remember? But let's not quibble over semantics. The point is that, since we're such good friends, I figured it would be downright rude of me not to invite you to go along.

Now, now. Don't force me to call my friends to help convince you. We both know you're going. You're my little pet. You belong to me.

No way, Candice! There's no fucking way I'm...



But I can't go! I already promised my mother I'd help her... with a project... when she gets home from work.



My new little toy was such a joy to manipulate. She was as spineless as a jelly fish, really. Toys like that deserve to be toyed with, if you ask me.

I'm sure your mother will understand. Just write her a note saying that you found a way to go on your cancelled vacation after all.



But I don't want to go! I already have plans!

Come on. Lets go pick out something sexy and humiliatingly submissive for you to wear.



Deep down, I think the girl's a submissive, secretly wishing for me to push her further; force her to do all the nasty sorts of things she's too timid to do on her own. Over the next several days, we'd be finding out just how kinky her inner freak really was.



What? Nothing to say? Or are you fantasizing about it already. You're the one who had a reservation at a ponygirl farm, so you obviously have fantasies about it. I'm just going to force you to live the side of that fantasy that fantasy that you really want to experience.

Poor little thing. As I pushed on her shoulder, I could feel her trembling, like a leaf in the wind. This one liked having no control. I could tell by the way she walked, I barely had to push at all. It was just like that day on Campus, when I first made her my toy.

Now, class. These two are up here today because there's been a claim of bullying. And I take such accusations very seriously.

He, he. Dumb little bitch thinks tattling will force me to stop



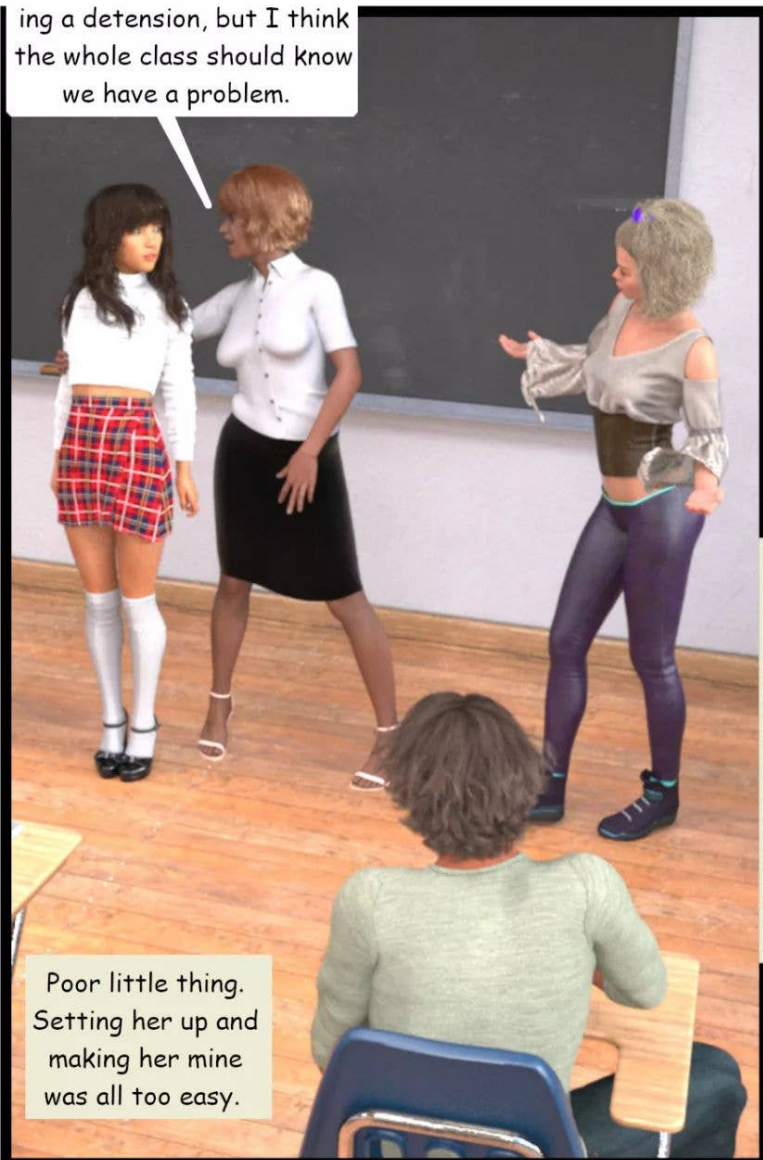
Yes you are, young lady. And being a bully is a very bad thing. It was nice of you to admit it, however, instead of forcing us to torture a confession out of you... That could have been a very nasty bit of business. So, as a show of my appreciation, I suppose I'll go easy on you today, even though Candice tells me this isn't the first time for you.

Here on this campus, Lisa-- and especially in my classroom--we do not permit bullying to go unpunished. Normally, I'd do this during a detension, but I think the whole class should know we have a problem.

Whaah?
But I'm the one...

Apparently she didn't know that Sophia wasn't our teacher's last name. And, more importantly, Mrs. Sophia was actually my mother.

Poor little thing. Setting her up and making her mine was all too easy.





It didn't take my new toy long to prove herself. Almost as soon as I touched her my fingers were soaked.



It didn't take Mrs. Sophia long to have my new toy bent over her desk. And she didn't say a word. Shy, I guess. He, he. Anyway, my mother and I had it all planned out. So, without being told, I went to the storage room for some supplies.

Now, class, can anyone tell me why Lisa was wrong. Why, as an administrating teacher, I can do this to her? Noone? Very well, let me explain. The slave laws permit me, as an adminstrating teacher, to sentence an offending student to an involuntary slave-term, not to exceed three hours--and only when warranted. I consider bullying to be a very serious offense, so Lisa here will receive a very serious punishment, which will last the full three hours. There are, of course, additional limitations on what I can do to her. For instance, nothing that leaves a permanent mark; nothing that could result in her becoming pregnant. But the punishment is intended to humiliate the offending student, so punishments that involve sexual intimacy or degridation are well within the permissible bounds.



It didn't take me long to return with the first bit of goodies.

When you're finished positioning the chair, go get the Pumper.

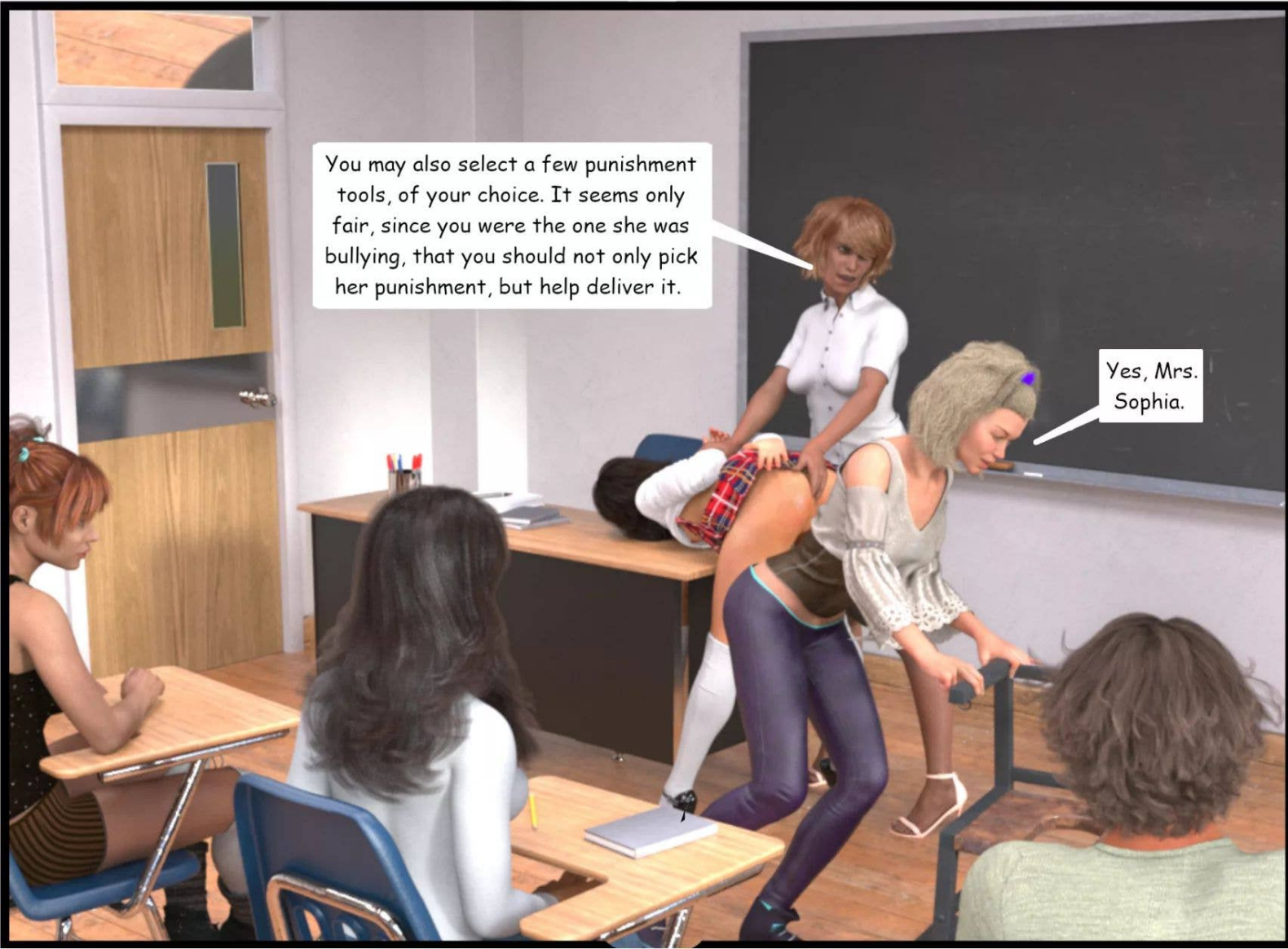
You can keep your hand there if you want, but you're only hurting yourself. Each time your hand gets in the way, I'm legally permitted to add 5 minutes to your time.



Most of the other students knew about the after school detention sessions. How could they not? Rumors of those sessions had been floating around the school for years. But teachers almost never disciplined a student during a class. Looking at the faces of the other students, I could see that they were a little shocked, but most of them were also intrigued. Like me, they were enjoying the spectacle.

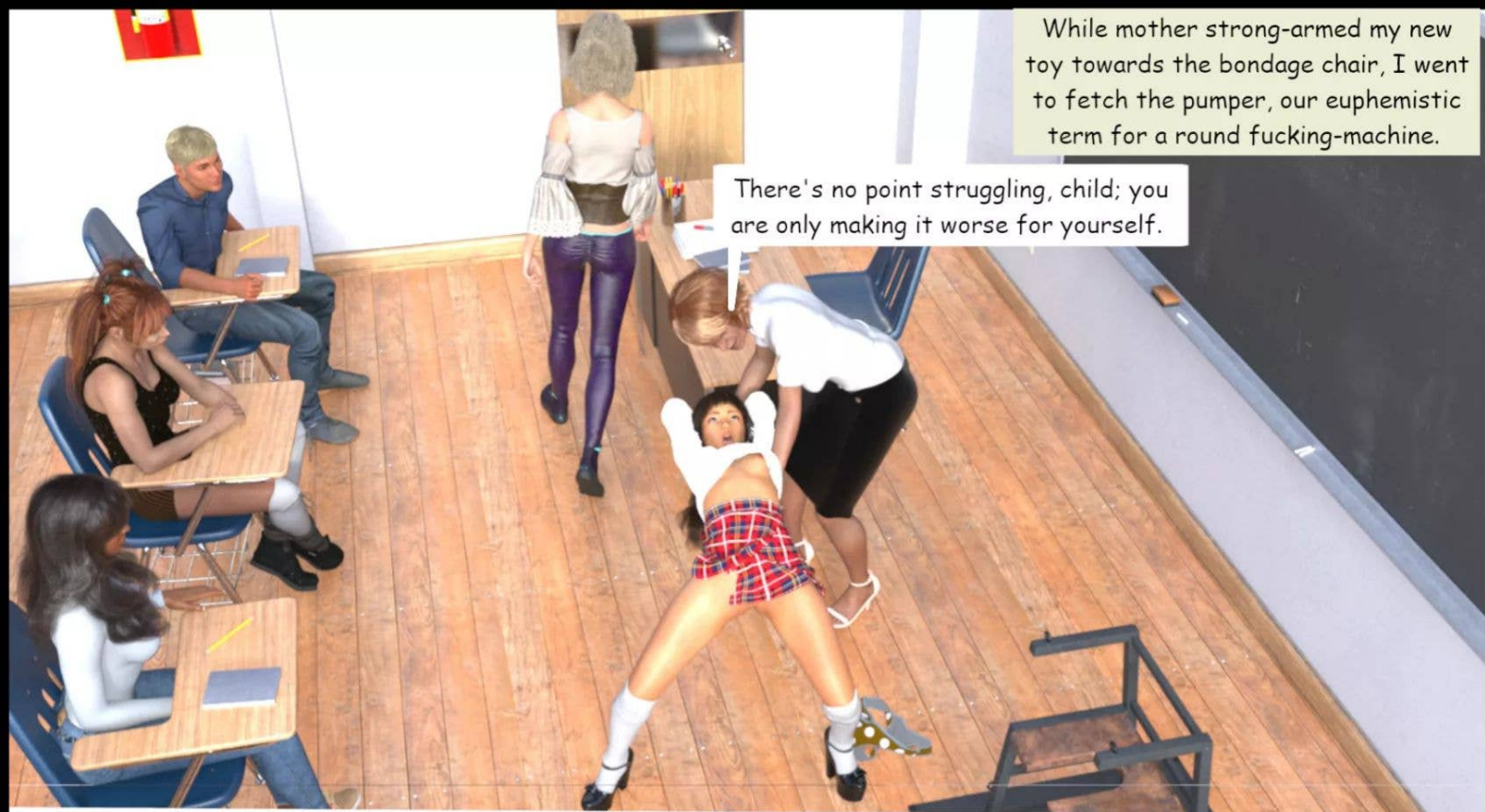
You may also select a few punishment tools, of your choice. It seems only fair, since you were the one she was bullying, that you should not only pick her punishment, but help deliver it.

Yes, Mrs. Sophia.



While mother strong-armed my new toy towards the bondage chair, I went to fetch the pumper, our euphemistic term for a round fucking-machine.

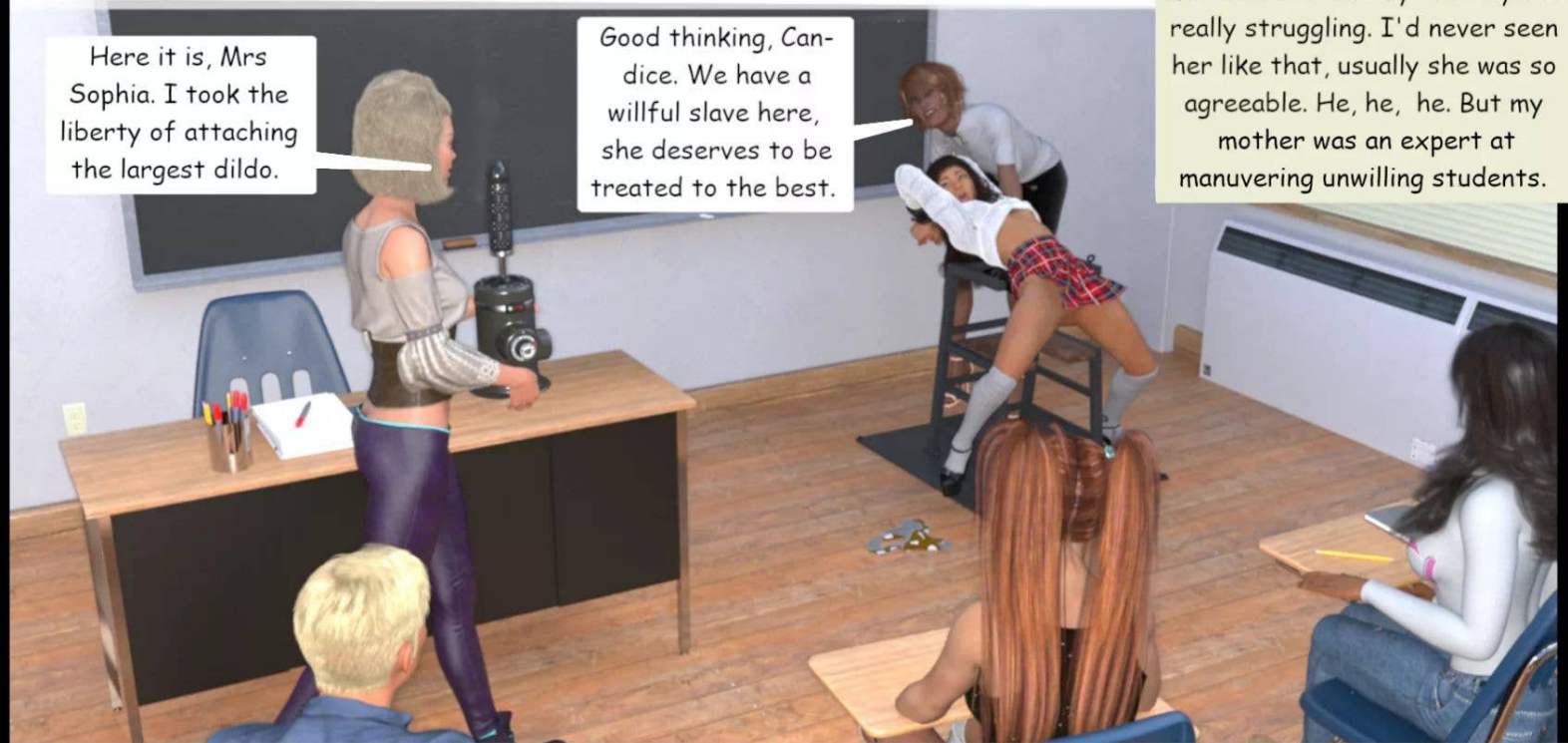
There's no point struggling, child; you are only making it worse for yourself.



Here it is, Mrs Sophia. I took the liberty of attaching the largest dildo.

Good thinking, Candice. We have a willful slave here, she deserves to be treated to the best.

When I returned my new toy was really struggling. I'd never seen her like that, usually she was so agreeable. He, he, he. But my mother was an expert at maneuvering unwilling students.

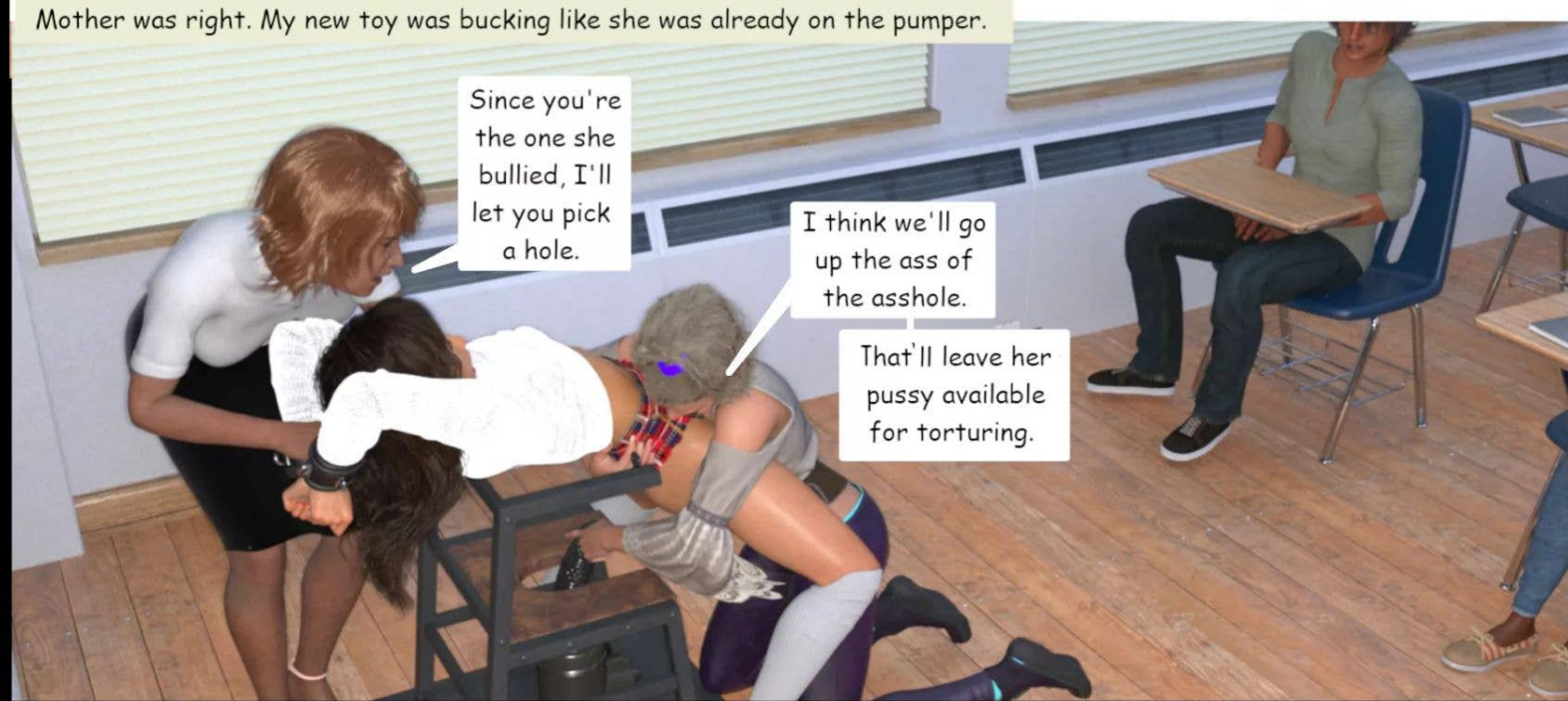


Mother was right. My new toy was bucking like she was already on the pumper.

Since you're the one she bullied, I'll let you pick a hole.

I think we'll go up the ass of the asshole.

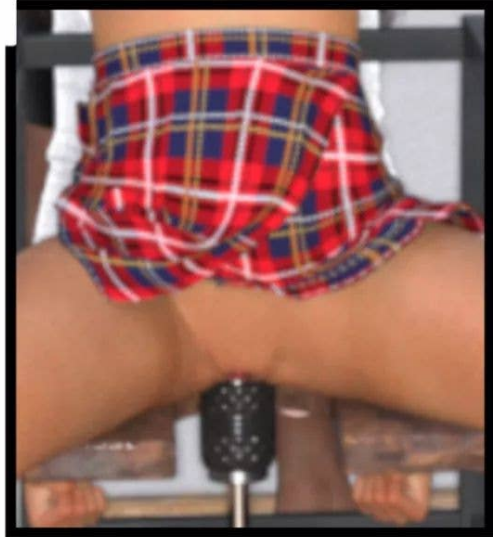
That'll leave her pussy available for torturing.



You can use a bit of lube, if you're having trouble getting it in, dear.

No, I'm just having trouble forcing her down, but I think I can use my weight to wear her down. I can feel her strength giving out.

Ah, there we go. I think it just slid in... and I think the little slut enjoyed it.



Better open up nice and wide, dear. I hear it's quite painful if the metal braces push against your gums instead of fitting between the teeth.

Be thankful I'm letting you keep your socks on, girl.

Oh!

Other than a few little ows and ahs, in appreciation of the next torment we were introducing her to, she barely made any noise at all. Even when I used the self-piercing pussy pendant to spear her clit, all she did was growl a little.

And the final prop is this little pussy pendant, to let everyone know what a special little slut you are.

I had to hand it to her. Lisa was taking it the way I'd want one of the bitches I'd just made my own to take it.





Once the pussy pendant was in place, I took a few moments to appreciate it.

She really did have a cute little pussy. And, despite her protests, her tight little ass had take the dildo like a pro.

Technically, we're not supposed to do anything that causes permanant change.



While my mother held up her top, I attached some self-piercing nipple rings



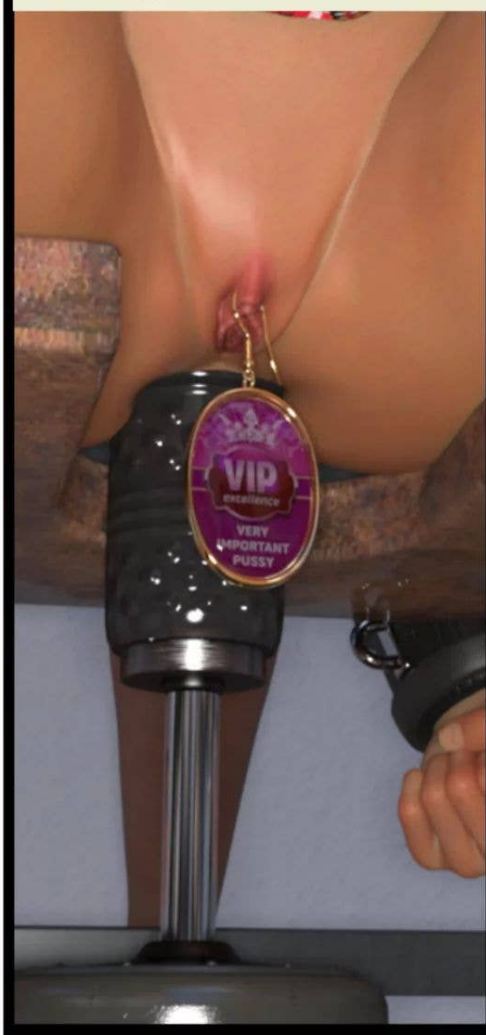
But I suppose those holes will heal, he, he, he. Are those two the only weights you have, dear?

Then I added a couple of weights, to make the open wound sting a bit.

The real fun began when I turned on the fucking machine--slow at first as it pushed up into her dry ass. It slid in easier than I would have thought.



Lisa couldn't resist a low groan of pleasure; and the pussy pendant rattled against the dildo as it rose.



When it was all the way inside her, the pussy pendant swung back and clanked against the rod. I couldn't wait until I sped it up to high.



Alright, boys and girls. If this was a sex education class I'd let you come up one-by-one and experience the parts of her body first hand. Unfortunately, there's not enough time left to give each of you your fair share of time. So instead, I'll use the time we have left to explain the evils of bullying. I'm suspect none of you have experienced the machinations of this one, since bullies rarely do their bullying out in the open where others can see the vile things they like to do to other people...



Thanks Brad, She's been a real pain in my ass for weeks now.

Nice one, Candice!

Yeah, I can see that.



Ten minutes later the bell rang and all the students began to leave--some of them a bit reluctantly. I went to the front of the class to help with my new toy. My classes were over for the day, but my mother had a couple more, so it would still be a few hours before we could devote our full attention to this little troublemaker. But she'd learn who the boss was.

Since she was bullying you, I think it's only fair that you get to help with her punishment today. I'll start her time after my last class.

That seems fair, after all, we're very limited in what we can do to her during class hours.



Alright toy, quite dragging your feet. You've left a note for your mother. Now all you have to do is relax and understand that you're going to be my pony for the new two weeks or so.

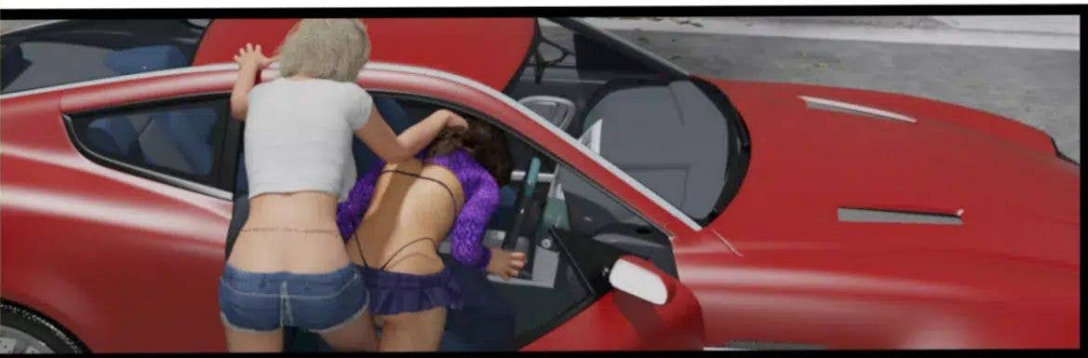


Ah, those were some good memories. that I liked to look back on fondly from time to time.



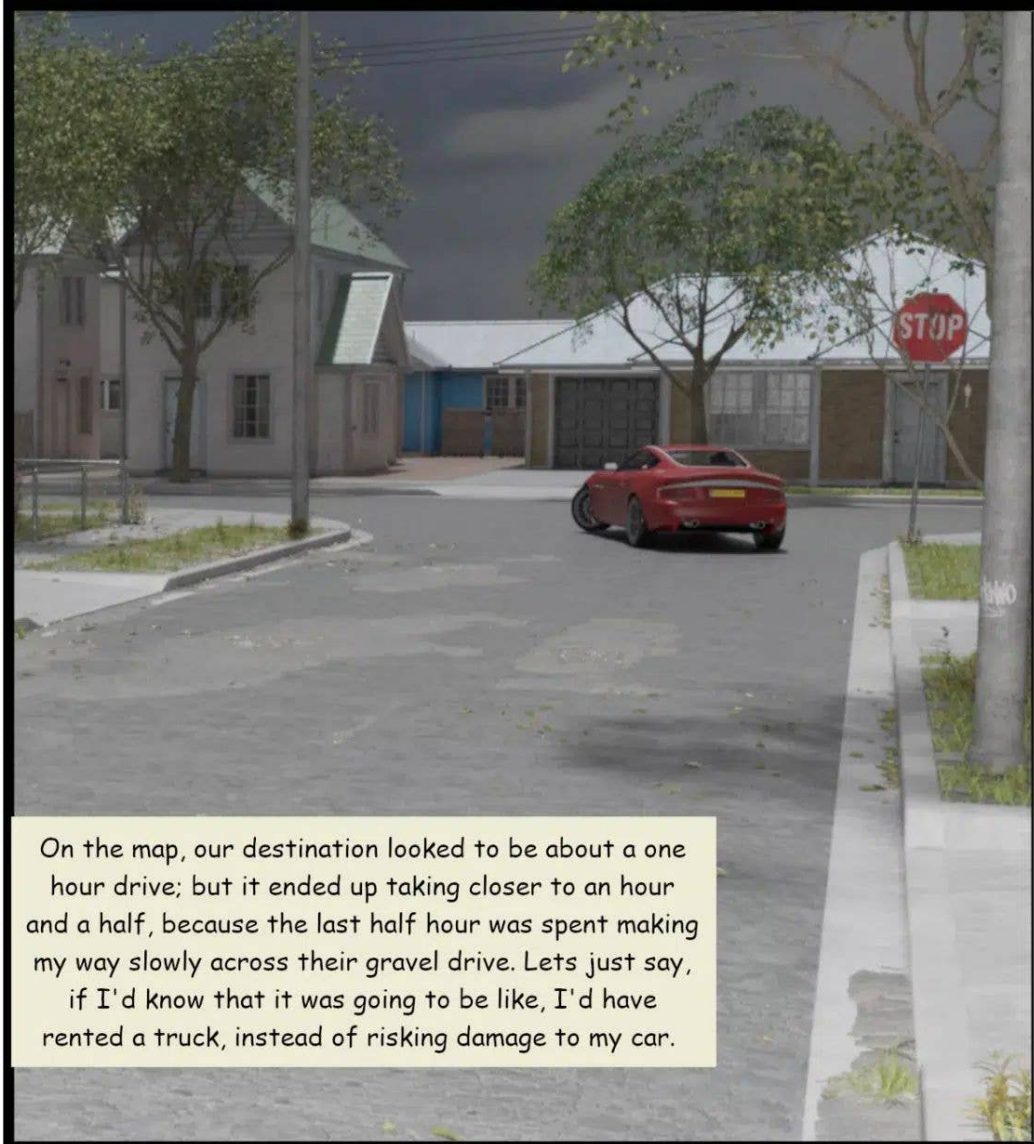
Okay, Okay, I'm going!

But I fully expected to make plenty of new memories over the next ten days or so. Having my very own pony girl... the possibilities were almost endless. I couldn't help wondering if I'd be allowed to give my new best friend a little brand, to mark her as mine. I intended to record everything so I would have ammunition to use against her future employers, if she ever decided to grow some balls.



Watch your head there, my pretty little pony. No point getting you banged up before we even reach the dude ranch.





On the map, our destination looked to be about a one hour drive; but it ended up taking closer to an hour and a half, because the last half hour was spent making my way slowly across their gravel drive. Lets just say, if I'd know that it was going to be like, I'd have rented a truck, instead of risking damage to my car.



The ranch was quite a bit larger than I would have anticipated, given how isolated it was, but there was no mistaking that we were in the right place.



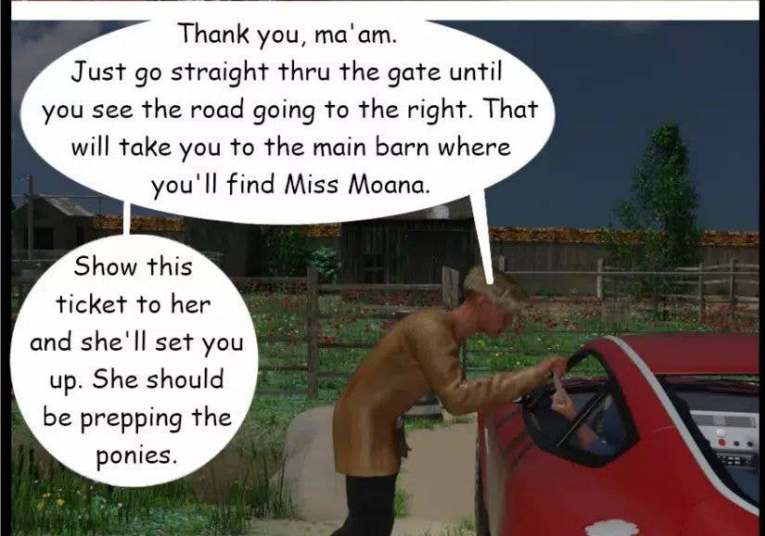
There was a man at the front gate who took my ticket and let us in.

Good morning, Ladies! Do you have your ticket?



Thank you, ma'am. Just go straight thru the gate until you see the road going to the right. That will take you to the main barn where you'll find Miss Moana.

Show this ticket to her and she'll set you up. She should be prepping the ponies.



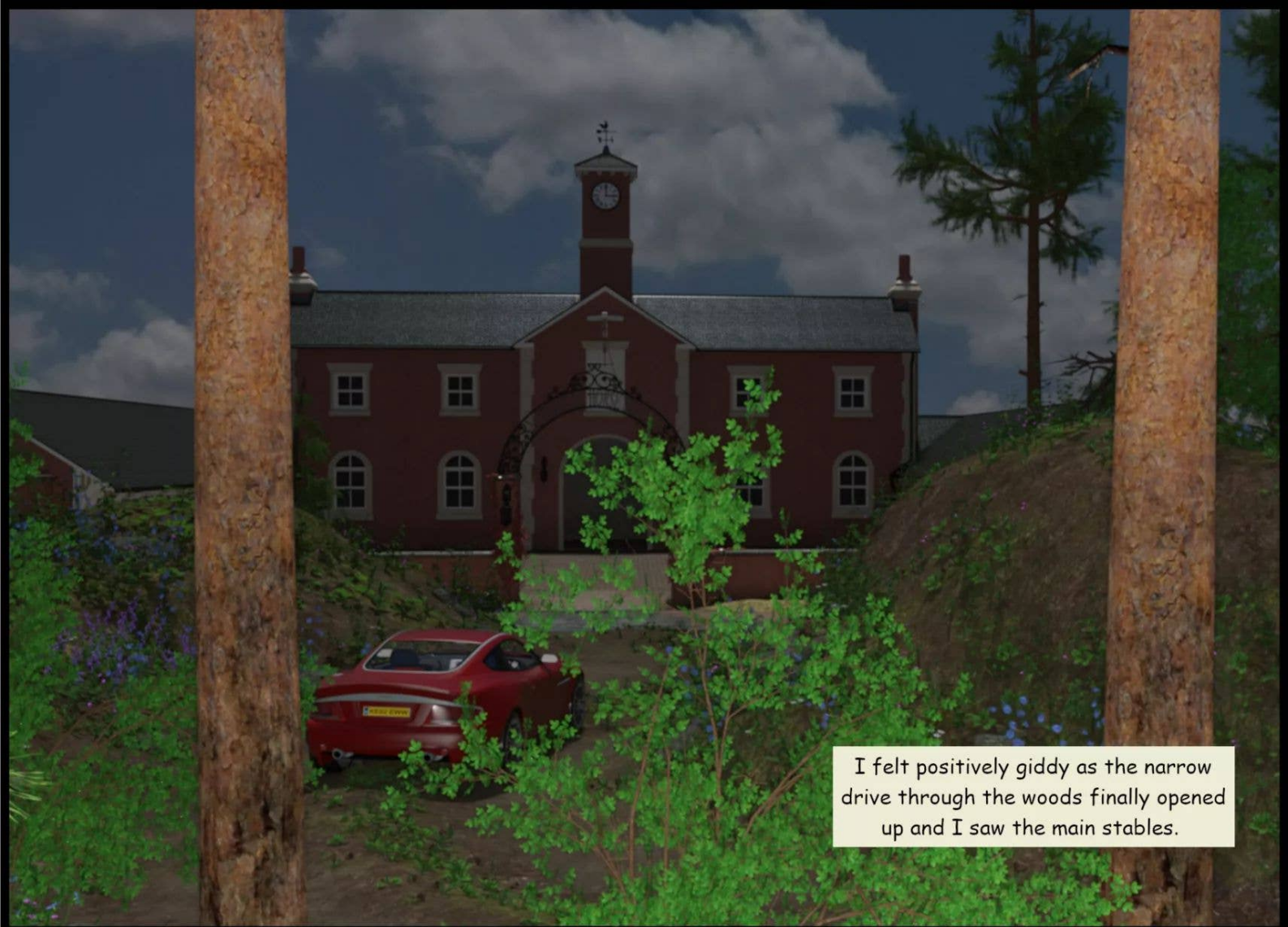
As I pulled through the gate, the excitement was almost too much to bare. In just a few moments I'd be training my new pony.





As we pulled past the pony being trained on the hot walker, I got my first good look at an actual pony girl. I'd seen pictures of them before, of course. I'd even seen a few pulling carts in the city--but always from a distance. This pony didn't seem to be a volunteer, she was fighting the machine and she looked tired. I wondered if she'd been running around in circles all night. Poor thing! She looked so delicious. I couldn't wait to see my new toy in an outfit like that. And I couldn't help wondering if she'd take to the training or fight it, like this one. She loved horses, I knew that. And she had been the one who bought the ticket, and she was pretty submissive, deep down, so I couldn't help thinking that she might actually enjoy being turned into a pony.





I felt positively giddy as the narrow drive through the woods finally opened up and I saw the main stables.

Welcome. Randy, at the front gate, called to tell me you were coming. You're one of our first arrivals. Other than our permanent residents we only have a few ponies.



I was hoping to get her right when you opened, but traffic was a little slower than I'd hoped.



I want to spend as much time over spring break as possible with my pony--as hands on as I can get.

Oh, I think we can accommodate your wishes.



I see you brought someone with you.

This is my friend from college. She volunteered to come with me and be my slave for the weekend.

She's a little shy, but I intend to give her a vigorous workout. Before my break is thru, I intend to know everything about her--including just how well she licks pussy.



Did she now?

Owh!

You're a slight little thing, but size isn't everything. Are you ready to do what it takes, young lady.

Alright then, lets go into the stables and get you started.

Yes ma'am



Just remember, once we begin there's no turning back.

I kinda like the sound of that.

Let's hope you feel the same way at the end of the week. Being a pony girl isn't easy, it's a process of breaking down, before rebuilding.





The secret to being a mistress...

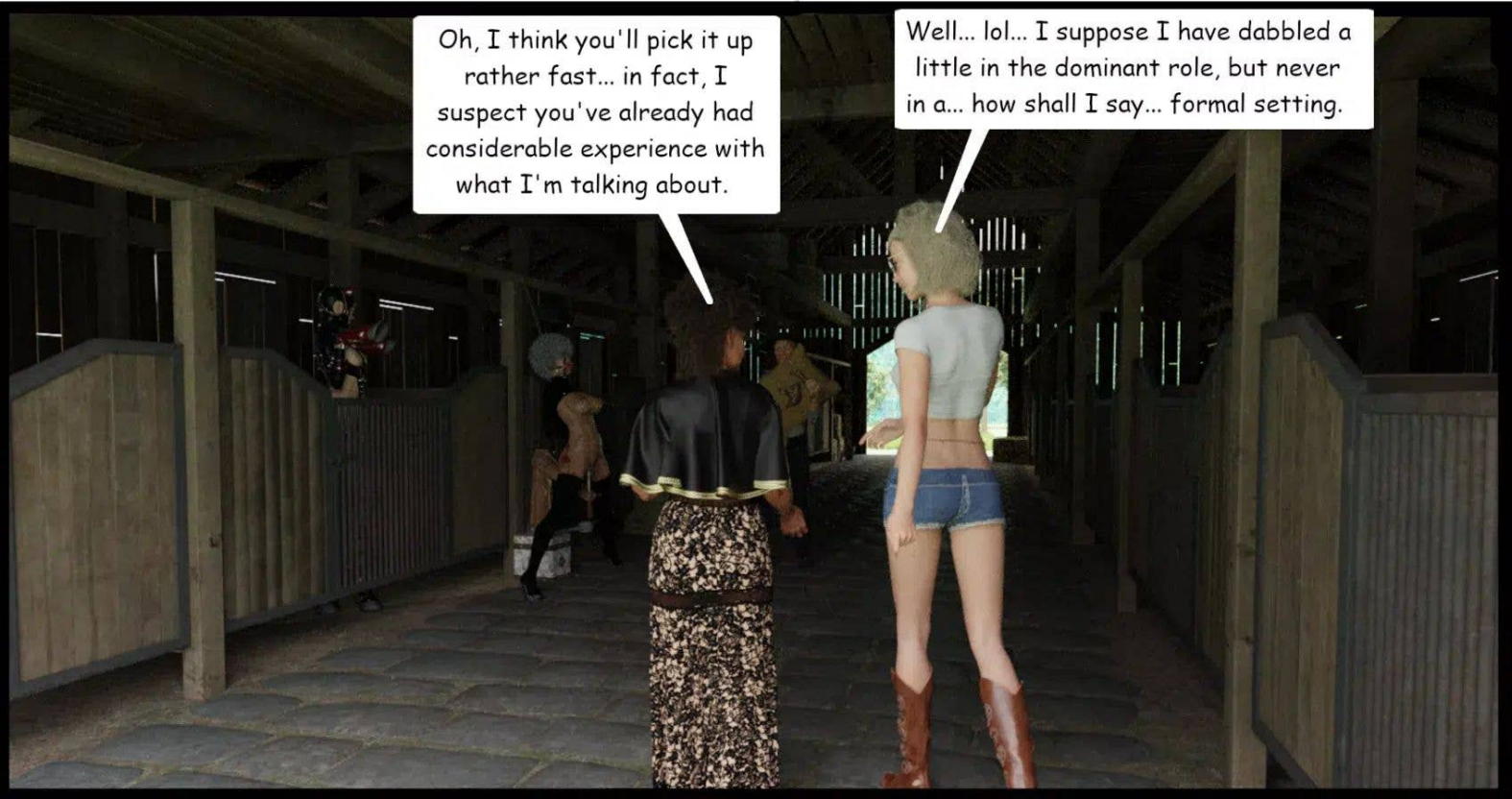
is pacing. Oh, a certain hardening of the emotions is a prerequisite, of course. And you have to know how to tie your ropes and such, but that's just technical. The real trick, is the pacing and knowing your slave better than she knows herself.

It's a rarer combination than it may sound. You have to be cold enough not to be moved by her suffering, yet empathic enough to know how her mind works, when she doesn't.



I'm looking forward to learning everything I can.

I was feeling in my element. Like I belonged here, and I intended to soak up as much knowledge as I could.



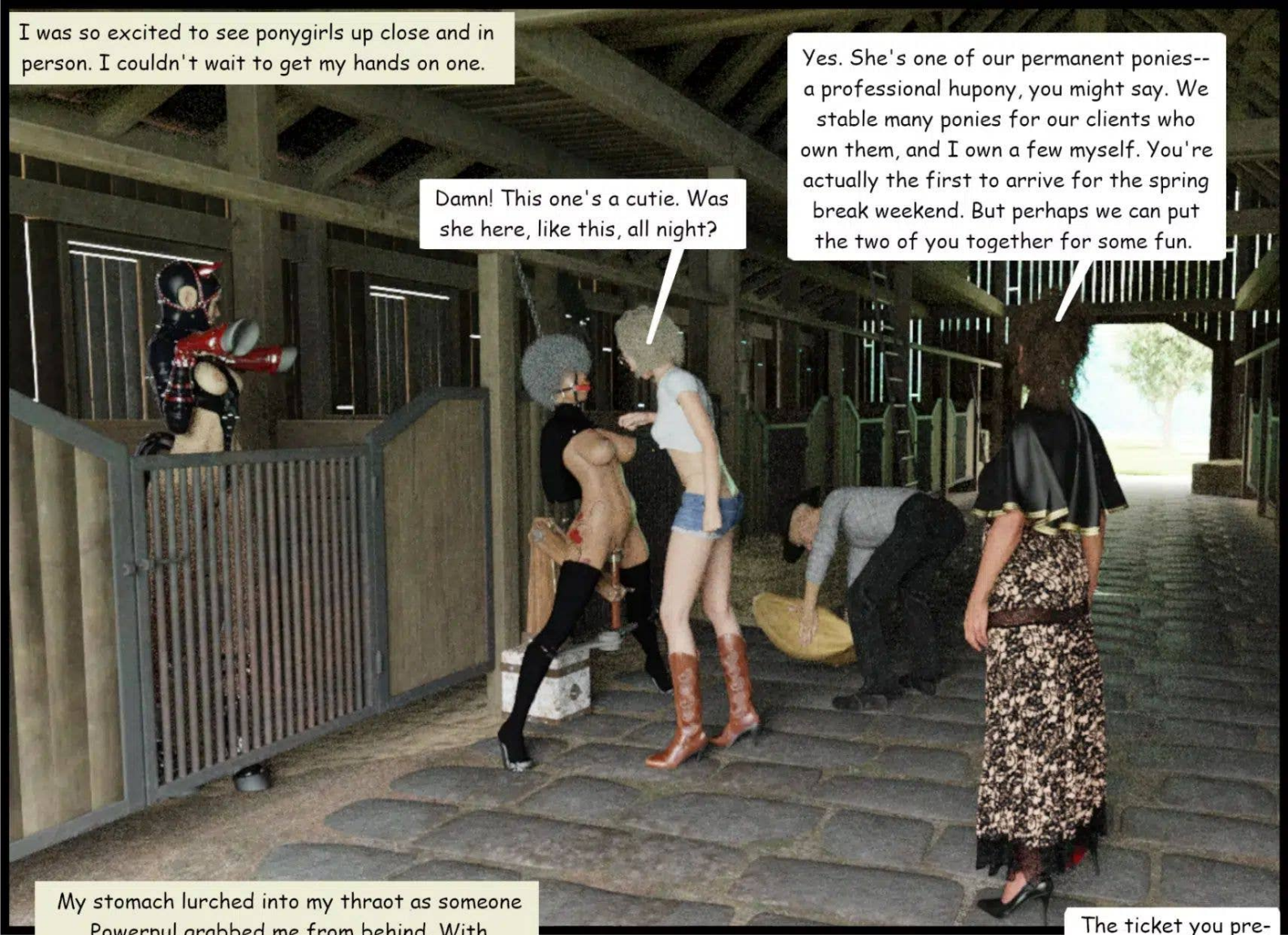
Oh, I think you'll pick it up rather fast... in fact, I suspect you've already had considerable experience with what I'm talking about.

Well... lol... I suppose I have dabbled a little in the dominant role, but never in a... how shall I say... formal setting.

I was so excited to see ponygirls up close and in person. I couldn't wait to get my hands on one.

Damn! This one's a cutie. Was she here, like this, all night?

Yes. She's one of our permanent ponies-- a professional hupony, you might say. We stable many ponies for our clients who own them, and I own a few myself. You're actually the first to arrive for the spring break weekend. But perhaps we can put the two of you together for some fun.



My stomach lurched into my throat as someone Powerpul grabbed me from behind. With an expertise that left me feeling powerless, he forced my arms together and pulled me back.

The ticket you presented was to be a ponygirl--no limits. Although my niece hasn't decided yet if we'll be branding you... she says that all depends on how much trouble you are. So I suggest you be good now.



Wah?

Jeb, here, will help get you all settled in.



What is the meaning of this! What's going on!



I demand that you stop! You can't do this to me.

Actually, pony, we can. You gave me the ticket, and Jeb there is a retired slave-cop, who still has his certification when it comes to slave capture.

By the way, ponies don't talk, so you're not being very good. You are earning your punishment.



Pony... unlimited use means we're going to be having a lot of fun together this week.

I remember it so clearly, even though my body may have been going into shock; everything happened so quickly, and yet it seemed to take forever. I was so scared and felt so helpless, as Jeb pulled me back and whispered in my ear. He was so strong, it was like my muscles provided no resistance at all. It was suddenly obvious that there was absolutely nothing I could do to stop him. Strangely, despite my complete terror, there was a part of me that seemed more like an independent observer--and it couldn't help liking what it saw. I was just another uppity female being helplessly dominated by a bully.



Whisper

Sorry pony, I know I was just getting ready to prep you for the day, but now you're going to have to ride your toy for another hour or so.

I'd be willing to help you out with this one today, if you'd like.

If you'd prefer not to be punished, you can still express yourself with surprising clarity, by making simple animal noises: grunts, whines, whinnies and so forth.

There's nothing you can do to stop it, so you might as well learn to minimize the pain and take pleasure when you can.

Don't get me wrong, pony, only a masocist actually enjoys being a pony, but it's not all bad.

It's not all bad, when you're a good pony. Piss me off and I'll make sure it is all bad.



I fell silent... too shocked to think of anything more to say. It was impressive, how quickly they'd stripped off my old clothes, and gave me the look of a pony. My mind couldn't seem to process it all, but a part of me was very aware of the hands pawing my flesh. The sharp stab of pain in my nipples; as I screamed something was stuffed into my mouth.

Damn! I can't believe I gave him the chance to put that in my mouth while I was screaming.



Good girl, this will keep your mouth open nice and wide.



Even more embarrassing than what they were doing to me was the startling realization that Lisa had gotten the better of me. She had to have planned for all this. She knew I'd take her ticket and force her to come with me. I wondered what she would have done if I hadn't come to get her. Would she have driven up on her own.

This pony belongs to my niece for the week, Jeb, but since she's never visited my farm before, I really have no idea how interested she will be in training her new pony.

Yeah well, I'm sure we'll be able to work out the details when she gets back from parking the car.



Jeb held me tight as the owner of the farm ringed my nipples; and I couldn't help rubbing my cloved hands against his cock. And, to tell the truth, I wasn't sure if it was because he was pressing against me; if it was me doing it on purpose, hoping to gain a little favor by turning him on.



Well, I really don't have time to train this one. I've got the permies to work with, not to mention the other guests who'll be arriving shortly. Could you please help my niece with her, today?

No problem. Everything is stocked and ready for the week. So I should have plenty of time to devote to her, if Lisa wants me to.

Most of life is a series of tiny changes that accumulate without us ever noticing. This was different. Even though I knew the vacation was only for a week or so, there was something about this moment that made me certain that my life had forever changed. And probably not for the better.

When Lisa came back, I was practicing high-steps. At first I was reluctant to do so, but when Myrtle inserted the lead hook inside me, my rebelliousness melted away. All she had to do was give the stick a little twist, or change the angle, to make it press uncomfortably against my insides.



Welcome to my ranch, darling. I've just been showing your pony here how to use a lead stick, and she's responding splendidly. It's like she was born to be a hu-pony.

Thanks, Myrtle. I'm so glad to be here. And I'm glad to hear that Bully, here is taking to her new role.



I'm more than happy to do all that, my girl. All that I ask is my usual fee.

Not a problem, Jeb. In fact, you should feel free to use her as often as you want during her stay here.

As bad as things were, they were just about to get much worse.

Hear that, girl? I think we should celebrate. Why don't you get on your knees so we can see just how good you are at sucking cock?



Go on, Bully, you heard him.

Let me give you a little incentive, Bully. How does that feel?

You're earning a more severe punishment for later, pony. A good pony never turns her head away. A good pony loves to suck cock.



Look, Ma, no hands. He, he.

Why Jeb! You're such a talented face stuffer.

Damn, we should be recording this. It's Bully's first face fuck. It's bound to be the first of many, but still, this is her first, we should be recording it all so that I can show all her class mates how she spent her spring vacation.



I've never been so humiliated in my life, with my nipples still stinging from the holes where a set of rings hun, and my mouth forced open by a plastic spring ring thing--while Lisa, who I'd bullied just that morning gloating as she watched it all.

Don't worry, darling, this ranch has millions of bee-cams, designed so seek out any activity and document it, not to mention a few million more stat cams strategically placed just for moments like this.

Good, that means they must have a nice close up shot of Bully's face by now, so it's time for her to stop slacking. Go on, get your face down deep on that thing.

Hello, classmates. Candice and I are having such fun. Who knew she was such a fantastic cock sucker, right!



Unfortunately, the cameras don't have micropho-

No prob, auntie. I'll lip sync during editing.

A surprisingly long time later, Jeb was pushing me towards a pony trailer. His cock was soft, but for an old man it had stayed hard a very long time. Even worse, the taste of his cum still sitting heavily in my mouth. With the spring in my mouth it was almost impossible to swallow, even if he hadnt threatened to punish me if I did.

Be a good pony and step forward. You know you will eventually. Might as well do it now and avoid punishment.

Oh God. I really don't like the look of that contraption, but what choice do I have?

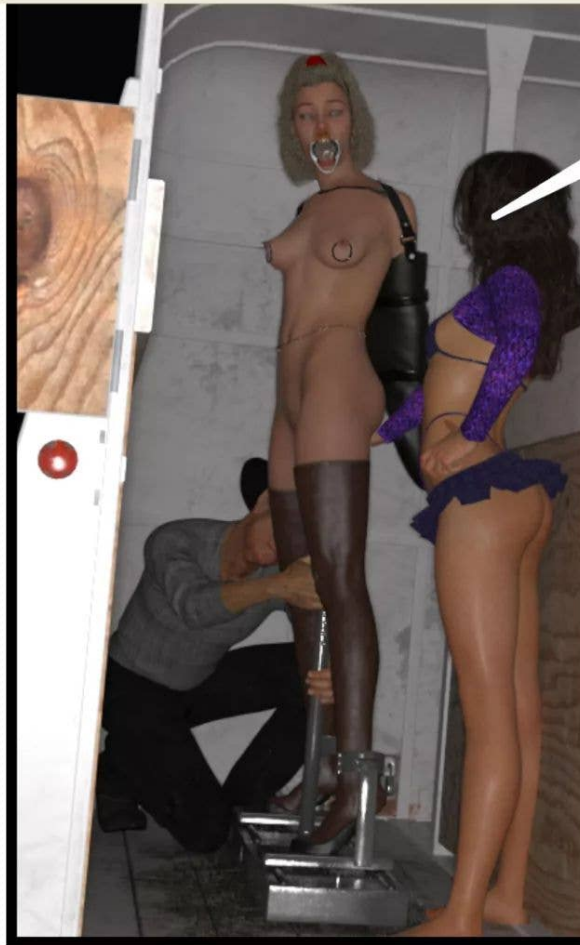
He pulled savagely at my nipple ring, while Lisa, my former plaything, watched and giggled.

Don't worry about hurting her, Uncle Jeb. Whatever we decided to do to her, I'd be willing to bet she was planning to do worse to me. So do your worst, as long as it's legal, according to the slave laws, you can do anything to her you want. Just make sure you get some good images for me to edit, with lots of nice close ups on her face, especially after you've just cum on her face. He, he, he. Oh, and do something with that perfect hair of hers. When I show our classmates, I don't want her to be able to pretend that it's all manufactured by AI. So do somethings she can't hide. Make her sweat.





Jeb pulled on my nipple a few more times before he had me positioned where he wanted me. But worse than that was the way Lisa, my former play thing, reached between my legs and spread the lips of my pussy, to make it easier for Jeb to shove the tip of the dildo inside me.



Don't look at me like that, pony. You know you've been begging for this. If you would have left me alone, I'd have left you alone, but you didn't, so now I'm making you mine. And don't think you can transfer, when we get back to school, I'll send an email bomb to all your new friends. No, when we get back, you're going to do what I say... And next year, we'll be right back here again.

Despite the mixture of emotions I was feeling: fear, humiliation and loathing, there was a part of me that couldn't help admiring how completely she'd played me. And strangely, there was a voyeuristic part of me that was enjoying my predicament. I could not see my own body, but I was aware of every inch and I could imagine what it looked like, all bound and tormented. And that stubbornly sadistic part of my mind was taking a perverse pleasure in it.



Jeb, for his part, was obviously enjoying my body too--which should have made me feel uncomfortable, but it didn't. It added to the enjoyment of my sadistic half. Of course, the fact that he was rubbing his thumb persistently over my pubic mound as he eased the dildo inside of me probably had something to do with that as well.

An hour or so later, I found myself being dragged around and round in circles, by a hot-walker. I wouldn't have known what that was before today, but now I didn't think I would ever forget. After only a few minutes, my legs were already beginning to ache from trying to satisfy old Jeb's demands. Legs aren't supposed to work like that, I'm pretty sure. At least I'd ever raised my knees so high when I walked, and it still wasn't high enough to satisfy him. Even worse, however, was the ass hook that forced me to arch my back.

Asshole! You chop off my hair, dress me up like this, then have this machine drag me around in circles while you sit in your rocking chair, and you're going to complain?

Lift them legs higher pony. You're earning demerits with every step. I'm just sitting here dreaming up what how I'm going to make you suffer for it.

Despite the pain in my legs, the events of the morning kept playing over in my head. The hony bastard put me in this uncomfortable contraption, then went and ate his breakfast, before coming back to fuck my face yet again.





It only took the old horndog about ten minutes to get me into the damn contraption--although the cattle prod he used on me helped speed things up. Then he took about a half hour for his lunch, while my body became even more uncomfortable. Then another ten minutes to drain himself into my mouth, washing it all down with his pee, when he was finally done. I'm still not sure if I preferred that, or having taste of cum lingering in my mouth. At least the pee washed the taste of the cum down. It was salty and warm, with a distinctly strange flavor, but it wasn't as bad as I would have expected. Mostly it was just the thought of it--and knowing he wouldn't wash my mouth out after.



My preference turned out to be a mute point, for when he was done he kept his cock pushed all the way into my mouth until I began chocking and by the time I just about passed out, he was getting hard again.



It took him even longer the second time around--actually, the third time, if you counted what he did back at the barn, when I first arrived.



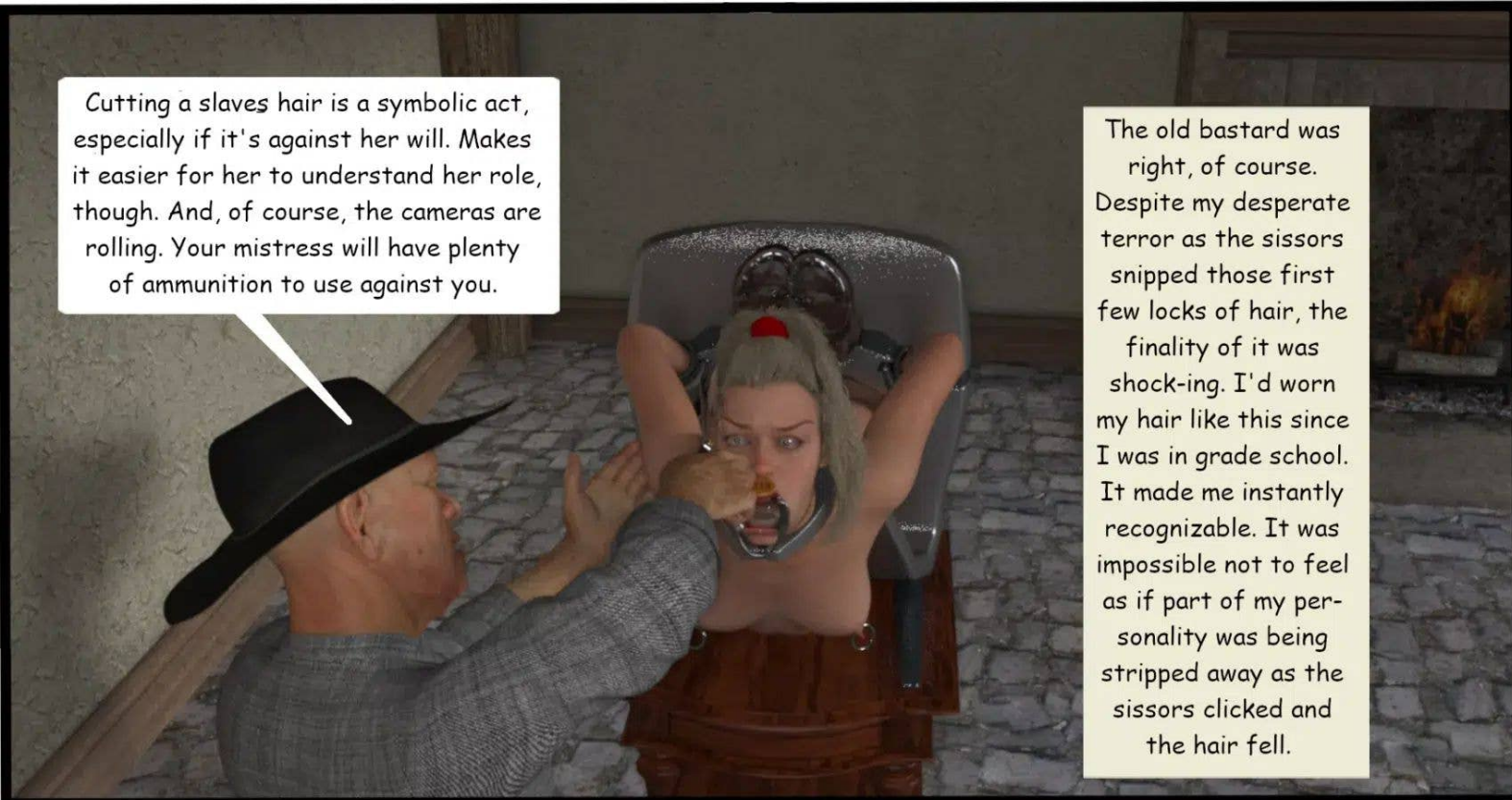
After another fifteen or twenty minutes of having my mouth pumped, I could tell he was getting close, and that's when he chose to push himself all the way in again, holding it there as his hot cum splashed against the back of my throat and filled my mouth, again. He seemed to have an endless reservoir. And he seemed to think my lungs were just about as endless, cause he kept me plugged up until my body began to spasm from lack of air. I think I even passed out for a moment, just before he pulled out.





It's time to get rid of all this hair, pony. Your mistress requested it.

No! No! No! Please, don't cut my hair.



Cutting a slaves hair is a symbolic act, especially if it's against her will. Makes it easier for her to understand her role, though. And, of course, the cameras are rolling. Your mistress will have plenty of ammunition to use against you.

The old bastard was right, of course. Despite my desperate terror as the sissors snipped those first few locks of hair, the finality of it was shock-ing. I'd worn my hair like this since I was in grade school. It made me instantly recognizable. It was impossible not to feel as if part of my personality was being stripped away as the sissors clicked and the hair fell.



And throughout the whole, humiliating experience, the taste of his bitter cum clung heavily to my tongue. There was nothing I could do to stop him. There was nothing I could do about anything. I was barely able to wiggle my body enough to relieve some of the discomfort of my position.

I hope she makes you her permanent plaything. I'd love to see you again next year. Always fun to watch you girls improve over the years. And you're already a fine cocksucker. So, you must enjoy it.

Maybe half an hour later, the old bastard had loaded me into the trailer again--driven down another long and bumpy road, while I fucked myself (again) on the trailer's holding machine. He took me to a field with a fence, although why the fence was needed, I couldn't have said. In the center of the field was a machine he called a hotwalker. It only took him a few minutes to replace my gag with a new one and bind my arms in a new position that made me feel even more helpless than before. Especially after he added the asshook that ran up to my neck collar, forcing me to arch my back. It was uncomfortable, to say the least. Especially after he added a rope crotch rope that rubbed maddeningly against my clit when I walked. Worse yet, it had a tendency to pinch the ring of my sphincter, if I allowed too much tension on the hook, by trying to straighten my back.



Being dragged along by the chain was humiliating. But the worst of it was the way the pony boots pinched my toes when the hoof hit the ground. I'd taken ballet lessons when I was younger, and the feeling was much the same--although I had to admit that Jeb had done a good job of packing my toes into the boots. I hadn't even been prancing in circles very long, and my legs were beginning to feel it. I'd run crosscountry in high school, But that had been a few years ago, now. I certainly wasn't in the kind of condition I'd need to be in to spend very much time moving in circles. Although I was better than if I wasn't athletic at all.

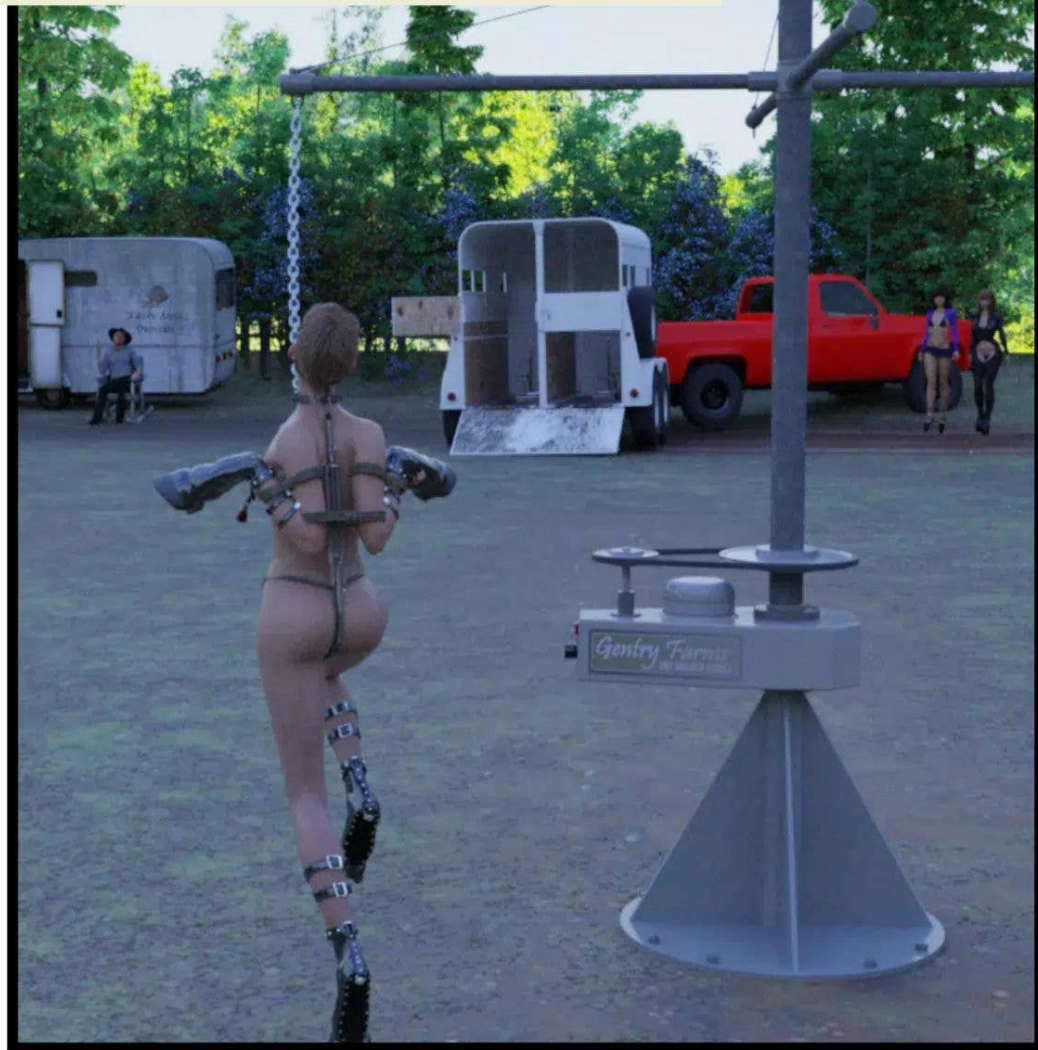
It felt like I'd been on the hotwalker for hours, (although it was probably less than one) when I saw my car pulling up the gravel drive. Lisa was driving, but there was someone else with her.



I wanted to watch their progress as they crawled up the drive, but the hotwalker pulled my eyes away. That drove home my submissive role almost as much as having my hair cut. The crotchrope rubbed, the nipple weights swung and my nose and tongue ached. The new gag I was wearing was a clever ring gag, with spikes running from the top and bottom, to pin my tongue, all stretched out. A small chain ran from my nose to my lower lip.



The whole time, Jeb just sat there, rocking. Watching my run my circles, as Lisa parked my car and she with her friend walked over.



I could hear them talking, but not what they were saying. Still, I knew they were talking about me. About what they planned to do with me.

Once again, I wanted to keep watching them, to see if I could pick up any clues as to my future, but the hotwalker was as heartless as ever. It just kept pulling; forcing me to turn my back on them.



The longer they talked, the harder it was to wait. Even more than putting an end to this endless walking in circles, I wanted to know what they planned to do. Even if it was something worse. I wanted to know.

Well, I'm not sure she's nice enough to look at to make show pony. But I think she might make a decent work pony. I've been working her for forty-five minutes and she's still going strong. Of course, less than two weeks isn't enough to condition her. She might also make a decent racer or a riding pony even.

For the moment, I just want to know how she is at licking a pussy.

Well, you're certainly welcome to find out. I want her to get as much pussy and cock in her mouth as she can while we're here. I have this theory that she's only a bully because she doesn't get enough sex. So, I'm hoping if we overdose her on it... maybe she'll transform into a decent human being.

It was humiliating, having them talk about me like I was nothing but a thing to be used and abused. They talked about my strengths and weaknesses, as if evaluating a product they were thinking about purchasing at a store. It was even worse when Lisa explained what she wanted to do with me for the remainder of our time at the ranch. It sounded like she wanted to try out everything she could on me. I should have been horrified, but that nasty and persistently sadistic part of my brain couldn't help but get excited just from thinking about all the things she was promising to do. I dreaded having those things done to me, but I took immense pleasure from imagining those things being done. And apparently, it didn't matter if they would be done to me or someone else.

A few minutes later, they'd turned off the hotwalker and pushed me to my knees in front of Lisa's new friend.

Go on girl, get your face in there.

I'm thinking she's a little confused Grace. You may need to show her how to use that chain to pleasure someone. She's never been very smart you know.





Here let me help you out there, pony.

Now, this looks like a moment we want to be well documented. Calling all Bee-cams in the vicinity. Please document this! And be sure to get a nice and tight close up on the pony's face, so she can't deny it was her later when Lisa shows this video to all her friends and family. He, he, he.



B-cams?



So, what do you plan to do with your slave for the rest of the week, Lisa.

Well, I'd like to keep her busy, all day, every day. But I also want to spend some time visiting with family...



I could help with that.

That's what I was hoping. Introduce her to your friends, let them do whatever they want with her.

As long as there's no permanent damage, anything goes.

Well, if you girls have things under control, I suppose I'll leave you to your fun. I have my regular chores to keep up on.

thanks, Jeb, we've got this.

your welcome to use her any time you want, uncle Jeb. In fact I'd like it if you'd put her to bed and wake her up each day.

I suppose I could manage that for the week. As long as the price is right. Anything goes, right. I intend to make her suffer! I enjoy using the ponies harshly.

No problem, Uncle Jeb. The harder the better. Just make sure you keep it all legal--and don't forget to have lots of bee-cams recording everthing. Lots of face shots, please.



Well now, Bully, I think you've had enough of a rest. Time for some more training.

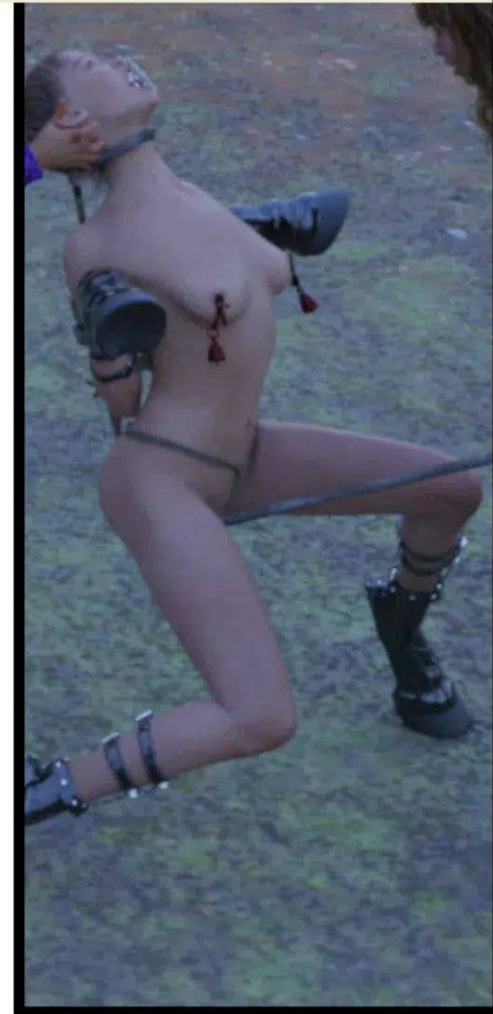
Let's have her pull the metal ball. That should keep her busy for the rest of the day, I think.

Once the old man was gone, they forced me to my feet again, using that same lead bar the old woman had used before (or one just like it, anyway.) It was a nasty little tool that was tough but light weight. The hook slid easily inside me, but the real trick (the one that got my attention and forced my obedience) was when she gave it a little twist, which pressed the hook against my insides.

Gentry Farms
NOT WHAT YOU EXPECT

Getting to your feet without using your hands may not look all that hard, but when you're wearing ponyboots and someone's holding your head down and a pain in your cunt is distracting you... Well, let's just say it's harder than it looks.

Come on! You can do it, pony!



A few minutes later, they showed me the ball they wanted me to drag and I wondered if they were crazy.

Don't stop pulling, unless you want us to use the bug zappers.

And you'd better lift your legs higher than that, or we'll use the bug zappers for that too.



It could have been worse, I suppose. The chain to the ball could have been connected to my crotchope, but it was certainly bad enough that it was connected to a loop in the ass-hook bar that ran from my rear up to my neck.



Ahgh!

tzzp

tzzp

You should probably decide what you want your pony to be, so we can focus in on one discipline. Her body would be possible as a show pony, but she isn't naturally graceful. It would be an uphill battle. I suspect. She's not particularly strong, either. She's struggling with this beginner's ball. You could see if she'd make a decent racer. Or you could go a completely different route. We train HuCows and Hupets on this

From the first, the zaps from the cattle prods were painful, but over time there was something about them that became even worse than the pain. It was the fear and anticipation of the pain that was to come. Even the rope slowly rubbing my clit raw wasn't as unpleasant as this new feeling of dread. I was being trained, like one of Pavlov's dogs. In the beginning, the pain was short and sharp, but if asked to decide between getting the shock or getting a few seconds of rest, I could have forced myself to take the rest. But after a few hours of the shocks that option was over. The shocks came less often, but the dread lasted for several minutes as I waited for the next one.

Knees up higher pony

I'm not sure I want to settle on any one thing. Just let your friends do whatever they want with her. Let's try out different things; see if she takes to anything.



Honestly, I don't much care what you do, as long as she finds it unpleasant.

I'm pretty sure my friends and I can help you out with that. Especially with Jeb taking care of putting her away at night.

Great. I definitely want her experience to be memorable, but I'd just as soon spend most of my time visting relatives, you know?

No sweat, cus! I've got you covered.



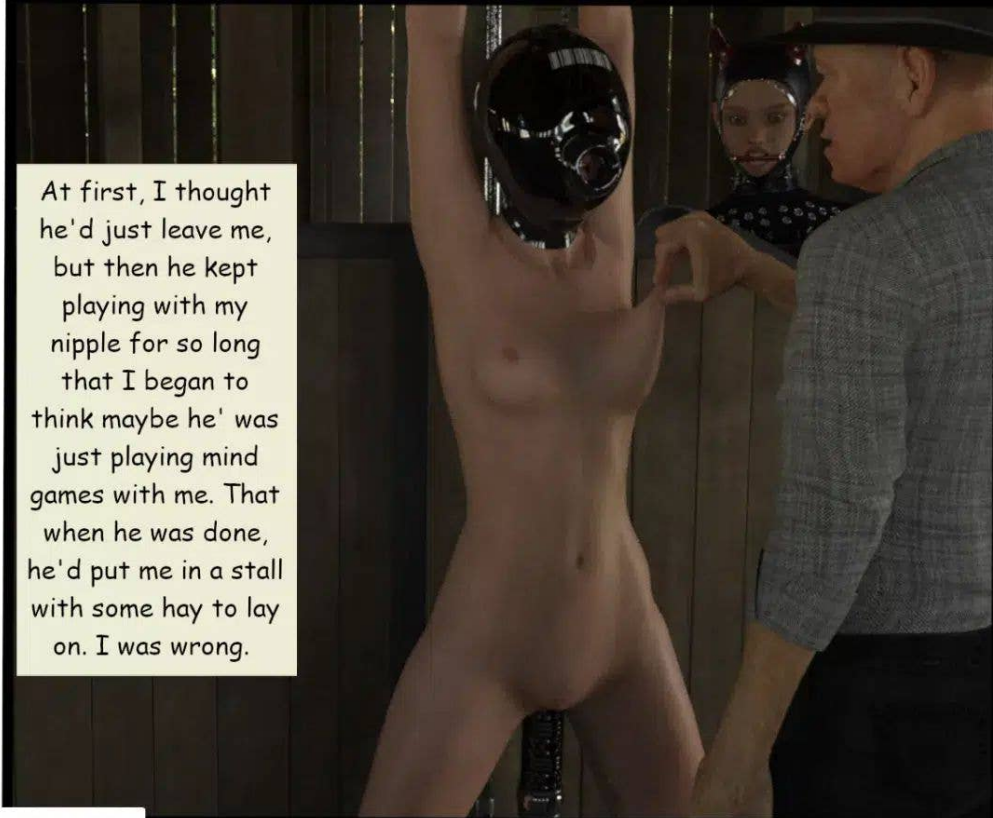
I spent the rest of the day pulling my ball and chain, while the girl's talked. After a while they were done talking about me and began talking about old memories, or what they'd been doing with their lives . When My legs weren't raised high enough, which was more and more often as the day began to wan, they began to use the cattle prods more often. It felt like the day would never end, but eventually Jeb came to fetch me; and put me away for the night. I had a feeling it was going to be a long night.



There you go, pony. You rest up now. I don't expect we'll be taking it so easy on you tomorrow.



At first, I thought he'd just leave me, but then he kept playing with my nipple for so long that I began to think maybe he' was just playing mind games with me. That when he was done, he'd put me in a stall with some hay to lay on. I was wrong.



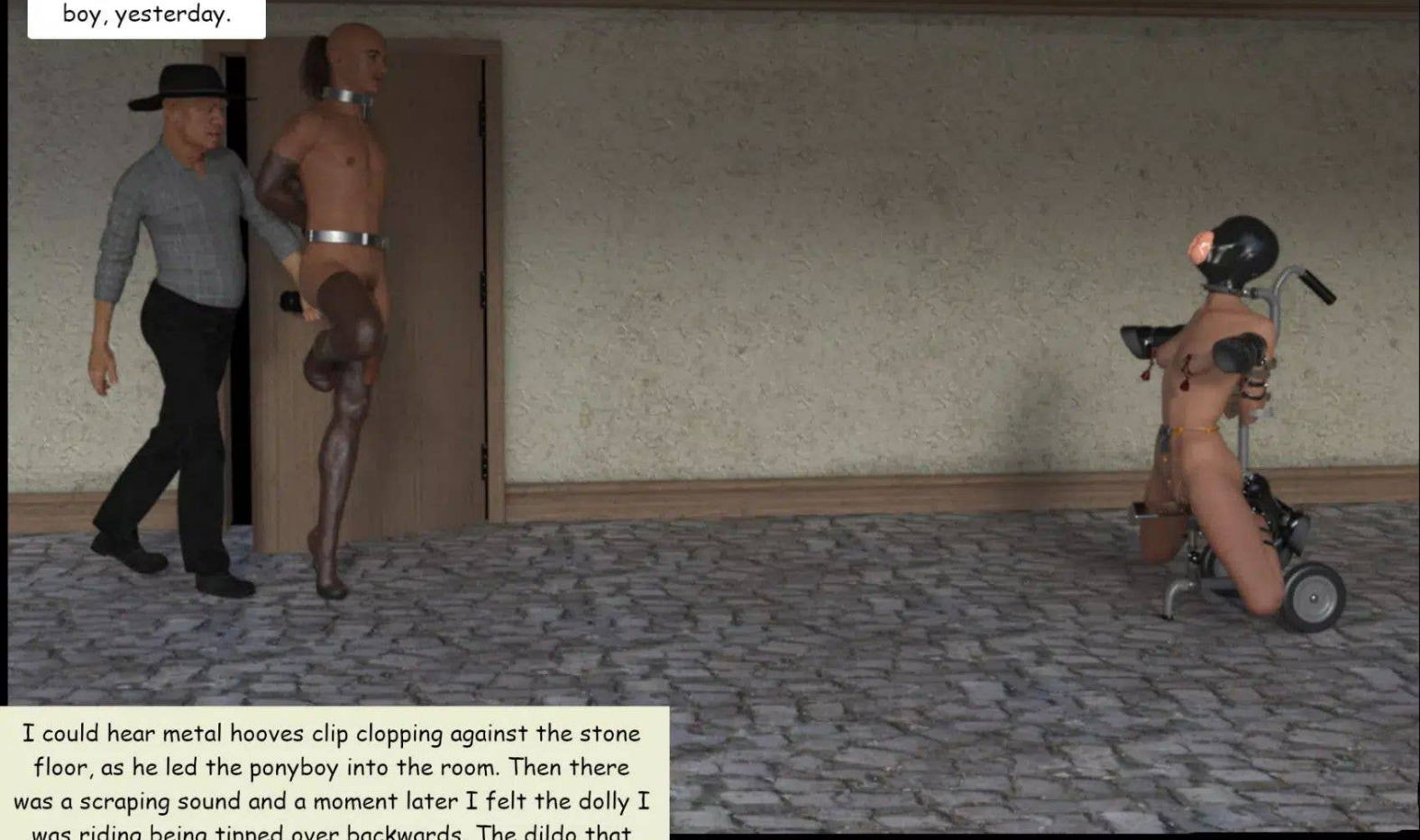
Good night, ponies. Feel free to tickle her if you want.



I stood there, dreading the possibility that they would tickle me, as Jeb suggested, but fortunately, these ponies weren't as cruel as I would have been. A while after he'd left they lay down.

Here you go, pony.
A little reward for
being such a good
boy, yesterday.

True to his promise, Jeb came to fetch me (bright and early) the next morning. Well, I wasn't feeling too bright, after not sleeping most of the night. I nodded off a few times, but if I actually slept, it wasn't very restful. Anyway, Jeb came and got me and fixed me up nice and good. Then he left me alone in this room while he went to get someone.



I could hear metal hooves clip clopping against the stone floor, as he led the ponyboy into the room. Then there was a scraping sound and a moment later I felt the dolly I was riding being tipped over backwards. The dildo that was built into the wedge kept me in place as I heard the handle settling onto what sounded like a wooden crate.

Then Jeb straddled me as he helped guide the pony's massive slong into my mouth. The hood I was wearing had been fitted with a rubber piece that held my mouth open.



The rubber fit under my teeth, keeping my mouth open, but only slightly. When the pony pushed his cock into the rubber, however, it forced my mouth much wider, no doubt producing a tight pressure around his member.



As bad as it was, the pony fucking my mouth wasn't the worst of it. No, the worst of it was that old bastard Jeb rubbing my clit with his thumb, and being forced to get so excited at the same time that I was being so thoroughly violated.



Don't choke her to death, pony. But keep fucking her. I want her to cum three times before you let yourself find your release.

Once he'd gotten his way, Jeb dressed me in a new pony outfit and took me to Grace, who let one of her friends ride me for most of the day.

That's it pony!
Just take a nice
and slow, but
steady pace.

I plan to be riding
you all day. So don't
burn yourself out.

That will give us
plenty of time
to practice your
whinny. If
you're not
hoarse by the
end of the day,
one of us isn't
doing it right.

Like so many others at this damn pony ranch, Grace's friend seemed to have a nipple pulling fetish. Instead of reigns, he used my nipples to signal a turn. And he kept pulling and twisting through the whole turn. Since I was following a path, none of it was needed, but it was obvious that he didn't care. Sometimes he'd pull on my nipple just to force me to practice my neighing. If my whinny didn't satisfy him (and it almost never did) he'd just keep pulling as I tried over and over to finally get it right.

WHUHHUHH

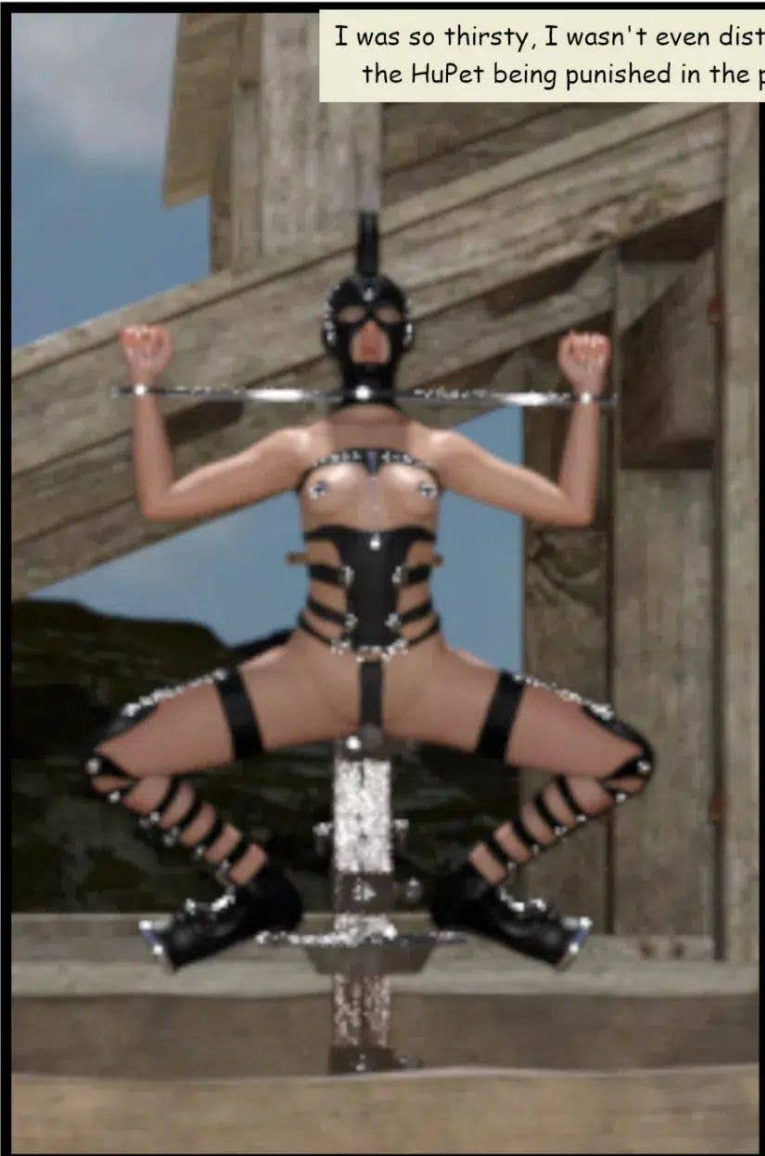
Better, but still not
loud enough. Use
your whole throat
and really belt it
out. And don't be
reluctant to put
some emotion in it
too. Huponies
don't speak, so
that's the only way
we have of knowing
how you're feeling.
Once you're past
your training, we'll
use that to help
gauge what it is
you need.

Don't worry,
girl. We'll have
you making
perfect pony
noises before
you know it.



Good pony.
Are you
ready for
a drink?

By mid-afternoon, I felt like I was literally dying of thirst. The inside of my leathers were soaked in sweat. My tongue felt swollen and dry. My muscles were shaking with weariness and my mind had a tendency to wander. Only the pain in my nipples seemed to keep me from falling asleep on my feet.



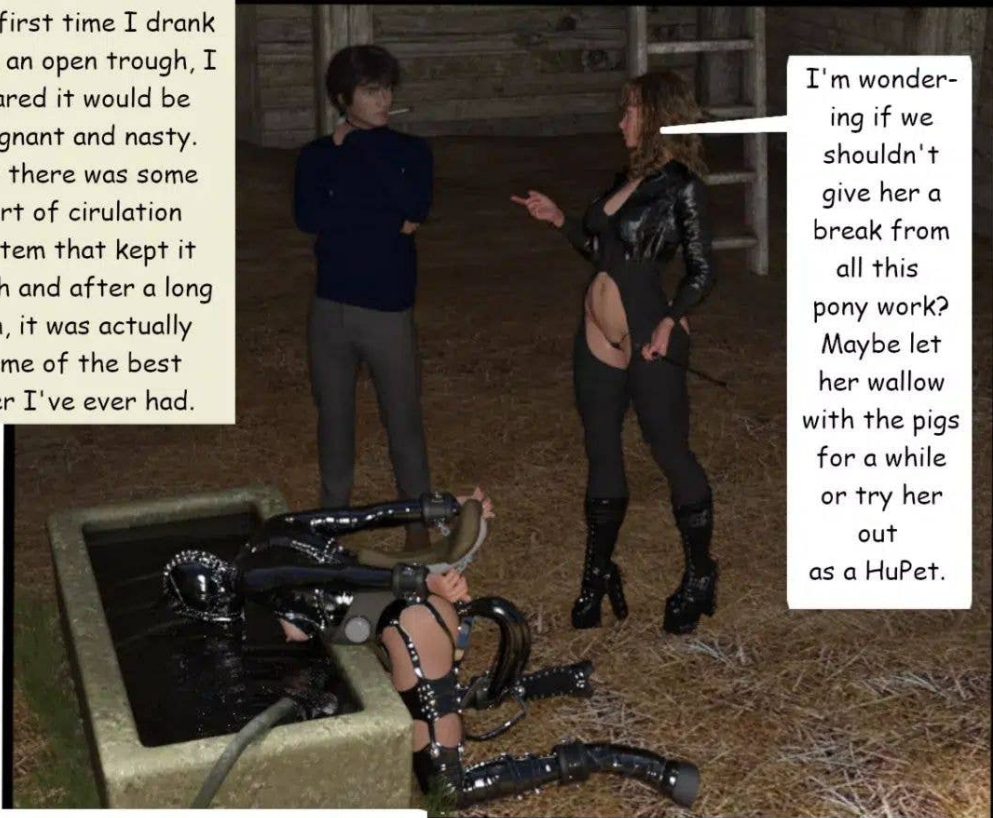
I was so thirsty, I wasn't even distracted by the HuPet being punished in the pig pen.







The first time I drank from an open trough, I feared it would be stagnant and nasty. But there was some sort of circulation system that kept it fresh and after a long run, it was actually some of the best water I've ever had.



I'm wondering if we shouldn't give her a break from all this pony work? Maybe let her wallow with the pigs for a while or try her out as a HuPet.



No, I think she'd doing just fine. She hasn't stumbled even once today.

Well, Lisa did say they ran cross-country together. And having her legs bent after so much running might cause them to cramp. So maybe you're right. Maybe it's better to stay with one thing.



Wrap it up, Pony! Drinking too much water too fast isn't good for you.

She does seem very thirsty.

Maybe you should stop more frequently to let her drink. Or even carry one of those water bottles, and give her a sip whenever you stop to fuck her along the paths.

It was only the second day and already I barely noticed what they were saying, even when I knew they were talking about me. They would do whatever they were going to do, and I was too weary to care. It never made any difference anyway and not knowing meant I didn't have to worry about it.

As the days passed they began to blend into one another--each one the same, the way two snowflakes are the same. At night, Jeb would find some creative but unpleasant way to bind her for the night. She didn't sleep at all the first night. But, by the third night, she was getting several hours of shut eye.



And the next morning Jeb would wake her with a congo-line of people who were always very happy to see her.



Open up, pony. It's time for your breakfast. Go to keep you nice and strong. Today's going to be another long one.

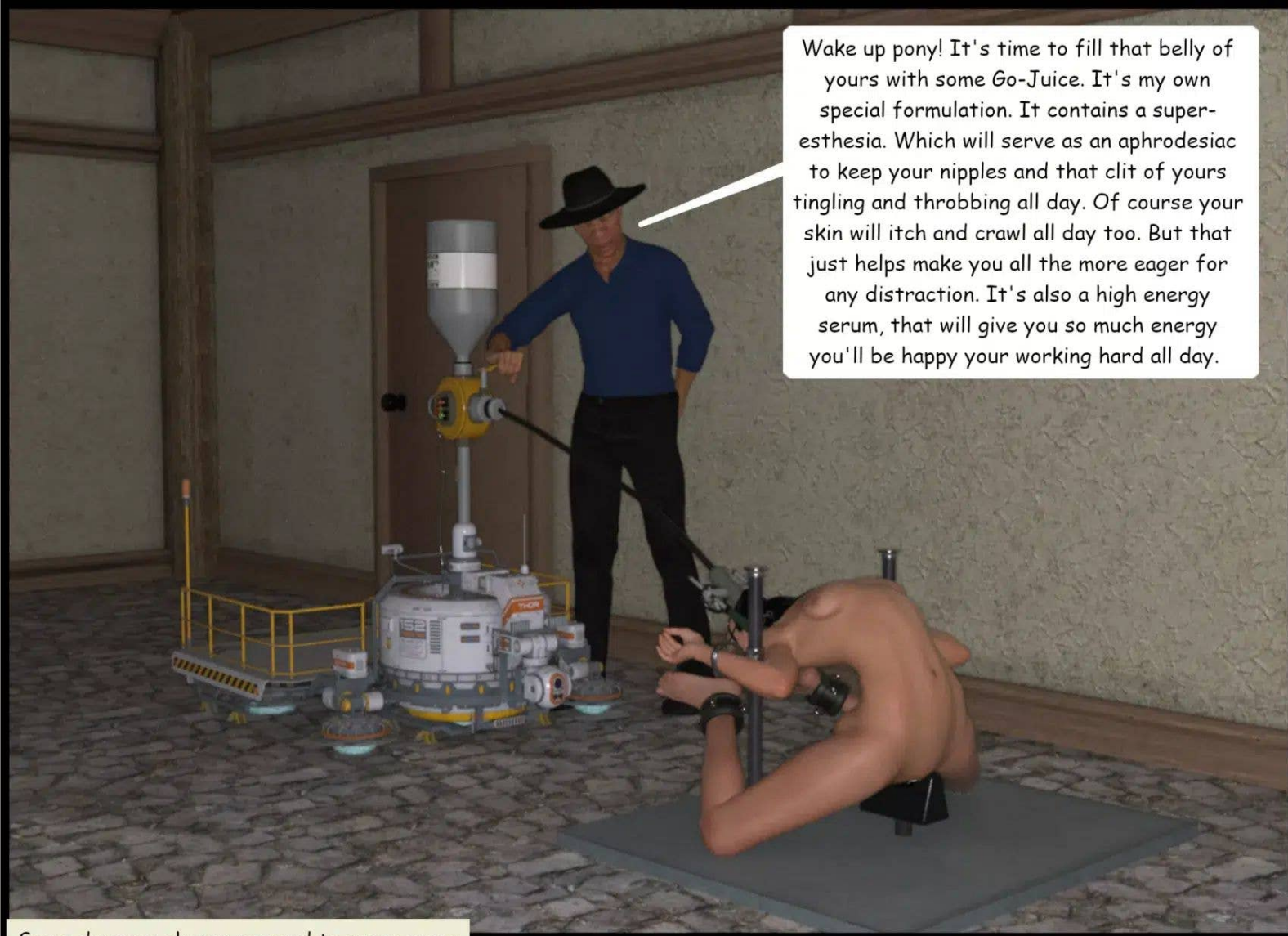
I suspect Jeb selected his willing fuckers based on the size of their cock and how long it took them to shoot their load.



Not every morning was a smorgasboard of cum. At least once every second or third night, Jeb would take pity on me and simply let me sleep. I'm hard pressed to say those were my favorites because he chose those nights to use his most uncomfortable bondage positions.

It's amazing what you can sleep through when you're dog tired.





Wake up pony! It's time to fill that belly of yours with some Go-Juice. It's my own special formulation. It contains a super-esthesia. Which will serve as an aphrodesiac to keep your nipples and that clit of yours tingling and throbbing all day. Of course your skin will itch and crawl all day too. But that just helps make you all the more eager for any distraction. It's also a high energy serum, that will give you so much energy you'll be happy your working hard all day.

Some days my chores seemed to serve some useful purpose. There was never a shortage of people willing to use and abuse me.



Good pony. Just a few more rows and I'll give you a nice, long fuck as a reward. Then we'll get you watered and I'll take my lunch break.

Other times, my chores for the day were designed just for fun and games.



Six, seven, eight... you deserve these pony! You're not getting your knees up as high for me as you are for Lisa.

Not my fun, of course. But many of my tormenters seemed to enjoy turning my pain and humiliation into a game.

This one was particularly memorable, because it came on one of those days when that old bastard Jeb pumped me full of that super-esthesia, which make my skin even more sensitive than usual. The hotwalker forced me to keep walking. I didn't even have time to try to protect myself. And if I did a good job in front of one, the other would punish me. But if I didn't then the one would punish me. It was a no win situation, and they kept trying to find the most painful places to use their electrical prods.



Don't think I didn't see you trying harder for her than me.

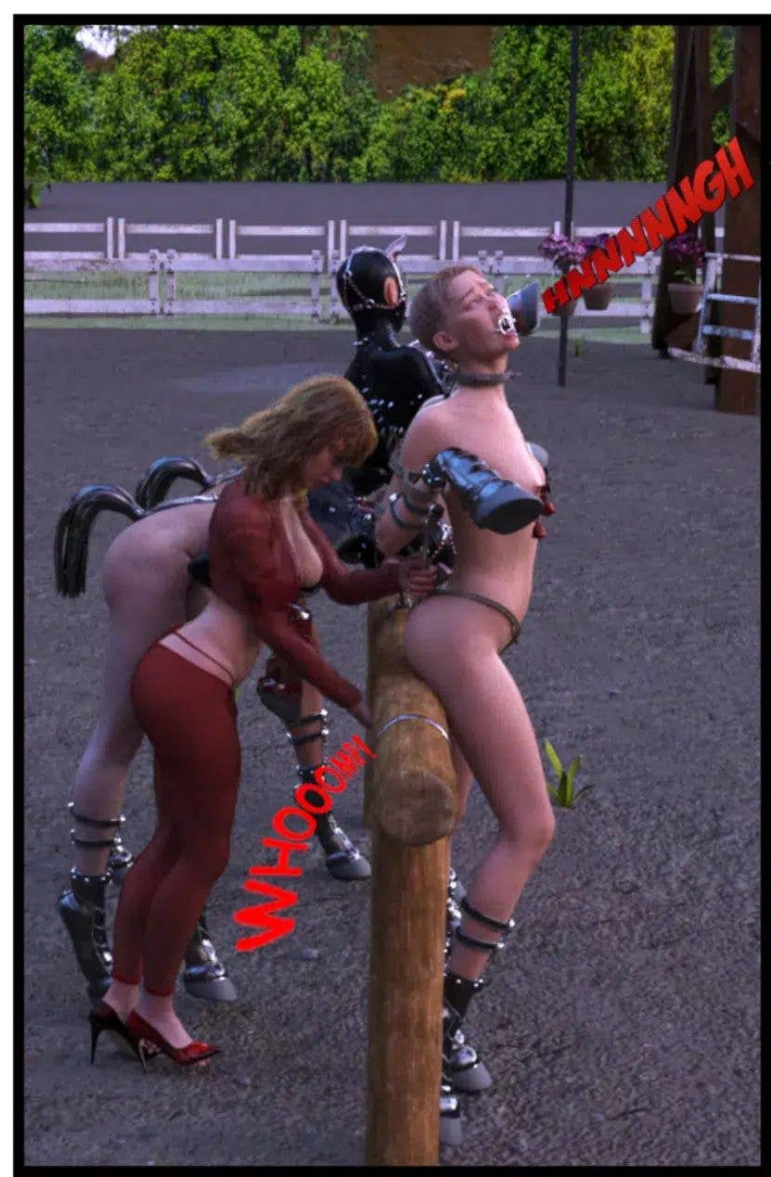
It didn't matter what I did. Their accusations were just an excuse to do whatever they wanted.

Another event that was no less memorable, for being more frequent, was when one of my handlers would take me to the main housing bunks for lunch or dinner. Grace was particularly fond of doing this. Half of the binding points were designed to attach to nose rings, bendings the horses over, so that they could be fucked from behind. The other bindings were butt-plugs that held the ponies in place while they were standing up. This allowed them to be fucked face to face--something that wasn't as common as being fucked from behind, but it was perhaps even more humiliating, since the person doing the fucking could look into your eyes and grinned as he fucked you. That made it harder to pretend that nothing out of the ordinary was happening. I particularly disliked the ones who insisted that you look into their eyes as they twisted a nipple or tickled you.

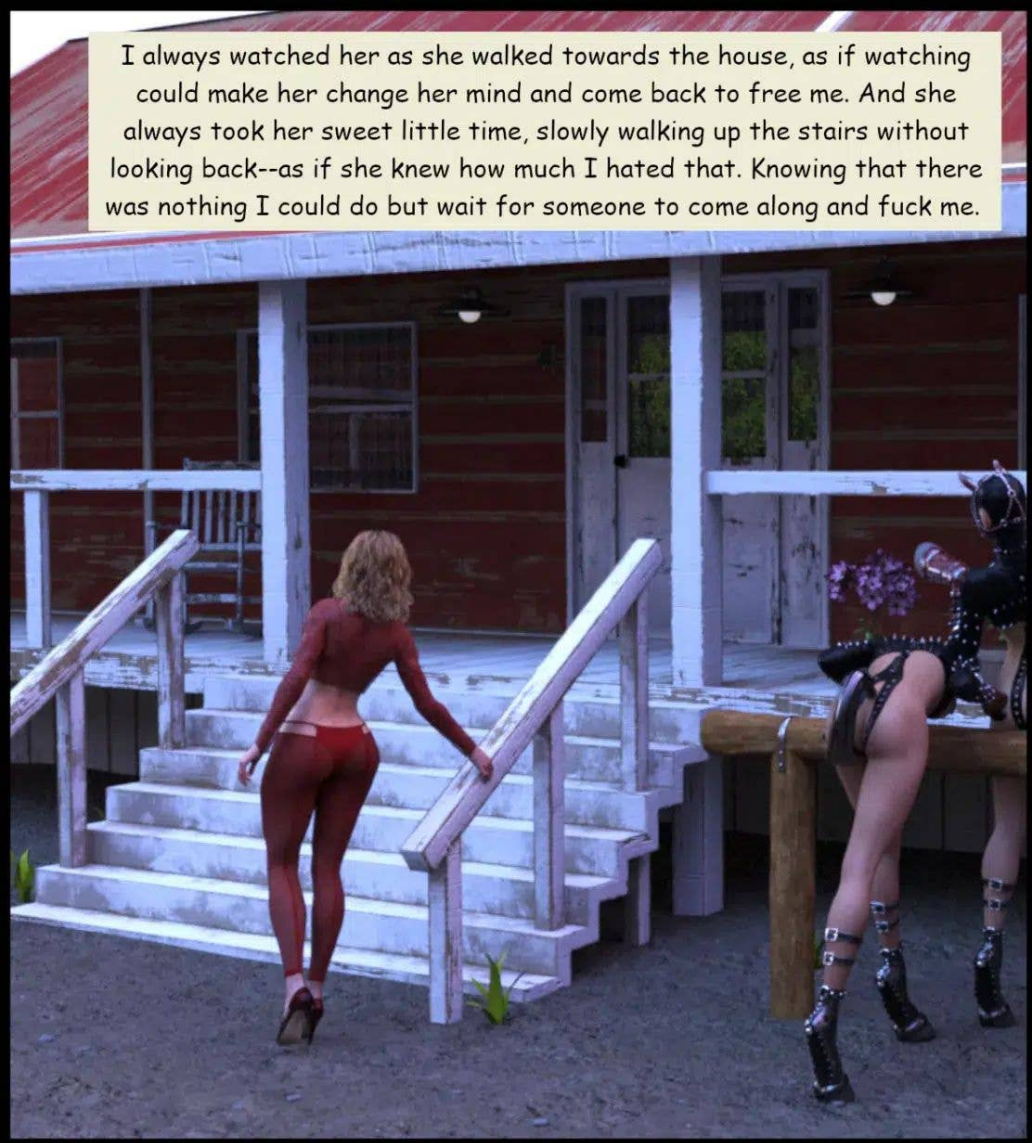


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I always watched her as she walked towards the house, as if watching could make her change her mind and come back to free me. And she always took her sweet little time, slowly walking up the stairs without looking back--as if she knew how much I hated that. Knowing that there was nothing I could do but wait for someone to come along and fuck me.



The waiting and wondering if someone would come was pure torture.



Hey there, Jerry. I hope you're feeling horny? I've got a slave who's been bad and needs a little discipline. Interested? You can do whatever you want to her, as long as she stays on the hitching post. And there's no permanent damage.

Yeah... I think I can help you out with that. I've got a little time before my next job.





Hey, pony, why are you so wet?



Something tells me you must really like this, else you wouldn't be such a constant troublemaker.

As bad as the waiting and wondering was, it was always worse when they actually did come.



Especially if they were one of the ones who liked to bounce me up and down.



That's it, Pony. scream for me. Show me what a painlut you really are. Each time, you love it a little more.

And the worst part of it all, was that he was right. I could feel myself being trained (despite all the pain) to take pleasure from my abuse. Like one of Pavlov's dogs, salivating when the bell was rung. I told myself it was the food Jeb was feeding me, but as time moved into the second week, I felt it when he hadn't fed it to me.



I was still aware of my sadistic side. The part of me that watched and appreciated what was being done to me, like my body was a stranger; and the real me was the one tormenting her. But more and more, the part of me that took pleasure was the slave.

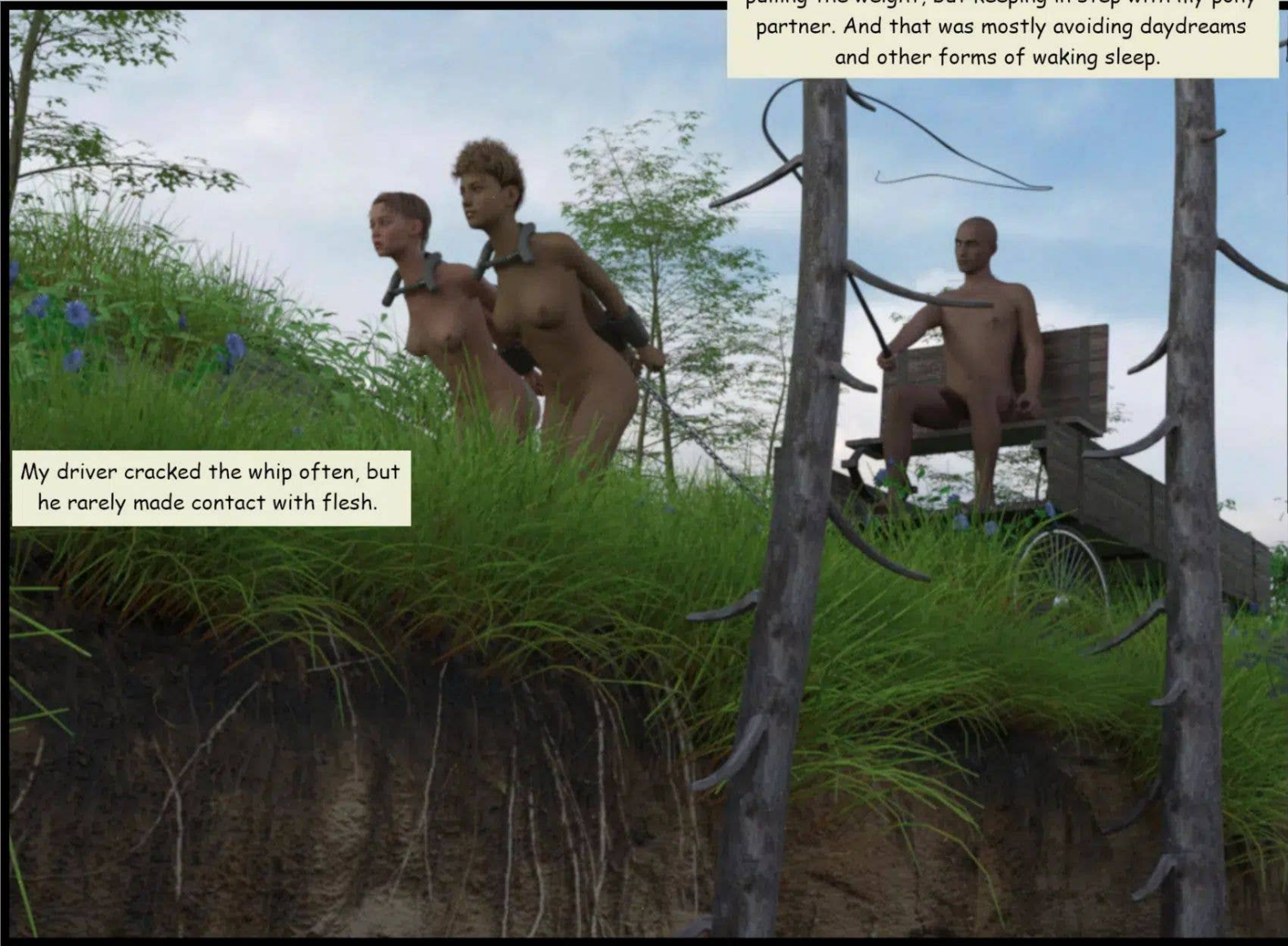






That's it, ponies, nice and steady.

As time moved on, the training slowly began to get easier, even though they always seemed to demand more as I improved. My training as a runner (when I was younger) undoubtedly helped a lot, as my muscles were not entirely unused to hard work. And by the beginning of my second week, they were trusting me to serve as part of a team, pulling empty wagons along the long paths the filled the landscape around the ranch. It wasn't easy--I doubted it ever would be that. But the biggest challenge was not pulling the weight, but keeping in step with my pony partner. And that was mostly avoiding daydreams and other forms of waking sleep.



My driver cracked the whip often, but he rarely made contact with flesh.



My driver always took time for a little rest along the way--and he usually chose me as his fuck-pet. I think that was part of the arrangement Lisa had made with him. I didn't mind these little breaks so much any more. It was actually a pleasant and relaxing change of pace from the training. One I couldn't help anticipating.

Look at you pony! You've got jucies dripping all down your legs today.



Nice contractions, girl. You're getting better at this all the time.



I still wasn't far enough along in my path towards submission to enjoy the nightly positions that Jeb chose for me. And even worse were those times when Lisa brought her friends to play with me, before I slept. I still maintained enough of that sadistic observer, who although she enjoyed the show, was also very aware of how much she'd lost as I became ever more submissive.

Hey, Jeb!

You guys are just in time. I've just finished securing our filly for the night.

The wounds of my loss were still too fresh, the humiliation too belligerent and the positions too intense to find any satisfaction from them yet. But already, I was beginning to see the potential.



Harsh, Jeb. Bully was actually a pretty good HuPony, today.

Those ass cheeks look pretty ripe for fun. Are we going to give her a branding then?

Sorry about that, Grace. I had this contraption tucked away, just collecting dust, and wanted to keep it active.

Jeb had placed the braisier before putting on my blindfold, so I'd been aware of what it implied for quite a while now. My pussy lips were literally quivering with anticipation and dread.

Humm! Tempting

She's Lisa's slave, ask her.



Ah, man! Let's do it. That would be so radical!

I don't know. Myrtle said not to do anything that could cause permanent damage. So I'm thinking that could cause legal problems once we g back to...

Since we're punishing her, I say we turn the spanker on intermittent, and let it keep her up all night.

True enough.



I still found it humiliating (and irritating) when they spoke about me like I was a piece of furniture they were thinking about reverbishing.



Can I at least fuck her before we set up the spanker and leave?



I could feel Timmy's eyes on me as he too his time standing behind me, as Lisa continued trying to humiliate me by talking and Grace was, well Grace.

Oh! Give it to me, big boy! Don't make me wait.

Sorry, you can't rattle me, Grace.

I'm not trying to rattle you, silly. Bully's mouth is a little occupied at the moment. I'm just providing the sound-track, she can't give at the moment.

I'm thinking that you and I are going to be such good friends from now on.

Our time here at the pony ranch is almost over--and I know you've been having a blast. But don't worry, we'll keep in touch when we get back home. I won't show our friends who you really are--as long as you come over on weekends, and maybe a few weekday nights.

FILL ME UP!

Honestly, I don't even think you'll really mind all that much. I think you're starting to like it, Bully. Oh, you've still got a long way to go, don't get me wrong. But there's a part of you that would miss this if we didn't keep it going. So, you'll buy the goodies, and I'll provide the guest hosts. And we'll keep your training going until this timenext year. If you don't buy tickets to come back, I'll call it even and we'll say goodbye.

FASTER!!
HARDER!!

The sad part was, that as much as I hated all this, that sadistic part of me loved it. I could already feel it rejoicing that it wouldn't end. Given a full year, I wasn't certain I'd be able to resist it's pull.

Now comes the fun part, Bully. I get to have a little revenge for you fucking my man. I think I'll set the intermittent to oscillate between often and frequent--with the slaps set between 4 and 6 instead of 2 and 4. That'll keep you up.

After what seemed like a very long time, my first fucking-over was done and it was time for my second fucking over.



I know it's a bit of a drive, and my place isn't much, but I hope you'll come visit me, once I go back home.

You've got my vote.

Of course, Sweetie!

Good! I'll see you tomorrow then.



Ummmph!

SMACK!

My feelings were mixed, as the door closed behind them. On the one hand, I was glad they were gone--but on the other, being fucked was a pleasant distraction. And anything that delayed the whipping that had just begun, was a good thing. Even my sadistic side, learing and smacking at the way the paddle made my ass burn and my hips squirm, couldn't make what I was experiencing entirely pleasant. But at least this was one of the last nights.

My sadistic side scowled at that but most of me clung to that thought. Only...

one thing was absolutely certain. It was going to be another very long night.



Ummmph!

SMACK!

