

Romeo's Regret

Call it arrogance. Call it feeling invincible. Call it just plain stupidity.

Let me start from the beginning. I was a pretty lucky guy. I made an app that immediately went to #2 on all the app sales charts and I sold it to a large company for 3 million dollars when I was only 21. I was smart, I was a risk-taker and I was really lucky. I started a new company at 22 and sold it at 24 for 15 million dollars. Then, I started a new company that was thriving when it happened.

My luck extended to my physical side as well. I was tall, good looking and athletic. I had always been a great athlete and had a natural muscular build. All it took was 3 days a week in the gym and I had a cut body. My abs and chest were what I was most proud of, but I heard from women all the time that my thighs and ass were gorgeous. I don't mean to sound arrogant. I was humble in a lot of ways and gave back whenever I could.

At about the age of 26, business wasn't enough for me. I took massive risks but now that I was a millionaire many times over the thrill wasn't as exhilarating. I started sky diving, mountain climbing and every other dangerous pastime I could think of...I was addicted to adrenaline. However, once I mastered them all, I didn't feel the same level of risk. I still enjoyed the thrills immensely, but it wasn't quite enough.

I had always been very active sexually. Along with my attractiveness, I had charm, so I was never alone much in bed. At about that point, my thrill taking extended to my sex life. I met a kinky girl who wanted to tie me to her bed. I put her off for about a week, but then the thrill of it took over. You must understand that I was a very free and independent person. I had to answer to no one about what I did or said. So, when this girl brought this up, it not only aroused me, but it brought out the risk-taker and thrill seeker in me.

One Friday evening, I let her do it. Once I was completely helpless and at her mercy, my heart raced, and my adrenaline spiked and I was addicted. It was a

great thrill ride for a couple of hours. She lasted about a week. She was safe and it was just a kinky outlet for her. I needed something more.

I started contacting women on BDSM personals and thrill got more intense. There was nothing like going to an unfamiliar place to meet someone you didn't know. The walk down the hotel hall or the walk up to the house or apartment was heart pounding. I loved not knowing what was going to happen. As the weeks went by the thrill subsided a little bit. A lot of the women treated the meetings like a performance, and I wanted something more intense. The humiliation I felt when tied up or punished by these women was exciting, but it lacked a realist feel. Plus, it was more of a handcuffs and ropes type of thing, and it was never for more than 30 minutes.

That's when I discovered the world of pony girls. I had never in my life seen something so degrading. In some ways it seemed silly, but in other ways it seemed like the ultimate bondage, and it would strike fear in just about anyone the moment the arm binders went on and the bit was in their mouth. I looked for pony boys and although there was a lot less of them, they were there. Especially in stories. Oh, those stories sounded so humiliating that it sent a shiver of fear through me at the same time as arousal. It seemed like the ultimate thrill ride if I could find someone looking for it.

All the pony sites emphasized that the stories were total fantasy, and that pony play was a safe consensual activity. A large percentage of the people who were involved were just into being ponies...real ponies. The other half got off on the bondage and humiliation part. Still, even knowing deep down that it was just a game, the complete loss of control and humiliation would be an adrenaline-pumped thrill ride.

Time went by and I tried to put it out of my mind. But I would still go back to the pictures, videos, and stories. I fantasized a lot, but I really wasn't sure I could take it in real life. It was so degrading that I might regret it and spending more than an hour that way might be too intense. I supposed there would be safe words or motions to get released.

Finally, after months of thinking about it, I began my search. It was slow going, but after a month I finally got a reply. The woman was about 40 but looked really good for her age. She had a very severe look which was a turn on. After a week of chatting, she asked for a coffee house meeting, and I agreed. It made me feel a lot less anxious about the experience that she wanted to meet me first, but it didn't slow my heart rate down when I went to meet her.

She sat at a little two-person table near the back of the room. She looked like just about every other suburban middle-aged woman who went to Starbucks. She wore jeans and a sweater and was more attractive in person. It was probably the complete confidence that she exuded. I wore a tight shirt and jeans to show off my muscular physique. I blushed crimson when she told me to walk back across the room and get her two sugars so she could appraise my ass, but I did it.

When I sat back down, she got up. "You are approved." she said to me. "I'll expect you Friday at 6:00. Here's the address of my farm. it's not far. Just an hour north. You will be expected to stay the night, but you will be released in the morning. You don't need to bring anything other than yourself."

"Ok, thank you." was all I could get out before she had turned and walked away briskly. My cock was extremely hard, and I had to wait five minutes before exiting. It was Monday, so I only had a few days.

She would keep me for 12 hours. It was a scary thought. I wasn't counting on more than a session to see if I liked it. I would have to wait 12 hours if I didn't and that would be an extremely long time. For about a day I thought that I would tell her no. I wanted my thrill ride, but 12 hours would be unbearable. This was a different level of bondage if what I read was correct. On Tuesday, I decided to go through with it. The problem was I never insisted on safe words because that took away the thrill. I decided that I would still not ask for one and endure the 12 hours. I wanted a more intense experience and that's what she would give me.

There was something different about her. The others were more friendly. Almost too friendly and normal. Her businesslike approach and way of establishing

dominance immediately was putting her at different level than the other Doms. It wouldn't be impossible for me to walk away from it without regretting it.

It was tough to concentrate much that week and Friday was the worst. I left work early, took a shower and shaved everywhere then got in the car. I was lightheaded with nerves, but this was what I lived for...the adrenaline rush of putting myself in these situations. I was on the freeway for 30 minutes and then it was nothing but country roads. From each road, it seemed like I turned onto a more remote one until there was a long way between homes. When the GPS told me that my destination was a half a mile away on the left, I could literally hear my heartbeat through my chest.

I pulled to the side of the road and peed. I didn't know when the next chance would be and if she would let me go when I arrived, so I took care of it. There wasn't a soul around and it was eerily silent. A warm summer evening with only the sounds of the wind and bugs. I got back into my car and took a deep breath. Here we go. I thought. This could be a long night but a thrilling one. That last 1/2-mile drive and my walk to the barn where I was to meet her was harrowing but the seconds right before was always one of my favorite parts of the experience. I savored the intensity of it. I was about to humiliate myself beyond anything I had experienced yet with the most intense woman I had been with.

The barn door creaked open. It was bright outside, but the interior of the barn was pretty dark. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust. She was sitting on a chair in the middle of the barn with her legs crossed reading her phone. I had hidden my phone and wallet in a little secret compartment behind the glove box. My car key had a magnet on it, and I hid it under the car in a spot that I knew it couldn't be seen without very careful inspection. I didn't want her going through my things while I was bound. Although, I didn't have my phone to see the time, I knew I was exactly 1 minute early.

She looked up and appraised me for a moment. "Come forward." she said watching me the whole way as I sauntered up to her. She handed me a trash bag. "Take off all of your clothes and put them in the bag."

I felt that surge of adrenaline. It was always nerve wracking to undress for someone who was completely clothed and watching you. I did it quickly and by the time I was done my cock was hard and sticking straight up. It always added to the humiliation. She took the bag and knotted it at the top and dropped it a few feet away. For the first time, I noticed that all the horse tack was lying on the floor beside the chair. It was black and very shiny.

"Stand perfectly still with your arms hanging straight down." I followed her orders wordlessly. The fact that there was no small talk, and she was all business was adding to the thrill. I felt very vulnerable naked. This seemed more real by a mile than any other experience I had had.

I watched her from the corner of my eye pick something up from the floor. She was wearing extremely tight white breech pants like a horse trainer would have on, black boots and a black button-down blouse. The black contrasted nicely with the white giving a crisp look. Her brunette hair was in a ponytail that shot from the back of her head and fell to her upper back. She really was an attractive woman I thought, seeing how well her ass filled out the breeches and the cleavage from having her first three buttons open on the blouse. She had substantial breasts and a narrow waist. The corners of her eyes showed the signs of age, but she was really good-looking for 40.

She walked around behind me and put a very wide black leather belt around my waist. It was very soft and comfortable on the side that touched my skin. The only downside was that it covered my washboard abs. I heard her buckle and then I heard something snap. I learned later that the snap was a little but powerful lock that she added at every buckle spot. Next, she pulled a series of black leather straps up my legs. Eventually, one encircled my left thigh and one my right and they had two straps that went up both of my legs on the inside and outside and came to two more straps encircled my legs just below my ass. From there two straps went up each hip and attached to the waist belt with a buckle and a snap. From the inside of my leg two straps joined into a leather ring that was thicker than the rest of the apparatus. She quickly pulled my cock and balls through the ring and tightened until it was very snug around the base of my balls. I could feel soft leather, but also cold metal dots pushed against that very sensitive area.

If I would have known what those little metal spots were for, I would have ended it right there while I still could but unfortunately, I was a very naive man who thought he was invincible. Two more straps went up from the ring and joined the straps on my hips right before the point where they were strapped to the belt. The ring pushed my balls and cock out displaying them more prominently.

Boy this is an elaborate outfit, I thought as she ordered me to sit. I did so immediately, and she wasted no time pulling black leather hoof boots over my feet. I had read about these things, but I didn't think she even knew my shoe size. Surprisingly they fit perfectly and felt comfortable. They went all the way up the base of my calf muscle. She tightened a cord at top of each shoe and snapped locks on making it impossible to remove the hoof shoes. They had a realistic looking horseshoe on the bottom at the ball of my foot and there was no heel. My feet were sticking straight down like I was wearing 8-inch-high heels without the heel.

"Stand." she ordered, and I stood with great difficulty. The boots were precarious.

I felt very nervous at this point but her crisp orders and very direct and dominant attitude were a turn-on. She had really mastered the art of dominance, I thought. Everyone else I had met to this point was a rank amateur compared to her.

Next, she buckled a tall posture collar around my neck. Again, I felt smooth leather but also a multitude of cold metal dots all around it. She buckled it snugly. The collar really turned me on, and I felt my cock strain.

She spidered the harness around me buckling it into place. It buckled to the waist belt, to the collar and behind me. I noticed a lot of rings to attach things to it. It felt snug and firmly attached to my body but not too tight. I was thankful for that. She seemed to have buckled most things snugly but not torturously so. I wondered why, but at the moment I was thankful.

Next came the bridal. It was a one piece and went on quickly and buckled in the back and on the collar. It was disconcerting to know that reins could be attached

to move my head where she wanted. I felt a rush of humiliation wash through me at the thought of that. It had no bit attached but I could see the spot where one would go out of the corners of my eyes. I wanted the adrenaline pumping thrill ride and I was on it. I knew what was coming next and it seemed like it might be too much, but I knew I would regret stopping it, plus my cock was straining at a desperate level.

I was right...it was the arm binder. I was practically shaking with nerves. Once this contraption went on, I would have little control. The thought of an entire night with no control scared the shit out of me and aroused me. I was almost at the point of no return. It went on like a shirt. She pulled it over my head and then she threaded my arms into it. The leather was so tight that she had to pull it a little at a time. When my arms reached the bottom, I had to ball my fist because the hand pocket was small and round. With my arms all the way in she formed a squared off U by putting one arm on top of the other with my balled-up fists almost to the elbow opposite each other.

There was a strap that went from one arm to the other just above the elbow. She buckled it, then buckled several straps that connected each arm to the other at the bottom of the squared off U. With it securely on, she came in front of me and very quickly snapped the bit in and used a tool to secure it to both sides on the bridle. The thing was horrific. It was nothing like the mild discomfort I anticipated. There was some sort of flat piece attached to the bit that pushed firmly down on my tongue keeping it at the bottom of my mouth. When I pushed up on it with my tongue, it moved slightly like it was on a spring of some sort. But she took the tool and turned it in a hole in the front of the bit and suddenly the flat, rubbery feeling piece pushed down on my tongue with more force keeping it on the bottom of my mouth. As long as my tongue was at the very bottom of my mouth there was just a little pressure, but if I pushed up on it at all, the force was so strong that it pushed my tongue right back to the bottom.

Just like that I was rendered speechless. The bit was so uncomfortable that I just wanted it gone, period. I cared about nothing but expelling it from my mouth. I squirmed and tried to talk but nothing intelligible came out. I could hardly make a sound.

"Be still!" she ordered and spanked my ass with a lot of force. I'm sure her handprint was left on it. I was panicked now. This was different than I expected. I hated the bit, and my shoulders were already straining.

She wasn't done, however. She loosened the straps that connected my arms to each other, then pulled hard on the strap that was just above my elbows. It forced my elbows closer to each other. She quickly buckled it then snapped a lock on it. I was really squirming now, and she spanked my ass again the sound reverberated around the barn.

"Be still!" She said as she connected my arms together again. This time with my fists right at my elbows. Immediately, it felt like my arms and shoulders were cramping. She snapped little locks at every buckle point. Then produced what looked like a mini welding torch. "Be still or you will get burnt." She warned. I heard the torch come on and I stayed still. In my panicked mind I didn't put two and two together until she was done. She had melted metal in the lock holes closing them permanently.

I began to squirm again and tried to get her attention. She just shook her head, "I warned you." Taking a remote control out of her pocket, she stood in front of me and pushed a button with her thumb looking into my eyes. The ring around my testicles and the collar around my neck erupted into shocks. If I hadn't peed right before I got to the farm, I'm sure I would have peed on the floor. I had never been shocked before and the pain and discomfort were like nothing I had ever felt. I completely forgot about the bit and my aching arms. She held the button down for about 5 seconds and it seemed like 10 minutes. When she finally stopped, I was in a lot of pain and discomfort, but more than anything I was terrified.

"That was level 2. I'm moving it to level 3. If you try to move again, I will hold this button down for 10 seconds. Do you understand?" She said looking into my eyes.

I nodded my head the best I could. The tall collar attached to the bridle made shaking my head difficult.

She walked over to her pile of tack which was almost depleted and came back with a piece of leather that looked like a snake cut open but in the shape of a U. It had little holes on each side of where it opened. She walked behind me, and I felt her start on the right side near my shoulder. I could feel her lacing it shut wrapped around my arms by threading and pulling on some sort of laces. She threaded them all the way up to my left shoulder. I could feel the laces tightening on the side closest to my body where they would be hidden. It was very tight when she was done. I felt her tie a knot at the end, then cut the extra cord away.

I heard the mini-welding torch come on again. I could feel the heat close to my body as she held the torch on the sleeve she had just laced to my arms. This I realized quickly what she was doing. She was melting the rubber and the cord together at the lacing point. This would seal the sleeve. She finished by torching her knot at the end. Even though I couldn't see it happening, I knew she was melting the knot onto the rubber. The cord must have been made with some sort of synthetic material that would melt. Lastly, she melted the rubber at the end of the sleeves to the rubber of the arm binder. By the time she was done the new sleeve covered my arms completely and was sealed.

My heart was beating out of control, and I was panicking. If this was just until tomorrow morning, why did she need to seal the locks and this sleeve? Maybe it was an elaborate mind-fuck, but I was done with this fetish. I wanted out as soon as possible and I was never going to do it again.

I thought about struggling again to get her attention, but I was terrified of getting shocked. Now that she was done with the arm binding, she was tightening and then sealing every lock on my body. She started playing with the arm binder again and then pushed hard in three different spots. I heard three distinct clicks and the arm binder was attached rigidly to the belt in the back. Now my tortured arms couldn't even move away from my body. There wasn't even a millimeter of movement anywhere. There is no way to describe the feeling but losing the ability to use my arms at all was horrifying. I had never felt more helpless and vulnerable in my whole life. I thought I would be on a thrill ride, but instead I was just scared shitless.

The last thing she did was attach the reins to my bridle. She tested them by pulling them right and left. The bit forced my head to go right and left or feel massive discomfort. Having your head controlled by someone was degrading and dehumanizing. I literally started to cry. I wasn't weeping but tears rolled down my cheeks.

She walked in front of me with a smirk on her face. "Now, that was easy." she said with a bit of a laugh. "I'm afraid I have bad news for you." She was enjoying herself immensely like a kid at Christmas. "You are going to be staying with me a little longer than tomorrow morning."

The panic and terror I felt at that moment was immeasurable. I needed to get away, but I knew it wasn't possible. I want to plead with her or bribe her, but I couldn't speak. I wanted to stop her or run but I had no control of my body.

"Yes, I know." she continued. "This is a bit of a shock for you, I'm sure. I've decided to make you my personal property. I will transport you to my ranch which is long ways away from here, and you will live the rest of your life as my pony. I sealed your arms behind your back with the torch because the arm binder is never coming off."

She let that sink in. "Ponies don't have arms and they don't need arms so they would just get in the way. Plus, you would be surprised how helpless people are without their arms. A big strong guy like you can be controlled so easily without the use of his arms. Yet, you will still be incredibly strong for the things I need you for, like pulling my buggy or for riding. This is going to be a very difficult transition for you, and it might be a long time before you accept your new position in life, but you will. You will because you have absolutely no choice."

She got closer and looked right in my eyes. "You should see your eyes right now. They are a combination of disbelief, despair, and desperation. You just walked into a lifetime of slavery, pain and humiliation and you just meekly let me do it to you." she laughed. "This is one of my favorite parts...watching someone who just a few minutes ago had freedom and a normal life coming to the realization that

they are permanently in the most humiliating bondage that twisted minds have ever created."

She pulled on the reins reminding me how horrible the bit felt in my mouth. "A lot of pony owners take the bit out when their ponies aren't in service, but I don't. I don't see any reason to take it out. I can still brush your teeth and clean your mouth and you can still eat and drink with it in. It's difficult to do, but you will just have to adapt. Plus, I think it leads to a more submissive and obedient pony."

Her words were hardly computing at this moment. She was telling me that the bit that was hellish in my mouth would stay there and wouldn't ever be removed. There just wasn't a way for my brain to believe it.

"Well, I would love to chat with you longer, but we need to go. I have two more appointments tonight. She bent down and put a hobble chain between my thighs and began to lead me out of the barn. If I didn't keep pace, the fucking bit would push harder on my tongue and the top of the bit would separate to bang the top of my mouth. I was forced to meekly follow her.

When we got outside of the barn, I saw a truck with a horse trailer attached and she began to lead me across the gravel driveway towards it. I stopped and cringed as the bit engaged, but there was no way I was getting in that horse trailer. If I didn't stop her now, my life was over. She looked back and sighed. "If that's the way you want to play it."

She took what looked like a small whip off her belt. She walked behind me and without a hesitation struck me across the middle of my ass. It made a shockingly loud crack sound as it hit, and I released an inhuman blood curdling stream through the bit. The pain was unimaginable.

She walked back in front of me pulling the reins again. I was full on weeping now. This couldn't be happening to me. I couldn't live this way. When we got to the ramp to the horse trailer, I pulled away to try to run but she immediately yanked down on the rein and the bit engaged. My mouth was in agony, and I could taste blood. Without hesitation she hit me with the whip again. It must have

crisscrossed with the first strike because it was even more painful and couldn't help myself and wailed again in agony. She lifted the whip again, but I started to scramble to the ramp, and she lowered the whip.

The ramp was steep, and I felt like I was going to fall every second in these ridiculous hoof boots but eventually I made it. There was a dim light in the trailer and what I saw sent terror through my heart again. The trailer was lined without tall, narrow cages...both sides and the back. To my dismay, all but three of the cages were full. There was crying and terrified eyes everywhere I looked. I was in a hellish nightmare. She pulled me to the right where the last three open cages were. I balked at the opening as she pulled me to the third one from the back.

She took out the remote. "I can shock you again and you will be in horrendous pain and get in the cage, or you can just get in the cage. There is no reason to resist, there is absolutely nothing you can do at this point to stop what's happening."

I knew her logic was correct, but it was still hard to give in to my fate. However, I did it. I turned and backed into the cage. It barely fit me, and she snapped a chain to each side of my collar forcing me to keep my head right in the middle of the cage. She closed and latched the door, and my nose was practically on the bars.... just like every other captive in the trailer.

"I like to see my ponies' sad faces when I come in here." She said smiling and looked around the trailer. "We have two more ponies to pick up and then it's off to my ranch."

She strutted off the trailer and I heard her shut, latch, and lock the back. The dim light stayed on for a few seconds and I could see most of the captives from my vantage point. They were all naked and trapped identically to me. Most of them were women but there was one other man. I was one of them now. An idiot too stupid to see he was walking into a trap.

I was worth millions but that was of little help now. I knew that rescue was unlikely. I had always used a VPN for web surfing, and I used a military grade data

cleaner on both my phone and my computer right before I left. Long ago, I had disengaged the GPS on my car hating the fact that my every move was being tracked. I did the same with my phone. I was unmarried, I had no kids, my mother and father were gone, I hardly ever talked to my brother and sister. It would be a story when I disappeared and law enforcement would look for me and eventually find my car but from there the trail would go cold and with no family to push it, the case would be forgotten.

The truck started and we pulled out onto the country road. Soon we had made the last two stops and two more pretty, young pony girls were caged to my left. The truck hit the highway a few minutes later and I rode helplessly in my cage listening to the drone of the tires on the freeway and the muted sound of crying coming through the bits of my neighbors.

The trip was agonizing. I was perched on hoof boots without heels and my feet felt like they were pointed straight down. It was hard to balance, and I couldn't even rest against anything because my collar was chained on both sides to the cage to the left and right of me. My arms were pulled back further than I thought was possible. They cramped occasionally and I just had to wait it out as the muscles spasmed. Even when there was no cramping, the strain was agonizing.

The bit was possibly the worst thing. My mouth was sensitive and not used to this hellish type of intrusion. I could taste blood constantly and the slightest movement of my mouth caused shooting pain. I found myself drooling and I could do nothing to wipe it off my chin.

Even if I could sleep, the moaning and crying from the others would have woken me. One girl in particular, just a couple of cages down, kept banging the chain and crying.

When the sun came up, I knew I had been in this trailer for at least 10 hours, possibly longer. Almost on cue with the sun, the pace of the truck changed, and I knew we were off the main freeway. A stab of terror ripped through me. We must be close to her ranch. The truck drove down what must have been rural roads for about an hour before I heard the tires on gravel. It was a curvy road that seemed

to go up hill. It must have been a ten-minute drive from the main road. Finally, the truck stopped, and I heard her truck door slam. She was talking to someone and then there was silence.

I could see cages in front of me clearly now. They were all girls and even with the bridles on and the bits contorting their mouths, I could tell they were attractive. Their bodies were fit and their breasts very high and firm. A sign of youth. These were young girls...no older than early 20's and possibly younger than that.

After a couple of minutes, there was talking among multiple people and laughing and then I heard the lock, latch and then finally the back opening. My heart stopped for a moment.

She walked into the back of the truck with a big, evil smile on her face looking like she just got out of the salon rather than driving 10 hours. "I trust my ponies were comfortable on their trip?" she said cheerfully with that condescending voice people use when they are talking to animals. I heard giggling from outside the truck. "Welcome to Ward Ranch. It's 7 AM, time to eat breakfast and then start our day."

She started with the two cages to my left. I was going to be next and endure the humiliation of being led out naked in front of whomever was giggling. I had to get out of here. I had to get out of the fucking bondage somehow. I wasn't meant for this! I was still under the illusion that nothing bad could happen to me. I still didn't fully believe that all was lost.

She came back up the ramp and gave me a big condescending smile. "Hello big boy. Are you ready?" I stared daggers at her as she opened the cage and unlocked the chains from my collar. My legs were like jello, and I could only take mini steps with the hobble between my thighs and my ankles. My heart was beating extremely hard as I came out into the light. There was a very cute young girl standing at the bottom of the ramp wearing stereotypical horse training clothes. She was maybe 18-19 years old, very cute and curvy. Maybe slightly chubby. I was mortified to be seen like this.

My captor, who I assume was Ms. Ward, handed my reins to the girl. The humiliation of having to follow submissively behind this young girl completely naked and helpless was overpowering. I want to hide so badly but there was nothing I could do. About halfway there she pulled out her riding crop and hit me across my tender ass. "Faster!" she ordered.

I felt it coming but I couldn't help it. My cock was rising. She noticed it and laughed. "Do you like being my horsey?" She turned and kept walking. I hated that I was getting turned on by such horribleness. I hated everything about this, but I couldn't help it. She suddenly hit me with the crop again. "Come on lazy!" I wanted to tell her to fuck-off and ask her if she would like to walk on hoof boots with a 12-inch hobble chain on her thighs, but I had no way to even rebel and say something like that.

Another cute young girl walked by us toward the trailer, and she giggled at my erection too. "Watch out for lover-boy there." she said mocking me. There were two more cute young girls identically dressed around the corner where they had begun lining us up. They both laughed as the girl holding my reins looped them around a long hitching post. I was placed literally hip to hip next to the pony girl to my right. Her soft hip was pressed into me. I could hear her silently weeping.

They lined us all up along the hitching post and then faced us. The four young assistants and Ms. Ward stood in front of us and after a few seconds a cart lead by two pony girls flew towards us. Both pony girls were very tall, blond, and extremely fit looking. Their arms were dramatically pulled back and as they trotted by us, they were in perfect rhythm...every movement synchronous, I saw that their arms were in full reverse prayer and encapsulated by what looked like stainless-steel tubing. They made a loop with another stable woman dressed more like Ms. Ward sitting on the cart holding their reins. She stopped and released the pony girls from the cart and walked them over. They moved in perfect, freakish rhythm as they approached us. They were exactly the same height and looked remarkably the same, but you could tell they weren't twins.

Ms. Ward took over the presentation. This is Buttercup and Tinkerbelle. They are my first fully trained pony girls. They came to me by lucky coincidence. Their car

broke down on a very remote road and I offered to take them to a gas station. Instead, I brought them here to be my property. It turns out they were college Basketball players, so they started out quite fit. They were quite resistant at first, but eventually they learned, like all of you will learn, that disobedience will not be tolerated. Their faces were freakishly serene. They wore exactly the same expression and stood complete, utterly still.

"Buttercup, Tinkerbell turn your backsides to the new ponies."

They turned in perfect unison like they were both attached to a spindle. It was terrifyingly freakish. Their arms terrified me more though.

"As you can see their arms have reached perfect pony girl position...the reverse prayer." She continued.

Their arms weren't visible, but the position could be ascertained by the shiny stainless steel tubing. There was a pipe attached to both arms just above their biceps that spanned their backs and pulled their shoulders back. That bar was attached to bars that encapsulated their arms from just below the shoulder angling down to their elbows where it rounded and attached themselves to the other arm tube. Then, there was a tube that covered their two arms pushed together up to the bar at their shoulder blades. Essentially their arms formed an upside-down triangle, split in half.

"Eventually, all of you will have your arms positioned this way. I think it is aesthetically pleasing to the eye."

I simply had to get out of here, I couldn't wind up like these poor girls.

"Turn and face the new ponies" she ordered crisply. They turned in perfect unison again. "Watch this." she said smiling widely. She cracked her whip right behind their asses. Tinkerbell did not flinch, and her face remained perfectly calm. However, Buttercup twitched just slightly.

"Buttercup always has been skittish." She pulled the whip back and flicked her wrist as she brought it forward. The tip of the whip cracked loudly on Buttercup's right butt cheek. Her face grew very red, and her eyes started to water but she managed to not scream or move after impact. "And because they are a team and must look the same..." She once again brought the whip back and expertly cracked Tinkerbelle right on her right butt cheek.

Tinkerbelle's body clinched and her serene face contorted for a moment, but she got it under control quickly. Having been a recipient of that whip I knew how excruciating the pain was. I had no idea how they disciplined themselves not to fall to pieces with it.

"Let's try again." She cracked the whip behind them and once again Buttercup flinched, but it was almost imperceptible. Just the smallest movement. Ms. Ward cracked tip of the whip on her left butt cheek. Tears were pouring out of her eyes and her face was bright red, but she didn't cry out. Almost immediately she turned to Tinkerbelle and cracked on her left butt cheek. Tinkerbelle wasn't quite as serene this time. Her eyes began to water too, and she fought to keep the pain off her face.

"And again." She said as she cracked the whip behind them. This time neither moved at all. They were statues. I couldn't believe these poor girls had survived a year of this.

Ms. Ward walked to the front of them. She took off her right glove and began to caress Buttercup's right breast. She began to tease her nipple as she purred, "Buttercup here really likes her breasts stroked. It calms her down. I do it as a reward." Although her face remained fairly serene, her eyes told a different story. She hated Ms. Ward's touch and Ms. Ward.

She moved to Tinkerbelle. "My good girl, Tinkerbelle. She is so well mannered. Unfortunately, she gets punished when Buttercup gets punished. It's the only way I could get Buttercup in line. You should have seen the crying fits and general poor behavior Buttercup had when she first got here. It took a long time for her to adjust to her new life.

I couldn't imagine the post-traumatic stress disorder these girls would have if they were ever released.

The other woman called them, and they moved off in perfect harmony with each other as if they were machines designed to move exactly the same. It didn't look human. They were harnessed and ran off with the woman snapping the whip near their backs.

Miss Ward tuned to us. "Shall we begin?" All 12 of us stood looking at her. We had no choice.

"I think we should start with the biggest pony." my heart jumped. "Christine, why don't you bring him over." The girl who had brought me to the hitching post beamed and came quickly to retrieve me. She unwound my reins from the post and led me in front of everyone. I just had to follow her naked into the spotlight. The stable girls all had grins on their faces when Christine turned and hit me with the crop. My erection had never quite gone down, and to my humiliation it had grown.

Ms. Ward had a big smile too. "Do you have a crush on Christine? You are such a Romeo showing her how much you like her like that. She grabbed my cock. We may have to make you a stud horse, Romeo." All the stable girls giggled. "That's a perfect name for you. You are now Romeo." I hated the fact that I was named but it certainly was better than Buttercup.

"Christine, please remove Romeo's hobbles." she took off the chains between my thighs. I looked around for an exit. With my legs free I suddenly felt like fleeing. I was brought back to reality but Ms. Ward's large riding crop landing on my tender ass. It stung like hell. Ms. Ward reached to the side of my head and popped open what I realized were blinders. "A good pony looks straight ahead with a neutral face waiting for his or her next command. Looking around, angry faces, sad faces and any other faces are not acceptable. Ponies don't need to see things; they just need to follow their owners commands."

Suddenly, my fear left. I was just plain angry. I thought of Buttercup and Tinkerbell, and I was not going to be them. They could do what they wanted to me, but I was going to fight back. I turned and stared daggers into her and then started to run. I fell to the ground hard after only the second step. Miss Ward sauntered over to me as I tried to get up.

"You will find it difficult to get up, Romeo. Eventually, you will be able but right now it's just going to be hard not to fall." She grabbed my reins in her fist and pulled me to my feet with them. I let out a guttural scream as my mouth erupted into intense pain. Once I was on my feet, she came close to me. "Were you trying to escape, Romeo?" she sounded evil. "Do you know what happens to ponies who try to escape or who are insubordinate? Well, unfortunately you are going to learn the hard way so all my other new ponies can be educated as well. "Girls, bring out the plank."

I was shaking with fear. My bravado had left me quickly. A wooden contraption was brought out and wheeled in front of the ponies and I was forced down into it. It trapped my head like a Middle Ages pillory facing away from the girls, and my legs were trapped at the ankle. One of the stable girls turned a crank and a padded board pushed up into my hips and lifted my naked ass into the air. When I was stretched to the limit another crank lowered my head almost to the ground. My ass was up in the air and completely vulnerable.

She stood behind me. "As you can see Romeo has already been punished for trying to stop his fate and yet he continues to fight it. It's a shame for him because it is much worse on a sore, puffy ass."

I heard the air whoosh before her whip impacted my ass. She had expertly just hit me with the tip, but horrific sound as leather hit flesh was like a gun shot. " I screamed through gag in agonizing pain. She had somehow managed to hit right on a prior whip mark. The pain is indescribable to someone who hasn't experienced it. I cried in agony knowing it was far from over.

Her whip cracked my ass 9 more times before she was done. The tip finding different parts of my ass each time. With each successive stroke I became more

desperate and squirmed and fought the plank device I was locked in. Even though I knew I couldn't move more than a few inches my brain was in panic mode, and I just wanted to stop the pain. When she finally stopped, I wheezed through the bit with tears rolling down my face. Even though the whipping had stopped, I was still panicked that it would start again. The feeling of being trapped and unable to defend myself from horrific corporal punishment had a profound effect on me. My courage was completely gone had I been able to speak I would have lost all pride and begged her to stop.

I heard the women begin training the others, but I was in my own world shaking with fear that the whipping would start again my ass was on fire and the pain was still intense.

Hours must have gone by when I felt hands on my face. I opened my eyes to see Christine. "Poor pony. " She cooed as she rubbed drool, snot, and tears from my face with a wet rag. "I'm sure that was very traumatic for you. Just yesterday you were a free person with control of your life and now you are nothing but an animal who must do exactly what his owner and stable trainers tell him. This all will be much easier if you just accept your fate and follow commands precisely." She gave me a kiss on the forehead. "Now, I'm going to rub some lotion on your cute ass to help it heal. It will probably hurt really bad for a minute or two but then it will help.

She thoroughly covered my ass with the lotion rubbing it in everywhere. I almost started screaming again and tears began pouring out of my eyes. She came back and sat down in front of me again and rubbed my face softly. "Don't worry, Romeo, I'm going to train you so well that you will even put Buttercup and Tinkerbelle to shame with your perfect obedience. You will stand like a perfect statue until you are commanded and then perform with perfect technique. By this time next year your arms will be in perfect pony boy position in the pretty silver pipes behind your back. It will look magnificent. Now, you can rest a little while longer but then we need to get started on your training. The slowest learner always gets the worst punishments." She kissed me again and left.

Several hours later, Christine was back. She let me out of the plank apparatus and poured a large water bottle down my throat and then another. Then, she tied a feed-bag to my head and made me stand. It was full of oats and raisins. It was extremely difficult to eat without the use of my tongue, but I did my best and was able to swallow the entire bag. I hadn't realized just how thirsty and famished I was.

My ass was still throbbing, but Christine brought me to a spot in the corral to begin my training. I followed behind her like a submissive fool. I felt broken and humiliated and now I was expected to follow commands obediently while I was naked and in humiliating bondage for a cute teenager with a wicked looking riding crop.

She was very strict and made me walk with knees that came exactly to my hip and came back down sharply exactly how Buttercup and Tinker Bell did it. Even walking was difficult, and my legs tired quickly. The work made my ass feel worse and after an hour I was in absolute agony. However, if I did anything slightly incorrect, she would swat me with the crop and always on my ass. What would have stung and made me cringe on an undamaged ass, hurt horribly in my current condition. At one point, she saw me tear up and scolded. "Don't expect me to feel sorry for you. You did this to yourself by trying to escape. I have a job to do and when you make a mistake you will receive a reminder on your ass no matter how sore it is."

Finally, after at least 2 hours she tied me to a hitching post to rest. I wasn't even allowed to sit down. She poured water down my throat then rubbed more of the healing lotion on my ass. My eyes watered up for what seemed like the 100th time with the pain. She continued to rub though and poured more on her hands and rubbed it into my crack. It shocked me for a moment...I wasn't hurt there. She continued to rub it in though softly up and down. After a while she put more in her hands and continued and even put her finger deep inside me over and over. I became rock hard. It was humiliating to just stand there while she defiled me but also arousing. In the midst of the awful thing that was happening to me, I had an erection. When she finally stopped, she noticed it. "Oh, Romeo, you have such a

crush on me, don't you? I was just trying to help your black and blue ass heal not make you fall in love.

When the day was over and my legs had been like jelly for hours, she led me into the barn. Many of the pony girls had already been taken there and some of the stable girls were washing them down in a huge area that resembled a locker room shower facility. The stable hands lathered the women up and cleaned them thoroughly in every area. The pony girls looked utterly mortified. When a shower became available, Christine pulled me over and did the same. I just had to stand there while a teenage girl who was half my size cleaned me in my most private areas. She took an extremely long period of time on my cock. She didn't stop until she felt me erupt into her hand. She had me pointed toward the wall to make it as private as possible. She got on her toes and whispered in my ear. I'm so flattered that you have a crush on me, Romeo. You are going to be a good obedient boy for me and maybe someday Ms. Ward will sell you to me. Would you like that?" she kissed me on the neck and even gave me a little tongue.

Christine walked me down a hall of stalls and opened a door near the middle. This is your new home, Romeo. The stall was very narrow, and the floor was covered with a thick layer of hay. On the wall near the door was a water and feed tray. Both were filled. The walls were wood and there was no window. She attached both hobbles, with even smaller chains than before. They couldn't have even been 6 inches. She took the reins off my bit and hung them on the wall too high for me to even touch, then she attached heavy metal chain leash to my collar. "Good night, Romeo. Sleep well. We have a lot of work to do tomorrow."

I tested the leash. It allowed me to get to every part of the stall except the door. I could get within an inch. The leash must have weighed 20 lbs. She had attached it to the back of my collar. It took me a long time to eat dinner. I had to stick my head in the trough and get as much of the mixture as I could in my mouth and then lift my head to get it down my throat. With my tongue trapped, eating was going to be a challenge. I drank as much as my belly could take. I knew that I was losing a massive amount of fluid working in the sun and I planned to live through this, escape and get my revenge.

I laid down on the hay and realized immediately that the leash was going to be a problem. I couldn't lay my head back without it lying on the metal of the leash. It was another in a long list of indignities and suffering I had endured in one day, but it was the straw that broke the camel's back. I broke into crying fit. Why was I so stupid? I ruined my life by seeking a thrill with someone I didn't even know. I was a multi-millionaire living in a mansion, eating incredible food, and sleeping on the most comfortable bed money could buy. I had a blessed life, and I controlled my own destiny. In just one day I had turned into a naked pony boy chained and hobbled and in uncomfortable, painful bondage. I was eating dry oats and sleeping on hay. My ass was black and blue and throbbed as I tried to find a comfortable way to lie. Finally, I fell asleep on my side.

My days were completely the same. I woke up, was given fresh food and water that I was required to eat every bite of and drink every ounce of, I was warmed up and then put through rigorous training. Almost always at the hands of Christine who had been assigned to me personally. I learned from overhearing conversations that Christine had been adopted by Miss Ward. She was on the streets at 14 because both her dad and uncle beat her, and her mom was a heroin addict. Miss Ward found her and took her in and trained her to be the dominant little sadist she was today. As a matter of fact, all the stable girls were rescued, and brain-washed by her.

Despite Christine's condescending playful sexual attitude with me, she was always strict and expected more and more out of my training. she never and I mean never, failed to punish mistakes. She had the same wrist flick technique as her mother, that concentrated the power of the whip into one spot that tip hit. It was so painful that it caused my eyes to water and body to quiver every single time. Christine pointed out that they used the technique because it didn't cause permanent damage but still caused the same amount of pain and it allowed them to hit a different spot every time and they didn't have to wait for healing to correct mistakes. Although, when they were particularly disappointed, they would hit the same spot twice. The pain from that even caused me to fall down a few times. The welts would heal in 3-4 days because of this technique, rather than weeks.

Time didn't change my anger and desperation about what had happened. Imagine every day having to follow orders naked and humiliating bound with no arms to protect yourself. Every day I woke and realized I was still in hell. I had no free will and was made to train pointlessly to be a horse while constantly wondering when I would feel the tip of the whip. I couldn't run away, and I couldn't protect myself. I just had to follow orders.

I knew they were feeding us something that increased our sexual desire dramatically because I almost always had an erection, and the pony girls became more and more aroused as well. They would put all of us in the same small coral and watch and laugh. The pony girls all had a strap tightly locked in place splitting their sex profanely and holding plugs in both their anus and vagina. Even if we could somehow move the strap, the plugs were in deep. There was no way to penetrate.

All the pony girls would gravitate toward me looking for attention. These poor girls had their libidos at a scary level with these drugs. One girl in particular named "Shasta" was particularly "randy" all the time. She had the extremely hot body that all the pony girls had and although her face was contorted by the bit, I could see her face was beautiful. She would rub herself on my erection desperate for release while Miss Ward and all the stable girls laughed. With no arms it was impossible to even dry hump her or slide it between her thighs. It was extremely frustrating. The other girls were desperate as well, but Shasta would rush them and try to knock them over or kick them. Only when Buttercup and Tinkerbell were placed in the coral did she meet her match. They worked together and were both larger than her. They would take turns desperately rubbing on my erections. While Shasta would watch with wild, angry eyes.

After the two months, all the girls had the same bodies. Miss Ward prized aesthetics, so gave them all Brazilian butt lifts so that their hip/waist ratios were identical and breast jobs so that their breasts were at the exact same ratio to their total size. They all wound up with round perky butts, some curve to their hips, a narrow waist, and big firm breasts. It was hard to tell them apart except by hair or if you were very close.

After 6 weeks Christine brought me to the tack room and she bound my ankles, waist, and neck, then to my surprise Miss Ward joined us and they removed the rubber cocoon around my arms and then the arm binder. They let me arms hang helplessly. I could barely move them. "Very nice." said Miss Ward the electro shocks kept the musculature of his arms and shoulders. "Let's get the crank binder on him before his arms wake up."

I tried to wake them up quicker, but it was no use. The crank binder ended up being a device design to gradually place arms in reverse prayer. There were four strap points and every day the crank was given one revolution which moved my arms closer together 1/2 millimeter. Six pony girls were placed in the crank binder that day too.

That was the day we finally found out what happened to the other pony boy. He had been very disappointing to Miss Ward. His was fragile, in her words and couldn't come to grips with what he was now. "He is emotionally like a 10-year-old girl." I heard her say once. He was brought back to the stables, and I was shocked. Miss Ward had given him a bright pink bridle, collar, harness, arm binder and pony boots and he had a huge blonde ponytail coming up from the middle of his head and cascading behind him. As he was brought into our coral he began cry with humiliation. I was horrified to see that his cock was locked back underneath him making him look dick-less.

"Your pony girl friend is back." she said mirthfully. "Her name is Pixie." I felt very sorry for the poor guy.

Miss Ward took it upon herself to train him and she was relentless.

I constantly thought of escape or rescue, and I reminded myself to keep my eyes open for a mistake or an escape plan. Yet after 2 months, escape seemed as impossible as it did the first day. It became increasingly hard to even look for a vulnerability. By 2 months in my days looked like this....

I would wake up around 6:00 AM on my own and eat and drink all the food and water left in my feeding troughs. This was mandatory. Then I would stand and

wait. The second I heard the latch on my door move I would become as still as a statue staring straight ahead with an expressionless look. If I wasn't up, the food wasn't eaten or I wasn't in position as still as a statue I would feel the "tickle", as she had started to call it, of her whip. She would turn the crank and I would feel the pressure increased and often my shoulders or arms would cramp and spasm.

While I stood perfectly still, she would brush and floss my teeth. When she was done, I was told to make a 180 degree turn and bend over at the waist at a 45-degree angle toward the back of the stall. If my form wasn't perfect, I would feel the tip of her whip. This was to inspect my ass for healing, and also just to humiliate me.

Then, she would lead me out. If my knees did not come to exactly hip level or I didn't have perfect posture, I would feel the whip. I was to be face level with my eyes straight ahead and I was to allow her to lead. If I ever accidentally anticipated a turn, I would feel the whip. She led and I followed meekly letting her make my route

When we reached the corral, the girls would usually stop and chatter about people they knew or pop culture. I was left standing in whatever direction she pleased, and I was not allowed to even move a millimeter. If a fly landed on me, I couldn't flinch, or I would feel the whip. If I shifted my weight, I would feel the whip. If I turned my head only slightly, I would be whipped. The girls would drink their morning coffee, laugh, and move freely while their pony boys and girls stood like statues enduring the discomfort. Sometimes, Christine would position me face away and command me to bend at 90 degrees. I would stand bent at the waist with my abs on fire trying not to even flinch while she would use a crop to play with my ass. She would rub it down my crack as she talked. Invariably I couldn't hold the position and she would snap the whip, sending searing pain through me far worse than the discomfort of bending over. I would work out for hours maintaining perfect form while she watched every step. At break time I was tied to the hitching post and had to stand like a statue.

The days were long and hellish in the sun with little breaks that weren't really restful. This little teenager had broken me and left a pathetic, submissive shell of

who I once was. However, I felt the humiliation just as acutely. One of the worst things was the vulnerability. My ass was hers to torture and I could not defend myself or even react.

At the end of the day, she would lather me up and wash my sweat and dirt-soaked body down making sure my private areas were extremely clean. One day at about 2 months in, she stopped before I came in the shower and said I have a surprise for you that I know you will like. She walked me to my stall, shut the door behind her and told me to bend at 90 degrees. She rubbed lubrication deep into my anus and then strapped a dildo around her waist right in front of me so I could see it. I knew better than to react outwardly but inside I was screaming. She fucked me while holding me around the waist so I wouldn't fall over. Each stroke was a blend of pain and debasement. The humiliating sound of flesh on flesh and the slapping as her hips banged into my ass was probably heard up and down the stalls.

When she was done, she grabbed my hard cock and stroked me off. "I knew you would like that." she whispered in my ear. "For now on, I'll make it our special good night routine."

One day, when we came out of the barn to the chattering stable girls, Shasta was there. Christine made me walk up to within a 1/2 inch of her and stand facing her. Then, she ran inside and got a wood box and ordered Shasta to stand on it. She unlocked her chastity strip that split her sex and pulled the plugs out with it. We now were standing with our eyes perfectly level to each other with my hard cock millimeters from her and her nipples practically touching mine.

The girls thought it was hilarious and giggled up a storm. They knew that Shasta had an intense desire to fuck me, and I felt the same for her. Despite the fact that we couldn't speak, we had a bond with each made with our eyes. On the rare occasion that they left the ponies together in a corral to make fun of our frustration and not being able to take care of our sexual needs, our eyes locked and we rubbed into each other the whole time. I had long ago made it clear to Buttercup and Tinkerbelle to stay away.

We stood like that for an hour. Not moving but so close that we could feel the heat radiating off our bodies. Shasta had wild but passionate eyes. It was torture to be so close yet unable to consummate the feelings we had, but I treasured that hour.

The months went by and the only peace I ever had was in the rare "pony socials" as the stable girls called it, when I was hobbled and chained in my tiny stall. Every other moment I was required to perform perfectly or stand completely still. At night I could finally relax and know I wasn't going to be whipped.

The days went by, and it took every ounce of energy that I had to just survive let alone try to escape. Every moment outside of my cell was spent avoiding the whip and enduring humiliation. More and more visitors had been coming to the ranch and it gave me some hope that this atrocity would be reported to law enforcement, but it never was. Having to perform for visitors was the worst. Their reactions were humiliating. I could only imagine their thoughts were a mix of horror and arousal. Christine would tell the visitors that I had a crush on her and liked it when she bent me over and fucked me in the ass every night before bed. Then, she would have me bend over and show the visitors the size of my asshole. The first time she had me bend over for them, I started to cry and that made Christine and a few of the visitors laugh.

At 10 months, my arms were ready. I remember the stab of fear, humiliation and horror that ripped through me. The freaky, inhuman pipes would now cover my arms and lock them to my back. I suppressed the crying when I was strapped down. My arms were taken out of the crank device, and they hung limply.

Miss Ward had joined Christine to put them on. "He won't be able to move them for at least a half an hour, but we need to hurry. It's much easier to put them on when they aren't fighting it."

"His arms and shoulders still have a lot of muscle. They haven't atrophied at all." said Christine.

"Yes, the electro-simulating was a great idea. It's so light that they don't even know it's happening, but it keeps the muscles fresh and with the combination of the medicine we give them, they keep their muscles. It makes for a much more aesthetically pleasing pony."

They were talking like I wasn't even there, but the words were welcome. I had expected my arms to have atrophied into nothing but bone and skin, not that it mattered much when they were locked away. They took my harness off and replaced it with a new one. It felt the same in the front and it still attached to the collar and belt, but this one had a large leather surface in the back.

The stainless-steel pipes were locked in what looked like an upside-down triangle with the spot where my elbows met rounded. From the rounded spot at my elbows a tube holding my forearms and hands extended to the meet the bar between my shoulders splitting the triangle in half. The tubes snapped together quickly and although my arms were in reverse prayer, they felt somewhat loose. The pipe was lined with soft squishy material. They turned on a welding torch and melted the steel enough to combine the tubes into a completely closed and smooth surface, then did the same at all the joints. Lastly, they shot a blast of something into a hole that immediately caused the lining to mold to my arms. In a matter of seconds, my arms were completely immobile. There wasn't a pocket of air anywhere and the soft, squishy lining was still soft but now had the feeling of very smooth, heavy clay...except the clay didn't flex. It held solid and immovable. The feeling was claustrophobic. It made me feel utterly helpless and out of sorts. I tried to flex and twist and do anything I could to move the lining, but there was no give.

I wanted rip it off my body, I want to bang it against the walls. The feeling of helpless encasement was driving me insane. However, they weren't done. The welding torch was turned on and I felt the combining the pipes with the back of my harness...which seemed strange. When they were done it felt like my arms were tightly encased in a sold piece of steel that was anchored to my back.

They let me up and took me to a mirror. I felt a little off balance from the weight of the steel and Christine hit me with the tip of her whip sending a loud crack

reverberating around the walls. It hurt like hell, but I focused on walking in perfect pony form. In the mirror, I saw that the bottoms of the pipes that faced my body were flat and there was a piece of steel attached to the leather in the same shape as my reverse prayer. They had welded the steel into one solid piece. The pipes that held my arms were now part of the steel below. The whole thing was very smooth and shiny. It felt like a vat of liquid steel had cooled around my arms solidly encasing them inside.

I didn't think it was possible, but I felt even more helpless.

"It looks so beautiful, Romeo. You must be so proud!" said Christine.

"Yes", said Miss Ward, "but don't walk around like a peacock showing off. You are still expected to perform flawlessly as a pony."

The last thing I wanted was to have anyone see it. It was freakish and humiliating, but they knew that. They took such pleasure in mental torture as well as physical.

The rest of the day was terrible. I was thrown off just enough to not meet Christine's stringent standards and she didn't hesitate to use the whip. I heard the other stable girls giggle when they saw my new pipes. At the end of the day, she still had me bend over to get fucked. Sleeping was far more difficult too. There was no good way to get comfortable and the solid feeling of encasement was slowly driving me mad.

About a week later they started me on cart training. I was harnessed to a one-person cart and Christine would control me with the rein and snap the whip to encourage me. When she felt I wasn't doing my best she would snap the tip of the whip somewhere on my ass. She would lead me where she wanted, and I was supposed to make no decisions but blindly follow where she pulled me with the reins. If I started to make a turn before she pulled the reins, I felt the whip. If I began to slow down before told, I felt the whip. After a couple of weeks, I never made a move without feeling direction to do so first. I was a marionette.

During this time, I saw the extent of her ranch for the first time. It was massive and secluded, but there was construction of 5 homes underway in different private areas of her ranch. Through eavesdropping on conversations, I found out that they were parcels purchased by Miss Ward's rich friends who had become totally enamored with human ponies from their visits. There would be an auction in about a month and many of the ponies would be sold to live at one of these other estates. They were creating their own depraved world on this ranch.

At about the year anniversary of my enslavement, they had the auction. I had done nothing but hope I would be sold for that entire month. Any of these other women had to be better than Miss Ward and Christine, but I would have no such luck. On the eve of the auction, Christine came into my stall to retrieve me for training with a huge smile. "Good news! We are keeping you. You are going to be our one-seat, cart pony."

I stared straight ahead trying not to betray any emotion but inside I was gut wrenched. They kept Buttercup and Tinkerbelle for their 2-horse cart and 4 pony girls (one of which was Shasta) for their 4-pony cart and they sold the rest. I overheard Miss Ward saying she couldn't wait to go on another hunt for new ponies.

That night I was brought into the barn and strapped down until I was completely immobile. I had no idea what they were doing behind me, but I heard them approach after about 15 minutes. What happened next changed me for life. The white hot, terrifying pain will never be forgotten, and the result was humiliating and permanent. With a sickening sizzle, they had branded me with a hot iron into the flesh at the top of my left buttocks just below the point where ass meet lower back. The brand was an inch and a half high and 2 inches wide. They had pushed it into my flesh making an indent into the skin. It was "CW" in a girly font for Christine Ward. Miss Ward's name was Caroline Ward, so it worked for either woman. However, I was Christine's.

Once it healed, she had the CW tattooed pink and the edges tattooed black giving it a 3D effect. It may have been only a 1/4" deep but with the tattooing it looked freakishly deep. Her girly mark of ownership was permanently added to my body.

She loved to show it to me. "I just love having my brand on you, Romeo. My property forever." she would trace it with her finger and giggle.

When she made me bend over for my nightly ass-fucking she seemed to go at it with more vigor than ever.

It has been 2 years now. I have spent a year as their one cart pony. The ranch is busy now. Miss Ward has brought in yet another batch of whimpering ponies who can't believe what is happening to them. When I was brought over as a demonstration about the cart, I could see the looks of horror in their eyes, When Christine snapped the whip extra hard into my ass with a loud crack, I made no movement whatsoever and my face stayed serene looking straight ahead, while I was screaming inside with the pain. Christine unharnessed me and made me bend over for the new ponies and show them my large asshole. It's a demonstration of her power which I'm sure made them wet themselves.

"His asshole is large because he is a lucky boy and gets fucked by me every night. You should hear him moan. As you can see, he proudly wears my brand." She hadn't stopped at the brand and now my harness, bridle and reins were all bright pink as well. On the front of my black collar, she had "Property of Christine Ward" in sparkly pink writing. I was constantly laughed at.

I spend my entire day from sunup to sundown and sometimes later harnessed to the one-man cart. Mostly I'm parked right in front of the house, so I'm accessible for trips to wherever they need. Unfortunately, that means I'm the first-person people see when they come to the property. I stand as still as a statue until they jump on the seat, shake the reins, and then control me like a marionette while I run with perfect form. I am stopped wherever they are going, and I stand perfectly still wherever they have left me, staring in whatever direction they have placed me, until they come back and shake the reins again. Sometimes Christine will stroke my cock until it's extremely hard then leave me like that, humiliated that people will see me aroused.

It's a nightmare. The constant frustration of being unable to free myself is almost unbearable. Freedom seems so close but it's so far away. One day shortly after

Christine branded me, she came up and whispered in my ear. "It's gets me so wet every day to think about how you used to be this rich, powerful, strong, free man and now you have to live like this... Every time I see you naked and humiliated and completely under my control, I get aroused. You are going to have to live the rest of your life like this...jumping at my every command in fear. My personal property. It must be so frustrating for you to know that just one little mistake cost you everything."

Deep in thought reliving that moment, I almost didn't hear her coming. She pulls out the stake that she had driven into the ground through my hobble chain to keep me anchored in place, then removes the hobble chain itself and jumps onto the cart, grabs my reins then whistles and shakes the reins and I run forward. The crack of the whip inches from my ass warns me to go faster and soon I'm in a full gallop. We stop at her friend's house a mile up the road.

The friend is out front drinking a cup of coffee and they chat in front of me. They are free and comfortable and clothed. They are free to talk, eat and drink what they want. I, on the other hand, am naked and in uncomfortable bondage. The bit that I didn't think I could take for even a minute when it first went in has been in my mouth for 2 years now. It's still frustratingly uncomfortable but I've learned to tolerate it. For 15 months now I haven't been able to move my arms even slightly. They are locked permanently behind me in motionless reverse prayer.

You would think I would have gotten used to my new life, but sadly I hadn't. Some days were worse than others, but they are always frustration and lament. The day I allowed myself to be put into bondage constantly rolled through my head. If I just would have realized the danger. The frustration today is worse than usual as I watch Christine and her friend gossip and giggle standing their comfortable and free. Two cute young girls barely 20 years old with their whole life ahead of them. Every day I lose a day of life and I fear that there will never be anything else for me. Only humiliation, pain, and bondage...my body naked and on display.

Christine sauntered up to me, while her friend went back to the house. "It's Dani's birthday." she said referring to her friend. "And we are having a big party today. I came a little early to help her get ready." She grabbed the ring on the front of my

collar and pulled my head down until it was between my legs then snapped a chain between the hobble chain at my ankles and the ring on my collar. It forced me into the touching my toes position, only without arms. My ass was straight up in the air exposing my large hole.

"I know how proud you are of your cute, muscular butt and your big hole. You want everyone to know that you are lucky enough to get fucked by me every night." she said this as she lightly stoked her finger back and forth between my butt cheeks. "Don't worry, I'll be back in a couple of hours." she said mirthfully and walked away leaving me exposed for the entire ranch of women and their pony girls to see as they arrived.

The End