

# A Change of Scene

## Chapter 1

Jacob had heard the expression "no place to go but up". But that statement implied things were about to get better. Each time he thought he had reached rock bottom it was only the edge of another cliff.

It was hard to believe just how promising things seemed only a year ago. Jacob had been doing well in his job. Even though he did not have a college degree, he had received a promotion at work and seemed on track to do even better. His bosses seemed very happy with him, and they should be, he worked hard and did a good job.

Jacob's social life was good too. He was attractive and in good shape. He stood 6'3" and his 250 pounds were almost all muscle. He thought he had a handsome face with well-chiseled features. He knew that most women found him attractive. He shared a three-bedroom apartment with two cool roommates. The three of them were a great team and virtually inseparable. Everybody knew them at the local night clubs, and in a good way. They were always let in, and even though they were not particularly big spenders, they were considered part of the 'beautiful people', which meant that they hung with the best-looking women and the big spenders. That meant lots of free drinks, lots of jealous looks from the other guys in the club, and the inside track to the best women. One of the latter was Julie. Julie was not only the most beautiful woman Jacob had ever met, but she also had class, style, and when he finally got her to bed, the ability to turn into an animal. Jacob loved the way she could change from demur to sexually assertive. For the first time in his life, he only wanted to be with one woman. He did what he never thought he would do, and he asked her to marry him. Even more astounding, she said yes.

Julie and Jacob had talked about moving in together, but he was the one on the lease for the apartment he shared with his two roommates and there was still six months to go. Nevertheless, he and Julie were ok with that. It gave them a target

date for step one - living together. In about three months, they would start seriously looking for a place for them. Jacob now wondered if things might have been different if he and Julie had been able to move in together right away. If the first domino never falls does everything stay standing - maybe.

Julie was a model. This meant that she traveled a lot. They had been engaged for about two months when Julie had to go to London for a week for a shoot. She asked Jacob to come too, but he could not get the time off work. This was their most busy time of the year and as a new supervisor, he was not replaceable. Hey, maybe he didn't make the kind of money that Julie made, but he was doing pretty well. He had even managed to buy a brand-new BMW. It meant a healthy car payment, but he could afford it.

So, Julie went to London and Jacob stayed at home. The first weekend she was gone they talked on the phone every night. As the second weekend approached, he anticipated her return to him and the fun they would have. Julie called him on Friday night. She was very excited. She was not coming home the next day as he had expected. She had been hired to fly to Paris for 10 days of shooting there. Jacob had not been particularly jealous of her when she went to London. After all, she had invited him to come too. He had missed her, but it had only been a week. Now, another week and a half, this meant two more weekends. Jacob had just stayed home the last weekend even though his roommates had gone out clubbing and had the usual great time. He had not been clubbing with them since he and Julie had become engaged. After his call with Julie, he decided that he was going to go out with them this weekend. What was the harm? He needed a guy's night out anyway.

Friday was a great night, he danced, he drank, he flirted, he was the life of the party. He had been out of action for two months, but it was "just like riding a bicycle" in no time he was back on top. Then there was this redhead. She was a knockout. Not quite Julie, but pretty close. He didn't think he had really encouraged her, but pretty soon she was all over him. He remembered being sprawled back on one of the lounges in the VIP section with the redhead (he never even got her name) on top of him locked in a deep passionate kiss. It was a bit unseemly conduct for the club, but Jacob, caught up in the moment, was not

thinking of that. Shortly after that 'moment', she was gone, the club was closing, and Jacob went home alone. Well, that was what he intended. After all he was engaged.

Saturday night he was back at the club. He was looking for the redhead, and he found her - or did she find him? She snuck up behind him and started to breathe on his neck. Then she was nibbling at his earlobe. Jacob missed Julie. He was supposed to be with her this weekend. They were supposed to be having a great time, but she had gone to Paris instead. Lord knows what she would be doing there. Paris for God sakes. All those sexy French men, anything could be happening. The redhead had unbuckled his belt and reached her hand down into his pants. Ok, this was officially getting out of control. It wasn't so much that he didn't want her hand in his pants; he didn't want to get kicked out of the club.

"Not here." He whispered to her. She withdrew her hand, but before he could refasten his belt she grabbed the buckle and pulled it from his pants. Then she made a loop putting the running end back through the buckle and slipped the loop over Jacob's head creating a leash. Jacob should have been mortified, but he was not. So much blood had suddenly moved below his waist that he thought he might pass out. He didn't. But as she pulled on the make shift leash and led him across the room he followed.

The redhead led Jacob down the hallway and into the women's restroom. Several women were inside but nobody screamed or told him to leave. The redhead led Jacob into one of the stalls and closed the door. Jacob's pants were loose without his belt and he had had to use his hands to hold them up. The redhead now moved his hands away from the top of his pants and unzipped his fly. Then she let go and his slacks fell to his ankles. His shorts followed his pants to the top of his shoes. Then she pushed him back onto the toilet seat. She pulled on the belt leash around his neck and he found it difficult to breathe. The lack of oxygen combined with the amount of alcohol he had consumed made everything blurry. Apparently, the redhead had lifted her skirt and removed her panties (she may have been commando) because Jacob could suddenly feel the moistness of her as she slid down his very erect penis. Then she started to work up and down. She was rolling her hips with each stroke. Her mouth closed over Jacob's and he could

feel her tongue deep in his mouth. He responded, parrying and thrusting with his tongue and thrusting up in response to her movement. Through it all, she continued to pull on the belt around his neck. He could have easily loosened her grip but both of his hands were under her dress holding on to her buttocks.

She let out a squeal and shrieks and he a grunt and groan as they both exploded. He rolled his head back and exhaled deeply. She gave him a big grin. Leaned forward and gave him a peck of a kiss on the lips then jumped back off him smoothing down her dress before she disappeared out the stall door and then the door of the bathroom. Jacob started to jump up to follow her but came up short with a jerk. Somehow, she had tied the end of the belt around the water pipe on the back of the toilet. Before he could even reach his pants and pull them up, he had to figure out the knot and get the belt untied. Unfortunately, she had not closed the stall door when she had left and several girls were now assembled there giggling, and - oh no - snapping pictures or video with their phones. Jacob tried to hold up his hands in front of his face to block the pictures, but he needed his hands to untie the belt. Finally, he just gave up and worked on the knot for what seemed like minutes.

As the knot came undone and he was able to stand up, the girls with the camera phones screeched and ran away. Jacob quickly pulled up his underwear and pants and ran from the restroom. He had not even removed the loop of the belt from his neck as he quickly went into the men's restroom. Only then, did he remove the belt and return it to its place around the top of his pants. He had now drawn a group of male observers. This just kept getting worse. Jacob left the club and went home.

What should he do now? Word would get out. Julie would learn something. What if the pictures from the bathroom went viral? What was he going to tell Julie? He took out his phone with the thoughts of calling her - it would be morning there- then he saw there was a text blinking. It was from Julie. The text was: "????". There was an attachment. He opened it. It was a picture of the redhead straddling Jacob on the lounge from the night before, the two of them clearly engaged in a deep very erotic kiss. That was not good. If someone had sent that, there was no

doubt in his mind that what happened tonight was already on its way to Julie, if not there already.

Jacob needed to explain. He hoped he could get to her before she learned about tonight. He called, but it only went to voice mail. Well, she was very busy. He sent a text: "I can explain. Please call. I love you."

Just then, his two roommates came in. As soon as they saw him, they broke down laughing. There were three videos, and they had all three on their phones. The first was Jacob being led across the room in the club by the leash made from his belt. That was not good. The second was in the women's restroom, looking at the closed door of the stall. You could see movement through the crack in the door, and the sounds from inside left little to the imagination. But, the third video was Jacob with his pants and shorts down around his ankles his penis slacked over, clearly wearing the results of prior sex, as he struggled to untie the belt/leash. He noticed in the video that he had not even been able to close his legs because of his pants around his ankles holding him spread over the toilet. His roommates were enjoying this, but Jacob was miserable.

How could he have been so stupid? He tried calling Julie a few more times - voicemail. He wasn't even sure what he was going to say other than how sorry he was. It was absolutely clear that he had been unfaithful. He had had sex with another woman. And, he had made a complete fool of himself in the YouTube world.

Jacob sent several more text messages and left a few voice messages but there was no response from Julie. Clearly, she knew and she was figuring out what to do. He decided all he could do was wait until she was ready to talk to him - if that day ever came. It didn't. Monday an express mail delivery arrived for Jacob. It contained the engagement ring he had given to Julie. Nothing else, not even a note.

By Tuesday the video trio had received over a million hits. Jacob was becoming a YouTube celebrity. Certainly not the kind he wanted to be. He was suddenly "that guy."

Julie had never spoken to him after that. He still tried to text and call her, but to no avail. She had even unfriended him. And, she was not the only one. It suddenly seemed that many people that use to suck up to him did not want to be associated with him in any way. He was getting a lot of friend requests, but they were mostly from people who had figured out that it was him in the video and who were more than a little weird themselves. Finally, he took down his page.

After three weeks his boss called him in to "talk". Even though the conduct in the videos had occurred on his own time, Jacob's boss deemed it to undermine Jacob's ability to be a supervisor. How could he properly supervise people who had seen him in such a compromising situation? It seemed that was everyone. Jacob was not fired, but he had lost his promotion.

Jacob had been hiding out at home, but then a weekend, now a full month after the redhead had devastated him, Jacob's roommates convinced him to go with them to a club. At least they were still talking to him. It was not the club where the video was made. Jacob had been 86ed from that club. He was fearful that he would not be allowed in any club, but the bouncer gave him the "I will be watching you" look and then accepted his cover charge.

Jacob had a few drinks and had actually been able to talk to a couple of people who didn't seem to know, or care, about the video. Maybe it was finally becoming old news. If there was ever anyone who wanted his 'fifteen minutes' to be over it was Jacob.

As Jacob was enjoying his third cocktail and talking to a nice and attractive blonde, a small redhead - not the one from before - approached him followed by two guys. She may have had too much to drink or just been aggressive. "Can I borrow your belt?" She asked as she reached forward and touched the buckle. The two guys exploded in laughter.

"Get away from me." Jacob shouted and swept her hands away from his body. This spun the girl and she fell hitting her head on the side of a wooden stool. Her scalp split and blood started to spurt.

"You asshole." One of the men said as he pushed his body into Jacob. The other man was helping the girl on the floor up to a sitting position. There was a lot of blood. "She was only trying to have some fun you didn't need to punch her."

"I didn't punch her, asshole. I moved her hands off of me. If she weren't so drunk, she would not have fallen down." But by this time the bouncer was already there. What he saw was the idiot from the You-Tube videos next to a bleeding girl who appeared to have been knocked out.

"Not cool. You are out of here." He grabbed Jacob and dragged him from the club making sure he left the front door with an extra push. Jacob stumbled, could not maintain his balance, and fell to the sidewalk tearing a hole in his pants and landing on his knuckles which tore and scuffed the skin. He caught a cab home. As the cab drove away, he heard sirens in the background.

Two days later the police showed up at his place of work and brought him down to the police station to give a 'statement'. Once in a small interview room, a detective, much too large for such a small room, invaded Jacobs body space and asked: "What is about guys like you that make you hit women?"

"I never hit any woman." Jacob protested. The cop was not buying it. He examined Jacob's hands. Jacob tried to explain the fall outside the club. The cop scoffed. The interrogation went on for two hours before Jacob finally said: "That is it, I am not talking anymore. I want a lawyer." The interview ended and Jacob was arrested for Aggravated Assault, a felony charge. It seemed the girl had gone to the hospital and had stayed there for two days. Both of the guys with the girl said that she had only asked Jacob if the video was real or staged and without warning he had hit her in the face.

Jacob sat in jail for three days before his roommates helped him make bail. Jacob later learned that they debated helping him but figured if he was in jail, he couldn't contribute his third of the rent, so they got him out. Jacob thanked them and protested his innocence. Jacob got the feeling they didn't believe him and that really worried him. If his best friends did not believe him, what chance did he

have? And, in the end it was no chance. His lawyer got him a deal for a misdemeanor. Jacob at first refused, after all he was innocent. But the lawyer pointed out that if he was convicted of the felony he would go to prison for years. And, the jury would get to see the videos. It was the prosecutions' theory that Jacob had hit the girl because she had mentioned the video that he was so embarrassed about and because she was a redhead like the girl who had humiliated him in the videos. They wanted the jury to see the similarities between the two girls. Jacob knew he was trapped. He pled guilty to the misdemeanor. His attorney told him he should get probation, after all he was a first offender. He would probably have to take some counseling and do some community service, but the two days he spent in jail should be enough. It was not enough for the judge. As she began to speak to Jacob her face turned red - to match her hair. She called this a "brazen and vicious attack." She told Jacob he "was lucky the girl was not more seriously injured" and "that the prosecution had been overly kind in letting him off without a felony." He was given six months in jail. And, he was to be committed forthwith. He was placed in handcuffs and taken away. He was given no chance to even get his affairs in order.

Six months is not a long time in most of our lives, but six months locked up while the rest of the world moves forward can be almost forever. Suddenly Jacob had no income. He also had no family to help. His employer replaced him, so he had no job. Shortly after he went in the lease on the apartment came to an end and his former roommates moved on. After the lease ended, he never saw them again. After the second month, nobody came to see him and nobody was accepting his phone calls, which from the jail can only be collect.

Jacob worried about his things. He knew his car had been repossessed - that meant that his credit was fucked. His roommates claimed they had sold some of his things to pay his part of the rent for the last two months. No mention was made of the cleaning deposit and neither of them would return his calls after he did get out.

After he was released, he went to the old apartment and talked to the manager. His old apartment had been re-rented. The manager gave him two boxes that supposedly contained Jacob's belongings. Two boxes, that is all. No furniture. The



manager did not know what had happened to it. No electronics. Those were all gone when the apartment was empty. No kitchen things of any kind. The kitchen had been cleaned out completely. No sign of his laptop. Even his pictures were gone. The boxes contained only things that had been left in the closet in Jacob's old room after his roommates were gone. Mostly clothes, not neatly packed, but just stuffed into the two boxes. Jacob wanted to take them with him, but he did not even have a car, it had been repossessed. The manager told him he would give him a week to pick them up and then he would throw it all out.

The only good news was that Jacob still had about \$5,000 in his savings account and a little over \$400 in his checking. He found a 15 year old Honda for \$2,000. The tires had reasonable tread and the engine sounded fine, home and transportation all in one. He collected his two boxes from the proprietor of the apartment house and then he drove. There was nothing left for him here. He wanted to go somewhere else. Anywhere else, hopefully it would be somewhere where they had not heard of or seen him, if possible somewhere that did not even have Internet. He was young, only 24. He was strong. He was in good shape. At least that had meant he was left alone in 'stir'. It had not been prison. It had only been a county jail, really just a 'cream puff' place, but to Jacob it was the 'big house' and he was suddenly feeling gangster. Hey, he was an ex-con. Nobody better mess with him.

There was no place in particular that he was going. Maybe work on a ranch or a farm. It was hard, clean work, that was the kind of place that he would look for. He didn't take the interstate. The kind of place he wanted wasn't found on an interstate exit. Besides, he had discovered that his new ride needed an alignment and shook intolerably over 50 mph. But, that was ok; he was in no particular hurry.

He did not stop until he had put 1,000 miles between him and his past. Then he started to cruise through small farming towns. They were small, but they also seemed inviting. These were not the ones with the super service stations for the truckers and tourists along the interstate. The nearest interstate was an hour or more away. These were the towns that had been bypassed. It was pretty much still 1950 in these places, even earlier in some. Jacob would find the diner. Every

town had one where the farmers had breakfast at 5 or 6 in the morning. He would ask if anyone was hiring. He got a few jobs this way, but nothing for more than a day or two.

He also found the local bar or club, out here it was almost always called a 'roadhouse'. They all had a lot of cheap beer, bluegrass or country music that sounded better after two or three beers and women who had never seen a town with a population of more than 5,000 people. Sometimes he connected, most times he was happy just drinking his beer and listening to the music. He was even starting to like country.

It had only been about two months since he had been released from jail and started his quest for a new life but already he was feeling better about it. Nobody had mentioned the video. He sometimes received questioning looks when he came into town, but it was the "what is this stranger doing in our town?" look, not the "where have I seen that guy before?" look.

Jacob wasn't even sure what the towns' names were. They all sounded the same. He would bother to learn the name when he found one where he could get hired.

It was about 10 pm. Jacob was on his second beer when this cute little thing came up and sat at the stool next to him.

She looked to be about 20 (she wasn't asked for ID, but that would be pretentious in a town where everyone knew everyone) she had auburn hair cut to shoulder length. She was small, no more than 5'4" and could not have weighed more than 90 pounds. Jacob could have lifted her with one arm. She was wearing Daisy Duke cutoff jeans, a straw cowboy hat and red cowboy boots. Her breasts were not large but created perky points in her sleeveless plaid shirt. It did not appear she was wearing a bra. Given the surroundings, she looked like she had just walked onto set from central casting. She smiled and opened small talk.

Jacob had been in a few towns where strangers were strictly avoided. He had sat all night in a few roadhouses without anyone other than the waitress or bartender acknowledging his presence. He had tried to talk to people who only

looked at him like he was speaking Chinese. But this girl had approached him and started talking to him. It was welcome. He offered to buy her a beer and she accepted.

The next thing he knew it was 1:30 a.m., he and the girl were the only ones left and the bartender told them he needed to close.

Jacob had not taken a motel room that night. He only did that every four or five days to get a shower. He was trying to figure out where he could take this 'pretty young thing'. She then suggested she knew an after hour's place that was a lot of fun. Jacob didn't hesitate for a second before taking her up on that offer. She asked if he had his car. He affirmed he did, and they set out together along dusty country roads with her giving direction and him driving.

It took about 30 minutes before they pulled up near a cluster of buildings. Jacob could see lights coming from one of them and there were at least six cars parked out front. Jacob and Sally (he had learned her name) got out of the car and Jacob started to walk toward the building with the lights, but Sally took his hand and with a coquettish grin and led him off toward a different building. Jacob did not resist. As they entered a set of large double doors, Jacob could tell they were in a stable. Sally moved him to one of the stalls. There were openings or windows or something high up in the building because the moonlight was streaming through, and Jacob's eyes quickly adapted to the light.

Sally stood on her toes and tried to kiss Jacob. The difference in height made this a challenge. She tugged on his shirt in a downward motion, and he knelt and then sat on the floor in the straw. Then she was on top of him, her tongue invading his mouth. She unbuttoned his shirt working her mouth down his chest with each button, lingering and moving from side to side. She stopped to lick each of his nipples. Her 90 pounds easily pushed his 240 back onto his back. He felt her hands at his belt, felt his fly open, and he used his legs to lift his body as she pulled down his jeans until both his jeans and underwear were at his knees.

First, there was the touch of her hands on his balls and penis. Then as her hands fondled his balls, he felt her tongue touch first the tip of this penis, then work

softly down the side. He had expanded to full height by now (he was proud of his length and hoped she would be impressed). He felt her mouth move down the shaft of his penis and her tongue started to flick at his balls. This was amazing. She was very good, and he was really enjoying this. He opened his legs as far as he could to let her get her head in to continue her work. Then he felt pressure above his balls. She had taken a hold of his scrotum above the balls and seemed to be squeezing quite tightly. It did not hurt, but it felt strange because it was a constant pressure, not moving. But then she pulled back and stood up. Strangely, the pressure around his scrotum was still there.

Jacob reached for his testicles. There was something else there. Around his scrotum but above the balls was a band. It was metal of some kind and seemed to be locked on. He tried to examine it looking in the dim light for a release mechanism. He could find none.

Jacob rose from the ground, but as he did, he found that the small collar locked around such a sensitive part of his body, had a small chain extending from it. Jacob pulled on the chain before realizing it was locked to a ring in the floor. He was anchored by his balls to the floor of this stall. Sally stood about five feet away smiling at him. He tested the limit of his movement and realized she was just out of his reach.

"Ok, pretty kinky. What if I don't want to play?" He was not sure that was true, but figured he needed to assert himself.

"You don't want to have fun? I guess I could let you go, and we could just go drink, although I thought you were interested in other things. Or, I could just go drink and come back later to see if you are in a more receptive mood. Yea, that sounds right." She turned and started to walk away.

"Wait." Jacob called after her. "Ok, let's play." He held out his arms and signed for her to come to him. Once he got a grip on her, they could make love and then he could keep hold until she let him go.

"Take off your clothes." She started to open her shirt as she said this. Jacob was ok with that and very quickly stripped. As he finished removing his cloths, he noticed that Sally had unbuttoned her shirt but had stopped there.

"You have to take off your cloths too." He said.

"Soon, we have a little more to do." She said. She threw what looked like a dark colored bag to him. "Pull this over your head and then tighten the drawstring at the neck. It is like a blindfold, but a lot better." She had a sexy inviting grin on her face. "I have found that this really raises the sensuality."

Jacob looked at the bag. He did not like the idea of not being able to see. "We don't need blindfolds." He gestured for her to come to him with one hand while continuing to hold the bag in the other hand.

"And I thought you were ready to have some fun." The tone was pouting. She turned again and started to walk away.

Jacob's stomach lurched. He felt his muscles tense. "No, wait. I'll do what you want." As she turned to look at him from where she had walked about 15 feet away Jacob found the opening in the bag and pulled it over his head.

"There is a drawstring at the bottom. Pull it and it will keep all the light out." Jacob found the strings and pulled on them. As he did, he heard a clicking sound. "Tighter." She said. He pulled a bit more, there were more clicks. He could feel the bottom of the bag around his neck. The bag was made of some heavy fabric, and it moved out and in with his breathing. It felt very confining, and Jacob decided he didn't like this. He had given it a go. He grasped the bottom of the bag and tried to open it up so he could slip it off. It did not budge. The string would close it, but there seemed no way to open it.

"I don't like this. How do I get it off?" His words were loud inside the bag. He did not know how loud they would be outside. In any event, she ignored him.

"Hold your arms out front of you and ball your fists."

"What for?"

"Don't spoil the surprise. I guarantee this is going to be an experience like you have never had before." He had had some experiences he wished he had never had; he was really hoping this was not in that category. Nervously he held up his hands with his fist closed. He felt something go over his right hand, then his left. There was another clicking sound, similar to what he had heard when he pulled the drawstring on the hood. He pulled his hands back. She had put something over them. He tried to open his hands and found that they were confined in bags like that over his head. He shook his hands, but the coverings stayed in place. She must have tightened them around his wrists. Instinctively he raised his hand to his mouth only to be reminded that his mouth was shielded under the hood. By playing along he had let her get a lot more control over him. But even without hands he was much larger and stronger than she was. He may not be able to grip with his hands but if he could get an arm around her, she would never break loose.

"Raise your right arm and hold it extended." Her voice was less melodic and more demanding.

"No. I don't like this game anymore. Let me out of here. . . NOW." He tried to sound commanding. There was a whooshing sound followed by a loud crack, almost like the sound of a gun, but it was not a gun and Jacob felt the air from the pop of the whip no more than an inch from his right nipple.

"Raise you right arm and hold it extended." Her tone had not increased. It was exactly the same as the last command, authoritative but without any sense of anxiety.

"No way. This has gone far enough already. Get this shit off of me." It came out more whiny than authoritative. He cursed himself for that. There was a whooshing sound again, but this time the crack was punctuated with a burning pain just below his left nipple. He pulled both of his gloved hands up to try to massage the wounded flesh.

"Raise your right arm and hold it extended." He did not think she would actually whip him, but she had, and it had hurt a lot. It did not seem that this game would play out well for him if he kept refusing. He raised his right arm and held it extended.

He felt something wrap around his wrist and buckle or close shut. He could tell she was keeping a safe distance from him. If he had hands, he might be able to grab her, but with the bags over his hands that was impossible.

"Now raise your left arm and hold it extended." What choice did he have? He held up his left hand as she wrapped and fastened something around the wrist.

"Turn around and kneel down." He complied without thinking of what she was going to do next.

"Place your hands behind your back and touch them, palms in." He knew what that meant. She was going to secure his hands behind his back. That was not good. He needed a plan, but he did not know what it was going to be. He did not want more strikes from the whip. He hesitated, she waited, and eventually he placed his hands together behind his back. Almost as quickly as his wrists touched, he felt something clip through rings on the cuffs. He tested his arms. His wrists were cuffed and fastened together with some sort of clip behind his back. They did not appear to be locked in any fashion, but with his hands covered he could not manipulate any type of clipping mechanism.

"Hold your position." He did not move. He could feel her at his ankles. He thought of rolling to his side and kicking her, but he suspected that would not end well. Even if he did damage to her, he would still be anchored to the floor with his hands held behind his back. When she moved back, he moved his ankles and realized that she had placed a cuff on each ankle and connected them with a short hobble. How short he did not know, but he doubted he was running anywhere. Maybe that was a good thing. Maybe now she would release his balls from the floor anchor.

She had not said anything to him, but he felt her at his back. She placed something around his left upper arm just above the elbow. It felt metal. Everything else had just clipped on; this seemed to require tightening with some sort of wrench. When she was done with the left upper arm, she pushed his right arm out a short distance and began fastening the same type of device to that arm. When she had finished, he tried to move his arms and realized that the two cuffs on his upper arms were connected with some sort of metal rod.

"Be Still." She ordered and he felt the bite of a switch or crop against the outside of his thigh. It did not hurt as much as the whip had, but he figured she could make it hurt a lot more if she wanted. He stopped wiggling. She was doing something on the center of the bar between his elbows and the effect was that the bar was lengthening and thus pushing his elbows apart. As his elbows moved apart his wrists moved up toward the bar. At some point she stopped turning the bar and he heard another click. He tried to maneuver his hands and realized that his elbows were connected by a metal bar that ran from the inside of one upper arm to the other with his wrists then clipped to the bar in the middle.

That was just unacceptable. He twisted his hands inside their bags and cuffs. He pushed his arms back and forth and tried to twist against the bar. He shook his upper body back and forth twisting and pulling at the restraints. Everything held tight and there was almost no movement.

He heard her giggle. "It's way too late for that." He felt her hand stroke his shoulder.

"Why are you doing this? Let me go now!" This did not feel like a game anymore. This felt like something serious, and he did not like that feeling at all. He felt completely vulnerable. Even when he was in jail, he had not felt this vulnerable. There he always knew there were rules. Here, now, he had no idea what was happening and what would happen. All he knew for sure is that this 90-pound girl had effectively subdued him, and he was now very much at her mercy.

## **Chapter 2**



Jacob stopped struggling and let his head drop forward. The sound of his now heavy breathing was accentuated by the hood covering his head. He heard something. It was voices. Not Sally's, somebody else. At least two somebods. "Help. Help me!" Jacob called out.

"Well, Well. Aren't you in a bit of a fix?" It was one of the two voices he had heard.

"Yes. Please. She caught me. I can't get loose. Please help me."

"She certainly did. And a fine catch it is. Good work Sally." Jacob felt a finger tracing the muscle definition of his chest. It tracked over to his left breast and took a moment to tease the nipple. Jacob gasped involuntarily.

"Nice indeed. And responsive it would appear. Very strong looking, but do you think it can run?" It was clear that this new girl was not talking to Jacob. It was also clear that she was not going to help him. He felt his body slump with resignation of the fact that he could do nothing to free himself.

"I don't know. I can't wait to get him broken and see how he works saddled." It was Sally's voice. "Broken" . . . "Saddled" that did not sound encouraging to Jacob. He did not know what she had in mind, but it was pretty clear that Sally had no intention of letting him go. "He is pretty compliant so hopefully training will go well."

"Don't let your guard down. The seemingly compliant ones always have a little surprise waiting." Jacob did not think of himself as compliant. And, if they thought he was going to just give up to them and let them "break" him or "saddle" him then they did have a surprise coming.

"That is true, but this one is very pain adverse. I can't wait to see how he reacts to a taste of the training ring." Sally giggled as she said this last part. If he hadn't been frightened before he was certainly feeling it now. What in the hell was going on here? This was not some bizarre spur of the moment thing. It did not seem

that Jacob was the first to be captured by these girls. No wonder Sally had taken him so easily. It was all planned out with everything she needed in place. She was able to maneuver him to just the right place and then get his guard down through sex to fasten him to the floor. Where had the little chain and ring been hidden? Must have been in the straw. It really was true that the big head can't think when the little head was busy. From the moment she had his balls locked to the chain he was done, and she had won. He wondered how many times she had done this before. Where were the others? But more importantly, what was going to happen to him now?

"On your feet." It was Sally and the command was accompanied by an upward pressure on the chain that connected to the ring around his scrotum below his penis and above his testicles. Any pressure on the chain pulled on the ring and put pressure on his balls. As leashes go this one worked well, he would go wherever she pulled without any question. He quickly got to his feet and then started to walk forward as she pulled on the chain. At first, he almost fell from the limited step allowed by the hobble between his ankles. It was only about twelve inches, so he had to shuffle along to try to keep up with her. It did not help matters to be hooded. He could not see a thing and with his arms fastened behind him he could not use his hands. There was not even the assistance of a hand on his arm to guide him, only the pull at his testicles, painful if he did not keep up, yet if he tried to anticipate he lost his sense of direction. He expected to slam into a post, or wall, or trip on something on the floor at any moment, but the threat to his testicles kept him moving forward.

She had stopped pulling forward but Jacob only knew that because a hand against his chest stopped his forward progress. "You may be right about this one. He seems very anxious to please." It was the other girl. He had no desire to please any of these people. He just had an abiding desire not to have his balls pulled off. Jacob's fear was being replaced by anger. He had never hit a girl. Even if his record said differently, he had never done it, but he was willing to change that now. He went to jail for putting a girl in hospital when he had really done nothing. Now he wanted to put at least one, maybe two in hospital. But right now, they were in control. He would have to wait. He would have to be patient, and then he would take his revenge. And revenge would be oh so sweet.

Now there were hands on his upper arms, hands on both sides. He was being guided forward, but slowly. He moved as they led until his upper body bumped up against something. He could feel something like a bar just below his neck, another at his stomach and another at his thighs. There were hands on his back pushing him forward against the bars - one of the girls. He could clearly have overcome her strength and pushed back even without hands, but he did not. He felt straps cross his shoulders, then at his waist and then below his buttocks across his thighs. Now he was held to the bars. He wondered if he should have resisted. It was too late now, but did it really matter? He could have resisted but it is likely he would eventually be in the position he was in, only it would be after a lot of pain. Sally had called him "pain adverse" he would rather think of it as intelligent. There was no point in receiving pain just to demonstrate his resistance. In fact, that seemed counterproductive. Better he appears compliant so they would make a mistake and let their guard down. Even if he had managed to break free of their grasp, what then? He could not see a thing. He did not have use of his hands. He was hobbled to a twelve-inch step. And, by the way, they had him on a leash to his testicles. There was no other option but to do what they wanted - at least for now.

He felt his legs being pulled out to the limit of the hobble and then heard clicks as each ankle was secured outward. He would now not be able to move his feet.

There was somebody behind him. He felt the bags being removed from his hands. Maybe they were going to release his hands and arms, even secured to this frame that might present an opportunity. He needed to remain alert and wait for an opportunity. His wrists and arms were not released. Instead, each hand was opened up and he felt and smelled someone putting something on his fingernails. Polish? Were they polishing his nails? Oh well, that was not a big deal. (What Jacob did not know was that it was not nail polish at all it was a special chemical designed to stop the growth of and kill his fingernails. They would stop growing within days and within weeks they would all fall off. They would never grow again. But for the purposes of his captors, he did not need fingernails and growing nails would be a bother they did not want to have to deal with.)

Whoever was working behind him removed the clip holding his wrists up to the bar, and even removed the wrist cuffs. Jacob was now able to straighten his arms, but with the cuffs on his upper arms he could do nothing more than flop them up and down. He could feel the belt around his waist but there was no sign of a buckle or fastening of any kind. He could not reach the belt at his thighs or the one at his shoulders. There were hands on his hands lifting them up against his arms. He pulled his hand free and dropped it down. He heard the sound just before he felt the fire on his buttocks and heard the report of the quirk hitting home. That hurt. Not insurmountable, not like the bull whip had hurt, but it hurt enough to get his attention. And it proved his point. They could hit him with the quirt a lot more times than he was willing to endure just to make a meaningless point. He folded his lower arms up against each other and along the metal bar.

The person behind him was now wrapping his arms and the bar with something like gauze. They worked from elbow to elbow until his lower arms were completely wrapped. It sort of held his arms against the bar, but not tightly. But then he felt something being fitted over his arms. He could smell the leather, even through the hood. The leather molded to his arms from just above the metal cuff on each upper arm down and across this folded lower arms creating a leather U shaped enclosure. It laced along the inside and top but like a corset laces started in the center and then worked out in each direction until each lacing ended on the upper arm. Whoever was doing this had done it before. The arm binder, that is what it was, was first installed loosely. Then the laces were tightened, working from the center out. Then the process was repeated working any slack out until both sides of the device almost met. A single leather form encasing both arms and the metal rod between them was formed. Jacob tried to move his fingers but could barely wiggle them. This thing was not coming off without help. Then he felt heat near his upper arms and smelled a burning smell. The laces had been knotted at the top on each inside arm but then the laces were melted around the knot. It could not be untied. To remove this binder the laces would have to be cut. This was a major complication. It was a pretty good bet with this amount of work that they did not intend to remove the arm restraints very often or soon for that matter.

Jacob felt the neck of the hood being loosened. This was done with ease, as if all one had to do was pull at the base, but Jacob knew that was not the case. He had tried before he lost the use of his hands. He wondered what the secret was, although he was pretty sure it would at least require hands, something he no longer had. Then the hood was pulled off. They were in a room painted white with a clean concrete floor. The person who had removed the hood was not Sally. It was, although, a small female. This one was only about 5'2" very petite. She had pretty green eyes and light red hair pulled to the side in two braids. Of course, it was red hair. She held up what looked like a bundle of straps in her right hand. "This is your head gear. Your bridle, it is going on, easy or hard, painful or not, it is your choice." There was something in the way she looked into his eyes and the tone of her voice that convinced Jacob that not painful was the right choice. He also seemed to know that no response was called for from him. He just stared back into her face.

She seemed to understand his acquiescence. She lifted the tangle of straps; in her expert hands they quickly found their way onto his head. A strap circled his head at the forehead. At either side of the head, it intersected with another strap that circled his head from the crown down the sides and under his chin where it crossed and then passed around his neck to buckle in the back. Another strap came from the back of his head around to where it met rings located on either side of his head. Two shorter straps with additional rings connected to this ring projected forward so that each of these rings lay just forward of the corners of his mouth. The straps down the sides of his head also supported a panel of about three inches on each side near his eyes. This panel was equipped with snaps that would allow different types of additions to be added very easily. Once in place the girl moved around adjusting the straps until she was satisfied with the arrangement.

Jacob did not like the feel of this thing around his head. Even though it really did not interfere with anything it felt confining. He somehow knew that he was not going to like this appliance. The confirmation came quickly.

"Open your mouth." He really did not want to but did so hesitantly, still looking into her eyes. As soon as his mouth was open, she shoved something between his

jaws. He stopped cooperating and tried to move his head from side to side to dislodge the invader, but she was ready for that and quickly snapped it onto the two rings that extended to the edges of his mouth. As her hands left his face, he shook his head back and forth and pushed at this unwelcome thing with his tongue. Neither effort had any effect. He bit down to find that whatever it was there was a rubberized coating over its exterior. He was pretty sure that the device was made of metal he was at least happy that it had some type of coating to protect his teeth. But it was more than a metal bar running through his mouth. He could feel something lying on his tongue. It had a brank of about two inches that extended back toward his throat. He could also tell that it had levers that positioned through the rings at the side of his mouth and that pressure on the levers would cause the brank to be pushed down against his tongue.

"No. Take it out. Don't do this." He tried to say, but now it was just a jumble of noises that even he could not understand. He wildly shook his head, but the bridle fit perfectly to his head and the bit now lodged between his teeth was going nowhere. It had the effect of both bridling him and gagging him. Two birds with a single bit as it were.

Jacob's attention was quickly drawn away from his head. He felt activity below his waist. The band that Sally had utilized to capture him by capturing his testicles loosened and disappeared. He was glad to have that controlling device gone, but his relief was short lived. Something else was being placed in exactly the same spot. Only this seemed to have more weight. In addition, as he looked down, he could see the girl closing the two halves of this new device with some kind of Allen wrench. When she was done it was tighter than before. Next, she pulled a belt, at least six inches wide around his waist. Before she closed it into place, she connected two wires from the device around his scrotum into slots on the inside of the belt. Then the belt was closed and cinched also using a wrench. Without the tool, even with hands it was not coming off.

"Ok pony, you are almost done. Even though ponies don't get to have conversations I want to make sure you understand the device that has just been placed on you. This is a control ring. It has a GPS device monitor so we can always tell where you are, but just as importantly it is never allowed to be outside a

defined perimeter. If you hit the perimeter there will be a five second warning." She pushed a button and Jacob felt a buzzing around his scrotum. "Pretty easy to discern. If you are not back in the allowed territory within the five seconds, or if someone pushes the control button, well . . . I think you should know what will happen." She held up a small remote control and pushed a red button.

Jacob had never in his life felt such pain. It felt as if someone had reached inside him and dragged his insides out through his penis. He immediately lost control of his bladder and bowels. Urine sprayed from his penis and brown goo leaked from his rear. He needed to get his hands around his stomach, but they were locked behind him. He needed to crawl into a ball, but he was held tightly to the bars of the frame. All he could do was push his head back and shriek.

"Pretty much the same reaction I have seen every time. Would you like a second demonstration?" He was wildly shaking his head back and forth. He was ready to do whatever she wanted to keep from having that happen again. He looked down at the innocuous looking metal band that circles his scrotum. How could something so small cause such horrific pain? This was a major game changer. As long as this thing was connected to him, he was going to be very very careful.

"No. Please. No more." He tried to say, but it came out as babbling. Even without the bit in his mouth it would have been hard to understand.

"Good boy." She said as she patted him on the side of the head, then she turned and walked away leaving Jacob shaking and shivering. If it wasn't for the bands holding him to the frame he would have collapsed onto the ground. It was hard to breath. He was gasping for air. He was hyperventilating.

He was alone. He was trying to make sense of things. Why did they do this to him? He dropped his head forward and looked at the small metal ring. It was less than an inch wide. The interior diameter could not be more than an inch. It was thick, almost half an inch. Tight, but not overly constrictive, but tight enough. It was not going to come off. Even if he had use of his hands, it would be virtually impossible to feed his testicles through the small opening that locked around his scrotum. He could see metal loops on the outside surface, at least two of them.

The earlier device had shown the efficacy for attaching a leash. He was certain the loops preserved this diabolical use. Thus, it had the ability to control him both manually and through its implementation of pain to terrorize him.

As his breathing came back under control, he became more aware of the implement in his mouth. He was drooling down the sides of his face. He tried to suck back the liquid, but with his mouth held open that seemed impossible to control. He could also feel the flat metal plate lying on top of his tongue. It moved freely up and down when he pushed with his tongue but did not seem at all limited in movement by the pressure exerted by his teeth on the shaft. The interior portion, the brank, must move on a free rod set inside the larger bar that extended from cheek to cheek. The rings in his bridle - that is what she had called the head piece - held it deep in his mouth applying pressure to the sides of his mouth. He did not like the feel of it. He did not want this thing in his mouth, but like everything else they did there was nothing he could do about it. He hoped that it would not be permanent.

Jacob heard movement. Had she returned? Was Sally back? What were they going to do to him now? He was still fastened to the frame. Why had they not removed him? It sounded like something was rolling over the floor. He turned his head to the side trying to get a look. He saw another woman. This one was pushing a small cart, more like a table, on wheels. It was somebody new. How many of them were there? As she pushed the cart around in front of him, she smiled. He looked briefly into her face. She was a little older than Sally or the girl who had just finished torturing him. She was wearing a white coat like a doctor or a lab technician. His eyes fell on the stainless-steel tray on the top of the cart. There were devices that looked like tools for working leather. There were forceps, a soldering iron, and rings of various sizes. There was also a small box of cotton swabs and some bottles the contents of which he did not recognize. His body started to shake again. There were needles, large and long needles. He was sure he was not going to enjoy this.

As Jacob struggled to remove himself from the confining straps the woman put on a pair of surgical gloves. She took a piece of cotton and used one of the bottles to wet it. Then she used the now moist cotton to clean first one then the other



nipple. The liquid felt cold, and he could feel the nub of his nipples harden in response. She carefully inspected each nipple, placing her head close enough that he could feel her breath on his body. It was not erotic. She lifted a pair of forceps. They had openings between the tongs. Then she used one hand to pinch and pull one of his nipples forward applying the forceps to the extended flesh. He tried to shake his body to dislodge the device, but his range of motion was too limited to have any effect. Then using something that looked like a wine cork and a needle that now looked about a foot long he watched in horror as she pushed it through the flesh behind the nub of his right nipple. He expected it to hurt but compared to what the last girl had done the pain did not seem that bad. Removing the forceps, she used the needle to thread a ring through his flesh. He was being pierced. She repeated the process on the other nipple.

Next, she knelt in front of him and took his penis in her hand. Once again, she swabbed it with the moistened cotton. He had heard of men who pierced their penis, but the thought of it turned his stomach. There was little doubt in his mind what she was about to do. He also knew there was nothing he could do to stop her. There wasn't. She pushed a needle through the head of his penis. Not the skin, the penis itself. This did hurt and he screamed through the bit, but she paid no attention to him. Soon a ring of almost an inch and a half had been treaded through the end of his penis. She apparently knew what she was doing because it was set lower in the penis, obviously to keep it from interfering with the passage through the penis. She was not finished with his groin. She picked up a can of shaving cream and quickly lathered his crotch. He watched in terror, holding as still as he could as she then went to work with a straight razor shaving away all the hair between his legs.

He hoped that she was finished, but she was not. She held his chin with one hand and inspected his nose with the other. He tried to free his chin and move his head back and forth. "The easy way or the hard way?" was all she said as she looked into his eyes. This woman was taller than the others. Not as tall as Jacob, but close enough. He knew what her question meant. He stopped resisting and closed his eyes. He felt something pushed against his nostrils, he felt pressure on his septum, then there was a popping sound and a pinch of pain in his nose. Her hands withdrew and he opened his eyes. He saw her lift a bronze-colored ring

about an inch in diameter and feed an open end through the opening she had made in his septum. He did not move as she fed the ring through his nose.

The woman then picked up the soldering iron and quickly applied it to the opening in each of the four rings. It must have been a cold solder because he did not feel any heat as she closed each ring. She carefully inspected each ring, turning it in his flesh to make sure it moved freely and was closed in an inescapable circle. He had been ringed. She removed her gloves and dropped them onto the tray.

"Those should heal up just fine in a few days. There may be a little pain, but I am sure you can endure it." She had picked up something else from the tray. He was not sure what it was. Her hand returned to his penis which was now completely limp. Acting quickly in case it responded to the touch she bent it back toward the ring at his scrotum. He heard a click and she let go. His penis stayed bent over, doubled back to his scrotum. Jacob looked down and could see that she had utilized a small padlock to lock the ring in the head of his penis to one of the loops in the control ring. "There, that should keep you out of trouble." Jacob was horrified with the sight. What would that feel like if he became excited?

She walked over to a table at the side of the room and returned with something in her hand. It was the hood that had only been removed after he had been locked in the frame. He did not want that back on his head. "Please. No. I'll be good." He tried to say as she pulled it over his head, and he heard the clicking sound as it tightened around his neck. Once again, he was plunged into darkness.

After a short time - but it is very difficult to judge time inside a hood - Jacob felt the belts holding him to the frame being released. He was no longer anchored to anything, but it made no difference. He knew he would be directed to go someplace soon, but until that happened there was nothing for him to do but stand where he was. There was pressure at his control ring and a click. He was leashed again, and he would follow where led. The pull was to his left and he followed. There was a different feel to the control ring as compared to the ball restraint Sally had fixed him in before. The control ring was heavier. Even without the pull of the leash he could feel its weight pushing down on his balls. When not

pulled tight it swung back and forth with every step. It would be a constant reminder of his status.

Jacob didn't know how far they went. He was not really paying attention. He was stopped, turned, and then pushed forward. Once again, his body made contact with something. This time it was a padded bar at waist level. A strap circled his waist, and he was now restrained to this single bar. His current guide then clipped something to the outside of each ankle and pulled it tight. His legs were now spread to the maximum of the hobble and anchored in place. Only then did she remove the hood. This was an entirely different girl. How many of them were there? This was a redhead. Jacob had in the last year acquired a strong aversion to redheads. Like most of these women she was very petite. Again, clearly less than 100 pounds. Jacob wondered if it was something geographical to this area or something relating to what was going on at this place that led to the large number of very petite women. Maybe it was psychological. He was so much bigger, so much stronger than any of them yet here he was totally under their control. A single wisp of a girl could maneuver and move him with ease and there was not a thing in the world that he could do to prevent or even effectively protest what they wanted.

This thought was underscored as the redhead clipped a line into his newly installed nose ring and pulled down. Jacob bent forward over the bar at his waist until he could physically go no further. Keeping tension on the nose leash the redhead fastened the end to a ring in the floor. Jacob had been pulled forward to the point that his head was actually below the level of the bar at his waist. He had even had to go up onto his toes as his body was bent forward. With his arms held tightly in the arm binder behind his back he was unable to move at all. Tethered by the nose he could not even turn his head.

The redhead ran her hands through Jacob's hair. He had never worn it too long, but over the last few months it had grown out to a top length of about 3 inches. She produced an electric razor from a nearby table then starting at his forehead on the right side shaved back across Jacob's scalp. She continued taking a strip at a time from front to back. Jacob could see from the hair cascading to the floor that where she was cutting, she was taking it all the way to the scalp. The

beginning swipes moved quickly, but after he was sure she had rendered him bald, Jacob could sense that she was now trimming. Something had been left. It was a strip about an inch to two inches wide down the center of his head from the forehead to the nape of his neck, a Mohawk. After she put down the electric razor, she produced lather and finished the job cleaning the shaved portions with a straight razor. Rubbing the now bald portions of Jacob's head clean with a towel she then proceeded to apply a gel to the remaining hair. Although Jacob could not see he could feel her working the hair so that it stood straight. Unlike the barber shop she did not ask Jacob what he thought. His opinion was not relevant. She didn't even hold up a mirror for him to see what she had done to him.

When she had finished with his head Jacob saw her pick up a lock of his freshly mown hair and carefully examine it. She rolled it back and forth in her fingers checking the density. She held it up to the light examining the color and condition. Then she walked out of his range of view, and he heard some drawers opening and closing. He tried to tilt his head to the side to see what was going on but the pain in his nose discouraged any further attempts to assuage his curiosity. He would know when, and if, she decided.

She was behind him. He felt very vulnerable pulled over with his buttocks held up over the bar and his legs stretching to keep contact with the floor. She used a damp cloth to clean up the mess that had been left on his butt and legs when he had lost control of his bowels after the shock from the control ring. Just having a woman cleaning him was degrading and underscored his complete loss of control.

Then he felt pressure at his anus. Something was being pushed into his rectum. Was she raping him? No, it was not moving in and out. Whatever it was just went in. Then he felt something expanding just inside the anus. The intruder was being pumped up. He was being given an enema. He could feel the water flowing into his insides. It was a gentle, but constant flow. He tried to clench to stop it, which would work for a bit, but as soon as he relaxed even a little more would flow in. He didn't know where the redhead had gone. It seemed she had just left him to endure this most current indignity.

Eventually the inward flow stopped. He did not know whether it was because a predetermined volume had been met or the pressure inside him had just balanced the incoming pressure. Either way the pressure was intense. He could see that his belly was distended, and everything ached. He really needed his arms to wrap around his stomach. He had never before realized just how important the use of one's arms were to providing self-comfort and relief. Even though he knew it was futile he twisted and pulled at his arms, maybe the bindings had loosened a bit. They had not. He tried to push down as if passing a bowel movement to see if he could force this thing from his rectum, but the expanded plug held firm which meant that he continued to retain all the contents that had been inserted into his bowels.

He was crying. He hadn't even realized it until he felt a tear run down his cheek. How had this happened to him? If only he had never come to this place. He could have stayed in the city. That was his familiar ground. He was a stranger here and that had made him prey. But even then, why had he left the bar with Sally. She had seemed like such a nice girl; well looks are deceiving aren't they. But even then, why did he go with her into the barn? It was for sex, and she was inviting him, right? He had come on to her. He had made it clear that he wanted to have sex with her. But she was the one who had led him into the barn, into her trap. And how did he fall for that? How did he let her secure that ring around his balls?

He looked at the heavy control ring swinging gently back and forth with each movement of his body. He wished he had the first ring back. There had to have been a way to get it off. Why had he not devoted his attention to removing it? Without the ring anchoring him to the floor she would have been no match for him. Even with the assistance of her friends, assuming they were close by he could have prevailed. As he recounted the step-by-step erosion of his liberty, he could not believe he had been so stupid. He had put the hood on his own head. He had pulled the drawstring. He had held up his hands to be bagged. He thought it was some kinky game. By then it was clearly too late. He did not fault himself for not offering more resistance at that point. Hooded and without the use of his hands he would have never gotten that damn thing off his balls. He needed to have acted at least before his hands were bagged. At least then he could have worked on removing the hood. He knew from having it placed on and taken off

that there was some simple release mechanism. Had he resisted putting the hood on he could have devoted all his attention to the damn ring. Ok, so she threatened to walk away. So what? That would have left him to figure out how to get that damn thing off. But no, he thought there was still sex in the offing. Well, there had been. He had been fucked big time. Sally had played him perfectly, and from that point until now each thing they did just increased her control over him.

The redhead was back. She blotted the tears from his eyes. "Now, now, I know that is uncomfortable, but it is almost over. You will be so clean and fresh, and I can fit your new tail." She ran her hand down his Mohawk, and then she ran her hands over his shoulders running them down across his chest and teasing his nipples with a finger from each hand. With his head pulled down by the line attached to his nose ring he could not see her face, but he could feel her touch. It felt really good. How could he be responding to her touch under these circumstances? He was completely helpless and cramping with the liquid that filled his bowels, but there was something so erotic about this touch. Part of it was the knowledge that he had no control. He could not even avoid her touch, and it seemed he could not avoid his body's response to her touch. He was becoming aroused.

He looked between his legs and saw that his cock was beginning to harden. But it was still bend double and locked to the control ring. This was not going to be good. He tried to will it to soften. He tried to take his mind of the gentle stroking of his nipples, but they had somehow become the most sensitive part of his body. He could see her fingers moving back and forth, up and down but he could not even move his body. He could not move into or away from her touch. He moaned through his bit, but she continued the gentle massaging and teasing. He looked at his cock. It was swelling. It wanted to straighten up, but ringed and locked that was not going to happen. He could feel pain in the head of his cock as it tried to escape its bonds. The more it grew the more it hurt but doubled over and locked to his scrotum it was worthless. She reached down and stroked it. "Only very good ponies earn this reward."

She walked around behind him. He heard the sound of metal scraping on the floor and through his legs he could see her positioning a tub between his legs behind

his buttocks. Then he could feel the plug deflating and being withdrawn. This released a stream of brown water. She must have done this before because the position of the tub seemed perfect to catch the stream. Jacob felt utterly humiliated, but he could not have been happier to finally be able to expel the liquid.

He felt her using a cloth to clean and dry his buttocks and legs and the area around his anus. Suddenly a finger inserted into his anus. Not far, just a small distance. It was also rubbing around the anus itself. There was a cold sensation. He was being lubricated. What was that for? If she had not seen fit to lubricate him for the enema, what was coming? He tried to watch between his legs. She had walked away for a moment but had now returned. She had something in her hand. He saw what looked like a shock of hair braided to about a 2-foot length. It was similar to the color of his own hair. He felt pressure on his anus. He wanted to move aside and dodge the invader, but the best he could do was wiggle his buttocks. That was not sufficient to prevent something that felt to be the size of baseball bat from being inserted into him. It felt like it just kept going and going. He could see the tail. It did not hang straight down, it sat just above the invader pointing up. This meant that when he was standing it would extend parallel to the ground from his rear before it dropped down.

Just below the tail, protruding slightly from his rear was a plastic tube of about an inch in diameter. The end of the tube had what looked like a small hinged cap. From the bottom of this tube a small chain hung down. The redhead quickly pulled this chain between his legs and fastened it tightly to the back of his control ring. Jacob could feel as she took another chain from the top of the tube up to fasten at the back of the belt he wore. That would have been sufficient to hold the tube in place, but she was not finished. She produced what looked like a power screwdriver and went to work on a small Phillips head screw in the edge of the tube below where the tail connected. As she turned the screw Jacob could feel the tube inside his rectum just behind his sphincter expanding. She must have been judging the results from the tension on the screw, as she stopped and then gave it a few more short turns. The interior of the plug felt huge. There was no way he could expel this thing even if it was not chained to his belt and control ring.

He could not walk with that thing in his butt. He was sure of that. He needed it out of him. It didn't really hurt, but it was uncomfortable. She had gone to some effort to install it. He was pretty sure it was meant to be permanent. The tube and its little gate would now replace the function of his sphincters. But that meant he had no control over it. Waste material would accumulate and at some point, the gate would be opened and the waste expelled. Based upon the tension set on the cap, the pressure required to cause it to open would be controlled. He could neither cause himself to evacuate his bowels or, more demeaning, prevent it from happening when the critical pressure level was reached. They even controlled when he could shit. He hoped that they were enjoying themselves because when he got the use of his arms back there was going to be hell to pay. They could not keep this up forever. Eventually they would have to let him go and then. Just wait until then.

The redhead had been joined by the brunette. They moved the tub away and put a piece of paper under each of his feet. The redhead loosened the nose leash enough for him to flatten his feet back to the ground, but not enough to straighten up. As he brought his feet back flat on the floor the other girl used a marker to trace each foot onto a piece of paper. The girl left with the papers. The redhead released the nose leash but refastened the clip to the loop on Jacob's control ring. Then she produced the now all too familiar hood and slipped it over Jacob's head. He did not resist. He already knew that was useless. Apparently, they were going to move him again. He had been in a number of places, but he had no idea how they interconnected or really how big this place was.

The hood was very disorienting. But it had another subtle effect. When hooded his dependence on the person controlling his leash was enhanced. Rather than feel anger and defiance toward that person he felt a sense of reliance. They were taking care of him. They were watching out for him. He hadn't formed these thoughts into analysis; he just knew that the minute the hood went on he felt differently about the person who controlled him. He wanted to know where the person was, and he used all his available senses to try to keep track of their location. That meant that he paid almost no attention to where he was being taken or even how far it was. If he thought the person had left him there was a



sense of panic. He was terribly afraid of being left alone in the hood. But that is exactly what happened. He wasn't sure where he was, but he felt and heard the leash being attached to something. Then he heard the footsteps of the redhead leaving. He froze. He listened for any movement. There was none.

He turned his head from side to side to see if that brought any sound. There was nothing. He reached forward with his foot in the direction the leash had been pulled. There was a wall there. He was standing facing a wall, not more than a foot away. He tried to turn to the side. The pressure to his control ring from the leash prevented him from turning. He had been tethered to a wall and left to stand and await her return. Once again he twisted and pulled at his arms and hands in the arm binder. Once again there was no slack and no movement. He let his head move forward until his hooded forehead leaned against the wall. Then he did the only thing he could do. He stood and waited.

Eventually somebody did come for him. He could not know if it was the same person who had left him there. He could not know how long it had been. It seemed like a very long time, but his situation was disorienting, and time was very difficult to judge. Nothing was said, but the leash was released from wherever it was connected, and the directional pull led him away. He was not even sure if it was the same or a different direction than the one he had taken to get to that spot. He sensed a door being opened and knew that he had been led into a new area.

His leash was again secured and then the hood was loosened and removed. This room had wooden walls. There were pegs on the walls and leather items hanging from the pegs. It looked like tack that might be used in a stable, but Jacob knew little of horses and riding and was unable to distinguish the use or purpose of what he saw. As in the earlier position he was facing a wall. There was a metal ring that could be raised from a position in the wall directly in front of him at just below waist level. His leash had been looped through the ring and tied off with what looked like a single overhand knot. The knot was not tightly tied. Any person could untie it with only a single hand, but for a person with no hands it was sufficient to hold the leash and thus him in place. His ability to examine the room

was limited as a new leash was snapped into the ring at his nose and tied it off to another ring set higher in the wall.

The redhead was there, she had just leashed his nose ring. She was assisted by another girl. Like most of the girls he had encountered here she was young, maybe early 20's. Blonde hair cut in a page-boy. Once again, she was short with a petite frame. She was holding something in her hands. He could tell it was footwear of some sort, like small boots but somehow different than boots and they were strappy. From this room he could see an open doorway leading to the outside. Light was streaming in. It looked to be early morning. He had been held all night. There were shadows of movement outside the doorway, but he could not see the people who created the shadows.

The girl handed one of the boots to the redhead who had knelt near Jacob's right leg. The redhead released the hobble chain from his right ankle but then clipped the free end to a ring in the floor. Then she removed the cuff from the right leg. His right leg was free, but his left leg was chained to the floor and his body was still held by the leashes connected to his control and nose rings. He glanced at the doorway leading to the outside. He would have liked to have sprinted for the door, but he would not be able to break free and run. The redhead pushed against the back of his knee as she grasped his right ankle in her hand. She wanted him to lift his leg. She would not have been strong enough to have accomplished this task over his resistance, but there seemed no point in resisting. He raised his leg and let her guide his foot up and then down into the boot. His foot slipped in easily and he felt his toes settle comfortably in the front of the boot. The front of the boot was open and he could see his toes under the strap. He expected to push his heel down, but the inside of the boot was not flat. The heel was raised and then the arch sloped forward to the ball of the foot.

The boot was a type of high heel. He had never worn a high heel, but he had always enjoyed watching women wear and walk in them. At the ankle the boot had a three-inch-wide strap which she quickly fastened on the outside of his ankle. As he shifted his weight onto the new footwear, he got a better sense of its structure. The toe area was a platform of about three inches wide and four to five inches long that supported the toes and ball of the foot. A strong arch support

curved upward from this platform to the heel. Although the heel was not supported from below, i.e., nothing extended down toward the ground, the arch was fully supported by strong and inflexible inserts. The body of the boot was not solid. It was made of straps and webbing. From the platform at the toe the sole flared out to form a semicircular bottom with a four inch diameter but about three inches below the top of the platform. This platform was black and looked very much like a horse's hoof.

At first Jacob wobbled backwards but then was able to shift his weight slightly forward and maintain his balance on the forward part of the boot. There was a loop on the inside of the strap around his ankle and she quickly released the hobble chain from his left ankle and attached it to the loop on the boot. The combination of the platform at the toe of the boot and the slope of the arch to his heel elevated him about six inches from the ground. He rose to the toes of his left foot to keep his balance.

Quickly, while Jacob was still studying the new addition, she removed the cuff from the left ankle and signaled for him to raise his left foot. He complied and the left boot was quickly fitted and secured. As soon as she had secured the second boot and guided his foot back to the ground, she released the hobble chain from the ring in the floor and connected it to the loop in the left ankle strap. He was no longer secured to the floor but once again he was hobbled. He looked down at his feet trying to study this strange footwear. He could tell that all the weight was carried on the ball of his foot and toes. The heel was completely open, but there was no flex in the boot. He could not lower his heel. Wobbling slightly, he lifted one of his feet and inspected the platform below his foot. It looked like a hoof, not a foot, and the arch of his instep held up by the footwear looked like the hocks of a horse's foot.

Jacob found that in order to maintain his balance on these new feet he had to roll his hips forward so that he shifted the weight of his upper body to the front.

They kept calling him a pony. He had found that curious. He had not taken that literally. He had considered the bridle and bit as merely designed to limit his speech, but now he had to rethink that position.

The redhead unfastened the leash from his control ring. Then she untied the end of the leash from his nose ring and pulled causing him to turn and then step. With the extra six inches of height, he now towered over the two small girls. The tension on the leash to his nose ring pulled his head down and he instinctively leaned forward. He was still hobbled so his steps had to be short, but he could not have taken a long stride in these boots without falling over. He prayed that he did not lose his balance and fall. He doubted that either of these wisps could have kept him up if he did. He was two and a half times the weight of either of them. He guessed that they would just let him crash to the ground. That was not a welcome prospect without the use of arms to break his fall. He concentrated on moving forward a short step at a time. The redhead was not rushing him. She seemed to know that he would need time to adjust to these boots and applied only enough pressure to keep him moving slowly forward.

They were headed for the doorway. He was going to get a chance to see what was outside. He was not thrilled at being led by the nose. It really did make him feel like livestock. Even though it was less frightening than when the leash was connected to his control ring guiding him using a ring through his nose was somehow much more humiliating. He could tell from the shadows that there were people outside. He felt ridiculous. He expected roars of laughter at his expense. He was reminded of how he had felt when the video of him leashed to the toilet in the woman's restroom had gone viral. Was that what this was all about? Was he now going to be filmed and humiliated again? Then where would he go? He had run away from the city to escape his last humiliation where would he go now?

### **Chapter 3**

As they reached the doorway, he was already beginning to capture the ability to walk. The boots were surprisingly comfortable. He had heard women complain about their toes being pinched in their high heels, but these boots did not pinch his feet in any way. He could feel the strain of the raised position on the muscles at the back of his legs, but other than that the footwear was reasonably comfortable.

When you are led by a nose ring you do not turn your head from side to side, so all he could see was what was in front of him and what he could capture in his limited peripheral vision mostly blocked by the blinders on his bridle. There was no person taking pictures. There was no laughing. In fact, the people outside the door seemed to pay him no attention. He could tell most were women, but there were some men here. It dawned on him that he had been captured, subdued, outfitted, and controlled totally by women so far. That just wasn't right. He did not consider himself to be a chauvinist, but he did think men should be in control. That was just the natural way of things. If nothing else that was dictated by the difference in size and strength. But not here, his size and strength had been overcome completely. He was easily controlled by these very small women.

He was led across a dirt roadway toward what was clearly a corral. "Great" he thought, "just where you would put a horse." The blonde opened the gate and the redhead led him through. She released the leash from his nose ring and walked back through the gate. He turned to follow, but the blonde shut the gate and engaged a latch to hold it closed. There was not lock, just a simple metal bar that was slide back and forth through metal loops. It was enough. He could not open it. The gate and the split rail fencing of the corral were just over five feet in height. Normally he could have vaulted over it with almost no effort. In his restrained condition it might as well have been a twenty-foot wall with razor wire. He knew it would hold him.

He turned back to the inside of the corral. He was not alone. There were three other males and to his surprise two females. Every one of them had their arms held behind them in arm binders like his. All of the livestock - that is what they clearly were - had hoofed boots similar to his although only one of the males and one of the females was hobbled. They were all bridled and had bits in their mouths and hair cut in a Mohawk style. Jacob had been unable to see what his hair actually looked like after they cut it, but he could now see the style. It was an upright inch wide strip from the forehead to the nape of the neck. From the nape of the neck most of them had a continuing mane of hair from 12" to 18" in length.

As he looked around the inside several of them looked up at him then looked away as if this was nothing strange. The two females stood together on one side

of the corral. They stood so close to each other that their bodies were actually touching. The hobbled female looked like she was leaning into the other female looking for comfort.

The three males were standing together. They had more distance between them. They were not touching. One of the males was huge. He stood with his back to Jacob. His thighs were heavily muscled and as big around as the waists of some of the small girls that had tortured Jacob all night. His testicles seemed extremely large and hung at what seemed an unnatural length from his body. Jacob could see the control ring riding above them. He must have stood at least 6'7" in height even without the boots and must have weighed 300 pounds, all of it muscle. His shoulders were as broad as an NFL lineman but there was no loose flabby flesh hanging from his body. Everything was sculpted and looked as solid as marble. Everything that is except his upper arms. They were not large; especially in comparison to the rest of the body they were small. Whatever workout regime he employed to build the body Jacob was staring at it did not include strengthening his arms. And his arm binder looked old; although it was well polished there were clear signs of wear that comes only with age. It looked more like . . . Jacob's stomach clenched. Jacob thought he was going to lose his balance and fall. The arms were like the legs of a paraplegic. It looked like they had not been used for a very long time. How long had they been held unusable in that arm binder? This was bad. This was very bad. Jacob turned toward the gate. He looked frantically around the corral. He needed to get out of here. He leaned back against the fence to keep his balance. It almost wasn't enough, but he managed to recover and keep on his feet.

The other two males were facing toward him so he could not see their arms. He could see that they both wore control rings and that each of their penises was ringed and locked to the front of the control ring. It did not appear that this was a temporary thing. They both appeared to be in good physical shape. The unhobbled male was the larger of the two. Not as big as the first male, but still a large well-developed individual. The hobbled male displayed a good number of red stripes and welts on his thighs. The marks wrapped around toward the back. He had clearly been beaten. And judging from the difference in color it had been a series of beatings over a period of time. He looked up at Jacob and held eye

contact. There was sadness there. He was looking at Jacob with almost a pleading look as if he was hoping that there was something Jacob could do to help him. Jacob was looking at him with the same look of desperation.

Jacob heard a whistle. Turning toward the sound he saw a young woman at the gate of the corral. "Bruno! Come on boy." She called. The large male straightened up, turned, and raised his head, then started to move in the direction of the gate. His pace was something more than a walk, but not a run. It could best be described as a trot.

When he got to the woman at the gate, he lowered his head and pushed his face forward against her shoulder and cheek, moving his head up and down slightly. He was nuzzling her. "Good boy, good boy." She stroked his head as she spoke. She held a line in her hand, but she did not clip it into his nose ring, but rather into the projection from his bit at the side of his mouth. "Let's go for a ride." She said as she turned and started to walk out of the corral. He walked next to her, slightly behind. The rein that had been connected to his bit made a deep loop before it came back up to her hand.

Jacob was shocked at the look of joy he had seen in Bruno's eyes as he hurried to the side of the woman. He looked moon-struck. "Fuck that." He thought, but was interrupted by another arrival at the gate.

"Come on Whisper." She said. The hobbled male looked up. No look of affection on this face, more like terror. He shuffled back and away from the approaching woman. She held a leather line with a clip end in her left hand. Her right hand held the end of the line swinging about three feet of it. "You know how this ends. Now cut it out and get over here." He was clearly not responding the way she wanted. But because he was hobbled, he could not move very fast. Even so, he was doing his best shuffling away. As she reached him, he tried to turn his body away from her. She lashed out with the end of the rein held in her right hand first to his right buttocks and then crossing over and down onto his left buttocks. With the strike to the left buttocks, he almost involuntarily turned to his right as she brought her left hand forward and snapped the rein to his nose ring. He looked down in horror and uttered a moan as he tried to back away. She turned and

walked toward the gate pulling on the lead. He resisted only a second before reluctantly following.

What a contrast. Two ponies, one left happy and willing. The second resisted but still left under the absolute control of a girl a third his size. Jacob did not want to be the first pony. But he also did not want to be the last one. Maybe he was pain adverse. But what was wrong with that? He saw the gate opening again. This time it was Sally. Jacob was only about five feet away, so she did not even have to say anything. She just smiled and stepped forward to where he was standing. He did not move. He did not back away, but he did not move toward her either. In her right hand she held the clip end of a leash. He wondered where it would go. He must not be trusted because it went on his nose ring. "Unnecessary", he thought. He knew he couldn't get away. He wasn't going to do anything stupid like the other pony, but it was not his choice. She walked, she pulled; he followed, still hobbled, shuffling behind. She stopped by a rack on the wall. It was filled with plastic bottles that looked like they belonged in a boxer's corner. She removed one and held it up to his mouth.

"You need some liquid. Open up." She wasn't asking him if he was thirsty. He was thirsty. He was very thirsty, but he did not like the idea that he had no part in this but to obey. Never-the-less he opened his mouth creating space around the bit. He hoped she would remove the bit, but no such luck. Instead, she just squirted the liquid. He assumed it was water, into his mouth. He had to tilt his head back to keep it in his mouth and to swallow. He was not used to swallowing with his mouth held partially open. She waited until he had finished with the first amount. "Again." He opened his mouth, and she squirted more liquid. After a third time she decided he had had enough and returned to bottle to the rack. Once again, his role was to do as he was told; all that he was told and nothing more.

She led him up the dirt road past the doorway he had come out of a little earlier. They reached a paddock about fifty feet across with a metal tower of some sort standing in the center. The tower had four arms extending out about five feet off the ground. The reluctant pony stood facing one of the extended poles. He was near the end of the pole, about fifteen feet from the center of the tower. Two leads about a foot in length extended from either side of his bit to rings on the



pole. If the pole turned he would have to follow. The woman who had removed him from the corral stood just outside the location where the reluctant pony was secured.

Sally led Jacob into the paddock and up to the pole that protruded at 180 degrees from the one to which the reluctant pony was affixed. She faced him in the opposite direction, fastened a collar around his neck with loops on either side then clipped the levers on either side of his bit to the pole with short 18" straps after passing each strap back through the loops on the collar. He too, now, would be guided in a circle by the pole and the forward pull of the pole would exert a downward pull on the levers of the bit. Only after Jacob was connected to the pole did Sally remove his hobble. It appeared that the only times he was not hobbled was when he was connected to something.

Sally then moved outside the circumference mapped by the arms of the poles to a control panel mounted on a post outside the reach of the two ponies. A motor in the center of the tower started and the poles started to turn. The bit in Jacob's mouth with its brank facing inward had been irritating, but the brank had been free floating up until now. As the pole moved forward and exerted pressure on the lines leading through the collar to his bit it pulled downward on the levers. This action pulled the brank down onto Jacob's tongue. He moved forward to ease the pressure trying to keep pace with the speed of the pole as it turned and stay in line with the circle that it drew. If he was not directly in line with the movement of the pole, i.e., off to one side or the other, he would feel the pressure on one side or the other of his mouth as well as a pull on his head to one side or the other. The pressure alone was enough to move him to the right or left. He didn't like it, but he could see how this system could be used to guide the direction of a pony just by use of the reins.

The speed at which the pole turned was not fast, but it did require him to walk at a brisk pace. As Jacob moved around the circle, he knew that the reluctant pony was on the opposite side of the device from him. If he turned his head to the inside, he would be able to see the other pony but turning his head would exert pressure on the straps from his bit, something he found he did not like, so he didn't do it. He just looked straight ahead at the pole in front of him.

Sally stood just outside the circle on one side and the other trainer in a similar position on the other. Each of them held what looked like a four or five foot flexible rod with about three feet of braided leather hanging from the top. "Lift your hoofs." Sally said as he came by. Then Jacob heard a snap and a pop from the opposite side of the device followed by a slight whimper. An involuntary shudder ran through his body. The hoof boots felt awkward. He had purposely kept his feet close to the ground as he stepped forward trying to keep pace with the speed demanded by this device.

As he made the circle he was moving toward the other trainer. She shook her head. "Lift your hoofs you lazy pony." She was looking at Jacob. He didn't want to take a chance on falling. As he passed her, she tapped the back of his upper legs with the end of the stick. He tried to raise his legs higher as he stepped. This slowed his pace and the reins caught and jerked forward pulling the brank down on his tongue. He adjusted speeding up the pace but losing most of the height on the step.

The pole was now pulling him around toward Sally. "Not good. Higher." He shook his head and pulled back, but the reins caught him again and forced him forward. He saw the whip shaft in Sally's hand raise and snap forward. The leather braid caught him on the flank just below his hip. Fire from the lash cut through his thigh. He was past her now and could no longer see her. "I said higher." He heard the swish and felt the sting on his right buttocks. He forced his legs to rise higher bringing his knees up almost parallel with the ground with each step.

He could see the other trainer ahead of him. "Better." She said. But he was jerking back and forth, and the reins were pulling his head from side to side and pressing the brank into his tongue. He kept the exaggerated step as he came around to Sally. She held her whip ready but did not strike. He tried to focus on smoothing out the pace, the motion of the brank pulling left and right and down in his mouth was becoming very uncomfortable. As he concentrated on smoothing the motion the pressure in his mouth began to ease and it became easier. But with his concentration on smoothing the pace he had let the height of his step slip. There was a swish, snap, and pain on his buttocks again, this from the other trainer as

he passed her. With a trainer on each side of the circle there was no escaping their view. He forced his legs up again but was now able to keep the pace without jerking about.

Jacob lost count of the circles they made. The machine never got tired. It never slowed. But he was getting tired. He didn't remember how many corrections he had endured from either Sally or the other trainer. It seemed he would be good for two or three circles and then he would start to flag only to feel the sting of one of their whips reminding him to keep his steps high. He wasn't the only one receiving correction. He heard the whip snap from the other side of the circle. Even though he knew it was away from him and punishing the other pony, he would flinch with the sound. But he was sure he was receiving more strikes than the other pony. He didn't think he could keep this up for much longer. He thought he was in good shape, but his legs were starting to burn. He was breathing heavily. Couldn't they tell he was winded? When would they give them a rest? But it didn't stop. It just kept going. Somehow, he pushed through the burn and kept going too. The pain from the whip strikes wasn't horrific, but it was worse than the burn in his muscles from the exertion. It was even worse than the stitch in his side, so he kept going.

Without a word, without any warning the machine slowed and stopped turning. Jacob almost walked into it. He was gasping for breath. He felt like he had just run a marathon. Actually, he didn't know what a marathon really felt like, the furthest he had ever run was a 10K, but he felt like he had when he finished that race. Then he had been able to bend forward and wrap his arms around himself. Not now. With his reins attached to the pole and his arms tightly held behind his body he could only stand in place and try to get his breath. That he was forced to stand with his weight on the balls and toes of his feet only made things worse. He wanted to sit down. He wanted to at least be able to stand with his feet flat, but the boots would not allow that. So, he stood raised on his toes.

With the pole not moving he could at least look around a little. Sally and the other trainer had left the paddock. He saw them sitting on a bench about fifty feet away drinking what looked like a soda. They had decided to take a break. The reluctant pony stood on the other end of the pole about thirty feet away. He was breathing

deeply clearly trying to catch his breath. Both Jacob and the reluctant pony were still attached to the training device. Did that mean that this would resume after the trainers had finished their break? Jacob didn't think he could take any more of this. He pulled back from the pole until the reins stopped him. He looked at the two straps that ran forward from the loops at his neck to rings on the pole just below his face. They each snapped onto the pole with a simple spring-loaded snap. A small gate in the snap could be depressed to open and remove the snap, but with the gate closed it would stay firmly in place. The end of the snap was not a heavy device, but easily strong enough to resist all the weight and pull he could exert.

Sally was back at his side. He had not heard her come up. Maybe she was going to disconnect him. "Open." She commanded, holding up one of the plastic water bottles. He tipped his head back and opened his mouth to receive the liquid. She gave him two squirts, then left. As before she did not ask him if he wanted more, she determined and directed how much he would take. He considered refusing the second squirt, but he wanted the liquid too badly. He really wanted more. What she had allowed him had tasted wonderful, but it was a long way from quenching his thirst. He was sure that he had already sweated away more liquid than she had given him.

There was a machine sound and a jerk at his reins. They had started the trainer again. Jacob groaned but stepped forward. Even in the short time he had stood still his legs had started to stiffen. Then there was the pain burning across his buttocks. He lifted his legs keeping them high and stepping forward. He didn't think he could do this again, but somehow, he did. He didn't know how long it went on. Time became a blur. Lift his leg, step forward and down. Lift the other leg, step forward and down.

When the machine finally stopped again his legs were beginning to feel wobbly. He was sure he was going to collapse, but somehow, he didn't. The burning in his legs was only accentuated by the pain on his thighs, flanks, and buttocks from the constant correction. He prayed that they would let him rest now. What time was it? There were no clocks to be seen anywhere, but the sun was very high in the sky, it was mid-day at best.

Sally was at his legs attaching his hobble. He did not think he could be so happy to be hobbled again. He wanted to say, "thank you." Then she released the reins from the pole. Familiar pattern, either anchored or hobbled. She clipped his leash to his nose ring and led toward the path that led back toward the corral following behind the other trainer who was leading the reluctant pony by the nose.

As they entered the corral Jacob saw only one other pony inside. It was one of the females. She was standing with her back to them leashed by the nose ring to a pole above what looked like a metal trough. The trough was about eight feet long and the female was at one end. The other trainer secured the reluctant pony to the other end and Sally secured Jacob in the center. The female pony had her head down in the trough as they arrived. She looked up at them briefly and then returned to what she was doing. Jacob could see that her bit had been removed and was clipped to the pole where her leash was secured. Jacob had hoped that there would be some relief from the bit. His mouth hurt terrible from the pressure exerted all morning. As Sally removed his bit it felt wonderful. He moved his jaw to one side, then to the other, but what felt best was to just close his mouth. It seemed like forever since he had been able to do that.

The trainers then left them and closed the gate. The female had returned to the trough. There were cubes of something in the trough. She bent forward and took a cube with her teeth, then she straightened up and maneuvered it into her mouth before chewing and swallowing. They were being fed. "What is this?" Jacob said to the female. She turned her head toward him and glared. Then she turned away and returned to eating.

"Don't let them catch you talking." It was the reluctant pony to Jacob's right.  
"They will punish you."

"Why?" Jacob turned his head toward the voice.

"Keep your head straight. Eat, or at least look like you are eating. Ponies aren't supposed to be able to speak." Jacob straightened his head and bent forward into

the trough. He took a piece of food in his teeth and tried to get it into his mouth. It slipped out and fell back into the trough.

"What are they doing with us?" Jacob asked before making another attempt at a piece of food.

"Haven't you figured that out? They are turning us into horses. They ride us. They race us. They use us to pull wagons and carriages. They even use us for plow horses."

"They can't do that. Someone will figure it out and they will all be arrested."

"Best I can figure they have been doing this for decades. Not just years, but decades. This place is so far off the beaten track that nobody comes here. It is not on the way to anywhere. Only a few strays like us wander in - then here we are. Who are we telling?"

"How long have you been here?"

"Until you arrived I was the new arrival. Time becomes hard to tell here, but I figure two weeks. Best I can tell they train us six days a week then take a rest day. Once a month they hold 'events', but I have not seen one of those yet."

"Is everyone held against their will?"

"I doubt anyone would sign on for this. Even if they did it would be an irrevocable decision. I stopped at the bar in town for a beer. Only planned on having one, but I got talking to a cute girl and ended up having about three. She tried to get me to stay, but I decided I needed to leave. I hadn't gone more than a mile before the sheriff stopped me and arrested me for DUI. After I was arrested, he brought me here instead of jail. I knew something was wrong when he put that damn hood over my head. It took three of them to get me out of the car, stripped and bound."

"Great trap. I was brought here by Sally with the promise of sex. Next thing I knew she had me naked and bound and was leading me around like a dog on a leash." As he thought about events that had brought him here Jacob twisted and pull at his arms.

The reluctant pony turned his head and looked at Jacob. "You let that little thing strip you naked and tie you up?"

"Well, yea, one thing just kind of led to another. You had to be there." Jacob felt his face flush with embarrassment. He turned back to the food. He was figuring out how to collect and retain a food cube. He didn't know what they were, but they tasted of maple syrup. "From what you say it probably wouldn't have made any difference if I had not fallen for her tricks, but I think she enjoys the idea that she was able to outsmart me. Someone needs to get the word out of here and get help."

"Right. Good luck with that. In case you hadn't noticed their security is very good. As far as I can tell the arm binder stays in place forever. I have never seen a pony without one. I am almost always anchored to something by my nose or balls. And anytime I am not anchored I'm hobbled. I thought they were not watching me once, so I tried to get down the road - I have no actual idea how far the highway is. They didn't even hurry to chase me. They let me go for almost a mile. It took forever in hobbles, and I was exhausted when Samantha rode up on Bruno. He looks muscle bound, but he is really quite fast. I felt like a complete idiot trying to hurry up the road. As if there was anywhere to go. She threw a lasso over me like some errant calf, then clipped a leash to my balls, tied the end to her saddle and rode triumphantly back up the road pulling me along behind."

"Wait a minute. I thought the control ring was supposed to incapacitate us if we went too far."

"I know. I guarantee you it can be activated by their remotes. I am not sure if the perimeter feature is something they tell us to scare us, if I was still within the perimeter, or if they turned it off to toy with me. I hadn't even given it a thought until I was well down the road and by then I figured I had committed myself."

Jacob heard the sound of the gate opening. Reluctant Pony (Jacob had not even asked his name) had stopped talking and dropped his head to pick up another piece of food.

Sally walked up to the side of Jacob. She lifted the bit from the hook it was hanging on and held it in front of his face. Jacob's mouth was still sore from having that thing in there all morning. He didn't want it back in his mouth. He knew once in he could do nothing about it. But he also didn't want to look meek in front of his new friend. Jacob had been embarrassed by the fact that Sally had subdued him all by herself. He was also embarrassed that he had made that admission earlier. He wished he had said that he had fought like a tiger, but to no avail. Even though Reluctant Pony was pretending to eat without paying any attention Jacob knew he was being watched.

Jacob turned his head away from Sally's hand and the bit. Sally untied the knot in the nose leash; then she pulled the leash through the ring to which it had been tied. She kept pulling as Jacob's head was turned back to the front from the pressure and then as his head was pulled forward until his nose was within inches of the tether. She tied it off. Jacob was pulled forward with his body leaning against the trough. His mouth was open slightly and she could probably have pushed the brank between his lips and teeth, but Sally was going to make a point. "Open." Jacob tried to pull back, but the ring in his nose was just too painful for that. He closed his mouth removing even the small amount of space that had been there. With her right hand holding the bit directly in front of his mouth her left hand reached down to one of his new nipple rings and gave it a sharp twist.

"Ahh". It was a combination of pain and surprise, but his mouth was open. She pushed the bit into his mouth and quickly clipped it through the spring-loaded gates in each of the rings at the corners of his mouth. Once the rings closed about the shafts of the bit it sat firmly in his mouth with the hateful brank resting on his tongue.

As Jacob was learning. Around here actions (and inactions) had consequences. While his head was still pulled forward by his nose, Sally opened the buckle on the strap that passed behind his head at the level of his mouth and tightened it by



two holes. The bit was now pulled back more tightly into his mouth. Whereas the bit had sat at the corners of his mouth before, now it pushed the flesh at the corners back painfully. He immediately knew that his defiance had been a mistake, but there was nothing to be done of it now.

Sally gave his nipple another painful twist, then she untied the leash and pulled it from the ring. As she started to lead Jacob away from the trough, she swung the last three feet of the leash and struck at the buttocks of Reluctant Pony. "Bad influence." She said as he yelped and jumped dropping a piece of food. Sally had already turned from him and was leading Jacob by his nose leash across the corral toward the gate. His nose was sore from being stretched forward, and the sides of his mouth were starting to hurt. He tried to use his tongue to push the bit into a more comfortable position, but there was none. Defiance had been a bad idea. Sally wanted the bit in his mouth. He did not want it there. The bit was in his mouth. There was never any other outcome.

Jacob curved his body forward as he walked behind Sally. He was adopting a posture that seemed dictated by the change of balance created by the hoofs on his feet. It pushed his chest forward but angled his butt back.

Sally led him into what was clearly a tack room from all of the things hanging on the walls. In the center of the room were three posts each almost seven feet tall and standing about six feet from one another. Jacob was led forward to one of the posts. Hanging from the post were a number of short straps. One was fastened to his nose ring, a second to his control ring and a third to the middle of the hobble chain. They gave a space of less than six inches between his body and the pole. Sally then produced two pieces of leather five to six inches square. She unsnapped the small three-inch squares at the sides of his head. Then he felt and heard as she snapped each of these new larger squares to the strap at the side of his head. When she was done his peripheral vision limited by the earlier squares was gone. He could only see what was in front of him, and on a short leash to his nose ring that meant the stupid wooden pole and bits of the wall five or six feet further on.

There was weight on his shoulders and on the top of the arm binder. With the blinkers and the restriction of movement from the nose leash he could not see any of what was going on behind him. Even when he turned his head as far as he could. He could only tell what he felt. Over each shoulder had been placed a curved piece of leather made inflexible with a metal or plastic core. Each side was four to five inches wide and extended down to where the fleshy portion of the breast (even on a man) began. Another curved piece covered his arms the entire inside length of the arm binder. The pressure on his arms seemed to be somewhat more than on his shoulders, but he could tell she was working an adjustment in the device now attached to his back. The adjustment shortened the distance between the brace above his arms and the hooks over his shoulders. As it was turned, the pressure on his arms lessened and was picked up by the pressure on his shoulders. At some point she stopped the adjustment. The balance was surprisingly comfortable. He was reminded of adjusting a backpack to carry a load.

Jacob could tell that Sally was pulling straps around his body from the rear to the front. When he looked down, he saw a metal ring about four inches in diameter. It had a three-inch strap going in each direction. One of the straps ended in a buckle which quickly received a strap end from the other side of Jacob's body. Sally positioned the ring so that it sat just below Jacob's rib cage. Then she pulled and tightened the strap through the buckle cinching it tightly. Jacob felt his arms being pushed in against his body. There had not been any movement available before so it did not really make him more helpless, but it did fix the device on his back so that it would not come loose. Straps from the two shoulder pieces were then fed through the ring tightened up and buckled through a buckle on the strap itself. These were each pulled tight enough to keep the shoulder pieces pulled down and the waist cinch pulled up. After these pieces were cinched into place Sally reached over his shoulders and brought two other straps forward. They hung from the front of the shoulder pieces down to about waist length. At the end of each strap was a stirrup.

Even though Jacob could not see what was now on his back but he knew. He had been saddled. Sally had said he was going to be saddled. She had him less than a day and already he was in saddle. It was not heavy, but it felt restrictive. Now he

knew why these women were all so small. They were not just trainers, they were also riders. Jacob used to backpack with a seventy-pound rucksack. He certainly could carry a ninety-pound girl. It looked very much like he would, whether he wanted to or not.

The saddle was made of leather. It spanned from shoulder blade to shoulder blade at the top then followed the back down to the top of the folded arms where it flared out and curved up to create a seat of about twelve inches in length. On the underside of the seat there were two rings, one on each side. These could be used to pull something behind the saddled beast. Something like a reluctant pony tethered to a leash.

The rider would sit in the saddle which distributed her weight up the back to the shoulders. She would put her feet in the stirrups and to increase speed could shift her weight forward to the front of the shoulders of her mount. The best speed was attained when the rider was standing in the stirrups so that all her weight was carried in front of her steed.

Jacob was released from the pole and then guided into a small corral, not more than thirty feet across, indoor adjacent to the tack room. Check chains were attached from the rings that held his bit to rings on the forward face of the shoulder of the saddle. These held Jacob's chin down and prevented him from moving his head from side to side. Reins were attached to the bit controls ends, pulled back over his shoulders, and then wrapped about the pommel of the saddle. The pommel sat at the top of the leather piece just below the nape of his neck. Two small wires came from the end of the shoulder pieces they ended in alligator clips. One was clipped to each of Jacob's nipple rings. He did not like the looks of those. But, then the leash was removed from his nose and his hobble removed. He felt the swat a leash and he jumped forward. The corral gate was closed behind him.

This was the first time since his capture that Jacob had not been either hobbled or anchored to something. He was, of course, saddled and confined within a small corral. He wanted to see what was on his back. He tried to turn his head to the right, then to the left. The check chains stopped him from doing so. He lurched

forward actually trotting around the circumference of the corral. Even though he knew better he shook his upper body to see if he could dislodge the saddle. Why was he moving so fast? He slowed to a walk but continued to trace the outline of the corral. He was not even sure where the gate was. The interior seemed smooth planks six to eight inches wide with only an inch of space between them. They rose to at least eight feet so he could see nothing over the top of the fencing.

He turned his back to the fence and pushed backwards. When his movement was stopped, he could tell that the back protruded by about a foot. There was a sudden bite in each nipple. He had been shocked. He jumped forward and it stopped. He stopped and looked around trying to find who was responsible. The shock hit him again. This time it was slightly stronger than the last. He jumped forward and started to walk again. It stopped. He moved up to the wall tried to use the wall to rub or pries the thing from his back. That did not work at all. He stopped and looked down to examine the front of the device. The pain hit his nipples again and increased in strength. He started to walk. It appeared that as long as he kept moving, he was ok. But if he stopped, he would be shocked. This made him angry.

As his inspection of the corral had revealed that he could not escape, he started looking for a place to sit, or even lie down. He had not been allowed off his feet since these hoofs had been fixed there. He was so very tired. Ok, they had him saddled. He was sure someone was going to show up to ride him. But in the meantime, they could at least let him rest. He tried stopping again. Again, there was a jolt to each nipple. That one was painful. He did not want to see what the next setting felt like. He walked. As long as he walked, he was not shocked. But there was no place to go. All he could do was walk in an endless circle. He walked along the wall counterclockwise for what seemed like an hour. Then he changed direction and walked clockwise, but it did not seem right, so he went back to counter clockwise. He had forgotten that there was anything on his back. He just walked and waited for someone to come for him, someone who would tell him what to do, someone who would give him water and food, someone who would tell him to rest.

Jacob did not know that there would not be a rider today. Today's exercise was just to get him broken to the feel of the saddle. He needed to experience its weight and the way it felt on his body until he became one with it. Sally had checked in on him several times but was careful not to be seen. He had to believe he was all alone with just the saddle on his back and the pain to his nipples if he stopped. She checked the readout on the computer and was impressed. After the first fifteen minutes he had only been shocked once, that was almost two hours in. It was now approaching four hours and she suspected he was ready.

He was. He heard the gate to the corral open. It was all the way across the corral from him. Sally stepped into the ring. Jacob broke from his circle and ran the diameter of the ring to get to her. As he reached her, he dropped his head and pushed his cheek against her shoulder. He had stopped walking, but he was not being shocked. Sally stroked the side of his head. "Good boy. Good boy." She removed the check chains then reached around behind his head and loosened the strap that tensioned the bit back to its normal position. Then she lifted a water bottle in front of his face. She didn't have to say anything. He opened his mouth to receive the wonderful tasting moisture. She decided three squirts; then she put it down. He returned his head to her shoulder. Without the check chains in place, it was much easier to do. He was so happy she was here. He felt safe with his head on her shoulder. He didn't want to break contact. She let him stay like that for a long time as she gently stroked his head.

Finally, she clipped a lead through the end of his bit and led him through the gate and back into the tack room. She replaced his hobble, but she did not anchor him as she removed his saddle and returned it to its place on the wall. She wrote something on a piece of masking tape and stuck it to the saddle.

As they left the building Jacob could see that the sun was now low in the sky. He was very tired, but he didn't wonder about where he was being taken, he just followed. He felt good about being led by his bit and not either his nose or balls. He knew this was a reward. They crossed over into a long building. It was a stable. There appeared to be eight stalls on each side. The stalls were narrower than for a full horse, only about five feet across. Each had a gate that rose to about four feet. The gate could be kept closed with a metal bolt that could be raised and

then slide into a receiving plate. When the slide on the bolt was engaged and let down it fell over a hasp that could accommodate a padlock. None of the gates were locked. They really did not need to be. First the bolts were all on the outside of the gate, but most importantly the bolt required at least some manipulation, lifting and sliding to open. These were not tasks that a pony without arms could be expected to perform.

#### **Chapter 4**

The first stall just to the right of the door was a muck room. Jacob was led into this room. The floor was concrete that sloped to a drain in the center. In the center of the room over the drain there was a chain. Sally positioned Jacob underneath the chain then lowered it and clipped it to his nose ring. It held his head back with his nose up, but he was not stretched tight. She stood to the side and lifted his tail with one hand. He felt and heard the small gate below his tail open, then he felt his bowels empty. He could feel it run down his legs. Jacob saw that Sally was holding a small hose in her hand that did not hold his tail. She pushed a button on the hose and water squirted through the nozzle. She started with his rear washing away the mess that had stuck to him. She even gave a quick squirt up the open anal tube and watching it drain back out before she closed the gate below his tail. She lowered his tail, and then she stepped back and used the hose to remove the dust and sweat from the rest of his body. The water felt very cold at first, but it was refreshing and after an initial shudder he began to enjoy it.

When she was satisfied that he was clean she wiped him down with soft towels. She carefully inspected each of his piercings, applied an ointment and turned the rings in the wounds to protect against infection. As she worked on the head of his penis, he remembered how her touch had excited him just the night before. He could feel himself beginning to expand, but she had not released the lock and his penis was still bent and locked to his control ring. That strange feeling of euphoria that had taken hold of him washed away, this was the bitch that had teased him, tricked him, and then tied him. This was the bitch that was responsible for having his cock first pierced and then locked to his balls. She thought she owned him and that she could turn him into a subservient pony. He did not plan to let that happen.

When Sally was satisfied with Jacob's cleaning, including applying oil to the leather of his arm binder and boots she led him to his stall. The third stall on the right was opened and Jacob was led in. He knew that this was to be his new home. The stall was clean. It had a cement floor with clean straw. On one wall there was a trough with water. Sally pulled a light chain from the back wall and clipped it to his control ring. It reminded him of how she had held him locked by his balls at the first stages of his capture. He couldn't help but think what if he had been paying more attention? What if he had felt what she was doing and stopped her before she got the ring on his balls? But even after she had succeeded at that, what if he had stopped cooperating at that point and just concentrated on getting the damn thing off his balls? He needed to stop thinking of this. None of those things had happened so none of his what if's mattered. She had done what she had done, and he had responded as he had. She won; he lost; now he was fucked.

Sally removed the bit from his mouth and hung it on a hook by the door. That at least was a blessing. He waited for her to remove more of his restraints, but she didn't. The arm binder continued to hold his arms - had he expected that to be removed? The bridle stayed on, and even the boots stayed on. His feet hurt. The forced angle of the arch and the way the ankle strap even prevented him from raising his foot hurt. His mouth hurt from the bit, the corners of his mouth were especially sensitive after having been punished for his refusal to accept the bit when offered. He wished he could use his fingers to massage the sore flesh, but he could not. His arms and shoulders ached. His legs were sore from walking on his toes. And his buttocks, flanks and thighs were striped with red marks that still burned. Sally had rubbed a salve or ointment over the wounds but that had not made them feel better. In fact, it just made him aware of all the punishment he had received.

At least it appeared he would finally be able to get off his feet. Sally had left the stall and Jacob had heard the metal sound of the bolt being shut. He walked forward and leaned up against his gate. He was able to look down and confirm that the bolt was in fact closed and dropped over its hasp. It was only about eighteen inches below the top of the gate. He imagined reaching over the top of the gate and lifting and throwing the bolt to open the door. That is what a person would do. A pony just stood and looked at the device that held him inside his stall.

Jacob was thirsty. All day long he had been watered when and to the extent that Sally had determined. At least now he would decide that. The trough was about eighteen inches wide and a foot deep, enough to get his head into without having to contort. The water, save a few insect carcasses, bits of straw and other such things from the air of the stable floating on the surface, was clean. He dipped his head into the water, pushed his mouth below the surface to avoid what floated there and sucked in a mouthful. It was not cold, but it was cooler than the temperature of the room and it tasted wonderful. He returned for more, and then took a third drink. He had never thought water could taste so good.

There was noise in the corridor between the stalls. Jacob wanted to lie down and rest, but he knew as soon as he hit the floor, he would not be able to get back up again and right now his curiosity got the best of him. He moved to the door and stood there. The chain to his control ring reached its limit just as he reached the door. He could lean forward and over the top of the gate as long as his butt was back, and the position reminded him that while he may be able to look across the top of the gate, his balls could not pass the doorway without assistance.

The noise was the arrival of another pony. It was the female from the morning. Not the one he had lunched with but the one who had been hobbled in the corral. She was being led by her nose ring and she did not look happy. She kept shaking her head from side to side. Jacob continued to watch as she was placed in her stall, across and one up from Jacob. Once she was in place her trainer left, latching the door. Because of the angle Jacob could not look directly into her stall. Unless she came to the gate, he would not be able to tell what she was doing. He figured she might just lie down, but he decided he would wait a bit. He heard her drink. Then, finally she appeared at the gate. Maybe that was just an instinctive thing to do.

"What is your name?" Jacob asked.

"They haven't given me one yet." Jacob was not sure how to respond to this. He didn't just want to just ask her what that meant. As he thought about it, Sally had not called him by any name. He hadn't even thought about the prospect that she



would name him. She caught him. She controlled him, why would it be strange for her to name him? But he couldn't resist a shiver as the thought about it.

"How did you get here?" Jacob needed to change the subject. As much as anything he just wanted to feel a connection to someone.

"I was born and raised here. I have never been anywhere else."

"But . . ." Jacob was once again confused. "You are in a stall as a restrained pony. I thought the ponies came from outside?"

"Most do, but it is also our system of justice. I got caught smoking weed with my boyfriend, and since it is my third offense, and I am over 18 I have to run in the claiming race."

"Does that mean you are not a pony?"

"It all depends. I have to be restrained and trained as a pony - lord knows why I need training since I've grown up with ponies - then on the big hunt I run for my freedom. If I am caught, I'm a pony owned by my captor. If I can evade capture until sundown, I am free."

"So, there is a chance for freedom?" Jacob's attention was perked.

"For me there is. Not for you. You are already a pony. The hunt is a big deal, so you probably will be able to be there in some way, pulling a wagon or carrying a rider. People come from all over the world for this. They pay \$30,000 for a hunting license but they get to keep what they bag. They pay up to \$20,000 for local guides to help in the hunt. I am not worried about the hunters. I know this area well, but the guides are a problem. After the hunt there is a great ball. By then I will either be a bagged trophy or dressed to kill for the party."

"I doesn't seem fair for you to have a chance at freedom and me not. What if I don't want to be a pony?"

"You should have thought about that before you submitted."

"What? I don't want to be a pony. I didn't come here voluntarily. I didn't agree to this. I didn't submit."

"Really? You are naked; I take it you didn't come here that way. Did you take your clothes off or were you forcibly stripped? "

"Well, I undressed, but Sally told me to."

"Ok, so a girl tells you to remove your clothes and you do. Then you were hooded, weren't you? Who put the hood over your head?"

"Sally made me do it. But I didn't know what it would lead to."

"Oh, Sally made you do it. Whose hands opened the hood and slipped it over your head, yours or hers?"

"I did."

"And you closed the drawstring locking it around your neck."

"Yes."

"And did you offer your wrists to be bound?"

"I had no choice. She had a whip."

"You had a choice. You chose to submit. That means you have given yourself to her and she owns you."

"I don't plan on being owned by anyone."

"Hah. Maybe I'll buy you when Sally puts you up for auction."

"Dream on. I don't see you going anywhere. Why don't you just reach over the gate and open the latch? Somehow, I don't see that happening anytime soon. Looks like you are here with me now. How can you people think that this is alright? You cannot turn human beings into horses."

"Actually, we can. It's been going on for over a hundred years. There have always been pony girls and boys up here. I remember learning to ride when I was only six. You are resisting now, but in time you will be a fine docile pony who lives only to please your owner. I'm not near as good as Sally, but I can see it in you. I am sure she read you right away." Jacob hung his head, could she be right? No, this was stupid.

"That is just not true. I was just a stranger in the wrong place at the right time."

"Not every stranger who comes through here ends up a pony. They have to have a pony heart. Only those with a pony heart are identified and taken. You have it. You may fight it, but in time you will be happier here than you have ever been in your life."

There was just nothing more to say about this. These people were convinced that what they were doing was right. This girl was so indoctrinated that she was risking becoming an animal herself. At least she would get a contest of skill to determine it. He supposed he had been subjected to a contest of wills, but it had not been fair because he did not know it was a contest let alone the rules - or the price. Jacob was looking for a soft place to lie down, but now he had another problem.

He needed to urinate. It must be a response to all the water he had drunk just a short time ago. He looked around the stall. There was nothing resembling a toilet of any kind. There was no way he could leave the stall, the door was shut and latched, and he was leashed by his balls to the wall. To add insult his cock was bent double and locked to the control ring above his balls. He was not sure his plumbing would even work that way. After all, when he bent an ordinary garden hose, he could stop the flow of water. In any event his penis was supposed to point away from him when he peed so that the waste was directed away. How was this going to work?

He walked back over to the stall door. He still did not see any other ponies in the stable. "Hey, local girl." She grew up here. She claimed to know everything about this place.

She appeared at the gate. "What do you want now?"

"I know your plumbing is different, but how do I get someone in here to unlock my equipment so I can take a piss?"

Her face lit up. "Can you really be that dumb? Around here we don't unlock that thing. It keeps you out of trouble and us safe. All a pony's energies are supposed to go to its work. I learned in school that keeping male ponies in a state of sexual frustration makes them more compliant and that they work harder that way. Every now and again, a very good pony gets a very special reward. Only then will the owner release it and milk him. So, even though it is a bit messy you will have to learn to pass water the way you are. And ponies do it on the ground. I will give you a clue, pick a spot you don't intend to sleep on and do it there."

Jacob didn't know if he was more upset with the idea that he would be sexually tortured or that he was expected to just piss where he was. She could evidently tell that he did not like the answer and that he had nothing he could say. She shrugged her shoulders and moved away from the gate out of view.

Jacob looked around the inside of the stall. He decided that the back right corner looked the most comfortable place to sleep. His water trough was on the front right, so he did not want to go there. He picked the front left. He half squatted and tried to check out the direction of his penis. The ring was through the lower part of the tip about an inch back. It was not bent straight down, but to the left. He was pretty sure when he let go, it was going to be all over him. But there was greater urgency now. He made sure his legs were apart and let go. He felt stupid. A stream squirted out. He was surprised that it cleared his scrotum, but it caught the back of his left leg. He tried to move his leg, but that made his penis flop around and the stream first cleared the leg, then hit his scrotum, collecting and dripping to the floor and then was back on his leg. It was very embarrassing not to

be able to direct the flow with his hand. This was not a piece of equipment that was supposed to be used without being guided.

At least that was done, but his leg and his balls were now wet. He had no way to wipe them down. It was just the final indignity of this day. He walked over to the place he had selected and for the first time since morning worked himself down off his feet. It was not easy to find a comfortable position with his arms behind him. The floor was hard, and the straw was scratchy, but he was so tired that he fell asleep quickly. He heard sounds of other ponies being brought into the stables and placed in stalls. He was curious. He even lifted his head and looked around once. He could see nothing from his vantage point on the floor of his stall. He considered getting up and taking a look, but he decided that was just too much work. He returned to the pursuit which he eventually found. He slept.

There were sounds in the stables. Jacob opened his eyes. Jacob tried to sit up. He wanted to reach out and use his hands to assist but when they did not respond he remembered where he was and that they were bound behind him. He rolled over and attempted to get his legs under him. As he had anticipated his legs were sore and very stiff. It took some work, but utilizing the wall as a support he was able to get to his feet. His legs were tangled in the chain securing him to the back wall and he had to twist until they were free. He tottered and almost fell. He had forgotten the footwear that kept his toes pointed and forced him to keep his weight forward. His feet hurt. He was not used to sleeping in shoes. He looked down and hoped that this was not something he would have to get used to. Regaining his balance, he moved over to the water trough and dropped his head. He sucked up several mouthfuls of water before he stood back up. Water dripped down his face, so he shook his head.

Only then did he move forward to gate and look over. The stall across from him was still empty, or at least it appeared to be, but there were ponies in a number of the other stalls. He saw the local girl standing by her gate. The other woman he had seen in the corral the day before was standing at the next gate.

Sound to his right, it was Sally. She was holding a lead line in her hand. It was nicely coiled as if she had just removed it from wherever it had been stored.

"Good morning pony." She reached out with the hand not holding the rein and stroked the side of his head. He did not pull away from her touch. Then she threw the bolt on his gate and swung it open. He took a step backwards and she entered the stall. She took his chin in her hand and he opened his mouth. She inspected the sides of his cheeks and the inside of his mouth, then she released his chin. He closed his mouth. She fingered, inspected, and turned each of his piercings. He watched as she removed his bit from the hook on the wall and positioned it in front of his mouth with the brank pointed in. She looked into his face, and he opened his mouth. The bit slipped between his teeth, and she clipped it into the rings at his cheeks. Then she clipped the leather line in her hand into one of the bit ends, released the chain from his control ring, played out several feet of the line connected to his bit, and led him from the stall into the corridor. When he had cleared the door, she closed and latched the gate.

He followed as she led him down the corridor and out of the stable. He didn't know where they were going, but it didn't matter that he knew. She led and he followed. They proceeded up the roadway until they reached a paddock. It was thirty to forty feet across, about the same size as the one with the training device of the previous day but this paddock contained no such implement. It was only an open work area. A well worn path delineated a circle around the outside circumference. She removed his hobble and then led him into the paddock. As they entered, she began to play out the line and he saw her remove something with a long thin handle topped by three feet of leather braid.

At first, he followed her as she walked toward the middle of the ring, but she used the pole to signal him out to the side until he stood on the worn path and she stood in the center. The length of the lead was just right to allow this configuration leaving her several feet of line hanging from her hand. She gave the line a slight snap. It was connected to the left side of his bit and he responded by turning so that his left side was toward her. She snapped it again. He turned his head to the left to look at her. She shook her head and swished the pole in her right hand forward toward him. The braided end made a popping sound and snapped within inches of his buttocks. That signal was clear, and he started to walk. He took several steps and then remembered his knees. He started to raise them as he walked the circle of the path. She kept only a slight tension on the

line. He took a quick glance to his left to see if she was satisfied with his performance. She was holding the whip up, but it was not moving toward him, and he did not hear a snap so he assumed he was doing it right - or at least acceptable.

He walked around her in a circle. He was not sure how many times maybe fifteen minutes worth. "Good." She said. "Trot" was the next command. He knew that was a command and meant a faster pace, but he was not sure what a trot should look like. He increased his pace and started to jog. He had not tried to run in these boots, and this felt very unnatural. He tried to find a rhythm that worked. The whip snapped behind him. It was very close but did not touch his flesh. "Knees." She said. He forced his legs to come higher and his pace slowed slightly. She did not seem to mind. This was very awkward. His legs had been very stiff, but the walking had stretched them out. They were hurting, especially his upper legs. This was not a good sign. They were just beginning the morning training. Based upon the day before he expected this was going to go on for several hours. He knew he could never keep this up for a long time.

After he had made about three loops of the ring the pace started to feel more natural, but his legs were really beginning to hurt now. He trotted for another three laps and then decided his legs needed a rest. He looked toward her trying to take on a pleading look but to no avail. After two more circles he stopped trotting and returned to a walk. He had not taken more than a step when the whip bit his flesh. Either this whip hurt more than the one from the day before or his mind had masked the pain. He jumped back to a trot. "Knees" she said again, and he focused once again on lifting his legs, but only for about half a circle. "Knees." Came the command again, this time punctuated with the bite of the whip. He lifted his knees and kept going. He turned his head toward her to try to communicate his need for a break. As he did, he began drifting from the worn path slipping in toward her. "Focus." Once again, this command emphasized by the kiss of the lash on his buttocks. He had seen it coming and had instinctively moved out to the limit of the lunge line, but the strike had found its mark. Resigned, he turned his head forward and continued to trot. He was sure it was not possible, but somehow it was, and he kept going.

"Walk." The command could not have been more welcome. He thought he was going to collapse. But after only two walking steps, the whip bit again. "Knees." Came the reminder. He corrected his form. She walked him for about fifteen minutes and then returned him to a trot. This went on all morning. She did take a rest break after the first couple of hours. He was led to the side of the paddock, hobbled, and leashed by the line to his bit to a ring at shoulder level leaving him less than two feet of slack. A simple cinch in the line run through the ring then knotted over itself twice kept it from slipping. He could only stand and stare at the simple little knot tied through a heavy ring bolted to the post. This provided some rest but little relief for his aching leg muscles. He did not know where she went or what she was doing. When she returned he was watered. Three squirts, which he greedily accepted.

At the end of the morning, he was hobbled and led to the corral with the feeding trough. There were three ponies tied over the trough. He was clipped by his nose ring at the end of the trough next to Local Girl. He was very hungry, and the food cubes actually looked inviting. He wondered if they were only going to be fed only once a day. That did not seem enough for the level of work they were being made to exert but none of the ponies he had seen looked under nourished. He stopped thinking and ate. There was no conversation from any of the ponies. They didn't even look at each other, they just ate. He considered that he had been too busy talking the day before and had not paid enough attention to the task of eating. The process was slow and he, along with all the other ponies, knew that the meal would end when the trainers decided it would so the time was best spent eating. It seemed that his conversation over the food trough on the day before was an anomaly.

He was happy that he had concentrated on eating. When Sally came for him, he would have liked to stay and eat more, but when his bit was offered, he opened his mouth and allowed it to be fixed in place. He was certainly not going to risk the punishment of having it tightened into his mouth.

After feeding it was back to the tack room where he was saddled. He wondered if she would try to ride him today. He did not think he wanted her on his back. He knew that was the purpose of the saddle and that at some point he would be



ridden. He also knew that when the time came, he would probably accept it; but he really was not ready for it. There was no rider today. Instead, with the assistance of another girl a heavy sack was lifted onto his saddle. It had straps that allowed it to be secured to the top and bottom of the saddle so that it did not shift or fall off. He felt like a pack horse. It must weigh at least 100 pounds. He had not considered that his role might be as a pack animal. He didn't like this weight on his back, but the straps over the shoulders helped to support and balance the load.

Sally led him back into the circular room. She removed his hobble. He realized he was going to have to walk with the load. When she clipped the wires from the saddle to his nipple rings, he squealed and tried to turn away but that only got him a swap on the butt and the wires still clipped on. They were such small wires and only held in place by a small alligator clip fastened to the nipple ring, but he knew there was no way he could remove them. He also knew that there was no way he could impede their function. After the fifth or sixth shock they would become very painful, and he would walk even thru exhaustion just to keep it from getting any worse. Five or six reminders was not going to give him much relief with this terrible load on his saddle. He moaned in desperation. He prayed that today would not last as long. He was not exactly sure how long he had walked the day before, but he knew it was measured in hours and he had guessed about four of them with no break.

Sally closed and latched the gate causing it to disappear into the sameness of the walls of the circle. He took a few tentative steps feeling the huge load bearing down on him. This was going to be very tough. He stopped to look around the ring. A shock hit his nipples. He jumped, cried out and stepped forward. It had been at least as high as the ending level of the day before. Damn. He was not even given the warmup shocks. So, he walked, carrying his load.

After what seemed like hours, he heard the gate click. He was not that far away this time and was thankful that it did not seem to have been as long a day. Sally was at the gate and once more he headed straight for her. He did not stop until he was right next to her. But she did not remove the wires. She had the water bottle in her hand. He was parched and wanted the water, but he was horrified at

the prospect that this was not the end of the day but just a break. She watered him three times. Then she stroked the side of his head. He looked at her pleading with his eyes to be taken back to his stall, or taken someplace else, but to no avail. She stepped back and closed the gate. He was horrified. He could not keep this up. He stood staring at the closed gate until the surge of electricity through his nipples pushed him back into motion. He was not going to make it. He was going to collapse; then he would be shocked to death; he was going to die here in this stupid ring. How would she feel about that? She would come back and find his dead body lying here in the middle of this stupid ring. But he didn't collapse. He didn't pass out. He didn't fall. He did pause a couple of times but the pain from the wires was just too much so he started walking again.

When she finally returned, he could not run to her. He could only stumble across the ring and up against her body. She didn't seem to mind that he was leaning on her. She unclipped the wires and led him back into the tack room to remove the weight and his saddle. She didn't even bother to hobble him until after it had all been removed. Not that there was any risk of him running away. He was not sure how he was going to even make it to his stall. She led him very slowly. He had to focus on every step. She mucked him and cleaned his body. He was not even aware of what she was doing. He was out on his feet. When she finally got him into his stall, he didn't even go to the drinking trough, he just collapsed on the floor. He didn't even remember her leaving and closing the gate. There would be no curiosity about other goings on; there would be no conversations with other ponies; not tonight. He was in a deep sleep almost instantly.

## Chapter 5

He woke in the morning very thirsty. He struggled to his feet and went right to the trough. He really wanted to lay back down and go back to sleep, but he could hear movement and activity. He figured the minute he got comfortable he would be interrupted.

Over the next several days, the training continued in the pattern set. Jacob would be worked on a lunge line in the morning. He would learn to maintain a walk and a trot changing from one gait to the other on signal. He learned to keep his knees up in his steps at both gaits. His movement smoothed and the speed of the pace became more consistent. If he started to move to fast, he would be slowed. If he lagged, usually as he became tired, he was encouraged to come back to the pace. The amount of time spent at the trot increased and he became more comfortable. Sally armed with a whip of some type was ever present. Her dexterity and aim were extraordinary. She could pop in the air so close to the flesh that it would be felt as a puff of air. But she could lay it upon virtually any spot on the body, and Jacob had learned that such a kiss could be a gentle painless reminder with perhaps a slight red mark or searing pain that left a welt. He would do anything to avoid the latter. Held at the end of the lunge line or a leash there was no place to hide and no ability to avoid her corrections or punishments. Making and keeping her happy with him was the only way to avoid the pain.

In the afternoons he was saddled and walked in the ring, no real rider but burdened with the weight attached to his saddle. On the first afternoon after carrying the weight to the point he thought he would collapse, as he was led into the tack room to be saddled and walked, he resisted. He pulled back at the door of the tack room, but his resistance was easily overcome and in the end, he found himself saddled and burdened as he walked and walked to protect his body against the shock he knew would be delivered if he stopped. He hated the inanimate dead weight that he carried but knew that he must keep going. When walking with weight he was rested and watered every two hours. He did not know the length of the timing but understood that there would be a break. Over the days he became more accustomed to the weight on the saddle.

He was watered three times a day, morning break, noon break and afternoon break. He would be mucked in the evening, cleaned, and returned to his stall. He was fed once in the middle of the day. Except when he was being fed and when he was in his stall he was bitted. Unless he was hobbled and tethered to something he was always leashed and under the control of a trainer. The one exception being the ring he was forced to walk with the load on his saddle. He was not hobbled or leashed but there was no way for him to leave the ring until Sally saw fit. He had examined every inch of the interior walls of the ring. The high walls kept him inside confined to the circle he endlessly walked.

In the evening he was returned to his stall. Local Girl was across and to the left of him. Reluctant Pony was next to Jacob on his left, directly across from Local Girl. The more experienced ponies, the ones he learned were owned as a part of this stable were further up the corridor.

During the day there was no conversation among the ponies. It was forbidden and the bit prevented it. At night, in the stable, it was different. He and Local Girl and Reluctant Pony talked. The other ponies did not pay attention to these upstarts but did not seem particularly alarmed at what was going on. They seemed to perceive themselves as somehow better than these new ponies and tended to ignore them.

Reluctant Pony did not add much to the conversation. He knew little more than Jacob of the place or the culture of the world they now found themselves a part of. Local Girl had grown up here and knew, or at least seemed to know a great deal. While her remarks were often deprecating as they related to the two new ponies across the corridor from her, she was easily drawn into conversation and Jacob learned a great deal from her.

He learned that this place was not as unique as he would have imagined. There were, in fact, many other places around the world with similar beliefs. The pony culture, as he came to think of it, was well ingrained in the entire local community. Every farm or ranch in this entire valley utilized ponies that were derived from humans. This stable, known as the 'Rising Sun' was identified by its brand, a horizontal bar with a half circle perched above the bar. After learning of

the name and the mark Jacob observed it on the flank of Bruno and the other permanent ponies. The three new ponies were not branded because their ultimate ownership was not yet determined. For Local Girl there was still the hope of freedom and a return to the ruling/owner class. For Jacob and Reluctant Pony, they would first have to be trained to determine their best ability and use, then they would be sold. Only after sale would they be branded with the sign of the stable that acquired them. Jacob did not welcome the idea of wearing a brand. It was not just the pain of the branding, which he assumed would be considerable, but also the idea of being permanently marked as the property of another.

He was shocked to learn the pervasiveness of the practice of pony ownership. He had assumed that with only six ponies present here that this was a rare thing, but he learned that was not the case. This in fact was a small stable in terms of the size of its herd. This stable along with only two others in the valley specialized in the capture/acquisition and training of ponies. Even the number of ponies in training at the Rising Sun was below normal. They usually had six to eight ponies in training. Three was very low, especially when one of them was there by judicial action and had, at least the chance, of freedom. One of the other stables did not engage in its own capture. It purchased raw product from slavers who worked in the big cities. The other utilized a mix of local and distant acquisition. The Rising Sun, it seemed, did have the highest standards, and turned out the best product. They were very careful about their selection which was one of the reasons that numbers were presently low. If a pony did not meet their standards, it was sold off to one of the other training stables. Reluctant Pony had seen a pony in training after he had been taken and then noticed that the pony was gone. He had hoped that it had escaped. Local Girl shattered this illusion.

Trained ponies were sold to other ranches and farms in the valley, but most importantly on a world market which brought a great deal of money into the local economy. Ponies were used mostly for riding and pulling carts and buggies. Some were worked, being used as pack and farm animals. This intensified Jacob's fear that he was being trained to be a pack animal. Local Girl gave him some relief from his fear by telling him that it was unlikely he would be ridden until Sally felt he was ready. He should not worry; she was not only one of the best judges of

good horse flesh for selection she was a top trainer and her ponies always brought top dollar. He was, as it turned out, in very good hands. He was not sure how he felt about that.

Reluctant Pony tried to pump Local Girl on the geography of the area and how to get away. Either she still retained loyalty to the local community, hoping to be reintegrated as a human, or didn't see the value in encouraging him, so she provided no specificity other than to tell them that a single local highway serviced most of the ranches and farms. It was designated as a private road and gated beginning at a point several miles from the commercial part of town. Jacob tried to remember if they had driven through a gate the night Sally had brought him from the bar. The road then continued for almost 30 miles with roads for farms and ranches connecting to it. The proprietary road from the Rising Sun stable to the local highway was over a mile long. Even had Reluctant Pony been able to hobble to the main road he would have still been miles from anyone who would show him any compassion and surrounded by those who would have insured his capture and return to his rightful owners. In fact, ponies were allowed to be ridden and used anywhere in the valley from the gate to the head of the highway.

Males were the best riding animals. They were fed carefully designed and calculated steroids and hormones to bulk them up. Both Jacob and Reluctant Pony could expect to gain another 30% of body mass over the next few months. Jacob correctly assumed that the chemicals were mixed with the water the trainer used to water him each day. Females made good ponies for pulling carts and buggies. They usually worked in two to four pony teams. Some could be saddled and ridden, but even with chemicals they did not usually bulk sufficiently to make good riding ponies. Some females were sent to dairy farms and through the use of hormones their udders (she had called them udders) grew very large and they became excellent milk producers. One farm had a herd of about 100 milk producers.

Many of the animals sold on the world market would be shipped by special air transport. There was an air strip located further up the valley. There was a large villa with guest houses around the air strip. When foreign buyers or guests came, they would fly into this area. The grounds of the villa were unique because most

parts of the world that utilized ponies also held slaves. Slaves were not legal in the valley and none of the ranchers or farms believed in or owned slaves. (When Local Girl told him this he was stunned at the inconsistency of this protestation.) But because of the importance of the foreign activity, slaves were allowed on the grounds of the villa and in fact the woman who ran the villa was allowed to maintain a small number of slaves to service this market.

The villa also had a rodeo ground where regular events were held. Usually there was a rodeo every couple of months. It was also the site of the large events such as the one scheduled in a few weeks. The villa and all the guest houses would be full. The air strip would be lined with expensive aircraft. Some visitors would bring in their own ponies to show, race, and even sell. Many would just rent for the event which put a great deal of pressure on all the stables to have sufficient livestock ready for the event. It was during this event that Local Girl and several others like her would participate in the hunt. The hunt took place in a 100 square mile wooded reserve. The ability of a risk participant to prevail depended not only on their intelligence and cunning, but also to some degree on the number of registered hunters, the quality of the guides they hired, and the total number of designated prey. Local Girl, of course, hoped that this would be a slow year for incoming participants and a big year for prey.

Jacob was losing track of time. It was a week? Wasn't it? He tried to count the days, but the sameness of each day interfered with the process. There were no events or activities that made one day stand out from another, but he was pretty sure it had been a week. But what did the time matter? There was no where he was supposed to be. There was nobody that was waiting for him or expecting him. There was, in short, nobody who would miss him. He had just been drifting. So now he wasn't drifting, he was a piece of driftwood that had become snared on something, held in place and no longer able to move with the flow until something broke it free. It mattered because he did not want to be here. Boy had he been snared. Now what he needed was something to break him free.

When Sally had first caught him, he had pledged to escape. She had tricked him. Then she had tied him, but that couldn't last. He was strong, much stronger than her or any of the other female trainers; all he needed was an opportunity. One

small opening and he would be free. They could never control him. At least that is what he had thought at the time. Reality was quite a bit different. Without arms what could he do? There was no way for him to get this damn arm binder off. He wiggled his arms realizing that it had been a long time since he had done that. In fact, he noticed that his arms did not ache anymore. He also did not seem to miss their use in everyday life. At least this version of everyday life. He did not need his arms to move to compensate his balance when walking or trotting, even though the pony boots kept him up on the balls of his feet all the time. He didn't even need them to lie down or get up. He knew how to use his legs and shift his weight.

His legs, on the other hand were getting very strong. Jacob returned from each day's training feeling very tired. He now appreciated the term 'bone tired'. But he was feeling stronger, much stronger. He knew they were feeding him steroids and that would bulk and sculpt his muscles, but he did not believe they could be having any effect yet. He also knew that these chemicals could kill him. He had been pretty careful about things he ate. He didn't like the idea of food additives. Now he had no choice. He had no idea what sort of concoction they were feeding him. Bruno and the other stable pony were huge, but he did not know how big they were when they started here. He looked up the corridor at Bruno standing at the gate of his stall looking perfectly satisfied and happy. Jacob knew that steroids affected the brain as well as the internal organs. He knew that prolonged use could cause heart attacks as well as liver and kidney failure. He doubted old ponies were of much use around here. Maybe the pony owners deemed the life shortening side effects a serendipitous part of the drug use.

Jacob did not want to have his health ruined by these people. He wondered how long it would take before the impact was irreversible. He also remembered that steroids could make you impotent. He didn't want to be impotent. He laughed to himself and looked at his penis ringed and locked to his balls. Well, so much for impotent. But the balls were supposed to shrink with steroid use. Bruno's balls were not shrunken. They were huge. They were like the balls on a bull. They must be giving them something else as well. Jacob remembered that some females are kept as milk producers and feed chemicals to increase their yield. What if something similar was being done to him?



Jacob had not felt as if he had lost his sexual urges. If anything, it seemed to be heightened. Talking to Local Girl he could not keep his eyes off of her well-formed naked breasts. He remembered thinking how he wanted to cross the short corridor and touch those breasts. Her face was beautiful. Her eyes were soft and non-threatening. Her mouth looked soft, moist, and kissable. He watched her naked, only feet away, but he had never touched her, and it was unlikely that he would. As he thought of her again, he stared at her breasts. She smiled back at him. He could feel his cock starting to gorge with blood. He turned his head away in frustration. As his cock strained at the ring locking it to his balls it started to throb and then hurt. It would be a battle between the desire to grow and the pain until the pain would finally win and it would once again soften. They had told him locking his cock was to keep him out of trouble, but it also meant no relief for him. It was just one more thing over which he had no control. He couldn't look at the girl anymore. He turned back to his stall taking a deep drink of water before settling back to a place on the floor.

"Get up you lazy pony." It came through a blur punctuated with pain between his legs. The pain brought Jacob into the present. There was a blonde woman standing over him. From his position in the straw of his stall she looked very tall; at least her legs looked very long. She was wearing jeans, but they were very tight fitting showing off well sculptured legs. From her left hand a leash extended downward to between Jacob's legs. His eyes followed the line down to where it connected not to the loop on his control ring, but to the ring imbedded in the head of his penis. She was pulling on the leash and even though the ring through his tender flesh was locked to the control ring the tension she was exerting pulled both on his balls and his cock.

Jacob struggled to get on his feet, but to do that he had to roll his body. He ran his eyes back up the line to her hand and then over her ample breasts to her face. He tried to give his most pleading look. "Quick, I don't have all day." Now she was jerking on the line. That hurt. Jacob rolled to his side in the now well practiced movement he had developed for rising without the use of arms or hands. This increased the tension on his cock, but she eased the line clearly understanding what he was attempting to do and giving him the slack to do it.

As Jacob reached his feet, he realized that he needed to urinate. He looked to the corner he had been using as his bathroom. The tension on the line to the end of his penis was tight. "I need to pee." He said as he turned his body slowly toward the corner hoping she would give slack as she had when he stood. She didn't. In fact, she pulled the leash even tighter causing him to take a small step forward. At the same time, the end of the leash she held in her right hand slashed across his stomach. Sally would use the leash ends on him from time to time, but her use was more to make a point. Sure, it hurt, but not much. This strike was different. This really hurt. She had put a great deal of force behind it. Jacob looked down and saw a red stripe appear across his stomach. He gasped and felt a spurt of liquid run down his leg where he had leaked part of the contents he desired to rid himself of.

He looked back up at his new tormentor. She had retrieved his bit and held it in front of his mouth. Jacob opened his mouth and received his bit. This was no one to be trifled with. With the bit in place, she turned and headed for the gate of the stall. Jacob scrambled to keep up. He did not know what he was going to do about urinating, but for right now he just clenched down and held it.

As he entered the corridor Jacob saw that Reluctant Pony was standing there. A line from the ring in his penis was tied to a ring near the gate. His eyes were cast down and he did not look up as the woman and Jacob entered the corridor.

What was happening? Who was this? It sure wasn't his Sally. Why was he in the hands of some other person? Jacob took a better look at her. She was taller than most of the trainers, at least 5'8". She had blonde hair pulled into a ponytail at the back of her head. She had broad shoulders and well-developed breasts. She wore a plaid front buttoning shirt that revealed ample cleavage. Jacob suddenly thought of Christina Aguilera. Her waist was narrow set over wide, but not flabby hips.

She removed Reluctant Pony's leash line from where it was tied and with both lines in one hand turned and walked up the corridor toward the exit. Both ponies were hobbled and that made the pace fast. "Didn't she realize we are hobbled?"

Jacob thought as he quick stepped to try to keep the tension to the end of his penis bearable. Sally would never drag him along at an impossible pace. Sally would never have connected a leash line to his penis. When he first saw what she had done he thought she had just made an error, but when he saw she had done the same thing to Reluctant Pony it became clear that she had done this on purpose. It did send a message. There was something so much more controlling about the placement of her leash clip.

Jacob did not know what he was going to do about 'taking a leak.' He was leaking and he would not be able to hold it much longer. They were on the dirt road that separated the buildings. The woman stopped in front of the door to a barn Jacob had never been in. As soon as she stopped, he looked around for a place to go, maybe near the corner of the building. He would be exposed, but not completely. He tried to step over in that direction gently adding tension to the leash to signal his intention. She must have felt the tension. She turned toward him, glared, and with a sharp very painful jerk on his leash straightened him back toward the door. The pain defeated any further ability to hold his bladder. A squirt of liquid first hit the inside of his right leg, but as it increased in power, and he squatted away shot past his leg creating a small puddle on the dirt. To Jacob it sounded like Niagara Falls. There were perhaps half a dozen people around doing various things.

Jacob was mortified but nobody else seemed to even pay attention. He was just an animal, and such bodily functions were normal. No special accommodation was to be made nor any consideration of modesty. The concept did not apply. In fact, the blonde jerked on his leash before he was even done. As he jumped forward in response to her irresistible urging the last of the stream returned to his leg.

Jacob and Reluctant Pony were led into the barn. To one side of the room was a tack area and that is where they were led. Jacob's leash was attached to a ring in the wall as the blonde led Reluctant Pony over to the tack area. She secured his leash to a post that stood up about three feet from the floor. It was only a four by four but secured as he was it was unlikely that he would test its strength.

Jacob watched as the woman began collecting things from the walls. It looked like she was holding a series of belts. The leash compelled him to keep his body pointed forward toward the wall, but he was able to look over his shoulder and watch what was transpiring in the middle of the room.

The woman sorted and then began placing straps across and around the body of Reluctant Pony creating a full body harness. A wide strap circled the upper body just above the nipples. It was connected front to back with two straps that ran over each shoulder. Extensions of these two straps in the back went through rings in the top of the arm binder then back up to the chest strap where they buckled. A thick belt was fastened around the waist. It completely obscured the small belt each male pony wore in connection with the control ring. This belt was connected to the chest belt with two vertical straps in front. In back a single strap ran from the middle of the chest belt below the arm binder then through a slot in the top of the waist belt, over the top of the arm binder to a buckle back at the chest belt. From each side of the waist belt another strap extended down to the upper thigh. A belt from the bottom of this strap circled each upper thigh. In the center of each of these vertical straps was a metal knob about an inch and a half long. From the metal knob a belt extended across the front of the body. It crossed the front of the body just above the groin and was clipped to the top of the control ring.

Next the woman fastened a tall thick collar around Reluctant Pony's neck. It was notched at the chin so that when it was tightened it held the head pointed forward and the chin up. The wearer would be unable to turn his head from side to side. Blinkers were then snapped onto the bridle on both sides. Not only would Reluctant Pony be unable to turn his head he would have no peripheral vision. He would only be able to see what was in front of him. As Reluctant Pony was released from the pole, led to the wall, and leashed there Jacob realized that the pony would be unable to see the middle of the room and what Jacob was sure was about to be his preparation.

Jacob had been correct. As soon as Reluctant Pony was secured to the wall Jacob was released from his hitch and refastened to the post in the middle of the room. He was glad that he had been chosen second. At least Jacob now knew what to expect and was able to tell what was happening at each stage of his preparation.

On the whole, except for the collar, which he instantly hated, the rest of the harness did not make him feel more restrained. The attachment of the arm binder to the belt above and below it removed the tiny amount of movement still available in his arms, but such movement had such limited worth Jacob had stopped using it for any purpose.

Jacob really hated the combination of the blinkers and the collar. As he and Reluctant Pony were taken from the tack area to another part of the barn, Jacob tried to look around and figure out what was going to happen. He could not see enough to have any reasonable idea. In fact, he could not even see Reluctant Pony even though they were standing shoulder to shoulder, and he could occasionally feel him. They were both stopped in the middle of an open area. A convenient post was ready to hitch the leash encouraged Jacob to stand still and look forward. Jacob could hear something being moved behind him, but he knew it would be impossible to see. Then he felt something being connected to each of the knobs on the side of his harness. Whatever it was had weight, but it was not constant weight. He tried to turn his head to see what was going on. He tried to lower his chin. It was useless. He tried to twist his body but was held firmly by whatever had been attached to the sides of his harness. He had been hitched to something.

If he shifted his weight back and forth, he could tell that whatever was attached to him would shift with him although there was resistance to his left. It was the kind of resistance that was active and not static. He had been hitched in tandem with Reluctant Pony. Jacob was pretty sure they had been hitched to some type of cart or wagon. In fact, it was a small buggy. It had a single seat that could easily accommodate two riders. It only had two large wheels, one on each side they were light with spokes like a bicycle wheel. Extending from the front of the buggy were two poles that ran forward and then separated into a U-shaped yoke. Each yoke contained a pony, at the top of the U, the pony's belt fastened to the arms of the yoke on each side. The two yokes were connected on the inner side with a three-inch chain but were otherwise free to move independently. From a ring on the end of the elbows of each arm binder a short chain ran back to fasten to rings in the top of each yoke arm about a foot behind each pony. Finally, reins were

attached to the bits of each pony, one on each side and run back to the buggy so that they ponies could be guided.

The leash line to Jacob's penis was finally unclipped and the post to which it had been attached was lifted out of the hole in the ground. Then his hobble was removed. The barn door was open, and he could see the dirt road outside. He tried to take a step toward the door but whatever he was attached to was dead weight, so he stood still. He did not know that the buggy wheels had a lock that would be engaged by the rider when she was not actually in the buggy. She couldn't chance a rambunctious pony running off with an empty cart after all.

Jacob felt the weight shift when the woman climbed into the buggy. He could not see that it was her, but he assumed so. He could not tell if it was only her, but it had felt like only a single person. Then he heard the brake being released. He didn't know exactly what it was, but he was sure it signaled that they were about to move. He felt very uneasy about this. He could feel the weight at the sides of his hips. It seemed like a strange place to carry the weight. It allowed for the delivery of momentum from his legs but virtually prevented any use of his upper body. He would later learn that higher hitch points were used to carry heavier loads while lower hitch points were used to deliver speed. The buggy was light and did not require brute strength. The ponies that would pull it would need endurance more than strength.

There was a shake of the reins and a sound like "Euap." Jacob knew that meant to go. He stepped forward but was stopped by Reluctant Pony having not moved. Then Reluctant Pony moved but Jacob was not with him. The result was that the front of the buggy shook and shifted back and forth. There was a snap and a pop and fire striped Jacob's upper right buttocks. A second snap and pop evoked a squeal from Jacob's left. This woman hit much harder than Sally. This was going to be a tough day. But somehow inertia was overcome, and the buggy started to move forward. As they reached the road the pressure on the right rein was unmistakable. Jacob guided to the right and the buggy followed moving onto the road.

The balance seemed all wrong. He had just gotten to the point that he was comfortable walking in the pony boots, now he was connected to the yoke of a buggy that wanted to pull him backwards. He needed to compensate by leaning forward so he could keep his center of gravity in front of the hoofs. As they moved forward the drag from weight seemed to ease. Jacob almost wished it had stayed constant. He realized that it would be necessary to adjust to shifts in weight displacement. He didn't know how much the buggy weighed, but right now it had the addition of at least one person.

They were walking down the dirt road leaving the area of the stables. Jacob had no idea where they were or where any of the roads went. There was a network of dirt roads, all looking about the same, going off in many directions. He knew that he had driven in here about a week ago, in the dark guided by Sally, but he recognized nothing. It did not help that he could only look forward and had no peripheral vision.

As soon as they had cleared the working buildings there was the slap of the reins on Jacob's shoulders. He didn't have to be told what that meant, but he was slow in executing and that cost him another red strip on his buttocks. With that he jumped forward followed by Reluctant Pony again creating a jerky pitching of the yokes as they moved forward into a trot. Fortunately, the road was fairly flat and straight. Jacob wondered what they would do when they had to turn or negotiate changes in grade. And he could see ahead that the road curved to the left and it looked like it started to go uphill. Jacob had learned how to trot. He had learned how to carry weight while he walked. He was now pulling weight for the first time here and he was expected to do that uphill at a trot. This was ridiculous. He couldn't do it. He wouldn't do it. There was a stripe of fire on his right thigh. He had lagged. He picked up the pace.

As they came into the turn, he felt the pressure on the left side of the bit. It was easy to follow. He had to admit that this system of reins and bit allowed the rider to easily communicate the desired action to the pony. Now the grade was slowly rising. Jacob could see a house at the top of the hill they were now climbing. It was only about 100 yards away. That made him feel better. He could do this. As they pulled up to the front of the house a backward pressure on the reins brought

them from a trot to a walk and then eventually signaled them to stop. Jacob was not sure how he knew what to do, it somehow just seemed natural. Local Girl had said that Sally was excellent at spotting ponies hidden in the bodies of men.

No. He was not buying that. That might be the way they rationalize what they were doing, but he was not buying into that shit. He was not a pony. They could keep him tied up for a time. They could make him do what they wanted through the use of pain, but they could not turn him into a pony. Eventually he would get away. He had thought his life sucked, but right now he wanted that life back.

The blonde had hobbled him and Reluctant Pony and then to his dismay she pushed the blinkers at the side of his head together. They closed over his eyes and snapped together. There was only the slightest crack between the two blinkers which then flared at the sides of his nose to allow each blinker to lie flat against each eye. Light came in from above and below and from the crack in the center, but Jacob could see nothing but the leather of the blinker. He stomped his foot in frustration and the blonde laughed. He felt her hand on his chin. "You are so special." She giggled again. "I do not know how she does it, but Sally has the finest eye for horse flesh ever. You may not realize it yet, but you are going to be a perfectly wonderful pony."

As she talked, she ran her fingertips over his body lingering at his nipples then teasing each of them. Jacob gasped at the attention. He could feel his penis starting to grow. "See, you are even excited at the thought of being such a good pony." One hand had moved to between his legs. She took his balls in her hand and gently massaged them. He was trying to think of something else. He was trying to keep his penis from engorging. He knew where that would go, but he could not help it. Now she was stroking the side of his bent and tethered penis. "Oh, poor baby. You are getting so excited. It is a good thing that shaft of yours is locked up or lord knows what you might try to do with it." She continued to stroke it as she spoke. Jacob, of course, could not see, but he could feel. He could feel the head of his penis distending as the shaft attempted to straighten. It was starting to hurt. If she kept this up and he could not control it. It would hurt a lot more. He tried to shake himself free of her grasp, but his hips were held between



the two arms of the yoke and could only move slightly. "You really do like the attention, don't you?"

"She must have misinterpreted my actions" Jacob thought. He tried to shake his head and tell her through the bit to please stop.

"Alas, only your owner controls the key. In your case, that is Sally, at least for now. And with Sally, you will have to be almost spectacular before you earn the right for sexual release. I doubt she will keep you long enough for that to happen, although she will make sure you stay sexually frustrated. She thinks it is a great motivator." Her hands had left his penis and balls, but they were back to his nipples and the effect was every bit as bad.

Under prior circumstances he would be in heaven to have a beautiful woman running her hands over his body and caressing and teasing his nipples and cock. But he was already past the stage where he would have grabbed her and reversed the roll taking the top position and tearing away her clothing. He could not remember a situation where the woman maintained control throughout the entire love making. There were a couple of times when he thought they wanted to, he even told himself a couple of times that he would just lay back and let her do as she desired, but in the end the need became too great and he always took control. Not now. Not only did he have no control, but there was also no way for him to even get to the finish line. She would make sure of that. The pain was getting pretty bad. He didn't understand how he could still be excited and how he could feel so stimulated while feeling such intense pain.

Finally, she stopped. Jacob heard her move over to Reluctant Pony. "Thank god." Jacob thought. "Let her torture him for a while."

"Now you. I really don't think you are pony material." Jacob could hear sounds from his left, but he could not tell what was happening. Was she touching and teasing him - probably. Was he trying to agree with her or tell her she was wrong? He realized that he had felt a moment of pride when she had told him what a wonderful pony he would make, but as he listened now, he realized just how stupid that was. He did not want to be a pony. He wanted his life back. How could

they possibly think that he wanted this? Just release his arms and see how long he sticks around. But he knew that they knew that. That is why he was tightly restrained and controlled all the time. They wanted to break him. They wanted to make him think that he wanted this. He remembered, in the corral on the first day, seeing Bruno run to his owner with seeming delight. He doubted Bruno had volunteered for this. He doubted Bruno had even come willingly. They would not have many ponies if they had to depend on volunteers. He could see a few kinky folks volunteering for the pony training, maybe even the pony life, but he doubted that attitude would stay. But once they were bound it really wouldn't matter if they wanted to stay or not. In the end a pony had absolutely no free will and no choice. No choice in anything. But they needed the ponies to be compliant. That had to be part of their 'training' program. They were going to try to brainwash him. Had they been able to brainwash Bruno?

Jacob had not realized it, but the woman had left. He stood essentially naked, yoked to a buggy, gagged, his arms bound behind his back, his feet enclosed in footwear that kept him up on his toes, his ankles chained, his eyes closed, and his cock ringed and locked to his balls. He would wait here until the woman returned and then he would do whatever she directed him to do. He had no choice. He had no control, none whatsoever. They would train him to do their bidding and he knew now that he would strive to learn and perform. They would tease him for their amusement, and he would try his best to earn their affection even though it would be illusory. Then when they were convinced that they had made him into a proper pony, a trained possession, they would sell him.

Jacob shivered in panic. If he stayed here, if he could not escape, he was doomed. He had been so tired from the daily training that he had not tried to think of something. He needed a plan and for a plan he needed knowledge. Today was a good day. He was out of the barn area. He may be blindfolded now, but that would change. He needed to see everything he could see. He needed to determine every person he could. He needed to pay attention to every detail. Somewhere there was a chink in the armor. From what he had experienced so far there was no weakness in the physical plan. To escape he would need to get help. That meant finding and getting to someone who would free his arms. That had to be the core component of any plan. Local Girl had told him that the arm binder

stays on for life. His observation of Bruno with his withered arms supported that logic. Not to mention the fact that for Bruno they probably didn't even need one, yet he wore the arm binder. It was a part of the official uniform.

This policy was a major complication. Otherwise, he could try to plan for a moment when it was off for some purpose. But could it be absolute? What if there was a medical need? They had to keep the ponies in good health. But he could not think of a way to create a medical need, let alone communicate it to anyone in a way that would work. He would need more observation for that type of plan to work.

The second approach was to somehow get to people who were not associated with these freaks, someone who would rescue him. What had he learned about that? The town itself was not on a main road (that is why he had picked it) so not many visitors, but even the town that he had come to was miles from where they were, and he wasn't even sure which direction. He needed to observe things that would give him that answer. If he knew where the town was, could he get there? From what he had learned from Local Girl they were anywhere from ten to twenty miles from the town. That was a doable hike, but not as a fugitive and certainly not as a fugitive with his arms restrained. He would have to work his way across the countryside. It would take at least three days. Surviving over that period would be a challenge. He could go without food, and water seemed to be abundant, so that is a possibility. But then what would happen if he got to the town? All of the town folks seemingly supported what is going on up here. It is a major part of their economy. Even if he managed to escape and make it all the way to town, if he presented himself to a town person, he would most likely just find himself on the end of a leash and headed back to the ranch. The next town was a long way away. He remembered that from when he came here. It had to have been almost 50 miles. He would have to find a place to hide and wait for someone he knew was not associated with the town. OK, that worked, assuming he could: Get loose of his tether, get the hobble off his feet, get out of his stall or wherever they were keeping him, and evade their attempts to recapture him for about three days. That was all.

He was beginning to feel very depressed. There was only one other possibility, and even though a long shot it was all that made sense. He needed to find someone on the inside that would help him. Maybe somebody who didn't believe in this. It would be complicated by the fact that such people probably had little to do with this whole scene. But it would mean being very observant. For example, Local Girl and he had become friends. She was being held as a pony now, but in the big hunt she had a chance to return to life as a human. That plan sounded good, but it only had two big hurdles. First, she had to evade the hunt. Jacob was convinced that her odds were not good. There was nothing about this place that would favor the underdog. The great odds were that after the big hunt she would be a pony girl for life. He would have to watch carefully to see if there was anything that could be done to help her odds. But then there was the second big component. If she gained her freedom, would she help him? He was convinced that if she tried to help him and failed, she would be right back in pony gear, something she probably would not want. He would have to figure out a way to make her want to do it. He wasn't sure what it would be, but this certainly seemed to be his best chance.

Jacob heard a door closing. The blonde was returning. How long had it been? Not very long. Jacob felt something cool and moist on his shoulders. She was rubbing something in, carefully spreading it over all the exposed flesh. "Can't have you all burned up." She said as she worked. It was a sun block. That must mean they were going to be out all day. She rubbed the lotion over his breasts stopping again to tease each nipple. Then back to his penis. "You went soft. Weren't you thinking of me pony?" She did not stop until he had grown to the point of pain. Then: "Ok, we have things to do. I can tease you later."

She rubbed lotion on Reluctant Pony but did not linger as she had with Jacob. Jacob did not know what he thought about that. Was he pleased with the attention or did he wish she would leave him alone and stop torturing him like that. His cock was locked up; there was nothing he could do with it and there was no way for him to get satisfaction with it bent over in that fashion. This was so unfair. The blonde opened Jacob's blinkers and restored them to their normal position. His vision to the front was restored but his peripheral vision was still blocked, and the posture collar made turning his head all but impossible.

She had moved into a position between the two ponies and Jacob felt her take his balls in her hand. He assumed the other hand held the other pony's balls. "I am going for a very important meeting. I expect you two to be magnificent. If you are not, I will be very displeased. If I am displeased, you will both be very unhappy." She squeezed his balls to the point of just becoming painful. "Do we understand one another?" She looked into Jacob's face and then turned her attention to the other pony.

Jacob could not see Reluctant Pony, but Jacob was nodding his head up and down and he assumed from the jiggling of the chain connecting the yoke ends and the sounds that Reluctant Pony was doing the same. He wasn't sure what it all meant. How could they, with such little training, be 'magnificent'?

The hobble was removed, and the woman was back in the buggy. Jacob heard the brake release and felt the slap of his reins signaling him to move. He tried to sense movement from his left and when he thought something was happening attempted to move in tandem. It was a far cry from smooth, but it was much better than their earlier starts had been. They quickly found a walking pace. Jacob could sense from the movement of the yoke when Reluctant Pony was stepping forward and was able to match the steps. He even thought he had sensed the right and left movement and was in step with the correct foot as well, but since he could not see the other pony's feet he did not know for sure.

His concentration was interrupted by the slap of the reins and verbal encouragement to pick up the pace. Thus far, on this trip, they had not felt the whip. Jacob was happy about that. He hated being restrained and helpless, but the whip terrified him. It hurt so very much, especially in the hands of this blonde, and he never knew where it was going to bite. He understood that they used the whip to correct his behavior, but he was trying. He really was trying as hard as he could. Maybe she would realize that and lay off the whip. He and Reluctant Pony moved into a trot. The rhythm of their movement was gone and the buggy lurches and swayed. There was the all too familiar crack and then the searing pain across this right thigh. He tried to focus on the movement and get in step. Another crack and pain to the right thigh. Jacob realized that was setting the pace

for the right leg. The next crack puffed air to his thigh but did not burn. His step was just behind it. He timed from the last crack to speed up his step. This time he was in time with the crack of the whip and the gait has smoothed.

Jacob tried to see as much as he could of the surrounding area. They had left the house and the road was following a gentle downward slope. That means the house was on a hill. It had been up hill to it and then downhill away. Ahead was an open meadow bisected by the road as it led to a line of trees at least three miles away. To the right of the road were planted fields. Jacob knew little about farming, even though he had spent a few days as labor on some farms, he had no idea what was being grown.

On the left side the ground slopped away from the road and Jacob could see what looked like a small stream paralleling the road all the way to the tree line. This place had been referred to as the valley, but it looked very flat. Jacob could make out what looked like a mountain range in front of him but that had to be thirty miles away. He could not turn his head or get a view to the left or right sufficient to see how far across this place was. It could be a valley, but it was not a narrow one. This was no place for a lost pony to be wandering unattended.

After two miles at a trot Jacob could see that the tree line was still over a mile away. He was getting very tired. She had not given them any rest or even let them walk. There was no way they could make it to the tree line without a rest. As Jacob's exhaustion started to overcome him, his step became stumbling in nature and he started to slow causing the buggy to jerk. The response was instantaneous. A strip of fire sliced across his left buttocks, then, as if she had just continued the same motion back through his right buttocks and then back to the left. That was enough. Pain trumped exhaustion. He reached down inside and stepped up the pace. He brought his legs back up and kept going. He didn't know how she had done that. Three strokes, each equally painful, delivered with unquestionable accuracy in less than three seconds. He knew that what she could do with the whip was more than he could handle. He would trot if she wanted. He would continue to trot until his heart blew up and he died, but he would trot.

Either Reluctant Pony got the idea or had more stamina than Jacob; after all he had been in training for almost twice as long - two weeks to one, was that like virtue among whores, Jacob laughed to himself. They trotted on. They reached the tree line without any further need of encouragement. Jacob was surprised at how the rhythm felt. He had somehow worked through the exhaustion or was that just in his head. How had the blonde known that he had it in him to keep going? How had she understood his capability better than he? Or did she just not care? In either event he had done it, or at least he hoped he had done it. The road continued into the forest. This was not necessarily the end of the trip. He started to slow in anticipation of being brought to a walk but was painfully reminded that this was not his decision to make. He picked up the pace and moaned through his bit. He had not seen another person, or another animal for that matter.

The road in the woods was a little bit trickier. It rose and fell winding from side to side, but the blonde carefully guided them through the turns keeping the buggy to the best side of the road and avoiding several places where it was degraded. Jacob realized that he was not watching the path, except directly in front of him where he was putting his feet. All decisions to move to the left or right were being made from behind him by gentle pressure on his reins, and he was responding without thought or analysis. Also, he had stopped thinking about the pace and how to keep it going. His feet were lifting and falling naturally as if he had been doing this forever. As he thought about it, it felt like he had been doing it forever.

That was the wrong place to have his mind. He flagged, just a moment, but noticeably, and it was noticed and rewarded to the inside of the left thigh. That one hurt more than any of the others. He didn't know there was something more painful that she could do to him, but that was certainly it. The message was clear. This was no time to be anything other than perfect.

As they were maneuvered around another turn Jacob saw a glen in the trees up ahead. What most caught his attention was another buggy with a team on a wide shoulder of the road. The team was two raven haired mares. They were standing erect in their harnesses looking proud and strong. It was hard to gage height with these pony boots, but Jacob estimated they were at least 5'8" tall in bare feet, although he was sure they had not been in bare feet for a long time. They were of

course naked except for their harness. The harness was almost identical to the one he wore except that the belt below the breasts had supports that extended over the lower half of their large breasts holding them up. They were large breasts. At least 36 D, maybe even a bit larger. Each nipple was ringed, and a small brass bell hung from each ring. Their hair was cut in the same Mohawk style worn by Jacob and stood straight up, interrupted only by the harness straps that moved over the top and back of the head.

Their crotch, like Jacob's, was also shaved. They were not without their locking chastity system. For the mares it was a system of seven piercings and rings. The top ring was set behind the clitoris. It held in place a small tube-shaped hood that squeezed the clitoris and pushed it forward causing the bud to extend beyond the end of the tube. There it would be exposed for stimulation was it not for a small cap on the end of the tube that closed over the bud. A trainer or owner could easily lift the cap and expose the clitoris for manipulation, but a pony without arms would have no opportunity to do so.

The other six rings were set through piercings three in each labium. A U-shaped brass piece had been treaded through the clitoris ring so that the top of the U hung on it. The legs then each went through the three rings on their side. At the bottom of the U, a cross bar closed it off and locked in place. Without the key to the lock the device could not be removed. The legs of the U were less than an inch apart effectively sealing up the pleasure chamber behind. Jacob could see that something sat inside the vagina held in place by the locked device. A small wire connected it to the end of the device sitting behind the restraining U to the waist cinch, while another small wire ran from the clitoris hood to where it also disappeared under the waist cinch of each pony. There was a control device for female ponies as well.

Jacob was spending so much attention examining the female ponies in front of him that he almost missed the signal to come to a walk. It was not as smooth as it should be, and he was sure that the rider was displeased. He paid close attention as she walked them off to the shoulder and right up to the female ponies and stopped them only a foot or two away. If he moved forward about six inches the breasts of the pony facing him would contact his chest. But he had now taken his



eyes off her breasts - not an easy thing to do - and was looking into her face. He had thought at first that the mares might be twins, but now, close-up, he could see that even though they were very similar in build they were not twins. They were both gorgeous.

## Chapter 6

The blonde was approaching, and Jacob was afraid that she would close his blinkers. He really didn't want that to happen. He was relieved when she knelt and locked his hobble back to his ankles then repeated the process with Reluctant Pony and walked away. She was headed toward a large tree by the stream where a blanket had been laid out and a man was apparently waiting for her. Jacob had noticed the man and the blanket as they approached, but now he could not see them. But he could see the pony in front of him. She was bitted but seemed to be smiling at him.

The pony lowered her head and tried to touch him with her forehead. It could not quite get there, but the top of her spiked hair grazed his chin and upper chest. She moved her breasts back and forth as best she could in the confines of her restraints. Jacob could sense the closeness, but they were just beyond his body. He wanted to touch those breasts. He tried to extend his chest forward and leaned toward her. As she repeated the movement, they were able to bring their shoulders to touch. Her head to one side, his to the other they were able to nuzzle their cheeks. He could now feel her breasts touching his chest. They were firm yet soft at the same time. She moved them back and forth and the small bells tinkled with the contact with him. He felt them slide back and forth. He wanted to turn his head toward her, but the damn posture collar was making that impossible. He pulled and twisted trying to get his mouth onto her neck, but he could not get there. The best he could do was to rub his cheek along hers. Her mouth found his shoulder and although her tongue was held inside, and her mouth was held open by the bit, she was still able to work her lips on his flesh. He responded moving his mouth to her shoulder and trying to match the lip action. Even as terribly limited as it was, it was still highly erotic. He was helpless and she

was helpless, yet they had managed to make contact with each other. There was something very primal about what they were doing.

Jacob suddenly realized that he was responding to this contact. All it meant for her is that she would be horny and unfulfilled. For him it meant there would be pain. But the only contact he had had in the last week was from an occasional touch by a dominant female meant to make him realize his place. This was different. This was contact with a fellow who shared his plight. They were both prisoners. They were both ponies and there was great comfort in just the contact. His penis grew reaching the extent of its capability to expand within its confined circumstance, but it did not hurt. He felt comfort and relief. They stood there leaning into each other resting their heads each on the other pony's shoulder.

The raven-haired pony tensed her body and Jacob could feel her forcing her body forward toward him. He looked at the wheel of the buggy and watched as it started to slide in the dirt. It could not turn because the brake was set, but she was pulling the entire buggy forward so that their bodies could meet. As Jacob watched, the trail of the wheel in the dirt grew to 6" then 8" then to a foot, he felt her breasts and then all of her body as it came into contact with his. They were now able to stand upright with full body contact. In fact, she had dragged the buggy to the point that the yokes on each of their hips pushed their hips together.

He was about four inches taller than her. She tipped her head up and nibbled with her lips around her bit and on his chin. She rubbed her breasts back and forth across his body. He could feel the bells on her nipple rings, but because they were pierced below the nipple, he could also feel the hard bud of her nipples. Her breasts were gorgeous. He so wished he had the use of his hands to caress and fondle those wonderful globes. She was trying to lift herself into him, but in her pony boots she was already on her toes, so she was not able to effectively make up the difference in height. That meant that her nipples were four or five inches below his. She was able to arch her back and gain an inch or two due to nothing more than the large size of her breasts. Jacob responded by bending forward making up the difference. He could not see because of the pressure of the posture collar on the bottom of his chin but working from feel he managed to get his nipples down to the point that matched up with hers. Now as they rubbed

back and forth their nipple rings clinked and the tips of their nipples touched. Jacob felt as if an electric charge raced through his body. His legs felt weak. This was one of the most beautiful women he had ever seen and here she was rubbing her body against his. Somehow the fact that they were both restrained with arms locked behind their backs and that they had had to struggle to bring their bodies into contact made the sensation significantly more erotic. He could feel the pain in his penis, but he didn't care.

His penis was pressed against her lower abdomen, and he could feel her trying to stretch her body to bring her pussy (at least on top of its restraints) and his cock (again subject to its restraint) into contact. He pulled his legs apart until they were stopped by the hobble, then he bent his knees and rolled his hips until they made contact. Because of its bent condition, even though it was straining to become erect it was the middle of his shaft that he thrust forward against the rings and staple securing her sex. The devices employed on each of them would ensure that sexual union would not occur. The best they could do was a dry hump like two high school students in the back seat of the car. She was now moaning and pushed her mouth forward onto his. Their lips met and their bits clinked. Jacob tried to work his tongue around the bit to get to her flesh, but it was not possible. He did not know if she was trying to do the same. If she was, she could not succeed either.

There was a painful swat on Jacob's buttocks. The raven-haired pony jumped and a half whimper half cry escaped her lips. "Bad ponies." It was a man's voice. "Let's get these two separated before they are worthless." The blonde walked back to the buggy that had been pulled forward and released the brake. The man grasped the side of the raven-haired pony's bridle and walked her back until the other team was five or six feet from Jacob and his teammate. The blonde locked the brake again. Jacob looked up and down the body of the creature he had just been pressed into. He wanted to be back in contact with her. He had been swatted for what they had been doing, but he didn't care. He needed to touch her again. She had been able to drag the buggy to get to him. He was sure when the riders went back to their picnic, he and his new found love could figure out how to get together once again.

The man took something out of the back of the buggy and walked over to the pony Jacob had been enjoying such intimate contact with. It looked like he was carrying a mallet. It was. He knelt down and fed two four-inch staples through the middle chain of the pony's hobble then with the mallet he pounded them into the ground, each at a 45 degree angle front to back. He stood up and gave her a peck on the cheek. "That should keep you out of trouble." Jacob thought that they were awfully concerned with keeping the ponies out of sexual trouble. "I know you can't help yourself; you are just such a randy little thing." Jacob noticed that the man had reached down and popped the cap covering the bud of her clitoris open. It was designed to seat over the bud of the clitoris so that when it was opened, she was fully exposed. He was rubbing his finger over the most sensitive part of her body. She was squirming and moaning, throwing her head about as best she could in her restraints and trying to push her ample breasts into him. Her hips were rocking and thrusting against his touch rattling the chain from her yoke to that of her partner. It looked like she was getting very close to climax. Jacob watched in fascination. Any second now she would explode in pleasure. Maybe her owner wasn't such a bad guy.

But then he stopped and snapped the cap closed. "You haven't earned that. If anything, you have earned some punishment for interrupting our picnic. Now you just stand here and think about that. We will think of something suitable when we get home tonight." Jacob was wondering if he should try to pull his buggy over to her. Maybe he could just console her. It didn't have to get out of hand. But the blonde was in front of him with the mallet. She drove two staples into the ground through the links of his hobble.

"You are not without blame in this pony so don't you think Midnight will get all the punishment." She stroked his balls as she spoke.

The blonde stood up and turned to the man. "I know the hormones we give them make them very horny and I have heard why it is supposed to be a good thing and make them better ponies. And, I have seen how the sexual dependence on the trainer or owner helps make them want to please; in fact, I am sure Midnight there will do anything she can to get back on your good side. But I wonder if the

dose levels are just too high. I keep seeing incidents of uncontrolled behavior. Sex is such a strong need that it seems to push their fear away."

"I know what you mean, but you have to admit we are getting wonderful development with the new drugs. Some ponies are just overly receptive." He glanced at Midnight. "I keep hoping they will come up with something to tone her urges down a bit. She has become so high maintenance. I can't even leave her alone in her stall without her rubbing on everything. I have had to put her on a sleeping bar to curb the behavior. The first time I left her like that I thought she was going to go crazy. The next time I hooked her up she fought like crazy. After a night with the tormentor, she at least obeys when I chain her. If she wasn't so fast, I would ship her to a dairy farm. Add the lactating stimulator to her current treatment and she can be a top producer."

"Have you considered circumcision? Cut out the clitoris and you should get rid of the urges." Jacob was listening but as he did, he was staring into the eyes of Midnight - now he knew her name.

"But then I couldn't sell her as a milk producer when she can't run anymore. The drop in value is just too great so I will just have to keep working on training." The man and woman had walked away, assumedly back to their blanket and their picnic and as they went the ability to hear their conversation faded. Jacob heard something about being kept in a state of "constant stimulation without satisfaction". He did not like the sound of that at all.

Midnight was about 6 feet away from him. She was squirming and trying to move her legs against each other. Jacob saw her lift her hoof and try to pull the staples free. Jacob could see why they were driven in a pair on an angle. They worked together to hold and resist any upward motion. It would require working side to side in the direction of each staple to get them out, but because they were driven front and back there was no way for a hobbled and stapled pony to exert the right pressure. Jacob tried. He lifted a hoof until he felt the chain stop his upward pull. He tried to pull on it. It seemed solid. He wished he could look down and see it, but the collar prevented that. All he could do is judge from what he saw with Midnight. He tried to pull a hoof to the front and then back to create pressure

that would match the direction of the staple, but he could not generate enough pull and the staple going into the ground in the other direction prevented anything from coming loose. Neither he nor Midnight was going anywhere. There was not going to be any more touching. Midnight was still squirming, moving from leg to leg and swinging her breasts about. It was clear that she was still excited and very frustrated at not being able to do anything about it. Jacob watched her breasts sway back and forth. He imagined them sending Midnight off to some dairy farm to be a milk producer. He was not sure how it would work exactly, but he was sure of one thing, she would be restrained and unable to control anything. He doubted she would like it very much. He wasn't thrilled at being a pony, but it seemed there were worse roles.

Jacob thought about the effect of the hormones they were being given. He had certainly felt hornier for the last few days. He had also started to feel like his muscles were developing and he was sure he was adding bulk to his body. Other than being horny, what other affect would it have on his mind? Ponies didn't need to be smart. They really didn't want them to be smart, just strong, and very obedient. So, Sally had seen him as a pony. He was strong, but did she think from the beginning that he would be obedient? Was he? He had never thought of himself that way. But she had been able to completely subdue him. That still embarrassed him. One little girl, almost a third his size and she had managed to turn him into a bound and helpless pony who would do what he was told. He wanted to hang his head, but the posture collar did not allow that position.

Jacob did what ponies do when they are not in use. He stood and waited for his Mistress to finish what she was doing. He was a means of transportation, and it was his job to be ready when needed and as little bother as possible when not. He wondered what the relationship between the man and women was. He had determined from what he had overheard that the man was named Paul and the woman Delores. They seemed more than just friends but how much more was hard to tell. Jacob was frustrated that he could not turn his head and watch them. It was frustrating that he could not at least catch a glimpse from the corner of his eye.

It was late afternoon before Paul and Delores returned to the ponies. They watered the ponies. Jacob thought about the hormones he knew were in the water squirted into his mouth, but he opened his mouth and accepted the liquid. It tasted good and he was thirsty. Besides, he really had no choice, did he? Then the masters started to see to putting the ponies back into use. Jacob watched as Paul used a small hook shaped device to pull the staples securing Midnight's hobble from the ground, two simple quick jerks, almost no effort. It underscored the power differential. The ponies had no power the trainers/owners had all the power. Jacob felt his hobble removed.

Midnight had settled down and stood very erect. Jacob had not been able to take his eyes off her the entire time. Restrained as he was there was almost nowhere else for him to look, but this view was most pleasing to him. He felt a little uneasy about staring at the naked flesh of a beautiful woman. But then this wasn't a woman she was a pony, so this is how she was to be dressed and it was ok to look at her. Livestock had no modesty. He enjoyed it none-the-less. Her legs were strong and well developed, the muscles were well sculpted. The same was true of her flat tight stomach, back, and shoulders all framing large, magnificent breasts. Jacob had not been a big fan of women body builders, but Midnight was different. While she was clearly strong there was something sleek and agile about her look. When she moved her muscles would ripple like a Jaguar. She exuded power mixed with grace and beauty. It was hard to even take his eyes off her.

Having removed the security from his ponies, Paul climbed into his buggy. Midnight was looking straight ahead; her muscles were tense like coiled metal springs waiting only for the signal to move. It came with the snap of the whip. Jacob could not tell if it had connected with Midnight's rear or popped in the air nearby. In either event Midnight did not flinch but instead, in almost perfect timing with her pony partner, stepped forward and began to walk, being reined to the left around Jacob and his buggy. Jacob only got to see her take a step or two before she moved past him and his field of view. He longed to turn his head and watch her move, but that of course was impossible in his harness and collar. He continued to look straight forward, the view far less interesting now.

The pop of the whip behind him signaled that it was time to move. He stepped forward and felt a strong pressure on his right rein. The team turned to the right coming back onto the path that they had taken into the woods. Up ahead he could see the buggy being pulled by Midnight's team. They were at a trot.

Delores snapped the reins across the back of her ponies, and they moved into a trot. Jacob was anxious to pick up the pace. He wanted them to catch up with Midnight. Both teams continued the trot for about half a mile. Jacob's team was about 50 yards behind. The buggy masked most of Jacob's view of Midnight, except when the road curved to the left, bringing her momentarily into view. Her form was breathtaking. Her legs lifted with each step so that the upper leg was parallel to the ground then reached forward to come down on the hoof just as the other leg left the ground. Her back was straight, and her head was high. Her breasts bobbed in time to the steps.

Jacob heard the whip up ahead and saw the team speed forward. They were coming out of the woods onto the meadow road and Paul had brought his team to a gallop. It was inspiring to Jacob. He had never galloped since becoming a pony. He was not sure he could. He didn't think Delores would want him to until he had been trained. Wrong! The whip snapped and bit flesh. He broke the trot and started to run. It felt impossible in the pony boots. There was a lot of pitching and yawing of the buggy as he and Reluctant Pony tried to find something that resembled a pace. Jacob was sure one or both of them would be pulled over. He heard the whip snap and heard the yowl. He was glad it was not him. But then it snapped again and this time it was him. Damn she was good with that whip. Let her whip the other pony, not him. He pushed his legs out and tried to lengthen the stride. Paul's team was now over 100 yards ahead. They moved smoothly with grace and speed. Jacob's team jerked and bobbed wasting most of their effort. He was not sure they were moving any faster than they had at the trot.

Delores wanted them to try to catch the team ahead. She snapped the whip from one buttock to the other. Both ponies were now blinded with the pain. Jacob ran. In that part of the brain that runs on instinct he was trying to outrun the whip. Even though the logical center of the brain knew that the whip traveled with him



the logical part of the brain had no answer for the pain, so it had taken a back seat to the reactive instinct part of the brain.

As the pace smoothed the whipping mercifully stopped. It was clear that they would never catch the other team. They would be lucky to keep them in sight, but at least they looked a little more professional. Jacob took some pleasure in the fact that he had galloped. Not only had he galloped in the pony boots, but he had galloped in tandem. He wasn't so sure of Delores' training methods. His buttocks and thighs burned in dozens of places. The skin was so raw he knew any more abuse would open it up. He was not convinced that there were not already open cuts. When this girl whipped you, it hurt like nothing he had ever experienced. He prayed that he would get Sally back. His legs almost buckled with the sudden fear that Sally had sold him to Delores. He was Sally's pony; he did not want to be Delores' pony.

Jacob's excitement at having learned to gallop began to grow thin as they were kept at a gallop for first a mile, then another mile. The other team had turned off at some point and was gone from view. Jacob assumed this was the same road they had arrived on. He didn't know how far it was to the stable, but it had to be at least another two miles. He scanned horizon ahead looking for the stable. He wanted to be at the stable. He wanted to be safe in his stall. How long did she think they could be made to run? But the residual burning on his flesh conveyed the message. They would run as long as she wanted them to run. Several times Jacob began to think he had gone as far as was humanly possible. But he was no longer a human. He was a pony now. Even though the speed and pace did not diminish he would start to lose his posture. There was the crack of the whip. Jacob learned that already whipped flesh was even more sensitive and that even though he thought the whip could not hurt any more than it had, when it is laid upon flesh tenderized by prior blows, it did hurt more. In fact, it hurt a lot more. He steeled his posture and tried to look like a proper pony as well as run like one.

Jacob knew this road was not the one they had taken to the woods. If they had been on that road, they would have seen the house by now. He was sure they had run at least four miles. He didn't think he could run four miles let alone run four miles pulling a buggy. He wasn't even thinking about it anymore, his body and legs

were just moving. His head was up and was a steering mechanism by means of the reins connected to his bit at the sides of his head.

As they came around a curve in the road that ran around a hillock Jacob saw a series of buildings up ahead. It was the stables. It was still over a half mile, but it could not have looked better. He didn't even think about Delores stopping them or reducing their pace. In fact, the lure of the stable ahead pumped more vigor into Jacob's blood and he felt the pace pick up. Jacob thought of his stall and the great pleasure of being off his feet. He even looked forward to the muck room. There was always pressure in his bowels by this time of the day and he longed to have them emptied. The sun had been hot, and he was bathed in sweat and dust. He would love the feel of the water and brush cleaning all that away.

The team did not try to slow or stop, and Delores did not signal them to do so until they were within 50 feet of the stable. Then she brought them to a trot for a few steps and then to a walk. Jacob did not realize how heavily he was breathing until he was walking. He could feel his chest heaving. He pushed his head up as others turned and watched them arrive. He had just pulled a buggy at a full gallop for at least five miles. He was almost sorry when they were guided into the barn, the buggy disconnected, and the harness removed. At least now Delores must have been somewhat pleased with them because she used a simple nose leash instead of her leash to the cock ring. That was a good sign.

Jacob was taken to the muck room first, cleaned, and then led to his stall. Nothing had ever looked so inviting. He couldn't wait to get his head in his trough. He was so thirsty. Then he was going to lie down and sleep for as long as he could. He was very excited.

Delores brought him in and removed his bit; that felt wonderful. She connected the anchor line to this control ring. But then she took his chin in her hand. "You were such a bad randy pony today. It is only fair that you and Midnight share the same punishment. I am going to go take care of the other pony and then I am going to come back and secure you for the night. I suggest you drink your fill now because you will not be able to in a few minutes."

Jacob looked into her face with shock. He wanted to say, "it wasn't my fault, she came over to me." But he had been well enough trained to know that the punishment for talking, especially talking back was likely to be much worse than anything he was going to endure for being a randy pony. Delores left to take care of Reluctant Pony.

Jacob stuffed his head into his trough and drank and drank. It tasted wonderful. Finally, he stopped. He knew he wanted more but figured he should give it a bit of a rest in between. He walked over to his gate and looked out into the corridor. Local Girl was standing at her gate smiling. "Did you enjoy your day off?" She asked.

"What? " Jacob replied. "This was no day off."

"But it wasn't a training day. It's a merciful part of the rules here. Ponies can only be trained for six days then they get a day off."

"How can that be a day off? She worked my ass off, and then she whipped it to pieces. We had to run at least five miles."

"But you were out in the countryside. You are allowed to be ridden or used on carts and buggies on your day off, just no training. You did get a chance to see some of the areas, didn't you? You keep asking all those questions about this place."

"I saw some meadows and a forest area. I thought this was a valley, how big is this valley?"

"Oh, it is large at least 40 miles across and about 70 miles long. A good pony can cover the length in two days; a pony wagon takes three days. That is the only reason cars and trucks are still allowed here. There are some that would like to ban all motor vehicles but that is unlikely. I've gone out on riding expeditions with my friends a couple of times. We spend five days circumnavigating the valley. I miss Posey. She is the best pony ever. I have ridden her almost every day since I was twelve. I rode her to school every day. She is such a great pony, a wonderful

disposition. I even trained her to do some tricks. I was going to enter her in dressage contests this year."

"How can you even be thinking about owning a pony girl when you are here about to become one yourself? Don't you see that it is wrong for one human being to own another?"

"Of course, but ponies aren't humans. They are ponies. They know that and after they are broken and trained, they accept it. I am not a pony. I am at risk, but only if I get caught at the hunt. If I am captured, then I will become a pony. Just like you I will probably try to resist it at first, but just like you I will accept it in time. That is just the natural order of things."

"Everyone here must not think that. Aren't there any people who think this is wrong?" Jacob had been thinking about his plan and how to get her to his side. But, if he couldn't do that, maybe he could identify someone who might be willing to help him.

"We have been living this way for over 100 years. Everyone has ponies, or if they don't they at least have access to them and used them on a regular basis." Then she started giggling.

"What is so funny about that?"

"There was some opposition. Two years ago, two High School seniors wrote a report on how the pony system was a violation of human rights. When their teacher gave them an F on the report, they tried to stage a protest. They talked one other girl and two guys to join them." She giggled again. "At the end of the protest the local sheriff and a few ranchers, including my father and older brother, rode their ponies into the square. The protesters tried to run but they were lassoed, and hog tied in the town square. The crowd cheered wildly. Four months later during the autumn festival the three girls were part of the four pony team that pulled the hay wagon around the square." Jacob's mouth was hanging open. Local Girl was giggling again. "So, I guess there are some here who don't believe in this. If I could remember which stable, they went to I would tell you."

Her giggle had become a full laugh. Jacob turned away in disgust, but the talking stopped because Delores was coming up the corridor leading Reluctant Pony. Ponies all knew to keep their mouths shut whenever a human was within ear range.

After Reluctant Pony had been secured in his stall Delores came into Jacob's stall. She closed the gate behind her, not that he could go anywhere with his control ring hooked to the back wall. "If you want another drink, do it now. You will not get another chance until morning." Jacob did not know what she was going to do to him, but he knew he wasn't going to like it. He wanted to beg her not to, but he knew that was not a good idea. He went to his trough and took a drink.

When he stood back up, he saw that she had connected a metal pole across the middle of his stall. There were flanges on both walls that accepted the ends. It was at about waist height. The pole was padded so that the center had a diameter of about six inches. Jacob was between the pole and the gate to his stall. The chain from his control ring passed under the pole and was connected to the back wall. There was nowhere he could go. Delores approached him. She had a leash line in her hand. Jacob tried to back away but there was no place to go. She quickly and efficiently clipped the leash into his nose ring and led him forward. She ducked under the pole but passed the leash over the top and then pulled him forward until his stomach met the pole. She took the end of the leash line and fed it through a ring that she lifted from the floor about three feet from the pole. She pulled the leash down until his upper body was held parallel to the floor, then she tied it off.

Was he expected to sleep like this? That was crazy. The pole was sufficiently padded as to not be uncomfortable, now, but how would it feel in an hour or so? Jacob looked around, as best he could with his head held down by his nose. He had no intention of sleeping like this. He knew he could not easily free the nose lease, but he was pretty sure when Delores left that he could lever his body forward over the bar. It would not be easy, and it would hurt, but he was pretty sure he could do it, even hobbled. Then he felt a pressure on his right ankle and heard a click. He looked over and saw that she had connected a line from the ring on the outside of his right ankle to the wall. He pulled and jerked at his hoof, but

it was secure. She had moved to his left hoof. He tried to move it out of her grasp, but she easily captured it and clipped a line to the loop on the ankle. After she fed this line through a ring on the other wall, she was able to pull it tight. His legs extended to the length of the hobble and then moved no further.

Jacob pulled and twisted at the new restraints but without any resulting freedom. Delores was back in front of him. She slipped a ball gag into his mouth before he even realized what she was doing. He tried to force it out with his tongue, but it was too late. She buckled it tightly behind his head. "You are in for an interesting evening. We can't have you disturbing the whole stable."

Then she opened the lid of a small wooden box. "This is the tormentor." She said. Jacob saw two small balls about an inch and a half in diameter and a larger thing that looked almost like a large dill pickle. She quickly lifted each of the small balls and clipped one each to the rings in his nipples. They now dangled from the metal clip by about an inch of copper wire. They pulled down on the rings, but they were not heavy enough to be painful. Next, she clipped one end of the pickle shaped object by a wire and clip it to the ring in the end of Jacob's penis. There was a wire and a small cuff type device from the other end of the pickle. She fastened this cuff around his ball sack just below the control ring. This held the pickle parallel to the floor but putting pressure on both its connectors.

"Now I am going to demonstrate for you what the tormentor does." She said. "It is activated in two ways. The first is by sound." She pushed a button on the box and electrical shocks fired through Jacob's nipples, penis, and balls. It was just like the walking ring but with extra parts of this anatomy added. "The second is activated by any motion. If it senses motion all three appliances vibrate." She pushed a button on the control in the box and Jacob immediately felt the vibration in nipples, balls, and penis. It felt pretty good. "Once the vibration starts there is only one way to stop it. That is by being perfectly motionless for 30 seconds. There is a catch to this. She swung one of the balls on his nipples back and forth. The 30 seconds does not begin until the devices all come to a complete rest." Jacob watched it swing gently back and forth. She pushed the button and the vibration stopped.

"The purpose of this training is to teach you to control your horny little instincts." She used her hand to stop the motion of all the devices. "Now I suggest you hold very still." With that she reached down and pushed a button on the box. A red light came on.

Delores carefully slipped past Jacob and got up at the gate. "Oh, and by the way, as you have learned with other electric training devices, the shock will cycle up with successive uses. The good news is that 30 minutes without activation will move it down a cycle. Enjoy." She slapped him on the buttocks. The pickle began to swing, and everything started to vibrate. The surprise caused him to let out a gasp and shocks surged through all the devices. "Gee, did I do that? Too bad." She was out the gate and Jacob heard it close and the bolt shut behind him. He had to focus now. He had to stay very still.

Ok, it was vibrating. He felt it on his nipples. He felt it on his cock and balls, but it was not very strong. This was not such a big deal. And all he had to do was wait for it to stop. But it wasn't stopping. He looked back and saw that the device between his legs was still swinging. Ok, so it would vibrate until it stopped swinging and then remained still for another 30 seconds. He held his body perfectly still. As he concentrated on staying perfectly still the vibration seemed to amplify. His cock was starting to respond to the feeling. No, he had to control it. He couldn't let the vibration cause him to respond. His cock was starting to grow. That would not end well. But it felt so good. Today had been a complete tease. He had pressed his body against the pony Midnight. She had wanted him. He knew she had. If he could have, he would have impaled her there and then. But he could not.

What the fuck was he doing? His hips were moving with the vibration. He looked down and saw the pickle swinging wildly from side to side. It was affecting him. He was horny. He was so horny. But he was tied over this stupid bar. His arms were strapped behind him. He needed some attention to his cock. But he couldn't move. The vibration was constant, but it was not strong. He needed it to be stronger. He needed something more. This was not going to get him there. He thrust his hips forward into nothing but open air. The pickle was now bouncing wildly, but it was still firmly connected to his cock and balls. This movement had

also caused the balls hanging from his nipples to sway and bob. He hoped that this would make the vibration increase. The vibration did not change. It stayed constant. No matter what he did it just stayed the same. And 'the same' was not enough. He wanted more, he needed more. His cock had expanded to the maximum allowable in its restraint. He did not even know if it was possible to climax with his cock kinked and locked but he was going to give it a try.

He focused on the gentle buzzing. He tried to find a rhythm of movement that matched the vibration, but all that did was increase his arousal and as his arousal increased, he needed both the speed and the level of stimulation to increase. But these damn things did not change; they just kept buzzing with the low, but impossible to ignore vibration. He threw his hips forward looking for something, anything to make contact with. Held to the bar at his stomach both his nipples and his cock were isolated from any contact with anything. He tried to push himself up toward the bar, but his hoofs were chained to the floor. His restrained cock was at least five inches from the bar. He tried to shift to one side and then the other, but the strap across his back held him tight to the bar, his nose ring kept him bent forward with his head down, and his chained legs even prevented most movement from hoof to hoof.

He knew it was hopeless, but he could not help himself. The arousal was just too much. He had to have relief. He had to find a way to achieve satisfaction. He could not possibly continue to be stimulated and not allowed to reach satisfaction. His restrained body allowed little movement in any direction, but what movement there was turned into jerks and twists and bounces. Several times he cried out only to be quickly reminded of the price of that conduct. He even made sounds a couple of times to purposely shock himself hoping it would drive the desire away and let him settle down, but it did not seem to work. All he knew was that he needed sexual relief. He had never in his life felt so desperate to cum. The frustration was amplified one hundred times by the fact that his hands were held helplessly behind his back.

One hand. All he needed was one hand. Even with his cock kinked and locked he was sure that with just one hand he would find relief in minutes. They could secure it back again immediately afterwards. He just needed it for a few minutes,



no longer. But there was nobody there to give him that assistance, and of course, even if they were there, they would never give him the use of a hand. He had been told and he knew that his arms were gone. They would stay locked up until they atrophied from lack of use. He jerked at his arm binder, he twisted his upper body back and forth causing the balls from his nipples to swing wildly, he jerked and twisted his hips from side to side, and he pushed forward on his booted hooves pushing his stomach against the bar. This caused the pickle to bounce wildly.

For at least half an hour he struggled and shook trying to eek some relief from the vibration of the three devices attached to the tender parts of his body. It was obvious that he would never find satisfaction the level of stimulus had been designed to obtain a high level of arousal but not to allow satisfaction. He was a horny pony. He couldn't help it. He had heard them say that it was because of the hormones they were feeding him. It wasn't fair to blame him for being so horny. He pictured Midnight again in his mind. He wanted to put his cock in her pussy. She was amazing. She was beautiful. He would do anything to put his cock in her. He was feeling so horny. How could he be so stimulated? It was the tormentor. There was no way he was going to get satisfaction. This was just going to make him crazy. He had to get it under control.

Jacob closed his eyes and struggled to freeze his body in place. The pickle had been so aggravated by his thrusting that it was bouncing from side to side. He looked at it and realized it would take a while to stop moving. He stared at it as if to will it to stop moving. Meanwhile the vibrating continued to course through him. He wanted to go with it. He wanted to move with it. It was trying to take him some place, but he knew he had to resist. He held his position. Sweat was breaking out on his forehead and chest, but he held his position.

Finally it was only swinging mildly. But it was still moving. Would it ever stop? He couldn't tell it if was stopped or still moving. He could perceive what looked like small movement, but it must have been still enough. The buzzing stopped.

Thank heaven. Now all he had to do was make it until morning without moving. He lasted maybe 30 minutes before he had to shift his body. The result, of course,

was that the pickle started to swing. That brought vibration from all three devices. It wasn't fair. He had held so still. It was only the slightest movement and now all of his tender spots were being assaulted again. He tried to hold his position but he could feel his nipples hardening and his cock trying to expand, pulling at its restraints. He needed some sexual relief. He screamed in frustration. Really bad idea - the shock surged through his body from his nipples to his cock. He shook involuntarily and everything was now in full motion.

This was completely unfair. They were giving him hormones to make him want sex, but they locked his cock so that it was useless and now they were stimulating him toward an end he knew was not available to him.

It took a long time to get his body under control and settle to the point that the devices connected to his body would stop moving and that eventually the teasing stimulation of the vibration would stop. He held his body motionless, but he felt tears forming in his eyes and rolling down his cheeks. This was too much. This was just too much.

Jacob was not sure if he had slept at all. His body felt stiff from holding it in position without movement, largely an unsuccessful endeavor. He had lost count of how many bouts he had with the vibrating devices over the course of the night. Most would be short term, he would shift his weight and one of the devices would start to swing gently, this was often joined by another. He would try to isolate the area with the swinging device and hold perfectly still until it stopped swinging, this often led to another device starting to swing, and then there was the involuntary reaction of his body to the vibration. He would look down and find that his hips were starting to move with the vibration adding more momentum to the swinging devices. He would groan - he had learned to do that silently - and focus on control. He could not believe how very long it took for the energy from the pendulum effect of these devices to dissipate to nothing. He kept hoping that they would run out of steam, but he usually gave in before they did. He had been kept at a state of sexual excitement for most of the night. He had not been allowed any release. If this was designed to control his sexual urges somebody should talk to the designer. Right now he would fuck anything if given

the chance. But he had learned how to hold perfectly still even though his mind was raging to gyrate, thrust and friction anything and everything.

He could tell from the light around him that it was morning, but he was still held on the bar with the tormentors attached. What time was it? When would someone come for him?

Finally he heard sounds in the stables. Trainers were coming for the ponies. He was held with his back to the gate so he could see nothing of what was going on. He could look back through his legs, but when he did this it started things swinging again. His body shuddered. Would they just leave him here all day? No, they couldn't. He had learned his lesson. He would be good. He would do whatever they wanted. It was no longer the day off. Would Sally come and rescue him? He needed Sally to come and take care of him.

The gate to his stall was opening. He could not tell who it was, but anyone would be welcome, anyone who would remove these devices and take him off this bar. Was it Delores? That would be fine too. He would run for her. She could take him out in the buggy. She could stand him right next to Midnight. He would control his urges. He wouldn't respond. He wouldn't even look at her.

There was a swat on his buttocks. Not hard, but enough to make everything start to swing, and, of course start to vibrate. "I let you have a nice day outside and what happens?" It was Sally's voice. Even though it was stern and disappointed, Jacob was thrilled to hear it.

He tried to turn toward her, but the clip to his nose ring prevented it. All he could do was make sounds through his gag trying to tell her how happy he was to see her.

"I thought you were a dedicated pony who could focus. Now I hear you're nothing but a randy little slut." She swatted his buttocks again.

He tried to say "I'm sorry, I will be good." It sounded like whinnying and no words were distinguishable even to Jacob.

"I hope you enjoyed your night on the sleeping bar. Maybe I should leave you a few more hours." He didn't want to be left on the bar. The vibrating devices were already starting to cause him discomfort. He shook his body violently. The devices were now all swinging wildly.

He felt her hand on his balls. It was gentle. "There, there, I know you can't completely help it. But you need to learn how to control yourself. Now be still." The "be still" was punctuated with the sharpness of command. He instantly stopped moving and froze.

"Good. I don't want to see so much as a ripple of a muscle for fifteen minutes." He heard his gate open and close. She had left him. He held position not daring to move. How would she know? He could not see what was going on back there. The gate had closed, and it sounded like she left, but she could still be watching him. He didn't dare move. He needed to be released from this bar. He needed the torment to stop. He knew that there was only one way. He had to obey her instructions fully and completely, letter and spirit.

It had to be fifteen minutes already. It seemed even longer. He had managed to hold perfectly still. He was afraid that his legs were going to start to shake from holding so firmly but somehow, he was able to will it away. He was as motionless as a guard at Buckingham castle. He was as motionless as a statue actor in the grand piazza at the Palazzo. Sally had told him to be still, and he was going to be still. He could tell that she was disappointed in him. He didn't want her to be disappointed. He needed her to be pleased with him. He had to show her how good he could be. He was sure that she was watching and that she could see how good he was being.

The devices had finally lost their momentum and come to a rest. The buzzing, of course, continued for a time, but now that was gone too.

He felt a hand on his back. He resisted the urge to move and stayed perfectly still.

"Good pony." It was Sally's voice. She patted his buttocks a few times, then he felt the movement of her hands between his legs as she removed the device that had tormented him throughout the night. Praise had never sounded so good.

She released the anchor to the line from his nose ring and he was allowed to stand straight for the first time all night. His body felt cramped, and he wished he could stretch, but he could not. She tied the leash line to a ring in the wall.

She removed the devices from his nipples. Sally removed the restraints holding his ankles. She then untied the leash from the ring, turned, and led him from his stall. He followed behind her. He was tired. He was sore. He was taken to the cleaning room where he was mucked and cleaned up. He hoped that he would then be returned to his stall and allowed to get some rest. Certainly, he should get some rest before returning to training, but it appeared that was not to be the case.

## **Chapters 7**

Sally led him to the tack room where he was once again saddled. At least he was walking, and that felt good. After the weight was placed on the saddle he was taken to the now familiar room where he had spent so many hours walking with the weight on his back. But this time things were different. Sally attached reins to the clips in his bridle. His hobble was removed.

He was conditioned to start walking in this room. He did not want to feel the shock on his nipples from failing to keep moving, but she held the reins tight, so he did not move. There were no shocks.

"Kneel." She directed. He was surprised at the command and stood without moving. The swish of air and the sudden burn to his flank drew his attention back to her.

"Kneel." The command was repeated. He dropped to his knees. She held him in that position, walking around him tapping with her crop to keep his chin up and

his back straight. The position quickly grew uncomfortable, but he held the position. He did not want to disappoint her anymore.

After what seemed like a long time she commanded: "Up." He stood. It was not that easy. Without the use of his arms and with a heavy weight on the saddle on his back he almost lost his balance. When he came to a standing position, she tapped his legs until he brought his feet together and stood straight. Once again, she left him in position for a time.

Then she repeated the process. "Kneel." A pause then "Up." As she went over and over the commands he became more accustomed to the movement and it became smoother. She tapped his body for correction when he moved out of line in his actions.

After quite a long time and many repetitions there was a new command: "Mount." He did not know what to do and she gave him no verbal direction. Instead, she tapped at the back of his right knee. He dropped to his knees. He was no sooner on his knees than she was tapping with the crop at the back of his left leg. He tried to look at her, but the tapping became stronger. "Mount." She repeated. Damn it, why didn't she just tell him what to do. He lifted his left leg so that his left hoof was on the ground. He started to lift his body from there, but she pushed down on his shoulders holding him in that position. He understood. It meant right knee on the ground, left leg up.

He held that position while she corrected for posture. Finally, she commanded: "Up." He stood.

Now the training went through all three commands. When he reversed and placed his left knee on the ground with the right leg up, she delivered a painful swat from her crop and repeated the "Mount" command until he changed legs.

While this does not seem a terribly stressful exercise, with a hundred pounds on his back it really was quite a workout, and he was soon sweating. She watered him and let him rest for a time in the mount position.

She came around to his left side and surprised him by stepping with her left foot onto his left leg. Her hands were positioned on his shoulders. He could feel weight on his left leg as she transferred her weight to it and stood. He wobbled but held his position. She lowered herself down and stepped off.

"Good boy." She seemed pleased and that pleased Jacob very much.

"Up." She commanded. He stood.

She moved around behind him and took the reins over his shoulders. She was now about four feet behind him holding the reins from his bridle.

"Walk." She commanded. He knew this one and he stepped out moving forward. She walked behind keeping only a gently pressure on the reins. This was not unlike what he had been doing in previous training, except that suddenly he felt a pressure on the right rein. He turned his head to the right slightly. He did not need direction at the meaning, it was almost instinctive. He followed the pressure turning to the right until the pressure let up. He walked on straight until he felt pressure on the left rein and followed its lead.

"Really?" She was training him to the reins. This seemed silly to him, but he knew better than to do other than as commanded. He followed the lead. At one point she pulled back on both reins. Well, he had ridden horses, he knew that meant stop, and he did. Then she shook the reins against his back. He moved forward.

It was humiliating to be commanded by reins as a horse. He should not agree to this. She had no right to do this to him, but she certainly had the power to do it, and he knew that if he did not cooperate, he would be subjected to pain until he did. In the end he knew he would cooperate because there was nothing else that he could do. He knew that she knew that as well. He did the only thing he could do. He obeyed.

The training went on for what seemed like hours. Occasionally she would stop him, command him to "Kneel" or "Mount" positions, then back to "Up" and on with the rein training. He did notice over time that he became more attuned to

subtleties in the pressure of the reins causing him to adjust the degree of movement to the amount of pressure.

Finally, he was allowed to rest, his reins were hitched to a ring in the wall and he was watered. Sally then left the corral. He was very tired and wanted more than anything to be able to lie down, but there was not enough slack in the reins to do anything but stand, so stand he did.

Training to the reins was continued through the morning. After being watered and fed for the mid-day break, Jacob was worked on a lunge line, saddled but without the weight. Sally worked him through gaits and the change of gait from standing to walking to trotting even introducing the canter.

Jacob found that he was adapting to his hooves as if he had always walked on the balls of his feet. He even found there was an extra spring to his step. He knew there was a metal arch in the hoof boot. He learned that it was not completely ridged but had some flex. As he learned to canter, he could really feel the extra spring and felt it add to his speed.

As the day's training ended, Jacob was exhausted. He was so tired that by the time he got back to his stall he could only think about laying down and getting some sleep. He was so happy to be off his feet and able to rest.

For days they repeated this training. Rein training in the morning, gait training in the afternoon. Jacob found he was adjusting to the weight on his back and to responding to both the verbal and physical commands. He was also becoming more comfortable with the gaits, establishing a proper speed and step for both the trot and canter, although he continued to practice with only an empty saddle on his back. He knew he was making progress and was pleased that Sally seemed happy with his performance. He felt the bite of the whip far less frequently.

Sometime into the next week. He figured it had been a week because there was a day without training. Thankfully he was not required to pull a cart that day but instead was allowed to spend most of it in the daylight outside relaxing with the rest of the herd in the big corral. It was nice to be able to walk around or at least



move around, he was still restrained and hobbled. He noticed that the three senior ponies grouped together and would even rub their bodies against one another. He wanted to be a part of that. He moved over to within five feet of them, but he was given a stern look from the big stallion that made it clear he was not, at least yet, invited to join in. He stood nearby and looked on longingly. Then he sought out Local Girl. She was standing alone in one corner of the corral looking wistfully over the top of the fence at the meadow nearby. The top rail of the corral was just at shoulder level, but restrained as they were it was sufficient height to keep all the ponies within.

Jacob wanted to rub his body against hers as he had seen the other ponies doing, but he felt he needed some sign first. They were both virtually naked, and although he had been looking at her body including her bare breasts for weeks and even though their state of dress felt normal now, he had never had skin to skin contact with her. They were always separated standing helplessly in their own stalls. He came up next to her moving close enough that their shoulders touched. She did not pull or move away. She just kept staring out across the field.

Her look was one of sadness and longing. He was sure she was considering her former life, the challenge that she would soon face, and the prospect of remaining a pony for the rest of her days. He looked out across the field. To her it was familiar, to him it was not. He wondered if her proximity to the signs of her freedom made it easier or harder for her. At least she had a chance at freedom. He was very jealous of that. Nobody here had any intention of giving him a shot at freedom. He glanced at Local Girl reminded of their conversations. Even if she were free, she would not help him. She would instead be perfectly happy to use him as a pony. "I hope you fail and stay a pony forever." He thought. If he couldn't be free, then she should not either. He felt immediately guilty for his thoughts. He was happy that it had only been in his head. He hoped that his eyes had not communicated what he was feeling.

Jacob had completely lost track of how long he had been in training. His shoulders had stopped aching and even the natural tendency to use an arm only to have the motion stopped by his restraints had all but disappeared. His muscle memory performed all required tasks as if he had never had arms.

There was a change in the training. Instead of being led into the building for rein training, after the weight was attached to Jacob's saddle, he was instead taken to the ring used with the lunge line for gait training. Jacob was started at a walk. He was used to this with the weight, but when he was commanded to trot, he found that the addition of the weight on his back made this task much more difficult. He also realized that he was going to tire much more quickly.

After only several laps of the ring he was taken back to a walk. Even slowing gaits was difficult as the weight changed the entire dynamic of the movements. The saddle was designed to distribute the weight from his shoulders down to his waist and hips, but it was still a hundred pounds of weight above his waist.

When he was directed to a trot again, he overcommitted to the movement and the weight carried him forward, off his feet, and into the ground. Sally did not say anything. She did not come to check to see that he was ok. She flipped the reins and lightly tapped with the whip signaling him to rise. When he was slow to move and get his feet below him the tap of the whip increased to a sting. Knowing that its bite was next he moved with more urgency. Finally, he was on his feet and walking again.

He was signaled again to go to a trot. This was not easy. By the morning break he was feeling tired, but he had a pretty good feel for the mechanics of changing gaits. At least moving from a walk to a trot and back again. He had fallen only one more time, this time it was on reducing from the trot to the walk.

By the noon break he was very tired. As the noon break approached Sally had held him at a trot for what seemed like forever. The weight on his back seemed to have gotten much heavier. At one point he turned his head toward her giving her a pleading look. This was rewarded with a sharp bite of the whip to his flank. He almost lost his balance, after that he kept his eyes forward and dug deeply to keep up the pace. When she finally moved him to a walk, he almost wanted to fall to the ground just to get some relief, but he knew she would just whip him until he was back on his feet so he resisted the urge.

The weight on his saddle was removed for the midday feeding and watering, but it was replaced for afternoon training and Jacob found himself back on the lunge line walking and trotting with the heavy weight firmly mounted on his saddle.

Occasionally Sally would stop him and run through position commands.

When the midafternoon break came, Jacob's entire body ached. As usual he had been led to a side of the ring where he was reined to a ring on the wall then watered before Sally left for her break. He did the only thing he could do. He stood with the weight on his back waiting for his trainer to return and resume his training. He knew there was no way he could continue. He knew that his legs were going to collapse. He was just too tired. She could not expect him to endure this any longer. He wasn't even sure he could keep standing, but with his reins tied to a ring with only about 18" of slack he really had no choice. It was just so unfair.

The break seemed longer than usual. Jacob could not tell if it was really longer, or it was just because he was so tired and having to fight exhaustion just to keep on his feet with no relief from the heavy weight on his back.

When Sally finally returned, he was actually happy to see her and anxious to have her release his reins from the ring in the wall. It even felt good to be back on the lunge line walking in a circle, moving seemed easier than standing with this stupid weight on his saddle.

Sally did require him to trot during the afternoon session, but less often and not for long periods. She seemed to be gauging what she thought he could do. And somehow Jacob had done what she expected. He was not sure how much of it was his desire to please her and how much was just fear of the whip. He was too tired to make much sense out of anything other than mindless focus on the demand at hand.

When he was finally led from the training ring he moved mechanically as he was stripped of the weight and his saddle, mucked, and cleaned, and finally returned

to his stall. By the time Sally had closed and locked the stall door Jacob was already in the corner on the floor. Never had it felt so good to get off his feet.

To Jacob's dismay the training over the next days was exactly the same, working with a weighted saddle on a lunge line. To his surprise Jacob was finding it easier to perform. Sally was also holding him at a trot for longer and longer periods of time. He knew he was growing stronger; he could see it on his body. The combination of the heavy training and the steroids they were feeding him were having their effect.

He had good muscle definition prior to being taken and he had considered himself to be in good shape, but nothing like he was becoming. His legs now looked like those of a serious weightlifter. On the other hand, his waist seemed trimmer, and his abs were perfect. He would love to work this body in a nice club. He would be able to attract the females easily. But what kind of hit would he be with his arms locked up behind his back? Maybe more than he thought.

He could not really see his arms, but he knew they were not bulking. He imagined that if they were released, they would seem to not belong to the rest of the body he now sported. Once a week they would be removed for a short time from the armbinder. This occurred when his body was given a careful inspection and cleaning, but prior to the release of his arms he was bent forward, and his head was locked into a metal stock. It clamped tightly around his neck keeping his body down almost parallel to the ground. His waist was also secured as were his ankles. Thus, when his arms were released, he was in no position to resist or use them in any meaningful way. He could not even see them because of the stock locked around his head. From feel he could tell that each arm, removed only one at a time, would be inspected, massaged, and cleansed before being locked tightly back into the armbinder behind his back.

Another day in the big corral signaled the end of another week. Had he been in the corral twice or was it more. He thought it was more. Why could he not clearly remember? Jacob knew nobody would miss him. He had already dropped off the radar when he came here. Was this really what the rest of his life would be? Well, no, he was still in training. After training it would be something else. But whatever it was it would involve him as a trained domesticated beast. Unless something

happened to change his condition, he was to be owned and controlled and perform as instructed and trained. He was to live in a stable as a horse, to carry loads as a pack animal, to pull carts, and probably even be ridden. Unless he could figure a way to get out of here, he would never again make his own decisions and he knew that fear of the whip and punishment would make him compliant to all the demands placed upon him. And the continued combination of the drugs they were giving him and the coping of his own mind would drive away all hope for a return to his former life - not that it had been that great.

Conversation in the stable had been slight. Jacob had not felt prone to starting any discussion, partly because he was always so very tired and partly because there did not seem to be anything to talk about. Even though the others in the stable shared his situation, he did not feel like sharing his feelings and he was finding he was less interested in what the other ponies felt. The past was gone, and the future was becoming all too predictable.

There had been a pensive day standing in the big corral looking out at the road that led down and eventually out of the valley. The road a free person could travel. But a road that a restrained and corralled pony could not even reach, let alone follow. His old life, his freedom, lay somewhere down that road but it was beyond his reach.

Jacob was saddled and weighted and returned to work on the lunge line. He was rested after a day without exertion as a result of his increased conditioning. He knew that there were more levels of training to be reached but he was still somehow surprised when he was signaled not to slow to a walk from his trot but instead to move to the canter. He had never practiced this gait with the weight on his saddle, but this was to be the next level. Even though he had developed the muscle memory necessary to change from a walk to a trot and back again, the increase in gait to the canter was a challenge. Mercifully he did not fall, but it felt clumsy, and he stumbled the first few times he tried. But, like everything else he had learned, smoothness and precision came with the practice and by day's end it was feeling natural.

A major complication was that he now had to pay much more attention during the trot. He had to be attuned to the command and not just to the relief of moving down in speed. The level of exertion required to hold a canter over time with the weight was also a challenge. For the first few days Sally only held him at a canter for brief periods. She seemed more interested in mastering the transition, but as she had done with the trot Jacob knew that the length of the demanded pace would increase. They did.

As during prior training, he would be worked, then watered and rested - standing hitched to a ring in the wall - then worked again before either the mid-day break or the end of the day's session. By the time he was given another rest day in the corral he was able to maintain the canter carrying his weighted saddle for very long periods of time. Being allowed to trot which had once been the height of exertion now was a relief he looked forward to.

Back in his stall, Jacob once again was quick to lie down with little interest in what else might be happening around him. After all, nothing ever happened except ponies standing or sleeping in their stalls. At first it had been hard for Jacob to find comfortable positions with his arms held behind his back and his legs hobbled, but he had come up with a few and now he was able to sleep quite well. Part of that was due to the exhausted state he was usually in when he got back to his stall. He was usually so bone tired he was asleep within minutes.

There was a lot of commotion. It was much more than just the normal clip clop of a pony on the concrete. There were the sound of hoofs, but no rhythm or even pattern, and there was the sound of heavy breathing and muffled curses.

Jacob rose and went to his gate. The sound was coming from his right. He saw three figures. One of the trainers, he was not certain what her name was, held a leash line. It was connected to a ring in the nose of a young man. He looked to be about Jacob's age. He was fit. His build was similar to what Jacob's had been prior to being bulked up over the weeks he had been here. He had dark hair. His body was a golden tan color, evident by the contrasting whiteness of the tan lines surrounding his groin area. The white was consistent with a slim style swimsuit.

A high collar was fixed around his neck. His arms were not visible, disappearing behind his back, clearly held in the familiar armbinder restraint. His cock was pulled down, but clearly visible from Jacob's point of view.

His feet, encased in the same type of high arched pony boots worn by Jacob and the other occupants of the stable, were held with a tight hobble. He was twisting his upper body and Jacob could see the muscles in his arms and shoulders rippling as he struggled in his bindings.

Behind him was Sally. She was holding the end of a line in both hands and appeared to be pulling backwards.

The young man was gagged, but loud grunts and attempts at vocalization filled the space. He was resisting the leash to his nose, stepping from side to side as much as forward. Then he jerked forward as if he were trying to body slam the girl holding the leash to his nose, but he came up short due to the pressure from behind. Sally's line was attached to the control ring around his scrotum. She was keeping him from rushing forward and as she jerked backwards, he bent forward at the waist.

Unable to reach the woman to his front but forced to move forward or suffer further pain to his nose he moved to a new tactic. He dropped to his knees in the middle of the corridor. Jacob heard a slight buzzing sound, then saw his upper body shake and tremble as he twisted from side to side and released a scream.

Jacob saw a small black box, no more than 3" by 4" hanging from a clip at the front ring of his collar. Wires from the small box were attached by alligator clips to rings in each of the young man's nipples. Jacob was sure that the piercing was new. The buzzing and the shaking of the upper body stopped. The woman in the front applied pressure to the leash line to the nose. The young man lifted his head and looked at her but did not move from his knees.

Jacob could see something in the hand of the woman in front. She pointed that hand toward the young man, made a motion and the buzzing, twitching, and screaming started again. It continued for another three or four seconds. Then it

stopped once more. She tightened the leash line. Jacob knew that the man was being shocked, and from the looks of his reaction, it was more severe than the shocks Jacob had received during his training in the ring. Jacob remembered how much it had hurt and felt sorry for the young man.

The young man was struggling again, but this time it was struggling to stand on the steep hoofs. The woman seemed to understand what he was doing and allowed him to work his way back to his feet without further shocks. As soon as he had regained his footing, she was again pulling on the line urging him forward. He moved haltingly, but he moved forward.

The woman had opened the gate to the stall to the left of the new girl and guided the man in. He looked at Jacob standing at the gate of his stall, his expression was one of confusion and horror. He moved forward but he balked at the threshold of the stall. Sally used the end of the line she held to slash across his buttocks, and he jumped forward, as much in surprise as pain, although Jacob knew that such a blow did, in fact, hurt.

As Sally followed them into the stall, she closed the gate. The man quickly disappeared from view. Jacob knew they had taken him to the floor, but was not sure how they had accomplished it. He knew that the trainers were very familiar with the workings of their restraints and that the young man had no chance of resisting them in his current state.

There was sound from inside the stall, but all three figures were gone from sight.

After several minutes, the two women left the stall, then closed and latched the gate. As the gate was opened for the exit of the two women, Jacob caught a quick glimpse of the young man lying on the floor of the stall facing toward the back with his legs pulled up toward his buttocks.

Sally looked at Jacob and smiled, then she and the other woman left the stable.

Sounds of movement emanated from the now closed stall. Jacob knew that the young man was secured in a tight hogtie. Jacob knew that he was trying to find a



way to release himself from his predicament. Jacob knew that he would not be successful and that eventually he would tire, give up, and do what all tired ponies did when left restrained in their stalls - sleep.

Jacob stood looking at the closed stall door for a moment. Local Girl and Reluctant Pony were standing at the gates to their stalls. If the other ponies further up the stable had paid any attention they were now not to be seen. None of the three standing at their gates said anything. They looked at each other and then, one by one, they moved from the gate and returned to their straw to resume their rest. They all knew that rest should be taken when it was available.

When Sally came for Jacob the next morning there was no sign of movement from the newly occupied stall. Jacob glanced quickly in that direction but then turned his attention to what he knew would be, and what was, in fact, a hard day of training.

As Jacob was returned to his stall at the end of the day, he lifted his legs high and pranced as he had been trained and as Sally expected. He had long ago learned that whenever he was not hobbled, he raised each leg until the upper leg was parallel with the floor on every step. Even a minor defalcation could mean a painful swat across the buttocks or thigh. As Jacob pranced toward his stall, he saw the new pony standing at the gate to his stall. The new pony was looking at Jacob in a combination of horror and utter disbelief. At first this puzzled Jacob, then he smiled to himself. He has no idea how a pony walks. He certainly has a lot to learn.

Sally guided Jacob into his stall, tied his reins to a ring until she had hobbled him, and only then removed his harness and bit and hung them from the hook in his stall. "Good boy." She said as she patted him on the side of the head, then turned and left the stall closing and carefully latching the gate as she went. Jacob stepped to the gate and watched Sally walk away. His eyes did not leave her until she had disappeared.

Local Girl had come to her gate with the sound of Jacob's return. Even though she endured pony training, her training always seemed shorter in duration than Jacob and she almost always was back in her stall before him.

"What is this freak show?" The young man, New Pony, was looking at Jacob as he spoke.

"It is a pony farm. They train humans to be ponies. The emphasis here is on stallions like you and me." Jacob's explanation sounded strange to him as the words came out. He thought he should say more but was not immediately sure what it would be.

"Fuck that. I'm not letting anyone turn me into a fucking horse." New Pony was now looking up and down the inside of the stable and moving in a very agitated state.

"You don't get a say in the matter. You do as you're told, or they punish you. It looked like you got a little of that last night." Again, Jacob's words sounded wrong.

"That fucking shock thing hurt like hell. But I'm still not going to do what they want. Fuck that. Why don't you fight them?" He stopped moving and concentrated on Jacob.

"Because you can't win. They can just keep applying pain until you can't take it anymore then you do what they want. You might as well do what they want from the start and avoid the pain." Jacob felt sad as he relayed the truism.

"There has to be a way out of here. They can't keep people as animals. It just isn't possible."

"Look around. Do you see a way out?"

New Pony was now moving in an agitated fashion again, back and forth at the gate along with a forward and back motion within the area of the gate. He was

also pulling and twisting at his arms and shoulders. "My arms and shoulders are hurting. I need to get this thing off and move them." The volume was less assertive than the earlier statements he had made. Jacob was not sure to what extent the statement was meant to be directed at him or statements to himself.

"The pain pretty much goes away in a few days. After a few weeks you don't feel anything."

New Pony's mouth was hanging open, but his eyes were fixed on Jacob. "I can't take this for a couple of weeks. I can't take this for a couple of days. I need this thing off now." He turned and was trying to rub the armbinder against the edge of the gate.

"You don't think we all didn't try that? It has straps on the inside and flaps over the outside. It does not come off. You will get used to it because you have no choice." Jacob was feeling irritated. What did this guy think they were doing?

"I don't want to be here. I can't be here. I have things I have to do. That fucking bitch. When I get my hands on her she will be so sorry." New Pony kicked the door of the stall and shook his body back and forth.

"Look dude." Jacob paused. "This isn't a fucking pleasure resort. None of us signed up for this. We are all here against our will. So, what happened? Did you get arrested by the local sheriff or tricked with expectations of sex?" Jacob thought he should see if he could calm him down a bit.

"Alcohol and sex . . . I guess. I had her in the back of my car after I picked her up. At least I thought I had picked her up. She told me she was going to do something that would rock my world. I still can't believe I let her move my hands behind me and fasten handcuffs around my wrists. I didn't see it coming until it had happened. But before I could make a fuss she unbuckled by pants and pulled them down. That changed my focus back to sex." New Pony blushed and looked at Local Girl before looking back to Jacob and continuing. "When she got the pants down to the top of my knees, she retightened the belt. That made it very hard to move my legs. She kept my attention by going to my shirt, unbuttoning it,

and laying it back on my hands. I guess I was already fucked, but I didn't know it yet. When she pulled a bag over my head and cinched it at the neck, I knew I was in trouble, but there was nothing I could do."

"Then she brought you here?" Jacob said in an understanding voice.

"Pretty much. I tried to fight but there were at least three of them and they kept me always secured in some way. I couldn't believe it when they pierced my nose and nipples, but when they put the ring in my cock . . . it was the worst thing that has ever happened to me." New Pony was looking down as best he could with the high collar around his neck.

"That one made me crazy too." Jacob commiserated. "I still hate it. They keep your cock locked to your balls. When you get excited, it hurts like hell. And when a young woman is soaping and washing your cock and balls it is hard not to react."

"A woman washes your cock and balls, is that for sex?" There was an almost hopeful tone to New Pony's voice.

"Not hardly. We don't get any sex. Your cock stays locked to your balls." Jacob paused and watched New Pony's reaction to this. "You do get washed at the end of every day. But with your arms secured behind you a trainer does it."

"They don't let your arms go to clean up?" New Pony's eyes were wide again.

"No. We are so much stronger than they are. They have been training and handling human ponies around here for decades. Not only do they keep your arms restrained you will always be reined, hitched, or hobbled so you can't even run . . . not that there is anywhere to go." Jacob shook his head from side to side in as sympathetic a fashion as he could. He remembered his first few days here. He remembered the mixture of fear, hope, and dread.

New Pony looked at Jacob then turned away from the gate and retreated into his stall.

## Chapter 8

Jacob was surprised the following morning when he was saddled but no weight was placed on the saddle. He had become so used to the weight. As he pranced behind Sally away from the tack room, he felt light on his feet.

He was led to an enclosed corral in which he had not previously worked. At one side of the corral, there was a small gate that opened into an enclosed area only about three feet across and five feet deep. The sides of the chute rose to Jacob's shoulders.

Jacob was led into the chute and then faced toward the gate. A trainer stood in the corral next to the gate. She took hold of the side of Jacob's bridle then fed his reins back over his shoulders. He could not see Sally. She was somewhere behind him, but he could feel the pressure on his reins. His first instinct was to back up, but the woman holding his bridle kept his head at the gate.

Something new was happening and that made Jacob nervous. He had become so used to the routine of his training. What was this? Jacob felt something behind him. He wanted to turn to see what was going on but the woman in front kept a tight grip on his bridle. Then he felt weight. It was a sensation like what he felt when the weight was attached to his saddle but there were subtle differences. He felt pressure pulling down on the front of his harness as well as the weight on his back. He also noticed that the weight shifted between the saddle on his back and the front of the harness.

Jacob wanted to know what was going on. He started to shift his feet. He tried to turn toward the pressure. He needed to see what was happening behind him. The woman in front looked into his eyes and kept a firm grip on the side of his bridle. "Easy boy." She said and stroked his head with the other hand.

Even though Jacob knew he could not turn his head, and even though he knew the blinkers prevented him from seeing anything other than what was in front of him, his eyes kept moving from one side to the other trying to grasp a glimpse of

something. "It's ok, relax." She continued to stroke his head as she spoke in a soothing tone. Jacob could now hear breathing close behind him.

The weight behind him and from the front of the harness stopped moving. The woman in front reached down with her free hand and opened the gate to the chute. Only then did she release her hold on his bridle and step away.

Jacob's first thought was to turn and see what was going on behind him, but before he could act on that thought he felt a sting on each of his flanks, felt pressure closed on each side of his waist, there was a distinct signal from his reins to walk and heard Sally's voice. "Ehahaa." Her voice was close. Very close. Right in his ear.

His training instinct took over and he stepped forward into the corral. He could now not only hear the breathing behind him he could feel the breath on the right side of his neck. He was being ridden. He started to turn to his right, as if he could turn and see what was on his back. A sharp pull on his left rein straightened him out. He walked forward lifting his knees and maintaining his perfect walking gait.

He had only walked half the side of the corral when he felt the reins signal a change of gait. This was accompanied by the sting in his flanks. "My God." He thought. "She is wearing spurs." Jacob did not think about what to do. He was far too well trained for that. By the time the spurs revelation went through his mind he was already two steps into his trot.

With the increase in gait, he could tell that his rider shifted more of her weight to the stirrups that hung from the front of the harness. This improved his balance. He could tell that Sally - he assumed that she was the rider - was an experienced rider. As she moved him into turns, she would move her weight with him. Again, it was much easier than carrying the dead weight he had used in training so far.

But there was something so fundamentally different about this. He had a live person on his back. He was being ridden like a horse. It was not that it was a big surprise. The thing they strapped to his back every day had been a saddle. He had expected that at some point he would be ridden. But this was it.

When someone holds you on a leash or lunge line, even when they walk in front or behind holding reins to your mouth you know that you are under control. You know that you must obey their commands even if you do not want to. But this, this was 'intimate'. That was the only word that he could think of that described how he felt. He could feel her against him. Her upper legs pressed against the top of his hips. Her lower legs moved. When he walked, they were down at almost a 90 degree angle to the stirrups, but as she moved him to a trot she pulled them back so that her lower legs actually wrapped around his flanks. His body was completely bare in this area and even though she wore jeans, her movement was all against his naked flesh.

She sat in the saddle that curved out from near his waist. She leaned forward pressing her body against the padding that supported the saddle to his back. Even though there were many layers of thick leather between them, in his mind, he could feel her breasts pushed into his shoulders.

Her head was to the right, her chin just above his right shoulder so that her head was just slightly higher than his. If he were able to turn his head, he could have brought their faces together. He, of course, could not do this. In fact, with the blinkers in place, he could not even see her. He hated that. He should at least be able to glance at her.

Jacob had wondered what it would be like to be ridden. Much of the time, he had told himself that such an indignity would be too much. They could make him do the other things they required because they could just stand off at a distance and beat him. That would not work with a rider. He had thought of all the things he could do to keep them from putting a person on his back, the ways he could throw such a person if they tried, the ways he could get even with his tormentors if they were stupid enough to place themselves in this position. But none of those feelings were present now.

As he was trotted and walked around the corral, he felt connected to his rider in a way that he could never have imagined. It was like she belonged there. He tossed his head as best he could and released a sound that was somewhere between a

neigh and a battle call. It surprised his rider, he could feel her flinch, but it had surprised him as well. This was not supposed to feel good. This was supposed to be bad. But this did feel good. He liked it. He couldn't wait to canter, but that was not going to happen today.

The following day as Jacob was saddled and let from the tack room, he was anxious to feel Sally on his back once more. He was anxious to try new things. The first happened almost immediately. He was not put in the chute for mounting. Instead, Sally led him into the corral and immediately commanded "Mount". Suddenly the command made sense. Jacob had been well enough trained that he was on one knee before thinking about the purpose and meaning of the command. Sally stepped onto his upper leg, put her arms around his neck and swung into the saddle. The movement was smooth and quick, and he barely felt the weight of her foot on his leg before she was in the saddle and had put her feet into the stirrups. Then she commanded "Up." He stood with no difficulty. He had been practicing this move with a weighted saddle and she presented no greater challenge.

Today they did canter, but only for brief periods mostly focusing on changing gait and maneuvering. She used her knees against his sides. As they turned to the right, he could feel the left knee pushed into his side. To turn to the left it was the right knee. Both knees tapping meant to go or speed up. Both knees held tightly meant to slow or stop.

The degree of pressure determined the sharpness of the turning motion. Jacob got used to the combination of the knees against his side and the pull on the reins. Barrels had been set up in the corral and they worked around the barrels changing directions and speeds. Very quickly, he was moving around the barrels at her command at a canter.

When he returned to his stall that night, he felt very pleased with himself. The mood in the stable was an interesting mix. Local Girl was excited. The big festival was only about two weeks away and she had received confirmation that she would run for her freedom at the festival. "Two weeks and I will be free." She said to Jacob.



"If you manage to evade the hunters. What do you think your chances are?"

"I grew up here. I have played in those woods my whole life. I know every tree and every rock. I only need to make it five miles. I like my chances." She lifted her chin as she spoke, but Jacob could see her twisting her arms inside her armbinder. Her restraint made it all too clear the significance of what she faced and what would happen if she failed. Jacob thought there was a touch of self-reassuring bravado in her comments. He decided that he would not do anything to bring her down. Sometimes he liked her a lot. Other times he resented her and wished her ill. Today he liked her.

The reverse mood was New Pony. He was miserable. His training was not going well. He hated the training and fought everything. He was not at all reconciled to the fact that he could not get away or that they were not about to be rescued. He had been severely beaten for not having enough enthusiasm, even when he tried to do the things they commanded. Jacob had tried to tell him that you get used to it; that as soon as you accept your role and your mistress, things will be much better. The response was a hateful stare. Jacob shrugged his shoulders and returned to his stall.

Jacob was in a very good mood. He had enjoyed - no, he had loved - what he was doing now. He couldn't wait for what was next. He couldn't wait to get out on open road, flying across the fields with Sally hugging in against his back and neck. He was getting very good at cutting direction and changing speed.

In the days that followed even the reins disappeared. Sally was close enough that she could always use her hand at the bridle, but that is not what she did. The signals were all through her knees against his hips. She may touch her spurs to his flanks as well, not often, and never enough to puncture the skin. The spurs were a signal to go fast and go quickly. He had learned how to canter, but now he was learning how to burst into a full gallop. That was not a prolonged speed, but over a short distance they could cover a lot of ground and still be ready to cut in another direction. It almost felt like their brains were connected. Sally would

think of a maneuver and Jacob would do it. He was very proud of himself, and Sally was thrilled.

At the end of a training day, before she mucked and cleaned him, she stopped outside the tack room, held his bridle in one hand and stroked his head with the other.

"You have done so well. I knew you would do well, but the progress is much greater than I even hoped. I have entered us in the calf-roping event at the festival. I think you will enjoy it. We will get in some practice next week."

The stroking continued as she looked into his eyes with a softness that Jacob had not seen in almost a year. He returned the look and mustered as close to a smile as could be done with the bit in his mouth. He said nothing. He knew better than to try to speak and he did not want to ruin the mood. Instead, he lowered his head and nuzzled her cheek. She giggled. They did not move for minutes. He held his head against hers moving it only slightly as she stroked the sides and back of his head and neck. He was ready to stand there all night if she kept on, but finally she stopped and gently led him into the muck room. As she cleaned him, her hands would touch much more intimate parts of his body, but that was just performing a required task, he longed for the moment they had shared earlier.

Jacob's mind told him that there should have been a rest day. He was sure they had worked more than six days, but he no longer knew the days of the week or the months of the year. Nobody bothered to communicate such things to ponies. Ponies did not need calendars. If they were given a rest day they rested or more likely frolicked in the corral with other ponies or stood around and enjoyed the breeze and the air. If there was training to be done, they were trained. Training was hard and expectations were always high. It was frequently painful to the pony, but Jacob understood that the pain was an important part of proper training and pain was never administered unfairly. If ponies were needed for work of some kind, they would do that. It might involve being ridden, pulling a cart, or just performing in front of people for the pleasure of their owner. Ponies did not plan their day. Ponies did what they were called upon to do.

Jacob had become so used to the feel of Sally on his back that he almost missed it when she was not there. When she signaled a turn, their bodies moved together. Jacob loved the exercise where they headed straight for a barrel at full speed. Then when they were almost upon it, Sally would choose and signal the direction to go around the barrel, sometimes straightening out for the next barrel sometimes turning completely around the barrel. Jacob almost never got it wrong.

The next phase, however, frightened him. After having him assume the mount position Sally closed his blinkers and clipped them. He could see nothing. He wondered what he had done, then he felt Sally step onto his leg and swing into the saddle. He stood when signaled but felt very disoriented.

When Sally first signaled him to walk, he balked. Then he felt her spurs in his flank. He had almost forgotten about them. He had been doing so well that he had not felt them in a long time. This time they hurt. He jumped forward and started to walk. If he had arms, he would have held one in front of him. But he had no arms. And now he had no eyes either. He was completely dependent on Sally.

He trusted her. He trusted their ability to work together. So, why did everything seem so different? Instead of just feeling the signals, he was waiting for them. He could not see the barrels. He could not see the sides to the corral. But he knew they were there. He was only walking. Sally signaled him left. He turned. Then she signaled him right. He turned.

Then she signaled trot. "Really?" He couldn't do that. But he did. She kept him at a trot for a long time. He had completely lost his sense of spatial orientation. He did not know if she was approaching the barrels from the front or the side or even not at all. Soon he forgot about what was around him and let his body follow only the signals. He had not hit anything. She didn't want him to trip. She would not want him injured, but what if he fell on her? She could be hurt.

He was surprised, but not intimidated when they moved to a canter. Now he was having fun. He was even ready to gallop. He could tell that she was working him at

the barrels now. There was a slight difference in the air density around a barrel. It was like he could feel their presence as she guided him around at ever increasing speeds and sharpness of cuts.

Half of his training was now with closed blinkers and half with them open. Jacob was comfortable either way. If he could feel her close on his neck and as long as he could hear and feel her breath, he was relaxed. Her body would push forward up against his back when she wanted speed. She would slip down and back when he should slow and stop. She still gave verbal commands, but Jacob hardly needed them now.

Sally taught him a new command. The command was "Hold". But it was not what he expected. It did not mean stand still. It meant keep pressure. Sally connected a rope from the pommel of her saddle to a sandbag. The rope ran over Jacob's shoulder so he could face the bag which was sitting on the ground. On the command of "Hold" he tightened up the rope. He was not to drag the bag, just keep the rope tense. If Sally pushed the bag toward him, he would back up. He would lean slightly to the rear, not enough to risk losing his balance, but enough to use the weight of his body to keep the rope under pressure.

It was more difficult when the blinkers were closed. Sally was not on his back for this exercise. He had to take his command from her verbally and respond based upon the feel of the rope over his shoulder. He sensed the bag being moved to the side, he moved back and circled keeping it in front of him. He wasn't sure what this was for, but he knew he was getting it right because Sally praised him, patted his head, and gave him a sugar cube. He liked the sugar, but he enjoyed the praise and the pat far more.

Jacob was not sure what calf roping would be. He knew what it looked like in a regular rodeo, but here it could be anything. The only thing he was sure of is that Sally would be the rider and that he would be the horse.

It was morning and they were in a meadow. Sally had ridden Jacob here. Local Girl had been running along behind them. She was completely naked. Not even a pony harness, no belt, no breast support, no crotch strap, not even boots. All she

wore was cuffs at her elbows joined with about six inches of chain and a collar around her neck from which a line led to a ring on Jacob's saddle so that she would follow.

When she was first led out of the stables naked at the end of the rope Jacob realized that although he had been across the corridor of the stable from her for many weeks (probably months) he had never really seen her body. The stable gate came to just below her shoulders. Jacob had not realized how pretty she was. Her breasts were not large, but pert with turned up nipples. Jacob could feel himself expanding. He felt like he should feel guilty seeing her naked and not in pony tack, but he didn't. Instead, he just enjoyed looking at her and felt it was somehow right.

Jacob felt a pressure on his reins as he was turned away from her. "Ok, boy, we have work to do." Sally said. "Mount". He dropped to his knee and felt Sally slide into the saddle. "Up". He stood and then they were off down the road. Jacob did not see Local Girl again until they got to the meadow.

They had entered through a gate. Sally removed the rope from Local Girl's collar. Then she mounted Jacob again. She gave a command to Local Girl of "Go". Local Girl took off running across the meadow.

Sally waited a full 10 seconds and then using her knees signaled Jacob to start at a canter. She did not have him fall into the same line as Local Girl. Instead, she put him on a tack to the left. Jacob was at full gallop and covering a lot of distance. Sally started to move him back to the right. He could not see Local Girl because of his blinkers, but could feel that she was being maneuvered, almost herded to the right. Then as he was turned more to the right, he saw movement and could make out the running figure about 10 yards ahead.

Jacob saw something moving above his head. Then something, a white line, streaked out. It was a lariat and the circular loop dropped perfectly over Local Girl pulling tight as it got to her knees. "Hold" was the command, and now Jacob knew what it was for. As the command had been given Sally had jumped from the saddle and was running to the spot where Local Girl was squirming to get the

noose off her legs. Jacob had dug in his feet and was pulling backwards as he had been trained keeping the line, which was attached to the pommel of his saddle, tight.

Sally was on Local Girl before she could find any slack in the rope. Sally grabbed the chain between her elbows, pulled up and then put her face down in the grass of the meadow. Jacob continued to slowly back up keeping her feet trapped within the noose of the lariat.

When Local Girl was face down in the grass Sally sat on her shoulders facing down her body. Sally's weight with the additional tension from the rope around her ankles kept her in place. Sally quickly slipped a rope around Local Girl's arms just below the elbows, made a lark's head and then ran it down and tightened it at the wrists. Two quick wraps, a pull back through the lark's head and two cinches around the wrists followed by a knot between the arms and up out of reach of the fingers, completed the tie.

Sally then shifted her weight to just above Local Girl's knees and quickly wrapped and tied her ankles. Only then did she remove the lariat and finish her tie with a quick line from the ankles to the wrists. Jacob was impressed. Sally had completed the hogtie, even with a struggling subject, in about two minutes. Jacob knew that his role keeping the lasso tight on the legs had been a big contribution. So, this was calf roping. Jacob did like it. He couldn't wait until they were back in the stable tonight. He was busy thinking of the things he was going to say to little miss high and mighty Local Girl. He smiled. At least as much as one can smile around a bit.

Sally looped up the lariat and hung it from the saddle. Then she returned and stood over Local Girl who was still squirming on the ground. Jacob figured there must be a time limit that the tie must hold because Sally did nothing to help Local Girl for about five minutes. Then she untied her and helped her to her feet. Local Girl laughed and Sally gave her a hug.

Sally took Jacob's reins and they all walked back to the gate. Then Sally mounted Jacob and they did it all over again. This time Local Girl tried to zigzag to throw

Sally off, but Sally used the open space circling and herding until she had Local Girl in range of her lasso. Jacob had to admit she was very good with it. The circling loop was large enough to clear the head and arms, but not so large that it dropped uselessly to the ground. Sally was always able to pull it tight between the waist and the ankles. The result was always the same, Sally would give the "Hold" command, the rope would tighten, and Local Girl's legs would be pulled out from under her. As the girl was falling Sally would be out of the saddle and on to her before she could even recover from the fall. The placement of the only real restraint, the elbow cuffs and their chain gave Sally all the advantage she needed, and she quickly subdued her victim. Her time was getting better with each successive capture.

As Sally stood over Local Girl and watched her squirm for what was at least the sixth run, Jacob looked around the meadow. It sloped gently to a fence line 200-300 meters away. Jacob could see that the road curved around and followed the fence line. This was not a sturdy or even a complicated fence. It was just a simple wire fence. It even looked as if there was an opening in the fence near the far corner.

This was the first time since his capture that Jacob was not hobbled or leashed to something or securely locked within some enclosure. At least he was not securely locked in if there was in fact a way through the fence at the end of the meadow. He wasn't sure. He knew he was much faster than Sally and that he would be able to get to the end of the meadow with time to spare. He knew if he got onto the road, she could never catch him. She would have to go back to the stable for help.

Before Jacob could finish his thought - was it a plan or a daydream - he felt his reins grabbed and pulled. Jacob followed, led by his reins, as Sally and Local Girl walked arm in arm to the gate area. Sally hitched Jacob's reins to a ring near the gate and attached his hobble.

Sally and Local Girl were talking. Not the kind of talking where Sally spoke to Jacob, but really talking. Local Girl was talking back, and they were having a conversation.

"You have really become good with the lasso." Local Girl said.

"There are plenty of others who are as good if not better. You are going to have to be fast on your feet." Jacob watched silently from where he stood hitched to the fence.

Sally had retrieved the saddlebags that had been slung over Jacob's neck when she left the stable. She had removed them and put them on the ground while they had practiced. From the bag she removed some containers. One Tupperware container she brought over to Jacob. She released his reins, signaled for him to kneel, reattached the reins to a ring only two feet off the ground and put down the bowl for Jacob to feed.

Then she and Local Girl sat down on the grass and ate from several other containers. Local Girl and Sally continued to talk, and Local Girl used her hands to feed herself. The two of them even shared a drink container. Jacob finished his food in short order. He sat back on his legs but a stern look from Sally and a slap of her riding crop in her hand changed his mind and he straightened up on his knees. He knew he was going to get at least one swipe when lunch was over. He just hoped it would not be more. He had been feeling superior to Local Girl when she was squirming naked and tied in the grass, but not now. Now, he was kneeling tethered to a fence while she ate and joked with Jacob's trainer. He hung his head even though he knew it would get him a swipe if Sally saw him. She did.

Jacob was angry with Local Girl. It was just not fair. He was jealous, although he would not admit it. Sally and Local Girl were obviously friends. That must make the current relationship difficult, Local Girl was supposed to act like a pony up until the time of the festival. She was not supposed to be on a picnic with her old friend. It also meant that they spend a lot of time with their lunch as Jacob just knelt and watched. This was time they could have been training. Jacob did not want to be kneeling here watching the girls. They should be training. He did not want to watch Local Girl using her hands to feed herself. He wanted to see those hands tied tightly in a hogtie behind her back as she squirmed in the grass.



Finally, after what seemed like forever he was allowed to stand. He was anxious to get going and he signaled by pawing at the ground as his hobble was removed and by shaking his head. Sally laughed and then surprised him by closing and clipping his blinders. They were going to train, but Jacob was not going to be able to enjoy the sight of Local Girl captured and tied. He was not going to be able to look at her naked body. He knew he didn't need his eyes to perform this task, but taking his sight now was just one more indignity. He wished he had run for the road when he had the chance. He certainly was not launching any great escape now.

Sally mounted Jacob gave Local Girl the signal and then they were off. There was something different about the meadow from the corral. The meadow had grass and other ground cover. Jacob was fearful he would catch a foot and fall. When he was signaled to gallop, he hesitated and kept at a trot. At least at a trot his legs were being brought up higher making a trip less likely. A gallop was all out and there was no requirement to raise the knees. But Sally was having none of it. He felt the spurs bite his flanks. He picked up speed. Eventually he could tell that they had caught their prey. He executed the hold command perfectly; he had practiced this with the blinkers closed, but it was even easier when you could hear the groans and struggles of the prey fighting to be free only a short distance in front of you.

On the "Stand" command, he knew to stop pulling. There would now be the waiting period while Local Girl struggled to get free from Sally's binding. It would not happen. During the morning Sally had stood over Local Girl and watched her attempts at freedom. This time Jacob could sense that Sally had returned to him.

"Bad pony." The crop that she kept clipped to her belt snapped across his buttocks. Jacob squealed and tried to turn away from the bite.

"Gallop means gallop." It bit his thighs, first the right, and then as he turned, the left. He tried to back away, but she had taken his reins in her hand and there was no place for him to go.

"The contest is with closed blinkers. And I mean to win it." He had not expected a hit to his stomach, and he jumped back almost losing his balance. He tightened waiting for pain to erupt some other place on his body, but nothing happened.

After a time he felt the pressure on his reins and he was led back to the gate area so they could do it all again. This time he did not hesitate. He didn't fall and they caught Local Girl in what seemed like record time. Jacob did not resent Sally for having beaten him earlier. Pain was a part of training, and it did have results. He and Sally were ready for the calf roping. Jacob was disappointed that he was not going to be able to see it. He wanted to see the scared prey dash ahead of them as he bore down, and Sally roped them. But over the course of the afternoon, he had developed a feel like he had had in the corral with the barrels. He could sense the prey. He could feel when they were closing. When he went into "Hold" mode it was even more tactile. He could feel her struggle like a fish on the end of the line, caught and unable to get free. And, finally, he knew when she was helpless. He reveled in it.

He was sad when the day finally ended, and he was mounted to return to the stables. He could tell that the sun was low in the sky. He could not remember the last time he had seen a sunset. They had worked hard, and Sally kept the pace home slow. Jacob did not know how much that was for his benefit and how much for Local Girl once more connected by the collar to Jacob's saddle. At least he got to lead her back to the stable, the captured prize that she was.

When Jacob was returned to his stall, he could not see Local Girl. He thought of calling to her but rejected the idea. If he was heard speaking, he would be punished. When the ponies spoke, they kept their voices in whispers and paid close attention to any movement coming their way. Jacob was pretty sure that the trainers knew the ponies talked in the stall but pretended they didn't know it. It was the 'don't ask, don't tell' of pony life.

## **Chapter 9**

It was morning and there was a great deal of activity in the stable. Jacob could tell that something special was happening. He was cleaned and taken to the tack room. The tack was new to him. It was white leather studded with shiny brass

decorations. He recognized it a fancy version of the tack he had worn when made to pull the small cart. This was confirmed when he was attached to the rods of a two-pony cart. Reluctant Pony filled the other position also decked out in fine leather tack.

The change in routine made Jacob nervous. Even though he did not usually enjoy his training routines he understood and took comfort in the knowledge of what was going to happen. He understood what it was that he had to do to avoid punishment. This was something new. Well, not completely new. He had once before pulled a cart and that had ended with one of the most horrible nights of his life. As he thought about his night restrained with the tormentor his anxiety increased to fear.

At least, this time it was Sally who climbed into the seat and signaled the ponies to walk and then trot. She kept the pace slow so that the ponies did not break into a sweat. That was also a change, rarely was Jacob not taken to a sweat very early in his daily routine.

Jacob could tell they had turned onto a main road. It was even paved to handle automobiles. She kept them to the right so motorized vehicles could pass. There were few, but there were some. That people drove by as if nothing out of the ordinary was happening was something of a shock. Jacob pictured Amish country in Pennsylvania where the site of a horse and buggy was expected. He wondered what sort of a hit this team and buggy would be there.

It took them almost an hour to get to their destination. As they passed through a gate and approached a cluster of buildings Jacob could tell it was a small rural airport. There was even a small tower perched above an otherwise regular looking three story office building. In an area nearby there were several small planes tied down. A large hanger with its doors open was mostly empty.

As they came up onto the tarmac, Jacob could see at least three other carts with pony teams. He recognized Midnight and her pony partner. She could not see him because she was facing in the other direction and was, of course, wearing blinkers. One of the other two carts was harnessed to a stallion team. Jacob could

not see their faces, but their bodies were well muscled. The third team was mares. All the ponies stood patiently waiting. The area was open, and they were not hitched to anything, but all were hobbled.

Sally guided Jacob and Reluctant Pony up on the outside of the queue of pony carts. Because the carts were slightly angled, Jacob could see all three pony teams to his right, but none of them would be able to see him.

Sally set the brake on the cart, hobbled her team, and moved over to where three other trainers, obviously from other ranches, stood talking. One was looking at her watch.

Then Jacob heard the sounds of a plane. It was not the small propeller driven kind that one expects in a place like this. It was clearly a jet. He could tell it was approaching, but because of his blinkers he could not see it until it had landed and come to a stop near the far end of the runway. He watched as it turned and taxied back toward the tarmac. It was a beautiful, very expensive, jet. Jacob did not know what a G550 was, but he knew it certainly carried someone very powerful and rich.

The plane stopped near the watching ponies, the engines shut down and then a stair ramp appeared and lowered. First out of the door was an individual dressed in sparkling white flowing robes with a white flowing head piece held in place with a gold band. His face was bearded making it more difficult to determine age, but Jacob estimated late 30's. He seemed tall, but standing at the top of the stairs may have distorted Jacob's perception.

He descended the stairs followed by another similarly but somehow less elegantly dressed man. One of the trainers walked forward and met him. Jacob could not hear the exchange. As the man was guided to one of the pony carts, Jacob's attention was drawn back to the plane. A tall black man, naked above the waist except for the wound white turban he wore on his head, exited the door pulling a light chain. Behind him, fastened at the neck to the chain, was a young blonde girl. She wore a gold colored chastity belt that caught the sun. Her wrists were cuffed in gold cuffs and fastened to the sides of the chastity belt with a link of

chain. Jacob could not see her elbows as they seemed to be pulled back behind her back. She wore a wide collar to which the leash chain was fastened. Similar gold colored bands encircled her legs just above her knees and her ankles. She was hobbled at the ankles to about 18". It was just enough to allow her to negotiate the stairs out of the aircraft. From the top front of her collar, golden bands curved up over her chin ending at a plate in front of her mouth. Jacob was sure that the plate obscured a gag. Over her body was a kind of diaphanous material that flowed in the light breeze and obscured nothing.

The girl's eyes flashed around the surroundings then returned to the steps as she descended. At the bottom of the stairway, she looked up and for a moment and joined eyes with Jacob. Her eyes looked sad. She looked at Jacob for a few seconds, then dropped her eyes and walked on. Apparently, what she saw told her everything she needed to know. If she had hoped for a chance of rescue or escape, any hope was dashed.

From the back of her collar another chain extended back about six feet to where it met the front of the collar of another girl, then from her to another and finally a fourth in the cuffle of slaves. All were similarly gagged and restrained. Although Jacob notices furtive glances, perhaps looking for someone or something that might help them; none made any effort to resist as they were led by the Nubian handler.

The Arab men were led to one of the carts, the first in line which had been brought forward a little to meet them. It was pulled by the other male pair. The chain holding the line of slave girls was fastened to a ring in the back of the cart. Then the trainer stepped onto a platform at the back of the cart and signaled the ponies to walk. The cart jerked forward, and the slave girls followed. Jacob could now see that the girls also wore gold bands at their elbows and that these bands were joined with a chain that connected them at about six inches. From the center of this chain another connected to the collar in back holding their elbows slightly elevated but most importantly holding their neck back and straight. They were completely controlled and could do nothing but follow their leash.

The cart kept a slow pace so that the hobbled girls could, shuffling quickly, try to keep up. Jacob thought the least they could have done was release their hobble. Because he could not turn his head or his body the cart and its coffle quickly passed from sight.

Farther to Jacob's right another cart appeared. It was pulled by four large stallions. This cart had an open bed surrounded by staked sides. These ponies were more stooped, appearing older and their backs and thighs were marked with stripes from perhaps long-ago beatings that had left their permanent mark. Their leg lifts were not high or precise. The handler was a young man in denim jeans and shirt. He wore a cowboy hat and coiled in his right hand was a nasty looking whip of braided leather.

Two more Nubians loaded baggage from the plane into the cart. Soon it was almost overflowing. When it was full, the cowboy climbed onto a small platform seat set at the forward edge of the heavy cart and snapped his whip in the air near his ponies. They jumped to life and leaned forward into their harnesses, which included heavy leather yoke collars placed over the head and resting against the shoulders.

Jacob could sense that not only was the weight of this cart much more than the cart to which he was affixed, but the load it bore was also much heavier. Unhappy with the progress the whip snapped again, this time connecting with the naked buttocks of one of the ponies. Even though a bright red mark appeared and the flesh around the point of impact twitched, there was no sound from the pony. He just leaned with further effort into the harness moving the cart forward and thankfully soon out of Jacob's sight. The Nubians walked behind the cart.

The G5 was pulled away, but it was not long before a new arrival was heard. This time it was not a jet. In fact, Jacob knew this plane. As it came into view near the end of the runway Jacob recognized a C-130 Hercules. The plane was not new, but the paint job was. It had probably once worn a either a metallic gray or green camouflage, but now it was bright shiny white. The tail number started with HP. Jacob did not know what country that was, but he knew it was not the United States.

This plane pulled to a stop and shut down on the tarmac not far from where the last plane had stopped. It was turned to face slightly away from the three remaining pony carts and teams, so that when the back ramp dropped they could see into the inside of the aircraft. Jacob could feel the wash of the propellers before the engines were shut down.

It looked to Jacob as if there was a center corridor with pallets affixed to each side. Between the pallets and the back of the aircraft there was a space and in this space on each side a sulky was fastened. They both looked very light with only a single seat for a rider. They were strapped to the side of the aircraft and the ending pallet. It was also clear that the pallets could be removed for other cargo configurations. Because of the angle of the plane Jacob could see what looked like a door on the pallet in view, but could not see further.

Four young women walked down the corridor from someplace deeper in the aircraft. They were all dressed in crisp khaki shorts and shirts. As they turned Jacob saw a symbol of a palm tree emblazoned on the back of one of them. Then he noticed that one of the others had a symbol of a sun on her back.

Each of the two pairs began unfastening one of the sulkies. The ones working together shared a common symbol on their shirts. After they had removed the straps, they carefully wheeled the sulkies down the ramp and onto the tarmac.

Sally and the other two trainers had moved forward to get a better view.

The two khaki clad teams returned to the aircraft and Jacob could see the door to one of the pallets being opened. The team stepped inside, not completely from view but far enough to obscure what they were doing.

When they finally emerged into the center of the aircraft, they were leading two auburn haired ponies. Jacob was transfixed as the ponies glided down the ramp being led only by the reins attached to their bridles. They were only in dull colored training tack, but they were magnificent. At the bottom of the ramp, they

stood tall and straight. Their mane and their tail showed the slight breeze on the tarmac.

Jacob could not be sure if they were really tall, or just looked tall because they stood so straight with flowing lines like statues decorating the pediment of a Grecian Temple. Their heads moved only slightly as they took in their surroundings. There was no sign of fear. There was no sign of resignation or defeat. Instead, they looked like warriors surveying a battlefield they were about to capture. One of the ponies glanced at Jacob, but her eyes moved on without registering the slightest interest.

The two ponies looked almost like twins. They seemed exactly the same height. Their manes and even their tails were exactly the same color. The musculature of their bodies, which was well defined, was also almost identical. Jacob was shocked to see that although they each wore an arm binder it appeared to be cast from some solid material. It was painted or stained a bright white and seemed to shine in the sun. Jacob wondered how it was opened to allow access to their arms, then decided he really did not want the answer to the question he had just answered in his own mind. These were clearly permanent fixtures. But neither pony seemed to care at all.

Jacob heard one of the local trainers speaking to Sally: "I can't believe it. It's Willow and Misty Night. They are really going to run in the race Saturday."

"This is so cool. They are just amazing. I wish I could train a pony like that." There was a wistful sound to Sally's response.

Jacob looked at the uniforms of the women handling the famous racing ponies and at Sally and her cohorts. The jean outfits fit perfectly here, but they didn't compare to the occupants of this plane.

The other two khaki clad trainers - Jacob was sure that was what they were - came down the ramp leading two even taller ponies. They were blondes and they if anything looked arrogant. They didn't bother looking around the air strip. They looked instead at Willow and Misty Night (as Jacob now knew them although he



did not know which was which), then they shook their heads and manes and snorted. These ponies were also beautiful, powerful, statuesque and awe inspiring.

Misty Night or Willow tossed her mane, snorted back at the blonde ponies, and looked away as if these two new arrivals were insignificant. It was like watching MMA fighters puffing with attitude for the crowd before a match.

Jacob felt like he was in the presence of royalty. But, it was so confusing. These were ponies. These were girls with no freedom; their arms were restrained behind them just as Jacob's were. They were led by reins attached to bridles in their mouths. They did not speak. They acted like horses. Why did they make him feel so unworthy?

The teams were hitched to the two sulkies, then one of the trainers from each team adjusted the seat, climbed on, and snapped the whip. The amazing ponies trotted from sight. Jacob could not believe the way they moved with the sulky. They were perfectly in step as if each pair of ponies was in fact only a single creature. Every movement was captivating. He was star struck and he could not take his eyes from them until they finally moved beyond his view. He strained to turn his body or his head to continue to watch. Of course, he could do neither. All he did was make enough noise to draw Sally's attention. She looked at him with dissatisfaction, shook her head, and walked out of sight.

There was something in her dismissive attitude that hurt Jacob deeply. She did not think he was good enough. She wanted to have a pony like the ones he had just seen, and she knew that he would never measure up to that. They were all just hicks in the presence of these ponies and their trainers. Jacob hung his head.

Jacob did not pay attention as another heavy cart was brought up and loaded from the plane. In time this plane too was towed away, and the ponies hitched to the carts on the tarmac returned to waiting. As Jacob stood waiting on the tarmac, he could feel the heat of the sun beating down, he wished they were in the shade, but he knew there would be no relief.

Next to arrive was a smaller, but still expensive jet. Two young men dressed in jeans with cowboy boots and hats stepped down onto the tarmac. Even though they were dressed in western clothing Jacob was sure that the cost of their outfits ran into the thousands of dollars. Clearly the people involved in this stuff were very rich.

The young men mounted one of the buggies and were pulled away. Meanwhile Midnight and her teammate had returned, and a short time later Jacob heard another team slightly behind him. He could not turn to see, but the sound was clearly identifiable.

Jacob's attention was drawn back to the tarmac in front. Another G5 had stopped. After the steps were down and extended a woman with raven black hair exited the hatchway and stood momentarily at the top of the stairs.

She was dressed from head to foot in black leather. She wore a dress that came to mid-calf. From there her black boots could be seen, ending in at least 5" heels. What may have been a white blouse could be seen under a leather jacket. She looked over the waiting pony teams below as if she were expecting something a little more commemorative at her arrival. Then she quickly stepped down the stairs.

Immediately behind her stumbled two men. But for their restraints they were naked. Both were about 6' in height and displayed good muscle definition. Each male's head was enclosed in a leather hood making it difficult to determine their hair color. Open flaps at the eyes allowed them to see what they were doing but could be quickly and easily closed to deprive them of sight.

Jacob could tell they were gagged, but could not immediately figure out its workings. The skin of their cheeks had been pierced by what looked like a rod that must run from one side to the other. Rings on the outside of the rod looked much more like something to adjust tension than restraint rings. Jacob gave up on the gag.

Not surprisingly, they wore heavy metal collars, but they were not being led by their collar. They were not leashed by the collar. In fact, they appeared to be not leashed in any way. Even so they hurried with a sense of desperation to keep close to their mistress.

The centerpiece of their restraints was more centralized. Each man wore a heavy iron band around his penis, behind his balls. From a ring at the top of this band two metal rods were attached. The rods were 12" long and attached to cuffs at each wrist. The men could use their hands so long as they were always exactly 12" from their penis. Jacob immediately realized that this meant that the men could not touch themselves.

From the bottom of the ring a rod projected straight down, swinging slightly just 4" above the ground. At the end of this pole was a ring. Through the ring ran an 18" hobble chain fastened at each end to the ankles. They could walk, subject to the hobble chain which loudly pulled back and forth through the ring at the bottom of the rod, but they could not easily squat or sit. The action of walking made the rod swing about jerking, pulling, and twisting at the heavy ring behind each male's penis. Jacob wondered how they had traveled in the plane. He did not think he wanted to know the answer.

A large ring also surrounded the scrotum above the balls. It looked heavier than Jacob's control ring. Jacob could not tell from where he watched if it had a tether ring or not. He imagined that it did. What woman would ever want to give up that superb means of control over a man? The men's penises were not bent like Jacob's but they were far from free. After a quick glance Jacob decided that he preferred the restraint he wore. Each of the penises of the two men was enclosed in a small metal looking cage. The head of the penis poked through the end of the cage circled by what appeared to be a tight ring. The length of the penis was reduced by the body of the cage to less than three inches.

Each of the men was pierced at the nipples and small clips from the nipple were connected by wires to the collar of each man. There was no tension in the wires, so they did not pull on the nipples. Jacob knew that that meant they were there to deliver electricity. He shuddered, remembering the feeling of the electricity

coursing through his body. He did not like that. He doubted these two liked it any better.

Although neither man was leashed each hurried with a sense of clear urgency to catch up with and stay behind, but close to their mistress. They certainly were not ponies. They did not move with the grace of a pony. These were just common slaves. Jacob could see the look in their eyes. There was fear and desperation, but there was no hope. They did not scan the area looking for someone to help; they looked at their mistress trying to not be a disappointment in any way. It was clear to Jacob that they were completely under the control of this woman.

The woman looked at Jacob. Her eyes were cold, they seemed to cut through him. Just her look was terrifying. He didn't want to be anywhere near this woman. As she drew closer, he tried to back away. He could not, held by the poles attached to his harness. He tried to turn away from her. He could not. He tried to turn his head, but his collar would not allow it. He could not even drop his head. Jacob stood and tried to shift his eyes to look past her.

Hopefully she would just walk past, out of his view and into a buggy. Not his.

But she came right up and stopped directly in front of him. Sally had come up on the side.

"Very nice." The woman said. The nail of her right index finger traced across Jacob's chest. Her nails were long and perfectly manicured. To Jacob it felt like the point of a dagger being dragged across the flesh. When she reached his nipple, she flicked his ring but then started to worry his nipple.

"He is coming along." It was Sally. She did not seem intimidated by this terror in black.

Jacob felt no excitement at the manipulation of his nipple. He felt his body start to shiver in response to her touch - or was it just her nearness. She seemed to be standing way to close. Well within the reach of an arm - if he had arms.

"Will he be in the auction Sunday?" Jacob's knees almost gave out. Auction? He had not heard anything about an auction. It made sense. With all these rich owners descending on this place it had to be a great opportunity to buy and sell animals. But would Jacob be sold? Sold this weekend? Sold to someone like this woman? He could feel her power. This was not someone who just owned, this was someone who completely consumed. Jacob glanced at the two men who wore her collar. Jacob could see that their spirit had been completely broken. He did not want to be either of them.

"He will not be ready by then. I still have a lot of training to do. Maybe next year."

Jacob realized he had been holding his breath. He let it go and took a deep breath. The Governor had called. The execution had been commuted. Jacob wanted to give her a smug look, but he could not bring himself to do it. He was afraid of this woman. No, he was terrified of this woman.

The last thing he was going to do was give her any reason to remember him. He even kept his eyes away from hers.

"Pity. I think I would bid on him, even untrained." Her fingernail had found his penis and was moving up and down its length. Just as her touch on his nipple, this was not stimulating. Nothing about this woman was, or could ever be, stimulating Jacob decided.

He felt relieved when Sally and the woman disappeared behind him. Even though he knew they were getting in his buggy he was happy to have her out of his view. Somehow he knew this was going to be a painful trip to wherever they were taking her, but just knowing she could not get him would make the pain almost a pleasure.

Well, almost. Well, not really a pleasure at all. The woman hit with a ferocity that Jacob had never felt before. It was about a mile from the airport to the Hotel, although Jacob did not know that. Nobody told a pony where they were going or how far it was. The woman had a touch with the whip unlike anything Jacob had felt before. It flicked so that just the slightest part of the tip made contact with

the body, but all of the force of the blow was in that small point of contact. It hurt like nothing Jacob had ever felt before. If he thought Delores had been the master of the whip he now had to reassess.

To make things worse, she had precise aim. Jacob was sure she could have taken a fly off his body without touching his flesh. But she wasn't aiming at flies. And she did not want to avoid touching his flesh. She knew all the spots that really hurt. The inside of the thigh, just below the buttocks, that was probably the most painful place. Jacob was not even sure how you could hit that spot from the seat of the buggy behind him. But she could, and she did. The first time he almost collapsed. Then she moved to other, painful, but less painful spots, including the soft flesh of his breasts right next to the nipple.

Jacob and Reluctant Pony ran as quickly as they could. They knew that the whip was not being used to encourage them to greater speed. They knew that she was whipping them for the sheer pleasure of whipping them. Jacob was angry that Sally would let this go on. She had to know this was wrong. The whip was an important part of training. It was used to correct poor performance and to encourage that extra reserve when necessary. It could be used for punishment, but that was always identified as such and Jacob even accepted the necessity of punishment. This was different. This was abuse. Someone should call the ASPCA. Was there an equivalent organization for ponies? If not, there should be. But Sally did not stop the woman. How powerful was this person. Jacob shivered again.

Jacob could see a large building ahead. It had to be the Hotel. He was never so happy to see anything in his life. As they pulled up in front and he was reined to a stop he quickly brought his legs together to try to keep the woman from getting in a last shot with the whip against the tender flesh of his inner thighs. He knew there would be a last shot. And there was. It did not hit the inner thigh. Instead, it somehow threaded through his closed thighs and found his balls. He did not know how she had done that, but the pain was stupefying. He saw dots in front of his face. He thought he was going to pass out. He screamed into his bit like he had just been made a gelding. He was not exactly sure he had not.

He was never so happy to feel the movement in the buggy as the passengers dismounted. Jacob expected that the woman would come around in front of him to torment him some more, but she did not. Everything was quiet for a few minutes and then he heard the woman berating the two slaves she had brought with her for not having kept pace. Jacob could hear the sound of a whip or crop of some kind biting flesh. He could hear the whimpering and sobbing of the men. Apparently either the gags they wore prevented speech or they were not allowed to speak and did not want to make their situation any worse.

With the voice of the woman, promising the men a painful night of punishment, disappearing toward the Hotel Jacob felt his body start to relax, just a little. He wondered what the others that had come in today must be like. He hoped that they were not all like this horrible woman.

With Sally back on the cart the ponies were guided over toward a stable area. Jacob and Reluctant Pony were unhitched from the cart, hobbled, and led to a corral. At least a dozen other ponies were feeding and drinking. Jacob had seen some of the other ponies back at the landing strip. He looked for midnight, but he did not see her. He was mildly disappointed, but he was more interested in getting some water and something to eat. He had learned how to crowd in with other ponies at the trough, and this is what he did.

Feeling refreshed Jacob moved away from the troughs and took a better look at his surroundings. The corral was just outside a stable. From his position Jacob could not see into the stable, but he could tell it was large.

Beyond the stable he could see what looked like the outside of an arena. He assumed that the stable was to service events that took place within the arena.

Jacob looked around the corral at the other ponies. There was a near even mix of fillies and stallions. All were hobbled and restrained. Many had their arms in leather arm binders very similar to the one Jacob wore. Most of these looked quite a bit older than Jacob's. They had clearly been ponies for much longer than he. All but two of the ponies not wearing a leather arm binder had their arms encased in what looked like a cast of very solid and very permanent material.

Jacob's hope for a future without his arms restrained disappeared. The other two ponies, a near match set of blonde hair fillies, had their arms pulled behind them, but twisted up so that their hands touched their collar in a reverse prayer. A metal band encircled their wrists locking them together as one. Their forearms then extended down the middle of their back to where another metal band encircled the arms holding them tightly in place. It looked intensely uncomfortable, but neither of them seemed to pay any attention. Jacob wondered how long they had been so tightly restrained.

All of the male ponies had their penis ringed and locked to a control ring encircling their scrotum above their balls. All of the female ponies had a strap that passed from the front of their belts back between their legs. The strap was slotted at the front exposing rings pierced through the clitoris and the lips of the vagina.

But the other ponies were different from Jacob in an important additional detail. Almost all of them sported a clear deep brand on their right buttocks. Jacob identified at least three different brands, but it was not the form of the marking that made him shudder. It was the manner in which the mark had been placed. These were not tattoos. These were not markings on the skin. These were deep burned in brands. Each line of the mark indented into the skin then rose above the skin level on the sides. The iron must have been very hot and held for some time. Jacob had seen the brands on Bruno and the older ponies back at home, but these seemed somehow deeper. Jacob could not take his eyes off the brand of the pony closest to him. It must have been incredibly painful, and very permanent. These ponies were clearly marked as property and would be for the rest of their lives.

Strangely, as Jacob looked around the corral at the branded backsides of his fellow ponies, Jacob started to feel jealous. Why was he not marked? Did it mean Sally did not intend to keep him? Was he going to be sold? Didn't she want him? She said she might sell him next year. He didn't want that. It shouldn't matter, he did not want to be anyone's pony, but it did matter. He didn't know why, but it did.



Jacob's thoughts were interrupted by the return of several handlers. Jacob and five other stallions were culled out of the group, bitted, reined, and led to an area near the stable where a large wagon waited. Jacob could see at least five rows of seats. This wagon was to be pulled by six ponies.

Jacob was positioned in the middle on the right. The hitching system was similar to that utilized for the smaller carts with each pony fastened in a yoke that then connected behind to a crossbar. To Jacob's surprise wires with clips ran from the yoke end and were clipped to his nipple rings and the ring in his penis. He knew what the wires had meant at other times and did not like this idea in the least.

When all six ponies had been hitched to the wagon a driver climbed into the front seat and slapped the reins for them to start to pull. As they started Jacob could see that the end of the yoke moved slightly in a shaft attached to the crossbar. As the pony pulled it slipped forward exposing markings of red, then yellow, then green.

The bite of electricity surged through the head of Jacob's penis. He jumped forward putting all his weight into the harness and yoke. The electricity stopped. Jacob watched the pony in front of him straining to keep the shaft extended into the green area. Evidently on a signal from the driver any pony not exerting enough pressure, i.e., not keeping the shaft at the right mark would receive a shock. A shock that would continue until the failing was corrected. And, because the shaft was located behind each pony the pony had no visual queue to prevent being shocked.

They returned to the air strip. The trip was pretty easy, mostly a downgrade and with an empty wagon. The return would not be so easy.

As they approached the landing strip Jacob saw two similar wagons already waiting. Then he heard and watched a CRJ70 land. From its markings it was a charter of some sort. Jacob wondered where this plane had flown in from.

Fortunately, the plane was not completely full, but there was still a large group of people. Jacob figured it would be 12-15 guests per wagon. Exactly how many

were seated in his wagon he did not know. Like so much else it was behind him, and he was not allowed - not able - to see what was going on behind him.

When the reins were shaken to signal the start of their trip Jacob leaned with all his weight into the harness. It felt like the wheels had been nailed to the ground. He was sure this thing was never going to move. The driver added encouragement with the whip. Jacob heard it pop nearby. He watched as it popped against the buttocks of the pony to his front and left. He was pushing forward with all his weight and strength. There was another pop of the whip again someplace behind him. Jacob eased just a little to get a breath before pushing again. The whip popped again, this time leaving a red strip on Jacob's left buttocks. He pushed. The wagon was moving.

Jacob did not think they would ever get this wagon to the hotel, but they did. The driver must have turned the electrical on for the entire trip because any time Jacob eased up at all his penis exploded in pain. The pain seared through him and did not stop. He could not even catch his breath with the pain surging through him. This wasn't possible. He was going to pass out before they ever got to the hotel. He could not be expected to keep constant pressure. But he was. And, he did. Somehow they got to the hotel and the backward pressure on the reins signaled them to stop. Jacob thought he was going to collapse, but somehow he did not.

Luckily, they only had to make a single trip. They were unharnessed and returned to the corral. By this time, it was mostly empty. The sun was getting low in the sky. Jacob was anxious to get back to his stall and get some rest. He was completely exhausted from the day's efforts. He was only left there for a short time before someone came for him. It was not Sally. It was a woman he had never seen before. His bit had not been removed when he was returned to the corral this time; the woman clipped a lead to his bridle and started to lead Jacob toward the stable building near the corral. This was not his stable. He did not want to be here he wanted to be back in his stable he wanted to be in his own stall. Jacob balked. The lead line slipped in the woman's hand. She stopped, looked at him and then gave it a tug. "Come along, I don't have time for nonsense."

Jacob balked again but a hard jerk twisted his head and convinced him to move forward. Reluctantly he followed as she led him up the line finally selecting an empty stall. There was nothing wrong with this stall. In fact, it was newer than Jacob's stall back home, but this was not his stall, and he did not want to go in. Once again it took convincing including a couple of swats with the end of the lead line across his buttocks before he found himself in the strange stall secured behind a closed gate. The woman removed his bit, but not the bridle. She also left the lead line in place looping the end over a hook high in the rear of the stall. It was really did not seem necessary, it was long enough to allow him access to virtually the entire stall, but he could not leave the stall even if the gate were open. Then she clipped a hobble between his ankles, shook her head and walked away.

Jacob was not used to being restrained by his bridle at night and he didn't like it. He hoped that it meant he was only being left for a short period of time, but in his gut he knew better. He kicked at the hobble line, a meaningless gesture. Then he walked to the gate and looked over into the interior of the stable. The lead line pulled up tight making it difficult to get a good view up and down the interior. He could see some movement in other stalls but no other ponies nearby who were at their gates. The interior of the stable was only dimly lit. Jacob could not tell how much of the light was from the last efforts of a descending sun and how much from very dim lights in the ceiling.

He stood for a time looking idly about then turned back into the stall. There was fresh straw, and the interior was clean. He kicked some straw together then settled into rest. He hoped Sally would appear to take him home, but the hope faded as he drifted into sleep.

## **Chapter 10**

There was noise and movement. The stall gate opened. It was Sally. Jacob jumped to his feet and rushed to her. He lowered his head and rubbed it against her shoulder. She reached around his shoulders with her arm. She stroked the side of his head with the other hand. Jacob didn't want to move. He wanted to stay

where he was with his head nuzzled in her shoulder, but he could tell there were things that needed doing.

Sally unhooked the lead line from the hook on the wall and started to lead Jacob out into the stable corridor. She seemed surprised to see that he was hobbled. He could see her look and consider the short line connecting his ankles but then she turned and continued down the corridor holding the end of the lead. Jacob had to shuffle to keep up.

At the end of the stable corridor was the largest muck room Jacob had seen. There were hooks and frames and hoses around the room. The floor was regularly set with drains and one end of the room had a channel in the floor to accommodate body waste. Sally started there. When she was satisfied that Jacob was empty, she fastened him to a ring in a tiled room and washed him down with a hose. Jacob was used to this from his own stable, but the hose here seemed to be more forceful, and he was sure the water was colder. This place may be newer and fancier, but it was not home.

Jacob was led to another area where his tack was cleaned and replaced. His armbinder was oiled and polished. His pony boots were cleaned and polished. She rubbed his skin with oil until he shined. A brand-new bridle of white shiny leather encircled his head. It had a matching harness for his body and a saddle made of finely tooled leather. All the new tack and the saddle had shiny brass fixtures. This stuff was for show, but it still retained its functionality. Everything fit perfectly.

When he was fully outfitted in his new and cleaned gear including, a large green plumb from his head, Jacob was led out into the corridor. Only then did Sally release his hobble and the lead line. She fastened reins in place, had him assume the mount position, and effortlessly slid into the saddle. It felt wonderful to feel her body pressed up against his back and her weight on his shoulders and back. Jacob had hated pulling the cart and wagon. He was not a cart pony he was a riding pony. He was meant to have someone on his back. He was meant to have Sally on his back.

She slowly walked him up and down the corridor in the stable. He was disappointed when they reached the end and she turned him back inside the building instead of heading outside. He wanted to run with her. But what he wanted did not matter. He followed her direction. Without even thinking he followed her direction.

As they reached the end of the corridor Jacob could see other ponies just beyond the doorway. He could also see that this end of the stable opened onto a path that led into the arena. Sally maneuvered Jacob around several other ponies and carts until she reached a location where three other similarly saddled ponies stood with their riders. Jacob did not recognize any of the other ponies.

Ahead of them things were moving. It was a parade. There were fancy carts and sulkies pulled by both single and double pony teams. There were chariots covered in gold and silver decorations. Individual ponies, led by lead lines, their tack polished and gleaming in the sunlight, high-stepped in precision. Half a dozen large male ponies, their tack and well-oiled bodies gleaming, followed with petite riders perched on their backs but pulled in tight to make them look more like a two-headed creature. Jacob and Sally were one of these.

More carts and sulkies followed behind, but Jacob, as usual, could not see and did not care about what was behind him. They made a single slow lap of the inside of the arena. It was much larger than Jacob had thought, about the size of a football field on the inside with a good 440 track circling the central field. The interior was not grass but dirt. There were only stands on one side, but they were still large enough to hold several thousand people and, on this day, had at least 4-500 spectators. Jacob wondered where all these people had come from.

The parade slowly circled the track then exited through the portal it had entered. The ponies with riders broke away from the rest of the parade and moved under the stands. They finally came to a stop in a small corral area near the middle of the stands. The stands were solid, so it was not possible to see the interior of the arena from the corral. A second corral held about a dozen naked females. They were all hooded and collared, attached to a rail by a short leash from the front of their collar. Their legs were not restrained, but their arms were cuffed above the

elbows and those cuffs were joined by a short chain. In addition, their wrists were crossed and tied with rope. Jacob looked for Local Girl, he thought one of them might be her, but the girls were all hooded and it was difficult for Jacob to get a good look with his blinders restricting his field of vision.

This apparently was the calf roping, and those were the calves. From his practice sessions with Local Girl Jacob assumed that the calves would have their wrists released and the hood removed before they ran. Some of them moved nervously, clearly not used to being restrained and/or held on the end of a leash. Jacob assumed the hood was there to keep them calm until it was their turn to run. He couldn't wait for Sally and him to show off for the crowd. He was fast and the two of them could move very smoothly. He couldn't wait to watch the calf jerked to the ground at the end of a rope from his saddle horn as Sally quickly hogtied her. He wondered how quickly they would get their chance.

Jacob wondered what the prize was for winning the contest. He assumed that this was a timed event, probably timed from the time the gate opened and both the calf and the rider were let into the ring until the rider had caught and rendered the calf helpless. He knew he would not share in any prize, but he couldn't help thinking Sally might reward him in some way if they won.

Sally dismounted and double checked all of Jacob's tack. Then she watered him and spent some time stroking the side of his head. He leaned against her shoulder and nuzzled her. He loved it when she stroked him. Even though she worked hard and worked outdoors her hands felt soft on his skin. She would use her fingers, touching his head slightly behind and above his ear, then she would stroke downward behind the ear and along the side of his chin to his neck. Sometimes her hand would move out to his shoulder and gently move across the bulges of his muscles from just below his collar at the neck out to his arm and even down to just above his armbinder. When he nuzzled his head into her sometimes, she would allow him to hold the position and just let her hand rest on the side of his head, just behind his ear. This was one of those occasions. Jacob could have stood there all day.

Jacob saw movement in the other corral. A woman disconnected the leash on one of the hooded women. Then she fastened that leash to the back of the collar of one of the other women. She repeated this process until she had six calves in coffle. They were then led away toward the arena.

Jacob could feel the adrenaline beginning to surge through his body. He anxiously snorted and pawed at the ground. Sally had stepped away from Jacob as the calves were placed in coffle. Now she looked at him and smiled. She reached out and patted his head one more time, then she untied his reins and turned him toward the arena.

Before exiting the corral Sally closed and latched his blinkers. Jacob felt his stomach drop. He was trained to work without sight. He was excellent at it. This would not make him any less efficient. This would not give the calf any sort of chance. He and Sally were too good. But he wanted to be able to see. He wanted the enjoyment of watching the capture and reveling in his part of it. He would have to settle for just the sounds, smell, feel, and the pictures he could draw in his head.

Jacob's disappointment disappeared when he felt Sally slip up onto his back and close her knees around his sides. He could feel her breath and sensed her breasts pushed against the leather padding on his back. He shifted his weight back and forth pawing with his right hoof.

Someone else was there because they had taken his reins and were guiding him forward. Sally was still on his back but allowed the other person to move them. Jacob figured they were being moved into the chute because the maneuvers were precise. He heard what sounded like a gate close behind him. He shifted forward and felt the metal rails of a gate separating him from the arena. He settled down, leaned slightly forward, and waited for the signal from Sally. He knew he would feel the gate move away from in front of him. He knew that there would be a bell to signal the beginning, but he would not move until he was signaled by Sally.

It happened just that way. He heard the bell. He felt the gate move. But most importantly he felt the tap of Sally's spurs and the movement of her thighs and

knees against his flesh. He could not tell the order of these events. It was almost like they happened at the same instant, but the order did not matter, the only thing he followed was the signal from Sally. He burst from the gate at almost full gallop. Sally guided him slightly to the right, then back to the left. Then he felt the signal to hold. He planted his hoofs and came to a stop just as he felt the tension leave the line attached to his saddle. As he had practiced, he leaned back into the line and kept it tight.

Sally was no longer on his back. He was not sure when she had left, he had been focusing on his task. Sally commanded him to release, and he took a step forward feeling the line to his saddle go slack. He knew that the calf was secured at the wrists and ankles by now and was being pulled into a tight hogtie. The completion of this action was confirmed by shouts, cheers, and applause. It has seemed like a very good time.

Sally took Jacob's reins, mounted, and slowly walked him around in a wide circle. He knew she was showing off for the crowd and he loved it. He pranced proudly, lifting his legs with each step. Finally, he could sense something to each side of him. They were exiting the arena.

Sally dismounted and tied Jacob's reins to a rail near the gate area. He was frustrated that she had not opened his blinders so he could see what was going on. He could hear movement of other ponies nearby. From the sounds around him he assumed that another pony and rider were roping a calf. He would have really liked to see how another pony did it. What was the harm? They had done theirs already hadn't them?

There was more applause. Then he heard the announcer naming the participants for the semifinals. He did not know what that meant, but four names, four names he did not recognize were read. Was that for the roping? Did that mean they did not win? They did not leave, and Sally had not released him from the rail. Jacob listened as two contestants performed. The second received a great amount of applause.



Sally released his reins and guided him back into the gate. They were about to compete again. They must be one of the semi-finalists. "Focus." He told himself. He needed to get his head back in the game. She should have said something to him. He needed to be ready to go.

He heard the bell. Sally had signaled, but he was late getting out of the gate. He leaned forward to pick up speed and make up for his initial failing. He was slightly off balance to the front when the command to hold came but he managed to plant his hooves, turning slightly sideways and execute a strong stop. He could tell it was a good stop because the pressure on the line was more than usual. He could also hear a loud thump as the calf hit the ground. The hard hit may have aided Sally in subduing the stunned calf because the release command came very quickly and from the sound of the crowd the performance had been very good.

Jacob was worried that Sally would want to punish him for his slow start, but she patted the side of his head before she swung back into the saddle. They once again paraded around the inside of the arena before exiting.

Jacob found himself once again held by his reins to the rail outside the arena. He listened carefully as the last contestant roped and tied her calf. The time seemed good, but Jacob's sense from the bell to the cheers was that it was slower than his time.

The announcer was back. Two finalists were announced. Again, Jacob did not recognize the names. It seemed like they were the names of the stables or farms not the name of the rider or pony. Jacob had heard the stables name, but he realized he did not remember the name of the stable that owned him. Was it the drugs working on his mind? What difference did it really make? He was just property. Why would anyone even care to tell him such things? At some point he would wear the brand. But he was not yet branded. Did he not belong to any stable yet?

Sally was releasing his reins again. They must be finalists. This fact was enough to pull him from his funk. He felt a tingle move through his body. He would not

screw it up this time. He knew he and Sally were good. Now he knew they might be the best. He was going to show that they were.

Back in the chute he poised himself against the gate, just as he had in the initial contest. His mind turned all his senses back to his rider. He waited for the signal. He was ready. He did not even hear the bell, he was unaware of the gate moving, he only felt the signal from his rider. He was out of the gate and sensed that they were onto their prey before she had expected it.

Even though his eyes were completely covered with the blinders he was somehow connected with Sally and with the physics of what was happening. In his mind he saw the lasso snake out. He saw the frightened calf try to dodge and turn as the lasso dropped over her and pulled tight just above her knees. Even though she had tried to cut to a different direction, and even though that had reduced the speed at which she was going, the lasso had closed tight pulling her legs together and then out from under her still moving body. Jacob followed the commands of his rider and reacted to his training on the line to shift his direction and add his body weight to the line now holding the ankles of the prostrate calf.

Even before the prey could react Sally was on her, grabbing her arms by the chain between her elbows and slamming her onto her stomach before swinging her body down on the poor girl's upper arms and back. As Sally quickly wrapped and cinched her wrists Jacob slowly moved backwards keeping the tension on her legs so she could not effectively struggle or do anything to dislodge, or even impede, Sally's efforts to secure her.

Once the wrists were tied Sally jumped forward to the calf's thighs and quickly wrapped and cinched her ankles carefully tying just above the lasso held tight by Jacob. With Jacob pulling on the line to the calf's ankles, and Sally seated just above her knees, the prey was free to flop about from the waist up, but with her arms tightly tied behind her back this action produced nothing of assistance to the quickly secured animal.

As she tied the knot in the ankle cinch Sally commanded Jacob to release and he quickly stepped forward taking the pressure off the line. This allowed Sally to

quickly flick the lasso free from the prey's legs, loop a line through the cinch, up through the cinch at the wrists, and then to pull the feet and hands together before tying off the last rope.

Sally then jumped from her secured prey and held her arms up in the air to the cheers and applause of the crowd. The poor little calf twisted and pulled at the ropes that held her. An official walked over, quickly inspected the knots and then held up a green flag. The crowd applauded again. Two attendants then entered the arena, slipped a ball gag into the mouth of the now tightly hogtied calf, pulled a hood over her head, and then carried her, still tightly tied, from the arena. Was this what really happened? Maybe, but it was what Jacob saw in his mind. Just as he saw all twelve of the hogtied calves lying like cordwood in an alcove off the arena. Whatever their fate would be, it was well beyond their control at this point.

Jacob heard the announcement of a time, then numbers and then what must have been a final score. It appeared that the contest was based upon something more than just time. There was a huge roar from the crowd. Sally and Jacob did not leave the arena. She did not remount him. Instead, she took the reins and walked forward. Jacob assumed they were approaching the judging area. Jacob could sense that there was someone else in the arena. Had they won? They had won. He was sure of it. This should make Sally very happy with him. He had done very well after all. He stood proudly just behind Sally. He shook his mane, rattled his bit, and whinnied loudly. Then he pawed at the ground with his right hoof. This action drew some chuckles followed by applause. Jacob smiled.

Sally took the trophy. Ponies may be able to win trophies, but they certainly cannot carry them home. When Sally opened his blinders, Jacob was able to see the trophy. It was nice. At least 18" tall with a 4" pony boy figure on the top. Jacob wished it could go in his stall. He wanted all the other ponies to see it. They had won. He was so happy and so proud.

Sally led him from the arena back to the stables. Jacob was disappointed. These were very nice, very modern stables and there was really nothing wrong with the stall he had been given here, but it was not his stall. He wanted to go home. He

was comfortable in his stall. Besides, he needed to be able to tell the story of today, to brag to the other ponies in the stable. These pretentious preening pompous ponies here were not worth the effort. Although, he knew that the five ponies he had bested were probably all still here.

He looked over the top of his gate as best he could to try to find one of them. That raised another thing he hated about this place. In his stall at home, he was no longer chained to the wall like he was here. Sally had stopped doing that weeks ago. Now, every time he tried to look over the gate and look up and down the corridor he was hampered by the stupid chain. He already knew he was helpless and fully under the control of others. He did not need the reminder of this damn chain. He wanted his own stall at home.

Jacob was pleased to be up and out of this stall in the morning. After he was saddled Sally rode him up the road from the stable. He was wearing working tack, not the fancy show tack and saddle from the day before. Ponies and riders were assembling and moving up the road at a slow pace. Jacob learned from the conversations that they were on their way to the starting point for the hunt.

The hunt is laid out over a large rectangular area six miles north to south by almost five miles east to west. The prey are all released at the north center of the area. All they must do is evade capture and make it to the south edge. The hunters begin two miles south of the release point along a ridge line. They can position themselves at any point they desire along the ridge.

Jacob stood looking north with Sally in her saddle binoculars to her eyes. Next to her sitting astride a large dark male was the fearful woman Jacob had seen in black leather. Today she was dressed in tan jodhpurs with tall riding boots. Jacob now knew her to be called Lady Clair. Knowing her name did not make her any less terrifying. In fact, Jacob was terrified when he had been tacked and brought out by Sally to see Lady Clair standing holding the reins to her mount. Standing slightly behind Lady Clair's pony was another male pony equipped with saddle bags. He was not leashed or reined to Lady Clair and her pony but had dutifully followed them when they left the stable and for the entire trip to where they all now stood on the ridge.

Through the conversation between Sally and Lady Clair, Jacob learned that the prey were about to be released from a point almost directly in front of where they stood but just over 2 miles to the north. From the ridge line the ground dropped off at about a 20-degree angle to the edge of a small river that crossed the area running from northwest to southeast. North of the river was mostly open ground. To the West there was an area of forest between the river and the ridge. South of the river the ground rose to the ridge covered in moderate vegetation. There was a single bridge across the river and that was directly in front of the position on the ridge occupied by the hunting party that Jacob found himself a part of.

South of the ridge patches of forests cut and sat among mostly dry ravines created good cover. Although they wove in confusing and intricate patterns the ravines made the terrain less suitable for the ponies ridden by most hunters. If a prey could make it past the hunters on the ridge and into the ravines their chances of avoiding capture and making it to the road at the southern border was good, unless they became lost in the twisting maze. Jacob realized what Local Girl had been talking about. If she could get to the ravines, she had a good chance.

Suddenly there was movement at the far edge of the clearing. The prey had been released. Sally pointed to a spot to the left of the release point. Lady Clair said something that Jacob could not make out. Jacob did not have the assistance of binoculars, but he could see what looked like two figures moving in a southwesterly direction. They appeared to be males.

Smart thought Jacob. It was only about a mile to the trees. If they could make the trees, they could use the cover of the small forest to get to the river.

Jacob felt Sally's spurs, the game was afoot. He lurched forward moving with less care for the slope than he probably should have exhibited. He felt and heard Lady Clair's pony moving to his left. Although he slipped and slid a couple of times, Jacob kept his footing down the slope and increased his speed to a full gallop as he crossed the bridge.

As they reached the open ground on the north side of the bridge Sally guided him to his left angling to the point where the two male prey would most likely attempt to enter the woods. Jacob tried to think of the relative distances that each would have to cover. He thought that the hunters would be covering slightly more ground, but considering the angle, the prey would still need to cover almost two miles to get to the woods.

Two miles for Jacob, even with a rider on his back was nothing. He was clearly up to this game. He didn't think about the fact that he was helping to hunt and potentially capture another human being, he only thought about the challenge and his desire to prove himself to Sally. He pushed forward. He could not see the prey. He wondered if Sally from her higher position in the saddle could. She was making minor modifications to his course, but that could be based upon her knowledge of the terrain.

Then he saw them. They were running, but not near as fast as Jacob, and both were clearly breathing hard. They were at least 200 yards from the tree line. Jacob and Sally were just over half that distance. Jacob could see them trying to increase their pace - adrenaline can do amazing things. But Jacob felt fresh and he knew that they would not make it.

Jacob did not know where Lady Clair and her pony were. He was sure that they had not kept pace with him and that made him proud. As he cut north between the prey and their intended target he got a glimpse of Lady Clair well to his right, but closing.

The prey were two large and strong looking males. Consistent with hunt rules they were naked except for moccasins. They wore elbow cuffs connected with a short chain of about 14". Certainly, the restraint on their arms had limited their ability to run somewhat, but, after all, Jacob reasoned, he had no use of his arms at all.

Jacob expected that the prey would stand and fight. Together they stood a chance of dismounting one or more of the hunters and then making the woods. But the prey did not do this. Instead, they split. The larger more powerful looking of the

two tried to drive forward between Sally and Lady Clair. The smaller turned to the east which brought him close to Lady Clair.

Lady Clair let the smaller male go by instead concentrating on the larger more powerful looking male. This is going to be a challenge thought Jacob. Even with his arms held somewhat back this man was much stronger than either Sally or Lady Clair. He was probably stronger than both of them put together. Jacob thought they should have let this one go, and gone for the smaller male.

As Sally and Lady Clair closed from converging directions now slightly behind the large male Jacob could see two lasso loops circle out into the air. The positioning slightly behind the male meant that he did not see them until they dropped over his body. The first, Sally's, dropped to his knees where it pulled tight. His legs were pulled together, then the loop slipped to his ankles and held tightly as Jacob went into his hold position. The second lasso, this from Lady Clair, dropped over the shoulders and pulled tight around the upper body.

Jacob prepared himself for the shock as the momentum of the large male came to a stop at the end of the two lines. The prey's feet, now held together by Sally's line snapped out from under him toward the west while his body kept moving south. Then Lady Clair's line tightened, and his upper body twisted to the east. Jacob had stopped and braced his feet. This was like the calf roping they had practiced except that there was a lot more weight from this large male. However, a lot of the inertia had been taken at the point that the rope had pulled the male's feet out from under him. Jacob heard and felt the thud as the male's body hit the ground. Jacob leaned back into the line as he had been trained and moved to his right straightening the angle between himself and Lady Clair's pony.

Both Sally and Lady Clair had jumped from their saddles and they were on the male almost as soon as he hit the ground. The large male looked toward Jacob and Sally and tried to pull his legs toward him, but Jacob held firm. Lady Clair approached from behind him and quickly slipped a cloth hood over his head pulling the neck tight. Jacob remembered these bags. The wearer could see nothing and the slip at the neck was complicated to undo, unless you knew the trick. Jacob still did not know that trick.

As the male reached for the bag at his neck Sally reached in between his legs and slipped a rope loop over his balls. Then she jerked back pulling it tight. A scream escaped from the hood and the male's hands left his neck and reached for the rope now jerking his balls. Lady Clair slipped a loop over his head and around his neck. Then Sally jerked on the line to his balls once more. The male rolled onto his stomach instinctively looking for some relief and protection from the pain between his legs.

As he flipped over Lady Clair dropped her body onto his head and shoulders. She planted a knee in each shoulder pushing his upper body down into the dirt. She ran the running end of the rope from his neck through the chain between his elbows and pulled up and back toward his head. As the rope tightened around his neck closing his windpipe, he pushed his elbows back and up to remove the pressure. With his elbows now only about six inches apart Lady Clair quickly tied a knot to hold the line. He could breathe, but barely and only by keeping his elbows well back behind him.

While Lady Clair had worked at the upper body Sally had pulled the running end of her line between his legs and jerked it up between his buttocks. Then, holding the line to his balls in her teeth she dropped onto his legs just above his knees and quickly wrapped a rope around his ankles just above the lasso.

With Lady Clair perched on his shoulders, Sally on his legs, and lines from his ankles and upper body pulled tightly between the two ponies the large male, in spite of his greater strength, had little room to move.

As Sally tied, wrapped, and cinched the ankles, Lady Clair wrapped the male's elbows. She finished the wrap with cinches through the middle including a line straight up his back, around the front of his neck and back to the elbow cinch where she tied it off.

Lady Clair then wrapped a lark's head around the male's arms just below his elbows. She pulled it tight and then worked it down his arms until it tightened around his wrists with them pulled right together. Even though he grasped at the



rope with his fingers she was able to pull several cinches through the wrap and then pull it tight and tie it off. The running end was then pulled over the cinch at his elbows and tied off.

As Lady Clair worked on his wrists Sally ran the line from his balls through the wrap at his ankles. She signaled Jacob to loosen the lasso line and let it go from his feet. As he felt the tension loosen, he tried to kick his feet, but in the process Sally pulled back on the line from his balls slipped it over the tie on his wrists and ran it once more through the wrap at his ankles.

Sally then jumped off his legs and began to pull on the line that now connected his ankles to both his balls and his wrists. The male realized what was happening and tried to straighten his legs, but the mechanical advantage of the multiple lines allowed Sally to easily hold against that. Sally passed the line to Lady Clair who had finished with his arms. Then Sally moved to where she could grab his ankles and push them toward his hands throwing the weight of her body against his lower legs. As she pushed Lady Clair took up the slack. He tried to twist out from under the two women, but with Lady Clair still on his back and Sally's full weight against his legs he was unable to move. He tried to force his legs back, but the women held, pushed, pulled, and slowly shortened the line, bringing his ankles into the hogtie he was desperately trying to avoid.

It seemed like the struggle had gone on a long time, but it probably took less than a minute or two to pull his ankles hard up against his buttocks and wrists. The women kept pulling and pushing long after the distance between his ankles and wrists was close enough to make him helpless. When Lady Clair was finally happy with the tightness of the hogtie, she tied off the line at his elbow cinch.

Jacob had felt a part of the hunt team, but as he looked at the large male's desperate struggles, he felt a twinge of guilt. He had just helped capture a man. How could he expect anyone to help him when he not only didn't help others but even aided in their capture. There was nothing he could do now. The male was completely helpless; all his size and strength were for naught. And Jacob knew from experience that from here the women would completely control him.

Jacob did not get a chance to think of it further, Sally had coiled her lasso and jumped back into the saddle. She was signaling Jacob to turn and move back toward the river. The large powerful male was going nowhere. He was left to desperately thrash around on the ground until the women came back for him. Before turning and following his directions Jacob watched the male's fingers pulling and probing looking for a knot to untie - none were in reach - looking for even a small bit of slack that could be exploited - there was no slack. He could fight as much as he wanted but his condition would not change. He was captured and hogtied and he would stay captured and hogtied. For him the hunt was over, and he was caught.

Jacob did not even consider refusing Sally's signals. His responses came without thinking. His actions were now second nature. She touched her spurs to his flanks, and he began to gallop. When they reached the river, they turned and moved east along the bank. Then Jacob heard Sally say something to Lady Clair and he could see she was pointing. As she did, she turned Jacob toward the river. His blinkers had prevented him from seeing what had caught her attention until he was turned toward the water. Then he saw a wet mark on the south bank. They were tracking the other male. And, they had found the place where he had crossed the river.

Sally spurred Jacob toward the river. There was no bridge here and Jacob could not tell how deep the water was. With his arms enclosed he could not swim. If the water was deep, he would drown. He slowed. She spurred him again. He shied. She spurred him harder. He was frightened of the water. He was not going into the river. He stopped at the edge of the water and twisted from side to side. The spurs hurt now.

Lady Clair and her mount moved past them. Her mount did not hesitate. He moved straight into the water. Jacob continued to hold back in spite of the multiple strikes of Sally's spurs until Lady Clair's mount was about halfway across and he could see that the water was just over knee deep. Only then did he move forward. He knew that Sally was unhappy with him. He expected that he would be punished for his failing, but he just could not help it. The water had terrified him.

As they reached the far bank and came up onto the shore Lady Clair, still on her mount, was waiting. "I told you this one needs some obedience training. Give him to me for a month or two, I guarantee he will not try a stunt like that again."

As she dug her spurs into his flank one more time Sally said. "I just might do that." She leaned down next to Jacob's ear. "You would really like that, wouldn't you?" Jacob felt his knees go weak.

Sally was leaning over in the saddle looking at the ground. She pointed along the bank of the river to the east. "This way." She spurred Jacob and signaled direction with her knees. He did not hesitate. He was terrified at the thought of being turned over to Lady Clair. He was not going to do anything more to upset Sally. He only hoped she would not make him go back in the river. He was still not sure he could do it.

After about a hundred yards Sally turned him up the slope toward the ridge. Jacob hoped that the smaller male had made it over the ridge and into the more favorable terrain beyond. He wondered if Sally's tracking skills were good enough to track him through that terrain. They would just have to find out.

Near the top of the ridge Sally stopped for a moment. She leaned low in the saddle. "He stopped and watched from here. He should have kept running, but I suspect he could not help but watch us take his friend. He can't be far ahead."

And he wasn't. As they crossed the ridgeline and started to move through the heavier brush on the other side Jacob saw motion ahead and to their right. Sally brought him to a trot and expertly maneuvered him around the trees and bushes. The prey was running, but they were closing. It took four or five minutes to run him to ground. With the pursuers only yards behind him, and just before they threw their lassos he stopped. He turned around and faced them.

Lady Clair threw her lasso. It closed around his upper body. He did not resist. He knelt where he was.

Lady Clair had left her saddle as the lasso had pulled around his body. She was on him as quickly as his knees hit the ground. She stepped around him, grabbed the elbow chain with one hand and put him down face first in the dirt. He did not resist. Quickly she crossed his wrists and tied them, wrapping and cinching. The male did not move. He stayed where he had been put with his hands tied behind him. Jacob could see him moving his fingers and wrists to test the efficacy of his bondage, but not really attempting to challenge it.

Lady Clair signaled for her pack horse to come forward. He did, coming to a stop and kneeling next to her. She reached into the saddle bags and withdrew a pair of heavy ankle cuffs with a twelve-inch hobble line between them. Quickly she fastened his ankles. If the male had second thoughts it was much too late now. She helped him back to his feet. Next from the saddle bags was a heavy collar, which was quickly locked around the male's neck. The male stood motionless, looking straight ahead. He made no effort to speak. He seemed to know that there was nothing he could say and anything he did say would only get him in trouble.

Any option to speak was then removed as Lady Clair gagged him with a large penis gag that buckled around his head and clipped into the collar in the back. This would further limit any head movement.

Lady Clair then fastened a large belt, at least five inches wide around his waist. Using another short rope, she then cinched over his already bound wrists, ran the line through a ring at the back of the belt, then up to the back of his collar where she tied it off. There would now be no possible way he could untie his hands.

Lady Clair removed a heavy metal control ring from the saddle bags. Using a special wrench that worked on recessed screws she fastened it above the male's balls around his scrotum. A leather and metal cage was then fed over his semi erect penis, and locked around a base at the back circling his penis behind his balls. Jacob watched as wires from a box on the male's belt were fastened into both the control ring and the penis cage. She opened a flap on the belt and made an adjustment to something.

"This is an electronic leash. You are set to 10 yards. If you get more than 10 yards from me" she held up a small device "you will be shocked. I can also control the device. I don't think you will find it pleasant." She pushed a button on the device in her hand. His eyes went wide and a scream issued from behind his gag. He frantically shook his head back and forth. His arms pulled and twisted in their bonds. He danced from one foot to the other the chain between his legs rattling loudly.

Lady Clair turned and walked back to her mount. The new slave quickly followed along behind.

"Shall we go retrieve the rest of my property?" She turned her steed back up the hill and started to move. Sally laughed and signaled Jacob to walk.

The walk back to the place where they had left the large, still very tightly tied, male was kept to an easy pace. Sally and Lady Clair chatted about local politics and other gossip, most of which meant nothing to Jacob, and he quickly tuned it out turning instead to enjoyment of the beautiful surrounds. Jacob had given no thought to crossing the river but was pleased when they moved up the shore and utilized the bridge.

Jacob could not see the smaller male following behind, but heard the occasional screams when the new slave apparently allowed the separation from his Mistress to grow too great. The pace was very slow, but the male was hampered by being bound and hobbled.

As they approached the place where they had left the large male less than an hour before Jacob could see that he was still there. He was still completely helpless, and although the signs in the dirt indicated that he had struggled with great resolve, he was not now struggling. He had either been tired by the effort or surrendered to the inescapable nature of his bondage. Jacob was certain that the male was suffering cramping and pain from his constricted position, but Jacob was equally certain that the pain suffered thus far would pale in comparison to what was ahead for this slave as a possession of Lady Clair.

Even though he showed no outward signs of resistance Lady Clair took no chances. The creed of all of these female handlers of restrained men seemed to be to expect them to attack with all their strength whenever an opportunity presented itself and to thus allow no opportunity.

Lady Clair removed the hogtie and allowed the male to stretch his legs. He moved them slowly and seemed to relish just being able to straighten out. With Sally's assistance Lady Clair rolled the male onto his back, removed the noose from his balls, but quickly installed a control ring and a penis cage similar to the one placed on the smaller male. She was then able to fasten the wide belt around his waist by rolling him to one side and then to the other. He jerked his body slightly in response but did not otherwise provide any active resistance. He seemed to realize that there was nothing he could do to stop them from what they were doing.

Although the large male did not know it, after the belt was fastened in place and the electronic leash and control engaged, Lady Clair's control over him had been greatly enhanced. She fastened cuffs with a hobble chain to his ankles, and then untied them. He was still hooded and the movement and sounds inside the bag betrayed that his breathing had become much more labored. Lady Clair told him to get to his knees. He did not move at first. She stung him just above the left nipple with a ridding crop and gave the order again. He rolled about trying to figure out how to shift his weight to his knees with his arms and hands completely restrained behind him and his ankles hobbled. His large upper body mass and a clear lack of experience with bondage made this an amusing spectacle. Jacob was sure that part of this exercise was to demonstrate to him the degree to which he had no control.

Eventually he was successful. When he was on his knees Lady Clair fastened the posture collar around his neck and removed the hood. The large male blinked in the bright light and looked about him. He stared with contempt at the now bound smaller male who had abandoned him and who now stood nearby looking down at the ground as best he could in the severe posture collar.

Lady Clair pulled a ball gag from the saddle bag, but as soon as she had turned her back the large male jumped to his feet and started to run south as best he could shuffle in his hobble. Lady Clair turned and watched, swinging the gag by one of its straps.

The large male did not know of the nefarious character of the control device that he wore on his penis and balls. He reached a distance of about 15 yards when he stopped. Looked down, bent forward and screamed. His arms flailed back and forth behind him within the limits of their tight bondage. He collapsed to the ground, writhing and screaming. Lady Clair waited at least 15-20 seconds before she took a few steps forward, closing the range and making the painful punishment stop.

The large male was lying on his side bent over double. Lady Clair knelt next to him and began to stroke one of his nipples with her nail. "It is what is called an electronic leash." As he turned his head toward her, she stroked the side of his face. "You will be properly punished for attempting to run later, but for now know that you must stay within ten yards of me at all times." She had lifted his chin toward her to make sure he was looking at her. Then she held the ball gag up in front of his mouth. He opened his mouth and accepted the gag. He was still recovering from the pain he had just suffered and did not want to experience more.

With the large male gagged and on his feet Lady Clair fastened a six-foot line between the control rings of her two new slaves, mounted her pony and began to move. The two bound and hobbled slaves scrambled to keep close to their new Mistress, well aware of the pain associated with any failure to do so.

The group moved to the north east in the direction from which the prey had begun about two hours earlier. It was now late morning, but the exact time was not known to Jacob. Time had become a meaningless concept to Jacob. Clocks were nowhere to be seen in the stable and nothing in the life of a pony revolved around the time on a clock. There was the rise and set of the sun, there was cleaning and prep at the beginning of the day, and watering and feeding at times

within. There was mucking and grooming in the evening. Events rather than time marked the passing of their lives.

Sally and Lady Clair mounted on their ponies led the group. Following behind were Lady Clair's pack pony and her two new slaves. The pace was slow and easy. Jacob almost wished they would at least trot, but he knew the pace was not his choice and he followed the instructions signaled through movement in his reins, pressure from Sally's legs against his body, and the touch of her spurs.

As the starting point came into view Jacob saw another rider approaching slightly ahead of them and to the east. This was not a team. Just a single rider mounted on a large powerful looking pony. A line from the saddle led back about twenty feet to the neck of a blonde female. Her arms were pulled back behind her tied tightly so that her elbows touched but also tightly tied and cinched at her wrists. She was hobbled with a rope hobble allowing almost two feet of length between her ankles. The line around her neck was not tight, appearing to have been tied so as not to tighten into a noose.

The blonde's hair was just past shoulder length. It was in complete disarray with bits of leaf and stick demonstrating that she had at least been rolled on the ground, most probably at the time she was captured and secured.

Her head was down and her breathing betrayed sobs. As Jacob's party converged, he could see that her face was streaked with tears. Jacob did not recognize either the pony or the rider. He did not know if they were local or one of the many visitors. The girl, mounted on the large dark-haired stallion, looked very pleased. She looked over to Sally and gave a wave.

"A good catch." Sally said to her.

"She was very fast, but in the end, she could not match Jupiter. It took twenty minutes to run her down. She even managed to get across the river before I caught her. She was almost too tired to fight very hard."

"Are you going to keep her for pony training? She has pretty long legs."



"I am not sure. I think she might make a good slave so I may put her in the auction tomorrow. I will see what the trainers have to say when they get a chance to evaluate her."

"Well, good luck."

## **Chapter 11**

Eventually they arrived at the road that separated the starting area from the contest area. Jacob could now see a corral set with posts each about six feet high. Each post had a ring near the top, middle and just above the bottom. The posts were planted in the ground about six feet apart. Several unsuccessful, now captured hunt prey, stood tethered each to a post. Since most prey were only restrained with rope when they were captured, they still had the use of their fingers. Thus, it was important to keep them from reaching each other. The hunters were all well enough trained to tie inescapable bondage, but that would not necessarily prevent the fingers of tied hands working the knots for another subject. Separated anchor posts and a short tether removed that temptation.

As they reached the gate of the corral Sally dismounted and led Jacob to a hitching post nearby. She tied his reins to the post and quickly fastened his hobble. He was, after all, a wild animal that could not be trusted to be left unrestrained.

The girl with the blonde captive had secured her pony next to Jacob. No separation was necessary for ponies. Their hands were completely covered inside their arm binders and their mouths were bitted. Even if they were inclined to try to help one of their fellows, something trained out of them, they were effectively unable to do so.

The girl led her captured blonde to the gate. A man and a woman at the gate talked briefly to the girl. One of them examined the inside of the lower lip of the captive, looking for any registration mark; then they examined both flanks for signs of any previous brand that may have been obscured. Satisfied the woman wrote 4467 with a marker on the right flank of the new captive. The girl then led

her captive into the corral and tethered her with a loop over her neck to one of the posts. Her ownership had been established and the captive had been registered to her new owner.

Lady Clair followed the girl with her two new slaves desperately keeping close. The gate attendants did not seem surprised to see the two men step up to the gate even though not visibly leashed. The same process was repeated for each of them and soon they were tethered, each by his collar and control ring, to their own private post. Lady Clair did something at the pouch of their belt and then left the corral. She must have deactivated the electronic leash because there was no reaction from the men when Lady Clair left the corral.

As soon as he was left alone, the large male pulled back to the length of his tethers clearly testing their security. Jacob, if he were allowed to speak, could have told him that he was wasting his time. These tethers were extremely secure, and the new slave was not going anywhere. On the other hand, the prospect of belonging to Lady Clair would be unthinkable. Some of the captives stood in quiet resignation. Not the large male. He pulled and twisted and jerked at his bonds. Jacob watched for a time but became bored and then looked away. He knew the male was going nowhere. The male, even if he had not yet accepted it, also knew. Desperation would fuel him for a time before acceptance fully set in.

As Jacob turned his attention from the captured male, he saw a small brunette approach Lady Clair. They spoke for a moment. Then the two of them walked back into the corral and approached the small male. He was tethered to a pole close to Jacob, in fact, just on the other side of the corral fence. This close proximity allowed Jacob to see and hear everything that took place.

Lady Clair unfastened the small male's gag. "I am told you have a proposition for me." She said.

"Yes, thank you", the male said. "I am willing to buy my freedom. I will give you one million dollars to let me go." Jacob wondered if this was the reason he had given in so easily. He had another plan for his escape.

"And just exactly how would that happen?" Lady Clair asked.

"Release me from capture and I will bring you the money."

Lady Clair laughed. "Once I released you, you would be free. There would be no way for me to get the money. Not that I don't trust you darling." She started to lift the gag back to his mouth.

"Wait." He gasped. "Melanie can go get the money and bring it to you. Let me speak with her alone and I will tell her where it is."

Lady Clair looked at him for a moment and then at Melanie. "Are you willing to do this?" She said to Melanie.

"Yes. I can do that."

"It would have to be done this afternoon. Once the registration is finished you will be a slave and then any transaction would have to go through the registry. Once you are fully registered, I can sell you, but freeing you would be very complicated. I am not inclined to free a registered slave. So, is that possible?"

"Yes." He said. "The money is close, she can have it and be back in less than two hours."

"Ok." Lady Clair said. "But if this is some kind of trick, the pain you will suffer is something you don't even want to think about." Lady Clair walked away leaving Melanie with the now ungagged slave.

The small male leaned down as best he could in his situation and put his mouth to Melanie's ear. Both Sally and Lady Clair watched from distance to make sure that Melanie didn't try to do anything other than talk to him. Finally, Melanie nodded her head and left the corral. Lady Clair returned and lifted the gag to his mouth.

"Do you have to do that?" He asked, but she said nothing, just pushed the shaft of the gag against his teeth until he opened his mouth and accepted it. She pulled it

tight behind his head. It almost looked from his reaction like she had pulled it even tighter than it had been before. Then she gave him a slap on the flank with the quirt that always dangled from her wrist and walked from the corral.

Jacob felt very jealous. He had not liked this male. He had not liked him when he had deserted his friend during the hunt; he had not liked him when he had surrendered with no effort at all to escape; and he really did not like the manipulative attitude that he was watching now. "Why is it that the slime balls always escape?" He thought to himself.

Sally watered Jacob and led him to a food trough to eat. When he had eaten, she replaced his bit and returned him to his place on the hitching post. After that Jacob could not see where Lady Clair and Sally had gone. He had seen a building nearby and assumed that the humans were taking lunch there. Jacob did what ponies do. He stood where he had been tethered and he waited at the pleasure of his owner.

It had been what felt like several hours when Melanie, Sally and Lady Clair came back into the corral. The three women approached the small male. Lady Clair did not remove his gag. They were all smiling.

"Looks like for once in your life you are telling the truth. The money was right where you said it would be." As Lady Clair spoke, she reached over and stoked one of his nipples. Jacob shuddered as he remembered when she touched him in this fashion. It was something she did all the time, and it was not affectionate, it was not soothing, instead, there was something about the way that she did it that conveyed her power and control. Jacob had only felt terror. Some of that terror was creeping back into him. He brought his focus back to what was happening. He hated the idea of this guy going free.

But then Jacob straightened up. "But we don't like your deal. That money is tainted with your fraud. If any of us took any of it, we would become parties to your crimes." Lady Clair paused and looked into his face. Jacob remembered that look and shivered, but he was transfixed with what was happening before him. "So, since it is not your money you don't have anything to offer. The money has

been turned over to the authorities." The small male gasped through his gag and shook his head and body back and forth.

"We made another deal instead. Melanie gets \$200,000 as a reward for finding the money. I get a facilitation fee of \$50,000. And, the most special part, I keep you." Her fingers closed on his nipple as she pinched and twisted.

Although completely muffled behind the gag, Jacob could tell that the male was yelling: "NO." His head was wildly shaking from side to side.

"And here is something more that you are really going to love. After you have finished your six months of slave training and are a good proper slave, I have agreed to rent you out to your victims. I already have ten of them signed up to rent you for a month each. The list is so long you may turn out to be my most profitable possession." She ran her nail down the side of his head, reached down, and stroked his caged penis, then she turned, and all three women walked away. Jacob watched as Melissa continued to chat with the other women, they did not even look back. Jacob wondered what the relationship between Melissa and the new slave had once been.

The small male stood without moving for about a minute staring after the three women. Then he threw himself at his tethers while he twisted and pulled at his tightly bound arms. Moans and screams only partially filtered by his gag, caused others to momentarily stop what they were doing and look at him, but only for a moment. After all, he was only a tormented slave, and in the end who really cared?

Jacob found himself smiling as best he could around his bit. He had not generally been happy with the concept of others being captured and turned into slaves or animals, but in this case, he made a very big exception.

Jacob realized that he had not seen Local Girl. However, hitched where he was at one end of the corral he could only see about half of the restrained occupants. He wondered how many there were altogether. He wondered if any runners had made it. From what he had seen, it did not look like the odds of escape were very

good. Even so, he resented the fact that he had had no chance to run the hunt. But as he thought about it he realized that this was not meant to be fair. This was not some type of due process to give the potential ponies and slaves a way out. It was only entertainment, and the prey was not meant to escape. A few probably did, but they were almost certainly locals who knew the terrain well, and they could be counted on not to talk about what went on here.

It was late in the day when Sally finally released Jacob from the hitching post and rode him home. It was almost ten miles and it took over an hour, but it was an exhilarating ride, he was held at a trot for most of the ride. Although Jacob had mixed emotions as to what he had seen and been part of that day he somehow felt satisfied and was able to relax when he was safely secured back in his stall.

Although Jacob was glad to get back to his stall and felt the sense of security from his familiar surroundings he was overcome with sense of loss. He stared across the corridor at the empty stall that had been occupied by Local Girl for most of the time Jacob had been here. He had not seen her during or after the hunt. He had no idea what had happened to her.

"Do you think she made it?" Asked Reluctant Pony, looking at Jacob, who was still staring at the empty stall.

"No. Nobody can make it. It is impossible." Jacob gave Reluctant Pony a withering glance.

"She said she had a plan." New Pony had jumped into the conversation. The tone rose, hopeful, more than believing.

Jacob wanted to think positive thoughts for Local Girl. Even though he had said and thought some bad things, he knew he didn't mean them. "Escape from these people is impossible. You should have seen the way we took down two men. One of them looked like an NFL linebacker but Sally and Lady Clair had him roped and hogtied before he even knew what hit him. If he couldn't make it there is no way that Local Girl made it."

"Who is Lady Clair?" New Pony asked.

Jacob paused and stared at him for a long time. "Believe me. You don't want to know." New Pony stared back and then broke eye contact.

"I think she made it. She is very clever. Only brains can work to get out of here." Reluctant Pony turned back into his stall. Jacob looked across at New Pony. Neither said anything. They both hoped Reluctant Pony was right.

The adrenaline that had been surging through Jacob for the last two days was gone. He was tired, very tired. He lay down and was asleep before he had a chance to think of anything else.

There was activity in the stable. Both Reluctant Pony and New Pony were removed and taken from the stable leaving Jacob standing at his gate. The other three ponies located up the corridor were in their stalls, but seemed to pay little mind to what was going on. Jacob wondered if his curiosity would disappear with time. Right now, he wondered what was happening with his stable mates. Why had they been taken away?

What seemed like a long time later, Sally came to his stall. She smiled as she bridled him and led him from the stable. As they left the stable Jacob saw both Reluctant Pony and New Pony standing at a rail near the tack room. They were both adorned in fine looking leather tack with well-polished buckles and connections. Leashed to the rail they could only stand and wait whatever their owner desired.

Jacob was led into the tack room and saddled. Jacob was curious why he was dressed in normal tack and his work saddle, not even the fancy tack and saddle he had worn for the calf roping, while the other ponies were all gussied up.

When Jacob was saddled, Sally led him out to where the other two ponies waited. She attached a lead line from New Pony to the back of Reluctant Pony's collar and another line from the front of Reluctant Pony's collar to Jacob's saddle. At least Jacob would be ridden rather than towed along behind. As he thought about what

he had just thought, he almost laughed. He had grown so accustomed to carrying Sally on his back that he did not find it in the least humiliating. Clipping along on the end of a leash attached to another pony's saddle was a completely different thing. He smiled. At least he moved the corners of his mouth up as much as the bit in his mouth would allow.

It was a beautiful day, the sun was out, but the air was not too hot. There was a gentle breeze. Jacob was kept at a comfortable trot. Jacob could have gone a lot faster, but Sally kept looking back over her shoulder at the two ponies following in tow. Jacob knew they could both keep the pace; even New Pony had had enough time to be in shape. The only thing Jacob could think of was that Sally did not want to get them lathered. They had been dressed so nicely.

After a time, Jacob could see that they were returning to the hotel and the arena. There must be some type of competition he thought.

Sally guided him past the hotel, past the stable, and around to the far end of the arena where he had not been before. He saw a rather large corral. It reminded him of the corral at the hunting ground. Six-foot posts stood separated at about five to six feet from one another. They were in rows of eight posts. Each post had rings strategically placed near the top, in the middle and at the bottom. Jacob had seen how effectively these posts could be used to hold a pony in place.

There were several ponies leashed at posts. All appeared to be hobbled, each was leashed by their reins to the post. The length of the leash was sufficient to allow each pony to move around slightly more than had been the case at the hunt. The ponies were all dressed in their best tack, which was well shined and flashed in the sun. In addition, each pony had what looked like a four-inch-long wooden rod hanging on a short leather line from between their legs swinging back and forth about six inches below the crotch.

Sally halted Jacob outside the corral, dismounted and tied his reins to a hitching post along the outer edge of the corral. She unfastened the leash line to the two ponies that had been compelled to follow and she led them, still connected together, into the corral. At the gate of the corral Sally handed some paperwork



to a woman who then took down some information, and with a marker pen, wrote a number on the flank of each pony. They were 4478 and 4479. Sally was then allowed to lead them into the corral.

There were two empty posts immediately on the other side of the rail fence next to where Jacob stood. Sally leashed her two ponies, one to each of these posts, and hobbled their ankles. Another woman came over and hung a clip board on the back side of each of the posts away from where the pony stood. Then she clipped a short six-inch leash with wooden dowel tied at one end to the ring in the end of each pony's penis. The dowel swung back and forth as each of the two ponies moved about sensing the pressure on their sexual organ.

Then Sally left. Jacob followed her with his eyes as she wove through the corral occasionally stopping to look at other ponies, freely touching, and then looking at the clipboards. Jacob noted that in order to see what was written on the clipboard it was necessary to lift a cover sheet. The cover sheet prevented a pony from reading what was on the clipboard even though it was hung next to where the pony was tethered.

Jacob's realization of what was happening gave him mixed feelings. This was the pony sale, and he was not gussied up and inside the corral because he was not being sold. His two remaining stable mates, on the other hand, had been delivered to the block and were to be sold.

Jacob was not terribly surprised that Reluctant Pony would be up for sale. He had been in the stable for the longest of the three ponies in training and was probably considered to be sufficiently trained. New Pony, on the other hand, was just that. He was new, very new, why was he being sold? Jacob was happy that he was not being sold, but he knew he would miss the company of the others. Local Girl was gone. He didn't know if she was free now or being training in some other stable. The three older ponies had not accepted him. They would not talk to him. In fact, as best Jacob could tell they never talked at all. Jacob was feeling very sad.

Jacob watched as people moved in and around the ponies. Some were alone, some in groups of two or three. They would poke and prod; look into ears, eyes,

and mouths; touch and examine the sexual organs; run their hands over the muscles of the legs, thighs, shoulders, and abdomen; and flip through pages on the clip board. Jacob saw some of them make notes. He also saw the purpose of the wooden dowel, as he watched it was picked up and used as a handle for a short leash to move a pony to one side or the other. Connected in such a tender area the pony always responded quickly. On the males it was connected to the ring in the end of the penis. For the females it was connected to the ring through the clitoris. All the ponies were very responsive to its use.

The process was invasive. Jacob felt humiliated on behalf of his fellows who were being subjected to this inspection.

Jacob saw a young girl, late teens at best, small of stature accompanied by an older man move up to New Pony.

"Look daddy." She said. "He is just perfect, don't you think?" She had picked up the dowel and compelled New Pony to move toward her, he responded quickly reaching the limits of his reins.

"I don't know. He is pretty small."

"But he is tall, and we can bulk him up. I think he is just wonderful." Still holding the short leash in her left hand, she had moved her body in close to his and started to move her right index finger down his chest and across his abdomen.

"He is still wild, not even saddle broken." The father had picked up and was looking at the clipboard.

"I know, it is wonderful. I can be the one to saddle break him." She kept the pressure on the line attached to the end of his cock and moved her right hand to his buttocks. "I can't wait to get my whip on him." She looked up into New Pony's eyes only a few inches above. "You want to feel my whip, don't you boy?"

New Pony's eyes were wide, and Jacob saw him tremble. This was just a small girl, no more than 80 pounds, but New Pony looked like he had just been confronted by a mother grizzly bear. Jacob thought maybe New Pony would prefer the grizzly.

At the words of the whip, New Pony pulled back trying to turn first to one side, then the other. The girl let him move at first, then jerked hard on the leash line. He squealed and moved back. She was in control and knew how to exert it.

"He doesn't even know his positions." The father complained.

"He will . . . or his training will be very painful." She smiled, still looking into New Pony's face. He continued to look at her seemingly frozen in place except for the tremble that now seemed to be even more visible. "A pony never quite responds to other in the way they do to the one who trained them." She was still looking at him.

The father stopped looking at the clipboard and hung it back on the post. He sighed. Jacob knew what that meant.

"Please daddy, please, can I have him. You said I could pick the pony I wanted. And he should be a bargain because he is not trained."

The father smiled and put his arm around his little girl. He would, of course, give her what she wanted. She leaned up against him and he gave her a fatherly peck on the cheek. The girl turned back to New Pony, gave him a mischievous smile and a final tug on the line to his cock before she dropped it. "See you soon pony." She turned and walked away with her father. "A name. I need to think of a great name."

New Pony had not moved. Jacob could see a puddle on the ground around New Pony's left hoof. He had wet himself.

Jacob was not sure how he felt about what he had just watched. The girl was very young, but there was something in her demeanor, something obvious even from the spot where Jacob stood that said she would be a very strict and maybe even a

cruel mistress. New Pony would learn the feel of the whip. But the girl had chosen well. New Pony would be very afraid of the whip. He would do whatever the girl wanted. She was right. She would be able to train him perfectly.

Jacob felt suddenly lucky to have Sally. Sure, she whipped him. But not unnecessarily, and he understood the importance of the whip to both training and performance. He realized that when she used the whip, he never felt bad thoughts toward her. He realized that he had been whipped because he needed correction or encouragement. Jacob knew that there were other owners and trainers who enjoyed whipping and punishing their animals.

His thoughts turned to Lady Clair. Just the thought of her made him shudder. He would be so happy when this festival was over, and she got on her plane and left. It didn't help that she kept noticing him. He felt sorry for the two males they had captured during the hunt, well, at least one of them. He wondered what was happening to them now. He was sure it was both painful and disorienting. Something designed to instill in them the hopelessness of their situation and the need to fear and please Lady Clair instantly and completely without second thought, and no matter how difficult, humiliating, or painful, because the alternative would always be unbearable. And with her, they would have to learn to bear the unbearable.

The people had left the corral and entered the building. The inspection was over, and the auction was beginning. One by one, ponies were unleashed and led into the building. Jacob could not see or hear what was going on inside. Several attendants had the ponies lined up and moved them with a well-practiced efficiency. One at a time they were removed from the line, leashed, and led into the building.

When a pony was brought out of the building it was hooded. Some were led back to their post and leashed, although they remained hooded. Others were led to a flat area that looked like a loading dock. When there, their knees were strapped together; they were placed on their stomach and then their ankle hobble was brought up and fastened to their arm restraints putting them in a strict hogtie.

They were turned so that their hooded head faced out and a short leash was fastened from their collar to a ring in the front of the platform.

Reluctant Pony was hogtied on the platform. New Pony was returned to the post. Jacob could see another number, in red, written over the top of the 4479 on his flank. New Pony had been sold. This was confirmed when the young girl and her father appeared, the father with papers in his hand. One sheet was handed to the gate attendant who then removed New Pony from his post and brought him, still hooded, and hobbled, to the gate and then handed the end of the leash to the daughter.

She gave her father a great hug, jumped up and down a few times then turned and walked away pulling her new purchase behind her. "Keep up pony." She didn't have a whip, but she turned and used the end of the leash to slash his upper body before starting to pull again. Still hooded, New Pony squealed and hurriedly shuffled after her, trying to keep the pace and at the same time sense the direction.

Jacob watched other new owners collect their purchases and lead them from the corral. Nobody was taking any of the ponies lying on the shipping dock. Several workers were moving about, checking on tags tied around their necks and talking among themselves.

Then Jacob saw several wooden crates nearby. These ponies had been sold as well, but they were not staying in the valley and, perhaps, even leaving on planes with their new owners. These ponies were being shipped. Jacob was not sure exactly how that was to work, but the thought of being packed in a box and sent to some unknown location sent a shiver through his body.

He did not get a chance to observe any more of what was happening at the loading dock because Sally had returned, released his reins, and climbed into the saddle. She brought him to his feet and guided him away from the corral and back toward home. What had been a beautiful day was turning into a lovely evening. The sun was low in the horizon, the sky was still clear and the temperature, which had cooled just a little, was very nice. The road was clear with meadows,

pastures, and forests along the sides. Jacob should be enjoying being out and trotting along in this wonderful location, but he had just watched the aftermath of his two stable mates being sold. There was a sadness that consumed him. It did not show in his response to the commands of his owner, which was now rote and not something he even had to think about. But it sat deep in his stomach like a heavy weight.

They were back at the stable before Jacob realized it. He did not know if he had made very good time or just been lost in his own inner space. He was angry at Sally - or whoever was responsible - for selling his friends. But he knew to hold it inside. Sally and the owners did not care what he thought, and any attempt to express himself on such a subject would likely lead to punishment.

Jacob had been mucked, cleaned, and returned to his stall. He had been fed and watered. He considered lying down, but he was not really tired. He looked across the corridor to the empty stalls. He looked to his left and right, more empty stalls. He wondered why he had not at least been moved up next to the older established ponies, although he really did not want to be in a different stall. This was his stall. But it was so quiet, so very quiet.

Then it was not. There was noise in the corridor. Jacob heard grunting and shuffling of feet. It was the commotion of a struggle.

Jacob went to his gate and looked out into the corridor. He saw Sally and another trainer leading a blonde girl. She was tall, almost 6 feet. She had a body that evidenced a good regime of exercise. Probably a runner, Jacob thought as he looked at the structure of her legs, although dressed in the steep pony boots, the lines of the leg always looked amazing. She was naked but for her harness. Tan lines at her hips and crotch spoke to a real tan. No tan line at her breasts spoke to her self-confidence.

Her breasts were well formed and firm. A C cup Jacob thought, although he did not pretend to be an expert on women's breasts. Her breasts were small for a pony, but he knew that would change with the ranch's regime of hormones and injections. He suspected that this girl was completely happy with the current size

of her breasts and would not appreciate having them grown. However, of course, that was not her choice anymore.

Her blonde hair had been cut to a Mohawk, but otherwise left very long. At present, she was not bridled, and her hair hung from the top of her head to the left side. The white skin of her head contrasted with the tan of her face and body.

She had been ringed at the nose, nipples, and clitoris. Jacob could not see her arms but could tell they were held tightly behind her. One of the trainers was leading her with a leash to her nose ring. A nose ring was always effective, on a newly pierced septum it really hurt. Sally was balancing from behind with a leash to the ring at her clitoris then pulled back through her legs. Jacob recognized this as the control procedure for potentially unruly ponies.

Her booted legs were cuffed and hobbled at about eight inches.

The girl was twisting her body back and forth, but she would move forward with each jerk to the ring in her nose. She would try to twist from the direction she was being pulled but would straighten back when Sally jerked on the line attached to the ring in that most tender part of her body.

The girl's face was red, and she was breathing heavily. Her ongoing tirade even caught the attention of the older ponies further up the stable.

"You can't do this. . . . Let me go. . . . You will go to jail forever."

"Silence. Ponys don't talk." Sally's comment was punctuated with a slash from a crop across the buttocks of the girl.

She yelped and jumped forward. She tried to turn to look at Sally, but the other trainer tugged on the line to her nose ring and her head followed. Jacob thought about how effective and humiliating it was to be controlled by the ring through your nose. He had never really adjusted to this indignity. This girl was having a very difficult time with it.

The girl had noticed Jacob standing at the door to her stall. She looked into his face from only about four feet away. Her eyes were a blue gray that drew him in. "Help me. Please." She said to him.

Sally was standing to the side closest to the girl and she let her eyes travel from the girl to Jacob. She saw Jacob stare back into her eyes. "Yeh, right." Sally laughed and pulled on the line between the girl's legs to point her toward the stall directly across from Jacob.

The trainer opened the stall door and started to pull the blonde in. As she was turned away from him, Jacob could see her arm bindings. He recognized her predicament and felt sorry for her. Her wrists and her arms just below the elbows were cuffed. The wrist cuffs were connected by a single chain link and then held by a chain to the back of the collar. Her hands were clenched into fists and covered by leather pouches effectively removing any use of her fingers even if she could move her arms. At this point, her hands were six to eight inches below her collar. A treaded metal bar was connected to the cuffs just below her elbows. The elbows were separated by about eight inches. The threaded bar had a small junction in the middle with a slot for a hex wrench.

When the girl was almost abreast of the opening to the stall she balked and attempted to plant her feet. The trainer jerked her forward, punctuated by another shot from Sally to the girl's thighs with her quirt.

With the girl just inside the stall, the trainer fastened the end of the leash from her nose to a ring in the far wall. Once the trainer had let go the girl tried to turn and rush out the gate. As the leash to her nose ring came tight, she was jerked around right at the doorway. As the girl turned back toward the gate, Sally closed and latched it. Sally and the other trainer turned and walked away making small talk that Jacob barely heard and of which he had no interest or knowledge.

Jacob continued to stand at his gate looking at the new arrival. The leash from the back of her stall to her nose ring forced her to stand just back from the gate in order to square herself toward Jacob. For a period of time, they just stood looking at each other.



The girl looked away from Jacob, stepped back slightly then started to twist and shake her upper body. Jacob could see the muscles tightening and moving in her shoulders and upper arms. He knew this stage. She was trying to free her arms. He could have told her that it was a hopeless endeavor, but he also knew it was something every new pony had to learn on their own. It was also a behavior, even though useless, that would return repeatedly in moments of despair and frustration.

She turned and rubbed her leather covered hands and her arms against the side of the stall. That did not help. Her eyes were getting puffy and Jacob could see tears filling them and beginning to run down her cheeks.

She stopped rubbing and twisting and moved toward the gate. She looked at Jacob. "Help me. Please help me."

"I can't do anything to help." Jacob said, feeling frustrated. She was a very pretty girl, and he would have loved to come to her aid. But even though he was not secured to the back of his stall like her, the combination of his hobble, the armbinder and the closed gate were more than sufficient to keep him in place. "Even if I could get out of here - which I can't - I couldn't help you." He turned to show her his armbinder.

She broke eye contact looking down at the ground. Did she feel bad because she had underscored his helplessness or was she just feeling sorry for herself? Jacob could not be sure.

She looked up and down the corridor as best she could with her nose ring leashed to the wall behind. Finally, she looked back at Jacob. "What the hell is this place?"

"It is a pony farm where they train us to be show, cart, and riding ponies."

"That is completely insane. How long have you been here?"

"I am not really sure, about three or four months now. I am trained as a riding pony. Sally is my owner." Why had he said that last part? It had just come out.

The new girl looked at him like he had two heads. "This is fucked up. You may be into this kinky shit, but I am not going to do it."

Jacob knew he had given the wrong idea. "Look, I don't want to be here. I am just like you. Look for god sake." He turned his back again, and pulled and twisted at his arms. This time it was a real, but, as he knew, a fruitless effort.

"Bull shit. They cannot get away with this shit. I am not going to do this." Jacob could hear her kicking at the door. The hobble greatly restricted her efforts making it sound more like a gentle knock. The effort also caused the leash to tighten and pull at her nose ring.

The girl turned away from Jacob and walked to the wall where her leash was tied to a ring. The ring was just six inches above her head. With a free hand, she could easily untie the simple knot fastened there. She leaned up against the wall and tried to stretch up toward the ring. She was already forced up on her toes by the boots, so she gained no distance with this effort. She reached with her mouth and managed to grab the leash with her teeth. Then she backed away from the ring and tried to pull the line loose. While it was not tied in a complicated knot, it was sufficiently tied so as not to slip with the simple pressure applied by pulling. Jacob continued to watch in fascination as the girl tried to pull from different angles and directions. None of it worked. Finally, she stomped her hoof, let the leash drop from her mouth, and screamed in frustration.

She turned and walked back to the gate. Her eyes, still puffy from tears earlier, were red and angry.

"This is fucked up. They can't do this to people." She was squirming and twisting her arms again.

"Yeh, but they have done it. . . And there is nothing that can be done about it." He paused and looked at her as she looked up once more into his eyes.

"I don't know why you agreed to this, but there is no way I'm going to be anybody's 'pony'. They can just go fuck themselves if they think I will cooperate with them. FUCK."

Jacob thought about how he felt when he was first captured and put in a stall. He remembered being scared. He remembered being angry. He remembered feeling defiant. There was no reason telling her those things. She was going to have to learn for herself.

He had dropped his head, but he looked up again as she made eye contact once more. "I really need to get my hands loose. My arms and shoulders are aching. Is there anything I can say to get the guard to come help?" Her face transformed into a pleading look.

"Whatever you do don't call out. That will only get you gagged. You will get used to the pain in your arms. Over time, it dulls. Eventually you will not even miss your arms." Jacob was trying to be helpful, but the girl's facial expression changed to horror.

"What do you mean? How much of the time do they kept our arms tied?" Her volume had raised and there was a quiver in her voice.

"It is permanent. They have two purposes. The first is just their rationalization. Ponies don't have arms, so, neither do we. But it does make it clear to you that you are different. The second, the real reason, I think, is for security. They are very careful. I am always leashed, hobbled, or corralled, sometimes all three. The opportunity for escape is zero."

The girl was looking at his shoulders and arms. Jacob turned to let her once again see his armbinder. Over the months his body had bulked, and his thighs, legs and shoulders had all picked up layers of muscle due to the combination of the drugs they fed him and his exercise regime. But his arms had not been used. And, even though most of his arms were hidden inside the armbinder, the upper arm above his restraints showed the difference in development. "Why are my arms pulled up

so high behind me? They could at least lower them down like yours. Is that a reward or something?"

"No." Jacob couldn't keep eye contact. He had not wanted to tell her this, but he felt like he needed to now. "I am a ridding pony, so my arms are held lower to accommodate my saddle. It looks like you are to be a show or cart pony. They are putting your arms in what is called a reverse prayer. They have been what they consider to be kind by leaving a gap between your elbows and having your hands not pulled so that they touch your collar. As you adjust to the strain on your shoulders, they will tighten the clamps at your elbows. When they are done, your arms will be together, touching, held vertically in the middle of your back. Your hands will reach to your collar. They will be unusable."

Her eyes were wide. She shook her head from side to side. She looked down at one shoulder and then the other. Then she looked back at Jacob. "That is impossible. I'm not flexible. They can't do that." She was starting to sob.

"I am sorry. I wish I hadn't told you, but there is nothing you can do about it. The only good part is that your body will actually adjust, and it will start to hurt less." Jacob was trying to be reassuring, but he didn't feel like he was helping.

"I can't do this. I just can't." She was not talking to him; she was looking down at the floor as she turned from the gate and walked back into the stall.

Jacob's stomach knotted. He stood at the gate looking across the corridor and into the stall of the soon to be mare. She was not looking back and eventually she slid down the wall. He could hear her sobbing but could only get glimpses of the top of her head. He was not sure how long he stood there, but finally he was sure she was not coming back. She had wanted him to protect her. She had reached out to him. But he was able to do nothing to help her. Jacob had never felt so completely helpless. He wanted to go to her. He wished he could at least touch her and let her feel another close to her. He looked at the simple wooden gate at the front of his stall, simple, but solid enough to restrain a hobbled pony and to keep him in his place.

Jacob lay down and tried to sleep. He could hear low moans, rustling of straw, and the occasional sob from across the corridor. It was not loud, but enough, when accompanied by his thoughts to make sleep difficult. Eventually he did sleep.

## **Chapter 12**

Jacob could hear sounds in the stable. It was morning. Slowly Jacob stretched and worked his way to his feet. Across from Jacob, two young women were bridling the girl from the night before. She clearly did not like the idea and was twisting and pulling to prevent the action. Jacob heard the all too familiar strike of a riding crop on tender flesh followed by a shriek from the girl.

She was not going easily. At least two more strokes and screams punctuated Jacob's thoughts until the bridled new mare was pulled, at the end of her reins, from the stall. In the corridor, she twisted and pulled back and away from her trainer. This earned her another swipe of the crop and then, seeming to understand that her resistance was only bringing pain and in the end was pointless, she stopped struggling and followed the lead of her reins.

Jacob hung his head. He knew that she would try to resist. He knew that she would try to fight. He also knew that in the end she would give in. The only way to avoid the pain was obedience, and she would learn to obey. Jacob wished he could have done something to make her feel better. He had tried to talk to her last night, but he felt like he had only made it worse. She was looking for someone to rescue her. Jacob would have loved to be her savior. He would have loved to throw off his restraints, leap over the stall door, and save her from these villains. But, he had not. He could not. He was just a helpless pony bound and controlled to perform as directed. He knew the pain she would experience, and he knew that in the end, a pony learned that the only way to avoid the pain was to obey. He had learned, and he had become obedient. So would she.

As the new filly was led away, Jacob saw Sally approaching. Usually, he was happy to see her, but for some reason he did not feel that way this morning. Maybe it was the effect of the new stable mate. He wished Sally would just leave him in his stall today, but that was not to be, and he knew better than to resist.

Sally bridled him and led him to the tack room where he was soon saddled. Jacob looked around for other ponies but saw none saddled. Whatever they were going to do, it was apparently only Sally and him.

Sally mounted and started Jacob at a slow pace. She guided him away from the stable, then, when clear of all buildings, she opened him up quickly to a full gallop. The road was straight and flat, but this was not to be leisurely. Sally kept urging more and more speed. He felt the sting of her crop on his flank, something that rarely happened when they were out for a ride. He snorted and shook his head but was only rewarded with another slap of the crop. He dug down and found some more speed.

The road stretched gently through fields under cultivation. Jacob's hooves clopped on the hard dirt kicking up chunks of hard clay.

Jacob was not sure how long he had run. He knew he was breathing hard and thought he would drop at any moment when she finally reined him back to a walk. That was almost worse. His head spun and his eyes were having trouble focusing. He was sure he was going to collapse. But he didn't. Somehow, he managed to walk through it. Finally, his breathing returned to normal. He was not sure how far they had come. He did not know where they were. Nothing looked familiar. It seemed like they had gone for miles, but more importantly it had been at a very fast pace. As fast, if not faster than he had ever run before.

Finally, they left the fields and Jacob saw they were approaching a crop of trees near a stream. Sally slowed him, guided him up to the stream and brought him to a halt. She dismounted and quickly attached his hobble. Then she tied his reins loosely to a tree branch, so he had enough room to kneel and drink from the stream. The water was cool and tasted sweet. Sally moved slightly upstream from him and also drank from the stream. She had had to walk around him to get up stream. Either side of Jacob allowed equal access to the water so the only reason for her action was to drink upstream from the 'livestock'.

Sally usually talked to him when they were out on a ride. Well, it was not really talking to him as in a conversation, more talking at him. She did not expect, nor

did she allow any response. She just wanted to talk. But today, she was very quiet. She looked at him and stroked his head. It seemed something was bothering her. Something was wrong.

After a time, Sally removed his hobble and mounted. They moved out. She brought him up to a trot but did not push the pace any higher. He thought he would have tightened up from the earlier run, but his legs stretched out nicely, and pretty soon it felt good to be trotting.

Jacob saw the forest approaching as the road snaked forward. He was having no problem maintaining a good trot and Sally's weight was well balanced on his back. Even with the blinders blocking peripheral vision he could see the gentle winding of the road, but he did not follow on his own. He would not have even tried; instead, he responded to the pressure from her knees. He had learned that he must not anticipate his rider's intentions and that doing so could, no, would be painful.

They had not gone far into the woods when a shift in her weight and pressure from her knees communicated that they should stop. Jacob came to a stop and waited for further command. The tap of the quirt against his thigh with the command "mount" told him that Sally intended to dismount. He quickly settled to one knee, keeping his back straight so as not to jostle or disturb his rider.

Sally swung from the saddle. She left the reins hanging at the back of Jacob's neck. Normally she would have him kneel, then hobble him, before telling him to rise. Then she would tether him to something, but this time she just kept him kneeling. Jacob could not see what she was doing or what she was looking at until he heard a crash, followed by thumping and breaking branches all moving down and away from his position.

For a long while Jacob did not move. A pony was supposed to hold position. The sounds had come from behind and to his right. Finally, he tried to turn his head to the right, but the check chains prevented it. He could not sense Sally behind him, but he could hear movement some distance away and well below him. Finally, he

inched his body around until he could see. The edge of the roadway where he knelt ended with a steep slope down to a fast-moving stream below.

At first Sally was nowhere to be seen, but then he heard sound down the slope and was able to lean his body forward just enough to see down. Sally had apparently slipped and slid down the embankment. She was now a good 30 feet below Jacob trying to work her way up the steep slope. She did not look injured from her fall, but she was having a lot of difficulty with the steepness of the slope and the loose soil.

Jacob realized he was not hobbled. He was not tethered. He was not even confined to a closed area. He was as free and unrestricted as he had been since his capture. He had been waiting for a chance to escape. This was it . . . or at least as close to it as he could expect. His arms were still tightly bound behind him, but he had already learned that that was a permanent condition, so this was as good as it was going to get.

Jacob jumped to his feet, looked down at Sally now about 20 feet below, and then he turned and sprinted down the road. He was not sure where he was going, but his first task was to put as much space as he could between himself and his captor/trainer. He knew she could not catch him, but he didn't want her following him if he could help it.

As he ran, he tried to come up with a plan. He knew he needed help getting his arms free. He also knew that such help would need to come from an outsider. He needed to get out of the valley. He had run about a mile, and he was breathing heavily now, more from anxiety and excitement than exertion. His stomach was completely knotted. He had run away. Sally and the others would come looking for him, and if they caught him, he would be severely punished. They used pain and the threat of pain to control him, but right now the threat of pain prodded him on toward escape, because he knew that whatever he did now there would be pain, a great deal of pain if he were recaptured. Sally had been good to him. She had taken care of him. But she commanded and controlled him and did not accept any disobedience. He was afraid of Sally, and right now, the fear was of



being back in her hands. She might even send him to Lady Clair. That thought almost made him stumble.

Jacob had not seen anyone else nearby, human or livestock since he started his escape. That was good. He moved off the road and into the trees so that he was out of sight. That gave him a chance to study the terrain and try to develop a plan. The blinkers and check chains made this more complicated, he could not turn his head and his peripheral vision was blocked. He had to turn his entire body to try to see where he was.

The terrain sloped slightly downhill from where he was. He was at the edge of the woods and could see out over what looked like a large expanse of farmers' fields. He could see people and livestock working in many of the fields. If he went that way, he would be seen. Having been made to run straight with blinders and check chains, during the times he had been ridden, meant that although he had seen the road he was traversing and a little bit of what was ahead, he had little ability to put it in context with what lay around. As he now turned back and forth, he was able to look at a panorama of the area for the first time. He could now see the full expanse of a very wide valley framed on both sides with rocky looking old ridges punctuated by peaks. Jacob did not know what lay beyond but crossing those ridges would be a challenge even with proper gear. Naked and without the use of his arms it would be deadly. He pictured himself plummeting off a steep outcrop toward jagged rocks below, not even able to extend an arm to try to break the bone crushing landing.

He knew that there was at least one paved road in the valley. He assumed it ran from the highway up the valley to provide truck access to the many farms and finally, the lodge. From where he stood, at the edge of an undeveloped wooded area on higher ground, he could see pieces of what looked like a paved road, but from here on down to the main road, the terrain was very open. The road he was on, before going into the woods, continued down to where it intersected into a network of narrow dirt roads that connected the farms and fields.

He also knew, from the times he had been ridden on the larger roadways, that there would be traffic on the roads, some motor vehicles, but mostly carts, riders,

and ponies. He could see some 'traffic' moving below. It would be impossible to go far without encountering it. He knew that any other pony would not hesitate to carry their riders in pursuit of a runaway pony - what he knew he was. He knew that when a rider mounted your saddle and took your reins you followed the instruction without a second thought. If he were seen, he would be quickly cornered and captured. It would be necessary for him to avoid the traffic.

The valley became wider as it extended down toward where the main highway must be. He tried to make out the little town he remembered to be at the mouth of the valley. That was where he thought the highway was. He couldn't make out anything that looked right, but it had to be at least 20 miles away. In his current conditioning, he could easily run that in several hours, but not without a rider and out in the open. He doubted he would make it a third of the way before he was seen and captured. If he was to get to the highway, he needed to be stealthy.

He did not know how good the hiding places would be, but he knew he would have to travel by night and hide by day. That meant finding a place to hide until dark. Today he could use the edge of the woods. After that, it would be a lot more difficult. But for now, he needed to rest and get a few hours' sleep. As he found a place in the bushes and curled up as best he could, he was assailed by mixed feelings. He had become accustomed to his stall, but it was nice to sleep where and when he wanted, and not to be under another's control.

Even though it was only the middle of the day, he fell asleep and slept so soundly he did not see several ponies, with their riders, moving up and down the road. The riders were looking to one side and then the other. By dark, when Jacob awoke, they were gone, and the area was once again deserted.

Jacob could see that his nighttime journeys were going to be a bit more complicated than he thought. Initially he tried to set out overland and off the roads. But he kept coming up on fields and farms. When he tried to circle around, he would run up on terrain he could not navigate without the use of his arms, or fields that were fenced. They were not high fences, but they were high enough to deter an animal, him. He considered trying to crawl over or through, but the risk of getting caught up was too great.

It was also difficult to keep his focus on going the correct direction. There was virtually no moon, which helped him not be seen, but it made it very difficult to figure out where he was. He knew he needed to travel downhill, but the valley was wide enough to present false slopes sometimes leading in the opposite direction from where he wanted to go. He ended up having to stay pretty much on small roads and paths. But, once he had left the higher ground, he could not tell where the small roads and paths went. He moved slowly and studied the area ahead before moving forward. His reins were hanging from his bit, and he had to be careful not to step on them or let them snag.

Once he came up on a farmhouse. He stayed as far as he could from the house as he moved along the roads and paths.

Later he followed a path only to be faced with a simple gate. It was latched with a very simple lift latch. Even though it was on his side of the gate he could not open it. He struggled at the latch for 10-15 minutes with his bitted mouth before he finally gave up and retreated to look for another path.

Still later, he found himself passing the open door of a stable from which he could hear the sounds of sleeping ponies. His curiosity urged him to take a quick look. He snuck up to the first gate and looked over. Inside sleeping on the straw was a beautiful ponygirl. Her arms were locked in a binder behind her back. Her legs were hobbled, and she was connected to a ring in the back of the stall with a chain from her nose ring. "A lot of security for a girl," thought Jacob, "she must be new to her harness". He admired her beauty for a bit, and then realized how stupid he was being. He could not help her or any of the others by being caught. And, if one of them woke and made a fuss he would be in big trouble.

He was hungry and thirsty. He had stopped at a small stream near the woods where he had slept, now a long time ago. He could suck up water around his bit, but with the bit in place how could he eat? If he had to go without food, it would put a limit of several days for him to find help. If he could not get help, he would eventually become too weak to keep going. Would he eventually become so

desperate for food that he would find a human and surrender? He did not think so.

He could see the glow of the approach of dawn in the sky. At least he now knew where east was. He also knew that things started early on the farm, so he figured he had better find a place to hide. He didn't really trust farm buildings, but the open fields provided no cover. And the woods were now too far away. He was also thirsty again. There was a small farm nearby. He headed up the road toward it. He did not know if this farm kept ponies, but he did see a watering trough by the side of a small building with a large open door. Most of the farm was downhill from this spot and the level ground in front of the building provided some cover from observation from below. He slipped quietly over to the trough, knelt and sucked water through his bitted mouth. He was a long way from the farmhouse, and the outbuildings here looked like they were seldom used. It was far from ideal, but he hoped one of them would provide a place to sleep through the day. He wished he knew how far he had come. More importantly, he wished he knew how far he still had to go.

As he lifted his head from the water, Jacob became aware of movement. He had to turn his body to see, but as he did, he saw her standing there. It was a teenager. About 18, but very small of stature, she was standing with a backpack in her hand watching him. She was between Jacob and the road he had entered. His first instinct was to charge her, knock her down, and escape down the road. But escape to where? While he tried to figure a plan, he just looked at her.

She reached into her backpack and came out with a slice of apple. She extended her arm and held out her hand with the apple sitting in her palm. He had been thinking of doing her damage and she was offering him food. He was very hungry. But he was very frightened.

He shied away, stepping back through the door into the outbuilding hoping to use it to circle around her. What if she grabbed his reins? She was so much smaller than he was. She could never control him, not even with the reins. But he was so very hungry. She stepped slowly toward him, her arm extended with the offered piece of apple. He stepped back. The apple looked so good. He was so very

hungry. She wasn't being threatening, just offering him food. And she was really so very small.

He still did not know what he was going to do, but he figured it would not hurt to have some apple while he figured it out. Maybe she would even release his bit so he could. If she did that, he would gain some important additional freedom. He took a step forward, toward her. She did not reach for the bit; her left hand still held the backpack. Her right was held up with her hand extended the apple sitting in her palm. He stood frozen just feet away. She continued to hold up her hand very still. There was no movement to spook him. He looked down into her face. She stood very still looking up at him. He looked over at the apple. It hadn't moved. He leaned forward with his head, slowly, carefully, keeping his eyes on her as best he could. Then he took the piece of apple with his lips. He raised his head looking back at her. She had not moved other than to lower her arm. He could taste the sweetness of the apple on his lips. He focused on the apple piece. He was afraid it was going to slip out of his grasp. He leaned his head backwards to let gravity help him. He needed to work it past the bit to where he could break it down and eat it. This seemed to be working; he had it in his mouth and was able to work it between his teeth and the bit. Pieces were coming loose and falling back into his mouth.

It took what seemed like a long time to eat the apple piece. But it tasted so very good. Satisfied with his accomplishment Jacob lowered his head to look at the girl. He froze. The young girl had a leash line in her hand holding it by the clip at one end. She moved her hand forward toward the loop on his control ring. "NO." He thought and started to step away. He almost fell over. While he had focused on the apple, she had fastened an eight-inch hobble line between his ankles. He caught his balance, but she was still coming with the clip. He tried to turn and maneuver away from her, but she was very fast, and he was off balance from the hobble. He heard the click of the leash as she fastened it to the loop on his control ring.

To begin with, it was just wrong to have someone six years his junior with her hands so close to his penis and balls, but she did not touch them, and she acted as if it was something she had seen, if not done, a million times. And, of course, she

probably had. Living on the farm she would not expect to see clothing on animals even the once human variety. She was probably used to washing and caring for them.

Jacob was still trying to turn away from her even though the leash was now attached. He was rewarded with a sharp jerk on the leash and sudden pain shooting through his testicles. "Kneel." She commanded. He looked at her face as he dropped to his knees. He hadn't even thought about it. He had been well enough trained that he just responded. What should he do? He felt himself freeze.

She quickly fed the leash through his legs and stepped around behind him. He knelt with his legs apart as he had been trained, without moving. He could feel her do something with the hobble. She had linked a second eight-inch hobble to the first. The two hobbles were connected to a ring between them. The result was a new 16" combined hobble with a ring in the middle. Then she fed the leash line from his balls through the ring between the two-hobble lines. All of this took only seconds, but it felt like hours to the frozen pony kneeling on the floor.

"Up." She directed. Jacob responded in a slow well-trained movement as he got to his feet. The now relatively long hobble provided almost no impediment. With his movement, he started to unfreeze. Fear! He could not be caught. Terror! The punishment would be terrible. Panic! He had to do something. Anything!

As he stood, the girl brought the running end of the leash up and pulled it through the clip ring in the leash she had fastened to his control ring. Jacob could not see it but the ring on the clip end of the leash had a pressure buckle through which the line was now run. This type of buckle held the line in place with a spring and teeth on the buckle that closed on the line. The line could be pulled through in one direction (tighter) but it would then hold against being loosened until the buckle was pressed down to open the teeth.

Jacob paid no attention to what she was doing. He was wildly trying to look for a way out. He could see the road. It was straight ahead of him. There was no other person in sight, just him, and this small girl. With a step, he tested the hobble,

although still in place, it had been lengthened to almost two feet. She must be planning to lead him somewhere. He could not let that happen. She had moved back in front of him. He felt the leash line around the side of his thigh from behind him to where she held it in her right hand. He was leashed. There would be pain, but if he surprised her, maybe he could pull it from her grasp. He was hobbled. The length was not great, but it was much more than he was used to. Once he got past her, he may still be able to break away and find a place to hide through the day. He had to try.

Jacob pushed his body against the girl and broke for the road. She slid out of the way with almost no contact. She seemed ready for this move. She crouched and held on to the leash with both hands. Although she only weighed about seventy pounds, as he tried to run, that meant there was seventy pounds of pressure tightening the line that led from his balls through a ring in the center of his leg hobble and then back through the pressure buckle at his control ring. The looping of the line even gave her a two to one mechanical advantage. As he moved forward, and her weight dragged on the line the looped leash between his balls and the hobble shortened. At first, it pulled his ankles toward each other as the ring in the center of the hobbles headed for his balls. Then he lost his balance and pitched forward onto the ground. But the girl was not done. She kept pulling on the line throwing all her weight into it until the ring between the hobbles hit the buckle at his balls and no more line could play through.

Jacob lay on the ground. He was hogtied with each foot pulled to within eight inches of his balls. What was most mortifying was that he had just been subdued, recaptured, by a teenager. They must teach even the children how to handle ponies. These people had been doing this for years. His hopes for escape were crazy. What chance did he ever have - none!

"What a bad pony, trying to run away. You obviously need some serious training." Jacob looked up at her from where he lay on the floor of the farm building. He was only two feet from the door he was dashing to reach, but he realized now, he never had a chance to get there. From the moment he took the apple he was effectively caught. He flushed at the thought of what had happened. He had been

caught by a child, but even more devastating. He had been outsmarted by a teenager. He had acted like a poor dumb animal, lured by food, and then caught.

She knelt next to him. He tried to roll away, but she quickly clipped another line to the leash wrapped between the hobble lines and his control ring, now held within inches of his balls. Then she tied this new line off to a ring hanging from a hook that was swinging back and forth in the middle of the room. Jacob's eyes followed the line to the hook, and he saw that above the hook was a block and tackle. Where had she gotten that?

He tried to twist and shake his body. He rolled to the limit of the new restraint. Meanwhile, the girl had started to pull on the line to the block and tackle. It was slowly rising. Lying on his side and looking up, Jacob could see that the rope in the block and tackle looped to create at least four maybe five loops. She would need no strength at all to handle his weight. This became clear when the line tightened and started to pull him over onto his stomach. He resisted, but it was useless. At first, he was pulled onto his stomach, and then, he was dragged to the middle of the room until he was under the new line.

She didn't stop there. She kept tightening. Jacob was terrified that she was going to lift him off the ground by his balls. At least she did not do this. She did keep pulling until his balls were lifted and stretched. He had to raise his butt, bending at the waist, just to ease the pain in his balls. He tried at first to keep his thighs tightly together using them to hold the sides of the ring around his scrotum, but it did not take long before the ring together with his balls and penis slipped through. By the time she stopped, his balls, and the ring holding them, were pulled behind his thighs, stretched so that his penis was held about eight inches off the ground. Only then did she tie off the rope from the block and tackle, fastening it to a cleat on a nearby post. As Jacob looked at it in dismay as she left the building.

The position was impossible for Jacob. Because his hooves were also pulled up into this rig, they were held up and behind him. If he tried to pull down on his hooves, to keep his knees on the floor, it pulled at his balls. It was an unnatural position, and he could not just keep his legs bent with his hooves held up. He



could only manage by utilizing the pressure from the line connected to the hobble. This meant that there was a constant pressure pulling toward his hooves and then on his balls.

He was bent at the waist so that his weight was held on his knees and his upper chest and shoulder. He tried to bend further and get higher from the floor. He was able to take some of the pressure off, at least for a while, but he could not maintain the position, and fell toward his side. Although it was only a few inches, it ended with a jerk on his balls, first from above as the line became taught, and then from below as his legs tried to pull away.

Jacob shook his head and screamed in a combination of pain, frustration, and rage. He twisted and pulled but the only result was to rock back and forth on the tether at his balls, at one point almost hanging him suspended. He thought he was going to pass out. He tried to relax. He worked on controlling his breathing. He worked on pulling his body into the bent position that most relieved the pull to his balls.

He had been glad that the little bitch had left, but now he was afraid he would be left like this. It wasn't possible. He could not stay like this. Certainly, she knew that. She had to come help him. It seemed like he hung there forever. He tried to look at the sunlight pattern cast through the doorway. He measured its movement. The light had moved at least a foot before the girl returned. She was not alone.

"See. A wild pony. And I caught him, so he is mine."

"How can he be wild if he is already wearing tack and a saddle? A runaway is what he is." The newcomer was older closer to Jacob's age. She was clearly too young to be the mother, so likely an older sister. She had red hair, the same shade as her younger sister, and perky although not fully developed breasts making points in her cotton shirt. Jacob tried to look at her with the best pleading look he could muster around his bit and the strain etched on his face from the pain in his balls and now cramping muscles.

"Well, he is not branded so I should be able to keep him. He tried to run me down and didn't follow directions, so I had to punish him." Jacob noticed that the small girl now had a crop in her hand. An involuntary shudder ran through his body, and he whimpered.

"He still belongs to someone. This is expensive tack. But if he ran away maybe they won't want him back. You will have to tell papa though. He will not be happy if he finds out you are taking in strays." She walked over and knelt next to Jacob. She stroked the side of his head and ran a finger over his shoulders. "Good muscle tone. I bet he is a dream to ride. I worry about him being saddled. I bet he threw his rider then ran away." She reached under his chest and twisted one of the rings in his nipples. She turned back to her sister. "Give him 15 strokes; make sure he feels them, so he knows who is in control. We don't know when he ate last, so we need to feed him. But let's just let him try to figure out how to eat the way he is." She giggled turning back to Jacob and patted him on the buttocks. She was not going to help him. Jacob shook his head and whinnied loudly, but he really had no hope to avoid punishment.

As the young girl stepped forward, Jacob heard the swish of the crop and felt the pain on his right thigh. For such a small person she had hit him very hard. He was going to be well marked before she was done. By the third stroke, his eyes were blurry from the tears, but in his mind, he saw images of Sally. She was standing next to him holding his reins and stroking his head. She was so wonderful. How could he have been so stupid to run away from her? He didn't even know if she was hurt. What if she needed his help when she had fallen? How could he have left her? Every time he had something good in his life, he fucked it up. He deserved this punishment. This was entirely his fault.

The beating was over. He felt some residual pain, but not that bad. He knew from experience that tomorrow it would hurt more. The older sister approached with a shallow pan. It contained a mixture of oats, nuts, and dried fruit. She sat it down next to his head.

"Pony feed is expensive, so I want to see every bit gone when I return this evening. If there is anything left in the bowl you are not only going to spend the

night that way, but I am sure I can think up some ways to make it more interesting." He did not like the look in her eyes or the smirk on her face. He was frightened by this girl. She slapped him on the buttocks, making sure to find a sensitive spot, and then she left the building.

These sisters were a couple of monsters. In addition, he was completely confused from being talked to. That never happened with Sally and the trainers he had worked with to date. These people were rank amateurs. They did not know what they were doing. They knew nothing about training ponies. He wondered if he would ever see Sally again. He was Sally's property. These people did not have a right to keep him. It was theft.

Jacob was very hungry. He stared into the bowl next to his head, but to get any food he had to raise his head off the floor and shift his weight back. This put pressure on his balls. But he knew he had to eat. He was hungry, but he also did not want to be punished. He got his head into the bowl. The bitch had not even removed his bit so he had to work his tongue around the bit, pick up some food, and work it back into his mouth where he could break the big pieces against the bit and then try to swallow. At least half of what went in fell back out, only now it was lumpy and soggy with his saliva.

Eating also required him to hold his head up. When the pain in his balls was too great, he let his head down to take off some pressure, paying no attention that it was in the middle of his food bowl. Clumps of wet food stuck to his face.

He rested for a time, and then, once again, went to work on the food. Usually with a bit in your mouth you used your lips to secure the food and then tipped your head back, but strung up as he was by his balls, he could not tip his head back, so he had to continue to try to use his tongue. It had been at least an hour. His balls were burning from the pain and although he had managed to moisten almost everything in his bowl, he had only been able to eat a small part of it.

He was angry. He was scared. He was frustrated. He screamed again and shook his head back and forth. His chin hit the side of the dish and it skidded away. His face was no longer in the bowl. It was now about 18 inches away, mostly to his

right, but also up and away from his head. "Ok, that was pretty stupid." He thought to himself. Then he reached for the bowl with his head. He was short. He tried to turn his body toward the bowl. He thought he was going to pull his balls off doing this. He almost wished they would come off. But, even when he had turned his body, the bowl was just out of reach. He could look down into the bowl and see the mess he had left, but he could not get his head into the bowl. He tried to stretch forward. He thought he would pass out in the process, but he neither passed out nor reached the elusive bowl. Feeding time was over. He lowered his head trying to take as much weight off his tortured balls as he could.

The rectangle of sun coming thru the doorway had shifted and elongated into a sliver. The older girl returned. Jacob didn't care what she did to him as long as she let him down from this hook holding him up by his balls. Jacob's muscles had cramped from the strain. The pain was almost enough to cover the pain in his balls; the radiating pain from his groin ran up his legs and through his abdomen, it felt like burning tendrils had been pulled through his flesh.

Perhaps she realized that his focus was completely on the pain radiating from his tortured groin. She released the line to the block and tackle and allowed him to flatten his body to the floor. Even though his balls were still pulled through his thighs, and held by the metal collar, the relief from being lowered was beyond ecstasy. He wished he could touch them or at least straighten his legs. He did lift them and try to move his feet back and forth within the limits of the hobble chains. Blood must have been returning to his scrotum and balls, because now they burned, and he noticed that even the slightest tug on the ring, occasioned by movement of his hobbled feet in the now loose hogtie, hurt terribly.

"So, you are not only a runaway you are disobedient." She was looking at the shallow pail so close, but yet, so far from Jacob's head.

Jacob could only groan. "I think it's thirsty." The younger girl had appeared in the door and was looking down at him.

"You are right. We need to water him. But he didn't eat his food, so we need to make sure he drinks."

Jacob had a bad feeling about this as the older girl moved his body a few feet across the floor, then ran a strap across his body from one side to the other just below his shoulders. There apparently were rings in the floor that she used as anchors. Then she fastened a line to his control ring and ran it back to the wall behind him where she tied it off. She did not pull it tight enough to cause any more pain to that now sensitive part of his body, but it was tight enough to make him aware of its presence.

Jacob knew he was not going to like this as she pushed the bowl with the remainder of the food under his face. The bowl was about 18 inches in diameter and about four inches deep. The younger girl held a small strap, no more than six inches in length with a clip on each end. One end she fastened in Jacob's nose ring. The other end she fastened to the bottom middle of the bowl where there was a small flange. Jacob's head was now held over the bowl. He could lift his neck so that his face was about two inches above the top of the bowl, but he could not move his head far enough in any direction to clear the edges of the bowl.

The older girl then appeared with a large bucket and started to pour water into the bowl. She did not bother to remove any of the uneaten food. The water turned grey as the remaining oats soaked up water. Jacob had been resting his face in the bowl, but he was now required to lift his head as the water filled the bowl. The girl did not stop until the bowl was filled to just less than half an inch below the top edge.

"I suggest you start drinking, and you drink it all before you get too tired to hold your head up." The older girl spoke as she stroked his buttocks. "You will need to be hydrated and have the food for your punishment." Jacob had not moved; he did not know what to do. "I said drink." She punctuated her command with a slap of her hand on his buttocks.

He had felt things that hurt a lot more than that, but he got the point. He pushed his face down into the water and started to suck it up. There was a lot of water. He did not think he could drink all this water. And the pieces of fruit and grain

floating in the gray mixture did not make it any easier to drink. The water was not cold. It was not even cool. It was warm as if the bucket had sat in the sun for some time, in fact, it tasted warm and tinny.

His neck was starting to hurt. He tried to turn his head to the side, but he was stopped by the line leading to his nose ring. He had sucked up what seemed like gallons of water, but there was still over two inches of water in the bowl. This made the bowl heavy enough to hold his nose down. He thought about just lowering his head and breathing in the water. It would all be over. He would be able to escape.

But he wasn't sure he could do it. It was not like him to do such a thing. But maybe it was the best way out. Maybe it was the only way out. Besides, his neck was getting so tired. He did not think he could keep his head up. It was shifting down. He felt his face enveloped by the water. The water had tasted bad, but it felt inviting around his face. It felt soothing.

He had not been breathing, but he had not really been holding his breath either. Without thinking about it, he realized that he needed air and his head bobbed up above the water to take a breath. He didn't know if he was relieved or disappointed in himself. He went back to drinking, but there was just too much water. Maybe they meant this as a kindness. There were many ways to kill someone. He had heard that drowning was peaceful. It was like drifting off into oblivion.

He dropped his head this time he kept in down. He knew it was almost time to take a breath. What would it be like? He would soon know. He forced himself to expel the old air in his lungs feeling the bubbles escape around his face. Then he took a tentative breath of the water.

His head flew up; he coughed and gagged around his bit. Water shot out his nose. His nasal passages and his lungs felt like they had been scalded. That wasn't peaceful. That was horrible. He knew that his body would not willingly submit to drowning this way. If he were to drown, it would only be after a long fight, with him resisting until he was too tired to raise his head, and even then, after

continuing to fight for air well beyond the point he thought he was done. This was not an option.

He did not want any more water. He sucked in water. He tried to turn his head to the side and spit it out of the bowl, but the limited range from his check chains and the nose line kept him centered close to the middle of the bowl and did not allow a high enough angle to get the water out. The water only fell back into the bowl. He screamed.

To survive he had to drink. He had to drink it all. So, that is what he did, at least down to the point that the bottom of the bowl retained only a slimy puddle about half an inch deep. He had done it, but he was not proud of himself. He was not even satisfied. He was too busy trying to keep from throwing up. He knew where that would go. He would not get any sympathy. In fact, his tormentors would probably revel in seeing him held face down in his own vomit. He would control it and deny them the pleasure. This became his one little victory.

As his stomach came to terms with its contents, and the urge to refill the bowl with his own vomit subsided, he lay his head down in the bowl. The pasty contents coated his left cheek, his chin, and the side of his head. He didn't care. At least he was finally able to rest his head. His neck hurt terribly He tried to shift his body, but the strap across his shoulders held him motionless. He closed his eyes. Maybe he could get some sleep before his tormentors returned.

## Chapter 13

"Did you enjoy your meal?" The voice was melodic with a taunting edge. He really hated this girl. He opened his eyes, but he didn't move his head. He could move nothing else anyway.

"We need to address the fact that you ran away. Running away is not only disobedient; it is the height of disloyalty. Ponies are obedient, respectful, and most of all loyal to their owners. An important reason for loyalty is that your owner controls everything about you. Your owner can dispense pleasure or pain.

And the pain can be more than you can bear. But bear it you will." The older girl continued to speak, but Jacob could tell there was someone else there. He assumed it was the younger girl, but he was not sure. He could only see what was in front of him. It really didn't matter. He knew that this girl was going to hurt him. He assumed she was going to hurt him a lot. And he knew she was going to make sure he knew that there was nothing he could do to make her stop. Jacob twisted his body - nothing. Jacob twisted his arms inside the binder, something he had not done in a long time - nothing. He tried to lower his legs. This time there was some movement before the hobble line pulled short tugging on his very sensitive balls, something, but meaningless in terms of relieving any aspect of his helplessness and pain.

He heard something being moved behind him. Held to the floor as he was, it was impossible for him to look back and see what was happening. Knowing something was happening, but not knowing what, was terrifying. Then he felt one of his ankles being released. The other leg was left cuffed to his balls. He considered trying to kick with the now free leg, but decided that would be ineffective and only invite worse punishment.

She straightened his leg. That felt good. He could feel his foot resting on top of something but did not know what it was. Then he felt the straps and laces of his pony boot loosened and the boot removed. It felt strange to have his leg and foot bare. The web nature of the boots allowed water to move through them, thus allowing them to be left on virtually all the time. His now bare leg was pulled straight, and he felt his ankle placed down into something curved. A top piece mated with the bottom. He could tell that his foot had been locked into a stock. Protruding through the back, the foot was being held about 18" above the floor. Instinctively he lifted the leg, but the stock held tight.

The same process was followed with his other leg and that leg was quickly locked into the stock. His feet were separated by about two feet. He had offered slight resistance with the second leg. It was ineffective and earned him a swat with a crop on his buttocks. The tendons in his lower legs and ankles had adjusted over his time as a pony to the steep angle of the pony boots and even with the boots off maintained the same downward angle from his legs. He tried to straighten his



foot. It hurt to do so. He returned his toes to the pointed position. both feet extended from his captured ankles with the soles up and parallel to the floor.

Jacob tried to move his legs but found that the stock holding them was very solid. It may have even been fastened to the floor because he could not seem to move it at all. This meant that he could not move his feet at all. His upper body was still strapped to the floor. This was not good. The position was more comfortable than earlier, but he had no ability to move. He was worried about his bare feet pointing out behind him. They felt very sensitive. Was this because they were exposed for the first time in so many months or was it his anticipation?

There was no sound. For long minutes - was it minutes - he heard nothing. He knew the girl was still there behind him. He felt there was someone else there, but he could neither see nor hear what was happening. He had no idea what she was doing. Suddenly there was a swishing noise. It actually whistled. It was followed by a loud thudding "swak" sound. Jacob did not have to guess. His right foot exploded in pain. He had never felt anything like that before. He gasped, and started to cough, as his involuntary gasp sucked in pasty liquid from the bowl that still held his head. Then he screamed. The bit mitigated the sound. But a bit does not fill the mouth. The tortured sound, moved across his vocal cords, slid around the bit and exploded into the night air. It must have been heard for half a mile. It was the sound of a wild animal in mortal pain. The muscles in his leg contracted with the pain, but even with the great strength of his well-developed legs, his foot did not move. He struggled to catch his breath.

Just as he started to breathe and get control, he heard the sound again. It was the sole of his left foot. The first stroke had not acclimatized him to the pain. His mind could find no place of reference for pain like this. It was beyond him. It was too much. It had to stop. It had to stop now.

The cane cut the air again. It was only a millisecond from the backstroke down to the sole of his foot, but he heard it in slow motion as he tried to tense his body to receive the unacceptable strike of this implement across the defenseless sensitive bottom of his foot. He had expected her to go back to the right foot, but she did not, it was the left again. Jacob wondered why he was still conscious. Wasn't the

body supposed to protect you from such pain by letting you pass out? He tried to point his toes down to reduce the target angle, but he couldn't hold in that position and slowly his feet straightened out to the position they were now use to.

The fourth cut of the cane returned to the right foot. Now each had now suffered two strokes. Jacob could not see the soles of his feet, but he could feel the burning even after the cane was pulled back. Why was he still conscious? The next strike almost got him there. He did not feel the same level of pain as he had with the other cuts. He felt like he was looking at the world down a long tunnel. He didn't even tense for the evening stroke to the other foot.

Time went by. He started to tense. Where was the next stroke? Was she done? He was sure she was not done yet. He had had enough. Then he felt something on his feet. She was rubbing something onto the soles of his feet. "A couple of good stripes." She said. "I am going to let you rest a little before the next stripes." He heard her walk away. He thought he heard giggling.

"No." He tried to shout around his bit. This was not fair. If she was going to cane his feet, then the least she could do is get it done. The pain was just too much. He couldn't have it again, his feet hurt from just three stokes each. They hurt terribly. He twisted and pulled at his bonds. It wasn't even a controlled or measured effort it was frantic effort born in near panic. He hardly moved.

After a time, he began to settle down. He knew he could not escape. He also knew he could not avoid whatever she was going to do to him. All he could do is try to relax and hope that having now been baptized to the bastinado it would not hurt as much the next time. And he knew there would be a next time - very soon there would be a next time.

He closed his eyes and tried to will his thoughts away from the pain. He felt a gently touch on the side of his head. He opened his eyes. The girl was looking into his face. He now saw, for the first time, the cane she held in her right hand. It was about three feet long. At its base, it was the width of her thumb. It tapered only slightly along its length. He could not take his eyes off it as she swished it back

and forth a couple of times. She smiled. If they had been seated in a bar and she had given him that smile he would have moved over to talk to her. But here, now, it conveyed to Jacob that she wanted to make sure that he knew that she totally controlled him and could do whatever she desired. He could do nothing but accept.

She stood and disappeared from his view. He knew what was coming even before he heard the distinct whistling sound of the cane. He did not know what the target would be until the pain erupted in his left foot. It did not hurt less. He was not in any way acclimatized or immunized to it. If anything, it hurt more. He was sure his feet had each swollen from the first three crops and were now more sensitive. He jerked and pulled, but other than wiggle his toes, there was nothing he could do.

He knew the next one was coming, and it did. His right sole joined the left in the new arrival of intolerable pain. He screamed, he pleaded, he begged, but everything was unintelligible. It wasn't just the distorting effect of the bit. Even without the bit, it would have been gibberish. He wanted to tell her that he would do whatever she wanted. He needed to let her know that he would be completely obedient. He would do whatever she commanded. His eyes had filled with tears blurring his vision and running down his face. He was also now having some trouble breathing through his nose as his nose was filled with mucus from his wild sobbing. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, the bit, although discouraging and garbling his speech, did not interfere with his breathing.

His mind had drifted, for a moment, to another place, but it was brought back by the next stripe of pain to his foot, followed, not to long after, by a strike to his other foot. The sole of each foot had now been caned five times each, broken into two sessions of three and then two strikes each, each session about half an hour apart. He tensed in anticipation of the sixth strike. It did not come. She stopped and he felt her hands on his feet. He knew she was being gentle, but his feet were so sensitive now, that even her light touch hurt terribly. Before she stood, and left once more, she gave a hard pat, not quite a slap, to the sole of his right foot. The pain from this simple move shot like needles up his legs.

This could not continue. He could not take any more of this. He had to get loose. He had to get loose now. He twisted his upper body - the strap across his shoulders held him to the floor. He pulled at his arms - they stayed where they had been held for the last four months. He pulled on his legs trying to get his feet out of the hated stocks - the wood creaked and groaned but not only did neither foot come lose the entire thing didn't even move. He raised his head and shook it from side to side - his upward movement stopped as the chain to his nose ring pulled tight. The chain rattled, the bowl shook and his nose hurt. He lowered his head. He was completely helpless. He could only pray that when she returned, she would not hit him anymore. He could swear that he could feel each of the stripes, which had to be evidenced by huge welts on the sole of each foot. He was not sure he would be able to walk even though his hoof boots carried most of his weight on the balls of his feet and his toes. He knew his feet were going to take days if not weeks to heal - if they ever did.

How could he have been so stupid? Sally was so good to him. She took care of him. She was so kind to him. Certainly, she had high expectations and disciplined him when he didn't do what he was supposed to do, but he knew it was for his own good. She only wanted him to do well. He had returned her caring by running away, deserting her, leaving her at the bottom of the ditch. What if she had been hurt? He thought she was ok, but he was not thinking of that when he ran. She could have been hurt. It was his fault. All of this was his fault. He always messed everything up. That was why he needed Sally to direct him. He needed her to keep him on track and guide him.

He laid his head back in the bowl. Both sides of his face were now caked in the slim from the remainder of the mixture of food and water he had not consumed. Even the simple task, of eating and drinking, he had not completed. He had drunk enough to keep him from drowning, but he had still left a lot in the bowl. Still, he had drunk a lot. And now, he was feeling the effect. He needed to piss. He tried to think of something else, take his mind off the need. How long would they leave him like this? He deserved it. He knew that now, but they had to know the effect drinking that large volume of liquid would have on him.

He tried to twist his lower body, but with his ankles held firm in the stocks, his arms held in his binder behind his back, and the strap across his upper body, he could not move more than a fraction of an inch. His stomach was cramping now. His legs had cramped a long time ago. The need was increasing. Then it just came. He felt the warm liquid squirting back onto his body and pooling below him. At first, the relief felt good, but he was now soaked in his own urine from his navel to just above his knees.

"Not even house broken." He could not see her; she was somewhere behind him. "You just let go with a stream whenever you please. One has to wonder if you are even worth training." He didn't even bother to lift his head.

He felt hands on his feet. She was rubbing something into first one and then the other. Her touch made him realize just how sensitive his feet were, but whatever she was rubbing on them was soothing and did seem to reduce the pain.

"I think these feet have learned not to run away. Is that so?"

He frantically nodded his head up and down. The chain from his nose ring shook and rattled the bowl to which it was attached. It hurt, but he didn't care. He needed to make sure she saw it. He needed to make sure she knew that he had learned his lesson. And, he had. He would not try to escape. He would not run. He would behave.

"Ok. Now we need to start working on obedience."

What did that mean? He needed rest. He had indicated he would be obedient. He felt a chill run through his body, and he shivered compulsively.

She removed first one foot, then the other, from the stock. As she removed his feet, he felt his pony hooves being pulled back on and tightly laced. The boots felt way too small. He knew his feet were swollen from the beating. They needed to be rested, not placed back in the boot. But that was not his decision. When he felt the first boot pulled onto his foot, he tried to pull and twist it free.

"You don't want your boots? Maybe we should just continue with the cane." He froze. He could not resist. He stopped twisting and pulling and instead pushed his leg out for her to finish what she was doing.

"Better." She said as she tightened the lacings on the first boot. "Maybe there is hope for you yet."

When she removed the other foot, he held his leg up so that she could fasten the boot in place. But there was something wrong with the first boot. The inside was supposed to be smooth, but it was not. There was something in there. He could feel it at his toes. What had she done?

When his boots were back on his feet, she hobbled him to about 8". Then she fastened a line from the pulley in the ceiling to the back of his harness, and only then, removed the strap over his shoulders. He thought the security was crazy. He had learned his lesson. He was not going to run. Besides, as sore as his feet were from the beating, he doubted he could even stand on them. But he was about to learn that he could.

"Up Pony." She said as she started to pull on the line from to the block and tackle. He knew he had to get to his feet. He tried to work his legs under him. His entire lower body was now wet from the puddle he had made on the floor. He was not unhappy to get out of that spot.

As soon as he put his feet down and let them support his legs, he was sorry. Even though his weight was forward on his toes and balls of his feet, he did not realize how much of it was carried by the arch portion of the boot. The contact with the sole of his feet was agonizing. And there was something in his boots. He could feel it digging into his toes and the balls of his feet. He loosened his legs taking up the weight with the line suspended to the block and tackle.

"You are going to stand here and think about what a bad pony you have been and how much you really want to be a good pony."

That was nuts. His feet hurt way too much to stand. He needed to lie down and let them rest. He needed a couple of days to rest them and let them heal. He could not stand on them. But with the line from the block and tackle, he figured he could keep his feet on the floor then, by flexing his knees, he could take most of the weight on the line to his tack.

He watched as she inserted a pole into a hole in the floor in front of him. At the same level as his head, there was a metal circle about six inches in diameter. The pole was firmly fixed into the floor. In the middle was a black box. She quickly pulled three wires with alligator clips from the box and fastened them to the rings in his nipples and the one at the end of his penis. Jacob knew what those did, and he knew that he was not going to like this.

She took a damp towel and wiped the mess from his face. Then she removed his bit. He wanted to tell her that he understood and that he would be the best pony she ever saw. He wanted to beg her for mercy, but he was too frightened to make a sound. As he looked into her face, he knew there was nothing he could do to stop her doing whatever she had in mind. He not only had no control he had nothing with which to bargain.

"Open." She demanded. He did. She held a new bit, except that from the front of the bit a thin L shaped bar extended for about two feet then bent up in an L shape with the leg of the L about 8". Maneuvering the bar so that it passed through the metal ring, with the L on the far side pointing up, she fastened the bit in Jacob's mouth. This bit did not move around but held in place causing the bar, which extended straight forward from his mouth, to move with any movement of Jacob's head. The bar could move around in the circle, which was now just a little over a foot in front of his face. That left almost a foot of the bar and the upward L extending on the other side of the metal circle.

She flipped a switch on the front of the box and a green light came on. Jacob looked down toward it, but as he did, the end of the bar lowered and touched the lower part of the ring. An electrical shock instantly hit his nipples and penis. He directed his attention back to the bar and lifted his head to move the bar up breaking the contact. In so doing he hit the top of the ring and was rewarded with

another slightly stronger shock before he got the bar positioned in the middle of the ring.

"I see there is no need for explanation. This is designed to teach proper head position, but I think it is also good to underscore the importance of staying where you are supposed to be. Let's see how you are in the morning."

Jacob squealed in response. Involuntarily he twisted his head. Only slightly, but it was enough to make contact once again. The shock was still greater than the last time.

"As you can see it increases the shock with every contact. The good news is that it only takes five minutes of no contact to reset the level."

Jacob held his body He was still carrying his weight mostly on the line from the pulley, but he had to increase the pressure on his feet to keep from swinging back and forth. That hurt.

"Oh, and the idea is that you are to stand on your feet, not hang there like a puppet." She walked over to where the line from the pulley was hitched to the post. She let out about a half foot of slack. At first Jacob's body lowered with the line, but even raising his head, he could not keep his weight on the line and at the same time keep the bar from touching the circle. It only took one more shock to make him stand on his booted feet. The pain in his feet was terrible. And whatever was in the boots was digging into his toes and the balls of his feet. That was going to be very uncomfortable very soon. He stepped back and forth from hoof to hoof. She looked at the movement and smiled.

"Gee, I'm afraid your boots were lying by the wheat barrel. They may have picked up some wheat kernels. I guess I should have gotten those out before we put them back on, but I am just too tired to do that now. I am sure morning will be fine."

Morning? He could not stand here until morning. He knew it was evening, but it could only be early evening. This was completely impossible. He needed to tell



her that this was too much. He needed to beg her to stop this. He started to look around the room for her, but quickly stopped himself just before the bar connected to the ring. He kept his eyes focused on the ring and the bar until he was sure it was back near the center. There was no other sound around him. He was alone. She had left him to his torment.

Jacob wondered if he could somehow maneuver the bar outside the ring. He tried using the slack in the restraining line from his tack to the block and tackle above him. His hope was he could get back far enough that he could lower the bar forward out of the ring. But moving back until there was tension in the line pulled him forward, and even lifting as high as he could raise his body, there was still three to four inches of bar on the other side of the ring. He could not lower it out.

Next, he tried lowering his body on the line while raising his head. By the time he got to the end of his allowed movement, even with his head tipped up as far as he could manage, the bar still fed through the ring, only now the L portion was above the ring making it almost impossible for him to even keep the bar from making contact with the ring. A sudden shock to his tender body parts reinforced this observation. He stood back up.

He wondered if he could move the ring further from his body. The pole was anchored into a hole in the floor and looked substantial. He could not kick it as his feet were hobbled and the center of the hobble chain had been connected to a ring in the floor. He could not even touch the pole with a boot. He pushed his body forward to see if he could use his weight to bend it back. On further reflection he realized that such an act may have had very bad unintended consequences, but it mattered not, because the tether stopped his body before he could touch the bar.

He tried lifting a leg and pushing a knee against the bar. He was able to get his knee to touch it, but he could create no leverage or force. All he was able to do was make the pole shake back and forth breaking his concentration and causing him to make contact and deliver a shock to his body.

Like everything else with these people, there was no escape from his predicament. He had only one choice. It was the same choice for everything they did. Compliance. But . . . all night? He could not do this all night. He had only been standing a short time and his feet felt like they were on fire from their beating. Not to mention the pain he was now feeling from the wheat kernels digging into his toes. He had to get the pressure off his feet.

Jacob decided he was going to hang on the tether and take the electric shock to ease the pain in his feet. He lowered himself slowly trying to keep the bar from making contact until the weight began to come off his feet. The bar touched the ring. The shock hit his nipples and penis. He tried to gut through it and raised his feet up off the floor. The shock started to pulse. And the level was increasing with each pulse. In less than 30 seconds, he was back on his feet, his entire body shaking from the experience. He was gasping for breath. This made keeping the bar in the middle of the ring a huge challenge. As he gained control over himself, and returned his breathing to normal, he realized that he had no choice. He would stand here. He would force his head to hold still and keep the bar in the middle of the circle. He would do it as long as was required. He would endure the pain in his feet. He would endure the pain from the shocks when he failed to pay attention. And he would endure the pain in the rest of the muscles of his body as they grew tired and stiff from his enforced position. He would endure because, and only because, there was no other choice.

He tried to keep his mind focused exclusively on the bar extending through the middle of the circle in front of his face. He tried to put time out of his mind and only exist in the present. He tried to will away the pain in his feet, which had now been joined by the pain in his legs, the pain in his back, the pain in his shoulders, and what was becoming the worst, the pain in his neck. The bar did not weigh much, only a pound or two. But, over time it became heavier and heavier. His chin would start to drop, and he would see it and have to force his head to straighten up. Sometimes he was too late and made contact with the ring below. Sometimes he corrected too quickly or with too much energy and contacted the ring above. But, for the most part he was able to keep the bar centered long enough in between shocks to keep them at the lowest level. He didn't like the feel of even the lowest level, but he could handle it. Even levels two and three were not that

bad. But, by the time it reached level four it really hurt, and the few times he had gone beyond that, the pain was intolerable, although he did, in fact, somehow tolerate it.

He was sure he had been standing for many hours. How many he had not the slightest clue. His legs were wobbly. His back ached as it had never before in his life. He felt like he was 60. He was fighting to keep his head up, he was sure that his neck would give up at any time. And he was exhausted. He needed sleep. He knew he was bone tired because a couple of time, despite the pain wracking his body he started to nod off. At least until his head went forward and his body was lit up with electricity.

Jacob wondered if there was enough electricity to kill him. When his body finally collapsed from sheer exhaustion and he was unable to respond to stop the electricity from surging through him, would it kill him? A part of him hoped it would. He thought of Sally. He thought of his nice stall back at the ranch. He wished he were home lying in his hay. He wished he were out on the road, with the feel of Sally on his back, running in the fresh breeze. They had no right to keep him here. He belonged to Sally. He was her property not theirs. This was wrong. But would Sally even want him back? The thought that she would not want him anymore sent a shudder through his body. His only hope was that Sally would come and take him home. He didn't even care what punishment she imposed. He deserved whatever she decided to do. He tried to pretend that he was enduring Sally's punishment right now. That she had placed him in this position to teach him what he had done wrong. For Sally he would endure this and worse. Any pain Sally imposed would be well deserved and he would show her he would accept it.

Somehow, the fantasy that he was being punished at the hands of his proper owner brought strength back to him. She always knew, even when he thought he had exhausted his last reserves of strength, how to use her encouragement, and crop, to find that additional energy and determination buried inside. He imaged Sally standing behind him telling him "Dig deep. Find the strength. Stand tall. You are my pony, be proud". His body straightened. He needed to show Sally that he was strong. He needed her to see that he was proud to be her pony. More than

anything else in the world, he wanted her to be proud of him. He would not let her down.

He stood proudly. He didn't know it, but for the next three hours the bar only touched the circle twice. Even then, he did not even flinch when the shock hit his body.

When Anne (that is the name of the 19 year old sister who had exerted her will on Jacob the day before) walked back into the barn that morning she was shocked. She expected to find a whimpering mess. Instead, the pony was standing straight and firm. He was holding his head up and the bar, extending from his bit, could not have been steadier in the center of the ring if it were strapped there. His breathing was measured and regular. His eyes were focused straight ahead. Clearly, he could have heard her come in, but he did not register it at all. She walked around in front of him. His eyes stared straight ahead as a well-trained pony's eyes should.

She was not exactly sure what had transpired over the night, but she liked the result. However, She did not want to be fooled by what she saw. She knew she had pushed this pony to the edge and beyond. She knew he was in a complete state of exhaustion, and she needed to get him bedded down so she did not injure him.

She quickly removed the bit from his mouth. When the weight was released, his head bobbed only slightly. She held up a water bottle and then squirted water into his mouth. He took the water without looking down or at her.

Next, she removed the tether, released his hobble from the ring in the floor, and with a leash line led him over to an empty stall. He walked lifting each leg as high as his hobble would allow as if there was no pain in his feet, or anywhere else in his body, but Anne knew better. She had heard about ponies going into "pony space" to put pain out of their minds and she was pretty sure she was seeing that now. She had been disgusted with this pony the day before. She had about decided it was not worth the effort. She had been particularly harsh on it, and

that may have been a factor, but now she was not so sure. This animal may be quality after all.

She did not replace a bit in his mouth. She wanted him to rest and saw no need. She attached a leash to his control ring and led him to a stall in the back of the building. He followed without hesitation. He was trying to raise his knees, but she could tell that his feet were very sore.

Once inside she guided him to his knees and then to the ground. He complied, surprising her at his ability to control his body movement without the use of his arms. Anne now felt bad about having put wheat kernels in his boots. The pain from the bastinado should have been sufficient, but she had been really disgusted with this animal at that point. She clipped a chain from a ring in the stall wall to his nose ring. It had about eight feet of light chain. He was not going anywhere.

Then she removed the pony boots. She moved away from the stall and shook the wheat into a trash bin. She did not want to leave something that would attract rats. The boots were moist from heavy perspiration. She set them down for later attention. She could see that she was going to have to spend some time getting all the wheat out, again, not such a great idea. Maybe she would let her baby sister do that. Since the 16-year-old wanted the pony she would have to start to take care of it.

Anne returned to the pony. His feet were red and puffy. They had started to swell as soon as she had removed the boots. She could make out three red stripes on the sole of one foot and four on the sole of the other. They were well welted, and she was sure they hurt a lot. Red indentations in his toes and the lower part of the foot testified to the torment from the wheat kernels. She could see that some were already bruising, but none had broken the skin. He was not now hobbled, but he allowed her to inspect his feet and handle them without any resistance. She rubbed each foot with ointment to help in the healing. Then she fastened a leather cuff to each ankle and connected them with about 2" of chain. She wanted to discourage his standing on his feet.

Anne moved Jacob into a sitting position on his straw, and then she held up a bottle of liquid food holding the feeding nipple in his mouth as he sucked in the nutrients. He was hurried at first, as if he thought it would be pulled away, but she settled him with soft shushing and strokes to the side of his head. He seemed to relax and continued sucking on the food until it was gone. She followed it with more water, which he eagerly consumed. Then she gently moved him into a lying position on the straw, and then she left, closing, and latching the gate as she went.

Jacob was only slightly aware of being fed and watered. He knew that his boots had been removed and there had been a tender touch to his tortured feet. In his mind Sally had found him and saved him. Eventually he found himself lying down in a restful position. He knew he was not in his stall, but it was similar, and he was tired. He was so very tired. He soon was in deep sleep.

## Chapter 14

Jacob awoke. From his stall, he could not see outside the building. He could see no light coming in from outside. He looked around the stall. It was older and more weathered than his stall. It was about 10 feet long and six feet wide. One wall was rock; two walls were wood slates running up to at least 8 feet. The final wall held the gate up to just over four feet. The gate did not have bars on the top, so a strong pony could probably launch over the top although the landing would be painful. That pony, of course, would have to be not chained. Jacob was chained from his nose ring to a ring set in the stone at the back of the stall.

Jacob's legs felt stiff, and his feet still hurt. He remembered the ordeal. At least he remembered parts of his ordeal. He remembered his feet being beaten. He remembered being made to stand in his pony boots subjected to shocks when he moved or could not hold position. He did not remember that ending. He did not remember being put in this stall. He did not remember his pony boots being removed, but they clearly had been because they were not on his feet. Instead, his feet were wrapped in gauze.

Jacob was not sure where this stall was located. The building looked to be the same one in which he had been tormented, but he could not be sure. One barn or stable looks pretty much like another. He thought there was enough chain to get to the gate and look around. He shifted his body up onto his knees and started to stand. As soon as he put weight on his foot, the pain was too intense, and he collapsed to the floor. That foot was now throbbing. He was not going to be standing for a while.

He got back to his knees. There was a bowl of water on the floor. He moved over to it and stuck his head in. He was bridled and there was a bit in his mouth, but it felt strange. Probing with his tongue, he could feel that the bar of the bit had a flat part that was lying on his tongue. In the center of this part, there was a circular opening. The bar could turn, he moved it with his tongue, but the wide part of the bit forced his mouth open as it turned. He did not want to think about the potential purpose. He went back to the water and drank.

His entire body ached. It had been his feet that had been tortured, both directly and then by standing, but he must have tensed every muscle because he felt like he had just run 40 miles.

He had inspected the inside of the stall. There was really nothing to see. A ring well mounted in the back wall held the chain connected to his nose ring. It was held by a simple carabineer clip, but his arms were still in his arm binder so even a simple clip was enough to keep him restrained. Near the gate, there were pegs on the wall, high enough so that he would not bump into them when he stood - if he was ever able to stand again. They held several items of tack, now all too familiar to Jacob. There was the straw on the floor, and his water. That was it. That was the entire world right now. The straw looked inviting. The outline of his body, where he had slept, was clear. He worked his way back over and lay down. How was Sally going to find him here? Did she even want to find him? He missed her smile when she came to get him each morning. He always felt she was happy to see him. He missed the feel of her breath on his neck when she rode him. He missed her scent. He missed the touch of her hand on his shoulder, neck, and head. He missed nuzzling her shoulder and feeling her stoking his head. Then he slept.

Jacob awoke to the sound of the stall gate being opened. He could see light coming in from outside. It was morning. Had he really slept a day and a night? It appeared that he had. The girl, we know her as Anne, but Jacob had no name for her, (even people who might choose to talk to ponies would never introduce themselves) stood in the doorway.

Jacob felt vulnerable lying there so he shifted his body so he could sit with his legs folded back at the knees below him. As he shifted his body upright, he felt the chain from his nose brush against his back and pull slightly over the top of his arm binder. He would go nowhere until she was ready. She was clearly in full control.

"I am not going to put your pony boots back on for a couple of days. But that, is no reason to lose training time. A good pony is unquestionably obedient. You are going to be obedient." Jacob thought of Lady Clair and her obsession for obedience. He remembered her telling Sally that Jacob should be sent to her for some obedience training. He looked up into the girl's eyes, she looked back unyielding. Jacob dropped his eyes.

"Straighten up. When you are on your knees you will assume the 'kneel display' position." She put a finger through one of his nipple rings and lifted until his body was off his legs and up straight. Then, using her crop and hand, she straightened his head so that he looked straight ahead, tapped the inside of thighs to move his legs apart, and walking around behind him placed one ankle over the other.

She was not happy with his posture, so she smacked his buttocks with her quirt until his back was completely straight.

"Better. I don't want to see even a muscle twitch for 10 minutes. Then you can eat." Jacob hated this position. However, he hated most of all having to hold perfectly still with his eyes facing straight forward.

He held his head still but tried to look to his right to see what was going on. There was a painful swat on his flank. "Eyes forward." How on earth had she seen that? It wasn't possible.



His knees were getting sore from the cement floor of the stall and the fact that several stalks of straw were underneath them. Jacob tried to shift his right knee just a little to ease the pain from the straw now embedded in his flesh. Two swipes, these really hurt. Jacob had thought Sally's quirk hurt, but he now considered her discipline to be love taps compared to this girl. He was sure that there were two solid welts on this flank. It hurt more than the straw digging into his knee.

"That was not acceptable. We will try again. If you want to eat, I suggest you get it right." Jacob moaned and quickly learned that even that was not acceptable. He could now feel a painful stripe on his left buttocks. He knew what was required, so he froze. He knew she would just keep doing this until he did what she wanted. She could, and would, mark him all day long if necessary. He stiffened his back. He was sure he moved just a little when he did this, but if he did, she either didn't see it, or more likely she accepted that action as appropriate.

Jacob was sure it was much longer than ten minutes, but he held his position.

"Good. Now you can eat." He was still kneeling, afraid to move until she told him he could. She walked behind him, and he felt her hands on his ankles. His ankles were formed in a perfect X by his position. He felt the pressure as she attached two belts around his ankles. The first circled the ankles around the outside. The second circled at a 90-degree angle between his feet and legs. When the two straps were pulled tight, they kept his legs in the current position with his knees held well apart.

The girl walked to a corner of the stall and released a line. As she walked it forward Jacob could see that it was connected to a pulley in the ceiling of the stall near the center. There was a clip in the end of the line and the girl used it to secure a large plastic bottle, at least half a gallon. The bottle hung from the strap by a loop in the bottom. On the hanging end of the bottle was a large nipple like that found on a baby bottle but much larger at least an inch in diameter and four to five inches long.

The girl then turned her attention to Jacob. He felt her turn something at the side of his bit and the bit rotated inside his mouth. He had thought that the round part in the bit would force his mouth open if turned. He was correct. The opening in the bit was rotated to face out of his mouth. The action forced his jaws apart. The girl then grasped the bottle hanging on the line and pushed it into Jacob's mouth. The nipple pushed through the ring in the bit and then Jacob heard a snap. It had locked into place behind the ring.

She tightened the line on the bottom of the bottle until the bottle was just slightly more than 45 degrees from Jacob's mouth up to the end connected to the line. He knelt with his back straight. "You have an hour to finish your meal. You may move your head as necessary to feed, but you are not to otherwise break position." Then she was gone.

The ring in Jacob's bit was solid so he could not use it to manipulate the nipple. He could not close his jaws on the nipple because of the ring in his mouth. The ring would not turn back flat because it had the nipple sticking through the middle holding it vertical in his mouth. "Catch-22". Jacob thought.

Eventually he managed to work his tongue against the part of the nipple protruding from the ring and to use his lips to pressure the outer part of the nipple before the ring. Eventually he was able to lock around it so that he could create a sucking motion. Nutrients started to squirt into his mouth. It was pretty tasteless, but he knew it had what he needed, and he was hungry, and he did not want to disappoint. It was an awful lot of work, but he had learned already that when she said eat, you better eat.

When the girl returned, she seemed satisfied with the amount Jacob had eaten. His back was hurting, and his neck was stiff from being craned back to accommodate the bottle. Even when he felt like he was done eating, he could not lower his chin because the whole feeding apparatus was locked in place in his mouth. He never thought he would miss his feeding trough.

Throughout the day, until long after the sun had set, he practiced the 'kneel display' position. They worked on keeping his chin at just the right angle. They

worked on putting a slight arch in his back so that his groin was thrust forward. He didn't much like that idea.

Finally, the girl left and returned with a bucket of water. Jacob perfectly held his position while she soaped and washed his entire body. When she got to the area between his legs, she carefully cupped his balls as she washed them. Then she soaped and washed his penis. Jacob was used to being touched there by his grooms and trainers. After all, it was the hands of others that had to do everything for him. But the girl's hands were lingering and they did not feel as impersonal as he was used to. He realized that his penis was beginning to grow. This happened occasionally when he was washed. It usually drew a derisive remark from his trainer or groom. It had been over four months since he had had any sexual release. It seemed like forever. It had been four months, since he had been captured, that the ring in the end of his penis had been locked to the ring around his balls. It had not ever been unlocked during this period.

Jacob moaned, his head drifted as his chin slipped up and his hips started to rock with the feeling. "Hold position." Her hand squeezed his balls painfully. He went ridged. He had thought she was trying to make him feel good. Now he realized she was testing his ability to hold position and overcome his most basic urges. He hated her.

The girl continued to tease and stroke his balls and penis. She even flicked and teased his nipples. But now he knew what was required. He tried to put the rising sensations out of his mind. But that was not possible. He also knew that if he moved, he would be sorry. At one point, he let his eyes squint. "Eyes front and focused." This earned him a stripe. How did she even see this? She was mostly behind him.

It was impossible, but somehow, he got through this test. She fed him again from the stupid bottle hung in the center of his stall, and then she put him to bed. His back was stiff and hurt from holding position all day. His neck also hurt. He almost forgot the pain in his feet. He wondered if he could walk on them yet, but he could not find out because she had left his ankles strapped in the X position. It made it much more difficult to sleep, but somehow, he had managed. At least she

had removed the line from his nose ring and moved it to the back of his collar. He really hated being chained from his nose.

There were sounds from outside. The air was heavy, and the interior of the stall was dim. Not dark, it was morning, but Jacob could tell, without even looking outside, that the weather had turned bleak. As he woke and struggled into a sitting position, his body felt chilled. The straps on his ankles were very awkward and he wished he could do something about them. He sat looking at simple buckles that could easily be opened releasing the hated things, but the simple task was not simple for him. For him those simple buckles might as well be high strength padlocks. His ankles would stay bound and useless until someone else released him. His life now, had constant reminders that he was just an animal controlled by others.

Finally, the girl did come. She released the belts from his ankles, then easing him onto his back she unwrapped and inspected each foot before applying new salve and rewrapping them. He tried to see what they looked like when she unwrapped each foot. They did not look as swollen as they had been the day before, but it still hurt when she touched the soles. He assumed she was touching welts on his flesh, but she did not bother to tell him or show him anything. It was really none of his business. She would decide what to do and he would do it.

After rewrapping his feet, she commanded: "Kneel display." Jacob quickly scrambled up onto his knees and assumed the position facing toward her. She had now picked up her crop and she walked around him using gentle taps to make minor corrections in his posture and position. Jacob carefully kept his eyes straight ahead drilling a hole into the side of the stall in front of him. Even when she walked around through his field of vision, he was careful to ensure that his eyes did not follow her.

"Good". She said, then, he heard her tapping her crop on the floor of the stall. "Kneel display." At first, Jacob was not sure what to do. He was already in the display position, then, it dawned on him that she wanted him to move. He quickly followed the sound of the tapping and moved to the location. When he took up the new position his legs were spread on either side of the spot she was tapping.

He had brushed against the crop with one leg as he moved into position and that had been rewarded with a painful slash to his breast, but as much as it hurt, he had ignored the pain and moved into position. Damn, she could hit hard.

The girl was right in front of him. Jacob's eyes were focused at about her navel. A painful stripe to his right flank made him realize that if he focused his eyes on her body, they would follow any movement she made. He forced himself to lose the focus and attempt to look through her to the wall beyond. He could not see it because her body blocked it, but he imagined it in his mind, and focused on what he saw in his mind.

"Good". She said again. Jacob realized he was learning what was expected of him. That pleased him. He tried to analyze what he was feeling. He worked hard to please Sally. It was very important that she not be disappointed in him. When he thought he had let her down it made his stomach hurt. Of course, just thinking of how he had deserted her and ran away really made his stomach hurt. He didn't feel the same about this girl. He didn't really want to please her, but he was terrified of her. She was in control. There was no negotiating, there was no slacking, and there was no opportunity for delay or even thought. She expected her commands to be obeyed, completely and instantly. Anything less than perfection in both his obedience and performance was punished. She knew how to cause pain. He didn't want her to hurt him anymore. He was going to do whatever he had to do to make the pain stop.

She had positioned him at kneel present in the middle of the stall, and she used that position to feed him. Once again, it was the stupid bottle with the big nipple. He really hated feeding this way. It was completely humiliating. He truly hoped that this would not be his only source of food while on this farm.

Jacob had finished his feed by the time the girl returned. At moments, he thought he was being too slow and that she would return before he had finished. The fear of not completing the task made him feel like he was going to throw up. That made consuming the meal more difficult, but he put his mind into it, and he finished. He was breathing deeply around the nipple of the now empty bottle

when she returned. He was, of course, completely dependent upon her to remove the hateful thing from his mouth.

She fastened a leash to the ring in his nose and then released the chain that held him to the back of the stall. She signaled for him to stand. He did so hesitantly. He was not wearing his boots, but he knew his feet would be tender. They were. It hurt to stand, but it was not unbearable.

She led him from the stall. She moved slowly, allowing him to step carefully. He had been so long in pony hooves that he stood and walked on his toes. He could not remember the last time he had walked in bare feet. Trying to flatten his foot to the ground hurt terribly. Both from painful welts that still decorated his soles and the deep bruises associated with them, but also from the strain on his tendons that had over the last four months adjusted to his new standing and walking position in the boots. He stayed up on his toes.

The girl led him thru the small barn and out the door. Jacob could see that the small barn was away from most of the farm buildings, including what looked like a large barn stable combination some 200 meters away. A corral attached to the barn had up to a dozen human livestock grouped and moving around. Jacob was positioned on a flat rise of land that presented a good view out and down the valley. He looked longingly at the distant end of the valley. There was never any real chance of him getting there.

She led him to an open area just before where the land began to slop downward. She signaled for him to come to a stop, and commanded: "Display". He quickly dropped to his knees and assumed the position he had learned over the last two days. She gave him a firm swat with the crop on his right buttocks and pulled up on the leash attached to his nose ring. He responded and stood. What did she want? He did not understand. She tapped the inside of his thighs, not gently, until he moved his legs apart so that his feet stood at shoulder width. It would be about the distance of an 18" hobble. He turned his head slightly to look at her. The crop bit just above his right nipple. That really hurt. He straightened his head and looked straight ahead.

"Have you learned nothing? Standing display requires the same concentration as kneeling display. Unless you are commanded to rest, you will assume the display position whenever you are stopped." She punctuated this admonition with three swipes to his flanks and buttocks. He felt his body begin to tremble, but he knew even an involuntary response would bring him pain. He fought to control it and finally brought his body under control.

Jacob could feel his chest rising and falling. He was breathing heavily. There was another bite of the crop to his buttocks. "Control your breathing. Movement is not acceptable." Jacob forced himself to make his breathing shallower. He started to feel lightheaded, but he managed to bring it under control.

"Better". Any recognition was a huge relief to Jacob. He had found a spot on the far side of the valley to use as his focal point. The girl had dropped down out of his sight. Then he felt her hands on his balls. He was terrified that she was going to try to get him worked up again. Instead, he felt something fastened around his balls. Now there was a weight hanging suspended from his balls. He had seen stretchers used on stallions before, but he had never worn one. He did not like the idea. He did not want something hanging from his balls, the collar he had to wear above them was sufficiently humiliating, but he knew this was not his decision, and he could do nothing to prevent it. He was surprised that whatever she had placed there did not feel heavy. However, the biggest surprise was yet to come.

"You are going to stand here in display position. You are not going to move at all. Hanging in the air between your legs is a motion sensor. It is very sensitive, and you will not like what it does when it moves. Should I demonstrate?" He had broken position; he had let his head and eyes follow her voice to her face as she spoke. He sensed the movement of the crop and quickly brought his face and eyes back to their required position, but it was too late, a stripe of fire burned across this flank. It was also enough to make the device hanging between his legs sway, just a little, but a sway. Jacob was going to hate this thing. He could not look down to see, but apparently there was a wire connected to the ring in his penis and an electrical surge flowed from the clip on his penis up through the shaft, down into his balls and out through a sack of wire mesh that had been fitted over

them. Fortunately, it would stop shocking him after about 5 seconds and then allow up to 60 seconds before it reset. So long as movement in the sensor had stopped, he was ok. If it were still moving there would be a new shock followed by another 60 seconds of waiting. If he reacted too strongly to the shock, he would set the device swinging too hard to come to rest in the 60 seconds allowed. Sometimes he would know that the next shock was coming, and he would force himself to focus and resist moving when it came, so that hopefully, by the end of the next 60-second cycle, there would not be another shock.

This was already terrible, but she was not yet done. Without removing his existing collar, she fastened another collar around his neck. It was large and thick with a metal part that curved up under his chin. He could tell that there was a box on the front of the collar itself. He saw her hands moving and felt slight pressure on each of his nipple rings. He knew she had fastened connectors to them from the box on the collar. He now had enough information to make him very uneasy. This was confirmed when he tried to glance down to see what she was doing. It caused his chin to bob just slightly. He realized as the electricity surged through his nipples that the metal on his chin was a sensor. Any movement of his head or chin and he was shocked.

Even though he was expecting something, the shock surprised him enough that he clenched his upper body, which caused just enough movement to cause a shock to rip through his penis. This was so unfair. Sally would never do anything like this. It was completely inhuman. Nevertheless, he was helpless to do anything about it. Jacob realized the irony of his situation. He was outside, he was not tethered, and he was not even hobbled. There were roadways all about him. Yet, he was completely controlled. If he tried to run, the devices connected to his body would shock him into submission. If he even moved, they would punish him. His only choice was to remain perfectly still, like one of those statue performers, or a guard at Buckingham Palace. It was what she demanded, and he would obey.

Jacob's feet hurt. His legs were cramping. His neck was hurting. But he held still. Once he found the right form and position, it seemed easy somehow. He took his mind completely off his body. His eyes were fixed on a notch in the ridge on the other side of the valley. It looked like there was a road that ran from the main



road up the middle of the valley up to this area. He wondered; was it a side canyon closed at the end, or did it open up into some other place, some place where people were not turned into animals. Jacob was too far away to make out any detail, but he was sure he saw a vehicle of some kind travel up the road into this strange canyon only to disappear as the road curved around the hill. He imagined himself riding in the vehicle. He imagined himself being taken from this place. He sighed. A mistake, his head moved, and his nipples burned with the shock. It did not spread, and the pain passed. He refocused on the distant place.

Anne returned. She disconnected the device from between his legs. As she took it away, she fastened an 18" hobble between his hooves. "Good. You are getting the position. Rest." Then she flipped a switch on the collar, but she did not remove it. She turned and walked away.

Jacob tentatively moved his head and found that the pressure switch moved with him but did not shock him. Jacob looked down at the hobble on his ankles. There was a ring in the ground almost between his feet and a snap link had been fastened through the ring and around the chain on his hobble. It was so simple, so easily manipulated by his controllers, yet so completely effective. He may now be able to move, but he was not going to be leaving the spot where he stood. He glanced longingly out across the valley. The cloud cover now had moved down the hills so that the road Jacob had been eyeing disappeared into a veil of mist. Somehow, that made the road and its hidden canyon so much more appealing. The temperature had dropped considerably. Jacob shivered. His nakedness was accentuated by the cool air.

Anne held a bottle to Jacob's face and squirted water into his mouth. He was thirsty and it was nice. He had become so used to taking water while bitted that he did not even think about the difficulty of drinking without being able to close his mouth or even having unrestricted use of his tongue. Jacob glanced at Anne and then looked down. He knew not to hold eye contact with any of the trainers. It never accomplished anything other than inviting pain. Anne was stroking the side of his head now.

"That was good. Maybe there is hope for you yet." Jacob did not know if he should feel pleased at the seeming complement or not. He did know that he was terribly afraid of this girl and if she was pleased that meant less pain for him, so it must be a good thing.

The rest period passed too quickly. Anne ordered: "Kneel Display". Jacob found himself dropping to his knees before he even processed in his mind what she was saying. He crossed his ankles, spread his knees, straightened his back, and held his head still looking out across the valley.

"Good". She repeated and he felt and heard her flip the switch on the collar. She had not reinstalled the shocking device on his balls and penis, but she had rearmed the device to his nipples. Any errant movement of his head or chin would be most unpleasant.

He knew how to do this now. He picked out a spot; it looked like a crop of trees, it was on a hillside miles away, he let his mind envision himself there among the trees. He removed his mind from his current situation holding his body perfectly still. It felt good to be off his feet. They still hurt. But he also knew that the ground was hard and before long his knees would start to ache from the pressure. Would he try to shift his weight when that happened? He did not know, but for now, he held perfectly still.

Something hit his cheek; he flinched and felt a shock run across his breasts. It had only been a drop of rain. The next one did not get a reaction from him, nor did the next and the next, as drop after drop began to fall. At first, they irritated. He had to suppress the natural inclination to shake or brush them away - the later movement, performed without thought just four months ago, was no longer a part of his reflex action, it was surprising how the body responds and learns how to cope with its limits.

Then, as the rain began to fall with earnest, it started to feel good. It was cool, but he felt rivulets run across his face and body washing away the dried sweat and dust. The rain did not stop. It increased in strength. Jacob had to close his eyes. He had to open his mouth only slightly to breathe without taking in water. Now

the rain was very uncomfortable. He wondered where the girl was. She should not leave him out in the rain like this. She should bring him back into the building. He did not know where she was and with the sound of the rain all around him, he could not hear anything that might reveal the presence of a person. Jacob did what he could do. He knelt holding perfectly still letting the water wash over him in sheets. He envisioned the girl watching him from the cover of the building. He was just a pony kneeling in the rain. Why would she bother bringing him in?

Jacob kept his focus straightforward to the spot he had picked to watch. He was not aware of how long he had been holding his position. The rain had slackened. There was still some drizzle, but not enough to drive humans for cover. The air smelled fresh and clean.

"So, this is the wild pony that Michelle caught?" It was a man's voice coming from behind Jacob somewhere. He knew better than try to look, or even to move in any way. He held his position.

"That is him." It was Anne.

"You said he is not registered?"

"I checked his lip. No number. You can see for yourself, no brand."

"Strange. Well, Michelle wants to ride him to school. We don't know much about him. What do you think?"

"He is spoiled and pampered, but I think there is potential. There is a clear streak of defiance, he is not naturally submissive, but he is pain adverse, so I think he will be very obedient with a little work. Take a look."

Jacob could sense that the two of them had moved up behind him. He did not like being talked about in the third person. He especially did not like what the girl was saying. Of course, he was not submissive, and he did not like pain. That was stupid, who would? He knew that they used pain to control him, and he knew it worked. That is why he had tried to escape, but look what that had gotten him.

"Well, she did catch him, and this will allow her to sign up for the pony handling class. That is good. We can't spare Thunder, but is it safe? I don't want her injured by a rough animal."

"I don't think that is a concern. So long as he knows he can't get away he is very unlikely to do something stupid like trying to hurt a human. The greatest danger would be if he thought there was a chance to escape. I think he is perfect for her class. I could ride with her to class for the first week to help keep him in line."

"That would make me feel better. Ok. But if he is going to eat he is going to have to pull his own weight around here. I want you to take him to the smith. He needs to be registered and I want him equipped for night service to the herd."

"Ok, Dad. I will take care of that. Should I tell Michelle, or will you?"

"Let's surprise her at dinner tonight. This morning at breakfast I made her think it was a bad idea. She has been quietly sulking all day." He laughed, and even though Jacob could not see them, he sensed that there had been an exchange of hugs between the father and daughter. It had been a very long time since he had been hugged or hugged anyone. Sally had stroked his head and neck. He missed that so much. He felt his eyes moisten.

After the father had left, Jacob was removed from his spot outside and led back into the building. Once again, he was clipped in the middle of the open area and fed by means of the bottle with the long rubber nipple that locked into the ring in his bridle and forced him to work his mouth and tongue to receive his meal. He was sure this stuff was nutritious, but he hated this method of feeding.

After he had finished feeding and Anne had removed the bottle, she examined Jacob's feet. They were still very tender, but they did not seem to be swollen. He was sure that the beating had bruised them deeply and that they would be painful for a long time. In any event, Anne seemed to think it was time to put him back in his boots.

This had been the longest period Jacob had been out of his boots since his capture. He had very mixed emotions as she placed first one foot and then the other back into his boots and laced them tightly. On one level, he did not feel complete without them on. On another level, he had enjoyed the sense of freedom that came from not having his feet so restrained.

Anne returned holding his saddle, and began fastening it in place. He had not had the saddle on his back since the little girl had captured him. More importantly, he had never been ridden by anyone other than Sally. These people did not own him. Sally did. He belonged with Sally. He did not know what they meant by him not being registered. He knew he had not been branded, and he was perfectly happy with that. He had seen the brand on the flank of enough ponies to know, that although he would probably receive one at some point, he was perfectly happy to have that event as far in the future as possible. Right now, he was not so sure. He wished that Sally had put her brand on him. He wished that Sally had registered him. If she had done that, maybe he would be home now instead of being tormented by this cruel girl.

As Anne finished fastening the saddle in place Jacob felt very nervous. He shook his body involuntarily. He moved back and forth on his hooves. He turned his head as best he could to try to keep an eye on her. He did not want her suddenly swinging onto the saddle. If she tried to mount, he planned to turn away from her and make it difficult.

Instead of trying to mount, she clipped a leash to his nose ring, unclipped him from the ceiling and led him out of the building. She then led him down the slope toward the area where he had seen other animals. As they came closer, Jacob could see a large building with an open sliding door. The door led into a corral. In the middle of the corral was a tall pole with six arms leading out. As Anne led Jacob down the slope, he saw an attendant leave the door of the building leading a string of six female ponies. They were in a caffle linked by the collar, separated by about six feet of line between each of them. Each had their arms pulled up behind them in a reverse prayer with metal wrist cuffs attached to the back of a metal collar. Cuffs just below their elbows were linked together. Two of the ponies' elbows met behind their backs, the other four were separated anywhere from

two to six inches by a small rod. No arm movement of any kind was accommodated by their restraints.

Each pony wore hoof boots connected by a 24" hobble. Jacob was surprised that their form was not very good. While they each lifted their knees higher than normal, all of them were sloppy and there was no sense of rhythm between them. Their poor performance did not seem consistent with what seemed to be very demanding standards in this place. Maybe it was just this girl, who had control over Jacob, that insisted on such rigid standards. That gave him some hope that things might improve.

The caffle of ponies was led to the pole with the long arms. The handler fastened a lead from the first pony to the first extended arm, then she worked around the caffle attaching each pony to an arm by the lead that had been fastened to the back of the collar of the pony in front. When she had finished fastening all of them in place, she flipped a switch on the wall and the pole started to turn. Jacob was familiar with walkers, and this was a very simple one.

The ponies did the only thing they could do; they followed the arm in front of them and started to walk in a circle around the central pole. As they moved, Jacob noticed that each of these ponies had huge breasts. He had never seen breasts so large on any pony before. There was no way they could run effectively with those things. He also noticed that instead of the normal nipple ring each pony's breasts had a round ring that was mounted in some way on the breast circling the nipple. Because it lay flush to the flesh of the breast, it would be very difficult to try to clip anything on to these rings. Jacob wondered at their purpose.

Jacob's thoughts were interrupted as Anne led him into another corral next to the area where the six ponies from the barn were being exercised. Once she had closed the gate, she reined him and removed his hobble and leash.

Anne held both reins in her left hand and moved up close to Jacob. He backed away slowly. She applied pressure to the reins causing him to lean slightly forward, but he kept his feet back away from her. Holding her arm with the reins

out to her side, she moved to his left side. Jacob tried to watch her, his eyes moving back and forth, but his vision was blocked by the blinkers.

She was close to him. He could feel her against him. He turned toward her. She tried to hold him straight with the reins, but he twisted against them trying to keep her in front of him. She stroked his shoulder and his flank. It was gentle, not threatening. She was speaking to him in soft gentle tones. He knew she was trying to calm him, but he was not calm. He was afraid. He knew what she intended to do. She intended to mount him. It felt so wrong.

As he turned toward her, she turned slowly with him, keeping her left arm with the reins held out to her side. He felt pressure on his back. Her right hand was grasping the back of his saddle. With her hand on his saddle and his reins held in her left hand, it was hard for him to keep turning. He stopped and shook his head back and forth.

Then there was more pressure. Weight pulling down on the saddle. He knew what had happened. She had stepped into the stirrup on his left side and was pulling her weight up. He turned to his left trying to dodge away, but it was too late. She was already off the ground with her weight carried by her foot in his left stirrup.

Then the weight shifted. She was fully on the saddle and her feet were planted in both stirrups. He shivered and shook his body. She leaned in against him. Her head was next to his right ear. "Easy boy." She had slipped the reins around his head. "It's ok." Her voice was gentle and calming, but she should not be there. He needed her off his back. He jumped forward and shook his body back and forth. She stayed right with him.

He tried to jump forward bending at the waist and straightening up quickly. She was still there. He felt her knees at his sides. It reminded him of the way Sally had felt on his back. "Calm, that's right, just relax." Her voice was right in his right ear. Her tone was relaxing. He tried to get control of himself.

What was he doing? He had been ridden before. This was no different. It wasn't Sally, but she was about the same size and weight. It didn't hurt to have her there.

He was used to carrying the weight. Why had it seemed so important to get her off his back? He did not know. Whatever his reason had been, it did not matter. He had no choice in the matter. He was wearing the saddle and she was sitting in it, and she clearly knew what she was doing.

He stopped shaking and jumping. He heard himself snort. "That's a good boy. Slowly now." She gently shook the reins. He knew what she wanted, and he started to walk forward. He knew from her touch on the reins, and the feel of her knees against his sides, that it was not Sally, but it was close enough that he also knew what she wanted.

She walked him around the corral guiding him to the left, to the right, forward, stopping, and starting again. Jacob relaxed into his role as his body started to follow instinctively the command of the reins and her touch. It felt good to have someone on his back again, even if it wasn't Sally.

For about an hour, they stayed in the corral moving about, getting used to the feel of each other. Anne dismounted and then mounted again. Jacob naturally twisted away the first time she had remounted, but not with the resistance he had exerted earlier. And by the time she mounted him for the fourth time he stood still waiting for her to settle into the saddle.

Finally, Anne opened the gate and walked Jacob through holding his reins. Then she flipped the reins over his shoulders and swung up into the saddle. By this time, it felt natural. She did not wait for him to adjust, but with a tap of her heels and a flick of the reins signaled for him to begin to walk. As he walked, she guided him onto a path that then turned into a road eventually leading to the main road to the farm. Guiding him in the direction she wanted to go, she brought him up first to a trot, then after a time, to a full gallop. Jacob had completely forgotten that his feet were still bruised and tender. It felt wonderful to be on the road and moving again. He knew he could not gallop for a great distance but being able to stretch his legs and feel the air rushing over him was invigorating.

Anne's head was down near his right ear. Her weight in the saddle had subtle differences from Sally. Jacob was wistful, wishing that Sally were here on his back



not this girl, he felt a tear in his eye, but as they ran on, he began to feel the familiar jolter of rider and pony, that special relationship that could only exist when the pony opens up, stretching and reaching with each step. He knew that she felt it too. Her words were soft and encouraging. This girl, who was so capable of causing him unbearable pain, now instead exuded caring and protection. Jacob leaned into the run and kept the pace. She seemed satisfied with the gait holding her knees tightly around him as she leaned into his back. Jacob felt needed. He felt wanted. He felt right about everything.

Anne must have been experienced with ponies because she seemed to sense when Jacob was beginning to over-work himself. At that point, his mind was only focused on doing what she wanted and needed. He would not stop or slow without her signal. He would keep galloping at this pace until his body just failed and he collapsed. But he didn't collapse. She knew when to bring him back to a trot. He knew had to maintain a trot and catch his breath, so long as he had not been pushed too far, and that is what he was able to do now.

## Chapter 15

There was a grouping of buildings up ahead. Several corrals were positioned around the buildings. Anne dismounted and led Jacob through a gate that she opened and closed again behind him. Across a small enclosure was a large open barn type door. It looked like it slid on runners to the side leaving a large opening.

Through the doorway, Jacob could see a traditional looking blacksmith work area. Further, over to one side, he saw, what appeared to be a modern machine shop. As Jacob was led forward, he recognized a frame structure that drew his mind back to the night of his capture. He had been strapped to just such a structure when he had been ringed and subjected to the early indignities that were now a part of his everyday life.

Jacob shook his head and whinnied loudly. He did not want to go there. The smith, who had been working in another part of the shop turned and stepped over. Anne was pulling Jacob forward by a leash she had attached to the ring

around his scrotum, but Jacob was not going easily, he was now twisting and pulling. It hurt, but he did not want to be connected to that frame. He felt a sharp stripe of fire across his right buttocks. It was quickly followed with one to his left buttocks. That moved him forward a couple of steps. He tried to duck his body down so as not to fit into the frame, but a large hand suddenly grasped the back of his neck and kept him straight as his throat was guided into the slot in the upper part of the frame clearly designed to receive it.

The hand was strong, but it was also a complete surprise and before Jacob could even react, his neck was strapped into the top of the frame. Jacob knew he was done. He still twisted and pulled, but his efforts had lost their purpose and in less than a minute, he was strapped across the shoulders, at the waist, thigh, above the knee and at the ankles. Whatever they were going to do, he could not prevent it.

Jacob did not get a good look at the smith until he walked around in front of the frame. He was perhaps in his fifties, slightly graying medium length hair, not a tall man, but he had substantial girth with extremely developed arms and shoulders. Jacob thought to himself that he would be a terrible pony. All of his weight and power was above his waist, just the opposite of Jacob.

The smith reached out and pulled down Jacob's lower lip. He then moved his head close and carefully inspected the entire inner surface.

"You are correct Anne." He said turning his head toward the girl. "There is no registration number and no sign of there every being one." The smith released Jacob's lip and moved over to a computer against one wall. Jacob could just see a portion of his back by straining his head to the right.

"Ok, let's get him registered. Approximate age?"

"I would say 23." Answered Anne.

"That sounds about right." Jacob was still at an age where being considered younger than he was, was not a complement.

"Weight?"

"263." Anne was looking at something on the side of the frame. It had a scale build in. Jacob had gained some weight during his training.

"Height?"

Anne pushed a bar down until it touched the back of Jacob's neck at the point it met his shoulders. "15.4 hands." Jacob knew he was being measured. He knew horses were measured in hands not people and he did not think he liked this at all.

"Mane?"

"Chestnut don't you think?"

"Yes, that works." The smith looked back at the computer.

"Clearly a male." There was a pause, with clicking sounds, and then "name?" Hah Jacob thought nobody had ever even asked his name. He wondered if the girl would remove his bridle so he could tell her.

"Michelle has named it 'Titan'". Jacob did not know what to think of that. He was shocked. He had been given a name, named by a 16-year-old girl. He had not been consulted in any way.

"Length?" Anne approached Jacob with a set of bolt cutters. As she moved them to the area of his crotch, he felt his stomach lurch. He thought he was going to faint. Then he heard a click, but he did not feel any pain. He looked down as best he could and saw that the padlock holding his penis to the ring around his balls had been cut loose. It was the first time his penis had been free since the day he was first ringed.

Anne took his penis in her hand and stroked it a couple of time. Her touch felt good, and he felt it grow. Then she held a stick against it. "Eight and a half." She reported. She released him. He was still hard, but without being touched, that would not last for long.

The smith stood in front of Jacob with a camera and snapped a picture. Then he returned to the computer. Jacob assumed that his picture was being up-loaded with what was clearly his registration. He was being registered as a pony with some organization. Where would this data go? Who would see it?

The smith was back in front of Jacob. He had something in his hand that he held like an etching tool. Jacob could see the needle at the end. He could see the inkbottle and the small tube. Although Jacob had never been tattooed, he knew what he was looking at.

The smith set down the device, then he pulled Jacob's lip out and fastened a clip which held it in that position. Jacob knew where the tattoo was going.

The smith worked quickly and efficiently. Jacob could not tell how many numbers or letters were tattooed. Anne stood behind looking over the shoulder of the smith.

"Where do you want the body registration?" The smith was looking at Anne. It was clear that Jacob was not done.

"Above the crotch, right side." The smith knelt down, and Jacob once again felt the slight stinging of the tattoo gun. The lettering was not large you would have to be standing right in front of Jacob to read it, but it could be read without having to bend down. The first visible tattoo of Jacob's life was on his abdomen to the right and just above his crotch. Jacob wondered if it would show above a bathing suit. Then he wondered if he would ever get the opportunity to find out. It was contained within a tattooed frame with scrolls. In the middle it read: "Titan AEX054489".

What had just happened? It had been many months since Jacob had been captured. It had been many months since he had learned that he was controlled and even owned. It had been many months since he had learned that he was a pony and that it was his job to obey and please his owners. But this was something else. This was something more. He had been named, registered, and tattooed. He had been marked as the property of someone else.

Jacob wondered why Sally had never registered him. He wondered why she had never named him. If she had, maybe he would be back with her now instead of with these horrible people. He thought she cared for him. He thought he was important to her. After all, she had refused to sell him to Lady Clair when it had been offered - that thought gave him momentary chills. She had put an even younger pony up for auction but kept him. So why had she not completed the actions of her claim on him. Was she trying to preserve some part of his humanity? That did not seem likely; she had never treated him as anything but a pony. In the end, he just did not know.

Jacob had assumed that when they finished marking him, they would be done, but the smith was back in front of him standing with Anne who then spoke. "I need him sheathed for use with the herd."

"Control or free?" The smith replied. It meant nothing to Jacob.

"Full control, obedience and proper discipline are still problems. And I want to be able to use training stirrups for Michelle as she is still learning to ride such a spirited animal."

"Perfect." The smith patted Jacob on the flank, then he knelt and used an Allen wrench to remove the ring from around Jacob's scrotum. The relief at having the weight removed was wonderful. Somehow, Jacob knew that the relief was to be short lived.

The smith returned with a box full of metal pieces. After some measurements, the first part installed on Jacob was a ring that circled the base of his penis next to his body. It was chrome colored and tightened tightly with the use of what looked

like a hex wrench with a special head worked in recessed holes. It fit tightly and looked as close to permanent as it could be.

The next part was made up of two rings that passed around his scrotum above his balls. The top ring connected into the ring at the base of the penis with a small shaft that Jacob heard click into place. The second ring was set below the first ring and settled against his balls much like the control ring he had worn since his capture, except that this ring was connected to the top ring with a series of cables between the two devices. It had a ring in the front so it could be used as a leash point - of course. The top ring also had two holes on the sides that apparently could accept some other device.

Next the smith took a small but wide ring of what looked like bronze and slipped it around Jacob's penis so that it sat just behind the head. The smith fed the ring at the end of Jacob's penis through the new ring. As Jacob expanded from the attention this new appliance became uncomfortable.

Next, the smith picked up, and started to examine, what looked like a large dildo. However, while a dildo was normally solid, this was hollow. It also had a metal base. After a time the smith had finished his inspection of the device - Jacob could see the device being inspected, but was able to learn little more, and Anne and the smith were not sharing.

The smith lowered the device and slid it over Jacob's penis. Jacob, who was still mostly erect from the attention he had received while the devices were attached previously, felt this new device slide easily over his penis. He then heard it click into place, as the metal flange on the back of the device fit into metal tracks on the front of the ring at the base of his penis and on the top surface of the ring holding the top of his scrotum. Jacob was certain that, like everything else they utilized around here, this thing could be easily and quickly released by just pushing a couple of buttons. That is, it could be released by someone who could touch and manipulate it. It could not be released by a pony whose arms were bound helplessly behind him.

Jacob could feel the weight of the entire new arrangement. Fortunately, the bulk of the weight was carried by the ring circling the base of his penis. That was an uncomfortable feeling, but not painful. He twisted his body back and forth and felt the momentum from this new device swinging back and forth. Since the time of his capture and initial conversion, he'd had his penis bent back and locked to his control ring. Now, although completely encased, it stuck straight out. He had felt less naked before, somehow knowing at least, that it was pulled back and not standing up.

Even though his penis was completely covered this thing not only stood up it waived and waggled around. He felt so much more exposed and vulnerable now.

"Good". It was the smith. "Let's give it a quick test." Jacob did not think he wanted them to conduct any 'tests'.

Jacob could feel the device covering his penis moving. He could tell from looking at Anne that she was moving her hand up and down the new shaft that extended from his body. He could feel almost nothing. There was almost no sensation in his penis at all. Anne was looking in his eyes and she smiled as she watched him realize that this device would completely isolate him from sensation.

Anne was holding something in her hand. Jacob watched her flip a few switches. Then she stepped forward and started to finger and tease Jacob's nipples. "You are not allowed to become erect." She said, as she looked him in the eyes, smiling.

Easy for her to say, not so easy for him while being teased. It had been so long since he had had any sexual release. He had been deprived throughout his captivity, but he had not been forced to resist directly. He remembered his little tryst with Midnight so early in his captivity. He also remembered spending the night on the bar in the stable being tormented. He tried to use these thoughts to control himself, but the memories of midnight and even the tormentor were having the opposite effect. He could feel the blood flowing into his cock. It was feeling very good. Besides, with his cock in this dildo sheath they could not even tell if he got hard. Fuck them.

She was only playing with his nipples, but as he grew in size, he felt the sides of the shaft that held him begin to press down on him. This felt really good. Then there was the pain. It was in his balls and surging through his penis. "Bad boy." She said.

Anne had backed away; Jacob was breathing hard. That had been a very severe shock. He did not want to feel that again. She pushed another button on the device in her hand. The inside of the sheath began to move. Something in the sheath pushed in to grab Jacob's shaft completely, then it eased up and began to run up and down from the base to the tip. He had gone soft with the shock, but it did not take long to get him hard again. He tried to think of the pain he had felt just moments before and used the thought to keep from getting hard, but that was not working. He could feel himself growing.

What did she expect? She had not even said anything this time. Then the smith and Anne walked away. They were no longer paying any attention to him. But he was getting plenty of attention from this new device. Finally, he just gave in. Jacob was moaning and grinding his hips. The device just kept moving up and down his cock. But it was moving too slowly. He needed to pick up the pace. He needed something more. If he wasn't restrained to the frame, he would have found something to grind against, but he was not sure he could have felt anything through the device. He pulled and twisted his arms. He needed to get a hand in play. Strange, he had given up the thought of being able to use his hands a long time ago, yet this thing was driving him back to that thought.

He looked around wildly to try to see where Anne had gone. There must be something else; she needed to do to make this end. She couldn't, she wouldn't just leave him like this, would she? But she did. Time went by and Jacob tried to settle himself, but the sheath was unrelenting, and it was attached to him. No matter what he tried to do, it was there right there surrounding him.

Finally, it stopped. Jacob hung weakly against the frame. "The stimulation program seems to work. Let's make sure he didn't overcome." She giggled at her joke. It had not been directed at Jacob, but he did not think it was funny.



She reached down to his crotch. Jacob heard a click, and the device came away in her hand. She looked inside and announced "Clean. Ok, secure the ring and I will take him home."

Jacob's penis was stiff and erect. The smith lifted it gently and with two fingers checked the positioning of the metal band he had earlier placed on the shaft, just behind the head. Jacob was strictly heterosexual, but right now, any touching that might get him where he needed to be was welcome. He tried to move against the hand. This evoked a laugh from the smith. "You got a randy one here Anne."

Jacob didn't care what he thought, he only cared that he get over that last little distance he needed. If it were the smith's hand on his cock, well, that would just have to do. But before he could get where he wanted there was an intense pain in his penis. The smith had driven a rod through Jacob's penis through two aligned holes on the new ring. The pointed end of the rod was removed after it emerged from Jacob's flesh. The rod fit into a recessed area on the side from which it was inserted. On the end where the pointed part had been the smith inserted a small cap into the recess left by the removal of the piercing part. The rod was locked into the ring and the rod locked the ring to Jacob's penis. The rod was through the upper part of the ring so that it passed above the urinary tract. The pain was terrible. The smith rubbed something over the head of his penis, and that seemed to help.

Jacob had shrunk once more, but of course, the metal ring around the head of his penis was still with him, as was the ring in the end that had not been removed. After carefully inspecting the new piercing including running a catheter up past the new device to make sure nothing had been blocked the track, the smith refastened the new sheath in place. "Check it daily for the first week. Use this." He handed a bottle of something to Anne.

"Thanks. Any idea how quickly we can put him to work? Dad is anxious to take some of the load off Thunder."

"I would let him heal at least three days. You can't use the stimulator or the suppressor for a period either, so he is not likely to be of much value to you until then."

"Thanks. It remains to be seen if he is of any value at all. I would just sell him, but Michelle found him, and she is just so thrilled, I think dad will do what he can to make it work." Anne shrugged and then she and the smith shook hands.

Jacob was released from the frame and his hobble and led out of the shop by Anne. Jacob could tell that it was now early evening. He tried to remember how long it had taken them to get here. He could not remember. He wanted to get back to wherever they were going. He needed to lie down and sleep. He wished he were back in his stall with Sally. He missed his stall. He wasn't sure where they were going to put him, but he was sure it was not as nice as his own stall back on Sally's ranch. Jacob felt a tear run down his cheek.

Once outside Anne brought the reins around his head and swung into the saddle. Jacob had noticed that she did not bother to make him assume the mount position with one knee on the ground, instead she mounted him while he stood. Although this allowed him to turn away from her as she mounted, she seemed to have no problem swinging up into the saddle.

Jacob looked about as best he could. He was not sure which road they had followed to get here, but that did not matter. He did not need to know where they were, where they were going, or how they were going to get there. All he needed to do was follow the reins and knee signals of his rider. He could, would, be punished for impulsively making such decisions.

Anne did not wait, apparently, she wanted to get home as well, and she flicked the reins, tapped his haunches with her heels and brought him to a trot. The road she selected had a slight uphill grade, but it did not bother Jacob. He could easily handle this grade. However, things were not the same. He was used to a more streamlined form with his penis tucked back and locked away. Now it was encased in this rubber thing that stuck out in front. Even with his head held up by his posture collar Jacob was sure he could see the tip of this thing bobbing in front

of him. And it was the bobbing and swinging and swaying that he noticed most of all. The damn thing was fastened to him, so it was not going to fall off, but it had enough movement in it to allow it to swing back and forth and bob up and down.

The effect of the motion on Jacob's member, held within, was like being gently manipulated, but the swinging and bouncing was irritating. He thought over time it would develop an identifiable pattern and he would get used to it. In fact, he could see how it could become stimulating. But that was certainly not the case now. Right now, it just felt so different that he could only think of it as irritating. It was just one more thing that was changed from his existence under Sally. One more indication that he was no longer under her training - her control - her ownership - her protection.

Anne brought Jacob to a gallop. She clearly wanted to get home. Jacob wanted to get home too, but he did not consider where they were going as home. So far, it had only been a place of pain and torture.

It did appear that Anne was a very good rider. She felt light on Jacob's back, when they went through turns, she knew how to position herself to maintain and enhance his center of gravity and not disrupt his rhythm and speed. She also seemed to know just how far to push him before she would bring back the pace for a time to let him catch his breath, before pushing again.

When they reached the farm, it was just past dusk. The opposite side of the valley was west because the mountains glowed with the last gasps of light before night set in. Jacob/Titan was exhausted. Anne had wrung every drop of endurance out of him. All he wanted was a place to lie down and sleep. He wondered if he would now get a stall. What would it be like? It certainly would not compare to his stall back home. He would give anything to be home curled up in his straw.

Anne led him into a larger building. It looked like a combination of a barn and a stable from the outside. The door that they entered revealed a small stable area. There were no more than eight stalls. Jacob could not see if any or all were occupied. He assumed one would now be his.

Before taking him to a stall, Anne led him into a standard pony washroom. This facility appeared older than the one Jacob was used to with stains and some apparent damage to the once white tiles of the wall. It only had a single washing rack in the middle of the room. Jacob's home stable had three racks. Although Jacob was very tired, and hungry, a good wash sounded good. He had not been properly groomed in some time.

Anne led Jacob to the washing rack and quickly fastened the collar in the middle of the top bar around his neck. It clicked shut and Jacob knew from experience that he would not be going anywhere until she was done. The collar had only a simple latch, but the latch release was at the end of the bar in which it was set. This meant that a pony locked in the collar, even with the use of his arms, could never reach the release. It was just too far away.

Anne fastened his left ankle cuff to a ring in the floor. Then she moved to his right side and removed his right pony boot. It was very difficult for a pony locked in the frame at the neck to kick to the side. A kick to the back was possible and had the most force. A frontal kick had less force but with the steel shoes could be very damaging, but to the side was hard. Jacob knew. He had tried it a couple of times just after his capture. He had not hit his target, but his handler's whip had certainly found theirs. He didn't try to kick any more.

When the right boot was removed, Anne lifted his foot and inspected his sole. Then she lowered his foot, attached a cuff, and clipped it to the floor. She then moved back to the left, unclipped the hoof and removed that boot. When she was finished, she lowered and restrained that leg. Jacob was now held in an A form secured at the neck with his legs held about 24 inches apart.

Anne then began to unlace Jacob's arm binder. Jacob knew this routine also. It was not frequent, due more so to the time it took to attend to the lacing of the binder than security concerns. These people were very well organized and trained. When releasing the arm binder, the attendant stood behind the pony. So, it was only done after the legs were secured. After the lacings were removed, the cover was folded down revealing the arms and their internal holding straps. Even without the cover, the pony would be unable to release the bindings. Next, the

single strap holding the wrists together at the small of the back was released. This allowed the arms to hang down at the sides, now restrained only by the strap above each elbow. It is worth noting, that even with full use of the arms, it is a rare animal, which would be able to open the elbow straps. The buckles open to the front resisting attempts from behind. The pony may be able to reach across their back and touch the strap on the other arm but cannot get sufficient leverage to open the buckle. Usually, a pony would try to move the arms at this point, if only to restore some sense of control over them. The available range of movement posed no threat to the handler, so long as the pony was restrained at the neck and ankles, and the handler stayed behind the pony.

Then one arm, usually the right, was grasped at the wrist by the handler's right hand as the left hand released the elbow strap. As soon as the strap is released, the arm is lifted and locked into a metal cuff on the same bar as the neck collar. If the pony offers any resistance, the handler merely steps back and applies the whip until the pony places the wrist in the cuff allowing the handler to step forward and close the cuff. Only when the first arm is secured is the second arm unbuckled and locked at the bar. Jacob knew that the feeling of freedom derived from the removal of the armbinder was illusory. He had fought for freedom a couple of times only to finally submit to the inevitable. He had clawed at the collar at his neck. He had reached behind to try to release his other arm, but eventually he had surrendered and placed his wrist into the stock to be secured. A woman half his size always had complete control over him. He had no illusion that it would be any different here and he was far too afraid of this girl to try anything.

After his armbinder was removed and his arms locked safely in their cuffs she removed the remainder of his tack, including his bridle and bit. Jacob was now completely naked except for the new device fixed over his penis and his tail with its associated plug that made it a permanent fixture.

Anne handed all the leather to another girl Jacob had not seen before and who then left the cleaning stall. Jacob expected that his tack was being cleaned and shined. A cold burst of water made Jacob stiffen. Anne then set a bucket of soapy water next to him and began to wash his body using a mitt like the one he had

used to wash his car. Jacob giggled thinking of the comparison of his car to him. He was now, after all, a form of transportation.

While the water from the hose had been very cold, the water in the bucket was at least warm. The feel of her hands, washing and soaping his body, felt very soothing. She took her time scrubbing him clean. At times, she would stop, and he could feel her fingers checking for any irritation on his skin. He was, after all, valuable property.

With the posture collar removed, Jacob was now able to look down at the new addition from the afternoon. It did not look like a sheath. Unless one looked closely, it looked like his actual appendage. Much larger, of course, but the coloring and the texture of the material looked quite real. He had a mixed reaction when she ran her hands over the sheath to clean it. He felt nothing. This was very strange. He had become so used to being touched while being washed. It had become a source of pleasure to him, even though he was never able to achieve satisfaction. Now he could not feel a thing in his penis. Except for the pain in the tip where he had been pierced. His balls, however, were fully in play and as she washed them, he sensed himself expanding, all with no visible effect on the sheath.

After Anne had soaped his body, she once again turned the cold hose on him. Again, he could swear that the water at this farm was much colder than at Sally's ranch. In any event, nobody cared what he thought. Held in the washing frame he could not even move away or toward the water. She had to walk around him with the hose to ensure that she had washed away all the soap.

Anne put the hose away and dried Jacob's body with large towels. She left and returned with a bottle of oil that she started to rub onto and into his skin. The washing had been almost rough, but this was gentle. She worked and massaged his muscles. It felt wonderful. He wished he were laying on a massage table instead of standing with his arms, neck and ankles locked in place, but it still felt very good.

When she finally finished his entire body glistened. It made him feel proud. He felt like standing tall, he lifted his chest as best he could in the position he was held. By this time, the other girl had returned with his tack. It had been cleaned and oiled as well. Sweat from the body of a pony can soak into the leather and make it stiff and even brittle. His tack was once again soft and pliable, and, as always, very strong.

Anne wasted no time tacking him back up. When it came time for his armbinder, she reversed the procedure she had followed before. The armbinder was attached to his body in the correct position. Then, as she stood behind him, well out of reach of any attempt he might make to grab her, she released and refastened first one arm and then the other to the above the elbow strap. Even though his arms could still move about from the elbows down it was useless to try to use them to do anything. He did not resist as she folded his arms up against each other and fastened the final strap across his wrists. She then began again lacing the binder from the middle to the ends completing above each elbow. Not that he had had any real use of his arms before being rebound, but now, once again, they were gone. He knew when she was done, he would twist and test the binding. He always did after it had been removed and reapplied, but he already knew that she had fastened everything securely with professional efficiency. There was nothing he could do to take it off.

His harness and then his bridle complete with this farm's hated bit that turned into a ring were replaced and adjusted to his body. At Sally's he had been allowed to eat and sleep without his bit. He had hoped that some freedom would be allowed here. The hoof boots were left off for now, but his ankles were cuffed and hobbled - as always, proper security. Only then, was he released from the frame and led to one of the stalls. In the middle of the stall, a clip was fastened to the rings on each shoulder of his harness. The bit was turned as the ring part pushed his mouth open and then the end of a tube with a long rubber nipple was snapped into place. Jacob was familiar with the nipple arrangement from the feeding bottle that had been used since his re-capture. He wondered if he had experienced his last solid food, as he closed his lips around the new invader and utilized the pressure and sucking motions he had had to learn in order to receive sustenance.

After Jacob had finished feeding, he wondered if anyone would come and remove this hateful thing from his mouth. He wanted to lie down and get some rest, but he could not. He was held on his feet by the straps connected to his shoulders. He tried to look around to see what else he could of his surroundings. The stall was made of wood walls that rose to a 12-14 foot ceiling. There was a gate in the doorway of the stall that led to the central corridor. It was also wooden and was apparently latched from the outside. It was approximately four feet high. The interior of the stall was clean but showed signs of age. The concrete floor had a light covering of straw. Jacob could not make out a drain, but he could not see behind him, so he did not know if there was anything in the back of the stall. He could not even see what material the back wall was made of. He obsessed on this for a bit, doing his best to twist his body in the harness, or turn his head, but the combination of his tack and the tube with the feeding attachment fastened into his mouth made it impossible. Behind him, could be a portal to paradise and he would not know it. Jacob could see that the back wall of the stall across from him was made of wood and did not have any visible additions of interest. He assumed his looked the same, yet the inability to look back made him uneasy.

The stall across the corridor was not occupied. It did have two straps and a tube like the one attached to Jacob hanging near the middle. Jacob could see that there was a stall to the right and left of the one across from him, but he was positioned far enough back in his stall so that he could not see far enough into either of those stalls to know if they were occupied.

Then, Jacob heard sound to his left. He thought he heard a creaking sound. Jacob thought about it for a moment. Then he twisted his body from right to left and then back. He heard the same creaking sound coming from the straps that held him in place. There was at least one other occupant of the stable with Jacob. For some reason that made him feel better. He had become used to being part of a herd and he needed some association with other ponies. He hoped his new handlers would return and remove his bit so that they could talk to his stable mate the way he was used to doing at home. He wanted to lie down, but the straps at his shoulders forced him to stand. He had heard some stable made ponies stand. He hoped this was not one.



Nobody returned. Nobody removed the tube from Jacob's mouth although the feed changed to just water. Nobody released him and allowed him to lie down. At least the shoulder straps took much of his weight and he was able to sleep. The biggest problem was what to do with his head. The collar was uncomfortable when he tried to hang his head, and in some positions, it interfered with his breathing. The shoulder straps could be used a bit, but as he drifted, his head would slide off and jerk him awake. He finally found that if he tipped his head back to the side, he got a little support from the shoulder strap and he could rest.

## Chapter 16

"Good morning, Titan." Jacob shook his head. It was Michelle.

"Daddy says I can ride you to school this year. But that means that I have to be your groom." She was standing next to him stroking his shoulders with her fingers. Jacob was now awake and had taken his weight back to his legs and off the shoulder straps. She was so happy and cheery. But Jacob's mouth hurt from the stupid device stuck there. His neck was stiff and ached terribly. The muscles of his legs were sore. He could feel the pressure building on his anal plug and he knew that if it was not opened soon, it would pop open on its own. He really hated it when that happened in his stall, but it was completely beyond his ability to control in any way.

"I am so lucky to have a pony my last year in High School. Marlene is going to be so jealous her eyes are going to turn green." Michelle was laughing. This was not a dialogue. As Jacob would learn Michelle loved to talk. She loved it best when she could talk to something that could not talk back. With a simple wrist turn to the side, and almost no effort, Michelle released and withdrew the feeding device from Jacob's mouth. He was so happy to have it gone, but the ease with which she could remove it after it resisted every attempt he had made, including twisting, and shaking his head, and pushing with his tongue, underscored just how helpless he really was and how easy he was to control.

As Jacob's bit turned flat to allow him to close his mouth Michelle held a piece of apple up to his lips. He took it with his lips and moved it back to the side where he could worry it with his teeth against the bit. As it broke up the sweet taste exploded through Jacob's mouth. He tilted his head so as not to lose any part of it and closed his eyes in enjoyment.

"I am even going to be able to take animal husbandry now. We get to play together in school." Michelle carefully checked Jacob's harness as she spoke. She looked at his skin around each strap to see if there was any sign of injury. She checked the tightness to make sure nothing was coming loose. This included testing for any slack in the lacing of his arm binder.

Jacob felt her tapping the back of his right leg and he knew to raise it so she could place his foot and leg into his hoof. In short order he was back in his hooves with his ankles cuffed and hobbled over the boot. With the addition of the hooves there was a great deal of slack in the shoulder straps. Michelle fastened a lead line to Jacob's collar and signaled for him to follow. He did.

Jacob was happy when she led him outside and to an area, which from the smell, had clearly been used by ponies to relieve themselves. Michelle signaled for him to squat and then she released the pressure cap on the anal plug. It felt so strange to know his bowels were emptying even though he could feel only the metal plug with his sphincter. Still, he was happy to have the pressure removed from his bowel.

Michelle used a sponge to wash his face but otherwise did not wash him. He was still clean from the washing he had received the night before. Michelle led him into a tack room, and after clipping his lead to a ring in the wall, pulled a saddle from a shelf nearby and began fastening it to Jacob's back. As he felt the saddle pulled into place and the various straps tightened, Jacob began to feel very uneasy. He shifted his weight from foot to foot. He was feeling the fight or flight instinct beginning to broil up in him. He might have kicked if he were not hobbled.

"Shhh, easy boy." Michelle was trying to calm him as she checked and tightened the straps to the saddle.

Jacob did not understand why he was reacting this way. He had been saddled many times before. He had come to love feeling Sally on his back. Even though he had resisted, he had finally given in to Anne yesterday, and they had had a good ride. But this was not Sally and it was not even Anne. This was some high school girl barely 18 years old. Could anyone now expect to just climb on his back? He might not be able to keep good, accomplished riders off his back, but he was a powerful creature, and he was not going to be disrespected.

Jacob stomped his hoof. He snorted and he shook his body, but it was far too late to dislodge the saddle. It was already in place and all Michelle needed to do was

continue tightening the many straps. The stirrups flipped back and forth, but the saddle stayed firmly in place. Jacob's eyes were looking around wildly. There was something about the feel of the saddle. Part of it was exciting. Some of his best moments as a pony happened under the saddle. But there was something in the saddle the spoke of the control a rider could exert over him. After she adjusted the saddle straps, she clipped a short chain to the back of the ring around his balls. The other end of the chain was attached to a clip in the bottom of his saddle. It was not tight.

Jacob could not see Michelle. She had been working at his sides and behind him.

"It is not uncommon for them to become feisty with the feel of the saddle." It was Anne's voice. Jacob felt her hand on his flank. He could not see her, but he felt her reach around and snap a line onto the front of the ring that encircled his balls. He did not completely settle down, but she did now have his attention.

"You are going to take my sister for a ride." She jerked the new line just enough to be painful. "Aren't you?"

Jacob whinnied in response, still shaking his body, and pawing with his hooves. They might win, but it was not going to be so easy.

"Present." Anne commanded. Jacob did not even think about it. His feet moved apart to the extent of his hobble, his chin straightened up and he back went straight. All signs of movement disappeared.

"Damn." He thought to himself. He had responded without even thinking about it. He considered breaking position, but his body still hurt from Anne's last training regime. He was very afraid of her. He had been breathing hard, but now he started to regulate his breathing. He picked a spot on the far wall of the barn and kept his eyes on it.

"There, I knew you were a good pony." Her finger was flicking the ring in Jacob's left nipple. This brought his full attention to that simple isolated part of his anatomy. But the feeling was not contained there. It radiated out, up his chest,

and down into his stomach - and below. He felt excited, but humiliated as well. Jacob wondered if he would ever get used to being treated as an object. He wondered if he would ever be anything more than an object again.

It had been at least five minutes. "Rest." It was Anne's command, and Jacob's body relaxed in place, once again without any thought. He could not see the sisters, but he sensed they were behind him. He could hear that there was some conversation, but he could not tell what they were saying.

"Present". Jacob was confused. This was not Anne. It was Michelle. Jacob tried to turn to look at them. His right buttocks exploded in fire.

"Present." It was Michelle again, but the point had been made. He was to obey - and he did. How unfair this was. He was being ordered about by an 18-year-old brat. He should not have to obey her. He should not have to do what she commanded. But his arms were uselessly held behind his back. His feet were locked in pony hooves and chained in a hobble. He wore a thick collar that was connected to a chain in the middle of the room so he could not go anywhere, and his head was bridled with a bit in his mouth. What choice did he have? And, oh yeh, there was a leash line connected to his balls and the brat had a crop which she had just shown she was not reluctant to use. There were two choices, obey, or resist and be punished until he did obey. Better to obey first and avoid the unnecessary pain. He obeyed.

Anne unclipped the chain to his collar. Jacob did not flinch; he knew to hold his position.

"Kneel. Present." Michelle ordered again. He was no longer chained from his collar, but Anne still held a line fastened to the ring above his balls. Once again, he had no choice, so he obeyed.

"Good. It is important to make sure it knows who is in control." It was Anne, and she was not talking to Jacob. He flushed at being talked about this way. But he did not break position. He did not want to be punished.

Anne was teaching her little sister how to control the pony. For the next hour Michelle would issue commands then walk around Jacob inspecting him. Anne would softly make corrections. "Don't yell, keep your voice firm." She would say. "Keep the pitch down. Don't squeak." Michelle would listen and correct her tone and the firmness of the commands.

Even though Jacob could hear the corrections being made, he could also feel the difference. He followed every command, but when Michelle's voice occasionally squeaked, he smiled - inside, of course, because he wore a bit. When it sounded like screaming, he felt slightly superior. But when she got the tone and the volume correct, he felt a ripple of fear surge through his body and his response was almost automatic. She would let him rest for a minute or two, then command him to present either kneeling or standing. She tried to break up the pattern. He never knew how long he would be made to present. He did not know if she would let him rest or just move him to another position.

After a while she added the "mount" command. Jacob knew this command. It was like kneel except that only the right knee was on the ground. The left leg was forward and up with his thigh parallel to the ground and his hoof planted firmly in front. It was designed to provide easy access to the saddle. Anne had not used this; she had just swung into the saddle with Jacob standing in place. Sally had occasionally mounted from this position, but most often she had mounted him while he was standing. Jacob knew that Michelle would never be able to mount him while he was standing, she was too short. He was being prepared to be ridden.

Jacob tensed in anticipation, but it did not come. Instead, he was ordered into a different position. What changed was that "mount" now became one of the positions he was maneuvered through. While the position was not as strict as a "present" Jacob was required to keep his head straight and his eyes to the front. The natural tendency was to look to the left, where a rider would mount, and he received several swats with the crop for doing so. He started to force himself to keep his focus forward. He still slipped a little, but by the end of the training, the position became more natural.

After about an hour he was brought to a standing position and then directed to "walk on". This was accompanied by a slight tug on the leash line fastened to the ring at his balls. He walked. Anne was still holding the leash. She walked ahead leading Jacob. Michelle walked by his side. He could see that she carried a crop in her hand. He carefully raised each leg as he walked. He did not want to give her an excuse to hit him. He had been well trained. He did not need any training in dressage. He knew how to walk. He knew all his gaits. He didn't need training.

Anne led him into a corral. When they were inside, she closed and latched the gate. Only then did she remove his hobble.

"Mount". It was Michelle, and she had gotten the tone and volume just right. He dropped to one knee. He kept his head still and his eyes focused forward. He considered himself to be a quick study.

There was weight in the right stirrup. She was mounting. Another advantage of the mount position is that the pony cannot turn away from the mounting rider as he can when he is on his feet.

"Up." She commanded, but Jacob's head also jerked backwards as she pulled on the reins. His body leaned back, and he almost lost his balance.

"Easy on the reins." Anne was watching. "Keep your weight forward." Had this girl never ridden before? Jacob did not like that idea. He really did not want her on his back. He was not to be ridden by just anyone. But he had come to his feet. She weighed almost nothing, maybe 70 lbs. He had carried that weight in a rucksack before he had become a pony. Now, after many months of training, conditioning, and of course the hormones, it was as if she weighed nothing.

"Walk on". She commanded and slapped the reins. Jacob stepped out and began to walk. Immediately he became aware of her presence. Not because of her weight, but because she was shifting around and moving on his back. Jacob suddenly appreciated Sally and Anne. Both of them had the ability to mold themselves to his back in a way that almost made them part of him. Even though this girl weighed much less than what they weighed, he felt her. When he stepped

forward, she shifted back, then she shifted forward. It seemed whatever motion he was making, she was moving against it. He did not like the feel of her. He did not like it at all.

Jacob started to think about how he could suddenly shift and throw her off, but as if Anne could read his intent there was a jerk at his balls. Jacob managed to get a look to the side. Anne was giving him a look that clearly communicated: "don't do anything I will have to make you sorry for." Jacob looked straight ahead and all thoughts of removing his rider vanished in an instant.

Michelle was using the reins, but for the most part Jacob was walking in a circle in the corral. The radius of the circle was defined by Anne holding the leash line that ran to his balls. As he walked Michelle seemed to get the feel of the movement. Suddenly, Jacob was glad that they were training. "If she is going to ride me to school, then she better learn how to do it, because this sucks." He thought. Jacob knew it was not his choice whether he would be ridden. It was not his choice where he would be ridden. It was not his choice when he would be ridden, and certainly not by whom. He could only hope they would learn to do it right.

Anne kept them moving at a walk for about half an hour. "Weight forward, knees up, feet back". The corrections came. Jacob enjoyed not being the one who was being corrected. Of course, Anne did not reinforce her corrections to her sister with the crop as she would with Jacob. It was another clear distinction of his status as an animal. Only when Anne seemed comfortable with Michelle's composure in the saddle at the walk did she start adding in other commands. Stopping, moving to mount position, starting. Then she transferred the giving of those commands to Michelle. Her voice betrayed a slight quiver at first but grew in confidence as they continued. Anne continued to hold the leash line which reached out to Jacob's balls. There was never a moment that he was not aware of its presence.

Anne had Michelle practice dismounting and mounting as Jacob held the mount position. Even though her weight was of no consequence to him, the action of mounting and dismounting was somehow more humiliating than the act of being



ridden. He knew that it made no sense, but he was very glad when this exercise stopped, and he was commanded to stand and walk once more.

Michelle was getting better at keeping her weight forward. She was getting better at anticipating the movement of Jacob's body and bringing herself into the movement. But they had only been moving at a very slow pace. Jacob could tell that her confidence had built when she commanded him: "Trot", punctuated by flicks of the reins - all wrong Jacob thought. But he sprung forward moving to a proper trot.

While the hips of the pony stay fairly smooth in a walk the same cannot be said of a trot. To get the speed the legs are moving faster. The body of the pony is bouncing on the strides of the legs. To Michelle it felt like he was trying to buck her off - he wasn't. "Weight forward." Her sister said again. She must have been getting very tired of that. Jacob smiled to himself.

"Roll your body forward with the up step and back down with the down step." Jacob could tell that Michelle was having a great deal of difficulty capturing the movement. He could feel her bouncing up and down in the saddle.

"Grip with your knees." Michelle's legs were not that long, so that instruction was very difficult for her to follow. Jacob felt a squeeze to his sides when the command was first given but it did not last long.

Michelle was flopping about like a sack of potatoes in the back of a pick-up truck on a rough road. Jacob started adding a little exaggeration to each step. All he had to do was lift his leg just a slight bit higher and delay the down step just a bit. He felt the reins go slack and realized that Michelle had grabbed his harness at the shoulders. "S-s-s-t-top". It was not a commanding voice. It was not a command at all, it was a request. Jacob ignored it, and if anything, added a little bounce to his step.

Jacob's body was jerked around toward the center of the circle. He almost doubled over with the sharp pain in his balls as the leash line was given a very hard jerk. "Halt." This was a command. Jacob immediately complied. He stiffened

and assumed a present position. He could not see her, but he heard and felt her move up toward him. Michelle was still in the saddle clinging to the harness.

There was a sharp pain in Jacob's right flank. Anne was making her point. "That must certainly have been fun. But if you want any hide left on that ass we are going to stop fucking around and get some work done." She had moved around to the side. Her face was close to his, but he kept his stare straight ahead.

"Ok, back to work." Anne's voice changed as she returned her attention to her sister. "You are doing just fine. Use your knees to feel the movement. Don't let go of the reins. If he throws you off, he needs to know you will pull his head off with you."

Michelle did not speak to her sister, but Jacob could feel a change in the way her body molded into his. "Walk on." The tone and volume were meant to be obeyed. Her slap of the reins was better. He stepped out without even thinking about it. She walked him for a time, the movement was less jerky, and Jacob felt better balanced.

When she signaled a change to the trot the transition felt smooth. She was still bouncing up and down a lot, but Jacob moderated his step to try to smooth out the cadence, and she was able to stay forward in the saddle. Jacob thought to himself that if they did this for very long, she would be very sore. Jacob could trot almost all day without getting tired. For at least 45 minutes he trotted in the circle subscribed by the line still held by Anne. Jacob had thought they would move through various gaits, but they did not.

Finally, Michelle brought him through a walk to a halt, and had him move into a mount position. Jacob could tell that she was not experienced but she was improving. She dismounted. "Stand Titan." He followed the command. He was led by his reins to the side of the corral. Michelle tied off the reins to a ring in a post. The ring was just below his eye level, and she allowed only about 24" of rein to the simple knot. This meant that Jacob could not move from where he was. He could not sit or really do anything but stand and wait. The hobble between his ankles was clipped into place and then Anne attached a feeding bottle to a ring

higher in the post and then fed the now too familiar feeding nipple into the ring of his bit where it locked into place with that awful click.

Michelle and Anne walked away smiling and talking. They did not look back at Jacob. It was lunch time. They would go to the house and sit at a table where they would be fed food that Jacob knew he would never experience again. Jacob did not think he could have missed the feed back at his old stable, but he did. He really hated this method of feeding. Not just because it was all liquid, even though the consistency was very thick, but also because of the humiliating way he had to lick and suck the nipple of the bottle to be fed. A further irritating aspect of this method of feeding is that even when Jacob had finished the contents of the bottle, there was nothing he could do to get the hated feeding nipple out of his mouth.

Jacob did not know how long he stood waiting for Anne and Michelle to return. He watched some activity in the corral nearby. It was the corral where he had watched a string of six ponies exercised on an earlier occasion. Today he saw that there were multiple strings of ponies, each six in number. A string would be brought into the corral and connected to the exerciser. After a period (Jacob didn't know how long, but it was two hours) of walking they would be removed and replaced with another string of six. These ponies were all female, and all had very large breasts. As Jacob stood at the pole sucking his meal from the bottle, he was close enough to the circling ponies in the other corral to see that they were all lactating.

As Jacob was eating, he watched one string removed from the exerciser and another brought out to take its place. Each string of six ponies was connected from their collars in a coffle. The connectors were never removed, with the line between each pony being just long enough to space to the next bar in the walker. Interestingly they did not wear pony boots, they were bare foot. Their ankles were cuffed and hobbled to about 18 inches. Each wore a large belt. From the front of the belt straps encircled the breasts with webbing at the bottom to provide some support for the very large mounds of flesh. Their hands were all held behind them in a reverse prayer. Not pulled so tight as to make their elbows join, but severe enough to remove any use of their hands or arms. To enhance the

security straps above each elbow were fastened to the waist belt at either side of their backs. Not one of these animals showed any sign of resistance.

As each string finished its two hours of exercise they were unfastened from the walker and led back into the building. For what purpose Jacob did not know.

It did not take more than about 20 minutes to suck all the nutrients from the feeding bottle attached to Jacob's bit. When he was done, he would have liked to remove it from his mouth, but he was not able to do so. He knew it locked (and unlocked) with only a slight turn, but that was enough to defeat all his efforts to be free of it. He shook his head. He tried to twist his head back and forth to see if it would turn and pop out. He tried to shake his head up and down - one of the things he hated most was the way it held his head up - that did not work. He could bring his head down to just below level and then the tension from the feeder would pop his head back. He figured all he was going to do by keeping that up was give him a whiplash. He stopped and did what all good ponies do. He waited for his trainer to return.

The girls must have enjoyed a nice leisurely lunch. Jacob was sure they had been gone well over an hour. His mouth felt dry from his continual sucking on the nipple in his mouth. He tried to ignore it, but it was just so intrusive that he could not help sucking on the damn thing. There was nothing to be received or gained by him from this action, but when your mouth is filled with something like this it is just natural to suck on it.

When the bottle was removed from his bit, Jacob was so happy he was ready to let Michelle get on his back with no protest at all - he could tell himself that it was his choice to let her ride. Anne did not seem to trust Jacob alone at first and kept him on the lunge line while Michelle rode in the wide circle. Michelle still had a lot to learn, but she was beginning to sense his movement and match herself to it. Her use of the reins was also better, and Jacob had to admit that her verbal commands instilled instant obedience even without the use of the crop that she carried and used to emphasis points. Fortunately for Jacob she was not very good with it, and it usually did not hurt much.

Only after several hours of walking, trotting, and stopping, all in the circle of the corral did Anne remove the lunge line and let Michelle start to guide Titan about the corral. Jacob was happy when the line was removed. Not just because he was tired of Anne jerking at his balls, but because not hobbled or leashed he could actually move about in the large corral. In fact, he was following the verbal signals and his reins. That had become instinctive now and he felt free.

While they had been riding about the corral Anne had gone to the stable. She now returned leading another male pony by the reins. He was large, he looked taller than Jacob, and he was well muscled, his thighs were large and well defined; his chest was so broad it almost obscured the saddle on his back. His mane was black, cut in a Mohawk but long enough to flow down his back. His skin was a golden brown evidencing many hours in the sun. A large bronze colored penis extended from his groin, but Jacob could see that although it might pass initial inspection it was not real but was the same type of device that Jacob wore. The pony held his head high, snorted and shook his head back and forth. Anne patted the side of his head, and he ducked his head down into her hand. She reached into her pocket and then slipped something into his mouth.

This must be Thunder Jacob thought. He had heard the other pony in the stall next to him, but he had not seen him until now. Anne opened the gate to the corral then turned and swung into Thunder's saddle. As the gate opened Michelle kicked her heels into Jacob's sides, flicked the reins and signaled for him to move out of the corral.

On the road she turned him to the right and brought him to a trot. It felt so very good to be out on open terrain again. Jacob kept his pace as Anne on Thunder moved up on the left. Jacob turned his head slightly to the left and involuntarily snorted. He felt himself starting to pick up his gait, just a little, trying to draw ahead. "Make him hold the gait." Anne said and Jacob felt pressure back on his reins. Not enough to signal a stop or even a change in gait, but enough to bring him back to the speed. Michelle was learning.

It felt so good to be in the open fields clear of the buildings of the farm. Jacob and Thunder held the pace set by their riders for the next five miles. Jacob knew that

he could trot all day, but this was also the point that he usually had to overcome a slight drag on his lungs and body. He glanced to his left and saw Thunder with his head held high his breathing regular and unlabored. Jacob straightened his back and worked to control his breathing. He was not going to let Thunder see him labor at something as easy as a trot.

Michelle pulled on the reins and brought Jacob to a halt. Anne had stopped her mount only a few yards away. Michelle slid from his back. Jacob felt pressure on his balls, and he realized that she had grabbed onto the chain from his balls to the bottom of the saddle. He realized that it was meant to discourage his running off when she dismounted. He figured he could probably take the pressure from Michelle pulling on the line long enough to make her let it go, but he saw the coiled lasso around the pommel of Thunder's saddle. He could attempt to run, but it would not end well. Jacob thought of his sore feet. He did not want that again. He was not going to make another escape attempt unless he could be 100% sure that he could make it work. His odds right now were very very bad.

Michelle snapped on his hobble. Temptation was gone. Anne had dismounted and hobbled her pony as well. Even a well trusted pony was hobbled. It was not so much a matter of trust as keeping proper discipline. A pony made to stand unhobbled could get very nervous. Anne had made sure that Jacob had been hobbled before she hobbled Thunder. Clearly, he was there to insure Jacob did not do something stupid. Both ponies were then led over to a nearby fence and their reins tied to the top rail. Jacob could not get his head around the vision of the reins looped twice around the pole then pulled back through the line with a simple bow. It was not even a real knot. He was sure it was done on purpose to let the pony know he had no control.

Anne and Michelle each produced squeeze bottles and watered their ponies. The water tasted sweet and cool. Jacob was very happy to receive water not from the hated device that had to be plugged into his mouth. This was the same way Sally had watered him and he began to feel like Sally's old pony. He hung his head. He missed her. He missed the feel of her on his back. He did not want to be this teenager's pony. He wanted his Sally back. He lifted his head and looked around. Where was her ranch? He did not see anything that looked familiar. He wondered

where she was. He wondered if she had looked for him. He wondered if she wanted him back. He had been so stupid.

Anne and Michelle had gone into a field and were by some bushes near what looked like a small stream just 15 feet away. Jacob could not at first tell what they were doing, until he made out that each was holding a bag and were picking berries from the bushes. After a time, the action of the two girls pulling berries from the bushes released the aroma of the fresh berries into the air. Jacob's mouth was watering. He took a hobbled step in the direction of the bushes, but his head was jerked back around by the reins tied to the fence. He watched as the girls' delicate fingers plucked one and then another plump ripe berry from the bush and drop the berry into the bag. Jacob did not know what kind of berry these were, but they were the size of the end of the girl's thumbs and were dark purple in color. The fingers of the girls were both stained purple from the ripe berries.

Jacob wanted some berries. He jerked at his reins. He pawed at the ground with his right hoof. Both girls heard and saw him. They looked up from what they were doing and laughed. "Hold on boy. Be good and I will give you a berry."

"A berry" thought Jacob. They had two bags filled with berries. The bushes were still heavy with berries. All they had to do was let the ponies at the bushes. He was perfectly happy to pull berries off with his mouth. But to do that he had to reach the berries, and tied to the rail, there was no way to do that. He looked again at the simple knot in the reins tied at the top of the rail. He jerked his head back and pulled at it. He caused it tighten down on itself. It was a simple knot, but it was a knot that required hands to remove. A pony could not do anything but wait the pleasure of his owner. Jacob did the only thing he could do, he settled down and waited. The bit in his mouth usually made his mouth water, but now it was much worse than normal.

The berry picking went on for about 45 minutes. Finally, the two girls returned with their now plump bags of fresh berries. As promised each girl stroked the side of her pony's head and slipped a single plump juicy berry into its mouth. The berry was rich and exploded with sweet syrupy liquid. Jacob did his best to let it hold in

his mouth as long as possible. Then he worked his tongue on the pulp that remained from the berry. With the juice now gone, there was a slight tang to the pulp, but this taste was welcome, and Jacob took as long as he could worrying it with his tongue as little piece by little piece disappeared down his throat.

By the time Jacob had finished his berry, the girls had released the hobble on each pony and mounted. Jacob was not even sure how Michelle had gotten back in the saddle because he had not been commanded to the mount position, but she was there with the reins in her hands.

The ponies were turned back toward the farm. The sun was getting low in the sky again and Jacob knew this was going to be a run. They trotted for about a mile, then with a look between the two girls, and a shake of their heads, the ponies were spurred (heels without real spurs on them for now) to gallop.

Thunder broke first. Jacob had decided he would not oblige. He was unhappy about only receiving a single berry when Michelle had a whole bag full, but he did not like looking at the butt of another pony pulling away. It was not in his nature to let this house pony beat him. He jumped forward. Thunder was at least five paces ahead of him. Thunder had the heavier load with Anne, but she was an experienced rider and knew how to make her weight all but disappear. Michelle, on the other hand, still bounced and flopped around. This was distracting and tended to interfere with Jacob's rhythm. He knew she would get better, but for right now he had to deal with the shifting and bobbing. If she weighed more, he would have had an insurmountable task.

Thunder was trying to pick up the pace. Anne had looked back and watched as Titan was closing. She had kicked her heels and tapped with her crop. Anne was working to get every ounce of speed she could squeeze out of Thunder. Michelle for her part was just hanging on for dear life. She had completely given her Titan his head, and she knew he was determined not to be beaten in this race. Even though the speed at which they were moving had a terrifying quality to it, she was exhilarated and thrilled with her pony. She wanted to throw her arms around his neck and hug him to death. Instead, she leaned as far forward as she could with one hand clutching the pommel of the saddle and the other holding the reins



against Titan's back, because her hand was grasping his harness. Her chin was on his shoulder. She heard the huge intake and exhale of his breath. It sounded like the bellows at the blacksmith. His lung capacity must be four times hers she thought.

Anne was now thrilled with the speed of the run. She could see Thunder's eyes turning in the sockets. She could hear his labored breathing. She had never run him so hard before. Thunder did not seem to mind being pushed at this speed.

He could hear the clapping of Titan's hooves close behind him, this upstart who had come onto his domain. Thunder had been the only male pony on this farm. He did not need some newcomer coming into his terrain. Even though people did not share thoughts with ponies Thunder had known why he was along today. When the lasso was put on the pommel of the saddle, he knew that Anne expected this new pony to try something. Thunder was looking forward to running him down and watching Anne as she lassoed and dropped him in his tracks. Maybe then they would sell him, or at least keep him locked in his stall. But that had not happened, and now this newcomer was challenging him in the run. He was not going to let that happen.

Titan was not looking at where the road was going. He was not looking at how close or far from the farm they were. All he saw was the back and side of Thunder now only a pace in front of him. He could hear his heart beating. He thought it must be visible by just looking at his chest. But that wasn't important. He was catching up. He was almost there.

With the blinkers Thunder could not see Titan to his side. But he could hear the breathing and the hooves. He knew it was close now. The farm was just up ahead. He had used everything he had, but Anne was now caught up in the race, and she wanted more. Thunder felt the slap of her crop on this flank and butt. It didn't hurt. It felt like it was being slapped through a thick blanket. They were almost there. She expected him to win. He needed to win. He found more. He was head pony on this farm, and he needed to show that. He was not ready to give in. He increased the pace.

Titan had everything he had invested in the run. Now he too saw the farm closing at 200 meters ahead. But Thunder was starting to pull ahead. How had that happened? Where had he found the extra strength for that? Titan tried to put more speed into his run. He tried to will his legs to go faster. He could hear Michelle yelling in his ear. "Faster . . . Faster, he is pulling away, catch him."

Thunder was pulled to a stop next to the stable. Titan pulled up four steps later.

Jacob thought his chest was going to explode. He dropped to his knees. He had not been directed to do so, but he could not help it. Michelle leapt from the saddle. She seemed too delighted with the race they had just run to be upset with Jacob having taken a position without command. And his position was far from correct, as his chest heaved trying to catch air his head swung from side to side and back and forth.

Michelle ran to Anne and gave her a hug. Anne had dismounted, but she still held the reins in her hand as she quickly hobbled her mount. "Security first." Anne pointed to Michelle's pony. The tone was sharp, and Michelle realized the error she had made. She quickly moved behind the exhausted pony and fastened his hobble in place. "Never assume that they will not run. Always assume flight." Michelle knew better.

Both ponies were allowed to stand - or kneel - where they were for about 10 minutes to get their breath. That allowed the girls an opportunity to put the bags with the berries away. The ponies would not get another. Thunder was glaring at Titan, puffing his chest, and snorting. Jacob jumped to his feet. He almost tripped on his hobble. He returned the glare. It was clearly a challenge, and he was ready. He moved forward toward Thunder thinking about how he might deliver a kick while held in tight hobble.

But before Titan reached Thunder the girls returned and led both ponies into the stable where they were washed, oiled, and finally secured in their stalls where they could eat and sleep. Titan could hear Thunder on the other side of the wall. He twisted and pulled at his restraints but, as usual, they held him tightly. He could hear the creaking of leather and an occasional snort coming from the other

side of the wall between the stalls. There would be a showdown at some point, but not now. For now both ponies were held securely in their stalls.

## Chapter 17

Michelle came for Titan early the next morning. Jacob's muscles were sore from the exercise of the day before, but he knew that would be no excuse. He could see Anne standing to the side as Michelle washed, mucked, tacked, and saddled him. Only when she had completed her work did Anne step forward and check all the straps and buckles. She made only a couple of minor corrections explaining each to her sister.

Michelle then led him into the corral, closed the gate, removed his hobble, and mounted the saddle. For about half an hour they rode around the inside of the corral. Anne walked up leading Thunder and opened the corral gate. Michelle guided Jacob toward the entrance.

Thunder stood outside the corral behind Anne looking fierce and defiant. Titan wanted a confrontation, but his reins were jerked to the left away from Thunder and he knew to follow. He was brought to a trot, heading up the road in the opposite direction from that they had been taken the day before. Hoof beats disclosed that Anne and Thunder were following behind.

Jacob could not see Thunder behind him. He could hear him and that made him a little nervous. He knew if Thunder got a chance, he would try to hurt him if for no other reason than to establish his dominance as the Alpha male in the herd. Mostly Jacob didn't think he cared about that, but there was a part of him that was not going to give in. Titan knew that he was younger but stronger than Thunder and that he should be the Alpha male. There would be a showdown and he would be ready.

Jacob did not pay attention to where they were going. He had learned that it was not the pony's job to think about where they were going or where they had been. The pony should be in the moment and follow the directions of the rider. It did

not matter that his rider was young and inexperienced. It did not matter that she was less than half his size and weight, he was to follow her directions. Had he really been broken to her so quickly and easily? Well, it really wasn't like that was it? She had a crop in her hand, and even as small as she was, she could hit him hard enough to hurt. He was always restrained so there really wasn't anything he could do about it. His only real choice was to obey.

Jacob saw a large building ahead. It was two stories made of red brick with evenly spaced windows on both levels. There was a large lawn on one side next to the road. It was a school. Judging by the people walking about it was a high school. It reminded Jacob of his high school. He had been ridden to school.

On the far end of the building there was a large corral. Well, that was different from his high school. In the corral there were a lot of ponies. A guard stood by the corral gate. As Michelle stopped Jacob, the guard stepped forward and took Jacob's reins. Michelle slipped to the ground. She had Jacob assume the mount position to get on, but almost never did so for a dismount. Jacob felt the hobble snap into place between his hooves.

The guard handed the reins back to Michelle and she led Jacob into the corral. The corral was occupied by both male and female ponies. The only difference was that while the fillies were free to roam the interior of the corral the males were all tethered. Along the back and side of the corral there was a series of posts set in the ground. Each was about three feet in height and had a large ring in the top. There was a small length of chain hanging from the ring.

Michelle led Jacob forward to an empty pole and quickly snapped the end of the chain from the control ring at Jacob's balls. He had about 18" of chain so he could move about the pole, but he could not wander, he could not even sit or lay down. He was forced to stand by the pole. There were at least 10 other male ponies clipped to poles. Many of them puffed, pawed, and snorted. Some pulled from time to time at the chain. No male pony could reach another male pony.

The locals had learned that male ponies in the presence of fillies can become very territorial. Clashes could get nasty, and nobody really wanted to wander into the

middle of a melee with flashing hooves and teeth. It was a good way to get hurt. So, it was best to make sure that the stallions could not get to each other. This configuration allowed them to blow off some testosterone without being able to hurt one another. Even if there were only a single male, he was normally kept tethered. The male ponies left to their own would try to chase down the fillies. Only when the filly demonstrated her subservience to the male would he stop. This could leave the ponies tired. A simple tether fixed that completely.

The fillies, on the other hand, tended to group together and nuzzle or just play. There was no need to keep them so tightly controlled. They were, of course, still hobbled, even fillies got stupid ideas from time to time, but there was no need to keep them tethered.

The fillies had learned another advantage to this arrangement. They had taken to tormenting the tethered stallions. A filly, sometimes two or three, would approach a stallion. They would come up to the point where their bodies almost touched. Out of reach, but of course with arms bound behind you everything is out of reach. They would wiggle their bodies. Extend their bottoms toward the stallion, sometimes even just grazing his body. If there were several of them, they would move around him and take turns teasing.

Jacob had not seen this activity before. The ponies on Sally's ranch and those at the racing grounds would have never engaged in such behavior. This was so far below them. And the punishment would have been unthinkable. Jacob remembered his punishment for just the slightest contact with midnight.

He watched in horror and fascination as three fillies teased and tormented a stallion on the next post. The stallion was not enjoying the game. His penis was trying to expand against the ring that held it turned back. Jacob knew from experience that that hurt. But there was something more. The taunting was not just sexual it was exploiting the inability of the stallion to establish his dominance.

Jacob did not know that this was a particularly aggressive and assertive male and that the fillies did not care for or respect him. He was not their idea of an Alpha male and they wanted to make sure he knew that. The combination of assault on

his status and sexual taunting was more than the stallion could take. He twisted his arms, kicked against his hobble, and even lunged away from the pole. The later must have been very painful. The fillies were not worried. They had been ponies long enough to know that his harness and tether would hold and that he could do nothing but whinny and shake in frustration.

Jacob was not sure if he felt bad for the stallion or not. Then he saw two fillies slowly approaching him. They did not know him, and they wanted to get a good look. He stood still and looked at them. One was a palomino. She was perhaps half a hand shorter than Jacob. She had full firm breasts - he of course noticed this right away. Even as a pony he was still a breast guy. His eyes trailed down to two golden bells one clipped in each nipple ring. She followed his eyes and then gave each breast a little bounce, ringing the bells. He thought she was smiling, although it was hard to either smile or tell a smile behind a bridle and bit.

The other pony was a chestnut. Her skin was a darker golden color. Her breasts were slightly smaller than the palomino, but they were firm, and also belled. Her legs were long, and the muscles were well defined. Before becoming a pony, he had not been overly impressed with well-developed muscles in a female, but for some reason, he now found it terribly attractive.

Both faces, even though contorted by the pull of the bit and lacking any make-up would have been very attractive. Jacob slowly moved toward them. Here it comes, he thought. He could feel himself growing as blood gorged his penis. At least he was completely hidden inside the control device fastened to him. The fillies could not see his reaction - or so he thought. He did not realize that his nipples had hardened, and his breath rate had increased.

The palomino moved right up to him. She was only an inch away. He was not at the end of his tether so he could have closed the small gap between them, but he did not. He held his position and moved his gaze to her eyes. She looked back into his eyes. He tried to smile. He had heard once that if the mouth smiles the eyes will convey it. He hoped so.

Neither of them moved. Then the palomino closed the gap and Jacob felt her breasts push against his chest. The metal of the bells felt slightly cold. She dipped her head and nuzzled. He used his head to meet the side of hers and to draw her into his neck. They held their position and enjoyed the touch of each other's bodies. Her body was firm, but her skin was so soft Jacob did not want this moment to end.

Then he felt something pressing against the other side of his chest. Again, it was very soft skin over firm lean muscles. It was the chestnut. Jacob wished he had his arms so he could reach around and hold these two creatures to him. If this was torment, he was all for it. The three of them stood together with only the motion created by their breathing moving their bodies for quite some time.

Jacob could hear loud snorting and huffing and even high-pitched screaming sounds coming from nearby. He and his two fillies turned to look at the stallion on the next post, the one that had been tormented by the three fillies. They had now moved away leaving him alone. He was looking at Jacob and his two fillies with a glare in his eyes. He lunged forward toward Jacob and Jacob's small herd but the short tether pulled tight and twisted him back around toward the pole. He groaned in frustration and humiliation.

Jacob shook his head and looked away from the miserable pony. The two fillies had broken physical contact with Jacob but now stood next to him also looking out into the corral. As Jacob looked around the corral, he saw small groups of fillies standing with some of the stallions. Most of the stallions did not have fillies standing with them, although there were several being teased by small groups of fillies. The teased ponies all looked miserable. The other males just looked around the corral with envy toward those who had been chosen by females.

It would not normally have been easy to stand all morning, but standing with two gorgeous fillies flanking him made it very easy. They did not talk. They could not talk. But they communicated in other ways. Every now and then one of the fillies would turn and run her head up Jacob's chest. He would bend in and nuzzle with his head.

At one point the chestnut ran off across the corral to what looked like a series of feeding troughs. Jacob watched as her head dipped into the trough and then came up with something in her mouth. She quickly returned to him and held her mouth up to him. She held a piece of apple lightly in her lips. Jacob reached down and with his lips and accepted the offered fruit. Then he tipped his head back, worked it past his bit and chewed it. It was just a piece of fruit, but after being fed through a nipple locked into his mouth it was the most heavenly treat he could remember.

Titan stood proudly with his two fillies next to him, one on each side. After what must have been several hours, the watering trough was refreshed, and a worker walked along the line of stallions squirting water into each mouth from a bottle. Jacob happily opened his mouth and received some water. The two fillies ran over to the trough and took turns with the other fillies getting a drink. Jacob felt a little abandoned when they did not immediately return to his side and instead pranced and played with some of the other fillies. Jacob quickly transferred his irritation to enjoying the show. What magnificent creatures these were. They all had been young human women at one time. They would now be in their late teens to mid-twenties. They had all been deprived of their freedom and terribly punished to instill in them the need to obey. Not one of them was free to leave, or for that matter to make any choice on their own. But here they were cavorting about the corral rubbing their near naked bodies with one another as if they had no care in the world.

Eventually the fillies tired of their game and one after another left returning to stand by the stallion they had selected. Titan's palomino and chestnut returned to him. That made his chest puff even further. He gave an imperious look at the stallions that had not been selected, paying close attention to the angry creature immediately to his right. Jacob knew his look was smug, but he intended it to be so. The angry stallion huffed and pawed at the ground as best his hobble would allow and continued to pull at his tether. He would feel the reward for his actions in his balls later. What pleased Jacob most was that the two fillies standing at his side paid no attention to this display. It was as if there was nothing there.



Shortly thereafter, many students started exiting the building. Many sat on the lawn and ate food from paper bags or tin lunch boxes. Quite a few first came to check on their ponies. With the fillies, they needed only to come to the rail of the corral and call for her. Every called filly immediately responded. They were then stroked and rewarded with a treat before the student left to enjoy their own lunch. For the stallions, the student would have to go to the stallion. When the owner of the stallion to Jacob's right got to her pony, he looked alarmed. She could tell that his pony was in a very agitated state. She moved up next to him, grasped his bridle with one hand while she stroked with the other. She was softly speaking into his ear. Jacob could see the tension starting to slip from his body.

She examined the ring around his scrotum. It had been pulled down tight by his efforts and must have been very uncomfortable. Carefully she held his balls in her left hand while she adjusted the ring up with her right. The stallion moaned and sighed. As if knowing what had happened, she looked around at the fillies. The few that were looking her way quickly turned away. They were all the perfect picture of innocence. Jacob laughed, mostly to himself, but a snort issued from his mouth. The stallion's owner glared at him, and he quickly turned away.

The girl left, but she returned with a bucket, sponge, and towel. She cleaned down the sweat-streaked body of her stallion, crooning soft words to him the whole time. By the time she was done, he looked very relaxed. "Just relax, school will be out in a few hours, and we will have a wonderful run." She stroked his head and he moved toward her as best as he could.

"Let's help you relax." She said as she closed the blinkers at his head. He may be distracted by the noises, but he was not going to be distracted by anything he could see. Only then did the girl leave. It had taken a long time for her to care for her pony and as she walked back into the building, Jacob presumed that she had skipped her meal. Caring for her pony was more important than eating. Jacob felt a little guilty for whatever role he had had in the tormenting of this stallion earlier.

Jacob stood looking out into the corral. Tethered as he was there was really no choice but to stand where he was. He could not stop himself from looking down

at the simple tether line that fastened his balls to the pole a few feet away. It was clipped into a ring in the pole with a simple snap link. It would take but seconds to remove the line. It only required the simple grasping of the link and depressing its spring-loaded gate with the thumb before unhooking it from the ring. At some point Michelle, a young high school girl, would come and release his tether. However, he, without hands, could not. He was held; he was completely under the control of his owners and handlers.

Jacob thought back over the events that had brought him to this situation. "Nobody would believe this story if I told it", he thought. He realized that he was twisting his arms in the armbinder, and that he had moved out to the end of this tether and was jerking his body at it. He certainly knew by now that both were useless gestures but when he felt the frustration at his plight rise, there was little else he could do.

He should not be here right now. What else could he have done? If he had never left the bar with Sally, he would not be here right now. But that is not fair, she was an attractive female and men and women left bars together all the time. Women usually needed to be more cautious about leaving with strangers, but he was a large strong man. If anything, Sally should have been afraid of him. That was it. He had no reason to be worried or suspicious. He was so much stronger than she was. Yet, she had used his vulnerability. She had used sex to get the advantage. As he jerked on his tether feeling the pressure on his balls, he remembered Sally first restraining his balls. He had felt a twinge of fear; no, it was more surprise, for even then he did not feel threatened. That is when his alarm bells should have gone off. He still had full use of his hands. He could have figured out how to get the tether off. If he had done that then he would be free today. But if felt like a kinky game and he had gone along. She knew he would. Once she had his arms restrained, he was done. She had him under control and he had been under control ever since that fateful moment.

There was, of course, his escape attempt. Even then, he was still helplessly bound in his tack, unable to remove any of it. It was inevitable that he would be captured again. As long as his arms were locked behind his back, escape was only a dream. And, from the moment of his initial capture there was not a single occasion when

his arms were released that he was not completely strapped and held in such a way to render his arms completely useless.

He was not sure how long he had been held as a pony. He knew it had been months, most likely about six months. Ponies did not have calendars. They did not have clocks. Ponies did not get to make decisions about what to do, or where to be. They did what their handlers and owners directed them to do.

Jacob felt a soft hand stroke his shoulder. "Come on boy." Michelle had unfastened his tether and was gently tugging on it to direct Jacob away from the pole. He was still hobbled so he had to take short steps, but he followed along. He did not have to think about whether he would do it or not. He was completely conditioned to follow the lead whether it was attached to his collar, his balls, or the anchor point he hated the most, his nose ring.

He could see he was being led into a classroom type setting. It was an open structure with a peaked roof set on poles to cover an area about 20' by 40'. At one end was a platform. In front of the platform were four rows of desks each row containing four desks. There was a wide space between the desks and to the right of each desk was a three-foot pole with a ring in the top. Several students were already at their desks. Kneeling to their right facing the rear of the classroom were ponies each tethered by the nose ring to the top of a pole. The pole was even with the student seat, so that each pony ended in a position next to the desk, facing the rear of the classroom, and easily accessible by the student.

Michelle led Jacob to the desk second from the right in the second row. She faced him toward the pole and the back of the room and commanded him to "kneel present". She was not Anne whose command to kneel always filled him with instant terror, but her voice was commanding enough that he instantly obeyed without even the consideration of doing anything else.

As soon as he had knelt, she connected a short line, which was hanging from the ring in the pole, to his nose ring. The leather of the line smelled old, and of the bodies of other creatures who had been held by it over a long period of time. Jacob stiffened his body and was careful to keep just a little slack in this line. You

did not pull on a line attached to your nose. With the reinforcing grommets that had been used, the nose ring was firmly set, high in the nose cavity, piercing not only the flesh but the cartilage of its wearer and pulling on it just hurt too much. The reason he hated this ring so much was that, in addition to being so humiliating, it was so completely controlling.

Jacob kept his position as the classroom filled with students and their ponies. Jacob was looking straight at the back of the pony in the third row. She was a palomino mare with her arms pulled up behind her in a reverse prayer. Her blond hair was tied tight and high on her head in a ponytail. Her hide was smooth but well tanned from many hours in the sun. Her posture was erect and almost proud as she held her kneel present position. Jacob was impressed with how well trained she was. He would like to have her in his herd.

Jacob could tell there was another pony in front of the palomino, but his view was blocked. From his peripheral vision he could see the pony to the left and right of the pony on the back row. Both were stallions. Both had well developed musculature. Their arms were held in binders very similar to Jacob, and they both wore saddles. Any other detail escaped his view. Jacob did not dare to turn his head for a better look. He did not even dare to move his eyes. He kept them straight ahead. His position was to the side of the desk, but just in front of Michelle. She would certainly detect any movement in his eyes.

When the class was settled, Jacob heard the teacher address the class. Jacob was curious, but with his back to the teacher and his focus held on the head of the pony directly in front of him, he found that the words from behind tended to lose their meaning. He knew the subject was pony training and obedience. He should be very interested in this, but still his mind was wandering. Why was it so hard to focus on what the teacher was saying?

Suddenly Michelle was talking: "Yes, Ms. Robins." Michelle stood and unclipped the short leash from Jacob's nose ring.

She replaced it with a longer leash and directed: "Up Titan." She was now standing, but Jacob was still on his knees. He had not broken his position, at least

not until her command. Jacob took a quick look to his right and left. All the other ponies were still in place. Jacob did not want to be the only pony standing. He did not want to be some exhibit for a class of teenagers.

"Up Titan." Michelle repeated flicking the leash attached to Jacob's nose ring. He looked at her and glared. Even with him kneeling and her standing he only had to look up slightly to look into her eyes.

He gave her his best "fuck you" look. He thought he saw her bottom lip puff out, just a little. She was being embarrassed in front of her class mates. "Too fucking bad." He stayed in place looking as defiant as one can with their arms strapped tightly behind their back and their head harnessed and bitted.

There was a whooshing sound and a streak of fire erupted down Jacob's flank. A hand reached forward and grabbed the leash only 12 inches from Jacob's face. "Up." The command came from behind him. Jacob thought his nose was being torn from his face. He would almost welcome that to get rid of the damn ring, but it did not tear loose. Instead, the pain shot in every direction. He closed his eyes. It felt like hot needles had been stuck behind them, but he also moved. He moved as quickly as he could. He jumped to his feet following the tension on the leash and turning toward his abuser.

"The beast must know who is in control." Jacob was looking into a face that belonged to a woman in her late 30's or early 40's. Her skin was smooth and her features almost delicate. Yet only inches from his face was a clenched fist holding the leash that had just inflicted so much pain and had the ability to do much more of the same.

The teacher was looking back and forth at the class as she spoke. She turned and walked to the front of the class. "Follow." Her command was not necessary. He was going wherever the leash was going. She did not appear to be terribly strong, but she didn't need to be. The entire front of his face still hurt terribly. He did not want a repeat of that. Because she was holding the leash so close to his nose, he kept his eyes focused only on her hand, and moved his head and body, as best he could, to follow any movement of her hand.

"The nose ring is a very effective means of control. A snap or jerk is a good attention getter. After that resistance is unlikely." She walked back and forth in front of the class leading Jacob by his nose. She moved him from side to side. She faced him toward and away from the class. Jacob heard some snickering, but it stopped instantly when the teacher looked in that direction.

The teacher turned Jacob to face the class and commanded: "Kneel, present." He did not even hesitate. He was instantly on his knees looking forward. His knees were spread, and his boots were crossed at the ankles. The teacher walked behind him and clipped a single clip through the rings of his hobble closest to each ankle. This reduced his hobble to about an inch. There must have also been a ring in the floor, because he felt some tension and heard the hobble chain being fastened to the floor. Jacob was pretty sure he was not going to like whatever was coming next.

"Take out your number 3 quirk." The teacher had something in her hand, but Jacob was holding his position forward, so he could not see what it was. But he watched, as the class members he could see, all retrieved a leather quirk of about two feet length from their backpacks. This quirk had a wide leather striker, about three inches long and an inch and a half wide.

"Proper use of the quirk is mostly in the wrist." Jacob felt a slight tap of the quirk on his chest. "The striker portion must be flat to the surface, but the strike should begin at the base of the slapper, and then be pulled through the rest of the leather with the snap of the wrist." Happily, she was moving the quirk only in slow motion, across the front of Jacob's body. The students were using the quirk with their hand, even though they all had a pony close by.

Then there was a swish, and the quirk struck down across Jacob's left breast, not quite hitting the nipple. It was a quick snap and then it was gone, but it felt like a hot iron had been laid against his skin. Jacob jumped and gasped. He twisted his upper body against the pain.

"Position pony." The command was unforgiving and punctuated with a snap to the same breast just to the other side of the nipple. Jacob moaned and tried to turn his head to look into her eyes and beg her to stop this.

"A slow learner." She looked at the class. "Hold position pony."

"Shit." He knew better, but it really hurt. Then the next one hit. It was the same breast, but this time the strike finished with the nipple. Jacob forced his body firm. A moan escaped from his throat, but his body did not move. He knew she would keep it up, causing more and more pain, until he finally held still. That one had really hurt. But he held his position. He only prayed that Michelle would not learn to hit like that. It was truly unbearable. But then she stopped.

Michelle had stayed back at her seat, but she must have been signaled forward because now she walked up next to Jacob. Jacob could see that all of the students now stood next to their ponies with the crop in their hands.

"The crop is not about punishment. It is to exert control and provide encouragement." Some of the students were now swishing their crop. "The flank is a good place to encourage forward movement." Jacob felt the teacher's crop lightly touching his right flank. "The mark of the strike should be even." There was a swish and a snap and fire exploded in the flesh of his right flank. If this was not her idea of punishment, Jacob only knew he did not want to find out what was. It continued to burn long after she had removed the crop.

"On the count of three: 1 - 2 - 3." Jacob felt the impact on his flank near where the teacher had struck. It hurt, but nothing like her hit. He really hoped that Michelle was a very slow learner.

The teacher knelt and pointed to parts of the mark on Jacob's thigh. He could not see because he kept his eyes forward. He could tell that the mark was heavier on one side than on the other and not even from front to back. But the teacher did not seem overly displeased with Michelle's effort. She stood up. "Try it again."

Jacob stiffened as he felt the crop strike once again to his flank. Again, it hurt, but not nearly, not even close, to the teacher's hit. He really hoped there would not be further demonstration by her.

Jacob could hear the teacher talking about the swing and the wrist. It was clear she was working with Michelle's wrist.

Then the teacher started to move around the room. She stopped and inspected the mark on the flank of each pony, then observed as the student took an additional strike. She gave instruction, pointing to places in the mark on the pony, and showing the proper arm and wrist movement. Jacob could hear Michelle working her crop, trying to get the right feel in her arm and wrist. He was thankful she was only slashing the air.

By the time the teacher had worked with each of the students it was time for the class to end. Homework would be five marks on the unmarked left flank. Each was to be marked with a number from 1 to 5 in the order delivered. The student was to select and circle their best hit. Jacob found this completely demeaning. But in the end, he knew he would be back at school with Michelle tomorrow, with five crop marks on his left flank each numbered and one circled.

And, in fact, he was. Michelle had practiced with the crop for a long time while Jacob had stood held by his reins and hobbled in the barn waiting for her to do her homework. Five strokes with the crop were not that terrible, but there was something in the entire structure of this that was disturbing to Jacob on a fundamental level.

Michelle carefully selected a spot, on Jacob's flank. Ran her fingers over the selected flesh, then stepped back and delivered the stroke of the crop. When she had finished, she marked a number next to the mark with a felt tip pen. Before moving on to the next stroke she carefully inspected the last one making comments to herself. Jacob understood what she was doing and found that he was doing his best to be as still as possible. He didn't know if he wanted her to do a good job because she was his new Mistress or if he was afraid of what might happen if he were blamed for any failure in this endeavor.



Although it took a long time to complete the exercise was not particularly painful. Jacob was still happy when the last of the five strokes was delivered, inspected, and marked.

## Chapter 18

After Michelle had finished her homework Jacob expected to be returned to his stall. He was surprised when Anne came and led him out of the stable and in the direction of the barn. He had never been inside of this barn. He knew that the strings of females were brought to the exercise yard, in and out of that barn, each day. They came in coffles of six, always connected together. They were exercised for several hours (there were no time pieces available within sight of the ponies) then they were returned to the barn and another six were brought out. Jacob estimated that there were three to five groups, so there were from 18 to 30 females were kept in that building.

Every time Jacob saw the females, they were essentially naked. They had a thick collar around the neck, a belt harness around their waist, and straps that circled each breast and then connected in the back. It looked like the framework for a bra without anything to cover the breast. Jacob could also see that the straps could be adjusted on each side of the breast, and it looked like the bra was designed to be connected to something else.

The arms were not held in an arm binder like Jacob wore, but instead, were twisted up behind the back with the wrists pulled up toward the collar in the back. Many of them had their forearms held together down the middle of the back so that their elbows touched and were held by a second set of cuffs on the arms. Those whose elbows did not touch, had cuffs joined by what looked like a long bolt. Part of the bolt extended through nuts build into the cuffs. It appeared that as the bolt was turned it would tighten pulling the cuffs on the poor female's arms closer and closer together. Jacob had shuddered at the thought of how painful that must be the first time he had seen it. The females were also hobbled, and their hobbles were not removed when they were exercised.

A more dispirited group Jacob could not imagine. They moved meekly in coffle from the door to the exercise area, eyes straight ahead, but shoulders slumped forward with heavy pendulant breasts swinging below their frame.

Jacob did not know what purpose these females served. He had never seen one with a saddle, and although they were exercised every day, they did not look strong enough to carry a rider. He had not seen one hitched to any wagon or anything else that they could pull. Again, they did not look strong enough to be of much use pulling a wagon or cart. He had assumed they must be used to power whatever took place in the barn, but he had never been there before.

As Anne led Jacob through the barn door, he finally got a chance to see what went on within. His knees felt weak and the thought he was going to collapse. What he first saw was a row of six naked female buttocks. He looked left and right and saw that in fact there were four rows each with six occupants. A fifth and sixth row was unoccupied.

In each row the six occupants were bent forward over a padded bar pressed at their lower abdomen. Their hobbled legs were pulled to the sides to the limit of the hobble and clips fastened to the outside of each cuff to keep their legs in place with little or no movement available.

In the bent over position their upper body pressed onto a small platform with openings for each breast. Fasteners at the edges of the openings clip to the strap surrounding the breast. This arrangement held each breast tightly in place. Jacob could hear a rhythmic sound like pumps sucking. He took a second look and saw milking cones attached to the nipple of each female breast in each of the rows. The sound he heard was the milking machines working on each large mammary as the milk was extracted.

As his eyes followed the body, he saw that each dairy beast's head rested in a padded notch where her collar was connected. They could not raise their head. They each wore the mouth bit with the ring that could be turned to accept an insert, and inserted in each mouth was a feeding piece. Jacob, while on this farm, was fed with this method and he did not like it one bit. The insert was large enough to extend well back into the mouth. It was soft, but its presence was always with you, and it blocked any thought of speech. There were two modes for feeding. In the first you had to suck on the soft rubber within your mouth. Doing this you were rewarded with liquid that served as both food and hydration. In the

second mode, the liquid would be forced through the device into your mouth and you had no choice but to swallow it. Normally you were given the opportunity to suck in the nourishment, but if you failed to take what was required the balance would be pumped in whether you wanted it or not.

Jacob did not see any sign of other stalls. In a corner of the barn there was a single cot with a table next to it where an attendant could stay with the cattle. Jacob shivered, from the structure of this place it was clear that the only time the dairy beasts were removed from their milking racks was for their daily exercise. Jacob could see the light chain of the coffle joining the six beasts in each coffle even as they stood restrained in their milking frame. Even the coffle never broke or even changed.

A young woman dressed in khaki shorts and a shirt walked over and took Jacob's leash from Anne. He had seen this woman exercising the dairy animals. Suddenly Jacob was very frightened. He did not want to be here. He was terrified that he was about to be bent into a milking frame. He had been feeling sorry for himself, but his life was a joy compared to these poor creatures. He was so happy he was male and did not produce milk. But how did these females produce enough milk for this to be a dairy operation? They must feed them hormones. Could they do that to him? Could they make him grow breasts? Could they make him produce milk? He quickly re-examined the buttocks he saw sticking back from the many milking frames looking for equipment that betrayed any gender other than female. He saw none. This made him feel somewhat better, but only a little. He still did not know what he was doing here.

As Jacob looked from milking row to milking row, he saw Thunder. He was at the far end of the last row standing behind one of the animals. He was moving back and forth. Jacob suddenly realized that Thunder was 'servicing' one of the dairy animals, thrusting with long even strokes. Jacob could see the top of the back and buttocks of the animal being serviced, but her head was obscured by the milking row directly in front of her.

Thunder must have heard Jacob and the woman because he lifted his head and looked in Jacob's direction. His face hardened and his expression could only be

called a glare. This was Thunder's domain, and he clearly did not want Jacob invading it.

Was Jacob here to service the animals as well? That was not such a bad thing. He had been sexually deprived for so long, he had tried to keep his mind off of sex, but now he felt himself hardening in the case ensconced around his penis. He knew it could be removed with just a simple twist of a hand. Like so many other parts of his current life, an easy thing for a creature with hands, but completely beyond his ability to effectuate.

Jacob looked around the barn as he was led down one of the milking rows past naked buttocks. Bent over as the animals where their sexual orifices were openly displayed. Held in place as they were they could do nothing to prevent being entered by any male standing behind.

The woman stopped at the animal second from the end. She turned Jacob to face the buttocks of the animal. The animal could tell that they were there behind her. She tried to turn her head and look back, but the combination of the neck brace and the feeding gag prevented her from seeing what was going on behind her.

Her buttocks quivered and shook. Jacob could not tell if she was trying to avoid his attention or responding in anxious anticipation. In any event it did not really matter. Neither the animal nor Jacob had any control over what was going to happen.

Jacob waited for the woman to remove the sheath on his penis. He was getting more excited as he stared down into the now moist opening perfectly placed to receive his now very anxious member. It had been so long, so very long, Jacob was becoming excited with anticipation.

To Jacob's dismay, the woman did not remove the sheath. Instead, she pulled Jacob forward toward the animal and guided the sheath into the sexual receptacle. With the sheath in place, he was very large - not that he was not of sufficient length and girth without it - and the animal made gasping sounds as she was penetrated.

When Jacob's sheath covered penis was fully engulfed, Jacob felt the woman reach in between him and the animal he was now to service. She pulled something toward Jacob and clipped it to the ring above his balls. Jacob was surprised and jerked back, but he was stopped after only a few inches. As long as he was connected, he would be unable to fully withdraw. He could move back and forth. In fact, the line had a stiff spring or elastic of some type. It allowed a certain amount of rear movement, but only with increasing pressure on his balls before he was pulled back into the now groaning animal.

Jacob knew what his duty was, and he started to work in and out. He could feel the pressure in the sheath. He could feel movement. It was enough to get him excited, but the sensation was being dulled by the thick sheath.

Jacob looked at Thunder. He was moving with great energy. Jacob wondered if he was still sheathed or if he had been granted access to the sensation and potential for satisfaction. It was impossible to tell from where Jacob stood.

Jacob worked with enthusiasm trying to make the feeling work for him, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that he was to be denied. That angered him. The animal was now squirming and moaning loudly. Whether she had wanted this in the beginning, or not, it was pretty clear she was now enjoying it. She had not yet reached climax. Jacob did not think it would take much more to make her cum, but he was angry, angry that he would not be able to enjoy the act himself. Why should he do this if he was not going to get any pleasure? In fact, it was the opposite; the motion inside the sheath was driving him to ever increasing levels of frustration.

If they wanted him to do this, they better remove the sheath. He was not going to cooperate. Jacob stopped thrusting. The animal shrieked in response and did her best to pick up the motion. But she was so tightly restrained that she could create almost no movement that was helpful to her objective. Jacob could not withdraw. He was anchored to the sex of this lovely little creature. He felt a moment of guilt, but he was not going to play. He was tired of being taken advantage of.

Jacob was aware that the woman had moved up next to him. There was a whoosh and Jacob's right nipple exploded in pain. Before he could even think of what to do the left nipple had received similar treatment. Jacob turned his head to look at her. As he did, he felt a tap of the crop on his balls. She had tapped up from below. It had not been hard. Then there was another tap, more force, and a small amount of pain. Jacob did not want the third tap. He began to thrust.

"That's a good boy." She crooned as she stroked the side of his head and then flicked the ring in his right nipple a few times. The action increased his level of arousal, but still not enough to get him to where he needed to be. He knew he was going to be denied, but he also knew he was going to perform. He was here to service the dairy animals and that he would do. The alternative was unthinkable.

Over the next several hours Jacob was used to service a total of four animals. It appeared that Thunder did the same. At one point Jacob and Thunder were faced toward each other each servicing an animal on opposite dairy rows. Thunder's eyes were blazing with hate. He thrust with energy and enthusiasm. It was clear that he intended to satisfy his animal before, and to a greater height, than Jacob. Jacob thought that Thunder must be the most competitive creature he had ever met.

Jacob was exhausted when he was returned to his stall. He was not sure how he felt about his nights work. He hated the fact that he had received no satisfaction. He could understand that they wanted him to service multiple animals and that they needed to keep him from satisfying too quickly, but it had not been a matter of that. He had been completely denied. He was so frustrated when they secured him in his stall that he could only think of how to reach climax. Tired as he was, he was a long time agonizing before he finally fell into a deep sleep.

Morning seemed upon him before he had even started to sleep. He still had mixed emotions about the night before, but actually he was relieved when he was saddled and ridden to school.

Once at school he, and all the other ponies from the class, was led before the teacher. It was time to grade Michelle's homework. The teacher closely examined each mark of the crop, in order, from 1 to 5. She used a red marker to circle parts of the mark. When she was done, she wrote a large capital B on Jacob's flank just above Michelle's work. Jacob was then led back to the corral at the school and tethered to a pole. The lab portion of the pony class (that conducted with the ponies) was only twice a week, but when there was homework on the ponies they would be inspected and graded the next day.

Jacob was very happy that he was not the only pony standing in the corral with graded homework marked on his body. This was the first, but not the only time Jacob was marked with Michelle's work graded on his body. If she didn't like the grade, she would wash him down as soon as they got home and they would usually go straight home from school. When she got an A she washed around the marking trying to preserve it as long as possible.

Michelle rode Jacob to school every weekday. Jacob had seen Anne mounted on Thunder following at a discrete distance during the first few weeks, but that seemed to have passed and now it was just Michelle and Titan. Michelle was learning to move her body in against his, to catch the feel of the movement, and to become one with him. It no longer felt like Jacob was carrying a sack of grain on his back. He was able to increase speed and make changes in direction without worrying about being pulled off balance.

Michelle had also learned how to use her crop. Jacob cursed the teacher for that. It stung when she used it, but thankfully although her technique had improved substantially, she had also learned how to vary the strength of the hit. Rarely did he get the full force, but when he did, it really hurt.

After school the teenagers would often ride their ponies to 'town'. It is not the town on the main highway that connected to the rest of the world. It is a commerce center in the flat center of the valley, at least 5 miles from the area outsiders were allowed and within walking distance of the hotel. It was only two blocks long. It had stores designed to meet the needs of the locals, including an ice cream and a soda shop for the young people. After school the hitching posts in



front of the ice cream and soda shop quickly filed up with hobbled ponies their reins tied around the post.

Jacob found himself pulled in between two fillies. Michelle connected him with a close rein to the post, allowing only about 18 inches. His hobble chain was also connected from its middle to the ring at his balls. Thus, although he was hobbled at 12 inches, any step beyond about 6 inches pulled down on his balls. If he stepped too quickly, he jerked them. It was most comfortable to slightly bend his knees. He didn't like this restraint, and whinnied his disapproval at a retreating Michelle, heading for the ice cream shop with her friends. The fillies flanking him were hobbled, but not as tightly, their reins were tied to the post, but again they had more freedom of movement than Jacob. Fillies almost always received more freedom of movement than stallions. And Michelle always seemed to make Jacob more secure when they were in the company of her peers.

Jacob felt a body rub against his right side. The filly there had moved up against him and turned her body a quarter turn so that her left side, from the edge of her left breast down to the edge of her crotch and the inside of her left leg rubbed up and down against him. Her movement felt good. Jacob tried to turn toward her, but his short reins made it very difficult. He managed a slight turn as she turned more into him. His penis, enclosed in its long thick rubber duplicate swung up against her right thigh. Jacob had hated that thing since it had been installed on him - not that anyone cared what he liked or hated - but right now he was not so sure. The filly certainly seemed interested in it.

She pushed her head into Jacob's neck and nuzzled. She lifted her leg and attempted to get the large phallus down between her legs. She was tall and muscular, as were all the Ponygirls who had been cleared for the saddle, but Jacob was still several inches taller than her, and even though she had very long legs the turgid instrument slapped at her belly above where she wanted it to be. It also resisted her efforts to make it point downward. It now, as always, stuck straight out and perhaps up a bit.

Jacob was enjoying the feel of her body against his. He had been deprived of sexual gratification for so long. But even though he was rubbing his encased penis

against her he could feel nothing in his organ. It had been carefully encased to not transmit any vibration or other stimulation from the outside to the imprisoned flesh held within. In fact, as he became stimulated with the movement against her body, he felt himself start to grow within the rubberized casing. He knew that there were rubber rings on the inside of the casing. He felt the head of his expanding dagger move through the first ring. That action was something he could actually feel, and it felt good. He started to rub back.

Then he bent his knees to bring the shaft to the level the pony girl desired. He was having trouble turning his body sufficiently to fully accommodate her needs with his head held on such a short rein, but he was becoming very invested in the activity. He could feel his penis trying to expand further into the casing. There was pressure around the head and along the shaft. He could not feel any of her rubbing through the case, but he could feel the pressure on his penis from the container as he expanded. He was getting very excited. How long had it been since he had been sexually satisfied. He really needed this. Then the head of his penis popped forward through the last ring in the restricting case.

Jacob's eyes expanded and he pulled away from the filly bumping forcefully into the filly now mostly behind him as he howled in pain. Movement of the penis through the last barrier had triggered an electronic shock that surged through his now tormented manhood. He twisted and pulled at his long useless arms trying to reach for his severely punished flesh. He of course could gain no use. The shock surged and pulsed through his penis. Jacob thought he was going to pass out. He did not know how to make it stop. The wide-eyed filly who had initiated the affection now pulled away to the limit of her reins as Jacob hopped and howled and shook his body.

Only when the punishment caused his member to shrink sufficiently for the head to remove itself from the last ring in the case did the punishment stop. He was panting heavily. Jacob remembered Annie saying something about redirecting sexual energy when they had put this thing on him, but he had been too much in shock to pay much attention. Now that he knew what it did, he wanted it off. He looked down at the rubber coated protrusion. He could see the substantial collar fastened tightly around the root of his penis. He could see where the penis

covering device seemed to match perfectly into the edge of the ring. He could not see how it was attached, or more importantly, how it could be removed. He swung himself back and forth watching to see if there was any give. There was not. However it was sealed to the ring, it was sealed tight. And the ring anchored between his body and his entire package, including his balls. There was no way to pull it off. Like everything else that was done to Jacob he had no control over it and would have to endure.

Jacob wondered why he had not been shocked when he had been used to service the dairy beasts. He had gotten pretty excited on those occasions. But on every such occasion a handler had maneuvered him into the animal to be serviced. They must have a way of shutting off the electrical torment when it served their needs.

He stopped swinging about and stood still his head downcast. After what had happened, he did his best to keep from touching the fillies. And they seemed to know to leave him alone. This was so very unfair. He had been unable to stop them from making him a pony. The threat, and the actual application of punishment, had meant that he had no choice but to be trained as a pony. But in addition they controlled every aspect of his being - when he ate, when he relieved himself, and, apparently, his access to sexual release. He stomped a hoof in frustration. He could not even plead his case because he was not allowed to talk, and he wore a bit in his mouth to remind him of that fact.

He glared at Michelle when she left the shop laughing with her friends. She looked over and gave him a puzzled look. Clearly, she could tell something was wrong, but she had no idea what it was. Michelle released Jacob's reins from the bar. He was still hobbled, and she did not remove the hobble. She knew that an upset pony could be unpredictable, and she should try to figure out what was wrong before she freed his legs. She led him away from the other ponies. As she did, she tried to sooth him with gently talk and strokes to his head.

She wondered if he had been kicked or bitten by one of the other ponies. They were all pushed together pretty tightly. She checked his legs as she walked him to one side. He did not appear to be favoring one over the other. She could see no sign of injury on his legs. Sundown was still an hour away and she had good light.

She checked his upper body, but there were no signs of injury there either. Michelle was stumped, but ponies were strange creatures, and the good ones could be pretty high strung. (She had learned all that in class.)

There was a corral nearby. It was a part of the market area that was used on the weekends. Now, it was empty. She led Jacob into the corral and closed the gate. That created a safe environment for her to release the hobble. He might try to kick, but he could not bolt, at least not bolt, and go anywhere. She continued to stroke his head and neck and to whisper quietly to him. She could feel the muscles in his shoulders starting to unknot just a little.

When the hobble was released, she walked him around the corral at an easy pace holding his reins. She took him to the watering trough and stood watching him. He stood there for a time, then he lowered his head and drank.

Her voice was soft and soothing. Her hand stroked his head and shoulder. It was certainly demeaning, but it felt good, and Jacob knew she cared for him a great deal. This young girl looked very concerned about his state. He wanted to talk to her. He wanted to tell her to let him go. He thought she was a good person, but to her he was NOT a person. To her he was a pony, and he knew that there was zero chance of her treating him as anything but a pony. She had named him. She brushed him, she washed him, she exercised him, and she rode him. In school she had learned to use the crop and the switch on him. She obviously could tell that it hurt him. The marks were deep and dark. She knew that because she had to number them and write her comments on his skin next to the welts. She had even received good grades. A B+ for the crop and an A- for the switch. Jacob had been worried that the higher grade would make her prefer the switch over the crop (it hurt a great deal more), but Michelle turned out to be a good traditional girl and preferred the look of the crop. But she never shied from using it to encourage him. Jacob knew that any affection she had for him was as a pony, and if he broke that mold, he would be punished.

The walking and the stroking had worked. Michelle could tell that he was moving more correctly now. She could see him starting to lift his head. She commanded him to the mount position and climbed into the saddle. She worked him in the

ring for about fifteen minutes before she dismounted, opened the gate to the corral and then remounted and directed him for home.

Jacob liked this part of their trips the best and he needed almost no encouragement to open to a full gallop. It felt good to stretch out his stride. It felt good to feel the air flowing over his body. It even felt good to feel the small rider on his back clenched in closely to his back and shoulder. It felt good to feel her breath on his neck in syncopation to his.

Michelle's use of the crop on this ride was minimal with no part of it being correctional. It took them about 45 minutes to get home. Jacob had kept a very fast pace and somehow Michelle had seemed to sense that he needed to do that. She pretty much gave him his head on the run. When she reined him to a stop at the stable, he was breathing heavily, and his body was streaked with sweat in spite of the cool evening air.

Michelle took extra time washing and grooming him before returning him to his stable. Her soft encouraging vocalization continued, and she took many opportunities to stroke him tenderly. It felt good and he found himself nuzzling her. It wasn't a response that he thought about. It was just something he now did. She smiled and held a sugar cube in front of his face to get his attention and then slipped it into his mouth. Unlike most such occasions he was not sure what he was being rewarded for. It was more like a simple act of kindness and caring. Whatever it was, it tasted wonderful and it meant a lot to him. He was so completely dependent upon her; he needed to know that she cared for him. He needed to know that his wellbeing was important to her. And right now, he knew that it was.

Jacob had expected a troubled long night, but he was asleep almost as soon as he was secured in his stall. He was pretty sure tomorrow was a school day and he knew that Michelle would have him up early. Having a pony to ride to school was not all fun and glory. Michelle's morning started early with caring for her pony. He had to be mucked and cleaned. He had to be fed and watered. He had to be harnessed and saddled. All of this took about an hour. When she roused Jacob from his stall in the morning it was usually still dark outside.

Usually Michelle would muck, brush and clean him, then ensure that his basic tack was also clean and properly adjusted. Then he would be left, tethered at the feeding trough, to eat, while she returned to the house bathed, dressed in her school clothes, and had her breakfast. Jacob enjoyed being able to eat from the trough instead of the damn feeding tube. He had always finished eating and stood impatiently waiting for Michelle to return. Only then did they start the ride to school. By this time the sun was just appearing over the mountains. The air would be cool and crisp unless it was raining. Michelle was responsible and they always seemed to arrive at school on time. There were usually a few other ponies in the corral, but they were always in the early group. This made Jacob happy because that allowed Michelle to tether him to one of the better spots in the corral. He liked the spot under the oak tree the best. On a couple of mornings, when his favorite spot was available, but it looked like Michelle was taking him in a different direction, he had gently pulled in the desired direction and pawed the ground. He could have been punished for this behavior, but Michelle had smiled and changed direction taking him to the spot he desired. After she fastened him to the post he whinnied and nuzzled her before she left for class. She stroked his head and neck and gave him a pat on the thigh.

The oak tree was a great spot because it provided shade from the sun in the heat of the day. It also provided some protection from the rain. The weather did not stop them from going to school. The first time he had been run in a heavy rain he worried when his eyes started to blur from the accumulation of water. He, of course, had no hands that he could use to wipe the water away. He just had to shake his head and blink to try to clear his vision. Even with blurred vision and wet puddled ground, somehow, he managed to continue. He could feel the water splash up against his legs with each step. The wide surface of his hoofs, ringed by the solid shoe, provided good support on the non-paved surfaces and his speed was only slightly diminished in the inclement weather.

The rain and wind were cold and Jacob was essentially naked. In his prior life, he would have found shelter inside and bundled himself in clothing. He had no choice to do either now. This weather underscored the fact that he was now just an owned beast with no rights of self-determination. Unless there was a barn or

stable, he would be left outside, his reins tied to a post or rail and his ankles hobbled. He would stand in whatever weather fell and wait on the pleasure of his owner. It was not that he did not feel the cold. It just seemed like its impact on him was diminished. Instead, he found that he could hunch his body slightly and draw his arms in tight to his sides compressing himself. Somehow, this seemed to ward off the cold and preserve his body heat even without the aid of clothing. He wondered if the thick layers of solid muscle that were building on his body helped insulate him. Certainly, it was not fat, there was none.

Jacob remembered the first time he had been left tied to a rail in the rain. Sally had ridden him that day, and they had visited another nearby farm. Sally had left him tied to ring in the side of a post near the front gate. When she had left him and entered the house the weather had been cloudy, but there had been no rain.

It started as a drizzle. He did not like the feel of the drops starting to hit his body. He looked to the door of the house. It was closed. He looked at the windows in front to see if he could see Sally. He could not. He looked around for some place that would provide some cover from the rain. There was a large tree only 30 feet away. There was a barn, its door open and inviting, just 50 feet to the other side. There was the front porch of the house, although he knew, even then, that a pony would not be invited up there. It mattered not. He was tethered to the post with less than three feet of slack. He could not move from his spot without the help of his owner. He was, of course, hobbled, but that would not have prevented him from reaching cover, if it was not for the damn reins tied to the ring.

He pulled back at the reins to test the knot. That drove the bit deep into his mouth. There was no movement in the knot. The ring, to which the reins were tied, was just above the level of his head. It was just high enough to make it unreachable for a pony's mouth. It was in easy reach of someone with arms, but his arms and hands were not available, they were tightly restrained behind his back. This common design feature was meant to communicate to ponies that they were always under complete control.

As the rain fell faster and harder, he expected that Sally would come and rescue him - move him to a dry location. This did not happen. He jerked and twisted at

his reins. He tried to whinny loudly to get attention. Maybe she did not realize it was raining so hard. However, the rain was now a downpour with all the sounds that occasioned such weather. She knew, she had to know how hard it was raining. He looked longingly at the open door to the barn. He stomped his hoof in frustration. Finally, he did the only thing he could do. He stood at the end of this reins waiting for his owner to return to him. He thought he had seen some movement at the window, but he could not be sure. In any event, no one came to rescue him, and he was left to endure the weather. At first, he fumed over the ill treatment. Was he being punished for something? The realization of the reality was much more painful than being punished. He was not being punished. There was just no reason to be concerned about leaving him in the rain. He was just a pony and getting wet would not harm him. It may be uncomfortable, but pony comfort was not a consideration. Humans would not be inconvenienced dealing with the comfort of ponies.

That had been his first day standing tethered in the rain, but not the last. Sometimes there were other ponies nearby. Their treatment was no different than Jacob's. Nobody seemed to worry about leaving a pony in the rain. He did see some owners put a protective cover over their saddle when the weather looked like rain. After all, water may do damage to a nice leather saddle. A pony would dry and be good as new. Jacob was sure that if the owner thought the weather conditions posed a threat to the wellbeing of the pony they would take action. After all, he had a nice warm stall that protected him from the elements and allowed him to rest. He had always had his own stall ever since he had been made into a pony. Therefore, they must care for him.

Jacob wondered what had happened to Sally. He was surprised that in this small community she had not located him and recovered him. After all, he was her pony. She had taken him. He was still embarrassed when he thought of the ease with which he had been captured. She had trained him. He had trouble getting his mind around this, but it was true. She had forced him to become a pony. He did not want to do it, he had resisted the idea, but she had given him no choice in the matter. Again, he felt shame at the ease with which she had been able to control him. But it wasn't his fault. Just like all the other ponies, it wasn't the pony's choice - there was no option but to obey and learn.



So why did he feel this pang of regret at losing Sally, or more properly not being her property anymore. Michelle was young, but she was nice to him, and she cared for him. Her sister Anne was a mean evil bitch, and she scared the hell out of Jacob, but he didn't belong to Anne. He belonged to Michelle, and unlike most teenagers; Michelle was responsible and took proper care of him. Maybe it was just the idea of being the property of someone so much younger than he. And, strangely, he had been resentful at first of being ridden by someone so inexperienced. But, there again, she was a fast learner. He knew she was one of the honor students in her animal husbandry class. Jacob liked to think that he was partially responsible for that. He had learned her use of the reins and Michelle had received high marks in the ring. He was very well trained in holding position - of course, that had been Anne's doing - and Michelle had received high marks for that too.

Jacob had hated the classes on encouragement. And he was mortified to wear the graded homework on his backside. It was getting toward the end of the term. Jacob wondered if the class would continue. For the most part it had been nice to have the break from just standing in the corral at the school waiting for his owner to return. And he had picked up some information and tips about how this place worked. Most of it was disheartening such as:

"A pony, in spite of some resemblance, is not a person." Jacob hated hearing this. He still thought of himself as a person although it was becoming more and more difficult to do so.

"Security must be observed at all times. Even a well-trained pony is only a sliver's distance from being wild." He guessed he proved this when he ran from Sally. But he knew better than to try to escape again. He would not forget the punishment he had received when he had been captured again. Not that there had been even the slightest hint of a chance to get away.

"Use the two-tether rule. When changing tethers, the new tether is connected before the old one is released." He was always on a leash, held by his reins, or clipped by one of the convenient anchor points on his body to something.

"A pony's arms should always be considered lethal. They are only released to be repositioned. They are only released when you can work from behind the pony and with the pony otherwise restrained. They should only be released one at a time." He thought this was a silly rule. His arms had been held useless behind his back for so long that he doubted he could do a push-up if they were released. While his upper body at the chest, back and neck, had developed and were very strong, his arms were probably worthless. Still, they followed this rule. His arm binder was only opened, and his arms removed after he had been restrained at the neck and ankles. And the neck restraints all had operating mechanisms that were well beyond the reach of anyone whose neck was restrained in it.

"A standing pony that is not in a secure corral is always hobbled." Michelle had learned this one well. Sally had been a little lax about it, but not Michelle. Jacob knew that if she was observed violating any of the rules, she could get a bad score at school. He wondered if she would become more relaxed later. But her behavior had become second nature. He could see the wisdom in training the teenagers to develop safe habits. He expected that he was never going to be left unhobbled.

"The pony must know you are in control at all times. The slightest resistance or even reluctance must be corrected immediately, and if necessary punished. You must be fair, but firm. A pony will learn to respect and trust you, but it must first fear you." Jacob hated the truth of these statements. And that brought things to the class of the day.

## Chapter 19

The students were learning the art of punishment. The lesson today involved the cane. Caning was a severe punishment. It was normally reserved for serious breaches. But it was also utilized to let the pony know who was in control. A pony needed to know that the owner could punish the pony for whatever reason (or no reason) that the owner deemed appropriate. The students were going to learn the proper use of the cane to punish their ponies and tonight's homework was to deliver six strokes of a number 3 cane. There would be two to the buttocks evenly

crossing both globes at the extended position. The strokes were to be an inch apart. The second two strokes were to be on the inside thighs, one to each side. They were to be angled down from a point 3 inches below the top of the leg, on the inside, at a 45-degree angle. For these strokes the legs would be spread. The final two strokes would be with the legs fastened together and would be just below the buttocks across the top of the thighs. The first stroke was to be as close to the point where the buttocks joined the legs as possible. The next, and final stroke, was to be an inch below that.

Each stroke was to be made in order. The time of the stroke would be written next to it. The student would then write a self-critique of each stroke with a felt pen to the right of the welt and mark its evenness or unevenness. Each successive stroke would follow in order not more than 30 or less than 10 minutes apart. The pony's response and reaction to each stroke would be recorded on the left side of the welt. Each stroke must apply enough force to leave a discernible mark. The grade would be based upon the proper positioning of the stroke and the evenness of the mark not the severity of the stroke.

The teacher had brought in a demonstration pony to show the class how to administer the beating. With his back to the teacher, Jacob could only listen to the swish of the cane and the screams of the poor pony. Jacob was not even sure if it was a colt or a filly. He only knew that the gag it clearly wore was not sufficient to stop the depth of the screams. In addition, the violent sounds of the pony's attempts to escape from the frame to which it was restrained for this "demonstration" sent chills through Jacob. The teacher went on to inform the students that even a moderate force (presumably what had been employed) was quite painful.

This was not fair. He was going to be beaten. He was going to be beaten, not because he had done anything wrong, but because it was a teenager's homework assignment. What was wrong with these people? How could they think this was ok? Would Michelle do this? Yes, she clearly would, it was a part of her class, and she didn't see anything wrong with it. Maybe she would go lightly on him. He could hear all the students swinging the cane and testing the feel of it in their hands. No, she would want the best grade possible and that means she would

want deep clear welts on his backside. Jacob shivered and broke position to look around the room. Michelle caught him almost immediately and a slash of her crop across his stomach corrected his position. Her 'corrections' were now instantaneous.

Standing back in the corral tethered to a sturdy post set in the ground, Jacob was desultory. He had not thought about escape for a long time, but right now, he was. He knew there was no chance while at school. He was sure he would have little opportunity back at the farm. That meant his only chance would be on the ride home. Months ago, at the beginning of the school term, he could have easily thrown Michelle from his back. Now she rode as if she was a part of him. He would have to look for an opportunity. He did not want to be canned and he could see no way he was going to avoid it if he could not escape.

Jacob felt his stomach knot as school ended and the students retrieved their ponies to head for home or some other destination. Jacob never knew where they were going until he was ridden there. He could obtain some sense in that home usually meant turning right from the corral. Town meant turning left. Town usually involved a group of riders, almost always four or five. Home would often start with two or three riders and mounts for the first mile, but the last several miles were always just Jacob and Michelle.

Jacob felt pressure on his reins and realized that Michelle was releasing them from the post ring. She was engaged in conversation with one of her friends as she did. Jacob saw that the corral gate was open as a number of riders exited on their ponies. Jacob felt the fear well up in him. He was angry, this was so unfair, and he was not going to stand for it. He pulled back against the reins. Michelle was not expecting his action and he felt the reins pull free from her hand. She turned her attention back toward him and stepped forward. He backed away keeping his now dangling reins out of reach.

"Mount." She commanded. He was having none of it. He glanced at the open gate, and broke for what looked like freedom. There was no clear plan in his head. Just panic at the thought of being caned, and his reaction to knowing he had already disobeyed his mistress.

Jacob was almost to the gate, a distance of about 25 feet, when his balls and penis erupted in pain. It felt like thousands of red hot needles were being pushed into his sexual organs. If he had hands they would have grasped his crotch. They would have torn at the casing that enclosed his penis and the heavy ring that circled his scrotum just above his balls. But his hands were helplessly confined behind him so there was no way for him to even touch the tortured flesh.

A wail involuntarily erupted from his throat. He dropped to his knees and turned to face Michelle. She was standing at the spot from which he had started his bolt to freedom. In her right hand she held a small disk, no more than a couple of inches across. Her hand was extended toward him, and she had obviously pressed a button on the disk. And, from the look of her hand and the fire that continued to rage through his loins, she continued to hold it down.

Jacob gave her his best pleading look, knowing that she completely controlled the pain he was experiencing, and that until she decided he had had enough, there was nothing he could do but endure.

After what was probably no more than another second, but felt like minutes to Jacob, she released her finger and dropped her hand with the disk. Only then did she start to walk toward the now kneeling pony. Everyone else in the corral had turned and was watching. Jacob kept his eyes focused on his mistress, but he could see the fear in the eyes of the other ponies.

"So, this is the loyal obedient pony that will gladly accept the cane of his mistress", laughed a girl standing near Jacob. He could have seen her if he turned his head to the voice, but he kept his eyes on his mistress instead.

Michelle's lips and eyes had tightened. Jacob could see that she was on the verge of either yelling or crying. He could not tell if she was more embarrassed or angry. He felt his body start to shake. She continued to hold the plastic disk in her hand ready to use. He was truly terrified now. He wanted to jump to his feet and flee, but he knew he could not. The shock had hurt. It had hurt terribly, but most

important it had doubled him over. There was no way to run while receiving that shock. He broke eye contact and lowered his head.

"Well, he will feel the cane. It is just luck for him that the homework assignment is only six strokes. But then, maybe I need more practice. I think six strokes tonight, then six strokes tomorrow and maybe even each night for the rest of the week." Michelle had reached Jacob and now held his reins firmly in her hand. As she spoke, she pulled on the reins and Jacob felt the brank on his bit dig uncomfortably into his tongue. This was not going to be a pleasant ride home.

Jacob wished he could plead with her, but even if he were allowed to speak without being further punished, the bit in his mouth would have rendered any speech unintelligible. He tried to look up into her eyes with his best pleading look, but her face had not softened. He was doomed.

"Mount." She commanded again and punctuated her command with a slap of her crop to his chest. He hated this school for making her so proficient with the crop, but he knew this was child's play compared with how his evening was going to play out. He quickly assumed the correct position. Maybe during the ride home, he could recover some points. It had been a long time since electricity had been used on him, and even at that, he had not known of the full ability of the devices he wore on his penis and balls. He was completely helpless and controlled. He had been so stupid to try to run. Where on earth would he have gone anyway? At least now he deserved the caning he was going to receive. He only hoped that tonight would be enough to satisfy Michelle that he was properly punished. He could only hope. She would decide the punishment and he would receive it.

Jacob did not feel the same freedom that he usually felt on the run home. Michelle sat firmly in the saddle, but she felt stiff, and her body did not meld with his as it usually did. It also seemed that her use of the crop was both more often and certainly with a heavier hand. This was going to be a very uncomfortable evening.

Jacob weighed his options - he had none. He was only a beast, a disobedient beast that needed to be made to understand that his role was to obey.

Fortunately, he did not need to even think about where he was going. His mind wandered in its own circle of torment as his body responded to the reins, the crop, and the knees and heels of his rider.

When he felt a firm jerk on his reins, driving his bit painfully into his mouth, he realized that he was home. As commanded, he came to a stop. Michelle quickly dismounted and hobbled Jacob's ankles. He realized that the hobble really did not change the dynamics of control, not if she could bring him down with one click of the remote in her pocket, but it did communicate his status physically. He could only take short steps at the limit of the 12" hobble (even shorter than normal.) The chain of the hobble rattled as he was led toward a horizontal bar set at about waist level. Michelle guided Jacob to the bar, slipped under the bar and pulled his reins forward causing him to bend forward over the bar.

Jacob wanted to resist, but he knew it was useless and that it would only bring him more suffering. He leaned forward against the bar as it pushed into his abdomen just above his hips. His upper body was pulled down by the pressure on his reins as the bit dug into his mouth. Jacob had tried to preserve what little dignity he had left, but an involuntary moan escaped as he was bent forward until his upper body was parallel to the ground. The bar was only about three inches in diameter, and it dug into his abdomen. Jacob tried to pull himself back, but was stopped by the reins. Michelle had tied them off to a ring in the ground.

After securing his reins she moved around behind him. He felt the hobble chain released and then his left leg moved out to the left and fastened in place. The movement to the side increased the pressure on his abdomen with his right hoof still in the middle, below him taking up the slack. But that was not to last. He felt his right leg moved to the right. His left hoof barely touched the ground; he did not want his right hoof in the same posture. He tried to pull his hoof free of her grasp, but it was too late. With a single movement she had slipped his leg to the right and fastened the ring on the outside of the pony boot to a waiting chain.

Jacob felt panic spread through his body. He tried to pull his legs free, first the right, then the left. They were held tightly with the front of the shoe on each hoof just touching the ground. It was enough to scrape at the dirt, but not sufficient to

take his weight off his abdomen. He tried to shift his body backwards to get some relief, but the bar fit firmly into the fold of his belly just above his hips. Unless he could straighten his body, he could not relieve the pressure. He tried that, but the reins held him tight and punished his mouth for his efforts. In frustration he twisted his body and pulled helplessly at his arms inside the enclosure of the armbinder.

Then, defeated, and humiliated, he gave up. He was completely and truly helpless. He was going to be punished as a disobedient pony and there was not a thing, he could do about it. Now he could only hope that she would get it over quickly so he could get back to the comfort of his stall. He felt like crying, but he did not want to be seen crying. Especially, he did not want to be seen crying before he was even punished. He was not sure what this was going to be like, but he was sure he was not going to like it. He remembered being caned on the soles of his feet. Actually, he could not really remember the pain; the mind has a way of wiping that part of the experience away. What he remembered is that he had never in his life experienced anything like it, and that he would have done anything to have made it stop. Would this be worse? Would it be better? He did not know, but he knew it would hurt. He knew it would hurt a lot.

He heard the swish of the cane. He stiffened waiting for the blow, but it did not come. Instead, he heard the dull thud of the cane striking something else. Had she missed him? There was the same whoosh again, then the same dull thud. Again, he tensed and jerked at the thud, but it was not on him. He tried to look back between his legs to see her, but he could not, his head was held by the reins fastened to the floor in front of him. She was practicing.

He tried to relax, but each successive swish and thud made him want to scream. "Please, get on with it. Get it over with." He was screaming to himself. It did no good. She would start when she was ready, and he would wait.

Every time she stopped for a moment, every time he thought he heard her move, he tensed, expecting that he would feel the strike of the cane. He felt himself shuddering and shivering. The wait, the anticipation, it was worse than the actual punishment.



NO. That was not true.

There had been another whoosh, but this time it was not a practice stroke to some bag of grain, this time the cane found both globes of his buttock right across the middle. The flesh indented, actually engulfing much of the cane, as its momentum came to a stop, and it was sprung back.

Jacob felt the contact with his flesh. It took a second for it to register and communicate from his buttocks to his brain. His eyes went wide, his throat almost closed as he gasped and tried to scream. The pain had been beyond his imagination. He remembered that the pain of having his feet beaten was terrible, but that pain was then, this pain was now, right now, and right now it was more than he could handle.

He tried to pull back, but that only drove the brank on his bit into his tongue punishing his mouth. He tried to lift his legs, but they were held stretched and fastened to the floor. He tried to roll his body on the bar wedged into his lower abdomen, but there was no slack to allow movement. Even though his arms had become all but useless from non-use over the time he had been a pony, there was a memory of the use of his hands, and he wanted to use them right now. He wanted to reach for his bottom and try to sooth the horrible burning that lingered after the stroke of the cane. That, of course, was denied him.

Instead, Jacob dropped his head to ease the pull on his reins. His eyes filled with tears, and he sobbed. He tried to form words, he tried to plead for mercy, but the sounds leaving his mouth over his bit were unintelligible and animalistic.

Michelle was behind him now. He felt her hand trace the length of the red welt that crossed both globes of his buttocks. Then he felt something cool and moist run across the length of the welt. It felt like he had been hit again. Jacob knew only that Michelle had used something on the wound. He did not know if it was to clean the wound or just increase his punishment. He did not know that it was vinegar. He did know that the pain and burning from the stroke of the cane itself was intensified by the application.

Jacob felt the tip of a felt pen first on one end of the burning stripe then writing at the other end. He felt the tip mark some spots along the welt he did not know what she was marking or why. He only wanted this assignment to finish. That had been one stroke. There were still five to go. He was not going to be able to stand it.

Michelle had come around and looked into his face. She touched the edge of his eye socket taking up the moisture of his tears with her finger. Maybe she would take pity on him. She returned behind him and once again started to write on his buttocks with the felt pen. She was only recording his reaction to the stroke of the cane.

Then she left the barn. He heard her return, but could hear voices. Anne was with her. He felt fingers on the welt on his buttocks. "The line is good and even, but you can get a bit more body into it." It was Anne's voice and Jacob did not like the advice at all. He knew he was helpless, but he still squirmed looking for any way to find some relief. Anne laughed and patted him on the buttocks above the punished area. She knew he was hoping for a means of escape.

Jacob heard the swish and the thud again. He listened as Anne gave her sister pointers. The conversation stopped and he knew this time that it was coming. He tensed and whined, but he could not move, not even an inch.

There was more body in this stroke. Jacob was sure of this. It felt to him like it was almost in the same spot as the prior stroke. In reality it was about an inch and a half away, but very even and very parallel to the first stroke.

As Jacob screamed and twisted in pain, he heard Anne congratulate her sister on a good job. The pain was extreme. He was sure he would pass out from it, but he did not. Once again Michelle wiped down the welt with the vinegar. Once again, the burning from the addition of the liquid was prolonged and deepened. With the addition of the vinegar, he could clearly feel both wounds. He was sure they must have cut through the skin. He was sure that blood must be flowing from them. He was sure that he would wear the scars of these strokes for the rest of

his days. Although blood did ooze from several spots on both lines the skin was pretty much unbroken. The welts stood up about a quarter of an inch and were bright red now. They would darken to a deep purple by morning, but for now they were red. Michelle returned to her homework and with her felt tipped pen recorded her thoughts on the punishment thus far. Jacob knew not what was being written. Such things were not shared with ponies. They did not need to know about the techniques of punishment, they only needed to know that it was ever present for any defalcation, or even for none at all.

Jacob was left to his thoughts again. He remembered that the next two strokes were to be on the inner thighs. He pulled at each leg. He was so vulnerable held with his legs widely spread. He now knew had the cane could hurt. He knew that the inner thigh was a tender spot. Even with the solid layers of muscle that he had developed in his legs and thighs this was going to hurt. It was going to hurt a lot.

There was no practicing for the first of these strokes and Jacob was caught off guard by the quickness of the delivery of the punishment.

The pain on the inside of his leg was different than the pain across his bottom. This time it radiated up and down his leg. He felt it deep in his crotch. He needed to pull his knees up to his chest. He needed to close his legs. He needed to curl up into a ball. What he needed did not matter. He was held and he stayed spread across the bar with his legs stretched to the sides and anchored. He was sure that his inability to move made the pain that much greater.

Again, there was the vinegar and the writing. All he could think was that he was halfway there. "Oh God." Only halfway. He had been softly crying, but now he was sobbing. He could feel his chest rising and falling with each gasp for air as he descended into a pit of self-pity. He was not sure how long he lay across the bar sobbing and praying for rescue that would not come. Michelle had left him until he settled down. No stroke of this punishment would be delivered unless he was completely ready to appreciate it.

He knew when the stroke to his other inner thigh was coming. He tried to tense against it, but there was nothing he could do to mitigate the pain of the process.

He would do anything to make it stop, but there was nothing for him to do, so he could not make it stop. He had no control over anything. He had no free will about anything. He was only property. If the purpose of this exercise was to show him who he now was it had worked. There was no escape for him. There was no relief for him. There was, for him, only to obey.

The stroke to the other thigh was as terrible as he had anticipated, but he now hoped that the worst was over. How bad could the last two strokes, the ones on the thighs, below his buttocks, really be? It also meant that his ankles were released, put together, and strapped. This released a great deal of the strain. The position in which he had been restrained had tightened his legs and buttocks and he was sure it had made the punishment all that much more painful.

Jacob heard a clicking sound and felt the bar at his abdomen moving up. Once more he was on the very tips of his hooves. He tried to lift his legs but discovered that when Michelle had wrapped the strap around his ankles, she had also clipped his restraints to a ring in the floor. Once again, the flesh of his legs was stretched tight.

He didn't know if she would practice her strokes before the first hit to the back of his thighs. She did not. She delivered a perfect stroke just an inch below the crease of his buttocks and thighs, straight on to the back of the body, parallel to the floor and even across the back of both thighs.

If Jacob thought that this was a less sensitive part of the body, if he thought that having his legs together would reduce the pain, or that he had been now desensitized from the prior four strokes, he now knew that he was wrong. He howled at the pain. He did not understand how each new stroke of the infernal cane could be as bad, if not worse, than the last. He did not understand how his body could not find a way to accept and adjust to this assault that it was incapable of resisting. All he knew is that the pain was terrible.

After the second stroke across his upper legs, and its cleansing and marking, his spirits began to rise. That was the end of the homework assignment. His bottom, thighs, and legs burned something terrible. He did not know how long this was

going to hurt so badly, but at least now the pain was a constant, that is so long as he did not try to move.

Jacob longed for his old stall. He longed to lie in the hay and sleep. He longed to escape into his mind and away from his captivity. But he was still stretched over the bar, tightly tied. He had paid little attention to it because of the horrific pain from the caning, but now his abdomen was starting to hurt from carrying so much of the weight of his body. Because it had been raised so that the tips of his hooves just touched the floor and because his legs were strapped together and anchored to the floor there was nothing he could do to ease the tension of his position.

She had finished her homework. Why was he still left here? Everything was dark and quiet. He did not even know where she had gone. He realized that the caning was not his punishment for running. That was what he was to endure out of his loyalty and love for his mistress. He had failed her on that score, and he was going to be punished for that failure. He was not sure exactly how, but he was sure being left in this very uncomfortable position was part of it. He did not realize that it also prevented him from rubbing any of the parts of his body that had been caned against anything to attempt to get any relief. Such an action may have interfered with the marking left by the cane or possibly obscured or smeared the writing. There was a rationale for his current position, it was just that he did not know it and nobody bothered to share such things with a pony.

After a time, Jacob realized that he was not going to be released. He tried to make the best of his position and get some sleep, but it was almost impossible. He could feel each of the six welts that had been marked across his body. On the surface the welts burned. Below, the bruised flesh and muscles ached. The surface pain would disappear long before the ache would subside, but throughout this night they would both torment him, aided by the pain in his mouth, when he tried to shift his position thus pulling on his reins, and the ache in his abdomen from his inability to even shift his weight, even slightly.

He was not removed from the bar until morning. He was groomed, but care was taken with his buttocks and thighs - not so much to ease his pain, but more to ensure that Michelle's markings (her homework) were not streaked or obscured.

Jacob tried to measure her mood. Was she still angry with him from yesterday? He hoped that she had done a good job with the punishment. If he were asked, he would profess that he had been well punished, not that he expected anyone to ask. Michelle's mood did seem to be better, but Jacob could tell she was nervous. He remembered how he felt in school when he had an important assignment to turn in. Again, he hoped that she would get a good grade.

From Michelle's reaction after the teacher had carefully inspected the welts on his buttocks and thighs; after she had written comments that Jacob could not see; and after she had written a grade, that he also could not see, it seemed that the grade was a good one. Michelle returned Jacob to his post in the corral with an extra spring in her step.

Jacob's body hurt. He could still feel the fire from each of the six dark welts. He knew that the flesh around them was badly bruised. And he was stiff from being tied in such an uncomfortable position all night. Additionally, he hated the fact that he had been written all over, and he didn't even know what any of it said. Several of Michelle's friends stopped by where he was tethered to read Jacob's thighs and bottom. He could not believe that a group of young teens were poking and prodding at his naked flesh while discussing him as if he were no more than a bicycle. He hated them. He hated all of them, but he was already in trouble and did not want or need any more punishment. He dutifully bent forward, spread his legs, and displayed his tormented flesh to their inspection.

If it wasn't bad enough to be displayed at school Michelle and her friends rode to the shopping area after school. Jacob found himself in the familiar position of being hitched to the rail outside the soda shop. At least he wasn't the only pony that had been whipped and then graded. There was a large palomino, he stood maybe two inches taller than Jacob and looked like he outweighed Jacob by 20 or 30 lbs. Jacob looked at the markings and grade on the palomino. His owner had received a B-. The palomino looked at Jacob's buttocks and thighs, and then looked up at Jacob, glaring. Jacob did not know why the hostility. Two fillies placed at the rail separated the two stallions so there was no chance of a confrontation. This did not stop the other stallion from snorting and pawing at the

ground. Jacob was tiring of the territorial bullshit he kept seeing in other male ponies.

Jacob wasn't trying to intrude on their territory. He wasn't here by choice, and he doubted that any of them were either. If anything, they should have a sense of comradery, but that was clearly not the case. When back at the farm he had learned to be constantly on alert for Thunder. Jacob knew if given the chance the stallion would attack him. Jacob also figured that would mean both of them getting punished. It was stupid, and he did not need it. He was tired, he was humiliated, and he just wanted to be home in his stall. But that wasn't his choice. His eyes followed the reins as they looped forward from his face to where they were wrapped and tied to the post. A simple wrap and cinch, only a few feet from his face, but enough to keep him in place. How many hours had he spent looking at such simple but effective restraints? He sighed and did what he spent a lot of time as a pony doing - he waited.

The little shopping area was always busy in the afternoon. The soda shop was the place most of the young people assembled, but there were several shops catering to the adults, several clothing stores and a small market. Jacob looked over at the window of a small clothing boutique. This place in many ways was like something out of a time warp, but the clothing seemed fashionable, at least fashionable as Jacob remembered it, he, of course, had not worn cloths since his capture many months (How long ago had it really been?) before. He remembered that when the former Jacob had looked at clothing he always pictured himself wearing the items. Titan did no such thing. Titan did not wear clothing and could not even imagine how such things would look on his body. Still, there was plenty of activity on the street. As Jacob stood waiting for his owner to return, he felt like every human who walked by was inspecting his rear.

The shopping area was only two blocks long. The soda shop was near one end, so it was difficult to see the entire street, but Jacob had only seen two motor vehicles. Even though not the most efficient it seemed that inside the valley people preferred pony power. Jacob could see other saddled ponies and at least half a dozen carts of various description. They varied from single pony carts to a larger four in hand buggy. The team was strong and well matched. The harnesses

were well polished. And the buggy shined. This was clearly the property of a very powerful and well-respected person. The ponies all stood tall and proud as if embodied with the position and power of their owner. Titan, (re Jacob), felt slightly intimidated. He, after all, was just a simple riding pony, the possession of a mere teenager. He remembered the pride he had felt when he had been ridden by Sally in the Spring rodeo.

Then he stopped and shook his head. What on earth was he doing? Had he given in to the idea of being a pony? Should he? Is this how he was to spend the rest of his life? Fortunately, he did not have to find answers for these questions. His owner had returned, and she was releasing his reins from the rail. They would now head home, and he could get back to his stall and get some much-needed sleep.

## Chapter 20

It was very early the next morning when Jacob was roused from his stall. It was still dark outside. It was not Michelle who had come for him but rather Anne. As she put Jacob through his morning routine, he could see that the farmer had Thunder out and was prepping him.

Another difference is that Jacob's tack was different today. Instead of a saddle he was fitted with a wide girth belt with straps leading up and over his shoulders, around his chest, and around each upper thigh. The harness insured that the belt would be held in place not twisting or riding up or down.

Jacob was not surprised when he was led out of the stable and connected to a cart by attachments at the sides of his belt. He was a little surprised when Thunder was hitched to the cart next to him. This cart had only two wheels, but it was about three feet wide and six feet long. A seat at the front of the cart could seat two and could be moved back and forth to balance weight of the passengers with a load in the bed. Although Jacob could not turn and look at the cart once he was hitched into place, he had gotten a good look at it as he was led out and could see that it was loaded with what looked like milk cans. The cans were about



two feet tall and round with the distinctive press on caps. It looked like there were five rows of four cans each tied to the cart. In the space between the large milk cans and the driver were several smaller cans.

Jacob and Thunder waited in harness. They would do nothing until they were signaled to move. Jacob could not see behind, but to the side he saw Anne leaving the milking barn. She was leading one of the milk animals by a line fastened to her collar. They quickly disappeared from Jacob's view. He heard activity behind near the cart but could not tell what was happening back there.

Jacob felt the movement and weight on the yoke bars attached to each side of the waist belt of his harness as someone climbed into the cart. A second sensation of movement indicated that there were now two passengers. Jacob and Thunder were going to have to pull the cart, two passengers, and he had no idea how many gallons of milk in metal containers. This was likely to be a challenge.

As Jacob tried to get his mind around the task at hand, he heard the distinctive sound of the driver signaling for them to begin. This was accompanied by the slap of his reins and the crack of the whip off to his side.

Jacob and Thunder leaned forward into their traces and started to pull the cart. Surprisingly it was well balanced and began to move immediately. Unless they had much of a hill to climb, or descend, it would not be that hard to move. The problem was that Jacob and Thunder had never practiced pulling in tandem and the cart kept lurching from one side to the other as they tried to find a flow. Jacob felt that Thunder was being very jerky in his movement and that was completely screwing up their smooth movement. Jacob tried to turn his head to the left to see Thunder, but his harness included check chains and blinders. He would be unable to do so. Just as well he thought, right now his look would not be kind.

The driver was clearly not pleased. Jacob felt slight pressure back on his reins, but when he slowed the cart lurched to the right. Then he felt a slap of the reins and he tried to speed up. That caused the cart to lurch to the left. The whip cracked again, but this time it found Jacob's buttocks. The driver was signaling to Jacob that Thunder had the pace. Jacob tried to concentrate on the pace. He listened to

the fall of his hooves. He felt the motion of the bars to the cart. He began to sense the motion of Thunder's upper body and the step. The movement was smoother. Jacob realized only one pony could set the pace. He, as the junior pony, had to follow.

Jacob recognized the path they were following. He was ridden over this route many times. They were heading toward the little town area. Jacob had remembered the open market area on the opposite end of the street from the soda shop. He had never seen much activity there, but he was almost always at town after school. Today seemed to be a weekend and it was also early in the morning. The sun was just starting to break over the horizon. The sky was clear with only a few soft clouds. Jacob could tell they were heading Southeast as the cresting sun was to his front left. It was going to be a beautiful sunrise, and from the looks of things, a very nice day.

Jacob remembered when he would get up early on go out for a run. He remembered the enjoyment he received from watching the sun come up and how free he felt as he worked up a sweat from the run. He was sweating now. But he did not feel very free. He felt a tear form in the corner of his eye.

The cart although well balanced was still heavy and even though he had found a rhythm with Thunder they were working very hard to keep up even a decent speed. It was a much slower speed than he was used to when he covered this route with Michelle in the saddle. Jacob thought about the feel of a rider on his back. He thought about the feel of legs against his ribs and the sound, smell and feel of breath next to his head. He did not like this cart business. He far preferred being ridden. He was not a cart pony, and he did not like this. He did not like it at all.

Jacob was relieved to see the town street ahead. The farmer had seemed to understand that the cart was heavy, and the ponies needed to keep to a slower pace, but he was not going to let that be a walk. He had a time in his mind to get here and he had used his whip to insure the proper encouragement. Jacob was sure that he had felt the bite of the whip more often than Thunder, but this was something new to him. He was not a cart pony, and he should not even have to

be doing this. But the farmer knew how to use the whip, and Jacob had found himself pushing past what he thought was his was capability to avoid its bite.

The famer guided his cart to the end of town made up of small stands. This was on the far end of the street from the soda shop. After school there were usually a few shoppers, mostly the young people hanging around the soda shop. Jacob and the other ponies would spend their time hitched to the rail outside the soda shop. Sometimes the young people would take the ponies into the field for pony races. Jacob enjoyed that a lot. Sally had trained him to be fleet of foot, if not fast, at least agile and he won many races. It was often the highlight of his trips here. But now it was early none of the regular shops, including the soda shop, were open.

Around the area of the small stands there was a lot of activity. Carts, like the one Jacob had helped pull to town, sat next to many of the stalls. The ponies patently waited for the wares to be unloaded.

The farmer pulled to stop at one of the stalls and Jacob could hear the milk cans being unloaded from the cart. This all made sense. This was a farmers' market, and the milk from the dairy farm would be the product of this stand, for sale to the locals. The sun was now fully visible over the horizon; it must be about 7 a.m. Jacob figured the early shoppers would soon arrive to get the freshest of the produce.

Once the cart was unloaded Jacob and Thunder, led by the farmer, pulled the cart away from the stand toward what looked like a small corral. Jacob recognized the posts set in the ground inside the corral at about every six feet. Each post had a ring on the top. Jacob and Thunder did not enter the corral but were stopped at a rail just outside. Their reins tied off to the hitching rail. Jacob was hobbled. Thunder was not and that did not make Jacob happy, but Jacob knew you only needed to hobble one pony in a team to keep the entire team in place, he only wished it had been Thunder selected for this dubious honor.

In the corral there were four individual ponies each standing by a post with their reins tied off to the ring in the top of the post. They were all hobbled, and several had the additional security of a line from the center of the hobble to the ring at

the bottom of the post. Ponies only restrained by their reins could walk around the post. That limited freedom of movement was not allowed the ponies whose hobbles were connected to the post.

Jacob watched the farmer move out of sight to the back of the cart. A moment later he reappeared and led the dairy animal that they had brought from the barn into the corral. She had clearly been tied to the back of the cart and forced to run along behind them on the trip here. She was panting and appeared to be trying to catch her breath. The pace here had been very slow, but she seemed to be suffering from even that. Even though the dairy herd was exercised daily it was not for long and she was clearly not in very good shape. Jacob guessed that given her talents to lactate that did not matter much.

The farmer attached her leash (she wore no bridle or reins) to the ring at the top of one of the posts. He hooked a clipboard with some sheets of paper to a ring on the side of the post. Jacob could not read it from his distance, but it looked like it was a chart of some kind with boxes and numbers. Jacob assumed it was the animal's production records. Jacob thought he should feel anger or sympathy for this poor creature, but he didn't. If anything, it made him feel slightly superior. She was just an animal that spent her time bent over in the barn producing milk. However, it had been induced, there was no skill or talent that she brought to the production. Jacob briefly wondered why she was being sold. Clearly the corral was for livestock to be sold. She looked older than most of the dairy animals he had seen. Perhaps her production had dropped off and she was to be sold off to a private owner to make room for a new producer.

Jacob looked around the corral to see what he could learn of the other animals. The other four occupants were all ponies, two mares and two stallions. One of each of them stood patiently as well-trained ponies did. But the other pair, they seemed like a pair, were clearly new to the bridle. Whereas the first two ponies were on about two feet of rein these two were pulled in to six inches. They were both hobbled to six inches as well, and the hobble was connected to the post.

The mare was a lovely site. Now six feet tall with her pony boots she was probably five seven as a human. Her skin was a light tan, more likely natural, only slightly

enhanced by exposure to the outdoors. She looked athletic with well-defined but not overly muscled lines. Her breasts were magnificent. They were perfectly shaped and seemed firm and straight - although, Jacob knew that the form of the harness subtly added support to a mare's breasts that made them look firmer. She was at least a C and perhaps a D cup. Her legs were long and her hips well curved. Her waist had been pulled down to a very narrow girth. Jacob knew that the harness would cinch the waist in, but he was sure that she had started with a small waist before the application of the straps she now fought to escape. A mane of blonde hair matched well the tone of her flesh.

The mare kept shaking her upper body. She tried to pull away from the post. Jacob knew that would not work, and of course, it did not. She turned her head from side to side being stopped at each attempt as the reins pulled tight. She danced from foot to foot on her hoof boots and moved her buttocks around and up and down. Jacob knew that dance. During the first few weeks of being 'tailed', the intrusion of the plug in the anal cavity seemed to compel a compulsive attempt to expel it. Such action was to no avail and after a while a pony adjusted to the presence. What was much more difficult to adjust to, was the fact that with the plug was an open shaft with a pressure cap. The pony no longer had any control over this function. Unless the gate had been locked, which only a master or mistress could do, when enough pressure builds up, it would open and the contents of the lower bowel would just spill out. Granted, most ponies were mucked as a part of their morning cleaning, so incidents were infrequent, but they did happen. Jacob had been mortified the first time he had heard the sound of the shaft opening and felt and heard the waste fall to the ground. But he knew he had no control over it, and now, if it happened it happened.

The mare kept looking over at the stallion. Her eyes had a pleading look, and she was trying to say something to him, but it was completely garbled by the discipline bit. When she looked up at him the stallion went wild in his bonds jerking and pulling at the reins and his confined arms in the sheath behind his back. Finding no relief from the closely confining bonds he lunged against the pole standing in the ground as if he could break it off or dislodge it from the ground. It was six inches across and well mounted in the ground. He bounced back and fell to one side being only stopped by the reins to his bit. He found his feet - not easy

with hobbled legs and steep pony boots - and got back upright. A pained scream or cry issued from his throat. If there had been words, they were lost in the bit. He must have tried to say something because he started to shake his head from side to side as if doing so could loosen or remove the bit.

The male was large and powerful. As a human, he had clearly been involved in sports, probably high contact such as football or hockey. Being involuntarily controlled was alien to him and it was clear that he had not yet accepted it. Right now, he was being driven to rage by the fact that he could do nothing to help the poor mare who somehow seemed to expect him to do something about her plight.

Jacob wondered if they had been taken as a pair. He speculated that such was the case. Both showed signs of having tasted the whip, but not a severe punishment, more akin to encouragement and correction in training. But both were clearly unbroken. Neither wore a saddle. Jacob wondered why they were being sold and if the sale was as a pair. He couldn't wait to watch when shoppers began to inspect the merchandise. What would drive the stallion to greater despair, his inability to do anything about the hands inspecting and probing his body, or seeing the mare subjected to this activity? In the end Jacob knew that both of these would help the stallion along his path to being broken as a properly trained pony.

Jacob did not get to wait and watch the shoppers inspect the ponies. Instead, the farmer unhitched him from the cart. His reins were still tied to the hitching rail, and he was still hobbled so he did not move from his spot between the traces of the cart. Then the farmer hobbled and unhitched thunder.

When he was done, he led both ponies to an area behind the produce stands. Here a larger cart had four other ponies being hitched into the traces. The cart was designed for a team of six, three rows of two, and with the addition of Jacob and Thunder at the front row it had its full complement. Jacob had just experienced being a part of a team. He had never dreamed being part of a team of six. He was concerned that he was at the front row so he could not observe what was going on behind him - because of his blinkers; he could not even see

Thunder who was just to his left. He wondered who would set the pace; he hoped it was not to be him, although he had no idea how he was going to find the pace other than from the reins and the driver's whip. He did realize that he and Thunder were positioned furthest from the driver. He hoped that the closer ponies would draw the attention of the whip although he knew from observation and other training that it clearly had the range to reach him, especially for a right-handed driver.

The cart was empty as they were hitched in place. Jacob wondered where they were going and what they were going to be carrying. He knew no one would bother to tell them. Unless he happened to be positioned to get a glimpse, he may never know what their cargo was. But he knew, hitched as he was, the driver's whip would ensure that he would put all his energy into getting them to where the driver wanted to go.

The whip popped above and to the right of Jacob, then to the left and above Thunder. The message was clear. Jacob stepped out with his right foot and leaned into the traces. The cart was heavy and resisted. There was a snap and the sting of the whip against Jacob's right thigh. His was the first pony flesh drawn. He guessed that meant he was the pace. He pushed forward adding to the force he placed against the harness. He felt movement, felt the weight ease as he began to step forward. The reins snapped and the pace picked up.

They never reached anything resembling a gallop with this cart. That would have exhausted the team in minutes, but the pace became something faster than a walk but not quite a full trot. Jacob knew he was not lifting his legs as high as he should, but the driver did not seem to mind. Jacob could feel the weight of the load on his shoulders carried from the waist belt by the straps that extended up and over his shoulders.

Just as with the two-pony cart, the pace and teamwork seemed to follow. Jacob had been put in the pace position because he was the least experienced pony, and it was thus easier for all the other ponies to guide on him. The most important thing for him to do was to keep a good steady pace. It took a while for him to learn that, but every time he increased or decreased the pace he was

counseled with the pain of the whip and a new red strip on his back, buttocks, and thighs. He figured it out and focused on staying constant.

By the end of half an hour he was feeling tired and wished they would take a break, but he had found the pace and the absence of the feel of the whip was enough encouragement for him to keep the pace and concentrate on his breathing instead.

He got his second wind, and was just beginning to think he could keep the pace all day, when he felt pressure on the reins slowing him and finally bringing the team to a halt. As they slowed and stopped, Jacob could feel the weight of the cart pressing against the team, trying to maintain its momentum. They were on a paved road and Jacob could see the lines of white stripes painted across the roadway forming a painted cattle guard. About ten feet beyond the last stripe of the cattle guard was a thick solid white line. Jacob was basically a city boy, but he knew what a cattle guard was. He knew that the spaced rails allowed vehicles to drive over but could be problematic for the hooves of most domestic animals. He did not know how it would be to try to cross a real cattle guard with the hoof boots, but this was not a real cattle guard, this was just painted onto the road. He knew that this was a technique used to prevent properly conditioned animals from crossing even though there was no danger to them, but he and the other ponies certainly knew better. Never-the-less he was being signaled to stop.

Jacob was trying to make the movement smooth and graceful as they brought the cart to a halt, but he could hear whinnies from his left and right behind him. He also felt the cart yawing to the left as Thunder was clearly trying to stop sooner. "What is that about?" Jacob asked himself as his final steps brought the cart to a stop. Certainly, they knew that this fake cattle guard posed no danger to them.

The inertia and Jacob's efforts to be graceful, in spite of Thunder's urgency caused Jacob (and Thunder) to step across the first line of the guard. As he his body crossed the line Jacob felt first a tingling, then a mild electric shock in his testicle. Thunder was whining and pushing backwards; seemingly desperate to get back on the other side of the line. The shock was slowly increasing.



"A fucking electric fence!" It was starting to hurt now. If it kept increasing, what was uncomfortable would soon become painful. Jacob joined Thunder in his efforts to push back. They were only a foot or two into the painted cattle guard, maybe three lines. It was far enough to bring the ponies in the next row up to, but not yet over the first line. Even so, those ponies did not want to be anywhere near this line and joined in the effort to push the cart back. The driver did not interfere and allowed the team to move backwards until the line was a good three feet in front of them. Then he pulled on the reins and signaled to come to a complete halt.

Safely on the back side of the painted cattle guard, the shock had gone away and Jacob was happy to stop. The driver came forward and hobbled Jacob. He did the same with the left rear pony, but Jacob could not see that. Two hobbled ponies were sufficient to keep the team in place. And with the cart pointed forward only feet from the first line there was really no concern they would move in that direction.

Once they were stopped, Jacob looked around to try to figure out where they were. The paved road continued another 40 feet from the solid line to a gate in a ten foot high wire fence. Tarmac to the right of the road inside the gate provided a place for cars and trucks to park. A large panel truck was parked in this area with its back toward the ponies and the cart.

After passing through the gate the road continued for another fifty feet and then intersected with what was clearly a public highway. Jacob gasped as he looked out through the open gate to this symbol of freedom. Most of the fence line was covered in vines and lined by trees making observation from the highway difficult. But the opening through the gate was clear. Instinctively Jacob edged his body forward. His instinctive movement was stopped by loud whinnies from Thunder and a slight tingling in Jacob's scrotum. He eased back.

Freedom may be only 100 feet away, but it might as well be 100 miles. Jacob was hitched to a cart with his arms tightly bound behind his back. And even if he were free of his restraints, he was held by an electric fence that he knew would painfully disable him before he even got to the gate, let alone to the road. He had

held out some hope that if he could just get free of these tethers or enclosures that he might be able to get to a place where he could receive help. He now knew that there was no hope. He was a pony, and he would stay a pony until his owners decided otherwise.

After a time, Jacob managed to take his attention away from the highway, so close but yet so far away. What had he been brought here for? He looked at the panel truck parked by the side of the roadway, just inside the gate. After the team was fully stopped and properly hobbled the driver walked toward the truck. As he did two women got out of the cab of the truck. They met Jacob's cart driver at the back of the truck and opened the sliding door at the rear.

Jacob could not hear the conversation, but he could see that there was something in the truck as they started to unload the contents. It looked like they were removing bags from the truck and setting them by the side of the road. As the number increased from two to half a dozen Jacob could see that there was movement in the bags. Each bag was a strange looking pod reminiscent of, although much smaller, than a space capsule. At the top of the pod was something in the shape of a head, although each was fully encased in black material with the look of leather.

Jacob shivered as he got a better look at what was clearly a form of transportation restraint. Jacob did not know how the occupants of the bags were restrained within, but he was sure that they were. Given the size and shape of the bags it appeared that they were kneeling inside on a small circular platform, less than three feet in diameter. From this base platform, four petal shaped flaps were then raised to a collar around the neck of the occupant. Jacob could not tell whether the collar was separately applied or a part of one of the petals.

Each flap (or petal) overlapped the one to its left. In the area of the overlap a series of 2" wide horizontal metal flanges, one about every six inches set in the lower flap, passed through slots in the overlapping flap. Then a belt connected to the base of the bag, just below the line of flanges was threaded through each of the flanges joining the seams of the flaps together until the end of the belt reached the collar. At the collar the tab of the belt passed over a vertical flange.

The four belts were then secured to the collar by another belt passing around the collar through each flange protruding therefrom. This final belt finally ended at a small flange and a padlock.

One single padlock held the entire assemblage together, with each flap and its securing flanges and belts irremovable unless the collar was first released. It would not have been necessary to secure the occupants arms and legs inside the bags, but given the limited movement Jacob observed and his experiences in this place, he was certain arms and legs were at least restrained if not hogtied.

The completion of the restraint was a leather discipline helmet that not only encased the head it removed all sight and seemed to be padded at the ears limiting what the occupant would hear. Jacob involuntarily twisted his arms within their restraints behind him as he looked at the scene before him. Suddenly his restraints did not seem so severe. He did not want to experience what he was watching.

There was not a lot of time to study the bags. The men did not waste any time moving the entire cargo of six squirming bags onto the back of the cart. So well secured and obscured were they that Jacob was not sure if they were male or female.

Jacob was not sure how the bags were secured to the cart. He could not see the cart from his position. However, it was not his job to worry about the load. It was not his job to decide when to go or where to go. It was only his job to follow the directions of the reins and the whip.

The driver took Jacob's bridle in his hand and guided the team in a circle until the cart faced back in the direction they had come. The cart had been empty on the way down here. Now it had six captives onboard; that was a lot more weight to pull. And, although not steep, the grade here had been somewhat downhill. That meant the trip back was going to be difficult.

The reins shook and the whip cracked in the air. It was time to go. Jacob Hoped the driver would not be expecting a fast pace as he leaned into the traces and felt

the cart start to move. They moved forward at a walk, but the driver was not satisfied with that. The whip snapped, and once again, it was Jacob's haunch that felt the bite. He lunged forward. He would find whatever pace was necessary to avoid further encouragement from the whip.

Soon the ponies had a reasonable pace. The weight of the cart caused them to lean further into the traces, but once momentum was obtained, it became a matter of maintaining it. This was taking a great deal of energy and Jacob was getting tired. He knew the other ponies were feeling it as well because he could hear the whip cracking on flesh behind him. The whip did its job - the pace never flagged. There were times when Jacob was sure he was going to drop to the ground, but he was not going to be the first to fall. If the others could keep going, so could he. He knew that there would be terrible punishment for any pony that caused them to come to a halt. He was not going to be that pony.

Jacob lost track of time. Had it been an hour? More? It didn't really matter time was not his anymore. How long had he even been in this place? He was not sure anymore. Every day was pretty much like the day before. He could not remember the last time he had seen a calendar - or even a clock for that matter.

Jacob's thoughts were interrupted by the sight of the town ahead. He was going to make it. The whole team was going to make it. The driver stopped them just beyond the gate of the slave market. Jacob could feel the shifting of the load and he could hear the cart being unloaded, but that was all going on behind him, and he did not see what became of the load. It was not his concern. He was just transportation. Because the market was on one end of the street Jacob was looking up the small street with its shops and many shoppers. Now the street was filled mostly with adults. There were carts, buggies, and even a few saddle ponies. In all the times that Michelle had ridden him to the soda shop Jacob had never seen so many people in town. This must be the place to be on the weekend. At least he thought it was the weekend.

The farmer released Jacob and Thunder from the large cart and led them back to a hitching rail near the farm cart they had pulled down that morning. He did not immediately hitch them back to this cart, but he was careful to secure their reins

to the rail and make sure that they were both hobbled. He did not bother to separate them. Seemingly the farmer knew that both Jacob and Thunder were too tired to do anything but stand there.

Jacob heard a familiar voice. It was Sally. He was immediately drawn from his lethargy. She was nearby. She was talking to another female, another familiar voice. It was Anne. Jacob twisted in his reins turning to look past Thunder to where the two girls were standing. Did Sally see him? Did she recognize him? Was she here to reclaim him? The weariness seemed to surge from him at the prospect of being back with Sally. He longed to feel her thighs and knees against his back and sides. He wanted to call out to her, but he knew that would be unseemly and he didn't know how Anne would react. He was terrified of Anne.

"How does my favorite niece like her pony?" Sally's voice, she knew he was here. How long had she known?

"She is thrilled. I think it has been very good for her. She is learning what she needs to know to control and master the animal." Anne's response did not surprise Jacob. He could testify to that.

"Is he making any progress?"

"Some. As long as he is under direct control the pony mind asserts itself, but for some reason he is not fully broken. I still think that if he had the opportunity to run, he would be gone in a minute. On the other hand, I do think I have given him some pause." The last was true. Anne's punishment of him was still clear in Jacob's mind. Yes, he wanted his freedom. He wanted it very much, but he was not going to risk being punished again. Unless he could be 100% sure of success, he was going to be a good very obedient pony.

"Well, make sure he stays in line. What about next year?" Sally looked over at Jacob. She had not looked at him during her entire conversation with Anne. Jacob looked back and tried to make eye contact. He tried to signal that he was sorry for what he did. He tried to signal that he wanted to be back with her. He wanted her to know that if she took him back he would not try to run away again. He

chomped on his bit and thought of the words he would say if he were a person and not a pony.

"Michelle is applying to a number of colleges. With her grades I am sure she will get what she wants."

"I am happy to hear that."

"She is disappointed she will not be able to take Titan."

"I understand. I am sure he would be a huge hit at Vassar or Brown. When she goes, there is room for him back at the ranch." Sally smiled. She looked at Jacob and smiled. His heart leapt, but then she turned, and she and Anne walked away, their conversation now lost to him by increasing distance. He wanted to run after her, but he was just a pony hobbled and held by his reins to a hitching post. It was not his decision to go anywhere, and it was not within his control who would be his master or mistress. Jacob hung his head.

"Well Pony, I see you finally have a brand." Jacob recognized that voice. It was Local Girl. He turned to look at her and did his best to smile with his bit. He tried to move toward her. Even though she was one of the control/owner class he still felt something of a kindred spirit with her. A surge of excitement shot through him.

"Too bad really, I was hoping to place my brand on you." She had moved up close to him and was stroking his haunches.

Jacob looked toward her and made movements back and forth and up and down with his chin, trying to signal to her.

"You don't really think I would take your bit out do you? . . . Yes, you really do." She laughed and stroked his head. "Just priceless. I figured by now you would be full pony. But it looks like you are still holding out. Maybe you were hoping that based on our relationship back in the stable I would come along, find you, and

rescue you from your fate." She laughed as her hands moved to his chest and began to play with his nipple ring.

"You still really don't understand how things work around here. I could have been a pony, and if that was to be my lot, I would have accepted it because once a pony there is no way out. But I met the challenge and I am not a pony. You, however, are a pony. That means you are a pony . . . property, and you will be property for the rest of your life. When you are too old to serve as a pony you will be sold at auction to a location that can get some use from you as a slave. Some exceptional ponies get put out to pasture locally, but most are just sold when no longer useful. We don't keep slaves ourselves, but we don't mind selling them. I guess I don't know what happens then. Maybe there is a chance for release from there, but I can assure you that is many many years from now. I doubt you will even remember that miserable excuse for a life you used to have."

Jacob was frozen between the arousal from her stroking his nipples and the terror her words were drilling through him. It was not that she was telling him anything he did not know. It was not that he expected to be released. It was the callous manner with which she now addressed him. He thought there was something there. He had cared for her. He had cared for her in a very deep way. He had worried and hoped for her when she was making her run for her freedom. He had cheered for her when he didn't see her in the corral after the hunt. He didn't think she would really help him. The risks would be profound, and he would not even ask it of her. He was just happy to know she was free. But at least he expected that she would show sympathy and understanding for him. He turned his head away from her. He felt his eyes filling with tears. It felt like when Julie had broken up with him.

In this moment he realized that his feelings for Local Girl had been more than just friendship. He would have happily been her pony. He would have happily worn her brand. He could think of nothing he would like more than feeling her weight on his saddle and her thighs against his sides. Right now, the absolute joy of her touch would be beyond heaven if it had not come with the daggers of her words.

Local Girl stopped teasing him. She looked up into his face. Jacob hung his head. She patted him on the side of the head and then turned and walked away. Jacob followed her with his eyes. She did not look back. He wanted to run after her. He wanted to beg her to take him with her. He wanted to tell her that he would be her pony, but of course, that was not his choice. He was Michelle's pony, at least until she went to college, and Jacob had no say in who owned him. He could not watch any more. He turned his head away.

At the end of the day Jacob and Thunder were hitched to the wagon and driven back to the farm. Jacob could tell from the weight of the pull that the wagon was not empty, but what the farmer may have bought, what their load might be, was not something for Jacob to know. He was only a simple pony whose job was to pull the load assigned without question of any kind.

As they headed for home Jacob's mind wandered. He did not need to think to perform his tasks as a pony. This was his life now. There was no chance for him to escape, and all his efforts to do so had accomplished, was to make his lot worse. He had been Sally's pony. He had loved being Sally's pony. They had performed as a team winning contests and excelling in the hunt. Even though he had not been marked with her brand or named by her he knew, that but for his stupid actions, he would still be with Sally.

Maybe she would have sold him like she did New Pony and Reluctant Pony. He would not have liked that. But she would not have done that. The connection, the synergy between them had been too good. She would not have sold him. He wanted to be back with Sally.

Maybe she would have sent him to Lady Clair. He shivered with the thought. He didn't think she would. He knew Sally liked his spirit. He did not think anyone came back from Lady Clair with even a spark of spirit left. But if going to Lady Clair for additional 'training' would have gotten him back to Sally he would happily . . . well, not happily . . . done it.

Had he not run away he would still be Sally's instead of the property of a teenager and working on a lowly dairy farm. But was that really so bad? Michelle wasn't



Sally, but she did have promise. He had actually enjoyed some of the training and work they did together in school. It was kind of fun to be back in school, at least, when he was able to be in class to listen, or to be involved in training. He didn't enjoy standing in the corral during most of the day. He didn't like the fact that he and the other stallions were leashed to a pole while the damn mares could just wander around at will. But it was not that bad. Some of the mares were very attractive and he had acquired a grouping that usually hung around him. That made him feel pretty good. He would like to mate with some of them, but that was also something outside his control. Maybe there was a possibility in his future. And it seemed that there was a possibility that he could go back to Sally when Michelle went to college.

This is stupid. Why was he thinking such things? He wasn't a pony - was he? He wasn't so sure anymore. He liked his stall. He was warm and comfortable. He was watered and fed and well cared for. He was washed every day, and although he no longer had arms or hands that he could use, either Michelle or Anne saw that he was cleaned and properly cared for. Prior to becoming a pony nobody had really cared for him. Well, he thought Julie had, but at the first sign of something adverse she had been gone. He remembered that she had not even given him a chance to explain. Ok, so he screwed up, but she was just gone. She had deserted him without a word. That was not fair.

Nobody deserted him here if he screwed up. Ok, so he would be punished. But that is what you did when someone screwed up. Punish them and then let them prove themselves. Even Sally really had not given up on him. He had really screwed up when he ran away. He had been punished for that. Anne knew how to do that - he never wanted to go through that again - but he had not been deserted. Why couldn't Julie have been more like Sally and Anne? He had deserved punishment, not desertion. Maybe that proves she really didn't love him.

Sally, Michelle, and Anne would not desert him. They care too much to do something like that. They would make sure he knew what he had done wrong. They would instead make sure he knew what he had to do. That was the way it should be. Yes, maybe his life really wasn't so bad now.