

## **Pony Girl Zesty**

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### Prologue

*My reflection produced a strangely sensual feeling. I felt my juices run and fought the strong urge to touch myself. With the excitement of viewing my own image, my feminine fragrance seemed to fill the antiseptic, well-lit room.*

*I was waiting for my examination. Every six months I was taken on a brisk trot into town and left for the day to be examined by the Doctor and his nurse. Even in my fifth year of service, and thus my tenth examination, I was not accustomed to the humiliating physical exam and the mental duress of the Doctor's comments and questions.*

*Upon arrival in the Doctor's tacking area, his nurse unhitched me from the pony cart and removed all my accouterments with the slow deliberation of an executioner. Starting with the heavy leather waist belt, which was only worn while pulling the pony cart, the nurse had next peeled the tightly fitting spandex hood from my hairless head. My thumb rings were detached from the back of my collar then removed, as was the thick collar itself. It was the only time these restraints were removed leaving my arms free. A rare moment. Likewise, my nose ring was cut off, tongue rings removed, as was my clitoral ring and the ring through my perinaeum. They would be replaced at the end of the exam, but the temporary removal made me feel even more naked. When finished, I wore nothing and had stood before the dark skinned, athletic nurse absolutely exposed. All my body hair, on both head and pubic area, had been removed years before. And the reader should be assured that a woman with shaved head and eyebrows produces an eerily alien image, as the mirror revealed.*

*The nurse had commanded that my hands remain on top of my head and as always, I stood on my toes. Last to be removed were small rings piercing the flesh on each hip. The ring on the right hip secured a small metallic disk on which was etched my pony name, "ZESTY GIRL", and the date of my last menstrual cycle. The ring on my left announced, for whomever cared to know, the date I was last fully masturbated to orgasm. In the pony world, there are no secrets.*

*The nurse saved the dated metal disks. The information thereon would be reviewed by the doctor and past experience told me I would be thoroughly cross examined and coerced into describing my latest orgasm in graphic detail. But, it was oddly soothing to be able to speak. At the stables complete silence was maintained and the tongue rings enforced the rule. Therefore hearing my own voice was a welcome change and made me feel partially human.*

*With a pinch and crisp slap to the buttocks the nurse had directed me to the examination room and left me in the standard position, standing on my toes, bending slightly at the waist with my feet well spread, head up and breasts thrust forward. My years of training instilled in me the importance of the pose. An early trainer had perched wine glasses on the top of each buttock and watched with amusement as I struggled to form the protruding well-muscled flesh into a level*

*surface. Failure to achieve the pose resulted in spillage and a firm caning. Therefore, I had quickly learned to strike the lascivious pose and even came to encourage and work for the development of my buttocks so that I could properly pass the simple but evilly demanding wine glass test.*

*My labia swung freely between my thighs and my extended nipples protruded some three inches from my firm breasts. The wall I faced was completely mirrored and it was known to most of the ponies that behind the one way mirrors were observers, a video camera or perhaps both.*

*It was only at the Doctor's office that I was able to view myself. Back in the stables there were no mirrors except for the masturbation table and a pony's time was spent either exercising or endeavoring in harness. So during every visit to the examination room I stared in amazement. My owner had transformed my body into a shape which she found curiously desirable. And my mind had been just as curiously transformed. I reflected back on the course of events which brought me to the island and my life as ZESTY GIRL . . .*

## Chapter One

I married young and to a man ten years my senior. It was practically an arranged affair. An uncle of my mother knew of a wealthy, eligible bachelor. He was introduced to the family and was quite unctuous with all my relatives. In a short period everyone was impressed and therefore I wasn't really consulted about the arrangement. The bachelor asked my parents for my hand and, with the years of poverty my family had endured, the prospect of quickly losing a mouth to feed and simultaneously gaining wealthy in-laws was impossible to let pass.

At age eighteen a quick and simple ceremony was arranged and the enviable process of leaving an impoverished childhood to enter a married life of financial security seemed wonderfully effortless, although I barely knew my mate.

After the ceremony we snuck away from the wedding reception and a private jet flew us to a Caribbean island. I thought it was a thrilling introduction to my new life. The Champagne flowed and though I had not yet engaged in intercourse with my new husband, I was eager and ready to please him as my mother had so carefully instructed me.

But when the plane landed on a verdant strip of land in the middle of a blue expanse of sea, husband explained that there was a change in plans and our stay at the island's luxurious hotel had been substituted for a week's stay on a private, more exclusive island. Thinking back, it was so easy for him to arrange my disappearance. There was no airline ticket or reservation, no hotel registration. Any one looking for me would not know where to start. Our discreet exit from the reception would lead nowhere.

But new brides aren't concerned about being found. A reclusive setting seemed so romantic. And the hour long boat trip to the secluded island left me without any awareness of where I was, other

than in a warm sunny climate.

On the boat my mate began to playfully remove some of my clothing. I responded as any new bride would, except when I spotted one of the boat crew tossing one of my suit cases over the side. Then the other splashed into the wake of the speeding boat before I could push myself free and protest.

By then, I was topless and my “husband” sat smiling as the last of my possessions, a small case filled with the personal feminine things needed for aesthetics and hygiene, was unceremoniously heaved far off the starboard side.

Despite my partial nakedness, I demanded an explanation from the boatman, a sizable black native. He smiled and I felt the hands of my “husband” behind me.

“Clothing won’t be required for your stay at Equestra.”

He tossed my blouse and brassier over the side and with the aid of the boatman I was separated from the remainder of my clothes, which soon joined my other garments in the warm blue Caribbean. I struggled to cover myself while the boat crew stared. With a look of satisfaction my “husband” merely poured himself more Champagne for the final minutes of the journey.

Equestra island approached and as shocking as these events were the sight awaiting us at the dock caused me to forget my nudity. Standing on the long wooden strip was a tall European woman with raven hair, wearing jodhpurs, arms akimbo, and grasping a riding crop. Next to her was an muscular island woman whose straight posture reminded me of someone with extensive military service.

The boat slowed as it approached the dock and both women smiled when they noticed my gaze move to the cart awaiting our arrival. It resembled a Roman chariot and from the distance I had been unable to see two naked woman hitched to the front. Both were hidden by the angle of the approach until we pulled alongside. Then I gawked. It was my first glimpse of a human pony and here were two, docilely standing side by side in their harnesses, bent over at the waist, facing the land end of the dock. From my angle, I could see the massive buttocks of the starboard pony girl. She stood on her toes which shaped the calf muscles as those of a girl wearing extreme heels. Her feet were well parted and something hung between her thighs. A broad leather strap around her waist secured her to a bar emanating from the front of the cart. Her head was covered by a tightly fitting cloth hood. A sizable bit separated her lips and leather reins, which forced her head up as she bent from the waist, were strung from the bit back to the front of the cart. Her breasts were completely exposed and her nipples were oddly erect and projecting straight out.

As we pulled alongside, I saw that a soft cloth band covered her eyes and the port side pony was accoutered in the same manner. The European woman spoke...

“Young and naked as promised. And her body will shape nicely. You’ve outdone yourself this time.”

My husband smiled with a contemptuous grin of gratification. One of the crew pushed me toward the dock and the island woman leaned over, grasped my hair and knotted it firmly in her grip. I shouted in protest but when she pulled me up I was much inclined to follow her tug and relieve the tension. The European woman threw a bag into the boat.

“It’s all there. Count quickly. I want to get back to the stables.”

“I think I’ll spend some time in town. The boys won’t mind returning after dark.”

The island woman had pushed me onto my stomach and I struggled against her but stopped when I realized my efforts were doing nothing more than causing numerous splinters from the coarse wooden planks to chafe my skin. Within seconds I was collared with my wrists cuffed behind me. She gruffly pulled up the cuffs and attached them to the back of the heavy leather collar.

“Easy, Naomi. She may have the makings of a show pony and I don’t want her legs scraped.”

Naomi tempered her actions but pulled me up by my hair and pushed my feet apart with a kick of her boots. The European woman insouciantly inspected me with a wry smile. I was embarrassed when two knowing fingers probed between my thighs and skillfully circumgyrated my intact hymen. All laughed when she retracted her hand and displayed the resulting moisture of my excitement.

“Yes, little one. I think you’ll enjoy it here. If not on display than perhaps in competition.”

The two black boatmen loaded supplies onto the cart and did not hide their interest in the naked ponies. My husband stepped off the boat and approached the docile women of burden. It was then that I noticed the metal disks hanging from piercings on their hips and my husband twisted and read the stamped wording worn by the starboard pony.

“‘Proud Prancer’ has developed nicely, Lady M. Has she been fully stretched?”

My “husband” was reaching behind Proud Prancer’s buttocks and lifted what I had spotted from the boat. In his palm there appeared to be silk ribbons. But as I looked closer and Proud Prancer stirred noticeably I realized that the soft silk was wrapped around a mass of bright pink flesh.

In his hand my “husband” held the well stretched inner labia of Proud Prancer! I was amazed to see how far below her anus the labia extended, at least four or five inches. And judging from the pony’s reaction the soft pink flesh was quite sensitive.

My husband released Proud Prancer and walked around to the other pony where he again reached

between the thighs.

“And ‘Golden Lady’ is still undeveloped.”

Evidently he was unable to display the pony’s sex.

“Every pony’s different. Naomi is very careful not to let scar tissue form.”

“But the nipples are coming along fine.”

My attention drew to the aforementioned anatomy. Both ponies had erect nipples protruding straight out. All four were unusually long and were shaped like pencils attached to the breasts. They jutted some three or four inches from the body of the mammary.

“You know my tastes,” commented Lady M.

While the two discussed pony flesh the boat men finished loading and Naomi had attached a leash to my collar.

“Silence is the first rule here. Follow and be careful not to fall. We’ll find out now how much work is ahead of us.”

Naomi removed the blindfolds from the hoods of the ponies and joined my husband and Lady M in the chariot. Lady M brought the crop out to the side and briskly snapped her wrist. The flat leather end splattered against the elongated right nipple of Proud Prancer. Another deft swing caught the right nipple of Golden Lady. I winced with the thought of the pain and the chariot lurched as the ponies leaned forward into their broad leather belts. It was a heavy load and I was fascinated to follow along on one side and watch the well muscled legs and buttocks of Proud Prancer labor under the strain of pulling the laden chariot. The silk ribbons between her thighs swung with each step, flashing the bright pink labia for the enjoyment of the Lady M and my husband. An occasional swing of the crop and tug on the reigns expertly directed the chariot down the dock and onto a road of compacted soil. Firm yet soft, the ponies were able to dig in with their toes and balls of their feet. Lady M snapped the left nipple of each pony and chariot’s speed increased. I had to jog to keep pace.

Naomi faced me with leash in hand. She seemed very observant, evaluating her new “filly” and particular attention was focussed on my bouncing breasts and the movement of my legs and ass cheeks.

After some 30 minutes the chariot entered a village. I was winded and sweaty and amazed to realize that Proud Prancer and Golden Lady had led the procession, pulling the three people and a load of supplies at a brisk pace which I found challenging.

I was also amazed to realize that neither the nakedness of the ponies nor my own lack of clothing caused any reaction with the natives of the village. They noticed the entourage but seemed more interested in politely nodding and acknowledging Lady M's commanding presence than peering at the display of flesh.

It was an interesting rustic town with several wooden structures surrounding an open square. I didn't during that first visit notice the seemingly innocuous paraphernalia in the square. Instead I listened to my husband say goodbye to Lady M and Naomi and without a word or glance at me, leave the chariot and enter what appeared to be a bistro.

So my marriage ended unconsummated, with my husband carrying off what I assumed to be a bag full of cash and me naked at the end of a leash. Little did I know it was only the beginning.

## Chapter Two

*The doctor finally entered the examination room. The long wait was deliberate, part of the process of degradation.*

*As I stared into the mirror my thoughts turned to my appearance which reflected the lascivious eccentricities of Lady M. Every facet of my existence as a pony was controlled by my owner, including diet, exercise, hygiene, bodily functions,... What I saw, heard, tasted and felt were all calculated to augment my subjugation to the regal Lady M. But what seemed to fascinate Lady M more than anything were the modifications to the pony's body. I remembered...*

that first evening Naomi led me to the stable and placed me in a strange device. It's interesting to think back now how unusual it seemed then, but how accustomed I've become to it, as one becomes accustomed to a new mattress.

The device consisted of four wooden posts resting perpendicular to the floor. The posts appeared to support a leather covered platform some two feet wide and two feet front to back. There was a hole in the leather platform about the size of a woman's neck and the edges of the hole were neatly trimmed with thick foam padding. Dangling from the rear of the platform were fur lined wrist and ankle cuffs. From the rear posts hung cloth straps appearing to be of silk.

Naomi released a clasp on the front edge of the platform and pulled apart the two front posts which, evidently on rollers, slid easily on the stable floor. This opened the hole in the platform and after releasing my leash she pushed me into it so that I stood in the middle of the four posts. The platform was precisely at the height of my neck. (I have often pondered whether my husband had communicated my measurements to Lady M in advance of my arrival. Every restraint utilized at the stable seemed to fit perfectly.) When Naomi pushed the two posts back together, the hole fit snugly but comfortably around my collared neck.

Naomi moved to the rear, released my wrists from the back of my collar and secured them into the cuffs dangling from the platform. Next the broad silk cloth strap on my right was slipped between my thighs and secured to the front right post. Naomi followed with the strap on my left. This forced apart my legs and I felt a waft of warm stable air begin to gently dry my moist genitalia.

Naomi spent several minutes adjusting the wrist cuffs and tightening the straps. Satisfied, she bent down and picked up my right ankle and pulled it back to the waiting ankle cuff. The left was next and I found myself suspended and thoroughly secured between the four posts. It was oddly comfortable, hanging completely off the floor. Most of my weight was supported by the soft silk straps and the more I relaxed and settled into the unusual bondage, the more my thighs separated to open my nether lips to the air of the stable and the observant gaze of Naomi. I was embarrassed.

“125 pounds. Midori will go to work on that.”

Evidently the odd suspension device also provided my weight, something akin to a butcher’s scale for weighing meat. Later I learned this was an important indicator of the results of extensive exercise and training. Each day my weight was meticulously recorded on a chart hanging to the side of the platform.

Naomi worked quickly and efficiently. It was evident that securing a pony girl in such a manner was second nature. I noticed that several more platforms were stationed along both walls with great precision down the length of the stable building. I presumed that Golden Lady and Proud Prancer would likewise soon be restrained.

I seemed to become wetter and a strange thought crossed my mind that maybe Lady M was correct. Maybe in some twisted manner, I would indeed enjoy my stay in this strange environment.

The events had stunned me. But what came next was shocking. Naomi retrieved a pair of shears from a nearby cabinet and began clipping away large chunks of hair. I protested and cried and was ignored. She took her time and clipped right down to the scalp. When finished, she placed small electronic plugs in my ears and slipped a tight hood over my head similar to that worn by Proud Prancer and Golden Lady. The hood had openings for my nose, mouth and eyes but Naomi covered my eyes with a strip of cloth. Tears lamented the loss of my beautiful hair and soaked the blindfold.

“Take a deep breath and swallow as best you can.”

I felt a soft rubber tube invade my lips and I clenched my teeth in defiance. Naomi pinched my well exposed labia and when I cried out the tube forced its way in and I gagged when it hit the back of my throat.

“Swallow.”

Naomi gruffly pulled back the tube and pushed again. It was soft but large. I guessed about an inch in diameter. On this second attempt she timed my gag reflex and the tube slid effortlessly to my stomach.

“You’ll get used to it. And over time as you’ll realize it’s the source of your sustenance, you’ll welcome it.”

Noami spoke with the accent of a woman from Africa. Over the ensuing days I learned indeed that she was not from the island but instead a descendant of the notable Baganda tribe of Africa. And here I will pause to explain the significance.

The Baganda were noted for stretching various parts of their anatomy. On females it was most common to stretch the inner labia since large, exposed lips were considered symbolic of a very highly sexed woman. It was assumed that such flesh was stretched through excessive masturbation and therefore a woman with such attributes was eager to engage in intercourse and therefore considered very attractive to men seeking a wife. This tradition expanded over the centuries and the tribe developed exotic lotions and methods for slowly and systematically stretching the skin of nubile daughters so they could attract the best husbands. The sophisticated knowledge acquired by the Baganda, which remains as a tribal secret, lies in stretching the flesh in such a manner that no scar tissue forms, which would tend to desensitize the stretched area. Thus, if the labia are stretched too far too fast, the female loses sensitivity and a degree of sexual desire. As the reader may already have concluded, Naomi was well trained in the use of the tribal methods and lotion and when combined with newer technology, she could reshape a pony girls anatomy in any number of ways. Lady M certainly utilized her talents.

A steady tone began to flow through the ear pierces. I could not hear or see. Movement was limited to squirming against my bonds. I felt the tube expand in my throat and liquid enter my stomach.

Someone, possibly Naomi, spent several minutes poking and prodding. Later I realized that the thickness of my skin layers was being carefully measured at sequential points on my calves, thighs, buttocks, waist and arms. As expected, particular attention was paid to my breasts..., more information to be recorded on the chart for whomever cared to learn about my anatomy and physical development.

As I recall those early days I suppose, dear reader, that it’s difficult to imagine the level of cruelty required of a mistress to restrain naked pony girls in such a sling as described.

But within days I was able to sleep comfortably. And over a period of months realized that Lady M and the staff required constant access to various parts of my anatomy if I was to properly



develop as a pony. And the sling readily provided such access since every part of my body was completely exposed (except my neck, which was entrapped within the hole in the platform) not only for the viewing pleasure of Lady M but also so that the staff could fulfill their various duties.

I don't believe a day went by when I didn't feel someone smoothing their fingers over my skin, measuring my body parts, shaving me, assisting my bodily functions, toying with my genitalia or as described, when Naomi didn't work her talents.

Naturally, I lost complete track of time. I believe the first day ended.

### Chapter Three

*"Good morning, Zesty Girl. How have you been?"*

*The doctor was always exhibited professional demeanor. But I knew by the end of the day he would be ramming his manhood into one or more of my apertures. And I would be obsequiously thanking him for his ministrations.*

*He wheeled up a stool and sat to my side. It was standard procedure not to block my view of the mirror. Because of these efforts to leave the pony's view of the mirrors unimpeded, it was believed that the mirrors were in fact one-way glass. I had no doubt that the doctor would record the humiliating examinations, perhaps for his own perverse pleasure or for that of others. The thought caused me to become even more moist. I wondered if my feminine odor was as noticeable to the doctor as it was to me.*

*As always he began with my nipples and breasts, coaxing the elongated nipples to even further erection. He found their length and firmness to be quite amusing and sometimes played for several minutes before carefully measuring their length. That is to say the distance from the tip of the erect nipple to the conventional body of the mammary.*

*Naomi had worked diligently over the years and the three inch protruding nipples mandated by Lady M had been achieved in some eighteen months. I remembered that second day in the stable...*

*"Are you with us?"*

It was the voice of Lady M coming to me through the ear pieces. Somehow I had fallen asleep, or passed out, hanging in the silk straps.

"Today will be difficult for you because you are not accustomed to our procedures, the details of which you'll learn over time. But suffice it to say you've been bought and paid for and belong to me. You're held in extreme bondage on a island with no rules or laws other than those that I

choose to make. My tastes and hobbies are rather eccentric, as I assume you've already noticed. I enjoy breaking and training young women and teaching them to serve. The most prevalent form of service manifests in pony training. I enjoy a certain look in my pony girls and spend much time and effort to achieve that look. Naomi's talent is just one facet."

She paused and I felt fingers probing my labia.

"Have you urinated today? Squeeze my fingers if you haven't"

I squeezed. Lady M called out to someone named "Midori" and within seconds soft strong fingers were pulling apart my nether lips.

"Midori has extensive medical training and will help with your development. You're best to obey her. She will control all your bodily functions and your health in general."

Midori was holding me open expecting me to urinate. It was not only embarrassing, but very difficult hanging in the cloth sling. But something poked and pushed my lower abdomen, possibly Midori's thumbs, and the pressure on my bladder increased. I did have to go, but not in front of Lady M and this other woman. No. Not here! Not like this!

"Very good. You resist, yet perform zestfully. Yes. You have zest. That's what you have. And what a good flow. Good pony!"

With Lady M's comment, I felt myself pass the warm liquid. Midori's hands had deftly accomplished the objective, causing my bladder to empty despite my concern and shyness.

"Midori will measure your flow every day and test for diseases and things like vitamin deficiencies and chemical balance. We're going to know a lot about you and with that information develop you into a strong, healthy submissive, eager and able to please. She'll also monitor your stool and adjust the mixture in your feeding tube. Midori will also make sure you're groomed and presentable when I want you. You'll find our methods harsh but effective. For the next few days you'll be poked, pierced, and prodded but most of the time you'll be in extreme sensory deprivation. I want you to think about how you'll serve me and prepare yourself mentally. Our experience indicates that the days of darkness and silence will enhance your propensity to serve and in particular to undergo training.

"Midori, shave her completely now so the deprivation can begin. You can pierce her at your leisure. Give her the name 'Zesty Girl'."

The monotone returned to the ear plugs and I assumed Lady M departed.

Midori inserted something into my rectum and I felt the warm wet smoothness of shaving lotion being slathered around my pubic area. The frightening feel of a straight edge razor worked my

pink flesh and I remained as motionless as possible, not a difficult endeavor in the sling. Just as a warm towel was applied to my bald pubes, I felt my bowels begin to move and, for the first of what would become a daily ritual, I relieved myself under Midori's supervision while silently, shamefully hanging naked.

I received a brief respite from darkness when Midori removed my hood. As expected she was a pretty Asian girl about 25 years old and short in stature. It was her intention to continue to shave me and pushed up a stool on which to stand. As my eyes became accustomed to the light I looked to my right and was amazed to see the long line of pony girls, Golden Lady and Proud Prancer among them, each hanging in the strange device as I was, blindfolded with heads covered.

As I briefly scanned the room I also noticed a low table set in the middle of the stable. It was positioned so that all the pony girls could see it. And I later learned under the covering blanket was a mirrored, solid table top. It was Lady M's masturbation table, where at the whim of the Mistress of the stable a well behaved pony would end a day of heavy exercise or dressage by receiving an extended orgasm.

My feeding tube remained in place and the hood was pushed up and dangled from it. It was made of comfortable stretchable cloth. The tube was white, probably made of Teflon, and emanated from a canister hung from above. I could not raise my eyes far enough to see above me, but would later learn that the high ceilinged stable had a walkway at the second floor level. From there, Midori, or whomever was responsible for feeding, monitored the feeding canisters and adjusted the flow rate to the ponies stomachs. The ingredients could only be described as high protein, high fiber slop which assisted me in moving my bowels daily, under Midori's watchful eye. Hormones were added as deemed necessary, particularly if Lady M wished to induce lactation in one of her ponies or increase the sexual appetite in another.

But overall the feeding process enhanced the regimen of sensory deprivation. The ponies could not even taste food, much less see or hear anything. And the flow of the nourishment was slow and steady, leaving a pony's stomach neither completely full nor completely empty. Thus, a pony girl was always ready to be hitched to a cart and run extensively with a moments notice.

Midori carefully shaved my head and also applied the blade to my eyebrows. During this procedure I watched Naomi out of the corner of my eye work her talents on a wonderfully shaped pony. One with normal sized legs and breasts and with clear alabaster skin.

Naomi was gently stretching the right nipple and massaging a light cream into the pink areola. The left nipple was covered with a rubber cone. As she completed massaging the right nipple a small suction device was placed over the nipple. Naomi squeezed a small pump and the right nipple was sucked into the rubber cone to match the left. The pony stirred seemingly in pleasure in her silk sling. Naomi smiled knowingly and bent down to apply her attention to the pony's labia which hung down about two inches and were also encased in rubber cones but tied together by a silk ribbon.

A small steel ring, about one inch in diameter, peeked out above the shaven pubic area. Later I found that a pony received such a clitoral ring after one year of service. The size was increased by half an inch each year thereby making it possible for a trainer or knowledgeable observer to ascertain the experience level of a pony by the size of the ring. Proud Prancer's was large, for example, and her well stretched labia no longer were encased in rubber cones. Therefore she was evidently a well experienced pony, probably with four or five years at the stable.

Naomi untied the ribbon and the two rubber cones swung freely. She began to peel off the left cone exposing the soft pink skin of the pony girl's inner labia. At that point Midori finished her ablutions and pulled my hood down the feeding tube and over my head. The show was over and I once again entered a pony girl's silent world of darkness. Lady M's comments concerning my servitude occupied my mind.

Sometime later, I felt Naomi's nimble fingers begin to work her magic on my left nipple. A tangy lotion was applied and she kneaded and rolled the nipple, gently pulling it outward. More lotion, more kneading and then I felt the device suck the sensitive skin into a chamber. There was a sudden pinch as a tight rubber cone enclosed over it. My nipple felt as if it was tightly encased in rubber bands. The device retracted and Naomi tapped and pulled at the cone to ensure it fit tightly. My right nipple was next. When finished, my nipples felt as though someone or something was constantly pulling them. I was simultaneously depressed yet excited to realize that over time my nipples would protrude just as much as those of Proud Prancer and Golden Lady.

I was lost in such thoughts as Naomi worked my labia. Actions my mother discouraged when I was a little girl Naomi vigorously performed. I became excited and squirmed in my bondage. Naomi understood my stage of arousal and slipped some of the spicy lotion onto my clitoris. I jumped with the stinging sensation and learned that I would either keep control, or would be controlled.

Naomi somehow managed to stretch the labia to a point where a rubber cone could be snapped on the left side. The right labia soon followed. Again there was a constant pulling sensation.

The rubber cone attachments produced an incredible feeling of being controlled. Psychologically, it felt as though Lady M had the most sensitive parts of my anatomy on the end of a leash, and was constantly pulling on it.

## Chapter Four

*The nurse entered the room as the doctor concluded the extensive breast examination.*

*"Remember, we need urine and stool samples, doctor."*

*"Yes, of course, Nurse Hopkins."*

*I knew by experience to turn around and display my backside to the mirror. As written, whoever or whatever was on the other side of the one-way glass was not to be denied the most prurient view of every part of my anatomy.*

*“Bend way over now, and keep the feet well spread.”*

*I didn't need to be told. I knew what was coming. The doctor's gloved fingers separated my stretched labia and Nurse Hopkins held a beaker under the proximate area of my urethral opening. My head was low enough that I could look up and see the smiling doctor gazing at my most intimate parts. Both thumbs and forefingers gently pinched my lips and, due to Naomi's handiwork, the doctor was able to widely separate my labia and expose everything I possessed. The camera, if I was indeed being filmed, couldn't miss anything. Nurse Hopkins seemed to take interest also and stared with curiosity as I mentally gathered myself and produced a flow. I became aroused under the close scrutiny and wondered if the nurse and doctor could smell my excitement. They were certainly able to view it.*

*The years under control in the stable made it easier for me. But urinating at someone else's behest and command is most disconcerting. And I shuddered knowing the stool sample would next be required. I tried to relax, recalling more of the first days at Equestra...*

I believe it was the third day that I was pierced for the first time. Again, with no sight or sound other than the monotone in the ear pieces, my only way of judging time was through Midori who coaxed me to move my bowels, and later gave me a sponge bath. I assumed it was a daily ritual.

It was mentally difficult for me to relieve myself while suspended in such a position. Years of using a standard toilet and I suppose early childhood training taught me withhold my business. And privacy was of concern. I had no way of judging who or how many people were watching during these formerly private moments. But Midori was patient and I soon learned that it was the only way to expel my excretions. If I didn't learn to go in the sling, then I would not be able to go at all. But I suspect that mixed into the slop flowing through the tube was some form of laxative. For within days the contents of my bowels flowed upon Midori's signal, and most obediently not before and not after.

The sponge bath was the minimal hygiene in the stable. If a pony girl was not scheduled to be exercised or run in a cart, Midori applied a warm wet sponge to just about every accessible area after bodily functions were completed. If so scheduled, a pony girl was released from the sling, exercised and showered later before being returned to the sling.

But it seemed to be the third day when the skin on my right hip was pinched, a sharp prick followed and then I felt the sting of antiseptic. The left hip was next. And then amazingly a ring was then inserted through my septum, somehow avoiding the feeding tube. The pain for the septum ring was intense and I tried to scream but the sound turned to feeble guttural vibrations in

my throat, hopelessly cut off by the tube.

Then something encircled my right thumb and was firmly tightened. As was the left. Later I was to find adjustable metal bands had been attached above the first knuckle. The bands had rings attached which made it possible to instantly secure my thumbs in any position, in any place, and at any time. I learned that the soft fur wrists were used in the stable sling, but when harnessed anywhere else my hands were secured by merely attaching my thumb rings to the back of my collar or to the waist belt when pulling a cart or chariot .

But the most painful and degrading jewelry was worn in my tongue. For this piercing the feeding tube was removed and a sizable set of pliers was used to stretch out the tip of my tongue as far as possible. Two piercings were performed, one on each side of my tongue, leaving the tip void of all metal. Later I would learn this was the typical tongue piercing for ponies owned by women. Ponies owned by men had a single tongue piercing in the middle. The difference provided better oral pleasure for all. For the ponies of women owners the tongue tip remained soft and tactile, which when applied to the most sensitive parts of the female anatomy produced most pleasurable sensations. The men owners, utilizing a single ring, received the attention of a delightfully firm nub placed on the center of the tip where the tongue of a young fellatrix touched the sensitive underside of the frenulum.

There were other differences I would learn over time. For example, most male owners insisted that their ponies be available for anal pleasure. I learned to distinguish many male owned ponies by the presence of two thick rings embedded deeply into the epidermis within the crack of the buttocks. These rings facilitated anal penetration, since in the firm grip of a determined master it was impossible for a pony to clench her ass cheeks in defiance.

Midori took great care of my piercings over the ensuing days, applying antiseptic on a regular basis and twisting the metal rings to ensure that a proper opening was developed.

Meanwhile, I learned to better comply with Midori's supervision. When she patted my right buttock I knew she expected me to relieve myself. Over time, I knew that when the soft ribbons tying together my encased labia were removed, I should be ready to perform for her. As a shy girl it was difficult, but I had no choice other than to wait in darkness and silence as my bladder filled. Lady M, through Midori, controlled all my bodily functions. When I felt Midori's hand I was ready and willing to obey and came to be grateful for her attention. The feeding tube seemed to constantly siphon liquids and nutritious slop into my stomach and my system processed it accordingly and kept my bladder well filled.

Later in my training, Midori would play games. In the midst of my flow she would tap my buttocks and then push my labia together cutting off the flow. This put my system into an uproar the first few times. But like everything else at Lady M's stable I was trained to comply and patiently waited while she pinched off the flow. My bladder ached and I would squirm but I tried my best not to force the urine past her fingers. It was discipline in its most basic form. I urinated if, when and how Midori allowed it. When such a simple and natural human function was placed

under the control of another person, the message was clear. I no longer controlled any part of my existence.

In sensory deprivation I did not know whether I was awake, sleeping or hallucinating. Sometimes I heard a voice through the ear plugs. Was I being brainwashed? I thought about Lady M and how the ponies looked and reacted to the crisp strokes of her crop, how beautiful the alabaster pony looked (I later learned her name was “Snowflake”) and wondered whether I would ever return to a normal life. I knew Lady M couldn’t keep me suspended forever. But what would I look like when Naomi and Midori finished their endeavors? Snowflake seemed very proud of her appearance...

Such rambling thoughts came and went until I felt something being attached to my feet and a voice came over the ear plugs.

“Keep your eyes closed, Zesty, until you become accustomed to the light.”

## Chapter Five

*“My goodness, Zesty. The piercing of your clitoris seems to have greatly enlarged it. Look at that Nurse Hopkins. Do you remember it being so engorged? We’ll have to look at the photo file for comparison.”*

*Yes. On each examination I was photographed from head to toe with extreme closeups of the most intimate parts of my anatomy. It was probably true that the piercing caused my little bud to become larger, but did the doctor have to be so explicit in discussing it?*

*But of course, I thought. It was the main purpose of the examination to humiliate and further degrade the pony’s psyche. In earlier exams with the doctor I would be in tears. Now, I kept my composure and when the doctor began to play with my little bud, making it enlarge and stiffen even more for his own perverse pleasure (and presumably for the hidden video), I diverted my thoughts by recalling the day I started my pony training...*

Someone was speaking at me through the ear plugs. A female voice with a German accent commanded.

“When we release your ankles be careful to stand on your toes. You’re wearing foot forms. If you try to put weight on your feet you’ll hurt yourself.”

The cloth covering my eyes had been removed for several minutes and I slowly and somewhat painfully opened my eyes to see a large, woman with short blond hair standing very close. She was wearing a black halter top which left her massive arms exposed. Her stomach was bare and well developed abdominal muscles produced ripples on the exposed, well tanned skin. She wore black cloth slacks and although I could not see clearly, it appeared there was no seam at the

crotch. When she moved, that skin which a woman normally demurs from exhibiting flashed into view. She was holding together in her left hand a long thin pole, and a lengthy rattan cane. I shuddered. At the end of the pole was an elastic cord, about a foot long with clasps on the end.

Midori arrived, slowly withdrew the feeding tube and rolled up my hood far enough to remove the earplugs. I was free after several days of complete silence and darkness and tears of gratitude began to flow.

“Yes, I understand, my little pony. But I want you to show your gratitude with complete obedience. I am Greta, your trainer and this morning we’re going to learn to walk and do some sacking. Since this is your first time be careful of your rings. If they tear it can be very painful and messy.”

Midori rolled my hood down and released my ankles. My feet slowly descended to the floor. Of course I forgot about Greta’s warning and when my heels neared the stable floor sharp pain shot through my feet.

“No, little one. On your toes.” (At 5' 9" I had not been referred to as “little” since my childhood. But Greta was close to six foot tall.)

I didn’t need reminding at that point. I lifted myself on my toes accordingly and the pain diminished.

Midori was fidgeting behind me and my wrists were freed. Meanwhile Greta came very close and squeezed my jaw with her right hand.

“Tongue.”

I thrust it out and the two tongue rings were quickly hooked to my nose ring. This held my tongue well extended and made speech impossible.

“You’ll get used to it. And the pain in your tongue will ease over time as Naomi works her magic.”

Greta hooked the clasps at the end of the elastic cord to the combined nose and tongue rings. Midori removed the ribbon from the rubber cones encasing my labia and released the front of the suspension platform. For the first time in days I was free! Except of course that I was attached to Greta’s pole.

“Step forward Little One. On your toes. Yes. Good girl. Feet spread. Spread....Further. Head up.”

Greta gripped the end of the pole and used it to pull my head up. With the rings penetrating the sensitive nose and tongue, my head dutifully followed the end of the pole as it rose and Greta



pulled up until the elastic cord was taut. My head was forced back and I stared at the ceiling and the elastic cord above. The pole and cord served to hold up my head in a proud pony posture.

“Very nice, Little One. Yes, you’re going to be Greta’s proud pony today, aren’t you. Yes.”

Midori grasped my hands before I could move them and hooked the thumbs rings to the back of my collar, thus forcing my arms to remain bent at the elbows and drawn well up my back.

“Arch your back for me. Come on. Be good.”

Greta stood to my side and with the verbal encouragement came a physical reminder of who was in control. With a simple flick of her hand the rattan cane met my left ass cheek and produced an amazingly painful stroke. Its length made the cane a very efficient instrument of persuasion since the velocity of the business end was quite impressive, although Greta had barely moved her hand.

I gasped and tried to cry out but my entrapped tongue turned my protest into gibberish.

“Yes, my girl, you’ve met the cane. Very effective, don’t you think....Walk with me. Head up. On your toes. Keep those feet spread. We like to see our ponies’ privates here. Yes we do. And you’re going to show us aren’t you. Yes.”

Greta was slowly walking me down the middle of the stable past the other suspended pony girls. My peripheral vision told me some were blindfolded, others were not. Naomi was working her magic on one. Another was receiving a sponge bath from an unknown worker.

I took careful steps. Greta seemed to be in no hurry and after the painful stroke I was determined to obey, keeping on my toes with feet spread. I could only imagine the salacious view from the rear. My pink parts must have been completely exposed and I strangely wondered if the fruit of Naomi’s labor, the rubber cones covering my newly stretched labia, could be seen. I felt them brush the outer labia with each step and it was strangely sensual.

“This is called sacking, Little One. Where ponies learn to accept control and be obedient. Concentration is key. Remember you’re here for the amusement of others. There are always people from the village when Lady M is introducing a new pony. It helps with the process.”

We left the stable building and entered an adjacent corralled area. It was a bright sunny day and as my eyes desensitized I noticed a number of island people picnicking on a nearby grassy knoll. I resisted Greta’s tethering pole. I was shy about my nakedness. The crowd was comprised of men, women and children and I wanted to hide myself. But Greta was firm and put me through some simple exercises, the black island people..., men, women, young girls and boys..., all watched with great interest and smiling faces. Their view was completely unimpeded. The positioning of the corral and picnic area was intentional.

A pony girl never forgets that first public display. Shyness yet an excited pride, knowing that a crowd of strangers finds you attractive and interesting to watch. I remember cursing my conflicting thoughts and feelings. I was humiliated, scared, yet sexually aroused. I asked myself how I could possibly enjoy the exposure?

The long tethering pole allowed Greta to stand in the middle of the corral and direct me in circles with minimal movement on her part. Small objects were placed in various areas and as I approached them Greta would direct me with the tether to either jump over or veer right or left. Occasionally I did the opposite and this not only painfully increased the tension on the elastic tethering cord, but also earned a crisp stroke of the cane. The islanders laughed and cheered. For them it was an deviant but enjoyable Sunday brunch. I would find that Lady M put on a similar show every Sunday and every pony at some point in time was displayed except for Snowflake. Lady M deemed her skin to be too delicate for extensive exposure to the sun.

Yes, Snowflake only competed in shows. Lady M was convinced that the one element that the judges found attractive more than anything was the juxtaposition of her shining white skin after it was thoroughly oiled versus the very bright red nipples and labia after preparatory chastisement with Lady M's broad, flexible rubber slapper.

Snowflake was not to be exposed to the tropical sun and over the months I envied her when my various sensitive body parts became burned under the direct rays.

Greta had me trotting around and around. She was punctilious concerning pony deportment. Head up. Feet spread. Bent slightly at the waist to thrust out the buttocks. It was tiring. Although I was in reasonably good shape the unusual posture required by Greta forced me to utilize many underdeveloped muscles. But my protruding labia, encased in the rubber cones, bounced with each step and although much more limited in scope than the other ponies, the feeling aroused me, particularly with the cognizance that some two dozen people were watching the pink lips jounce around and around the corral.

"Very nice, Little One. Let's step over here and get you some rest."

'Over here' was the far section of the corral area, nearest the spectators. Positioned there were two smooth metal pipes about four inches in diameter and ten feet long. They formed a 'V' with the apex mounted on a post about two feet off the ground and the far ends mounted on posts which positioned the separate ends about four feet off the ground and four feet apart.

"Straddle the pipes, Little One, and we'll give the town's people a treat."

What choice did I have? Greta directed me to face the apex. The tether pushed me further and further back along the pipes. As I moved, my feet and thighs were forced even further apart and I had to rise on my toes higher and higher.

“That’s a good girl. Now you can relieve yourself like a good pony girl. Just lean forward and let Greta hold your head and I’m sure you’ll want to empty your bladder. Yes, right here. That’s what the pipes are for. It’s a pony girl’s outdoor toilet. Keeps the thighs well spread.”

Greta released the tether and as I leaned forward as instructed my toes left the ground and my head fell into her waiting hands. I felt the air brush my genitalia and the crowd of town people all shifted for better viewing. She pushed my head down so that I could look up at my sex above and also have an upside down view of the crowd. I heard one loud comment about my virginity. I was that well spread, that close and that exposed.

Well reader, my bladder was indeed full. Midori had not made me to go before releasing me from the sling and therefore I was carrying a night’s supply of water and nourishment. But this was difficult. Men and children were watching, and although I tried to tell myself that I was just another pony to them, I could not begin the flow.

Greta lifted the cane. A brutal splat hit my right cheek. The crowd cheered. She waited and another landed on the identical spot on the left cheek. She timed the pause perfectly, letting the pain signal reach my brain and rattle what little resolve I had. Then another stroke and the crowd began to chant aloud the count of the strokes.

I realized that I either found a flow or my bottom would split from the stinging heat. I pushed and as I peered back between my legs a small stream began.

“Good girl! Give me all of it. Don’t stop. The villagers are enjoying the show, Little One. Don’t disappoint them.”

With that she swung the cane from her shoulder and the resulting pain caused me to lose control, for not only did the stream of urine turn to a torrent but my bowels released, resulting in a loud cheer and much laughter, particularly among the teenaged boys of the village.

## Chapter Six

*“We need that stool sample, Zesty. Would you prefer a suppository?”*

*Despite all my training, I cringed at the thought of a male controlling my bowels. But I knew it was inevitable and strained under the watchful gaze of nurse and doctor to provide the requested sample. Nurse Hopkins patiently held an antiseptic stainless steel pan. The doctor moved his hands around to my front and pulled my labia forward from there keeping the way clear so the awaited specimen would be expelled cleanly to the pan. One of the reasons the examination occupied the entire day was due to this type of procedure. The doctor and nurse extracted what they wanted no matter how long it took. No other patients are expected at the doctor’s office and the two medical professionals were so enjoying themselves that neither was willing to rush and relieve me of even the slightest degree of discomfort. As I felt some movement in my intestines,*

*my thoughts returned to that first day of training...*

After that most embarrassing incident, Greta slipped her finger under the connected nose ring and tongue rings. She gently pulled me forward and I slid down the pipes toward the apex to a place where my toes comfortably touched the ground.

“Oh, Little One. You certainly got their attention.”

Greta smiled for the first time.

At the very edge of the corral was a platform with a crossbar high above. As she led me toward it I noticed the same type of elastic cord dangling from the cross bar and I became concerned as to its function.

“Step up, Little One. You’ll want to introduce yourself to the town’s people. We’re all very close on this little island.”

Greta unhooked my tongue rings and for a brief minute my tired tongue retracted into my mouth. But it was short respite, for Greta retrieved the wet pink tongue and hooked the rings to the overhead elastic cord. As she tightened it, I pushed myself higher to relieve the tension.

And that’s how I remained while the various people gazed at my nakedness and finished their brunch. In time, many approached and felt and squeezed various parts of my anatomy. They read my name from the disk and petted my backside, careful to avoid the remnants of my experiences on the pipes. One woman commented that, since there were no etched dates indicating my cycle and last masturbation, I must be very new. My treatment by the native black islanders was moderate compared to the trainers of the stable. But overall they treated me more as a pet than as a human. The teenaged boys were particularly pesky, and two lads insisted on inserting their fingers into my vagina and sniffing the results. This made me very cognizant of my feminine odor and I realized that Midori had never douched me. Over time I learned that was one Lady M’s rules. Pony girls remained ‘au natural’ when it came to that form of hygiene. And the stable air reflected that policy on certain warm evenings. Those nights when, at Lady M’s whim, one chosen pony would be subjected to a lengthy session on the masturbation table and Lady M’s entire pony herd would become incredibly aroused watching that most sensitive aperture of one their pony sisters be ever so slowly manipulated by the devilishly talented Midori.

Well, Greta referred to the procedure as sacking. And I must admit it was effective. Whereas it’s impossible to become accustomed to appearing entirely naked before a crowd of people, it is possible to learn discipline and to follow the commands of a trainer or owner when in a crowd or suffering other distractions. And I also learned the pony girl’s place within the hierarchy of the island’s population. We were pets. To be observed, used, exercised, worked and displayed for everybody’s amusement.

After a time of exposure to the sun, the natives, and intense humiliation, Lady M came speeding up the road in a single pony cart. She looked radiant and commanding in her jodhpurs with Golden Lady hitched to the front, legs pumping vigorously. Lady M cropped the nipples with firm smart strokes. Golden Lady's eyes bulged but incredibly her pace quickened. She was dripping with sweat and drooling extensively, unable to completely close her mouth around the bit. Her cloth hood was soaked and Lady M looked pleased as she peered at her watch. She maintained the amazing pace right the to port-cochere of the house and then abruptly pulled back on the reins, bringing Golden Lady to an sudden halt.

"Record time from the village. 23 minutes."

Lady M made the announcement for all to hear than reached out and pinched the perspiring well muscled right ass cheek of Golden Lady and directed the cart back toward me. The port-cochere was evidently the finish line of some imaginary race.

"Let's go visit Zesty Girl, Lady, and I'll get you some water."

Golden Lady drew the cart into the corral and Lady M dismounted. She pulled from the cart a plastic water bottle and inserted the attached straw into Golden Lady's mouth. With her free hand she gently stroked the breasts and nipples she had only moments before vigorously cropped. Looking down as best I could I was amazed at the deep red color of the nipples. Lady M must have been cropping them all the way from the village. It was amazing how firmly and proudly they protruded and how complacent Golden Lady appeared after being subjected to the intense pain.

Lady M reached between the thighs and cupped and kneaded the partially stretched vaginal lips. Golden Lady spread her legs further, welcoming the gentle touch. Lady M smiled.

"I'm going to have you masturbated. Not tonight. But next week. I'll have Midori increase your hormones and feather you every night this week. Then you'll be quite ready and it will be onto the table for you. That sound nice? Hmm?"

Lady M didn't really expect a verbal reply from the well gagged pony girl. But her actions spoke loudly as the pony gyrated her hips against Lady M's open hand in an attempt to frottage herself.

She left Golden Lady to inspect me. The villagers casually nodded and retreated in respectful silence.

"Zesty Girl! You need a hosing down ."

Evidently she could see or smell what I felt between my ass cheeks, evidence of my humiliation on the pony toilet.

By now tears were slowly flowing, a reaction to the combination of slow pain from my stretched tongue and aching calve muscles and being debased before the villagers. The teenaged boys were particularly overbearing in discussing my anatomy, pinching various sensitive areas, and worst of all just laughing. I was obviously not the first naked pony displayed before them, for they were deliberate and calculated in making remarks that diminished any remaining self esteem and made me quite cognizant of my nudity and humiliation.

I was most grateful when Lady M stepped onto the platform and released my tongue rings. She also squirted water into my mouth and I almost spoke words of thanks before I caught myself. She seemed to note the violation, for my tongue was immediately reconnected to my nose ring, thwarting any attempt at recognizable speech.

“Every pony spends time on the display platform, Zesty. Even Snowflake was here in her first week. No pony develops hubris on Equestra, no matter how many races are won, or show prizes earned.”

While she spoke she slipped her finger under the nose/tongue connection and led me from the platform to the cart. There she drew a tether from the cart and hooked it to the nose ring.

“Let’s get you back to the stables, you’ve had a long day.”

Lady M sat in the cart and flicked the well chastised right nipple of Golden Lady. We slowly weaved our way through the corral. Lady M amused herself by guiding Golden Lady around the various obstacles put in place for my training. Golden Lady followed the reigns effortlessly and her proficiency made me feel by comparison like a child who unsuccessfully was trying to learn to ride a bicycle.

In the stable awaited Midori. Lady M dismounted and smoothed her hands over Golden Lady’s exposed flesh while Midori removed the heavy waist belt. Lady M slipped open the zipper on her jodhpurs and I noted interestingly that it zipped all the way under her crouch to the rear waist.

“I know what Golden Lady wants!”, Lady M cooed into the pony girl’s ear.

She slipped out the bit and held Golden Lady’s head at waist level. A massive pink tongue darted out between Golden Lady’s lips and Lady M stepped forward to receive it. Golden Lady’s hooded face disappeared within the folds of the open jodhpurs.

“Yes, you like to thank your mistress don’t you, Golden Lady. Oh that feels so good. What a good pony! Oh yes very good. Be sure to apply some tongue to my back passage. You know it’s my favorite spot.”

Golden Lady continued to service Lady M’s genitalia as Midori led me away to the shower room. I could not help thinking about the length of Golden’s Lady’s tongue if indeed she was able to

provide oral pleasure to Lady M's rear aperture.

## Chapter Seven

*"Yes. That's a good girl! We have a good specimen. Nurse Hopkins why don't you give Zesty a good cleansing and then we'll do a thorough examination of her colon and make sure the sphincter is functioning properly."*

*I knew what to expect and dutifully followed the nurse to the special enema room. There I was relentlessly filled with warm soapy water. Nurse Hopkins relished watching my mid section fill then taking me on a walk around the doctor's office with distended belly (walking on my toes of course). Leakage was discouraged and I knew from experience that the process would be repeated with a more voluminous and soapy dose if any liquid escaped and soiled the carpeted hallways. My clenched buttocks seemed to provide perverse amusement for the diabolical nurse, for she slowly walked behind me and mockingly made remarks about the size and strength of my backside. After a lengthy tour I begged for relief and was finally allowed to sloppily expel the contents directly onto the well drained, neatly tiled floor of the special room.*

*Mirrors were present there also. And I'm sure the doctor had a sizable film archive of pony girls in a most defiling pose and exhibiting the basest of bodily functions.*

*All this was followed by an intensely cold fresh-water enema and my reaction to the resulting cramping always entertained Nurse Hopkins.*

*After the cleansing, Nurse Hopkins lubricated my anus with gloved fingers. Then she produced the smooth metal egg shaped objects which so fascinated the doctor. Each one was some 2 inches in diameter and Nurse Hopkins took it as a challenge to see how many of the elongated spheres she could successfully insert and slide far up my colon. Three of the heavy objects were the minimum but she prided herself in having me take the fourth, despite the considerable time required and my protestations. My poor rectum was stretched to the limit and each one hurt immensely as she held it against my rear portal and commanded me to accept it. For this part of the exam I was placed in the standard subservient pony stance. That is standing on toes, hands on head, bent at the waist, feet well spread.*

*Nurse Hopkins firmly grasped my protruding labia in her left hand to hold me steady and pushed the eggs in with her right. While she patiently waited for my wrinkled pink rectum to expand and swallow each egg, she would graphically describe the actions of my rear passage, adding to the embarrassment of being forced to accept the doctor's implements. The last was the most difficult and as I struggled to once again open myself, I recalled my early training days...*

After returning to the stable, Midori led me to the shower room. I should inform the reader that Lady M had a rule, as did every pony owner of the island. Except on Sundays, when we were put out to "graze", ponies move only under the direction of an owner, trainer, or other person of authority. Therefore, after being released from Lady M's tether, I was instructed to remain

motionless until Midori hooked a short leash to my nose ring and pulled me to the shower. “Feet spread, head up, on your toes.”

Her reminders were more gentle than Greta’s and the foot forms made it impossibly painful to walk otherwise, but the regimen of training was constant and consistent. There was no respite except at the doctor’s office, where the rules were suspended.

The shower room was simple. Midori released the tether, removed my hood and hooked my nose ring to a large over head shower fixture. There I waited until Midori returned with Golden Lady. Her nose ring was secured to the same fixture and there we stood on our toes, our faces forced upward with chins touching. Our naked torsos, breasts and thighs rubbed against each other.

Midori left the room and Golden Lady immediately thrust forward her hips and gyrated her smoothly shaven pubes against my thigh. I could smell her excitement and her excoriated nipples produced an amazing degree of warmth. The position of our thumbs, tightly secured to the back of our collars, caused our breasts to thrust forward. Therefore, when standing face to face our nipples were forced together.

She thrust forward her large tongue that only minutes before had so deftly serviced Lady M, but it was connected to her nose ring as was mine and thus her efforts to lick and suck me failed.

Meanwhile something opened inside me and I wondered if my excited wetness was running to my thighs. It was my first encounter with pony affection and Golden Lady’s naked warm skin felt good but it was so frustrating being restrained and unable to intensify the pleasure. The warm pony was obviously experienced at expressing such affection (lust?) when so thoroughly restrained for she managed to straddle my right thigh and with knees bending and then straightening, wildly friction her mons veneris against me. It reminded me of the actions of a dog in heat, for within minutes Golden Lady’s breathing became quite animated.

Apparently Midori was watching from just outside the shower room and returned laughing at our antics.

“If Lady M saw you two you’d both be riding the horse for an hour.”

Golden Lady continued and only stopped when cold water doused us as Midori turned on the overhead shower. Water poured down from the huge over head fixture. It was like standing under a waterfall and was wonderfully refreshing. But its coldness soon robbed us of our pent up heat from exercise and we soon shivered and pressed against each for warmth rather than affection. Midori laughed again

“It’s so cute watching you two. Like two puppies snuggling.”

Midori turned down the water and soaped us. Our naked bodies touched during the entire



process, Midori let us rub more as we became more slippery. We touched breast to breast and I strangely wished that my nipples would become as long as Golden Lady's. Her's seem marvelously sensitive and whereas it felt good to feel something as soft and warm as Golden Lady's skin, I wanted to feel the same pleasure.

Over the years I was to learn that being showered in pairs was common. It saved the trainers time and they were always amused by the frustrated attempts of what they called "pony love". For at no time were our activities permitted to approach climax. The frottaging was, as Midori indicated, more for the entertainment of the stable staff than for the gratification of the ponies.

Finally Midori ordered us to stand still and produced a straight razor to emphasize the necessity of compliance with her command. With me first, she deftly glided the sharp steel over my head and eyebrows. It felt odd but over the ensuing years was something to which I would become accustomed. Lady M would not permit hair anywhere and the brief moments in the shower sans hood were used effectively. Hair in the pubic region and other areas could be removed at anytime as a pony hung naked in the sling. But the hood was removed and changed only at shower time and only then was the cranium available for hair removal.

We were summarily rinsed and left wet to drip dry. A fresh hood was slid on and I was led naked and wet back to my sling. I believe I felt more frustrated than had I not experienced any of Golden Lady's wonderful warm flesh.

## Chapter Eight

*With the annoying eggs completely filling my anal cavity, Nurse Hopkins directed me back to the examination room.*

*"Back side toward the mirror please. The doctor will join you shortly. Please resume your pose."*

*Well there I stood. I could feel the fourth egg "peeking" through my anus and when I bent well over and gazed between my legs I could see it's reflection in the mirror shining back at me under the bright lights of the examination room.*

*I felt stuffed. The eggs were not only large but heavy and I knew from past examinations they would remain in place until the doctor returned and gave the command to expel them. Meanwhile I'm sure the video camera was capturing my image and I amused myself and presumably my observers by rotating my hips and feeling my sensitive labia swing freely, gently brushing the inside of my thighs. Feeling the air of the examination room circulate over the soft flesh was quite sensual.*

*Normally this was not possible because at Lady M's stable the labia were pulled back toward my rectum and inserted through the ring piercing my perinaeum. The utility of this configuration*

*was rather ingenious. It made urination impossible without the assistance of Lady M or a trainer to graciously release the labia from the restraint of the ring. And also, it provided a most interestingly lewd rear view for any rider or passenger of a pony cart (or chariot), for the stretched pink flesh was most visible, swinging and jouncing with every step just below the pony girl's buttocks. Lady M certainly found the presentation to be enjoyable, for every pony was stretched until that part of the genitalia could be plainly viewed. And in shows and competitions, the top portion of the labia were swathed with ribbons denoting Lady M's green and black stable colors. The bottom portion was left to swing freely with the motion of the pony.*

*I pined to return to the stable. There a pony girl was worked hard but had anonymity, she was just another pony, a member of Lady Ms' herd. But at the doctor's I was the focus of attention. My hood was removed. I had identity and therefore, for a brief period, was a person. The exposure and questions were embarrassing and my humiliation was personal and therefore much more intense than felt at the stable.*

*As these thoughts floated through my mind, I looked down at my incredibly strong calves, effortlessly holding my weight as I stood on my toes. It took months to develop, but Lady M enjoyed the results, After all, I was a champion...*

After that initial session with Greta, life in the stable entered a routine, one which was consistent but demanding.

Mornings began with Midori patting my right buttock. Most of the time I was already awake, my bladder aching to empty itself. When the ribbons were removed from the rubber cones, a torrent began, and had I been free of my bonds I would have kissed Midori's feet in gratitude for the relief she allowed me. Next came the opportunity to move my bowels. Whatever flowed through the feeding tube made that process automatic but no less demeaning.

Then the tube was removed along with blindfold and ear plugs, tongue rings secured to nose, feet and wrists released and I was ready for a new day.

The sensory deprivation was an amazing motivator. I was eager to be free, fully realizing that the staff would work me hard. But moving about after hours and hours of darkness and the monotonous tone in the ear plugs was wonderful.

In the early days the foot forms were attached and I'd eagerly wait to be exercised. The forms resembled high heeled shoes with no tips at the toes. On the inside were sharp metal spikes which barely touched the skin of the heel and sensitive instep when I carried my weight on my toes but brutally pricked the skin if I tried to work normally.

Since constantly walking on my toes required utilizing odd muscles, much effort in the first month was expended to develop that ability and ingrain such a method of walking into my mind. Therefore, Midori led me each morning to the exercise room where special tread mills inculcated

the proper walk under Greta's supervision.

The tread mills were exceptionally wide and could be used to exercise two ponies side by side. This was important for the development of show teams which were required under competition rules to walk and run in step. Also, the tread mills were fronted by poles running from floor to ceiling with numerous eye hooks attached.

At first I was tethered to a pole with my nose ring high above, just as I had been led around the corral. Greta would adjust the speed and leave me there. I walked and walked. Occasionally Greta returned and playfully pinched or slapped my buttocks but otherwise I was left to myself. Over a number of days not only was the speed increased but the nose ring was tethered lower and lower. After a month I was able to jog on my toes without the foot forms and well bent over at the waist, resembling a sprinter leaving the starting blocks.

This posture was important to learn in pony training. By bending at the waist a pony used her weight in pulling the cart. Thus, from a standing start, even a heavily laden cart could be rolled by stepping back and leaning forward against the well secured leather waist belt. This utilized the pony's body weight. Once started, physics allowed the pony to step forward, continue the momentum and accelerate.

Learning to walk and run in such a posture was difficult, but keeping the thighs separated to the satisfaction of Greta seemed impossible. No matter how far apart I kept my thighs, Greta demanded further separation. After the first few months when my conditioning peaked, Greta concentrated on perfecting the display of my back side and the exhibition of my labia which Naomi was so busily stretching.

Other exercise included extensive abdominal work, stretching (of muscles) and posing. I cannot recall how much time I spent lying on a stretching table with my arms positioned over the edge and my legs held obscenely spread some six inches off the table. The trainers found the pose entertaining and it certainly developed the abdominal muscles.

An Asian woman spent much time with instruction and training in deportment. She was a perfectionist and it was she who used the wine glasses to ensure the buttocks were properly shaped and exhibited. The infamous wooden horse, on which every pony girl earned a ride from time to time, was also in her charge.

A simple device, described by Greta as a Chinese torture, the horse was actually a wooden plank which hung from the ceiling of the exercise room by two ropes. One rope supported the plank at the end, the other in the middle. One edge of the plank pointed toward the ceiling, the other, of course, to the floor. The height of the plank was adjusted by lengthening or shortening the rope fastened in the middle. The free end of the plank was reserved for the recalcitrant pony girl. Straddling the plank, a pony would stand on toes on small blocks while the Asian woman raised the edge until it met the pony's pubes. Of course the labia was freed of any ribbons and rubber cones and delicate fingers carefully draped the lips down the sides of the plank. But when the

pony was satisfactorily in place, the blocks were removed and the resulting pressure and irritation on the genitalia was incredibly painful. Known as “riding the wooden horse”, no girl ever withstood it for more than 30 minutes. But the Asian woman delighted in using it, and it quickly built up the calf muscles as the pony struggled to relieve as much weight as possible from pressing against the coarse wooden plank.

Many times it was Lady M’s coveted show pony, Snowflake, who was placed on the horse. Show ponies were rarely caned or cropped, and other than the application of the rubber slapper to highlight the coloring of the sensitive pink areas, I had never seen Snowflake on the receiving end of a stroke of any kind. Stripes, bruises and unpleasant discoloration of the skin in general was not only considered unsightly by show judges but was also an indication of disobedience. No pony except the most obsequious of girls, ever took a show prize. The judges not only sought such attributes as good form, muscle structure, deportment, and ability to hold the most revealing of poses, but also obedience and complete subservience. Therefore show ponies were rarely struck with an instrument of correction since marks would be indicative of belligerence.

(There were other methods to encourage compliant behavior from show ponies such as Snowflake without damaging the flesh, including the use of pepper oil and on some occasions the use of a short length of hemp rope, carefully attached to the clitoral ring, pulled taut between the lips and tied to the perinaeum ring. It made stints on the treadmill and long cart rides painfully irritating.)

After the extensive morning workout I was showered usually with another pony girl as described and then returned to the sling. There Midori would record my weight on the chart hanging from one of the poles. Every few days the thickness of my skin was remeasured, as on that first day, and also recorded.

My body was slowly transforming and becoming quite athletic. At first my weight decreased with the loss of fat. But as the exercise routine became more extensive my weight increased. The muscles in my thighs and buttocks becoming impressively large while the fat layers remained diminished. The hour or more on the tread mill became easier and I relished being freed from the slings to be taken to the exercise room for the workout and the lascivious stretching and posing.

Naomi continued her efforts in the afternoons after the feeding tube was inserted and I was returned to sensory deprivation. I could feel her measuring the extended nipples and labia. Afterwards she would remove the cones, apply the special lotion and knead and pull my skin. She also worked my tongue. I had become so mentally and physically subjugated that when she pushed down on my jaw my reaction was to extend my tongue. Utilizing a cord, the rings would be attached to something on the leather platform and tightened, Thus my tongue was slowly stretched along with the other parts of my anatomy. I began to understand Golden Lady’s talent for oral service.

Naomi’s goal for the nipples was to extend them one millimeter per week and she seemed

satisfied with the progress. Within six months the length of the rubber cones had grown to about an inch. It was difficult to determine the status of my labia since I could not view myself there. But at some point while on the tread mill I began to feel the rubber casings more noticeably brush the skin on my thigh and I then realized I would soon be stretched like Proud Prancer and Snowflake. I should add that Golden Lady's privates were also being continuously stretched, but it seemed to be at a slower rate.

## Chapter Nine

*"Feeling a little constipated are we?"*

*The doctor had finally reentered and was amused with my plight. I knew what was coming. Just as debasing as providing the stool specimen was expelling the eggs under the doctor's close ministrations. Under the guise of insuring that my bowels were properly functioning, some two hours would be spent slowly ejecting the eggs into the doctor's gloved hand. I could never prepare myself mentally for such a perverse endeavor, but it helped knowing that Nurse Hopkins had emptied my intestines and the smooth metal eggs, after much effort and tensing of those most intimate muscles, would cleanly fall into the doctor's waiting palm.*

*As Nurse Hopkins had done, the doctor used my free swinging genitalia as a handle. Holding gently but firmly, he began.*

*"Well, Zesty, shall we have a go at the first one? Why not bend well over and spread those feet a little more?"*

*It was not a suggestion. I complied and watched in the mirror as the doctor stood to my side, patiently watching as I tensed my abdominal muscles and pushed against the large object. I felt it move, but my awkward stance made it difficult, as the doctor well knew, and it moved slowly. I allowed my mind to wander to the day I first pulled a cart...*

when my morning session on the tread mill was cut short. Greta slowly turned down the speed to a complete stop. I was very concerned that I was being returned to the sling. It was probably in my six or seventh month and as described, I approached the workouts in the exercise room with great relish, free of the hours in sensory deprivation. My conditioning was amazingly good and my body seemed to ache for the extensive workout, although after each session I would have to suffer the time consuming lessons of deportment and posing for the Asian woman. Of late, the water filled wine glasses perched on my buttocks were augmented by a third balanced on top of my hooded head. This forced me to stand (on toes of course) absolutely motionless, bent at the waist with my head up and the small of my back arched to shape the well developed gluteus maximus muscles into a level area to accommodate the glasses. Spillage earned not only a brisk stroke of the cane but if too much clumsiness was displayed, time riding the wooden horse (with wine glasses in place.)

Well Greta hooked on a leash and took me out to the corral. Midori awaited with a cart. As Greta held my leash at the level of her waist I was forced to follow her bent over. She looked back and seemed pleased that the months of training had ingrained the proper posture. Head up, back arched, on toes with feet well spread. I may add that, as Naomi had daily been sucking my labia into longer and longer rubber cones, each wide spread step caused the cones to swing and touch the insides of my thighs, a gentle but constant reminder of Lady M's control.

Midori swathed me with sun tan oil as Greta bent to talk directly into my ear.

"This is a big day for you, Little One. Remember, proper deportment at all times."

Midori peeled away the rubber cones on my nipples. It was the first time in months they were exposed, other than those brief moments when Naomi kneaded and massaged them with the special lotion, and the warm air felt wonderful. They became instantly erect and at that time were protruding about an inch. Greta peered at the pink, crinkled, dart shaped buds and was pleased. This in turn pleased me.

My mammary glands had actually shrunk somewhat with the low fat diet and exercise. Over my years at Equestria I realized this was a deliberate transformation, since ponies with pendulous breasts are very much at a disadvantage in pulling a cart. Also, show judges were never impressed with floppy mammaries, therefore every pony owner strove to keep them firm.

As Midori finished coating my skin, Greta slowly pushed me back to the cart. On top of my back I felt the bar emanating from the front of the two wheeled vehicle slide along my vertebra as I moved backwards. A large leather belt which was firmly attached to the bar was strapped around my waist. My thumbs rings were released from the back of my neck collar and reattached to clasps on the sides of the belt. This better distributed my weight.

Finally the very end of the bar was attached to my neck collar. Strangely, I felt comfortable. The months on the tread mill and the constant practice of walking/running on my toes made my stooped over posture seem natural. The buttocks were well positioned at the level of my head and the tropical island breezes could be felt on my well exposed genitalia, although my labia cones remained in place.

Greta had a crop similar to Lady M's. It ended with a flat piece of leather and I soon learned the effectiveness of its design.

"Ponies don't move or anticipate moving until the rider has signaled. You're going to learn to react to pain in a compliant manner. You've seen the other pony girls so I'm sure you'll learn quickly."

With that. Greta swung the crop from the side and seemed to aim the flat leather end at my left nipple. I jumped forward as the stroke harmlessly swished under my chest missing me entirely.

Greta chuckled.

“No, Little One. React to the actual signal of pain, not what you think will happen.”

She reset her arm out to the side and moved it slightly. I didn't move, but there was a discernible flinch.

“No!”

In disgust, she rapidly flicked my left then my right nipple with crisp strokes. It was unbearable. I grunted in agony. I had never felt that type of pain. By comparison the cane was a formidable, but was used on the less sensitive areas. The wooden horse was also painful, but more of a slow, building discomfort. No, nothing came close to the application of the crop to my enlarged nipples.

“Well, you're learning the hard way.”

Greta slipped a bit into my mouth. It was of soft rubber and was used to indicate direction. The reigns attached to the rings on each end of the bit were taken by Greta and she stepped back until she stood four or five feet in front of me. She pulled my head to my right and I started to move.

“No. Not until you receive the crop to the right nipple do you move. Then you follow the reigns for direction. Additional strokes indicate more speed. Don't think. Don't anticipate. Just react.”

She pulled on the reigns and I stayed put despite the uncomfortable stress on my mouth.

“Good!”

Then the flick to the right nipple came and I stepped forward to follow Greta as she led me and the empty cart around the corral.

“You'll learn to step back first and lean into the waist belt to start. It's easier and when you have a heavy load it will save you many strokes of the crop.”

Well reader, we spent the remainder of the morning with Greta leading me around and around as I picked up the feel of the cart and listened intently to her instructions. I often wondered if the many, many hours I spent deprived of sight and sound caused my mind to focus better when the senses were allowed to function.

Afterwards I was showered with Proud Prancer. It was the first time Midori bathed me without the rubber cones covering my nipples. They were wonderfully sensitive as the cropping seemed to have increased the circulation. I rubbed them against Proud Prancers flesh as much as I could without raising the ire of Midori. Proud Prancer returned my affection my straddling my leg and

pressing her well stretched lips into the top of my thigh. Unexplainably her lips were free from the perinaeum ring and since they were fully stretched, no cones were worn. I became excited and dreamed about the day when I would be fully stretched and finally freed of my cones.

For the remainder of the month an abbreviated exercise period was followed by cart training. By the third day Greta rode in the cart and seemed pleased. An obstacle course was set within the corral and I learned to follow the reigns not knowing whether to veer right or left until Greta gave an instructive tug. Occasionally I felt her hand reach between my thighs and play with the cones. It was more “sacking”, testing to ensure I kept my concentration and composure.

After a month, Greta ended each session by directing me to the stable door where Midori or another stable worker usually released me and took me to shower. But this time she slipped the bit out and stood very close to my face, as I had seen Lady M do with Golden Lady. As I have previously described, Greta’s slacks were always open at the crouch and she pushed my face in and released my tongue ring.

“A treat for you, Little One. See if you can find it. I’ll tell you when you get close.”

Well over the months I had observed enough interplay between ponies and trainers to understand her intentions. But I also remind the reader that I had not tasted *anything* in months. Only water was directly imbibed. All other food and liquids entered my system through the feeding tube.

So when Greta’s feminine aroma met my nostrils I was most curious in being able to taste *something*. She was salty and pungent. I licked her outer lips and parted them with my strong well developed tongue. She shifted and opened herself. My tongue encountered a huge clitoris, almost the size of a penis. She stirred under the attention of my probing tongue.

“You’re getting close, Little One. A little deeper. Suck! Lick!”

I wasn’t sure what she was referring to until I thrust my tongue under the little head and met a smooth round object.

“You’ve got it. Go ahead. Enjoy!”

She moved and the object slid to my lips. A grape! I pulled it in with my tongue. It was luscious and I ate it ravenously. It was the only real food in over seven months. Sweet. Juicy.

“Finish me.”

Greta so admonished me and I gratefully returned my tongue and attention to her sex. She became incredibly wet as I slathered my tongue over her salty flesh and sucked with my mouth. Finally, she shuddered and I swallowed and licked her spending.



“Enough.”

She pushed me away. Minutes later Midori released me and took me to the shower. With Greta’s climax, I thought about the disk on my left hip and the lack of any date. I had watched several ponies on the masturbation table, had watched Golden Lady provide service (though limited) to Lady M, and had serviced Greta myself. Yet, I had not yet experienced a full orgasm on Equestra Island.

That night Midori, or someone, feathered my clitoris to near orgasm as I hung helplessly in my sling..., bound, deafened and blindfolded. The tantalizing brushes were expertly applied. Every time I approached orgasm the feather was withdrawn. My frustration mounted but I was learning. If such pleasant things happened when Greta was pleased with my performance, I could only imagine what treats Lady M offered. Perhaps a visit to the masturbation table.

## Chapter Ten

*“Yes, Zesty. Very nice. Your bowels are working well and your sphincter stretches nicely.”*

*With those comments I expelled the first egg. The doctor made his remarks to embarrass, not to encourage or in any way offer an informed medical opinion.*

*Without being told I immediately sought to pass the second. This was more challenging since it had been pushed further up my colon and to remain in the pony posture while awaiting its ejection was exhausting. Remember reader, all my weight was borne by my toes, and the energy and strength required by my calves thighs and buttocks was considerable. When combined with that effort expended in forcing out the large eggs, it was an exhausting procedure.*

*I told myself to think of more pleasant times and let my bowels slowly push the second egg to the waiting doctor. Interestingly, as I searched my memory, the date of my first anniversary at Equestra came to mind...*

As written, ponies received more piercings after a year in service. Well, that day came for me.

All concerned said I was developing nicely. Greta found that I was quite fast in pulling a cart. My height and long legs seemed to be of advantage and when added to the zeal with which I approached my training, I rapidly progressed and was anointed as a racing pony (as opposed to a show pony such as Snowflake, or work pony such as Proud Prancer). But despite my talents, it was an island rule that female ponies receive a clitoral piercing.

Yes, the island’s association of pony owners mandated that in addition to a nose ring, a clitoral ring was also required if a pony was to be run on the miles of island paths, or be tethered in town. This facilitated the capture of stray ponies and the control of recalcitrant ponies.

The second of the piercings was through the perinaeum. It was mandated by Lady M’s eccentric

desire to present the well stretched labia of her ponies in a most lewd manner, and as written, to promote effective bladder control.

I was not told of the expected date of my piercing. If I had been informed of it, it would have been impossible to remember, since the days ran together, and the sensory deprivation made it difficult to determine how much time was spent in the sling. (Sometimes it seemed that a day's exercise was skipped and I hung in the sling for more than a twenty four hour period. I had no way of knowing).

One morning Midori signaled me to relieve my bladder. As usual I felt her soft fingers remove the ribbon and hold apart the rubber cones. At that point the slow stretching process was continuing. My nipples extended about an inch and one half, my lips could be noticeably felt with every movement of my legs.

But on that morning after I finished my business, she gently rolled off the cones. I was surprised. This was normally only done by Naomi in order to apply lotion, knead the sensitive skin and attach longer cones.

My bowels moved, and afterwards for the first time, Midori cleaned me. Normally I was taken to the exercise room with remnants of my excretions remaining. This embarrassingly unkempt condition was just one of the many seemingly insignificant debasing procedures followed in the stable. But this morning Midori thoroughly wiped me before releasing me from the sling, removing the ear plugs and blindfold.

A leash was attached to my nose ring and Midori led me out of the stable up the hill toward Lady M's house. I had never been inside. It was a beautiful white stucco building, and evidently larger than it appeared since Lady M's sizeable staff lived there.

Midori took me to a side entrance which opened to stairs. It was the first time I had to negotiate stairs walking on toes and Midori knew to be very careful. We descended slowly into a bright well lit room with a gynecological table and numerous medical instruments. It was frightening and I felt a painful tug on my nose ring as I paused to stare.

Lady M, Greta, Naomi and the Asian women were present. All smiling. Making small talk.

The clitoral piercing was viewed as a rite of passage on the island. The perinaeum piercing was special to Lady M and its placement and position was key to Lady M's viewing pleasure, and Lady M's pleasure was of great concern to all.

I was strapped to the table with feet in the stirrups. Midori carefully shaved me. It had been two days since the latest hair removal, and stubble was not acceptable. While Midori worked the razor she pinched and lifted my stretched labia. It was the first time I saw them without the rubber coverings. Naomi's handiwork had pulled them to the point where some two and one half

inches of the soft flesh extended below my pubes. The color was bright pink and as Midori held them for all to see, including me, her slippery gloved fingers sent an erotic thrill through me. Despite the months of tension within the devious rubber cones, they seemed even more sensitive than ever. I was desperate to touch myself there and Midori laughed as I squirmed under her sensuous grip. Naomi beamed with pride and Lady M was pleased.

“She’s marvelously sensitive there, Naomi. You’ve done a wonderful job. Wait until we start the hormone treatments and the clitoral ring works its magic. She’ll be jumping from her sling.”

Midori inserted a speculum to ensure my little bud was well exposed. With everyone watching I became aroused and my feminine scent seemed to fill the room. Being left “au natural” by the curtailment of feminine hygiene combined with my freely flowing erotic juices caused the room to fill with my odor. I was most humiliated, but such humiliation seemed to cause me to become even more excited and thus the odor became stronger. The women enjoyed my embarrassment and Midori took her time preparing me.

“She’s so excited I won’t need to feather her.”

Midori put a standard pony bit in my mouth, cautioning me not to bite too hard. Then all watched closely as a small clamp gathered up the flesh around my bud. It evidently had apertures within the jaws for Midori pushed a needle through it and the most incredible pain shot through me. I screamed into the bit. All the women laughed and applauded.

My most sensitive female organ was impaled.

Midori worked quickly. The needle was pulled through and an open thin gauge steel ring was pushed through. The clamp was removed and the ceremony of a pony’s first clitoral piercing ended with Lady M symbolically holding a small welding rod. Midori closed the ring with pliers, Lady M gracefully applied the instrument and with a sudden spark, it was permanently sealed.

I was allowed to rest but my ordeal was not over. Naomi and Midori attached a spreader bar to my ankles. The stirrups did not provide the proper position for the next ring.

My feet were spread as wide as possible then pulled over my head. I was never so exposed before and the bright lights of the room made me feel as if I my insides could be viewed. Midori propped a cushion under my buttocks which in fact had lifted from the table when my feet were drawn so far above my head.

All four women peered at my most private parts as Midori held my lips in one gloved hand. In the other she pinched and gathered some skin in the sensitive area between my anus and the bottom of my slit. I was very concerned about my aroma which seemed to overwhelm the room as Midori’s manipulations greatly aroused me.

All four women discussed my anatomy and I learned that the placement of the perinaeum ring is most important. If too close to the anus the labia could not be pulled back through it. Too close to the pubes and the labia would not hang within view. Also there was the question of the size of the ring. Too big meant the labia may slip out. Too small could impede circulation.

Midori threaded my lips through the center of a sturdy ring of much heavier gauge than the clitoral ring. She held the ring in an assumed position against the skin of my perinaeum.

Naomi made a suggestion.

“That position may be a little far at first, but she’s stretching very quickly. Faster than Golden Lady. Put it as far back as possible and I’ll stretch her out to meet it. Meanwhile we’ll continue to use the ribbons for control.”

When Naomi spoke about stretching all listened. I suppose if it had been Golden Girl the placement would be different. It seemed her skin didn’t stretch as easily as mine.

Well reader, the decision was made and Midori approached with a large curved needle. The piercing was not as initially painful, but Midori took her time to ensure the opening went through the maximum number of epidermic layers. It was important that perinaeum rings not tear, for the area pierced is quite susceptible to infection.

When finished the selected ring was threaded through. It was quite thick and about an inch in diameter. This time the assistance of Greta, with her impressive strength, was needed to close it.

After a short rest, Lady M attached a very thin leash to my clitoral ring and I followed her light tugs very carefully. No pony could ignore an owner or trainer using such a control method and I was indeed very attentive to her commands.

With the perinaeum ring in place, I realized why so much time had been spent in learning to walk with feet widely spread. The ring, although smooth, rubbed the intimate insides of my thighs. Unless I walked in the manner in which I had been so carefully trained by Greta, et. al. it chafed my skin.

Lady M slowly walked me back to the stable, sometimes swinging the slackened leash for amusement. Although sore, I found the control and humiliation of being so led to be extremely arousing.

After the piercings, I believe I remained in the sling for two days. Midori carefully monitored the healing process. And of course Naomi visited daily with her lotion and the stretching process relentlessly continued.

## Chapter Eleven

*My efforts caused me to perspire. Nurse Hopkins entered with a moist towel and carefully sponged my entire body. The doctor remained sitting to my side on his stool, his left hand resting on the top of my ass cheek, right hand poised to receive the second egg. He occasionally toyed with my lips for amusement.*

*I felt the object moving. But not quickly enough for me. I wanted this part of the examination to end and redoubled my efforts. The resulting tension on my muscles impressed the doctor and Nurse Hopkins smiled.*

*“Such a good pony girl.”*

*I disliked Nurse Hopkins. I had come to dislike all women who ostensibly had normal sexual tastes and displayed feigned interest and sympathy in a pony's plight, yet greatly enjoyed the humiliating display of naked subservience.*

*As the second egg positioned itself to be finally ejected by my overworked sphincter, that most difficult part of its journey, I recalled the memorable day when after more than a year of training, I performed for Lady M...*

For days after the piercings, I was exercised on the tread mill and learned to walk and run with the perinaeum ring implanted between my legs. A week later, Greta interrupted the tread mill session and led me to the corral. She held me by my nose ring as an unknown worker hitched me to a cart.

“Be good, Little One. Remember everything I've taught you.”

Lady M arrived looking radiant. She seemed even taller, with striking black hair. Her perfect, neatly attired figure always instilled envy in me. An authoritative, erudite woman, I stooped before her bound to a pony cart, naked, hairless, and with my most intimate female parts modified at her whim and exposed for her pleasure.

The ubiquitous crop was in her left hand and with a smile she greeted Greta in German.

After a brief conversation she stood before me with hands on hips and just looked. Then she circled me and the cart, smoothing her hand down my back to my buttocks. There she gave my right cheek a pat, slid her hand between my thighs and tugged on the perinaeum ring.

“A nice firm placement, Greta.”

She tested the reigns and then moved to my left side. There she reached under my hip and toyed with my clitoral ring. I moaned into my bit with the pleasurable sensation and the thought of this divine woman playing with me there.

She noticed my disk and commented to Greta.

“There’s no date. She’s never been masturbated?”

Greta shook her head.

“Well, Zesty Girl. You must be quite eager to perform for me.”

I was indeed. Exercise seemed to stint my sexual urges.

“Botana, remove the nipple cones and apply sun protection and just a little pepper oil, please. She appears a little complacent. A dab on the anus should get her started.”

The black native woman who had hitched me to the cart covered me as directed. When finished she stepped behind me and I felt her fingers slip between my cheeks.

“Pony girls learn that the only way to diminish the irritation of the pepper oil is to perspire. The pores open and wash away the sting. So, I suggest you work very hard to open up your pores and alleviate the pain.”

As Greta spoke the hot oil indeed began to burn my sensitive rear aperture. I clenched my bit while Lady M continued conversing with Greta. Even without Greta’s suggestion I would have run as hard and fast as possible. I felt like I my anus was on fire!

Botana disinvaginated my lengthy nipples by rolling off the cones. First my right then my left. I clenched my buttocks and closed my eyes trying my best to be obedient and remain motionless while waiting.

“My goodness, Zesty. What’s your reaction going to be when we’re not so constrained. Botana’s been known to liberally coat all of a pony’s pink parts on occasion.”

Lady M laughed with her comment and stepped into the cart. At long last, the swing of her crop caught the very tip of my right nipple. It hurt more than a direct blow and I was to learn that such well positioned strokes were Lady M’s signature. Her control of the crop was masterful and she exacted the maximum level of pain with minimal effort.

As trained I stepped back and leaned into the waist belt. The cart seemed weightless and Lady M’s repeated strokes of the crop were unnecessary. I was grateful to be moving and accelerated to a full run. For the first time since my arrival I found myself leaving Lady M’s property.

It was a typical bright sunny day on Equestra. The island was quite scenic. The narrow roads wound through dense green vegetation and in some places skirted the ocean. Had I not been so

intent in alleviating my irritation I suppose I would have enjoyed the views more. But than I also would have been more cognizant of the lascivious stares of the male natives as Lady M proudly directed me past them and flicked my nipples in a show of authority.

Greta's advice was correct. The sweat seemed to wash away the hot oil and I was thankful that it seemed to stream down my thighs and not into my genitalia.

After a time, we fell into a very fast pace and I must say it was effortless for me. At times Lady M pulled back on the reigns as I attempted to speed up. She was prescient concerning the curves and other dangerous stretches of road, particularly where it opened to a vista high above the ocean on a cliff. The training was indeed important. Pony and equestrian were a team and I felt proud.

After some thirty minutes the road ran to a beach area. A tug on the left reign took us off the road onto the sand where the cart slowed in the softness.

“Whoa!”

We stopped under a large palm tree. I was soaked and saw sweat running down my mammaries and dripping from the tips of my nipples. The ocean breeze cooled me and between my legs it was almost cold. Lady M thrust a water bottle into my mouth and squeezed. I sucked in as much water as the restraining bit would allow. Much of it sloshed out the corners of my mouth where the bit held open my lips. I could feel it roll down chin, neck and chest then finally stream to my mammaries and drip off my nipples to the sandy soil. The coolness felt good on my cropped, chastised nipples. Lady M watched with interest at the reaction, the nipples becoming quite firm and crinkled.

Another full bottle was emptied into my mouth and Lady M announced,

“Time for a swim.”

She disrobed in front of me to a very brief bikini. Her body was exquisite as I had suspected. Sculpted. Chiseled. Carved. Choose the verb.

Before leaving for her swim she removed my ribbon and nimbly parted my labia. I didn't need to go but politely squirted some contents from my bladder. She patted my buttocks and retied the ribbon.

“Good, girl. Now don't move. It will hurt.”

She quickly hooked my clitoral ring to a slim leash and tied the end to one wheel of the cart. Had the cart moved it would indeed be painful for me. I watched with envy as her shapely legs and backside stylishly strode across the beach and entered the water.

As I waited in the shade Lady M swam than relaxed in the sun. I gazed at her amazing figure. For a woman in her thirties, she had lost nothing to time. Her feminine curves included firm, sizeable breasts which seemed to punctuate her narrow waist. She wore sun glasses and appeared to be sleeping. I wondered if she knew I was staring at her. I was enviously comparing her breasts, shaped as those of a “pin-up” girl, with my unusual pony breasts..., firm, flattened through extensive exercise and loss of fat tissue, and crowned by Naomi’s strange work product, one and a half inch pencil-shaped nipples.

Although I was in the shade, I perspired while I endeavored to stay on my toes. My legs were incredibly strong, but holding in such a position is wearing and over time the muscles became cramped. I carefully shifted, lifting one foot then the other, cognizant of the leash and that stumbling could produce unimaginable agony and horrific damage to a woman’s most prized organ.

After a time Lady M arose and approached. She checked all my pony restraints then gently smoothed her hands over my buttocks and legs, providing some relief from the cramping.

“Pony girls must wait patiently for their owners, Zesty Girl. ”

Another water bottle was thrust in front of me and again a considerable quantity of water was squeezed into my mouth.

She certainly had a touch and feel for pony girls. She seemed to sense my needs and knew my limits.

Before returning to the sunny beach area she untied the ribbons from my labia and released the leash from wheel.

“You’ll have to learn to stay perfectly still, Zesty. I saw you moving.”

She separated my lips and pulled back the clitoral leash between them and through the perinaeum ring. The end was tightly tied to the cart without any slack. My hips were held high and I had to move to a position on the very tips of my toes to relieve the tension.

The ribbon was retied around the rubber cones at a point below where the leash split my encased lips, thus the thinly braided but harsh length of cord not only tugged unmercifully on my clitoral ring but was forced well into my feminine slit, captured there by the ribbon holding together the labia.

As Lady M returned to the beach, I realized that she had made it impossible for me to move at all without chafing the sensitive inner flesh of my vagina or increasing the tension on my clitoral ring.



I remained motionless. Naked. Exposed. Well bent over at the waist. On toes..., very high on toes. Feet separated with genitalia fully displayed.

Not knowing how long I would be held in Lady M's extreme version of the pony position was disconcerting. Had I known I had to hold it for fifteen minutes..., even thirty minutes, I could set my resolve.

I waited. My bladder filled.

## Chapter Twelve

*As the last egg plopped in the doctor's gloved palm, my bowels became tremendously relaxed. They had worked for over an hour to comply with the doctor's perverse demands. I was ready to rest but knew the doctor was not through.*

*Nurse Hopkins moved the padded horse into place and I knew what was coming. She just smiled as I lay over it on my belly and voluntarily spread my legs until my feet rested in stirrups. As usual my backside was exposed to the one-way glass. I could feel my lips drape over the cool leather and lowered my head until it was almost touching the floor.*

*With the sound of a snap, I knew the doctor donned a fresh set of gloves and would soon penetrate my over worked rear passage. I believe in certain circles the procedure is crudely referred to as "fisting". In the doctor's office it is merely one part of a thorough physical examination of pony girls.*

*I diverted my concerns about the forthcoming pain and defilement by returning my thoughts to the beach...*

Finally, Lady M arose and my heart beat quickened with expectation. I desperately had to urinate and my leg muscles were giving out. I fought the temptation to give in and just collapse to my knees, sacrificing my poor little bud but providing my over worked legs and thighs with a respite. As Lady M approached I knew I was saved.

"Zesty, you look tired."

Lady M untied the leash and I instantly went down to my knees, the bar and front of the cart tipping with me. My legs could no longer hold me in the demanding pony position.

Unbelievably, she let me remain kneeling with my thumb rings hooked to the waist belt and my head forced up by the attachment to the end of the bar. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Lady M remove her bikini bottom.

“The ocean water leaves a layer of salt, Zesty. It’s good for a perspiring pony girl.”

She stepped in front of me and placed her hands on top of my hood. Her pubes was an inch from my mouth as she slipped out my bit. She smelled tangy, the ocean water having bathed and refreshed her feminine charms. Her pubic hair was well trimmed and the genitalia, which was within easy reach of my well stretched tongue, matched her deportment, perfectly portioned, graceful, elegant. Her pink flesh awaited my attention.

My tongue was released from the nose ring and I instantly thrust it into Lady M. I was so grateful to be freed of the clitoral leash I would have walked on hot coals for her.

My tongue lapped and lapped and she directed my head to the right, left up and down. She was indeed salty, and I sucked in the taste and moved across her flesh for more. After a time I sucked the salt from her pubes, thighs and hips until she turned around. I broadened my tongue and lapped her buttocks with wide strokes, covering the entire surface and eventually diving between her ass cheeks.

“Yes, Zesty. Be a good girl.”

I was indeed, paying homage to her rear portal and oddly enjoying her quiet gasps of pleasure.

Strangely, I felt wonderful knowing I was so able to please. Her fresh scent turned more and more musty as my oral ministrations excited her. I, in turn, was excited, and felt twinges between my thighs.

I believe Lady M would have kept me working until my tongue fell off. She was insatiable and I, for some inexplicable reason, was happy to please. The months of sensory deprivation seemed to have made me pliable to any requests of owner and trainer alike, no matter how repulsive I would have considered such acts in my prior normal life.

But Lady M’s pleasure was interrupted by the sound of an approaching cart, and she stepped to my side and slipped on her brief bikini bottom. Seconds later a very young woman pulled along side with a cart pulled by a male pony. I had never before seen one and it was frightening.

“Good afternoon, Lady M.”

“Hello, Meredith. Out for a swim?”

“Yes. And some sun for Big Boy.”

I turned my head to my left to peer at “Big Boy”. He was hitched just as I was to a similar cart. But Big Boy was huge and extremely well tanned. His sweaty arms and legs were hairless and bulged of muscles like a Greek wrestler. The sun glistened from his skin and accentuated his physique. He could not have been more than eighteen.

Meredith disembarked from the cart. She was tiny compared to Lady M. But I quickly ascertained from her aggressive demeanor that she could probably wield a crop even more sadistically than Lady M. Interestingly, as petite as she was, Big Boy made her appear even smaller as she stood to his side and released him from the waist belt

She and Lady M engaged in pleasantries while Big Boy was unhitched.

“I give you credit for being able to control the males like that Meredith, particularly when they’re so concerned about being gelded.”

Meredith just laughed, slipped out his bit and unhooked the neck collar from the bar.

“Big Boy likes to please his owner and as long as he does he’ll keep all his parts. Isn’t that right Big Boy?”

There could be no answer since Big Boy’s tongue was attached to his nose ring as was mine. I looked closely and saw that his tongue was double ringed like mine.

“Show Lady M just how much you like to perform.”

Meredith’s hand was on Big Boy’s right ass cheek which was evidently some type of signal. Big Boy moved forward letting the front of the cart tilt downward as the bar slid away and softly fell to the sand. He slowly righted himself, remaining on toes, with his head up. As Big Boy came out of the pony position an enormous penis came into view and slowly became erect under the gaze of two curious women and one pony girl. Meredith smiled and Lady M laughed quietly.

“He’s well trained. And you’ve ringed his testicles!”

Lady M was referring to reproductive organs that could not be seen. The massive nine inch phallus pointed to the sky. A large ring pierced the underside side of the head, but under the erection was nothing!

“Yes, it seems to keep him quite docile. A reminder that I can do with him as I wish. Show Lady M.”

Big Boy turned his backside to Lady M (and me). At the bottom of the crack in his backside hung two pink testicles the size of peaches.

“Bend.”

Big Boy complied and Meredith showed Lady M a perinaeum ring similar but larger than mine. The scrotal sac had been stretched and the organs pulled back through the ring, forcing them to

hang in plain view from the rear.

“It provides a very pleasant view from the cart and also affords wonderful control.”

With that, Meredith reached forward and gave one of Big Boy’s peaches a formidable squeeze. Big Boy winced but neither moved nor cried out.

“Stand.”

He did. And I believe his erection was even larger, apparently excited by Meredith’s attention and Lady M’s inquisitive gaze.

Lady M closed for a better look. She palmed the disk on his hip and tapped the underside of his penis.

“He hasn’t been masturbated in months,” she exclaimed with a smile. “Goodness Meredith, he must be ready to explode.”

“Yes, but it so improves his performance in the cart and keeps him eager to serve.”

Lady M smoothed her hands over the hairless scrotal sac.

“Did you have to stretch him much.”

“Oh yes. Watch.”

Meredith stood to Big Boy’s side. One hand reached between his thighs from the front the other from the back. Big Boy grimaced and suddenly his large balls came into view between his thighs. Released from the perinaeum ring, Big Boy’s incredible sac almost hung to his knees!

“You can stretch it faster than the labia tissue on the females. The skin is not as sensitive and an occasional scrotal infusion facilitates the process nicely.”

The two women continued their conversation as Lady M directed me to resume the pony position. She stooped and removed the ribbon from my cones then gently separated the lips with her two hands.

“Be a good girl, Zesty. I know you have to go.”

I did. But in front of Meredith and Big Boy! Despite all the training and “sacking”, dear reader, I found it difficult to urinate upon demand, standing exposed before the gorgeous male pony. And Meredith positioned Big Boy so he could better watch!

Well, my needs and determination finally overcame my shyness and I emptied myself. The liquid

quickly disappeared into the sand, but my feet and ankles were splashed. Lady M affectionately patted my buttocks.

“Good girl.”

The ribbon was retied. My tongue ring secured and the bit returned to my mouth. Lady M dressed herself as Meredith bid adieu and led Big Boy to the water. As she stepped into the cart she spoke,

“We’ll take the inland route back Zesty Girl. Top speed all the way. I want to see what you’ve got.”

The crop burned my right nipple then my left. A strong pull on the reigns directed me to the right. As I rolled the cart back to the road I saw Meredith apply two swift strokes of the crop to Big Boy’s entrapped, pink testicles as he entered the ocean for a forced swim.

Lady M indeed tested my speed and endurance. I ran as fast as possible and with the nips of the crop painfully grazing the tip of each nipple, we fell into a rhythm. Lady M quickly ascertained what my ultimate sustainable top speed was and she deftly extracted all my wind and energy in keeping me at that level. She was masterful with her ability to control and I found myself eagerly reacting to her strokes. A wordless, effective method of communication, I had no doubts about who was in charge and realized I would drive the cart off the side of a cliff if so directed. I didn’t think. I reacted. Quickly and smartly. Lady M, Greta, Naomi, Midori had transformed me into a obsequious beast of burden, living each day to eat, exercise and please my owner.

### Chapter Thirteen

*The doctor’s right hand was challenging my sphincter. As nature intended, the pink ring was attempting to protect my inner most parts but the doctor’s strong fingers and persistence were stretching it. I knew in the end there would be three fingers, four fingers, the thumb curled under, and then his entire gloved hand violating me. Resistance was futile and I tried to relax and let the doctor have his way. Experience told me it was best. I would be fisted and explored whether or not I cooperated. Therefore my goal was to make it as easy as possible.*

*My awakened bowels pushed out, as if expelling one of the doctor’s eggs and this facilitated the penetration. Nurse Hopkins meanwhile sponged my perspiring face and cooed annoying words of support.*

*As I pushed and reluctantly welcomed the doctor’s hand I recalled other incidences of my early training...*

Tongue training is continuous at Lady M’s. Even after five years, Naomi occasionally removes my blindfold and feeding tube as I hang in the sling then dangles the ball in front of me.

Yes the first time was difficult. But I learned.

Since all food is delivered through the feeding tube it is a rare treat to taste anything...sweet, salty, bitter or sour. Therefore pony girls relish the opportunity to taste something and such opportunity is afforded by a clever rubber ball.

The first instance was soon after my tongue was pierced. Naomi had been stretching my tongue, as written, pulling then attaching the tongue rings to an eye hook on the front of the platform. After about a month, she hung a rubber ball in front of my mouth. It was the size of a tennis ball and dangled on a cord hung from the ceiling. The ball had a slit cut from top to bottom.

“There’s a nice treat for you in the ball, Zesty. I want you to work it into your mouth with your tongue. Suck the ball with your lips then insert your tongue through the slit. If you can pull out the little treat, its yours.”

Keep in mind reader that my wrists were secured behind me and my head was pilloried through the hole in the platform. Therefore the only way to capture the ball was to suck it with my lips as suggested.

Well, the ball hung very close to my nose and I comically craned my neck and was able to “kiss” the rubber sphere. Naomi looked on and encouraged my efforts. Eventually I suctioned the ball with my lips and found the slit. The rubber was quite firm and it took every effort to pierce the slit, particularly with the two rings. And that’s as far as I got. My tongue was not strong enough to thrust the rings through the slit. But the tip tasted something wonderfully sweet and with great frustration I tried and tried to fully penetrate the slit and savor whatever was encapsulated in the ball, but was unsuccessful. Naomi laughed.

“Yes, Zesty. A nice piece of candy for you. Work your tongue and you’ll get it. All our pony girls have good strong tongues and enjoy working at the ball.”

Naomi left me to my endeavors and I spent an hour slowly licking the wonderfully sweet piece of candy through the slit. But I could not draw it into my mouth. My tongue was neither strong enough nor long enough.

After that first try I was given other opportunities and Naomi’s tongue stretching assisted my efforts. Within three weeks, on about the fourth attempt, my tongue was nimble and strong enough to curl around the hard candy and pull it through the guarding rubber slit. I savored it. Sweet. Flavorful. A welcome relief from months of tasting nothing, except Greta’s grape (and Lady M’s salty flesh).

The rubber ball became a weekly recreation for both me and Naomi. For she had the pleasure of watching me orally work the ball with gusto. And I was able to taste something.

As my proficiency progressed, the candy was eliminated and in its place Naomi coated the inside of the ball with flavored sweetness. To enjoy it, I had it thrust my tongue through the slit and lick the entire inner surface of the ball. Yes, my tongue became quite long and Naomi would delight in knowing that her diligence transformed yet another part of my anatomy into becoming useful to Lady M's libido.

One day as a lark, Lady M was leading Snowflake into the stable while Midori was taking me to be showered.

"Wait a moment, Midori. Snowflake has had a very good posing session and I want to reward her.

Lady M released my tongue from the nose ring and I was instructed to give Snowflake a tongue bath.

Yes. There she stood high on toes (much higher than I was required to stand, thus was the required pose of show ponies) while I licked her. Lady M patiently watched and made sure I swished my tongue over every inch of Snowflake's calves and thighs.

She had marvelous skin and as always it was pleasurable to taste anything at all much less her beautiful pink flesh. Lady M released Snowflake's labia from the perinaeum ring and made sure I liberally licked her rear crevice.

As I moved to the front her feminine scent became very strong. As with every pony she was denied basic douching and the excitement brought on by my oral ministrations made her extremely wet and fragrant.

"Do not touch her clitoris, Zesty. And just a little nip with the tip of your tongue will suffice around her lips."

I, of course, followed the instructions and later moved to Snowflake's belly and lower back. Then the command came to work her breasts. It was a delightful experience. Lady M suggested that I take one long pointed nipple into my mouth and swish my tongue over and around the soft pink skin. I did and heard Snowflake moan while the nipple hardened even more and amazingly poked the back of my throat with its length. I was able to suck it in and simultaneously move my tongue around and around.

"Now the other!"

Something between my thighs seemed to open as I began to imagine the pleasure Snowflake was feeling. I was envious. When would my turn come for such a reward?

I amazed myself with the dexterity and stamina of my tongue and alternated from breast to breast until given the command to stop.

It took some thirty minutes but I covered every inch of Snowflake with wet laps. It was very sensual for both of us. Keep in mind reader, at the time I still had not been afforded an orgasm since arriving at the island. And being so close to the divine Snowflake was thrilling. My own wetness flowed and I wondered if the moisture could be seen.

Over the years in the stable I learned to use my well developed oral talents more and more. The opening in Greta's slacks always beckoned. After many exercise periods Greta would stand in front of my head and release my tongue ring. Without a word from her, my long tongue would slither between the folds of clothing and find her warm, moist genitalia. There was always the chance that Greta had inserted a grape and she would laugh and sigh with pleasure as I explored every inch of her crevice in search of the luscious fruit. Most times it was not there. But for the few instances when my tongue was indeed able to scoop in a smooth sphere and relish its juicy sweetness, even considering all the times I found emptiness, it was worth the effort.

Greta had taken to using flavored douches and it was satisfying to learn whether her femininity tasted of strawberry, lemon, cherry, etc. For as described, the sensation of tasting anything was a welcome relief from the drudgery of mere water, since the feeding tube denied pony girls anything to taste.

## Chapter Fourteen

*"Every thing seems normal, Zesty. Can you feel my hand?"*

*The doctor continued the charade of performing the vile act under the guise of a medical exam. I shook my head but he insisted on a verbal reply.*

*Part of the process of debasement was to force the pony to describe, I suppose for the benefit of the video camera, what she felt. So I complied and utilized the rare privilege of being able to speak. I told the doctor the pressure was unbearable, which it was, and begged him to remove his hand.*

*Of course he used the opportunity for more perverse manipulation, for I felt his open hand slowly close to a fist and the intense pressure increased. I groaned and squirmed. Nurse Hopkins cautioned me about motion and I knew she was right. The intruding gloved hand could do a lot of damage if something tore.*

*"Let's see if I can find that certain spot and we'll turn on your fountain."*

*The doctor knew the spot. He was able to put pressure on my bladder and I began to urinate uncontrollably. Nurse Hopkins reached between my thighs and pulled aside my lips and a steady*



*stream began to hiss and splatter on the floor. The doctor moved his hand and the flow stopped. Both Nurse Hopkins and the doctor laughed at my lack of control and the ability of the doctor to manipulate my most basic function. Nurse Hopkins slid a pan between my feet and the doctor repeated the procedure. More flow, this time tinkling the bottom of the empty metallic pan, then he again curtailed it.*

*I knew the demonstration would continue until either my bladder was empty or the doctor tired of the amusement. My mind wandered to more pleasant times. Such as those Sundays when good pony girls were permitted to “graze”...*

It was rare when a pony girl was not secured in some manner. The sling was utilized afternoons and evenings. Mornings were spent in the exercise room on the tread mill, posing for the Asian woman or worse possibly riding the wooden horse. And of course there was time spent hitched to a cart.

But mercifully, on many Sunday afternoons pony girls “grazed” in a large field adjacent to the corral. There, our wrists remained secured and tongue rings attached to our nose rings but otherwise we could move about and if no one was looking even walk normally (although the experienced ponies never bothered, since walking on toes was ingrained and the well developed leg strength easily carried a trained pony on her toes).

Since talking was impossible, some ponies developed other methods of communication. And of course the “pony love” displayed in the shower room was prevalent. Lady M had up to ten ponies from time to time and it was an interesting sight watching them rub against each other’s nipples. Those with extensively stretched labia could bend at the waist and push their sensitive lips back against the soft thighs of another pony, or ideally friction their lips with those of another pony girl.

The antics amused the natives. And occasionally a native woman would stand near the fence and offer morsels of fruit. Any willing recipient would have her nipples stroked while sucking the offering and struggling to swallow it (the extended tongue made it difficult).

But the ponies were careful to stay away from the rowdy teenaged boys. No matter what was offered, no pony would go near them. The boy’s voyeuristic desires had to be satisfied by watching from a distance or waiting until some recalcitrant pony was mounted on the display platform.

The outdoor toilet was available for use. Any pony who needed to go simply straddled the pipes and waited. Greta or Midori or some other stable worker would eventually release the lips from the perinaeum ring or in the case of pony girls still being stretched untie the ribbons from the rubber cones. It was of course embarrassing but that was part of a pony’s existence.

One day Golden Lady slipped over the rail fence. It was quite an effort on her part, for the coarse

wooden rails could readily puncture a pony girl's soft places with dozens of painful splinters. But she managed to prop her cheeks unto the top rail then twist and simultaneous swing both legs over to the road side. Thus she did not straddle the fence and the wooden rails did not rub against her most sensitive feminine parts.

Clearing the fence, Golden Lady took off in sprint. Most interestingly, she ran as if hitched to a cart, bent at the waist with head up.

No pony had ever attempted escape before and I wondered where she could go. We were on an island whose entire population participated in one form or another in controlling or humiliating us pony girls. The wealthy pony owners were the only source of the island's outside revenue. Therefore everyone, including the doctor, benefitted from the proclivities of the owners, not only financially, but also from the lewd amusements in which all the islanders reveled. There would be no sanctuary offered anywhere.

So Golden Lady's escape was most curious. Without clothing and wearing the various piercings it was not possible to move about incognito. She had no place to go.

Well, Lady M was furious. That evening Golden Lady was returned by a native woman who found her secured to a tree by her nose ring. When she entered the stable I was not blindfolded since I was working on the coated rubber ball with my tongue.

Golden Lady was a mess. She had evidently tried to run through the brush and was covered with scratches and cuts. But worst was the stream of dried, white mucous trailing down the insides of her thighs. Golden Lady had been assaulted and anally penetrated by a group of the island's boys. Tears were flowing, which was unusual for experienced ponies. Most were Stoic.

Lady M lectured while Midori inspected the pony girl for other damage.

"Serves you right, Golden Lady. You should know that you're only protected on stable grounds or with me and Greta. Those boys had their way with you and you deserve it.

"Midori, shower her and cover the cuts with salted oil. That should help her heal. And tomorrow, Golden Lady, you'll begin the first of many sessions on the wooden horse."

Well after that, Lady M bought a dog. Large. Vicious. A male, with all his organs intact. He was well trained and delighted in sniffing with impunity between the legs of the ponies. He was given the run of the stable and grounds and for the most part was afforded more privileges than the pony girls.

But the main function of the dog Brutus was during grazing. After Brutus arrived, we grazed with a short cord connected to our clitoral rings. The cord ended with a rubber ring which Brutus could grab and hold with his teeth.

Lady M was as vigorous with her canine training as with pony girls and within weeks the dog learned to grasp the ring and carefully lead a pony girl wherever desired. Brutus was trained not to pull too hard and, naturally, a pony girl could not resist even the slightest tension on the cord. The results were immediate submission to Brutus' will.

No. There would be no more escapes. Brutus was fast, well trained and could easily detect our scent, as he constantly reminded us with his cold nose probing our most delicate parts.

Over time Lady M used Brutus to assist with outdoor exercise as he could endlessly chase a pony girl around the corral or grazing area with minimal effort. He was also trained to limit the "pony love" we so much enjoyed. He could sense when a girl got too excited and we soon learned that when he barked or nipped at our cords, we had to instantly stop frottaging against one another.

One Sunday, Lady M ordered a special treat for the brunching islanders. Snowflake was swathed with sun protection oil and joined us in grazing. This was unusual. For normally Lady M not only coveted Snowflake's alabaster skin, she was also reluctant to publicly display her prize pony other than in competition. This policy punctuated Snowflake's few appearances and served to sway the judging at the various shows sponsored by the pony owners association.

But to pique the islanders interest, Lady M had Greta attach one end of a leash to Snowflakes clitoral ring and the other to Brutus' collar. Thus, for a large part of the afternoon, Snowflake helplessly followed Brutus while showing off her perfect display posture and walking on the very tips of her toes. The islanders were greatly amused and all seemed to breathlessly wait for Brutus to bolt or make some unanticipated move. But alas, he was too well trained, and the licentious curiosity of the viewers had to be satisfied with watching Snowflake's beautiful nakedness submissively follow Brutus in his endless travails around the grazing area.

Other than that special occasion with Snowflake, the leisurely Sunday afternoons ended with Brutus running about the grazing area to herd us back to the stable. Lady M seemed to take particular delight in that. For she always seemed to be watching while a loudly barking Brutus worked us into a line and we obediently trotted back to the stable.

## Chapter Fifteen

*"Have you been masturbated recently, Zesty? When was it and did you have a strong orgasm?"*

*I knew the question were coming. The doctor knew the date from the metal disk. The question was intended to make me talk and heighten my embarrassment. I answered, as his penetrating hand continued to probe my rear passage.*

*"Describe it."*

Six months before I had won the Equestra Cup race for my weight class. Lady M was very pleased and took the time after the race to personally massage a light oil into my well cropped nipples.

“You’re a good pony today, Zesty. Saturday night you’ll be on the masturbation table. I’ll have Midori do you very slowly and perhaps invite some friends to watch. You’d like that wouldn’t you?”

I nuzzled my nose and bit into Lady M’s torso. Yes, I would like that. It had been months, as usual, and as humiliating as the process was, Midori’s skilled fingers were most welcomed.

The race was on Sunday and I waited the entire week for my appointment on the table. Hormones were added to the pony slop. Exercise was minimized and Midori or someone feathered my pierced, ringed clitoris every evening. By Saturday morning I was ready to jump out of my sling.

It was common for Lady M to invite guests. On many Saturday evenings she hosted dinner parties and would show off her ponies. Interesting scenes came to memory of tuxedoed men, ladies in formal gowns and naked restrained pony girls.

I attended several dinner parties as a servant and was very pleased to have the privilege. It was one of the few times when my wrists were freed. Instead, my thumbs rings would be hooked in front to a serving tray and my job was to pass Champagne, drinks and hors d’oeuvres among the guests.

Snowflake was always on display during the dinner parties. Lady M would have her posing in some incredibly demanding position, exposing all her feminine charms. Guests were permitted to poke, prod, pinch, knead, and generally inspect her. I was surprised to observe that the women guests were the most curious, pulling Snowflake’s lips from the labia ring and toying with the pink, stretched lips and displaying her charms to the men.

At one party, Snowflake maintained a well spread pose in a decorative porcelain tub. A feeding tube remained inserted for the entire evening, presumably providing Snowflake’s stomach with a constant flow of water. Her normally flat lower belly bulged on that evening with the slow filling of her bladder.

Lady M reveled in eliciting from her guests their thoughts about her “fountain”, for on Lady M’s command, Snowflake would begin to relieve herself into the tub. Relieve herself that is until Lady M gave the evil command to cease. At which time Snowflake immediately cut off the flow, struggling with the urge to relieve the pressure and humbly awaiting the next set of guests and another command.

Well the appointed Saturday evening came for me and Midori released me from the sling. My hood was removed which was very rare but seemed to be the normal procedure for masturbation.

Midori took me to the shower room and thoroughly soaped and rinsed my body. I was excited by the mere touch of her hands. The hormones ran wildly and I felt my wetness flow.

Midori oiled my entire body. Lady M liked the way the spot lights over the masturbation table made the hairless skin of the pony glow. A final inspection ensured that I was devoid of hair. Most had been permanently removed through depilation over the years but Midori had orders from the meticulous Lady M...No hair anywhere.

As described, the masturbation table was in the middle of the stable. It was low in height but very long and wide, close to the size of a billiards table. The top was a mirror. Most times it was covered with a blanket. Tonight it gleamed under the ring of spot lights above and was spotless. As Midori led me closer I shuddered knowing that my most intimate places would be completely exposed for all to see.

Who would be watching me writhe in ecstasy tonight? Meredith and her foppish companion? Sebastian, the wealthy Spanish capitalist with his cruel wife? Alexandra and Patricia, the two lesbian fashion designers? And of course there could be unknown guests. Lady M's hospitality was renowned and the "straight" world buzzed with the notoriety of Lady M's house guests. They stayed just two or three days under the guise of vacationing on the main island where I arrived on the jet. Few would know that the long "fishing" trips were actually overnight visits to Lady M's or the other stables.

Some enjoyed taking pony carts on excursions throughout the island. As described, the miles of paths were surfaced with a compacted soil intended to be conducent to pony feet. The paths were wide enough only for the carts and chariots. No automobiles were seen on Equestra and no real ponies or horses. Transportation on Equestra was by human foot. One either walked or utilized human ponies.

Other guests were merely voyeuristic. Since each stable sponsored a race, there were six races per year held on the track near the village. This provided many opportunities for visitors from the main island to view the ponies along with the islanders. Betting was prevalent. And only on Equestra could losing bettors obtain as much enjoyment as winners. For a losing ticket permitted a bettor to attend a short ceremony in one of the owners private tents after the race. There his/her losing pony would be caned, an interesting spectacle since well-muscled pony buttocks are quite receptive to such flagellation.

Such was the attraction of the canings that some wealthy visitors wagered wildly to ensure obtaining a variety of losing tickets and joyously watch the application of the cane.

So as I approached the sparkling table I knew that strangers would be among Lady M's guests, although some could be recognized from photos in fashion magazines or other publications. One instance came to mind when a famous actress observed with riveted interest and I pondered how such a well known personality could visit Equestra and involve herself in such perverse activities

with anonymity and impunity.

Midori led me by my nose ring and had me step up onto the glass table.

“Kneel.”

I complied and immediately spread my knees without any command. The bright lights highlighted my nakedness and I glanced down in the mirror to watch Midori free my labia from the perinaeum ring. She also hooked a short cord to my clitoral ring. On the end was the strange vibrating device which Lady M turned on and off by remote control. Guests always found Lady M’s device to be very entertaining, and she used it diligently.

“Don’t move.”

She didn’t need to tell me. I knew that a pony’s lot was to wait patiently. Midori rearranged the leash so that it was connected only to my two tongue rings. She then tethered the end of the leash to a hook on the front end of the table and left the stable.

There I knelt. My wrists were secured in back of me to my neck collar. I was restrained only by the slim leash on my tongue rings and when I looked down I could see the reflection of the little device swinging between my thighs along with my well extended labia.

Above me hung a single ankle cuff. When I saw it I knew the position in which I was to be placed, one of Lady M’s favorites and probably the most revealing. Only pony girls with well developed muscles could maintain the awkward split for the lengthy masturbation session.

The wait always seemed so long. The dangling device excited me and I so desperately needed to be masturbated, even if it required being exposed in such a lewd manner.

At last there was some commotion at the end of the stable. The ravishing Lady M entered in an extraordinary evening gown followed by three similarly attired women and three men in dinner jackets.

Lady M went down her line of ponies removing the blindfolds from each and calling out the names and type of pony to her guests. This indicated to me that the guests were strangers since the pony owners could easily distinguish work ponies from racing ponies and show ponies.

Midori stepped down the line of ponies from the rear. As Lady M removed the blindfold, Midori released their labia. The female guests gasped as the shocking pink flesh swung down between the thighs. When they reached Proud Prancer, Midori tapped her hip and before the excited guests, the work pony relieved herself unto the stable floor.

“As you can see, we control all the ponies functions,” Lady M explained with a mischievous yet proud smile.

The feeding tubes remained inserted in all the ponies and I can only imagine the reaction of these first time guests at Lady M's complete authority and dominance.

It was traditional that the blindfolds be removed when a pony was masturbated. Lady M wanted all her herd to see witness the magnanimous gesture of bringing a pony to orgasm. And it indeed assisted with morale, as each pony girl was cognizant that complete obedience and exemplary performance would eventually be rewarded.

"Well here's Zesty Girl, my fastest middle weight."

They had reached the masturbation table and six pairs of eyes stared.

"Been here some four years and is fully stretched as you can see. She loves to run and took the Equestra Cup last Sunday. Yes, didn't you girl?"

Her last question was not intended to be answered, as she patted my bald head and tweaked my left nipple.

"She'll be wearing the ribbon for a year. I had it removed tonight for our little recreation."

She was referring to the championship ribbon with the small medal which hooked to my clitoral ring. Lady M would have me proudly display it whenever she took me into the village or on a trip around the island.

Lady M took the end of the tongue leash off the hook. Her action was a signal to Midori who took my left ankle, lifted it and snapped it into the ankle cuff hanging above. This left me on one knee with my privates well exposed to the guests standing to the side. What they couldn't see directly they could view in the mirror. As usual, the women guests seemed to take the greatest interest. One woman inquired about the device hanging from my clitoral ring and laughed when Lady M showed her the remote control in her palm.

"A little vibrator to heighten the pleasure."

Midori took her position behind me. Her well oiled latex gloves were ready and I felt a finger smooth lubricant along the crack between my cheeks.

Lady M gave the leash a gentle tug. This established her control and I knew by experience to thrust out my tongue as far as possible. At Lady M's stable, the tongue is considered a sex organ and she wanted it displayed with every other part of my anatomy. One woman smiled and commented on its length. I imagined her taking me to the beach, as Lady M did on occasion, and spending a leisurely afternoon in the sun with my tongue laboring between her thighs.

Midori inserted one than two fingers into my anal passage. This began a slow process of arousal. I felt moisture and knew that my undouched genitalia would fill the air with the aroma of my excitement. A small feather brushed my outer labia. Midori slowly worked it up and down with her freed hand. On each up stroke it got closer and closer to my clitoris. At one point, I involuntarily pulled at the one ankle cuff in an attempt to close my thighs and engulf the titillating feather. This amused my audience and proved to Midori the effectiveness of her manipulation.

After some fifteen minutes Lady M spoke...,

“If no one’s in a hurry, we’ll have more Champagne brought from the house.”

I was in a hurry. Desperately trying to pull that magical trigger to release a long over due orgasm. I could not speak but would have begged and groveled for relief. Midori was slowly inching me toward a cliff from which I so anxiously wanted to jump.

Lady M retied the leash and walked to a nearby phone. Midori immediately ceased but kept her fingers inserted. The three couples talked and one woman gently pinched and toyed with my long, erect nipples and turned to her companion,

“They’re so long and firm, Henry. I wonder how they lactate?”

I again involuntarily pulled against the cuff in a spasm of pleasure as she gently rolled both nipples between thumb and forefinger. Next she smoothed a single finger along my outstretched tongue. I knew what she was thinking when she turned to her companion, smiled, and than burst into a girlish giggle.

Lady M returned and described some of the process of transforming young girls into suitable ponies..., the stretching of special parts, the sensory deprivation, the scientifically developed pony slop, the extensive exercise. The audience listened attentively until Botana entered carrying a tray with Champagne and glasses.

With the guest glasses filled, Lady M returned to her position at the head end of the masturbation table with the guests watching from the side where my ankle secured high above provided an unimpeded view of everything I owned. Midori remained at the back end, two fingers of her right hand firmly penetrating my backside.

When Lady M released the leash and held it in her hand, Midori resumed feathering me.

This continued for several minutes. I moaned and stared straight into Lady M’s eyes. It appeared she was receiving as much pleasure as me.

“Oh yes, Zesty Girl, you’re going to have a nice orgasm for my guests. Midori knows your



special places and I think her touch will be quite welcome. Don't you think?"

As she cooed these words her free hand patted and rubbed my hairless head. This was a common signal of affection in the stables and I felt a certain warmth within.

Midori discarded the feather and began massaging my long inner lips, kneading and pulling. They were the required length. Over the years, Naomi had stretched them to four inches and the woman who was fascinated with my nipples became transfixed with the two trails of feminine flesh hanging so loosely between my thighs.

"Look at the color. They're turning purple!"

Indeed they were, and I again moaned as best I could with my restrained tongue muffling all sound. Midori's gentle, knowing fingers played my musical instrument like a maestro, bringing me time after time to near crescendo and then fading to a softer, slower rhythm.

Lady M pulled ever so slighter at the tongue leash. Just a reminder as to who was in control. In her left hand was the remote control and I watched her thumb toy with that most intriguing button. Mentally, I willed her thumb to squeeze it. I was dying for the clash of cymbals in my brain and vagina.

My wetness flowed down my right leg and reached the mirror. Midori paused and pulled my left labia well out and to the side. The bright pink/purple insides of my vagina were exposed to all and someone commented loudly on the quantity of moisture. This humiliation seemed to increase the flow and I felt my entire body flush. I wanted to hide but also wanted to climax and I knew I could not do both. Orgasms at Lady M's came with a price and that was they were shared with anyone upon whom Lady M chose to bestow the degenerative excitement of the process. And tonight it was these three proper couples who would probably quietly talk about me for ages to come, the submissive naked pony girl whose anatomy was transformed at the whim of her mistress.

Lady M's thumb moved. The thrill of the little vibrating device shot through me and my head began to sink with the waves of pleasure. Lady M firmed her grip on the tongue leash forcing my head up. Proper deportment was to be displayed. Any orgasm would be achieved in the demanded posture. My tongue seemed to be leaving my mouth.

She turned off the device.

Midori wriggled the fingers in my rear portal and for the first time slipped the fingers of her left hand into my vagina. I so welcomed them. Keep in mind reader, nothing touched me there for months at a time. Only at the doctor's office and the rare trips to the masturbation table was anything felt inside my most sensitive organ. I gasped with pleasure and mentally begged Midori to take me once and for all, fully aware that it was Lady M's prerogative to select the moment, and she was not ready to release me into the land of orgasm.

The thumb squeezed again and the vibrator hummed. As I again attempted to cry out with the thrill, I drooled, not being able to move my tongue and control my saliva.

Midori's left hand probed and explored. She knew the spot. That mystical area above the urethral opening. She touched it briefly, felt my spasmodic reaction then moved her fingers to the side. I knew she would eventually return there, but the timing was beyond my control. My vagina was a toy and Midori played with it at will, with Lady M turning on the vibrator at intermittent intervals and carefully monitoring my reaction.

The guests freely discussed my widely spread and exposed genitalia. One woman was transfixed by the small puddle of my juices forming around my right knee and all laughed each time Midori returned to that most sensitive spot and my raised left leg involuntarily kicked against its restraint.

"Such a good pony girl. Yes, show off for my guests. You're going to have a nice orgasm and ejaculate for me, aren't you Zesty Girl. A little more vibrator?"

Lady M's soft words penetrated my vacuous mind as she pressed the switch again. Over the years at Lady M's I had learned much about female ejaculation. Midori's extensive medical training enabled her to find and manipulate that odd area in females which seemed to be the equivalent of the male prostate gland. The results produced an amazing stream of viscous fluid. I had never found the spot as an exploring teenager, but at Lady M's, massaging the "G" spot, as it was known, was standard operating procedure when masturbating a pony girl. Thus, on many Saturday nights I watched Golden Lady or Proud Prancer or other ponies squirt their love juices unto the surface of the mirrored table, always under the guidance of Midori and Lady M and under the gaze of fascinated guests. Finally it became my turn on the table and in a strange way I both reveled in the process and hated it.

My tongue was aching from the forced stretching and my right leg and knee were straining to keep me balanced. Occasionally I pulled my left leg against the ankle cuff and this seemed to afford some relief. How long? When? Let me come...

Finally, Lady M turned on the vibrator and placed the remote control on the mirror in front of me. She increased the tension on my tongue leash and I felt Midori fingers return in the mystical "G" spot. I knew the end was near when Lady M reached down for the ubiquitous riding crop. My eyes widened. The flow of juices increased and Midori firmly pressed and massaged my spot. Lady M moved the crop to out to the side.

"Come for me, Zesty. Give us a good show."

She flicked the crop and it painfully stung my right nipple. I groaned but felt an amazing wave of pleasure and something escape from my mons veneris. The guests gasped in amazement. Lady M flicked again. Another wave.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see my fluid puddling near the edge of the mirror. Apparently I was ejaculating strongly for the perverse enjoyment of this well dressed crowd of patricians. I began to enter a strange dreamland and Lady M continued to use the crop. The stings were painful yet simultaneously seemed to produce incredible pleasure. With each stroke I felt more of my juices escape. Midori timed her manipulations with each swing of Lady M's hand and the vibrator steadily droned.

How many swings? I lost count and believe I fainted. When the vision of the stable returned I was lying on the mirrored table in my own juices. The air was filled with strong feminine pony scent. For not only did my fragrance permeate the stable air, some ten other pony girls had watched and their excited, undouched genitalia added to the aroma.

The guests were all talking and finishing the Champagne. All seemed delighted with the show and Midori, who had evidently released my ankle stood nearby.

“Very good, Zesty. Such a good pony. You put on quite a show.”

My nipples were very sore which was an indication that Lady M had cropped them many times and very firmly. And my strange reaction was to climax? Once again I realized how much I had come to enjoy my submission. Despite the degree to which I hated being shown naked, I very much wanted to perform for Lady M. She knew how to extract from me my best efforts.

## Chapter Sixteen

*“I think you’ve excited yourself telling me about that, Zesty. You like being a submissive exhibitionist, don’t you? Displaying your most intimate feminine parts to strangers makes you feel good. And serving Lady M? You’ve learned to relish it.”*

*Yes, I suppose it was true. And part of the process was to make me admit it and confess to the doctor this deep desire to grovel before Lady M and serve her in any manner she desired.*

*As these thoughts crossed my mind the doctor’s free hand found its way between my lips and began to explore my vagina.*

*“Open yourself for me, Zesty. You know you’re not going to leave here without a thorough examination.”*

*The doctor had detected my resistance and I obediently relaxed my muscles and spread as far as I could to facilitate his penetration of my vagina. It was during this part of the exam that I truly pined to return the stable. I longed for the blindfold and the monotonous tone and to be left to contemplate more pleasant things such as orally serving Lady M.*

*My thoughts turned to my publicly viewed evening of masturbation...*

Midori led me back to my sling. I was wet from having laid in the puddle of my secretions. The guests dispersed among the ponies. Each seemed to locate a favorite and Lady M proudly watched while they toyed with various feminine parts. One woman seemed mesmerized by the size and length of Proud Prancer's lips. As the reader will recall, Proud Prancer was a large work pony, and everything about her was somewhat oversized. It was a most interesting contrast to see the radiant, formally attired socialite stoop and stare directly at Proud Prancer's hairless pubes. The work pony stirred in her sling and lurched when the socialite gently grasped the labia in each hand, pulled them outward and then widely separated them. The action flashed Proud Prancer's pink vagina for all to see and caused the pierced clitoris to become firm. Proud Prancer shifted noticeably and seemed to become excited.

"Did you say the size of the ring was indicative of something?"

"Yes, Duchess. I have the rings increased by one half inch for every year of service. Proud Prancer is approaching her ninth year. Soon she'll be donning a five inch ring, which is rarely seen."

"Amazing thighs... and those buttocks!"

The Duchess had released the labia, allowing them to swing freely. Her right hand was reaching behind the pedestal and evidently cupping and squeezing Proud Prancer's extensively developed gluteus maximus muscles.

"Yes, Duchess I believe you'll find most work ponies are prominently developed below the waist. They're exercised extensively and their feed is specially formulated."

"You know Lady M, I'm quite fond of seeing the cane applied to quality female flesh. Do you participate in such endeavors?"

"Of course, Duchess. Greta is an accomplished flagellatrix. And I believe Proud Prancer is due. I like to have the work ponies thoroughly disciplined every few months. And Proud Prancer seems to look forward to it. Perhaps tomorrow we'll put up the "A" frame after you've taken a cart ride?"

"That would be a wonderful way to end the trip."

"Yes, and I believe you'll enjoy Greta's style."

As the women spoke, Midori was putting me back in the sling. I was exhausted. Wet. And smelled of my own excretions. I urinated for Midori. The ear plugs were inserted. The hood replaced. The blindfold. The feeding tube. I eagerly reentered my world of nothingness as Midori slipped my labia into the perinaeum ring. I dozed off with the feel of Brutus' tongue eagerly

lapping the remnants of my spending from my thighs. Proud Prancer's strange look of anticipation occupied my mind.

The next morning my feeding tube and hood were removed. This was not usually done until after I emptied myself, but as my eyes focused I saw the Duchess was standing very close with Midori. She wanted to observe all the stable procedures and wanted to watch my reaction as Midori signaled me to relieve myself and move my bowels.

Again, reader, these were the most difficult times for me. I found that, as demanding as it was to be subjected to Lady M's perverse stable activities, being the object of a "straight" woman's curiosity was most distasteful. I felt like a zoo animal.

"May I?"

Midori nodded and the Duchess slipped her hand between my thighs and released my labia. She was gentle but somewhat clumsy. I wanted to be defiant and withhold my flow but could not. I could not hold back the night's build up. The Duchess wore a smirk of strange satisfaction as my flow began. She enjoyed the momentary control and authority. I hated her for it and was disgusted by the way I so obsequiously complied and satisfied her strange curiosity.

Midori measured the quantity, marked it on my chart, then poured it onto the stable floor.

My bowels followed. Duchess watched closely and although this was a daily process with Midori, it was disconcerting to have this royal woman reviewing my basic bodily functions.

The Duchess was wearing a riding outfit, similar to Lady M's. In her left hand she held the long tethering pole to which Greta had first introduced me years before. She was in her thirties and stunningly attractive. Her blond hair was drawn back in a pony tail and her medium frame and slim waist gave her quite an athletic look.

Midori inspected my stool as it plunked onto the stable floor. She made a comment about increasing my fiber as she pulled my labia back and through the perinaeum ring. My ankles were released and the cloth slings unhooked. My legs straightened and my feet slowly reached the floor. Experience told me to avoid stepping into my own excretions.

Every morning the stable was hosed down after the ponies had finished their business. The floor was sloped from the middle downward to troughs cut into the cement at the base of the walls. A worker applied a heavy spray of water, thoroughly cleansing the floor and by noon, when the ponies finished the exercise and deportment routines, we returned to a spotless stable.

The Duchess hooked the tethering pole to my tongue rings. Normally the nose ring was utilized so I knew whatever the Duchess had planned I knew it would be challenging. Midori attached my championship medal to my clitoral ring. It dangled most titillatingly and it not only aroused me

but made me feel proud.

“Head up, Zesty Girl. Step lively. Give me good high steps. Yes, good girl!”

I knew Duchess was seeking show dressage. This involved walking high on toes with my back somewhat arched to display the buttocks and thrust forward my breasts and nipples. My thumb rings were hooked to the back of my collar and when the Duchess pulled up on the tethering pole and my tongue followed.

“Let’s see that tongue now, Zesty. Oh yes! What a good girl!”

My tongue followed the elastic cord and protruded well outside my lips. The years of stretching and exercise with the ball had made it into a formidable appendage and the Duchess seemed fascinated by its length.

As the pole was raised higher and higher my head was forced back and I looked straight to the ceiling. Midori handed the Duchess the long cane and I knew what was coming. The Duchess, the connoisseur of the cane, wished to put me through some dressage. It was not to be unexpected. Lady M allowed her guests to entertain themselves in a variety of ways and since that first training session with Greta years before, I had performed for a number of guests. It was most humiliating to be controlled and displayed to the male guests, but the female guests were more demanding and always seemed to apply much firmer strokes of encouragement or correction.

The pole pulled me forward and I helplessly followed, lifting each foot high as instructed. As my buttocks moved I realized that some of my bowel movement had clung to me. But no matter. Such was the manner that a pony was exercised and displayed. I was not in competition and the Duchess seemed to find the uncleanliness amusing.

My training taught me to follow the pole. I could not see the floor or where to step. I had to rely on the Duchess and her commands. But I knew the corral was the destination and I just concentrated on high steps and staying well up on my toes.

“Good girl. Oh yes, Zesty, if you could only see that nice posterior. And those nipples. Pointing straight out. You’re very close to a show pony, aren’t you girl. Yes. You’d like to show off and please a crowd, wouldn’t you.”

Her remarks were appropriate. Hearing the roar of the crowd at the race track provided me with a sense of warmth and comfort. I had felt wanted and appreciated and however odd it may seem, reader, I had felt a glow in winning the Equestra Cup. The same glow returned as the Duchess raved about my deportment and her occasional flicks with the long cane were more welcomed than painful, a form of communication between trainer and pony.

It was a typical sunny day in the Caribbean. And the Duchess spent an hour with me directing me

around and around. I salivated uncontrollably with my tongue extended and this seemed to be of no concern to the Duchess. After a time I began to perspire and the flicks of the cane made a frightening wet sound. The strokes became substantial and the Duchess worked me up to a very high level of firmness which I was mentally able to accept. The more authority and power she displayed the more I desperately wanted to please her. I felt myself aroused, despite the prior evening of extensive masturbation.

“Very nice, Zesty Girl. Canter. Step lively! Good girl!”

Every few minutes we paused and the Duchess squeezed water into my mouth while I caught my breath. She seemed fixated by my exposed labia and gently toyed with my lips as I sucked in the refreshing liquid. I responded by spreading my feet further and bending more to welcome her inquiring fingers.

“If you were mine I’d stretch these to your knees, Zesty. Such pretty pink skin. I wouldn’t deny anyone a view of your most intimate parts. You’d have no place to hide them and all the world would be free to fondle and caress them.”

Her words excited me and when she stepped back and raised the tethering pole I renewed my show of dressage with vigor. The Duchess began to place very gentle strokes of the cane to the lower portion of my buttocks, just nipping the sensitive lips which were pulled back by the perinaeum ring. She laughed when I jumped in reaction, interrupting the steady cadence of my toes kicking up the soft corral soil. It was very unusual for an experienced pony to be put off stride, but with the sharp pain I momentarily lost concentration. She laughed knowing that if Lady M saw the transgressions I would be severely punished, probably placed on the wooden horse.

“Let’s go for a cart ride, shall we Zesty. You’re nicely lathered up and seem eager for a full gallop.”

Indeed I was. I wanted to perform and feel this women’s crop. And with my incredible physical conditioning, running the miles of island paths was effortless.

I wanted to show off my medal to the islanders we passed. They would smile wickedly knowing that the ribbon with the small dangling disk was slowly masturbating me and only the sting of the crop on my nipples kept me from climaxing.

I wanted to work up a sweat and fully display my genitalia to the Duchess. Her seat in the cart would give her unimpeded proximity and I knew if I pleased her she would toy with them as I joyously labored to pull the cart.

“Botana, I’d like a good light weight cart, provisioned for a beach picnic.”

The Duchess pulled me back to the stable and released the tethering pole. Botswana wheeled out the briefest of carts, one in which the rider was so close to the pony that his/her feet extended forward on each side of the pony's knees in small stirrups.

Botana gave me a quick hosing which served to cool me and rid me of any embarrassment of the morning bowel movement.

## Chapter Seventeen

*"Very nice, Zesty. Good, firm vaginal walls. I'm going to recommend to Lady M that you be bred. You're quite nubile. You won't be winning races but Lady M will have a nice little pony to train and she'll enjoy regulating your lactation."*

*The thought sent chills through me. To have the depraved doctor discuss such a subject while his hands deeply explored my most intimate female parts made me realize how vulnerable and open I was to the whim of others. If Lady M wanted to breed me, I would be inseminated within a day. The only delay would be in selecting suitable semen. Another reason to please and keep winning races, I thought. Although I always wanted a child...*

*I calmed myself by recalling the pleasant afternoon with the Duchess.*

I had pulled the small cart many times under the firm hand of Lady M and occasionally Greta. It resembled a racing cart and therefore was used to prepare me for competition.

In order to minimize weight, the cart was just a frame with a seat over a set of wheels. The posterior of the pony was positioned between the legs of the rider and as described the rider's feet were held in stirrups to the left and right of the pony. The reins were short, and a special crop was used which was shorter but less rigid than the normal training crop, more akin to the slapper which Lady M used to prepare Snowflake's pink areas for shows. In general, the wheeled device was similar to that used for trotters and pacers in normal equestrian competition.

Well the Duchess reveled in the proximity the cart provided. She briskly slapped my nipples and immediately took me to a very fast pace. I effortlessly accelerated and we attained top speed before exiting Lady M's property. As usual, I turned off all thoughts and just reacted. Attempting to anticipate a rider's desires and/or intended direction was something I had learned not to do. And that learning process was painful.

We reached a long stretch of road and the Duchess pulled me back to a challenging three quarter gallop, a speed which Lady M described as unsustainable for most ponies. I could sustain it comfortably for miles, and I believe this made me a favorite with Lady M. (She loved waving to the native islanders with her hair blowing in the wind created by the cart's speed, while I labored vigorously with perspiring flesh shining in the Caribbean sun. As written, my nipples always seemed to receive a gratuitous snap whenever we passed pedestrians.)



The Duchess slipped her left hand between my thighs and I felt her soft fingers toy with my long labia. Keep in mind reader, the perinaeum ring held them in a position just below my anus and thus in this cart they practically rested in her lap.

Well, I knew that the Duchess could not simultaneously hold the reigns, the crop and my well exposed lips so I relaxed with the realization that with the exploration of my labia, my nipples would receive a respite from the crop.

“Such a good pony girl. Keep this pace Zesty, all the way to the beach.”

I did not need the encouragement. Training dictated that the speed did not vary unless there was a tug on the reigns or a snap of the crop.

The Duchess pushed the soft stretched flesh forward and I felt the labia swing free of their bond. With my cadence the lips began to swing and brush the insides of my thighs. The medal attached to the clitoral ring also moved with each step and the Duchess relaxed for a few minutes and just let me adjust the timing of my steps to maximize the sensuous rhythm. Something opened deep inside me. In effect, I was slowly masturbating myself and the Duchess knew it. I wondered if the moisture was visible. My vagina was soaking.

After a time I felt the Duchess’s hand palm the labia and slowly pull them back. A finger found its way between the pink strips and easily slipped inside me revealing my excitement.

“Oh Zesty. Such a naughty girl.”

The Duchess was laughing with the comment. She knew no female could withstand the extreme combination of sensations. And the realization that I was publicly performing this forbidden act under the threat of her crop added to the perverse sensuousness and my humiliation.

And the Duchess’s control added to the excitement. As we passed two island men I became even more excited knowing that they stared at my swinging labia, which were rarely displayed free of the entrapping perinaeum ring.

At last the beach was in sight. My own pending climax caused me to stutter step on occasion. The Duchess did not seem to notice and I was grateful, for Lady M would have briskly applied the short painful crop to my nipples and brought my thoughts away from my pending ecstasy and back to rolling the cart.

The reigns pulled back on my bit and I slowed. A pull to the left directed me off the road onto the sand.

“Whoa, girl!”

I didn't want to stop. The slow masturbation was bringing me very close to completion and I was eager to plunge into a full orgasm, though the results would have meant completely breaking stride, a serious infringement of Lady M's rules.

The Duchess released the reins and my thumbs and uncoupled the belt around my waist. She slipped my hands up and hooked the thumb rings to the back of my neck collar then pulled me by my nose ring out from the cart's rigging.

As I stood in the soft sand, I maintained the mandatory pony stance. Balancing myself on my toes was difficult in the softness. The Duchess squeezed large quantities of water into my mouth and I swallowed as best I could with my entrapped tongue.

The Duchess slipped out of her jodhpurs and removed her light silk blouse. Underneath she wore the briefest of bikinis and I stared. She had an amazing figure for mid thirties and the loose blouse had served to camouflage very well rounded, perfectly formed breasts, like those I almost developed but had sacrificed to years of pony training and Naomi's talents.

"Come, girl. Follow."

She hooked her index finger through the nose/tongue ring configuration and, bent at the waist, I obsequiously followed her toward the ocean.

"Zesty Girl is going to have a nice swim," Duchess cooed.

My protruding lips swung awkwardly with my unsteady steps. Walking on toes was challenging on the soft sand since they sunk into the surface. I appreciated how much time and effort the pony owners association had spent on developing and maintaining the paths throughout the island. As described, ponies were able to dig their feet into the soft paths, yet the surface was firm enough to roll carts at impressive speeds.

As the Duchess walked, my face was just inches from her uncovered buttocks, well tanned, perfectly rounded with a feminine layer of soft skin that was never seen on pony girls. Hours of tread mill work and training "melted" away such soft shapeliness. Thick muscles replaced the softness on pony girls and my mental comparison caused me to feel my extensive gluteus maxima ripple under the strain of each step in the sand.

My pending orgasm had subsided when the cart stopped. But as we proceeded across the beach the medal once again swung and my swollen labia seemed to crash against the inside of my thighs. Again something opened within and I pushed my face forward and nuzzled my secured tongue against the bare buttocks of the Duchess.

Greta or Lady M would place me on the horse every morning for a week for such temerity, but

the Duchess laughed.

“You need to be cooled, Zesty Girl. Last night’s exhibition seems to have lit a fire.”

Perhaps she was right. After months of abstinence Midori’s extensive manipulation and Lady M’s evil remotely controlled device had awoken something.

We reached the water’s edge.

“Down.”

I sat. How strange! Ponies rarely assumed such a position and it felt good.

“Stay!”

The Duchess pushed my feet apart and had me extend my legs in a split. I was facing the ocean at the water’s edge. My feet were in the water, my posterior was planted in the very fine wet sand that was lapped by the small Caribbean waves.

“Relieve yourself for me.”

I did. And the warm flow disappeared into the sand. A small wave moved between my thighs and caressed my labia. The Duchess laughed as the large lips briefly floated in the water then resumed lying on the sand when the wave retreated. My flow slowly trickled to drops as my bladder emptied.

“Enjoy.”

The Duchess left to swim and I marveled at her graceful walk and the ballet-like strokes of her arms as the deeper water swallowed her calves, thighs, waist and finally her torso.

Another wave rushed up the gently sloped beach and lapped against my genitalia. It felt wonderfully refreshing and I was desperate to touch myself. I tugged at my thumb rings and laughed at my own efforts. Even after years of pony training, natural instincts remained. I pined to toy with myself while watching the Duchess swim and frolic in the calm blue water.

The mid day swim continued for some thirty minutes as I watched with envy. Each wave massaged my lips and caused my racing medal to stimulate my clitoris. The ocean ebbed and flowed gently washing over at my genitalia. My nerve center welcomed the slow sensuous manipulation. It was marvelously refreshing since ponies were never doused.

When at last the Duchess returned I was very much in need of attention and was gyrating my hips in a crude attempt to achieve satisfaction.

“Well, Zesty Girl, I see you’re enjoying your swim.”

Her humorous comment was indeed true. I couldn’t remember the last time I was permitted to sit. Pony girls either stood or knelt, except when suspended for the evening in the sling. And the contrast of being able to relax while the motion of the water slowly stimulated my organs was incredibly decadent. I felt like an owner.

“Lie back. I have something I think you want.”

The Duchess stepped out of the lower bikini and exposed herself to me. She stood naked from the waist down and mischievously let me ogle her perfectly formed genitalia. Nicely trimmed pubic hair, normal lips and a cute little button which seemed to beg for attention greeted my attentive gaze.

She straddled my hips which separated her thighs so I could look straight up at her wet organs.

“I think that tongue can be put to good use, don’t you Zesty? I very much admired it last evening. So long and strong.”

As she spoke she pushed my head back so I was supine on the sand. My well secured arms and hands sunk into the soft wet sand under me. Her knees bent and she slowly lowered herself over my head. My tongue rings were quickly freed from my nose ring and her fresh feminine scent, cleansed by the ocean, filled my nostrils. Without further words my tongue darted past my lips and began the process which Greta and Lady M had so carefully and painstakingly taught me, the humble yet thorough servicing of the female genitalia.

I worked and worked the outer lips then plunged my appendage deep into her vagina, slowly moving upwards. The Duchess was implacable, and although her shudders indicated numerous small climaxes she urged me on by reaching back and pinching my long pony nipples.

I sucked on her lips and slipped my tongue well back and brushed it over her sphincter. Lady M was insistent that her pony girls have this capability and our tongues were stretched accordingly. The Duchess jumped realizing that her rear portable was also receiving attention and I heard her giggle and make some comment about Lady M’s proclivities.

Finally my lips sucked her firm erect clitoris into my mouth and I swished my long tongue over every sensitive part it could reach. This earned an abundance of moisture and a noticeable groan. I lapped it all in, as trained, while her thighs squeezed my head in a paroxysmal climax.

“Oh, you’re a good girl!”

She released my nipples and I remained still, letting her relax in the glow of the orgasm with my lips gently sucking in all her juices.

## Chapter Eighteen

*The doctor continued to toy with me. I felt incredibly stuffed with his fist stretching my thoroughly cleansed backside and the fingers of his left hand exploring my reproductive organs.*

*“Almost done, Zesty Girl. The Nurse Hopkins will test your tolerance levels and prepare some shiny new rings.”*

*The worst was last. The examination always ended with me at the complete disposal of Nurse Hopkins. She would extract her sadistic pleasure under the guise of testing my tolerance levels for pain. A report that apparently Lady M reviewed carefully to determine the proper training methods to be employed over the ensuing months until the next examination.*

*But I knew the ‘almost done’ phrase introduced the final part the doctor’s examination, that of utilizing my throat. I knew it was coming. There was no point in thinking about it. I blocked the thought with more memories of the Duchess.*

The Duchess arose and slipped into the bikini bottom. Incredibly, she left my tongue free!

“Rinse yourself off, Zesty. Then let’s have lunch.”

I stepped into the water to rinse the sand which coated my back then followed the Duchess back to the cart. I marveled at her form and wondered if I would have looked similarly carved had I not been sold into the strange servitude on Equestra Island. She was a divinely sculpted and I walked behind her like a proud puppy, grateful to have my tongue free of its bondage.

The Duchess opened a small basket attached to the back of the cart’s seat.

“Kneel.”

Food was removed and the Duchess seated herself on a nearby log. I faced her some ten feet away, kneeling as instructed.

“Greta says you have a fondness for grapes.”

With that she tossed a sweet, ripe grape toward me. It bounced off my chest and landed on the sandy soil. I quickly bent, scooped it up like a dog and ravenously devoured it along with the sand sticking to its moist skin.

“You can do better than that,” she exclaimed with a giggle.

She tossed again and I was ready, deftly intercepting the flight of the fruit with my open mouth and long tongue.

“Good girl.”

The Duchess unwrapped a sandwich and amused herself during the meal with an occasional toss of more purple fruit. Sometimes she just motioned her hand and laughed at my reaction of attempting to snatch a non-existent morsel from the air.

I was humiliated yet grateful for the food. As the reader is well aware, tasting anything was a rare treat for a pony girl and to crush a grape and feel and taste the sweet juice roll down the back of my throat, was heavenly.

The last grape was rolled across the sand and I bent at the waist and scooped it up with my tongue.

“Enough, Zesty. Come over here for some water.”

I complied and as I approached, the Duchess spread her thighs.

“Sit here, Zesty. I want to look at you.”

She tapped her left thigh and as I approached, she reached out and gently palmed the pink strips of sensitive flesh dangling between my thighs.

“Yes, sit right down on my leg.”

As I lowered myself facing her, she guided my lips so they rested on the smooth creamy skin on her left thigh. It felt wonderful and scenes of “pony love” were recalled where the pony girls of Lady M’s herd attempted to frottage against each other while grazing on Sundays.

She squeezed generous quantities of water into my mouth. With my tongue free I was able to drink strongly. Ponies needed liquids and trainers and good riders always provided for a pony’s needs.

“Let’s see that medal.”

She picked up my winning medal and I felt a twinge as she gently tugged it away from the clitoral ring. She noticed my reaction.

“So sensitive, Zesty. Calm down. I only want to read it.... ‘MIDDLE WEIGHT CHAMPION’, Equestria Island 1998. You must be very proud.”

Although my tongue was free I knew better than to respond. I closed my eyes with the pleasure of rubbing my labia on the warm skin of the Duchess. She reacted by toying with my left nipple and

jiggling my medal. I sighed.

“You’re not going to talk, are you Zesty. I don’t want to have to use the crop.”

It was torture. I clenched my mouth closed and silently reveled with the intense pleasure of having this beautiful, regal woman play with my intimate parts while I frictioned my sensitive lips on her soft, warm thigh.

She released the medal and gently pinched my lips. She draped one long lip down one side of her thigh and draped the other down the opposite side. This caused the most sensitive and moist inner skin to friction against her thigh. When she resumed playing with the medal I jumped and began to frottage wildly, gyrating my hips and creating more warmth with the friction. The finger of her right hand rolled my left nipple. I became very wet and the top of the Duchess’ thigh became quite lubricated with my juices. The Duchess was laughing.

During grazing, this was the peak moment when the dog Brutus normally barked wildly as the strong scent of excited pony girls obviated further lewd behavior. I was so glad Brutus was not nearby. I wanted so much to bring myself to orgasm under the touch of this beautiful woman.

I began to increase the friction and the Duchess finally pushed against my chest and stood up. I fell backwards to the ground, stunned at the sudden termination of my pleasure.

“No, Zesty. You have work to do. I want to see those buttocks strain at maximum speed. I have a date to observe Greta do wonderful things with a cane.

“Tongue!”

My reaction was ingrained. I thrust it out and she reached down and reconnected my tongue rings to the nose ring. It was then back to the cart and within minutes I was restrained and prepared for a demanding ride back to the stables. The Duchess thrust the tube of the water bottle into my mouth and I was heavily watered. After a full bottle and part of a second, she slid in the bit and I felt very composed. The years of training had taught me to accept the bit and restraints and completely submit to the rider or trainer. I turned off all thoughts and opened myself mentally to the controlling tugs of the reigns and the encouraging strokes of the crop.

The short crop snapped my right nipple then the left and I instantly stepped back, leaned, and pulled the wheeled device to the road. With my powerful legs we quickly reached a full gallop. The Duchess had left my labia swinging and for the first time in my pony life I felt the sting of the short flexible crop between my legs. It startled me and I staggered with the first blow. The Duchess amused herself by placing her crop hand under me then flicking her wrist upwards so that the short flexible end slapped my free swinging lips. The pain spurred me to maintain a very high speed and the reigns directed me to the inland road. As with Lady M, pony and rider fell into a rhythm on the flat, relatively straight pathway back to Lady M’s. With every fifth step when my right toes kicked up the pony path dirt, the crop rose and nipped my most sensitive pink

flesh. I soon realized that the quicker we returned the fewer strokes I would have to endure. I wondered if the Duchess could feel the small cart shudder with each stroke, for my reaction was to lunge forward against the firm waist belt, creating a momentary acceleration until I regained composure. Ponies were trained to provide their rider with a smooth ride, but the Duchess seemed to enjoy feeling the cart shudder under the painful strokes. I suppose as one feels a lover react to a caress. The quick, evenly timed snaps did not subside until we reached the stable entrance.

I realized how much I oddly enjoyed being totally controlled by the beautiful Duchess and laboring to please her. By the time we reached the gate of Lady M's I was sweating profusely and water was dripping from my nipples, elbows and chin. My nylon hood was soaked. Perspiration ran to my dangling labia and for the first time I felt the slight sting of the saltiness on the chastised pink flesh. Botana stood waiting as we approached the tacking area at full speed. I continued to pump my legs vigorously waiting for the signal to slow. Within just feet of the stable doors the bit was pulled sharply back and I dug in bringing the cart to an abrupt halt.

As the Duchess stepped from the cart she seemed pleased. I felt proud to have endured so challenging an endeavor and to have so successfully responded to the encouragement of her crop.

## Chapter Nineteen

*The doctor slowly withdrew his right hand. Embarrassingly, it easily slid out, my wetness having coated the latex glove with lubrication.*

*"Stay still, Zesty. Almost done here. Then we'll do an oral exam."*

*The doctor's right fist relaxed. The large ball I felt in my backside seemed to shrink. But my impaled sphincter began to expand as the doctor's narrow wrist pulled back and his lower palm met my anus. I groaned despite all the preparatory stretching and lubrication. It was painful and humiliating and my thoughts ran to the whomever or whatever was behind the one way glass, being entertained and capturing my debasement for future amusement.*

*Finally, with an embarrassing plopping sound, the doctor's right hand returned to the light of the antiseptic examination room.*

*"I believe you know the required position, Zesty."*

*I did indeed and pony walked on my toes to a waiting stool. There without a word I knelt, hands behind my head and waited as the doctor removed the latex gloves and unbuttoned his white smock.*

*The pause was deliberate and I had occasion to look to my right at my reflection. With my hands raised and arms back my pony nipples protruded straight out. They seemed to welcome a brisk*



*cropping and I once again marveled at the genius of Lady M in shaping the anatomy of all her pony girls in such a manner to enhance control and bring a girl to complete submission.*

*That thought brought me back to the Duchess and Proud Prancer...*

“Can you give a her quick douse, Botana. I’d like to bring her with me to the exercise room.”

Lady M’s guests were always accommodated. The Duchess returned to the house and Botana released me from the cart and hosed me down. The water was cold but welcomed since the long run at maximum speed overheated me.

She held apart my labia and I immediately relieved myself with her assistance directly onto the soil. When my flow started I jumped with the irritation of the salty liquid running over the chastised flesh. Botana seemed to understand the problem and pulled the lips further apart. It amazed me how far the skin could be drawn and I appreciated the Duchess’ earlier remark that over time they could indeed be stretched to my knees if so desired. When Botana tucked my lips back into the perinaeum ring, it was painful. The crop of the Duchess had thoroughly excoriated the most sensitive feminine flesh.

My hood was removed and I felt incredibly naked without it. But Botana soon replaced it with a dry, clean one. It was an example of the courtesy extended to guests since the former hood was absolutely soaked with my perspiration and would be deemed offensive in close proximity to people of celebrity.

“Come Zesty.”

Botana was always pleasant but very demanding. She hooked her index finger around the nose/tongue ring configuration and I followed her, bent over with my head at waist level, into the stable.

We proceeded down the row of suspended ponies. All had finished the morning exercise and deportment and had returned to their slings.

‘Fudge Delight’ seemed to be asleep. A large Negress, she was Lady M’s heavy weight racer and was worked very hard in training. Her sprint times were excellent but she had not finished better than third in any of the island’s lengthy standard races of one mile. The solution was extensive work on the treadmill to develop stamina.

‘Sparkling Diamond’ was stirring in her sling. She was brand new, very young and had not yet learned to relax and let sleep overtake the feelings of exposure and humiliation. Lady M planned to show her. After all Snowflake’s great impression could not keep overwhelming the show judges indefinitely. Also, providing Snowflake with competition for Lady M’s affection kept her eager to please. Sparkling Diamond was a beautiful girl and I looked forward to showering with

her and possibly frottaging during grazing, if Brutus allowed it.

Then came 'Apple Dumpling'. After a year of training the poor pony girl was still somewhat overweight and Midori was becoming frustrated. A work pony of incredible potential, she was bigger than Proud Prancer but layers of feminine fat still covered her buttocks and thighs. Naomi had her nipples well on their way to ideal length, but until her weight was brought in line, the large breasts caused the tips to sag and point downward. In the pony world this was considered unsightly, even for a work pony. I suspected Apple Dumpling would soon be pumping water at the horrid island filtration facility, the equivalent of the glue factory for real horses. Lady M would never let a full stable prevent her from acquiring more potential ponies, and almost every sling was occupied. Therefore, when the next acquisition opportunity arose, Apple Dumpling would probably be shipped to the filtration plant to provide room in the stable, unless another owner expressed interest in acquiring her.

After Apple Dumpling was 'M's Ecstasy'. This pony was never raced or shown and was not big enough to be a work pony. This was Lady M's special pony. As she hung in the sling her tongue was stretched out to an incredible length. Naomi diligently worked every day to lengthen it. M's Ecstasy had one purpose at Lady M's stables. And that was complete and thorough oral service.

A pony with natural submissiveness, M's Ecstasy would apply her long, strong tongue to anything directed. Although ringed, the appendage was rarely attached to the nose ring when exercising or grazing. Instead, a heavy metal rod was pushed through the two rings. This served to keep the tongue well stretched (further outside her mouth than if attached to the nose ring), provide a handle for control by the trainers and Lady M, and make unintended oral service impossible when left to graze with other ponies. Also the rod, when removed, made M's Ecstasy most eager to move and use her tongue.

M's Ecstasy spent many evenings out of the sling and in Lady M's bedroom, for on many mornings as Midori released me from my sling, Naomi or Botana would be leading an exhausted M by the tongue rod back into the stable. On one occasion Midori and Naomi commented on Lady M's insatiable proclivity for oral pleasure and both women giggled as Naomi pulled up the rod fully displaying the huge, well worn tongue for Midori's amusement. With the rod held high the tongue pointed straight up. It resembled an erect penis in size and color.

We reached Proud Prancer. Her legs were free allowing her to stand on toes. But her neck was entrapped in the platform. Naomi was vigorously coating her with oil and the poor pony looked frightened but strangely eager. Her labia were free and Naomi reached down and pulled out the strips of flesh, generously working in the oil. The lights in the stable reflected from the smooth moist skin and I imagined what she would look like after Greta's caning. The feeding tube remained in place. Proud Prancer's lower belly was bulging. Ponies were well watered before all heavy activities.

My sling was next then the last two, one right and one left, were occupied by Lady M's latest acquisitions. Unnamed twins, brother and sister, hung docilely. Apparently asleep, the young

couple came from a poor Scandinavian country and were so new they had not yet been shaved. Not that there was much to remove, for with their youthful looks and blond hair, they almost appeared prepubescent.

Lady M had been looking for a show team. Twins were ideal and regularly won in competition. Usually girl-girl or boy-boy, teams were judged on coordination which meant their deportment, posture and presentation had to be very similar, if not identical. Therefore with twins, much of the needed attributes were in place.

But how would Lady M develop a girl-boy team? Well, reader, be assured the diabolical Lady M would not spare any effort. And would the boy be the only male in the stable? I stared at the small flaccid penis. Beneath it hung two cute testicles, barely visible and the size of olives. I shuddered to think what would happen.

“Come Zesty”

Botana noticed my hesitation and allowed me to briefly stare at the male organs. Many of the island’s owners had mixed herds and some claimed that permitting the different sexes to mingle (with limited physical contact, of course) increased the hormone levels. And reader, I did feel a certain twinge looking at the boy’s beautiful young genitals.

Another firm pull and I followed into the exercise room. There lying on the floor awaiting Proud Prancer was the “A” frame. The evil device was comprised of two strong metal poles. Down the length of both pipes were numerous eye hooks. These were used to attached a recalcitrant pony utilizing the neck collar, a waist belt, ankle cuffs. The configuration varied. The results were the same, an extremely well restrained pony, completely exposed and most vulnerable to the cane.

Three special chairs were placed near the frame. A fourth was positioned to the side. These were normally stored to the side but, for Proud Prancer’s caning, occupied the center of the exercise room. The overstuffed chairs were custom made with an indentation in the seat where a pony’s head neatly fit between the thighs of the occupant. Short leather straps hung ready to attach to the pony’s collar.

“Kneel.”

I complied and waited patiently for the show, kneeling before the chair to the right of the frame.

## Chapter Twenty

*The Doctor sat on a stool in front of me. Bent at the waist, my head was at the level of his stomach. I could see a bulge in his trousers.*

*“You know what to do Zesty. Relax your head and neck. Let my hands control.”*

*I did. Every examination ended this way. I opened my mouth and the Doctor inserted his fingers, pretending to be examining the insides. I thrust out my tongue without being commanded. He smiled at my reaction.*

*“Yes. That’s good.”*

*His right hand smoothly lowered his zipper. A huge erection seemed to spring out. I opened wide and he grasped my ears and thrust it into my mouth. The tip briefly brushed the back of my throat and, as I did daily with the feeding tube, I swallowed. The tip of his manhood penetrated my throat.*

*The process could not be described as fellatio. It was best described as fornicating my face, for his hands grasped my ears and, as instructed, I relaxed. He pulled and pushed my head back and forth with my lips firmly closed around the huge erection. Had it not been for the daily experience of swallowing the feeding tube, the sensation would have been unbearably painful. But like a good pony girl, I held my throat open and thrust out my tongue. It was long enough to lick the underside of his scrotum when he pulled my head forward and the penis was deeply engulfed. When he pushed back out, I dutifully licked the shaft. He moaned when my head was pushed back and the tip of his penis retreated back to my lips. My tongue deftly swiped the underside of his shaft. Then he pulled my head forward and my throat opened to another thrust of deep penetration.*

*My goal was to pleasure him as best I could in order to end the humiliation quickly. It is ironic that, as much as I hated the process, I was inclined to cooperate to end it quickly. Early in my stay at Equestra, I had thought about biting the doctor and other persons who extracted oral pleasure from me. But then Lady M took me to the water filtration facility. When I viewed the former ponies and the women in charge there, all thoughts of such extreme resistance left me. The facility was where incorrigible and unwanted ponies ended their careers, and as demanding pony life was, the threat of being sent to the water plant provided a great incentive to continue pony training.*

*The doctor paused, countering my efforts to bring him to climax. I submissively remained absolutely still, my head in his firm grip.*

*“Lick my balls, Zesty.”*

*The doctor pushed my head back and his erection freed itself. I put my strong tongue to work on the doctor’s scrotum, pretending I was stimulating Lady M’s beautiful lips. I thought about the Duchess and Proud Prancer...*

Naomi led in Proud Prancer. Her belly was distended, evidently having been watered much more than for normal exercise or a cart rides.

“Lie.”

Naomi directed Proud Prancer to lie face down between the two poles of the “A” frame. Her head was near the apex.

Proud Prancer reactively spread her feet to reach the widely separated far end of the poles. Naomi smiled with her compliance.

“Yes, Prancer, you’re going to have a good caning and you seem very eager. You like the feel of Greta’s cane don’t you. Perhaps you should be caned more often. Would you like that? Yes I think you would.”

Naomi spoke in the smooth, comforting tone that a parent uses for an emotionally excited child. And Proud Prancer did seem oddly eager, for as Naomi spoke, she was connecting various restraints and the large work pony most willingly cooperated.

Proud Prancer’s tongue rings were hooked to a cord that ran to a pulley at the apex of the frame, then draped downward where Naomi connected the ends to her thumb rings. The pony’s thick leather collar was attached to firm eye hooks on the pole directly to the right and to the left. The rings on her hips were also attached to the poles, not so much to bear her weight but to minimize twisting from the agony of the heavy, crisp blows of the cane. Lastly, Naomi attached thick, fur lined ankle cuffs. Proud Prancer spread her legs widely to meet the poles. Again, Naomi laughed softly.

“Oh, what a good pony. I’m going to separate the poles even further for you, Proud Prancer. I think you’ll enjoy being thoroughly exposed and the Duchess will want to see those beautiful lips sway with the strokes.”

The frame was hinged at the top and Naomi easily pulled the bottom poles further apart. As a result, Proud Prancer’s puckered sphincter was plainly viewed and, between the massive muscles of the work pony’s buttocks, the stretched labia lay on the floor.

Naomi spent several minutes tightening and adjusting various connections. The tongue strap was shortened and Proud Prancer’s head was forced upwards. The pony struggled to lessen the tension by moving her thumbs higher, which was of course impossible. But Naomi seemed to enjoy her struggles and thus was satisfied the pony was well secured.

Botana led in Snowflake and placed her kneeling before the chair to the left of the frame. This apparently was a signal to begin for Naomi moved to the far wall and detached a heavy rope which hung from a pulley in the ceiling. She walked it to the apex of the frame and firmly tied the rope to the metal “O” welded to the top.

“Botana, can you help?”

The two black women moved back to the wall and pulled the opposite end of the rope. The top of the apex began to rise and a heavy gasp of air escaped from around Proud Prancer’s entrapped tongue.

The two women continued slowly and the “A” frame rose until Proud Prancer was upright. Her feet were well off the floor and her pubis area was at eye level. Her head pointed to the ceiling following the restrained tongue. The hands and thumbs behind her back caused her pony breasts to thrust out, the nipples pierced the air like darts.

I watched Proud Prancer’s labia swing between the separated thighs. Were mine as long? I thought. The thickness of the large red and pink strips resembled a large penis.

Naomi carefully groomed Proud Prancer, removing dirt and lint from her oiled skin. She patted the lower distended belly and smiled.

“Hold it like a good pony girl, Prancer,” she admonished referring to her full bladder.

Botana attached a very thin leash to Proud Prancer’s clitoral ring then strung the end to the middle chair and looped it around the arm.

It was then that Greta entered. It appeared that Naomi and Botana almost bowed, for the woman never before looked as demanding and authoritative. Her short blond hair was perfectly coiffed and modest make up highlighted her strong dominant features. A black cape hung from her neck, draped to her upper thighs but left her massive arms uncovered. Black, high heeled boots ran up to her knees. Her powerful, smooth thighs were uncovered.

She smiled at Proud Prancer’s plight, struggling in her bonds, her weight was equally borne by her thick neck collar, ankle cuffs, and the evil tongue/thumb ring configuration. The strain on the straps attached to her hip rings indicated some weight was also borne there.

(I later overheard a conversation between Naomi and Midori that described the restraint process. The key was to distribute the weight of the pony as evenly as possible among all the bonds. The effect being that the pony feels he/she is part of the “A” frame, thus thrashing and struggling against it is minimized. In fact, Proud Prancer’s movements did lessen as the afternoon progressed.)

“You look divine, Prancer. Just think..., a firm caning and complete exposure before Lady M’s guests. You must be very excited.”

As Greta spoke her fingers stroked Proud Prancer’s thighs and toyed with the dangling lips and the clitoral ring. Prancer stirred in response and Greta laughed.

“And I see you’ve been well watered. Isn’t that nice of Naomi to take such good care of you.” Obviously no reply was possible nor expected and Greta retreated to a far wall where numerous canes hung in ominous display.

Greta selected a long thin cane and I felt goose bumps thinking of its potential use. The thin ones are the nastiest. I recalled my early days on the treadmill when a very light tap to the cheek resulted persuasively in the most intensive of renewed exercise efforts.

When she made the evil implement swish, I felt myself jump in reaction.

The blond virago stepped to the front of Proud Prancer, reached up and tapped the long nipples with the tip of the cane.

“Nice firm pony nipples please, Prancer. We have guests.”

Proud Prancer tried to move to avoid the irritating taps, but the cane had its effect as the nipples hardened and pointed up and out. With that, Lady M entered leading M’s Ecstasy on a leash, followed by the Duchess and another woman from the prior evening’s festivities. All three were casually dressed with loose blouses. But oddly they all wore short, white, pleated tennis skirts, the practicalities of which would soon be apparent.

“Oh, Greta she looks very appealing. And I’m sure she’s ready. Naomi you’ve out done yourself again.”

Naomi beamed with pride as M’s Ecstasy knelt before the middle chair without instruction and placed her neck and head in the opening.

With that Greta removed her cape. The Duchess and the other woman gasped in amazement and I also was astonished. I had never before seen Greta’s charms so revealed. She wore a black leather halter that encased her massive breasts, but was otherwise naked down to the tops of her black leather boots. Her well tanned skin was smooth and the stomach muscles rippled with her slightest motion. Her arms were bare and as large as those of a man of above average build, bulging at the biceps, and the thighs and buttocks were close to those of a pony girl in size and strength.

The woman and the Duchess smiled and stared, as did I, between Greta’s thighs. Though I had serviced Greta many times through her seamless slacks, I had never scene her pubes so exposed. And whereas my tongue had on several occasions encountered her large clitoris, I had never before had an unimpeded view. It was huge and it reminded me of the small penis we had just seen on the male twin. Lady M noticed the interest and explained.

“Greta was born with a sizable organ and of course the testosterone treatment has added to her virility. Rather unique wouldn’t you say?”

Greta smiled and stepped to the side of the “A” frame. Lady M reached down and tethered M’s Ecstasy utilizing the neck collar and short straps. The Duchess did the same with my collar and the lights of the room darkened as she sat down in the chair and tossed the short tennis skirt over my head.

Her fingers released my tongue rings and my nostrils filled with her fresh feminine scent. I knew what was expected and began working her genitalia as the first swish of the cane met the firm pony flesh of Proud Prancer. A gurgling sound from above filled the room as the poor girl tried to vocalize her reaction.

“Botana, please have the tub ready. Prancer’s bladder seems to be well filled and I don’t want to call in the help to wash down the entire floor when she loses control.”

Something scraped along the floor and the second frightening swish broke the temporary silence. A sting of a light crop glanced off my right buttock and I diligently resumed my oral efforts. The Duchess quickly became wet. As the cane continued to swish the three women casually conversed about the proper discipline of pony girls, dressage, deportment and a variety of subjects which I’m sure could not be discussed among polite company other than at Equestra Island.

## Chapter Twenty-One

*The doctor gruffly pulled my head forward and the stiff erection again penetrated my throat with minimal resistance. In. Out. In. Out. He voiced words of encouragement and instruction and I, of course, complied. Swishing my tongue and occasionally swallowing which served to pressure the sensitive tip of his manhood. But he had too much control and try as I might I could not bring him to full orgasm.*

*Finally, he pushed back my head. His purple erection crossed my lips and briefly popped into my view.*

*“Belly on the stool.”*

*It always ended the same way. I lay with my belly down. He stood behind me, reached down, grabbed my nipples, then thrust his manhood firmly into my rectum which, as the reader knows, was well lubricated and stretched from his examination. I did my best to remain silent as his vise like grip pinched my sensitive pony nipples for leverage. Patiently, I awaited the final command which, after numerous thrusts, finally came.*

*“Squeeze.”*

*I squeezed my buttocks and closed my rectum. I felt an explosion of semen in my backside. Then*



*another and another and another.*

*When he released my breasts I knew from experience to step away from the stool, let him sit, than to obsequiously clean any remnants of our coupling from his organ.*

*These were the times when I was grateful for Nurse Hopkins' cleansing efforts. I licked until his penis and balls were completely cleaned. He enjoyed watching my degradation in cleaning his wet organs. Sometimes it seemed he enjoyed watching my tongue clean him more than his own climax.*

*Again, thoughts of biting entered my mind and I fought the urge by returning to Proud Prancer's caning.*

Proud Prancer's gurgled protestations continued with every crisp splat of the rattan cane on her oiled skin. The Duchess' cleft was gushing and my tongue worked to please her. I knew that if her lubricious spendings were allowed to drip to her skirt, I would be next on the "A" frame, or at least a stint on the wooden horse. Therefore I concentrated on pleasing her and slipped my long tongue well into feminine opening and sucked voraciously on her clitoris. She was as insatiable as Lady M and although I detected numerous small orgasms, gentle swipes of her crop on my backside indicated more attention was needed rather than less.

I had lost count of Prancer's strokes. But I heard a sudden splatter of liquid and a gleeful exclamation which simultaneously erupted from the three women. I suppose Proud Prancer, indeed, opened her bladder in humble but uncontrollable respect to Greta's talents and the incredible sting of the cane. I wondered if she would recall the reaction, for many times an obsequious pony girl will enter a strange land of reverie and not notice such things or even remember moaning, groaning or crying out.

Well, sometime later, after many more strokes I heard the far woman shriek in ecstasy and knew that Snowflake had brought her over the edge. This seemed to spur the Duchess to orgasm for I was suddenly soaked and had to lap vigorously to catch all her juices. Finally, Lady M exclaimed "Enough!", and the sound of a final crisp cane stroke was followed with satiated, relaxed laughter.

The room lit up for me as the Duchess lifted her skirt over my hooded head and peered down at my face.

"Very nice, Zesty. Someday I'll convince Lady M to have you caned. But not while you're still able to race. So remember to keep winning. Otherwise, it could be you on the "A" frame."

She unhooked the straps from my neck collar and stood. Without a command I remained kneeling but could turn my head to view the other women. Greta stood before Proud Prancer breathing somewhat heavily. Sweat ran down her stomach and thighs and disappeared into her boots. The veins stood out in her arms indicating that the strokes of the cane had been firm and

numerous.

Proud Prancer was not moving and as Greta reached up and viciously pinched her right nipple she stirred. Lady M held the end of the thin clitoral leash and slowly pulled it toward her. This new sensation of pain seemed to bring Proud Prancer out of her stupor. Botana and Naomi entered and when Lady M nodded to them they moved the tub from under the “A” frame, walked to the rope on the wall and began lowering it to the floor.

Lady M continued talking to the other woman who leaned forward to toy with Snowflake’s genitalia. Snowflake smiled in gratitude and widened her knees in response.

As the frame was lowered, M’s Ecstasy was directed to move aside and the apex of the frame reached the floor at Lady M’s feet. Proud Prancer regained full consciousness and Lady M graciously released her tongue from the cord threaded through the pulley.

“I believe you’ll want to properly thank Greta. You’ve had a very nice caning.”

The buttocks and thighs of Proud Prancer were covered with raised welts, parallel and evenly spaced. Her free hanging labia were also quite reddened and I suspected Greta had “scrambled” them with the tip of the cane. (Scrambling was a quick method for getting a pony’s attention and encouraging proper behavior when the labia were free of the perinaeum ring. The end of the cane or crop was placed between the thighs and rapidly moved right and left, slapping and nipping the sensitive strips of flesh. The action resulted in immense pain and caused the most recalcitrant of ponies to quickly comply with a trainer’s command or desires. Scrambling was normally performed in close quarters when a full swing of the crop or cane was not feasible or desired. For example, scrambling was often used to discipline show ponies who could not bear unsightly markings, as previously discussed.)

As I peered at Proud Prancer’s erythematic backside, I was amazed at how precisely the cane had been placed. Greta’s Teutonic heritage was evident in the precision of the stripes. There was not a centimeter of skin on the thighs and buttocks that had not been chastised, yet since the skin was not broken, it was quite apparent that no area had been struck repeatedly. In fact my experience told me no stroke had crossed over a prior stroke, for such extreme excoriation invariably broke the skin.

Greta was proud of her handiwork and it showed in her look of smugness. She looked like a superb athlete who had just won an important race or contest, tired but satiated. Her perspiration caused her tanned nakedness to glisten under the lights and she seemed to anticipate Proud Prancer’s release from the frame, for she watched attentively as Botana and Naomi unhooked the various restraints and attached her thumb rings to the back of her neck collar.

“She’s yours for the evening, Greta.”

Lady M handed the end of the clitoral leash to Greta who, with one of her rare smiles, accepted

as a trophy. As the large blond woman stepped forward to receive it, I glanced down and noticed that the huge clitoris was now indeed the size of a small penis, noticeably reddened and stiff, proudly protruding from her lips and well trimmed pubic hair.

“Up Prancer! Time to thank your superior.”

Greta’s commanding German accented voice, and a tug on the leash caused Proud Prancer to stir from her stupor. She arose to her knees then followed the leash to kneel before Greta. She seemed most relaxed and slowly began licking the perspiration from Greta’s thighs.

“What a good pony girl,” exclaimed the Duchess.

The three women watched while Greta, with arms akimbo, let Proud Prancer lick every part of her flesh that could be accessed from a kneeling position. After a time Greta slowly moved backwards and Proud Prancer dutifully followed, her attention and tongue lapping vigorously. Finally, Greta sat back in the fourth overstuffed chair. She widely spread her thighs and without a word, Proud Prancer lowered her head into the indentation and hungrily attacked Greta’s genitalia her lips sucking in the large bud.

“What would Proud Prancer do without an occasional caning?” mused Lady M. “She really needs the attention.”

The women left and Botana and Naomi led us pony girls, sans Proud Prancer, to the stable area where they put us up in the slings for the remainder of the day.

## Chapter Twenty Two

*Having satisfied the doctor, I awaited before the mirror in the required pony stance. The doctor’s semen slowly trickled from my rear portal and I watched in the mirror as some tracings ran down the inside of my right thigh. The doctor finished some paper work and gave his final command before leaving the examination room.*

*“Turn your buttocks to the mirror Zesty, and spread nicely.”*

*Yes, of course. Whoever or whatever was behind the mirror would wish to make note of my well used rectum. And the doctor’s spendings would certainly spice up their viewing pleasure as the viscous fluid slowly oozed forth.*

*I complied and resumed the pony stance, well up on toes, thighs spread, bent at the waist, hands on head, the top portion of my muscular buttocks forming a perfectly level platform, my pony nipples jutting straight forward.*

*I obsequiously thanked the doctor for allowing me to pleasure him. The expression of gratitude*

*was expected and part of the unusual Equestra Island protocol. He laughed.  
The doctor's exit was announced by the sound of a door firmly closing. I awaited Nurse Hopkins and the last but most excruciating portion of the examination.*

*My repugnance in orally serving the doctor occupied my mind along with the natural urge to bite which I so successfully staved off. And my thoughts turned to that visit to the island filtration facility which forever cured me of engaging in any aggressive action and instilled in me an attitude of complete submission.*

I believe it was in my second year in Lady M's stable. Greta had reported to Lady M that my efforts in the exercise room were becoming somewhat laggard. It was before I had won any races and my attitude was to do the minimum to get by and comply reluctantly with the stable rules.

Well, Lady M apparently believed I had talent and wanted to encourage my development. So I found myself hitched to a rather heavy cart one morning and Botana hooked a tethering strap through my nose ring and tied it to a post.

"Lady M will be along shortly, Zesty. But I have instructions concerning how you should be presented."

Botana donned latex gloves and I unconsciously pulled back against the tether. Gloves were indicative of the application of pepper oil and, as the reader knows, the slow building of the burning sensation is unbearable.

She held up the jar in front of me. Such action was unusual. Normally the oil was surreptitiously applied just before a jaunt around the island. As written, the reaction to the strong irritant served to spur the pony and focus her efforts.

But on this morning, Botana held the jar directly in front of me and dipped the thumb and forefinger of her right hand into the evil substance. She liberally coated her digits with the clear light oil then slowly rolled her fingers building my anticipation of the pain.

"Try to hold still, Zesty."

Restrained by my nose ring and hitched to the cart, there was no way to resist. I had to remain in the pony stance and watch while Botana generously greased my right nipple then my left with the nasty stinging oil. Within seconds, tears flooded my eyes as the insufferable liquid penetrated the pores of my most sensitive skin and burned horribly.

"Now, now Zesty. It's only pain. It won't cause any damage. And Lady M will soon take you on a nice cart ride. But first, just a little more oil."

Botana moved to my side and I screamed as best I could with my tongue restrained and the bit in

my mouth. For when I felt her left hand on the top of my buttocks, evidently in an attempt to calm me, I realized my anal area was next. And sure enough, her index finger found my anal opening, penetrated it to the second knuckle, and wriggled it freely to ensure the sphincter was entirely lubricated.

I panicked thinking my genitalia would be next, but she stopped just as the burning sensation between my cheeks reached my cortex.

“Lady M will be along soon, Zesty. She wants to have a nice chat with you and wants your full attention. There’s plenty of oil left and other areas that can be lubricated. So listen carefully.”

It was indeed true. All my resistance would fall long before the oil ran out or no further sensitive parts of my anatomy could be located.

I stood stooped over in the cart harness with tears dripping into the spandex hood. I wanted to run, move, scream... but couldn’t. I could only wait and hope the Lady M would soon appear and I would be allowed to run and have my perspiration wash away the stinging oil.

Botana just stood by and watched, occasionally offering words of encouragement. But these served to falsely anticipate Lady M’s arrival, which increased the anguish when my regal owner didn’t appear.

Was it 10 minutes, 20, 30 before I heard the sound of boots compacting the tacking area soil?

“Well, Zesty. I’ll bet you’re eager to serve me today.”

At last Lady M arrived. And I certainly was eager. I hoped the tether would quickly be removed. I never thought I would welcome the snap of the crop on my nipples, but on this morning I would have begged for that painful beginning stroke if given the opportunity to speak.

It was not to happen. Lady M spoke to me at length about her program, her desire to win shows and races, her need to have complete dominance and authority. She described my potential, indicating that my psychological profile was perfect for her needs. And finally, after much impassioned talk, she released the tether from my nose ring. By then the pain had crescendoed and although slowly dissipating, I still desperately needed to run.

“I’m going to take you to part of the island you haven’t seen before Zesty. The water plant. It’s where bad or useless ponies are sent. Most ponies arrive there at some point in time. You will soon learn that your goal is to avoid it as long as possible.”

Brutus appeared and circled the cart, barking loudly with tail wagging.

Finally, Lady M stepped into the cart. I was never so eager to run. When the crop snapped my

right nipple I immediately pulled the cart to a quick pace. I could hear Lady M laughing and the crop gratuitously snapped my left nipple.

“Come Brutus.”

The dog ran along side as Lady M deftly tugged the reins to guide me through the maze of pathways. Within minutes the cart was moving at a steady three quarter speed and gratefully my pores opened to slowly wash away the hot oil. Lady M reached forward and patted my buttocks. She did this from time to time and seemed to enjoyed feeling the muscles rhythmically expand and contract with each step. Her touch was welcomed, especially when her fingers slipped down and toyed with my labia, which at that point in time were still being stretched.

After some thirty minutes we reached a structure resting on rocky soil next to the ocean. I had never before seen it. A white cinder block building glowed in the bright sun with a long thatch roofed hut adjacent to it. This was the infamous filtration plant where sea water was desalinized then pumped up to a storage tank on the highest point on the island. From there it flowed to all the islands inhabitants

Lady M pulled on the reins and slowed the cart to a walk, evidently to provide me with a view of the facility.

As we approached a barking Brutus announced our arrival and two huge native women stepped out from under the thatched hut. They were followed by what appeared to be a pony girl, judging from her deportment and nakedness.

The women wore white cotton blouses which covered most of their torsos but otherwise did little to camouflage their massive mammaries. Their stomachs, darkened by the strong direct rays of the Caribbean sun were bare. Around their waists were flowing colorful silk sarongs. The two ends of the garment met in the front where the cloth tapered to form a “V”. At the point under the navel the two ends crossed but covered none of the pubes area. When one smiling woman stepped forward to greet Lady M, all her feminine charms were displayed. Her pubic hair was closely trimmed. In her right hand was a nasty cane. In the left hand of the other woman was thin, single-tailed whip.

The pony girl held in her hands a heavy metal bar which crossed over her chest and covered her breasts. Tears ran down her cheeks as she submissively followed the black women to the open yard. Lady M jerked the reins and I smartly brought the cart to a stop.

“Good morning Lady M,” recited the two women in unison. They spoke in the staccato’d English of the island.”

“Good morning ladies. I’ve brought a troublesome young pony to tour the plant. She needs to view the recalcitrant ponies and develop more enthusiasm about serving me.”

“Well your timing is good, Lady M. We’ve just put this one in her irons and are about to place her on a pump.”

The reference was to the heavy metal bracelets borne by the tearful pony girl. Around each wrist and ankle were massive steel bracelets. I later learned they were comprised of a very heavy alloy and were welded closed. Around the girl’s waist was a thicker metal band and a more narrow band encircled her neck. The large bar which the pony girl held against her breast was evidently attached to her.

The two island women had just attached it minutes before. It was a simple but incredibly cruel restraining device, for the surface adjacent to the pony’s chest contained two concave areas specially milled to conform to the size of the pony’s breasts. To permanently secure the wretched girl to a pump, the bar was held in place over the breasts than two steel pins were inserted into holes on the top of the bar, piercing each nipple, then egressing through holes at the bottom. The girl had no choice but to hold the bar in place, lest the heavy weight fall and painfully tear the pierced nipples.

At the bottom, each pin was welded to the bar, thus as with the waist belt, cuffs and collar, only a blacksmith with a torch could ever remove it.

The pony girl was sizable and strong but as she moved it was evident that the weight of all the steel was considerable. One of the island women commented to Lady M that all told the various metal implements totaled some one hundred pounds. Any attempted escape meant a tiresome journey to uncertain freedom. And any plans of swimming to a rescuing boat would be futile. Effectively, the pony girl was permanently attached to anchors.

Lady M unhitched me as pleasantries were exchanged. The island women inspected me and were fascinated by my stretched anatomical parts.

Freed of the cart, Lady M hooked a leash to my nose/tongue restraint and I followed the four toward the thatched hut. When the pony girl turned to follow, I saw that she had been freshly branded. Her left buttock bore the letter “P”, her right the letter “H”. This evidently signified her indenture to the pump house. The brand was deep and would scar permanently. The thought of bearing the pain of such a procedure was frightening.

Brutus ran ahead to explore the relative darkness of the shady thatched hut. As I stepped under the thatching and my eyes adjusted to the shadows, the amazing sight of some two dozen former ponies greeted me. To my right was a row of 12 pair of metal pipes some two feet high with ends set in the concrete floor of the hut. Ten of the pairs of pipes had ponies connected to the pipes utilizing the metal bar which was attached to their breasts. Two of the pairs were unoccupied.

Some of the ponies were kneeling. Four were prone with their bellies suspended by the metal

band around their waist. These ponies were pumping. Their ankle bands were secured to what appeared to be bicycle sprockets. The sprockets pulled chains encircling a single large shaft which ran the length of the hut. As the ponies turned the sprockets, the chains moved and caused the shaft to rotate. The near end of the shaft rested on a well lubricated mounting. The far end penetrated the white cinder block wall of the pump house. Within the cinder block building, the shaft presumably was attached to and revolved a pump.

Each pony was hooded in a manner similar to me except there were no eye openings. The kneeling ponies were motionless, possibly sleeping, but with eyes covered it was difficult to determine.

The smell of the hut became stronger as we proceeded down the middle toward the far end. Pump house ponies were not bathed. Each received a weekly rinsing with a cold bucket of water and the odor evidenced this all too brief form of hygiene. The combined scent of perspiration, urine, feces and undouched genitalia filled the air. The soft island breezes just seemed to move the odor within the hut, for during the entire time of our visit, a complete lungful of fresh air could not be had.

To the left was another set of pipes. These secured the males who, unlike the females, did not have the breast bar. Instead, their neck and wrists were permanently encased in stocks comprised of the same heavy metal alloy. The ends of the stocks were secured to the pipes. As with the females, each male had a sprocket behind him and some were pumping a second shaft which likewise ran to the wall of the cinder block building. Some male ponies were kneeling, also apparently in rest.

As at Lady M's stable, the floor was gently sloped from a peak in the middle to troughs running along the perimeter of the hut where the thatched roof terminated. But unlike Lady M's, the excretions of pump house ponies were not controlled, for as I glanced to my left, one large male relieved himself unto the floor. The two island women seemed insouciant about such conduct and ignored what would be a major infraction at Lady M's.

An unoccupied pair of pipes near the pump house wall would soon secure the newly branded pony. Lady M and the island women casually conversed as we approached it. I followed the leash and the more I observed the more I felt grateful to be in Lady M's herd, for the island woman with the cane suddenly raised her arm and brutally laid a crisp stroke unto the buttocks of one of the pumping female ponies. This resulted in a heartfelt scream and a noticeably renewed effort from the recipient.

"If you carefully watch the muscles in the thighs and buttocks you can determine which pony is truly pumping and which is just allowing the feet to ride the sprocket," explained the woman. "Indolence is best dealt with harshly and quickly."

Brutus occupied himself with one of the kneeling female ponies. He seemed intrigued with her



normal lips and pushed his cold nose into the pony's mons and sniffed. (The reader should be reminded that most pony owners did not alter their ponies' anatomy through stretching.) The pony shifted in her bonds and Brutus' tongue thrust forth and found her most sensitive mound, licking it with long steady strokes. The pony spread her knees in welcoming further attention. The island women laughed.

"Your dog is well trained Lady M."

"Yes. But have no fear he knows not to bring a pony to orgasm."

Reaching the set of empty pipes, Lady M and I watched the ritual of inducting a pony to the pump house. She was directed to kneel. The bar was bridged between the two pipes and bolted to the tops where a swivel type of attachment allowed the bar to twist. Thus, when the pony knelt in rest, the encased breasts faced forward, when pumping, the breasts faced downward and the weight of the upper torso was borne by the bar.

The bar was bolted to the swivel and the two island women worked hard to tighten the nuts.

"We'll weld the nuts later, Lady M. The ponies are permanently attached and can only be removed with a cutting torch."

The comment was for my benefit as Lady M turned to read my reaction to watching the process of making a pony a permanent part of a large machine.

"Let's get her going. Step back, pony."

The girl complied and the waist belt was suspended between a second set of shorter pipes. One woman lifted the pony's left foot and secured the ankle cuff to a pedal while the other clipped the wrists cuffs together behind the back. The right foot was likewise secured, a lever pulled, and a gear connected the chain of sprocket to the moving shaft. The pony girl's feet moved and the cane woman rested her hand on the pony's buttocks to ensure she was pumping.

The knowing hand determined she was not utilizing her muscles, for after a minute the island woman stepped back and viciously cracked the cane across the pony's upturned cheeks.

"Pump!"

The girl shrieked and the appropriate muscles rippled with newly found energy.

Meanwhile the other woman slipped a hood over the pony's head and stood close to her face. She parted the silk sarong and pressed her pubes against the mouth opening of the pony's hood.

"Suck!"

Another crack of the cane and I saw the pony's jaws open and the woman gyrate her hips to properly receive the oral attention.

"There are only two commands here. And you've just heard both of them," the cane woman said with a laugh.

Lady M and I watched for several minutes. It was enough to fully grasp the severe and unrelenting servitude extracted from the pump house ponies. They pumped and orally served the termagant island women. They never moved from their stations, being permanently attached to the formidable machinery. Escape was not possible and I pondered what happened over time as the ponies aged. Were they ever retired? Released?... I would never know.

Before leaving Lady M specifically inquired about biters and the woman with the cane led us to one young pony, pulled her head back and pinched her nose.

The resting pony girl obediently opened her mouth and I was shocked to see her mouth devoid of teeth.

"This is our favorite, Lady M. We encourage her to bite, now that she's visited the dentist. The soft gums pressuring the clitoris provide a most pleasurable sensation."

Lady M laughed as the girl thrust out her tongue in anticipation of providing oral service.

"You see how compliant she is now. Ponies only bite once on Equestra. She's had a very painful lesson about that."

The woman released the pony's nose.

"Later, my dear."

Lady M led me back to the cart. The fresh air was nice.

"I brought some food scraps."

Lady M removed a large clear plastic bag from the cart and handed it to the whip woman. It was filled with undesirable parts of meat and peelings from vegetables and was evidently intended for the pump house ponies. It was the first time I felt fortunate to receive the closely monitored tasteless slop through the feeding tube.

More small talk ensued as I was hitched back to the cart. I was deep in thought about this eventual fate, the pump house and being a good pony. I committed myself to avoiding the branding as long as possible.

“Come Brutus.”

The curious canine had been exploring the neglected charms of other ponies. With a bark of disappointment he trotted out of the hut in response to his mistress’s command.

When the crop nipped my right nipple, I was ready to serve Lady M with complete dedication. I stepped back and pulled with renewed zeal. From that day on I worked my best every day in the exercise room to please Lady M and forestall a more permanent visit to the filtration plant’s pump house. And the memory of the toothless pony girl, whose only remaining function in life was to orally service the island women and pump, forever dispossessed me of any thoughts of biting.

## Chapter Twenty-Three

*The door opened.*

*“You’re mine now, Zesty.”*

*A smiling Nurse Hopkins entered the examination room. Her professional demeanor was somewhat relaxed as she stood behind me with arms akimbo.*

*“Something has penetrated your anus. There seems to be remnants of copulation here. Tsk. Tsk. Tsk.”*

*Once again I thought about how much I disliked Nurse Hopkins. She seemed to enjoy the examination charade, extracting perverse pleasures under the guise of a physical check up. The process provided her with complete control over me and she used it so diabolically. She parted my cheeks and patted away the doctor’s semen with a tissue.*

*“Are you ready for your pain receptivity test? Yes? I have some nice clamps and needles waiting for you.”*

*She always built the drama and anticipation of the test.*

*“Keep your hands behind your head and pony walk for me. You know the way.”*

*I stepped toward the open door. Nurse Hopkins walked behind me. I pranced on my toes bent at the waist with head up and legs widely spread. She seemed to enjoy the view that this provided from the rear. I felt my labia swing from side to side and brush against the inside of my thighs leaving no doubt that my genitalia were well exposed to her.*

*Stepping on toes down the hallway, I contemplated pain, its use and threatened use in training*

*and controlling ponies. Reflections of Lady M's team of twins crossed my mind. She had been preparing them for show over the past few months and as much as I had to endure, the pain and humiliation of the male twin was incredible. I had been able to follow the progress closely since the team occupied the sling next to and across from mine...*

“Pretty Boy” and “Pretty Girl” were the only ponies in Lady M’s stable which were allowed to keep their hair, but only on their head of course.

The insignificant pubic hair was quickly removed and Lady M decided that although it was a boy/girl team, every effort to conform their appearance would made.

So, over a period of days, both ponies had their lips tattooed the same shade of bright red. The tattoo process was also utilized around the eyes, emulating mascara. This gave the young teenagers a very effeminate look, especially Pretty Boy. And of course the permanent coloring was exactly the same on both ponies.

They were exercised together on the large treadmills, with Greta making a considerable effort with the cane to ensure that every step was in unison. Pretty Boy was subjected to much special attention since Pretty Girl was the lead pony and he was to follow the timing of her moves. And training a male to be subordinate to a female, particularly a sister, requires much time and unfortunately for Pretty Boy, much chastisement.

Midori took great delight with the challenge provided by a male pony. She seemed to revel in his discomfort in hanging in the sling completely naked and helpless. And during the first few weeks, to humiliate him even more, she would bring him to erection before blindfolding him and his sister. On many occasions I was also permitted to watch as she stood to his side while her knowing fingers penetrated his sphincter. With Midori’s medical training, she could easily locate and massage the boy’s prostate and the resulting reaction was rapid tumescence, despite the boy’s attempt to control himself. Sometimes Lady M would stand before him and observe the process, exchanging comments with Midori about the size and stiffness of the boy’s manhood and gently titillating the frenulum with the tip of her crop. He was never brought to orgasm of course. Such relief was rarely given to female ponies and ejaculation for a male pony?... I don’t believe the thought ever entered Lady M’s mind, and on one trip to the exercise room I saw the three large letters “DNM” boldly etched on his left hip disk (my left disk displayed the date of my last masturbation). This strongly suggested for the benefit of the stable staff and any islander who encountered the effeminate pony on the island’s paths, “Do Not Masturbate.”

Naomi was busy with the stretching process. For Pretty Girl, it was standard. For Pretty Boy his nipples were encased in rubber cones, as with the female ponies. But Naomi also sought to stretch his scrotum which served to place the boy in constant pain while in the sling. Naomi tied a strap around the scrotum and hung weights from it. Simple but painful and I don’t believe the boy slept much as a result.

As written, Lady M wished to physically conform the two ponies. Midori constantly measured their calves, thighs, waist, chest, etc. and this resulted in slightly different exercise routines. Pretty Girl received extra time on the tread mill while Pretty Boy spent more time with the Asian woman learning proper deportment. Of course a feminine style of deportment was the goal. Pretty Boy had to learn to walk on his toes with the grace of a female pony and this took much effort.

Pretty Boy and Pretty Girl were pierced in the same manner and locations as other ponies. But after a month, Pretty Boy was led away by Greta and returned with a curious thin wire ring threaded through the prepuce under the head of his small uncircumcised penis.

It seems Lady M wished to better control his erection and thus had the poor lad infibulated. The thin wire entrapped the head of the penis within the foreskin. This allowed the boy to urinate but tumescence became impossible since the engorged sensitive head of his manhood would pressure the thin wire causing incredible pain.

After allowing it to heal for two or three days, Lady M and Midori tested it. The tormentress's fingers slipped into the boy's backside and found his prostate. His penis began to harden and Lady M placed the flat end of her crop under the head and lifted it for better viewing. Within seconds the head of the penis swelled to meet the nasty thin wire. Pitiful cries and groans began to emanate from around his secured tongue. Midori stopped her ministrations but the boy continued to struggle in the sling until his semi erect penis shrunk. Lady M seemed quite pleased with the result and smoothed her hand over the boys cone encased nipples.

"Don't be alarmed, Pretty Boy. I can remove the wire whenever I wish and then you can show me a nice erection. I just want to make sure it only happens for me. I don't want you showing off for just anybody."

After his infibulation, Pretty Boy was subjected to much mind control. Whereas, the sound in my ear pierces was a constant drone, on mornings when I was released from the sling before Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy, I could hear a barely audible voice flowing from Pretty Boy's ear pierces. Within weeks, Lady M's control was such that she would stop by his sling before he was blindfolded for the night, remove the thin wire, step back and watch Pretty Boy slowly come to full erection without any need of Midori's manipulation. It reminded me of Meredith's display of Big Boy at the beach and Lady M seemed equally proud of her complete control of Pretty Boy's manhood.

Just weeks ago, with their progress deemed most impressive, the twins received their final piercings. Pretty Girl had her clitoris and perinaeum pierced. For Pretty Boy only the perinaeum was done. But Lady M added to both ponies numerous small decorative bells. One set was added to the rings on the hips. But others were attached to the side of the thighs, knees, calves and ankles utilizing very thin rings which pierced only the outer most layer epidermis. The result was a unisonous recital of tintinnabulation when Pretty Girl and Pretty Girl were exercised together

and each pony stepped in cadence.

The bells assisted in perfecting the ponies timing. At the time I was taken for the medical examination, Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy were learning to precisely time their movements. With each step the sound of the many bells rang out in a single crisp, short percussion as their toes met the corral's soil. Lady M seemed most amused and proud. It was now possible for her to hear at a distance whether the twins were working in unison and thereafter, Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy dared not move at any time (including grazing) except when perfectly coordinated.

But despite Midori's special diet of hormones, Pretty Boy's male anatomy was developing and certain muscle groups were growing faster and thicker than those of Pretty Girl's. Lady M was upset and I heard her discuss with Midori and Greta the use of the testicle clamp and when to apply it.

"When finished, it should calm him and make him much more docile," was Midori's advice.

"The pain and mental anguish of the process should be very entertaining," was Greta's postulation.

I had seen altered male ponies on occasion. And Midori was correct, they were as docile as lambs and reacted quickly and obediently to the crack of the whip. But is that what Lady M wished?

## Chapter Twenty-Four

*The pain receptivity test was administered in a special room filled with electronic gear. A metal collar hung from the ceiling from two strong cables. Wires also emanated from the collar and ran to an electrical box above. Nurse Hopkins smeared a special ointment over the area of my cortex than around to the front under my chin. The collar was like wise coated than attached firmly around my neck. The cables were adjusted so that the height of the collar caused me stand straight up on my toes.*

*"Hands on top of your head, Zesty."*

*A pleasant but firm reminder as Nurse Hopkins turned on switches and adjusted dials on a control panel near the door. Various gauges lit up and sprang to life.*

*"As you know, you may scream, move and kick as you wish. But resume your pose after the pain of each application subsides.*

*"Your heart beat is a little high. Nervous after so many years?"*

*Sensors in the metal collar transmitted data to some type of diagnostic device which not only provided my heart rate but also indicated such vital signs as rate of perspiration, temperature, blood pressure and most importantly the level of the pain signals received by my cortex. All this*

*data would be recorded and a report sent to Lady M concerning the level of pain to be utilized during training and my limits to such pain, which of course was of most interest to Lady M. Taking a pony to her limits was essential for her enjoyment, and her enjoyment was paramount. I could never imagine properly serving her if I was not brought to the edge of my tolerance at least one per month, if not more often.*

*Nurse Hopkins turned the lights down until the room was almost completely dark. She then moved to the side of the electronic panel where a laboratory bench was fully stocked with numerous wicked medical instruments. She lit a match and the soft glow of an alcohol lamp began to flicker, its flame produced medieval-like shadows on the far wall of Nurse Hopkins arranging her implements.*

*As I watched the shadows, for the first time I noticed the collection of wrought iron implements hanging there and below them a kiln-like electrical box. My eyes focussed on one wrought iron bar which ended with an evil, blackened letter “P”, the other with the letter “H”. Visions of those letters being heated to a glowing red than being firmly pressed against the vulnerable flesh of a recalcitrant or unwanted pony caused the metal collar to record the physical reaction to my imagined fear. Nurse Hopkins noticed the gauges move and laughed softly.*

*“Yes, Zesty. This is a pony’s last stop before being run to the Pump House. I’ve branded so many and have so much enjoyed each one. The pain is unbearable which you’ll understand when it’s your turn. I relish the thought of you, the coveted champion pony, permanently bearing my marks.”*

*She resumed organizing the instruments and the room ominously fell silent except for the hiss of the burning alcohol.*

*On my first visit to this room, it was explained that darkness and silence caused the mind to focus on the sense of feeling. Thus, the diagnostic device would receive strong and clear indications of my responses to the test. As Nurse Hopkins heated her instruments, I knew from experience that speech would be curtailed and that with her reticence my thoughts would turn to bearing her applications. Communication between tormentress and naked helpless pony girl would be abbreviated and limited to her diabolical actions and my screams in reaction.*

*“I believe a well heated nipple clamp will serve to calibrate the instruments.”*

*Nurse Hopkins approached. Her gloved right hand grasped a set of pliers. Within its jaws was the clamp with dozens of tiny teeth. She toyed with my left nipple with her free hand. I felt the warmth radiate from the stainless steel clamp and closed my eyes in anticipation.*

*The alcohol lamp burned at a low temperature. The clamp was not hot enough to glow, but I knew the teeth of the devilish device would hurt my sensitive nipple even without being heated.*

*My nipple responded to her manipulation and erected itself to accept the first of several applications of sterile, stainless steel implements. How many?... I would never know or count. Nurse Hopkins always varied her pace, sometimes leaving the room and letting me wait an eternity for the next application.*

*At last she seemed satisfied that my nipple was in a proper condition to welcome her offering of searing pain. It was a game for me to attempt to keep the nipple flaccid as the clamp cooled, but one which I always lost. The tactile flesh always responded to her touch and seemed to proudly stand only to be assaulted by the excruciating hot pressure of the clamp.*

*“Yes, Zesty. That’s very nice.”*

*I clenched my teeth and the nurse, with a strangely gentle touch, pulled the nipple outward, placed the clamp over the area nearest the areola, and slowly released her grip on the pliers.*

*A scream burst from my lips and the nurse stepped back to avoid any thrashing of my feet. My eyes closed in reaction to the extreme pain and when I reopened them, Nurse Hopkins was standing before the instrument panel.*

*“Oh, yes. Very nice. Even after years of cropping, your nipples are moderately sensitive.”*

*The clamp slowly cooled and the level of agony diminished to a tolerable level. But Nurse Hopkins was watching both me and the indicating gauges. The hissing of the alcohol lamp reminded me that there was more, much more. And as painful as the first application was, it was only the beginning.*

*After that initial clamp there was no more talking. Nurse Hopkins worked calmly and professionally, clamping next my left nipple, then moving to the barbed needles.*

*These extremely thin and sharp implements were barbed, similar to fishing hooks, so that once introduced to the epidermis, they could only be removed with significant effort. So despite the extreme physical reaction to the introduction of hot thin steel to the skin, they never slipped out or fell to the floor on their own accord, no matter how much I thrashed about. The non business end of each was encased in a small wooden plug which enabled my tormentress to twist and turn the needle as it entered the skin. The small barbs served to greatly increase the anguish as the needles were turned.*

*Nurse Hopkins was never short of needles. I knew as the afternoon wore on my stretched labia would begin to resemble a porcupine as the needles were meticulously placed in evenly spaced rows down one lip and up the other.*

*Perspiration pored forth after the second clamp. This always annoyed Nurse Hopkins since she had to sponge me down to ensure my bodily fluid did not drip and cool the needles.*



*When she noticed my receptivity to the needles waned, another clamp was applied to my right nipple. With three inches of stretched pony flesh, there was room for more clamps and switching to a different area seemed to allow the sensitivity between my thighs to return.*

*With my neck restrained by the metal collar, I could not look down to see the results of Nurse Hopkins' handiwork. But with each application I thrashed uncontrollably and with the awkward motion, I could feel the attached implements move with me.*

*I felt my sweat roll to my calves, ankles and then flow to the floor in a continuous stream. My throat was harsh and the sounds of my screams were becoming muffled as my larynx, unaccustomed to speech much less ear splitting cries, began to give with the strain. I shocked myself with my own inhuman sounds. Nurse Hopkins merely worked on, occasionally smiling when she found a particularly sensitive spot and my feet kicked up in reaction.*

*At some point I must have fainted, for I felt a cold cloth on my forehead and a pool of darkness slowly ebbed, returning me to the eerily lit room and Nurse Hopkins, who was standing next to me and holding me steady in the hanging neck collar.*

*"Hands on head, Zesty."*

*I meekly returned them as commanded and awaited the next wave of pain. Was I due for another clamp? Instead, Nurse Hopkins produced a water bottle and squeezed a generous quantity of water into my mouth. I drank and waited, watching the gauges on the instrument panel slowly quiet down.*

*Nurse Hopkins never hinted at the progress, results or the machine's recording of my responses. Were we near finished? I hoped but knew that there were too many areas that had not yet received her attention.*

*Just as I calmed myself I felt the nurse's hand palm my labia from the rear and draw them back under my buttocks. A prick. A sting. A burn. A scream. Nurse Hopkins applied her needles from a new angle and my voice gave out. It could barely be heard inside the room.*

*Three more from the rear and the air just rushed out of my throat with no audible sound. When another clamp was applied, there was silence. Although I was conscious, the vocal chords were worn out.*

*Finally, Nurse Hopkins reached down and parted my lips so my little bud was exposed. By this time in the procedure it did not matter and normally any assault on my most precious feminine part would be the equivalent of death. But I took it. I had no choice. She found my clitoris and slid the needle in, stepped aside and smirked as my feet kicked in a spasm. At that point my bladder opened and I shamefully relieved myself onto the concrete floor. The implacable Nurse*

*Hopkins threw down a towel and resumed.*

*She referred to my precious organ as her pin cushion and true to her description, within some twenty minutes, numerous wooden tipped needles pierced the clitoris and held open my little hood. The cool air felt refreshing and Nurse Hopkins became irritated when drips of perspiration too quickly cooled some of the penetrating needles.*

*I glanced at the panel and saw the gauges jumping about then closed my eyes.*

*I had read somewhere that people in great pain describe a process of entering a reverie, something about endorphins entering the cortex and other nerve centers. Well reader, I believe I entered such a strange land for Nurse Hopkins seemed disappointed as the last two needles pierced my most sensitive pink organ and I neither kicked nor cried aloud.*

*The test ended.*

## Chapter Twenty-Five

Some how I had arrived in the tacking room of the doctor's medical facility. I calmly stood on toes as Nurse Hopkins attached brand new rings, closing each one with a small set of pliers and then zapping the opening with a small electrical welding device. I suppose the short burst of electricity and resulting heat was painful, but compared to what? After the receptivity test, the relative pain was akin to a mosquito bite.

Nose ring, tongue rings, bands around my thumbs with rings attached, rings on hips with disks replaced. Then up on a table, legs spread for the perinaeum ring.

A new spandex hood was fit over my forehead then rolled down to tightly cover my entire head. Holes for eyes, nose and mouth were afforded, but the hood robbed me of identity and my mind began to reenter pony mode.

My new clitoral ring was attached signifying my length of service to Lady M. Three inches in diameter. One inch signified the first year then half an inch added for each year thereafter. It felt invasive and imposing since it served to push aside my hood and display my organ to all. But it was Lady M's whim that her ponies wear it and therefore was intended to be invasive and imposing.

The spark of the welder indicated the attachment was complete. Nurse Hopkins toyed with it to ensure it was properly connected. Even after the numerous needles, my feminine plaything remained sensitive to her touch.

Finally a new leather collar was buckled around my neck. After zap and spark, the buckle was welded closed. It would be cut off in six months in preparation for my next exam.

I instinctively pushed my hands behind me, bent my elbows and slowly slid my thumbs rings up my spine near the new leather collar. Nurse Hopkins smiled at my obsequious reaction to being placed in pony bondage and quickly hooked the thumb rings to the back of the collar.

“Tongue!”

It thrust forward without any forethought or effort from me and was secured to my nose ring.

Returning to complete pony mode, I felt sanguine although I realized that it would be six months before I uttered another word and that Lady M would be working me very hard for the upcoming races. A racing cart waited nearby and Lady M would soon arrive in a chariot with Greta and two ponies, probably Apple Dumpling and Golden Lady (I had not seen Proud Prancer in months and feared that she had been sent to the pump house. She was close to her tenth year.)

We would race back to the stable. I would win, of course. Even two ponies could not beat me, since the chariot was a heavy vehicle. But it would be a close contest and Lady M always enjoyed competitive races since the crop could be freely used to extract maximum performance.

Nurse Hopkins reached down and pulled my labia back and through the perinaeum ring. The lips were sore from the numerous small punctures. But one deviously clever aspect of hot needles is they are not only sterile but also cauterize the flesh. Therefore I knew from past tests that although tender, there was no discernible damage.

The tube of a water bottle was inserted into my mouth and, with a heavy squeeze, liquid generously flowed down my throat. By the time Lady M arrived I would be well watered and would wait with full bladder. That’s the way Lady M liked to run her ponies and Nurse Hopkins was well versed with her demands.

“Wait in your stance, Zesty. I have to prepare reports for Lady M.”

As commanded I bent forward, spread my legs further, and arched my back to form that most desirable pose where full water glasses could be perched on top of my superbly developed buttocks. When I slowly brought up my head and chin, I knew that my long nipples pointed straight ahead and I felt goose bumps from that special feeling of pride whenever I was thus displayed. Nurse Hopkins placed a blindfold over my eyes and I heard her leave the room.

In the peaceful darkness, my thoughts turned to Lady M, who would soon arrive with my championship medal. I envisaged that soon I would be proudly run through the middle of the village with Lady M’s crop flailing my nipples and the natives cheering and applauding. With the larger clitoral ring, the medal would hang even more visibly and I felt a tingling sensation between my thighs as I anticipated the slow masturbatory feeling the medal would produce as it jounced, swinging in rhythm with each step.

The welcome sound of a door being unlatched and the feel of warm Caribbean air announced the arrival of Lady M. Greta was evidently pushing the large double doors which opened the tacking room to the Doctor's yard area.

"Come, pony."

With Greta's German accented command and the feel of her finger curling through my nose/tongue ring connection, a warm comfortable feeling rushed through me. Although I had been under the care of the Doctor and nurse for only a day, the emotional and physical demands made it seem like an eternity.

I was eager to feel Lady M's hands and the sting of her crop. I wanted to run for her and feel her feminine touch on my buttocks as I labored to bring a cart to a challenging pace. I was giddy about leaving the perverse nurse behind and reentering the strict but understandable world of Lady M's stable. There I was exercised, fed, bathed and suspended. And if I satisfied my owner there was always the possibility that I would be exhibited on the masturbation table and brought to numerous orgasms with Midori's gifted hands milking me of my juices and demonstrating for Lady M's pleasure the art of extracting an ejaculation from the female sex organ.

Still blinded I awkwardly followed Greta's finger to the waiting racing cart. Her finger slid out and I felt the pole slide up my spine. The broad leather waist belt was strapped around my waist and Greta smoothed her hands down my left leg, gently feeling my muscles in a normal harnessing routine. Since ponies cannot talk, trainers must feel for problems with muscles, ligaments, joints, etc.

My right leg was next and Greta softly cooed words of admiration for my conditioning. Goose bumps formed with her touch and I was excited and eager to feel the crop.

Her hands massaged my buttocks, dropped to tickle my labia, then gently slid up my back where my thumbs were released from my neck collar and the end of the pole was attached.

"Steady," she softly admonished as my thumb rings were secured to the waist belt.

Next came the bit which slid in the side of my mouth over my tongue. Reins were attached to eye hooks on each end of the bit. Greta pulled on one and my head submissively turned to the right then pulled on the other and my head moved to the left. Her hands smoothed over my chest and found my pony nipples.

"Bring them up for me like a good girl. Lady M likes nice firm nipples, Zesty."

Yes she did. And as Greta toyed and rolled her fingers over Naomi's unusual work product, I felt the three inch projectiles harden and become erect.

“Good girl.”

I heard Lady M’s voice.

“So she can be bred and we can increase her pain level. Excellent! I think she’s got a year or two of racing left. She’s a little past prime but she responds well to the crop and her attitude toward training and exercise is good, so she’ll remain competitive for now. And of course Greta’s cane adds a degree of encouragement.”

I heard Nurse Hopkins laugh with the last comment. But it was true. I worked very hard to avoid Greta’s cane and the results of my racing evidenced my endeavors.

“Easy, girl.”

Fingers toyed with my clitoral ring and judging from the feeling of additional weight and motion Lady M was attaching my championship medal.

I felt the pole pressure my back as Lady M sat on the small seat of the cart. The crop nipped me and although still blindfolded I stepped back, leaned into the waist belt and carefully began rolling the cart. I had to place my faith into the hands of my owner to properly direct the reins and guide pony, cart and rider out the double doors to the yard area where presumably Greta was waiting in the chariot with two ponies. But maybe we wouldn’t race. There were other times when Lady M took me on long slow cart rides completely blinded. It imbued a pony girl with increased levels of faith and submission to the owner’s control.

A pull to the left and I felt the surface of the road under my toes. A brisk stroke to my left nipple increased the pace to a fast walk.

Yes. Lady M wished to demonstrate her total control and my complete submission by leading me through the center of the village naked and blindfolded with my championship medal dangling between my thighs. I proudly held my head up and carefully pony walked with feet widely spread, knee action accentuated and lightly catching the fine soil with the very tips of my toes. My nipples became extremely erect as I imagined the native islanders enviously watching us pass through.

## Chapter Twenty-Six

The following day was a sad one for Pretty Boy. After a good night’s rest, I hung in my sling after performing for Midori on cue..., emptying bladder and bowels as a good pony girl. My blindfold was removed in anticipation of being led to the exercise room. Across from me hung Pretty Boy, still blindfolded. As written, his frame was developing faster than Pretty Girl’s and indeed certain muscles, particularly in his arms were becoming very masculine.

Before Midori released my wrists and ankles, Lady M suddenly appeared holding something in

her hand. She was rarely seen in the stable at an early hour for we all understood she normally slept late with the head of M's Ecstasy between her thighs.

It was understood within the stable that Lady M was insatiable and that the tongue of M's Ecstasy worked the entire night on her mistress's genitalia. It was assumed that Lady M slept, but since M's Ecstasy never received the command to stop, she would obsequiously lick and lick into the early hours until sleep overtook her. Even with such an effort, M's Ecstasy would feel a nudge and at some unknown hour, resume her efforts and bring Lady M to another orgasm, and another and another.

But on this morning she called out to Midori and approached with a look of earnestness.

"It's arrived, Midori. Came in from the main island by boat last night, all the way from Australia."

She held up a stainless steel device and Midori smiled.

"The timing is perfect, Lady M."

Midori left my side and joined Lady M in front of Pretty Boy. Overhearing their conversation I learned that the device was used for emasculating sheep. Midori played with it and commented that it might work too quickly. Both women fell silent in thought and finally Lady M suggested,

"Let's take out the spring and just clamp it over one testicle. We don't have to do both at the same time."

And with this all too brief conversation, Pretty Boy's fate was sealed. Midori awakened Pretty Girl and removed her blindfold. She would cruelly be forced to watch the procedure.

The infibulating wire was slipped out of the small piercing and Pretty Boy stirred in his sling. Midori also removed his blindfold and ear plugs. The boy's eyes slowly became accustomed to the light of the stable and he focussed on the smiling face of Lady M.

"Good morning, Pretty Boy. I have something I want you to wear for me."

As Lady M spoke Midori held up the stainless steel device. The clamp was designed to geld by snapping down on nerves and blood vessels connected to the reproductive organs of male sheep. It was supposed to be relatively painless since the nerves were instantly cut off, minimizing any feeling. But such a design feature would not suit Lady M. She felt the physical process of castration could best be executed in conjunction with the psychological process of thoroughly subjugating Pretty Boy to her control. So Midori removed the spring and, by cleverly testing it on her fingers, found that the clamp could very nicely fit over the testicles themselves and be tightened... slowly.

And Lady M had a better idea. Begin on one testicle then do the second later.

Yes. I listened with terror to the women scheme the loss of Pretty Boy's masculinity.

Naomi was called to remove the strap from Pretty Boy's scrotum, for she was still stretching the sac with a sizable weight swinging between his knees.

"I want him erect, Midori. Bring him up for me."

With Lady M's command, Midori reached to Pretty Boy's backside and her magic fingers found the prostate. The boy slowly stood for Lady M. It was a small erection and as the little head pushed through the prepuce it turned from pink to red to purple, much to the amusement of Lady M.

"I trust I can still have him stand for me when we're done, Midori."

The Asian girl nodded.

"I'll adjust his hormones. And there is a new medication I can add to his feed that will work nicely. He just won't be able to do anything with it. Future erections will be only for you, Lady M."

Lady M smiled with the thought. In what better way could an authoritative woman demonstrate her ultimate control over a male than to have him tumefy solely under her control and at her bidding? The idea seemed to intrigue her.

"I want him to watch me tighten the clamp. We'll do half a twist each day."

"At some point, Lady M, the pressure created by your twists will pop the organ and make it useless. After that it must be removed and the production of testosterone will diminish. If and when you decide to do the second testicle, testosterone levels will almost disappear. With that, muscle development will cease and he'll begin growing a nice set of breasts for you."

Pretty Boy struggled in his bonds and rolled his eyes with the horror of listening to the two women plan the demise of his male persona. But his erection remained. True to his submissive psychological make up, being displayed bound and naked to the dominant Lady M and the diabolical Midori proved to be sexually arousing despite his fear and the dread of the planned assault on his gonads. Lady M smiled and rubbed the underside of his frenulum with the very tip of her index finger.

"You're going to experience great pain for me Pretty Boy. Because I want to watch you squirm while you're slowly deprived of your masculinity. We're going to clamp your right testicle then

remove it. After that, if you're obedient and your hormones can be properly balanced I'll let you keep the other."

As Lady M spoke. Midori reached under the scrotal sac and presented the small pink gathering of flesh to Lady M. Naomi's efforts had stretched the skin but Pretty Boy had very small gonads. After much toying the right organ was isolated and Midori eased the clamp over it. She then held the clamped sac in the palm of her hand and Lady M slowly reached down to the adjusting nut. With a slight motion of her hand, the first day's half twist was completed. Pretty Boy screamed into his bound tongue and violently shifted in his sling. Lady M watched with perverse satisfaction as his erection slowly subsided.

Naomi, Midori and Lady M prognosticated about the number of twists the testicle would withstand before surrendering in the final "pop" described by Midori. A wager resulted and Midori recorded the predictions on Pretty Boy's chart.

Before leaving, Lady M gently brushed her soft hands across the cloth covered cheeks of Pretty Boy. It appeared that tears were forming, but with his permanently tattooed eye shadow it was difficult to be certain.

"You'll learn to serve me better when you're one of us, Pretty Boy."

Midori inserted the infibulating wire through the tip of Pretty Boy's flaccid penis then returned to me. Another morning of heavy exercise awaited. My body ached to perform.

Later as I was run on a treadmill at maximum speed, Greta led in Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy. The procedure of emasculation was not going to interfere with the training schedule. The twins were placed together on the machine next to me and the room was soon filled with the sound of the tiny bells as Greta wielded her cane and barked orders.

Although well bent at the waist with nose ring tethered very low (Greta claimed the awkward position better developed the buttocks, I believe she enjoyed the fuller display of my labia), I could turn my head far enough to see Pretty Boy dutifully responding to commands, despite the pain and cognizance of the pending doom of his gonad. And for my efforts, the sound of a thwack, followed by that familiar distinctive burning sensation on my left cheek, was provided by Greta. She never missed the opportunity to punish an infraction with a crisp stroke of the cane. I quickly turned my head back and concentrated not only on speed but proper deportment.

## Chapter Twenty-Seven

From that day, every morning Pretty Boy was awakened, blindfold and ear plugs removed, and then made to wait for Lady M's arrival. Pretty Girl was also forced to witness the slow gelding process and both faced each other, unable to communicate. Midori stood next to Pretty Boy's sling and when Lady M casually entered the stable she would remove the infibulating wire and



begin to bring Pretty Boy to erection. Despite the presence of the clamp, Midori's skilled fingers worked effectively and without exception, Pretty Boy stood firmly erect by the time Lady M finished surveying her ponies and arrived at Pretty Boy's sling.

She offered words of comfort, told him what a beautiful pony he would become, described the planned development of his breasts which Midori would grow to match those of his twin sister, then slowly gave the clamp its daily half turn while looking straight into his eyes.

The pain must have been enormous and Lady M savored the moment as Pretty Boy's erection slowly subsided with her wicked manipulation. She then smiled, brushed away tears that were streaming into the spandex hood and turned to Midori.

"Have Greta give him a half dozen with the cane, Midori. It will help him concentrate and reenforce the message of my complete control."

Lady M just as casually left. Further inspecting some of the ponies on the way out.

I believe it was the ninth day that Pretty Boy's right testicle surrendered. Lady M gave the clamp its daily half twist, a distinctive gurgling cry escaped from the boy's entrapped tongue and the clamp fell to the floor. Midori picked it up then palmed the scrotal sac for better viewing. Her fingers found where the right organ formally protruded through the scrotal sac and announced to Lady M it had turned to thick jelly.

"Have Greta him run to the Doctor's, Midori. Nurse Hopkins will remove it. I want the sac left intact, so tell her to make a small slit on the side and..., I want the remnants saved."

And so Pretty Boy lost half his masculinity.

Pretty Boy was most apprehensive for the following weeks. Lady M stopped by his sling every morning and rubbed and smoothed her hands over various parts of his anatomy as she gently spoke in his ear. Midori had the wire removed from his prepuce and Lady M wanted him to stand for her without any manipulation of the prostate. She was successful. The boy slowly achieved tumescence with Lady M merely whispering in his ear and gently kneading a nipple or patting his buttocks. Yes, each morning Pretty Boy pleased his owner by obsequiously displaying his diminutive manhood.

But the boy became upset whenever Lady M held up a small jar containing the remnants of his alteration. And the clamp ominously hung on the right front pole of his suspension device, a constant threat to his remaining organ.

"There's room in here for another one, Pretty Boy," she would admonish while holding the jar and smoothing her fingers over the clamp.

After the alteration, I never saw a pony work so hard and display such servitude. The smallest of infractions disappeared from the twin's practice routines and demonstrations of paired deportment were impeccably performed, with every step and movement in unblemished unison. The small bells sounded out in a perfectly timed cadence. Lady M was most pleased with the performance of the team, but Pretty Boy's muscle structure and flat chest remained bothersome. Although his nipples were stretching nicely, Lady M complained about the lack of a precisely uniform appearance with Pretty Girl and the relative lack of sensitivity in the nipples.

So, some four weeks after the loss of the right testicle, Lady M entered the stable and nodded to Midori. The clamp, hanging with foreboding on the side of Pretty Boy's sling was removed and Pretty Boy twisted violently when Midori opened the jaws.

"Calm down, Pretty Boy. You'll serve me better when you're completely fixed. You know that and deep within yourself I think that's what you wish."

I suppose we'll never know. For Pretty Boy could not vocalize his thoughts and by the time the clamp was positioned and ready for that first half twist on his remaining testicle, Pretty Boy was strangely motionless, apparently accepting his fate.

The clamp fell off the second organ after only seven painful days. Lady M seemed disappointed, somehow believing that a boy's endeavor to save the last vestige of his virility should be more gallant and extended. But by the end of that seventh day the shapeless form joined its mate in the jar and I witnessed the beginning of a strange bonding between the castrated and the castratrix.

Pretty Boy seemed to want to be physically close to Lady M. The opposite of what one would expect. Perhaps unconsciously believing that the evil woman could somehow return to him what was held so dearly and was so slowly and painfully removed. For when free of the sling, particularly at grazing time, Pretty Boy always sauntered to Lady M's side where she would pat his buttocks or smooth her hands over his hood in that warm greeting which an animal lover bestows on her pet.

And Lady M soon sensed this odd emotion for whenever she worked or observed the twins she always seemed to have the small jar available to remind Pretty Boy of the physical alteration that had been performed by her hand and under her authority and control.

After the second removal, Pretty Boy became quite docile and as promised, Midori worked to develop his breasts. His mammarys would never grow to the size of female breasts, but bringing them to the same level of curved firmness displayed by female ponies was simple. Within three months, his chest area was approaching Pretty Girl in shape and size. With the diminished levels of testosterone, his arm muscles not only stopped growing but began to shrink.

Then one day Greta removed the hoods of both twins and Botana spent an hour combing, trimming and setting the short, extremely light blond hair. When finished they appeared identical,

with tattooed red lips, permanent mascara and cute pony nipples. Pretty Boy was identical to his sister except for that small penis which the staff and Lady M so much enjoyed watching when freed of its infibulating wire clasp.

Later, when Lady M arrived to view her equestrian property she was ecstatic.

“Release them from the sling please, Botana, and remove the infibulating wire. I want to see them move together with Pretty Boy nicely erect.”

Botana complied and the twins stood side by side, on toes facing their mistress.

“Stand for me, Pretty Boy. You know I want you erect and completely subservient.”

Somehow, the boy was able to bring himself to full tumescence by obsequiously standing before his owner and listening to her voice. The result was a small protuberance, but obedience to Lady M’s will was more important than size.

Lady M reached down and played with the empty scrotal sac.

“What happened here, Pretty Boy? Something’s missing. Where are your testicles? Oh yes. Now I remember.”

Lady M reached into her pocket and withdrew the small jar with the shapeless pink organs. She cruelly held them up for the boy to view and laughed.

“They’re mine now.”

I was shocked to see Pretty Boy’s erection stiffen and Lady M was pleased with the reaction.

“I’m going to have Naomi work on that sac. I think we can do more with it.”

From that day forward Naomi worked the empty sac into one of her rubber cones and stretched it just as she did with the female pony labia. Lady M wanted it tucked through a perinaeum ring and surprisingly the boy’s sac stretched quite quickly. A smaller ring was needed than with female ponies but he soon displayed a single pink strip of flesh below his buttocks very similar to the females.

Lady M became confident of winning many prizes when Naomi was finished for when bent over at the waist and viewed from the rear, Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy were indistinguishable. Only a very close look would reveal that Pretty Boy’s flash of pink was the remnant of his male reproductive organs.

It was then that Lady M pronounced the team ready for display and competition.

“Better begin to sack them, Greta. I want them to be able to concentrate when performing naked before a crowd. Put them on the display platform next Sunday. The villagers will find Pretty Boy very interesting.”

## Chapter Twenty Eight

Ponies liked Sundays. After Midori released us from our restraints we stood waiting every Sunday morning while Botana went down the line of ponies and attached the short clitoral leash for the benefit of Brutus.

When our canine keeper saw the rubber rings swinging at the end of the leashes he knew it was “grazing” day and his demeanor became much more aggressive. The little rubber rings hanging between our knees were for the purpose of his control and typically their presence sent him into a fit of barking with the anticipation of herding and playing with us pony girls.

Botana improvised with Pretty Boy by hanging the same short leash from his infibulating wire. Brutus could grasp the ring and I’m sure the boy’s reaction to having his manhood pulled about by the dog would be the same as the pony girls with their clitoris, that of complete compliance in fear of substantial damage.

“Go Brutus.”

With that command, Brutus nipped at the last girl, which had been me before Pretty Girl arrived. But since it was she who was now furthest from the exit, Pretty Girl’s buttocks were the recipient of the feigned assault and she began to quickly step toward the door. The others quickly did the same and Lady M’s entire herd, sans Snowflake of course, dashed out to the corral and then on to the pasture. As usual, Lady M was standing on the porch with her morning coffee and M’s Ecstasy was licking her boots. She enjoyed the weekly scene of her entire stable running at the behest of her dog and the smile on her face so indicated.

“M’s Ecstasy needs a leash, Botana, and bring her tongue rod. Then she can go too,” she called from the porch.

The pony girl got up from her knees and pony walked toward Botana for her leash and rod.

It was a glorious day and upon arriving in the pasture Fudge Delight, the black heavy weight, took an interest in me and we rubbed together, first our nipples and then our buttocks. Apple Dumpling was menstruating and all the ponies avoided her. At Lady M’s stables the menses just flowed down a girl’s legs with no protection or covering. It was quite humiliating to graze in such a condition but Lady M insisted. There were no exceptions to the rules.

Later in the day when the villagers arrived with their picnic baskets, Apple Dumpling would be

attempting to hide her shame, and of course the women of the island would instantly sense her condition and take advantage of it by attempting to coax her to the fence for closer examination by the obnoxious boys.

We all marveled at Sparkling Diamond and every girl wanted to frottage with her. The show pony had developed nicely and, as opposed to Snowflake, was permitted to bask in the sun. Lady M wanted her darkened.

Brutus entertained himself by chasing Golden Lady and nipping at her leash. Lady M encouraged such activity since it assisted in exercising the pony and kept Brutus challenged by the control process. When Brutus finally cornered Golden Lady in an area from which she could not escape, the game changed to keeping him from grasping the rubber ring hanging from the end of the clitoral leash. Golden Lady fended off his assault for awhile by twisting and holding the ring between her knees. But Brutus never tired and eventually he would prevail. Then a dejected, exhausted Golden Lady would be led around and around the pasture by a proud Brutus holding the clitoral leash in his mouth and forcing the pony girl to obediently trot alongside.

The crowd of native islanders were greatly entertained by this. And Brutus would typically bring a captured pony girl such as Golden Lady right up to the fence as an offering to the curious spectators. There he would hold the pony girl in place while the searching fingers of the island's teenagers rubbed and poked about in various intimate areas.

These abrasive teens fascinated Lady M. She was always seeking talent and the right aptitude for new hires among the stable help. And if a teenaged island girl displayed the right degree of authority, Lady M would record the girl's name for future reference. The basic dominant psyche had to be in the blood, she always postulated, all other aspects of training ponies could be taught.

And on this day it was Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy's turn to face the pesky teenagers on the display platform, for after an hour of frolicking with my follow pony girls I looked up to see Lady M strolling into the corral with Midori. The natives were arriving with their picnic baskets and the grassy knoll was dotted with blankets. Two teenaged girls were standing at the fence attempting to attract M's Ecstasy and Sparkling Diamond with an offering of fruit. Pony girls were cautious about such temptation. Fruit was nice and we knew the girls would stroke us, but if the boys were nearby the encounter could develop into something more sinister.

It was interesting to watch Pretty Boy. When Lady M entered the corral he immediately walked the entire width of the pasture to be by her side. Lady M saw him coming and also beckoned for Pretty Girl and she more reluctantly stepped away from me and Fudge Delight and sauntered across the pasture.

Midori held a bottle of sun tan lotion in one hand. In the other was a rubber device I did not recognize.

“Good afternoon, Pretty Boy. How’s my neutered show pony today, hmm.?”

Pretty Boy lowered his head and nuzzled his nose/tongue ring into Lady M’s jodhpurs. Lady M responded by rubbing his hood then patting his buttocks.

“Would you like to stand for me? Yes, I think you would. And my island friends want to watch.”

Lady M nodded to Midori who reached under the boy’s belly and removed the infibulating wire and leash.

“Up! Show yourself for me.”

Pretty Boy righted himself from the waist and his diminutive penis slowly tumefied as he stood upright. This caught the attention of various picnickers since few were aware that Pretty Boy was a male (or former male). Lady M hooked her finger through the boy’s nose/tongue ring and lifted her hand until he stood quite tall on his toes. Midori began coating him with sun tan lotion.

“Oh, Pretty Boy. You’re going to please my friends aren’t you. Oh yes. Just look at that cute penis!”

Midori finished applying the lotion and Lady M began walking to the display platform with Pretty Boy in tow with head high.

“Come Pretty Girl!”

The twin docilely followed while Midori squeezed more lotion onto her hand then coated the rubber object.

“My show team is going to be the center of attention today. Look at all my island friends, Pretty Boy. They’re going to want to get a good like at you.”

The boy’s erection bobbed with each step and the crowd began to laugh at its limited size. The embarrassment made Pretty Boy stiffen further, which seemed to be his normal reaction to Lady M’s authority. And as Lady M led him up the three steps to the platform and pulled down the elastic cord he was flushed and his one inch pony nipples hardened to pencil points.

“Keep your penis nice and firm for me. Greta has her cane near by.”

Lady M attached the cord to Pretty Boy’s nose/tongue configuration and tightened it to keep him well up on his toes.

“May as well insert it now, Midori then hook up Pretty Girl.”

Midori held up the rubber object and the sun glowed from its slick coating. It resembled one of the eggs which Nurse Hopkins so gleefully inserted in my rectum except there was a flange on the end. I didn't have to guess where Midori intended it to go. She worked into Pretty Boy's backside and the two inch object slowly disappeared as that small surviving portion of Pretty Boys reproductive organs pointed straight to the sky and turned an amazing shade of purple. The crowd cheered.

"Oh, they like that reaction to the butt plug, Pretty Boy. It's not often the villagers see an erection at my stable, although there's not much to it. But it's best that they see what they can of it now. Midori tells me that with your castration your penis is going to get smaller, particularly with the added hormones. But your new breasts will grow nicely."

Lady M's psychological dominance was masterful. A completely naked and bound boy was being displayed after his testicles had been slowly removed not only under her control but by her own hand. And the resulting impact on the boy was to make him so psychologically pliable that he would eat out of her hand and lick her boots if commanded. But that's not how Lady M wished to be served. Pretty Boy would please Lady M through his nakedness, total humiliation and public display of his altered sex.

Pretty Girl was tethered on the same elastic cord in such a manner that the two stood back to back with ass cheeks touching. Lady M stepped off the platform to survey her show team from a distance. Midori swathed Pretty Girl with the sun oil then also retreated.

"It appears the butt plug will keep him standing, Midori. Look on the fluid."

Pretty boy was secreting pre-ejaculatory fluid. His prostate was functioning and he moved and squeezed his ass cheeks in attempts to achieve the orgasm he could no longer have.

"His prostate should be thoroughly massaged from time to time, Lady M. Otherwise he'll be constantly dripping fluid and his ability to maintain an erection will wane."

"OK. Just make sure his pleasure is minimized when it's done."

Midori and Lady M turned and walked away. With their departure the curious natives moved in for a closer inspection of Lady M's new show team.

## Chapter Twenty-Nine

Brutus had broken up my rendezvous with Fudge Delight. As written, his strong sense of smell could somehow detect our pending orgasms and as Fudge Delight struggled to friction her labia on my right thigh with her knees rapidly bending to move her thighs and buttocks up and down, the barking dog hurriedly approached and grasped the ring of the short clitoral leash, pulling Fudge Delight forward.

The crowd groaned with disappointment for watching two frustrated pony girls vigorously rub against each other was quite a crowd pleaser.

As Fudge Delight was led away, I looked down at my thigh. It was wet with Fudge Delight's vaginal secretions and the fragrance of her excitement remained.

I pony walked to the outdoor toilet. Normally all the pony girls try to deny the villagers the sordid view of us relieving our bladders. But on grazing days, Midori did not allow us relief in the stable, so it was only a matter of time before we obsequiously lined up in front of the metal poles and waited until one of Lady M's staff took pity and spent the time to release our labia from the rings or ribbons.

Sometimes Lady M would pick a native girl from the crowd of picnickers to assist with the task and if she demonstrated the proper controlling demeanor she would be added to Lady M's list of potential hires. Many island mothers encouraged their daughters to volunteer to help in such a manner. Apparently a position at Lady M's was considered by the islanders as both esteemed and well paying.

Well as I waited, trying not to display any sense of urgency, I looked over at Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy standing before the crowd. An island mother and daughter were standing very close to Pretty Boy and were fascinated with his erection.

Then the daughter reached out, apparently under instruction from the mother and palmed Pretty Boy's phallus. The mother nodded and the girl, not much older than fifteen closed her palm, looked at her mother once again for an approving nod, then began to slowly masturbate the boy before the entire crowd.

Meanwhile, Botana had stepped to the toilet area and graciously released my labia. I was grateful for the diversion of the young girl's action with Pretty Boy and did my business almost unnoticed. But as the last drops filtered through the sandy soil, Lady M reappeared and walked swiftly toward the display platform. I slipped off the pipes and casually followed with curiosity.

"Good afternoon, Matimba."

"Good afternoon Lady M. My daughter Sarina has never manipulated a boy before and I didn't think you'd mind if she practiced on your gelding."

"Of course not. I didn't recognize her. She's grown so much."

"Yes and her brother is also growing and entering puberty. He's going to be trouble Lady M. He's bothering the girls at school and I'm concerned he'll make one pregnant. You know I lost my husband and I want Sarina to help me control him. I've been masturbating him every morning



to tire him and I want Sarina to learn also so she can handle him after school in the afternoon when I'm still at work."

"A wonderful idea. And I see Sarina has a good aptitude for it."

A smiling Sarina was pumping Pretty Boy's small erection with new found vigor and the helpless boy was grinding his hips in rhythm, working to achieve the inachievable orgasm.

"Goodness Sarina, don't wear off the skin."

Lady M and Matimba laughed as the girl slowed her hand action and a large grin showed her beautiful white teeth.

"Well, Matimba she's quite charming and has filled out nicely. Perhaps she'd like a part time job here. With the acquisition of Pretty Boy I'll need a girl who likes to handle a male. You know the preference of my staff is toward females. And Midori is the only one who bothers with him. She can teach Sarina all she needs to know. Geldings need special care.

"Do you mind being naked, Sarina? I have a special therapy program in mind for Pretty Boy which would involve you being without clothing. Remember, since I altered him, he's closer to being one of us than to being a boy."

Sarina didn't answer but looked at her mother who, not wanting to lose an opportunity, quickly answered for the girl.

"Of course not. She's not shy but in fact is rather precocious. She flashes her little brother all the time coming out of the shower. If she's in control she won't mind at all."

Sarina had a devilishly coy look and, as she turned back to tormenting Pretty Boy with the extended manipulation of his penis, she changed her position to the side and I obtained a better look. She was a beautiful young native girl, with very dark skin which accentuated the whites of her eyes. Her short white skirt exhibited most of her legs which were shapely for a girl of fifteen. Her sizable breasts completely filled her halter top carrying the mammaries high and firm. I could picture her in a few short years wielding a crop or worse, passing time at the pump house with a whip or a cane. She was certainly not shy about handling males, at least not geldings. At a young age she had somehow developed that indifferent attitude toward Caucasian ponies which was exhibited by all the island natives. To them we were pets not humans.

Before I could overhear more of the conversation, Brutus trotted up to me growling with tail wagging. I knew this signaled it was my turn to be run and before he could nip my buttocks I dashed off toward the middle of the pasture. I obviously could not out run Brutus but if I kept moving it made it difficult for him to grab the ring. And of course with my conditioning I could keep moving for a long time. But Brutus took this as a challenge and thus I spent the remainder

of the afternoon trotting about the pasture and sweating profusely. The typically sunny Caribbean day finally ended when Lady M, who had returned to the house called from the porch.

“Round up time, Brutus!”

Brutus immediately curtailed the chase and began herding the ponies for the return to the stable. Botana released Pretty Girl and Pretty Boy from the display platform and with a firm smack to their buttocks they bounded down the stairs and joined the herd, Fudge Delight, Apple Dumpling, Golden Lady, M’s Ecstasy, Sparkling Diamond, me and two newly arrived young ponies that had not yet been named (later to be called Plum Pudding and Cream Puff). Proud Prancer was not present. It had been weeks since I last saw her and there were only two possible events that could explain her absence. Either Lady M sold her to another stable or she was sent to the dreaded pump house. I feared it was the pump house. Work ponies with ten years of hard labor were not in demand unless Sebastian’s cruel wife needed more flesh for her long nights of flagellation. She had a very heavy hand and went through many ponies. Such a fate was as horrifying as the pump house.

We obediently formed a line and trotted through the grazing area into the corral and slowed at the stable door. There Midori took us in pairs to the shower. I was in the last pair and drew Pretty Boy which I thought would be exciting with his little erection and butt plug. But Midori removed the plug and inserted the infibulating wire through the piercings in his uncircumcised frenulum before turning on the water. I rubbed against him but was disappointed when he didn’t respond. Lady M had trained him too well. He would only respond to authority.

### Chapter Thirty

For the next few weeks Sarina was picked up at her mother’s small house just outside of the village twice per week. (Someone suggested every Monday and Thursday, but ponies were only cognizant of Sundays. All other days seemed to run together when blindfolded in the sling.)

Sometimes it was Apple Dumpling and I drawing the chariot with Greta at the reins. This combination presented a challenge to Apple Dumpling, who as the reader is aware, was considered indolent and overweight. Greta set a quick pace and the pairing selection was intended to make Apple Dumpling work to stay up with it which for me was easy.

The first time we arrived at the house Sarina was doing her mother’s bidding. She had her brother sans pants sitting on her knee and was briskly pumping him of any semen that may have built since Matimba’s morning manipulation. Greta thought it was a cute scene and when she approached the porch the young lad turned his head, looked at Greta’s large, powerful frame and immediately spewed forth on the railing of the porch.

Greta and Sarina laughed and the boy grabbed his pants and ran into the house.

“He’s quick, your brother. But he won’t be making much mischief with the girls this afternoon.”

Sarina nodded and stood up. She was dressed as a school girl but I knew she wouldn’t be presented as such for long. When she stepped into the chariot Greta handed her the crop.

“Use it on Apple Dumpling, the pony on the right. Zesty Girl will follow her pace.”

It was an easy afternoon for me. Apple Dumpling received all the strokes and no matter how fast she pulled I could keep pace without even perspiring.

Sarina was awkward with the crop but determined. Every desired increase in speed required two or three snaps before the teenager was satisfied with the results. It seems Lady M indeed had an eye for talent and spotted it within Sarina immediately. The young island girl loved to be in charge and freely meted out chastisement. By the time the stable was in site, Apple Dumpling was ready to jump out of her waist belt.

On the first day, Lady M was waiting with Pretty Boy. He was free of his sling but blindfolded. Midori stood nearby

“Welcome, Sarina. I thought I’d join you on this first day. Maybe have a little chat with you and Pretty Boy.

“The first thing you need to learn is how to remove the infibulating wire. Just watch Midori and I think you’ll find it rather easy. Infibulation is a simple way to insure the male is kept chaste. History tells us it was first performed on Greek athletes. Since sexual intercourse was thought to rob them of their strength, trainers inserted a clasp through the under side of the penis making an erection painfully impossible. Later noble Roman women had their male slaves infibulated. In their case it was to keep the slave randy and ready for intercourse at the time of their mistress’s choosing.”

As Lady M spoke, Midori removed the metal strand and handed it to Sarina who stared at it with great interest. Lady M explained that one end of the thin gauge wire was pushed through a piercing on the lower left side of the prepuce then back out a piercing on the lower right side. To ensure the it remained attached, the two ends were bent downward and twisted together, similar to a bag tie but without the protective rubber coating.

“The enjoyable part was piercing the boy’s penis. Too bad you missed that. The wire comfortably rests on the sensitive underside of the flaccid penis. But if an erection is attempted, it traps the head within the prepuce and pressures the sensitive head. I’ve insisted on the finest wire possible to maximize the pain. As you can see it’s no thicker than a thread. Just remember to replace it at the end of the day. Right now his erection is only for me. We’ll train him to tumefy for you also but otherwise I want him totally controlled. Only you or I will bring him to stand.

“Show off for us now Pretty Boy. This is Sarina. She was very nice to you on Sunday.”

With Lady M’s suggestion the boy’s freed penis throbbed and slowly rose. It was not impressively large.

“I’ve found a special instrument for you. As you know show ponies shouldn’t be permanently marked so I came across this most effective rubber slapper. As you can see it has the consistency of a rubber hose. Very painful but leaves no permanent marks. But you and Pretty Boy should also be aware that Greta will be available if needed. Her skill with the cane produces intolerable torment and she’s never left a mark that hasn’t healed within three days. So extreme belligerence should be reported to her and she will deal with it swiftly.

“Therapy sessions will be in this old office. We don’t use it.”

Lady M pointed to a door that I had never seen open. Apparently it connected to a small room designed as an office for the trainer of the stable.

“Let’s see what you look like Sarina. There are no men here... Pretty Boy’s status considered, and we like naked girls.”

Sarina smiled and for a moment I thought would demur and end Pretty Boy’s plight. But she reached to her blouse and with one continuous motion pulled it over her head. She wore nothing under it and Lady M and Midori smiled.

“So nice and firm Sarina. You’re going to be very popular here.”

Lady M was not just handing out a compliment. Sarina’s breasts were indeed firm and she carried them quite high. She evidently participated in many sports and the results showed in her development.

Sarina draped her blouse on Pretty Boy’s sling then unbuttoned her skirt and stepped out of it. Again there was nothing else worn underneath and with the removal of the two garments she stood naked. For a teenager she was amazingly composed. We ponies found ourselves gawking at her exquisitely muscled legs and a bottom that begged to be squeezed, fondled and licked.

“Yes. I think Pretty Boy will very much enjoy his therapy sessions”

With that final compliment, Lady M showed Sarina how to hook the index finger through the nose/tongue ring restraint and lead a pony. As they moved toward the office door with Pretty Boy in tow, Lady M spoke more concerning the proposed sessions.

“Ponies remain silent here. Only during visits to the Doctor are their tongues free. But if you

believe it would help with communication, you may free his tongue, but only in the therapy room. It may also be enjoyable to hear him scream. I'm told his voice will be changing..."

I could no longer hear Lady M as I remained near my sling and the procession of Lady M, Midori, Sarina and Pretty Boy left the main hall of the stable, entered the office for "therapy" and closed the door. I was envious as I watched the beautiful figure of Sarina move across the concrete floor to the office. She had such a natural, well developed feminine shape and was truly gorgeous. And while Lady M spoke Sarina swished the rubber slapper through the open air of the stable. We ponies cringed in unison at the vicious sound. But in an odd way I wished it was I entering therapy.

Midori was only in the office for a few minutes then returned to the stable. She took Apple Dumpling and me to the corral where we remained waiting to pull the chariot for the return to Sarina's house.

In the absence of Brutus, I was able to nuzzle Apple Dumpling's huge breasts without interruption, though the nose/tongue ring made a full oral exploration impossible.

It was more than an hour when Greta reappeared from the house and had Botana hook us back onto the chariot. Minutes later Sarina emerged from the stable smiling but looking tired. During the ride back, Apple Dumpling did not receive anywhere near the number of strokes deserved and we moved at Apple Dumpling's half speed for the entire journey. Greta and Sarina talked and the young girl's enthusiasm about having complete control over a gelding bubbled through her exhausted state.

"Can you teach me to use the cane, Greta?" were the most memorable words uttered.

Matimba greeted the chariot at the gate to her yard. She held the young brother by his ear and he was again without pants.

"I understand my son Lando was rather impolite this afternoon, Miss Greta."

Greta smiled and stepped from the chariot with Sarina.

"Yes. He was somewhat curt earlier. He didn't seem comfortable without his pants."

Once again the boy seemed skittish in front of the six foot handsome blond, particularly when she retrieved the crop held my Sarina.

"I understand you're given to mischief with young girls, Lando, and you're in need of the hand of a firm woman."

Speaking in her German accent, Lando silently stood and watched as Greta placed the flat end of

the crop under the boy's penis and raised it for better viewing.  
"We don't have many of these at Lady M's, but we do know how to deal with mischief."

Greta stared into the boy's face. He avoided her look by lowering his chin and looking down. Unfortunately for him, Greta's stern demeanor and threatening action with the crop caused his penis to harden. Greta quickly noticed and began bobbing the crop up and down under the head and soon had the boy completely erect. Matimba and Sarina smiled.

"You see what we have to deal with, Miss Greta. And this after he's twice today been drained."

For a lad of some thirteen years, his erection was enormous. Apparently years before, when the strange concept of a special place for human ponies was first developed, the process of selecting the personnel to be brought from the main island to work on Equestra included the requirement that males have certain genetic traits. One such trait that was passed down through the generations and was standing rigidly for Greta's amusement.

"Young man. Perhaps you would like to visit me at Lady M's stable some day. Your mother and sister have one way of dealing with this problem. I can demonstrate another."

This ominous suggestion caused Lando's manhood to bob and stand even straighter. Greta removed the crop.

"It's late. I will pick up Sarina again on Monday. In the future I want you to greet me without clothing, Lando. I will come early so we can talk more."

Matimba smiled realizing that Greta would help with the boy's discipline.

Greta stepped into the chariot. The crop snapped. Greta had us roll to a quick speed. It was getting dark and Apple Dumpling struggled to keep the pace.

### Chapter Thirty One

Following that first therapy session, Sarina visited the stable twice per week as scheduled. She approached her responsibilities with such relish that she had to constantly be reminded to retrieve her pay envelope before getting into the chariot for the ride home.

Pretty Boy was physically developing as planned. His nipples were stretching and Naomi took great delight in pulling and kneading the empty scrotal sac. Lady M wanted it considerably longer than the female pony labia and Naomi felt it could easily be accomplished. Lady M suggested that the point at the top of his knees be the goal and Naomi was determined to reach it. His mammaries were filling in and Midori recorded his hormone levels daily. And the ongoing process of hair removal was interesting. On his sling tweezers hung from a cord and anyone who cared to torment the boy for a given period of time was invited to pull out every visible body

hair. And they did. But as the hormonal changes took effect, the search for such vestiges of his given gender became futile. Overall, Pretty Boy was becoming voluptuous.

For each appointment Sarina arrived in the stable, stripped naked and removed Pretty Girl's blindfold. The twin sister was made to witness the beginning of every therapy session. Sarina learned how to release Pretty Boy from his restraints and the lad seemed to recognize her touch, probably because when Sarina leaned behind the sling, her naked breasts touched his thighs and the lower portion of his restrained arms..

Once released she kept the boy blindfolded, placed her clothing on his sling and removed the rubber slapper which hung from the rear pole. The garments and absence of the slapper signaled to all concerned that Sarina was "counseling" Pretty Boy and the staff therefore knew where he could be located.

Sarina usually began by requesting that Pretty Boy relieve himself. Unlike the female ponies, his urinary function was not physically controlled. Instead he had learned to withhold until ordered, under threat and infliction of intolerable pain.

The mental duress of being ordered to engage in the most basic of bodily functions set the tone of Sarina's therapy. Pretty Boy was learning quite slowly and painfully that his was the lowest form of existence in the stable, Brutus included. It was very much Lady M's intention that Pretty Boy accept the authority and control of a very young teenaged girl. Accepting such control only from Lady M was not enough. The unusual bonding, that of castrated and castratrix, as exhibited by Pretty Boy and Lady M would need to be broadened to include accepting control from whomever Lady M so designated. And for the next few weeks it would be the precocious and somewhat sadistic island girl.

While Pretty Boy released the contents of his bladder, Sarina controlled the flow. Under her command he had to curtail the stream in mid-flow. She enjoyed watching him squirm halfway through the function and the rubber slapper was poised to ensure his compliance.

"OK. Release for me."

His stream resumed after the long pause during which time Sarina played with a nipple.

"Does Pretty Boy want to stand for me now? Hm. Yes, I think you want to show me your manhood. Isn't that right?"

Sarina reached under his buttocks and removed the large single rubber cone and weight used to stretch his sac. As the pink epidermis swung between his thighs she laughed.

"What's this? There's something missing."

She palmed the empty sac from the front and drew it up for closer examination, rubbing her thumb over the hairless, somewhat sensitive strip of flesh.

“They’re gone, Pretty Boy. You have no testicles. Maybe I should call you “Pretty Eunuch”. Well let’s see if you can stand for me.”

With Sarina’s unmerciful taunting continuing, she slipped out the entrapping wire and on cue, Pretty Boy tumefied for his superior.

“Oh that’s very nice. But it’s so small. And I think it’s smaller than last week.”

It was possibly quite true. Pretty Boy’s already diminutive penis seemed to be shrinking with Midori’s barrage of female hormones and the greatly reduced production of testosterone.

“Well we better have a nice long chat about this in private.”

Sarina hooked her finger through the nose/tongue ring and slowly led the still blindfolded boy to the office. When permitted we always enjoyed watching her move about the stable. Such youthful beauty and such a dominant demeanor... we pony girls had much servile admiration...

It was quite some time and many sessions before we had a clue as to what events occurred in the therapy room. But after every session, Sarina exited with a look of complete ecstasy holding a specimen jar which would be left for Midori. And on many occasions Pretty Boy crawled, following Sarina on a thin leash attached to the infibulating wire. His entire body would be reddened and it was evident that Sarina’s use of the slapper was considerable. But for a healthy young boy to be so sapped of strength was inconceivable.

I suppose it was because Sarina became both confident and comfortable with her role that in the fourth week of therapy she left open the office door. Or perhaps it was her way of further humiliating Pretty Boy, since the boy would have to know that with the door open his groveling and entreaties for mercy could be heard by all his pony girl colleagues. Imagine a boy close to his adulthood begging a younger teenaged island girl for compassion, fully realizing that it would not be given but forced to request it through the excess of the pain and humiliation.

From my angle I could see much of the therapy room although the sugar coated ball intended to exercise my tongue sometimes swung to block my view. And overhearing the exchange between dominant and subservient could not be helped. After all, the stable was otherwise silent.

Sarina began by releasing the boy’s tongue.

“Thank me.”

“Thank you, Miss Sarina.”



It was the first time I had heard Pretty Boy speak, or any pony for that matter. His voice was squeaky for lack of use. Also it was high pitched and I feared to think of the cause of that.

“Would you like to look at me Pretty Boy? You seem to enjoy that.”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

“Well I hope you appreciate these favors. How will you show your appreciation? Hm? You’re already erect although it’s becoming very difficult to tell.”

Sarina removed the blindfold and sat on a desk facing Pretty Boy.

“Down!”

The boy knelt facing her. His head was at the height of her mons veneris. He stared at her sex. His penis bobbed.

“Well, you may as well begin. You know how I like to be served.”

Pretty Boy bent forward and began licking and sucking Sarina’s right foot and toes. His tongue was not as long as mine and no where near the length of M’s Ecstasy, but his enthusiasm seemed to make up for this deficiency.

Sarina lifted her right arm and, with the slapper firmly gripped, brought a powerfully long stroke down on Pretty Boy’s buttocks. A muffled cry of agony slipped out between motions of the tongue. With this painful signal, Pretty Boy turned his head and began applying quick licks to Sarina’s left foot.

With a second vicious slap, Pretty Boy moved up and lapped Sarina’s ankles and calves. The girl smiled and her nipples firmed with the sexual power she was able to exhibit. A girl of some fifteen years was physically and psychologically controlling every thought and movement of a boy, castrated at the whim of his owner.

Sarina’s gleeful facial expression I had seen before. It was during my visit to the pump house when the two large island women chastised one of the pumpers with the cane then extracted oral pleasure. It was that same look when the cane woman forced the toothless pony girl to obsequiously open her mouth and smiled knowing that she would forever wait in full readiness to apply her lips and tongue to any desired part of the island woman’s anatomy. The thrill of having total control over a naked servile, human beast combined with the delectation of receiving forced sexual favors was intoxicating. And I suspected Sarina would be imbibing Lady M’s brew of control and subjugation for quite some time.

The rubber slapper continuously flailed as Pretty Boy's tongue worked its way up to Sarina's thighs. The young minx pushed herself forward so that she was seated on the very edge of the desk and spread her knees, fully exposing her most intimate charms to the sexless boy.

"It's too bad you can't advantage of it like a man Pretty Boy. My brother's bigger than you are and he's thirteen. And his friends look at me and develop mounds in their trousers larger than that useless thing of yours. But I suppose castrated boys must learn to use their tongues. Isn't that right? And looking like a pretty girl will help. No one will expect you to sexually perform like a male so it won't matter. You're going to be a Lady M's servile gelded pony. Even your sister will control you. If you don't follow her lead you'll be caned.

"But if you're compliant and win shows, Lady M will put you on the masturbation table."

Sarina laughed.

"Oh. I forgot. You can't ejaculate. Lady M fixed that. Well, let's see. How can Lady M reward you. Hm..."

The boy continued licking during Sarina's soliloquy.

"How about some clothing. Nothing permanent, of course. But how about if you're permitted to wear a nice short dress and serve drinks during one Lady M's parties. Wouldn't that be nice?"

It would indeed be interesting, dear reader. Pretty Boy was appearing more effeminate every day and Sarina's comment made me realize that, with my bald head and years of intensive physical training versus Pretty Boy's coifed hair, bright red lips and mascara, he could with a dress probably pass as a girl better than me. Well, such was the convoluted world of Lady M's stable and Equestra Island.

"And what a surprise when you're stripped naked at the end of the night and all the gentlemen guests discover that pink flesh you were flashing as you bent to serve drinks is actually as empty scrotal sac. I can see lady M holding up the jar and laughing at the evening's joke.

"But don't think your duties will end, Pretty Boy. There are liberal minded men with intact anatomical parts that will still want you. And I think Lady M will be very accommodating. Don't you think? We know that sensitive prostate of yours will be begging for attention. And what better way to have it massaged. I good stiff penis. I mean a real one not like this."

Sarina slapped Pretty Boy's tiny erection to emphasize her point.

Pretty Boy's tongue must have confronted well the challenge presented by the insatiable young tormentress, for Sarina momentarily became quiet, leaned back on her elbows and aggressively squeezed Pretty Boy's head between her thighs.

“Stop.”

Sarina rested as Pretty boy passively knelt before her. Eventually, she slid off the desk and shut the door.

## Chapter Thirty Two

The trips to pick up Sarina were becoming interesting. Lando became infatuated with Greta and dutifully greeted her stripped of his clothing.

“Hands on head at all times in my presence, Lando,” she admonished him on the second visit, and from that day forward Greta arrived to find him patiently waiting in the front yard, his hands neatly folded on top of his short, curly black hair.

Greta used the guise of discipline for her own enjoyment and found his attraction to her to be amusing. And I must confess reader, watching the youngster slowly become erect was an interesting display. For a boy of young age and short stature, Lando’s penis was enormous and to see the bulbous pink head slowly peek through the darkly colored prepuce while Greta wordlessly stood in front of him wielding her crop was an unusual treat for us. It was a rare pleasure for a pony to casually view the male sex organ. Pretty Boy’s organ was pitiful by comparison and in viewing it a female felt no aura of male virility. (In fact, Lady M had begun referring to it as his clitoris.) With Lando however, I was given to feeling a twinge of desire watching his manhood rise while harnessed to the chariot. Something I never experienced viewing Pretty Boy’s organ. Normally such glimpses of male virility were in conjunction with some form of traumatic sexual interlude such as at the Doctor’s office or when a male guest would take a fancy to a pony while serving at one of Lady M’s parties.

I believe Greta was cognizant that Apple Dumpling and I were interested, and teased us by keeping the boy near the chariot and never blocking our view of the boy’s subjugation.

On the third visit Greta requested that Sarina retrieve a small footstool from the porch and place it in the yard in front of where Lando stood. Apple Dumpling and I were only some ten feet away as Greta began the fascinating process of psychological subjugation.

“Kneel for me Lando. Right here in front of the footstool. Yes that’s it. Just lay your penis over the top. You know I like to look at it.”

Lando complied and amazingly the tip of his dark brown, erect manhood almost reached the far edge of the stool. While Lando knelt, Greta slipped her left hand into the open folds of her slacks. The boy tried to peek between the folds for a glance at Greta’s sex. She laughed.

“I can see that you’d make trouble for your school mates. You’re maturing very nicely, Lando. So

voyeuristic yet so obedient.”

Greta placed her right hand with the crop on top of Lando’s folded hands which remained on his head as commanded. She then withdrew her left hand from her slacks and rubbed her fingers over his nose and lips.

“Do you like the fragrance, Lando? Hm? See what you think of the taste.”

Greta pushed her fingers against the boy’s lips. His mouth opened and he pushed his head forward, attempting to draw the fingers into his mouth.

Greta quickly lifted her right hand and gave the boy’s buttocks a light but firm snap with the crop then returned it to his folded hands.

“No. No. Lando. Stick out your tongue and lick. Do not move your head.”

The one stroke was effective. Lando thrust out his tongue and licked the offered fingers with the very tip of his tongue. His prodigious erection rose from the stool and pointed to the sky.

“You seem to like that, Lando. You’re a typical male. More?”

Greta withdrew her hand and returned it to the folds of her slacks. On this occasion she moved her feet further apart and her arm and wrist gyrated, obviously inserting a number of digits deep within her sex.

When Greta’s hand reappeared, her feminine lubrication made it shine in the sun.

“Keep your penis on the stool please, Lando. I want to look at it.”

The boy tried but he was much too excited to comply.

“Ok. Greta will help.”

As she offered her hand, almost dripping with her essence, she lifted her left foot and placed the tip of her shiny black boot on top of Lando’s erection.

“Don’t move.”

Very gently, Greta pushed the amazingly firm erection down to the surface of the stool and held it there with her toe. The boy’s eyes bugged out and he twitched but for the most part remained motionless.

“Good boy.”

Lando's tongue busied itself with the offering.

Meanwhile Sarina watched closely with a smile. Greta looked up, patiently allowing Lando to engorge his male sexual appetite.

"You have to understand males, Sarina. They all respond to the same thing. Once you understand that, they're easy to control. Now controlling females..., that's more complicated."

Greta looked back down at Lando.

"What are you doing, Lando?"

The boy was pushing his hips forward and then back causing his penis to be massaged under the weight of Greta's boot. The purple head momentarily slipped back into the prepuce when his hips moved back then dramatically reshoved its colorful tip with a lunge forward. Sarina laughed.

Greta lifted her toe. The weight of her leg was now borne by the heel of her boot resting on the surface of the stool. The action resembled controlling the accelerator of an automobile. Lando moaned when he thrust forward into the air with nothing frictioning the sensitive glans.

"You see, Sarina, how easy it is to control him. Stay Lando! Keep yourself erect and if you're good I'll put my toe down again."

Greta addressed Sarina for a few minutes as her hand again explored the folds of her slacks. She lectured on pain, reward and withholding of pleasure and its uses. Then she casually withdrew her hand, and with her elbow comfortably resting on her knee, dangled the wet fingers in front of Lando's nose and lips. The boy attacked it with his tongue and again thrust his hips forward expecting to receive some wave of pleasure from the pressure of Greta's boot. He didn't receive it.

"Goodness, Lando. One would think you're making love to my boot. Is that what you'd like? Hm? Well you're going to have to earn that."

Greta looked at Sarina.

"He's a very randy lad. Whatever do you feed him?"

"I know. Mother didn't have time to masturbate him this morning."

"You're going to learn some discipline, Lando. I have been very lenient so far. But you will only move your hips when I stroke those supple young buttocks of yours. Understood?"

Greta's right hand cropped the designated area to emphasize her command. The boy lurched

forward but without the firm toe in place, Lando squealed, more from the disappointment of the absence of pleasure than the pain of the glancing stroke.

For the next thirty minutes Greta continued to crop the boy's buttocks. Sometimes her toe would be firmly pressed down, in which case the pleasure derived from Lando's reactive thrust overcame the sting of the crop. Other times Greta would cruelly lift her toe and the pain of the stroke that followed without any pleasant pressure resulted in a yelp.

Sarina observed with a look of amusement and admiration. Greta was a masterful flagellatrix, randomly dishing out pain and pleasure, extracting from the young teenager exactly the right measure of both without allowing him to ejaculate.

At one point she sensed his pending orgasm and brutally stepped down, physically cutting off the ability to come and sending a strong enough pain signal to the brain to bring his thoughts back under her control.

"No. No. Lando. Only when I want it. You may never learn self control, but you will learn Greta's control."

A few more strokes then Greta looked at her watch.

"Well, Sarina you have a full afternoon with Pretty Boy. Let's see your little brother ejaculate. I'll bet I can get three feet from him, the randy tyke."

Greta pushed down on her foot and kept it firmly placed. After two strokes of the crop she slid it forward nearer the frenulum.

"When I say come, Lando, I want to see that semen spurt. Show off for us. My pony girls rarely see a servile male perform. I think they deserve a treat. And your sister enjoys watching that purple head disappear under my boot."

With two vicious strokes, the boy thrust forward while Greta applied much more weight to her foot. Finally she gave the command.

"Come for me!"

Again the pleasure afforded by Greta's heavy toe overcame the sting of the firm crop strokes as Greta first pressed down then lifted her toe. This action allowed a huge glob of milky fluid to squirt out with incredible force then arch to the ground well in front of the stool. True to her word, it appeared to land three feet from the stool. She pressed, then lifted and stroked, and a second glob spurted out. With careful repetitive follow up she expertly milked the boy of every drop of seed with the action of her toe. Three more spurts sunk to the ground. Lando fell over sideways in exhaustion.

“I don’t think he’ll be making trouble for the remainder of the afternoon,” Greta declared with a wry smile. “He’s a little tired.”

She lifted her leg and placed her foot back on the ground. Bending over she toyed with the rapidly shriveling penis with the tip of the crop.

“He’ll be a little sore tomorrow. But maybe your mother will more enjoy handling him knowing that his pleasure will be diminished.”

Greta handed Sarina the crop and they walked to the chariot with smiles.

“In due time, I’ll bring a blindfold and let him taste the real thing,” Greta suggested with a laugh.

On the ride to the stables, Sarina used the crop with renewed vigor, much to the dismay of Apple Dumpling.

### Chapter Thirty Three

That was Apple Dumpling’s last session endeavoring in a waist belt. The following morning when Midori recorded her weight she commented to Naomi.

“Well, I’ll have to inform Lady M. I’ve tried every combination of feed and she’s still above weight for a work pony and her fat content is way too high. And look at those breasts. They flop with every step. She’ll never be shown... and racing?... She can’t go half a mile at full speed.”

I was concerned that at a very young age Apple Dumpling was to be deported to the pump house. But later, Lady M entered as I was being released for a welcomed stint in the exercise room. I overheard a discussion Lady M had with Naomi as they stood before a blindfolded Apple Dumpling. Her ear plugs had been removed

“I’ve always liked her breasts, as overbearing as they are. Midori!” She called over as Midori released my sling and my toes touched the floor.

“What if we have her bred? She should be able to lactate for an entire herd.”

The three women talked as I stood patiently waiting to be led to the exercise room. At one point in the conversation Midori palmed the metal disk on Apple Dumpling’s right hip.

“She last menstruated ten days ago. So she’ll be ovulating over the next few days.”

“Excellent,” suggested Lady M. “I’ll have Greta get some semen from Meredith. Naomi can you and Botana set up a maternity sling? And Midori, change her feed immediately. Higher fat levels

and you know the best hormone combination.”

Apple Dumpling began writhing in her sling listening to the plans. Lady M stepped closer and toyed with and rolled her nipples between thumb and forefinger. (A common method used for calming ponies. Mine were so gently massaged before every race.)

“Don’t be upset, Apple Dumpling. Just think, it will be a long time before you’re pulling a cart again. And think about how nice and plump you’ll become. You’ll have a nice big belly while all the other pony girls are worked to maintain weight. And no more bladder control. You’ll be permitted to relieve yourself as you please.”

So with ten minutes of discussion and some brisk commands from Lady M, Apple Dumpling’s fate changed dramatically. Her nipples and labia had been fully stretched over the two years in the stable, but her metabolism never responded to the athletic demands of training and Midori’s special diet. A failure in the strange world of pony training and racing, in the real world Apple Dumpling would be considered a very beautiful, voluptuous and desirable woman.

Midori took me to the exercise room where and I ripped through ten miles on the tread mill at top speed. Later, the Asian woman put me through some deportment routines. She smoothed her hands over my entire body and I thought about how receptive I was to such treatment but years before would be very embarrassed. For some reason she felt I was becoming too tight and we spent some twenty minutes with her painfully stretching out my arms and legs to incredible angles and positions, somewhat akin to a dancer’s warmup exercise, only dancer’s were permitted to wear clothing. I was naked of course and the resulting exhibition was most lascivious. But it felt good to have my arms freed from my neck collar.

When finished, Greta was waiting and promptly led me to the tacking area where she personally hitched me to a fast cart. Botana was busy with Naomi and Apple Dumpling’s new sling.

What would appear to be a spur of the moment decision by Lady M became something of urgency for the staff. Once given orders, everyone went into action to comply and please the mistress of the stable. Since Lady M wanted semen, Greta hitched the fastest pony in the stable (me) to a racing cart and then set out at top speed to Meredith’s to obtain the sample. The earnestness with which Greta cropped my nipples indicated the importance of the mission

I had never before been to Meredith’s farm and it was remarkable. She specialized in males and as described watching the diminutive woman control large very strong stallions was impressive. A number of differences in their handling was quite apparent.

Thumb rings were not used except when pulling a cart. The males had too much upper body strength and past experience proved they were able to forcibly pull their hands down from where they were attached to the collar. In place of the thumb rings and collar, their neck and wrists were secured by very heavy wooden stocks resting on their shoulders. The length of the stocks could be adjusted and depending on Meredith’s mood the stocks of a recalcitrant pony could be greatly



lengthened, forcing the pony's arms well out to his sides at shoulder height. Very heavy bracelets were worn about the ankles, similar to what I had seen at the pump house. This facilitated hobbling the pony when deemed necessary by clipping the ankle bracelets together. And when freed to walk the bracelets made it near impossible to kick with any degree of effectiveness, since the sheer weight made it difficult to lift the feet.

There was also the brief leather protective device which circled the waist and had straps running down through the cheeks of the buttocks then back up on each side of the groin where they attached to the front. The device was worn while grazing and prevented the pony from being anally assaulted by his stable mates.

I had once heard Meredith describe that one of her more severe methods for disciplining ponies was simply to remove this protective device, liberally lubricate the rectum and send the pony out to graze. In such a condition he would quickly become an object of carnal interest. And if Meredith took the time to have the weighting on his ankles increased, the pony would most assuredly find himself bent over a fence by his stable mates.

But day to day control was effected through the use of electric cattle prods. And the shaven, pink scrotal sacs which glowed in the sun from the application of special conductive lotion, evidenced where the prod was applied.

Meredith did little of the body modification demanded by Lady M, except of course the scrotum was pulled back through a large perinaeum ring.

So visiting Meredith's farm was quite a site. Her pasture was much larger than Lady M's but was much more carefully fenced. I was somewhat envious since the well tanned bodies of the superbly conditioned ponies indicated that they spent much time grazing. It seemed that Meredith did not have the elaborate constraint system that Lady M had and her ponies spent much more of their day free of bondage (relatively speaking). And the long timeless afternoons we spent in the sling Meredith's ponies spent lounging in the field.

Greta stepped from the cart and tethered my nose ring to a post near Meredith's large porch. She smoothed her hand down my back to the top of my buttocks and gave them a gentle pat.

"Stay Zesty. The male ponies won't bother you. I'll be right back."

Greta was correct. But I had some very anxious moments when four of the giant males surrounded me and gawked. Naked females were not to be found at Meredith's and although they were exposed to female anatomy during shows and races, it was probably most unusual to have one totally alone, naked and helpless in their midst.

Each one slowly tumefied and I had to envy Meredith. Their erections were enormous and amazingly stiff. It was one of the few times I was grateful to have been well secured to a cart. For

when thus restrained it was impossible for a male pony in stocks to have access to my backside. Nevertheless, they pushed against me and I felt the hot, smooth skin of one pony's sizable shaft rub against my left thigh. A very handsome blond boy brushed the tip of his turgid penis along my chin and attempted to push it into my mouth, which was secured by the bit.

I became quite moist with all the attention and, as the reader is aware, since basic feminine hygiene was limited at Lady M's, I'm sure the fragrance of my excitement was most noticeable to the chaste males. And this seemed to make them more excited.

One pony tried to lick or at least press his tongue to my exposed labia. But with his neck encased in the large wooden stocks and the pole of the cart laying over my rump, he couldn't get close enough. He curtailed his efforts but remained on my right side with his head as close to my buttocks as possible. He breathed heavily, apparently reveling in my scent.

The pony on my left somehow moved his erection high enough to reach my hand which was attached by my thumb rings to the waist belt. He seemed to be signaling me to grip my hand around his massive shaft. I could feel the heat of his excitement even in the Caribbean warmth. I dared not accommodate him but was thrilled at the strange effect and power I seemed to have over the male ponies. Evidently Meredith's process of control included denial of sexual release for long periods, if ever.

I closed my hand in an effort to discourage the one pony and became concerned that one or more would ejaculate just by rubbing my thigh or chin. Finally, Greta emerged with Meredith and quickly stepped off the porch with crop in hand when he saw my plight. The pony on my right received a vicious stroke to his testicles. The one in front of me suffered a direct blow to the purple tip of his erection and it comically shrank away. Meredith had her prod with her and I witnessed first hand its effectiveness as the pony on my left was zapped on his scrotum and fell to the ground when his knees gave out. The fourth, who was desperately trying to bring the tip of his erection into contact with my right nipple, sauntered off as fast as his heavy ankle bracelets allowed.

"I'm sorry Greta. They usually aren't permitted to get this close to a female pony, I'm afraid they're rather excited.

"Here, Blondie."

The boy who was at my front stepped to Meredith with his eyes looking down, partly in respect, partly with the shame of his actions. His penis was now flaccid.

"I'm sure you started this, Blondie."

Meredith removed the leather protective device from around his waist and between the cheeks of his buttocks. Tears began to form as the perky mistress of the stables reached into her pocket and

removed a small jar of lubricant.

“I won’t double your weights. But you’re going to have a busy afternoon.”

Meredith deftly lubricated the boy’s backside, gave it a healthy slap, and sent the unprotected pony into the field to “graze” with his stable mates. The other ponies had quietly drifted away while Meredith was occupied and we were alone.

“He’ll be OK. Without the extra weights he can move fast enough so he won’t be cornered. But the message will be understood. And in trying to corner him all the other ponies get exercised.”

Greta watched with fascination as the other males recognized Blondie’s vulnerability and moved toward him. Blondie responded by moving away and I could see how his afternoon would be spent.

“Well, Lady M says thanks, Meredith. If you ever need a female, let her know. I can see your herd is healthy and developing nicely.”

Greta held a small insulated box in her left hand and carefully placed it in the basket behind the seat. I knew it was the semen for Apple Dumpling. And I knew Meredith would have had no trouble milking it from her randy collection of males.

The sting of the crop burned my right nipple and Greta immediately brought the cart to full speed with a series of right-left-right-left strokes. Based on the absence of any pause between strokes I knew from experience to go straight to a full gallop. Within minutes I was perspiring wonderfully and performing at my best for the magnificently dominant blond woman. I envied the way she protected me from the horrid males and was most grateful for her attention.

## Chapter Thirty Four

When we returned to the stable, Naomi and Botana had finished assembling Apple Dumpling’s new sling. In place of the four posts which secured a pony girl in an upright position there were now four similar posts spaced differently. Two front posts were about three feet apart but the rear posts were some five feet in back. Rather than a platform for securing the neck, the four new posts supported horizontal cross pieces of the same size as the posts. Various silk straps hung from the cross pieces.

The efficacies of this new configuration became apparent when Apple Dumpling, who Midori had taken to Lady M’s basement to be inspected on the gynecological table, was led into the stable.

Midori brought her to the new sling and positioned her standing in the middle of the rectangular frame. A broad silk strap was stretched from the middle of one long cross piece to the middle of the other. Midori carefully adjusted it so that it draped down and hung at its low point across

Apply Dumpling's ample hips. Two more silk straps were hung toward the front portion. Draped again from side to side, but they crossed to form an "X". Midori again adjusted the length of the straps for Apple Dumpling's height.

"Bend over please, Apple Dumpling. Let's see how you like your new sling."

The pony girl complied. One strap slipped under her right shoulder, crossed between her large breasts, supported the left side of her rib cage, then continued up to the opposite cross piece where it was attached. The other strap did like wise with her left shoulder and right rib cage. The strap in the middle supported Apple Dumpling's lower abdomen, crossing from hip to hip.

Midori grasped the left leg, pulled it up and encircled it with another silk strap. This strap held the thigh some three feet off the floor. Midori shortened the strap. When Midori did the same with the right leg, Apple Dumpling was completely suspended in a prone position, three feet off the floor with thighs widely spread.

"No more collar for you, lucky girl."

Midori released the pony girl's thumb rings and removed the collar. Soft fur lined wrist cuffs were used to secure Apple Dumpling's hands in back of her and up to the support bar. Finally, Midori encircled the ankles with similar fur lined cuffs and attached them to the rear posts.

She stepped back to survey her handiwork.

"You should be very comfortable, Apple Dumpling. This is where you'll remain for your pregnancy so you must become accustomed to it."

Midori removed the standard pony hood and replaced it with one of thick, heavy cloth with no openings for the eyes. It had a sturdy eye hook sewed into the back just above the neck line. A fourth silk strap was strung from the right cross piece, through the eye hook on the back of the hood then to the left cross piece. Midori tightened the strap on it held Apple Dumpling's head up in a comfortable position.

Lastly, the feeding tube was inserted which Apple Dumpling swallowed without resistance.

After Midori left, I was hanging in my sling toying with the coated rubber ball to exercise my tongue. Apple Dumpling passively hung opposite my sling and to my right. She twitched and kicked somewhat but otherwise she seemed quite comfortable.

But her breasts hung straight down and with Naomi's handiwork there was only a foot or so of clearance between the tip of the stretched nipples and the concrete floor of the stable.

Lady M entered with Greta for the late afternoon inspection. She was most satisfied with Apple

Dumpling.

“I think we’ve found her calling, Greta. She’s so indolent I believe she’ll enjoy just hanging there while her belly grows. And look at these!”

Lady M reached down, palmed Apple Dumpling’s left breast and drew it up for better viewing.

“My goodness, wait until Midori’s new hormones take effect! We may have to raise the sling to keep them off the floor.”

Lady M was somewhat exaggerating. But Apple Dumpling certainly was well endowed.

“Let’s have dinner then inseminate her. Midori’s examination showed that she’s probably ovulating and the semen should be thawed by this evening. I want all the ponies to watch. We’ll use the masturbation table.”

As Lady M and Greta left, Midori and Botana worked their way down the line of slings, checking ear plugs, blindfolding, inserting the feeding tube for those ponies working the coated rubber ball, and testing the restraining slings and cuffs.

Botana reached my sling and inserted the Teflon covered tube. It easily slid down my throat to my stomach. Over the years I had learned to take it as calmly as one would swallow a gulp of water. And as suggested in my first day, I welcomed the tube knowing that Midori’s nutritious slop would soon fill my belly.

When my blindfold covered my eyes and the monotone entered the ear plugs, I suppose I napped, but as written it was always difficult to determine. I had been run on the tread mill for ten miles then taken on that expeditious trip to Meredith’s. Therefore I was tired. So the rest was welcomed. I could feel Midori’s sustenance slowly flowing through the tube. I felt comfortable...

The lights of the stable returned when Naomi removed my blindfold, then reached under the hood and extracted my ear plugs. Botana was working the opposite row of restrained ponies and within minutes all the ponies could see and hear. The feeding tubes remained in place since the ration of slop normally took several hours to complete its flow from the canister above.

Midori was busy releasing Apple Dumpling from her new sling. The pony girl remained blindfolded as the wrist and ankle cuffs were removed, and the thigh slings unhooked. When Apple Dumpling’s feet touched the floor, Midori attached a short leash to her nose ring and with gentle tugs, the pony righted herself from the prone position.

The masturbation table awaited. The cloth covering had been removed and the mirrored top reflected the beams of the spot lights back up to the ceiling. Two ankle cuffs hung above the table and a small wooden stool sat in the middle.

Apple Dumpling moved slowly and Midori walked ahead offering words of encouragement and the sound of a voice to follow.

“Come. Come, Apple Dumpling. This is your lucky night. If you’re good Lady M will have me bring you to orgasm. Yes, won’t that be nice?”

Apple Dumpling was carefully placed kneeling on the table, the small stool supported her hips and lower abdomen. Midori lowered the cords and the ankle cuffs were secured. Cuffs were also strapped around wrist and Apple Dumpling’s hands were stretched over her head and hooked to the forward edge of the table.

“Spread for me.”

The pony girl complied. Midori slipped Apple Dumpling’s labia out of the perinaeum ring. Her lips were not only long but rather plump and meaty. I wondered if such a trait was common among heavy set girls.

My eyes wandered to Pretty Boy. The lascivious display of Apple Dumpling’s back side was exciting him and his tiny penis was beginning to harden. The infibulating wire was inserted through his prepuce and I knew that he would soon be writhing in pain if he was not able to keep control.

Midori tied thin cords around Apple Dumpling’s thighs and retrieved two clamps from a supply cabinet. She gently toyed with the pony girl’s right labia, found a likely location and slowly tightened one clamp over a thick section of the pink flesh. The left was likewise clamped and Midori skillfully attached the cords to the clamps.

“Spread for me. I want to see more of your vagina. Yes that’s good girl.”

With the clamps pulling apart the long lips, Apple Dumplings backside became one large display of pink flesh. Midori’s manipulation had excited her and the evidence of her secretions shone under the overhead spot lights. The little head of Apple Dumpling’s clitoris peeked out under the moist skin.

“I have to make sure you’re thoroughly lubricated. Hold still.”

Midori dipped her knowing fingers into a jar of viscous liquid and smoothed the substance over the exposed genitalia. She worked slowly and deliberately and Apple Dumpling began to moan with the pleasure. One finger was inserted into the dark pink passageway then two. More oil was applied and Midori slowly massaged and applied the lubricating liquid to every square inch of Apple Dumpling’s genitalia.

Greta and Lady M entered during this procedure. Botana, Naomi, the Asian woman and staff of

lesser rank also sauntered in to watch. Apple Dumpling's insemination was going to be a affair for the entire stable.

Greta carried a small jar filled to the brim with the milky liquid obtained at Meredith's. It appeared to be a large quantity of semen and I supposed that Meredith must have masturbated one of her ponies numerous times to accumulate such a sample. But Lady M amended my conjecture when she sat in her usual place at the head of the masturbation table.

"This is your big day, Apple Dumpling. I'm going to inseminate you so you can have a little one. Meredith has provided a collection of sperm from some of her best ponies and you know she only trains the most well endowed males available. I suppose at some point we'll learn the name of the father, but initially the origin of the sperm that fertilizes your egg will be unknown."

As she spoke, Lady M was toying with the large mammaries and stroking the nipples until they hardened to the desired shape of pencil points.

Apple Dumpling shook her head and almost broke the rigidly enforced pony code of silence with her shock. To be forcibly impregnated was emotionally distressing. But to have the process become a game of chance was most disconcerting. Apple Dumpling would most likely never know whose sperm would make the journey to her ovaries. The most coveted and closely guarded biological function of the female species, that of knowing and selecting the father of her offspring, was being denied Apple Dumpling.

"Midori, bring her to near orgasm. Greta fill the baster then sit here and toy with her."

Greta spun the lid off the jar and dipped the point of a standard kitchen turkey baster into the milky contents. She squeezed the rubber bulb. When she released her grip half the contents of the jar drained away into the baster.

Midori renewed her handiwork. Apple Dumpling would be slowly masturbated to open up the vulva and ensure the sperm was properly received. After several minutes she paused and nodded to Botana and Naomi. The two strong brown skinned women moved to the wall where the ends of the cords attached to the ankle cuffs were tied to hooks. They slowly pulled. Apple Dumpling's feet rose from the table top and also separated since the two cords emanated from widely spaced pulleys. As her feet and legs separated, Apple Dumpling's labia clamps further parted her lips.

Greta handed the filled turkey baster to Lady M then sat in the appointed seat. Lady M moved to the rear and watched as Apple Dumpling's feet rose to the height of Lady M's head and split well out to the sides. The cords were retied and Apple Dumpling hung nearly upside down, with her feet and legs high, her hips supported by the small stool and her breast now lying flat on the mirrored table. This displeased Lady M.

“I want the breasts fully exposed. Greta pull her arms and head forward. Naomi move the stool toward Greta.”

When finished, Apple Dumpling’s upper torso hung off the front edge of the table. Greta was able to sit and palm and knead the nipples which draped into her lap.

“Good. Keep the nipples erect, Greta. Midori, apply the vibrator to the clitoris.”

Lady M coated the baster with the light oil and patiently watched Midori ply her skills. Apple Dumpling began twitching under the manipulation. Her moans indicated heightened pleasure.

I looked to Pretty Boy who was watching with reluctant interest. Reluctant due to the fact that the extreme exposure of Apple Dumplings most intimate anatomy was causing his little male organ to stiffen and pressure the infubulating wire. Lady M noticed and just smiled, knowing the young gelding would bring himself great pain if he was unable to control his erection.

I looked back to Apple Dumpling’s well exposed genitalia. Midori’s finger work was causing the pink to turn to a very wet, glistening vermilion.

“I can feel tiny contractions, Lady M,” reported Midori.

She pressed a button on the vibrator and the hum increased in pitch.

“Ok. Midori. Move your hand.”

Midori complied and the pony girl moaned with the sensation of Midori removing her fingers. Lady M quickly presented the open end of the baster to the vaginal opening and slowly pushed in. The stainless cylinder slowly disappeared.

“Naomi. Botana, Higher!”

Naomi and Botana grasped the cords and pulled. Apple Dumpling’s hips rose from the stool and she cried with the strange feeling of ecstasy. Greta firmly pinched the nipples and Midori gyrated the vibrator. Apple Dumpling fought to close her legs and screamed. Lady M squeezed the red bulbous end injecting the collection of semen deep into the vagina.

“All the way up. I want a good three minutes with her inverted. Gravity will help.”

Midori quickly released the labia clamps and pulled Apple Dumpling’s meaty lips back through the perinaeum ring thus encasing the semen.

There would be no rejection of the sperm. Lady M and Midori timed the injection perfectly. As Apple Dumpling’s orgasm opened up her passage, the well filled baster injected a huge quantity



of semen. And it would be nearly impossible for her system to avoid the onslaught of male chromosomes. Botana and Naomi pulled until Apple Dumpling was hung completely upside down over the table.

Lady M handed the turkey baster to Midori and watched with arms akimbo as her newly impregnated pony quietly swung over the masturbation table by her ankle cuffs.

“Cut off the perinaeum ring tomorrow, Midori. We’ll leave the clitoral ring for now. And I want a high fat diet for her. She won’t be running anymore and I want the breasts plump for milking.”

### Chapter Thirty Five

For the next few months I watched Apple Dumpling grow. With the change of diet all the weight Midori had managed to trim from her chest and thighs during two years of training reappeared. And I’m sure the curtailment of her exercise greatly contributed to changing her shape.

Every morning Apple Dumpling was released and led blindfolded by a slim clitoral leash out to the corral. Her thumb rings were clipped to her hip rings to ensure she did not toy with herself but otherwise she was free and permitted to walk about. But being sightless she normally just stood and waited for the appointed hour to end and to be led back to her sling.

Midori give Apple Dumpling a sponge bath every morning after her one hour of exercise, carefully cleaning every nook and cranny. As written, pony girls had no secrets, and Lady M’s male visitors seemed to take delight in visiting the stable at bathing hour and watching Midori examine, display and clean every inch of Apple Dumpling’s voluptuous flesh.

Midori also massaged her twice per day. Since she spent an inordinate amount of time just hanging in the silk straps, Midori made sure that all the large muscles were rubbed and kneaded and this soft touch seemed to sexually excite the expecting pony girl as her nipples hardened to points during the process.

Midori determined that the constant flow of slop and hormones could be supplemented by way of the intestines. So on almost every afternoon an inflatable nozzle was inserted into Apple Dumpling’s rectum and a second tube from a canister high above slowly siphoned more liquid into her bowels. With this second source of nourishment Apple Dumpling grew even faster. It was amazing to watch.

Her bladder function was no longer controlled and it seemed she was constantly urinating directly to the stable floor, especially after Midori began to utilize the anal feeding tube. Her large meaty labia made the direction of the flow unpredictable so stable help tended to be cautious when standing nearby. And whereas the stable was normally cleaned spotlessly one each day after morning ablutions, Apple Dumpling’s little area was washed down five to six times by

merely swashing a bucket of water over the floor.

I suppose it was the fifth month that her belly began to bulge noticeably and her breasts became even larger and more well rounded.

Then one day as Midori sponged the breasts she shouted with glee. Apple Dumpling was beginning to lactate. The pregnancy combined with Midori's hormone laden diet was effective.

Midori put down the sponge, pinched the left nipple near the breast and slowly drew her thumb and forefinger down the three inch nipple toward the floor. A stream of breast milk squirted onto the concrete. Midori laughed and removed Apple Dumpling's ear plugs.

"You're lactating, Apple Dumpling. Lady M will be most pleased."

That evening I learned that the silk straps which crossed between her mammaries served two functions. One was to support the weight of her chest area the other to secure and position the glands for proper milking.

When Lady M entered to observe her pregnant pony, Midori placed a short wooden stick between the two silk straps on Apple Dumpling's right side. When the stick was twisted it tightened the two straps, bringing them closer together and entrapping Apple Dumpling's right mammary gland. Midori did the same with stick on the left side. The tightened straps caused the large breasts to become engorged, temporarily cutting off the flow of blood. Lady M watched with fascination and a wry smile as the mammoth glands grew even larger.

"My goodness they're bigger than I could possibly have imagined."

Greta arrived with a stainless steel bucket and placed it under Apple Dumpling. Midori lightly oiled the extended nipples.

"She's ready Lady M. The first milking should be very thorough to encourage the glands to produce. She'll be sore but I have special ointment."

"Well, why don't we all take turns," suggested Lady M.

And they did.

Lady M gracefully sat on a small stool and pinched the nipple as Midori had done. The straps entrapping the breasts seemed to pressure the glands for with just the slightest touch, Apple Dumpling's breast milk poured from her nipple and streamed to the waiting bucket.

"It's amazing Midori. I hardly touched her."

"Yes, Lady M. Eventually I will develop her to the point where we just have to tighten the straps

and she'll produce. The hormones work wonderfully.”

Well reader, as you can imagine, Apple Dumpling became Lady M's new toy and many of the pony girls were envious. For the only way to earn a session on the masturbation table was to please the Mistress of the stable. And the only way to please her was to perform for her. To be put on display, exhibited, raced, trotted through the village with labia flopping and long erect nipples proudly proceeding cart and driver. To orally please a guest or staff member of Lady M's choosing. But with Apple Dumpling's time coming, Lady M was preoccupied.

After Apple Dumpling began to lactate, the one hour morning “exercise” period was substituted for a visit to the main house. It wasn't until the third or fourth week that I overheard Naomi and Botana talking and learned of Apple Dumpling new duties.

It seemed that Lady M desired that her coffee be specially prepared, namely with a light squeeze from one of Apple Dumpling's nipples.

In her eighth month Apple Dumpling's belly was as prominent as I had ever seen on an expecting woman. There was no evidence of her former role as pony girl. For it was not only her midsection that had grown, Midori's high fat diet added layers of firm, soft flesh to her buttocks, thighs and even her arms. This was rarely seen in the pony world and in some ways Apple Dumpling was envied by the other pony girls and in some ways was disdained for her laziness and the absence of control over her bladder.

Lady M reveled in her newly found manner of manifesting control. Since she was unsuccessful in shaping Apple Dumpling into a pony she would make certain every effort would be expended to mold the girl into an impressively large and efficient human lactation machine.

And indeed, Apple Dumpling lactated prodigiously. Midori experimented with various methods and by the eighth month, milk literally poured from Apple Dumplings long nipples. The standard method was to tighten the straps which caused an initial flow to drip to the stainless steel pail. Then Lady M or Greta would seat herself on a small stool and milk the nipples, gently squeezing and pulling the nipples downward with thumb and forefinger. As the stream began to curtail, Midori would take up position behind the sling between Apple Dumplings well spread thighs. There she would diddle with the pony girl's sex which seemed to renew the flow of milk.

Midori insisted that the girl be thoroughly milked at least daily, exclaiming that it was necessary for good health and hygiene. But by the ninth month, the large breasts were drained of their nutritious liquid twice per day.

Apple Dumpling seemed to receive some erotic pleasure from the extraction of her juices for she was given to moaning and squirming in her harness. But it was impossible to determine if it was truly pleasure or the result of the sensitive skin on her nipples being constantly rubbed by the various fingers of Lady M and the stable staff.

But as expected Lady M reveled in the new found method of control. Midori explained that after many weeks of constant and thorough lactation, Apple Dumpling's system would yearn to be milked. That the breasts would actually ache if not relieved of the extensive build up of fluid. And on many occasions I noticed the nipples would begin to drip at milking time without being touched. So on some leisurely mornings Lady M would ever so slowly knead and squeeze the nipples. Pausing for a discernible period and watching Apple Dumpling writhe in her sling impatiently waiting for the feel of her mistress's fingers to relieve the vast quantity of milk that the evening's hormone laden slop had caused to build within her glands.

Lady M would smile and laugh as Apple Dumpling twisted her upper body, seemingly attempting to gyrate the massive mammaries in such a manner as to disgorge themselves of their juices. But it was to no avail. Lady M would control the process and if she wanted to slowly and deliberately milk her pony drop by drop, Apple Dumpling was helpless to do anything other than to docilely lie in her sling feeling Midori's special nutrition siphon into her stomach, and lactate ever so slowly for the pleasure of her owner.

### Chapter Thirty Six

Apple Dumpling's child was male. We never saw it in the stable. Due to its gender it was given to Meredith to raise. Apple Dumpling's "bonding" with the child was limited to supplying her milk, which, as written, flowed freely from her engorged breasts.

And ensuring the child was well fed became part of my exercise routine. Almost every morning Botana hitched me to the fast cart while Apple Dumpling, after returning from Lady M's breakfast table, was slowly and thoroughly relieved of her remaining fluid. As Midori predicted, the contents of Apple Dumpling's breasts dripped to the stainless pail by merely tightening and adjusting the silk straps. But to completely drain her system, which was important to do in order to encourage increased production, Midori or Greta would hand milk her for the last ten minutes or so, coaxing the very last drop and therefore the maximum quantity into the pail.

This seemed to greatly tire the pony girl, for as soon as Midori finished reinserting the feeding tubes, both oral and anal, Apple Dumpling stopped moving, presumably napping despite a full night's rest.

The contents of the pail was immediately emptied into feeding bottles and placed into the basket behind the seat of the cart while I patiently waited in waist belt with the reins draping from my bit to my shoulders.

A pony's lot changes so quickly on Equestra. One moment I am passively standing on toes, stooped over in harness, secured to a cart, my mind idle and tending to wander. In the next, my most sensitive and elongated nipples are being most aggressively cropped and I am running, pulling and perspiring to the maximum.

When delivering milk to Meredith's, Greta spared not a second, and with her firm hand and my determination, almost every morning resembled racing day, with the cart speeding to Meredith's stable at full gallop for the entire distance. I was cognizant that no other pony in the stable could do this and was most proud.

And there was the treat of looking at the males while we briefly stopped at Meredith's. She always seemed to have a pony being groomed or hitched to a cart when we arrived and would make him stand for us. All in her stable were sizable, as written, but I could never become jaded about watching her work some muscular teenaged male into an erection and having him pose for Greta and me.

Many times on the return trip, which was at a much more leisurely pace, Greta would steer the cart to Matimba's house. There if the hour was right, we could catch Lando and Sarina preparing to go to school.

On one occasion, Matimba was seated on the front porch vigorously pumping the boy of his juices as we pulled up. Greta guided the small cart through the narrow gate, (the chariot didn't fit through it) right to the edge of the porch.

"Good morning, Matimba. Why not let him have a little nipple?" suggested Greta.

I suppose she was pointing at me for Matimba moved the boy and I was soon standing in pony stance while the pantless Lando bent at the waist and took my left nipple into his mouth. It felt good and I can only imagine Lando's reaction, for I was sweating profusely and normally much fluid trickled from my neck and shoulders, down my flattened pony breasts to drip to the ground from the tips of my nipples. Lando took this flow into his mouth.

Matimba resumed pumping the boy's enormous erection and Greta dismounted and stood next to me enjoying Lando's hungry efforts to obtain pleasure from my nipples. Every few moments Matimba would stop and have Lando step back and stand before Greta and me with his purple head pointed skyward on top of the substantial dark brown shaft.

He was amazingly obedient, knowing that if he was completely compliant, his juices would soon be spurting forth for the enjoyment of the large blond goddess with whom he was most enamored. Over the past months he had been well trained to perform for Greta and during the entire procedure his hands never left the top of his head.

After many soft strokes and a few pauses to show himself to Greta, he finally moaned and moistened a good portion of Matimba's front yard with his prodigious spendings.

Greta smiled knowing that the boy was completely controlled by the desires of his penis. He was addicted to the soft touch of a woman stroking him to ejaculation.

Matimba continued stroking and squeezing the semi erect organ, ensuring that every drop of semen was drained from the sybaritic teenager.

“You know, Matimba, school will soon be over. There is a procedure that would alleviate you of this nuisance while he’s free for the summer. Lady M had Pretty Boy infibulated. I’m sure she could arrange for the same with Lando. He could chase the girls all he wished but could never copulate. A thin irritating wire is inserted through piercings in the tip of his penis. You could seal the two ends together and if he removes the seal..., well that’s when I could be of great assistance.”

Greta smiled and held up the crop.

“Of course, Lady M would need the boy to work around the stable for a while to compensate for the cost of the operation...”

Matimba smiled with the thought as Lando sheepishly ran to the house to retrieve his pants.

“We’ve become so accustomed to masturbating him. But as often as Sarina and I drain him, his attraction to girls seems to return within hours. By this afternoon he’ll be following some young classmate home, seeking sexual favors of some kind.

“Yes. I better talk to Lady M.”

“I believe she’ll be quite willing to help. Just take Lando to visit Nurse Hopkins. She’ll enjoy meeting a frisky boy in training and it doesn’t take more than a few minutes. Lady M will enjoy having him work around the stable.”

And so the two women planned Lando’s fate. His unbridled desire for female companionship would soon be used for Lady M’s pleasure and control.

When we arrived back at the stable, Lady M was inspecting Plum Pudding a work pony of considerable strength. She was named for a purple tattoo she acquired on her right thigh during her normal life before arriving at Equestra. It was probably very pretty when first etched, but six months of exposure to the Caribbean sun had turned the drawing into a purplish blob. Lady M was upset. Although with work ponies, the attributes of strength and stamina were normally more important than appearance, the blemish was difficult for the punctilious mistress of the stable to endure.

“Greta. This is getting more unsightly every week. She’s young and strong and I paid a good price for her but I don’t like looking at this.”

“It will only get worse in the sun, Lady M. But having tattoos removed is expensive.”

Both women paused and finally Lady M spoke.

“Tomorrow I want you to take her to Tokana, the tattoo artist in the village. Since Plum Pudding likes tattoos, we’ll accommodate her tastes. Match the purple color and do her entire body except the breasts and buttocks. I’ll order a new cart with the same shade. She’ll become quite the spectacle and she can lead our procession on show days.”

Greta smiled with the thought.

“It will take some time, Lady M, and it will be expensive.”

“Fine. Take her once a week until its done. Tokana has a flair for the whip. Tell her she’s free to flagellate at will, as long as the cost of the tattooing is kept reasonable.”

Greta then informed Lady M of her offer to Matimba.

“The summer months are approaching, Lady M. The boy can be at your disposal for most of the summer and Matimba seems eager to have him infibulated.”

Lady M paused in thought.

“Yes. I think it would be good for our herd to see a real penis. I’ve noticed they have interest in Pretty Boy’s puny thing. From what I’ve heard about the boy, he’ll be given a warm welcome.”

Days later, Botana hitched me to the chariot with Black Thunder, a huge work pony from Africa (so named because Lady M commented that she could feel the ground move when the heavy, muscular pony dug in her toes and stepped high to pull a heavy load).

Greta and Lady M exited the house and approached the stable area. Greta was carrying some paraphernalia in her right hand and was talking to Lady M. Midori finished loading the chariot with bottles from Apple Dumpling’s morning milking.

I felt the weight of the chariot shift and knew from experience that both women had stepped on board. A swift stroke and amazingly painful sting on my right nipple told me that Lady M was in control. As always her short strokes were aimed to just nip the very tip of the nipple, which provided an immense level of agony with the slightest of wrist movements initiating the stroke.

It was strangely gratifying to know that Black Thunder quickly thereafter received an identical stroke. There was an odd thought process among ponies that the number of strokes was somehow finite, therefore having a partner to absorb a given number meant that less had to be endured by oneself. It was specious to so think, but it was still somewhat comforting to listen to the swish of the crop and realize the resulting sting was felt by another.

Lady M took the cart to my three quarter speed. This was especially comfortable for me since

usually Greta had me tearing up the roads on the morning the milk runs. But it seemed to be Black Thunder's maximum effort. I also noticed that I really wasn't pulling against the waist belt. Black Thunder was bearing the load. Normally, Lady M or Greta would notice this and the crop would swing accordingly, but they seemed to be involved in conversation, therefore I lazily trotted and let Black Thunder work herself into a good sweat pulling the heavy chariot and two riders.

Halfway to Meredith's, I felt the soft firm fingers of my mistress toy with my labia. This always provided a feeling of erotic comfort. To know that probably the most demanding and authoritative woman on the island was gently massaging my exposed genitalia provided a form of warmth and security.

Lady M had a way of slipping her index finger between my two lips despite being entrapped by the perinaeum ring. This area within the lips was very sensitive and I felt my juices begin to flow with her sensuous manipulation even as I ran in harness. Her fingers moved up and down providing her with a amusing diversion as she conversed with Greta.

We arrived at Meredith's and delivered the milk. Lady M and Meredith went into the house, presumably to view the child. Greta remained in the stable area, watered me and Black Thunder, then released our labia from the rings. Two male ponies were grazing and watched with interest as Black Thunder spread her feet indicating she needed to relieve her bladder. Greta reached between her thighs and pulled apart her lips and a powerful continuous stream poured to the stable ground. I didn't need to go.

A sizable squeeze bottle filled with water was retrieved from the chariot. Greta inserted the attached straw around my bit and between my lips. When she tightened her grip, a gush of liquid was forced into my mouth. I swallowed as much as possible, but much flowed out the sides, dripped down my neck and breasts, then streamed to the ground from the tips of my long nipples. It was cold but took the sting from the chastened, sensitive flesh.

She did the same for Black Thunder and the care and tenderness displayed by this large Teutonic woman who reveled in providing thorough canings was interesting to observe.

After watering, Greta checked all the reins and straps. Within minutes, Lady M exited the house carrying a strange device. Meredith followed and as she stepped from the porch, she called over one of the grazing ponies who immediately responded by dutifully trotting to her side.

"This is Short Stuff."

The male pony stooped and nuzzled his nose into the area of Meredith's stomach.

"Very affectionate but not well endowed... Up!"



Short Stuff straightened from the waist to better show his organs. Meredith palmed the scrotum and brought up her hand for better viewing. Short Stuff had sizable testicles and a formidable scrotum, which had evidently been stretched. But his manhood was indeed rather diminutive.

“He has a marvelously dextrous tongue. I’m giving consideration to removing the tip of his penis in order to better focus his thoughts on oral endeavors. The Chinese used such a method to make a male more sensitive to giving pleasure rather than receiving. The removal also highlights manipulation of the prostate as a erogenous activity since deriving pleasure from the penis is no longer attainable.”

Short Stuff’s organ began to stiffen. Either Meredith’s hands or the idea of manifesting her control through a partial penectomy seemed to excite him.

The idea that a young male would be so casually altered to better suit the sexual whims of his owner was a shocking concept. But as I reflected on the discussion and glanced down at my own anatomy, I realized the propensity to modify a pony’s body was not much different at Lady M’s stables.

Greta pushed our labia back into the rings while Lady M and Meredith concluded their conversation.

“I think you’ll enjoy the effect, Lady M. Although I know you don’t favor the males, it’s the best way to display them.”

Lady M held up the device. It was stainless steel, with what appeared to be a single small handcuff at the end of a short chain. From the other end hung a smooth, ball of the same steel, shaped like an egg. It brought memories of my visits to the doctor’s office.

Lady M nodded and smiled then stepped into the chariot. My nipple stung and my feet moved almost simultaneously under Lady M’s control. We left Meredith’s stable.

### Chapter Thirty Seven

Lady M took us on a convoluted route over some of the most scenic roads on the island. On certain hills I had to indeed dig in to assist Black Thunder in pulling the chariot. Lady M used the crop with moderation and I believe she was enjoying the beautiful views and sunny weather. But she insisted on a good pace and Black Thunder was worked into a lather, perspiring greatly, and I soon followed due to the length of the excursion more than the challenge of the pace.

Finally, Lady M crisply tugged the reins, snapped the crop on our nipples to increase speed, and turned the chariot onto a familiar road. I received extra strokes. Lady M finally realized I was not truly pulling and my nipples suffered for it.

After another 30 minutes, we arrived at Matimba's house. Both Black Thunder and I were sweating profusely as Lady M concentrated on extracting our best efforts for the final leg of the journey. When we pulled up to the gate of Matimba's modest home, we must have been a most impressive sight. Completely naked with our body water glistening in the sun, breathing heavily through our noses, nipples reddened by the crop, muscles rippling with every step and our labia drawn back and exposed to all.

Matimba heard the rumble of the heavy chariot and the rustle of the leather reins as we approached. As Lady M pulled the reins, our heads were forced back and Black Thunder and I immediately brought the vehicle to a stop at the gate with Matimba calling to her children.

"Lando! Sarina! It's time to go!"

Within a minute Matima appeared on the porch followed by her offspring. Sarina looked as refreshingly beautiful as always. She was still a teenager but the confidence she was gaining in working Pretty Boy twice a week showed on her face. When she snapped her fingers and Lando began tearing off his clothing in haste, I realized that Sarina had achieved complete authority over her brother, possibly more than her mother.

Greta stepped off the chariot followed by Lady M and wriggled her finger motioning the boy forward. There was something dangling from the end of his long flaccid penis and as he approached Greta, I realized that he had visited Nurse Hopkins as planned. Lando had been infibulated and in an early test of the effectiveness of the thin wire, Greta placed the flat end of her crop under the head Lando's manhood and lifted it for inspection.

As written, Lando had pubescent fantasies regarding the large muscular German blond, for as one may expect, his large dark brown member began to quiver and throb under Greta's gaze. The pink tip was attempting to peek through the frenulum and Lando winced in pain.

"Well, well Lando. Someone's fixed your penis. What's this?"

Greta held the ends of the thin wire in her free hand. A small metal disk entrapped the two ends, making it impossible to remove the wire without cutting it. Sarina held up a small device and beamed with a proud smile.

"I have the seal for the disks. His penis has been trapped for two days, Miss Greta. He's very agitated."

"Well let's see if we can help."

Greta returned to the chariot and retrieved the paraphernalia she brought from the stable.

“Here Lando.”

The boy moved to her side and soon found himself in a neck collar with wrist cuffs hanging down his back. Greta wasted no time in drawing his hands back then up to be secured by the cuffs. Next she encircled each ankle with very heavy bracelets, similar to those I had seen at the pump house, and they ominously snapped shut with a convincingly permanent sound.

The bracelets allowed the boy to walk. But their weight made running impossible and when Greta directed Lando to walk to his sister, he did so quite awkwardly and with the expenditure of great energy.

“Let’s see how agitated he’s become,” suggested Lady M.

Sarina reached into a pocket in her short skirt for a pair of simple cutters. With a quick snip, Lando’s infibulating wire was cut and when Sarina pulled it through the piercings in the foreskin, the boy comically jumped as the serrated cut end abraded that most sensitive part of the male anatomy.

Greta and Lady M laughed.

“We’ll have Midori show you how to better slide the wire out, Sarina.”

With his penis freed, Lando sheepishly looked down and watched his organ tumefy before the watchful eyes of the women.

“My goodness! He is impressive for a boy his age,” commented an astonished Lady M, as the erection rose to its prodigious height.

For a few moments the women silently let Lando wallow in his humiliation. Finally, Lady M spoke.

“Sarina can you hose down my ponies while I speak to your mother concerning our arrangement?”

Matimba and Lady M walked to the porch and spoke quietly. Sarina gathered up a garden hose and turned on its flow. Greta released my labia from the ring then did the same for Black Thunder. Lando watched with the curiosity of a pubescent teenager and his erection amazingly stood to where it brushed against his navel. Greta noticed and motioned the boy for a closer look.

“You’re going to be viewing quite a bit of this Lando. Lady M has an entire stable of beautiful ponies. You’ll be spending the summer months grazing with them and if you’re a good boy I’ll have Sarina masturbate you for their amusement. I gather you’d like that.”

To emphasize her last comment Greta gave the tip of the boy’s erection a gentle pat with her

crop.

Well reader, it was my turn to relieve myself. Having been well watered at Meredith's I spread my feet as a signal and Greta reached down and parted my lips. With the young island boy watching closely I emptied my bladder as any good pony would, the liquid streaming to the sand and splattering my ankles.

Greta then watered us, once again squeezing the water bottle into our mouths. We always received more than we wanted and when I thought she was through she directed Sarina to refill the bottle from the hose and squeezed again. More water was forced into my mouth and when she noticed that I was allowing a good portion to flow out the side where the bit spread my lips, she grasped my hood and pulled back my head. This made it more difficult to reject the flow and I found myself gulping and gulping.

There was a respite while Greta did the same for Black Thunder. But then she returned to me and again held my head back to assure that a larger portion of the water was swallowed than rejected.

"Hose them down, Sarina. They've had a good run."

Both Black Thunder and I spasmodically twitched against the waist belts as the relatively cold water sprayed us. Sarina methodically let the water pour over our backs and shoulders and my skin tightened. My nipples hardened to pencil tips with the sudden change in temperature.

Greta signaled Sarina to pause and resumed watering us with the bottle. Then the hose was turned on again for a few minutes, then more forced drinking.

By the time Sarina finished with the hose, I was actually cold. Greta reached under me and felt the tightness of the waist belt and smoothed her hand over my lower belly. Apparently not yet satisfied, I was forced to drink another bottle.

"Sarina, have you ever oiled a pony?"

"No, Miss Greta."

"Well Zesty Girl has been somewhat indolent today. Let me show you how we cure that."

I was shocked to hear the discussion. Apparently my lazy trot had not gone unnoticed, for Greta removed the small glass jar from the chariot and held it up for Sarina.

"It's hot pepper oil. Dip in your thumb and forefinger. It only smarts the sensitive skin, so keep your fingers away from your eyes, mouth and nose."

It had been a long time since I received the application of the dreaded oil and I squirmed and

twitched in my bonds to demonstrate my disapproval. Greta placed a hand on each of my buttocks and pulled them apart, displaying my rectum for Sarina and Lando.

“Give her a nice massage there with your oiled fingers. Up, down. Yes, that’s it. Now be sure to penetrate the sphincter. That’s the most sensitive area. Yes. Good...”

“Be careful to avoid her feet. Even a well trained pony girl will kick when the burning pain starts. Now Zesty will be very eager to run for us. Yes. Isn’t that right Zesty Girl?”

I was indeed. The powerful spiced lubricant slowly permeated the skin between my cheeks and I strained against my waist belt and collar as the fire started.

Black Thunder was trained to remain perfectly still and held the chariot motionless as I moaned in agony and strained against my bonds in reaction to the burning sensation.

“You see how eager Zesty is? She’ll be pulling her load on the trip back to the stable.”

As written, the best way to mitigate the oil was to perspire and force the oil out of the pores. But I had to remain in harness while Lady M conversed with Matimba and Greta lectured Sarina on proper pony care. Tears began to flow but quickly disappeared into my wet spandex hood.

“Rather effective, don’t you think, Sarina? And of course the nipples can be coated if necessary. And for very bad pony girls, the labia and even the clitoris can be dabbed.”

I had never experienced the latter and found it difficult to imagine the level of anguish such treatment would create.

Lady M finally ended her talk and sauntered from the porch to the chariot. As any good pony driver would do, she briefly looked over her team and checked our bladders by smoothing her hand over my belly beneath the waist belt. She did the same for Black Thunder.

“Very well watered. But let’s give them another bottle. Show Sarina how it’s done.”

As full as I was, Sarina was taught how to insert the straw around the bit and squeeze in water at an even rate of flow to allow the pony to imbibe despite the tongue rings. As Greta had done, Sarina pulled back my head and the young island girl authoritatively had me drinking against my will.

By the time she finished I desperately had to urinate, but alas my labia were entrapped and I’d have to wait for the appointed time.

Black Thunder was likewise watered and Lady M stepped into the chariot followed by Greta. Sarina finished her chore and moved to my rear. I felt the chariot dip once then twice as both

island teenagers stepped on.

I was never so eager to feel the sharp sting on my nipple and waited obediently but with great anticipation to relieve not only the burning pain, but also return to the stable where I could empty my bladder. But Lady M seemed to sense my urgency and deliberately held back that sharp beginning stroke. It was a test of discipline and, as trained, I remained perfectly motionless until I heard the swish, felt the sting and watched my feet automatically move in reaction to my owner's crop.

It finally came, and although the heavy chariot, laden with four passengers, accelerated slowly, my newly found enthusiasm soon had it rolling to a full gallop, despite the weight. I sensed Black Thunder was straining to stay with my pace but I needed to perspire. Thus I pulled vigorously, pleasing my owner, alleviating the burning pain, and minimizing the time until I was allowed to empty my bladder.

## Chapter Thirty Eight

Watching the women of the stable control Lando was interesting. Males were not their area of specialty and Midori and Botana treated the boy with indifference to the point of disdain. This may have saved the boy much pain and humiliation for Greta's and Sarina's attentions were most degrading.

As with the pony girls, Lando spent his evening in a sling. But Naomi devised a slightly different configuration for restraining his ankles. Lady M mandated that the youngster was to have his scrotum stretched and Naomi's creamy lotion was constantly applied to the soft flesh of his scrotal sac. At night a broad leather strap was carefully tied around the boy's testicles. Comfort was important since Lando would bear the strap for the entire evening. It was important that the circulation not be impeded. Caring for one gelding was enough.

But in place of weights to stretch the skin, Naomi pulled up Lando's ankles and attached the heavy bracelets to the scrotal strap.

In this manner, Lando found himself stretching his own scrotum. Unless he endeavored to hold his feet up at all times, the weight of his legs slowly and constantly served to tighten the strap and stretch the sac downward.

Lady M wanted the testicles to hang to the knees, but realized that it was an ambitious goal for the few summer months of his visit. Naomi commented that her past attempts took many months, since the strap had to be loosened for many hours per day to allow for circulation.

Lando was kept infibulated much of the time. Lady M wanted complete control over his penis

and the boy would learn that an erection was something to be achieved for the whim and pleasure of his female superiors. At his age, the hormones ran wildly and when permitted to speak, Lando begged to have the infibulating wire removed. Much of the time in the stables he spent in a semi tumescent state, gawking at the naked pony girls, and mentally confronting the pain afforded by the thin wire.

Most of Lando's day was spent either sauntering about the exercise room, watching the ponies being exercised, caned or riding the horse. He wore a neck collar with wrist cuffs entrapping his hands behind his back, just as with the pony girls. And this is how he grazed in the corral area after the exercise period ended.

As written, he had developed a fetish for Greta, and the tall Germanic blond used his teenaged obsession to thoroughly control and humiliate him.

Lando learned that Greta's presence meant the removal of the infibulating wire. And every day he fidgeted about trying to avoid an erection until Greta appeared and removed the wire. Then, under her words of encouragement, and some well placed taps of her crop, Lando would show off his precocious manhood, kneeling before Greta and pleasing his idol by bringing himself to full height while the tall blond cooed embarrassing words to emphasize his subservience.

"My goodness, Lando! I think your erection has grown some more. Would you like to lick my boots? Be a good boy and remove all that dust and perhaps I'll let you frotage a bit."

Lando dutifully complied and the tall blond would stand, arms akimbo, while a servile Lando slowly licked and licked. When satisfied, Greta would let the boy rub his erection against the shiny patent leather. Lando learned that the more he licked the better the boot was lubricated to receive his penis and he would deliberately moisten an area at the calve in anticipation of sliding his excited manhood up and down. When satisfied with his efforts, Greta assisted by placing one foot forward and steadying herself against Lando's pathetic thrusts by resting her hands on top of his head. This grip also served to allow Greta to survey the boy's level of excitement, for after a few thrusts she would pull his head back and force him to look into her eyes as his hips gyrated in the futile attempt to achieve gratification. When she detected a pending climax, something at which Greta was amazingly adept, she merely stepped back and laughed as Lando fell forward moaning in frustration.

Lando was indeed well endowed. Watching him work his erection against the high leather boots excited many of the pony girls. When Greta had him clean her boots in the stable, the fragrant odor of excited, undouched, pony girls filled the air. And I felt myself begin to secrete as I helplessly hung in my sling.

"That's enough, Lando. Time for the wire."

With this Lando would cry out in protest. But Greta's firm hand would pull his head back and

hold Lando while he attempted to detumefy. This was difficult in the early weeks, but he learned to relax himself knowing that if his erection did not begin to subside, Greta would assist by sharply snapping her the flat tip of her crop against the sensitive purple head. This painful stroke invariably caused a loud vocal reaction and also resulted in causing the stiffness to immediately dissipate. Thus, Lando learned control. His erection was only to be displayed for Greta's or Lady M's amusement, not for his. And after enough applications of the crop, the very expectation began to cause the organ to become flaccid.

Greta could insert a new wire through the pierced glans without effort and about as quickly as one with button a blouse or close a zipper. Sarina was always nearby with the crimping device and a dejected Lando could only wait and kneel while his sister literally sealed his chastity.

Afterwards, he was free to explore the stables and took quite an interest in our nakedness. Watching Midori work her way down the line of slings and freeing the pony girls labia for bladder relief seemed to be one of his favorite past times. And after a time, Midori had the boy kneeling very close while she held the lips open and the flow of excretion began. This caused many of the ponies to fidget in their slings, knowing that a member of the male species was so closely watching such an intimate act, but the more experienced pony girls, those whose exhibitionist proclivities were fully awakened by years of training, became aroused.

And I am sure that keeping the pony girls randy was one of Lady M's reasons for giving Lando the run of her property. And the enjoyment of thoroughly subjugating a male was an interesting diversion for Lady M and Greta.

By the end of the summer, Midori had Lando licking the pony girls clean of their excretions after their morning business. And Greta joked that Lando spent so much time with his face between the thighs of the restrained ponies that he could identify each while blindfolded, every pony having a distinctive scent with which Lando had become quite familiar.

Grazing day became interesting with Lando's presence. Naomi was given the responsibility of preparing him for the day and this included the insertion of a sizable butt plug.

For the entire summer, each Sunday morning began with Lando's yells and protests as he helplessly remained in his sling while Naomi lubricated and inserted the large rubber obdurate. His ankles remained attached to his scrotal strap while Naomi slowly slid in the plug, and much of his discomfort was caused by his own uncontrolled attempts to kick his feet.

"Calm yourself, Lando. Be good, relax and open yourself. Then you'll have a nice run in the pasture and Lady M will free your penis. You want to show yourself to her and the plug will make you stand very proudly."

That was the other cause of Lando's discomfort. As the plug slid into the boy's rectum and pressured his prostate, his manhood began to stiffen and abrade itself against the infibulating



wire. By the end of the summer Lando learned that the sooner he opened himself and took the plug, the sooner he would be presented to Lady M and have his penis freed. But during the first few weeks he instinctively fought Naomi's efforts and paid a price for so doing.

After the plug was inserted, Naomi released the boy's ankles. But the scrotal strap remained in place. Naomi pulled it back between his thighs threaded it through a ring on the exposed end of the butt plug, pulled it up between his buttocks and tied it around his elbows. This forced Lando into an extremely subjugating posture, for in order to relieve the tension on this strap around his testicles, he had to stand very straight with his elbows down, shoulders back and his hips thrust forward. It was a most inviting pose to display his erection, which unfortunately would remain entrapped until Lady M permitted its release.

With a smack to his buttocks, Naomi would send him to the corral where he would wait for the pony girls to be freed and for Brutus to guide the herd to pasture. Hopefully for Lando, Lady M would soon finish her morning coffee and have his penis freed for exhibition for the butt plug was relentless in stimulating his prostate.

After M's Ecstasy finished servicing Lady M, the Mistress of the stables typically arouse from her oversized porch chair and casually strolled to the corral to look over Lando. When he saw her coming, Lando clumsily approached her, ankles laboring in heavy bracelets and scrotal strap and butt plug ensuring caution with every step.

"You're walking rather gingerly today, Lando. Has Naomi stuffed your backside again?"

Lady M knew full well the frustration and irritation of Lando's state and found it quite satisfying that the male beast had to come to her for relief.

"Let's see what you look like this morning and maybe I'll have Greta remove your wire. Are you going to stand for me? Hmm. You know I like to see that nice young erection bob about in the pasture. How are Naomi's efforts coming along?"

With that Lady M would untie the scrotal strap from around Lando's elbows and watch his pink testicles swing freely between his thighs.

"Oh yes, Lando. I think they're lower than last week. At least half an inch."

The intent of the narrative was purely to humiliate Lando. Naomi meticulously measured the progress of her stretching procedure almost daily and Lady M received a copy of the results. She knew very well that the length of the boy's scrotal sac was approaching the target area of his knees.

"And what's all this goo?"

The combination of weeks of chastity and pressure on the prostate typically caused Lando to ooze pre-ejaculatory fluid. Lady M always found this evidence of his condition of frustration to be most gratifying and I believe used the amount of flow to gauge his condition.

“Goodness, Lando you’re dripping all over.”

Lando looked down silently. There was nothing he could do but wait for relief. His penis was becoming engorged more as Lady M stood over him and made her comments and knew that even when Greta appeared, the snipping of the wire would not provide for the ultimate relief of ejaculation. For that he would have to wait for Lady M’s whim to watch him spend his semen in some debasing manner.

“Looks like he needs to be snipped.”

Greta called out as she exited the stable holding the cutters. If Lando was a dog, his tail would be wagging uncontrollably as Greta approached.

“Yes. I think he’s very eager to show himself, aren’t you Lando?”

He was indeed. The boy carefully knelt, knowing the required position. When Greta snipped the wire and pulled, he instantly tumefied and both Greta and Lady M laughed as the young lad’s penis steadily rose to its full enormous height.

Lady M reached down and casually diddled the underside of the erection. The stiff phallus bobbed in reaction to her most gentle of touches, seemingly welcoming more attention. Lady M smiled with the satisfaction of her complete control over the angry organ.

“Tighten the scrotal strap firmly, Greta, then send him out to the pasture.”

The German virago complied and Lando’s elbows were pulled even lower under the strength of the large blond woman, then tied to the strap.

“Have a good day, Lando. You can frottage yourself with the pony girls if you’d like.”

Lady M turned to resume her seat on the porch to watch the afternoon show.

It was true he was free to rub his overly excited penis against any pony girl in the pasture. ‘

But Greta warned all the ponies that any one caught assisting the boy in masturbating himself would spend much time riding the horse. Therefore as the frustrated youngster moved about the pasture attempting to snuggle his manhood against the smooth, warm thigh or buttock of a pony girl, each pony would step away to avoid the promised ride on the horse.

A comical game resulted. Lando wearing heavy ankle bracelets and walking quite gingerly with butt plug in place, would approach each and every girl, who would either immediately walk away or let him frottage just long enough to add to his excitement and maintain the erection to its full height. There wasn't a pony he could catch, but he never stopped trying. And Lady M found it so arousing to watch that she would call M's Ecstasy back to the porch for more oral service.

The day invariably ended with Lando trotting about as best he could, showing his massive erection to all, but receiving very little gratification.

## Chapter Thirty Nine

Lady M decided to have a party. She loved showing off her herd and the stable staff spent an entire Saturday cleaning and grooming all the ponies.

As written the Lady M's guests had as deviant a set of tastes as Lady M, if not more so. Therefore no effort was spared to provide the most lascivious display of pony flesh imaginable.

Snowflake was scrubbed, completely depilated (a rather simple chore since over the years of constant plucking very little body hair endeavored to grow) and oiled. She was placed in a large tub with a feeding tube siphoning considerable quantities of water to her stomach. Once again she entertained the guests by turning on her "fountain" on command and sordidly relieving herself into the tub. Sometimes with thighs widely parted sometimes with one foot pulled up in back of her. Guests challenged themselves by thinking up new positions to see if Snowflake could be placed in a position where the humiliation of complete exposure overcame her concentration, thus curtailing any possible flow. It rarely occurred.

Pretty Boy and Pretty Girl became waitresses. Their thumb rings were attached to trays and they pony walked throughout the house serving drinks and hors d'oeuvres. They appeared identical and very brief cocktail aprons covered their pubes. Guests could not distinguish between them, and of course, Lady M would surprise first time guests at the end of the evening by having the aprons removed and exposing what was left of Pretty Boy's manhood. Otherwise, his breasts had filled in beautifully with the abundance of hormones, there was nothing left of his male muscle frame. He was completely neutered.

After the revelation of his former gender, certain male guests took renewed interest in him. As one randy gentlemen stated,

"I've always found the backside of a boy to be naturally tighter. Something about the spacing of the hips I suppose..."

Apple Dumpling hung in a sling similar to the one she occupied in the stable only more ornate. Designed to decoratively complement Lady M's interior design, she provided much amusement for male guests who could not resist gently kneading her lengthy nipples and watching her milk

pour forth. Later her presence would become more functional with the serving of coffee, each guest given the privilege of lightening their java to suit their tastes.

Since Apple Dumpling had been denied her morning lactation, her breasts were literal geysers and she sighed with pleasure as eager guests drank more coffee than needed.

I was tethered by my nose ring completely naked with my thumbs attached to my neck collar. Lady M liked showing off her winning pony and took great pride to drawing attention to just about every part of my exposed anatomy and explaining to guests how it was stretched, exercised, kneaded, massaged or changed through diet and hormones to suit her particular likes.

“We allow 12% body fat. No more. And if you pinch the skin, you’ll find no more than half an inch of fat beneath it.”

She, of course, would demonstrate her point by selectively gathering up my skin on calves, thighs and buttocks. The guests were invited to do the same and throughout the evening both men and women touched, pinched, rubbed, massaged and toyed with every inch of my body. My labia were free to swing between my thighs and the women found this to be of most interest. For some reason the men preferred playing with my elongated nipples.

The pony stance had to be maintained for the entire evening and when Lady M showed the guests that a wine glass could be placed on my well muscled posterior and held stationery, one devious woman began using me as a cocktail table, knowing that a spilled drop would result in severe punishment. This assisted in assuring my obedience to proper deportment since even if Lady M or Greta was not present, I had to keep the woman’s wine glass level.

Plum Pudding was tethered nearby and I was grateful for her presence. Lady M had completed tattooing her entire body, leaving the breasts and buttocks their natural color as written. Her purple color drew attention from me and many guests attempted to rub the color from her flesh thinking it was merely paint or dye. But those who knew Lady M quickly realized the pony girl had been permanently altered at her whim.

Plum Pudding cried with all the attention. I suppose for the first time she was cognizant that her normal life was gone forever and her destiny was to be displayed and humiliated for Lady M’s amusement.

And I must admit, reader, that the contrast between her white breasts and buttocks and her deep purple torso and thighs produced an amazingly depraved reaction from those who viewed her. One woman suggested that with a proper firm and extensive caning she could bring the color of Plum Pudding’s buttocks to match that of her legs. When Lady M overheard the remark, I was convinced that she’d have Greta give it her best effort.

Then there was Lando. His was finishing his summer internship and Lady M wanted to thrill her

lady friends before he returned to school and his rapidly approaching adolescence changed what remained of his prepubescent appearance.

Lady M had given orders that his masturbation cease for two weeks before the party. As a result his hormone levels were overflowing. While infibulated he cried and begged to be released as the his entrapped penis partially engorged itself and the sensitive tip abraded on the thin wire. Greta would offer temporary relief by removing it for a few minutes. But afterward came the painful process of replacing and resealing the wire which, as described, involved substantial smacks with the crop and the application of extremely cold water.

So Lando was quite eager for the party as Lady M had informed him he was to be masturbated for the entertainment of her guests. His condition was such that the pleasure and relief he sought outweighed any reservations concerning his complete exposure to Lady M's many friends and the embarrassment of ejaculating before a crowd of onlookers. But he was unaware that Lady M had ordered a special perch for his display and as I watched Lando struggle, I was glad to be merely tethered in a corner of the parlor.

In the middle of the dining room, Lady M had installed a very simple vertical metal pole. It had been carefully measured to reach just higher than Lando's waist. Slipped over the pole was a special adjustable spreader bar, about three feet long with comfortable fur lined ankle cuffs at each end. The spreader bar had a hole in the middle which permitted it to be slipped over the vertical pole to rest on the floor when its cuffs were unoccupied.

On the top of the pole, Midori had threaded and screwed on one of Lando's favorite toys, a smooth metal egg very much resembling the one he wore while grazing. But this one was larger and when I first saw it, I grimaced to think that it would soon be penetrating Lando's poor sphincter.

A small stool awaited Lando's arrival at the beginning of the party and after a couple of guests asked about the odd device, Midori and Sarina lead the boy in utilizing a leash clipped to his infibulating wire. His wrists were secured behind him to his neck collar. Sarina had spent much of the afternoon grooming her brother and the youngster was most presentable. Completely stripped of clothing, his summer in the sun had considerably darkened his skin and Sarina had painstakingly removed all his body hair. She had also oiled his skin and the glow from the various room lights highlighted his nakedness. Two months of Naomi's efforts had stretched his scrotum and although Lady M's goal had not been reached, to see the sizeable testicles hanging so low on a short teenager was somewhat comical. But despite his appearance, I learned as the party progressed that the manner of his presentation made him very attractive to dominant females and certain male guests with unusual tastes.

Midori instructed the boy to stand on the stool then cuffed his ankles in the bar which forced his feet well apart. With a quick swipe of her fingers, the metal egg was lubricated. She then guided the boy's hips back having the boy emulate a sitting position. Lando began to panic when he

realized that more and more of his weight was no longer supported by his feet but instead was held by Midori as he slowly leaned back toward the pole.

When the egg was properly aligned, Midori nodded to Sarina who slowly slipped out the stool. As Midori carefully released the hips, Lando fond himself impaled on the pole with the cleverly designed egg slowly sliding into his anus and greeting his prostate.

“Don’t thrash about too much, Lando. The more you move the more you’ll be penetrated.”

The pressure in the boy’s backside had the expected effect and his infibulated penis began to throb and tumefy.

“Well, well, Lando. You seem to be eager to show off for Lady M’s guests. What do you think Sarina? Should we let him show off?”

Sarina held up her wire cutters and smiled. Lando must have been in enormous pain. With the large egg entering his anus, the prostrate was working hard to perform its function and the thin wire must have caused immense pain with the erection fighting to free itself.

Lando began to beg his sister for relief. The few early guests heard his entreaties and gathered around to watch as she casually wiped away his tears and consoled her brother. Finally the amazingly dominant teenager snipped and removed the wire. The observing women collectively gasped as it rose to its full height. With the assistance of the egg, Lando seemed to become larger than ever. (One of Lady M’s party favors was to place a ruler on a nearby table so that those deviant guests who choose to do so could measure the boy’s enormous length.)

Lando’s feet were forced apart but did not reach the floor. His entire body was supported by the pole and his weight, although modest, was entirely held up by the pole penetrating his backside. At first he squirmed, but soon heeded Midori’s advice when he evidently felt the egg slip deeper and deeper into his back passage with every movement. Within minutes he calmed himself and became resigned that the display of his massive erection was to be the center of attraction at Lady M’s party. For much of the evening he closed his eyes in shame and opened them only when a guest moved to his side and stroked and toyed with his genitals. All knew to be careful with his excited penis. No one wished to spoil Lady M’s plans for the boy’s ultimate humiliation.

When Meredith arrived, she immediately approached Lando and gave him a cursory inspection. Sarina was standing at Lando’s side, smoothing her hand over the boy’s buttocks in a superficial symbol of sibling devotion.

“The bar should be further spread. And look at the pre-ejaculatory fluid! How long since he was masturbated?”

Sarina replied as she bent down and slowly lengthened Lando’s bar, moving his ankles further

out to his sides and seemingly opening him further to the slow penetration of the smooth egg.

“Two weeks, Miss Meredith.”

“Well, Lady M described him to me but I guess seeing is believing. Is his penis still growing?”

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Meredith nodded with the reply and reached to cup the boy’s testicles in the palm of her hand.

“I see Naomi has been plying her skills. I assume Lady M wants them to drape to the knees. With his size, they may reach there naturally. Of course it’s more fun to stretch them rather than wait.”

Meredith laughed with her observance then pensively continued her inspection as Pretty Boy (Girl?) arrived with a tray of drinks.

“Watch Meredith carefully, Sarina. You’ll learn something about handling males.”

Lady M appeared and the regally attired dominant woman deferred to Meredith’s vast experience in handling males by reverently standing to the side of Lando’s perch and observing.

“The tip is the sensitive trigger, Sarina. Work your way around it until you intend to provide pleasure. In young males it’s interesting to test the stiffness.”

Meredith firmly encircled the base of Lando’s manhood with her right hand and slowly bent it downward while continuing to palm his testicles. Lando yelped.

“It’s very awkward for them. They also cry and protest but there is no damage.”

Meredith pushed down the enormous erection until it pointed to the floor. The boy began begging for its release.

“This establishes your control. From this position you can do as you please with his genitals. He cannot ejaculate and believe it or not, although it feels very uncomfortable as you can surmise from his pleas, the penis will actually harden even further.”

Meredith dropped Lando’s scrotal sac and moved her left hand to the tip while maintaining her grip with the right.

“Always get a good look at the frenulum. Push the foreskin all the way back. See how nice and pink the flesh is here? That’s good. And there’s lot’s of natural lubrication. You’ll find young males produce quite a bit of this.”

Lando was beginning to moan in agony and Meredith amazingly ignored his entreaties while talking to Sarina and Lady M.

“This can be a very effective area for discipline. Just as Lady M uses pepper oil on her females, a dab or two here can serve to encourage compliance.”

She released the foreskin and moved her fingers to the tip, pushing a well manicured finger nail into the urethra. Lando screamed.

“Many diseases will manifest here. Look for unusual coloring. As you notice from his reaction it’s very sensitive and can also be an area for subtle discipline. Pepper oil or, when time permits, the application of a hot needle will provide much stimulation. And you’ll be satisfied with the results.”

Meredith cruelly twisted her finger, causing the tip of her nail to scrape just within the urethral opening. Lando screamed and violently tugged on his bonds. Meredith ignored him. And removed her finger.

“Have you ever popped the gonads?”

Sarina shook her head.

“Again, its an area to look for disease. They should be firm and freely hanging within the scrotum. Hold one between thumb and forefinger and squeeze. A healthy testicle will pop upwards creating a distinctively painful reaction.”

Still holding the base of the long erection in her right hand, Meredith reached under and popped Lando’s right testicle. His voice cracked with this particular scream and when Sarina tried the left, Lando’s attempt at verbal protestation was barely audible. His voice was too worn.

By now other party goers had gathered around to watch Meredith’s thorough subjugating inspection. All watched closely. To see the diminutive blond woman ply her skills so professionally was a pleasure for Lady M’s deviant guests and whether the observer preferred males or females, all enjoyed the dominance. A healthy male was brought to complete submission utilizing nothing more than a pair of knowing female hands.

Meredith ended the demonstration by bending the lengthy, fully engorged penis down to the metal pipe between Lando’s thighs and then abruptly releasing it as more attempts of screams passed through Lando’s non functioning vocal chords. Amazingly, the mammoth head snapped straight back up and made a most interesting thumping sound when it bounced off Lando’s belly. All laughed.

“Quite a healthy youngster,” commented Meredith.



As the erection righted itself and pointed straight to the ceiling, I was shocked to think she had the strength to bend such an astonishingly stiff male appendage. When she finished, its shiny blackness made it appear to be a formidable iron pipe. But in Meredith's hands, it was nothing more than a device to be utilized for effecting a female's control.

It was then that the sound of a vaguely familiar voice startled me and the wine glass which I had been so carefully balancing on the top of my gluteus maximus, fell to the floor.

"Well, well. It looks like my wife has become quite the celebrity pony girl"

It was my husband.

## Chapter Forty

I was riding the horse for about as long a period as I could remember. The Asian woman had released my lips and gently hung them down each side of the coarse wooden plank. Two glasses of water were balanced on the top of each buttock and as the cruel woman slowly raised the plank the irritation on the soft sensitive insides of my vaginal opening began. I moved higher on my toes in reaction and the woman countered by in turn raising the plank. Finally satisfied that I was as high on my toes as possible, she next worked to properly adjust my nose ring. The objective was to tether it as high as possible, thus forcing me to bend upward at the small of my back and prominently display my pony breasts. She labored slowly and deliberately. When it came to riding the wooden horse, time was of no consideration. The longer the better for this type of punishment. Lady M was most specific that when an experienced pony transgressed, an example had to be set for the younger members of the herd. No pony would ever casually allow a glass to spill.

When the Asian woman was satisfied that my position properly displayed me, she gently toyed with my nipples causing them to become erect despite the slowly increasing pain between my thighs. She then sat in a chair and watched the tears run from my eyes into the spandex hood.

I was completely immobile with my thumbs secured as always to my neck collar. My tongue was also entrapped.

My bladder ached with fullness. Midori had not allowed me to urinate when she released me from the sling. She even had me take some water and the Asian woman did likewise before having me straddle the plank.

I thought about the party the evening before and watching Meredith slowly masturbate young Lando while a bevy of Lady M's dominant female guests watched and cheered. His spendings were most prodigious and by the time Meredith set him up for his climax he was near to swooning and in fact did so when the massive spurts of semen arched across the room. She was

an accomplished masturbatrix and to hold a young, sexually excited male at the edge of orgasm for so long spoke well of her knowledge and experience with the male libido.

Seeing my hated husband after so many years was a shock. The size of my clitoral ring told me it had been eight years since I stepped onto Equestra Island. He was now closer to middle age than being young, but as with many men, the passage of time had not diminished his appearance but in fact had added a rakish look of sophistication.

I became very frustrated thinking about him while the wooden horse slowly delivered its message of pain. I had learned to accept the control and authority of Lady M and her staff. There was no deception as to their intentions which were complete dominance and control. Both were demanded by Lady M and were most humbly given. But my husband, the man who pledged to forever provide care and protection, was duplicitous, and this I could not mentally accept.

And as these thoughts of hatred passed through my mind I spotted him out of the corner of my eye. He had apparently been watching Apply Dumpling's morning milking and swaggered into the adjoining exercise room where I endeavored with the challenge of riding the wooden horse.

"Good morning, Zesty Girl. I see you're practicing deportment."

He held in his hand a glass of Champagne and orange juice and wore a silk robe. As much animus as I felt, I did have to concede he was handsome.

"Pretty Boy has been sucking my penis all morning. He's not bad considering the lack of practice. But I've always said the male tongue is naturally more responsive to male pleasure."

Husband was toying with my nipples as he spoke. He then moved his hand to my face and caught a tear before it ran to the absorbent hood.

"My, my. So experienced yet still so sensitive. Lady M is a marvelous trainer of young women. Just look at you. A perfect pony girl. Three inch nipples. Minimal body fat. Your deportment is exquisite. You're as high on your toes as a show pony."

He moved to my side and ran his hand down my back to my buttocks. There he gathered a layer of skin and gently pinched, careful not to upset the water glasses. I remained motionless but mentally seethed.

"The perfect half inch."

His hand moved lower.

"And what do we have here. Naomi must be very proud."

His fingers squeezed my left labia and pulled it out from where it hung alongside the plank. “You know it’s never been a custom on Equestra, but there are other pony enclaves where the lips are tattooed with the stables colors. Maybe I should recommend that to Lady M. She seems to be pleased with Plum Pudding’s coloring. I wonder what you’d look like with one green labia and one black. Or perhaps a striped pattern?”

He laughed when he detected my repugnance to the idea.

His hand released my flesh and I heard him sniffing his fingers.

“Lady M should be complimented on her grooming arrangements. Female ponies should smell like female ponies, and you have a delightful fragrance, my dear. And what does this have to tell me?”

His fingers moved to my rectum and the moisture he had derived from my labia was used to ever so slowly assist in penetrating me, again careful not to disturb the glasses. I opened myself as best I could, knowing that if resistance caused a spill, a caning would follow and time would be added to my ride. I disliked cooperating but had no choice.

“Nice and tight. Another great aspect of a female owned stable... ponies with underutilized backsides begging for attention. Yesterday I was at Sebastian’s and when I buggered a young male it was like entering a canyon. It seems not only does Sebastian exercise his right of ownership but his wife likes to use a sizable strap on. All the young males are too well stretched for enjoyment. But you Zesty, so nice and tight, yet pliable.”

(Sebastian’s wife had been at the party and she did seem to take a particular interest in Lando’s perch, even asking Lady M for its measurements.)

Words cannot describe my revulsion at having to obsequiously stand and let my duplicitous husband explore and finger me. The Asian woman sat calmly and watched, her exacting gaze ensuring that my deportment was perfect and constantly ascertaining whether the plank could be raised to heighten my torment.

Lady M entered as Husband withdrew his finger.

“How’s my champion this morning?”

Lady M was always pleasant even when meting out punishment. Her demeanor was professional and calm but also exacting and relentless. I never recalled anger expressed but I also never recalled mercy. Recalcitrant ponies were dealt with severely, and the spilled wine glass was not an acceptable display of discipline. She knew that I understood the consequences and that mentally I would not only accept my punishment, but if allowed, would afterwards orally service her to show my appreciation for the lesson.

She stepped to my front and, as my husband had done, caught a tear slowly rolling to the hood. The horse was slowly taking its toll and my clitoris, with ring positioned upwards in order to provide maximum exposure, was beginning to rub the top of the plank. As my legs tired I could no longer remain on the very tips of my toes and like it or not my own muscles were the cause of my torment. But if my legs were strong and more durable, then I would be on the horse even longer.

“Such pain. And you’ve brought it upon yourself. Your lack of deportment put you into this situation. But proper deportment can save you if you can stay up in a good pony stance. If not... well the plank is there to encourage you.

“What do you think of your wife, Melbourne? A naked, hairless, submissive pony girl. Maybe you’d like to take her for a cart ride. She’ll be very eager to perform for you when she’s finished here.”

Melbourne P. Fife. I hadn’t heard his name since our wedding day.

“You know I prefer boy ponies, Lady M. But I suppose it would be appropriate to lay the crop on her. A sort of consummation of our relationship. A rather unique anniversary.”

So my husband preferred boys! It was clear why I had not seen him since my delivery into bondage eight years ago. Visits to Equestra would not include sojourns to Lady M’s. Meredith’s stables yes. But not Lady M’s. Husband preferred boys.

Lady M and Husband left the exercise room. The Asian woman got up from the chair and removed the glasses from my buttocks. My heart leaped with the feeling of relief. My ordeal was over. . .No. She retrieved a cane hanging on the nearby wall.

“Up, Zesty. On your toes.”

The cane is the nastiest implement a pony knows and she used it quickly, efficiently and mercilessly. First the distinctive swish through the air. Then the thwack. Then the sting followed by the burn. One on the left, a pause to allow the painful message to be fully received. Then one on the right. I somehow found the strength to push myself back to the very tips as the air in my lungs rushed past my well-restrained tongue.

The glasses were replaced and the Asian woman resumed sitting, patiently watching me suffer with the expressionless look of an executioner.

The morning air began to absorb the heat of the rising sun. I felt perspiration begin to bead and within minutes moisture rolled down my thighs, calves and ankles. I was desperate to relieve my bladder and tried not to imagine the horrible consequences of urinating on the horse. The Asian

woman was proficient, the cane firm, and my well-muscled buttocks a sensitive irresistible target for such an eager flagellatrix as her.

## Chapter Forty One

Botana hitched me to a cart. As Lady M suggested I was anxious to run as the horse had caused my legs to cramp in remaining perfectly motionless. I heard Lady M suggest that I had set the stable record for time on the evil horse. I felt strangely proud and was looking forward to a good run.

But when I felt Botana's fingers on my anus I naturally jumped. She was lubricating my rectum and past experience told me that I would soon be feeling the burn of the pepper oil. She noticed my reaction.

"It's Ok, Zesty. Master Fife gave specific instructions. It's just lubrication."

And so it was. Her fingers worked diligently and the lubricant was pushed well into my rectum. Botana seemed to enjoy the humiliating process for she took her time and her fingers slowly and thoroughly explored my rear passage as far as her digits could reach.

I still had not been allowed to urinate and I could feel my lower belly press against the waist belt. My labia had been slipped back into the perinaeum ring making it impossible to go, even if I choose to be disobedient.

My husband appeared and stood to my front. He stroked my cheek and ran his fingers to my nipples, giving each a tweak and rolling them between his fingers into an excited state. Botana continued to massage my anus and with all the attention my vagina opened and I felt moisture flow.

"Lady M's pony girls are so excitable, Botana. Her arousal provides a wonderfully feminine fragrance. . . It's such a nice way to greet your husband, Zesty. Erect nipples, lubricated backside, aroused genitalia. Let's see those labia."

He moved to my rear and Botana retracted her hands. I felt Husband's fingers toy with my exposed lips, entrapped by the perinaeum ring and well exposed below my anus.

"They're nicely flushed, moist and rather warm."

He slipped a finger between them as Lady M did on occasion. Full penetration was not possible due to the ring but he wriggled the tip of a finger there and I felt myself gush with sexual arousal. Even I began to smell myself.

"I think you'd better empty your bladder for me, Zesty. We're going to be running for a while."

He pushed my labia forward and I felt them freely swing between my thighs. In my years of training this function was performed daily for the women trainers and handlers of Lady M's stable, but to do it for a man was difficult. At the Doctor's office I somehow performed but it took time and concentration. Now, here I was in harness completely naked and bound before this man who was legally my husband. I flushed with the humiliation and it was a feeling I had not experienced for many years.

But, my bladder was aching and I spread my feet in the trained pony gesture to demonstrate that I had to urinate. Husband parted my lips with his fingers and I soon felt the flow and heard the stream of liquid pour to the ground.

Husband laughed during the entire process. My hatred grew, yet that familiar sexual feeling that resulted from satisfactorily performing for a superior overtook me. Sometimes I hated my submissiveness.

"Well Botana. I'd say Zesty Girl is ready to perform for me."

He released his soft grip and threaded my labia back through the ring. He was better at it than I expected and the lips were most tightly encased. Over the years this became more a feeling of security than diabolical bondage.

I felt him wipe his fingers on my buttocks, transferring the moisture of my excretion to my skin where it quickly dried in the warm air.

Husband stepped into the cart. I felt the reins tighten and turned my head to the right in response to a tug on the right rein. Then he tested the left and pulled back both reins. I lifted my head accordingly and heard Husband laugh.

"My goodness. So compliant. Every man should have such a wife."

He was still laughing at his comment when the crop struck my right nipple and my feet instantly responded. Unlike Lady M, his strokes were delivered to the entire nipple. The resulting sound was frightening but the pain was moderate compared to the painful nips aimed at the sensitive tip.

But husband was relentless and his right-left-right-left strokes soon had me bring the cart to its top speed. It was a challenging pace. The cart was not a racing cart and its weight seemed to require considerable effort just to maintain speed. With the alternating blows, Husband demanded acceleration and this took every ounce of strength.

He guided the cart toward the beach and finally settled on a full gallop which was slower than that allowed by a racing cart but required much more stamina. As we settled down for the long

trip the crop rested, and I felt a finger slowly work between my cheeks and finger my rectum, despite the constant movement of my thighs and buttocks. He took his time and finally found the opening and slid one then two fingers into my well lubricated anus. There they remained, occasionally twisting and wriggling about deriving some perverse level of pleasure knowing that I was helpless to resist.

Strangely I seemed to enjoy the sensation, possibly because I knew it would be difficult to both crop my nipples and simultaneously explore me there. Therefore I knew my sensitive nipples would have a respite while his fingers played.

We arrived at the beach area. I was sweating profusely and was proud of my performance. I doubted if there was another pony girl on the island that could run the cart at the demanded speed for that long a period.

Husband connected my clitoral ring to some place on the cart, presumably the wheel, thereby making it impossible to move. He began removing his clothing and soon stood before me naked. He was in excellent condition and I tried to recall the last time I had seen a normal male.

A bottle of water was squeezed into my mouth and he playfully rubbed the top of my hood as I swallowed. His enormous penis was only an inch from my entrapped mouth and visions of orally servicing the Doctor entered my mind. I suppose if my tongue was free I would have obediently taken it in my mouth.

“Time for a swim, Zesty. Stay.”

Spoken as if I had a choice. Any motion made by me or the cart would cause the tether on my clitoral ring to tighten and either cause great pain or worse tear the ring from its sensitive place. For this reason it was always difficult to relax while so restrained but I suppose this was the purpose. Even while a rider was not present, the tether would keep thoughts of complete submission prominently on the mind of the pony.

I concentrated on staying perfectly still while Husband swam. I recalled the beautiful Duchess and how she so graciously allowed me to service her on this same spot.

My husband disappeared from view. I waited and for the first time ever, wondered what would happen if my rider didn't return. Since my arrival at Equestra there were few times when I was left alone. For safety purposes, extreme bondage dictated observation since a variety of every day mishaps could result in severe injury or worse when hanging in the sling or tethered to a tread mill or even resting in harness.

Observation was also part of the training routine of display and humiliation. Obviously naked pony girls are best shown, as on grazing days, to mentally ingrain their role and the total control wielded by their owners. Therefore waiting alone in my pony stance was unusual and I strangely

felt uncomfortable with no one watching, or grooming me, or assisting with my urinary function (couldn't remember the last time I went on my own).

But then I heard a noise. It didn't come from the road. I turned my head to look over my right shoulder but was limited by my restraints in attempting to scan the area. I heard a noise on my left and before I could turn my head back someone threw a bag over my head, completing blinding me.

"We've got her."

It was the voice of a young island boy.

"We better work fast."

A second boy spoke as the tension on my clitoral leash lessened and fingers unbuckled the waist belt connecting me to the cart. A second set of fingers released me from the neck collar and the same person hooked their finger through my nose/tongue ring and gently pulled me from the cart's trappings.

"Come pony. Over here."

As the reader is aware, I had considerable training while blindfolded and obediently followed the finger. A hand smoothed over the bag and tucked it under my collar, insuring that it would remain in place.

I was frightened, but not as much as I would have been before all my Equestra experiences. I knew what they wanted and it was nothing I hadn't provided to Lady M's friends and guests under the tutelage of the crop, cane or wooden horse.

The island's teenaged boys were a frisky lot. They were accustomed to seeing naked pony girls, but I suppose at a time in life when hormones are rampant, voyeuristic pleasure is not enough. And viewing such nakedness probably serves to make the hormones flow more strongly. I thought about Lando and how his mother and sister had gone to such extreme measures to control him. I also thought about grazing days when the boys of the island gathered around Lady M's field with fruit, candy and devious intentions.

And now they had me. Husband had once again proved duplicitous, leaving me helpless and restrained, even going so far as to have my rectum lubricated. I now understood.

They placed me over a log or stump of some kind. The bag was raised far enough to release my tongue and I knew what that meant. My labia were released from the perinaeum ring and I heard someone sniffing me.



The boys were careful not to call out each others names. I knew they had planned this assault or practiced it in their fantasies for a long time. A finger entered my anus.

“She’s slippery here,” an excited voice called out. The boy kicked my feet, separating my legs.

Soft, warm flesh was pushed into my face. I obediently opened my mouth and took in a semi erect penis. With the years of taking the feeding tube, I let it easily slide to the very back of my mouth. Hands parted my buttocks and I felt a similar warm appendage enter me there.

As much as I disliked being so utilized, I prepared myself for the anal penetration, recalling from the doctor’s office the proper posture and angle I had been taught to maximize the male’s pleasure. There was no reason to resist and possibly become injured. The boys would simultaneously use me anally and orally.

I hated my husband even more but strangely pined to feel the crop and the grip of his firm hands on my reins. For a pony girl, the feeling of bondage represented a strange security.

It’s faster if you give them what they want, I thought. Young boys don’t have staying power and I knew how to pleasure them. But if I prolonged their relief, maybe someone would catch them. . .

The penis in my mouth became very large and I opened my throat to swallow the head and maximize the area of insertion. The boy groaned and I realized it was probably the first time he was serviced by an experienced fellatrix. Meanwhile, the boy behind me pumped away and I became grateful for Botana’s lubrication. As written, the natives who were brought to the island to provide services for the pony owners were all selected for their sizable anatomical parts and the youngster stretching my backside with his clumsy efforts was certainly well endowed.

I sucked and squeezed, telling myself to stay calm and await the explosions of male juices.

Then suddenly my husband’s voice broke the sounds of moans and groans. A shout. A young voice of surprise. Both penetrating appendages quickly withdrew and the sounds told me a struggle was occurring.

After a few moments, the bag was ripped from my head and my eyes slowly adjusted to the smiling face of Melbourne P. Fife.

“Well, Zesty. I know you’re disappointed in having your party ended but I believe my pleasure takes precedence.”

I looked over to see the young black face of one of my assailants. Husband had literally caught him with his pants around his ankles and the scared boy was secured with his hands cuffed behind his back. Almost every one of Lady M’s carts was supplied with spare restraint devices and Husband must have retrieved such and put it to use.

“The other lad was a little too fast. But one boy is enough for an afternoon quickie.”

As he spoke, my husband tore away the remaining clothing and the boy sheepishly looked down as he stood naked with a partial erection. The wet tip told me it was the boy I had been fellating.

“You may continue your efforts, Zesty. See if you like this better.”

Husband stood before me and thrust his organ in front of my face. It was already somewhat swollen and I applied my tongue and lips as commanded. But it strangely didn't begin to harden until Husband, who held the boy's wrists with his left hand, began to use his right examine the boy's genitals.

“Very nice, boy. What's your name?”

“Watambo, sir,” a now quiet, compliant voice replied.

“Well, Watambo, you've been caught. And the consequences you may or may not regret. If I turn you over the Pony Owners Association I understand the punishment is a permanent iron ring welded around these.”

Husband was palming and kneading the boy's testicles to emphasize his point.

“Rather severe for a boy your age. I've been told it's a particularly heavy ring and will certainly curtail any sporting activities. And then there's the monthly inspection by the island nurse and I've heard she can be harsh. . .

“But I have something else in mind for you. And you'll certainly remember the lesson. Maybe even tell your friends about it. Get on your knees. Yes that's a good boy.”

Husband withdrew from my mouth and pointed to his erection. It was now standing to its full height and it was impressive. As the boy knelt, Husband directed me to stand near the cart as he grabbed the boy's ears. I heard muffled gurgling sounds as the boy opened his mouth and Husband slowly brought Watambo's face toward his stiff appendage.

“Yes, Watambo. You're going to feel what it's like to be on the receiving end. And Zesty is going to watch you pleasure a man.”

Husband reached down and again grasped the boy's testicles. Over the next few minutes he used them to ensure that the boy complied with his explicit instructions on how to properly perform fellatio.

Conflicting thoughts entered my mind. On one hand, I felt sorry for the youngster and knew that the first time such an object is introduced into the mouth and throat, the choking feeling is uncontrollable. But on the other hand, he was certainly eager to thrust the same organ into me.

Husband casually let the boy work with his lips and tongue and looked at me with a devious smile.

“Here, Zesty.”

I stepped forward as directed. He withdrew and placed Watambo stomach down on the log as I had been.

“If he so likes pony girls, then we can’t let him leave unfulfilled.”

Husband had me stand in pony stance with my buttocks pushed almost into the boy’s face. I could feel Watambo’s heavy breathing on my free swinging lips and when husband pressed his huge erection between the boy’s cheeks, the rush of air from the terrified boy’s lungs felt oddly erotic. Watambo would feel the pain and humiliation of being anally penetrated by a rather substantial male. And the fact that a mere pony girl would watch added to his shame.

“Spread those feet, Watambo. For some reason I think you know how this is done.”

Yes, the irony provided a degree of self satisfaction as I turned my head back to watch the youngster struggle. I could not resist participating in the revenge by draping my lips over the boys face. The events had excited me and I knew the boy’s nostrils would be filled with the strong scent from my undouched genitalia thus adding to his frustration.

When Husband thrust, the boy cried out in pain. Normally I would feel compassion, but I became transfixed. The temptation to vocally urge my husband on was difficult to resist. And I don’t believe he needed urging. It was obvious he greatly enjoyed buggering the boy and made gratuitous comments about the boy’s smooth young flesh and the tightness of his aperture.

And the boy’s senses became overwhelmed with my genitalia pressed to his face and a large penis inserted in his backside.

When Husband reached under the boy’s stomach he erupted with a diabolical laugh.

“He’s as stiff as a board, Zesty Girl. The young scamp seems to enjoy having his rectum stretched a little. Maybe I should take him over to Meredith’s and have him run with her males. His little hole will get a good workout there.”

Husband continued to thrust and each one resulted in a rush of air which I felt on my labia. I noticed that Husband’s arm was moving. Apparently stroking the boy’s erection with each thrust

into his backside.

I couldn't help laughing to myself even though the youngster was experiencing considerable discomfort. Watambo would not be assaulting any more pony girls. Husband was introducing him to the powerful sensations of male on male sex and Watambo's reaction was not entirely one of disgust.

Sensing his climax, Husband's pulled the boy up from the log with his left arm wrapped around Watambo's chest. I turned to watch as he straightened up at the waist, pulling Watambo with him. The boy's erection was now exposed to me with Husband's right hand firmly gripping it and pumping. Watambo's eyes were opened widely and rolled as Husband gyrated his hips to increase the penetration.

"Come for Zesty."

Husband pumped vigorously with his right hand. Watambo grunted and shot his load of semen toward me into the sand. Quickly thereafter, Husband also seemed to climax into Watambo's backside for he slowed his actions and released Watambo to fall to the ground.

Husband stood over the exhausted boy and smiled.

"There's a small service required, Watambo. Over time and with more training it will be ingrained."

The crop was retrieved from the cart as Watambo recovered his strength. When husband returned he gestured toward his swollen, moist penis.

"Clean it!"

Watanbo learned to humbly kneel and lick all traces of the copulation from my husband's penis. I did my best to hide my reaction to the boy's comeuppance. But it was joyous to observe one of the pesky island teenagers have the tables turned.

When finished, Husband reached down, toyed with Watambo's testicles, and secured one end of a set of handcuffs around the boy's scrotum.

"Meredith has the key Watambo. So you can either go home and explain to your parents what happened or you can pay Meredith a visit and she may unlock the cuff for you."

Husband dressed himself then gathered Watambo's clothing, rolled up the garments, and tucked them under Watambo's secured arms. His last act was to break a branch from a nearby tree and attach it the open opposite end of the handcuff.

"Off you go!"

Husband viciously cracked the crop across Watambo's buttocks and the boy ran off down the road dragging the branch between his legs. Husband laughed and I felt the satisfaction of revenge but also some empathy when I spotted two streams of semen trailing down the inside of his thighs.

## Chapter Forty Two

Of course Husband ran me back to the stables at a full gallop. His laughing and taunting were just as irritating as the crop which he applied without relenting. The sweat made my skin shine and my well lubricated rectum produced an interesting sensation, seemingly allowing me to run faster as the insides of the buttocks smoothly rubbed together.

When we returned, Lady M had just pulled into the stable yard with Fudge Delight pulling the heavy chariot alone. This was quite a challenge and Fudge Delight's nipples evidenced Lady M's earnestness. M's Ecstasy was kneeling in the front of the chariot and judging from Lady M's look of satisfaction, M's Ecstasy had been servicing her Mistress during the entire jaunt.

What a thrill for a dominant woman, to wield the crop unmercifully while having the soft, strong tongue of a well trained submissive explore and humbly lick every inch of sensitive flesh.

Before Lady M stepped from the chariot her right hand assisted M's Ecstasy in closing the large zipper on her jodhpurs. Normally Lady M patiently stood while M's Ecstasy endeavored with her tongue and teeth, but with my husband standing nearby modesty dictated that she right her clothing before greeting him.

"I trust you had as good a trip as I did, Melbourne. Fudge Delight was showing off for me. She's taken nicely to service and I think she'll be winning her share of races soon."

"Yes, Lady M. A very interesting afternoon. Caught one young scamp molesting Zesty Girl. Very unfortunate incident but I was able to handle it."

Lady M laughed obviously aware of Husband's proclivities.

"And Zesty is a fine pony girl. Very eager to run and her reaction to the crop is instantaneous. I can see where her ability to leave the starting gate quickly would earn her some prizes."

As the two equestrians casually conversed, Botana unhitched me, released my labia and had me empty my bladder with Husband watching intently. Fudge Delight was next and then Botana pulled us side by side to the shower area.

Lady M and Husband followed and stayed to watch Midori turn on the cold shower while Fudge Delight frottaged her lips against my thigh. Botana had slipped my labia back into the perinaeum

ring. Fudge Delight's large meaty lips hung freely and Lady M seemed to enjoy watching them turn from pink to red to purple as the black pony girl excited herself. It was an interesting contrast of colors as Fudge Delight's skin was quite dark from extensive workouts in the island sun.

Husband and Lady M continued conversing as they watched us rub our nipples together. Our need for sensuous touch outweighed any feeling of shyness or shame. Fudge Delight's warm flesh felt good and I wished my lips were free to swing and be caressed against Fudge Delight.

"You know, Lady M, my wealthy aunt finally died. I'm retiring from the procurement business. As lucrative as it's been, she left me quite an estate and a farm along with a pile of stocks and bonds. No point in continuing to work. And whereas we in the family knew she had an interest in real ponies, we've also found unusually sized harnesses tucked away in the loft of the barn. I believe the randy old gal had some eccentric proclivities of her own."

Lady M smiled at the thought.

"So here I am in the strange position of being a buyer. Thought I'd start a modest stable, more to amuse my guests than anything else. You know my hobbies are more confined to the bedroom."

"Your comment is well timed, Melbourne. I've been considering a major change here and to send usable ponies to the pump house is somewhat disconcerting. Plus there's a limited number needed there."

Her words shocked me. Any time the pump house was mentioned, ponies reacted with fear.

Midori began to soap me and Husband watched as she carefully washed every inch of flesh, avoiding my genitalia as was Lady M's preference. When Midori removed my hood, Husband stepped forward and looked closely.

"She's still a good looking girl, and the absence of hair provides a marvelously childlike look. How many years does she have left?"

"Interesting you should ask. At twenty-eight she's peaked. We've run her pretty hard over the years, probably because she reacts so nicely to a good cropping. And she's taken to being caned on the treadmill about as well as any pony I've owned. So in terms of competition, she's got one or two years left. The question is, maybe I should be using the time and stable space to work in a younger pony girl. If Zesty Girl can command the price is right, or a trade is available, I would be short sighted not to consider it.

"Fudge Delight will be ready for the next racing season. Her stamina has increased wonderfully. She's young and she can carry the stable colors while I have a new middle weight trained."

Well reader, it was most disconcerting that with over eight years of training, and obedience, and service, oral and otherwise, Lady M would so casually discuss the end of my tenure. I could see Husband thinking. And I realized how tenuous was a pony girl's existence. The man I hated most was considering my purchase.

"Let me think about that Lady M. I don't have a trainer or any one to handle a pony girl right now. And the farm is in a small valley in the Adirondacks. Auntie bought the surrounding mountains so its nicely secluded. But the winters will be long. I'll need time to acquire indoor equipment, carts, and a staff."

Lady M and Husband continued talking as they left the shower area. Midori soaped Fudge Delight and I had to admit, watching an incredibly conditioned, well muscled pony girl being soaped and rinsed was a sensuous sight. I could feel my wetness and wished I was free to frottage more. Fudge Delight's thighs and buttocks were large and perfectly shaped. She could easily handle the water glasses of the Asian trainer and I recalled how proudly she stood during her last deportment session. For the first time I realized how acclimated I had become to life at Lady M's stable and how much I would miss the various subtle touches of trainers and fellow pony girls.

That night I was restive in my sling thinking about the conversation. When I squirmed noticeably, soft hands stroked my nipples and toyed with my labia to calm me. It occurred to me for the first time that someone watched the pony girls all night long and the blindfolds and ear pieces merely allowed us to enter the dark, silent world of sensory deprivation in order to sleep. Otherwise we were all on display for whomever cared to view us while we rested. And as written, when permitted to reenter the real world, we were very eager to run and perform for our owner's enjoyment.

Over the next few weeks Husband returned for more discussions. Then one day I was taken to the yard and tethered to the back of the chariot. Plum Pudding and Black Thunder were in harness and Greta walked across the yard with a smile.

"We're going to visit the doctor's office, Zesty Girl. And it could be your last run."

Greta stepped into the chariot, snapped the crop and the purple and black ponies rolled the chariot. I followed with my nose/tongue ring leashed to the back of the chariot.

I did not know if it was time for the semi annual appointment or not. It seemed too soon, but there was no way for me to determine.

I trotted along behind the cart enjoying the rare privilege of running free without harness or crop nipping away. The pace was leisurely. It was not possible for the two work ponies to challenge me with their lumbering efforts. But Greta seemed to enjoy inflicting pain and when I trotted out to my right I was afforded the interesting sight of Plum Pudding's muscled white buttocks rippling above her purple thighs.

When we reached town, the people stopped to watch us pony girls as usual, and of course the colored contrast provided an added feature of entertainment. Regrettably Greta slowed the chariot and with the shouts and cheers of those on the street, many villagers in the shops heard the commotion and had time to step out and ogle we three ponies. And the rowdy teenagers appeared from everywhere. My buttocks were pinched and slapped and Greta struck one curious hand with her crop when it was evident that my right nipple was under attack.

We weaved our way through the people and finally arrived at the Doctor's office. Nurse Hopkins greeted us and released my tether. As written, I greatly loathed the woman and it was upsetting to see Greta snap the crop and steer the chariot back to town. As Nurse Hopkins pulled me by my leash Greta left without a word to me. My last vision of the magnificent woman was watching her large, well tanned arm work to encourage more speed from Plum Pudding and Black Thunder.

Nurse Hopkins took me directly to the examination room and it was then that realized this was a special occasion. Nurse Hopkins removed my hood, released my thumbs and unbuckled my neck collar. My rings which were normally removed before any examination, remained in place.

And Nurse Hopkins seemed uncharacteristically happy.

I heard voices and the door from the doctor's office opened promptly. Again a different procedure since I was normally made to stare at my naked reflection. But when my husband followed the doctor into the room, my heart jumped.

"The sale agreement is this, Doc. If you say she's fit, she comes with me. If not, she remains here until Lady M returns to pick her up to take her to the pump house."

I had been sold! Or worse, relegated to the pump house.

### Chapter Forty Three

My examination went well, of course. There were few ponies that could even come close to my level of conditioning. Several teeth had been chipped from the bit over the years of training but otherwise everything was excellent. And Husband took great interest in a thorough colon exam, which the Doctor graciously provided. I suppose it was Melbourne P. Fife's way of introducing me to my new pony life.

When finished, Nurse Hopkins reconnected my neck collar and led me sans hood to the Equestra Island dock with my thumbs, and tongue ring secured. It was a fifteen minute walk and Nurse Hopkins released my labia so they swung in the warm island air. Each step provided a sensuous feeling which ever so slowly masturbated me. By the time we reached the dock my vagina was gushing and I greatly wished for Midori's knowing touch. I could feel the moisture and wondered



if it would run down my thighs.

But then the second shock came. At the end of the dock was a powerful motorboat with Sarina standing in the stern.

“Your new trainer, Zesty. Master Fife wanted someone with youth and who also knew how to handle boys.”

The crew looked familiar. But it had been some eight years since my “honeymoon trip” to Equestra. I could not be sure if the two large island men were the same that had delivered me.

Nurse Hopkins handed my leash to Sarina and I carefully stepped into the boat. Strangely, Nurse Hopkins followed and the crew drew in the lines.

“And I’m now in charge of your care.”

I was stunned. The motors roared and the dock moved away as the shock of her announcement sunk into my mind. The man I hated most had purchased me and hired the woman I most hated to be in charge of my care.

“Master Melbourne wants her backside stuffed and suggested she may need some lubricant,” Sarina loudly suggested with a smile.

Nurse Hopkins took the offered tube and I shuddered in fear. Standing on the stern deck I was embarrassed to bend at the waist before the two boatmen while Nurse Hopkins anointed my rectum. Sarina was ready with a sizable rubber phallus and Nurse Hopkins worked it in most slowly to protract my discomfort.

And that’s how I traveled to my new home, with two island women assuring humble obedience and my rectum fully stretched around a large rubber penis. Sarina occasionally toyed with my nipples to keep them erect and when the main island came into sight, the boat changed its course to avoid the main wharf where I had years before left behind my normal life.

Melbourne P. Fife had arranged for the entourage to disembark from a private dock where I could remain naked and not draw attention. There a van awaited and I was quickly led through the windowless back doors into darkness. If someone had been watching, there was no time to shout for the attention of others or retrieve a camera. I suppose any sighting, if there was one, would be recorded as just another unconfirmed report of a strangely accoutered naked woman. I could not have been the first pony girl taken from Equestra but if the others were whisked away with equal speed, nothing substantial could ever be brought before the authorities. For when the van reached the small airport, a private jet had its engines running and the cabin door literally seemed to close on the phallus protruding from my rear aperture.

The time spent on the main island was mere minutes and the plane was taxiing as a young stewardess directed Sarina and Nurse Hopkins into seats and took my leash. Judging from the lack of reaction to my nakedness and my restraints, I gathered that she had assisted in the transportation of other pony girls (and I suppose pony boys).

“Come, pony. Be a good girl.”

Her tone of voice was annoyingly condescending and to be led on a leash by such a young woman heightened my feeling of nakedness and humiliation.

But I followed her to the rear of the plane.

“Down. Yes that’s a good girl.”

She placed me kneeling in the very end of the aisle and removed the leash. A pair of ankle cuffs awaited and she was quite proficient in securing my feet in a spread position. The cuffs were well secured to the flooring by a very short chain. Cuffs dangling from the arms of the seats to my right and left were encircled around my wrists. She released my thumb rings, then drew the chains on the wrist cuffs until my hands were drawn back and out toward each seat.

It was an odd position for me. I rarely was permitted to kneel during my stay on Equestra Island except on Lady M’s masturbation table or during the doctor’s examination.

“You may place your forehead on the carpet if you like.”

The unctuously smiling stewardess patted my bald head then moved to the front of the plane. The engines roared and the speed increased. The steep climb told me the powerful private jet would quickly take us to my new home. I heard Sarina and Nurse Hopkins chatting with the stewardess.

“We specialize in unusual cargo,” explained the young girl. “There isn’t much we haven’t seen. Mr. Fife is a regular customer.”

When the plane leveled at its cruising altitude, Nurse Hopkins came back and inspected me. She gave the phallus a strong twist and the sound of my resulting yelp was lost in my entrapped tongue. But I heard the stewardess laugh so my reaction must have caught her attention.

She came down the aisle and watched Nurse Hopkins smooth her hands over me.

“She’s in great shape. A show pony?”

“No she’s a middle weight racer. Now retired.”

“May I?”

Nurse Hopkins nodded and stepped out of the small aisle to allow the stewardess proximity. She was knowledgeable about ponies and proceeded to massage, knead and pinch all the places where professional trainers and owners had taken an interest over the years.

“Yes. The muscle tone is excellent. And someone has had her on quite a special diet. High fiber I imagine. And I love those nipples. They highlight the lack of breast fat. Are they sensitive?”

“Find out for yourself.”

The stewardess took both my nipples and pinched, slowly increasing the pressure until I winced in pain.

“Not bad after all her years in harness.”

She stepped around me and smoothed her hands over my buttocks, then down to my newly implanted phallus and the pink labia peeking below.

“This is an interesting touch. Nicely stretched. Provides good bladder control, I imagine.”

“Yes. Her former owner has all her pony girls stretched. Controlling the basic bodily functions speeds the process of total submission.”

“Does she have to go? Does pony want to urinate?”

I did but did not want to provide the annoying girl with the pleasure of the show.

“I’ll show you how it’s done before we land. It’s not for her to decide.”

Nurse Hopkins was right. I had rarely been asked before. If Nurse Hopkins wished to have me relieve my bladder then it would be so emptied. It was not for my consideration.

“We do transport a number of dog boys for the gay community. I have them lift a leg and go in a pan. Keeps the job interesting. Otherwise I keep the penis well secured. Most are pierced with a ring and I tie it back to that hook in back of me. Keeping it pulled down and back makes it impossible to achieve erection, not that a dog boy would tumefy for me.”

The two women laughed at the thought and moved forward to the main part of the cabin. I knelt in comfort for another two hours until the plane began to descend. Then Nurse Hopkins returned with the stewardess.

“We’ll need that pan.”

I knew what was coming. The stewardess stood to my rear and pushed my labia through the perinaeum ring under Nurse Hopkins instructions. The pan was placed under me as Nurse Hopkins rubbed my head.

“Go for the nice lady now Zesty.”

The girl reached down and parted my lips. As usual I had some trouble with the new surroundings and the unfamiliar girl holding me wide open.

“She has a very strong scent.”

I began to flush with the embarrassment of her observation.

“Yes. Her former owner enjoyed the natural feminine scent. I doubt if she’s been thoroughly douched in years. You can imagine what the stables were like.”

Both woman laughed. My flow started to trickle to the pan then turned to a torrent.

“Stop Zesty. Hold for me.”

I obeyed and the young stewardess was fascinated.

“She’s exceptionally well trained. How long can she hold?”

“As long as I wish. But I understand we have a bit of a drive to Master Fife’s farm. . . Finish!”

I did and the girl slipped my labia back into the ring. Both moved forward again and the noise of the jet engines began to subside. The plane banked. The landing gear ground into position. Within minutes there was a bump and feeling of deceleration.

The stewardess released my cuffs and re-secured my thumb rings. She carefully hooked my leash to my nose ring and handed the end to Sarina.

“Hope you enjoyed the flight.”

Someone opened the cabin door and a rush of cool air filled the plane. I was led unto the tarmac of a small airport. There was no one in sight and when the weather told me it was autumn in the Adirondacks I concluded the airport was used for mainly for summer vacationers. The sun had fallen and trees glowed on the sunny side of a distant mountain. I was again quickly drawn and secured into the back of a waiting van. Again the timing of my exposure was brief.

This time the ride was lengthy. The van traveled at a high rate then made a turn and slowed to negotiate a winding road. Wherever the farm of Melbourne P. Fife was located, it was a long way

from the small airport.

The light which peered through the crack in the rear doors disappeared. When the van stopped it was totally dark and cold. The years in the Caribbean had warmed my blood. My nipples hardened to the pencil points Greta and Lady M so much enjoyed viewing and goose bumps formed.

The doors opened and Sarina led me to a barn. It was my new home.

But when I noticed there were no slings and only a heavy wooden neck pillory hanging from a beam by two heavy chains, I became quite concerned. I was tired after the trip and was looking forward to a comfortable evening in the sling. Sarina planned otherwise.

## Chapter Forty Four

Husband had given orders. I was to be either exercising, amusing the Master of the house or held in extreme bondage. The days of being pampered in a comfortable silk sling were over.

That first night Sarina released my neck collar and thumb restraints. She then led me to the wooden pillory and opened it while I stood nearby. Husband knew my measurements and when Sarina instructed me to step between the hinged planks it closed perfectly around my neck holding me in a standing position on my toes. The inside area was well padded. It did not abrade my neck but it did not allow me to stoop or kneel. I stood on toes.

Sarina cuffed my wrists in back of me.

“You’ll receive real food here, Zesty. But Master Fife has given instructions. You’re going to have to learn to rest in a standing position. He was adamant. You’re to be placed in the most extreme bondage. Then you’ll be most eager to run for us.”

Sarina covered my eyes with a blindfold.

“No hood here. Master Fife likes looking at your bald head. Nurse Hopkins will feed you. Rest as best you can. I’m going to run you tomorrow.”

The barn went silent. There were no ear plugs. There was just nothing to hear.

The pillory device held my head firmly and allowed no motion. Even twisting my neck was difficult and I soon stopped trying since the blindfold made the effort meaningless.

I waited and waited. My legs tired slowly and I lifted one then the other to curtail cramping. It was the slowest and cruelest bondage I had encountered. It was comfortable enough not to cut off my air supply and when I briefly lifted both my feet the well padded pillory even held my weight. But knowing that this was how I would spend my nights was frightening. Tears formed. I hated

my husband even more but, as time passed, strangely looked forward to his visit and a respite from the pillory.

At last, Nurse Hopkins returned with food and released my tongue ring. She hand fed me a tasteless porridge, but it was one of the few times in the past few years that I could feel something in my mouth and throat. I began to thank her in violation of the strict rule of silence than caught myself before the first word passed my lips.

She next watered me heavily with what seemed to be the standard plastic squeeze bottle and straw.

I felt her toy with the disk on my left hip and heard a snip.

“You’re not to be masturbated, Zesty. Master Fife’s orders. You’ve experienced your last orgasm.”

I felt a new disk being attached. In the daylight, the large letters “DNM” would greet all who inspected me. I felt remorse.

“Try to sleep Zesty. Tomorrow Sarina will run you at length and firmly crop your nipples. Master Fife has no prohibition on welts as did Lady M. So you may also be caned with impunity.”

I heard the island woman leave the barn. Curiously, my tongue remained free. I was left with my thoughts and the timeless challenge of just standing in the pillory. Again I tested its durability by lifting one foot than the other to place more weight on the hanging wooden device. It was most strong and when I briefly lifted both feet I found myself comfortably hanging by my neck. The perfectly formed and fitted opening between the planks was lined with thick padding, as noted. In lifting my feet and allowing all my weight to be borne by my pilloried neck, an oddly pleasant sensation resulted. Somewhat similar to being in traction, I supposed.

By thus experimenting, I was able to assuage my fears of choking myself if I fell asleep or lost my balance. So I didn’t need my feet and leg muscles to hold myself in position. If sleep overtook me, the neck support was cleverly designed to safely hold me comfortably suspended. But not as comfortably as Lady M’s silk sling.

As I calmed myself, I thought about the set of events that brought me to the barn. Once Lady M made a decision, execution was timely and precise. No one on Equestra said good by to me. No one saw me leave. And other than Nurse Hopkins and Sarina no one knew who I was and where I was taken. I doubt if the drivers of the vans were aware of their odd cargo. And whereas the stewardess knew I was taken to a remote airport, the remote location of the farm would obviously make futile any search.

But when I realized no one would even bother to look for me, I laughed at my thoughts of being

found. I was under the complete control of my husband, the evil Nurse Hopkins, and the precocious Sarina.

With these thoughts, I slept or passed out. But it was not a restful interlude.

I awoke with the feel of fingers removing the rubber phallus and releasing my labia.

“We use a pan here, Zesty. It’s designed to fit between your thighs. Hold it in place while you do your business. Sarina will be here shortly for your morning run.”

Nurse Hopkins slipped a metal pan with the sides curved inwardly between my thighs. It was comfortably wedged there while Nurse Hopkins parted my lips and held them open. I urinated and Nurse Hopkins released her grip.

“Move your bowels for me Zesty.”

The pan stayed in place while I complied. Nurse Hopkins removed it and left.

I could feel the remnants of my bowel movement in various areas of my lips and cheeks. Nurse Hopkins had not cleaned me. At Lady M’s, Midori had graciously wiped me almost every morning.

Within minutes a leash was attached to my nose ring and Sarina’s voice rang out.

“How’s my pony this morning? Had a good night?”

I began to answer, thrilled with the opportunity to speak. The crop lashed out with a most firm and convincing stroke to my left nipple.

“No Zesty! Your tongue is free so we can listen to your cries of pain. There is no talking here. It will be dealt with harshly.”

I remained silent and felt the pressure on my neck dissipate. My leg muscles reacted and caught me as I began to fall as Sarina opened the pillory.

“You’ll become accustomed to the new position over a few days. Master Fife insisted that both your breasts and buttocks always be accessible for cropping and caning. The sling device is not acceptable here. Come!”

My legs somehow found the flexibility to follow the tugs. I remained blindfolded with my wrists cuffed behind me.

We proceeded to another part of the barn. The building was large but did not smell of animals.

Someone had either thoroughly cleaned it or, as Husband suggested to Lady M, the aunt had other uses for the structure.

“Step down.”

My feet were on the edge of what I assumed was a stairway. But when I cautiously stepped as directed my left foot was engulfed by cold water. Very cold. I stepped back.

“No!”

The crop stung my buttocks and the tension on the nose ring became unbearable. Another stroke and I complied. One foot then the other stepped down into numbing water.

“Come. Step again.”

Another step down and the water reached my calves. Another step to my thighs and finally I stepped off and was floating in shocking coldness. The air rushed out of my lungs and a surprising shout escaped from my throat. Sarina laughed.

“It was originally designed to exercise horses. You’d better start kicking your legs or you’ll sink.”

Sarina was correct. She was apparently holding the leash steady and as I slowly sunk, the tension on my nose ring became painful. I kicked to keep myself from going lower.

“This is how you’ll start each day, Zesty, with a nice refreshing swim. I’m going to tether the leash and have some breakfast. If you choose not to kick, you’ll find that the tank is rather deep. The leash will stretch, but I wouldn’t recommend testing your nose ring. Such a tear can be painful.”

I kicked and kicked, treading water to hold my head above water and relieve the tension on the ring. The water was amazingly cold. Over time I learned that the tank was filled from a mountain spring and if it became too warm, Sarina refilled it.

The daily swim provided exercise, served to rinse the morning excretions, and acclimated me to the Adirondack coldness.

Sarina finally returned and pulled me forward. I kicked and swam along to follow. The tank was long and could probably accommodate many pony girls simultaneously. I wondered to what uses the eccentric aunt had put the tank.

When I reached the far end, my feet discovered another set of stairs and I exited the tank following the leash. Sarina removed the blindfold and played with my nipples. They were as



pointed and firm as darts.

“Good girl. Unfortunately, you’ll get used to it. But I bet you’re ready to run for me.”

I was ready to run. But Sarina was wrong about the swim. I would never become accustomed to the morning ablution in frigid water.

The leash led me soaking wet to a tacking room. I was shivering and was indeed eager to run and warm myself. With the removal of my blindfold and my eyes slowly focussed. Husband had purchased much equipment and had replicated much of Lady M’s stable.

With the daylight creeping through windows high above, I was able to survey the barn. It was large and old, but was strangely improved so that it appeared as more of a gymnasium than a structure for animals. The walls were paneled and decorative lighting fixtures were much more prevalent than one would expect.

But what attracted my curiosity more than the decor was the equipment and the numerous video cameras. As Sarina walked me toward a cart we passed a treadmill with a tethering post positioned in front just as at Lady M’s. A camera hung above from a bracket and was aimed at the missing occupant of the treadmill. Then there was an “A” frame, almost an exact duplicate of the one Greta used to entertain Lady M and her guests. Another camera pointed to an imaginary flagellant.

When my gaze met the next apparatus I shivered more. Melbourne P. Fife had taken the time and effort to install a wooden horse! Visions of the Asian women casually sitting and watching me struggle to stand perfectly still with water glasses in place flashed through my mind. Tension on the leash told me I had paused in thought.

“Yes. Zesty. Master Melbourne thought you looked very good riding the horse at Lady M’s. He had this built for you and insisted it be made of the strongest, coarsest wood available. I’m sure you’ll be earning a ride soon.”

Other devices escaped my visual inspection as Sarina positioned me to be tacked facing a large overhead door.

“Master Melbourne procured a different style of cart, Zesty. He wanted you to be whipped, so you’ll notice the hitching bar is longer. That way I can flagellate not only your nipples but also your buttocks and thighs.”

Sarina pulled the cart to my rear and placed a long bar over my back. A collar was strapped around my neck and a broad belt around my waist. Both similar to the tacking apparatus at Lady M’s. But Sarina released my wrist cuffs and attached my thumb rings not to the waist belt, but to hooks further up the bar near the back of my neck. By moving the hands and arms higher my buttocks were better exposed to the trainer (and her whip) and also forced me to stoop further

over.

Sarina carefully inspected the hitchings then opened the huge door. Cool autumn air rushed over my moist skin and I felt my goose bumps firm and nipples tighten. When Sarina sat in the cart I was most ready to run for her. I was cold.

“You’ll find the single tailed training whip to be harsh, Zesty. But I think your performance will improve. I want your best today and every day. You’re mine now.”

The thin, single stranded whip brutally nipped my right nipple and I simultaneously screamed and pulled. My tongue was free. Master Fife wanted me to scream, cry and yell and accommodating him was easy with the cruel island girl wielding the evilly thin whip.

## Chapter Forty Five

Days passed slowly at the farm.

Sarina ran me on a large oval track, some half mile in length. It was designed for racing and there was no reason to pull the cart at other than top speed. There were no dangerous curves, cliffs or intersecting paths that required caution as there were on Equestra Island. So Sarina cracked her implement of pain and I performed accordingly. With each day, she became more and more aggressive and accurate. The position of the cart seat, some six to eight feet behind me, allowed her to indiscriminately whip my thighs and buttocks. And a well placed stroke from the left or right side could catch my nipple and the searing pain was amazingly intense compared to the crop.

Judging from Sarina’s laughter after an especially effective stroke, her talent and proclivity to be in control and administer pain provided her with an excellent aptitude for training. By the end of the morning’s run I was exhausted and the final leisurely trot back to the barn was an effort.

When the first week ended she had me running with my labia free to swing in the cool mountain air. An occasional low stroke told me she was attempting to apply a light lash to those most sensitive pink lips. The location of my labia and motion of my thighs made it difficult for her but I knew over time she would have her way and the whip would be applied there as well.

Sarina duplicated Lady M’s manner of dress, or perhaps she received jodhpurs as a going away present. Many times at the end of a good run she stood before me and opened the long zipper which ran from the waist belt in the front to the waist belt in the back.

“We can’t let that tongue go unexercised, can we?”

With this comment, the bit would be slid out and my tongue freed to service her. The young black island girl was marvelously shaped and I believe had it not been for the fear of her whip, I would feel great affection for her. Her physical development was well beyond her years and the touch she exhibited along with her mastery of the nasty single tailed whip was impressive. To be

controlled by a teenaged island girl was debasing, but the ease with which I relinquished such control demonstrated how tractable I had become. I jumped to the crack of her whip.

My years of training taught me to service women with sensitivity and tenderness and I licked away at her genitalia with abandon. To others it would seem to be a perversely servile thing to do for a person who had just whipped my most sensitive parts, but the years of forced submission taught me to show gratitude for her time, attention and control. I did and was able to bring the girl to intense orgasms which in turn aroused me.

The farm was a most interesting setting. The track was in the middle of the property surrounded by thick woods which formed a carpet of green sloping up to distant mountains on three sides of the farm. Overhearing conversations between Sarina and Nurse Hopkins I learned that the aunt had purchased the land up and over the peaks of the mountains. There would be no neighbors or casual observers of the farm's activities. The open end of the small valley was where the long entrance road weaved its way through dense pine trees. The narrow, underutilized dirt road disguised the fact that it led to a barn and sizable house. And a tall fence discouraged the curious hiker or hunter from passing through the property.

Yes, the farm was not only in a secluded part of the country, it was naturally well camouflaged by the terrain and dense pine trees.

The morning run ended with another swim in the ice cold tank. Much abbreviated but just as shocking, the leash was turned over to the uniformed Nurse Hopkins who would impatiently walk along side the tank leading me to the far end. Swimming without the use of arms and hands is a difficult endeavor and I never seemed to reach the far end quick enough for the demanding nurse.

From there I was led wet back to the pillory, placed in bondage and fed.

The food was plentiful but tasteless. Nurse Hopkins measured me as Midori did at Lady M's and judging from her comments there seemed to be an objective to increase my weight.

After feeding I was left hanging, my weight partially on toes, to rest as best I could. After a number of days it became easier, but if Nurse Hopkins felt I was too relaxed she slowly raised the chains and placed me higher on my toes.

Nurse Hopkins treated any welts from the morning workout. Her well starched white uniform would lead one to believe she was a medical professional tenderly administering to my needs. But she used a special concoction of salt and healing medication mixed in a gelatinous substance. Sarina tended to excoriate my skin when she was distressed with my performance and cracked the whip firmly. These chafed and tender areas were treated with the concoction and it stung deeply and the pain caused me to kick my legs uncontrollably. Nurse Hopkins referred to it as my "dance" and found the application of the gel to certain abraded areas to result in a very "amusing

choreography” as she described it. Her uniform disguised her natural sadistic proclivities. She enjoyed delving out pain and humiliation more than any of the women I had known on Equestra.

This time of day was also for grooming. Nurse Hopkins would comfortably sit on a stool and pluck any and all visible hairs from my body. My pubic area was almost devoid of hair from the years of depilation, but a lone hair would still appear in various sensitive areas and Nurse Hopkins dutifully plucked it.

A hair removal lotion was generously applied to my scalp every afternoon. It was a strong chemical with a noxious odor and produced an annoying tingling sensation. Nurse Hopkins commented that in time, the roots would be destroyed and fewer applications would be needed as the ability to grow hair would permanently lost. This saddened me. When I asked myself why I should feel remorse for hair which had not been permitted to grow for the past eight years, I realized that deep down, I always believed I would return to some normal life. And doing so sans hair would not be possible.

The afternoon respite was welcomed but short. For later, I was returned to the exercise room where Sarina would put me on the treadmill.

The day ended with Nurse Hopkins placing me on a table and performing what I can only describe as a painful, aggressive and thorough massage which included bending, pulling and stretching my limbs and joints to incredible positions. Each of the procedures ceased only when I cried out in agony and whimpered for relief. Just as at Lady M’s, a balance bar was installed in the exercise area and most sessions ended with me lying on the bar in a prone position, balancing myself on my lower stomach. My legs began the session straight back with toes pointed, then would slowly be spread until I lay on the bar in a most revealing split. Nurse Hopkins insisted I remain balanced in such a position and tested my concentration by toying and stroking my well exposed labia, sometimes releasing them and letting them swing freely.

“You must learn to hold that position and remain motionless, Zesty.”

Failure to do so resulted in punishment, usually a ride on the horse, which I earned many times during my first two weeks of attempting to pose on the bar.

The massage left my body oiled and shining in the barn’s overhead lights. And that’s how I was led back to the pillory and secured for the night. Although blindfolded, the glow through the silk cloth told me the barn remained illuminated for the entire night and I often wondered if the two video cameras pointed at me front and back were turned on and if so who was watching. Initially I presumed the cameras were for safety purposes and that I was monitored at all times in my cruel suspension. But one day when Nurse Hopkins was placing me on the horse, Sarina, who was adjusting the exercise room camera to better focus on my labia draping down the side of the plank, commented that the recorder needed a new tape.

This comment caused great consternation, and I since wondered endlessly as to why I was being recorded and what was becoming of the tapes. But as I experienced at the Doctor's office with the one way mirrors, I would probably never know.

In the first three weeks my weight slowly increased and one day Nurse Hopkins pinched the flesh on my buttocks and happily announced that an additional half inch of fat had formed. Her endeavors conflicted somewhat with those of Sarina who every morning cracked the whip with relish in taking me around and around the track at a full gallop, thus burning enormous energy and calories.

"Your breasts are developing curves, Zesty Girl. You no longer look like a boy with stretched nipples."

Nurse Hopkins lightly laughed at her comparison and when my blindfold was removed after the morning swim I looked down to see that indeed some soft subcutaneous tissue had formed where a girl most likes to see it. But this seemed to spur Sarina to work me harder. She whipped me more firmly and insisted on more speed.

As autumn progressed, Sarina's fiery implement was welcomed on some cold mornings. When the sun was not yet over the mountain, the cool still air rapidly chilled my moist flesh and I would champ to begin my run. But within minutes, as Sarina found my buttocks and whipped relentlessly, I regretted my eagerness.

By late autumn, Sarina slipped on leggings, encased my torso in a special nylon vest (leaving breasts exposed, of course) and placed a ridiculous knitted cap over my head. It seemed that temperature was not a consideration in my exercise and that learning to perform nearly naked in cold weather was part of the training.

Husband had yet to be seen at the farm. But since I had never been in the large house I could not conclude he was absent.

And both Nurse Hopkins and Sarina seemed to busy themselves with some project in the house. For except for brief feedings, I was alone in my pillory for many hours after the late afternoon massage. And I occasionally heard vehicles drive up the long dirt road, too often to be deliveries of food. Excited voices of greeting told me that guests had arrived. But to hang helplessly in my pillory and ruminate over the identity of the visitors and why they didn't visit the prize pony girl of Melbourne P. Fife was frustrating.

## Chapter Forty Six

Time in bondage is difficult to judge. Occasional light snow told me winter was approaching. But as noted the temperature did not change the extensive exercise routine. The whip began to serve

as a welcomed source of warmth. Sarina seemed to be intrigued by the puffs of moisture expelled by heavily worked lungs and when I completed the workout to her satisfaction, wisps of steam arose from my exposed breasts and pubes. When an early morning flurry left a inch of white powder on the ground it was Sarina's first sight of snow. The excited island girl hurriedly strapped on my leggings and vest and secured me to a cart. The track was slippery and the whip cracked viciously as my bare feet attempted to dig in and find traction in the loose soil under the thin layer of powder. Sarina seemed to enjoy my clumsy efforts to pull as much as her first snowfall.

After that excursion, Nurse Hopkins presented the girl with special shoes for me to wear in snow and I wondered whether there would ever be a day of respite from the endless circles around the track.

Nurse Hopkins was slowly working me into rather extreme bondage in the pillory. More and more time was spent just hanging in the soft comfortable neck restraint without the benefit of support from my toes. Sometimes when I carefully moved a foot the very tip of one toe would graze the floor. But otherwise I was completely suspended by my neck which had curiously strengthened to accept the weight of my body.

Nurse Hopkins stood nearby observing me and if I was able to maintain the pose for an allotted period of time before begging for relief, she would graciously feather my clitoris. A large timer was placed in front of me and every week the allotted time required to earn the reward was consistently increased.

As written, I was not to be masturbated, and whatever hormones were in the food kept me in a state of constant excitement. Therefore, to feel the gentle brush of a feather on my most sensitive bud was exquisite and I worked hard to stay in the extreme bondage demanded by the evil Nurse. She knew to stop the gentle strokes just before orgasm and in the long run I suppose being left in a state of arousal was more frustrating than having experienced no stimulus at all. But I learned that by staying perfectly still the tension on my neck was tolerable and earning the gentle strokes became more and more achievable. And that seemed to be her goal, to have me hang most obsequiously, without sound or motion, docilely awaiting the feel of her fingers lifting my clitoral ring and the application of just the very tip of the feather to my neglected bud. A small stool was ready to be placed under my feet to relieve the tension on my neck. But if Nurse Hopkins choose to continue feathering me, I was prepared to try to silently hang forever.

Invariably my moans of pleasure betrayed me, and it was then that Nurse Hopkins stepped away and left me excited, wet and unfulfilled.

"No, Zesty. You're not to experience an orgasm."

The stool was slid under my feet and with my eyes closed in both ecstasy and frustration, I would hear the swish of the nurse's starched uniform as she left the barn.

I wondered if Master Fife reviewed the resulting tapes of these sessions of complete humiliation and submission. I was certain I was being filmed.

Within a few weeks I found myself eager for the challenge of hanging in the pillory and earning the soft sensuous stroke of the feather. Although Nurse Hopkins never brought me to full orgasm, the extended periods of hanging became easier and more comfortable and the reward most welcomed.

When the allotted time reached twenty minutes, Nurse Hopkins declared that a new requirement be met in order to earn the feather.

“Lift your legs for me Zesty. Hold them out to the sides just as you do for me on the balance bar.”

One can imagine the level of difficulty involved in the demanded maneuver. As written, movement increased the tension and the first time I tried to earn the sensuous touch of the feather, I was able to raise my legs in the required split but could not hold them for the allotted period.

But if there is one thing I learned over my years in pony training, time was of no consequence. The feather would be withheld until I satisfied the Nurse. And each day for a week I got closer and closer to her goal. By the sixth or seventh attempt, my legs slowly rose and split outward to present my most private parts to the Nurse who watched with great amusement. I fixed my eyes on the timer as Nurse Hopkins admonished me to keep my legs perfectly straight and toes pointed toward the far walls.

“Very nice, Zesty. You’re a good girl today. We’ll practice more and more. Tomorrow I’ll want your back arched more to thrust your buttocks upward. The rear view is important. Maybe if I secure your wrists higher in the back. . .”

The Nurse was relentless in the pursuit of perfection. I doubted if ballet dancers could hold the pose that was required of me. Only the extensive exercise and extreme daily stretching imbued me with the unique set of muscles which made the demanding pose possible.

By the time the deep winter snow of the Adirondacks made the track unusable, Nurse Hopkins had me suspended in the pillory with legs pointed straight out for incredible lengths of time. And when she was finally pleased that the exacting pose could be held almost indefinitely, she released my labia and sat back with a wry smile of satisfaction to watch as they gently swung between my outstretched legs.

It was only when I could not possibly hold the position any longer that she moved from her chair to apply her skills where I most desperately desired. The soft feather would begin its cruelly

sensuous work, but Nurse Hopkins knew I was tiring. My outstretched legs refused to remain pointed to the far walls and slowly sank in anticipation of squeezing off a massive orgasm. That is when she withdrew, knowing that with my legs closed the heightened ecstasy could bring a forbidden climax.

With the track blanked with snow, my outdoor runs were curtailed for the winter. Sarina followed the chilling morning swims with long runs on the tread mill. There, the cane was used and oddly my newly thickened layer of flesh plus the exposure to cold weather and water greatly added to my tolerance. On many extended sessions, Sarina had to switch arms as repeated swishes tired her. Welts formed, of course, but the message of pain seemed to be diminished.

It was during this long winter respite, if it could be so termed, that Melbourne P. Fife visited the barn. I was in the pillory preparing for Nurse Hopkins' command to spread. She had raised the pillory so that my feet were off the floor but graciously pushed the small stool under my toes until the daily posing session began. Then when she insouciantly commanded, "spread for me", I would slowly lift my legs up and outward until my toes pointed straight out to the sides. I also had to concentrate on arching my back so my buttocks protruded upwards and were prominently and lewdly displayed for the nurse. She would carefully inspect me and if it amused her to do so, would release my labia and let them dangle under me.

"Well, I see my prize pony is learning some deportment."

He must have entered through the door near the track which was at the far end of the barn to my left. The sound of his voice had an amazing effect. I hadn't seen him months but I hated him so that his proximity caused me to shudder.

"Yes, Master Fife. It tones the muscles and provides for an intense level of humiliation which serves to subjugate and improve discipline."

"Look at the toning of the abdominal area. With her strength I would think you'd have her pose for you at length. She won't tire easily."

As he spoke, Husband moved to my side and was stroking his hand along my stomach and upper thighs. He wore a silk bathrobe and the exposed chest hair and bulge at the waist area told me he was naked underneath.

There was no limit to Husband's ability to shock. His right hand held a leash which was attached to the genital region of a young Asian girl. Her dark straight hair was cut in a page boy and she was naked of course. Erect nipples highlighted small perky breasts. And judging from the way she stood, she was not a pony girl. She humbly stood on her feet (not on toes) and her face pointed downward. Certainly not the deportment of a pony girl. And her physique was soft and undeveloped. She could not pull a cart for the shortest distances.



But when my eyes followed the end of leash, I realized the Asian “girl” was a boy! The leash was attached to a very small penis with a sizable ring piercing the underside of the end. A pair of hairless pink testicles hung below, also small.

“Spread for Master Fife, Zesty. Display yourself for him.”

As trained, I slowly and carefully lifted my straightened legs with toes pointed until my feet thrust straight out in front of me. I then performed the split which was demanded daily, carefully keeping my legs straight and toes pointed as required. The energy needed was enormous and I breathed in long slow gulps of air as my stomach muscles labored to hold up my thighs, calves and feet. When I completed the split, I arched my back to thrust my buttocks back in the obscene position which Nurse Hopkins had so carefully instructed. My toes remained pointed during the entire maneuver and the ballet like pose exposed me completely to the nurse, Husband and the Asian boy.

“Oh yes. That’s very nice. One misses so much on the video tapes,” Husband chortled.

Nurse Hopkins stepped to my front. I knew what was coming and dreaded the feel of her fingers working to free my labia. But my exposure had to be complete. Nurse Hopkins was determined to display me for Master Fife and the soft pink lips were poked forward through the entrapping ring to hang straight down between my thighs. Husband smiled.

“Yes, Nurse Hopkins. She is divine. The positioning of the thighs and buttocks highlights the stretched genitalia. I’d like to have her filmed from a lower angle so the viewer can watch the lips swing. Yes. That will sell very well.”

Nurse Hopkins nodded and set the timer for me to watch as I struggled to maintain the demanding pose.

So. Husband was indeed watching the tapes. And his reference to how well they sold was disconcerting.

“She’s quite fragrant. Strangely enough, this seems to excite her.”

Nurse Hopkins gently toyed with my clitoral ring and pulled it out and up to better expose my pink bud to Husband’s exacting gaze. The neck pillory blocked my view, but I knew my vagina was gushing and my juices would soon be quite evident to my audience. Nurse Hopkins recognized my reaction.

“She’s anticipating the feel of the feather. It’s amazing how much effort and energy she’ll expend just to receive a moment or two of unfulfilling pleasure. She’s a natural submissive, Master Fife. You certainly know how to pick them. She desperately wants to perform and exhibit herself to you, yet hates herself for so doing. And later, when Sarina gives her a good caning, her psyche

will convince herself she deserves it and she will pine for more, a need which we can of course accommodate.”

Husband smiled and tugged on the leash.

“Down, Lotus Boy.”

The Asian boy dutifully responded to the command and the leash pulled him to my husband’s front. Without another word he knelt and poked his head through the folds of the silk bathrobe. The boy’s bobbing head evidenced the quiet, obsequious oral service he was providing Master Fife. The natty hair jostled when Master Fife countered the boy’s ministrations with gentle thrusts of his hips. Its length, long for a boy, somewhat short for a girl, served as a convenient handle, Master Fife having reached down and grasped a clump with his right hand.

I meanwhile, struggled to hold my demanding pose. My eyes moved from my husband to the timer. Nurse Hopkins calmly watched my muscles strain, seeming to be oblivious to Lotus Boy’s vile act.

While my tormentors engaged in their voyeuristic pleasure, a light discussion ensued in which I learned the story of Lotus Boy.

## Chapter Forty-Seven

Lotus Boy came from a province on the Mongolia - China border, a barely civilized area of much internal conflict and strife between various religious sects and ethnic groups.

At the time he was entering his teen years, Lotus Boy’s village was raided by soldiers of fortune hired by the infamous Madame Chang, the widow of a powerful war lord. He was captured and presented to Madame Chang as a gift from the money hungry fighters, who were eager to please one of the wealthiest but cruelest women in Asia.

What the soldiers did not realize was that the boy was the son of one of Madame Chang’s staunchest opponents. He was the heir apparent to the leadership of a proud and belligerent nomadic people who constantly rebelled and challenged Madame Chang’s self proclaimed authority.

When Madame Chang discovered the status of her serendipitous gift, she schemed as to how best to utilize her captive. The answer came with her understanding that the opposing tribe placed great sanctity on the size and strength of the male appendages of their leaders.

She had the boy’s penis detruncated.

Such treatment was not that unusual in the world of the Orient. The Chinese torture of removing the penis and leaving the gonads in tact was thousands of years old and had been performed on

select prisoners throughout the many years of feudal wars and ethnic fighting. Removal of the penis was thought to be worse than complete castration since the male hormones continued to feed the sex drive but the missing phallus made normal copulation or masturbation impossible. Therefore, fulfillment and gratification came through other means, which was left to the imagination of the conqueror.

To ensure that the opposing tribe clearly received the message of her domination, in Lotus Boy's case Madame Chang had her medical staff leave enough of the boy's manhood so that a sizable ring could be attached to the end. Pictures of Madame Chang leading the naked prisoner by a penis leash attached to the deeply implanted ring served her propaganda crusade against the opposing tribe's followers. It projected her image as one of power and suggested that resistance to her will resulted in the direst of consequences.

And to increase her enjoyment she had the medical staff perform the very delicate and time consuming task of altering the erectile chambers of the shortened penis so that a very noticeable but diminutive erection could be still achieved, despite the missing sensitive tip of the organ.

This served to further enhance the Madame's image of power when well circulated photos of the naked boy showed him to be in an excited but much diminished condition, kneeling before his seductively clad tormentress and groveling for mercy while one of Madame Chang's renowned torturers, Lady Ling, stood over him with the thinnest and nastiest of whips.

Other photos included Lotus Boy squatting to relieve himself with the assistance of Lady Ling. He was trained to perform only when his hands were folded on top of his head and while a female trainer cupped his scrotum in the palm of her hand and directed the flow of urine into a basin by holding the tiny phallus between her thumb and forefinger.

"To this day, as you and Sarina have observed, he can't relieve his bladder without assuming the degrading stance over some type of vessel and having his organs so held. Lady Ling's training was very thorough. I sometimes wonder what became of her," lamented Master Fife.

In retaliation, the leadership of Lotus Boy's tribe attempted to rally support for a large attack on Madame Chang's mountain fortress. But the propaganda worked too well. Males of fighting age were not about to risk the loss of their most prized organ in order to avenge the loss of another's. No attack materialized.

But Madame Chang knew that her temporary advantage had to be solidified. She began to dress the boy in women's clothing and had her beauticians work to make him appear as effeminate as possible in public. Although clothed, the leash remained and emanated from the top of the boy's short skirt. Madame Chang held the leash at all public appearances, and for the benefit of those who would doubt her power, she would, during private moments, briefly lift the front of the boy's short skirt. Under it there was no other clothing to cover the sight of the thin leash of steel links attached to the sturdy gold ring piercing the stub of the boy's penis. Confused viewers were

reassured as to the boy's real gender by the presence of two small hairless testicles which peeked out when Madame Chang lifted the leash for better viewing.

This indiscriminate flashing and inspection by Madame Chang's followers served to further spread the news of her conquest and complete domination of the heir to the opposing tribe's leadership.

The effect on the leaders of the opposing tribe was devastating and their power diminished with the public ridicule. Jokes and humorous stories questioning the virility of the tribe's leadership naturally followed the public display of the feminized heir apparent.

Madame Chang basked in her propaganda triumph for years until the Communist government clamped down on her fiefdom. The all powerful central government discovered vast mineral wealth on the province controlled by Madame Chang which they had previously conceded as worthless. Thus, the Communists began to encroach her territory, which was technically part of China.

When she saw her days numbered, she turned to cash as many of her possessions as possible, one of which was the boy. With her notoriety for violence and torture, finding a country for sanctuary was difficult. But if she were to arrive with Lotus Boy on the end of a leash, residence in her country of exile would be quickly terminated. Despite the fact that at the time of her flight Lotus Boy was much older than his appearance, no country could tolerate such treatment of a "young boy". So Lotus Boy was sold for cash and my Husband, Melbourne P. Fife, arranged for his purchase and transfer to the Adirondack farm.

It seems the boy had no other option. The leadership of his tribe not only didn't want him back, they preferred that he never be seen again.

If one would believe Master Fife's telling of the story to Nurse Hopkins, the tribe actually conspired to have him removed from the country. In negotiating with the Communist government, Lotus Boy could only be an embarrassing impediment and symbol of the tribe's weakness. Visions of the local Communist leadership using him to likewise call the virility of the tribe's leadership into question, concerned the boy's family.

Thus, no one opposed Melbourne's "adoption" of the victim of Madame Chang's power. And the logistics of the transfer were simple.

I imagined the effeminate boy being flown into the country utilizing the private jet transport that had brought me to the Adirondack farm. What entertainment he must have provided for the unctuous, overbearing flight attendant. I wondered if he was dressed as a girl or wore any clothing at all for that matter.

Husband continued his story.

“You know, Nurse Hopkins, I had reservations about acquiring a property formerly owned by a woman. I knew from experience with the Asian culture that he would be well disciplined, but being owned by a woman caused some concern since I wasn’t sure he could properly serve the male organ. Well, my concern was without merit. It seems Lady Ling enjoyed penetrating the boy with a sizable strap on, and Madame Chang rewarded many of her military staff with oral pleasure provided by Lotus Boy.

“Isn’t that right, Lotus? You’ve sucked off some of the bravest warriors in China.”

Husband pulled back Lotus Boy’s head. The boy released the firm grip of his lips around Husband’s stiff shaft. The purple tip of his huge erection momentarily peeked through the folds of his robe until the boy obsequiously righted the garment. He ashamedly continued to peer downward with an ignominious look and did not reply.

“That was one of the more interesting parts of the acquisition. With Lotus Boy came the original photographs and negatives taken for Madame Chang’s propaganda campaign. An entire album of a fully made up boy. . . , lip stick, eye shadow, coifed page boy hair style. . . , fellating the soldiers who had just ransacked one of villages of his tribe. And the photos taken while he was trained to perform such service for the male organ are most interesting. He was laid on a table with his head hanging off the edge over a bucket of ice water. Over him stood a well endowed assistant to Lady Ling patiently waiting for the boy to apply his oral talents to his sizable organ. Refusal resulted in his head being dunked into the ice water for a time. Then another opportunity was given to service the penis. Then another dunk if refusal ensued, and so on. I wager he was soon sucking with vigor, and I can attest that he learned very well. Other photos include the toilet training and closeups of Lady Ling stretching his young backside with an oversized rubber phallus. Those are priceless.

“Copies of these were well circulated among his people, of course. Madame Chang never missed an opportunity to emphasize the extent of her dominance and the feminization of the opposition’s heir apparent.”

Nurse Hopkins listened attentively, occasionally nodding and smiling as the Lotus Boy story unfolded. The sensuous delights of watching me struggle naked to hold the lascivious pose along with Husband’s narrative must have been overwhelming.

“Someone spent much time and effort on hair removal, Master Fife. When I massaged him last night I couldn’t find an unwanted hair.”

“Yes. Madame Chang had a staff of servants constantly plucking the boy. I started electrolysis treatments on what remains.”

Husband then explained Lotus Boy’s well groomed appearance. Unbeknownst to me, there was a small town some ten miles from the farm. Lotus Boy was driven to the local beauty parlor there

every week for a private appointment. Husband's wealth allowed him to hire the entire shop with Lotus Boy as the only customer. The entire staff was engaged to enhance Lotus Boy's girlish appearance.

At first the women of the shop were shy. The washing and styling of the hair, a manicure, a pedicure, enhancing the eyebrows, eye lashes, etc . . . all went smoothly until it came time for depilation, which mandated the removal of Lotus Boy's clothing. Master Fife wanted all body hair removed by electrolysis and that meant stripping the boy of his silk blouse and short skirt. You can imagine reader the reaction of the women on that first visit when his pink testicles came into view.

The owner of the shop was forewarned of course, but in a small town, a boy wearing women's clothing is enough of oddity, not to mention the diminutive penis pierced by the oversized golden ring. So Lotus Boy initially lay on a table in the back of the shop while one of the more experienced women performed the electrolysis. For modesty, a curtain surrounded the area of the table and the staff enjoyed coffee while Lotus Boy entertained them with his cries of anguish as the electrolysis produced the sensation of bee stings on the soft pink skin of his scrotum.

But it is said that familiarity breeds contempt and by the third visit the curtain had strangely disappeared and it became part of the staff's coffee break to stand by and watch the naked boy while he squirmed with the discomfort of the electrolysis and the shame of four women staring at his truncated manhood and hairless effeminate body.

Through medication and special massage, Madame Chang had years before begun growing the boy's breasts and the women were fascinated by the small mounds of flesh topped by perky nipples. But it was Lotus Boy's erection that caused the greatest reaction. Even after years of forced service to the male gender, it seems he still becomes stimulated by females, or perhaps by the extreme humiliation. But whatever the cause, the peering women caused the boy to become aroused and, as Husband related the story to Nurse Hopkins, the tiny remaining portion of his penis stiffened as the procedure progressed and the women watched and laughed.

Apparently with the removal of the sensitive tip, Lotus Boy did not react to normal direct stimulus. Stroking the shortened appendage, if one could term it as such, did not produce the normal erotic sensation experienced by most males. (That is why Lotus Boy's hands were not restrained. Normal masturbation was not possible for him and therefore he was, like me, frustratingly chaste, except for Nurse Hopkins' "special care".)

Well, the weekly visits became the talk of the town among the women of the small village. Master Fife received a phone call from the owner of the beauty shop after Lotus Boy's fourth visit. It seems word had spread among the shop's customers and many curious women were insisting on making "appointments" at the same time Master Fife arranged the private session for Lotus Boy. The owner was distraught about refusing the requests of some of her best customers.

“I told her it was fine. And I suggested that Lotus Boy be stripped of his clothing upon his arrival. There was no point in carefully using towels to cover his blouse and skirt during the hair styling and manicure and later removing them for the electrolysis. If the women of the village queried the boy’s presence, the practical solution was to assuage their curiosity and bring them in on Lotus Boy’s secret, rather than have them spread rumors and gossip.”

Nurse Hopkins grinned with the mental picture of the dowagers of the parochial Adirondack village cavorting in the beauty shop with a naked boy, examining his smooth hairless skin and questioning the set of events that led to the removal of most of his penis and the resulting feminization.

“So his beauty appointments go quite smoothly now. The owner no longer charges me a fee provided he stays for the entire day. It seems that serving the female customers coffee and other refreshments has become quite the attraction. You can imagine the delightful scene created by this naked fully made up boy going from customer to customer with a tray of Danish. The owner’s business has grown tremendously. The women have learned how to help him relieve his bladder and I understand he’s encouraged to drink quite a bit of water while at the beauty salon. He squats for them over an old pot in the middle of the salon while one of the customers holds him. Very entertaining. And after I suggested punishment if the boy’s deportment becomes a problem, correcting him has also become an item of attention. Many customers volunteer their assistance. One woman apparently likes to squeeze his testicles! Such temerity!”

Both Master Fife and Nurse Hopkins laughed at his exclamation. The notion of a married middle aged homemaker gripping the tiny scrotum of Lotus Boy and extracting a cry of pain was indeed rather humorous. And I could only guess at the excited state of the women.

“And Lotus Boy becomes excited, being exhibited naked in a shop full of women. The owner attaches a little bell to his penis ring and the ringing draws attention to his tiny erection, if it can be termed as such. The women of the village are somewhat envious of the appendage. With Lotus Boy’s breasts, smooth skin, manicure with bright red nails, mascara, plucked eyebrows, lip stick, they’ve come to refer to his diminutive erection as his clitoris, which of course completes the illusion of feminization.”

At that point, my muscles began to quiver with the strain. Nurse Hopkins had set the timer for twenty minutes, which in the past was my limit. I so wanted to feel the touch of the feather and worked to hold the pose. The story of Lotus Boy had excited me also, and I needed the gratification, however slight it might be. Nurse Hopkins looked at the timer with one minute remaining.

“Steady, Zesty. Don’t disappointment your Master on his first visit.”

Husband hurriedly finished the Lotus Boy narrative in anticipation of watching Nurse Hopkins work her magic on my genitalia.

“I’ve complained to the shop owner about Lotus Boy’s lip stick smearing over my intimate areas and the fact that his mascara runs when I have him caned. She suggested having him tattooed. Brights red lips, eye shadow, etc. Maybe I’ll have his stub colored also. Just have to pick an ostentatious shade in order to make it noticeable. And there’s the thought that his nipples should be pierced. . .”

Lotus Boy remained silent, ready to resume his oral service with the subtlest of hand signals from Master Fife.

## Chapter Forty-Eight

Nurse Hopkins approached with her magic feather. My legs trembled from exhaustion but I remained obedient and kept my feet straight to my sides and toes pointed toward the far ends of barn. She toyed with the clitoral ring pushing it up to better expose the meaty portion of my neglected pink bud. I smelled the musky fragrance of my own excitement. I could not gaze downwards but knew that I was dripping from not only the expectation of Nurse Hopkins’ gentle strokes but also from the complete submission and humiliation in the presence of my Master and his effeminate boy toy.

“Keep them nicely pointed, Zesty. Straight out. Yes, that’s a good pony girl.”

The first touch sent a wave of pleasure through me. It was only the slightest of tingles. But not only were my senses overwhelmed, I was also full of hormones which physically kept me on the edge of a needed climax. Thus, it did not take much effort to thrill my system and make my nerves jump with the anticipation of Nurse Hopkins’ touch.

Nurse Hopkins worked and I watched Lotus Boy’s head once again disappear under the silk robe. This time Master Fife tangled the boy’s jawline length hair in his right hand and literally began fornicating the boy’s mouth. I could hear gurgling sounds which seemed to spur Master Fife to thrust further and deeper. Lotus Boy took every inch, lowering his shoulders and pulling his head back so as to maximize Master Fife’s ability to penetrate.

Nurse Hopkins stopped her soft strokes and turned to briefly watch the animated act of fellatio. When she stopped I cried out in frustration and began to lower my legs in order to squeeze off an orgasm.

“No. No. Zesty. Get them up. You won’t get off that easy.”

I complied of course and as punishment the Nurse waited a full unending minute before resuming. Meanwhile Master Fife was leaning over the Asian boy and ramming his massive manhood straight downward into the boy’s throat. The boy’s discipline was impressive and he must have been trained to take short gasps of air between thrusts in order to breathe, for he



patiently took every thrust and added to his Master's pleasure by tightening his lips around the shaft on each return stroke. He seemed most eager to please and receive his Master's juices and appeared to work hard to encourage the pending climax.

Nurse Hopkins turned her attention to me with more strokes of the feather. Her left hand reached up and tweaked my left nipple then my right. Then she diddled left, right, left, right causing the excited pink points to become amazingly erect, standing proudly to their full three inch length. I moaned again with the barrage of sensuous touching. Something opened within my vagina. I did not orgasm but knew a flood of juices was flowing.

Nurse Hopkins' left hand moved to my buttocks and her fingers smoothed over the large well muscled globes which were thrust back and upwards in the required position. Her right hand continued its efforts, and I wondered what the little bud looked like. If it was the size of a penis I would not be surprised. I could feel it spasm against the large ring.

The fingers of the left hand slipped between my buttocks and reached my anus. I stirred noticeably when she found the nerves of the puckered opening.

"Easy, Zesty. You don't want to earn a ride on the horse. Open for me."

Complete immobility was demanded as I pushed open my rectum to welcome Nurse Hopkins' digits. Submissive pony girls learn over years of training that it is better to offer access than resist and I knew from experience that by emulating a bowel movement, the little wrinkled sphincter would open itself as demanded. It was probably one of the most debasing things required of me. It was one thing to be penetrated, but having to open yourself upon request was most humiliating.

Husband, meanwhile, pulled the boy's head back and left his purple erection pointing straight through the folds of the robe for me and Nurse Hopkins to see. He was of amazing size, as large as anything I had seen out Meredith's farm and judging from its extreme color and unwavering stiffness, it was evident he had not ejaculated.

"No. Lotus Boy. I want you bent over the exercise horse. Your backside won't be spared."

It was then that I understood the game. Lotus Boy tried his best to satisfy Master Fife through fellatio in order to be spared a painful and ignominious assault on his rectum. It was not to be. Master Fife reached down and slipped his index finger into Lotus Boy's penis ring and lifted him to his feet. The little penis was engorged and I suppose one could term it an erection, but there wasn't much to be seen. The effect of Madame Chang's propaganda and photographs on Lotus Boy's proud people must have been devastating. What remained of his penis turned into the most comical of little pink nubs when he was excited.

Master Fife pulled him to the far end of the building. I could not see but from the resulting cries of anguish and later, through an overheard telling of the events by Nurse Hopkins to Sarina, I

learned Master Fife sodomized the boy's backside with relish.

At that point Nurse Hopkins withdraw the feather, knowing full well that I was very close to orgasm. Still toying with my backside, she gripped my labia with her right hand and tugged downward in a motion similar to milking a cow. I cried out in frustration, desperately needing to climax. She laughed and moistened her fingers with my juices by slipping them between the two long lips. The next few moments were spent amusing herself by completely "painting" my entrapped face and head with the extensive quantity of viscous fluid that I had secreted. She dipped her fingers between my lips several times. The fragrance was strong and she swathed the abundant wetness over my chin, lips, nose and entirely coated my hairless head.

When satisfied that I would be sniffing my own excitement for quite awhile, she gave the command and I slowly lowered my legs. My muscles relaxed but my unfulfilled libido ran wild.

Nurse Hopkins left.

After that introduction to Lotus Boy, he spent more time in the stable and seemed to enjoy watching me obsequiously hang in the neck pillory. One day when Nurse Hopkins had me well spread with Lotus Boy observing, she noticed that his tiny nub become reddened and seemed to engorge itself.

"So, you like Zesty Girl? Well, she is a beautiful pony girl. Marvelously trained with hundreds of hours invested in sculpting her body. Why not come over here for a closer look, Lotus Boy? Yes. Step to her backside and get a good look at the buttocks. Some say observing that part of the anatomy is the best method for judging a good pony. The shape, thickness of the flesh, the muscling. . ., all very important."

As Nurse Hopkins spoke she released my labia and I felt them swing downward.

"Stand closer, Lotus Boy. Perhaps you'd like to pleasure yourself a bit. Put your head right between the buttocks. Yes that's it. Don't worry, Zesty won't mind. Give her a nice kiss and put that tongue to work"

Lotus Boy complied and was soon kissing and licking my backside with earnestness. It felt wonderful and I yearned for his ministrations to continue to my front where I desperately needed attention. But Nurse Hopkins adamantly cautioned that if he was ever caught touching my genitalia she would recommend drastic action to Master Fife. Since she held the boy's scrotum for emphasis, there was no doubt about what that action would be.

The remaining winter days became more interesting with the arrival of Lotus Boy. It seemed Master Fife spent much time away from the farm. The snow was deep, according to overheard conversations between Nurse Hopkins and Sarina, and the Master apparently preferred warmer climates. He left Lotus Boy in the care of the two island women and in his absence, trips to the

beauty salon changed to biweekly appointments. But Lotus Boy was kept groomed and attired as a young girl, and Sarina mentioned that, under Master Fife's orders, his technique for providing oral service was to remain honed by fellating the driver upon his return from each trip to the salon.

I wondered if the driver, who ostensibly was pleased with the Master Fife's tip for services rendered, was aware of Lotus Boy's gender. He was clothed most seductively in his short tight skirt for the brief excursion to town and back and the women of the beauty salon were not about to give away his secret. For them, Lotus Boy was the most exciting person to ever set foot in the village. So the brief moments of reward afforded the driver would probably be most unwelcome if he truly knew that Lotus Boy was male and his talent for fellatio was forcefully acquired under the tutelage of a most evil Chinese woman and through countless cold water dunkings of his head.

But he appeared to be most effeminate. The salon owner did tattoo him. His lips were permanently colored a bright, sensual red along with eye shadow that was the color of the night sky and mascara in the corner of his eyes which served to accentuate his Asian appearance. In all respects he appeared to be a very attractive sultry young girl. On one return trip, when Sarina walked him at the end of his leash through the barn, he sashayed perfectly in high heeled shoes. I pictured Lady Ling leading about a naked Lotus Boy, leash in one hand, whip in the other, while he practiced the feminine art of attempting to appear graceful while balancing on heels.

The morning routine changed as Nurse Hopkins and Sarina found it simpler to bring Lotus Boy into the barn to undergo morning ablutions and his own form of training.

It became one of Lotus Boy's duties to hold the pan under me each morning while I relieved myself. Nurse Hopkins changed the procedure somewhat, commanding that I assume the spread position that she had spent months training me to hold. The physical effort was easy for me since I did not have to hold it for a lengthy period of time. But knowing that the young boy was standing very close peering at my most intimate parts while I performed such personal functions was mentally demanding. However, as with all procedures I had learned as a pony girl, what I thought about it didn't matter. I was trained to perform. Within a week, when I heard Nurse Hopkins and Lotus Boy enter the barn in the morning darkness, I automatically lifted my legs to the required spread and waited for Nurse Hopkins to release my labia. Lotus held the pan and my flow began, then my bowels would move.

I became envious of Lotus Boy. He ran about freely and I remained restrained in some manner at all times. But when it was time for the morning swim, when Sarina attached the leash and released me from the pillory, Nurse Hopkins wriggled her finger to Lotus Boy who obediently stepped forward to have his penis leash attached.

The two island women led us to the tank and the shock of the frigid water still exploded in my brain as I followed the tugs on the leash down the steps and into the long deep tank. It became

ingrained to just step and follow Sarina. But for Lotus Boy it was most difficult. Nurse Hopkins pulled him to the edge but apparently the memories from his training under Lady Ling made him quite afraid of the cold water. It was evident that his penis ring was well implanted for when I looked back one morning, Lotus Boy was standing at the edge of the tank with the leash tugging at his little organ with an inordinate degree of tension.

“No! No! Miss Nursey.”

It was rare that Lotus Boy spoke. Apparently he had learned enough English to express basic concerns and the morning dousing had become a traumatic event. But Nurse Hopkins would not relent and he followed me into the tank yelling and splashing. He had the advantage of utilizing

his hands to swim along and keep his head above water. I had to kick my feet and with the track unusable for the winter, Sarina held me stationary in the middle of the tank for a long period and calmly watched me exert myself while treading water. It was interesting that within minutes, as the cold numbed me, I mentally longed to be placed on the tread mill and have my backside “warmed” with the cane.

Lotus Boy yelled throughout his daily swim. When we were finally led up the stairs at the far end, I shivered, covered with goose bumps with nipples as firm and pointed as arrow tips. But looking at Lotus Boy’s wetness was comical and Sarina and Nurse Hopkins were always amused.

The cold water shriveled his tiny penis to the point that it was puckered against its gold ring. And the boy’s scrotal sac shrank to the size of a single walnut. The nipples hardened also and the small underdeveloped breasts reminded me of those of a pre teenaged girl just entering puberty.

“Time for a nice massage Lotus Boy. I’ll see if I can find those testicles,” a chortling Nurse Hopkins tugged on the leash.

Nurse Hopkins led the boy to the massage table while Sarina placed me on the tread mill. I was eager to run although Sarina would work me with the cane. It was interesting to look over (my nose ring was tethered in a moderate manner) and watch Nurse Hopkins work Lotus Boy on the table.

She started with him face down and oiled his entire body. Then the same aggressive pulling and kneading followed which I experienced. Limbs were bent in all directions and into unnatural positions with Lotus Boy protesting and crying out with each change. Nurse Hopkins popped his testicles, squeezing as I had first seen done to Lando by Meredith.

She worked his breasts, squeezing and pulling as if milking the boy. It was evident that Master Fife was continuing the effort to improve his feminine appearance and I surmised that stretching the flesh in that area allowed the hormone treatments to work better.

Next came the enema. Nurse Hopkins was amazing proficient in applying massive cold water enemas, as I well knew, and Lotus Boy's lower belly was soon bulging as Nurse Hopkins watched the large rubber bag slowly empty itself.

"Go release it, Lotus Boy. Then come right back."

He didn't need to be asked twice and scampered to the small toilet in the corner of the barn.

When he returned, she placed the boy on all fours and generously oiled the crack of his backside. She began to work one finger into the tight aperture and Lotus Boy oddly calmed down and spread his thighs to welcome her.

This, I learned, was what was termed Nurse Hopkins' "special care". Lotus Boy received an extensive prostate exam every day with Nurse Hopkins penetrating his rectum with an unknown number of fingers. Lotus Boy's reaction was of pure pleasure, pushing himself back to encourage further penetration and wearing an odd look of girlish ecstasy on his permanently feminized face.

This "special care" was taken to a higher level on the day before his beauty appointments. As written, males altered in the manner of Lotus Boy cannot experience normal ejaculation. One of the side effects of a teenaged boy going without relief is the chronic dribbling of pre ejaculatory fluid, since the prostate gland continues its function of producing the viscous liquid. In the barn, such dribble is ignored. But in the shop filled with middle aged village women, such constant flow was considered unsightly.

So, in order to make Lotus Boy presentable, Nurse Hopkins would milk him of the fluid before each trip. Sarina's assistance was required which provided me with a respite from the cane. It was also nice to have someone else receiving the attention of the cruel island women.

I usually remained on the treadmill but if the tether on my nose ring was slack could easily look over and watch Lotus Boy's milking.

The boy was kneeling on the table as Nurse Hopkins worked her fingers into his anus. Sarina stood to his front, comforting him and smoothing her hands over his silky hair. Her blouse was open and she would deliberately allow her ample, perfectly shaped breasts to flash the young boy as Nurse Hopkins worked her way into his backside.

As the discomfort level increased, Sarina moved her hands to Lotus Boy's nipples, rolling them between her fingers and bringing them to tiny points.

Nurse Hopkins was relentless in her penetration. With three fingers in, the boy cried out and Sarina pushed open her blouse to fully expose her beautiful, firm, well rounded breasts. This occupied the boy's mind for a brief moment and permitted Nurse Hopkins to slide in the fourth finger with a quick thrust.

“No. No. Nursey!”

I wondered if that was the extent of Lotus Boy’s English. His plaintive cry was ignored of course and Nurse Hopkins nodded to Sarina.

“All in. Pull him up.”

Sarina slowly pulled up the boy’s head.

“Hands on head, Lotus Boy. You know the position.”

He did indeed. The boy slowly straightened at the waist with Sarina holding his head and pushing it up. His hands complied and he docilely folded them on top of his head, as commanded, and remained kneeling. Nurse Hopkins’ right hand remained inside him and I marveled at how the frame of the small Asian boy could accommodate the nurse’s strong hand.

His tiny penis was a purple nub. Rising to its full one inch height, the boy thrust forward as if copulating an imaginary object. Both women laughed, fully realizing that, although the initial penetration was most uncomfortable and painful, once inside Nurse Hopkins’ hand was creating waves of pleasure by manipulating the boy’s prostate gland.

“I’ve got it, Sarina. Feel good, Lotus Boy? Shall I pull out my hand now?”

Lotus Boy’s did not answer. His eyes were closed in ecstasy.

“Nice and slow, Sarina. It’s been two weeks. He should flow very nicely for us.”

Sarina now removed her blouse and stood topless to the boy’s side occasionally caressing one of his nipples. Nurse Hopkins wriggled her right hand, massaging and manipulating the boy’s tiny gland. Her left hand reached to the front, kneaded his testicles, then moved between the thighs where she rubbed the perinaeum. This seemed to greatly pressure the prostate, having it trapped between the fingers of her right hand inside his anus, and the fingers of her left which pushed from the outside.

The nub began to ooze the fluid and it steadily dribbled to the table. Judging from the look on Lotus Boy’s face, he was experiencing pleasure that was probably about as close to an orgasm as his deformed organ could provide. And he certainly enjoyed gazing at Sarina. She was a very well endowed and portioned young woman and I also found her breasts attractive.

Nurse Hopkins moved her left hand back to the boy’s testicles then to the perinaeum and back again, She never touched the diminutive erection and I wondered whether the boy could even feel pleasure there, or whether too much caressing would cause a complete ejaculation, something which the women worked hard to avoid.

The amount of fluid was impressive. It flowed and flowed and Nurse Hopkins amused herself and Sarina by controlling the flow.

“I’ve got my index finger right on the gland Sarina. Watch this.”

There followed a barely discernible motion of her right hand and within seconds a large glob oozed forth and fell to the table.

Sarina laughed. Lotus Boy groaned with pleasure. I was amazed at the level of her control.

## Chapter Forty Nine

Spring time arrived very slowly and sporadically. There were relatively warm days when Sarina strapped on my vest and leg coverings and I was run on a wet, sloppy track. Other days the wet track froze and it was unusable. The intermittent days of outdoor exercise were a pleasant change. Sarina used the whip and oddly it was a welcome relief from the canings. With the years of pony training, the sharp crack produced the desired but curious effect of spurring my efforts and I was eager to run free of the constraints of the treadmill. Sarina had become quite proficient with the nasty single tail and could cause the nastiest of bites on my buttocks without breaking the skin.

One morning when Sarina was hooking me to the cart for a lengthy run, a car pulled up to the barn and parked just outside the large open double doors. Four middle aged women exited as Nurse Hopkins, hearing the unusual sounds of visitors, stepped out of the main house to greet them.

Greetings were exchanged and I learned that the visitors were a contingent of customers from the beauty salon. I listened from the doorway. Sarina had strapped me to the cart but had not yet attached my warm leggings or vest. Although I judged that it was late April, thin ice crystals covering various puddles told me the morning air was still near freezing. So there I stood, naked, on toes, and bent at the waist with the pole of the cart running from my neck collar, down my back to the coupling on the cart. Light gusts of cold outside air mingled with the warm air from the barn.

“I’ll bring him into the barn,” Nurse Hopkins called out as she walked back to the house. “Sarina will show you a table you can use.”

The four women turned to the barn. One carried a black leather bag. The driver had a small box. It was then that they noticed me. The decibel level of their conversation increased when the odd sight of a naked, hairless women standing before them with a bit in her mouth came to their attention. But their reaction was not one of shock.

“Oh look. Mr. Fife has the same proclivities as his aunt. And she’s a beauty.”

For the next few minutes the women gathered around me, talked, and inspected me. They were more knowledgeable concerning pony girls than I would have suspected and they felt, pinched and kneaded my flesh in the same manner as any pony owner on Equestra Island.

My entrapped labia fascinated them and one woman, who I later learned was a doctor, gave the group a clinical and very accurate description of the stretching process and its usefulness in bladder control and subjugation. Another woman played with my nipples and brought them to full erection, assisted by the cold air morning air.

“The hair removal is as thorough as I’ve seen,” said the doctor as she reached under my stomach and smoothed her hand around my pubes. “Some day Lotus Boy will be as well depilated.”

As the conversation continued, it was evident that the driver of the car was the owner of the salon and the three others were the doctor, a lawyer, and the fourth was a county judge. They were well educated, married, all in their forties and their physical appearance defied their ages. Somehow they had successfully grappled with the typical middle aged feminine plight of weight gain and had kept themselves in shape.

The reference to Master Fife’s aunt was interesting. Further conversation revealed that not only had the aunt kept ponies, but the doctor, lawyer and judge fondly recalled informal races and other eccentric activities and events held at the farm. The shop owner was apparently not living in the area at the time, and the three regaled her with stories which reminded me of Lady M’s many parties and the more formal races of Equestra Island.

The three were active participants and I began to understand their propensity to humiliate, subjugate and debase Lotus Boy.

“Do you think Master Fife would allow us to run her sometime?”

Sarina smiled and demurred with the suggestion that she call him directly. It was then that Sarina explained my background and when the women understood I was a former champion they collectively gasped in admiration.

The conversation trailed off as Nurse Hopkins and Lotus Boy exited the house and walked across the yard toward the barn. Lotus Boy wore a blouse, short skirt and walked in incredibly high heels which had leather straps circling his ankles and calves. Had I not known his gender, I could not have guessed that under the silk skirt were two tiny testicles and a miserably small penis, for his deportment was flawlessly feminine. It was evident that the group had interrupted a maid training session for he was not wearing a leash.

“We have that gift for Lotus Boy,” offered the doctor as Nurse Hopkins neared. “After speaking



with Mister Fife, he suggested it would be easier to attach it here than at the shop.”

As the doctor spoke, the shop owner held up a jewelry box and opened it for Nurse Hopkins’ inspection. Inside was a large, heavy gauged steel ring. If Lotus Boy was to be pierced, I could not imagine what part of his petite anatomy could accommodate such an ornament. It was two inches in diameter and with the thickness must have weighed a pound. It was closer to the size of a wrist bracelet than a ring for piercing. There were two small eyelets welded to the outside of the ring on opposite sides. The reflection in the morning sunlight told me the odd device was made of high quality stainless steel and the welded areas had been polished with great care to smooth out its entire surface.

“Strip for the ladies, Lotus Boy. Where are your manners?”

The boy quickly removed his blouse and skirt. Nurse Hopkins stopped him when he began unstrapping the elaborate high heels.

“Leave those on, Lotus Boy. You need the practice and I’m sure the ladies would appreciate the exhibition. I’ve had him learning more feminine deportment,” she explained to the visitors. “The height of the heels shapes his calves and buttocks very nicely, don’t you think?”

All nodded in agreement for they did indeed. From the rear, Lotus Boy’s hairless buttocks and legs could not be distinguished from those of a girl. The front view was a different matter.

“We’ll need to lay him on his back. It will only take minute.”

The procession moved to the massage table. I viewed the events by moving the cart slightly (hoping Sarina would not notice this offense which was punishable by time on the horse) and looking over my left shoulder.

Lotus Boy walked by placing one foot slightly in front of the other which served to cause his hips to sway and thus produce with every step a sensuous ripple in the soft flesh of his buttocks. He was becoming closer to being a girl every day and I wondered how large his breasts would grow.

When he reached the table he laid down on his back as instructed. One woman held his right arm flat on the table. Another did the same with his left. His tiny manhood began to redden. Being stripped naked in front of the women was having the expected effect on the subservient youngster. He could not stop his arousal and it brought smiles to the women.

“He does like to show himself, doesn’t he,” murmured the judge.

The doctor lifted his left leg, brought his foot up to his shoulder and instructed the woman holding his left arm to firmly restrain the leg. She in turn took it back further and amazingly held it between her thighs, utilizing her weight to hold the leg in an extreme position at the level of

Lotus Boy's head. The woman on the right did the same and the painful position produced a yell of protest which was of course ignored. It also obscenely displayed Lotus Boy's modest pink scrotum and his puckered anal opening.

The doctor grasped his well exposed testicles and gently pulled.

"Relax, Lotus Boy. We're going to make these look very pretty."

She spent a few minutes pulling and kneading the small sac.

"There's not much to work with. The hormones have curtailed much of the development."

With that the doctor took the steel ring from the box. She slipped it over one tiny testicle. When she worked to slip it over the second, Lotus Boy cried out until it worked all the way through. When the doctor finished, the boy's scrotal sac was ringed at the top with the heavy metal object. His two gonads hung below.

"A good tight fit," commented the doctor. "But we wouldn't want it to slip off during extreme bondage. That's why I brought this."

She reached into her leather bag and retrieved a piece of equipment that resembled large wire cutters. The two handles were about three feet long.

"I borrowed it from the fire department. They use it to extricate people from car crashes. It applies amazing pressure. It's about the only thing that can bend stainless steel like this."

She was obviously referring to Lotus Boy's new ring and she separated the handles as she spoke which opened the sizable jaws at the opposite end.

"Hold still, Lotus Boy. Let me know when you feel pressure."

The two eyelets were positioned left and right. The doctor grasped the ring on the top and bottom. When she slowly closed the handles, the ring every so slightly flattened into more of an oval shape.

Lotus Boy looked scared. As the handles slowly moved together it looked as if the device was about to crush the remaining intact portion of his male identity.

Finally he screamed. The doctor had moved the handles about six inches. But the well leveraged device flattened the ring only about half an inch. Lotus Boy's reaction indicated it was snugly encircling the top of his sac. It could not possibly slide off in the same manner that the doctor had slid it on. Other than applying a powerful cutter, the ring permanently encircled Lotus Boy's testicles.

The doctor withdrew and the women released the boy. He stood to display himself and his new jewelry.

“Heavy, Miss Nursey. Too heavy.”

His protest in broken English caused all to laugh. It was obviously designed to be heavy and Lotus Boy would feel this reminder of his subjugation for his remaining days.

“It’s more than decorative,” explained the owner of the salon. “The welder assured me the eyelets would never detach so he can be secured by his testicles in the most extreme of positions. It’s interesting that his Chinese owners never considered it.

“And of course his penis ring can now be restrained downward if disguising one of his pusillanimous erections is required in mixed company.”

That was an interesting thought. I supposed there would be “vanilla” situations, parties, weddings, dinner engagements, etc. when Master Fife would not wish the have the true gender of his companion disclosed. The driver never inquired about Lotus Boy’s sizable “mons veneris” but women would. Master Fife could now have it well secured to the hefty steel ring and better hidden.

It was ironic that, as small as Lotus Boy’s phallus was, it could now be made to disappear under the briefest of skirts and evening dresses.

“Walk for the ladies, Lotus Boy. Show off for them. Hands on head. Breasts forward.”

The women stepped back and formed a circle as Lotus Boy followed Nurse Hopkins’ commands. He walked within the circle and the heavy ring proved to disrupt his practiced girlish gait. The salon owner giggled when he stumbled. But otherwise he soon learned to time his steps with the movement of the heavy ring and his portrayal of a sensuous feminine walk resumed only more gingerly. His penis slowly tumefied and all smiled.

“There isn’t a submissive boy I know that doesn’t enjoy having his precious testicles restrained,” postulated the doctor with a knowing smile. “But the eyelets will take care of such an overt reaction,” she added, referring to his erection.

The group seemed satisfied with the results and various conversations ensued. Sarina returned to me and attached my warmers. When she seated herself in the cart and cracked the whip the barn went silent. All conversation curtailed to watch Sarina guide me through the double doors then out to the track. It had been many months since I was last exhibited before a crowd and I was strangely excited. Could it be I was envious of the attention Lotus Boy was drawing?

I found myself digging in and accelerating the cart to top speed. We reached the track at full gallop and Sarina's strokes were painful but superfluous. I endeavored to show the dominant women of the village what I could do and quickly worked myself into a lather despite the cool temperature.

The life of a pony girl is a strange one. As I circled the track I found myself becoming introspective. Here I was a naked woman of some thirty years being put to great physical exertion by an island girl some twelve years my junior while a group of mature, sexually eccentric women watched. And I was seeking recognition and adulation from these very demanding and cruel women. Why?

## Chapter Fifty

That was the first day of a much more interesting existence. Master Fife not only permitted the women to visit and put me through exercise, he encouraged it.

The lawyer and judge turned out to be fairly accomplished equestriennes. The salon owner's ability to flagellate approached that of Greta and many an afternoon was spent in the "A" frame. And the doctor enjoyed "close work" while I hung in my neck pillory. She seemed to have an endless supply of nasty clamps and applied them without mercy.

Sarina and Nurse Hopkins were pleased to relinquish some of their duties. As described, keeping a girl in extreme bondage requires very close scrutiny, which the two island women were relieved of with the many visits of the local villagers.

Lotus Boy continued to develop. The doctor took to injecting a solution directly into his breasts and nipples. As a result, his breasts grew quicker and the treatments seemed to improve his aptitude to work and serve as a docile female.

When the doctor was satisfied with the size and texture of Lotus Boy's mammaries, the salon owner tattooed his nipples the same sensuous red as his lips. She also designed a special garment that covered his pubes but left his backside free for Master Fife's use. This was accomplished by stretching a very thin triangle of silk between a thin decorative cord around the boy's waist and similar cords encircling the top of his thighs, just under the buttocks.

This differed from normal garments designed to cover the pubes in that there was no cord or strap strung between the buttocks. Master Fife insisted that the boy's rear aperture always be accessible to his whim. The result was that even at one of Master Fife's libertine cocktail parties, when Lotus Boy served naked but for the brief covering, his true gender was unknown, except of course for the ladies of the salon. They found it amusing to keep silent and watch the men of the village, their husbands included, ogle what they assumed to be an Asian ingenue with exhibitionist proclivities.

Many of these parties moved to the barn for a period where Master Fife would proudly show me off to the select few opened minded local residents. It was interesting being the center of attention and Master Fife made certain that each guest watched me strike the most revealing pose in the neck pillory. Everyone poked and touched. My nipples and labia were stroked by all and many of the women inquired about my hygiene. The embarrassing question indicated that my feminine fragrance was stronger than I was able to ascertain.

At one party toward the end of the summer, Master Fife, the lawyer and the judge engaged in a very business like discussion concerning my status.

“Technically she’s my wife. The marriage has never been annulled. Can you imagine her potential inheritance? And the sale of photos and video tapes increases every day. If she ever knew how many underground X rated tapes have been sold with her as a star performer, she’d be overwhelmed.”

“Mister Fife, if something happens to you, what becomes of her, the farm, Nurse Hopkins, Sarina? She can’t lead a normal life. And you, of all people, know ponies require extensive care.”

Master Fife paused to think while I ruminated over the enlightening input concerning the constant video taping of which I have written.

“The revenue stream from the videos is well into seven figures. People in the industry are marvelously forthcoming with royalties. It’s the only way they can assure getting the next set of videos. And Lotus Boy has developed a following of his own. The cash flow more than covers the expenses here without even dipping into the family money. Maybe we should talk in your office.”

“Your aunt’s attorneys appeared before me many times for writs of non compos mentis, Melbourne,” the judge offered. “Her ponies were declared to be her legal wards by court order. It’s a simple matter. Madeleine can draw up the papers and I’ll sign the orders. But if something happens to you, the diversion of the video and photo revenues from your personal account toward the upkeep and benefit of Zesty, Lotus Boy and the farm will require much more planning. And Lotus Boy will need a permanent visa. Luckily, I know someone in the passport office that enjoys fellatio and will be very sympathetic toward Lotus Boy’s plight. But it’s better to do it sooner than later. And his name should agree with his gender for visa purposes.”

Master Fife thought some more.

“I’ll be in your office tomorrow, Madeleine. I suppose there is much to plan. I would hate to think that Zesty’s wonderful pony life would terminate with my demise. And Lotus Boy is just becoming the perfect maid. His talents should not go unutilized.”

Over the ensuing weeks Madeleine the lawyer visited the farm many times. The appointments

were all business, except when she left the house she would stand and watch Sarina exercise me on the track.

On one trip Sarina was directing me back to the barn as Madeleine stepped off the porch. She pulled on my reins and I obediently stopped the cart to allow Madeleine to say hello and inspect me. She had an annoying habit of placing her left hand on the back of my neck, then stroking her right fingers down my right nipple. When her fingers reached the very tip, she would pinch the extremely sensitive flesh between the nails of thumb and forefinger. With the placement of her left hand near my cortex, I judged this action to be her own form of pain receptivity test. I would jump in my harness. Even though I was expecting the painful, pinch her sharp nails made it impossible to maintain control.

“Good morning, Zesty Girl. You’re now the legal ward of Melbourne P. Fife. Under the writ signed by the judge yesterday, you’ve been deemed mentally incompetent to care for yourself. Master Fife now legally controls everything you do, or has done to you. And should something happen to him, the trustees of the ‘Zesty Girl Irrevocable Trust’ control everything. The farm, the money and you.”

The attorney laughed rather sardonically. I could only guess who the trustees were.

She addressed Sarina and the conversation turned to more mundane things. Finally, the attorney stepped back. Sarina showed off her skill by viciously cracking the whip very close to my exposed labia, and I quickly pulled the cart back to the barn.

Later that evening, when I was finally blindfolded and placed in the neck pillory, tears formed as I thought about the day’s events. I suppose that deep down, I believed I would someday, somehow return to a normal life. But with the trust in place even if Master Fife died or matured to an age where he lost interest in me, the mechanics of the legal system ensured my pony existence would continue.

And who were the trustees? Certainly Madeleine. Not the judge. The doctor? The salon owner? Or did it matter at all? The intent was that I continue to be exercised, displayed, and flagellated after Master Fife’s demise. And Sarina and Nurse Hopkins were content and would most likely continue to be so under the trust arrangement. Therefore, what would change? Probably nothing.

The autumn months came. Use of the track became sporadic with early snows. Master Fife was seen rarely and Lotus Boy spent more time in my presence, indicating that Master Fife had made the seasonal transition to a warmer climate. My activities became more and more confined to the barn and Nurse Hopkins encouraged more and more tongue service from Lotus Boy.

As written, he had taken to servicing my backside and this proclivity expanded to include every part of my anatomy he could reach, except of course, where I most needed attention. He seemed fascinated with my pony breasts, as all males were. So I suppose some traits of his gender could not be eliminated through training. The afternoons were spent monotonously hanging with Lotus

Boy licking away and the juices of my unfulfilled excitement flowing endlessly.

It was probably late autumn when the lady doctor visited. I was given a physical exam while remaining secured in the neck pillory. The doctor had Nurse Hopkins raise it so I hung freely with toes off the floor. It was not as thorough as the exams I had on Equestra, back she did have me pose in the spread position and inserted two or three gloved fingers into my neglected vagina.

It felt wonderful. Nothing had penetrated me for months, but she was careful not to overly excite me and her actions were very close to that of a standard pelvic exam.

“She’s still nubile, Nurse Hopkins. The walls are strong and she lubricates well. Her scent is quite strong, but I know the Master’s rule on douching.

“Use this cream every evening. Apply it to the labia, clitoris and just inside the vagina. I think you’ll appreciate the benefits”

Both women seemed pleased with the results of the exam. As the doctor left the barn I heard some words about a report to the other trustees.

Nurse Hopkins applied the cream vigilantly every evening. It itched terribly and I could not control the desire to rub my fingers into my sex. Well into the night my hands pulled against my bonds in attempts to satisfy the tingling sensation. I kicked my legs in frustration. It seems the doctor had done nothing more than prescribe some type of mild irritant and she was correct, Nurse Hopkins seemed to enjoy the results. I sensed her soft laughter as I struggled in the pillory.

Some days after the doctor’s visit, Sarina and Nurse Hopkins began to speak of some kind of party. In the following week, it may have been on a Saturday, my exercise schedule changed. Sarina cut short my time on the treadmill and at mid day I found myself on the massage table being oiled and groomed by Nurse Hopkins. Lotus Boy looked on and the nurse amused herself by having me kneel with thighs well spread and parting my freed labia. With my lips pulled obscenely apart, Nurse Hopkins gave Lotus Boy a lesson on the female anatomy and, in a rather clinical manner, discussed every sensitive area and where a young subservient boy could best apply his tongue.

I was not given the benefit of any actual application of his developing oral skills, but Nurse Hopkins spoke in earnest so it was evident someone would.

Afterwards, although very early in the day, I was returned to the pillory, blindfolded and instructed to rest.

I had become so accustomed to the diabolical restraint that I seemed to have slept soundly. For I was startled when Nurse Hopkins woke me with a firm grasp on my breast. She held a container of water to my lips and encouraged me to drink by increasing the pressure on my nipple. I did.

I returned to my reverie but a short while later another container was held to my lips. It reminded me of the preparations on Equestra Island where Lady M insisted the pony girls be well watered and have a good load in their bladders when run. But I could not be run. The track was unusable.

I was relieved of my quandary when an hour or so later several voices were heard, all female. It was the women from the salon and indeed there was a party planned.

It seems that on the first day of hunting season, the men of the village trek the vast Adirondack forests in overnight quests for game leaving the wives home alone. As one woman offered, there was probably not a better time to practice their demented promiscuity. No men. No time limit. And Master Fife gave them the run of the farm, the barn, Lotus Boy and me.

So the evening activities began when my blindfold was removed and I faced the well dressed quartet that had delivered and installed Lotus Boy's scrotum restraint, plus some other women who, judging from their reluctance to step to the middle of the barn, seemed to be merely curious and somewhat shy onlookers. All were radiantly attired with beautiful blouses, make up, coifed hair, jewelry, etc. But each wore a relatively short pleated skirt. Had the women been younger, the uniformed garments would make it appear as if that they all attended the same parochial school.

And Lotus Boy was present. He apparently spent the afternoon at the salon, for he was radiant in his nudity with shiny gloss applied to his tattooed red lips and nipples. His girlish hair hung perfectly straight about his neck line, covered his ears and then rose to neatly drape over his forehead just above his eyes. His finger and toe nails were manicured and coated with the a matching shade of red and Nurse Hopkins had placed his feet in the extremely high heeled shoes the straps on which crisscrossed his calves and buckled just below his knees. Since there were no men present he wore no other clothing. There was no need for the subterfuge of covering his pubes which amused Master Fife. But someone had attached two small bells to the eyelets on his scrotum ring which sounded with every step as he walked with unblemished femininity across the barn floor. The process of depilation was almost complete for although he was always shaven, the extremely reflective glow from his smooth, naked flesh indicated that most of his hair follicles had been destroyed.

As I expected when my eyes adjusted to my audience, Nurse Hopkins gave me the signal to spread. I slowly brought up my legs and assumed the required position. I gazed forward as I concentrated on my exhibition. When my feet moved outward, Nurse Hopkins narrated for all present the details of my background, extensive training, body modification and racing history. The quartet looked on with smiles. The quiet women in the foreground murmured to one another in pleasant surprise.

When Nurse Hopkins released my labia, the lengthy strips of pink flesh shocked the newcomers. But it was not a shock of horror, more of amazed curiosity. And to further give them a flavor of



the level of control and exhibition to which I was subjected, she diddled my nipples until they erected then stepped to the side, grasped my lips and separated the labia to provide my audience with a complete display of my most intimate pink parts.

The newcomers gasped, the doctor smiled, the salon owner, lawyer and judge watched with smug looks resembling ones which would be assumed when observing a recalcitrant child receive her comeuppance.

Lotus Boy approached, apparently having received a signal from Sarina. He carried the pan which he held under me every morning.

“Show the ladies how nicely trained you are, Zesty.”

I complied. My bladder was full and my days of shyness were behind me. Performing the most private of acts before the crowd of women broke the ice. The women simultaneously engaged in several different conversations, each one having an excited comment to make as I filled the pan with my feet remaining straight out and my buttocks protruding upward.

From that moment on the newcomers became fully engaged in the activities. Lotus Boy served the women, scampering about the barn carrying a tray of drinks and proudly displaying his tiny penis.

Nurse Hopkins made a general announcement concerning the schedule of various demonstrations and exhibitions as I struggled to maintain my pose. Two of the newcomers came closer and discussed my strong feminine fragrance. The humiliation and subjugation was arousing me and my juices flowed accordingly. All seemed to notice the scent but the newcomers had not spent much time in the presence of pony girls and therefore verbalized their observation.

However embarrassing their comments were, they were outweighed by Nurse Hopkins' announcement. I was to be the center of attention. It would be a long evening.

## Chapter Fifty one

Nothing happened to me at the party that I had not experienced before.

Sarina hitched me to a small cart, similar to the ones at Equestra Island, to show the newcomers the level of control to which I was subjected. All had an opportunity to sit in the cart and direct me back and forth inside the barn. It did not require any exertion, but feeling the crop on my nipples brought back memories, and the awkward touch of the newcomers was interesting. One finally gave up attempting to strike my nipples and instead slapped my labia with the broad leather tip. This form of encouragement I had not often experienced and it caused me to break my stride.

Later I was strapped into the “A” frame and the salon owner demonstrated the effectiveness of the cane. It was during this most severe flagellation that I noticed Lotus Boy was no longer serving drinks. The bells had been removed from the eyelets on his scrotal ring and in their place were hooked two long strands of thin wire. Nurse Hopkins led the boy around the barn holding the wire in her hand and demonstrating her control by occasionally lifting her hand making Lotus Boy respond to the tension on his little testicles by attempting to stand higher on his toes.

But the high heeled shoes were at such an angle that it was not possible to push himself higher and his actions to relieve the tension resulted in quite comical body movements and pleas.

After showing him off to each party goer, Nurse Hopkins led the boy to the exercise area where she had him stand on a small stool. She then reached up and attached the end of the right wire to a pole on his right. After securing the left wire to a pole on the left, Nurse Hopkins stepped back to observe her prey.

Lotus Boy helplessly stood naked in his extreme heels on the stool. One thin wire, probably piano wire, strung from a hook on the left pole which was just out of his reach and approximately at the level of his head, to the sturdy eyelet on the left side of his scrotum ring. The other wire likewise secured the right eyelet. His hands were free, but could not reach the poles, and the thin wire could not be gripped adequately. Lotus Boy had to balance himself carefully on the stool. If he stepped or fell off, the two wires would hold him in the air by his scrotum ring.

The attention and tension on the wire caused him to become erect, if his tiny organ could be termed an erection, and the newcomers watched with fascination as his purple manhood rose to its full one inch height. His precarious position seemed to excite him, particularly after he grasped the wires and realized the thin strands of metal would cut his hands if he attempted to use them to steady himself.

I remained in the “A” frame, resting after a thorough caning of my buttocks and thighs. My feet had been secured in such a manner that the evil bastinado torment could be demonstrated, and my shrieks for mercy had adequately demonstrated its effectiveness. Out of the corner of my eye I could see the doctor preparing her clamps while the women gathered around Lotus Boy and taunted him about his diminutive organ.

The judge pushed a chair behind Lotus Boy. I had seen similar ones at Lady M’s when a pony girl was in the “A” frame and Greta exhibited her skills while Snow Flake and M’s Ecstasy serviced the occupants of the chairs. The reader will recall that the seats had large indentations cut into the surface so that a pony girl’s neck and head could comfortably be positioned between the thighs of Lady M or one of her friends.

With the judge’s chair the gap was larger and when she raised her pleated skirt and sat down behind Lotus Boy I began to understand its purpose.

She grabbed Lotus Boy's arms and slowly pulled them back toward her. At first he struggled, but quickly calmed when he realized that his spasmodic reaction to the judge's motion greatly increased the tension on the wires.

"Easy, Lotus Boy. I have a nice treat for you but there's a price to be paid. You're going to learn to hang from your ring. It will be uncomfortable but the better you serve me the quicker you'll be standing up right again."

Lotus Boy bent back at the waist and flexed his knees as the judge slowly pulled him back until his head lay in the chair's indentation. With an evil smile she raised the front of the skirt, laid it over the boy's face then slid forward. Lotus Boy groaned as more and more of his weight was held up by the scrotal ring. His high heeled shoes remained on the stool but much of his weight was born but the two thin wires attached to his testicles. Lotus Boy was being hung by his balls! And his only escape was to orally service the judge and hope she would release him to resume standing on the stool. She offered explicit instructions on where to apply his lips and tongue and the boy obediently complied, being careful to keep his precariously positioned shoes balanced on the small stool.

Judging from the smile on the judge's face and the motion of Lotus Boy's head under the skirt it appeared he was following her instructions with earnest desperation as the tiny scrotal sac stretched under the weight of his upper body.

"There isn't a male alive who wouldn't perform adequately when his precious gonads are threatened," boasted the judge as she appeared to squeeze off the first of many orgasms. The other women watched with enthusiasm, eagerly awaiting their turn.

As I quietly hung in the "A" frame, grateful to be relieved of the duty of being the main attraction, I noticed Sarina was adjusting one of the many video cameras. Lotus Boy's cruel forced oral servitude was taped. The angle of the camera excluded the judge's face and upper torso, but other wise every facet of his slow torment was recorded. I wondered what such a tape would bring in revenues.

As the evening progressed, each woman was afforded the opportunity to occupy the chair. Between occupants, Lotus Boy was given a few minutes to rest, but otherwise remained attached to the devilish wires while he satiated all present, except Nurse Hopkins and Sarina.

I found myself excited by the scene. Other than the presence of the tiny testicles, Lotus Boy appeared to be amazingly effeminate, and the strange vision of a very submissive boy struggling to protect the remaining vestige of his male identity aroused me. Obviously the dominant women of the village also enjoyed the power and control.

As the last woman sat, Nurse Hopkins stepped to my front and generously coated my genitalia with the doctor's special creme. My hairless pubis area began to itch terribly and I writhed in my

bonds in futile attempts to satisfy the sensation.

Amused by my reaction, Nurse Hopkins called to Sarina to ensure the camera was operating then applied more creme to my nipples and rectum. I viciously pulled against the ankle cuffs, wrist cuffs and neck collar. This caused some of the women to return their focus to me and one newcomer commented how interesting it was to watch my well developed muscles helplessly flex and ripple in straining against the strong fur lined cuffs.

I suppose it was a rather sensuous scene for the dominant women. I was well oiled and the overhead lights seductively reflected from my hairless skin. The numerous welts from the extensive caning would attract the eye of even the most experienced flagellatrix and my powerful, large gluteus maximus muscles must have been rolling about most provocatively as I fought the irritation.

As the irritant in the creme wore off, the women's attention moved to Sarina. She had changed from her training uniform of tight blouse and special jodhpurs and emerged from the bathroom practically naked.

As written she was a very nicely proportioned black girl with sizable breasts complementing a strong build. The only thing she wore was a black leather crotch piece. The purpose of which became evident as Nurse Hopkins opened an expensive case containing large rubber phalluses of every imaginable shape.

Lotus Boy had resumed standing on the small stool having satisfied the last party goer and he watched the women gather around the case with much trepidation.

"They're all so large," exclaimed one of the newcomers. "Can he take them."

"Lotus Boy's backside is cleansed and oiled daily," offered Nurse Hopkins. "Master Fife insists that he be available for penetration at all times. And when we milk his prostate, we open his rectum substantially. But we'll let him choose."

She moved to Lotus Boy and with an evil smile held the open case in front of him. Lotus Boy was gaping at the marvelously portioned and naked Sarina, who also smiled with anticipation.

"You're little sphincter is going to swallow one of these, Lotus Boy. Which one?"

The boy demurred until Nurse Hopkins reached down and gave his scrotal sac a firm squeeze.

"This one, Miss Nursey."

It was a ten inch black rubber phallus with large round bumps. Nurse Hopkins laughed.

“It’s always the one which most stimulates the prostate,” chortled the nurse.

She handed it to Sarina who reached down to the area of her mons and slowly turned the oddly shaped implement to attach it to the crotch piece. It was evident that Lotus Boy’s backside was about to receive a thorough reaming. The crotch piece was supported on the top by a substantial leather waist belt. On the bottom, a strong strap disappeared between Sarina’s thighs, ran between her muscled buttocks and attached to the back of the waist belt. As Sarina stroked the implement with her lubricated hand, she emulated a masturbating boy and seemed to derive some degree of pleasure from the manipulation. The village women looked on some what enviously.

Nurse Hopkins moved the special chair and positioned herself behind the boy. When she began to gently pull back his arms and shoulders, a shout erupted from Lotus Boy. He evidently thought his time hanging by his testicle ring was through. It was not.

“Calm down, Lotus Boy. You’ll only hurt yourself more,” admonished the nurse.

The wires again began to tighten as Nurse Hopkins slowly guided his shoulders and head back and down. Lotus Boy flexed his knees and Sarina stepped forward. The large black phallus rubbed the tip of his tiny erection. The comparison caused laughter which grew louder as Sarina stroked both the phallus and the diminutive manhood. This calmed Lotus Boy. Apparently the Asian surgeon had left some sensitivity in the remaining portion of his penis and what ever pleasure he felt over came the increasing tension on the testicle ring.

While Sarina toyed, the doctor moved to the boy’s left side and attorney moved to his right. When they simultaneously reached down and grasped the high heeled shoes, Lotus Boy let out a shriek. In lifting his feet from the stool, most of his weight would be carried by the strong steel ring encircling his scrotum. The remainder, his head and shoulders, was supported by Nurse Hopkins.

The boy quickly ascertained that to ease the tension he had to allow the women to lift his legs and also lean further back into Nurse Hopkins arms. This action of course turned his buttocks upwards towards the devious Sarina who was waiting with the well lubricated phallus.

“No. No. Please. Pain.”

His entreaties were ignored and Sarina deftly found the puckered pink sphincter and thrust her hips forward. The first inch or two slid in easily then the one of the large mounds on the top met the opening and the progress was slowed. Sarina thrust a little more and the well stretched aperture swallowed the mound on the top and the following inch of shaft slid in.

As the mound met the little prostate gland Lotus Boy shuddered and the purple nub oozed some fluid. The women all stepped closer. The lawyer and doctor released the boy’s feet. He had no choice but to keep them high in the air and back toward his head to take as much weight as

possible off the testicle ring.

Sarina slid the rubber implement in another two inches where another smooth bump met the opening. There she paused.

Lotus Boy's weight was supported by Nurse Hopkins, the ring and by Sarina's large phallus. I then understood why Sarina's strap was so formidable. To avoid the painful tension created by the wires, Lotus Boy shifted so that much of his weight rode the phallus. And Nurse Hopkins slowly moved back, supporting less and less of his weight, forcing him to choose the phallus or the wires.

At that point, Lotus Boy lurched toward Sarina to distribute the weight toward her and off the ring. This completed his impalement and the women, particularly the newcomers, were amazed that the rectum of the slim feminized boy could take such a large object.

"You'll notice the pre ejaculatory fluid, ladies. The phallus is pressuring the prostate gland. It's common in detruncated males that the fluid builds up. Normal intercourse and masturbation don't satisfy him. But as you can see direct stimulation of the little gland does and the fluid flows. And look at the purple stiffness of the little shaft. The pleasure he feels from the specially designed phallus overrides the torment of the ring. Yes, doesn't it Lotus Boy?"

As the doctor postulated her question, she dabbed her finger into the growing pool of liquid on the boy's stomach, held it held for the audience, then wiped it on Lotus Boy's lips.

"You'll also notice the hardened nipples. The continuing hormone treatments cause a stronger sexual response in the breasts than in normal males. They're very sensitive and, as with his shortened penis, also respond nicely to the stimulation of his prostate."

The doctor stepped back and nodded to Sarina. She responded by thrusting her hips and forcing in what little portion of the phallus remained in view into the boy's anus. Lotus Boy groaned but kept his legs up and flexed at the knees. He was forced to carefully accept the penetration and keep as much of his weight off the ring as possible. Nurse Hopkins remained behind him but did not hold his head or shoulders. She appeared to be positioned to steady the boy as he hung in mid air on the wires and rubber implement.

Sarina slowly withdrew and Lotus Boy yelled in panic as the wire strained under more of his weight. The second bump exited the boy's sphincter, paused then Sarina thrust forward again. Lotus Boy was in the ironic position of having to welcome the huge object and he appeared to open himself and push himself toward Sarina. With the thrust another gob of fluid oozed and the women watched closely. Sarina reached down and toyed with his penis ring then moved her right hand up to diddle his nipples. The boy smiled with the pleasure and Sarina gyrated her hips which brought a moan of ecstasy.

Lotus Boy was being sexually penetrated by a woman! The two fell into a rhythm and after the doctor removed the small stool, Sarina stepped forward then back then forward utilizing the two wires and scrotal ring as a type of swing. She could bring Lotus Boy the most pleasurable of sensations with a forward thrust that massaged his prostate or she could cause great pain when she stepped well back and withdrew, placing great tension on the wires and ring.

The fascination of watching the effeminate boy be anally fornicated by a dominant woman caused the barn to become absolutely silent. When Sarina withdrew there was a plopping noise as the stretched sphincter quickly closed after the sizable bump exited. This brought smiles to many faces along with an anxious cry from Lotus Boy to resume penetration.

After a few minutes the doctor again stepped to Lotus Boy's side and dipped her finger into the puddle of ooze on Lotus Boy's stomach.

"You'll notice ladies that the clear liquid is becoming somewhat cloudy. Believe it or not, that means he's experiencing an orgasm. Detruncated males can't ejaculate normally. The semen slowly dribbles forth with a much diminished sensation of pleasure. The pressure on the prostate provides a stronger sensation than any other sexual stimulation and that's why the Chinese used the removal or shortening of the penis as a form of torture. The male is forced to seek alternative forms of gratification, such as that which you are observing. Effectively, the detruncated male needs to be anally stimulated to have any sensation close to a normal orgasm, and even then it is slower and very much diminished. As you can imagine, Madame Chang and Lady Ling must have spent many delightful evenings with Lotus Boy, listening to him grovel to have his backside penetrated."

After the doctor concluded her lecture, Sarina followed with three or four long, strong strokes then with a look of extreme gratification clenched her thighs and buttocks and slowly stepped back, withdrawing the long implement with a final pop.

Lotus Boy panicked, waving his hands and arms about attempting to relieve the tension on the ring, and finally he rapidly lowered his legs and feet to seek support from the stool which was not there. Nurse Hopkins aided in pushing the boy's head and shoulders to an upright position, but otherwise Lotus Boy was hanging from the ring and his cries of pain were deafening. Within seconds, the doctor kicked the stool under the boy and he awkwardly found it with his high heeled shoes and settled down. But the momentary pain must have been unbearable and Lotus Boy realized that in the future failure to comply, perform, please or obey the cruel women in any way could result in another session attached to the wires.

Sarina unstrapped the belt. The motivation for her energetic performance became evident when she slowly pulled away the crotch piece. Attached to the inside and inserted into her sex was another phallus. It was obscenely designed to pleasure her not only her vagina but a small nub on the top also titillated her clitoris.

The power and control she experienced must have been enormous, for each thrust not only frictioned her genitalia but also slowly milked Lotus Boy of his seed. And every withdrawal caused incredible pain when the wires tightened and pulled at Lotus Boy's ring.

That concluded the scheduled events and the party wound down. Lotus Boy was left standing on the stool with his semen running down his legs. I was released from the "A" frame and free to roam the barn and indulge the women in various perverse activities, mainly involving obscene poses on the exercise bar. The newcomers were now completely acclimated to the various proclivities and joined in by closely inspecting my labia and pierced clitoris.

### Epilogue

Well reader, you can imagine my concern after that party. Rather than being subject to the whim of one eccentric woman on Equestra Island, or to my misogynist husband whom I rarely encountered, it seemed I was now subject to the whims of an entire village of cruel, dominant women.

And believe me if you must be strapped completely naked into a harness and cart, it is better to be so restrained under the hand of an experienced equestrienne than that of a dilettante.

The party fostered much interest in the farm's activities and I was constantly being exercised by newcomers who would apply the crop to the most awkward parts of my anatomy (Sarina would not let the inexperienced women use the single tail whip, much to my relief).

And Nurse Hopkins disclosed to all the schedule for Lotus Boy's prostate massage. This seemed to bring quite a crowd and what was formerly a caring medical procedure intended to relieve the boy of the build up of fluid became a humiliating display for Lotus Boy with numerous women surrounding the massage table as his pre ejaculatory fluid was milked from him.

Then it happened.

Nurse Hopkins and Sarina became quiet and glum one day. They wordlessly put me through the morning ablutions, cold water swim included, but when Sarina hitched me to a cart, Madeleine the attorney appeared in a riding outfit. She quickly seated herself and when the whip cracked I took the cart out to the track. She brought me to a good pace but on the second lap directed me through a gate at the far end. This led to a path which meandered through the dense pine trees and which I had occasionally traveled under the crop wielding hand of one of the villagers. (Using the single tail was difficult among the trees and I admired Miss Madeleine's skill in being able to apply it to my buttocks without tangling it among the branches.)

She guided me to a high point on the property and pulled on the reins as we approached a clearing. The view was impressive and for the first time I had an opportunity to enjoy it. But not



for long. Madeleine exited the cart and stepped to my front.

“Master Fife died in a plane accident yesterday morning, Zesty. As you know under the terms of his will, you as his ward are now under the care and protection of the trustees of the Zesty Girl Irrevocable Trust. There’s ample money to secure your needs and you’ll remain here on the farm.”

I was stunned.

As she spoke, she unzipped her jodhpurs and positioned herself very close to my face. I knew what was expected and humbly extended my tongue. She paused for a minute or two, letting the news settle in my mind.

“There are, however, certain details which Master Fife requested. He was adamant. . .”

She paused again while I pushed my long tongue through the folds of her garments and found her sex. I licked as I had been so thoroughly trained to do.

“You’re to be branded.”

I jumped in shock. Visions of the ponies at the pump house came into my mind.

“Nurse Hopkins assured Master Fife that it can be done permanently and most painfully, which was his desire. There will be a large letter “M” on your left buttock and a large letter “F” on your right. The branding will scar your mind as much as the flesh on your buttocks. You will never forget the name of Melbourne Fife as your husband and benefactor.”

Another pause as my nimble tongue worked despite hearing the disturbing directive. She moaned with pleasure. Did the thought of my branding arouse her?

“And Master Fife left frozen sperm samples with the doctor. At the whim and pleasure of the trustees, we may have you impregnated. You’re still young enough to bear a child and Master Fife rather enjoyed the vision that years hence, a young dominant son or daughter would be running you around the track with a nasty whip excoriating your buttocks. . .”

“And after all, it is the obligation of the trustees to fulfill his wishes. . .”

Yes. Short Stuff would be so altered and Meredith, seeking occasional recreation, would have his backside left unprotected and thoroughly lubricated for use by his stable mates while grazing. With his shortened, desensitized manhood, the stimulation of the prostate would become Short Stuff’s source of sexual gratification. And he would come to enjoy the awkward penetration of his backside by his follow collared and restrained male ponies. And knowing that Meredith watched from her porch, casually enjoying a refreshing cocktail, highlighted his perverse

pleasure.

Other books by Chris Bellows

(available at Pink Flamingo (<http://www.Pinkflamingo.com>))

A Gift From James  
A Sadist's Story  
About Eve  
An Interview With Mrs. Carlotta Fenwick  
Becoming Miss Ashley's Pet  
Behavioral Modification - Lessons from Constancia Island  
Collared & Leashed  
Constancia Island  
Lady Constance  
Laura Davidson Keeper of Men  
Lessons in Discipline and Servitude (October 2007)  
Miss Elizabeth's Captive  
Of Male Chastity  
Penance Corporation of America Books I & II  
Penance Corporation of America Book III  
Prince Imay's Palace  
Ship of Remorse  
Supplication of the Male Pig  
Tales From the Estate  
Taming the Virile Male  
The Decision  
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 soon to be released ‘Lessons in Discipline and Servitude’, book number twenty six.**

**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](mailto:chris_bellows@hotmail.com).**