

Abby

I was a 23-year-old adventurous man who loved life. I had been a college athlete who loved competition, but now having graduated, I had thrown aside my old sport and tried to find new endeavors to stimulate me physically. I was also fiercely independent. Because of that, I rarely had a girlfriend for more than a few weeks. I loved girls, but they always wanted to tie me down. They had the genetic need to nest, and I certainly didn't. It also meant that I didn't have a lot of close friends. My friends from high school faded away when I went to college and my friends from college were already starting to fade away now that we had graduated, and they had moved on to careers. I had a sister who had come out as a lesbian and moved to Portland Or. but we rarely spoke and my parents both passed away from different illnesses 4 year ago.

I stayed in my college town...Baltimore for about a year before finally deciding that I needed a major change, so on a whim with barely \$2000 to my name I traveled to Las Vegas. I didn't know a soul there and I didn't even have a place to live. Just a beat-up car. It didn't matter...I had never felt so free on the open road to a new adventure. I decided that I would have to do this more often...maybe move city to city. There was something about heading to a new adventure...a new environment that was incredibly freeing to me. I felt stale without a new hobby or new experience. I wanted to try everything in life. And, yes, I also loved the adventure of new girls. After all, I was 23.

I got a \$30 a night room in Vegas and kind of enjoyed the sleaziness of it. I found a part time job that paid enough to keep me fed, housed, and having a good time. The rest of my time was spent looking for thrills. I white-water rafted, tried hang gliding, jumped out of two different airplanes, road a motorcycle, cliff divided, mountain climbed and tried other dangerous activities. Weirdly enough, I was somewhat shy around girls. My sister was quite a bit older than me and was out of the house when I was only 5 and I went to an all-boys' middle school and high school. My experiences interacting with women before college were minimal and I had a huge sex drive that made women exciting and completely mysterious creatures to me. I always felt a little awkward around them. Everything about women intrigued me, though, so I went to clubs a lot. Usually, a woman would break the ice with me eventually, but a lot of the time I would screw things up and say the wrong thing because I got nervous. However, I was getting better.

So that's my backstory. About two months into living in Vegas I saw a post on the window of a bar near downtown Vegas. It was a bondage party at a club in a kind of run-down area that had mostly strip clubs and gun shops. It probably was the thrill seeker in me. I was so independent that the thought of being tied down and controlled for even five minutes sounded horrifying, but for some reason when I had been talked into it by a girl in Baltimore, I had cum harder than at any point in my life. She had tied me down with neckties and almost instantly I had freaked out and told her to untie me, but she wouldn't and proceeded to fuck me. The whole episode lasted 10 minutes tops and when I was released, I felt a humongous sense of relief. I kicked her out as I was mad as hell, but the effect it had on me was powerful. It was the only thing I thought of when I masturbated.

The thing was I knew it wasn't for me. I enjoyed the thoughts of it and reading some softcore stories, but I knew I couldn't handle it or really enjoy it because of my independence. However, when I got home, I looked up the website. It said \$500 for single men, women free, couples \$100. I laughed at the \$500 price tag but some of the pictures on the website turned me on and left me intrigued.

The night of the party, I took all my cash with me. I didn't intend to go, but when I was seriously bored with the night clubs and more than a little buzzed, I thought it wouldn't hurt to get some new masturbation material. So, surprising myself, I took a cab directly to it. At the door, the woman scoffed at my vanilla clothes and said single men need to be pre-approved. However, another lady grabbed my wallet out of my hand and said "How much do you got? \$740...that will do. I need to see your driver's license though.

"That's all the money I have." I complained. "How will I buy drinks or get home?"

"You have credit cards." she said matter-of-factly and stamped my hand while the other girl photocopied my driver's license.

She was right, but the cards were close to maxed, and I didn't get paid until Monday. I let them take my money and I signed some long agreement because at that point I really wanted to get in, but boy would I regret that decision. The place was nuts...full of every type of weird bondage you could think of, but the weirdest, by far, in my opinion was in a room near the back. I entered it and was

shocked to see it full of human ponies! It really creeped me out at first, but after about 30 minutes I came back for a longer look. Most of the ponies were tethered to hitching posts. There were several people checking the ponies out at arm's length pointing out different features, but they quickly left the room and I was suddenly the only non-pony there. It was creepy but I left the threshold of the door and ventured into the room.

Why the fuck would anyone allow this to be done to them?" I thought as I went further and further into the relatively small room. It was maybe 20 feet by 20 feet. All of the ponies seemed to have their arms restrained. A couple had their wrists locked at their sides like begging puppies dangling and useless, but most had both of their entire arms behind them in weird leather sleeves. When I looked it up later, I found out they were arm binders. Some of the arms pointed straight down in the back and some were squared off with their elbows forming 45-degree angles as if the person had grabbed each elbow with the opposite hand behind their back before being restrained. It looked terribly restricting and uncomfortable. From the front they looked almost armless. Every last one of them also had a bit in their mouth that seemed to render them mute other than some grunts and animal like sounds. Every pony also wore elaborate hoof boots that went to their knees, had harnesses on, and had a pony tail. Some of the tails appeared to be butt plugs but some extended out of their waist belts at the spot a real horse would have it. They were also naked in their most private areas. Chests were exposed and asses as well. The pony girls had a thin strap that covered almost nothing over their private areas that was locked in the front and back. The two pony boys were in chastity but their penises clearly visible through Plexiglas tubes. The whole thing seemed extremely humiliating.

The creepiest thing about the whole scene to me was the eyes. These poor people all had sad eyes that looked at me longingly. It made me wonder if they were kept here against their will. Near the back of the room one of the pony girls caught my attention as particularly pathetic. Her owner had put a black mask over her face before her bridle. She had big beautiful sad eyes. Her thick, tall collar said "Sapphire" in sparkly cursive writing. Her eyes seemed to want to tell me something. I felt so sorry for her and her predicament.

"Are you Ok?" I asked. It appeared that she tried to move her head but that it was restricted. "Do you really want to be here or were you kidnapped?" I continued.

Her head seemed to move up and down. Oh my god. I thought. Is she here against her will? I touched the soft but thick leather of her arm binder. Her arms looked extremely secure...she couldn't get out of this in a million years. I was also intrigued by the bit and bridle. The bridle appeared to hold the round metal bit in her mouth and didn't allow her to close her jaw. I got closer to get a better look, but suddenly I was wracked by an electric shock.

For about a minute I lost control of myself physically. I didn't fall but I also didn't have much control. I could feel hands grabbing my wrists and the cold steel of a pair of handcuffs snapping my wrists secure behind me, but I couldn't stop it. The person moved me out of the room and into a dark unoccupied corner nearby. By the time we reached it I had my physical control back, but it was too late. The person spun me around and I was face to face with an extremely attractive and fit woman in her early 30s. "Bad boy." she scolded. You cannot touch the ponies.

"Release me!" I demanded feeling a sudden surge of anger and indignation.

She just smiled. "I'm not going to do that just yet. It's well within my rights to detain you. Sapphire is my property, and you were talking to and touching her without my permission. It's house rules. You signed a contract like every else."

I felt a surge of fear, but my cock was rigidly hard. To my shock her hand went right to it.

"It seems that you are enjoying this." she smirked. "Do you want to be a pony?" she laughed.

"Hell no!" I vehemently. "That shit is just weird."

"Your penis is telling me something else." She taunted. "I can make you a pony boy."

"Hell no!" I repeated.

"Well, I'll tell you what...I'll let you go but I want to talk to you first for a while. Deal?"

"I guess so...but it has to be quick." I said feeling extremely embarrassed.

"You are in no position to make demands." she said with a smirk.

She started to walk me toward a busy room with tables, but I stopped immediately. "No way! I don't want anyone to see me like this!"

"Don't worry sweetheart. If there is one place a man in handcuffs getting walked by a lady won't cause a stir...it's here." She smiled warmly at me. "Come on. I'll take real good care of you. We'll sit in a corner by ourselves." She had a familiar, trusting way about her that instantly made you feel safe around her, but I was mortified to be seen this way.

"Ok, but please make it quick. I don't like this at all."

We walked into the room, and I got a few looks, but most people considered my predicament extremely minor league here. Like promised, she walked to the corner, and we sat on the far side of a table with our backs to the wall.

"My name is Bridget." she said smiling warmly.

"I'm Mike...I would shake your hand but..."

She laughed. "I knew you had a sense of humor.

She put her hand on my inner thigh extremely close to my very erect cock. "Mike, I have a confession to make." she said with a guilty smile. "Sapphire" is not my pony. I thought you were cute, so I was following you and then I saw the opportunity. I hope you aren't mad at me for the shock. It's really harmless."

Maybe it was her cute confession, or the fact that she seemed like the girl next door, but I wasn't mad at her. I was turned on beyond belief, but it made me think that maybe this girl could be someone I could let handcuff me briefly so that I could experience the fantasy safely. It still was embarrassing but I felt a little better about it. And the comment about me being cute made me feel warm. The girl was so hot. She was wearing a black leather skintight one piece that clung to her every curve. She had a zipper in the front pulled down enough to show

cleavage.

"I forgive you, but you are going to take it off right?" I said jokingly.

She laughed, "Yes, but I have to admit, it's a real turn on to have a hot guy under my control." she raised her eyebrows but couldn't help but laugh at herself. "I'm sorry, I'm a little embarrassed. I love kinky stuff, but I'm too embarrassed to tell anyone. I never tell my friends what I like because I think they will think I'm weird. It's nice to talk to someone about it. It still makes me feel embarrassed a little bit, but you are kind. I can tell." She gave me the hottest smile I had ever seen. She had perfect, white straight teeth.

I'm sure I was blushing, but I said "Me too. It's nice talk about it."

"Don't go anywhere." she said winking. "I'll get us some drinks." Her ass made my eyes pop out. The black leather clung to its perfect roundness. "Holy crap." I said under my breath.

In my vulnerable position it seemed like forever before she came back, but when she did, she had two double shots of whiskey. "Bottoms up." she said and poured it down my throat. My eyes watered at the straight whiskey, but it felt good.

We talked for at least an hour and her cute, bubbly personality turned me on. She also seemed to be a total newbie at this like me. We had both come here for the same reason...curiosity. I thought I would never have anyone tie me up again but here was a girl who I could trust. She was normal girl...not at all like most of the freak jobs here. I found out she was 34 and when I told her I was 23, she said. "Mmmmm. I feel like Mrs. Robinson."

The topic came back to the human ponies. "Something doesn't seem right about it. It creeps me out. Like they want to be released., but they are being held against their will."

"That's part of the fantasy, silly." she said and for the first time her hand was actually on my cock. "Look..." she said starting to explain. "I was here a few months ago and I actually talked to one of the pony girls. I think it might have even been Sapphire, but it's hard to tell because she is hooded this time. Her "owner" was giving her a break and had her bit out and her hands free so she

could have some drinks. She told me all the owners and ponies get together and eat dinner and have a party before these events. Most of the "owners" are just their kinky husbands or boyfriends. They are all Facebook friends and go to each other's weddings and baby showers. It's just part of the fantasy for them to feel like they are helpless and in distress."

"That makes me feel a lot better." I said. "And a little naive."

"Trust me...I felt the same way when I first saw one." she said smiling. "They are pretty normal in real life. You probably have seen them walking down the street and never knew it."

Her hand began to stroke my cock on the outside of my jeans. It had stayed hard the entire time we talked. "Does my prisoner need some release?" She unzipped my jeans and pulled down my underwear under my balls. I probably could have stopped her, but the liquor had relaxed me, and I felt like I was under her control so I just enjoyed it. Within literally 20 seconds I came furiously. The orgasm was so intense that it's hard to imagine that it wasn't more powerful than the first time I had been tied up. It was mind blowing, but afterwards I felt a little embarrassed about how quick it happened.

"You were all worked up, weren't you?" she said kissing my cheek. I had to admit that her seniority was a turn on. Especially when it came to this stuff. It seemed right that if I allowed her to be dominant that she would be older. "I really enjoyed that." she said softly and kissed me on the lips with her warm, inviting lips. "I hope you don't think I go around doing this?"

"Oh no!" I said. "I can tell it's not a regular thing."

She smiled. "Turn your wrists towards me." She unlocked the double locking cuffs and slipped them into her bag. Even though the fantasy and orgasm were tremendous, it was a great relief to have them off. This is why I could never get to into this. I could never endure the hard stuff...I enjoyed my freedom and independence too much. Even giving it up for an evening like the pony players would be hell for me. As soon as I came, I would want to be let go.

"This may be too forward." she said. "But are you free tomorrow night? I live a

little bit out of town, but I could make you dinner?"

"That sounds wonderful." I said.

I got home late but when I did, I thought about looking her up on Facebook or LinkedIn, but I realized that I couldn't remember her last name. She had told me but now it was drawing a blank. I was really wired from the experience and was having trouble sleeping and for some reason I couldn't get the sad eyes of the pony girls out of my head. I believed her that it was fake, but man were they good actors.

I popped open my laptop and took a look at some pictures and had to almost immediately shut my computer. The human pony world freaked me out. I couldn't understand how someone could allow themselves to be so utterly humiliated and helpless. I couldn't imagine being so helpless for 1 minute let alone 1 night.

Finally, I drifted off to sleep. The next day was busy. I had to go to work and then I had the dinner date with Bridget. I found myself getting hard all day thinking about it. I was a little embarrassed, but I knew my secret was safe with her and I loved that she was new and embarrassed about it too. Plus, she was so sexy. I think it would have been hard for me to do it with anyone else. With her, though, she turned me on, and I trusted her.

The house turned out to be her aunt's who was away on a month's vacation in Europe. "I actually live in town, but I have roommates. My aunt told me to make myself at home. Her place is so remote that she feels better with me here." There was a big truck with a horse trailer behind it parked in back. "Does your aunt have horses."

"She does but she sent them to a horse farm while she is on vacation."

She turned out to be an amazing cook and the night was perfect. We got along really well and after cuddling up for a movie. She got an embarrassed smile on her face. "Would you like to go to the bedroom?" She held up her handcuffs and I was immediately hard as a rock. I couldn't believe the effect those things had on me. We went up to the bedroom and although I was embarrassed that I let her cuff my hands above my head. It was incredible and she removed the cuffs right after.

"I think my favorite thing about you is that you are scared, but that you trust me. That makes me feel warm inside." We did it again and the next morning as well. Every time involved an earth-shattering orgasm. As we walked out of the house in the morning, she gave me one of her adorable, embarrassed smiles. "This might be a mistake to tell you, but I can't stand the thought of not seeing you tonight."

"I can be here at 8."

She gave me a huge kiss. "Don't be late, I don't want to have to spank you."

I laughed off her joke but, on the way, home I couldn't get her the devilish look she had when she said it, out of my mind. There was no way I would let her do that, but it certainly was arousing. That was just going too far. I had way too much pride for that.

I arrive at 7:57 and she answered the door with a disappointed look and said, "Pity, I was looking forward to spanking that adorable ass of yours."

Her comment made me blush and pitch a tent in my slacks...which she noticed.

The next night, she did spank me. It happened so quickly and although I wanted her to stop, for some reason I froze. She grabbed me by the ear and pushed me over the couch arm, then pulled my pants and underwear down. She handcuffed my wrists behind my back and gave me a hard spanking. I felt humiliated and I nearly came on her couch. She immediately took the cuffs off though and gave me a hug and a big kiss. "I've always fantasized about doing that...thank you." I was still a little mortified, but I shrugged it off and we had a nice night. The next day I hoped she would do it again, even though I also prayed she wouldn't. The truth was I was scared to death she would get bored with me. I was addicted to her and how she made me feel. The spanking was a huge turn on anyway, so I found a way to deal with my humiliation.

And that's how it went. She would push me a little further each time, but it was all really vanilla stuff. However, after a week she gave me one of her embarrassed smiles that made me melt. She was so damn cute I could hardly stand it.

"I think I did something really stupid."

"I highly doubt that." I said smiling back at her. I couldn't believe she was still into me. It was strange, though. By this point, I usually was getting bored, but with her it just got more exciting every day and I was more infatuated every day.

"Well, you may not say that when you see." She led me by the hand into the bedroom. What was laid out on the bed shocked me. There was a lot of black leather but what caught my eye first was the pony boots with the toes pointing down into the hoof. As I looked, I also saw a tail, a collar and a lot of other things that I couldn't quite recognize. Thankfully, there was no bit or bridle anywhere to be seen.

"Bridget..." I said warily.

"I know..." she said with a shrug.

"How much did you spend!?" I asked.

"Probably a lot more than I can afford. I maxed out a credit card."

"I don't know..." I said with a sigh. "This is way more than I'm prepared to do. You know that."

"I know." she said putting her hand on my chest. "You just have such a muscular sexy body, and you would look so good."

I sighed again. I kept thinking about the sad, desperate eyes in the club...especially Sapphire's. Her eyes through the mask literally haunted my sleep.

"It's not like we are going to the club." she explained. "This is just for me. I know it's super weird, but you are the only one I would ever feel comfortable doing this with."

"I don't know..." I said melting a little bit though by her comment. The ponies at the club probably just were acting. After all, it was preposterous to think that human ponies were anything but a kinky fetish. Sapphire or Brenda as was probably called during the day was just a particularly good actress.

"Pleeeeeeassse..." she begged with a cute pout on her face. "Just for 5 little minutes. After I make you cum, I'll take it right off." she said grabbing my penis through my shorts. Embarrassingly, the talk about it had made me extremely hard.

I closed my eyes and sighed. "I can't believe I'm saying this but OK...for just 5 minutes!"

She kissed my cheek and whispered in my ear. "Thank you. You have no idea how much this means to me." She sounded so sincere, and I fell even more in love with her. Ok, I thought. It's only five minutes...I can take that, and it will make her happy.

"How do we start?" I asked feeling my face feel really flushed.

"Take off all of your clothes...and I mean everything." she said with a sly smile.

I stripped for her and felt more than a little embarrassed at the size of my erection and how I was the only one naked, but I steeled my nerves and waited.

She started with a very wide belt around my waist. The leather was extremely smooth and yet thick and strong. She buckled it tightly into place...way too tight.

"Wow is that tight!" I exclaimed.

"Relax honey. I won't hurt you. It has to be tight, or the suit won't go on correctly. Besides, the belt will be on you 20 minutes tops. You are only going to have the whole outfit on for 5 minutes."

"Ok." I agreed although it made me a little nervous.

"After that she went right to work on the collar which was very thick and scared the hell out of me. It made me keep my head up and severely limited movement. I tried to relax though and put my trust in her understanding of the costume, but it was difficult.

Next she went to work on the harness which wrapped around me. She once again pulled it snugly into place smiling at me as she did. She exclaimed, "I'm so excited!" like a little girl at Christmas. For some reason that relaxed me a little bit. The harness attached to the collar in two places and in back, I lost track of the snapping and buckling. I figured it had something to do with the harness and the strip of leather I could feel snapping to the belt and the collar.

She then went to work on my right arm threading it through the skintight leather sheath that I figured had something to do with the arm binder. When my hand reached the end of the sheath there was a ball of some kind and I had to make a fist. She immediately started threading my left arm with the same. When it was all the way through, she pulled the top of the sheath over my head and shoulders and then strapped it tight under my arm pits and to the leather piece in the back. I took a deep breath as I knew what was next. One of the scariest parts to me. I just kept telling myself...it's just five minutes!

She pulled my right arm behind my back and attached it to a ring on the left side. It felt stretched but not as much as I expected. She did the same thing with my left. It was tight and scary but livable. Next, though, she attached a strap on my upper arms just above the elbows and then pulled on something that made my eyes bulge out for a second. The strap tightened and pulled my elbows closer to each other. Now it was very tight and uncomfortable. My shoulders felt very pulled back and my arms couldn't have been visible from the front.

My heart was beating out of control. "Thank God I only agreed to five minutes!" I said with an unsteady nervous voice.

She said nothing and continued to work. For the first time it dawned on me that she was awfully good at this for a beginner. Quickly she tightened three straps around the middle of my forearms and on both sides, binding my two arms together very tightly one on top of the other.

"Wow!" I said very nervous about her silence. She quickly went to the bed and grabbed a black piece of leather that she pulled up my bound arms. It was extremely tight. When she was done it attached (I think) on the top and the bottom of the actual arm binder. Lastly the bottom of the leather sheath was attached to the leather on my back with some straps that were yanked extremely tight. My arms were now completely immovable and affixed to my body. They felt

severely pulled back and uncomfortable. I was suddenly panicked, and I knew why the pony girls had sad eyes. No human could endure this for every long and they did it for hours not five minutes.

"Now for your boots." she said.

"How are you so good at this?" I said nervously.

"I've read up on it." she said simply.

"So you knew I would agree?" I asked. I noticed my voice shook slightly with nerves.

"Of course I knew. Now pick up your foot." The boots were surprisingly soft and comfortable at first but when she put my foot down, I realized how severe the angle was and how I would need to put my weight on the balls of my feet. She quickly put the other one on like she had done it a thousand times. Lastly, she pulled a strap tight at the top of the boots.

"Wow. You are quick." I remarked.

"I know you must be uncomfortable sweetie, so I'm trying to hurry."

The feeling of my arm confinement was increasing my panic. There was literally no movement whatsoever and it was unnerving. Just five minutes I kept telling myself.

She put a hood over my head and briefly loosened the collar to tuck the bottom of it under and then tightened it again. I was relieved that it was only 2/3 of a hood and that my face was open. I felt a surge of humiliation though when I realized that big horse ears were affixed to the hood. She reached inside the tight hood and threaded my ears through a hole on each side.

"Your ears are inside the horse ears. It's mesh at the bottom so you can hear."

"This seems like a lot of work for five minutes." I remarked.

"Yes, it does, but it's so worth it!" She looked down at my cock. "And I think you are enjoying this more than you say." she said wickedly. She was right I was embarrassingly ramrod straight erect.

"Now it's time for your bridle." She said walking over to the bed.

"Bridle? I didn't know you had a bridle."

"Of course! Every pony has a bridle." she said smiling. "It must have been under the hood. Don't worry I won't put a bit in."

"Ok. Just hurry. I'm getting very uncomfortable."

She pulled the bridle on and hooked it to the collar and cinched it very tight. I'm sure my eyes bulged with a little fear. I could feel straps all over my head but in the front one strap went around my forehead and then two branched below my eyes and attached to the part that would normally hold the bit. Thankfully, she wasn't lying about that and there wasn't one there. A strap came under my chin to the ring, and along the side of my head. Those straps had blinders attached and now I could only see in front of me.

She quickly put something down between my ankles that I realized right away was a short hobble chain. She stood up in front of me. "You look magnificent!" She exclaimed.

"Thank you." I said feeling extremely embarrassed. I tried to look down at the chain but that was impossible with the thick collar.

"Just more thing sweetie." she said with a smile and held up a bit. "This is totally lame one that you can get at any sex shop. I just really want to put it in for the whole picture. It's only five minutes. Look, it's a little plastic tube. You probably can still talk with it in."

Something just didn't feel right, but I nodded in resignation. I wanted to please her and keep her around and 5 minutes in this embarrassing outfit was worth it. She reached up from under my chin and I couldn't see it coming but the bit she put in was definitely not the plastic one! It clicked in place deep in my mouth and

I started to panic. She produced an Allen Wrench and made an adjustment in a little slot. Suddenly things got a whole lot worse. A flange extended from the bit and compressed flat on my tongue rendering speech and almost all sound impossible. I tried to talk but it was painful and almost no sound came out. Certainly not intelligible sound.

She stood in front of me with an apologetic smile on her face and shrugged. "I lied, Abby. I'm sorry. That's the most technologically advanced bit on the market."

Along with my terror, I was totally confused. "That's right...I called you Abby." she said in a condescending tone. "I've always wanted a pony girl named Abby and it seems to fit you."

"What the fuck?" I thought. My brain was spinning on overload. What was happening? Is she messing with me? She suddenly had a completely different personality. She had to be messing with my head. However, I couldn't say anything, so I couldn't ask. The helplessness was horrifying!

"See look." She said producing what looked like a sticker that said "Abby" in pink sparkly cursive letters, and affixed it to my collar.

She walked to the side of me and patted me on the butt. "I saw how you looked at the pony girls in the club. You were so aroused. Just like you are now." She said grabbing my cock. "I could see you get even harder when I called you, Abby." I know what you want deep inside. You want to be one of those sad eyed helpless pony girls."

She was wrong! Dead wrong! I instinctively tried to scream that at her, but speech was impossible. I found the pony girls intriguing but mostly disturbing. The sad eyes were terrifying to me. Mainly, because I knew how miserable and desperate, I would be in the same situation. I put so much value in my freedom and enjoyment of life. The thought of being so helpless and dependent on another person who controlled your every movement and denied you your freedom so callously made me shutter with fear and gave me nightmares.

The arm binders were so awful. They completely took away my ability to protect myself and even control myself. On the ponies at the club, they had looked

beyond humiliating. They were so pathetic looking with their arms completely behind them and their shoulders pulled back. They couldn't even scratch an itch or keep someone from touching them. They just had to endure it.

And the bit...the insanely devious bit was just inches from my eyes, but it might as well have been a thousand miles away because I didn't have the ability to remove it. It would have taken me five seconds with the use of a hand, but that simple task was beyond me. I had to endure its simple yet effective bondage.

I heard her over at the bed again, but I could only see in front of me now because of the blinders. When she came back behind me, I felt pressure just above my tailbone and then a snap sound. I felt hair tickle my ass for a second and I knew that she had attached the tail. Immediately after, I felt her working on the back of the bridle and then the ring she held the bit in my mouth. Fuck! I thought. She is attaching reins!

I was still holding out hope that she was just playing a game...a mind fuck on me and that she would release me as promised like every other time we had played our very safe and low-key games. I wondered if she was going to start the minutes now that everything seemed to be in place. If it was a game, she was an incredible actor. I tried to relax and told myself not to panic until the 5 minutes was over. I even smiled inside for a moment...I realized that it was probably just her playing with me. She got me bad on this one. I had no idea she was this devious. I felt foolish for believing it was anything but a game.

She walked around in front of me holding the reins in her finely manicured fingers. She came into my line of vision with the same condescending smile and tone of voice. "Abby, you need to understand how your bit works with your reins so you can be a good girl and you understand what will happen if you fail to follow direction." In her other hand she held a strange looking bit and she held it in my line of view. As you can see, most of your bit is smooth, heavy steel, but the area that touches your lips and teeth is extremely soft rubber but unbreakable rubber. This flange which resembles a very shallow bowl extends downward at an angle into your tongue pinning it to the bottom of your mouth making speech and most sound impossible. The bit itself would have probably made speech nearly impossible, but I prefer this bit's greater restrictiveness. This is the exact model of bit that will be kept permanently in your mouth.

The word permanent knifed through me, but I told myself "This is just a mind game. This is just a mind game." I felt like I couldn't even stand another minute of this awful bit.

"There is another feature to this bit, though, that I'm afraid you won't like it much, Abby. These are guide reins." she told me holding up the outer most reins in her hand, then walked behind me. When I pull on them, they turn your head in the direction that I want you to go." It sounded horrific to have my head controlled by her, but she wasn't through. These other two reins in middle I call correction reins. When you are disobedient, lazy, or not paying attention, they will correct your behavior and remind you who is in control and what direction or command you have been given. You will find your life much easier if you follow guidance the first time...much, much easier. I'm told that the correction reins are unfailingly effective." she smirked. "Perhaps, it's easier if I demonstrate them as a friendly warning."

She walked behind me. "Let's say I want you to turn left and my gentle tug on the guide rein doesn't work and you go straight. I will pull the correction reins in a manner that reminds you of my command." What happened next literally changed me and the reality of what might be happening hit me like a sledgehammer across the temple. The chin strap tightened on the right side yanking my chin to the left and pulled it slightly upward. An instant later, it felt like my entire mouth had filled with an extremely firm force that pushed to the left. The feeling cannot be described. I would call it a combination of intense pain, intense discomfort and a feeling of utter helplessness all combined. I snapped my head to the left desperate to find relief and she let the rein slacken and the pressure went away.

She walked in my line of vision with a huge smile on her face. "As I said...effective." I was breathing heavily, and my eyes were full of tears. I felt a few trickle down my face. I was terrorized that she could pull the correction reins anytime she pleased. I felt like I would do anything to avoid feeling that again. I looked at her thin fingers holding the reins lightly. All she had to do is pull an inch or two and I would be in agony. The realization of that power left me panicked and wide eyed with desperation. "Let me explain what just happened. Your chin strap tightened and helped guide your direction just an instant before the bottom

of your flange doubled in size and applied pressure downward and in the direction you were commanded to go. The top of your bit opened up with a thin almost invisible hinge and shot out a balloon like circle of rubber that inflates instantly in the same direction. When I release the pressure on the correction rein the balloon is sucked back into the bit and the bowl returns to its normal size. It's almost a science fiction level device, but it is very real and apparently never malfunctions."

My mouth was extremely sore from just this one use of the reins, and I was terrified that she would give another demonstration.

"Let's go for a walk and see how you do." The thought of being walked was humiliating but I knew that she could pull the correction reins if I resisted, and that thought was unbearable. She made the clicking sound that meant giddy-up on westerns and hit my bottom lightly with the reins. "That means go, Abby." I walked forward awkwardly on the boots with my weight forward terrified of falling as well as corrections. "Horses trot, Abby. Bring your knees up and trot slowly."

I wanted to cry from the humiliation, but I followed the direction and began to trot landing on my hoof that clopped like a real horse. The boots must have actual horseshoes on them. I thought. She moved me right and left and I followed direction immediately. "Good girl, Abby. You are a natural." she said patting my butt affectionately.

She walked me straight toward a mantle where a clock rested, and I saw an opportunity. I had to warn her that the five minutes were up, and I needed her to stop. She had to know that this was too much for me and I wasn't having fun. I steeled myself for a correction and trotted quickly for the clock. I wanted to get there and nudge it. However, her hands were quick, and I was immediately punished severely by her pulling back both correction reins. Once again, I was in absolutely agony. The tears flowed freely from my eyes, and I wheezed with pain.

"Bad girl! What were you thinking?" she said as she came around to my line of vision. She saw my eyes and looked in the same direction. She put her hand to her mouth and laughed. "Abby, were you trying to show me the clock to remind me that the five minutes are up? You silly girl! Did you think we were still playing the boyfriend - girlfriend game? The one where I gave you pouty faces and

embarrassed smiles like some stereotypical girl next door in a poorly written romantic comedy?" She rubbed the back of her hand softly on my wet, tear-stained cheek. "No, Abby, I'm sorry to break it to you, but we aren't playing a game anymore. This is real...very real. I thought by now you would have realized that you had been tricked."

The tears continued to flow but now they were tears of desperate frustration and panic. Was she still playing me? I no longer felt that she was...it felt very real. It was hard to think straight, to concentrate on the situation. My mind raced wildly as I considered the nightmare I was in the middle of.

"What you thought was 5 minutes of suffering will be a lifetime of suffering." she continued with her condescending voice as she still softly rubbed my cheek. "I'm not going to lie to you Abby. This is not going to be easy for you. It's a horrific, agonizing, humiliating experience for girls who actually wanted to try this...of course, even the most adventurous girls only wanted a weekend escape." she said laughing. "But for you, it will be even more difficult. For someone as free spirited, adventurous, and independent as you, it probably will be a living hell." she said laughing even louder.

How could any human being be this cruel, I thought looking at her. I hated her and I wanted to kill her. The hate was stronger than any I had ever experienced, but the strongest emotion I felt was fear. I feared that it was real, yet there was still the hope that it was an elaborate mind-fuck. That she got off on making me feel that it was real. I felt a glimmer of hope that kept me sane. My brain was incapable of wrapping itself around the belief that my arms would always be bound up and immovable behind me or that I would never speak again. These horrors were just too terrible to fathom.

"You no longer have any control, Abby. None whatsoever. Your life is completely at my whim. I have decided that I want you to be a female pony and that is just what you are going to be. You still had control when I tightened the belt, and I placed the collar on your neck. You probably still had some control after your arms were restrained. You could have fought me...knocked me out or even killed me if you were lucky. I probably would have still won, but it's not out of the realm of possibility that you could have rushed me and knocked me unconscious or asphyxiated me in some way. You could have eventually gotten out of the house

by breaking a window and gotten help at the highway. Probably a 1 in 200 chance, but still a chance. Even when the bridle was tightened to your head ,you had hope, but the second that bit was snapped in and engaged it was over. That's when you became 'Abby'. It's amazing how a little piece of metal and rubber can control a human being so effectively." the whole time she continued to rub my cheek softly with the back of her hand.

"Poor little Abby, the pony girl." she cooed looking in my eyes. "It was so cute how you believed my story about meeting the pony girl at the bar and the pony girls having parties together and becoming Facebook friends." she giggled. "That's when I knew I had you." She looked closely into my eyes and smirked at me. "You have the same sad eyes that the ponies tethered at the club had."

Her comment was powerful. The eyes that had haunted me were now my own as well. My bound arms suddenly became twice as unbearable, the bit twice as intrusive and my nakedness twice as humiliating.

She walked me behind me and clicked twice and swatted my butt with the reins. I moved forward at a trot pace, and she maneuvered me around the room dexterously. My whole existence instantly became avoiding the correction reins. My focus was intense and unwavering. She slapped my butt again with the reins. "That means faster. Really get your knees up. I went faster concentrating on the pace and my knees as she turned me to and fro, but the faster pace caused me to miss a turn and I felt the excruciating pain of a correction.

"Concentrate girl. A good pony needs to understand the subtle guidance of her owner. I may want you to make a slight turn and pull just a little to the left or right. You need to feel the subtle differences." She taught me the variations of her movements and it was difficult...I was corrected at least 5 more times and by the time I was given a break my mouth was extremely sore, and my jaw ached.

She hobbled me in the living room and wrapped my reins around the first post of the hand railing that led upstairs.

"Good girl, Abby." She said patting my bare ass affectionately. Her voice sounded like she was talking to an actual horse or a dog. "You will learn girl." It made me so angry, but I felt my cock rising again.

She disappeared into the living room and came back with a water bottle. She had attached my reins with a very simple slip knot, but I had no chance to remove them. What would have taken me two seconds a few hours ago, now, was impossible. She reached up and squeezed the entire bottle down my throat.

"Well, Abby. I'm afraid time is up, but all good things must come to an end."

My heart fluttered. Was she going to let me go? I felt jubilant for second, however my mood changed quickly.

"It's time to move on down the highway. As you may have guessed, this isn't my aunt's house and the woman who owns it is coming home in a few days. Now, that you are in your proper position, we can leave for a new adventure."

As quick as my heart soared, I was thrust into despair. She loosened the knot and took my reins in hand. She clicked her tongue twice and I followed instinctively trotting slowly. "Let's go get you secured for the long trip."

Secured I thought. How the hell was she going to transport me like this? I kept following her, though, in fear of the correction reins. She walked me out the door into the night. The sun had just finished setting and there was still a glow. She led me trotting around the corner to the side of the house...She wouldn't! I thought when I saw the horse trailer. She quickly hobbled me and opened the back doors and pulled out the ramp. However, when she began to lead me to it, I panicked. Something told me that if I got in that trailer that all was lost, and I would never escape. I completely stopped, however she had no patience and pulled hard on the correction reins. Instantly the front portion of my mouth exploded into pain and discomfort. My eyes watered and I made a sound from deep in my throat that was animal like.

"Come along, Abby. Don't make me do that again."

She had me. I couldn't endure another correction, so I walked up the ramp hearing the metallic clank of my hoofs

Once inside, I surprised to see two huge real horses hobbled side by side. As she

led me deeper inside, I realized that the trailer gave me hope. If I could bang on the door or wall when she stopped for gas, or a state patrolman pulled us over, I might be rescued. We got to the front of the trailer and there seemed to be very little room aside from a sliver of space in between where the horses' heads were and what looked like a storage closet that spanned width of the trailer. When she opened it, though it was full of nothing but horse supplies. She pushed a tiny metal panel aside that was hidden on the metal front of one of the shelves to show a number pad with a digital display. She quickly punched in 8 numbers and the shelving began to fold to the side just like some closet doors do. It turned out the shelving was only a couple of inches deep and was cleverly designed to look deep and completely full. Only the first few inches were real. My heart sank as I realized she was going to store me inside and I felt my panic intensifying exponentially.

What I saw inside though sent me over the top. With the door open, 7 extremely narrow and extremely shallow barred cells were exposed. To my shock and horror, 6 of the 7 cells were occupied by pony girls who were stuffed tightly inside. 6 pairs of sad eyes stared at me from behind the bars. All 6 had their arms tightly bound behind their backs as evidenced by their shoulders which were pulled back severely. All 6 had identical bits to mine keeping them eerily silent. The cages were only 4 feet high, and they looked tiny peeking out pathetically from the bars. The open cell was the second one from the right. What I saw in the cell next to mine, sent a jolt through me. The girl's collar clearly read "Sapphire." She no longer had the mask on, and I saw that she was very pretty and very young, but it was her...her eyes were unmistakable. They still haunted me in my dreams.

"You remember Sapphire, Abby." she said cheerfully.

One thing was for certain, one look at Sapphire told me to resist the cage with all of my will. I was not going in that tiny cage. I refused to be one of those pathetic little creatures peeking out from a little cage. If I allowed it, she was never going to release me, and I was never going to move my arms or speak again. My freedom would be gone, and my life would be humiliation and pain. She opened the cage door and began to pull me towards it. Come along now, Abby. Let's get you set up in your new home...at least until we get to my ranch. I resisted and my mouth instantly filled with pain, and I saw stars for a moment. I fell to my knees

crying from the pain but also from the helplessness and the reality of what I had lost, I did the only thing I could, I let her back me into the tiny cell. My resolve had melted with one little flick of her wrist. The sides, floor and back of the cell was soft rubber and it surprisingly looked to be only 2 feet deep however she was somehow able to slide me in. I felt my legs sliding through two holes in the backing and I realized how the other pony girls had fit. As my bound arms reached the back of the cell, they slid into a recess too. I felt my entire body in contact with the rubber back of the cell and there still didn't seem to be room to fit. She reached up and attached one of the rings of my collar to the backing with one click and my head was rendered unable to move more than an inch. I now knew why all their heads were in the same spot. When she shut the door, I was sure that it would hit me, but somehow I fit, with less than a 1/2 inch to spare.

She latched the door with a condescending smile and reached with two fingers and softly stroked my cheek while she looked down at me in the tiny cage. "Poor little Abby. You don't know how much I've enjoyed taking your life away from you. When you walked into the pony room at the club, I saw the horror and revulsion in your eyes like you were looking at the most awful thing that could happen to another human being. That's when I knew I had to do it to you...to take everything away from you that you loved and put you in that same horrific position."

"You are going to be so much fun to train. You will be an obedient little pony unable to even clean or feed herself. A helpless animal living in a tiny horse stall and spending your entire life with a painful bit in your mouth and a riding crop constantly ready to correct you. And just think how much fun it will be to be always naked. it's sounds wonderful, doesn't it?" She smiled widely. "I know you would answer 'yes' if you could."

She walked into the main horse stall and began to shut the doors, however before the doors closed us off, she smiled again and said, "Another set of sad eyes for my collection."

The door in front of the cells sealed itself shut with an electronic whirl and it was completely black inside. There was no sound whatsoever besides our breathing.

In the tiny cell with no light and almost no sound I cried. I simply couldn't believe what had happened. I had been tricked by a very hot woman who used her attractiveness as a weapon to enslave me. My mouth ached and my arms ached, but most of all, I cried for my loss of freedom. For about the 1000th time since she bound them, I tested my arms. They were incapable of even the slightest movement. And for what seemed like the millionth time, I tried to get my tongue out from under the rubber flange that extended from the bit, and it wouldn't move even the slightest.

I tried to focus on ways to escape but no plan seemed plausible. I needed help from someone else. After a while, I drifted off to sleep. I awoke with a start when it felt like the trailer was moving. Drool had leaked out of my mouth and onto my chin and I instinctively tried to wipe it away. That shot me wide awake as the reality of my situation slapped me across the face. The drool would just have to stay, and I couldn't even move my head with the simple clip lock on my bridle attached to the backing.

As the trip progressed, the bit started to make me go mad. The bit was not even locked into position, however it would take the dexterity and strength of a hand to pop it back out. If she hadn't clipped me to the backing, I probably would be banging my head against the cage in a futile attempt knock it out. It was hard to swallow with my tongue pinned down and more drool came out. My mouth was on fire with pain from the aftereffects of the "corrections" she had administered with the fucking thing. If that wasn't bad enough, my arms and shoulders were cramping.

She had draped the reins over a hook on the side of the cage. With the flick of her little wrists she could control me effectively and make me trot around the room like a horse.

I had no idea how long I was in the dark chamber in her horse trailer but it could have been a day or it could have been an hour, I lost track of time.

I longed for her to open the cages and I dreaded it at the same time. It not like it would stop the pain and humiliation and it might make it worse. So, when it felt like the truck was coming to a stop, my heart began beating out of my chest. A

few seconds later a light came on in the chamber and a couple minutes after that I heard whirl of the door opening, and there she was wearing a white tank top, pink running shorts and running shoes. She looked as hot as ever.

"Are all my ponies having a nice trip? I hope all of you are comfortable. I bet you are all hungry and thirsty. First, though, everyone needs go poopy and potty." She walked up to my cage and knelt to look at me. "How are you doing Abby? It's time for you to go poopy and potty. Can you be a good girl and do that for me?"

I really did need to empty my bladder, but she wanted me to do it in front of her. "Come on Abby. We got a long trip ahead of us and I'm getting impatient. If you don't do it right now, I'll be forced to give you a correction to motivate you." Her little fingers tapped my cage right by where she had placed my reins.

It was another humiliation on a long list. I let out a long stream of pee onto the floor of the cage and then forced out #2. She smiled and hit a button on the control panel which lowered the cage floor and sent out a strong stream of water like a toilet that washed everything away.

As soon as she mentioned food and water, I realized just how hungry and thirsty I was. Suddenly I was acutely aware of another power she held. I couldn't eat or drink without her help.

She went cage to cage and opened a tiny door that was hinged by our faces and squirted what looked like a pint of water down our throats. As she squeezed the bottle, and I tilted my head back the small amount I could, she smiled. "Are you enjoying the bit, Abby? I know it's a tiny bit uncomfortable, but someday you will thank me for training you to be a perfect, little, obedient pony and the bit makes that so much easier. You won't be able to thank me with words, of course, or even in writing, but you will thank me with your eyes.

She reached behind and retrieved another squeeze bottle. "Are you hungry, Abby? Unfortunately, with the bit in your mouth you won't be able to chew food, so I make these special shakes for my ponies. They aren't really tasty but they will give you the nutrition you need. Isn't it nice to know that I'm taking such great care of you?" she smiled. "Now, open wide." She squirted the thick liquid down my throat and without my tongue to assist in swallowing ,it was a terrifying

experience. Eventually, the entire bottle went down. "I hope you enjoyed the taste because this is the only thing that I feed my ponies." The taste was mildly repulsive, but it did satisfy my hunger a bit.

She finished by squirting another bottle of water down each of our throats, then brushing our teeth and cleaning out our mouths with oral antiseptic. When she left, I felt a pang of sadness because it meant hours of nothing to do but suffer and think about how the hell my life had become.

When the light finally came on again, I had the sense that we had been driving for many hours. She came right to me this time. "Abby, I've arranged a special stop for you." She pulled me out of recesses in the backing of the cage, grabbed my reins and helped me to my feet. If she walked in front of me this time, I was going to rush her, knock her down the ramp and run as fast as I could hoping like hell that I found help. However, she said, "You lead the way girl." When I got to the ramp though I instantly made up a new plan. I just started running hoping it would dislodge the reins from her hands and I could find help. However, it didn't even come close to working. She anticipated it and yanked hard down on both correction reins. My mouth was already sensitive, so the pain was unbearable, and I passed out into the dirt at the base of the ramp. Before I gained my senses, I realized that two men had picked me up and were wheeling me on a table into some sort of building in the woods. Just as I began to gain my senses a woman poked a needle in my leg and gradually, I felt the world melt away.

Bridget

I usually didn't convert men, but when I saw him looking at Sapphire with horror like he was witnessing the worst possible thing that could happen to a human being, I knew I had to have him in my stables.

Sapphire is one of my favorite pony girls. I acquired her in Chicago when she was only 18 years old. I answered her ad with my usual young man's character profile (Chad) because her profile said heterosexual. I took Chad's pictures off a Facebook page years ago, because he was very cute, and he looked like just about every other cute 20-year-old guy. Her ad said "Total Newbie wants a pony girl experience. Nothing hardcore. Men only please." She answered back immediately, and we began to email each other. I found out that she was a just

graduated 18-year-old, headed to college and she was beautiful. I invited her to meet me at a bondage party, so we could look at some outfits that might interest her. I told her that she would probably want to meet me in public for the first time. She agreed. I took two of my ponies out of horse trailer and placed them in a secluded location in the party and told her to meet me at a spot just past the ponies. Of course, Chad never showed up and she was intrigued by the ponies she had just passed, so she returned to the spot to look at them.

"They are beautiful, aren't they?" I said warmly to her coming up from behind.

She flinched surprised for a second that a random stranger had come up from behind her. "Oh, I don't know." she said getting flushed and looking down.

I used the soft approach on her and gradually got her to admit that she had fantasized being dressed and enslaved that way. The fact that she had come this far told me that it was an important fantasy of hers. I took the older, experienced friend approach and told her that I dabbled in it from time to time and sold some clothing creations, bits, arm binders and the like. She was intrigued...extremely intrigued! I knew she was bitterly disappointed that Chad didn't show up and that she had probably fantasized about it all day. I know how people work and I knew that once she trusted me (or maybe even if she didn't) she would follow me into the room where I supposedly sold pony girl equipment. It also helped that I bought her several drinks.

I knew that once she tried on the pony boots then she was doomed. From there it wouldn't be difficult in her mind to try on the arm binders. After all...I was a pony girl myself... wink, wink. She would think I could help her understand how it all worked. Like a cool aunt who she could share her secrets with.

We walked into the private room I had rented and laid out equipment and locked the door behind me. "We don't want to be disturbed" I explained. She put on the pony boots, and I could see she was hooked. The next thing your owner will put on you will be the arm binders. I have a couple of different types why don't we try the different styles and positions so you can see which one you like? She was like a kid in a candy store, and I could tell she had spent a lot of time thinking about it. I tested her arms, and she was very flexible like most 18-year-old girls. "I stretch my arms a lot because I play Volleyball. I'm even going to play in college."

"That's great!" I responded. "Your owner will love trying the different positions on you!" She took off her blouse and I slid a soft leather arm binder on her and put her in the reverse prayer, elbows together position. The most difficult one. She wasn't quite all the way there, so I strapped her wrists together between her shoulder blades, then took the strap at her elbows, got a wide base with my legs, and pushed into her with my shoulder while pulling out, it closed the gap and I secured.

"Oh my god. That is really tight and uncomfortable. Can we try another position?" her voice sounded whiny, and I couldn't wait to put the bit in her mouth. I quickly admired her breasts which were pretty big.

"Not many pony girls can achieve this position...you should be proud." I said as I removed her bra and took a second to admire her firm young breasts. She seemed a little surprised. "Just relax...the bra would get in the way and pinch your skin."

"I'm sorry Bridget...it's just really uncomfortable. Maybe if I work it for a few months I'll be able to handle it."

"Don't be silly, sweetie. You are handling it right now."

"But..." Before she could protest again, I grabbed the second strap about 3 inches above the first and pulled it into position the same way. Ignoring her whining, then I finished the other 3 straps. Her arms now formed two Vs that went upper arm, forearm, upper arm, forearm.

That's incredible Bridget...I bet only 1 in a 100 pony girls could handle this. I know I couldn't." I gave her a little hug.

Before she could say another word, I had placed a thick belt around her waist and cinched it as tight as I could causing her to yelp and begin to whine again. I took the tightest leather sheath I had and pulled it up her arms and secured it at the top and to the top of her belt at the bottom. The result was a nice tidy black leather box where her bound arms were.

I turned her around to look at me and I could see the fear. "What's a matter sweetie?" I said still in character.

"I'm sorry, Bridget, it's really tight and uncomfortable. I think you should take it off."

"Nonsense. We are almost done."

I put a thick leather posture collar around her neck, buckled it tight and attached a leash to the low ceiling and her collar.

"Don't worry sweetie. The leash just makes it easier for me because it keeps you still. I grabbed a big pair of scissors off a table behind her and quickly cut off her jeans, which we had rolled up to put the boots on. Then followed it up by removing her panties.

She recoiled and wobbled precariously on her hoofs for a moment. "Did you just cut my jeans and panties off!"

"Of course, sweetie. Pony girls are naked all the time. They never wear clothing."

"But those jeans are expensive and what will I wear home?"

"Don't worry, honey. You have no use for them now and they are not my size."

"What do you mean?" I put her hair in a ponytail that was formed at the back just past the top of her head then I pulled a black leather mask over her head threading her ponytail through a ringed hole at the top. I loosened her collar, threaded the bottom of the mask under it then retightened the mask to secure it. The mask had pony ears built in that her real ears fit into and allowed her to hear normally.

"Why do I need a mask?"

"So no one can see you who you are, of course."

"Bridget, I really need you to take all of this off. It's really uncomfortable." It took me less than a minute to tightly attach the bridle and the whole time she whined

about discomfort. Finally, she said, "I'm so sorry, Bridget, I don't think this pony girl thing is right for me."

"It's kind of late for that now, don't you think?"

"I don't know what you mean?" she stuttered.

"Would you like to know the truth about the pony girl fetish?" I asked.

"I would." she said cautiously.

"Let me finish first." I said showing her the bit. "There is just one piece of your costume left. "

"Bridget...I don't..." I snapped the bit into place and then used a tiny Allen wrench to release a little, bowl-shaped rubber flange that pinned her tongue to the bottom of her mouth and made human speech impossible. It also seemed to be quite uncomfortable and drove many girls mad when they found out that it was permanent, that I never intended to take it out of their mouth.

"That probably doesn't feel too good either does it Sapphire? The first thing I do when I acquire a new pony is name her and I have named you Sapphire."

Her eyes were very wide and desperate. I was now so aroused that I could barely stand up. I usually orgasm during a conversion without being physically touched. It was arousing beyond words when a new pony begins to realize what has happened to them. I am addicted to the entire process, and I won't stop until I physically can't continue. It's all I ever do and all I ever think about. When I'm not hunting for new girls, I'm training them at my ranch in Mexico or selling them on the pony girl slave market.

"So let me tell you the truth about the pony girl fetish like I promised... Most girls get aroused by the thought of the fetish and they think it's what they want, but the reality of being a pony girl is that it's a life full of humiliation and pain. When they are suited by an experienced owner, they find out their life is hell on Earth, and they would do literally anything to get the suit removed. But, once they are fully suited, they can't talk, write, or even gesture. They are helpless animals."

She began to bounce around trying desperately to move her arms or to talk. "Save your energy, Sapphire. You have a long night ahead of you and trust me there is no chance of freeing yourself.

"When I invited you here tonight...that's right I'm Chad...it was a trap. You were perfect. I knew you would be disappointed that Chad didn't show up and you would be very curious about my pony girls. I also knew that you wouldn't tell anyone where you were going. Not your family, or even your closest friends. Which is also why I knew that playing the nice, older confidant would seal the deal."

I attached her reins and unhooked her leash.

"Now, I'm going to tether you with my other ponies and go get a drink. I imagine that you've never been tethered naked in a bar full of people before...that should be a fun experience for you. Later I'll load you into my horse trailer and we'll head the next town. Once the cages in my trailer are full, I'll take you to Mexico to train you on my ranch.

I walked her to my other ponies and tethered her right beside them. Her terrified eyes brought me to orgasm.

Later when we left for the evening, no one seemed to notice that I had 3 pony girls instead of 2.

Abby

After things went dark, I had a sense that things were changing, it was exhilarating. I truly believed that I was free and enjoying life again. I was suddenly free from the confines of the awful pony girl outfit. I remember dreaming that I would never take freedom for granted again and I would never be tricked or trapped by anyone again either.

Bridget

The man looking at Sapphire was cute. I had not converted many men and the ones I had were only because they came to rescue one of my conversions. Men are hard to handle...even when converted. Their size makes them dangerous. The training was rigorous, and I had to constantly be on guard. When their training was sufficient, I immediately sold them and they are all serving somewhere in the world and their life is a living hell, I made some money on them, but the risk is certainly not worth the reward.

This one was different, though. The second I saw the look on his face with Sapphire, it was as if I needed to convert him if it was the last thing I ever did. I took my time and was very careful, not completing the conversion process until one full week after we met. He fell right into my finely webbed trap. As I drive down the highway in New Mexico on the way to retrieve him from a close friend who was taking care of him for the last three months, I am nervous and excited. On my last trip, I acquired Sapphire and 6 more pony girls. All 7 have completed 80 days of training and are coming along nicely. I left them in the care of my trusted assistants who are some of the best in the business, so I know they are in good hands. I usually recruit new ponies twice a year, but the man...whom I have named Abby is finished his time with my friend and is ready to be picked up. I decided to acquire him and 6 more ponies before returning to the ranch. Conversions are my lifeblood and just two trips a year will not be enough to satisfy my urges which are intensifying.

Before I knew it, I was 10 miles from the exit, and I could feel the butterflies. I hadn't been that excited in many years and I still remember how wet I was. When I pulled up to her isolated home, I almost felt sick. I couldn't wait to see him.

My friend greeted me before I even got to the door with a giant hug. She was one of the only people like me in the world and our connection was vitally important to both of us because our hobbies would be considered evil by most people. We both needed the support of each other. This was the first project we had worked on together and her message to me had included no details. She simply said...he is ready and I'm anxious to see what you think.

She led me across her beautiful home to the wing of the house where she did her work. We took an elevator in the basement which could only be accessed by a hidden panel and with a 12-digit pass code and iris scan. His room was down a long hallway. When she reached it, my friend took the knob and said, "Are you ready?"

I took a deep breath and smiled. "I am."

What I saw in the room astonished even me. Lying on the bed was a gorgeous young woman. Her breasts were very large but perfect tear drops, her pussy was completely hairless and tight, her waist was very thin, and her ass and thighs were thick. You could see a little of him in the face, but he now looked like his cute little sister. She looked so young and innocent.

"Oh my god!!" was my reaction. "You outdid yourself!"

"Well, for my best friend, I do my best work."

I hugged her again.

"How?" was all I was able to get out.

"Well, it has taken a lot of Guinea pigs, but I've continued to hone my skills."

I stared at his eyes and the perfect eye shadow tattoos she had applied. Her eyes looked very big due to the shadowing.

"I was able to accommodate pretty much all of your requests." she continued. "Her breasts are 36H and they are impossibly firm. They will sit on her chest like perfect tear drops. They are 100% organic and made of his own thickened fat." She turned Abby over. Her hips are 46 inches in diameter and her ass is so perfect that it makes me want to display it at the Louvre. Round and shaped to the perfect feminine ideal and her thighs are so deliciously thick as well. Despite its huge size, it will look amazing forever because it is also 100% organic and created

from a combination of his own thickened fat and a special formula, I place under the glute muscles."

"It's a perfect ass for a pony girl." I said giving it a slap.

"Her vagina will lubricate better than any normal girl and she can experience an orgasm more powerful than you can ever imagine if you ever choose to let her have one." She laughed and turned Abby over again. "I also removed the molars you requested. It will allow her teeth to close and there won't be any long-term damage that would make her less attractive. Oh, and she is now 5'-7" She lost 5 inches in the process of changing her structure. A nice bonus."

My friend continued. "She was in a controlled coma for 3 months, but I believe we mitigated the effects nicely. She was stretched and exercised 3 times a day by my physical therapist. As you requested, we lowered the dose of the drugs on 10 different occasions so that she was almost awake but not quite. She will remember these times like a dream, but the psychological effects will be profound. I played the tape to her ear that you recorded that said she has learned her lesson and is now free. Abby experienced the freedom of full arm movement and use of her tongue right after your recording was played. Over the 10 sessions, we put objects in her hands and allowed her mouth the freedom to eat and talk. Her babbling was dreamlike sleep talk, but it must have felt wonderful. Her hands felt sand, warm and cold water, sunlight, towels, different types of sporting equipment, anything we could illicit thoughts of freedom and adventure. We manufactured different smells and played different sounds that made her remember her old life and passions. You mentioned that she played college Tennis. Well, we put a Tennis racket in her hands and played the sounds of a tennis match, while we shined warmth on her and made the smell of grass and clay prevalent in the room. You should have seen her smile. "

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "I was wondering how successful that would be."

"We put her back in a deep, dreamless sleep, so you can reattach her gear. When we wake her up, she will have gone from the belief that she had been set free and enjoying a fulfilling life, to still being in excruciating bondage. You will get to

watch her psychological trauma a second time with the bonus of her realizing she is now an actual girl. So much fun!"

You can see why we were kindred spirits. We were equally sadistic. I know what you are thinking but we don't care. Both of us are so addicted to it that we literally couldn't stop if we wanted to.

Abby

I felt like I was in a deep mine shaft and there was a small light that grew as I rose up towards it, suddenly everything was bright, and I was awake...truly awake. I was disoriented but the realization that I was not, in fact free, hit me within seconds. The feeling of the torturous bit and my bound arms was horrific. As my eyes opened, I once again could only see what was directly in front of me due to the blinders. I was in a tiny room that was wall to wall mirrors. My eyes were still blurry, but I could feel the floor was some sort of ceramic tile.

The intense panic, terror and humiliation that had dissipated were back in full force. I felt dizzy and my breathing was heavy. Something wasn't right beyond even the humiliating pony outfit. When I shifted my weight to slide towards the wall, I felt a movement of flesh on my chest. What the fuck!?! I was scared out of my mind...the fear was so intense that I lost control of my bladder and peed all over the tiles. The pee sprayed everywhere including my thighs and made me wonder if my penis was trapped in something. That's when I looked up at the mirror on the wall about 5 feet away from me. I would have screamed if the bit would have let me.

Where I should be sitting, I saw a girl with very large, perfect tits and a cute young face. My eyes looked huge and had dark makeup around them. I slid on my backside which seemed very padded to the corner and pushed against the wall until I was slowly able to rise.

That when I saw my backside in the mirror reflected from behind me from the mirror in front of me and just about fainted. My ass was enormous, yet perfect at the same time. I felt panicked and I found myself testing the bondage and bouncing about. The reflection in the mirror showed breasts bouncing and

terrorized eyes.

I closed my eyes and attempted to modulate my breathing and I was able keep from going completely insane, but when I opened them back up, I caught a glimpse of a hairless pussy, and my breathing went into overload and I began to see stars like I was on the verge of passing out. At that moment, Bridget came in the room.

"What do you think, Abby? I knew you were jealous about how the other ponies were real girls, so I decided to give you this gift. Now, you won't feel different and left out."

My body was ruined, and I was still in humiliating and painful bondage. Even if she let me go, I was a horrifyingly curvaceous girl. I was so desperate and panicked and found myself frantically trying to move my arms and dislodge my bit again.

"Relax girl." She said rubbing my ass to comfort me. "Your arms will never move again and trying will only make you panic more. This time around they are placed in reverse prayer, elbows together position. Your hands are pulled back to the middle of your shoulder blades and bound together, then you weren't flexible enough, so we winched your elbows together and then the rest of your arms in five different places. The new position is much more compact and ascetically pleasing to my eye, but it may cause you a little more discomfort."

A little more was an understatement. It was tremendously painful and uncomfortable to the point of being unbearable, but my panic stemmed mostly from the gender change.

She continued to rub my ass. "Pony girls develop very large asses and thighs from all the training they do. You have the bonus of starting with a big ass. Your bit will still never come out, but we made some modifications that should please you. We removed you back molars so the bit won't sit on your teeth and cause unsightly damage, plus we permanently affixed your tongue to the bottom of your mouth with a bone screw. We pierced your tongue, drilled the screw in and screwed a plate on top of the screw. It allows only a millimeter of movement up or down. It's enough room to keep your mouth clean and healthy but not enough to make any sound at all with your tongue. Your bit is metal now and has a bigger

diameter.”

She took my reins and showed me how it felt. The bit felt huge and when she pulled the reins left my head was pulled left with ease. I felt the strap under my chin pull me left with the bit. The pull was extremely uncomfortable and impossible to resist, and I felt pain in my jaws and on my lips, but it wasn't the horrific pain of the correction bit.

“I now have more control of your head without torturing you. Now, that you are a real pony girl, your movement will be much easier to manipulate. I'm afraid, though, Abby that you will still grow to viciously hate the bit. It will cause discomfort for you, pretty much every minute of your life' and being controlled will probably cause you some humiliation.”

Tears flowed out of my eyes as I looked at what I had become. She wiped my face with the back of her hand softly. I know sweetie. It's so terrible. I felt her loosening my bridle in the front and for the first time I noticed that my hair was extremely long and black and popped out of my bridle in a ponytail. She loosened only a few of the straps and then attached a black leather mask to the front of my hood, then re-tightened the straps. There were holes for my eyes and holes for my nostrils and a hole for my mouth. It was very tight up against my face. Through the mask, there was no skin visible...only my eyes and lips. For some reason I couldn't figure out why it made me even more humiliated. Later I realized it was because it further dehumanized me.

She led me out of the house past two men who looked like bodyguards. They were laughing at me. And also past her friend, who I only saw for a brief second before my blinders cut off my vision of where she was. The sight of these people witnessing my humiliation threw off my concentration and She pulled hard on my reins. It made me wince and immediately follow her direction, and dutifully trot right into her horse trailer and past the real horses. She opened the secret compartment and placed me inside. This time I was alone, and she placed me in the middle cage. She fastened the back of my bridle to an O ring in the back of the shallow cage just like before forcing me to keep my face in the top middle in front of the bars.

"What's a matter Abby? You have such sad eyes. Aren't you comfortable? Well, be a good pony and get some sleep. We are going to a bondage show in Philly to

acquire some new ponies."

The trip was a silent hell. The bit and my bound arms were unbearable, but I had no choice but to bear them. When we arrived in Philadelphia, I was finally let out and I was shocked to be at an actual farm. Almost immediately I was led into the stables and handed to a young man of about 17 who took my reins and led me to a metal grating that had a rough surface. I was hosed down and cleaned with soapy water. He treated me like an animal as he cooed "Good pony" over and over again. He thoroughly cleaned every crevice. It made me realize that I would never be able to feel myself while many others would. "Such a big, fat pony ass." he cooed as he cleaned. "One of the biggest I've ever seen on a pony. Your owner must be proud."

He looked around and when he was satisfied that no one was looking he grabbed one of my nipples with his thumb and fore finger. "Did you get trapped by Ms. Bridget?" he asked with a smile. "I bet you were a snobby college bitch and I bet you wore clothes to hide the size of your ass, but now you have to endure it naked for anyone who wants to feel it and look at it." He heard a noise and led me wordlessly to a hitching post just outside the farmhouse and left. I wasn't hobbled and he hadn't even knotted the rope. There was no one around so I pulled away to release the rope but for some reason it wouldn't budge. It was simply wrapped around a round piece of wood, yet nothing I would do would dislodge it. Pulling on it just made it tighter. I was helplessly constrained by something that I could have removed in 2 seconds in my old life.

That night she dressed provocatively and led me into the club with my big tits and ass bouncing. We went to a very public and trafficked area of the club, and she tethered me and then locked a thin leather chastity strip from the front of my belt through my legs and attached it to the back of the belt. She pulled it very snug, and it was extremely tight against my pussy making the lips pop out on either side of it. Which I could clearly see from the mirrored wall in front of me. We wouldn't want you taken advantage of, would we Abby? When it's time to breed, I will put you in a breeding post and have a big boy pony have at you.

She showed me a black leather leash she had brought. "Have you ever seen one of these Abby?" She said as she put the metal piece that attached to the O ring on a collar up to my face. The leash she had one on both sides. "Such a simple device.

All it takes is fingers to use it. Even a toddler can get it open." she demonstrated the ease of use by opening and closing it with her thumb on the little metal that released the clasp. "You will find this on every leash in every pet store in the world. Any human can open it in 1 second, but an animal couldn't open it if given their entire life to try." She attached the leash to the O ring on my collar and an O ring above my head allowing me an inch or two movement one way or another. "I don't need anything more than this little clasp to keep you in place and you will be right here where I left you, even if I come back in a week."

"Now, you blink your sad little eyes and let's see who bites. I would like to leave Philadelphia with a few more cages filled."

And we did...2 ponies from Philadelphia, 2 from New York and 2 from Chicago. Her hunt was so successful that she cancelled plans to attend shows in Seattle and California. "I need to build more cages." she said to me happily before we departed for the border. The shows had been vicious for me. Having to stand there and endure the stares of so many as they looked in both lust and horror at my predicament. They all thought it was voluntary though and no one even attempted to release me. The frustration was awful. I watched as the 6 young girls fell into her trap. They all were super attractive and naive. She handled them with the same expertise she had used with me. She knew just how to get their trust and use their fantasies against them. I had to watch these poor girls weeping as they were locked into the little cells of her horse trailer...their lives cruelly taken from them.

The trip to the Mexican border took 3 days. She stopped in Texas and fed us and with a big smile said, "We will be in Mexico shortly. Don't worry, the border patrol won't find your little cages. You will all get to live the rest of your lives as pony girls. Trust me on that one."

She was right. When the truck stopped for about 30 minutes, I knew we were at the border, but the inspection must not have gone further than the real horses because when the truck began to move again, we were still locked in our little cages. I had tried to pound the wall but even if I could have somehow contorted my body enough, the wall was soft rubber and would have made no sound. I just cried. There was nothing I could do.

We arrived at her ranch 3 days later and it was really difficult to walk after all the confinement, but after a few minutes I loosened up. My home was a tiny stall filled with straw with a tiny barred-window that looked into the middle of a barn. We were introduced to our trainers...two severe looking men and a woman who was positively evil. They were strict and it seemed devoid of any empathy.

My days were filled with intense training in the hot Mexican sun. While I was waiting to be trained, I was restrained by a simple bar where my reins were wrapped. It was intensely frustrating to know that with a pair of hands I could release myself in under a minute, but that in my current predicament I might as well have the most complicated locks known to man on me because I could only look at the simple clasps that confined me. We were lined up so we could watch the training of other girls while we were waiting.

When it came time to train, we were forced to walk, trot, and run like ponies and react with precision to the commands of the trainers. There is no way to adequately describe the humiliation of having your head controlled by reins. I wanted to cry at every second. Plus, I just couldn't get used to my body. My tits were very firm, yet they shook and bounced heavily and humiliated me terribly. My ass wasn't much better. I couldn't see it but there was no mistaking its size. I knew it was big, round, and perfect. Plus, there was my pussy. The loss of my manhood was devastating and having only a tight hole visible to everyone was devastating.

Bridget was there for all of the training, and in the evening, she took great pleasure in taking me out for additional work. She teased me about my new body while rubbing and touching it during the training sessions.

Eventually, all the girls were sold except me. There was an auction at her ranch which I was brought out to watch. One by one the girls were displayed and run for the bidders who had come from around the world. Bridget made millions from their sale and the happy owners loaded the girls up for their trips to Brazil, Africa, Saudi Arabia or wherever their owners had come from. Sapphire was sold to an Arab and looked even sadder than usual when she was trotted onto his plane. I can only imagine what her life would be like.

Bridget didn't sell me, despite the fact that many of the men who saw me made

extremely large offers. When the auction was done though, I found out with horror that I was to be the entertainment for all the buyers who had stuck around for the post-auction celebration. A huge, black pony boy was brought out from one of the trucks while I was secured to a breeding rack in the middle of the auction area. Once locked in it, my big ass was pushed high in the air with my legs wide apart. It left my pussy at the perfect level for penetration.

The pony boy was extremely large and muscular with a cock that resembled a real horse cock. It sprang to life when he saw me bent over with my huge breasts hanging down. He fucked me with reckless abandon while the crowd watched in rapt attention. His hips banged into me with a loud slap and my breasts bounced with every stroke. He must have fucked me for thirty minutes while to my dismay and embarrassment I came again and again. When he finally came, I felt the sickly feeling of his cum leaking out of me.

When Bridget took me to my stall she laughed, "Poor little Abby. You look mortified. That must have been awful having to just take that while everyone watched."

So that's how my life went. When she had new captured pony girls, I was trained along side them, and when the auctions were over, I was fucked for the crowd. When Bridget was not at her ranch, I was fucked by the male trainers too.

When she didn't have ponies to train, she frequently brought me out to the turnstile. It was a big metal device that when turned on would turn big metal arms in a circle. You have probably seen them used before to exercise horses. My reigns were attached to one of the arms and I would be forced to trot for hours in a circle while Bridget lounged in a bikini nearby with a cold drink.

"Poor Abby. You used to have such an interesting life. Full of adventure and fun. Now, you are just a helpless animal trotting in a circle. Look at your big tits bounce and your ass...it's just so big and muscular." She had a mirror installed so I had to see myself at every turn. She would sip on her ice-cold drink. "This lemonade is just so refreshing, Abby. It's just so much fun to stretch my arms and watch your sexy body make the circle again and again until I decide you've had enough. This lounge is so comfortable to lay on and if I have an itch, all I have to do is scratch it."

Taunting me made her very aroused and she would pleasure herself while I trotted.

I knew she would never release me. She may get bored with me someday and sell me at auction, but she would never release me. This fact made me cry several times a day, but what could I do. I just trotted in a circle for her...nothing but a helpless curvy pony girl for the rest of my life.

The End