

Double or Nothing

Chapter 1

Oliver watched nervously as Cindy steered the car around the pothole. Further along the road, the dense forest opened, and a couple of large wooden structures became visible. Cindy slowed the car down and parked it next to the few other cars at the edge of the clearing. As she turned off the engine, Oliver slumped back into his chair.

'what's wrong?' Cindy asked as she looked at him.

'I don't know.' He muttered and he shrugged his shoulders. 'I guess I'm...'

'...a bit nervous?' Cindy finished his sentence. She kissed him softly on his cheek. 'don't worry, they are my friends. and they are the nicest group you'll ever see.'

'I know, I know.' Oliver said apolitically. 'I just wish we could be going on holiday together. Just the two of us, you know?'

'I know, Nate, but you know as well that if I want to keep my spot in the equestrian team, I had to join this year's two-week Team Training.'

'I know. I just...wanted to hang out with you. Just you.'

'Stop whining silly.' Cindy teased him with a smile. 'We're going to ride a horse together for two weeks. And at the end of every day, I promise we'll do something fun. Just you and I together. And who knows? Maybe by the end, I'll have convinced my cute city dweller the beauty of the forest.' She winked at him. 'come on!'

They carried their duffle bags to the first building, a large wooden bungalow. As they entered, they stepped into the cantina of the stables. There was an empty bar at the far end of the room. Several wooden tables and chairs were scattered

through the large open space and a staircase led to the first floor on their left. In the left corner, there was a group of about ten girls, all dressed in the red and white of the equestrian team. As they entered, the group shouted greetings and waved them over.

'Hello ladies.' Cindy exclaimed as she dropped down into an empty chair. How are you all?'

'Not too bad.' A black-haired girl with a long nose replied. She looked curiously at Oliver, who was still standing. 'I guess you must be Nate, of whom we have heard so much.' A flutter of giggles erupted from the group and Oliver felt his cheeks blush. But the black-haired girl smiled and pulled over another chair.

'Have a seat, Nate and let me do the introductions.' My name is Lydia and the blond girl over there is Alice. Next to her, with the copper locks is Mindy and the one with the blue eyes is Patricia. Then we have Beatrice and Suzan, the twins. You'll figure out which is which. In between them is Vanya and the last two are Kaitlin and Mary. And I believe you know Cindy as well?' She concluded with a wink. Oliver muttered a greeting and the group giggled again.

'You were not lying, Cindy.' Vanya said with a grin. 'He's indeed very cute.'

'Told you.' Cindy said with a laugh. 'Okay girls, I'll go upstairs, get changed and then we can go.' She left the table and there was a short uncomfortable silence.

'Sooo...Nate.... What do you do?' Beatrice asked finally.

'Oh...I'm studying to become an engineer.'

'Really? That sounds...interesting. Are you interested in building and stuff like that?'

'Well, my father used to be a builder, and I always liked to help him, to work with my hands.'

'And Cindy told us you were a very clever boy.' Suzan said with a grin and Oliver blushed again.

'Yes...I'm...quite clever.' He whispered.

'Ah yes. All straight A's in college is "quite clever" indeed.' Patricia laughed. Then Lydia got up and handed him a linen bag.

'Okay. Niceties are over. We need to get going if we want to make the first hut tonight. Oliver, as you are part of the team now, we have prepared your new uniform. Please go and put it on, then meet all of us outside.' Oliver nodded and took the bag upstairs. As he walked along the corridor, he heard Cindy talk to someone on her phone, but he couldn't hear what she was saying. For a moment he considered joining her, but he decided against it. What if there were other girls in their changing room? So, he went into the male changing room at the end and opened the bag.

The uniform looked mostly like a boy scout's uniform. It consisted of a striped shirt, a red pair of shorts, knee high socks and a red and white neckerchief. The problem was that the outfit was barely fitting. The shorts stopped way above his knees and the shirt barely came down to the waistband of the shorts. He cursed silently under his breath. He really didn't want to dress like that, but he also didn't want to offend the girls. So even though he looked like an overgrown little toddler, he went downstairs again. Everyone was gone, so he went outside, where he saw three tall guys chatting.

'Sorry, but do you know where the Gullimer Equestrian Team is?' he asked hesitantly.

'Well sure, little guy.' The middle one laughed. They have gone to the stables already.'

'Thanks.' Oliver muttered humiliated. He wanted to turn around, but as he did, a hand fell on his shoulder.

'Hold on a minute. Let me check if your uniform is presentable. We wouldn't want to break the rules now, would we?' reluctantly, Oliver turned back.

'Put your shirt in your shorts and pull your socks up to your knees.' The grinning guy said. Oliver did quickly as he was told, hoping he could leave soon. The guy grabbed his neckerchief and pulled it, way to snugly, around his neck.

'There we go. All ready to go.' He said and all three started laughing. Oliver didn't know how quickly he could leave and sprinted towards the stable block.

'Oh, look girls. He looks adorable.' Kaitlin shouted from her horse as he came around the corner. A flurry of giggles and whispers ran through the group and Oliver didn't think that his cheeks could turn more red.

'Okay ladies. Let's go.' Lydia shouted and she turned her horse to the dirt track that led into the forest. Oliver looked around for Cindy, but to his shock he couldn't find her.

'Hey, where is Cindy? Shouldn't we wait for her?'

'Well. There was a slight complication.' Suzan replied. 'She got a call, apparently her mother had fallen down some stairs and had to go to the hospital. So, she went back to town.'

'She's gone?' Oliver asked horrified.

'Well, just for today. She's going to pick up her mom and bring her home. Once her brother is there to take care of her, Cindy will come back here, get on her horse, and follow us. She'll catch up with us later this evening.'

'She just...left? Without telling me?'

'She was in quite a hurry. Don't worry, we'll take good care of you.' Suzan smiled sweetly.

'But how am I to follow you? I don't know how to ride a horse.'

'yeah, that's unfortunate. We can't take you on one of our horses; they're not used to two riders, whilst Thunder, Cindy's horse, is.'

'So, I've got to walk? Can't I just wait here for Cindy to return?'

'Sure, you can! I'm sure Kevin, Darren and Adam will be delighted to keep you company. You might have seen them when you walked over here, standing in front of the cantina.' Oliver really didn't want to walk, whilst all the girls were on horseback. He already felt humiliated in his boy scout outfit. But he detested the thought of having to spend time with the three guys any more than he already had.

'I'll walk.' He said softly and started following Suzan down the dirt track.

For the first few hours, the track led through the dense forests. But as the sun got higher and higher in the sky, the path began to follow along the winding banks of a small creek. Oliver still felt slightly humiliated as the girls towered over him, but they kept making conversation and after a while, he had accepted it. And as the sun arrived at its highest point in the sky, the caravan stopped along the banks of the creek, near a small lake. Oliver was panting slightly as the girls stepped down from their horses and led them over to the water to drink. He was not used to this much walking. Sure he did a fair share of swimming, but nothing like this. The girls grabbed the duffle bags from the horses and fished out their packed lunch. And to his horror, Oliver noticed that his duffle bag was nowhere to be found.

'erhm. Does anybody have my duffle bag?' he asked sheepishly.

'haven't you taken it with you? Everybody is responsible for their own luggage and equipment.' Lydia answered.

' I'm...I think I've forgotten it.'

'Well, I think that's your own fault then.' Came a cold reply.

'I'm sorry. I didn't think it through.'

'Well fine. Does anybody have a leftover sandwich?' Lydia asked loudly. Mary tossed him half a cheese sandwich, which he ate quickly, and he was handed a bottle so he could drink.

'Right. Text Cindy. When she comes back, she can take your duffle back with her.'

'erhm...I left my phone in my duffle bag.'

'Are you joking? I thought you were a genius or something.' Oliver didn't say anything, his head hung down in shame. He'd never felt so embarrassed.

'Well, I'll text her then, shall I?' Lydia sneered annoyed at him. He stood there silently until a strong gust of wind made him shiver. The group looked up as the sun disappeared behind some dark clouds.

'Hmm that doesn't bode well.' Vanya said. They quickly packed away the leftovers from lunch and got back into the saddle. Oliver waited near the end of the caravan, not wanting to draw any attention to himself. Then Mindy stopped next to him.

'You're cold?' she asked and Oliver nodded. She handed him a folded package. He unfolded it and saw that it was a thick down vest. But the color over the vest was white and pink, with a large picture of Cinderella on the chest. His cheeks flushed red again.

'I...I can't...'

'Well, then you might have to get used to the wind, because this is the only spare I have.' Mindy replied with a smirk. Oliver's shoulders dropped. He knew he didn't have much of a choice. Slowly, with a red face, he pushed his arms through the holes and pulled the vest over his shoulders.

'Zip it up. All the way.' Mindy said with an urge in her voice. Slowly, he pulled the zipper up, until it rested underneath his chin.

'Oh Oliver, you are even more adorable now. Now let's go. We don't want the rest of the group to wait on us, do we?'

The sun was setting when they finally arrived at the first stop. As Oliver walked silently at the rear of the caravan, he suddenly spotted a large clearing in front of them. A large log cabin was standing in the middle of the clearing, with a paddock and a large shed on the left side of the cabin. The girls got off their horses and began removing all the tack. Oliver didn't know what to do, but Alice asked him to go inside the cabin and start a fire. Glad that he could help, he quickly walked into the cabin.

The living room was not very big, but it would accommodate them all. Green and brown sofas and armchairs were organized in small groups, with the biggest sofa straight across from the fireplace. The open kitchen was on the other side of the room and several doors led to the bedrooms, where multiple bunk beds were standing. He hung Mindy's vest over a chair, quickly grabbed some kindling and after a few tries he managed to keep the flame burning. As the girls slowly came in, he managed to leave the fire unattended and helped Patricia and Mindy in the kitchen. His feeling of embarrassment slowly ebbed away and when dinner was over, he felt quite relaxed.

The group had split up into small groups. Some had gone outside to check on the horses, whilst a few others were reading or playing music on their phones. Oliver was sitting alone at the fireplace, just enjoying the warmth of the fire. Suddenly, a hand rested on his shoulder. He looked up and Lydia smiled down at him.

'You play cards?' she asked, and she shook a pack.

'Sure,' he replied. 'What are you going to play?'

'Poker. Wanna join?' he nodded and followed her to the kitchen table, where Vanya and Suzan were waiting for them. They played a couple of rounds, and it

went back and forth. But as they were in the middle of a new round, Lydia suddenly said:

'Do you want to make it interesting?'

'Who? Me?' Oliver asked in surprise. He had been busy deciding if he would 'fold' or 'call'.

'Who else? Vanya and Suzan have folded already. It's just between you and me.'

'What do you have in mind?' Lydia looked at him with a thoughtful expression.

'If you win this hand, I'll give you three thousand pounds.' The whole room fell silent. Everyone turned around and stared at Oliver in shock, who was completely taken off guard.

'Did...did you just...say...'

'I did. If you win, I'll give you three thousand pounds. Cash.' She raised her eyebrows with a big smile.

'What are you doing Lydia?' Vanya asked, looking as surprised as Oliver was.

'And what do you want in return?' Oliver asked as he recovered a bit from this huge news. 'I don't have three thousand quid.'

'erhm...I don't know...' Lydia looked around, as if she was searching for inspiration. 'Ah I know something. If you lose, I am allowed to treat you like a horse.' The group giggled softly, and Oliver was confused.

'What do you mean?'

'I mean exactly as I say. If I win, you'll be my horse for the next...24 hours let's say, I can treat you like a horse, train you like a horse and dress you like a horse. Exactly like a horse' Oliver sat back, his mind racing. He had no intention of

becoming Lydia's horse and looking at his hands, he felt quite confident. He had a six 'three of a kind', whereas Lydia had produced nothing higher than a 'pair' so far. And three thousand pounds! What could he do with that amount of money? He looked up at Lydia, who looked back at him with a thin smile on her lips.

'Okay then.' He answered. Lydia and he dropped their cards and Oliver showed his 'three of a kind' and a wave of appreciation went around the table. He smiled broadly at Lydia, but noticed then that she was also smiling. She slowly turned around her cards, showing another 'three of a kind', this one with all sevens. The group erupted in cheers and laughter as Oliver slumped back in his chair. He covered his face with his hands. What had he done?

'Oliver.' Lydia cooed. 'You're going to be my new horsey.' He lowered his hands and looked at her pleadingly.

'Oh, don't look at me with those puppy eyes.' She laughed. 'Tell you what. I'm in a good mood after this round and I know that you don't want to be my pony. So, I'm willing to go double or nothing.'

'So that means...'

'Two days of pony Oliver, unless you win of course. And I'm allowed to dress you up even more.'

'You're on.' He replied quickly. He was now quite determined to win. The round played out similar, with Oliver having a king 'pair'. But as they showed their hand, he saw to his dismay that Lydia's hand was a 'Straight'. The group again shouted and cheered, but Oliver could only stare at the cards in front of him. Until he felt soft hands on his shoulders. He looked up and saw Lydia standing over him.

'Time to pay up, pony boy.' She smiled.

'Please, one more time. I can...' he pleaded.

'No, no, no. You've had your chance. Let's go.'

Chapter 2

A dejected Oliver followed Lydia outside. The rest of the group stayed inside, as Lydia wanted it to be a surprise for them. They walked around the corner towards the shed, where Lydia stopped.

'Wait here. I'm going to get some supplies.' She disappeared inside, leaving a nervous Oliver behind. He looked over his shoulder at the now rapidly darkening woods. Any minute now, Cindy should arrive, he mused. She would help him. He would play Lydia's stupid game and act as her horse, prance around for a bit, so he could say he fulfilled his dumb debt. And when Cindy arrived, he would be let go. Yes, that's how it was going to be. He felt slightly better as Lydia appeared again, her arms full of leather. She dumped it over the fence around the paddock and selected the first item. The buckles jingled softly as she shook it, showing off the harness to Oliver.

'You're going to wear this, but first, you'll need to strip.'

'I'm sorry? What?'

'You're my horse now. Horses don't wear clothes. So, strip.'

'But...but...'

'Yes, I'll see your butt. Do you think this will be the first time I see a butt? Now STRIP!' she said it with such authority, that Oliver backed away in fright. Slowly, he pulled the small shirt over his head and the shorts from his legs. A few minutes later and he stood in front of her in his boxers.

'Please let me keep them on. Lydia, don't make me take them off. Please.' He begged her.

'Oh fine. Tonight, I'll let you keep them on.' She sighed and in one fluent motion, she lowered the harness over his head. The harness consisted of a large leather belt that was strapped around his waist. Over his chest, a Y shaped strap connected it to two thick shoulder straps, that came together in the nape of his neck. From there, a single broad strap ran down his back and was attached to the back of the leather belt. A thick crotch strap dangled downwards. The broad strap on his back also had several smaller straps down its length. Two thick thigh cuffs were connected to the belt. Lydia pulled the multiple buckles and straps tight, forcing the harness to press firmly against Oliver's body.

'Why...why do you have to make it so tight?'

'Because a horse can injure itself when the harness is not applied correctly.' He then felt her hands around his wrists, and she guided them to his back. She pushed his hands through a leather strap at the top of the leather belt and pulled it tight before he could react.

'Hey! Why are you tying my hands?'

'Do horses have hands?' was her blunt response. He didn't reply, but he made a faint attempt to pull his hands free. However, as he was unsuccessfully trying to escape, he felt more straps encircle his arms around his lower arms and below and above his elbows. Lydia yanked all three straps as tightly as she could, forcing his elbows to touch.

'Oh please! Stop! You're breaking my arms!'

'No, I'm not. Push your chest out a bit. That's it. You're more flexible than you think. Calm down.' She ruffled his hair as you would do to a puppy, and as she was doing that, Oliver calmed down a bit. He realized that, if he pushed his chest out like she said, the tight harness would be more tolerable. Lydia shook him by the harness, checking if there was any slack in the straps and buckles. Then she stood in front of him.

'Okay. One more time. I'll give you half an hour. Double or nothing. If you have escaped in thirty minutes, no more pony play for you. But if you don't, you'll be my little pony for the next four days. Ready? Set? Go!'

'Three, two, one. And that's half an hour. Let's see how you did.' Lydia said as she jumped of the fence. She had been sitting there, watching Oliver struggle desperately against the tight straps of the harness. But his fingers could only grab empty air and the straps were sturdy and thick.

Oliver hung his head in defeat as she walked around him. He grunted in discomfort as she grabbed the harness and shook him. Then, she checked all the straps and buckles again. He couldn't see what she was doing, but suddenly he heard a series of clicks.

'What...what are you doing?'

'I'm padlocking your harness. As you have lost three times in a row, I don't want you cheating and escaping.' Escaping! Oliver thought. I have tried and failed escaping, even without the padlocks! His train of thought was interrupted when Lydia pushed two large leather balls into his hands.

'Squeeze these as hard as you can.' Oliver did as he was told and he felt tight leather mitts being pulled over his hands, preventing him from moving his fingers. Lydia buckled the straps around his wrists and locked them in place with padlocks. Then she walked back in front of him and grabbed another item from the fence.

'How...how much more is there?' he asked as she approached.

'Several more. Now stop whining. You lost the bet, so be a man and take your punishment.' Lydia said and she raised the next item up, so he could see. It was an extremely high collar, made from thick leather. Three buckles dangled from the side, ready to close around his throat. But the collar wasn't the only part of this contraption. A large leather flap was sewn to the back of it. Lydia told him to keep his head slightly raised and proceeded in buckling the posture collar in place. As she locked the buckles with padlocks, Oliver found that he could barely move his

head sideways. But Lydia wasn't finished. She pulled the leather flap over his head and connected it to the front of the collar by several tiny straps. His whole head was now completely covered in leather, apart from his face. Now, it was impossible to move his head at all. He could only stare straight ahead and watch as Lydia grabbed a bridle from the fence. She dangled it in front of his eyes and made sure that he watched her adjusting the buckles. Once she was happy, she pulled the bridle over his face and began to secure it very snugly around his head. Once she was satisfied with the tightness, she padlocked all the straps as well.

'Please Lydia. I don't want to do this anymore. Can't we just call the- OW!' Oliver yelped as she slapped his butt painfully hard. He tried to move away from her, but she grabbed him by his bridle and kept him firmly in place.

'I see you are a very disobedient pony. Which means that I need to control you even better.' She mused, not paying any attention to his pleading. She held him firmly in place with one hand and with the other she pulled a rubber bit from her pocket and something that looked like a thick rubber shoehorn, although a bit shorter.

'I was only going to gag you with this bit, since it's your first night. But you had to be a pain in the ass.' She spoke slowly as she attached the shoehorn thing to the bit. 'This is a tongue port. It's designed for horses that can't stop moving their tongues, like you. It will put pressure on your tongue, keeping it down in your mouth. It will be quite uncomfortable for you, but maybe you'll learn to be a good pony from now on.' Oliver clamped his mouth shut. There was no way he was going to let that thing in his mouth. Lydia sighed.

'Oh no. The pony won't open his mouth. What am I to do?' she said sarcastically as she grabbed his chin, squeezed the corners of his mouth with two fingers whilst pinching his nose. Oliver tried to hold on for as long as possible, but the pain in his jaw was extremely uncomfortable. And as he opened his mouth to relief the pressure, she pushed the bit deep into his mouth. The tongue port jabbed him in the back of his throat, causing him to gag. But as he was distracted, Lydia calmly attached the bit to the bridle, keeping it firmly inside his mouth.

'Easy boy. Just accept your bit. I know it's difficult but keep your tongue still and it will be bearable.'

'eeeggghhh, oooggghhh!' Oliver tried to talk, but coughed and dry heaved as the tongue port jabbed him again. Lydia grabbed his bridle again and held him in place.

'There we go. Much better. Calm, calm.' She cooed as she waited for him to calm a bit. Oliver slowly managed to relax his mouth and managed to keep his tongue still. Once he had calmed down, Lydia grabbed a pair of leather boots. They were made from very heavy black leather and were reinforced with rows of metal rivets. Multiple straps dangled off them, but that wasn't the part that scared Oliver the most. Because the bottom of the boots terminated in a realistic looking horseshoe and didn't have a heel. Oliver sobbed in his gag as Lydia gently lowered him down on a nearby tree stump. She pushed his feet deep into the boots. Then, she began the painstaking task of lacing them up. The laces ran all the way from his ankles to his thigh. Once she had reached the top of the boots, she went over them a second time, pulling the laces as tight as she could. His feet were forced almost vertically by the stiff leather. When she reached the top a second time, she attached the boots to the thigh cuffs with leather straps on the inside and outside of his legs. After that, she closed the straps at his ankles, lower legs, under his knees and around his thighs, keeping the boots firmly secured on his feet. Two leather ankle cuffs were buckled around his legs. And as with everything else, she padlocked all the straps. She then slowly helped him back onto his feet and he almost fell over, not used to balance himself on his new boots. He struggled at first, but he soon found that if he shifted his balance slightly forward, he would be able to stay on his feet. The boots didn't make it easy to bend his knees. He looked up helplessly at Lydia, who observed him with a sly grin on his face.

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'You look absolutely adorable, Oliver.' She laughed and his cheeks flushed crimson. 'Come on, let's get you used to your new hooves.' She clipped a leash to his collar and tugged it, leaving Oliver no choice but to follow her. She guided him

around the log cabin. Slowly at first, but as he got used to his boots a bit, she made him walk faster. When they had completed three laps around the building, she stopped, letting a panting Oliver to catch his breathe.

'Well done boy.' She spoke softly and she patted his sweaty head. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a sugar cube. She held her hand flat in front of him. With tears of humiliation in his eyes, Oliver lowered his head and after a few minutes, managed to catch the sugar cube between his lip and the bit gag. As the sugar slowly dissolved in his mouth, he felt pressure on his collar. Lydia pulled him towards the cabin.

'Come on boy. Let's introduce the girls to our new pony. Oh, and by the way: you're no longer Oliver. I don't like my horses to have a human name. From now on, you'll be called Oblivion.'

The door flew open, and the group rushed outside. Cheers of excitement filled the air as everyone gathered around him. Oliver was pinched, prodded, and shaken as the girls checked his harness, his bridle and his boots. He had difficulty staying on his feet as he was pushed around. He tried to plead with them, but the bit turned every effort of normal speech into unintelligent rubbish. He wasn't sure they would help him anyway. He fervently hoped that Cindy would show up. Where the hell was she?

'Can I get everybody's attention?' Lydia shouted and she jumped on the steps that led to the door. She yanked the leash and forced Oliver to stand in front of her. 'I would like to introduce you all to our newest pony: Oblivion.' A wave of snickering went through the group. 'Now, a couple of rules for all of you regarding Oblivion. Number one: Oliver does no longer exist, as long as he's paying off his debt to me. Number two: you are all to treat him like a real pony. That means feeding him, watering him, exercising him the same as the other horses. Mind you, he needs lots of training and correcting, which brings me up to point three. Point three: you're all allowed to correct Oblivion's behavior.' Vanya whooped and the rest of the group laughed. 'that's right.' Lydia continued. 'He is a young filly, so he needs to be trained to be a good horse. But he also needs to be trained to BE a horse. So, every time you think he is trying not to be a pony, you're free to correct him.'

Oliver became more and more terrified. What were these insane girls planning on doing to him? He began to struggle against his restraints, but no matter how hard he tried, the leather straps held him with ease.

'Right then, let's call it a night.' Lydia said calmly, ignoring his moans and grunts. 'You get all back inside, I'm going to take care of Oblivion.'

As the group went back inside, giggling as they did so, Oliver felt pressure on his collar. Lydia tugged his leash.

'FOLLOW Oblivion.' She barked. He stumbled after her as she led him back to the shed. On the side of the shed there was a wedge-shaped plank, normally used for putting saddles on, sticking out from the wall. She guided him to stand in front of the plank and with the help of a painful riding crop, she made him turn around. Then she forced him to sit onto the wedge, forcing it painfully into his groin. His booted feet barely reached the ground. She padlocked his collar to a ring in the wall and placed a short hobble chain between his ankle cuffs. Then she turned around and walked back to the cabin. He screamed after her, begging her not to leave him like that. But the bit in his mouth jabbed him in the back of the throat again, causing him to gag. He could only watch helplessly as she went back into the warm cabin, leaving him alone in the darkness of the night.

Chapter 3

The next morning arrived bright and sunny, but Oliver had no idea. He had nodded off for what felt like the thousandth time, his exhaustion winning from the extreme position he was held in. But without him realizing, the door had opened a few moments earlier and Vanya and Mary had stepped outside. They had come over to the shed and were observing him as he slept. After a minute or two, Vanya had enough and with her riding crop she poked him in the chest. Oliver's eyes fluttered open. He didn't realize where he was and there was a moment of struggle. But the restraints kept him firmly in place and as he calmed down, he noticed the two smiling girls in front of him. Without saying anything to him, Mary and Vanya unlocked the padlock at the back of his collar and lifted him

gingerly off the wooden plank. Oliver groaned in relief as the uncomfortable pressure between his legs was gone and as the girls removed his hobble chain, he stood bend over to catch his breathe. But as he stood there, Vanya grabbed his bridle and yanked his head upwards. Oliver squealed and coughed as the tongue port did its job. As Vanya held him firmly in place, Mary went over all the buckles and padlocks, checking them. When she was satisfied, she disappeared into the shed and returned with a set of reins. She clipped them to his bridle and a leash to the front of his collar. Then she tugged it firmly. Oliver tried to shake his head in protest, but it was no use. The collar and helmet kept his head movement to zero and with the reins in hand, Mary had complete control over him. She tugged the reins and leash harder this time and clicked her tongue. And a humiliated Oliver had no choice but to follow her.

The girls took him for a walk along the forest edge. At first Oliver was struggling to keep up. He wasn't used to his new boots and the constant pressure on his mouth was deeply uncomfortable. But the girls weren't interested in his plight. In fact, every time he fell behind, a sharp yank on his reins or a few hits with the riding crop would encourage him to walk faster. However, as they made their way, he was completely ignored by the girls in front of him. They were chatting together about all kinds of subjects: the weather, the rest of the group, boys they found cute or pretty, make up. It was like the panting and sobbing boy, cruelly restrained and gagged, was the most normal thing in the world. But suddenly he heard them talking about Cindy.

'Do you know where she is?' Vanya asked. 'She was supposed to be here last evening.'

'Apparently her mom was in a worse accident than she thought. Cindy had to stay at home at Marybone Manor and take care of her.' Mary replied. Lydia had called her, and she says that Cindy would try to meet up at the next cabin, the day after tomorrow.' Oliver whimpered as they talked. Three days? She wasn't going to arrive in three days? He moaned in desperation, but a sharp yank on his leash made him stumble. Vanya raised her crop and in a fluent motion delivered a dozen savage strokes on his bottom.

'Ponies. Don't. Understand. Humans!' she screamed as she hit him. He cried and howled as she gave him the last few strikes. Then, she calmly pulled her red and white jumper down, breathed in heavily and the walk continued, like nothing had happened.

As they came back to the shed, Oliver was covered in sweat and tears. Whilst the girls attached his leash to the fence and removed his reins, he panted and snorted, trying to get enough air in his lungs. A shallow bucket filled with water was pushed into his view and he gratefully lowered his head into the cold water. It took him a few tries to get water into his bitted mouth, but eventually he was able to get rehydrated. They took the bucket away and Mary went inside the cabin. She came back later with a large plastic bottle, filled with a pasty green liquid. A long thin tube dangled from the top of it. Mary inserted the tube into his mouth and squeezed the bottle. As the slightly flavorless paste entered his mouth, Oliver had to drink slowly in order to avoid another jab in the throat. But eventually he was finished.

'Hey guys!' He heard and looked up. His heart sank as Lydia strolled leisurely through the grass towards them. She stood in front of them and folded her arms. 'How is Oblivion?'

'He is fine, though he is quite skittish.' Vanya answered. She and Mary held his bridle tight as Lydia pried open his mouth and inspected the bit. 'He does need a lot of discipline, like you said. When we took him for a walk, he responded to human speech.'

'Did he now?' Lydia said coldly and she stared into his eyes. Oliver became even more frightened and tried to look away, but she grabbed his collar and forced him to look at her.

'I'll give him something to remind him that he no longer is a human. That his basic needs are under my control.' She smiled sweetly at him, but her eyes remained threatening. 'you guys can go do your own thing. If you go inside, could you ask Suzan and Patricia to look after the horses? They'll need some food and water in their bellies. Oh, and by the way: did Oblivion relieve himself on you walk?' The

girls shook their heads. Oliver realized that he hadn't been to the toilet since the day before. He needed to poo quite badly, but the urge to pee was urgently big. However, he didn't want to soil his boxers, so he desperately tried to keep it in. Lydia grabbed the leash and took him to the field behind the log cabin. It wasn't very big, but it was flat and surrounded by a wooden fence. There, she attached his leash to the fence again and produced a large pair of scissors. Oliver became scared again. What was she planning? She loosened the crotch strap and brought the scissors to his waist. She carefully cut away his boxers, leaving him completely naked. His head was a red beacon as her hands ran possessively over his groin, inspecting every inch. They pulled his buttocks apart as she checked his rear entrance. Oliver groaned in humiliation. He had never felt like an animal before. A mindless beast, incapable of anything remotely human.

When she finished her inspection, Oliver expected her to pull him away. To another degradation. But she climbed onto the fence, pulled out her phone and began scrolling. Minutes ticked by and nothing happened. The silence was only broken by the laughing snorts of Lydia and the moans and whimpers of him. What was she waiting for, he asked himself? But as the cramps in his stomach became worse, he suddenly realized what she was doing: she was waiting for him to soil himself!

He didn't know if it was the shock of realization, or if the need was just too much, but when he realized what she was doing, a jet of pee splashed on the grass. He couldn't hold back anymore. He had to let go. Only when he was finished, did Lydia climb down from the fence. She pulled a small metal contraption from her pocket.

'I was going to do this to you later, but since you were a bad horse, I might just do it now.' She muttered, almost to herself. She closed a small steel ring behind his balls. The ring had three tiny spikes pressing painfully against his skin. Then, she pushed a plastic tube up his urethra. He screamed and trashed, but could do nothing as she calmly pushed it all the way in until the tip of his penis rested snugly inside the steel cage. She pulled a small padlock from her pocket and with a soft click, she locked the cage around his privates to the ring around his balls. Oliver was in a frenzy, the feeling in his groin was alien and wrong. He shook his

body with rage and fear and screamed in his gag. Lydia quickly jumped on her feet, grabbed his bridle by one hand and his collar by the other. She held him firmly in place, giving him time to exhaust himself. As he calmed down a bit, she reached into her pocket again and pulled another item out. Oliver didn't have time to see what it was, as she walked around him. She first locked his ankle cuffs together with a padlock. He then felt her applying something cool to his butt. And suddenly, he felt pressure there. The pressure built and built and despite his efforts to clinch his sphincter, he had to relax. Something huge was shoved up his butt and as the thing was pushed further inside him, a guttural moan escaped his throat.

'eeehhhaaaa!'

'Shut up!' she said and she spanked his left butt cheek. He almost fell over as he was distracted by the pressure in his bowels. Suddenly, the pressure inwards stopped, and he felt her attaching the crotch strap again. But his bowels remained incredibly full.

'Hello Lydia. What are you doing to Oblivion?' said a voice and Oliver saw from the corner of his eyes that Alice was leaning over the wooden fence.

'Hi Alice. I have just locked a chastity device around his privates. You know what boys are like, only focused on what's between their legs. So, as his are locked away, he should be more manageable and focused on the commands of his trainers.'

'I see. But why is there a tube sticking out of his dick?'

'That is to make sure that he pisses like a horse. If any fluids go into his bladder, he will have no choice but to pee immediately.' As Lydia was explaining her doings, Oliver felt pressure in his bowels. He tried to stop himself, but the thing inside his butt prevented him from closing. And so, he could only stand as his bowels were emptied into the long grass. As he stood there, mortified, and embarrassed, Lydia patted him on the head.

'Good boy, Oblivion. Good boy.' And she gave him another sugar cube.

'What was that?' Alice asked intrigued.

'Hollow butt plug. As you know, horses void whenever they must. And so will Oblivion from now on.'

'oooggghhh! Eeeggghhh!' Oliver cried. He had never felt so debased and humiliated. He no longer had control over his most basic bodily functions. Taken away by this innocent looking girl, barely older than him. This demon who was in complete control over everything he had. And he was powerless to stop her. He furiously hoped that Cindy would show up soon. He couldn't take it anymore. He felt another wave of panic grow inside him, but he managed to suppress it. It didn't help to struggle. It didn't help to fight. He just had to bide his time. Only three more days and the bet was over. And he would tell Cindy all about what had happened here. He prayed silently that his life wasn't going to become even worse.

New pressure on the back of his belt pulled him out of his thinking as Lydia clicked something into a metal slot. He suddenly felt something brush against his buttocks and his upper legs. Oh god! She had given him a tail! Lydia removed the padlock between his ankles, grabbed his leash in her hand and clicked her tongue.

'FOLLOW!'

She took him to the middle of the field, where she attached a long leash to his bridle. The other end she clipped to a high pole that was staked into the ground. She hit him with her riding crop and told him to walk. And so, he walked. At first it was awful. The pressure in his butt distracted him as waves of pleasure coursed through him. But they all ended in frustration as the chastity cage did its job. With an incredible amount of effort, he managed to ignore these feelings and focus on walking in his high boots. That also proved a challenge, but as the teachings of the crop multiplied and the hours progressed, it became somewhat easier. He learned to walk on the balls of his feet and balance himself properly. As the sun reached its zenith, Lydia stopped him and gave him another drink of water. She herself

went inside to grab some lunch, leaving him alone. He saw the rest of the group go on with their day. Some went off into the woods for a ride, others lay down in the grass and enjoyed the sun. every so often, one or two would lean against the fence to observe him, giggling together as they whispered to each other. He tried to ignore them, but he couldn't shake off the realization that they were now the humans and he was not. He was an animal, to be treated like they wished. He told himself that they made him like this, that he didn't have a choice at the moment. But that feeling of inferiority stayed in his stomach. The fact that he peed right in front of them and couldn't do anything to stop himself, didn't help either.

Lydia came back and they continued his training. She now made him trot and run, alternating with normal walking. He got beaten much more this time, as he struggled finding the right pace. The painful welts did their trick however and after a few more hours, he ran with the speed that his owner required. And as the sun set behind the distant mountains, he was exhausted. He was panting into his gag, snot, tears, and drool ran down his face. She removed the leash from his bridle and clipped a shorter one to his collar. Then she led him back to the shed, where he was allowed to drink water. She hosed him down with a garden hose, clipped his collar to the wall and put a hobble chain between his ankle cuffs. But then, she placed a block of firewood on his head.

'Okay Oblivion.' She began, startling Oliver as he had been ignored for the entire day, bar some curt commands. 'I'll give you another 'double or nothing'. In fact, every night from now until we get back to the riding school, you'll get a chance to get out of your predicament. I'm going inside for my dinner. If this block is still standing on your head by the time I get back, I'll let you go. If not...' she didn't finish her sentence but smiled and went inside. Oliver was apprehensive, but also determined. He got another chance! He focused on the block like he had never before, ignoring the tiredness of his legs and the dull ache in his arms. But as the seconds turned into minutes, his legs began to cramp. At first it was manageable, but before long, they started to twitch uncontrollably. And suddenly, the cramp caught him off guard. He felt the block slight and desperately tried to regain position, but it was too late. The block of wood fell on the ground and a groan of desperation left Oliver's throat.

'Well well well. It seems that you want to stay a horse a bit longer.' Lydia said as she stood before him. He hung his head in defeat, or as much as his collar and helmet would allow. He didn't know what to do as she pulled him by the leash to the wedge in the wall. He sobbed as she guided him onto it and locked him in place. And he watched hopelessly as she went back inside, leaving him alone with his unhappy thoughts.

Chapter 4

Oliver watched as the sun slowly began to rise over the trees, although he was too miserable to enjoy its warm rays on his body. He was tired, hungry and his body was aching from the lack of movement. He tried moving his arms to stop the aching, but all he did was to drive the wedge-shaped plank deeper into his groin, groaning as the plug was forced deeper inside him. He felt another wave of arousal wash over him, but as had happened so many times before, the chastity cage kept him on the edge and very frustrated. He tried to get his mind off it and looked around for something to distract him. But all he could see was the log cabin a bit further away and a few of the horses, grazing leisurely on the left. He somewhat envied them. They could wander around in relative freedom, without their tack, whilst he was kept in severe bondage, bitted, and bridled constantly and plugged and caged without relief. He wasn't even on the same level as these animals, he thought with a sob. He was less than them!

His thoughts were disrupted as he saw the door of the log cabin open. To his dismay, Lydia stepped outside, plastic bag in hand and dressed in her riding gear. She began to walk down towards him but once she arrived, she said nothing. No morning greeting, no chit chat. He was completely ignored as she unlocked his collar from the wall and pulled him off the plank. He stood completely still, not daring to move as he had spotted the wretched riding crop, dangling from her belt.

He felt her hands on his head as she checked the snugness of the leather helmet and the bridle. She then carefully pushed open his eyes and peered inside. Once she was satisfied, she moved on to his mouth, prying his lips apart and pushing

her fingers inside. He gagged a bit as the tongue port hit the back of his throat again, but she ignored him as she felt his teeth and his tongue.

'Time for a new bit.' She muttered.

After that was done, she made him turn around with a slap on his butt and checked his bound arms. He hoped furiously that she would at least unlock his arms for just a moment, but when she was finished, she left them in their tight bondage. She pulled up his tail and Oliver sobbed softly as she inspected the plug in his butt. How degrading this was. His owner checking if he had soiled himself during the night. No right of privacy, she'd made sure of that. He moaned softly as she turned her attention to his locked dick. Her inspection caused him to feel a pang of pleasure, but another slap with the crop told him to turn his attention elsewhere. And lastly, she checked his hoof boots. The straps and laces were as tight as they had been, so she got back up on her feet and wiped her hands on a cloth. She then produced a sugar cube and pushed it into his mouth. He savored the sweet taste of the sugar as it drowned out the dull taste of rubber. But as he swallowed the sugar cube, he felt her loosening the bit and pulled it from his mouth. He could move his jaw again, although not to greatly since it was held firm by the bridle around his head. He opened his mouth to say something, to plead with her to let him go. But that was exactly what Lydia was waiting for. For as soon as he opened his mouth, she pushed another bit gag into his mouth and secured it deep in his mouth. He coughed and retched as something brushed against the back of his throat, pressing his tongue down again. But this felt much bigger than the tongue port. He ran his tongue around the intruder and felt the realistic head of the dildo that was attached to the bit gag.

'mmppphh! Mmpphh!' Oliver screamed and he tried to shake his head to dislodge the gag. But as before, the restraints severely restricted his movements. Lydia calmly watched as the tears rolled down his face in frustration. She then grabbed his collar and held him still, whilst with her other hand she attached a long tube to the front of the bit. She produced the bottle with green liquid and attached the tube to the lid. She then hung the bottle on the wall, using some string to make a holder for it. Oliver could only watch as the liquid ran slowly

through the tube and into his mouth. But Lydia was clearly not in a patient mood today. She yanked his collar and hit him a couple of times with the crop.

'SUCK Oblivion.' She demanded. Terrified, Oliver began to suck on the large dildo and the liquid began to speed up. Eventually when the bottle was empty, Lydia removed the tube from his gag. The reins and leash were again clipped to his bridle and collar, and he was forced to follow his owner.

As they came around the corner, Oliver saw two horses, all saddled up. Kaitlin was waiting on the right horse, whilst Lydia pulled him to the left one. She secured his leash to the saddle and clipped his reins to his belt, preventing him from raising his head. Oliver was forced to stare at the ground as he heard Lydia climb into the saddle. The leash was pulled taut, and he stumbled after her.

Oliver was panting so hard; he didn't realize that they had stopped. He almost bumped into the back of the horse since the sweat was pouring into his eyes. He instead stood stock still on his tired legs and waited. He saw some booted feet walk towards him and a hand patted him on the head, ruffling through his sweaty hair. His leash was unlocked from the saddle, and he was pulled towards a big tree, where the leash was tethered to one of its branches. He felt his ankle cuffs being locked together and two big blinders were clipped to his bridle. All this extra bondage forced him to only stare straight ahead at the bottom area of the tree.

He heard some rustling behind him as Lydia and Kaitlin were moving around, chatting happily as they did. Apparently, they were perfectly accustomed to the heavily bound and gagged pony boy, he thought. After a while they were settling down and although he wasn't allowed to understand, he heard every word they said.

'Ah, that was a great ride this morning.' He heard Kaitlin say. 'A great idea, Lydia.'

'Thanks. I try.' Lydia laughed. 'I'm very glad we did it as well.'

'And Oblivion did quite well, did he not?'

'Well, his training isn't finished, that's for sure. But he's starting to get used to his new hooves and he was able to keep up, even when we went into a trot.' The praise made Oliver feel humiliated, but it also made him feel slightly proud. No matter what they would do to him, he wouldn't budge. He would break, he promised himself. But then he felt his bowels loosening up and he had no choice but to let it drop to the floor. Oliver was mortified, but the girls started laughing.

'Did he just shit on the floor?' Kaitlin asked.

'Yes, I plugged his butt with a hollow plug, so he has to let go whenever he needs to.'

'That's so cool, can I see?'

'Of course!' Oliver felt the crotch strap getting unlocked and dangle between his legs. A pair of hands grabbed his buttocks in a possessive way and pulled them apart. He sobbed silently as the girls inspected his butt, prodding and pushing the plug deeper inside him. His locked dick also was fondled and played with, but as before, the chastity device did its job.

'He is quite skittish.' Kaitlin remarked as they locked the crotch strap back in place.

'I know. He is not used to his owner and other humans touching him. But he will, don't worry.' A stinging slap of the riding crop made him bite down on the dildo in his mouth, but he managed to keep himself from screaming.

'Right, that picknick isn't going to devour itself. Let's tuck in!'

Delicious smells climbed up his nostrils and made him drool extensively. He heard of a small fire and the sizzling of meat being roasted. His stomach rumbled and groaned, as he only had eaten his awful mush this morning. But not a single slice or morsel was offered to him. He could only stare at the tree, longing for a bit of meat or chicken.

After a while, he heard them rummaging around as they were packing up. Finally, they unlocked his ankle cuffs and guided him by his leash to the back of the horse, where it was strapped to the saddle again. Lydia then began to strap something on top of his bound arms. It felt like a big leather bag, the size of his entire torso. When it was firmly strapped in place, Oliver felt it getting heavier and heavier as the girls began to fill it up with something.

'How heavy did you say you wanted the bag to be?' he heard Kaitlin ask.

'About sixty pounds. I reckon he can do a bit heavier than that, but let's give him a chance to get used to the weight first.' The bag was quite heavy, but the time he had spent helping his father, combined with him being quite sportive, made it easier for him to handle the increased weight. Also, the harness distributed the weight evenly over his body. He heard Lydia and Kaitlin climb back into the saddle and Lydia clicked her tongue.

'Let's go!'

They arrived back at the cabin late in the afternoon. A very tired Oliver was guided to the fenced off field, where the reins were loosened so he could raise his head up a bit better. The long leash was clipped to his bridle again and he looked in fear as Lydia attached the other end to the pole. She wasn't going to make him train again, was she? He was already done for today! He flinched when Lydia stood in front of him and raised her hand, but she only stroked his head a few times and gave him another sugar cube.

'Good boy Oblivion. Good boy.' She whispered in his ear. He desperately didn't want her to punish him, so he whimpered softly in his gag and nuzzled her hand with the side of his face. She giggled and wiped some sweat of his face with a rag. Then, she left the field and left him alone.

Oliver walked slowly to prevent his legs from cramping up. The leash clanked softly when he moved around. But apart from that and his own snorting breathing, he was completely alone. All the girls had gone inside for what was

presumably dinner time. Dinner time. His stomach rumbled, even louder than before. He hoped he would be fed before long. He tried fruitlessly to move his arms, but the only thing his struggles achieved, was to cover him in some extra sweat. He panted softly and closed his eyes. Please Cindy, arrive tomorrow he thought. I can't take this anymore. Please come and help me. Please!

A sound behind him brought him back to reality and he swiftly turned around. In the twilight of the evening, he saw Lydia walk towards him again. She removed the leather bag on his back, picked up his leash and tugged it. He followed her obediently back to the shed, where he was given some water, but no food. He whimpered into the dildo gag, trying to plead with her to feed him. But Lydia ignored him as she removed the crotch strap. Oliver gasped audibly as she slowly pulled the butt plug from his bowels. She tossed it aside and went into the shed. She came back with a handful of sensors, which she began to stick to various parts of his body. She then produced a long black item and she held it up to him so he could see.

'So, your next Double or Nothing is going to be slightly uncomfortable for you, Oblivion. As you can see, this new butt plug is quite a lot bigger than your last one. And although this one isn't hollow; it is about eight inches long. Noticed how it looks like a real horse's dick? It will take some getting used to, but it'll fill you up nice and full.' Oliver could only stare in horror as she calmly began to insert the plug into his butt. Beads of sweat ran down his face as the monster inched its way into his bowels. And with a shriek of protest and an audible wet noise, the plug was completely inside him. Lydia patted him on the head again as he twitched and stamped his hooves.

'Good boy. Calm down now, we haven't even started the challenge.' She flicked a switch on the base of the plug and to his shock, the plug began to grow even larger. He stopped his struggling and the plug also stopped growing. He looked at Lydia with a confused look.

'As you might have felt, the plug can also inflate.' She explained slowly with an evil smile on her face. 'Every time you move a muscle, the sensors, who are connected to the plug via a wireless signal, will tell the plug to grow. So, I suggest

you'll stay as still as you possibly can, because if I come back later to put you to bed and the plug has been inflated anymore, you lose the challenge.' She blew him a kiss and turned around. 'Have fun Oblivion!'

'Tsk, tsk, tsk. Oblivion you disappoint me. Have you even tried? You have inflated the plug completely. It's like you want to stay as my pony for a long time!'

'ooohhheee, ohhheee!'

'I know it's big, but that's your own fault. If you had just stayed still, none of this would have happened. You would have been freed, but I'm starting to suspect that you like being my pony.'

'OOOHHHEEE!'

'No no. I'm going to leave the plug inside you for now. That will hopefully teach you to obey the commands given by your owner. You brought this on yourself, now deal with it. So, let's put you to bed and we'll resume your training in the morning.'

'click.'

'click.'

'Goodnight, Oblivion. And remember: I hope you like being my little pony, because the training is only going to get tougher. Bye!'

'OOOHHHEEE!'

Chapter 5

Lydia opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling above her head. She yawned and stretched her arms above her head, so they bonked against the wooden wall behind her. She was extremely comfortable, underneath her warm blankets and a

soft fluffy pillow underneath her head. But alas, her horse Bunker would need her attention. She smiled as she thought of her good equine friend. Her best buddy. And also, Oblivion waited for her. Her smile became even wider as she thought of all the plans she had for him.

She climbed off the top bunk bed and quickly got dressed. All the other girls were already in the living room, preparing breakfast and packing the duffle bags. The troop was moving out again, to the new cabin higher up in the mountains. She grabbed a bite to eat and went into the bathroom, where she filled a bucket with cold soapy water. She found a large sponge and she dropped it in the bucket. Then she went outside, the chilly air feeling good on her face. From the door she saw the small herd of horses and she spotted Bunker. Her brown horse saw her too and he trotted over to the fence to greet her. She quickly walked over and scratched the side of his face.

'Good morning, big boy.' She whispered as she buried her face against his cheek. 'How are you?' Bunker whinnied softly and his nose began to search her hands for treats. Lydia laughed and she stepped back. 'Not yet, Bunker. After we ride today, you'll have deserved your treats.' Bunker looked slightly disappointed, but he seemed to understand her. She turned around and walked to the shed.

Oblivion was still asleep. His head couldn't lean against anything, as it was held up by the collar and the leather helmet on his head. She wasn't happy with the helmet, she decided. It was time for a nice short mane. Plenty of time to grow it longer.

She slapped his thigh with her riding crop and Oblivion awoke with a yelp of pain. His eyes shot over to see her in his limited view, and she smiled. His eyes were full of fear and humiliation. She felt him begging: Please have mercy, please. But she knew that if she kept pushing him, he would eventually break and surrender to her. Only when he would do exactly what she demanded of him, he would know mercy. Probably.

She unlocked the padlock at the back of his collar and helped him off the wooden beam. The ankle cuffs she left locked together for the moment as she planned on

changing his outfit a bit. But first she needed to finish her daily inspection. She placed the tip of her crop underneath his chin, and she saw him tremble slightly. A feeling of ultimate power, she thought, and her smile turned into a big grin. She checked his entire body over. When she got to the plug, she heard him whimper in his gag. No doubt he wanted it gone. Removed. But she wanted him to stay plugged. He needed to stretch, she decided. There were many toys she was planning on using, so he needed to get used to it. She pulled the plug, and a groan of discomfort escaped his throat.

'Having fun?' she heard behind her and she turned her head. Vanya, Suzan and Mary were standing behind her, all dressed in their matching equine uniform.

'A little bit,' she laughed, and she got back on her feet. 'What are you up to?'

'We were planning on getting the horses ready. The rest is cleaning up the house and getting everything ready to leave. Do you need any help?'

'Maybe for a bit.' Lydia nodded.

'I'll help.' Vanya volunteered and she stepped forward.

'Okay, then we'll make sure that your horses are ready as well.' Suzan continued. 'Have fun with Oblivion!'

'Could you hold his bridle and keep him in place?' Lydia asked. 'I'm going to clean him, and he is probably going to make a fuzz.'

'Don't worry.' Vanya replied and she yanked Oblivion's bridle forward. The pony almost fell over as his ankles were still locked together, but he managed to awkwardly bend over and stay on his hooved feet. Lydia began to wash his torso and groin with the cold water. Most of it washed over the leather harness, but she was fairly pleased with her job. She washed out his tail and polished his leather boots. After about thirty minutes she was done, and she slapped him on his exposed buttocks. He yelped again and struggled vainly against Vanya's grip. She told Vanya to let him stand upwards again and clicked the bit out of the

bridle. Then she unscrewed the plug in his mouth from the bit gag and sealed in the dildo with a few strips of duct tape. Oblivion blinked uncertainly with his eyes as she unlocked all the bridle straps and began to loosen them. and finally, she pulled the bridle of his head. She immediately removed the leather helmet as well and ran her hands through his sweaty hair. She then produced a shaving set and began to meticulously shave the sides of his head. Oblivion sobbed as his locks of hair fell on the ground. She gave him a broad mohawk over his entire head and combed his longish hair until it resembled a horse's mane.

'That looks so cool.' Vanya said as she held him in place by his bound arms.

'I would have liked it a bit longer, but it'll do for now. I might give him some cute braids later.' Lydia smiled and she tapped Oblivion's cheek. He could only stare helplessly as she locked the bridle around his head again. She took care that his mane fell over the side of his head, covering some of the straps. Then, she ripped the tape of his mouth and attached the plug to the bit again, before locking it deep in his mouth.

As Vanya grabbed the pony's bridle again, Lydia went into the shed where she had stashed all her bondage equipment. She glanced over all the wicked items her sponsor had given her, before she found the large pile of leather she was looking for. When she came outside, she saw Vanya play with Oblivion's chastity cage. Oblivion groaned in renewed humiliation but was of course powerless to stop her.

'You're not really one for the carrot, are you?' Vanya asked with a wink.

'Nope, the stick will do just fine for this one.' Lydia replied with a laugh. She unfolded the leather bag and threw it over the fence next to her. She then proceeded and slowly unlocking and unbuckling Oblivion's bound arms and the bags around his hands. Moans of relief could be heard as she checked his arms for damage the strict bondage might have done, but she was glad that it didn't. Her sponsor knew quality, that's for sure! She saw Oblivion try to move his arms, but the days of bondage had rendered his arms useless, and she calmly began to clean them with the sponge. When she was finished, she brought over the leather arm binder and shoved his arms deep into it. The top of the binder was locked to

the leather straps at his shoulders, keeping his arms completely covered. She then began to slowly lace it up. She pulled every lace as tight as she could, before moving on to the next one. As she finally arrived at the top of the arm binder, his elbows were already touching. She still went over all the laces a second time, to make absolutely sure that there was no give in any of them. A leather flap was zipped over the laces and the zipper was locked to his collar. Then half a dozen straps were locked around his wrists, his lower arms, above and below his elbows and two just underneath his shoulder blades. As with every other strap, these were padlocked, and the arm binder was secured to his harness.

'That looks severe...' Vanya nodded approvingly.

'It is, but the arm binder is also heavily padded. So, it will be much more comfortable than before.' Lydia answered and she grabbed his leash. 'Let's get him watered and fed and show his new look to the rest of the girls!'

The caravan slowly went their way through the forest, two horses side by side. Lydia was riding next to Beatrice, and they were chatting away. However, every so often, she would look back and check how Oblivion was doing. He was breathing heavily into his gag and beads of sweat were dripping in his eyes. But for the most part, she was satisfied with how he was doing. The leather bag that was strapped to his harness was now filled with all his tack and weighed about a hundred pounds, but he seemed to be able to carry it, albeit with some difficulty. His hoof boots were not giving him as much trouble as before, but he needed more correction, she noticed. And she was also impressed how he was coping with the eight-inch dildo up his ass. Not an easy thing to do! She tugged the leash that connected her saddle to his collar, and he looked up at her with pleading eyes. She smiled and turned back, before continuing the conversation with Beatrice.

Eventually, the group arrived at a small clearing where the path was heading through the ford of a river. Not too deep, about a meter or so, but it was quite wide. The girls climbed out of their saddles and unpacked their lunch. The horses were led to the river so they could have a drink and graze some grass. Lydia started hobbling Oblivion's feet when her phone rang. She fished it out of her pocket and saw the blocked number. However, she immediately knew who it was.

'Sorry guys, I have to take this. Can anyone keep an eye on Oblivion for me for a second?'

'I will.' Mary replied and Lydia handed her the reins. Then she walked a few meters into the forest, before pressing the green button.

'Hello?'

...

'I'm okay, how are you?'

...

'Everything went swimmingly. He hardly resisted at first and when he did, it was already too late.'

...

'Ha! I'm having the time of my life!'

...

'Of course. I completely agree with you. We had to step in, take care of it. It's best for everyone. Well, not everyone, but with a lot of discipline and training, he'll be a good little pony and it will be bearable, I think.'

...

'The gear is absolutely fantastic. Thanks again. I've had so much fun dressing him in it. And I can't wait to use all the other items I haven't used yet. Especially the "plunger". It is too severe for now, but before the trip is over, he'll be used, I promise you that.'

...

'Don't worry. Everyone is delighted with our newest member of the troop.' Lydia looked over her shoulder as she heard some commotion coming from the clearing. Through the trees, she saw Mary and Kaitlin laughing as they used their riding crops to force Oblivion to trot around the clearing. Every time he slowed down or mis stepped, he received a stinging slap on his buttocks.

'They are training him as we speak. It won't be long or he's a perfect little pony boy.'

...

'Indeed. Well, I must go. Oblivion will need to be watered before we continue our trip. Give me a call in a few days. I might have a few more updates.'

...

'I will. Thanks! Bye!'

Lydia put her phone in her pocket and walked leisurely back to the clearing. She waited patiently until Mary and Kaitlin to complete another lap and as they brought Oblivion to a hold in front of her, she could hear him panting and snorting into his gag.

'Good job, Oblivion. Good boy.' She said as she clapped her hands. She produced a sugar cube which found its way past the bit into his mouth. She then inspected his bruised buttocks, but while the bruising was quite heavy, it wasn't anything to worry about yet.

'STAND.' She barked and gestured with her own riding crop. Oblivion's terrified eyes became even wider, and he stood stock still. Lydia rummaged around in his pack and found the butt plug she was looking for. It was slightly shorter than the one that was currently inside him, although it was a fair bit wider. And as with the first plug he had worn, this one was also hollow. She loosened the crotch straps,

felt between his buttocks and found the base of the plug, which she slightly twisted, and the air escaped. Oblivion couldn't suppress a soft moan as the pressure on his bowels became more bearable. She slowly removed the plug and applied some more lube to his ass and the new one. Then she forced it into his butt, ignoring his squeals. When it was firmly in place, she redid the crotch straps, so the plug wouldn't slip out. And lastly, she brushed his tail back in place. It covered up the plug nicely, she mused as she stepped back, observing her pony boy. Her eyes appreciated the longish mohawk on his head, surrounded by the straps, before moving down to the thick arm binder. She shook it a bit, making him grunt in his gag. And at last, she looked down at the magnificent hoof boots. They were covered in mud and dirt, but she would hose him down when they arrived at their destination. She grabbed his leash and bound its end to a tree branch, before locking his ankle cuffs together.

'Alright girls,' she shouted as she clapped her hands again. 'Let's have lunch!'

'Finally!' Mindy exclaimed as they turned the corner and saw in the twilight the five small huts appear in front of them. They were set into the cliff's edge, three sides made of wood and the other of natural stone. A small waterfall came down from the top of the cliff and the stream it fell into led down the path they were riding on. A little to the left, there was another wooden building, much bigger than the huts. The girls steered their horses towards the bigger building. Lydia sat on her horse and waited patiently for the others to lead their horses into the stable. As Alice appeared from the stable block Lydia dismounted as well.

'Alice, could you watch Oblivion for a moment? I'll put Bunker away and take him off your hands.'

'No problem. I'll even hose him down for you.' Alice replied cheerful and she unclipped the leash from the back of Bunker's saddle. Lydia watched as Alice dragged him over to the garden hose that was curled up at the corner of the building. She then led Bunker inside and removed all his gear, rubbed him down gently and fed him a generous portion.

'You were great today.' She smiled as Bunker enthusiastically pushed his nose into the trough. She turned around and left, closing the bottom part of the door as she stepped outside the box. She quickly walked outside. Alice was watching with an amused smile on her face, whilst Oblivion was in the midst of a bowel movement. His eyes were shut in humiliation as his lack of control was obvious to both girls. Lydia laughed and walked over as Oblivion finished his business. She took the leash from Alice and yanked down his head, forcing him to bow deep.

'Can you clean his tail end as well, please?' Alice nodded and she squirted a bit of cold water into the hollow plug. Oblivion squealed and tried to get away, but Lydia kept him firmly under control. When Alice was done, she allowed him to straighten up again and clicked her tongue.

She led him into an empty box and locked his leash to a ring in the wall. Then she removed the bag of gear and stashed it into the corner. She saw his exhausted legs tremble slightly, but he didn't dare to sit down. That was good. He had found obedience and respect for his owner.

'I'm proud of you, Oblivion.' She began slowly. 'It was a tough day for you, walking all those hours with that weight on your back. But you managed it and for that, I'll give you another chance to stop this. Another 'Double or Nothing' for you. And it's going to be a pleasant one for you, even if you lose.' She pulled a small key from her pocket and with a fluent motion, unlocked the padlock that kept his chastity cage in place. His penis immediately jumped to attention as she pulled the catheter from his urethra. Lydia laughed again as Oblivion's face became red once again.

'Right, here is your challenge.' She continued as she put on white latex gloves. 'I'm going to give you the best hand job you'll ever get in your life. But, if you refrain from...going over the edge, let's say, you'll win the challenge. I'll give you half an hour. Only thirty minutes you'll need to control yourself. But if you spill anything, you'll lose. Understood?' Oblivion grunted, which she took for a yes. She switched on the timer on her phone and placed it so Oblivion could see the countdown clock. Then she began, nothing too quickly, but slow and steady. Minute after minute passed and still, he hadn't lost control. But there was plenty of time, Lydia

decided, and she continued her pace. She watched as Oblivion's face, though obstructed by the many leather straps, became more and more hopeful. He thought he was going to make it. But he didn't have a chance. Lydia knew what she was doing and expertly massaged him until the white goo began to leak on the floor.

'Oh no. Oblivion. What happened there?' she asked sweetly as his face turned from hope to horror. 'You know what that means, do you?' A guttural scream escaped his throat as she quickly replaced the catheter and the chastity device and locked the padlock back in place. He collapsed on the floor and began sobbing again, but she decided that he needed a bit of rest. The leash was too short to reach the door anyway. She got up and pulled the gloves from her hands, before strolling out of the box. She closed both parts of the door and flipped a switch, turning off the light inside the box. She then left the stable and walked through the darkness towards one of the huts. As she opened the door, Beatrice was busy setting up the bunk beds and cooking a small dinner. She smiled as Lydia stepped inside.

'How did it go? Did he...?'

'No, he didn't. I milked him until he lost control, but he didn't get to enjoy a climax, let's say. As long as he is my pony, he will be kept in complete and total abstinence.' Lydia explained with a big grin on her face.

'That...that's so wicked!' Beatrice exclaimed.

'I know.'

'I absolutely love it!'

Chapter 6

Oliver screamed in his gag as a flurry of painful swats on his buttocks woke him up. His eyes shot upwards, and he saw Vanya standing over him, a riding crop in her hand.

'UP!' she barked, and she hit him again. Oliver struggled to get back on his feet, as his legs still felt like they were made of jelly after being on his feet for days. But as Vanya kept hitting him with the riding crop, he managed to get awkwardly to his feet. She immediately yanked his leash, forcing him to stumble forward.

'STAND!' she yelled, and he quickly straightened up, his head staring at the wooden beams at the ceiling. He didn't dare to move, even as he felt her hands moving up and down his body, checking his bindings. He even managed to stay still as she played with his locked penis, though a gasp of air still escaped his bitted mouth.

When she finished her inspection, she unlocked the chain leash from the wall and threw it over the wooden roof beam. She then padlocked it again to his collar, making sure that he kept on his feet. She also hobbled those feet. When it was impossible for him to move more than a few centimeters, she stepped from his field of vision and went behind him. He could hear her rummaging around in what he presumed was the leather bag. He instantly became scared. Every item that had been produced was more terrible and degrading than the last. Even though he knew it wasn't any good, he still tried to free his arms from the thick arm binder that kept them so uselessly on his back. But Vanya stepped back into view, holding a small leather bag with a series of straps attached to it, in her hands. She held it open for him to look into it and Oliver saw an unpleasant looking sludge in the bottom of the bag. Vanya brought it up to his face and as she strapped it firmly over his nose and mouth, he realized what it was. It was a nose bag! He was going to be fed like a real horse! As he groaned in renewed humiliation, he felt another slap on his thigh.

'EAT.' Vanya barked. Under her watchful eye, Oliver tried to get some food in his mouth. At first the bit in his mouth, combined with the large dildo, made it

impossible. But he found that if he moved his torso and head from side to side, the liquid in the bag would slosh over his mouth and trickle into his throat. Even this was easier said than done, as the high collar kept his head firmly in position, but slowly but surely, the bland tasting sludge found its way into his mouth.

Oliver was panting heavily as he swallowed the last drops of his food. It was everywhere, in his nose, mouth and all over his lower face, but the bag was empty. He looked to his left and watched Vanya, casually scrolling on her phone. She didn't even notice that he was finished. Oliver closed his eyes and in his thoughts, he saw Cindy. Why aren't you here? Please save me from them. Please come. Get me out of here, out of the grip of these crazy girls. Please, please, please come. I can't take it anymore. I can't-

SWAT

'AAAAEEEEEE!!!' Oliver yelled and his eyes shot open again. Vanya waved her riding crop in front of him as a new painful welt was added to his thigh. She removed the feeding bag, yanked the chain leash as she unlocked it from the beam and dragged him from the stable box, into the central corridor. As he followed his new handler along the corridor, he spotted a small buggy, partly hidden underneath some tarp at the end. It had four wheels but only space for two people. From the front of the buggy, two wooden poles protruded outwards, in between which Oliver was carefully positioned. He knew what was coming, but he didn't dare to protest. Because even though he hated and loathed all the girls, Vanya was the one that scared him the most. So, she strapped the wooden poles to his harness without trouble. But then she started to loosen the straps that held the bridle tightly around his face. She unclipped the dildo from the bit and pulled both from his mouth, leaving his face completely free. It was heaven to have no pressure on his head and Oliver moaned softly as Vanya ran her fingers through his brutally cut hair, brushing it to one side. For a moment he thought of speaking, of begging to be set free. But he knew that it was useless. Of all the girls, Vanya would definitely not let him go. He would only be whipped, or worse. So, he kept his mouth shut as she walked back along the corridor to the stable box he had been in. She quickly returned with an ominous looking item in her hands. When she unfolded it, Oliver saw a thick leather hood. It was heavily padded, with only

two small nostril holes and a mouth hole. The whole cart creaked as he instinctively tried to avoid the hood, but Vanya managed to pull it over his head anyway.

He was plunged into total blackness. As Vanya pulled the laces at the back tighter and tighter, all the light and noise that had been around him disappeared. Oliver shook his head as wildly as he could, trying to get it off. But he had no chance, as he felt her hands all over his face. She was pulling something over his hooded head and suddenly, he felt the bit and tongue port being shoved back into his mouth. He tried to yell as all the bridle straps were pulled as tight as they were before, securing the bit firmly in his mouth. He felt a pair of reins being attached to the sides of his bit and pulled over his shoulders backwards. The buggy shook briefly as someone climbed on, but then another person climbed on as well. And even though it was heavily muffled, and he couldn't hear what they were saying, Oliver recognized Kaitlin's voice. He waited fearfully, not knowing what would happen next to him. But the girls on the buggy seemed to be just chatting to each other. Then, suddenly, a painful stroke hit him on the side, causing him to scream loudly. He instinctively tried to step forward in an effort to avoid the whip, but pressure of the reins dragged his head backwards, causing him to stop. A few seconds he stood still, then the reins were loosened and brought down on his shoulders, while a second whip lash told him to start moving. He dug his hooved feet into the ground and with some effort, managed to get the buggy rolling. And in a slow trot, he pulled it out of the stable door, onto the muddy road.

In his dark and silent world, Oliver had to fight off waves of panic. The claustrophobic feeling of not being able to see or hear anything, didn't help. He was forced to trust Vanya and Kaitlin to steer him in the right direction. But how could he trust the girls who had bound, gagged and plugged him so severely? Who treated him like something less than an animal? Who punished him severely for even the slightest mistakes? And yet he had no other choice. The painful bit in his mouth was his guide: if it pulled to the left, he went left. If it pulled to the right, he went right. Mindlessly following the direction it told him to go. Like the animal he was forced to be.

The buggy was quite heavy, but once it was moving, it was quite easy to keep it going. The road was also quite flat so at least he didn't have to pull it uphill. The major problem was the road itself. His hoove boots sunk down into the sticky mud and he had to pull them out with every step he took. Before long, he could feel his entire back was covered in a thin layer of mud and dirty water. But the whip was merciless, and the girls didn't give him a moment to rest, and so he kept going.

All sense of time was lost to Oliver. He could have been running for a few minutes, and hour or even days, he couldn't tell anymore. Sweat was pouring down his torso and the hood became unbearably hot and stinky. The nostril holes didn't provide as much air as he required, making him take short snorts of breath. He even sounded like a horse, he thought bitterly. However, his thoughts were cut short as the bit dug painfully into the sides of his mouth and the tongue port jabbed him in the back of the throat. He coughed as he slowed down, trying to relief the pressure in his mouth. Only when he stood completely still, did the girls release the reins. The boy could feel the buggy shake as the climbed off and he could hear faint talking as they got closer. When they stood next to him, even with the heavy padding all around his head, he could understand what they were saying.

'...her last birthday, to celebrate that she was allowed to drink alcohol, her father gave her six bottles of Krug champagne from 1928.' Said Vanya.

'Oh my. Cindy has all the luck. A wealthy family, a beautiful house, a cute boyfriend...' Kaitlin replied. 'I mean, our parents are not doing so badly for themselves either.' Both girls laughed and Oliver could feel hands over his face, pulling the straps of his bridle. He sighed as the bit was loosened a little and a bottle was brought up to his lips. The cold water felt amazing as it poured down his throat. As he was drinking another hand released the clamp on his catheter and he peed immediately.

'Oblivion is a good boy, isn't he Kaitlin?' Vanya laughed. 'He must be so happy with all the attention we are giving him.'

'He must be. Look down there. It's straining in its cage. He's definitely enjoying this.'

'AAAAEEEE. OOOHHHEEEEE.' Oliver protested and he tried to shake his head. He was absolutely not enjoying any of the things they were doing to him. He blushed underneath his hood. How could his own body betray him?

'Oh look, he must have heard us.' Vanya said menacingly. A second later, Oliver yelped in his gag as a severe flogging started raining down. For five minutes, even though it felt like a century to him, Vanya flogged his rear, thighs, and upper legs. Only when he was sobbing heavily did she stop.

'No. Human. Understanding.' She hissed in his ear as she pulled the bit firmly back in place. Oliver whimpered fearfully, but she left him alone after that.

'Okay, let's hobble his legs and go for a swim.'

'Skinny dip?'

'Let's do it. Oblivion won't be able to enjoy the view anyway!'

The darkness was crushing down on him, the silence was overwhelming. But Oliver was unable to do anything about it. And as he stood there, tired, and sore, his mind started to drift. It was as if it just switched off. No thoughts, just mindlessly waiting to be taken somewhere again. So, he let the darkness of the hood wash over him. It made the aches and pains of his body all the clearer. He twitched his arms slightly, as much as the arm binder allowed. Even though they were forced in this unnatural position, they didn't hurt as much as they did before. Just a dull aching as they stayed packed away in their thick leather prison, uselessly behind his back. His legs did hurt. Partly because his feet were crushed inside the points of the hoof boots and also held in an en-pointe position that before a few days ago, he had never even attempted before. He longed to sit down, to rest his legs for just a moment. But he knew that if he sat down, or even moved without permission, he would have to bear the consequences. And he was too afraid what those consequences would be. So, he stayed standing, his

sightless head proudly raised to the sky. Held in place by the stiff leather posture collar. He would love to move his head a bit, to try and get rid of the cramps in his neck. He hated that collar, almost as much as the bit in his mouth. That simple rubber bar that held dominion over him. They only had to pull the ends and he would dutifully follow, without any choice.

Rumbling in his stomach snapped Oliver out of his state. Oh no. he knew what was going to happen. He tried to squat a bit, to try and keep it from splashing against his legs. Instinctively, he tried to stop it from leaving, but the large plug in his rectum didn't give him that option. The semi solid sludge fell on the ground as his bowels expelled their content. He groaned in humiliation. He had no control over his own body anymore. All he had to do, was to follow and obey, either to his body's wishes, or those of his captors. And as the stream that flowed from the hollow plug lessened, he began to sob again.

A hand was placed on his hooded head, causing him to startle. For a split second, he hoped that someone had found him, that could set him free. But he heard the familiar voices of Vanya and Kaitlin as the hand ran over the back of his head, testing the tightness of the lacing.

'Why did you hood him, Vanya?'

'I wanted to teach him that the reins are the way to be communicating with him. He doesn't need eyes or ears, he just needs to trust his owners.'

'I see. Okay, do you want to go back? It's getting quite late already.' Oliver felt the hobble chain between his ankles was removed.

'Well, we still have a couple of hours of daylight. You okay with taking a detour to Callahan's Rock? I would love to see it in the light of the sunset. It's only two hours extra.'

'Fine by me. I haven't been up there in ages. I always had...' the voices faded, and the cart rocked as the girls climbed back on. The reins were pulled tight and

flicked his shoulders. He didn't wait for the whip to find his flesh. He pulled with all his might and the buggy began to roll again.

Oliver sobbed as his collar was again locked to the stable wall. He was perched on another plank that was protruding from the wall. It dug painfully in his groin and pushed his butt plug deeper inside his bowels. But that discomfort didn't register with him. It was the fact that he had lost the challenge. Again.

It was so simple. As they returned to the campground, Vanya had led him back into the stables. Or at least that's where he thought they were. The thick hood was still laced tightly over his face. Vanya locked his leash to the ceiling, as she had done in the morning as well. And then she explained the challenge. The feeding bag was once again strapped over his face, filled with the tasteless muck. He had only to finish eating before she came back from her own dinner and he would have won. So, he frantically washed the liquid over his bitten mouth, trying to inhale the food at record speed. But before he had finished half of it, Vanya had announced her return by hitting his buttocks with her riding crop. She gleefully explained that he had lost and not only was he going to stay as a horse, but she was also going to leave the hood on him. He begged her not to do this. That he would listen and perform as the horse they wanted him to be. But it was useless. As the padlock clicked, he heard retreating footsteps and the faint creaking of the stable door. Again, he had lost. Again, he didn't escape the terrible fate he was currently forced into. And again, he knew that he couldn't escape that fate, not until Cindy could help him, or one of the girls would slip up.

Chapter 7

Oliver slowly opened his eyes but saw nothing. The darkness inside was all around him and a musky smell of leather penetrated his nostrils. In a panic, Oliver began to trash violently against his restraints, but he only managed to constrict his throat with the leather collar. He coughed and grunted as he slowly calmed down. Partly because the lack of air, and partly because he remembered the hood that was still laced tightly around his head. He moaned in his gag and weakly tried to shake his head and try to get the blasted hood off. But the padlock at the back of his collar didn't allow him much movement. Eventually he gave up and just

waited. Waited to be released from this bondage and taken to the next degrading activity. And there was nothing he could do to stop it.

They say that if you are blindfolded long enough, your other senses will become more sensitive. Oliver found that this was absolutely true. Even though the hood was thick and padded at the ears, he was still able to hear some sounds. Someone laughing loudly, a noisy whinny of one of the horses or the clapping of their hooves on the concrete floor: all penetrated the thick leather of the hood, albeit in a severely diminished form. Also his sense of touch was severely more sensitive. During the day, he wouldn't even notice the huge amount of drool that leaked from his bitted mouth. But now, he felt every drop that fell from his chin down onto his chest. Involuntarily, he tried to bring his hands forward to clean it off. But the padded arm binder did its job and kept his arms securely behind his back. Frustrated, he rested his head against the wooden wall behind him and listened for any indication of someone approaching him.

It felt like a year had passed before he heard the footsteps, but someone had entered his box. Immediately his feeling of dread had returned. What were they going to do to him now? What humiliating, degrading and vile things had they planned for him? He felt hands on the back of his head, unlocking the padlock that kept him perched on the beam. Then, they helped him slowly get off it. The padlock between his ankles was also removed and replaced with a short hobble chain. Then, the hands returned to the back of his collar. Something very heavy was locked to it. A chain, if the sound of clanking was anything to go by. Oliver mumbled confused into his gag as the other end of the chain was raised, but not lowered again. It must have been locked back to the wall, he thought. Then, another bag was strapped over his nose and mouth and the musky smell told him that it was feeding time again. Obediently, he began to shake his head and the mush started to seep into his mouth. Whilst he was doing that, the hands fondled his locked penis and opened the valve that kept the catheter closed. Immediately, his bladder released the pent up pressure and he peed until the valve was closed again. By that time, the feeding bag was also empty and it was swiftly removed. Oliver waited impatiently for the hands to start removing the leather hood. But nothing seemed to happen, at least not for a few minutes. Then, the hands returned and they began to strap something to his harness. Something heavy. It

felt like the training bag he had been forced to carry during the previous day. It was at least as heavy as before, maybe even heavier. He braced himself and the harness did a good job dividing the weight evenly over his body. The hands moved away, and Oliver could hear, very faintly, the creaking of the wooden door. She was leaving, he thought in shock. He moaned loudly in his gag and tried to step forward, but the chain on his collar snapped taut, momentarily choking him. As he was coughing, he heard nothing. The door must have closed, and he was alone again, with only the darkness to keep him company.

'Oliver, look.' Nathan gave him a poke. Oliver looked up from the coffee he was making, and he saw a stunning looking girl entering the coffee shop. Her long blonde hair lay braided down over her left shoulder and a cheeky smile played on her lips. She had had a mischievous sparkle in her green eyes and as she entered the queue at the counter, she winked at him.

'She's back again? That's what, the third time today?' Oliver whispered to Nathan next to him.

'Must be.'

'She must really like our coffee.'

'For someone who is studying Computer Engineering at Uni, you are a bloody idiot, mate.' Nathan snorted. 'It is clear she's not here for coffee.' Oliver looked up questioningly, but Nathan just laughed and walked away.

Eventually, it was the girl's turn. Oliver looked up sheepishly but tried to stay professional.

'Hi, welcome. What can I get you?'

'Well...I would like...' the girl began studying the menu above his head, clearly stalling for time. Oliver waited patiently and tried not to stare.

'I don't really know. What do you suggest?' she eventually said.

'Well, do you prefer your coffee with or without milk?'

'I do like a bit of milk in my coffee.'

'Okay, I'll make you something, you tell me if you like it.'

'That looks delicious.' The girl nodded approvingly when Oliver pushed the cup in front of her.

'Thank you. It's called a Café Cortado.'

'Ah yes, and the coffee looks alright too.' The girl said with a mischievous wink as she handed him a banknote. Oliver felt his cheeks blush furiously and he rushed to the till to get her the change. However, as he tried to hand her the coins, she refused.

'That's for you. For your great service.'

'But... that's the same amount as the coffee cost...' he muttered surprised.

'Well, it looks like a great coffee.' She laughed and she grabbed the cup and walked away. But then she turned around again.

'What is your name?'

'I-I'm Oliver.'

'Nice to meet you, Oliver. I'm Cindy.'

Oliver's thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a loud whinny, somewhere in the stable block. But nothing happened and eventually he allowed himself to calm down a bit. Nothing else to do, apart from waiting for one of his captors to come.

Slowly he shuffled around on his hoove boots, trying to avoid his legs cramping up because of the increased weight on his back. It was weird, he mused. Before this week, the highest heeled shoes he had ever worn were his formal shoes when he went with Cindy to that fundraiser her father had held. But now, his feet were forced in this unnatural position 24/7 for about a week, and they only ached slightly. Mind you, they had hurt the first few days, but now, it was just a dull discomfort. The same was true for his arms. Packed away so uselessly behind his back, they now only twitched slightly against the leather bonds that held them there. He hoped that there wouldn't be any permanent damage when he was released at the end of the trip. The end of the trip. There was nothing he longed more for. Finally free from this tormented existence. He would tell Cindy what her so called "friends" had done to him, how awfully they had treated him. And she would destroy them, he was sure of it. And as he dreamed about all the things he would do to them, Oliver nodded off into a standing slumber.

They exited the car and walked around the large fountain in the middle of the drive up to the mansion. Multiple people, all dressed in expensive tuxedo's and dresses, walked along them up to the entrance, where they were greeted by the doormen.

'Good evening, miss Richardson. How are we this evening?'

'Good evening Anton.' Cindy replied to the doorman. 'I'm good. How is the wife?'

'She's doing well, miss. Thank you for asking. Your father and brother are waiting in the conservatory, and your mother is entertaining her guests in the parlor.'

'Thank you Anton. We'll go and see them.' and both of them walked inside.

The house was enormous. The hallway felt like the nave of a church, with a massive stairway leading up to the upper levels. From here, multiple doors let to other chambers in the house, and everywhere there were guests milling around. A string quartet was playing a beautiful tune at the bottom of the stairs and a small army of waiters were handing out drinks and canapés.

'Come, let's us meet my father and brother first. Mum is going to be very busy anyway, but we'll manage to speak to her before the night is out.' Cindy laughed and she pulled him through the crowd.

'I have to say, I'm a bit nervous.' Oliver muttered softly.

'Why? It's just a party my father is throwing. And I promise they won't bite. Much.' She said with a wink.

'It's not that. It is just...'

'Just tell me. I promise I won't laugh.'

'I'm just not used to all this sparkling and beauty. My father has never thrown a party, let alone such a big one. I just feel like I...'

'...that you don't belong here?' Cindy asked and Oliver nodded. 'Hey.' She whispered softly and raised his chin so they looked in each other's eyes. 'You might not be used to all this, but I rather be with you than all these stupid pompous idiots.' she gestured to the crowd. 'And besides, You are used to sparkles and beauty: you're my boyfriend.' And she stuck her tongue out in jest. Oliver laughed, his anxiety disappearing rapidly.

'Come on. Father and Ben are waiting.'

'...weather is terrible today, isn't it?' Oliver heard someone say as he woke from his slumber. He mumbled in his gag and prayed they would come in and remove that blasted hood. Or even the bag strapped to his harness, which was becoming heavier and heavier with every minute.

'I know, tomorrow it should improve though. Just in time for Oblivion's...' and the voices ebbed away. Oliver screamed frustrated in his bit and stomped his hooved foot, but nobody came back.

He kept slowly moving in endless circles through the tiny box. Partly to keep his legs from cramping up, partly because the hobble chain didn't allow him to make larger steps. Still, with every step, he felt the large plug in his ass move around inside him. But the feeling of arousal was swiftly cut short by the chastity device. Oliver groaned in desperation, and he tried desperately to focus on something else. But locked in complete darkness and with his other senses severely muffled, this was easier said than done. With incredible effort, he managed to distract himself by remembering another time he'd spend with Cindy's father and brother.

BANG

BANG

BANG

The three discs exploded high in the air and mister Richardson lowered his weapon. He opened his shotgun and in a clearly practiced move, pulled out the shells and inserted two new shells.

'Good shot, mister Richardson.' Oliver said as he and Ben removed their earplugs.

'Thank you Oliver. I have been practicing.' Mister Richardson laughed and he handed the weapon to the shooting assistant. 'Come on Ben, you turn and then we'll have a short break so they can set up the new round.' Ben nodded and raised the barrel of his shotgun high up into the air. For a second he waited. Then, in a fluent motion, he moved and pulled the trigger.

BANG

BANG

BANG

Two discs exploded, whilst the third fell onto the ground. Ben cursed loudly and smacked his gun down on the table in front of him.

'BEN.' Mister Richardson said angrily. 'How many times do I have to tell you? Be careful with your gun. You never know if and when it will go off.'

'I'm sorry dad.' Ben replied but the furious look in his eyes didn't fade.

'Don't be sorry. Just don't do it.' Mister Richardson said sternly, before calming down a bit. 'Come on, lets drink a cup of coffee.' All three of them walked over to another table, where a thermos flask was waiting for them.

'So tell me more about yourself, Oliver.' Mister Richardson said as he handed Oliver a cup. 'You said your father works in construction?'

'He does, mister Richardson. He is a foreman and in charge of the pouring of cement on the building sites.'

'hmm. Interesting.' Ben nodded. 'And you help him on these building sites?'

'Well, I help mostly with the paperwork. He's not good with computers. But sometimes he needs an extra pair of hands and I help out wherever I can.'

'Good for you. It will probably help with your desire to become an engineer.'

'Not really. I'm studying Computer Engineering, so it has little to do with building. But it is nice to work there and get your hands dirty.'

'I can imagine.' Mister Richardson said with a smile. 'It has been a long time since the last time I got my hands dirty.' He gestured to the shooting range. 'shall we continue?'

Suddenly, Oliver's exhausted legs gave out and he slumped down on the floor. Luckily for him, the floor was heavily padded with straw and wood shavings, so the impact didn't hurt his knees as much as it could have. He managed to prop

himself up against one of the walls and he just lay there moaning. His tired legs throbbing and aching.

After what felt like days, Oliver flinched as a pair of hands suddenly touched him. He had been lost in his own thoughts. The hands removed the heavy bag, which was a major blessing, and he was dragged back onto his feet. His legs were still very tired, but the decrease of weight that they had to carry was a massive relief. A feeding bag was once again strapped over his face. After being fed only twice a day for the last few days, he reckoned that it must be evening. Had he really spent an entire day blindfolded and hooded? The valve was opened again, and he was able to relief his full bladder. Then, the hands guided him backwards, until he felt a wooden plank between his legs and softly bumped his head against the wall. He moaned pleadingly in his gag, as he knew what would follow. His collar was pulled taut and locked against the wall, followed by the ankle cuffs. Then, a hand softly stroked his leather encased head.

'Poor Oblivion.' The voice of Lydia spoke tauntingly. 'If only you would have stayed a bit longer on your hooves today. Not only would I have removed your hood, but you would also have completed the challenge that set you free. But now...' Oliver screamed in frustration and rage, but the deluge of straps and locks reduced his ferocious struggling to another failed attempt to escape. The hand was removed, and he was alone in his dark and silent world.

Chapter 8

The sound of muffled voices woke Oliver from his semi slumber. At first, he panicked again slightly as he thought he lost his vision, but after a brief struggle he remembered the thick hood that was still over his head. He tried to take as much air through the nostril holes as possible as he slowly calmed down and waited for the girls to release him from his nightly bondage. And as he felt hands at the back of his collar, fumbling with the padlock that kept him pinned on the wooden plank, he could hear what they were saying.

'So, you are going back to India after this?' the voice of Lydia asked.

'Unfortunately yes. The school year is over and in autumn I'll start at my new sales position in my father's company.' The voice of Vanya replied.

'Do you like going back home, then?'

'Well, I do miss my father and mother. But I have had an amazing time here. Especially now.' And a hand stroked Oliver's leather encased face. 'And how were your days with Bunker? Did you have a good ride?'

'Yes, it was great! We went all the way to Mortagh's Fall yesterday and climbed a bit of the trail there. It's absolutely beautiful up there. You should go as well, before we leave.'

'No worries, me and Beatrice are going up there today.'

'And how was your ride with Oblivion, Vanya? I see that you gave him a few good slaps?' said Lydia's voice.

'Well, as he couldn't see or hear anything, I figured he needed to be kept on a short leash, so as to prevent him from hurting himself.'

'That's as may be, but look at his buttocks. Turning them red and painful is one thing, to keep him focused and obedient, but this black and blue is a bit too far, don't you think?'

'I know, I know. I got a bit carried away. I'll get the lotion.' He winced as two hands rubbed over his bruised buttocks, but the cooling sensation felt wonderful. As a whimper escaped his lips, he felt other hands loosening and then removing the bridle. They also unstrapped the bit gag, but left it in his mouth. He could easily spit it out, but he didn't dare. What would they do to him if he did that? A small notion of human understanding and he would be beaten severely! What would an obvious sign of disobedience get him?

The laces of the hood were loosened and then the hood was pulled off his head. A gush of old sweat poured down his face and with his tired eyes he saw Lydia in front of him. She smiled sweetly and brought a yellow sponge up to his face. His entire head was washed quite roughly but it felt amazing after over two days in the hot and sweaty hood. Then the bridle was strapped back over his head and the bit pulled deep into his mouth. Then Lydia began to unlock the straps that connected the arm binder to the harness around his body. As she was done, her and Vanya began to loosen the straps of the harness and eventually even removed it completely. Lydia clipped a leash to his collar and took him outside, where she hosed him down with a garden hose. Oliver squealed as the cold water washed over him, but Lydia made sure to target every inch of his body. When she felt that he was clean enough, she strapped a feeding bag over his face, allowing him to eat. It was slightly easier for him to eat his mush, but it still was painfully slow. Once he gulped down the last bit of his food, she pulled him back inside.

As they returned to the stable box, Oliver saw that Vanya was still there. But now, she was holding up what looked like a leather vest, with five leather straps were positioned on either side.

'That feels heavy.' Vanya said as she shook it.

'Probably because it is reinforced with steel bones.' Lydia replied as she handed the leash to Vanya. 'Hobble his legs and keep him in position, I'll put him in his new corset.'

Oliver panicked when he heard the word "corset". He tried to step back, but Vanya yanked him forward and as he stumbled to the middle of the box, she handily hobbled his hooved feet. Then she threw the leash over one of the beams above them and pulled, forcing Oliver to stare helplessly at the ceiling. He felt the leather corset slip around his waist and as the laces and straps were tightened, more and more air was pushed out of his lungs. Instinctively, he straightened his back, trying to find some room within the restrictive garment. But that was his mistake, as it allowed Lydia to pull the straps even tighter. The straps and laces were covered with leather flaps and Vanya locked them in place with tiny padlocks. A leather strap covered his sternum and connected the corset to his

posture collar, as did a strap between his shoulder blades. Oliver's face was tear stained as the girls brought over the harness and locked it back onto his body. He could no longer bent over. He could only stand up, his spine straight as an arrow and his head raised up high by the posture collar.

'That's better,' Lydia said as she locked his arm binder back to the harness. 'A position that all pony boys should keep.'

'Agreed.' Vanya nodded. 'They shouldn't need to look down at their hooves. They should only look straight ahead, towards wherever their owner would lead them.'

'Well thanks for your help Vanya. I can take it from here.'

'No problem. I'll see you tonight at the field. Have fun with teaching Oblivion his performance.'

Lydia clipped another leash to Oliver's collar and began to drag him outside. At first he tried to struggle again, even though he knew it would be in vain. The alien feeling and restricting pressure of the corset on his torso made him buck and fight against his overkill of restraints. And as it had done since he was forced into them, his bonds easily kept him subdued. He snorted and grunted as he slowly calmed down slightly and he tried to focus on his breathing, which was now a lot more labored.

Another yank to his collar snapped him out of his thoughts and he realized that they had reached the small corral behind the stable block. Suzan sat high upon her horse, stroking his flank, and whispering in his ear. Alice stood on the side with a large portable speaker next to her. She looked up from her phone and waved as Lydia and Oliver stepped into the corral. Lydia clipped his reins to a nearby post and walked over to Alice.

'Morning. Are we ready to go?'

'Yes, everything is set up.' Alice replied.

'You're ready as well Suzan?'

'I was born ready.' She said and winked at Oliver.

'Right then. Let's begin.' Lydia exclaimed and she pressed a button on the speaker. Some classical music Oliver didn't recognize began playing loudly. Lydia and Alice began talking amongst themselves, so Oliver watched as Suzan began her performance. Oliver recognized the moves as dressage, which he had seen on the telly with Cindy a few times. This dressage performance was a bit different, as Suzan shouted the commands loudly, so everyone could hear them clearly. Suzan's horse was clearly no beginner, as he seemed to perform every move to her satisfaction. And after a minute, the music and the horse stopped at the same time. Lydia and Alice clapped, and Suzan and the horse bowed slightly, making them laugh. Then, the music started again, and Suzan began shouting her commands. Twice more she performed the same show in front of Oliver, who began to feel slightly confused. Why was he watching this? But then, after the third time the music had stopped, he saw Lydia walk over and the dread that had escaped him for a moment returned with a bang.

'Now let's begin Oblivion's training.' Lydia said as she unlocked his reins, before handing them to Suzan. Suzan smiled sweetly at Oliver, then she pulled him to the center of the corral as Alice led Suzan's horse back to the stable block. Lydia walked back to the speaker and the music began to play again.

'SIDE PASS!' Suzan bellowed, but Oliver didn't move. He had no idea what they wanted from him.

TWACK!

'EEEEAAAHHHH!!' the whip bit in his flesh again, making him hop on his booted feet. The music stopped and began anew.

'SIDEPASS!!' Suzan yelled impatiently. But again, Oliver didn't know what was expected of him. He pleaded with his eyes for mercy, but the whip was raised again.

TWACK

TWACK

'OOOH EEAHH!' he screamed as the whip hit its mark. He sobbed and tried to move away from Suzan, but she yanked his reins and kept him firmly under her control.

'SIDEPASS!' she yelled for a third time. And in a flash of inspiration, and desperation, Oliver remembered the first move the horse had made, when it was dancing to the music. He awkwardly tried to emulate the exact move, but it didn't look anywhere near it. But Suzan seemed to be satisfied for the moment, as no more strikes with the whip followed his movement. The music was started again and again the same command. Oliver tried to emulate the movement as best as he could, but he was whipped again. Over and over the command was shouted, and over and over did he try his best to obey. And eventually, after about an hour, Suzan was satisfied. Oliver was a mess, drool and snot ran down his face and his eyes were puffy and red.

'He finally got it.' Lydia shouted from the sideline.

'About time. We only have seven more hours before he has to perform.' Suzan replied. 'Start the music again, we are going to try the next move.' Indeed, after the sidepass, she shouted 'PIAFFE!' but this time Oliver knew what was expected of him and he tried to perform like the horse had done. However, it took another fifty minutes before Suzan was content with his efforts. He was given a few minutes to catch his breath before they started again.

Hour after hour they trained. It was so tedious and mind-numbing for Oliver to perform every step a thousand times, after a while he was just blindly following orders. No thoughts, just listening to the rein and whip. Only a few minutes break in between the mastering of the latest dance move would earn him some respite. However, as they finally finished the song, they would immediately start again

from the beginning. And as the sun started to go down, he was wheezing in his bit gag.

'Well done, Suzan. I think he has finally gotten it into his thick pony skull.' Lydia shouted.

'I mean, his dressage moves are still sluggish and crude. Nothing like the elegance of a normal horse.' Suzan sneered and she yanked him closer by the reins. 'It will do for now.' She brought him over to the fence and tied his reins to it. Lydia tied another feeding bag over his face. Reluctantly, he began moving his head around to slosh the bland liquid into his mouth. The two girls kept chit chatting to each other, completely ignoring him.

'Right. I'm going in.' Suzan said after a while. 'I'm going to have a shower, before telling the rest of the girls what's going to happen tonight.'

'Cool. I'll see you in a bit.' Lydia replied. She dug out her phone and began scrolling and the next few minutes were silent, apart from the slurping coming from Oliver's mouth.

RING

RING

RING

Oliver looked startled at Lydia, who was staring intensely at her ringing phone. Then, she looked up with a strange look in her eyes. And slowly, she brought the phone to her ear.

'Hello?'

...

Oh. Hi Cindy.' Oliver stood like frozen for a moment. He couldn't believe it. His way out of this hell, only a few feet away! And he began struggling furiously against his bonds, shouting as loudly as he could.

'EEEEEH!!! AAAAAHHHH!!!'

...

'That noise? Oh, that's nothing. One of the horses has gotten unruly, so he's playing up. I'm trying to teach him to calm down and stay quiet, but he's still playing dumb. Anyway, how is your time at home? Is everything alright?'

'Oh, that is good to hear.'

'I understand. Will you still be able to join us at some point?'

'I see. No, I totally understand. It would be bad if you left now.'

'Indeed. And don't you worry about your spot in the team. This is not your fault, so will figure something out.'

'I'll say hi to Oliver as well.'

'Ah you got Mary's text? Yes, he has dropped his phone in the river. That's why he wasn't answering the last few days.'

'Yes, and to the girls as well. Give my regards to your mum and your brother. Okay, see you later Cindy! Bye!' and with a flourish, Lydia switched off her phone. Oliver groaned in frustration and desperation. He had failed. Once again, he had failed to find his way out of this terrible pony prison. But then he saw the furious look on Lydia's face and he was filled with dread. What had he done?

Night had fallen over the field. Oliver had been left alone and tied to the fence for what felt like hours. The exhaustion, both physically and mentally, made him doze off a few times. He was quite surprised, as before he was a very light sleeper. But now he was able to sleep standing up, even without a supporting beam between his legs. But as he started to doze off again, he heard a commotion. And from behind the stable block, the group of girls walked over to the field. Laughing and chatting, they climbed onto the wooden fence and sat down on top. Whilst the racket continued, Lydia untied the reins and pulled him over to the center of the field, where Suzan was waiting for him.

'There we go.' Lydia said as she handed the reins to Suzan. 'Listen up pony boy. Your new challenge begins now. Suzan has taught you to become an adequate dressage pony boy. Whilst there is a lot left to be improved, we'll have to do with what we got. The rest of the girls don't know the challenge, only that they will have to indicate approval-' she gave a thumbs up 'or disapproval-' she gave a thumbs down 'at the end of your performance. If you manage to impress the majority of us to approve of your dressage attempt, I'll set you free. Right away. But if not...' she didn't finish her sentence. They both knew. Lydia smiled and walked over to find herself a spot on the fence. And then, the music began.

Sweat poured down Oliver's head as the last notes of the music ebbed away. His buttocks throbbed and ached after Suzan had to forcefully "correct" him during his performance. He was sure the dance move was the same as he had done countless times before, but she had disagreed with that opinion. As he panted in his bit, he watched the girls on the fence, giving him a raucous applause. Unable to look away due to the corset and collar and held firmly in place by Suzan, he could only watch as Lydia walked towards them.

'Alright girls. What do you think? Did I promise you a show?' Vanya cheered and the rest laughed.

'Okay, now it is time to vote. Those of you who thought the performance of Oblivion deserved your approval, give him a thumbs up.' Oliver saw that Alice, Patricia, Beatrice and Kaitlin gave him a big thumbs up.

'Right then, and those who thought the performance deserves your disapproval, give a thumbs down.' The hands of Mindy, Suzan, Vanya and Mary held their thumbs down. It was a tie. Oliver looked confused, but then he realized who had not voted. Slowly, Lydia turned around, a wicked smile on her face. He groaned and begged her with his eyes not to do it. But she slowly extended her hand, and gave him a thumbs down.

If he wasn't held high by his leash, he would have dropped to his knees. A wail of desperation escaped his bitted mouth and fresh tears ran down his bridled face. He vaguely heard Suzan explain what had happened if the approval had had the majority and now all the laughing girls gave him a mocking thumbs down. And as the crowd began to disperse, a hard yank on his leash told him to follow Lydia back to the stable block. She almost dragged him along, the collar choking him as he desperately tried to keep up with her. As they reached his box, she pulled him inside and threw a line of rope over one of the roof beams. One end she tied to a D ring on the tip of the leather arm binder and then began to pull on the other end. When Oliver stood in an uncomfortable 90 degree angle, she tied off the rope and produced a long stick, which she locked between his ankle cuffs. Then, a savage caning began. Every welt was aimed, perfectly hitting his exposed buttocks and thighs. After each hit, she would wait until he stopped yelling, so he would always feel the full blow of the next. Oliver first yelled, then screamed, then begged and at last just sobbed as the blows kept coming. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he heard her walk away. He weakly struggled, hoping to escape before she would come back. But it was useless. The bonds held him firm.

Lydia still hadn't returned, and Oliver slowly calmed down a bit. His buttocks felt like they were on fire, and the cruel position he was held in became more uncomfortable by the minute, but with taking deep breathes, he found a way to manage it. But then, the door of the box creaked, and Lydia stepped inside. And in her hands, she held something. Something long, black, and enormous looking. Oliver looked in horror as she brought it closer to him. It was another hollow butt plug. But it was huge, almost eleven inches. And it was fashioned to be as realistic to a horse's penis as possible. Oliver moaned pleadingly as Lydia disappeared from view and he could feel her loosening the crotch strap. She yanked the old plug free, forcing Oliver to squeal in his gag. But the squealing turned into

renewed howling as the new plug was forced inside him. And just as he thought that he would split in half by the forceful insertion, the inward pressure stopped. The incredible full feeling remained as the crotch strap was replaced and locked. Lydia removed the stick and allowed him to stand straight again. She pulled him over to the beam he would be perched upon for the night. Oliver winced with every step he took, the plug still uncomfortably huge. She locked him in place for the night and immediately left. She hadn't spoken to him at all since the dressage. He didn't deserve to be spoken to. He was a beast. And she was certainly not.

Chapter 9

Oliver jolted awake when a bright light streamed over his face. He blinked uncertainly with his eyes as a figure appeared in the golden light streaming through the open door. But after a few moments his eyes were accustomed to the brightness after the long hours in complete darkness. He watched fearfully as Lydia walked up to him. Without saying a word, she reached behind his head and unlocked the padlock. She pulled him off the plank that was his "bed" and she opened the catheter, so he could relief his full bladder. When he was done peeing, she closed of the valve again and began inspecting him, checking his new butt plug, his hoove boots, and his bridle, which she unlocked to yank the straps even tighter around his head before locking them back into place. She also replaced the bit with a large O gag, forcing his jaws wide apart and she removed the tail from his plug. Just as she was shaking his arm binder to check if it was still tight enough, Mindy came walking into the box.

'Morning!' she exclaimed. 'How is our pony doing today?'

'Well, the caning he got yesterday made him a bit more obedient, as did his new butt plug. So, there is still hope for him.'

'Ah. Does our little mare enjoy being filled by her big stallion dick, then?' Mindy cooed into his ear, whilst rubbing the crotch strap. Oliver couldn't help letting a soft groan escape his open mouth as the huge plug moved around inside him. Both girls simply giggled at his blushing humiliation and continued their work.

Lydia filled up his feeding bag with the slob. But this time, Mindy added a few drops from a bottle she had produced from her pocket. It was then strapped over his face, and he quickly began to eat. The O gag made it much easier to eat and he had emptied the bag in record time. If only he had been gagged the same way a few days ago, he thought bitterly as the girls removed the feeding bag. Mindy walked around him, unlocked the arm binder from his harness and connected something to the tip of it. Oliver grunted in surprise as his arms were raised up, until they were pointing towards the ceiling. Lydia clipped another ceiling chain to the back of his harness, giving him some support as his torso was now held horizontal. Mindy clipped a short chain to his collar and the other end she locked to the top of his hoof boots, keeping his legs slightly uncomfortably bend. Oliver wheezed through his o gag as the corset now constricted him even more. But then he felt them attaching something to the base of his butt plug. He looked back through his legs and saw Lydia clip a long plastic tube to it, whilst Mindy, who had left the box for a moment, came back with a large rubber bag. He could hear sloshing as she moved the bag and suddenly became quite frightened. Oh no. Please no.

'How long before your diuretic drops start to work?' Lydia asked Mindy, whilst she clipped the tube to the back.

'About a minute or so. It should all be ready.' She replied as she hung the bag down from the roof beam. 'Okay, all set. A nice two pint enema to clean Oblivion out. What do you want? Leaking or gushing?'

'Erhm...let's do leaking. He has been a good pony this morning, so I don't want to give him too much discomfort.' Mindy nodded and she opened the clamp on the tube slightly. Oliver could only look on helplessly as the liquid from the bag trickled through the tube and disappeared into his rear.

'It will take about an hour to fill him up and another hour to clean him out properly. Time enough to score some breakfast.' Mindy said as both girls walked to the door.

'You know a lot about giving enemas, Mindy. Any experience?' Lydia asked with a mischievous glint in her eyes.

'Well, let's just say that my aunt has been training a new "puppy", Ariel. She taught me the finer things of enemas, both for cleaning and for punishment. Did you know, that a human boy can retain...' Her sentence was cut short as the door was locked behind them, plunging the box into total darkness.

When Lydia stepped back into the box, Oliver barely reacted. He was too occupied with the burning sensation that had taken over his guts. Violent cramping had filled his bowels as the bag had finally finished emptying its content. He had never felt such an urge to empty his bowels before, but of course, that wasn't an option. He could only hang down in place and allow the agonizing cramps to fill him up.

Lydia walked around him, and he could feel her remove the tube. As soon as she did that, his gut expelled the foul water all over the stable box. Oliver groaned in relief as he was emptied out completely, whilst Lydia hosed his backside down.

'Good boy.' She whispered as she clipped his tail back in place and allowed him to stand up straight again. She locked his arm binder back to his harness and unlocked his ankles but stopped when her phone rang. She glanced at the screen, glanced at him, and walked out of the box to take the call.

'Hey Cindy.'

'I'm fine, how...' and her voice became unintelligible as she walked away. Oliver just stood there; his torso held straight by the cursed corset. A sudden itch on his leg made him raise his hoof boot to scratch it. And then he suddenly realized that he wasn't hobbled. He wasn't tethered to anything. And the door was still open. This was his chance! The chance he had been waiting for!

Slowly, to be as silently as possible, Oliver moved to the door. The plug moved uncomfortably around with every step he took, but he managed to keep his moaning down. He listened carefully, his heart pounding furiously in his chest. But

he could only hear Lydia speaking on the phone. On the left, he saw that the stable doors were ajar. He took a deep breath and bolted towards the sunlight.

'Son of a-' he heard Lydia scream behind him, but he didn't turn around. He flew out of the door, drool streaming down his face. he didn't see anyone in front of him. The coast was clear, and he rushed down the track they had come from a few days before. And whilst Lydia's shouts and curses followed him, Oliver reached the forest edge without trouble.

The sun stood high up into the sky above him. Sweat and drool were pouring down his body and his breathing came out in short, ragged snorts. Oliver had been running for the last few hours, driven on by his fear of capture. But now, as he followed the path along the creek, he suddenly felt exhausted. A break for a few minutes would be acceptable, he thought. He left the path and walked over to the creek. The feeling of the high grass felt great as he fell onto his knees in the mud. He tried to bend over to reach the water for a drink, but the tight corset held his spine straight as an arrow. He needed a drink though, and he was desperate, so he lay down on his belly and with a bit of wiggling, he managed to get his bitted mouth down to the water. It felt heavenly to drink the cold liquid and immediately he felt better. He dunked his head in to drench his grimy head, washing off the sweat and drool. It took him half an hour to get back up onto his feet, the many restraints not making it easy for him. From head to toe he was covered in mud, but he didn't care. He had wasted enough time, he thought, and he began running again.

Standing at the crossroad, Oliver's panic increased with every second. He wanted to follow the path back to the first cabin, from where he'd know how to get back to the stables. But he couldn't remember which way he needed to go now. All the paths seemed the same. But as he stood there, he suddenly heard the muffled thumping of hooves in the mud. His heart almost stopped there and then. In a frenzy, he looked around and saw a thick shrubbery next to the path. He just managed to get on his knees behind it before Vanya and Mary appeared. Oliver kept his head as low as he could, praying that he didn't leave any footprints in the mud.

'Right, the prints further back appeared to lead this way, but I don't see any fresh ones.' Vanya shouted.

'Too many tracks here. Almost all riders that go into these woods follow this path.' Mary answered. Through the bushes, Oliver saw a pair of black riding boots come his way. The dread and panic now closed of his throat. This was it. They would come around the bushes and find him. But then, a phone rang, and the boots stopped in their tracks.

'Hello?'

...

'Hi Lydia. We're at the crossroad near the fallen oak. We're deciding which way to go.'

...

'I think so too. He's not used to the forests, so he'll probably try to reach the previous cabin.'

...

'I know. Okay. We'll do that then and meet up with Alice and Mindy. If we're lucky, we find him before he has even reached the cabin.'

...

'Perfect. We'll meet up at the new cabin in the evening. Okay. See you there. Bye.'

The phone beeped and Mary shouted:

'Vanya, come back to your horse. We're going to the cabin!'

'On my way.' Vanya answered and the black boots retreated through the bushes. The clanking of the horses' tack rang through the trees and then the thumping of

the hooves returned. Oliver pressed his head into the muddy ground and let his breath escape. How lucky he had been. Carefully, in fear of them coming back, he got back onto his feet. No way he was taking the right track to the cabin now. He would have to follow the road on the left and hope it would lead to civilization.

Oliver's heart sang in joy as the forest opened up and he spotted a road through the trees. Finally, some luck, he thought. And not a moment too soon. The sky began to color gold and red as the sun was quite far in its descent. His hoove boots gave off a strange sound as they hit the asphalt of the road. Oliver looked around and he tried to decide which was the quickest way to a town or farmhouse. He felt slightly embarrassed about how people would perceive him. A near naked boy, heavily bound up and gagged. But it was the only way to get away from the girls that had broken him down to the level of an animal. That had beaten and debased him for their own amusement. So, he began to walk, towards freedom.

The road kept winding and winding through the trees, with no end in sight. Oliver was exhausted after a day running and the huge amount of bondage didn't help. A warm summer's night had fallen already and the darkness around him made it hard to see where he was going, as there was almost no moonlight to help him see. Then, on the sight of the road, he spotted a small hillock on the side of the road. It would give him some shelter at least. He left the road and dropped to his knees on the side of the hillock. He curled up as much as he could, before immediately dropping off into a deep sleep.

'What is it, Kevin?' a voice asked. Oliver's eyes immediately shot open. He saw two figures hanging over him, with a larger figure further back.

'I think...I think it is that boy we teased back at the riding school.' The figure on the left said. Oliver blinked rapidly with his eyes and the figures above him became the three guys that had indeed made fun of him, dressed in equestrian

uniforms of their own. They hoisted him back onto his feet and Oliver stood uneven on his hoove boots.

'What has happened to you?' the guy on the right asked as he walked around Oliver. 'How on earth did you get yourself trapped in this?'

'Ohee. OOOHHHEEE.' Oliver protested into his bit and he stomped his foot. Did this idiot really think he would put himself into this bondage hell willingly?

'I mean...it is quite remarkable, don't you think Darren?' the one still in front of him, said. 'Look at the strictness of the bonds. He must really be into this bondage stuff, don't you think?'

'I'd say so, Kevin.' Darren answered from behind Oliver. 'He even has a tail stuck in his ass.' Oliver wanted to protest, but the guy in front of him. grabbed his posture collar and pulled Oliver towards him. He grabbed something that dangled from the front of the collar.

'Ah he has an ID. He is called Oblivion, apparently.' Oliver whimpered fearfully. Please let them help me, he thought. I can't do this on my own. Please help me, he tried to beg with his eyes. Then, Kevin laughed and patted Oliver on the head.

'I'm sorry boy. We're just teasing you. You are clearly lost and in need of help. We'll take you back to your home. Don't you worry about that.' Oliver felt so relieved, he felt lightheaded. whimpers of gratitude escaped through his O gag.

'It is a shame that we can't remove some of these padlocked bonds.' Darren said as he ran his hands over Oliver's arm binder. 'They seem very tight.' Oliver nodded as best he could, and Darren walked back around him and towards his horse.

'Unfortunately, we can't have you riding on the back of our horses. If you'd fall off, you'd definitely break your neck. So, you'll have to walk behind us, I'm afraid.' Kevin said. He turned around to the black guy, still on horseback.

'Adam, throw me a spare rein, would you please?' Adam obliged and Kevin caught the long rein mid-air.

'Now, I am going to clip this to your collar and the other end to my saddle. I don't want you fall behind, lose sight of us and get lost all over again, okay?' Oliver really didn't want to be tied to the saddle again. It felt so demeaning and humiliating. But he saw that Kevin was adamant about it, so he grunted consent. The rein was clipped, and Kevin carefully led him to the back of his horse. He tied the rein to his saddle and climbed back into it.

'There we go.' He said, turning around in his saddle. 'don't worry, Oblivion. We'll ride slowly.'

The journey back was tough for Oliver, even though the three guys rode slowly as they promised. It was warm and humid and sweat poured down his face, into his bitted mouth. His body ached from sleeping rough and the tight bonds didn't help much. The three riders in front of him ignored him completely. They were chatting softly, making it hard for him to hear what they were saying. Every so often, one of them would look back at him, seemingly to check if he was still there. But they didn't say anything to him or recognize his existence. It made Oliver feel slightly uncomfortable. Why were they being so distant? But he pushed those thoughts away. When they reached civilization, they would release him and this awful, despicable week would be over.

After they had followed the road for a few hours, they veered off onto another dirt track. And after another hour, with the sun almost reaching its zenith, a small, fast flowing river appeared in front of them. The three guys climbed out of the saddle and tied the reins to a few thin trees. Oliver's leash was removed, and he was brought over to the river, where Kevin poured some refreshing cold water into his open mouth, which felt heavenly to the sweat covered Oliver.

'It is damn hot today.' Adam sighed as he mopped his brow with the sleeve of his shirt.

'Let's go for a swim.' Darren suggested.

'Sounds like a great idea.' Kevin nodded and the three guys quickly stripped naked. They jumped into the water, leaving Oliver behind on the shore.

After a few minutes, Kevin climbed back onto dry land and beckoned Oliver over.

'Do you want to go for a swim as well?' he asked. Oliver nodded quickly, but he knew he couldn't swim with all the bondage equipment he was wearing. Kevin walked over to the horses and came back with the rein, which he clipped to Oliver's collar.

'Now I can drag you back if the current sweeps you away.' He said with a wink. He led Oliver into the water until the river came up to his waist. It felt amazing as the filth and grime of the last few days finally washed away, even though Oliver had to steady himself against the current. Kevin kept a close eye on him and supported him when he seemed to trip in his boots. And after twenty minutes in the river, three naked guys and a horse boy hybrid climbed back out of the water. Kevin, Darren, and Adam lay down in the long grass to dry up in the sunlight, whilst Oliver kneeled next to them, waiting patiently. Suddenly, Adam got up and walked over to Oliver. He grabbed him by the collar and forced him to look up at him.

'Are you thankful that we've found you, boy?' he asked softly. Oliver nodded quickly, suddenly fearful of the harsh tone Adam spoke in.

'Would you show your appreciation to us?' and Oliver nodded again. 'How? What would you do?'

'Ahheehhii. Ahheehhii huu haa.' Oliver said through his ring gag. Adam smiled, his white teeth a beautiful contrast against his dark skin.

'That's what I'd hoped you'd say.' He said and without warning, he pushed his large penis into Oliver's mouth. Oliver gagged and coughed wildly as his nose was buried between Adam's legs. Adam grabbed the bridle and began forcing Oliver's head up and down. Cries of humiliation filled the air as Oliver tried to

accommodate the massive cock, filling his mouth. After fifteen minutes, Adam threw his head back in a loud moan and shot his load into Oliver's open mouth. The boy retched and gagged as he tried to expel the sticky fluid, but Adam grabbed his head and forced him to look straight up. Gravity did its job perfectly and Oliver had no choice but to swallow the entire load. Adam wiped his penis clean on Oliver's face, smiled and pulled the sobbing boy over to Darren and Kevin.

'How was it?' Kevin asked lazily.

'Surprisingly good.' Adam replied and he handed Kevin the leash.

'Well, I must give it a try then.' Kevin said and he stood up, showing a horrified Oliver his sizable dick.

The sun was almost setting behind the horizon when the three riders arrived at the stud farm. The farm consisted of the main stables and buildings, with a large log cabin on the edge of the grounds. The three riders approached the log cabin, where Kevin dismounted and then knocked on the door. The door flew open, and Lydia stepped out.

'Hey you. What are you doing here?' she asked excited as she flew into his arms, where they shared a passionate kiss.

'How's your day been?' Kevin asked after they finished.

'Terrible.' Lydia sighed. 'As I told you yesterday, we lost Oblivion. The little bastard escaped. And after searching all day yesterday and today, we still haven't found him, and we don't know what to do. If someone finds him...'

'Well, I think someone did.'

'What do you mean?'

'Follow me.' Kevin said and he brought Lydia over to where Adam and Darren were still waiting.

'No way.' She exclaimed as she saw a frightened and struggling Oliver. Tears of defeat ran down his face as two familiar hands ran over his torso.

'It's him! It's really him! How did you find him?'

'Well, you are very lucky. We were riding back from Mclaughlin farm where we stayed the night. And when we took the Woodland Road, I spotted him, laying on the side of the road. You really need to keep an eye on him, Lydia. Horses bolt at the earliest opportunity.'

'I know. I will. I promise. And I'll teach this miserable pony a lesson he will never forget.'

TWACK

'AAAAEEEEHHHH'

TWACK

'AAAAHHHH'

TWACK

'OOOOHHH EEEEESSSSHHHH' Oliver howled as hard as he could, before quieting down into long sobs. He lay on his belly, strapped down onto a padded bench in the stable block. And over the last hour, Lydia had used a long thin cane to "tan his hide" as she called it. His ass and thighs were on fire and his throat was raw of all the screaming. But finally, FINALLY, she dropped the cane onto the floor and walked back in front of him. Oliver yelped when she grabbed his bridle and yanked his head up, so he could look into her furious eyes.

'Did you have fun the last few days, pony? Because tomorrow is going to be hell for you. I'll teach you the price of your failed escape attempt. Don't you understand yet? You are a pony. A dumb mindless beast who's only able to obey their master. So, I hope those few hours of freedom were worth it, because you're going to wish you had never escaped. And don't think I'm going to give you a 'double or nothing' today. Regard your failed attempt to escape as your daily challenge.' Then she left the room and switched off the light, leaving a miserable Oliver behind in the dark.

Chapter 10

Oliver yelled into his gag as he woke up by a stinging hit on his left thigh. He looked around wildly, struggling against the restraints that kept him firmly in place on the padded bench. Then Alice stepped into view, holding the same cane that Lydia had so viciously wielded before.

'Good morning, Oblivion. Did you have a good sleep?' she cooed at him. He whimpered pleadingly through the ring gag, but he saw on her face that mercy was not on her mind.

'Well, I say "morning". It is now midnight. You might remember that Lydia told you that the next day was going to be hell? So that means the entire day. Twenty-four hours.' Oliver's eyes went wide. Surely not? Surely not...

So, I'll tell you the rules, even though I'm not supposed to. What with you being a dumb beast and all. I just love the expression of dread in your eyes when you know what is going to happen. I'm going to start with your punishment.' And she waved the cane again. 'I have got two hours to tender your skin nice and red. After that, it is someone else's turn. You better strap in Oblivion, because this is probably going to be the worst day of your life.' And with that she walked back around him. Oliver tensed up in fearful anticipation of the cane. But the first hit on his right thigh still made him scream. As did the next. As did the one after that.

'Would you look at that? It is almost two o'clock already.' Alice said as she stoked Oliver's tear and sweat stained head. She leaned back and inspected his back, now covered in a mass of angry looking red welts.

'Well, I think I've done a pretty good job on you. I've spared as much of your ass as possible. Someone else will take care of that. Don't you worry about that.' She winked at him and walked towards the door of the small bare room he was being held in.

'Good luck today, Oblivion. You are definitely going to need it.' And then she was gone.

As he was alone for the time being, Oliver attempted another futile escape attempt. He had to escape. He just had to. If it was true what Alice had said...He desperately didn't want to find out what they further had in store for him. The caning had been bad enough: he wouldn't be able to sit down for a week! But he ceased his struggling as the door opened again and Adam came in, carrying a large wooden contraption. He didn't say anything but put the contraption down in front of Oliver. There was a small machine on top of the contraption, with a large steel rod pointing at Oliver's face. He then produced a leather strap, which he tied to the top of Oliver's bridle. The other end he tied to the back of Oliver's harness and shortened it, pulling back Oliver's head so that the boy's open mouth was perfectly aligned with the steel rod. Adam smiled, before producing a large rubber dildo from a bag he was carrying. This monster was about nine inches long and shaped like the real equine deal. He attached the dildo to the steel rod and pushed the contraption forward, so that the tip of the monster was resting inside Oliver's mouth. He then pushed a button and the machine sprung to life, pushing the dildo further and further inside. Oliver tried to stop the invasion of his mouth with his tongue, but the relentless pressure of the machine forced the plug all the way to the back of his mouth, filling it up completely. He coughed and retched as the dildo went even further down his throat. And just as he thought he was going to pass out from the lack of air, the dildo retracted, until only the tip was inside his mouth. It stayed there for a few seconds, before the machine pushed the dildo back in. And out. And in. And out. Whilst Adam stood there, scrolling on his phone, ignoring Oliver's pleading whimpers.

Finally, after what had felt like a century, Oliver saw Adam walk over to the machine and turned it off. He then moved the machine out of the way and stood in front of Oliver. He unzipped his trousers and pushed his own dick inside Oliver's mouth. Oliver groaned but after two hours of relentless deep throating the dildo, it was much easier to handle than before. Before long, Adam moaned loudly and Oliver felt spurt after spurt hit the back of his throat, forcing him to gobble it down. Slowly, Adam stepped back and zipped back up.

'Your gag reflex has diminished nicely, Oblivion.' He laughed. 'You'll thank me later, boy.' And with that, he picked up the contraption and left the room. But not before he detached the dildo, shoved it back into Oliver's mouth and clicked it into the ring gag, stifling Oliver's plaintive wails.

In the time he was left alone, Oliver tried to get accustomed to the long plug being held down his throat. It made breathing trickier, forcing him to take slow, deep breaths. And he had to keep relaxing his throat to stop himself from gagging. After a while he got the hang of it, but when the door opened and Vanya stepped in, the taste of bile that came up still made him gag. She carried the bag that held all the awful items they had used to bind and debase him. Oliver knew that whatever she had in store for him, it would make his life even more miserable. She dropped the bag on the floor and began loosening the straps that held him down on the padded bench. When she was done, she yanked him upwards and attached a leash to a rope dangling from the ceiling. First, she pulled out the dildo that was deep inside his mouth. Then, she walked over to the wall and pulled on the other end of the rope, hoisting him onto his tiptoes. When he could only look helplessly up at the wooden roof beams, he felt her loosening the straps around the arm binder. Then the laces became undone and finally, finally, she pulled the leather bag from his hands. It felt amazing to finally be free of the infernal binder and to feel the cool air on his arms again. For a second, he felt hopeful again, but that hope was immediately dashed as his hands were forced back into the leather mitts. When his hands were once again rendered useless, Vanya clipped two straps to the D ring on his wrists. She then pulled those over his shoulders, pulling his mitted hands towards his collar. When she was satisfied, she attached the straps to the front of harness he was wearing. She then bound

his arms tightly together with a padlock at the wrists and leather straps down his arms, holding his arms in place. The straps over his shoulders were removed and another arm binder followed, albeit shorter than the previous one. This one was pulled down to just above his elbows but was laced just as tightly. Even more straps were pulled around his arms and padlocked as well. Yet another leather bag was pulled over his bound arms. This was strapped to the part of the harness that ran around the back of his collared neck. Oliver moaned and grunted through the ring gag, protesting the severity of the position his arms were forced in. This was of course ignored by Vanya, who proceeded in unstrapping and removing the posture collar. Again, the feeling of freedom was short-lived, as the old collar was immediately replaced by another one. As the new posture collar was laced tightly around his neck, Oliver felt rubber protrusions, sticking out from the inside of the collar, pressing uncomfortably into his neck. It felt horrible and Oliver tried to shake his head and get it off, but the collar stayed on. Vanya attached more chains to the collar to keep him in place, before removing the bridle and pulled out the ring gag from his mouth. She tossed it aside, before diving back into the bag. But when she was doing that, the door opened.

'Hello Obli- Oh, sorry Vanya. I thought you were already gone.'

'Hi Mindy. You're early. Or have the two hours passed already?'

'I'm afraid they did.' Mindy laughed. 'Do you need long?'

'No, I'm almost done. I just need to install the "plunger" and then I'm finished.'

'What is the plunger?' Mindy asked curiously.

'It is one of my favorite items that the sponsor has given us. Its full name is a Plunger gag and was developed by a brilliant designer from Switzerland. I'll show you.' And Vanya pulled out a web of leather and steel. Another ring gag, even wider than before, was shoved into Oliver's mouth and the attached bridle was pulled tightly around his head. Two steel arches were attached to the side of the bridle, holding a curved equine dildo halfway into his mouth. On both sides of the dildo, there were steel rings, to which Vanya clipped a set of reins.

'Now watch this.' she said, and she slowly pulled on the reins. This forced the dildo deep into Oliver's throat. He retched and coughed, gasping for air, and instinctively stepping back to relief the pressure on his throat. As the pressure on the reins lessened, the dildo sprung back into the resting position, halfway into his mouth.

'That is so clever!' Mindy exclaimed and she pulled on the reins as well. Again, the dildo slid deep into his throat. As Oliver coughed and heaved again, Vanya patted his head.

'This is something Oblivion has to get used to as well, but it's a very effective training tool.' She smiled. 'Okay, I'm done. Have fun with Oblivion, Mindy!'

Oliver howled as another wave of cramps shot through his body. His bowels felt like they were on fire, and he had never felt so full in all his life. He just hoped, prayed even, that the two hours were almost up.

Mindy had started by strapping him back onto the padded bench. She clicked a long plastic tube to the base of the plug, which she attached to the rubber bag she had used before. The bag itself looked like it was ready to burst and as she hung it from the rope, liquid sloshed around inside. When she judged the height of the bag was high enough, she opened the valve at the bottom and let the liquid rush into Oliver. The boy squealed and moaned as he was filled up. When the last drops flowed into his bottom, Mindy clamped off the bag and removed the tube from the plug inside Oliver. She then leaned against the wall and waited, ignoring the pleading grunts that came from Oliver's mouth. After almost thirty minutes, she released the struggling boy from the bench. She pulled him over to a latrine that was dug into the ground, where she removed the plug. Before long, a very embarrassed Oliver couldn't hold it in any longer and released the stinking liquid from his bowels. Mindy waited patiently for him to finish, before cleaning him up a bit. Then she pulled him back to the padded bench and strapped him down again. The plug went back in, and the bag was refilled. This time though, she forced two full bags into Oliver, before letting him relief himself. Then the whole process repeated again, this time with three bags, followed by four bags of liquid.

She knew the pressure on his bowels was intense, but she also knew he would not suffer any permanent damage. So, after the last half hour was up, she removed the plug, leaving him bound on the bench. But before he could release the stream of liquid, she forced the eleven-inch tail plug back into his butt. Oliver yelled and trashed, but Mindy ignored him. She just walked over to the door and left him alone as the cramps raged through his filled-up insides.

Before long, Oliver saw the door open once again and Patricia entered. But he was too busy dealing with the horrible, bloated feeling inside his gut to pay much attention to her.

'Hello Oblivion.' She said with a wink as she pulled over a chair she had brought. 'How was the first part of your day of punishment?' Oliver moaned pleadingly at her, begging her to release the pressure in his bowels. But Patricia didn't notice, as she was busy unlocking the chastity device. She put on gloves as well and began slowly stroking his member.

'We've decided, as the good trainers that we are, that you have earned a little break.' She cooed in his ear. The feeling in his groin felt amazing, though the painful cramps overruled the enjoyment of it. Oliver kept struggling and groaning over the next thirty minutes, so much so that Patricia stopped.

'Oblivion, what is wrong boy?' she said as she inspected his body. Oliver mumbled in his gag as a loud gurgling sound was suddenly hearable. Patricia laughed and stroked his sweaty head.

'I see. Mindy has filled you up nicely, didn't she?' she unlocked him from the bench and pulled him over to the latrine, where he could finally get rid of the water. She also unclamped the catheter and allowed him to pee. When he was finished, she brought him back to the bench and strapped him back in place. She then continued the stroking of his cock. It felt so good, so amazing. Oliver could feel the pressure rising inside him, but this time it was the greatest feeling of anticipation. However, just before he reached an explosive climax, she stopped. Oliver protested into the dildo in his mouth and bucked against the restraints, as the amazing feeling slowly ebbed away.

'You didn't think I would let you shoot your load, did you boy?' Patricia asked teasingly. 'After that failed escape attempt? Vanya suggested to get you neutered as a punishment, but Lydia didn't want a gelding. Yet.' Oliver's eyes went wide with fear. Surely, they wouldn't do that... but then he realized what they'd already done to him, and he wasn't so sure after that.

Oliver sobbed and whimpered in frustration as Patricia stopped, just before he could release his load. He was so close, so incredibly close. But as the euphoric feeling ebbed away again, he felt the cold tightness of the chastity device, enclosing around his cock. A single tear rolled down his bridled face as the padlock clicked, rendering it useless once again. Patricia stroked his head softly for a moment, before getting up and leaving him behind. The door she left open and a few moments later, Beatrice arrived. In her hand, she held a large, wooden paddle.

Darren strolled down lazily along the buildings of the stud farm. It was a beautiful day, with the sun shining high above him in the clear blue sky. He would have loved to lay on the warm ground and enjoy the lovely weather, but he didn't have time to enjoy it: he had something else to do.

As he entered the small shed on the edge of the grounds, he could hear loud smacking noises, followed by howling yelps. He smiled, knowing exactly what was happening. He quickly descended down the stairs in the corner of the room and pushed open the door. A spectacular sight unfolded before him. A severely bound and gagged boy lay strapped down on a padded bench in the middle of the room. A big dildo rested halfway into his mouth. The pony boy cried out as the girl that stood behind him brought down a wooden paddle and smacked his bright red ass cheeks as hard as she could. To any outsider, this would have been a bewildering sight. But Darren just smiled and enjoyed the next few smacks.

'Beatrice?' he asked finally, and the girl looked up. 'I have to take Oblivion to his next punishment.'

'I see.' Beatrice panted and she straightened her back. 'I'll help you with the straps.' They quickly undid all the straps that held Oblivion down on the bench and Darren yanked the pony boy up on his feet by the collar. Oblivion coughed and sputtered as Darren attached a pair of reins to the sides of the plunger gag, pulling the pony boy forward. Slowly they went up the stairs and left the shed. Darren quickly hobbled the pony boy, forcing him to take small steps as they walked deeper into the forest.

After a few minutes, they arrived at a clearing. And in the center of the clearing, stood a steel pole on a tripod. From the top of the steel pole, a long metal arm extended outwards, and a steel chain dangled down from the end of the arm. Darren positioned Oblivion underneath the arm and clipped the chain to the pony boy's collar. He then walked to the pole and flicked a switch. The arm began to turn, making a wide circling motion. And Oblivion had no choice but to follow. Darren turned it up to a moderate speed, forcing the pony boy to trot. It wasn't long before sweat was pouring down Oblivion's face and torso as he ran in an endless circle. But Darren wasn't there to give him mercy. Every time the pony boy slowed down, he'd be hit with a riding crop. And as the minutes turned into an hour and then two, Oblivion was clearly exhausted. And when finally, Darren shut down the machine and released his collar, he collapsed on the ground.

'I see you've trained him well.' He heard behind him. As he turned around, he saw Kevin walked into the clearing, his hands nonchalantly in his pockets.

'Well, he needs to learn that he's to behave in front of his superiors.' Darren laughed. 'After all, he is just a stupid pony, isn't he?'

'Not stupid, just unfortunate.' Kevin answered. 'I'll take him back; you can clean up here.'

'Will do.' Darren said and he began to disassemble the pole and arm. Kevin walked over to Oblivion, who looked up pleadingly at him.

'On your feet, Oblivion.' Kevin ordered him and he grabbed the pony boy's collar to help him back up. He clipped a leash to the collar and led the pony boy back through the woods.

Oliver was brought back down to the basement underneath the shed. When they entered, he saw that the bench was moved to the side of the room, with a small cage taking its place. He lacked the strength to resist as Kevin opened the door and began to push him inside. He had to fold himself into a tight ball to fit, but eventually, Kevin was able to close the door and padlocked it shut. He then left the room and went upstairs.

The silence in the basement was total, apart from the clanking of the restraints when Oliver shuffled around in his cramped cage. But he didn't mind. It felt heavenly to be alone for a while. Nobody to berate or humiliate him. But as he lay there, he began to think about what Vanya had said. There was a sponsor, who had supplied all the items they had used on him. Someone who had orchestrated all these awful things he had to endure. But who? Who would do such a thing? And at that moment, a horrible feeling crept over him as a voice in his head whispered. Could it be someone who had left him behind, at the mercy of these demonic girls? Someone who had called a number of times, but never tried to reach him? Maybe just to check how his training was going? No, she wouldn't, he told himself. She was his girlfriend. She would never do such a thing. But where is she then, the voice in his head asked. Why is she not here, helping you? Oliver shook his head the best he could, and he let out a frustrated groan. Suddenly, a burst of anger shot through him, and he struggled like a man possessed against his restraints. He screamed in frustration and bucked violently, shaking the cage. But of course, it was useless. The bonds kept him securely trussed up and the cage was strong enough. He finally collapsed on the steel floor, sobbing and whimpering, until he drifted off into a deep sleep.

A kick against the cage woke Oliver up with a squeal. Through the bars of the cage, he saw Suzan standing over him. Beside her, several huge bags, filled to the brim with some sort of fluid, were hung from the ceiling. She pulled on the sides of the plunger gag, forcing it deep down his throat, before locking it in place. She clipped a tube to the first bag and the other end to the base of the plunger gag.

Without saying anything, she opened the valve, and the semi liquid began to run down the tube. Whilst that happened, she pushed two small plugs up his nostrils. Oliver began to panic, as his only airway was now blocked. Suzan reached through the bars and yanked his head up by his hair.

'Suck on that horsey dick in your mouth, stupid pony.' She hissed. 'If you finish your treat, I'll let you have a small breather before we continue.' Oliver quickly did as she said, gobbling down the salty goo as it filled his mouth. He thought he was going to pass out, but suddenly he breathed in some air through the tube. The bag was empty, but he kept sucking on the dildo, desperate to get some air into his lungs. As he calmed down a bit, he watched fearfully as Suzan pulled the tube of the first bag and clipped it onto the second.

'Round two, Pony boy.' She grinned, before opening the valve again.

Oliver raised his exhausted head as the door swung open again. He didn't even react as Lydia, dressed in a satin dressing gown, stepped into the room. He could only whimper into the plunger gag that was locked back into place, since the last four hours had drained him of the remaining strength he had. Kaitlin had spent her two hours whipping him senselessly and Mary had used a cattle prod to make him dance.

'Hello Oblivion.' Lydia said as she stood before him. 'I hope you have learned your lesson. No more foolish escapes, no more resistance. It will only result in more punishment. And you don't want to be punished anymore, do you?' Oliver whimpered softly into the gag as he hung his head down. He was broken. He just wanted to go to sleep. To sleep and when he woke up, he hoped and prayed it would be all over. But a caressing hand on his head brought him back to reality.

'It is now 10pm. So only two more hours of punishment, and then I'll bring you back to your stable box, give you some rest. But before we do that, I have one last surprise for you. I'm finally going to ride you.' And with that she dropped the dressing gown on the floor. Oliver's eyes grew wide once again. Lydia had a strap on clipped around her waist. But the size of the glistening dildo made him shudder in fear. This strap on was a 20-inch-long monster! Lydia walked around

him, yanked out the 11-inch tail plug and tossed it aside. And as she rammed the monster home, Oliver and his owner howled loudly in unison, though no one in the world could hear them.

Chapter 11

The early morning sun crept over the rooftops of the buildings as Lydia walked over the stud farm grounds towards a separate stable block. This is where they had stabled all their horses, to keep them out of the way from the workers on the farm. And of course, her own pony boy was hidden there as well, since nobody apart from their equestrian team knew what they were doing to him. Well, them and her sponsor, of course. She let her mind drift, to that first phone call. A distorted voice on the other end of the line, but after he explained what he had planned. she knew instantly that she would agree with him. And look how it turned out, she thought with a smile. Not a care in the world and the pony boy was hers. But the buzzing of her phone in her pocket brought her back from her musings.

'Speaking of the devil...' she muttered as she saw who was calling and she picked up her phone.

'Hi. How are you?'

As he was speaking, her face went from a grin to a look of horror and panic.

'She is coming back? How? When?'

'I thought you said that Cindy would stay with you!'

But that means we're fucked. If she comes here and asks where her boyfriend is...'

'Oh yeah. No problem. I'll just tell her that I've bound him to within an inch of his life and treated him like a pony slave. Yeah, she'll totally understand.'

Of course, I've hidden him. But she knows the stud farm like the back of her hand. If we tell her that he has disappeared, she'll turn this place inside out!

'Okay, Okay.' She took a deep breathe, before slowly letting the air escape. 'How long before you get here?'

'Right, we'll better get a move on. If you can delay your arrival time, please do. I'm going to get him hidden.' She ended the conversation and sprinted to the stable block, where she found Vanya and Beatrice, chatting cheerfully whilst they were brushing their horse's tails.

'...so I'm flying back to India next week. I've already packed up all my belongings I do not need anymore and- Oh hey Lydia. How's it going?'

'We have a problem.' Lydia replied, 'Cindy is coming.' Both Vanya and Beatrice looked at her in shock.

'Oh shit. What do we do?' Beatrice hissed in a panic. 'She's going to find out!'

'First we need to get Oblivion hidden. Cindy will definitely find him if he stays at the shed.'

'I'll take care of that. I'll hide him.' Vanya said.

'Good. Hide him in the old tack room. There is no way she'll go near there. None of us do and neither do the stable hands.' Lydia said and she handed Vanya a key. 'I pinched this a couple of years back from one of the stable hands. I sometimes switch my worn tack out for some stuff of theirs and they still haven't noticed.' Vanya nodded and she rushed off towards the shed where they had kept Oblivion for the last few days.

'And what do we do?' Beatrice asked Lydia.

'We need to round up everyone and think of something, since the original plan is not going to work.' Lydia replied. 'We meet in five minutes in front of the cabin.'

And both girls sprinted off to find the others. Within minutes, all were huddled together, trying to come up with some sort of plan.

'I think...I think I have an idea.' Alice said eventually, after many ideas had been brought up and shot down. 'What if we were having a party and he was quite drunk. He had gone outside and when we woke up, he hadn't returned.'

'That might just work, as long as we all tell the same story.' Lydia answered. She looked around the group. 'So that is the plan. When she gets here, Kaitlin, you tell her about "what had happened last night" and if she asks anyone of you, we'll back you up. We'll tell her that we have searched the farm and help her search the forest. Vanya is taking care of Oblivion, hiding him somewhere she'll never find him. So, if Cindy asks, Vanya is already looking for him in the forest. And once the coast is clear, we'll smuggle him to the stables at my home, where he can stay for the rest of his life.' As everyone nodded in approval, they heard some jingling behind them. When they turned around, they saw Vanya approach, with Oblivion's leash in her hands. His head was once again encased in a thick leather hood. It was laced so tightly, that they could see the contours of the plunger gag, filling his mouth.

'Okay, I'll be off.' Vanya said. 'I'll let you know when he's in place. He'll stay there until the coast is clear.' And with that, she yanked the leash, forcing Oblivion to stumble forward and they disappeared behind the stable block.

'Hey Cindy! That is a surprise to see you here.'

'Hi girls! Yes, my brother dropped me off here. We finally sorted out that whole financial mess my brother was in.' Cindy replied. 'So, thanks guys for keeping my boyfriend company. I hope he wasn't too much trouble.' And she laughed.

'Speaking of which: where is he?'

'Erhm Cindy...' Kaitlin began hesitantly. 'There is something you need. Oliver has disappeared.' Cindy's smile disappeared abruptly from her face.

'Disappeared. What do you mean?' she asked urgently, and she stepped forward.

'Well...Last night we were having a little party.' Mary continued. 'He had been drinking quite a lot and I heard him say he was going out for some fresh air. As we were also far from sober, we didn't notice he hadn't returned until about an hour ago. We have searched the entire stud grounds and we were about to go into the woods to see if he had gone there.' Cindy's face went pale for a moment, but a look of determination came quickly over her.

'Half of you go into the woods. The other half can help me search the farm again.' She said.

'But we have just finished looking there.' Beatrice protested.

'That might be so, but he is my boyfriend.' Cindy snapped at them. 'And I want to search the farm again. So, let's go!'

Cindy, Lydia, Mary and Alice searched the entirety of the stud grounds. They started at the stable block, before moving on to the barns, the storerooms, and the sheds. They even went down into the basement where Oblivion had been only an hour before. But now, only a few boxes greeted them. 'Cindy, this is madness.' Lydia said as she tried to keep up with Cindy as she marched back to the main part of the farm. 'I promise you that we have looked everywhere he could have gone around here, and he wasn't there!'

'Then you may join the rest in the woods, but I'm staying here until I'm certain that he is not here.' Cindy said firmly without looking back. She turned the corner of the living quarters and Lydia's heart sunk. She was walking directly in the direction of the old tack room. Oh no. No no no no.

'Cindy, he can't be in there. That room is always locked. And only farm staff has the keys.' Mary said quickly, whilst Lydia trying to remain calm as panic surged through her.

'True, but you said you had looked everywhere he could have gone. Now, I want to look where he shouldn't have gone.' And Cindy went over to a burly man, shoveling manure into a wheelbarrow.

'Excuse me. Do you have the key to the tack room?' Please say no, Lydia thought. Please, please say no...

'I do, but only stud farm employees are allowed in there.' The man said whilst leaning on his shovel.

'I know, but would you mind opening the door? I just want to have a quick look inside.'

'Why? Have you lost something?' the man grumbled, and Lydia watched in dismay as the man pulled a big ring of keys from his belt.

'Yes, my boyfriend has gone missing, and we are looking for him.'

'I'm sorry to hear that. Here, let me help you. ' The man's grumpy demeanor changed quickly and he went to unlock the door.

'Hmm, that's strange. The door is already unlocked. That's unusual.' He mumbled as he pushed against the wooden door. Lydia horror filled eyes looked on as the door inevitably swung open, creaking loudly as it did.

'I'm sorry miss, but as you can see there is no one here. Only dust and old saddles.'

'Thank you for your help. Can we look into the living quarters of the farm? I know that's normally locked as well, but I just want to make sure.'

'Sure, you can. I'll come with you to help looking.'

'Vanya here.'

'What? Lydia, what do you mean?'

'As we've discussed. I used the key you gave me and hid him in the tack room. Then I went into the forest.'

'Oh shit. I didn't lock the door properly?'

'Oh fuck. Has he gone?'

'Okay. Okay. Okay, let me think.' and she went silent for a moment. 'He must have gone into the woods. If he was found by one of the farm hands, you would have noticed by now. Contact the rest and tell them to search near the track to the lumber mill. I'll take the south track and the part near Fullborough's hill.'

Yes, and let Cindy take the lead. That way, she won't become suspicious. See you later.' And Vanya switched off her phone. She turned her horse towards the dirt track and began to slowly trot alongside it. However, within minutes, she heard a car approaching. And from around the corner, a pickup truck appeared, with a large steel crate in the back. She waited patiently for the car to stop next to her, and the driver's door opened.

'Hi Ben, how are you?' she said.

'I'm good, how are you?' he answered, slamming the door shut. 'Did they buy it?'

'Yes, they all believe he has escaped again.' Vanya said and both looked back behind the horse, where a heavily bound, gagged and blindfolded Oblivion waited for them.

'My, he looks even better than I was imagining.' Ben said with a grin. 'Even as I was selecting all the bondage items for him to wear, I didn't think he would look as good as he does now.'

'You are a terrible man, Ben.' Vanya said with a grin.

'What? You don't think I would let a boy like him get close with my sister and get away with it?' he answered laughing. Together, they walked over to the pony boy, so he could get a closer look.

'Can he hear us?' Ben asked as he ran his hands over all the buckles and locks that adorned Oblivion's body.

'No, I've double hooded him, so he is nice and alone in his quiet cocoon.' She answered. Oblivion grunted softly as Ben shook his arms, still held firm in their reverse prayer position. She looked on as Ben finished his inspection of the boy, before he stepped back.

'Okay, I think it's time to show my face.' he said with a smile. 'Then we'll get him in the crate and I'll bring him to the harbor. What time does the boat to Mumbai leave?'

'In about eight hours, so we have time aplenty to get him over there.'

'And then? When will he arrive?'

'In eighteen days or so. I will have time to get the heat off me, get my affairs here in order and take the plane back to India before I'm going to pick him up at the ports.' Vanya said with a cruel smile as she unbuckled the straps of the leather hood that crushed down on Oblivion's head. As she pulled it off, another rubber hood became visible, which she had to spend several minutes to loosen it enough to take it off. Oblivion's head was even more restrained, as there was a blindfold tightened over his eyes and the plunger gag was locked deep inside his mouth.

'He looks amazing.' Ben said approvingly as Vanya unlocked the blindfold. Oblivion whimpered confused into his gag, startled by the familiar voice he suddenly heard. As the blindfold was pulled away, he blinked against the bright sunlight. But as he recognized Ben, he began to struggle furiously against his restraints, whilst yelling into his gag. His eyes pleaded for mercy, for Ben to free him from this terrible situation. But Ben only laughed, and Oblivion's look of hopeful desperation turned into one of horror.

'Hello Oliver, or should I call you Oblivion? I see you have had a terrible week so far. My apologies for that. You see, I have been orchestrating this whole idea. I have bought all the tack that you are currently wearing, and I have kept Cindy away from here, so that Lydia could trick you into letting yourself be tied up. And the rest is, as they say, history.' Oblivion, his eyes now full of rage and fury, screamed in frustration. He tried to move towards Ben, but his hobble chain was as efficient as ever. Vanya quickly stepped forward and grabbed his bridle, shaking his head until he calmed down somewhat. She twisted his tail plug until he cried out in pain and stopped struggling.

'I can imagine that you want to know why. Why would I do such a thing to you? The thing is, is that it is nothing personal. You seem like a nice kid. But I don't want you near my sister. She is way above your pay grade, so to speak. I've tried to warn my father about you, to tell him that you could offer nothing of significance to her. But he wouldn't listen. And I know, this is a bit much for disapproving of my sister's boyfriend, but one of my accomplices thought differently.'

'And that would be me.' Hissed Vanya in his ear. 'When I saw a picture of you, I knew I wanted you. Not as a boyfriend, but as my property, my plaything I could do everything I wanted to. Don't blame me: you just look so damn cute, especially now that you are all bound up. So, I convinced Ben to alter the original plan and believe me, he didn't need much convincing. He agreed that it would be far safer to have you on the other side of the world, instead of Lydia's stables where Cindy might visit one time and wander into your stable box. Lydia isn't aware of this part of the plan and I'm sure that she wouldn't approve of me stealing her pony boy. But I don't really care. Ben here even brought Cindy back into the group, so that I could sneak you away during the chaos back at the stud farm. Now, I have you all to myself and it is time to take you home.'

'Yes. I'm afraid that your transformation from human to pony boy is going to be quite a bit longer than you anticipated.' Ben said with smile. 'Vanya has graciously offered to take in as her pet. She has arranged to get you shipped over to her house in the countryside outside Mumbai. That way, there is no chance of you

escaping and implicating me in this whole business.' Ben paused a moment as Oblivion struggles began anew and waited patiently for Vanya to get him back under control. 'As Vanya said, Lydia has been under the impression that she would be your owner at the end of all this. However, Vanya has led them believe that you have escaped. Of course, you'll vanish without leaving any trace, but she and the rest of the group will live the rest of their lives with the nagging fear in the back of their heads that you'll turn up some day and destroy all their lives. It may be a small consolation, as we are going to truss you up even more and stick you in that crate you see there in a few minutes, bring you to the harbor and put you on a ship to India and in three weeks, you'll begin your new life as a permanent pony slave. But maybe it helps.'

'Oh, I can't wait.' Vanya exclaimed and she hugged Oblivion tightly. 'You're mine. You're totally mine. I have a nice little stable box for you where you can sleep. I'll mark you as my own and I will train you. Oh yes, you'll be the best pony boy I've ever had. And in time, you'll get used to it. Accept it. And maybe even enjoy it. Your life will become a bit easier, as you'll have only me to please, instead of all twelve of us. Though hours of mind-numbing boredom have their drawbacks as well. But you won't have anything to worry about. Everything you had to think about when you were a boring human, your rent, your grades and all those thousand other things, they are gone now. The only thing you'll need to know, is how to obey and please me. And I promise you, as long as you behave, and do as I tell you, I'll be a good loving owner who takes care of your every need. But until that day comes...' she said menacingly and waved a whip in front of his eyes. As Oblivion followed the whip with horrified eyes, Ben walked around him and without warning, pulled a rubber hood over the boy's head. Oblivion cried out but could do nothing as the attached nose tubes were forced deep into his air canal and the feeding tube through the plunger gag, deep down his throat. Ben laced up the back of the hood as tightly as he could, before zipping up the flap that covered the laces. Two wires ran down the boy's neck as he tried to struggle, but Vanya held him firmly in place by his harness. As she held him, Ben stuck adhesive pads to different parts of Oblivion's body and combined all the wires into one plastic tube. The tail was detached, and another wider tube was connected to his hollow tube, whilst the catheter tube was extended. Then, Ben took over the hold of the pony boy and forced him onto his knees, where Vanya bound his upper and

lower legs together with broad leather straps. Oblivion tried to struggle as Vanya and Ben lifted him off the ground, but there was nothing he could do. The bonds kept him secure and their hold of him was too great. They carried him over to the crate and when Ben unlocked it, a black rubber interior became visible. Oblivion was lowered into position, his legs sliding into rubber formed slots that were in the bottom of the trunk. They strapped them in place, forcing the boy to sit down on his folded legs. Ben handed Vanya half a dozen bungee straps and together, they connected them to the sides of the trunk and to various points on Oblivion's body. In the end, he was unable to move more than a few inches to either side. 'He needs one more.' Vanya said, holding a leather hood in her hands. 'I don't want him to hear the dock workers and somehow plead for help. He will only hear what I want him to hear.' Ben nodded and together they pulled, buckled, and strapped the hood in place. Vanya busied herself to connect the breathing-, feeding- catheter- and the plug tubes to their corresponding slots, so that the build in computer would be in control of Oblivion's bodily functions. Ben meanwhile connected the wires to their ports. They looked down at the unrecognizable form down in front of them, his head still slightly raised by the posture collar. Vanya smiled as she pulled her phone out of her pocket, selected an app and pressed a button. Oblivion began to shake slightly as a sharp shock jolted through him.

'Did you feel that Oblivion?' Vanya asked him through the speakers, build into the hood. 'During your journey, occasionally, the trunk will give you a shock of varying severity, to keep your muscles in prime condition. Can't have you waste away in your trunk now, can I?' A heavily muffled wail escaped the hood as she turned off the speakers. Together, they closed the lid and locked it with several clasps and padlocks.

'Time to get you on your way.' Vanya whispered to the lid as she listened for any noise coming from within. But nothing could be heard, and Ben got into the car, turned around and drove off, throwing up a cloud of dust. And with a massive grin of satisfaction on her face, Vanya climbed back in the saddle.