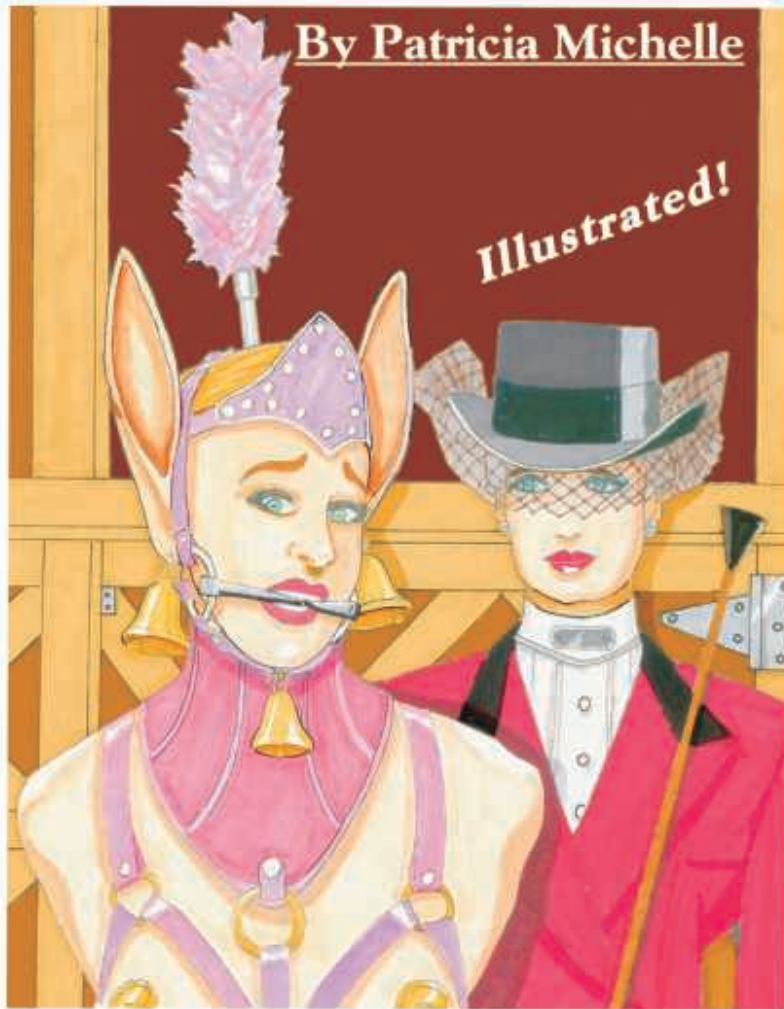


HOW I BECAME MY WIFE'S PONY.

By Patricia Michelle

Illustrated!



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How I Became My Wife's Pony.

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 How I became my wife's pony.

My name is, or was, Robert Scott. I'm married; at least I cling to that belief. I still try to think of Hilary as my wife, but more correctly she's now my Riding Mistress. She no longer addresses me as Robert, but as "Sunshine." For to her I am her thoroughly trained pony boy. Who she rides, exercises and trains daily. On weekends I become her show pony, competing with other ponies in shows around the country.

I no longer share her bedroom. When used as her stud she mounts me in my paddock. There's a stable just behind the house, which is where I'm kept.

In the middle stall where she once kept her favorite horse, Bright Sun.

She cares for me just as she did Bright Sun. I'm now her favorite pony. I have all I want to drink, from a trough of course, all the oats I want from a feedbag, and she always ensures there's fresh straw in the stall.

I can't complain, even if I could, for I'm always kept harnessed in a bridle and bit. Although when not being ridden, trained or exercised my bit is not the harsh, steel ones that can cruelly hurt if I'm not immediately responsive. In the stable I wear a less confining harness, the straps not tightened to the limit, and a rubber bit, buckled just tight enough so it's impossible to dislodge. My hands are always fastened to the rings of the sturdy collar locked on me. As soon as I'm put in my stall my hooves are hobbled, so even if I did get out I wouldn't go far.

You can imagine how impossible it is for me to believe that Hilary actually thinks of me as her prized pony. To her she has found a replacement for her beloved Bright Sun, and I'm it. I sometimes think she has lost track of reality, and at other times I'm convinced of it.

How I came to be a pony was gradual I wasn't even aware of it at first. Then it began escalating. When I finally began protesting it was far too late. Hilary simply ignored my feeble protests, seeming not to understand me, or my protests.

I knew, even before we married, that she was an avid horsewoman. She wasn't just devoted, she was passionate. I actually got jealous at times as I felt she loved Bright Sun more than me.

As a successful novelist, and Hilary an equally successful real estate agent, we had enough money to buy our dream house. As it turned out, in reality, it was her dream house. Secluded, out in the countryside, on 20 wooded acres, with a small stable. I never minded that she was such a determined woman, not domineering, but very assertive. When she wanted something she always got her way. It didn't bother me, I was in love, and whatever made her happy was fine with me.

What started my gradual conversion into a pony was the day Hilary went out for her early morning ride only to come back devastated and in tears. On her ride Bright Sun had come up lame. She had a vet come out to take a look at him within the hour. It turned out that he'd suffered a serious stress fracture. It would take weeks of mending, he said, and gave the horse only a slim chance.

Hilary was in shock and inconsolable for days. One morning she came down in her riding habit, ready for her ride. Tenderly I reminded her of Bright Sun's condition, which caused her to break into sobs.

"I completely forgot. Oh god, what am I going to do? I miss my early morning and afternoon rides so much I don't know what to do. I just feel lost," she cried.

I felt so sorry for her, I really didn't know what to do. Then, I suddenly remembered our vacation at the beach.

"Well, I'm no substitute, but I could give you a ride, like I did at the beach. You thought it was a lot of fun," I offered.

“Yes, it really was, you’re sure you wouldn’t mind?” she asked.

“No, of course not, I’d be delighted,” I said, which, in hindsight, was the start of my gradual transition, only I didn’t know it at the time. I really wish I had now.

“Well, I’m dressed for my ride, so why not?” she said, picking up her riding crop, which foolishly I paid no attention to.

“Just one thing, the shirt will have to go, you know I love riding bareback,” she directed.

Which was really no problem. I’m athletic with broad shoulders, I’d say five inches taller than Hilary, who weights a willowy 118.

Without thinking she smacked my behind with her riding crop. Not hard, but it did sting. Unfortunately I didn’t say anything. I was sure she’d just forgotten that she wasn’t riding Bright Sun, and just did what she always did.

She had a well-worn riding path through a meadow to the woods and around a small lake. Carrying her was no problem at all and we went along comfortably for about thirty minutes.

“This is so great! I almost feel like I’m back up on Bright Sun,” she laughed.

“Let’s see if you can trot for me,” she said, this time smacking both cheeks with her crop which smarted a lot more. I immediately responded to, again not mentioning her smacks with the crop. I was just happy that Hilary was happy, and after all they stung, but didn’t hurt.

After about fifteen minutes, breathing heavily, I said, “I need to slow down now, Hilary.”

“You do? I was really hoping I could get a gallop out of you, like you did at the beach,” she said, sounding so disappointed that I replied, “Just give me ten minutes and I’ll see what I can do.”

When we got back to the meadow, she said, “How about here to the house? Yes? Well let’s go!” she hollered excitedly.

Smacking me several times I was off and running, or galloping.

“Faster, faster!” she hollered, freely applying the crop to both cheeks.

When we finally got to the house I was utterly exhausted. “Down,” she ordered, and I gratefully sank to my knees.

Chapter-2 Rewarded for being a good pony.

“You make an excellent substitute pony. I almost feel like giving you a rub down like I do Bright Sun after a good ride. And a reward, like I give him, a carrot or sugar cube,” she laughed, and I did as well.

“Oh, I know,” she said, shocking me by unzipping my fly and fondling me until I couldn’t help but become stiffly erect. “I know I’ve been neglecting this lately, but if you give a really good ride this afternoon I promise you that I won’t,” she added, taking her hand away just when I was about to explode. I quickly made up my mind to give her the ride of her life, not realizing that she had found the perfect training technique that I couldn’t help but eagerly respond to.

That afternoon I tried as hard as I could to give her a better ride and I think I succeeded. Although it really exhausted me. Reaching into my shorts I was soon receiving my reward, once again I was tantalizingly, quiveringly erect.

"That's much better," she said, pulling out my stiff penis and using it to lead me, not to the house, but to the stables. Of course I eagerly followed.

"The only thing is I can see how exhausted you are. I think it would help if you worked out with your weights, especially your legs, then you wouldn't get so tired, and my ride would last longer. Would you do that for me?" she asked, and frankly in the state I was in I would have agreed to anything.

Where she led me was into one of the stalls that had fresh hay. In no time I was on my back, Hilary had pulled her riding pants down just enough to mount me, and was riding me for all she was worth on top.

At just the crucial moment, or the worst, she suddenly stopped. "You can't believe how your rides have brought me back to life. I just wanted to 'thank you,'" she said. I was so happy to have her "back" sort of speak, I then said the words I would sorely, desperately take back, if only I could.

"I'd be more than happy to continue doing so, until Bright Sun gets better. I can see how happy it's made you."

"Then until he gets better you're willing to be my pony?" she asked.

"Well, yes, in a manner of speaking," I laughed, but when I looked up Hilary had a very serious expression on her face.

“Oh, that’s so great. But we are going to have to make some adjustments. That is if you’re going to take this seriously.”

Chapter-3 Making a few adjustments.

“Seriously? Of course I’ll take it seriously, what kind of adjustments do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, I have a few thoughts and ideas. First, as I said, I want you to start lifting weights again every day. As to adjustments, if you’re going to take Bright Sun’s place, until he gets better, I think you should look and act more like a pony,” she said.

“What, what does that mean? You want me to look and act more like a pony. I really don’t understand,” I said, surprised and taken aback by her pronouncement.

“Oh, I’m just playing. I think it would be a lot of fun. I don’t know exactly what I’m thinking. But, pretending you’re a real pony will make my rides more, ah, real. As if it’s Bright Sun I’m really riding, you see? It’s just make believe, but you’ll need to trust me. If you will then it’ll make me so happy,” she said, and chose that moment to start riding me again. I would have promised anything, and foolishly, I did.

“Well then, the first thing we need to do is to get you some studier hooves. I noticed you slipping and sliding a lot in the loose dirt and leaves.”

“Hooves?” was all I could get out.

“It’s just a figure of speech. I’m just pretending, what I meant was perhaps a pair of boots. They’d re-enforce your ankles. I certainly don’t want the

same thing happening to my new pony that happened to Bright Sun,” she stated seriously.

“Probably a good idea, I really wouldn’t want to turn, or sprain, an ankle,” I admitted.

“Then we need to do something about your hair, it keeps getting caught in my legs. The thing is I really like you with long hair. Actually I think you’d look even better with it even longer,” she said, which I didn’t have a problem with.

So, “just for laughs,” or so I thought, I became Hilary’s new pony. But, unfortunately, I was to learn that she was taking it much more seriously than I was, and she started almost immediately.

Right after dinner she took me to the room where I had my weights. “Alright, lets get you started. Let’s see how many leg lifts you can do,” she said in that assertive voice that I’d come to learn meant no argument.

Hilary might have been a very successful real estate agent, but an hour later, as I gasped, barely able to move, I was convinced she’d also make a quite sadistic personal trainer.

“Well, that’s a start. We’ll do one hour in the morning and one hour at night, so put it on your schedule,” she instructed, then added, “Every morning I’ll meet you at the hitching post at 8:30.”

Boy, Hilary was really getting into this, I thought.

Chapter-4 But those are women’s boots!

So there I stood the next morning, by the hitching post, as Hilary walked over in her riding gear,

crop in one hand, and in the other a pair of short, red boots that I'd seen her wear a few times. At first I couldn't figure out why she had them. Then I suddenly realized, to my shock, that she was bringing them for me! She couldn't be serious, I was sure, but she was.

"I think you'll have much more traction with these, and a lot more support for your ankles," she said.

"B-But those are your boots. I mean they're women's boots. I can't wear women's boots," I sputtered.

"Now, now, you said you'd trust me. Nobody is around to see and either I have big feet, or yours are small, so I'm pretty sure they'll fit. Since we're just pretending don't think of these as women's boots, but as pony hooves. Now take off your sneakers and hold your right foot out to me," she ordered. Naturally I prayed that they wouldn't fit, but unfortunately they did, albeit tightly. When she'd finished lacing both she ordered me "up" and I looked down to see two perfectly booted feet. They felt quite strange, which was the result of the one-inch platform soles and four inch block heels. The she told me to walk around her, which I did until she could see I had obviously made an adjustment and could at least walk in them.

I had to admit the arched boot and heels didn't give me as much problems as I thought they would. The thick, rigid soles did steady me, and I could feel the extra support the laced boots gave to my ankles.

Taking out a brush she said, "Now it's time to get that hair out of the way."

What I could feel her doing was brushing my hair, all around, straight up. Her brushing was almost painful, but eventually she seemed satisfied.

"There, a perfect ponytail for my pony," she declared, obviously thinking a ponytail most appropriate. I couldn't help feeling for what she'd put around it. But all I could feel was something made of stiff leather, like a band about five inches long, that was laced on. It held my ponytail straight up. I couldn't help wondering how it looked, but there was no time. Mounting me she said, "We'll go slow today, I won't put you to a gallop until I see you've adjusted to your new hooves."

So, now I had hooves and a ponytail. I couldn't imagine what would come next.

True to her word Hilary was very careful of me in my hooves. She still flicked her crop to get me moving, but I was getting used to that, kind of.

She did teach me something new on our ride. "You'll need to learn to take direction more properly, responding to my heels when I want you to go left or right. If I give your right flank a little kick, like this, I want you go right. If I give you a sharper kick, like this, I want you to turn more sharply. One kick with both boots means I want you to walk, two means I want you to trot, and three with both heels means I want you to gallop. "Unfortunately," she said wistfully, "you're not wearing a harness or bit. So, I guess for now, if I pull on your ponytail it means to slow down. If I pull sharply on it, it means to stop right where you are."

Her kicks were more like short jabs, which did actually hurt a little. You see, Hilary's riding boots were quite traditional except that they had quite

high and very slender heels. I presumed they were to add to her height and help her mount Bright Sun.

So at times, when she directed me with her heels she'd turn them in and give me a sharp jab and I'd let out a startled yelp. Mostly she apologized, but a couple of times she commandingly said, "When I want you to turn, I mean now, not two or three steps later. It feels like you're day dreaming, pay attention!"

Which I did, for which I received a pat on the head and a, "Good boy, very good!"

I received another "good boy" for the good ride I gave her for which I was rewarded by being frigged to a throbbing, tortuous hard on. Leaving me high and dry I was determined to give her the best ride I could that afternoon.

On the way back to the house she said, "Why don't you leave your hooves, I mean your boots on, on in-between rides for the next few days? I think it'll help you adapt to them more quickly."

When I asked her about my hair all she said was, "Just leave it as it is. I'll just have to put it back up when I get home."

Both made sense, until I saw myself in the mirror. Cut-off denim shorts, red, high heeled boots, and a ponytail that stood straight up on top of my head. I looked and felt ridiculous, but made no attempt to remove either.

Chapter 5 -My first obedience lesson.

However about three o'clock I decided to relax and take the boots off. Which felt great. Unfortunately Hilary chose that day to come home early.

"What are you doing with your hooves off? I thought I told you to wear them during the day to get used to them?" she asked angrily.

"They were feeling really tight and were starting to ache, so I took them off to relax," I said defensively.

"Of course they feel tight and they're bound to ache for a while. You're not going to get used to them by taking them off as soon as I turn my back, are you?" she asked, treating me like an errant child, which is the posture and tone she took whenever she was upset or pissed with me. I hated it when she treated me like a misbehaving schoolboy, but I'd learned the worst thing to do was to argue with her when she was like this, it only made her madder.

"N-No, I guess you're right," I said, folding meekly as I always did. She glared at me while I put my "hooves" back on. Then without a word she stomped out of the room, slamming the door. She'd only been like this a couple times before, but I knew I was in the doghouse.

And boy, was I! All she said when I met her for her afternoon ride was "down", then "up" and though out the ride she was very demanding, not one kind word or "good boy" pat. And I could certainly feel how angry she was. She made no apolo-

gies for the lot sharper jabs of her heels. And two or three times she used her crop a lot harder than she usually did.

When we got back she didn't say a word, just walked up to the house and shut the door. I was being punished and I knew it. Worst of all, of course, was the reward I was so looking forward to never came. Remorsefully I went up to the house, where she simply ignored me. I was getting the much-dreaded silent treatment.

Towards the end of the evening I meekly asked, "Can I remove my boots now, honey?"

"Call them what they are, and don't start calling me 'honey' when I'm pissed with you."

"C-Can I remove my h-hooves now Ma'am?" I asked. I don't know why I added, "Ma'am" it just came to be that I'd better say something else.

"Yes, much better. I like Ma'am when I'm mad at you. Come over here and I'll undo your ponytail," she ordered.

"Yes Ma'am," I said, wanting more than anything to get back into her good graces.

I didn't realize it at the time but I'd just had my first lesson in "obedience training."

Much later and much too late, I wondered if Hilary had been aware of it. I never was sure.

Finally, I was back in her good graces. I became much more responsive to her boots and the flick of her crop. And for my efforts was rewarded with affectionate pats of "good boy." And, of course, a good frigging in the morning, followed, hopefully by being mounted in "my stall" in the afternoon. With that incentive I doubled my efforts in the afternoons, and

Hilary responded by riding me harder and longer each day.

Chapter-6 The perfect reward.

One day, when she was very complimentary of my efforts she went over to a cabinet and came back holding Bright Sun's treat bag. "I always give Bright Sun a treat after I've worked him out and he was especially responsive. He loves carrots, sugar cubes and hard candy, which I know you love. 'Open,'" she ordered, and when I did she put a piece of candy between my lips.

Then to my surprise she unzipped my shorts and drew them down to my knees. To my shock she took hold of my organ and began jerking me off, saying, "I don't have time to take you to your stall and mount you today, I have an important agent's meeting. So, I'm afraid this will have to do."

Taking a firm grip on my organ with one hand and my balls with the other she began pumping and squeezing both. Somewhere it finally dawned on me what she was doing. It was humiliating to think of it, but I was in such a state that I was silently begging her not to stop. With Hilarie's vice-like grip on both, expertly pumping me the feeling was indescribable. Then gloriously I was jetting and spurting forcefully right onto the straw and even on the wall. I swear I nearly collapsed.

Sticking her tongue in my ear she teasingly asked, "Did you like your reward, pony?"

“Oooh g-god yes! Y-You’ve never done it like that before,” I babbled, not able to stop what I was admitting to.

“Then I think I’ve found the perfect reward for when I don’t have time to mount you, haven’t I?”

she remarked as she headed off to her meeting, leaving me in the stall, shorts down to my hooves, gasping for breath. Now that it was over I was feeling more than a little humiliated at what I’d just done, or what had been done to me.

It was just a couple days later that she made an “adjustment.” This time to what I wore. Before we went for her morning ride she asked me to take off my shorts and briefs. “You look really good in red. So I’d like to try these on you and see how they look,” she remarked producing a pair of red, satin workout shorts of hers. To my dismay and because the waist was elasticized she managed to get them on me. Although they fit my behind skin tight, and were so short they barely covered by cheeks and were slit up both sides.

“These look perfect, they match your hooves and I absolutely love how they show off your buns,” she enthused, which I really didn’t want to hear. Until she possessively started fondling them. I’d always gotten so turned on whenever she did that, and shortly my dick was excitedly aroused and incredibly stiff.

“Oh my,” she said, fondly my satin covered erection, “I see my pony boy finds his new satin shorts so exciting, as I thought you would.” And how could I deny it.

I didn’t realize just how tight and short they really were until we started our ride. Each time I took

a step I could feel them clutching each cheek. Each time I raised a leg I could feel them riding up and over them. I didn't want to, but I couldn't deny that they really stimulated me.

And Hilary made it better, or worse, using the toes of her boots to caress my satin covered ass, and occasionally reaching down and lightly fondled my organs, which caused me to falter and gasp

everytime she did it. "Just checking to see if you still like your pony shorts," she chuckled in my ear.

It was the first time during a ride that I was in an almost constant state of arousal. I alternately silently begged her to stop and then not to stop.

By the end of the week I was becoming well trained, I just didn't realize it. Without my real awareness I was being trained as a pony, my wife's pony. Looking back I think I said something like, "Aren't you getting a little serious about this?" But what I got after a ride I'd come to almost crave. Now I was being aroused sometimes before and even during a ride. How could I put any real protest? Foolishly I didn't.

Chapter-7 A good rub down.

It was that Saturday that Hilary carried it a step further. It was a long, arduous ride and I was perspiring and sweating heavily by the time we got back. Which she noticed. "Oh my, this sun must have really affected you. Why you're all lathered up. Stay right where you are, I'll be right back, she instructed.

She came back loaded down with a bucket, brushes, lotions and an assortment of other things.

"I always give Bright Sun a good scrubbing down and grooming after a hot ride and he's all lathered up. Hold on to the top of the hitching post, then lift your right hoof up, put it on the rung and I'll remove it for you," she said, very business-like.

"Really Hilary, you don't have to do this. I'll just take a shower and remove my, ah, hooves," I protested.

"Nonsense, I just know you're going to enjoy this as much as Bright Sun does," she said firmly.

After both hooves were off she removed my pony shorts, as she called them, and undid the band in my ponytail.

I didn't know what to feel as I stood, stretched, holding onto the top of the hitching post, in the afternoon, without a stitch of clothes on. Actually with Hilary still in her riding habit I was feeling somehow vulnerable and strangely humiliated. Even more so as she kept nudging my legs apart till she had them well spread. I could feel my penis and balls dangling down between them.

With soap and water and a brush she began thoroughly washing me, brushing so vigorously that I felt my whole body tingling. Using a smaller brush she didn't miss anything between my legs. The sensation of the stiff brush on my penis and balls was almost indescribable and she quickly had me stiffly erect.

When I quivered she said, "You do that just like Bright Sun. I knew you'd like it." It wasn't a question, and regardless of the vulnerable posture she demanded I assume, I had to silently agree. She

washed and shampooed my hair, briskly toweled me off, and starting at the top rubbed me with the same horse liniment I'd seen her use on Bright Sun. Nor did she miss a crevasse. My cock tingled and was so hard I could hardly stand it.

"Now lift your right hoof up behind you," she ordered, and sitting on a low stool held my foot ("hoof did I hear her say?) between her legs and began massaging them and my ankles.

"God, that feels wonderful!" I couldn't help blurt-ing out, asking what she was rubbing in.

"It's called Hoof Builder. It acts to strengthen your feet and joints. I don't want you getting injured," she said, then added, "I can think of one other appendage that I'm sure it could strengthen." Reaching between my legs she held my balls firmly in one hand while she began massaging it into my already tortuously aroused dick. I really thought I was going to go through the roof! Then to my intense dismay she suddenly stopped.

"So, does my pony boy like being washed, rubbed down and groomed?" she asked.

"It really feels great," I had to admit.

Then she started again on my poor dick. "Oh goodness, why I think it's working already. Your organ feels stiffer than I believe I've ever felt it, don't you think?" she asked seriously.

"Yes, yes, p-please," I almost shouted, for I really couldn't stand it any longer.

When I finally spurted I did so longer and harder and more violently than I could ever remember. She firmly held my balls and had a death grip on my cock as I spurted and spurted. Yet she continued

“milking” me until every last drop had been coaxed out of me.

Afterward I couldn't help feeling humiliated at what had just been done to me in broad daylight. Put into a posture that left me not only feeling helpless, but one from which I could barely move a muscle. She groomed me as if I was really her horse. Then, not being able to move a muscle she'd torturously masturbated me.

Looking back I'm fairly certain that's when she started regarding me more as her pony than her husband. I also think it was then that she realized by sexually arousing me that she'd found the perfect training technique to get me to willingly submit to whatever she'd demand of me.

I think it was also then that she stopped addressing me as Bob. I was now her “Pony” or “Pony Boy.” We no longer had sex in the house. If I was to receive a reward I was taken to “my” stall where I was mounted and ridden. She no longer used “cock” or “dick”, she now called it my “organ” or “appendage.”

Still I went along with it, only vaguely realizing what was happening. I was making Hilary happy and I, unfortunately, kept thinking of it as a lark on her part.

Chapter-8 Fitted for a harness.

It was about a week later that my back and shoulders started hurting, which made Hilary very concerned. “What I think would really help is a harness,” she declared. Which startled me as I thought

she meant one like she put on Bright Sun. I relaxed when she said she was thinking of one of those posture harnesses like you see them wearing in the supermarket.

Well, I had no problem with that and was soon wearing one. It did help, but just my lower back.

“I think I’ll have to come up with something that gives your whole back and shoulder some support, don’t you think?” she asked, and again I had to logically agree. Stupid me!

A few days later I had to go into the big city for a book signing. Hilary decided to go along and shop. When she came back, as I was finishing, she had an excited gleam in her eyes.

“While I was shopping I saw something in the window of a shop that I think will be perfect for your back and shoulders, and I can’t wait to show it to you,” she said, so off we went.

Finally we came to a little shop and pointing to the window said, “There, see it? What do you think?”

To say that I was startled was an understatement. In the window was a male mannequin wearing a red, patent leather harness on it’s torso. From looking at the other displays it quickly became apparent that this was one of those kinky shops.

I didn’t know what to say at first. “Y-You want me to wear that, really? It looks pretty, well, kinky to me,” I remarked.

“Forget what kind of store it is. I’m looking at the right support I’m sure it will give you. Besides can you see any harm in just giving it a try?”

“Well, n-no, I guess not,” I said, hating the way she phrased things making it impossible to disagree with her.

So in moments we were inside and being approached by a stunning, exotic woman dressed all in leather asking if she could help us.

“Yes, we’d like to inquire about that red harness you have in the window. Does it come in sizes or what?” she asked.

“Yes, it comes in three sizes. I’ll have to measure him, if it’s too loose it won’t have any effect if it’s use is for maintaining an erect, rigid posture.”

“Why yes, that’s exactly what we’re hoping for, isn’t it? She asked me brightly.

“Ah yes, that’s what we’re hoping for,” I said, oh so naively.

So she proceeded to measure me and in some of the oddest places. Even Hilary had to ask, “Why are you measuring through the crotch, or his neck and wrist?”

“The harness comes with an attachable crotch through the cheek strap which I strongly advise utilizing and cinching tightly as it’ll serve as an anchor for the rest of the harness. Plus there are other accessories that can be ordered for it such as a matching collar with a strap that attaches to the harness front and back. They’ll help, ah, take stress off the neck and head and aid in his maintaining an erect posture. There are other accessories for the wrists and ankles. I’ve simply taken the liberty of jotting down his sizes in case you phone in an order. I’ll also give you one of our catalogs,” she said.

For some reason her description of the accessories sounded somehow ominous. But, not knowing why I foolishly put it out of my mind.

Finally she said, "I think the medium will be perfect for him. It'll be snug even before you start cinching the straps."

"How tight should I cinch all the straps?" Hilary asked.

"It all depends on what use you're going to put him through when you have harnessed. If he's going to be exerting himself then not too tight. Say three notches. Now, do you want to keep him from bending or slouching?"

"Actually I think all your problems started because you were bending much too strenuously, don't you think?" Hilary asked.

I had to agree I thought that was what was causing all the problems so I couldn't help but agree.

Looking back miserably I wish I'd never agreed with her.

"Then you need to tighten the shoulder straps down rather tightly. I can assure you it'll stop him from any bending at all," she proclaimed, looking at me like a wolf swallowing a lamb.

While I paid the bill I could see Hilary obviously ordering, I guessed, some of the accessories.

Hilary couldn't wait to get back and see how I looked in the harness so we took an earlier train.

Within an hour of getting back Hilary had me in my hooves, in her riding habit, holding the harness she was so excited about. I was dubious, but I thought, "Well if it makes her happy."

The first thing she put around me was the stiff, waist belt. I'd say it was about ten inches long, although slightly longer down the crotch in front. She buckled the three straps in back until I said it felt snug. In the front were two wide, long straps. These she slung over my shoulders and ran down the back and attaching them to the waist belt. As she did I could feel my posture becoming more and more erect. I could hardly bend, although, I was to find out, even that little play would soon be removed.

Telling me to lean forward and hold onto the top of the hitching post she then had me spread my legs. "No, No more so I can attach the crotch strap and run it through your cheeks," she ordered.

"She did say this was to anchor your harness and I think I remember her saying they needed to be cinched tight, didn't she?" she asked.

Naively I said, "Yes, I think I remember her saying that too."

After she attached the strap in front there was a problem. My pony shorts got in the way and bunched up at the crotch.

"Doggone it! Well I think I know how to solve that," she declared, and proceeded to yank them off me ordering me to spread my legs again she said, "Stay like that, I'll be right back."

Some fifteen minutes later she came back holding something red and so tiny I had no idea what it was. Too late I recognized it. It was the red thong bottom to one of her bikini swimsuits. Told to lift one leg she slid it up, then I could actually feel her spreading my cheeks and running the thing tightly up between them. There were double rings on both

sides with straps and she used these to tighten the whole thing up with sharp tugs. Obviously it wasn't meant to accommodate male organs. It made mine feel tightly held and clearly on display.

Checking the fit she caressed my organ until, unable to stop myself, she soon had it rigidly excited. Patting it, and seeming to ignore its urgently aroused state, she declared, "It holds them up and nicely displays your organ, doesn't it?"

She was so matter of fact about it, what could I say but, "Y-Yes...oh," with a desperate moan.

Hilary now had no trouble passing the crotch strap between my legs. Again, spreading each cheek then fastening it to the belt. It was a bizarre feeling as I could feel the strap physically separating my cheeks, especially when she cinched it even more.

For the first time I understood what a horse felt after being harnessed. I was pretty sure I didn't like it, but what could I do? To my dismay I learned that she was just getting started. She began testing each strap and if she could get a finger under it she tightened it. Starting with the waist belt she tightened all four straps, then tightened the shoulder straps even more. When she finished I was standing bolt upright, rigidly erect, not able to bend in the slightest!

"I always said you had the sexiest ass, didn't I? Now it looks even better," she declared, running her nails like electricity over my tightly clenched and separated cheeks.

I couldn't help but wonder how it all would feel when she started riding me. But to my surprise the harness actually seemed to support everything, especially my back. Bending, I was sure, had been the

chief cause of my back pain, but in the harness I didn't bend, because I couldn't.

We did a little trotting, but on the whole it was a pretty easy ride.

"Well, how do your shoulders and back feel?" she asked.

Quite to my surprise I didn't feel any pain in either.

"You see, I was right when I said I thought I'd found the perfect solution, was I?"

Here I was, truly feeling like a horse in harness. But, what could I say, she was right. Not wanting to, because I knew this was to be the start of my harnessing, I never the less had to admit she was right.

"I'm so glad you agree," she said, and grasping my organ in her hand, which swiftly came to attention, she led me to the stables.

As I was being held and led, un-protesting mind you, she said, as if to herself, "I'm sure the collar and attaching strap will help even more when they get here," then added, "along with the other accessories."

I really should have reacted to what she said, now that I look back on it, much to my, now, permanent dismay. But she said it so casually, as I was being led by my dick, that I totally missed the implications. Hilary mounted and rode me, still in harness in the stall, until we both collapsed. Actually Hilary collapsed, there wasn't much I could do but lay there exhausted.

Chapter-9 She really is getting carried away.

By the end of the week I'd come to accept being harnessed, although that first time I really didn't like it. However when Hilary approached me with harness in hand each morning with a determined look I offered no protest. I couldn't help but to capitulate for also by the end of the week, magically, my back pain and aching shoulders had all but disappeared.

It was mid-week that the mailman delivered a box from the store we'd visited. I was sure the collar she'd ordered, and whatever else, were in it. When I called her and told her she was so excited she said she'd leave early so she could see everything that had arrived.

I wasn't as excited as Hilary, but I was curious as to what she'd ordered. If I'd known I really would have been alarmed, for that afternoon was to be an eventful one, that I really wasn't going to like. For it was that day, as I look back, that I stopped being Hilary's husband.

True to her word she came home early and I was soon hoofed and harnessed.

I hadn't given much thought to the collar, thinking it would be, well, just a collar. But, this was not like any collar I'd ever seen. Very stiff, it was red, patent leather. It looked rubber lined, as was the harness, and was at least six inches high with three sturdy buckles in back.

I should have objected, then and there, but I didn't. Stupidly I docilely stood as she put it on my neck. As she cinched each strap it became more difficult to move my head.

“It needs to fit snug. It’s not too tight is it?” she asked, concerned.



All I think to say was, “No, it’s not too tight, Hilary.”

For which I was softly rebuked, “When you’re my pony boy it’s ‘Ma’am.’ Well?”

“N-no Ma’am, it’s not too tight,” I replied, feeling demeaned.

I heard her buckling the strap then heard a loud “click” like you hear from a padlock. When I asked if that’s what it was she said, “Why yes. There’s no buckle for the center strap. It only closes with a padlock.”

When I remarked that the collar made it really difficult for me to move my head, I couldn’t believe it, but she actually sounded pleased.

“Oh, actually that’s good. You need to learn to trust me more when I give you commands. I notice that you often hesitate and look down, or around, at where I want you to go and hesitate. You simply will have to start learning to go where I want you, when I want you to, you see?”

It was hard, nearly impossible, to disagree with Hilary. She always made everything seem so logical.

Digging through the package she sounded really excited. “Oh, that’s great. She also sent the double reins, the wrist cuffs, and a new retaining band for your ponytail. Oh, too bad, I also ordered

hobbles for you, but they’re not here. Here’s a note that says that they’re back ordered, as are the cheek straps.”

Reins, cuffs, hobbles? This really was going too far, I thought. But, before I could say anything she was already attaching a rein to the steel ring on one side of the collar, then another rein to the one on

the other side. They were red, patent leather and looked about three feet long.

I couldn't believe what she did next. Just below the top of the hitching post were two bars sticking out horizontally with large steel rings dangling from each end. Picking up the loose end of one rein, that had a large brass clip at the end, she actually fastened it onto the ring. Then clipped the other rein to the opposite ring.

I was, to my disbelief, now tethered to the hitching post. I was so stunned I didn't, at first, react, then, of course, it was too late. Taking one un-protesting wrist she wrapped a padded leather cuff, about three inches, around it then tightly buckled it. All too soon both wrists were in cuffs.

"W-what are those for, ah Ma'am?" I asked.

"You'll see. I think they'll help solve the problems of my legs sliding up and down, and they'll help you hold me better," she said, attaching a short strap to each, then clipping the other ends to the side rings of my collar.

"There, I think that's it," she said brightly, then after ordering me "down" she mounted me and was ordered "up." Which was when I understood the purpose of the short straps attached to the collar. First she cinched one tighter, then the other. When she finished they forced me to hold her legs very tightly. Tighter than I normally do, but she seemed pleased.

With a kick of both heels and a sharp flick of her riding crop we were away. And after just fifteen minutes I felt none of the strain I normally do from holding her legs.

“There now, isn’t that better? I can feel you’re not straining your arms and slipping your grip like you used to, am I right?” she asked, and, of course, she was.

As a result I was ridden quite a bit longer than I usually was, which really pleased her.

“My goodness, we rode for almost an extra twenty minutes, and you don’t look half as fatigued and you’ve hardly worked up a lather. I think that calls for a trip to the stables, don’t you, Sunshine?” she asked, reaching down and fondling me till my organ became hopelessly and stiffly aroused.

“Y-yes Ma’am,” I moaned in such pleasure, “But, oooh, y-you called me Sunshine?”

“Yes, I’ve actually been trying to think of just the right name for my pony for the last week. Now, here we are and the sun is shining so brightly, that it just came to me. From now on, when you’re my pony boy, your name will be sunshine,” she proclaimed, then, totally oblivious to what I felt, asked, “Don’t you just love it. I think it’s perfect, don’t you, Sunshine?”

When I hesitated, she pouted, “Oh my, don’t tell me you don’t like your name? Perhaps we shouldn’t go to the stables after all. Maybe Sunshine should just be taken back to the house.”

“Y-yes I-I like it. I was just a little surprised that’s all,” I said, resigned. I knew I wasn’t going to get anywhere with Hilary, and, of course, with her hand on my quivering dick she knew exactly how to best me.

As I said, I’m sure that was the day Robert, the husband, permanently receded, and I became Sunshine, Hilary’s pony boy.

Nor what came next did anything to lessen that impression. After dismounting me she made no move to unclip my hands from the collar. And rather than removing the double reins she bunched them in one hand and with a tug led me up to the stables. Then after getting me down on fresh hay she did something that really humiliated me. She attached each rein to a bolt behind my head, then tightened them until they were taunt.

To herself she said, "We really are going to have to do something with your hooves."

I couldn't imagine what she meant. Then she gave me my reward for being, "a very good pony" sinking down and engulfing me to the root, of my quivering organ and I forgot about everything else.

As she sometimes did, to my utter torment, she suddenly stopped. When she did I knew there would be some fresh humiliation about to over come me. "I think before my morning and afternoon rides you can do a lot to get ready so I don't have to spend so much time harnessing you, don't you?"

Gullibly I replied that I thought I could. "Well, you're already hoofed but after that I see no reason why you can't do your hair up in your ponytail and lace on the hair band. I'll show you exactly how it should be done later. You can then put on your collar and cuffs yourself, and you can buckle on the waist belt and throw the straps over your shoulders. Then attach the reins and clip them to the hitching post. Which is where I'll expect you to be no later than eight in the morning and by five in the afternoon," she dictated, she didn't ask. After all, too late, I'd already said that I would.

I think I remember almost crying the next morning as I did as I was told, especially as I tethered myself to the hitching post and waited for Hilary.

“Good boy, Sunshine, good boy,” she said, using the same voice on me that she’d used on Bright Sun as she cinched me up.

Chapter-10 New additions that I really don’t like!

“Now, let’s make sure you’re wide awake and alert for me this morning,” she said, fondling my organ until it was indeed wide awake, then we were off.

When the cheek straps and hobbles arrived I really wanted to tell her that I thought she was getting carried away with her “pretend” pony boy. But Hilary was always so appreciative of my, “playing along” with her, that I knew if I put my foot, or hoof, down she would either be devastated or get really upset. And frankly I’d never seen her so happy, and I didn’t want to destroy that. Beside which I’d never felt so cared for. She treated me so lovingly, and with such praise when I’d been “a good pony” that I couldn’t help respond.

Then too, how could I help not respond to her attention to my organ. It, more than anything, really led to my downfall. Before this all started she’d not paid much attention to it at all. As a consequence all she had to do was fondle me briefly to get me stiffly standing at attention.

And then it happened. As I heard her boots coming I suddenly felt my organ, on it’s own, start to ex-

citedly stiffen. I was so embarrassed, but all Hilary said, with a pleased smile, was, "Well, I can see you're wide awake already this morning. Very good, that's a good pony, Sunshine!"

From then on I was almost always stiffly awake by the time she arrived. I just couldn't help myself. I was sure, at that point, that she realized what she was doing, and the eager effect it had on me, and, of course, she used it to her advantage.

Now we fucked, or rather Hilary mounted and rode me, whenever she'd announce that Sunshine had given her a really good ride. Which was when I'd eagerly be led up to the stables and to "my stall" as she now referred to it. It all depended on me, and I knew it, so I was most eager to give her the best ride I could. It never passed my mind that as Robert we hadn't fucked in the house in weeks. And I was always rewarded when I learned something new, such as a new command. Like the day I was taught to "back up."

The cheek straps, when they arrived, I could see no purpose to other than to put them even more on display than they already were. Which, it turned out, was precisely their purpose. I was embarrassed as they were first put on, but Hilary was quite business-like. The two cheek straps were quite wide, with two rings fastening one to the other. I couldn't help blushing when she lifted my right cheek as high as she could. Then holding it there wrapped it right under it, cinching it tightly. When she let go the cheek remained right where it was. Then she did the left cheek. Now my cheeks were not only widely separated and raised to their highest, but were incredibly taunt. I nearly jumped when she just lightly caressed them, that's how sensitive they'd become.

The hobbles I liked even less, more for the implication of their use than anything else. They were padded cuffs that buckled tightly about each ankle. One had a ring, the other a large clip. Still business-like she clipped them together, and in that instant, I was hobbled, actually not able to move my feet at all.

Chapter-11 This is getting humiliating.

“In the morning, before you attach your reins to the hitching post, put your hobbles on and be sure to clip them together,” I was instructed, not asked, but in such a disarmingly friendly tone, all I could do, in dismay, was to nod.

The following morning I couldn’t help the feelings of humiliation that washed over me as I awaited Hilary’s arrival. Here I was standing at attention, bolt upright, tethered to the hitching post, feet immovably hobbled. Those feelings increased as the time for Hilary came and went. I was left like I was for another half hour before she finally showed up.

All she said was, “Sorry, a client called and she was simply too important to cut short.”

That weekend she had no new demands of me. Which didn’t mean that my transformation into her full time pony boy stopped. What transpired was

more subtle in nature. If I'd been smart alarm bells would have gone off, but sadly they didn't.

On Friday she came home all excited about noon. She'd made a huge sale and was waving her commission check.

"I'm going to buy that ten acre piece of land right behind ours. I've always thought it was so beautiful. It has that stream with a bridge over it."

"Great, but what are you going to do with it?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm going to put in a new trail, one that's more challenging," she said, and three hours later she owned it.

As soon as she got home she wanted to see the new property. Which we did, it's just that she viewed it on the shoulder of Sunshine.

When we reached it she warned, "Be careful where your hooves step Sunshine. There's just this narrow, over grown path, so I expect you to respond quickly to my commands."

Which she did, making notes as we went. A new trail here. A water obstacle there. A jumping log across the trail. As we went along despite stepping as carefully as I could I couldn't help stumbling a couple of times, tripping once and almost unseating her.

Sounding quite agitated and annoyed she said, "You need to stop trying to look where you're going and trust me. Which you're not doing, are you?"

"No Ma'am, I'm not," I had to admit.

"Perhaps as a cure what you need is a bridle and bit and a pair of blinders," she stated.

Not being able to see her I couldn't tell if she was actually serious. A bridle and bit, and blinkers? I thought, thoroughly appalled and very nervous that she was actually serious.

"I-I'll try to be more, ah, responsive," I quickly tried to assure her. Which was when she made a subtle, but permanent, change in our relationship.

"You mean, "Sunshine will try to be more responsive," she asked sternly.

"Y-yes, I-I mean Sunshine will try to be more responsive," I said.

From then on whenever I started to speak using "I" Hilary would flick me on one of my sensitive cheeks with her crop and immediately correct me.

From then on I no longer referred to myself in the first person.

When we came to the stream with the bridge I had to be extra careful as it was so narrow and rickety.

"There, you see? I could have gotten you across the bridge a lot quicker if you hadn't looked down at each step you took. Obviously the only way I'm going to train you to trust me is to find a way of keeping you from looking down. You just have to learn to keep your head up, damn-it," she said angrily.

There was no arguing with Hilary when she used that tone of voice. So, defeated, I replied, " Yes Ma'am, I, I mean Sunshine u-understands."

After we crossed the bridge Hilary dismounted and took from her knapsack a blanket, some bread, cheese, apples and wine. Great, I thought, we were going to have a picnic and I'd have a chance to rest. To my shock it turned out that one of us was going

to have a picnic and it wasn't me. Leading me over to an overhanging branch she clipped my reins to it. Then cinched both till I was tautly held upright, I couldn't even bend my knees. Then she hobbled my ankles. Without a word Hilary spread the blanket, got out the food, opened the wine, took out a notebook and started sketching. Completely ignoring me.

I was so dumbfounded I didn't know what to say. I really should have said something, but I simply couldn't think of what to say.

Every so often she would remember I was there, come over and feed me a bit of bread or cheese. Then held up an apple while I nibbled on it. "Ah, I see you like apples, just like Bright Sun. I'd let you have some wine but it might affect you. I know," she said, picking up her riding hat, went over to the stream, filled it and had me drink from it.

Stroking my behind affectionately she said, "I really don't know what I would have done if you hadn't gone along with this little diversion until Bright Sun gets better."

"Is he, getting better, that is?" I asked hopefully.

"Somewhat, but as to whether I'll ever be able to ride him again that's another story. But now I have my Sunshine," she stated, which sounded ominously a lot more permanent than I wanted to hear. Then stupidly, looking back now, I said, "Yes, you have your Sunshine, for as long as you want."

"Do you really mean that, and you don't mind all the things I've been training you to do? It's just teaching and training Bright Sun, and seeing him progress, gave me the greatest pleasure."

“Yes, I can see where that would give you a lot of satisfaction, so it’s okay with me,” I said, which was absolutely the wrong thing to say!

“Oh, that’s great! Because I think you’ve learned enough to go on to the next stage of your training,” she said excitedly.

Oh well, I thought to myself, probably more of the same. Nor did her reply alarm me, at first, when I asked her about it.

“Well, I judge you’ve learned just about everything there is to teach you in what I’d call the Initial Training Stage. What you’ve learned are just the basics. Although we do need to refine your movements some, work on your rhythm, and of course, break you of constantly looking down and around you, wouldn’t you agree, Sunshine?” she asked.

“Yes, I, Sunshine would agree,” I said, which I certainly wouldn’t have if I’d known what Hilary had in mind “to break me.”

“The other thing you always do in the Intermediate Training Stage is to work on a pony’s gait while walking, trotting and galloping. Although I’m positive the new hooves I’ve ordered for you will be a great help,” she said as an after thought.

“New hooves?” was all I could say, not imagining how new hooves would help me.

“Oh yes, I saw them at a website and ordered them in your size. I know your birthday is coming up next week and I hope they’ll be here by then. They’re going to take a little adjusting to, but in the long run they’ll help your step enormously. But, unlike the more pointed toes of these hooves, the toes

of your new ones are rounded so when you step down you'll have more of a hoof to do so."

As she explained them, gullibly, they didn't sound so bad, and actually sounded as if they'd end up helping. Poor me!

"What we'll do, in the morning, is work on your technique. Then, in the afternoon, we'll work on strength and stamina. What will really help is a second period of weights, concentrating on your legs later in the evening," she stated, which made me groan inwardly, but I couldn't find a reason to object.

That evening she was in such a fantastic mood, and therefore so was I.

Chapter-12 I'm moved out of the house.

"I've been really successful in the real estate business. So successful I've decided to open my own agency," she said, which I told her I thought was really great.

"The thing is, I won't have any business at first, which will be a real drag on overhead. So, I'm thinking the smart move would be to set up an office here at home," she remarked.

"Smart, it's just that we don't have any extra rooms," I stated.

"I know, so here's my solution. You keep complaining about how small your studio is, right? Well I measured it, then I measured the stall next to Bright Sun's. Guess what, it's almost half as big."

“Y-you want me to move my studio to the stables and paint there, in a stall?” I asked, more than a little shocked. You see I’m a painter, pretty successful if I may say so. My landscapes bring in a tidy sum, although we just salt what I make away for a rainy day. Hilary, who makes in the six figures, is the real breadwinner.

“I think it’s a great idea! You’ll have a lot more space and peace and quiet which you say you need. Besides I can’t very well open a real estate agency in a stable, and you keep saying you can paint any where,” she said.

So, it was a done deal, and the more I thought about it, actually, the more I liked it. Hilary told me not to worry about a thing, that she’d take total charge of the renovation.

One thing Hilary loved watching on TV were any horse shows. That Sunday there was a national equestrian event on which we watched. One of the women riders was announced as a very elegant, Italian woman they introduced as, “Riding Mistress Claudia Genovese.”

Which perked up Hilary’s ears. “I really like how that sounds, ‘Riding Mistress.’ It sounds so regal and proper, doesn’t it?”

“Well, yes I guess it does,” I replied.

“Good. Then, from now on, I will be Sunshine’s Riding Mistress. It sounds so much more formal and proper than just ‘Ma’am.’ Although Sunshine doesn’t have to use the full title, only when it seems appropriate. ‘Mistress’ will do most times,” she declared.

I hadn’t really liked addressing her as ‘Ma’am’ although I’d gotten used to it. I liked addressing her

as 'Riding Mistress' even less. There was something a bit demeaning and submissive about it. But I didn't have enough real reason to object, so I didn't.

Hilary wasted no time on either the new trail or renovating the stall that was to become my new office. And she had workers out there refurbishing other things as well. One of which I should have paid more attention to. Behind the stables was a rink with a motorized walker. I'd seen her attach Bright Sun to it to exercise him, but just before he came up lame the motor had conked out, which she was obviously having replaced.

Chapter-13 My new hooves.

The day before my birthday Hilary excitedly announced that my new hooves had arrived and couldn't wait to put them on me.

When she took them out my mouth simply dropped open to shock. I never expected them to look like they did. "R-really Ma'am..."

"You mean 'Mistress' don't you Sunshine?" she corrected me, clearly annoyed.

"Y-yes Mistress, I-ah, Sunshine will never be able to walk in those," I protested.

"Nonsense. With proper training you'll not only walk in them, but trot and even gallop. I'm sure they'll take a little getting used to, but when you do I'm sure you'll come to appreciate them more than your old one. Now, hold your left foot out, Sunshine," she ordered sternly, which I couldn't believe I did.

Holding it firmly in her lap she began the process of putting my new hooves on me.

They looked, well, terrifying to me. While, as she'd said, the toe was more rounded, the hooves actually looked bigger and the platform sole was at least three inches high and the arches looked quite a bit more severe. But what was so bizarre and frightening was that they didn't have heels!

They did have wide, ankle straps which buckeled with rings attached in back.

"These are party shoes that I found at the website I mentioned and thought they'd make perfect hooves for you. I know, without heels, they'll take some adjusting to, but they'll help you re-center all your weight on your hooves which is where it needs to be," she declared.

"You actually want me to learn to walk without heels?" I asked in disbelief.

What she said next, looking back, truly made it clear just how much of a pony I'd turned into.

"Of course I do. After all, all ponies walk on their hoofs, don't they?"

"Yes, but..." was all I got out before she said, "I really don't know what you're protesting about. You just agreed that ponies walk on their hooves. So, that's what you'll learn to do. Besides the arch isn't any higher, all you have to do is get used to your more realistic hooves and learning to stop depending on heels for balance. Now I don't want to hear any more of these silly complaints, I'll be patient with you as long as I see you trying your hardest. And the best way to learn is simply to wear them throughout the day.'

My god, I was to wear these torture shoes, hooves, all day, she couldn't be serious! But one look at the stern expression on her face and I knew that any further arguing would only piss her off. The last time I pissed her off she didn't talk to me for days. Even then I had to beg her to forgive me, which she did but I wasn't allowed in the bedroom for a month!

She then ordered me "Up" and said, "Just stand there for a while to adjust to redirecting your balance, then I'll walk you around slowly."

Which is what she did, and while I stumbled, tripped and even fell once she was very patient and in half an hour, while still terrified, I was walking somewhat. To my relief she said, "I think that's all the exercise I want to put you through today. I'm sure by tomorrow you'll be walking better."

In the following days Hilary would come out and walk me around twice a day, gradually increasing the amount of time until one day I'd actually walked an hour without once even stumbling.

"That's such a good pony, Sunshine!" she exclaimed, fondling my super sensitive flanks, as she now called them. Naturally all it took was just a few seconds with her sharp nails and I couldn't help responding with a quiveringly stiff erection.

"I think that calls for a reward," she proclaimed squeezing my balls, which she'd learned I loved, and stroking me until I exploded, sending gobs shooting and splattering all over the wall in front of me.

"Oh my, what a messy pony you are. I'll have to find some way of keeping you from making a mess in your stall whenever you're rewarded," she said,

the added, "Tomorrow I think you're ready for a new challenge."

Whatever it was I just resigned myself to it.

That evening I started my second set of weights concentrating on my legs. Hilary put me through them and was very demanding, really pushing me. I swear when I finished there wasn't a part of me I thought I could actually move.

The next morning I was puzzled when she replaced my reins with much longer ones, I guessed at least fifteen feet long. "Come along now, Sunshine," she ordered as she led me out back to the ring where I could see the motorized walker was still under repair. I really should have asked her why she was even bothering with it, but foolishly I didn't.

I did panic and stumbled a bit as she led me into the dirt ring. Walking on the concrete of the stall was one thing, where I had solid footing. But on dirt it was much more treacherous.

"You need to get accustomed to walking on a more natural footing. You just keep the reins taut and I'll walk you around the ring so you can get your footing," she said, which is what she did for nearly an hour. Then the next few days she kept increasing the amount of time she'd work me.

Finally, after three days she could see that I'd become confident walking in the dirt ring. The next day she said, "I think you're ready to be mounted and get used to my weight. I'll walk you close to the fence in case you lose your footing." I was surprised that after circling the ring a couple times I did in fact carry her weight well and she moved me away from the fence. After that a routine was established in which she rode me in the morning and then again

in the afternoon, always increasing her ride by five minutes each day until I could carry her a full hour each time. At that point she really stepped up my training.

Chapter-14 Learning to trot.

First she'd walk me for several minutes, then she put me to trotting. When I managed this she set about correcting a few flaws and bad habits she saw. I had a tendency to drift one way or another, she said. To correct this I was instructed to place each hoof more directly in front of the other as I stepped. Which she drilled me on over, and over and over, smacking me on my flanks with her crop whenever I didn't put one hoof precisely in front of the other. I'm sure she didn't mean for them to hurt, but I have to tell you they really did, so I redoubled my concentration.

The next problem she decided to tackle was my gait, which she stated was too inconsistent, and was my leg action. To correct this, at the walk, she clipped a short chain to the rings at the back of my hooves. It allowed me a stride of about twelve inches. "Now when I walk you around I want to see each step extended to that exact length, I don't want to see any slack. And I want to see each hoof raised to knee height," she instructed, sternly correcting, again with the damn crop. It was difficult and frustrating to remember to do all three at once, but Hilary was so patient with me.

"Don't worry, we'll do this over and over every day until you get it just right," she promised.

Exhausted as I was a few days later she set about correcting my trot, extending the chain to eighteen inches, correcting the same faults, which was even more difficult. At the trot I had the biggest problem raising my hooves the correct height. So she decided I needed a few training aids

So the next day she brought out a bundle of multi-colored, wooden poles. She placed twelve around one side of the ring, and another twelve on the other side. Then, I couldn't believe what she wanted me to do. "I'll ride you around the rink at a trot, when you hear my crop snap it means you're coming to the first set of trotting poles. If you properly extend each hoof in front of the other each hoof will come down in-between each pole and your gait trainer will be fully extended.

I never felt more truly like a pony being trained that I did trotting obediently around the rink. Redoubling my effort every time I heard the crop crack against her leg. Despite concentrating as hard as I could I much too often ended up banging one pole after the other.

"Stop looking down sunshine, damn-it," she said angrily several times. But it was almost impossible not to. I couldn't help myself.

If I thought I was exhausted just being walked, I was close to collapsing by the time she reined me in.

"Poor Sunshine, perhaps I tried for too much, I'm sorry. I know it's so hard not to look down to see where you're going, and where the poles are, isn't it?" she asked in a concerned voice.

"Yes, I really can't stop myself from doing it," I admitted.

“Well, don’t worry. I sent away for a couple things I’m sure will help train you not to,” she said, and I suddenly got a very worried feeling, despite her concerned voice.

In the afternoon, for the first time, Hilary rode me along the old trail. She was encouraging but would immediately correct me in a firm voice.

“Now, now Sunshine, let’s hear that chain snap, and you know to raise your hooves much higher, don’t you?” she’d ask.

“Yes Mistress,” I said trying as hard as I could to correct myself.

That night she put me through my second set of weights. Which always left me totally exhausted as, every night, she pushed me to the absolute limit. However she also added a second set of exercises because she said she wanted to slim down my ‘flanks’ as she now referred to my waist.

“I know the extra work is exhausting, but there’s a lot you need to be taught in the intermediate training stage. So I’m going to be a lot more demanding, but in a few weeks I’m sure you’ll settle into a routine,” she assured me.

Within two weeks several things occurred. The new trail was finished, as was my stable/studio. Hilary had done a great job, and it was bigger. There were still traces that it had once been a stall. The stainless steel trough remained, and for some reason the rings bolted to the wall in different places.

I was now also completely comfortable carrying her on my new hooves. She’d even galloped me a bit around the rink. Which, I’ll have to admit, was exhausting. However, eager as she was to try out the

new path, she declared that there were a few steps and commands to learn and improve on.

I still couldn't break myself of involuntarily looking down at the trotting poles. However there was a good reason. After I'd begun adjusting to the poles she not only started adding more, but she raised them. First just two inches, but each time I successfully completed four or five circuits without hitting any of them she'd raise them another inch. By the end of two weeks the poles made it almost all the way around the rink, and worse she'd raised them all to a height of six inches. Every time she raised them I had to concentrate even harder to not only maintain a precise gait, but, even harder raise my hooves enough to clear them.

Chapter-15 She can't be serious, collar and blinders?

Just at the end of those two weeks as Hilary was harnessing me one morning, she said, in a very serious, firm voice, "I have two additions I'm going to add Sunshine, they came yesterday. It's a good bet that you're not going to like either one of them. But I simply can't get on with your training until I break you of looking down and about you. I want you to promise me that you're not going to give me any trouble as I put them on."

I had no idea what they would be but I had an ominous dread. Never-the-less I nervously promised that I wouldn't.

The first article she took out was another collar. I couldn't help gasping as it actually looked twice as big as the one I was wearing.

“N-no please Mistress, don’t put that on Sunshine,” I pleaded, backing away as much as my hobbled feet would allow me.

“Stand still Sunshine!” she ordered, and didn’t flick me with her crop, but hit my cheeks harder than she ever had. It really hurt, but I immediately stood absolutely still.

“Head up, no higher. If you try backing away on me again, or utter a sound, I’ll really let you have it, is that what you want?” she demanded, obviously furious. I quickly nodded “No.” I hadn’t ever seen her like this, and it frankly scared me.

The collar, when she put it on, rested on my shoulders and covered my entire neck up to the chin. It wasn’t a bit supple, like the old one, and was so stiff it felt like it was made of wood. There were five buckles in back with the middle one fastened with a padlock. It held my head, absolutely immobilized in a fixed, straight ahead and slightly up angle. I couldn’t move even a fraction of an inch left, right, up or down. With my head raised the closest I could see was about twenty feet in front of me, just barely.

If the collar wasn’t horrible enough what came next left me shocked! On one side of the collar were two dangling straps. She passed the longer one over my head, in front of my ears, buckling it tightly to the other side of the collar. In the middle of that strap was another one which went around the back of my head. Then I couldn’t believe what she did next. She snapped blinders to the straps. They extended past my nose and instantly what I could see was even more sharply narrowed. But she wasn’t finished, adjusting them in till they nearly touched

my nose. Looking out I could now just barely make out what was forty or fifty yards in front of me!

"I told you, you weren't going to like these additions. I warned you, and you promised you wouldn't put up a fuss, didn't you?" she demanded to know.

"Y-yes Mistress.."

"That's 'Yes, Riding Mistress' when I'm pissed at you and you don't obey me, now say it!"

"Y-yes Riding Mistress," I said in defeat as my wrists were tethered to the fearsome collar.

I didn't realize just how much I'd come to rely on looking down to see where I was going, but quickly found out as I stumbled and tripped repeatedly banging my hooves against the poles. Then I tripped and fell.

"Get up pony," Hilary yelled, and then "crack" as the crop came down on my cheeks really hard. I got up as fast as I could.

"Now trot, and this time concentrate," she ordered.

She kept me at a trot till I could barely lift a hoof. "For two cents I'd tether and hobble you to the hitching post and just leave you there the rest of the day," she angrily said as she removed my harness. What I didn't expect was she made no move to take off the collar or the blinders.

"If you do better this afternoon I might remove them. If not, they stay on," she dictated coldly.

Throughout the morning I tried to figure out what had so set Hilary off. True, I'd broken my promise, but thought she'd gone way overboard in her reaction. I understood it more when I took a call from her vet and learned that Bright Sun had taken

a turn for the worst, and that he'd told Hilary that early in the morning. Well, now I could understand why she'd reacted so.

When she came home in the afternoon to work me in the rink I said, "I'm really sorry to hear about Bright Sun."

Which she totally ignored. "I hope you improve this afternoon, otherwise you'll be wearing the blinders and collar till tomorrow. Now trot," she ordered, snapping her crop against her leg. Oh boy, I thought, I'm still in the doghouse! All I wanted was two things. To do better than in the morning, and for Bright Sun to get better.

That afternoon she started teaching me a new step which she called, "the side step." Basically crossing one hoof over the other and stepping sideways. Which I didn't do good at.

To herself I heard her say, "I'm going to need to be a lot more controlling with the more difficult steps."

Grudgingly I had improved enough so that she removed the collar and blinkers.

That evening I tried once again to console her, actually apologizing, "I'm sorry I didn't do well today. Sunshine will try harder tomorrow."

"Yes, you will try harder tomorrow, I'll see to it," she said coldly.

The next day disaster struck. Bright sun passed away. Hilary was devastated, she spent much of the time in her office with the door shut, and withdrew. I tried everything to "reach" her but nothing worked. I cooked lunch and dinner and she didn't touch ei-

ther. She stopped riding me altogether for I don't know how many days.

Then one day a package arrived for her, which she took into her office. Later I heard her in Bright Sun's old stall. When I asked her what she was doing, distantly, she said, "I'm cleaning out the stall for the new horse."

Taken totally by surprise I said, "New horse? You've bought a new horse, that's great! When is he, or she, coming?"

I know now I really, really should have paid more attention to her answer when she said, "Yes, I have a new horse, sort of. I'll be putting him in his new stall tomorrow."

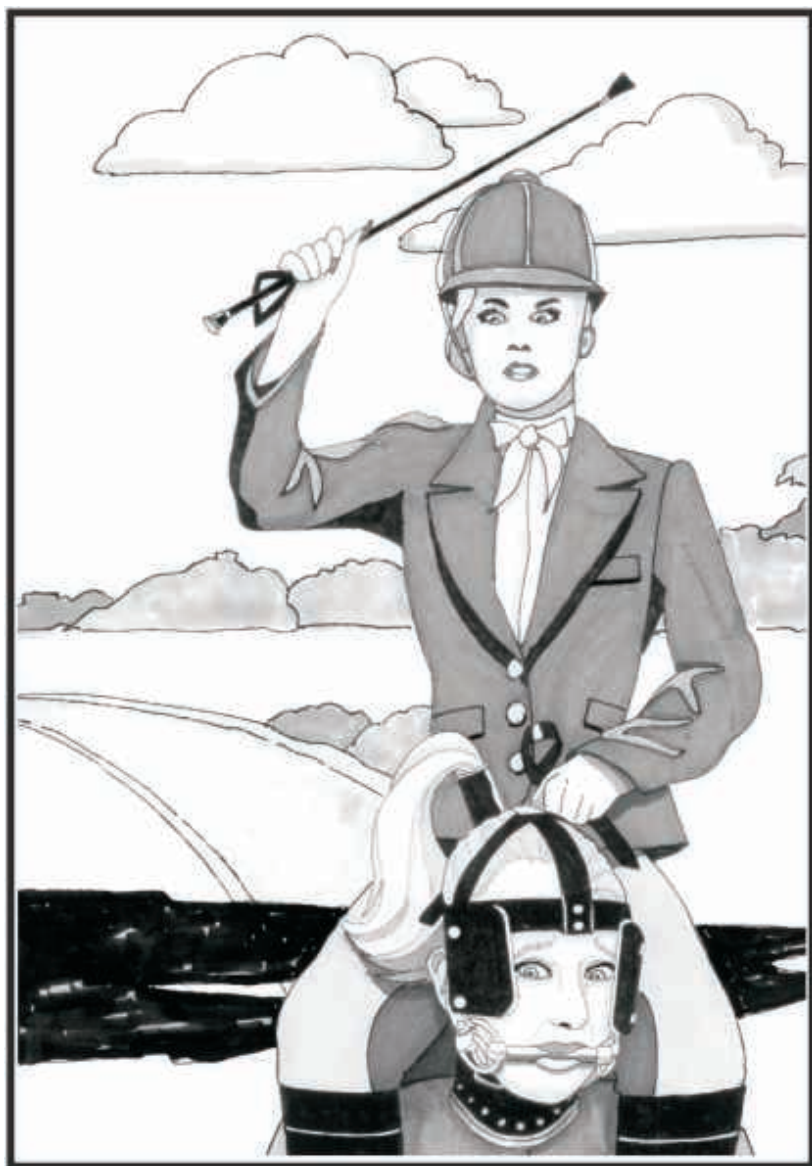
"Oh that's wonderful. I can't wait to see him?"

Looking at me strangely she replied, "See him, well, that could be one way to think of it." Then went back to cleaning the stall, removing Bright Sun's name plaque and installing a new one, which unfortunately, I didn't think to look at.

The next morning to my surprise Hilary came down dressed in her riding habit. Looking at me all she said, sounding annoyed, was, "Why aren't you in harness? By now you should be at the hitching post."

My heart leaped. I thought I had my Hilary back, and was soon in as much of my harness as I could without her help. In one hand she was carrying a box that she carried with her. When I saw what was in it I suddenly became very fearful. Because what she was holding were one of several sets of spurs she owned. These I'd only seen her wear to train Bright Sun and had the biggest rowels.

Hesitantly, and somewhat stupidly, I asked, “Are you going to wear those when you’re riding, ah, Riding Mistress?”



Distractedly, and either ignoring my tone of voice, or not hearing it at all, she said, "Bright sun really didn't start making noticeable progress until I started training him with spurs. His obedience showed almost immediate improvement."

I couldn't take my eyes off them as she strapped and buckled them on her boots, or the mean looking rowels that looked huge.

However with what came next I forgot all about the spurs. "Now Sunshine, what I need to put on you next I know you're not going to like. But if you let me put it on you nicely, don't back away, or try to tell me what I can and can't do, you'll get a nice reward. If you do however it will go very hard on you, trust me," she warned me sternly. When she said, "Open your mouth as wide as you can," I never, never should have, for I was stunned and shocked. Before I could even think to scream "No!" she'd inserted a steel bit into my mouth, passing a bridle over my head and cinching it. I violently tried pushing it out, but, I not only couldn't, but in the middle of the bit was a "U" shaped flange that extended halfway over my tongue. It prevented me from talking altogether, all I could do was make unintelligent sounds. But then she cinched it even more pressing the bit even further into my mouth. Below it was what I knew was a "curb chain," which she fastened tightly under my jaw. There were long bars on the ends of the bit with rings to which she attached the reins.

Stepping back, and completely ignoring my panicked look, she tested the reins. When she

pulled down on them the thing in my mouth pressed down on my tongue. The harder she pulled on the reins the more it cruelly it pressed.

Matter-of-factly she said, "This is called a high port correction bit. It's specific purpose is as a training bit. I really should have started you out on it weeks ago, but fortunately your training isn't all that advanced yet, so it should be a big help."

I thought I'd tried really hard the last few days before Bright Sun passed away. But I didn't know what being trained was until I had a bit in my mouth and spurs were being used on me. The bit was so tightly into my mouth that all she had to do was pull the reins lightly one way or the other and I had to respond immediately. It was impossible not to. Likewise all she had to do was jab me on my sensitive flanks, as she now referred to my cheeks, with the spurs and I literally leapt to obey. I was totally controlled by her between the bit and the spurs I was surely being obedience trained.

An exhausting hour later I had indeed begun to master the side step.

"You see, I just knew you'd do so much better with a bridle and bit and adding spurs," she said brightly, as to my relief, she started undoing the harness and removing the bit. I never felt so relieved when that cruel thing was out of my mouth. To my dismay she said, "No, don't close your mouth. I have another bit for you."

I couldn't help closing my mouth as tightly as I could. "Very well," she said, pinching my nose until I had to open my mouth to breath.

"Since you won't accept the other bit, which is less severe, you'll wear the correction bit until you learn to stand obediently and accept your bit," she declared, and the horrid thing was back in my mouth, pulled as tight as ever.

That was the day I truly became my wife's pony boy. The awful realization hit me as I was led to the center stall. What had been Bright Sun's. The plaque now read, "Sunshine, Stall #2."

I had no idea what was to come next but to my disbelief, all too soon, I found out.

The door between the stall and my office was open. Actually it had been removed. High up was a long set of reins dangling down from a large ring. Hilary removed my reins then clipped the dangling ones to the cheek rings. I was in too much of a state of shock to react to what she did next. With padlocks she secured them to the cheek rings.

"You did much better," she said, "Normally when you do good I'd reward you with a nicer bit and bridle and leave you unhobbled. But you ruined your chance when you refused the bit. And like all stubborn ponies you'll learn by being disciplined, over and over, if I have to. It's fortunate I'm in a good mood or I'd take the crop to you."

What she did next left me speechless, if I'd been able to speak that is. She simply left me bridled and bitted, teethered to the ring above me. My hooves hobbled so I could barely move them.

I don't know how long I stood there in shock, not knowing what to think. I couldn't do anything but stand there wondering how far Hilary was going to take this. Which I soon found out for in the afternoon she came to work me out in the rink.

As I was led out she said, "If you show me noticable improvement Sunshine you'll earn a reward. If not you will, of course, need to be disciplined more harsly this time for lack of effort."

I didn't know what that meant, but she'd given me a hint when she'd said, "for two cents I'd take the crop to you." Which, frankly, scared the hell out of me. So you can imagine just how hard I concentrated and how obedient I was. Gratefully she patted me on the cheeks and said what a "good boy" I'd been.

When she removed the bridle and mean bit I was ordered to hold my mouth open. "I hope you're not going to refuse this bit," she said sternly.

"No Mistress," I said, obediently keeping my mouth open. The bit she inserted was, to my relief, no where near as cruel as the training bit. It was a single bar, rubber coated and didn't hurt my mouth as the other had. The bridle was lighter, although she cinched it tight enough that I knew the bit would stay in my mouth.

She loosened the harness which felt heavenly, although she didn't remove them. She also didn't hobble my feet. The wrist straps she loosened until my hands rested just above my waist. Well, at least these I can remove if I have to, I thought. A thought which didn't last long.

Led back into the stall I was once again fastened to the overhead reins. Then, as before, she just left. At least now I could move about, so exhausted from my workout, I lay down for a while. When I happened to look up I spotted something I'd missed before. What was obviously a surveillance camera was mounted up in one corner. Any thought I had about undoing the wrist cuffs and straps, I now realized, was not a good idea. Obviously Hilary could monitor everything I did, which I really didn't like.

The next morning she came out, tightened everything up, re-inserted the wretched bit, and mounted me for her morning ride. Again the old trail, so, thankfully I did well. Actually so tightly controlled by the bit and spurs I really did much better. And Hilary was obviously appreciative.

After removing my bit she said, "Good boy Sunshine, very good boy, here's a carrot for you to

munch on as I take you back to your stall and sponge you off."

I'd never spent so long in harness and my hooves so I couldn't believe how good it felt to be out of them. After installing the rubber bit and attaching short reins she led me behind the stalls and after attaching the reins to the top of an open shower stall she turned the water on. I almost jumped out of my skin as she'd only turned on the cold water. As I stood there she vigorously brushed me with a stiff brush, that was close to painful, but when she finished I was tingling. And feeling even better when she rubbed linament all over me. Good as it felt it didn't pass my notice that she used the same horse linament that she used on Bright Sun.

By the time she briskly towelled me off and led me back to my stall I was like a new man, or pony. I couldn't believe it when she put my harness and hooves back on. I was puzzled when she led me over to the stainless steel trough. I was soon to descend into further humiliation, I just didn't know it.

She started out by petting me lovingly and stroking my behind, saying, "what a good boy Sunshine was today. I know how confusing these two days were, but I just know that, day by day, you'll understand more of what I expect of you. Do you under-

stand?" Then realizing I couldn't respond with the bit in my mouth I was shocked at what she said next.

"Oh, I know, when I have your bridle and bit on you just paw once with your right hoof for 'Yes' and, let's see, twice with your left hoof for 'No.' And when you don't know how to answer just stand there and I'll try to rephrase it, do you understand now?"

I think I remember having a few tears as I pawed once with my right hoof, not believing what she was expecting me to do from now on. Paw the ground just as she'd taught Bright Sun to do.

"That's exactly right," she said happily as she held my balls firmly in one hand and began stroking my quickly aroused organ with the other. As always it felt incredible, until it dawned on me what she expected me to do. But there was no stopping her, and with a bit in my mouth I couldn't utter a word of protest as I began forcefully spurting into the trough. I felt utterly degraded hearing my spurting loudly splashing against the stainless steel trough.

"There now, didn't that feel good?" she asked, totally obvious to the humiliation of what I'd just done. But what could I do but, totally crushed, paw "Yes."

"If you do even better tomorrow I'll do it again, and if you really do good I may even mount you," she declared.

"Now, there will be a strict stall etiquette and schedule I expect you to adhere to. When the morning bell goes off I expect you up immediately. I'm going to remove your bit and bridle on a trial basis. The first thing you'll do is insert your training bit, bridle yourself and see that it's cinched properly

tight. The collar remains on to which the stall reins will always be attached. If I see you hesitate, even a little, to install your bit and bridle the trail basis is over and you stay bridled and bitted from now on. As soon as that's done you'll go to the latrine and relieve yourself. I then expect both stalls thoroughly cleaned. Floors mopped, walls cleaned down, fixtures polished and the old hay pitched out and fresh hay put in. By eight you'll be finished, standing harnessed and hobbled in the center of your stall waiting for my arrival."

Yet Hilary wasn't finished. "As soon as you're brought back from your ride, brushed down and groomed you'll work out with the weights for one hour. I will, of course, be able to monitor how obedient you are. Stalls will be inspected when I arrive and if everything isn't spotless, gleaming and done as I expect it to be naturally you'll be disciplined. Do you understand Sunshine?"

"Yes Mistress, Sunshine understands," I said miserably, wondering, in the morning, if I could bring myself to actually put the horrible bit in my mouth and bridle myself.

"It's now seven-thirty, you'll work out with the weights for the next hour. If," she emphasized, "I see you gave it your best effort I'll feed you."

My god, I thought, she has surely gone over the edge. All I could think of is that if I did as she instructed she'd start to come to her senses.

The next morning I nearly jumped out of my skin when a bell shriekingly sounded for a good twenty seconds. Still half groggy, and with a glance at the camera, I put the bit in my mouth and then bridled myself and attached the locks. It was the last thing I

wanted to do. But what choice did I have? I had no idea what she'd do if I didn't, and that was incentive enough.

Hilary seemed quite pleased that I was bridled and had the bit in my mouth when she came out.

Until she tested the bridle. "Your bridle is not cinched enough and your bit is much too loose in your mouth. Bad pony (crack), bad Sunshine (crack)," she said angrily scolded, punctuating it by cropping both my cheeks smartly and really quite painfully. Then yanked all the bridle straps as tight as she could.

"I'll deal with you when we're finished. Now put your hooves on this paper and don't move them," she ordered, tracing their outline with a pen. She didn't bother explaining why.

When we got back from her ride she said, "Now, unfortunately, I'm going to have to discipline you for not cinching your bridle as you know you're supposed to."

She had me stand under the stable reins, attaching them to the training bit. She hobbled my hooves, and kept my wrists tightly cinched to the collar. Then she began taking up the slack in the stable reins until they held me tautly erect. Then she cinched them even tighter till they actually brought the backs of my hooves off the floor, leaving me balancing precariously on just the tips of my hooves.

"I'm sure by the time I come back at noon you won't try fooling me again by leaving your bridle and bit loose," she said firmly and walked out. I didn't believe it, I remember thinking, she's going to just leave me like this for the next three hours? But, she did, and I was a much wiser pony by the time she

returned. I never again left my bridle or bit too loose.

Besides strengthening my legs the exercises I was doing on my waist, or flanks, as Hilary now referred to them, was having an effect. To my relief the waist belt was finally feeling looser. A fact I didn't bring up, as I knew she'd only tighten it further.

To my dismay, she discovered this herself. "very good," she said, cinching the straps, not one notch, but two more notches tighter.

"It's about time we started bringing your flanks more in line with the rest of you," she declared, then ominously added, "I'm sure the new waist cinch I've ordered will see a more dramatic improvement in them."

Chapter-16 Put on firmer footing.

Every time she arrived in the morning with a package under her arm I couldn't help looking at it dread. I knew, by then, that whatever came out of it would take one step more as a pony boy. At the worst it would heap some new humiliation on me. Just prayed that whatever was in the next package wouldn't be too horrible.

But what was in the next package she brought out was not only horrible, but, I'd have to say, equally as bad as the first time she put a bit in my mouth. Along with this new package she'd brought with her a hammer and nails. I had no idea of their purpose, nor did I when I was ordered to bend my right leg and bring it up behind me. I felt her lifting the hoof up and arching it, then something heavy

being placed against it. It was when I heard the hammer strike a nail that, in total denial, I finally realized what she was doing. My hooves were being shod. No, she couldn't be, but as each nail was hammered in she was actually nailing horse shoes to my hooves.



When she'd finished she said, sounding quite satisfied, "There now, I've been waiting for your new horse shoes for over a week now. They're custom made just for your hooves, and really cost a lot. But, if you're to be taught to jump smartly they'll have been an excellent investment. As you'll see they'll give you firmer footing and traction as you jump, if I have you at a trot and especially when you're at a gallop."

Chapter-17 Now she has me jumping!

As I was led out it was hard to concentrate when all I could think about was what she'd just done, so casually, oblivious to the humiliation that she'd just heaped on me. You may not believe this but it was even more humiliating walking me out on the cement floor hearing, to me, the deafening sharp striking sound the shoes made on it, and realizing it was my horse shoe shod hooves making the sound. I sounded just like Bright Sun had sounded being let out of her stall.

I was led around the rink at the end of my training reins. First at a walk, then at a trot, stepping smartly over the trotting poles, which, by now, Hilary had raised to eight inches.

"Very good Sunshine. I just knew the shoes would be a great help. However as I'm sure you can feel your hooves are now a bit heavier. So, you're gong to have to concentrate raising them as before. You've already knocked four over, I don't want to see another knocked over," she warned.

Very business-like she said, "I'm now going to place four gates around the rink which I'll train you

to jump. Don't be nervous, to start they're only fourteen inches high, and for a few days I won't discipline you for hitting or knocking them over, as long as I see you trying your best. Now, when I use the spurs you prepare to jump. Then when I use the crop to your hindquarters you jump as high as you can without breaking stride."

It was impossible not to do as she demanded. Hilary held the reins in more ways than one. So with the crack of her crop against my hind quarters, which she'd taken to calling my hips, I obediently jumped and tried to resume my trot without breaking stride.

I'll have to admit that once I got into the rhythm I didn't find it all that difficult. Actually, although I hated to admit it, I kind of got a kick out of jumping.

Which Hilary picked on. "That was really better than I thought you'd do. I think you must be a natural born jumper," she said, petting me.

I didn't, however, find it as easy later in the afternoon with Hilary riding me. But, I took it as a challenge and the last two turns around the rink I didn't knock over any gates.

She was so pleased that when led back to my stall she took me right over to the trough and fondling my organ I spurted into it for the second time in two days. I was happy that Hilary was pleased with me, but as I splashed into the trough I didn't feel any less humiliated.

Two days later she said, "I'm so pleased with your jumping that I'm going to raise the gates. However before I do that there's one more step I'm going to train you to. Of the basic gaits you still need to learn how to prance for me. I save it to last as it'll be

the hardest to learn. There's a lot of technique involved and it's quite precise."

"You've already learned the proper gait for the walk, trot and gallop. The prancing gait is three quick, light steps between poles, at a pace halfway between a walk and a trot. Now leg action is critical. Rather than stepping up and out very high leg action is required with knees raised chest high, the hooves coming almost straight down with your toes pointed at the ground. The prance should be done with light, briskly smart steps," she instructed.

She was right, it was the most difficult of gaits, the most demanding and, as I found, the most exhausting, which Hilary worked me to.

"That's okay Sunshine, I can see that you're trying, but you really need to raise those knees, and step more lightly. I want the tips of your hooves barely touching the ground," she encouraged.

And each day I did do better, but not by much. As a result Hilary became more and more frustrated and firmer.

Finally, after several days, she came out saying she thought she knew how to improve my prancing. Her solution was to strap weights around each ankle. They felt like they had to weigh at least ten pounds each.

After walking me around for a few minutes she shortened the reins till she was standing just a couple feet behind me and to one side.

"Your gait is too inconsistent, and you are not raising your knees enough. I will walk behind you as you prance and will give you a reminder each time you break gait, do not raise your knees high enough or hit a pole."

Her “reminder” was applied to one cheek or the other, striking each really painfully sharp. It produced the desired effect. I was quickly raising my knees as high as I possibly could, praying I wouldn’t hit a gate.

I tired much quicker because of the weights, that soon felt like they weighed 100 pounds! Yet Hilary showed no sympathy. When I finally really couldn’t make it over another pole she stopped. But I was not out of my misery. Actually it only increased.

Not removing the weights she said, “From now on you will prance to and from the stables, and when you are in the stables. You will prance at all times until I see that you’ve mastered

it,” she dictated. You can’t image how ridiculous I felt getting up and prancing a few feet just to get a book, or go to the latrine, as Hilary now referred to it.

It was about ten that she suddenly stormed into my stall, dressed in a business suit and carrying her crop.

“When you went over to the file cabinet just now you walked over to it. I told you to prance at all times, didn’t I?” she demanded to know angrily.

“Y-yes...” was all I got out.

“When ponies aren’t being obedient they get disciplined. Prance in place!” she ordered, which I started doing, but not fast enough. Using her crop, harder than she ever had I didn’t get it on my flanks, but the backs on my legs.

“Count to a hundred. Get those damn knees up, hooves straight up and down,” she yelled. When I got to a hundred she said, “Apparently you’re not as

obedience trained as I thought. Very well, for the rest of the day, every hour on the hour, you'll stop what you're doing and prance in place fifty times counting out loud so I can hear you."

I could only do what she demanded, never knowing if she was watching or not. I had expected her to come for her afternoon ride, but she didn't. Nor did I receive any dinner, so every hour until the bell clanked and the lights went out I pranced in place every hour. By then with the weights on my feet I was so exhausted I could barely raise one hoof even half way up.

The next morning, gratefully, she removed the weights around my ankles.

"Now let's see how you do," she said, and was surprised at easily I pranced around the rink. As a result Hilary showered me with praise. "You see how much better you did by all the prancing you did yesterday?" she dictated leading me by my erect member over to the trough.

Chapter-18 My humiliating reward.

I knew what she was about to do, and humiliating as it was I couldn't help the eager anticipation I felt. Firmly gripping my balls to hold me in place she grasped my quivering organ in the other and pointing it straight down ever so slowly masturbated me.

I stood perfectly still, as I'd been trained, as my organ hardened so stiff it was unbearable. I wanted to scream for her to go faster but with a bit in my mouth all I could do was silently urge her on.



“You can spurt now, Sunshine,” she directed, and as soon as she said that I spurted everything I had into the trough. Splat, splat, splat. I just couldn’t seem to stop. The relief was so intense, but then, shamefully, I realized I was now being trained to spurt on command. Then to my dismay she reattached the leg weights. “Keep prancing now everywhere and I’m sure in a week, or so, you’ll be prancing as good as any pony,” she assured me. And she was right. For a solid week I pranced every-

where, and at the end I pranced as good as any other pony. I think that was when it dawned on me that I was actually beginning to think of myself as a pony.

Finally the big day arrived. I was to be tried out on the new trail. Hilary was very excited.

Once we turned onto the new trail I was on unfamiliar territory. With blinders on I truly did have to trust her. I couldn't see the trail or really where I was going at all. By now I was so well trained that I responded immediately, without thinking, to the pull of the reins, the flick of her crop or the jab of the spurs.

Even so the new trail was much more difficult and demanding. I lost track of the number of jumps, the water hazards and while the old trail had one fairly easy hill the new one had at least half a dozen and a couple so steep I was exhausted by the time I got to their tops.

I was visibly gasping and perspiring heavily by the time we got back to the stables.

"That was really quite good for your first time, Sunshine," she said, petting me and feeding me a carrot.

"Fifty seven minutes is a good starting point. Obviously we're going to have to work on your stamina. But, each time we go out I'll work you just a little harder. I think a reasonable goal to complete the course would be forty minutes," she stated, which I truly didn't think remotely possible. But, each day I did improve and Hilary was quite methodical. If I improved by two minutes she jerk me off into the trough, with the promise that if, one day, I improved by four minutes she'd mount me. Which I realized

she hadn't done in over two weeks, and when she did it was now always in my stall. Actually I hadn't been in the house in all that time either. When I hesitantly brought that up she said, as if it were totally reasonable, "My goodness, I can't have my Sunshine marring my beautiful hard wood floors with his shoes, now can I?"

I couldn't believe it, I wasn't even allowed in my own house now!

However if I didn't improve by at least two minutes I was disciplined for, "lack of effort." That actually proved to be the greater incentive for, in her displeasure, I would then really feel the crop and much harsher use of her spurs.

It was about a week later that I suffered my next humiliation and further descent into Hilary's full time pony. I wanted desperately to ask her how long she was going to keep this up. But increasingly I now had a bit in my mouth more than I didn't so I was having less and less opportunity to express my concern. Besides I always felt that at some point she would come out and, her grief over, all would be back to normal.

So I was both surprised and hopeful when she came out just before noon, not dressed in her riding gear, but in a sharp business suit. I was naturally puzzled when she cinched me up, inserted the training bit and bridalled me.

"I have a really important business lunch and meeting so, unfortunately, I won't be able to train you," she said to my relief.

Chapter-19 No, surely she wasn't going to put me on that.

“So now’s a good time to try it out and see if it will be helpful,” she informed me, although I had no idea what “it” was. Leading out of the stables through a back door I was puzzled because the only thing behind the stables was the walker.

Then it hit me. No, she wouldn’t do that, it was too humiliating to think she’d do that to me. But that’s exactly what she apparently was going to do. I resisted as much as I could, which wasn’t much when she yanked harshly on the reins and really stung me with the crop twice. I literally leapt forward until she had me positioned directly under one long arm of the walker. Then reaching up she first attached the reins to it then cinched them till there was no slack in them at all.

“You’ll find this really quite simple,” she said, oblivious to my humiliated, pleading expression.

“When I push the ‘on’ button you’ll hear one bell, then you’ll be led around at a brisk walk.. At two bells it will lead you around at a trot. Three bells and you’ll prance. And when you hear a loud buzzer the walker will take you around at a gallop. I’ve programmed it for just three hours and every half hour it will bring you to a stop here under this tree for a ten minute rest period. See, I’ve even put a trough here for you,” she said brightly as if I was supposed appreciate her thoughtfulness.

“You be a good pony now while I’m gone. I’m sure you’ll find it will take a bit to adjust to, but you’ll do fine,” she said, patting me on the cheek, then picked up her briefcase and headed for her car.

I didn't have much time to wallow I what I was feeling as a few seconds later I heard a bell ring, felt my reins yanked forward, the cruel bit jerk in my mouth and I was being mechanically walked with no ability to offer the slightest resistance. Even before I completed one circuit the mechanical monster had taught me a valuable lesson. Keep up or be jerked forward transmitted directly to the bit in my mouth.

Round and round I went I don't know how many times, then two bells and I was yanked into a trot, at three I pranced and at the sound of a loud buzzer I was immediately forced into a gallop as fast as I could go. When I didn't think I could go any further mercifully it stopped right under the tree and I greedily drank as best I could from the trough. Then, just as I as regaining my breath the damn bell rang and I was off again.

I really couldn't believe it. Hilary, my wife, was sitting, relaxed, having lunch with who knows while she was having her husband mechanically exercised back home. I couldn't believe she'd gone this far over the edge. But when three bells rang and I was once again prancing around the rink I had to think that she really had.

Needless to say I received a thorough working out. In reality it was more exhausting than what Hilary normally put me through. She returned earlier than she expected while the despised machine was still exercising me. I thought she'd turn it off, but instead she just sat on a bench and watched. Which I found even more humiliating. My wife, as I foolishly continued thinking of her as, just sat and watched, even occasionally clapping and urging me on.

When it finally came to a stop and she'd unhitched me she was quite enthusiastic.

“Did you have a good exercise, Sunshine?” she asked, and with the bit in my mouth all I could do was paw that I had.

“Excellent! I think the walker will make a perfect substitute for when I’m too busy to train you myself, don’t you?” she stated, and miserably I nodded that it would.

And it did, with increasing frequency she relied on it to exercise me while she was off on business or having lunch. Every time she came out in a business suit I groaned inwardly as I knew what that meant. I much preferred to be exercised by Hilary as it usually only lasted an hour or so. But on the walker, to build up my stamina, it was never less than two hours, which she kept adding to. Then too as I was cinched to it I was always quite nervous as one workout was never the same. One time I spent the entire time prancing and the next day I spent an entire two hours just jumping poles.

The worst day however was the day she came out in the morning fastened me to the walker then to my disbelieving ears said, “I need to go out of town, on business, for most of the day, so I won’t be home until about seven tonight.”

No, surely, I thought, she wasn’t going to keep me on the walker nearly all day! But that’s exactly what she planned, thinking nothing of it.

“I’m sure you’ll be alright,” she said, stroking me fully awake. “I’ve programmed in plenty of rest time, there’s water in the trough, I’ve left you a bucket of feed that I think you’ll enjoy and I’ve only programmed you for twenty circuits at full gallop,” she said. A bucket of feed? Is that what my meals were now, I wondered miserably. I really had to put a

stop to this before it was too late, I decided, but then the bell rang.

She did get back around when she said she would, talking excitedly about the deal she'd just made, then, not very concerned, asked if the walker had malfunctioned. With the bit in my mouth all I could do was paw twice for "no."

"And you had enough feed and water?" she asked, and I pawed once for "yes."

"Oh that's great. This will free me up to go out of town, or be gone longer. I was concerned leaving you on the walker for so long, but obviously it's working out perfectly," she enthused. Oh great I thought in dismay. But then later that night she came out and as a reward for "not putting up a fuss" actually mounted me for the first time in weeks.

I spent, as you can imagine, a lot of time wondering and agonizing over what was to happen. Obviously Hilary had completely lost her senses. When she'd ever get them back I could only hope for. I couldn't delude myself anymore. It was obvious, as far as Hilary was concerned, I had, for all intents and purposes, replaced Bright Sun. To her I was no longer her husband, I was her pony, Sunshine, but, for how long?

As I suspected would happen she hitched me to the walker programming it for most of a day more and more frequently, even if she wasn't leaving for a meeting or lunch. At times she would come down, taking a break from her office, sit and just watch me being exercised. I found this surprisingly humiliating. She could easily have taken me off the walker, or allowing me to rest, by simply pushing a button. Instead she'd offer words of encouragement and

praise. "Very good, you're doing great Sunshine. Now remember raise your knees a little higher for me," she'd say.

What I came to be alarmed about was when she started coming down not dressed in a business suit but often in a really pretty sexy outfit, hitch me to the walker and simply leave with no explanation as to where she was going at all. She eventually stopped all together talking about her business or the house or anything that we used to talk about.

The few times she bit as out of my mouth and I tried to talk to her about her business or just have a conversation all she'd say, sounding rather irritated with me, was, "Now, now sunshine that's not something useful for a pony to know. Things are going great." After a while I had no real idea of Hilary's life, or anything that was going on in the rest of the world.

The last time she mentioned anything to me I really should have paid more attention to her remarks, unfortunately I didn't.

"I've spent the weekend at the most fascinating equestrian show, where they had all kinds of events, and lots of ponies, just like you," she said, and naturally I took that to mean other real ponies and horses.

"They even had a cross country event and jumping competition that I think you could do real good in. At least in the novice class," she said chuckling. Which I did as well, obviously she was just kidding.

Chapter-20 Put on display, In front of total strangers!

The following Saturday I awoke having no idea it was to be the day that marked my final transformation as Hilary's pony boy, and it was the most humiliating to date.

For some reason Hilary spent extra time grooming me, arranging and combing my ponytail,

shining my harness and buckles and even polishing my hooves till they shined.

Mysteriously she said, "I want you looking your absolute best today, Sunshine, so you can make a really good impression. And I want you to be especially obedient as I put you through your paces in the ring this morning."

Well trained as I was Hilary put an extra effort in making me perform spurring me more than she normally did, cracking her crop on my flanks a lot more sharply and using the reins more demandingly. When she finally brought me to a halt to my total disbelief what I heard next truly shocked me. For what I heard was applause!

"My goodness Hilary, where have you been keeping him?" I heard a woman's voice ask.

"And how long have you had him?" a second asked.

Then yet another woman asked if I had a name yet.

With a flick of her crop I was walked towards the voices, yet with my blinkers on and my head rigidly held fixed I could see none of them.

“His name is Sunshine, and I’ve just had him a few months now,” Hilary said.

“Well, we all have to commend you, you really have done an excellent job of training him so far. He probably wouldn’t win any ribbons but you could enter him right now in the novice pony competition. Although, we’re all agreed, you would really need to sharpen up his appearance. Did you have a particular event in mind?”

“I have an excellent trail laid out, so I was thinking of the cross-country event. Should I enter him in any others?” she asked.

“Cross-country is a good event, but I think I’d concentrate on entering the show pony competition and he really does have the makings to be a competitive jumper. Although you’d really need to train him to much higher jumps,” the first woman stated.

“You really think he’d make a good show pony?” Hilary asked.

“As Olivia mentioned he really needs to be sharpened up. Appearance is everything in a show pony. Once their appearance is judged with heavy emphasis on figure, face, mane and he’s measured then all show ponies go into the ring competition. Judges will grade him on obedience, posture and the various gaits he’s been trained to. You’d need to teach him a planned routine to impress the judges. Ribbons are awarded in each category.”

“We can recommend an excellent groomer to sharpen up his appearance. What the judges are looking for is the prettiest pony you see. And she’ll also be able to give you useful tips when showing him. Oh yes, when you talk to her be sure to tell her he hasn’t been tailed yet,” the second woman added.

"I can also recommend a trainer who can come out three or four times a week and teach him a routine to perform. She's rather young and demanding, but the routine she taught my Sugar has won a lot of ribbons," the third woman remarked.

"You mentioned you thought he might make a good jumper, I only ask because he seems to enjoy it," Hilary said.

"Yes, I think he has great potential, but you'll have to train him to much higher gates, these seem a bit low even for a novice jumper," the woman named Olivia stated.

"The gates I've trained him, so far, are sixteen inches high, how much higher do they need to be?" Hilary asked.

"There are three different gate heights in the novice jumper competition. The lowest is twenty inches, the second series is twenty-five inches and the third series is thirty inches for a total of forty-five gates. But the trainer we recommend I'm sure can get him jumping even the highest gates," she assured her. My god, I thought, thirty inches! That's almost double what I'd been trained to jump.

"It's nearly lunch, why don't I go up and get us some wine, cheese and bread and bring it down here to the picnic table and you can give me any further tips and suggestions you have," Hilary ventured, which everyone thought a great idea. However before doing so she led me to the hitching post, fastened me to it and hobbled my ankles.

Chapter-21 I'm inspected.

Thirty minutes later when she came back they all sat around the picnic table just a dozen feet from where I was hitched so I could overhear everything they said. I was, as you can imagine, in total shock, humiliated beyond belief. I simply couldn't believe these women had ponies like me, or that Hilary was actually serious about entering me in some horse, or pony show. However she, and they, sounded dead serious, and it scared me to death.

"Probably the biggest improvement, that the groomer we mentioned, can immediately make is in his appearance. They pay a lot of attention to the face, especially the eyes, how elaborately the mane is styled and, of course, they'll check his teeth. Then too you'll have to do something about his figure and design a more elaborate show harness, bridle and bit," the first woman stated.

"Don't forget the hooves. For a show pony and ring competition they need to be much higher," the second remarked.

"Appearance is judged as Acceptable, Attractive, which wins a second place ribbon with the first place ribbon going to the pony judged the most Glamorous. I would judge his appearance, right now, as Acceptable. Now don't get disheartened, all our ponies started out as simply Acceptable. He does have several pluses going for him. His flanks for example, do you mind?" I heard her ask, then was shocked to feel her hand fondling my cheeks.

"Quite nice. Very taunt and obviously sensitive. What do they measure?"

"Forty inches with the cheeks straps," Hilary said, then cautioned, "I wouldn't pet his flanks too

much. Sunshine's organ really gets extremely aroused."

"Actually, if you don't mind, I think we'd all like to see it's actual fully aroused state. It could well affect the judging."

I couldn't believe it when Hilary said, "Oh no, I don't mind. I think you'll be surprised."

I could do nothing but stand there as the woman grasped my organ and began slowly fondling and caressing it. It was utterly humiliating. I was being jerked off by a total stranger, yet I'd become so well conditioned that I got immediately stiff, then so hard I wanted to scream.

"That looks about as big as I've ever been able to get it," Hilary stated.

"Oh my, the judges are really going to be impressed. How big is it?" she asked.

"Not quite nine inches, the last I measured it," Hilary said.

"God, I'm so jealous. The biggest I can get my Pepper's organ is a measly six inches. Do you ever use it?"

"When Sunshine has been very good I'll mount him as a reward. It really is quite a ride," she said with some pride.

"Well, I'd certainly do everything you can to put it prominently on display. I'm sure the groomer, Gretchen, can see that it's nicely accessorized. Obviously when their appearance is being judged and during the rink competition the ponie's organ is always to be exhibited fully aroused," she said, taking away her land and leaving me, quite unconcerned, agonizingly erect.

“I agree with Amanda, his flanks are one of it’s bet assets, and I’m just as envious of the size of his organ. However you’ll have to get new hooves on him. The one’s he has are fine if you want to ride him, but a show ponie’s hooves are much higher,” the first woman stated.

When Hilary asked how high they would need to be the woman named Amanda said, “A five inch hoof, measuring no more than three by three inches, with a six inch arch will be necessary to enter him in the novice class competition.”

My god she couldn’t possibly be serious, there wasn’t a doubt in my mind that they’d be impossible to even stand on! I prayed she wasn’t serious, but, my her tone, I knew she was. None of this I could bring myself to believe that Hilary was truly going to do. It all sounded just too bizarre.

I couldn’t conceive that other women had trained males to be ponies like me and actually enter them in equestrian events.

Chapter-22 Groomed and tailed.

Sadly it was all to come true. Two days later after I was harnessed she fixed my bridal to the overhead stall reins then took up the slack till my hooves barely touched the floor. About a half hour later I heard several pair of heels enter my stall.

“This is Sunshine. I really hope you can make him look a lot more attractive,” Hilary said.

“Oh, I’m sure we can. That’s why I brought Carla. While I concentrate on prettying them up and styling their manes, Carla works on creating elaborate

show harnesses, bridals, bits and accessorizing their best features. So, let's take a look at him," I heard a voice say, who was obviously the groomer. I couldn't see them, but as they walked around inspecting me I was pinched, prodded and measured. Even my lips were pried apart so my teeth could be looked at. It was so humiliating standing there being inspected like a I was prized horse, but then I realized that, to them, that's exactly what I was.

Finally Hilary asked what they thought.

"Well, obviously the first thing that needs to be done is to get him tailed. Then do something with his mane. On the plus side I'm happy to see it's already quite long. However I would add extension for show and it needs a much more elaborate styling. Then too the mousey, pale brown color is just too unflattering. I'm thinking a rich, golden blonde with highlights with matching tail and crotch hairs. I'd also smooth out the pony's complexion and definitely highlight his gorgeous blue eyes. Super, long eyelashes, heavy eyeliner, bright, green eye shadow and, of course, plucking the eyebrows into more expressive arches I think will do it. Although the lips are a bit too thin, they definitely can be made much fuller and I think died a rich red. I can start on his coat this afternoon, as soon as we get him tailed," she said.

I was too disbelieving, listening to her, to know what to think. All that went through my mind was, this was all too preposterous, they couldn't possibly be serious, and what the hell did, "getting him tailed" or "a new laser method" mean? Whatever they meant it didn't sound good.

"As to a show harness I do think pink is the perfect is the perfect color for him with rhinestones the

perfect touch. As for accessories, the judges always respond well to bells on ponies, the more the better. The ears, of course, will need piercing so they can be nicely decorated and then the actual ears attached. And obviously his girth needs to be dramatically reduced,” Carla said.

“I thought so myself, after seeing the other ponies, just how badly out of line is it?” Hilary asked.

“Well, a perfectly proportioned pony’s girth ideally should be half that of his flanks plus two inches,” she stated.

“You mean Sunshine’s girth should be no more than twenty-two inches. God, he’s not even close to that,” Hilary remarked, while I was close to fainting.

“Oh don’t worry, they don’t expect that of a novice pony, but it is mandatory of an advanced

pony, or less,” she said, to which I breathed a sigh of relief.

“For now I think I can get a stringent harness that’ll reduce his girth substantially and improve his posture, new hooves plus some basic accessories by this afternoon if I leave now,” the groomer said.

“And after lunch I’ll start smoothing out his coat and I’ll call someone in to do his mane,” the other said, then mysteriously added, “Mix this in with what you feed him for lunch.”

I didn’t notice anything different when I was fed, except something that tasted like molasses.

Whatever it was within an hour I had an overwhelming urge to shit, and kept doing so until there wasn’t anything left in me. Which left me exhausted, not able, or having the strength to offer any resistance as I felt my legs being stretched apart until I

didn't think they could be spread any further. Then the ankles were put in cuffs at opposite ends of what had to be a bar leaving me not able to even twitch.

"Whenever we first work on a new pony we've found it's best to keep them as restrained as possible. The pony isn't going to like much of what we're going to do, so keeping them immobilized enables us to work much faster," she explained to Hilary.

The first thing she, and her assistant, did was to spread a cream all over my body. Which at first felt cool, but then grew hotter and hotter until it was almost unbearable.

"There, there Sunshine, I know this isn't very pleasant, but we'll remove it in a few minutes," she said, petting me.

Finally they washed it off and applied a soothing lotion and then an oil which she said would smooth out the skin and give it a shine.

I was then bent forward until my head was actually below my waist. Then the reins were tightly cinched to the bar that was spreading my legs.

"Try to calm down Sunshine and relax. We're only putting your special training tail on, it won't hurt at all," she assured me. I panicked, but couldn't resist as my asshole being lubricated and then felt her inserting something until I heard a pop. Then I really started to panic as I felt it growing bigger and bigger.

"Easy now, I'm just blowing it up to hold it in," she stated.

"My goodness what a beautiful tail," Hilary remarked, with no regard to what was just done to

me. To my misery I now understood what “being tailed” meant.

For the next several hours, as I remained bent over, they worked on me. And they were right, I didn’t like at all what they were doing. I wanted to scream and beg, “Please don’t do this,” but, of course, I couldn’t.

My hair was shampooed, dyed and then put in curlers. My eyebrows were plucked, long eyelashes were carefully glued on, then eyeliner, eye shadow, my lips were injected with something and then painted. Then a sort of laser which buzzed was gone over my face, neck and cheeks. The girl then blow dried my hair and combed it back and up so tightly it brought tears to my eyes, after which she clipped something to it to hold it in place.

Chapter-23 Harnessed and hooved.

Just as they were finishing the groomer came back and I was hoisted upright again. Which was a relief, but as I remember, at that point, I was beyond caring. Frankly, I was numb with shock. I did start caring however when she put a new harness around me and started tightening it. For one it was longer and much more rigid, if that was possible. For another it didn’t buckle but laced up the back. When she had laced it top to bottom I was relieved as it didn’t feel any tighter. However, to my alarm, she started all over again. This time really tightening it, much too much. And to my disbelief she tightened the laces once again. One thing that was different was that I could feel that it descended over my crotch as if a shield, except that there was obviously

a circular opening for she impersonally grabbed my organ and balls pushing them through the tight opening. Then she passed a wide belt around the smallest part of my waist and secured it with a padlock.

“There, there Sunshine. Keep calm and take short, shallow breaths. I know it feels too tight but you’ll eventually get used to it,” she said, trying to sooth me, which didn’t help at all.

To Hilary she said, “You were buckling his old harness down just two inches. His new one I’ve laced down a full four inches, which, at least, is a start.” I couldn’t believe it when she said, “it was just a start.”

Totally unconcerned about the crushing effect it was having on me Hilary said, “Well, obviously it really improves his figure, but you’re sure you didn’t tighten it too much? Won’t he find it unbearable after a while?”

“I’m sure after four or five hours it will, but then his trainer will loosen it for an hour then tighten it again and continue until he simply stays laced all day. Then, of course, she’ll gradually begin tightening it a little at a time. It all depends on how pliable his figure is. I always find it fascinating to see how far you can improve a ponies figure,” the groomer dispassionately stated as if it were an amusing game.

“Now, let’s get his new cheek enhancers on. The ones you were employing just raise his cheeks up. These deluxe cheek enhancers will both raise and separate his buttocks. I attach these set of straps to the bottom of his harness like this. Then I pass them through and up each side of his cheeks cinch

them to opposite sides of the harness and tighten them like this. Notice how they nicely separate each cheek the tighter I cinch them. This will cause the pony's buttocks to involuntarily twitch as it trots and prances, which the judges really look for. Now I'll attach these straps which will raise the buttocks up to their fullest," she explained as I felt my cheeks being separated and then raised.

When Hilary asked about the belt she'd locked around me the groomer said, "It's been my experience that after a few hours some pony's try to loosen their harness. The belt, obviously, will prevent that. Now, let's put his new hooves on him."

I could immediately feel the difference not only in height but the arches were so much more severe. I could tell they were a bit higher as she laced them tightly up to the knees. Then I just couldn't believe it when I heard her remark, "His new hooves are four inches high with a six inch arch, and the shoes we'll nail on them will be just three by three inches. That's the minimum for a novice pony. Advanced pony's hooves are five inches with an eight inch arch with shoes just two by two inches."

"My god can they actually walk in them, let alone prance and jump," Hilary questioned.

"Oh yes, obviously it takes much training. But once you put them on they simply have to adapt, don't they?" she stated, which I thought was the point where I started to really hate this woman. To my misery I was to reach this point several times. And to add to my misery I heard her say, "These hooves are rubber lined and water proofed so there's no reason to remove them when you hose him down and don't really need to be removed for three or four

days. At the top you'll see a strap that locks on to prevent the laces from accidentally coming loose."

She then did something I completely didn't understand. She unclipped my arms that were clipped to my collar and after positioning them in back so that each hand was holding the opposite elbow she wrapped what felt like a sleeve around them and began binding them together with straps.

As she did I found my shoulders pulled further and further back. And my chest pushed out.

Hilary asked the same question I had, "Why have you put his arms like that?"

I absolutely couldn't believe her answer. "Show and rink ponies perform without them, of course. Plus notice how it enhances his frontal torso and profile. It's really more for cosmetic appearances than anything."

"Well, yes actually it does. But won't that make prancing and particularly jumping quite difficult?" she asked, which I thought a gross understatement. She couldn't possibly be serious.

"Admittedly it does take some time, but the trainer you've hired is really quite thorough and utilizes several interesting techniques that she employs. Her workouts are rather demanding but I'm sure she'll have Sunshine prancing and jumping in his new hooves and without needing to rely on his arms within a couple weeks time.

"Keeping his arms like that, it doesn't hurt him, does it?" Hilary asked.

"Oh not at all, they can actually be left in this position for several days at a time, although, of course, he'll need them when you want to take him out for a

ride,” she assured her. My god, I thought, I was to be deprived the use of my arms for days? This was truly getting so far out of hand I couldn’t believe it.

Chapter-24 I can’t believe what they’ve done to me!

When the groomer’s assistant, who’d done what she called my “make over” asked if they thought, “Sunshine would like to see how pretty” she’d made me they all agreed. And, to be honest, I was both curious and dreading what I would see. When she held up a mirror I, at first, thought I was looking at her. Then, to my horror and disbelief, I realized I was looking at myself. If I didn’t know it was me I would never have recognized myself. I had the longest, curled eyelashes, black eyeliner made my eyes look huge, blue eye shadow highlighted them. My eyebrows were now highly arched, my lips were now much fuller and painted a rich red. My now blonde stood straight up and wastwice as long as it had once been held by a leather sheath at least six inches high. She was right I’d been prettied up and she sealed my new look when she offhandedly said, “What’s great is you won’t have to worry about prettying him up everyday. I used a dye on his lips, eyeliner and eye shadow, and his lashes are permanently glued on. They won’t need to even be touched up for three or four months.”

Then she added something that truly scared me to death when she added, “he really is quite pretty, not gorgeous as yet, however when the vet comes to get him accessorized and Carla creates his new

show harness and rig I think he'll really look very attractive, for a novice pony at least."

Coming up to me Hilary turned my face from one side to the other, and having no inkling, or more likely no concern, of how obviously devastated I was by what had been done to me, enthusiastically remarked, "I think you've done fantastic. I can't believe how you've prettied him up. Really he's already prettier than many of the other novice ponies I saw."

Fondling my organs till I almost instantly became rigidly stiff she said, "Well, I think this has been a most rewarding and momentous day for Sunshine. And since he was so patient as you worked on him I think he deserves a reward." And when they all agreed she led me, by my organ, over to the trough and fondling me kept me on the brink while she carried on a normal conversation with the woman.

After about fifteen minutes, during which I was silently begging for release, she said, "I'm sure Sunshine is ready now. You can spurt now Sunshine, yes, that's a good pony."

And there I stood, trembling on my staggeringly high, severely arch hooves, barely able to even stand on them, noisily spurting into the trough in front of all of them.

That night I spent a restless time pondering my future thinking nothing worse could possibly happen to me, but naturally I was wrong again.

Chapter-25 The trainer from hell.

Early the next morning I heard three sets of heels enter my stall. One, obviously the groomer, said,

“This is Angela, your pony’s new trainer that the women highly recommended. While she’s just twenty, don’t be fooled by her age. Sunshine will be the fourth pony she’s trained, and the last one is already winning ribbons. And this is Jill her assistant.”

When Hilary asked how she’d proceed the girl said, “I know you’re used to riding him a couple of times a day, but you’ll need to hold off for a several weeks while I get him trained to his new hooves. You also won’t have to worry about harnessing or grooming him, I’ll be completely in charge of supervising him. I’ll have to warn you that I’m known for being quite demanding and have a zero tolerance philosophy regarding a pony who doesn’t at all times give me his best effort. For the first month I’ll be training and exercising him a full seven days a week. I think you should be able to enter him in his first competition in about three months.”

“Oh that’s great! I really can’t wait to show him off and see how he does. Until then I leave him completely in your hands,” Hilary stated, then added she had to leave for a meeting.

As soon as she left my new trainer, a good ten years younger than me, said, in the coldest, sternest voice, “Now you’d better pay attention Sunshine. Your owner is paying a lot of money to have me get you trained. In training new ponies I have, as you might have heard, a zero tolerance policy. When I tell you to do something, or not do it, if you don’t do it precisely as I dictate, or hesitate even a fraction of a second, I use this.”

What she showed me scared me to death, not a riding crop, but a wicked looking wooden cane. Then

brought it down on my buttocks so hard I wanted to scream if I could have.

“Now Jill, you give him one so that he understands that he’s to instantly obey either of us,” she directed, and again I nearly jumped out of my skin.

“Do we understand each other Sunshine?” she demanded and frantically I pawed that I did.

“Alright, let’s see what we have to work with. We’ll check see how much progress he’s made so far, which will determine how much further training he’ll need,” she told her assistant.

So for the next two hours they truly put me through the paces. First at a walk, then at a trot, then they had me prancing for I don’t know how long. Exhausted as I was she urged into a full gallop and when I started slowing encouraged me with that damn cane.

Chapter-26 Stretched, massaged and pulled to the limit.

By the time I finished my legs trembled so I didn’t think I could stay standing, so she let me rest until I could. When I did I couldn’t believe what she did next. She applied something to my nipples that made them super sensitive then began firmly massaging, stretching and pulling on them. To my astonishment her ministrations caused them to become erect! When I heard the reason behind this I couldn’t believe it. “The judges like to see erect nipples on ponies when they’re being inspected and graded. So, we’ll do this several times a day until your ‘helpers’ are installed, whatever that meant.

Equally shocking was what she did next. Grasping my balls she started firmly pulling, stretching and twisting them methodically over and over. Then she'd take a ball in each hand and stretch them in opposite directions. Her explanation was no less perplexing and ominous. "We'll also do this several times a day until we get your rings on you," she said, and several times a day she'd announce, "time to do stretchies." It really didn't hurt at all and, to be honest, I sort of came to look forward to it although I had no idea of it's purpose.

When she finished this bizarre exercise on my balls I almost wept with relief when she announced it was time to bed me down. First she led me outside and fastened me to a shower head and turned it on. Then she'd rub linament over my poor, tortured body and then oiled my entire body which she stated would give my body a nice sheen. God, it all felt so incredibly great, I was almost a new pony. Then after being fed she brushed my main and tail I was led back to my stall and bedded down. It took mere seconds for me to fall dead asleep.

That was to be my routine every day until I could do all the exercises without being corrected. Then I was led out to the rink to learn to trot and prance in my hooves.

What I so greatly feared each morning when I woke was that the trainer had come to put me through my paces that day. I wouldn't say the young assistant was actually friendly. But, while demanding she was occasionally forgiving of little missteps on my part. And always almost apologetic when I had to be corrected.

Not so the trainer, she scared me to death. She never went back on her policy of "zero tolerance"

and I was instantly and harshly corrected for even the most minor misstep and fault.

“You’re much too tolerant with him, and there’s absolutely no reason to explain anything to him, as I’ve heard you doing. You have to remember he’s just a pony,” she’d say.

Chapter-27 A visit from the vet.

I had completely forgotten about all the references to a vet coming to do god knows what. But, one day there she was. And as I stood there I nearly fainted at the conversation I overheard.

“Obviously you’ll want me to do it’s ears, nipples and it’s organs,” I heard her ask.

“Oh yes, of course. He’s going to be ringed and belled so one at the tip of his organ and one each below each ball,” I heard the trainer say, then add, “How about the nose, it would make a nice decorative touch, don’t you think?” Which was when I really started panicking. This didn’t sound good at all, and I started struggling uselessly, of course, until I felt a pricking on my left cheek and then everything went blank.

When I finally came to the assistant brightly said, “Just relax Sunshine, everything went great. I suppose you’d like to know what was done?”

Fearing the worst I never-the-less pawed that I did, and, sadly, my worst fears were realized.

“Well, first she pierced your ears twice each and permanently installed holding rings in each. You also have a very nice nose ring which I’m sure will get bigger when Carla comes to get you ringed and

belled and has your ears installed. Oh yes, your organ also now has a ring at the very tip and well as one on the underside of your balls. I'm sure you'll be happy to know they were able to smooth out your complexion. Frankly they couldn't believe all the hair they had to remove. And your lips came out just gorgeous," she explained as if what had just been done to me was no big deal, but I nearly fainted in shock. I couldn't believe what she'd just so casually said that they'd done to me. They pierced my ears. Fine, I could live with that. I could even live with the one they'd apparently put in my nose. But why, in god's name, did they put a ring in each nipple? Worse, what reason could they ever have for putting a ring on the end of my dick or yet another on my balls? And for heaven's sake what did she mean by having by ears installed, or my complexion smoothed out or my lips, they came out gorgeous? What the hell?

Not only that I was supposed to be pleased that everything came out fine! This was just insane. What the hell did they think they were turning me into? Hilary was going to be furious!

Sadly I was to find out when the woman named Carla showed up the following day.

Chapter-28 Tricked out to show, a new harness.

The trainer had me tauntly hitched to the overhead ceiling and hobbled when she arrived.

To my surprise the first thing they did was to remove the harness I was wearing. Only to be replaced by a new one. It felt much longer but when they be-

gan buckling it in back I was relieved that they didn't tighten it any tighter. Which didn't last long as she began cinching the buckles again. And this time it was really getting tight! Yet she wasn't finished as she tightened what felt like six buckles again! I felt like I was in a suffocating vice and having difficulty breathing started to panic.

"Now, now Sunshine, Carla is just putting your show harness on you so she can show Hilary and get her approval. Just take short, little breaths and you'll calm down," the trainer said.

I did eventually calm down, but I felt a crotch strap being pulled between my legs as the trainer was pulling my organs through a tight opening in it. Then the damn woman cinched it even tighter!

"Now the ears," she said, then felt something being snapped onto each ear after which I

I heard a buzzing sound. Too weird!

"There, now the ears are permanently attached. I'll put the nipple extenders on then I'll start with belling him now," she declared.

With that I was shocked when the trainer on my left nipple, stretching it as far as she could and then holding it there while, what felt like a ring was clamped around the nipple. When the trainer let go I couldn't believe it but the nipple stayed extended! Then they did the same thing to the right nipple.

Chapter-29 Belled & ringed.

“Right, now let’s start with the bells,” she instructed. I first heard a tinkling sound then felt her attach what had to be bells to my ears. Then felt her attaching bells to each nipple, followed by an even heavier one she obviously attached to the end of my dick. Causing it to stand straight out rather than up, as it usually did when erect. Which was followed by yet another bell attached to the ring on my balls.

“Okay, so let’s get the holding and stimulator collars on him first and then the rings,” she said. What I felt was the trainer tightly holding my dick with one hand and my balls firmly as some kind of ring, or collar, was snapped around my balls and then tightened. Then another around the base of my dick.

“Now the rings. You’ll have to stretch them as much as you can and let’s see how many we can get on,” she instructed. As she did the trainer grabbed hold of my balls and stretched them, painfully, further than she ever had. Then they were held there as I felt first one ring clamped on, then a second.

“If you can stretch him just a bit more I think I can get yet another on him,” she suggested, and felt the trainer really yank and hold as another ring was clamped on.

Finally, thank god, she let go. But when she did my balls didn’t retract even a bit. It felt like they actually stood out more and were so taunt I couldn’t believe it. And it felt like they weighed at least three times as much as they had, yet it wasn’t really what I’d call painful. Just stretched to the absolute limit. Although what she added would, hopefully not, come to fruition.

“Keep up the stretching exercises and perhaps by the time he’s ready to enter his first competition we can add another ring,” she said.

Chapter-30 A new bridle and collar.

“I think we’re ready for his show bridle, bit and collar. If you’ll remove the one he’s wearing I’ll get the show one on him,” she directed.

Minutes later I was tightly strapped and buckled into a new bridle and bit. It not only felt more elaborate but a lot heavier with a strap across the forehead and a chin strap. To which she attached another bell. How the hell many bells were they going to put on me? This is getting just too crazy and bizarre. But there was nothing I could do to stop them.

The new collar I couldn’t see, of course. But it felt a bit tighter, although not enough to effect my breathing. But what I could feel, strange as it sounds, is that it seemed to actually stretch my neck and forced my head a bit higher, which I didn’t like at all. Now I could barely see anything in front of me. Especially when blinders were attached.

Chapter-31 New cheek enhancers and show hooves.

“Right, cheek enhancers first then his show hooves. Then let’s take a look at the total effect and if we can’t think of anything else we’ll call Hilary in to have a look,” she said.

What I felt were the cheek enhancers I wore to raise and make my cheeks more prominent and on display removed. As the trainer forcibly pushed one cheek up and out as much as she could and holding it there a new strap was installed, eventually to both. I really didn't believe my cheeks could be raised and thrust out any more than they already were, but, of course, I was wrong.

"If you'll remove his hooves I'll get the new ones on him," she said.

Please, I prayed, not any taller. My poor feet were already so severely arched it was a constant balancing act just to stay up on the absurdly small hooves I was already wearing.

To my relief they weren't any worse, although they fit skin tight, as if they were molded to my feet, and the insides felt differently lined. I could feel them being zipped up, then a strap tightly strapped at the tops and then heard the ominous sound of two clicks. The trainer then bent one hoof up and held it there as horse shoes were nailed to it and then they did the other one. What I immediately noticed is that I was suddenly pitched forward. Not dramatically, but trying to balance became even more difficult.

"You know I thought of tassles as nice decorative touches, but then I asked myself why not bells? Two for each hoof," she said, then chuckling, added, "I've never seen a pony with belled, tassled hooves. The judges will love them, probably start a trend."

Mercifully I was finally released and with the trainer holding my reins I was ordered to walk around in a circle to get used to my hooves. Just walking became suddenly much more difficult as I

was now pitched forward. Then there were the bells, really tinkling like crazy, making all different kinds of sounds, with even the slightest move I made.

“Oh goodness, doesn’t he sound perfect. The judges will love all the bells, don’t you think?” the trainer said.

“Absolutely. He seems to be doing a little better, so why don’t we get Hilary and see what she thinks.” the woman said.

Chapter-32 Hilary is going to be outraged.

Before Hilary came in I was put up on a display stand, tightly chined by my bridle to the overhead pulley. I could move a muscle as I heard not one but three sets of heels coming in.

Now, I thought, Hilary is really going to let them have it after she sees what they’ve done to me.

“Oh my god, what have you done with him?” she exclaimed. Ha, now they’re going to be really sorry.

Until I heard what she said next.

“He stunning, isn’t he girls? And I never would have thought of pink or patent leather. But it really suits him, doesn’t it,” she said thoughtfully.

“I agree. I would never have thought a pony could win in it’s first competition. But for a novice pony he’s gorgeous,” one woman gushed.

“And just look at that harness and bridle, they’re to die for. I’m so jealous. It could easily win best harness,” the second woman enthused, as I wondered, just what the hell did I look like?”

“Oh, you really think so? What seems strange is that everything about him seems, well, exaggerated. I mean even his breasts. Why would you enhance them so?” Hilary asked. I thought about that myself and I didn’t, at all, like the answer the woman named Carla gave.

“But that’s exactly the point. You want to do everything you can to exaggerate a ponie’s features, including his breasts, although we refer to them as the ponie’s titties. However let’s start at the top. To exaggerate the ponie’s facial features you want him made up to look as glameous as possible. He has beautiful blue eyes so to really make them, ‘pop’ we added really super long, curled, fluttering eyelashes. Then eyeling, dramatic green eye shadow, plucked the eyebrows to arch them more gracefully and as you see reshaped the lips. Forming a cupid’s bow on the upper lip and puffing up the lower lip as much as we could, then dying in the brightest red and adding a permanent gloss to make them really sparkle. And, of course, we cleared up his complexion giving him that peaches and cream look the judges always look for,” she said.

For god’s sake, what have they done to me? I wanted to scream, but, of course, I couldn’t. And yet they weren’t finished with me.

“Now, as to the bridal and bit. As you can see the show bridal is quite a bit more elaborate. We added a strap over the head to install the pink, plumed feather all of three feet high. The forehead strap and the chin strap is added to help support it. The bit is smaller in the center to show off his lips. Once we got him bridled we attached his ears,” she said.

“Don’t most ponies have their ears attached to their bridle rather than directly to the ears?” the first woman asked.

“True, although in the past year I’ve noticed that all the winners had their ears permanently attached over their former ears,” she explained.

“You said they were permanently attached?” the other woman asked.

“Oh yes. First we snap the ears to the four piercing we made, then we permanently soldered them on. Think of how embarrassed yo’d be if one of them suddenly flopped down, or fell off in front of the judges,” she said.

It was unbelievable! She’s saying they actually permanently attach pony ears to my real ones. Now Hilary’s going to tell them they’ve gone way to far. But what she said shocked me.

“Well, that does make sense. And they do look more real than attached to a bridle,” she said dismissively, then asked, “Tell us about the collar.”

“To exaggerate the neck the collar actually extends the neck by a half inch more and while the pony’s neck measures fifteen inches in the middle it compresses to just fourteen inches giving it a more slender, swan-like appearance. All accomplished without obstructing it’s breathing,” she declared, then went on to the harness.

“The harness is even more decorative although it’s main purpose is to show off it’s figure. Unfortunately we’ve only been able to cinch it down an additional two inches. Currently measuring only twenty four inches.”

“You mean before I could enter him as a senior pony you’d have to get his figure down to twenty inches?” Hilary asked. Oh my god, another four inches! Now that’s simply not possible.

“Actually no as with the show cheek straps with steel insets we were able to add another two inches to the cheeks. So, you’ve only got to get his waist down to twenty-one inches,” she explained. Well, thank god, for small favors, I thought.

“Now before we get to his hooves I’ll address his titties and organs. As I explained we want to put all of a pony’s features and attributes on display, highlighting and exaggerating them as much as possible which includes his titties and nipples. We’ve plumped them up as much as we could while stretching the nipples so the bells dangle properly. His trainer, I’m sure, will be able to plump them up at least a bit more before his first competition.

Chapter-33 They’re going to do what!!?

“As to his organs they truly are one of his best features. Very few ponies in any classification have a nearly nine inch organ. So we really want to highlight it as much as we can. Although we’re all agreed a full nine inches sound much more impressive. So his trainer will work on extending it to a full nine inches before you put him on display,” she lectured.

“And how would she go about doing that?” Hilary asked.

“Oh quite simply. His trainer will simply use increasingly heavier weights to the end of his organ for several hours a day as well as using the same tech-

nique to stretch the ball sack and hopefully add another show ring. The more we can add the more impressed the judges will be.

Oh my god, they couldn't be serious, they were actually talking about hanging weights on my dick and balls to stretch them for hours a day!

However what she said next made me forget all about stretching my dick and balls.

"Of course it's critical that the ponie's organ be kept fully erect to it's maximum while being judged and during actual competition," she declared.

"How on earth do you do that? Seems impossible," one woman stated, and I had to agree with it. Just wasn't possible.

"Well in the past it was quite a chore. Now, however, it's really quite simple. Notice the collar around the base of it's organ. It's called an ERS, or Erection Response Stimulator. It senses even the slightest softness or drooping and responds by stimulating vibration causing the organ to almost immediately return to maximum attention," she explained. An explanation that I, frankly, found dubious at best. Which didn't last long.

"Let me demonstrate. Notice the ponie's organ is drooping ever so slightly. This small remote activates it with a simple push of this button, like this," she explained.

Immediately I felt the collar start vibrating and it seemed in just seconds that I was so stiffly erect it almost hurt.

"Wow, that's incredible. But isn't it's organ in danger of, well, being over stimulated and accidentally spurting," the other woman asked.

“Oh, quite impossible. If the collar senses even the slightest twitching it instantly send a rather stiff shock that stops any over stimulation. Instantly softening the organ. Watch, I’ll turn it up a bit,” she said.

When she did the damn thing really started vibrating and there was any way to stop my reaction. I felt my dick twitch and felt like I was going to go over the top in any moment. But instantly my dick received a really healthy shock and I instantly lost my erection. Then, perhaps fifteen seconds later, it started vibrating again and in moments my dick was again stiffly erect.

“So, you see ladies it’s quite impossible for it’s organ to either be over stimulated or accidentally spurt,” she remarked clinically, then added, “It can also be used to reward a pony. Perhaps, Hilary, I could demonstrate that later if you feel he deserves a reward.”

“But, well, how long can he be kept erect?” one of the women asked.

“Oh well, nearly indefinitely really. During competition it’ll need to be kept erect six or seven hours at least,” she said. Six or seven hours! Jesus, by then I’d be a babbling wreck!

Chapter-34 Permanent? She couldn’t be serious.

Now let’s discuss the ponie’s show hooves,” she said.

“They look sort of molded on,” Hilary remarked, then added, “But I like how the pink hooves match

his harness and bridle and gold hooves really sets them off.”



“Yes, molded on is precisely the look show hooves should have. They are custom made so that they fit skin tight. I’m afraid they were rather expensive, but you’ll get a lot of use out of them as they have several features you’ll appreciate. For one they seldom have to be removed. Every couple weeks, but that’s not really necessary,” she declared.

“But, how is that possible? I mean bathing, grooming and so on?” she asked.

“Oh that’s no problem. You see the insides are rubber line with perforations to wisk away any persperation and the outsides are water proofed, the same for his harness. As to the special features the gold hooves screw off and can be replaced with training hooves or a complete set of smaller hooves as he progresses. Then too the arches can be adjusted with a lever to gradually increase them. Right now the hooves measure three by three inches with a six inch arch. The set comes with two inch hooves and one inch hooves, and the arches can be adjusted to seven, eight and even to a nine inch arch,” she said.

“One inch hooves and a nine inch arch, good grief he’d be literally prancing on his toes,” one of the women remarked.

“Yes, at that stage they’re refered to as ballet hooves. Eventually his trainer will get the pony to that stage, although naturally not without a lot of work,” she admitted.

Surely Hilary would say how absolutely insane that was. And I had agree, prancing on just my toes simply wasn’t possible.

Instead all she said was, “Well, I can see why they were expensive. So what you’re saying is that the hooves never really have to be removed?”

“That’s correct. They’re now basically permanently fixed on him,” she remarked with such casualness I was left in disbelief. I couldn’t wrap my mind around the fact that, to them, I no longer had feet, I had hooves!

Chapter-35 Oh God, This can’t be my reward!

Let’s see, I believe that covers everything. Now let’s see if you can get the pony up just walking, for now, in his new hooves,” she said to the trainer.

I was having trouble just standing in them, I was sure there was no way I’d actually be able to walk in them. Until the trainer showed me a mean looking cane and said, “I’ll hold your reins while you walk around. Each time you stumble or trip you get this.”

All I had to do was feel it just twice to force me to concentrate so hard that to my disbelief I was eventually actually walking. But hard as it was to concentrate on just walking it was the damn bells that were driving me crazy. They must have put all different kinds on my as they tinkled, ginged, and even clanged!

And the women pick right up on it.

“Oh my god, don’t you just love the bells! And all the different sounds they make,” one woman exclaimed.

“Bells are very big with the judges. The pony is wearing brass bells, gingle bells, dangling silver bells from his nipples, a cow bell and a chinese tem-

ple bell on the tip of his organ. Ten bells in all, which may be a record,” she stated.

After several circuits I was finally allowed to stop.

“Well Hilary, do you think Sunshine deserves a reward?” she asked.

“Oh absolutely, I’m just so pleased with how he looks. You’ve done a fabulous job,” she

declared, and getting up added, “I usually give Sunshine his reward.”

“Goodness that really isn’t necessary, unless you enjoy it, Personally I find it a rather distasteful chore,” the woman remarked.

“Well, I’ll admit it does take up my time, and I don’t get anything out of it,” Hilary admitted.

“If you’ll recall I mentioned that the Erection Response Stimulator can also be used to reward a pony. I’ll just put it on the reward cycle number three, he’ll enjoy that,” she said.

“How long is a cycle?” she asked.

“It can vary from a minute to actually several hours. But for the pony to fully enjoy his reward it’s best not to say in front of it. I believe you ladies have lunch set up on the veranda so I’ll have his trainer hitch him to the branch next to the outdoor trough. You best hobble him as well,” she instructed.

All too soon she had me hobbled and so tauntly hitched to the overhead branch that I could barely even twitch. The trough was right below me. I really had no idea what was going to transpire as Hilary normally gave me my reward when I’d been a good pony.

So I stood there waiting for I didn't know what when I heard a click and that thing on my dick started vibrating and I was soon hard as a rock. Then I felt it twitch. Oh god, please not a shock! To my great relief none came. Instead it vibrated even more intensely and I felt a second then a third twitch. And I could feel myself just at the point of unloading. Then, I couldn't believe it, it stopped! I'm not sure for how long but I gradually felt my dick growing soft and beginning to droop. But then it started vibrating faster than before, again bringing me just to the brink, and then stopping.



I don't know how long this went on. I couldn't help bucking and thrusting but I couldn't move a muscle. It was maddening. Bathed in sweat I was begin for it not to stop.

Finally, finally it didn't and I went over the top. Splat, splat,splat into the trough. Over and over spurting like a geyser. All the while the bells on my dick and balls were ringing like crazy. When I was thoroughly drained I would have collapsed if I could have.

When I came to my senses I could hear the women chuckling and giggling.

"Well, it sound like Sunshine really enjoyed his reward," one of the women commented, and they went back to their lunch.

My ears did pick up when I heard Hilary ask, "What's next for Sunshine?"

"Tomorrow I start his training in earnest," the trainer said.

KEEP WATCH FOR THE EXCITING CONCLUSION OF "HOW I BECAME MY WIFE'S PONY." As Shunshine is trained and entered in his first competitions.

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