

# Taming Candy

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Denise is enjoying a cigarette in her home-office. The numbers look good today. Another day of profit. Her business might have a very limited clientele, but they make up for it generously. It's a kind of ranch, but not like the usual ones people might see in a cowboy movie. Out on a small island owned by Denise and her husband, they operate a very successful human-pony ranch. It's not so much that they needed the money that came from it, but Denise was a passionately twisted woman. Her husband, Michael, loved her to death and gave her anything she desired. Their two little girls, Kelsa, 12, and Wanda, 14, had grown up in such a way, that the enslaved human souls they encountered everyday didn't mean much to them.

It was late, but Denise needed to finish one last thing. It was the end of the trimester, and this was the time where new ponies were "recruited" in the ranch. Off course, it was against their will, but that made it so much more fun, according to Denise! Sadly, two of the last five ponies they had brought last time, didn't seem to improve their behavior and had to be put down, but that's always a risk that you take in this business.

Denise scrolled through the profiles of a handful of girls, all young and beautiful. They were being watched for a while now, gathering info so their "disappearance" could be scheduled accordingly. Pictures, phone numbers, social security, hobbies, family situation, marital status, even measurements were there in front of Denise.

A big green button was at the bottom right of each girl, reading "PENDING APPROVAL". Denise clicked on two Scandinavian blonde sisters, with bright blue eyes. They were both tall and very athletic looking. On their profiles were pics of them competing in the national heptathlon.

Denise approved another profile of a young, smaller, black girl with big, curly dark hair. She was 25 years old, of Jamaican descent. These three were probably the only ones worth it this time. The other lucky girls would get to continue their lives, like nothing had ever happened, while the fate of these three would change forever.

"Mommy? Are you done? You said it would be movie night tonight, remember? Kelsa's little voice was heard as she picked her head just through the office door. "I know honey, i'm coming..." her mother responded and went to close the computer. Just then, Denise's eyes stumbled on the picture of a girl she hadn't noticed earlier. She had straight, pink hair and was shown posing in what looked like a Halloween makeshift costume of an alien french maid, with some dark contacts and green paint all over her body. She was petite and cute, but had an air of confidence about her. "I almost missed out on you... Claire" said the woman from under her breath and clicked on the green button.

\*click\*...

\*click\*...

\*click\*...

"OK, one more photo and i'm going to bed" the girl thought. The room was full of outfits thrown on chairs, beds, and anything that wasn't floor. She snapped a few more pictures than she would, but it was worth it. The site was getting some traction and her blogs were being read by hundreds every day, at this point. She dropped on the bed exhausted, but satisfied, still wearing the sexy elf-ranger costume she had made herself.

"I'll go with that to the convention" she decided. As her tired eyes slowly closed, she failed to spot the two men breaking in her apartment. Complete silence fills the room, until Claire suddenly feels a wet cloth pressed over her mouth and nose. She tries to rise quickly, but three more hands already hold her down securely. With her mouth forced shut, she inhales in panic, and feels the drug running from her nostrils to her head, she feels dizzy, she can't fight anymore and everything fades away...

**THE FOLLOWING IS A DEPICTION OF CLAIRE'S NEW LIFE, AS SHE EXPERIENCED IT.**

I woke up with a feeling of strong pressure on my nipples. I opened my eyes, still dizzy from my previous drugged state, only to discover I was naked and bound by metal shackles attached to two tall, wooden posts on either side of me. The distance between them forced me to spread my legs and arms painfully, leaving me completely exposed and vulnerable.

As the world around me becomes clearer and more focused, i saw that I was inside what looks like a stable for horses. Then, constant cries flooded my ears. I saw three more girls, secured in the same way next to me side by side! A short black girl and two tall blonde girls.

Two Asian women, wearing blue veterinarian outfits, with long latex gloves past the elbow, were placing small vacuum pumps on each girl's nipples, identical to the ones painfully sucking on mine. The women didn't pay any attention to the girls' protests and cries. My body had been rubbed from neck to toes with something, like an ointment, that made my skin tingle and feel warm.

After the few seconds that it took me to take all this in, the sudden shock of the realization that i share their fate, sends me into a panicked outburst. "HELP!!! LET ME GO!!! PLEASE!" i screamed but the words didn't come out right. Like the rest of them, a big ball-gag was stuffed in my mouth securely. The nurses didn't react to my pleas, like they expected them, and kept on with their work.

Things got worse when they brought the same pump and placed it on top of my clitoris. As soon as i realized what they are going to do, i screamed and jerked hysterically, but my metal restraints didn't give. A few moments later, all four girls were suppressing painful moans from the stretching their clits were getting.

Just as the nurses were done with our "tubing", a woman entered the stable. She was very well dressed, in a black leather skirt and boots, a matching top and a colorful shawl over her bare shoulders. She had long dark hair and red lipstick on her full lips. She seemed delighted. She asked one of the Asian girls for a rundown of things. "The two on the right are scheduled for fillies" she said looking at me and a black girl bound next to me. "And the other two are to become mares".

"Beautiful" the woman responded. "Just like i imagined them".

"What are they talking about?" i wondered. "Why are they referring to us like horses?" Every minute that was passing i realized that my situation was proving worse and worse. These people couldn't be plain kidnappers.

"Are their suits ready?" asked the woman, receiving a confirmed nod by both her employees. "Yes Miss Denise, all we need from you is the names you've chosen for them." She smiled with an evil grin. "That i can decide later. Finish with their ringing and harnessing and call me then." As she went to leave, the black girl and the two blonde girls looked at her petrified. I couldn't just let her do this to us! I let out a defiant yelp, at least as defiant as a naked, bound and gagged girl could be.

She stopped in her tracks and turned towards me. I froze in fear, thinking that maybe i wasn't in a position to irritate her. But i had to do something! We were being treated like livestock! I couldn't just sit here and accept whatever was going to happen to me!

She approached me smiling, that smile that someone has when they know they have already won. She got right in my face, looking me straight in the eyes and grabs me by a tuft of my hair. "Do you know i almost didn't pick you to be my pony? If i was a bit more careless you might had kept your silly life, taking pictures, wearing costumes and all that crap. But since you are here, and since you like to act tough, i'm going to personally train you to be the most obedient and pleasing pony i have in this estate". Her voice was deep and menacing, and her words rang to my ears all throughout that hellish day.

The next hours were a nightmare. After oiling us meticulously, the two female "executioners" of our transformation, begun "dressing" us into our new outfits. A very thick, pink, leather corset was placed around my already slim waist. It hugged my skin, too tightly, and ended under my B-cup breasts, constricting my body. I let out a groan as the woman pushed with her boot against my lower back, before tying off its thick, wire-like strings, well out of my reach. The corset had various D-rings, on the sides, on the front and back. All those accessories didn't seem helpful to me. And i was proven correct.

Next, was a long, leather collar, again pink, that they placed around my neck. Another couple of rings sat in the front and back of the uncomfortable vice. In a moment, i lost most of my mobility on my neck. I could not turn to side, nor lower my head.

Next, was my chest. A round, steel ring, nesting just above my breast, on my small cleavage, was the base were 5 pink leather belts "branched out" from, in a star sign, into a complete leather harness. Two of them came horizontally above my breasts, two came upwards around the neck collar, and the last one darted down, splitting my breasts into two, and connecting to yet another ring, just under them, that produced the same results: Crossing under my breasts, and as before, going around my back, surrounding my torso inside a leather prison. A vertical belt was connected to the corset, under it, via a D-ring.

I moaned in protest but the two Asian girls begun putting the light-pink-colored leather on me without much debate. The belts tightened around my breasts and made them bulge outwards, then crossed around my torso, hugging my skin without any slack. The strange women took their time, making sure everything fitted like a glove, with any slack, before moving on the next piece.

My arms were covered with a pink, latex glove, which went past the elbow. Above my hands, two hollow, hard mittens, that awfully resembled horses' hooves, were placed. I kept looking at them, the sight made it clearer how fucked up the situation was. They were turning as into horses. A pair of metal cuffs, with a carabiner molded on the inner side, was also snapped shut around our wrists. As fast as my arms were freed from the stretching stocks, they were quickly bound together, shoulder to wrist, by another set of leather belts. With our hands (or should i say, hooves) bound like that, all girls had been forced into a very submissive position, like a pet begging his master for a treat. The women secured us by the collar to the wooden posts. They did leave our legs spread, though, in their previous bonds.

Strangely enough, the two Scandinavian sisters got a different treatment on their arms, which where instead, bound in a strict box tie behind their back, then more leather straps fused their bound forearms into a single limb. I could not tell the reason behind this difference, and at that point, i didn't really care, especially when i saw what was next in store for me.

The two vets from hell continued, producing another belt, this one destined for my crotch. Although as thick as the previous ones, it had three mysterious slits on it, one higher, on my pelvis, and two just where my orifices would be over. The first one was a single vertical slit, while the other ones had a cross shape, like two slits intersecting. On the back of the belt, hanged a long, full, tail, its color same as our very own hair.

As they pulled the belts snuggle between our legs, then attaching them to front and back D-rings of the dreaded corset, the hated women explained to us that we were not allowed to shit (i didn't though that was even possible in this), or piss (that one i could, maybe) without someone granted us the right by removing the crotch belt. I let out a moan as the woman fastened it behind my back.

It was all uncomfortable, and very demeaning, but i wouldn't say it was torture. If any was occurring, that was happening to our self-esteems and human nature. But, when the nurse came towards me holding a piercing gun, i lost the earth from under my feet, only my wrists' restraints keeping me from falling to the floor. I could not imagine how cruel these people could get.

With my nipples hard and swollen, the nurses pierced both of them with a thick needle. I almost passed out from the pain. The bitches didn't even use an anesthetic! They fitted us with a round, gold ring on each breast. I had thought about getting my breasts pierced earlier this year, but it certainly wasn't under those circumstances. To add to my humiliation, the rings had two small bells on either side of my nipple that would jingle whenever my breasts moved. I wanted to die from embarrassment, but could only sob quietly as my tormentors got ready for the next part of our transformation, which was a round septum ring, gold just like the previous piercings.

Then they pulled out a pair of medical pliers. Confused and terrified as to what this might be useful for, i tried kicking at them, but my metal restraints didn't make that possible. What i hadn't noticed was that the crotch belt's vertical slit was right under my bulging clit. All the girls regained their strength, just by the prospect of what was going to happen to us, and had started sobbing and screaming again. The two women pulled the sensitive pieces of skin through the leather slit, before piercing it with a sadistic, gold, hollow bar, thick enough for a thin wire to pass through. It was made out of two parts that were screwed together, and became wider on the sides and thinner through the middle, were it passed through my most sensitive part. When the other half was screwed on, it resembled two blooming flowers forcing opposite ways.

Each girl let out screeching screams of agony as the piercing went through their clits. I had never felt such pain in my life! The dreaded clit piercing also had small bells on its sides. The realization that my clit would now be permanently trapped and displayed like that made my heart sink even more.

They grabbed a big tuft of my hair and fashioned it and a single pony-tail, held by leather wraps. To my shock they then pulled out some shavers, and shaved every hair around the ponytail. I struggle to avoid it, but restrained as i am, i can only see my hair as they fall down on the ground. The women then apply the same special ointment they had rubbed our whole bodies earlier, this time on the bald parts of our skull, so that no hair would ever grow there again. Although it didn't hurt, i cried the most during this. I always loved my hair and took extra care of them, and now to see them taken away from me and become part of my transformation into some sort of beast was devastating.

Next, they put my feet into some darker-pink boots that went all the way up to my thighs. The pink leather became thicker and thicker as it progressed from my thighs down to the feet, where it was hard as a rock. On the outside of my calves, the boots had affixed single, round rings, that would prove useful during our "training". Similar to the corset, they were laced all the way through, on the back of the boot, for the tightest fit. It took about 40 minutes for each shoe to be perfectly laced, so that i felt i strong, leather hug on the entire length of my legs.

The worst part was the shoes themselves. They resembled black hooves, complete with steel horseshoes hammered on, and it became quickly apparent that wearing them would force me to stand on the soles of my feet, with my heels raised up. Thankfully, the hooves provided enough surface to stand on.

Lastly, was the head harness -in my case it was pink, of course. It consisted of a bit-gag, between two steel rings (where the reins would connect). From those two rings, came eight leather straps, one pair secured around the back of the head, one sideways, meeting right between the eyes, where a single strap went up the forehead to the top of the head, where all four straps ended in a single ring, that the ponytail was fitted through.

One pair on the sides of the face. Attached to them, was a pair of square-shaped blinders, like the one's horses on carriages wore. Above this humiliating feature though, was another more insulting. A pair of leather, horse ears pointed up, signaling to everyone that whoever wore this wasn't a human being. The last pair of straps buckled under the chin.

In the end, all four of us were fitted with our new clothes. If i had known there, that i would not wear a single "normal" piece of clothing in my life again, i would be more furious with the choice made for us. The Scandinavian girls were dressed in a dark green and light blue outfit, while the black girl next to me was in a bright white leather gear.

Just when the nurses were finishing putting our head-harnesses on, or "gearing us up" (another phrase in their vocabulary that i hated) i saw the woman they called Miss Denise return. She sat in a chair and waited until all her "ponies" as she called us, were prepared. I saw her holding a riding crop, and tried not to think of what she had planned. When the nurses finished with all of us, Denise told them to remove our gags. I had thought if they did it a few hours earlier i could have negotiated my freedom in some way, but now it was clear that it would be pointless. I was also exhausted, physically, but much more, mentally.

"Why are you doing this to us?" I heard one of the Scandinavian sisters. She received a strong smack from the crop on her still healing nipple. "Because i want to! And now that you've given me the chance, let's make one thing clear...You are never to speak in human voice ever again! Ponies do not speak, they only whine and neigh." I was getting mad at her audacity to say such a thing like it was normal! "You can't expect us to act like horses! We're people!" Before i could finish my sentence, the crop swung powerfully across my face. It burned like hell, but i wasn't gonna become anyone's animal! "Someone will find us, you know!" \*WHACK\* Five more strikes followed and i almost fell down, my head spinning and my breasts on fire from the stinking pain.

"Now..." continued Denise as if my small rebellious act had never happened, "you're almost ready to begin your training. All you need is a name. And to make sure you'll never forget your name, we're going to brand it on you." All the other girls began slowly whipping in fear, trying to avoid being hit. I started breathing heavily, trying to gather some strength for the impending suffering.

"Let's see..." Denise stands in front of the black girl first, whose legs were now shaking from fear. "I think i'll name you Beauty, you know, like the Black Beauty. My kids love that movie!" In no time, the branding iron with the word "BEAUTY" was ready. The nurses bend the bound girl over a metal counter and the hot iron sizzled into the girl's flesh, on the lower part of her right butt-cheek. Her screams only made me more nervous, as i knew i was next.

"You. The troublemaker" the woman joked, which made me mad again. Mad that she had all the power in the world at that moment, and i could do nothing to stop her. I hated her with all my being. "Since you're so nicely wrapped in this pink getup, with your pink mane and all, i was thinking something girly...pink and girly...like Candy!"

I wanted to curse at her so bad, but a self-preservation instinct kept me from receiving another mark from the crop. I was led to the same place the girl marked as "Beauty" had been bent over. As the iron touched my flesh, i let out a scream so loud, i thought i would never utter a word again. The saddest thing was, that statement seemed true at the time.

My first day of "training" started without much promise of a good future in sight. It quickly became apparent that walking in those hooves was almost impossible! I couldn't take two or three tiny steps before losing my balance, and so did the other three girls. Miss Denise didn't care much though, and "encouraged" us to move along, with the help of that damn riding crop.

We stepped outside the stables into the hot sun and i saw dozens of girls, bound like me, in a huge field. Each was doing some form of task. The field had lots of dirt-roads carved through the green grass. Two "ponies" came by, about 30 yards away from where we're standing, carrying a cart with a woman, presumably a trainer, sitting on its single seat. I noticed the reins she was holding, that ended on bits fitted on either girls' mouths. They both also had the same set of leather blinders on them, that prevented them from looking left or right, but only straight ahead. They seemed to be doing much better with their hoof-boots than me, at the moment.



There was so many things wrong with what i was witnessing, but my attention was guided towards Miss Denise by another whip of the crop. The two blonde Scandinavian girls, one dressed in green straps and the other in light blue, (i was in too much of a shock from the recent branding to learn what their new names were), were taken away by another female trainer. Was any man working here? At the same time, Miss Denise led me and the black girl, who was harnessed in a white leather outfit, to a remote corner of the area.

"Now, you learned the first rule. Ponies don't speak. The second thing ponies do, is trot. That's what you're gonna learn today." We both looked at her, worried and confused. She made a line on the dirt with her crop, then another one at about 15 yards distance. "March at a steady speed, and always raise your knees up until the thighs are straight. Begin!"

I thought of the ridiculousness of that moment, of everything that was happening so far. It was all utterly fucked up! I wanted to charge at the dumb brunette, but i was pretty certain the only thing i would accomplish was fall face first on the muddy ground, since my hands were useless, tied behind my back. That and a few more red marks from the crop.

Me and "Beauty" both started trotting as the woman had instructed. I could see from a few glimpses of her, that she was driven by fear throughout all the shit we've been through. She seemed submissive and obedient already. I wasn't going to turn into one of their show-horses. I wasn't going to become anyone's slave! With these thoughts in my mind i went back and forth our assigned route. Miss Denise watched carefully and corrected any misdemeanors on our trotting with the increasingly familiar, leather crop.

After about an hour, during which all that was heard was the clattering of our hooves and the bells on our breasts, jingling happily (what irony!), my skin was glistening with sweat. The pain, from the dildo stretching my sphincter was becoming greater. Even though i was trying to concentrate on my walking, which was hard by itself in those boots, it was even more difficult to forget that i had two large sex-toys inside me at all times. I was so full i thought i would simply burst! The worst part was the unwanted stimulation that i got, from my clit being rubbed on the leather strap with every step. It became very disorienting after a while.

"Enough! We can't do this anymore!" I yelled at last at the surprised woman. "Beauty" was on the verge of collapsing, and i wasn't hanging well, either. Denise's face became harsher than the last time i had exhibited free will. She grabbed me by the little hair i had, left, and shoved my face into the dirt. "Keep fighting me Candy, you'll see i don't mind at all, in fact, i enjoy it sometimes" she said to me while i took a good taste of the soil i was walking on. She kept my head still while giving me 10 more

lashes with the crop on my exposed ass. I tried my hardest not to moan, i didn't wanna give her that satisfaction. I was more pissed at the black girl, who just sat there and watched my punishment without saying a word.

After another two hours of mindless trotting, the sun was starting to set and we were both led back into the stables. They were full this time, most of the "ponies" had returned from whatever obscene ordeal they'd been through. I noticed that the space, while large, was mostly used for storage if used at all! Each girl was placed in an individual pen, which was no larger than 5 square feet! Most of them were already resting, as comfortable as one could in these conditions, lying on some hay that was inside their pens. Since the pen doors were locked, i couldn't get a chance to see them. But i could hear the faint moans and swifts and turns of their bodies on the hay.

After our Asian care-takers released us from the painful straps binding our arms together, (which was a big relief, as i was starting to get painful cramps). They didn't left our hands free, though. Why was i even thinking that was a possibility?! They carabineers in our metal wrist bands came in use, as they were easily clipped on the side hooks of our corsets, restraining as in a simpler manner, not because they cared about us all of a sudden, but to avoid any circulation problems.

Miss Denise fitted me and the black girl with our personal matching pink and white leather collars, that had the names "CANDY" and "BEAUTY" engraved into them respectively. I thought at least it was time that i got some rest, and maybe have a chance to plan an escape from this crazy place. But the evil bitch had more things to torment us with. She brought two grim looking leather hoods. These ones weren't as well polished and soft as the ones we wore, (and that's saying something, cause these ones aren't comfy either). They were plain brown, very thick leather hoods, with two curved horse ears on either side. As she pulled it over Beauty's head, her black ponytail went through a fitting opening on the top, and the hood covered her eyes and ears, ending just above her nose.

The girl was unable to see anything, and didn't hear much too. The hood ended on a thick metal bit, leaving only her chin and a small part of her cheeks visible. The woman pressed the bit into the girl's mouth, to make sure it wouldn't budge, then tied the laces on the back of it tightly. I heard soft sobs coming from the girl, she was definitely terrified of her newest accessory. "Sshh, it's all right, you'll get used to it" Denise pushed her inside her stall without a single fuck given.

She locked her inside and turned to face me. "You asshole! Can't you see she's crying!? what is wrong with you people?" i let out, not caring how things turned out the last time i yelled at her. She slapped me hard with her hand, more angry than cocky this time. She had a heavy hand. I lost my

balance and fell down. "I was thinking of letting your disobedience slip, since it's your first day and all, but we'll do it your way now."

She hastily put my hood on, tightening it extra roughly, so the bit dug painfully on the corner of my lips, then i was blindly guided inside an empty pen. She set me in front of a wooden post on the side of the tiny stall that had lots of mounted rings on it. They were always in pairs, and in 5 different levels, about 2 inches between each. Denise took two chains with leash clip on either end, and after checking for the perfect height of wall-rings that would force me to stand uncomfortably tall, she clipped the others ends on my nipple piercings. I wondered how the hell was i supposed to fall asleep like that, but the dark-haired witch didn't seem to bother with those questions.

If that wasn't enough torture, a thin, flexible piece of wire, was also produced, and was delicately pushed through the hollow stud on my protruding clit, like threading a needle, then tied it off to a lower ring on the wall, which was on about the same level as my pelvis, if not a couple of inches higher. Blind as i was, i realized that i couldn't move an inch away, without putting painful pressure on my most sensitive parts.

"And an extra touch, just for you, since you were so bend on receiving punishments today" she said, although i wasn't hearing much at this point. I felt her run piece of rope through my septum ring and tie it on the highest ring that was left. I was completely immobilized, only able to stand on these awkward boots, naked and exhausted from trotting for three hours straight! "Goodnight, my little Candy!" she said sarcastically and i felt a kiss on the exposed part of my left cheek.

As the woman closed the pen wooden door and left me, surrounded by people and yet totally confined and isolated, i sat there, contemplating on what an awful night laid in front of me. Images of my friends and my family came to me, like visions induced by my sensory deprivation, and i let go of all the despair i was pushing back all day. I wept and wept, tears and drool and sweat all becoming one, as i stood there, wondering whether i'll see any of them again, in what was sure to be, a sleepless night.

\*Clip Clop Clip Clop Clip Clop\*

I hear the muffled sound of hooves, as i regain consciousness, for what seemed like the 100th time. Blinded by the tight "night-hood" i had no idea it was 10 in the morning, and that the barely audible sound was the first group of ponygirls, being led to the training camp. I had spent the torturous night, drifting in and out of sleep, in 5 minute intervals, before my body relaxed too much, and my own weight pulled on my restrained tits, nose and clit. "I thought only horses could sleep standing up" the thought came to my head, too exhausted to note the irony of my predicament. I had collectively slept about two hours, and my whole body was on fire, my muscles tense from the continuous upright position i was forced to maintain by my bonds.

Suddenly, i sensed a presence, someone entering inside my block. It was one of Denise's stable girls. At last!!! Someone came to free me! I couldn't yet see the young Texan girl, but i could feel her untying the rope on my nose, then the pull on my nose loosen, followed by my breasts and finally my trapped nubbin. I felt so grateful to whoever was doing me this favor, for the pain they relieved me, then, i immediately cursed myself for showing any gratitude to the people that put me there in the first place. "These are monsters, Claire, you can't let them trick you like that" i said to myself, silently, as the metal bit of the horse-hood was still wedged between my teeth.

"Ya must be thirsty" said the girl as she removed the thick hood, the light coming through the cracks of the stable to powerful for my deprived eyes. I saw her wheat-blond hair, and those thin, southern eyes. She was wearing a cowboy hat and some matching riding boots, to go with her plaid shirt and jeans. I shyly nodded to her, afraid of speaking and losing her good faith. With all the pain distracting my body, i had forgotten how hungry and thirsty i was. The Texan cowgirl, who i later learned was called Vanessa, clipped a 4-foot-long thin chain on my septum ring, and without saying a word, started exiting my stable-pen, holding the other in her hand. I stumbled behind her in my unwalkable boots, afraid to have my nose ripped off.

Outside of the stalls, on one side of the stable, was a narrow but long trough, filled with hastily chopped carrots, onions and other vegetables, all swimming in a muddy soup. Vanessa led me there, affixing my nose-chain to another ring, on the wall right in front of me, as she waited for me to eat. I looked at the other side of where i was standing, where two women, a half-black woman in a blue ponysuit, and a Greek girl in a purple one. They were gluttonously bending over the filthy trough, biting and slurping whatever they could reach, their hands uselessly bound like mine. I was shocked by the sight. I couldn't take my eyes off them. They displayed absolutely no grace, not even a sign of human decency, in how they behaved. They appeared like wild beasts, their faces half-covered with their meal, the brown water running down their chins.

"Come on filly, i haven't got all day" said the stable girl bored, and turned my attention over to my unappetizing meal. I was a very peaky eater, from a young age, and despised most vegetables; i never

had things like broccoli or cauliflower. Lucky to be blessed with a great metabolism, i could eat virtually all the spaghetti, pizza or burgers i wanted, and i would keep my slim physique. This thing, presented in front of me, was nothing sort of a sewer, for my tastes. But my survival instinct kicked in. As i went to kneel, to get closer to my despised meal, Vanessa disciplined me by smacking my bare ass cheek. "No kneeling, only like those two..." she corrected me. "And no hunching either" she added. She was right. The two ponygirls, both over 3 years under Denise's "care" where precisely bending at the waist, to reach the low trough, their firm legs straight, their tails sticking proudly out, along with their asses, which showed repeated marks of whipping.

I tried my best, thinking of how i would arch my back, whenever i was having a sexy photo-shoot for the blog. I did just that, lowering my upper body near the trough. The woman seemed satisfied. The smell was already putrid, like what i was standing over a sewer. As i took a very reluctant bite, i spat it immediately back. That was the drop that spilled the glass. Vanessa produced a crop, that was resting on the holster of her jean-shorts, and grabbed me by my single ponytail, the only hair i had left. I let a painful yelp, but she didn't let up, nor did she speak. Holding my braid as low as her hand would go, she beat my milk-white butt relentless, until it was nicely red. It only took about a minute, but i definitely didn't want to be on that receiving end. With tears in my eyes, and my fighting spirit diminished, i gulped down the pony-stew, being careful to maintain the instructed position. I was in no mood for any more rebellious acts.

When i was done, the woman - cheerful as can be, like the fact she had just abused me, had never occurred! - harnessed me with the familiar from yesterday ,head harness (containing my bit and blinders, not to mention those humiliating horse ears) and led me outside, always pulling me by my nose-chain. I would find out that this was the easiest way to led a ponygirl around, and everyone trainer followed that protocol. There was a reason, of course. That sensitive piece of flesh gave me no chance of fighting back or pulling on my leash, it hurt too much, and also, no girl wanted her nose ripped off.

The chilly air sent a shiver through my whole body. How could it not? I was practically naked for god's sake! My anger was fully internalized this time, as Vanessa led me to the training camp. After not much walking, we reached a tall, round pole, in the middle of a dry field. There stood already the three other girls i had shared this horrific journey with, a man, holding all their nose-ring leashes in one hand. Their new name-collars betraying the new lifestyle we were all seemingly chosen for. There was the dark "Beauty" the green wearing Scandinavian, "Sunlight" and her twin in light blue, "Moonlight". Denise thought it'd be fun to name them with matching names. Next to the man was standing an imposing black woman, dressed in a tight, athletic but elegant dark blue bodysuit. Nevertheless, she wore tall platform heels and held a long bullwhip in one hand, a smaller leather crop sat in a handle on her belt. The look on her eyes brought a chill down my spine. Whatever this woman was doing here, i wanted no part in.

"You're late" she said to Vanessa, with a cold tone. "Miss, the pony was taking too long to eat..." the younger woman tried to defend herself, but the woman cut her off. "Never mind, prepare them, so we can start". Now that i was attached to the weird looking device, its purpose seemed clearer. From the pole's sides, sprang four horizontal bars, each 5 meters in length, standing about 1.5 meters of the ground. When i saw that from each bar's far end, hanged a pair of small clip chains, I started to put the pieces of our ordeal together.

One by one, each girl was clipped onto the contraption, by their handy nipple rings. Vanessa left to tend to other responsibilities, but the man stayed. The powerful woman spoke loudly and clearly, with an air that showed she had done this countless times. "This here is the start of your training, i know it's still early in your development and you still act and think as humans, but we're about to put an end to that, and guide you towards fulfilling your purpose". She paced slowly and assertively around us, as she spoke. "Every pony-girl should follow these rules, for they are the measure of its quality and value. I'm Miss Nina, or Mistress Nina, for you. And you should try to keep me happy, if you know what's good for you..." she let that last sentence ring in our ears.

"So, first things first..." she begun, "a pony's posture is probably the most important thing. A pony's stance must at all times be prideful and elegant, displaying discipline and beauty". As the scary woman continued her speech, i couldn't help but think, that this was the weirdest sort of class i would ever take in my life. My mind rushed to my art class years, were the teacher would address us while walking around the class. A big difference was the teacher never intended to whip us if we didn't perform to his standards.

"The posture has the feet staying straight, the back straight, breasts pushed forward, ass perked out. Your eyes are to always face forward, looking at a handler without permission is a big sign of an untamed ponygirl..." Mistress Nina continued. "I want to see your very best stance" she then said, and producing her long, trusty bullwhip, she cracked it loudly in the air, creating a sound that made my heart skipped a beat (and i'm sure everyone else's, too).

The threat of the whip, without even a direct contact, worked wonders for our attention. I tried to make my body as model-like and appealing as instructed, also remembering my previous lesson in front of the trough. With each of us holding their position as still as statues, the trainer inspected each "ponygirl" from up close. I got a good couple of strikes for slacking on my waist, and accidentally trailing my eyes towards her, a single glance, was enough to earn my tits two big red welts. I renewed my concentration, until the damn witch was satisfied and moved on to the black girl, "Beauty". When she reached one of the blonde, fit twins, the one named "Moonlight" she started shaking, scared of sharing the previous girl's experience with the crop. That really messed her pose, and ironically, got her much more painful smacks on her body, than she might else have gotten.

"Ponies do NOT talk. As a response to anything, you are only allowed to stomp your right hove. It's a sign that you understand your orders, and you comply with them. Failing to respond when someone addresses you is also a very serious mistake. Did you understand that ponies?" the black woman asked us with meaning. We all haphazardly stomped our hooved and pedaled boots on the dirt. "I'm happy to

hear that, but i want you to do it at exactly the same time. Another thing you will learn is that ponygirls need to work as a single unit. Synchronization is key. So, are you ready to learn how to be good ponies?"

All four of the captive women, stomped their right hooves in unison. None of us wanted to learn how to be a good pony.

With the introductive notes out of the way, it was time for the main part of today's training to begin. Miss Nina signaled to the man still standing further away from us. The man, a bearded guy past his forties, pressed a button on a remote control, and the machine sprang to life, the center pole rotating, the affixed nipple chains pulling me along with it. I didn't have time to think of what was going on, my nipples' physical integrity was at stake! I followed where the bar in front of me lead me. That was a circular route, around the center pole, its speed controlled by the remote. Miss Nina informed us that this was the "warm up speed" although i had already trouble keeping up with the bar's movement, the dreaded hoof-heels making my job more difficult than it already was.

Soon, i fell into a rhythmic pace, trotting with my knees as high as "requested" by my "trainer". At least i was doing better than "Beauty". The girl probably had never wore high heels in her life, and was having a tough time, just balancing on her new white footwear, let alone trotting like a horse. She was punished for her poor performance with a kiss of the whip across her bare bottom, the red line it left was visible for a week afterwards. After that, she was, all of sudden, much better at prancing in her uncomfortable boots. "Thank god i was modeling all these stiletto heels for the blog" i thought to myself.

Just the squeak the poor girl made though her bit, as Miss Nina's bullwhip stroke her, made me fear it even more. But, sooner or later, i too, got a taste of the leather. The trainer's instructions were so strict, and many, we had to keep track of so many things simultaneously, along with being dragged by our nipples, that at some point, all of us slipped. I had "relaxed my posture" as the hated woman had corrected me. I let out an involuntary grunt, as the whip curled around my waist and slashed my abdomen. It was so much worse than the crop, the pain lingered like someone pressed an ironing board on your skin.

Although i didn't fare much worse than the "Beauty" "Moonlight" and "Sunlight" i got the most whips for being vocal, about my dislike for the way we were being treated. Gagged with the pink bit, those protests were nothing intelligible, but were nonetheless a sign of resistance, which Miss Nina didn't tolerate. My struggling inside my leather and steel bonds, was also a punishable offence, and with each

progressing whip mark on my tits, ass, legs and back, with each painful moan i made, i grew more furious at my weakness to do anything to stand up for myself.

We continued at this "beginner's pace" throughout the day, with Miss Nina correcting our slightest mishap. I hated her so much. I hated everything about this place! During my first two days here, i had the clarity and freedom to dwell on that boiling hate, albeit in my mind, that freedom had, too, been taken away. With my mind racing on keeping my knees raised high, keeping my back and waist straight and keeping my gate firm and stable, there was no time to focus on anything else. No time to hate, no time to dwell, no time to fester.

For 4 hours we trotted in that same repeating circle. After a while, i was in a sort of trance, my brain numb with the sear repetition, my eyes experiencing the same sight of my route, over and over and over again. The blinders kept me from any distractions, my head too scared to turn, Nina's bullwhip always available. The dark dominant woman guided as along our first "round". She only took a few, short minute breaks, leaving her assistant to notify her of any mistakes, during her absence. Though my activity was mind-numbingly boring, it didn't mean it had become automatic or easy. I still had to be on my "feet" - pardon my pun, to comply with Miss Nina's specifications and avoid the heating pain. "Higher knees, oh god my back is killing me... gotta keep it straight though... and don't hunch, i have to have my breasts perked up... fuck, don't forget the knees, ouch, my nipples are going to be torn off, gotta keep up...!" was my constant internal monologue.

On a couple of occasions, Miss Denise dropped by the training grounds, to check up on our progress. I was forbidden from taking my eyes away from their straight forward line, but i could tell she had hers fixed on me, with that same mean smile she had the day i was brought at her stables. While passing right by her, i couldn't help myself, giving her nothing more than a timid glance, which she spotted. "Stop the merry" ordered Denise at once. "Merry" was the word they used for this contraption, as a shortened version of a merry-go-round. "This pony looked at me, Nina" she told the woman, pointing at me. "Dammit" i cursed myself internally. This could not end well. The rotation stopped and we all stood there, presented as Nina had taught us. "I think you ought to be stricter with Candy, she's a wild one" the brunette informed her trainer. Denise then walked right next to me. I was scared shitless, but i tried to maintain my posture, and stay brave. "I'll keep an eye on her" the black body-suited woman assured her.

"You don't want to make Miss Nina sad, don't you... Candy?" Denise spoke to me, and lowered her hand on the front of my crotch belt. Out of my sight, i felt my pierced clit being pinched, by the woman's thumb and index finger. I felt the woman slightly rotating my horizontal piercing back and forth, twisting my clitoris along with it. She knew i wanted to scream at her, to leave me alone, to tell her to go fuck herself. I did want all of those things. But i did none of them. I snorted through my ringed nose, trying to alleviate the uncomfortable feeling between my legs. "Miss Denise asked you a question!" i heard Miss Nina say, followed by an extra heavy, slam of the whip against my bottom. I



moaned loudly on my bit. "I'm going to kill the two of you!" i wanted to say it so bad, but defeated, i stomped my right foot on the muddy soil. I hated myself, for giving them that satisfaction. But i was defenseless; i was left with no choice. "She'll make a great filly, i promise you" said Nina to Denise.

We took a half-hour break, the bearded man leaving our bits to hang from one side, as he squeezed a sports water bottle over our thirsty mouths, before continuing our trotting training for 4 more hours. If the first half was tough, the second half was agonizing. With virtually no sleep last night, my body started giving up, earlier than the other three ponygirls. Numerous times i was disciplined for my imperfect stride. My body was covered with red whip marks. The sweat dripping from all over my body, the dust my hooves raised with every step, and the saliva, from my constant involuntary drooling, caused by the thick bit between my teeth, that dribbled down my chin, neck and breasts. All three had been caked together onto my skin.

If i stopped for a second to think about it, i would be mortified at how filthy my body was. But i had no time to do that, i had to keep trotting, i could not stop, not while the bar kept pulling me along. "Just one more round" i told myself, "just one more round then it'll be over" i kept lying to myself, tricking my body into pushing for a little longer. When Miss Nina finally signaled for the "merry" to be turned off, we were all a sweaty, exhausted mess, our legs trembling, fighting just to stand.

Throughout the next weeks, a pattern started emerging. A couple of hours after dawn, we would be led out of our stalls, always pulled by the chain attached to our nose rings, and after our gross breakfast, which i quickly learn to appreciate more with each day, we were taken to the "merry" where Miss Nina waited with her trusty bull whip, like a sadistic Indiana Jones. That 5 meter radius circle was walked on so many times, i was certain i could trace every little piece of dirt on it, with my hooved feet alone. The walking on the tall platform boots was as tough as nails, but after the first week, we had it down to a science, so Miss Nina upped the ante, and the merry-go-round's speed. She never let us get comfortable. As soon as i was settling in on a routine, she would ask more of me, more precision, more flair, more and more and more. It wasn't a question of whether i would deliver those demands it was just a question of when. Sooner, meant less pain, while the longer, more stubborn approach -which was what i foolishly chose - meant getting very intimate with my trainer's whip.

I couldn't help myself. All my life, i had been a confident and strong-willed person. I had a way of getting myself out of difficult situations, and getting what i wanted out of everything and everyone. That wasn't the case here.

The training included another way of monitoring our trotting, one which was especially helpful whenever Miss Nina had to attend other responsibilities. It was a flat pad that was strapped around the lower part of my corset, so that its surface was parallel to the ground. From the device, sprang two cables, with electrodes at their ends. These would be carefully placed on each lip of my outer labia, the areas that the crotch belt didn't obscure. Once turn on the desired speed setting, my knees would have to make contact with the pad at every step of my way, or else a powerful shock of electricity would transmit from the device, through the electrodes, and on my sensitive privates. It came as no shock - again with the stupid puns - that we all improved our error-ratio, regarding the intensity of our trotting. The shocks hurt so bad; especially on that sensitive part of flesh, none of us wanted to trigger it. The shock's volume could also be set, to motivate any ponygirl that might have thought it wasn't that bad.

At some point, we would take a break for water and, usually during that break the caretaker would unscrew our clit rings, thus releasing our strapped crotch belts. They would leave us like that for about 10 minutes. It felt SOOO GOOD to have my crotch being able to breath, but my relief was always diminished by the angst of having to pee and/or poop, within that small time-frame. That was the only window of opportunity we had to "go to the bathroom" unless we were lucky and got two breaks for some reason. I had learned firsthand, that pissing on your crotch belt was a BIIIIIG no-no. It had earned me another sleepless night, mounted by my nose and nipple rings. And every ponygirl knew, that was a hell of a price to pay, especially if you factored in, the exhausting next day you'd have to carry through, sleepless and devoid of any energy. It was simply not achievable.

So, without many words, you just couldn't soil yourself, unless your handler granted you that freedom. As far as our hygiene was scheduled, a weekly hosing with a piercingly powerful, frozen cold stream of water was all we got. I came to have mixed feeling about these moments, too, as the putrid stench of my worked out body, made the need for a bath increasingly dire, with each passing day.

The sun would set when we would be done for the day. The crew would then return the exhausted group of horse-women to the stables, where we would have our last meal for the day, before locking us in our respective stalls, all hooded and always secured from the steel cuffs on our sides. The most "liked" of ponygirls had their stall filled with plenty of soft hay, for them to sleep on. My stall had like, 12 pieces of hays, a result of my "free" spirit, as the crew liked to jokingly call it. Of course, i wanted to sleep in that soft hay! But my pride had only caused me troubles, throughout my captivity.

Still, i had made improvements, always leaning seductively over my trough and water pen, albeit still trying to hide my embarrassment. Some ponygirls even shook their asses, knowing full well that some cowboy or cowgirl was getting the view. These were mostly women that were years in Denise's captivity, but i even saw the Swedish bitches do it after a month! How low do they value themselves? i thought. I saw a lot of ponies sway their breasts or shake their ass and hips, while in the presence's of the stable staff. The reason was simple. They got better treatment, the more they sunk their self-

esteem and humanity, the more they entertained their masters. The workers were more lenient on any small mishaps, and treated those ponygirls with sugar cubes, and other more obscene treats.

There were more than a few occasions, where a despicable girl would earn herself a gentle rub on her protruding clit, either by a male or female handler. Though, these types of rewards mostly came from the supervisor herself, Miss Denise. The more experienced ponygirls knew this, and they often put forward their best efforts in pleasing her, with their submissiveness and presentation, if they happened to be around her presence.

I looked down on these women, viewed as weak and lowly. As if my status in this place was different than theirs, as if they had chosen to be there, and only i was held against my will. I was not seeing the effects of my re-conditioning, reasoning with my own shameless behavior, all the sexy prancing and butt perking and humiliating obedience. I disregarded it all, as something i just "had to do" to avoid pain. And then, maybe an opportunity would arise, maybe something would happen, and i would return to my own life, going to college, taking cosplay photos and playing LoL. I was so naive back then.