

# Institutionalized Ponygirl

By Denkira7

## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

(The story takes place in the same universe as "the Fort of Tears", but it can be easily read as a standalone story)

An 8 year-old boy and his father were walking home from school, along the sidewalk of a relatively peaceful road. The boy's family lived in the outskirts of the city. There was some traffic, but nothing like the chaos of downtown. The boy was holding his father's hand, his colorful backpack on his shoulders.

Just then, the boy saw a cart approaching. It looked like a smaller cable car or tram. A light-weight, open built. No need for windows. Most of it made of wood, except some vital features like the wheels and bottom frame. The design was old-school. A roof supported on four poles and the necessary rails around the rectangular floor, with two door-less side-exits.

About 15 passengers were standing crowded inside the wagon, waiting for their stop, holding onto hand holders or one of the four poles in the cart's corners. But there are no cables anywhere on its path. This thing does not run on electricity. Instead, it is being pulled by a group of obscenely dressed women. Can you say "dressed" when all the important parts are readily displayed? Though some body parts and most of their faces were obscured by leather harnesses and latex, their big, bouncing tits were on full display, as were their asses and their privates. The very restrained women were lined in 4 rows of 4 women each. Most graphic sight was the fact they were pulling the cart with their very own labia lips, which looked stretched beyond what any woman would call normal. They were all dressed in uniformed, wine-red colors of the same skin-tight outfit. They also all looked exhausted, drenched in sweat from head to toe. But none of them stopped pulling the chains attached to their pussy-lips, pulling the cart at a speed that might have seemed low compared to the passing cars, but it was actually impressive for humans that were pulling over a ton of weight.

An old, bored man, the only person seated on the front of the cart, was responsible for steering the vehicle, though there was no steering wheel, nor reins to rill in his human horses, nor whip to guide them. Simply a small board in front of him with a few buttons.

The boy had seen a cart like this a few times before, and it was thrilling every-time he had stumbled upon such a thing. These people that were painfully pulling this wagon around, they surely looked human, but they were treated very differently than mom, dad or virtually anyone else. They were

treated more like Pickles, the family dog, but even Pickles was being loved and taken care off. No, this was something closer to horses that people carriages. Horses. That's what these people resembled. They even had hairy tails like horses and their shoes looked a lot like hooves.

The boy mustered up the courage to ask. "Dad, what are these?" he pointed to the strange sight, just as the cart was making a stop and a few people were stepping out. "These are ponies, kiddo", said the dad casually. "They pull the cart around so that people get where they need to go". The boy made a calculating face, taking in the information. "It's like a bus, but better for the environment, since they are no bad gasses coming from it. That was true. The government had decided to utilize these public pony-carts as a means to battle air pollution and also reduce traffic by increasing the usage of public transportation. The measure had been accepted widely, and more and more off these trams were seen around town, both at the center and the suburbs. There were also free to ride, which increased their use.

"But aren't they people?" the boy asked, still walking alongside his father. "They used to be, but they were very, very bad. So now they are not people anymore, but ponies", his father explained. "If I'm bad, will I become a pony, too?" the boy inquired, rather reasonably for an innocent soul. His father chuckled wholesomely. "Hehe, yes, so you better eat all your broccoli today...", he teased him, just as the cart was started to move again.

## DAY 1

"COME ON, MOVE IT, SCUM!" Natalya was roughly pushed by the guard behind her. The girl had dozed off, her mind momentarily drifting away to pleasant memories, since there was nothing pleasant about her current situation. She always daydreamed like that and would get easily distracted, but that didn't mean she was an empty-headed girl. On the contrary, she was remarkably bright and courageous things that no one expected at the first sight of her. She was a rare beauty of 5'9", with a slender, slim figure and long, sunny-light blonde hair that went down to her small, but perky breasts. And how could they not be perky, with the Ukrainian girl being in the 22nd year of her life, full of youth. She had her whole life ahead of her.

Or so she thought. Her big, green eyes glanced at the guard behind her, but she was wise not to utter a word to him, but rather keep walking. Other, 'chattier' women had some pretty bad baton bruises for their "negotiating" efforts.

In a chain-shackled state, with both wrists and ankles strictly restrained not only together, but also linked to the person in front and behind, the row of nude women, around 30 in number, could only walk in small steps, as much as their metal bonds allowed.

Every trimester, the “Women’s reformation facility”, or more fittingly known as the Fort of Tears, was processing the inmates that had been sentenced to life with no possibility of parole. These particular cases would eventually be transferred to the Pony Ranch, a branch operation of the Prison’s system. It served as both a power plant for the prison and the whole town, as well as a transporting service and tourist attraction. Needless to say, it was bringing the Prison and the local borough tons of cash, all thanks to the free sweat of the life-long, dehumanized prisoners.

The Patriarch Regime had no place in its society for unruly, blaspheme women, who did not understand their role in life and offended the values this proud State was trying to spread across the globe. These women here were the worst possible example for the youth of this country. For that, they would be relegated to nothing more than cattle, beasts of burden, stripped of any rights until the day God decided to remove them from this Earth.

Young Natalya knew this day would eventually come. Waiting in the Fort of Tears was like a concentration camp. Some people get out. The Pony Ranch was a death sentence. She had been sentenced to life in jail for adultery and conspiring to murder. While the second offense was heavy, the first one was equally serious at this time and place. While in past years, adultery was benign, if even a crime, in this new world order, this bigoted, religion-based, misogynist nightmare, cheating on your spouse – if you were a woman, that is – was one of the most despicable, unholy offences. Since marriage as a legal institution had been reshaped in the recent years, being just shy of an unofficial ownership of a woman by a man, adultery was deemed one of the worst possible ways of “spitting” at that holy tradition.

It didn’t matter that Natalya’s husband of two years, was an abusive alcoholic, who regularly beat her and verbally abused and belittled her at the slightest misstep, or just to vent his anger issues. He had brought the young woman over to the States from her home country, to marry her and solve her family’s dire financial problems. He would marry this stunning, 20 year old, lass, and they would be settled for the next 5-10 years.

Natalya was actually excited at first, to start a new, better life in the US. Sure, her husband was a bit old for her, at 44 years of age, but she could learn to love him. He didn’t seem as bad as most men in this sexist world she lived in. She was wrong.

So when she couldn't take any more of this suffering, she jumped at the opportunity of a getaway affair. This developed into a plan to poison Natalya's husband, since getting a divorce was practically impossible for a woman. The man was sentenced to two years with probation, but for the unlucky girl, the law worked a little bit differently. She was the moral abettor, and the betrayal of her marital contract was also weighing heavy on her. Her lawyer tried to push for some mitigating factors to lighten her sentence, but the judge was having none of that, and when the hammer was brought down, Natalya was due to spend the rest of her life in jail.

The line of shackled women reached the processing room, where three checkpoints each woman passed through. Each small station was busy processing a miserable inmate. At the far left of the room, there was a gynecological chair, on which women were being thoroughly strapped down. Natalya saw a woman struggle in vain, as she was being injected with various syringes. In the next portion, the largest one in the room, the ponies were being fitted with some obscene items of clothing that did more to degrade them than actually cover them up. Finally, the "dressed up" women were being branded with a scorching hot, electric branding iron, on the end of the line.

Upon seeing the arguably worrying fate that awaited them, lots of women started crying, others fought to get away, some optimists begun bubbling on about human rights violations. The guards easily defused the ruckus with a few timely strikes of their batons. The commotion died only a bit, as the processing started taking place. The armed guards pushed the naked blonde girl forwards. Their transformation from citizens to simple beasts of burden would commence here.

The young, tall girl did not struggle much, while she was placed on a gynecologist's chair with straps all around her forehead, her chest, neck and arms, and with her legs spread widely and secured on leg holders, for a full view of her genitals. It's not like she accepted what was happening to her, but she knew that this one was surely a losing battle, and was saving her strength for more important situations. She was determined to find a way to cope with all this, and not let it destroy her ego, her sense of self. She would somehow deal with all this. She was never one for self-pity, never weak, but strong-willed and hopeful.

The white-coat in front of her, a man in his late 30s, wearing a medical mask, wasted no time putting the piercing gun to work on her pristine, tender skin. A nurse by Natalya's head-rest, held a thick, wooden bar between the girl's teeth. This was just protocol, so that the future ponies would not bite their tongues off from the horrible pain. There was no time for silly things like anesthetics.

"Ffffff.... ffffff.... ffff.....MMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmm", Natalya's eyes widened with shock, as the first of many round rings, 1 inch in diameter, was placed on her labia. Even bracing herself for the needle with quick, sharp breaths didn't help her. Before she knew it, the second ring joined. She tried to twist and shake her pelvis away, but the leather strap around her waist was too tight to allow any movement. As she shifted nervously in place, the white-dressed man was preparing the third ring...

Two looooong minutes later, Natalya had more piercings on her body than most people do in a lifetime. Everything happened so quickly, people were pricking her from left and right, like a human pin cushion. Her tongue had been pierced with a round stud-ring, and her nose-septum with a round one. Her nipples were each “adored” with a round ring, same as the 6, that’s right, six, pierced on her poor, cute, pussy-lips, three one each lip, in a row. One final one, half an inch in diameter, was placed right through her sensitive clitoris. The blonde girl thought she might faint during that one, producing a horrifying growl. All round rings were one inch in diameter, silver and impossible to remove, since they were welded closed after each insertion.

The man then grabbed roughly her breast, not in a sexual manner, but a strictly utilitarian one, on the other hand holding an ominous syringe filled with an unknown drug. “Uuuuuuggggghhhh!”, Natalya groaned, as the contents of the syringe were emptied inside her breast through her nipple. Same treatment followed on her other boob. Her leg holders were momentarily raised way up, to expose her ass, so that two more needle-pricks were made the girl’s ass-cheeks.

The doctor produced one last smaller syringe. Nat’s eyebrows furrowed, as she couldn’t shift away from the approaching needle, with her forehead strapped tightly down on the headrest. The needle pierced her slim neck, a drug injected.

As she was finally “escorted” out of the first room, Natalya saw a petite, 5’3”, brunette Latina, 26 years old, getting ready to take the seat she occupied seconds ago. She was in a clear state of shock, her eyes full of tears, that hadn’t stopped since the moment she joined Natalya behind her in the chain-line. She looked very scared as she was strapped down on the same gynecological chair. Natalya glanced at her, too distracted with pain all over her body, to care much. If only that girl knew what was in store for her, she’d struggle much more than she did.

The Ukrainian beauty was ready for the next part of her processing. She was quickly released from her shackles, only to be restrained, with her arms over head, hooked to a ceiling chain, and her legs spread with a handy spreader bar. An older woman was waiting there, with a busy expression on her face. She had lots and lots of ponies to “dress” today, and she wasn’t in a mood to fuck around. “Alright, this one is 39 for the feet... 24 inch waist going to 21, 31 inch chest going to 36, 34 inch hips going to 38”, the woman read softly from a sheet of paper, full of the girl’s measurements. “So we’ll do the 22-inch corset to start. I doubt it’ll go much tighter, she already has a thin waist”, she said to her helper, another younger woman, who quickly started fitting Natalya with the tight, under-bust PVC corset. It was black, with a wide green stripe on the front and another on the back, matching the girl’s eyes. The

three metal clips on the back were lockable, so that the corset was never removed without special keys. Natalya felt her ribs being crushed, and the air forcefully exit her lungs. This was definitely too much.

Next, her legs were treated to a pair of latex thigh-high stockings, fully dark in color. Natalya immediately felt them hug her long, lean legs snugly. On her thighs, where the stockings ended, was a thicker, leather strap that housed a couple of rings, one pair on the inner thigh, one on the opposite side.

6 small chains, same number as the rings on Natalya's labia lips, were brought out of yet another drawer. The dresser pondered: "Hmm, the 5-inch ones are good for a start. If they don't like them, they can do the 4-inch ones later", she said and she gestured to her assistant, who started clipping the tiny carabineers onto each of the girl's pussy rings, and attached the other end on the inner thigh ring of the stockings. In the end, all 6 chains were slightly, teasingly, pulling on the poor girl's labia lips, not painfully stretching them, but certainly putting some discomfort to her most private of parts, pulling them so her pussy-hole was even more exposed than before. Every step she'd make from now on would be very apparent "downstairs", every trot, bend or stretch making each presence known.

Her feet were also fitted with a pair of weird, fetish-looking platform shoes, same green color as her corset. The elastic platform of the shoes was 4 inches tall, the heel height would be about 6 inches, but there was no heel to speak of. Rather, the shoe's platform slowly curved until there was nothing underneath the sole. So the shoe was rather front heavy, resembling a horse's hoof. The bottom of the soles was wrinkled, textured, much like a runner's shoe. Three straps from the ankle and upwards, were buckled and locked so the girl's hooves would stay on. The top strap also housed rings on either side of the girl's calves.

The girl's arms were pulled back down, only to be fitted into a green, leather arm-binder that fused the wearer's arms as close together as possible, behind the back, ending in a snug mono-glove mitten.

The assistant lifted the bound girl's arms up, forcing her to either bent over, or dislocate her elbow. Nat obeyed, and soon she was feeling a spherical, metal hook, poke at the entrance of her rim-hole. It had only been lubed for the interest of time, not so much for the inmate's pain-relief. Still, the ball at the end of that U-shaped hook was 1.5 inches in diameter, already too much for Nat's poor little rosebud. The hook passed her sphincter only after some generous pulling. On her tailbone, the hook had an inch-wide, female thread and a metal ring above it. 5 or 6 long, puffy, fabulous ponytails were brought out, attached on male threaded bases. The woman was placing them next to Natalya's blonde hair, in order to match the color just right. It was number 26, the "bright, golden blonde". She screwed the tail on the hook and voilà! Natalya had her very own ponytail!

What the girl hadn't noticed was the small chip, installed on the outer part of the hook. This chip could be remotely triggered to charge the very conductive steel of the hook with a strong voltage of electricity.

A leather strap was attached first to the hook's ring, then pulled reaaaally taut and linked to an eyelet on the top of the arm-binder, from the inside of the arm-binder. Natalya immediately felt its effect. Any motion to raise her fused arms upwards, pulled on this strap and therefore dug the anal hook further deep into her bowels. What her restraints were "telling her", was to stay docile, and don't try struggle that much.

Natalya then saw a tall, black PVC collar that was fitted/locked around her slender neck. It kept the girl's head and neck perfectly straight, with no motion available.

Her nipples were then treated to some "decorations", both utilitarian and aesthetic. The dresser produced some adhesive, latex nipple guards, in the shape of a 6-point star. The nipple shields came in halves for each nipple, as to bypass the nipple ring that was in the way. In seconds, two green, star-shaped nipple-shields were covering the girl's areolae. The shields let a tiny hole at the tips of her nipples. Electrodes were attached underneath the sticker and in contact with both her skin and the metal nipple ring. These would cause her lots of trouble later on.

But there were more intricate little tools to follow for Natalya's nipples. Thin, PVC little nipple caps, with a spiral-shaped gap around them, again to avoid the silver rings, were screwed over her nipples, as the nipple area of the latex guard had some faintly visible male thread marks. The inside surface of these caps featured little spikes, that poked the girl's nipples from all directions, once the caps were properly screwed on them.

A green, latex hood, that beside the two eye-holes, only left the wearer's chin, mouth and nose uncovered, was then placed over Natalya's head. It fitted her perfectly snug. Before it was placed on, her long straight blonde hair were gathered into a –ironically enough- ponytail and were passed through a small hole on the back of the hood's head.

A black, leather head-harness was then placed over the latex-covered head. It was equipped with square eye-blinders, like the one's placed on horses to keep them from getting distracted. The harness also had a thick, black, wooden bit-gag –wouldn't want to ruin the pony's teeth for no reason.

"Nooaaaaaaauhgghh", Natalya groaned as it was fitted between her teeth. She could already fill her voice raspy and weak, for some reason.

With her basic outfit complete, the young woman very much resembled a pony-girl at this moment. Her mind was 100% human, though. That would change later. The young woman was led to the final room, where the electric branding operator was waiting for her, along with another nurse. As her feet were tethered on floor-rings by all 4 rings of her boots, Nat spotted the branding iron. On its tip, was a series of vertical lines and gaps, a barcode, the codification of Natalya's prisoner ID. No longer would she be Natalya Zinchenko, but pony number 923773843.

The nurse lady rubbed an alcohol-soaked cotton pad on her the side of her right thigh, just below her pelvic bone. Natalya's breathing intensified into quick, sharp exhales, as the man approached her with the glowing red, metal rod and drove it into the side of her thigh, a few centimeters above the stocking. The horrific sound of burning flesh, accompanied a guttural, heart-wrenching, muffled scream. Natalya tried to flail her hooved legs and pull away from the scorching temperature. She had nowhere to go.

The iron was removed after 3 seconds which felt like an eternity. The barcode marked on her skin forever would identify her easily to anyone with a laser scanner in hand. Her status had just been cemented, from a member of society, to a life-long prisoner and property of the state.

## **DAYS 2 - 13**

The 30 women had entered the facility as free-thinking individuals, with their own personalities, hopes and dreams. With their own life goals and fears. Gradually, the first three would be slowly but steadily eradicated, while the latter two would be converging on the same pivotal mantra. Complete Submission. The goal would be being a good, obedient ponygirl, and the fear, the repercussions of failing to be just that.

Their pending transformation was visible in terms of appearance. Simply naked humans before, now scarred, contorted, restrained and twisted into this beast hybrid, packaged in a prison of latex, leather and hard PVC.

Most women were terrified upon coming to grips with this new reality, and for a good reason. Even acquainting themselves with their new "outfits", was a challenge in itself. The unanimous feelings were ones of unease, discomfort, exposure and utter humiliation. During their first naïve days, some women were trying to work together to untie one another. Rubbing their faces against each other, trying to dislodge the tightly strapped bit-gag, pawing aimlessly at each other's arm-binders, or at the straps of their hoof-boots. It was all pretty pointless.



Natalya was desperately trying to balance on these ridiculous new platforms she was wearing. Even though they had thick padding under her soles for constant wearing, their shifted her center of gravity, forcing her to wobble, to avoid tripping and falling. She wasn't the only one with that difficulty. The obscene boots forced the wearer to stand on the balls of her feet.

As if their graphic, sexualized display wasn't doing the trick, the shiny texture of their clothing, made for a true spectacle. All ponies wore different colored "outfits", always black, paired with another color. Natalya's was black and green, matching her pretty eyes, and making a nice pairing with her blonde ponytail.

The restrained women's helplessness became even more apparent whenever the handlers were leading them around. It was ridiculously easy, thanks to the handy piercings, where any chain could be clipped on in a second. It was usually their septum-ring that was being used to lead them around. The discomfort caused by pulling against this sensitive part, was more than enough for all captive women to reluctantly follow the chain-leash, wherever it might lead them. It was infuriating to Natalya, how little resistance she could exert. Just the clip of the leash, and she followed suit.

One of the most devastating losses the women had suffered soon after entering the Ranch, was that of their very own voice. A person's voice is a vessel of their identity, a sigh of their humanity, so it definitely had to be taken away from them. Their vocal chords had been irreversibly damaged by the drug injected into their neck during their processing. No one likes a noisy pony-girl, anyway.

Natalya remembered the moment she and every other pony of her group, found out about this irreversible procedure. It was day three of the girl's life in the Ranch and her throat was hurting her nonstop. The drug had taken almost full effect, by now.

She was out in the field, trying to stretch her worn legs, when two handlers, a man and a woman approached her. The man undid Natalya's bit, letting it dangle from the side of her face. "How are you finding your stay here, little one?", the woman then asked with a grin of anticipation. Natalya opened her mouth to curse them both out. She had clearly formed the words "Fuck you, you twisted motherfuckers", but all she managed to utter was a soft, hissing whine.

"Hhhhhh!", her green eyes-widened, shocked. "Hhhhhhuuh!", she tried again. She couldn't produce any string of consonants or vowels, only a soft, labored hiss, that no one apart from the men standing right in front of her, could hear. She'd never utter a word again, and neither would any other ponygirl. "What's that little filly? Can't quite hear you", the man taunted her, as both he and his coworker chuckled.

Less sinister but much more degrading was the effect the other 4 injections had on the women's physiology. The drugs injected into everyone's tits and hips, were special, dense growth hormones, meant to amplify these vital areas. The drugs caused each area to swell proportionately to the drug's dosage. The ponygirls now had very pronounced measurements, sporting a narrow hourglass, "slutty bimbo" kind of body type. Breasts that seemed too large for their built, waists relentlessly squeezed into suffocating corsets, and asses that looked full, round and bubbly. It was a mockery of classical, feminine beauty, a much more extroverted, shallow type of sex appeal. But the public was never complaining about these people's enforced appearance. The least this degenerate scum could do now was be pleasing to the eye.

It took about a week for the drug's effects to be fully realized. During these days, Natalya was constantly feeling a numb, tingling sensation in her breasts and ass. She had deduced this had to do with the injections she had received, but the collar disabled her from tilting her neck to take a good look at what was going. But she could swear her tits felt slightly heavier each day. Nat was always fond of her smaller boobs and slim physique. She never considered changing her body in any way.

But like her existence as a whole, her tits or ass were not hers anymore, but state property. And like all the ponies before her, her appearance would be "enhanced" into an aesthetically pleasing result, at least in the eyes of her captors.

In addition to the growth hormone, the boob formula contained a pregnancy hormone, which was the catalyst for milk production in the mammary glands. So not only had Natalya's breasts become larger, they were also filling up with milk daily, milk that sooner or later, needed extraction. As the hours passed, the painful pressure accumulating in their jugs would become unbearable.

In less than 48 hours, all ponies had a severely pained expression on their faces, as they were brought out in the field for a morning stretch of their legs. It felt like their breasts were about to explode, the internal strain of their milk-duds impossible to ignore. In addition, their tummies were also groaning intensely, the women having gone without any food since their processing.

The handlers undid the bit-gags of the women's mouths. It made no difference in the noise levels, though Natalya was relieved to have her jaw free for a change. They then watched as the handlers unscrewed the nipple caps that were shielding them since their "dress-up". Droplets of milk were dripping from the tips, the small hole on their nipple shields now making sense. The women's eyes widened with shock. What else had these people done to them!?

“Alright, breakfast time, fillies!”, a handler announced. “These are your daily meals from now on, your very own titty-milk”, he informed a petrified crowd of latex-clad women. “It’s either this, or nothing”, he was right. There were plenty of nutrients in this hormonally lactated breast-milk, to sustain each woman for a lifetime.

Each ponygirl was now eyeing each other with torn looks of disbelief. No one wanted to suck on each other’s nipples, but the collar around their necks and their bound arms definitely forbid suckling on your own breasts, if anyone had such clever ideas. They were in a precarious position though, having not eaten anything for two days.

The, blonde Ukrainian girl, scantily “dressed” – if one could call it that – in her black-and-green attire, scanned around the field. Her eyes fell on the Latina girl that was behind her in the processing line, two days ago. Her perfect brown skin glistened under the sunlight. It was adored with a red-and-black pattern of the pony-outfit. Her breasts well already voluptuous and full before the injections, her nipples were now decorated with a flower shaped shield. Her booty was just as inviting to the male gaze, even if her waist had some extra meat on it. The corset and lots and lots of rigorous “exercise” would take care of that excess.

The 26 year old girl’s name used to be Dahlia Mendez, but now she would just be archived to the public as pony-92834823. The young Colombian was on the final stages of getting her American green-card, but it was on her final interview when things turned sour. Her sentence officially was “seducing a married man”, a heavy infraction in this society. But the truth could not be more skewed.

The man in question, the agent responsible for approving her green card, was very upfront about the “hot piece of ass” giving him some “additional motivation” for him to stamp her green card. Dahlia was torn, but in the end resorted to kneeling underneath his desk for a blowjob. She had worked so hard to get into the States, and a small jab to her ego shouldn’t be that bad. The problems arose when the office door suddenly opened, and the agent defended himself, by blaming Dahlia for bribing him with sexual favors for her green card. Dahlia pleaded innocent, a clear victim of coercion, but without any security footage available, it was her word - a poor woman from a minority - against a well-respected, white man’s word. The trial lasted only a few minutes. The sentence was “coercion of a federation agent”, which also added terrorist charges to the girl’s sentence. Dahlia would technically live in the U.S from now on, albeit under very different circumstances.

Natalya saw that the woman was approaching her. Yesterday she was the one that had initiated, during their first encounter. Natalya comforted the teary-eyed woman, her branded thigh still hot to the touch. Natalya had placed her forehead against the side of the girl's neck, giving her what resembled as close to an embrace as the girl could do. Communicating the simple message:

*I know what you're going through. I am here for you.*

The Colombian girl had accepted the gentle touch. Simply having someone to share this sadness, felt good.

Now with their tits ready to burst with milk, both young women needed each other. The young brown girl had shyly nestled her cheek against the taller girl's full chest. She felt more comfortable with her, since their latest encounter. If she had to suckle breast-milk from someone, it might as well be her. It took a bit of convincing from Dahlia's part, but finally, Natalya gave in to her charm.

Dahlia slowly moved her lips towards the blonde girl's left nipple, keeping eye-contact to make sure the girl was consenting to this. She didn't want to force herself, as much as she needed this. Natalya stood still, looking up at the sky, in an internal struggle. She also wanted this, but her pride was still torturing her, almost as much as her full, newly enlarged boobs. But Dahlia's lips finally made contact with the green latex shield, pursed over the girl's moist nipple. She took in one intake, and her mouth filled with the girl's milk. It was almost too hard to believe. The 26 year old gulped it down. It tasted great! She suckled more, and more, watching Natalya's breath also relax, her eyelids fluttering shut, as the pressure on her left tit was gradually being absorbed- not that it altered their new, bombshell size. The feeling of having her nipples sucked was also somewhat pleasurable to the young Ukrainian, even erotic maybe, but she didn't want to think about that, in that moment.

It seemed like most women were waiting for someone to show them it was acceptable to do the same, a sort of degradation enabler, as they gradually started finding "mates" to feed off from and empty their aching hooters. The handlers watched the circle of life (and milk) go on with chuckles and rude comments.

It's not that Dahlia wasn't feeling humiliated, suckling milk from the breasts of a girl 4 years younger than her. All this was too surreal to be true. She tried to focus on the fact that her tummy was filling up. All she was looking forward to now was the blonde girl reciprocating and sucking her tits empty.

Once Dahlia has her meal, the roles were reversed, the younger girl bending over to the short girl's even larger knockers. Natalya closed her eyes again, as if what was happening wasn't real if she wasn't

looking. She sucked in and immediately tasted the white liquid. It tasted like regular cow milk, but much richer in flavor and a bit thicker in texture. She drunk greedily, Dahlia would moan from relief, if she had a functioning voice. She just breathed deeply, as did all the ponies around them. A few ponies were too proud to breastfeed strangers, resorting to watching the other ponygirls "dig in". There was no need for a disciplinary whipping. The next day, the paralyzing pain on their swollen tits would inform them this was the wrong play. As they days progressed, breast-feeding adult strangers became accepted as a necessarily evil for nourishment.

It soon became normal, as mundane as grabbing a lunch-box to work. When the ponies discovered that the way to alleviate their hurting, swollen tits was also the same way to "cure" their hunger, the incentive was simply too strong to ignore.

But they couldn't nurture their hunger any time they wanted. Their screwed nipple caps, forbid any suckling without the help of a handler to unscrew them. So the ponies' udders were swelling all day, until the 15-minute window when their nipple caps were off. If a ponygirl wasn't in the mood, or simply didn't find any girl to relieve her strain, she'd have to wait till next day, to eat and be "drained" again. The pain was bothersome after the first 12 hours, impossible to ignore at 24 hours, and debilitating at 36. So the ponies were always eager to get their milk-duds emptied.

The barn where Natalya and the other newcomers were spending their nights resembled very much an actual horse-stable, though some key differences stuck out. There was no hay laying anywhere around, so it would not be a part of the ponies' diet, or bedding. Not that the place was particularly clean, with the floors covered with mud and dirt. The first thing someone could see, on the opposite side of the door, was a row of rubber hoses, used for the hygiene of these human beasts. On either side of the barn, run series of closet-sized stables, so narrow and snug, only one person could fit inside.

At her first night in the Ranch, Natalya had been led inside of these stalls, by a young lean guy, with short, brown hair, and not a care in the world. The handler's name was Matthew. He was 3 years younger than her, but didn't have any inhibitions about hurting the young woman to get his job over with. If she didn't want to cooperate, it was her problem and hers alone.

Natalya never liked her stall from the beginning. The "sleep-saddle", was essentially a thinner, longer leather-covered bar, sticking from the opposite wall and parallel to the floor. Its surface was pretty comfortable, save from the 6-inch bulbed dildo, made out of varnished wood, which was jutting upwards, near the edge of the bar.

That very first night, it had taken a couple of zaps from Matthew's cattle prod, for a reluctant Natalya to finally position herself over the uncomfortable seat, with a long, latex-covered leg on either side.

Before moving further, the guy unclipped the labia-chains from the girl's thigh-high hitch-point. Natalya let out a sigh at each release, thought her relief wouldn't last long. The guy took six 5-foot long chains, of similar thickness as the previous ones, and started quickly clipping the tiny carabineers onto each labia ring.

"Come on, down you go", he then pulled down the 3-foot chain he held, attached to blondie's septum ring. It was obvious where Nat was instructed to seat. "Hmmmggg!", she protested – still able to moan that first day, both at the indignity of having to penetrate herself with a wooden cock, as well as the discomfort the pulling on her nose-ring caused. She slowly bent her knees, until the wooden cock disappeared inside her. With worried eyes, Natalya then watched as her pussy rings were attached to two floor-rings right beneath her via chains.

The bar she was currently seating on was on the lower point of a vertical runner, located on the wall behind her. The handler pressed a wall-switch and the bar began rising, lifting her along. "Hmm? Nngggg?", she moaned inquiring, especially when she lost the ground from underneath her platform hooves. She was now supporting her entire weight on her crotch, with a 6-inch wooden dick inside her, nonetheless. The switch was released only when the chains attached to her nipple-rings were all nice and taut, stretching her poor labia lips, which were definitely "feeling" the pull of the chains now.

Natalya tried swinging her legs and extending her feet to reach some ground, but the rings on her hooves were also clipped chained to the floor, securing her feet, 10 inches off the ground. She now stood way over the young man.

All the girl had left to maneuver her body was her torso, a freedom which was also removed, when the handler jumped onto a couple of tiny steps, carved into the back wall, and clipped one last chain, hanging right above Natalya's head, to the top of her head harness. He then pressed a second switch and a small rotor sprang to life, pulling the "head-chain" upwards towards a hole in the ceiling, until the girl's torso was as taut and perfectly straight as the chain itself. Natalya couldn't bend forwards, backwards or sideways. She wouldn't shuffle anywhere. The pull on her head-harness, it almost lessened the pressure on her poor pussy. Almost. She was getting a good stretch from both ends. The young pony-girl had been efficiently tethered to her stable, a place she would become very accustomed to, since it would be where she would sleep, rest, and very likely ponder her mistakes.

"MMMmmm?", Natalya furrowed her brows, asking for mercy, at the man 3 years younger than her, the pressure on her poor privates becoming already alarming. The man didn't bat an eye, as he placed his hands on the pony's eye-blinders, turning them from a hinge so that they closed over the poor girl's green, pleading eyes. The blinders housed some padding on their inside. Once pressed over the eye, they cut off all light. Each blinder had a tiny metal clip, and the two were clipped together, ensuring that the blinders would stay shut for the night. There'd be no way for her to open them without outside help.

“Sleep tight, Vodka”, the young handler bid her farewell, his job here done. Natalya was too preoccupied with having her crotch split and her sight taken away, to mull over that insulting stereotype. The young guy didn’t know anything about her, other than the fact that she looked Eastern-European, or Russian, or something like that. He certainly didn’t know her actual name. So, Vodka it was.

Even though a beast of burden didn’t require a name, some ponies often received nicknames from the ranchers, just for convenience’s sake. Whether that particular one would stick, was to be seen.

Matthew gave one of the chains linking Nat's cunt-lips to the floor a playful strum. It oscillated like an upright bass string, a testament to how taut it was. The young guy chuckled and closed the tiny stall’s door behind him, leaving Natalya to sink in the realization that this crazy predicament would be how she'd spend this and all subsequent nights.

Sleeping penetrated and stretched on a saddle was arguably tough, but nothing was nearly as challenging as the ponies’ daily schedule. They hadn’t been brought here just to dress all fetishy and enjoy their boob jobs.

Every day, the new fillies were taken to the “Sweat Rooms”, a name indicative of what was going on inside. The 4 mechanical contraptions inside the facility comprised of huge vertical poles, with 6 horizontal, 5-meter-long wooden bars extending outwards. Every one meter, there were drilled pairs of metal rings and from each ring dangled three piece of 1.5-meter long rope.

Natalya never forgot her first day there. The place was huge. Tall ceiling, few but huge windows. Like a modified warehouse. As soon as entered the vast place, she smelled sweat and leather. Constant clopping echoed around the room, interspersed with the cracking of a whip. And a slow, humming buzz that brought electricity to mind. This place was the power plant of the stables.

Three of the four poles were occupied, almost 90 tortured women, were there. The sight was burned in Natalya’s mind. Was this her future?!

Each ponygirl was hitched to a placeholder on the bars; soon the huge contraptions were full of bound women that were huffing through their noses with increasing worry. They all had witnessed their fate as soon as they stepped foot in the room. Would it be better if they had no idea what came next?

The women were tethered to the rings of the bards by their labia lip piercings, via the elastic polyester rope which could was hooked onto each of their six labia rings. The rope also featured small metal springs on each end, so that the ponies’ pussies wouldn’t accidentally tear off. Their labia muscles were in for an intense workout.

There was a small “downtime”, until all 30 newbie ponies had been setup, filling the last “carousel”, to exact capacity. Carousel. It was fitting name for what these devices alluded to. Natalya was feeling vulnerable to say the least. Waiting like this only spiked her anxiety. That was the case for most voiceless women. Each of her pierced pussylips had three, relatively thick, ropes hooked onto it. The ropes swayed gently with the trembling fear and anticipation the girl was experiencing.

“OK CUNTS, START PULLING”, a man’s loud and clear voice was heard, the meaning of his phrase dual. No woman moved then, but the real signal came from the onslaught of bullwhips following right after and making speedy contact with the women’s bare, naked flesh. Natalya got a couple of good lashes in her belly and one in her ass. Her eyes widened by the sudden urgency, and she leaned her body forward to pick up some momentum. She immediately felt the resistance on her poor pussylips, but strangely enough, the bar didn’t stay completely still. The overall force of all 30 ponies had caused the pole to rotate by a few degrees, but then it promptly stopped, as a result the stretching pain on their crotches. But as soon as the carousel stopped moving, more whips rained down on them, and this pain was much worse. Natalya dug her teeth into her bit-gag, now with her tits marked pretty well, straining to pull once more. All her “pole-mates” took the memo as well. The carousel was now moving very slowly, but steadily. And round-round the ponies went!

After half an hour, the large herd of 120 ponies was working like the laboring beasts they were, producing power for the good people of this nation. The common thread for each pony was the exhaustion and desperation, evident both in the ponygirls’ bodies and faces. They were all drenched in sweat, running down their thighs, protruding chests and bridled faces, working non-stop. Natalya felt like her pussy would snap off her body from the pain, but it wouldn’t. There were countless examples for that.

The handlers would not tire their hands whipping blindly all day. It was difficult to tell which ponies produced more pulling force than others, too. Only their collective efforts were shown in the pole’s rotation. But, there was a nifty little trick to ensure that no girl was cheating and letting the other ponies do the work for her. After the half hour mark, the handlers had pressed a button in their remotes and a small red light beside each girl’s ring had turned to green.

Each ring on the bar featured a dynamometer, measuring the force exerted there at any moment. Being wirelessly linked to their anal-hook receivers, it sent electrifying voltage to a girl’s asshole, the voltage corresponding reversely with the amount of force monitored on the dynamometer. Put it simply, the least force the dynamometer registered, the more it shocked the corresponding girl’s asshole. That meant that a lazy pony had its asshole fried to a crisp.

Despite their best efforts, the ponygirls’ anal canals did not stop getting irritatingly buzzed, at best, and cattle prodded, at worst. That certainly motivated the girls to increase their labor, no matter how much their legs hurt or their lungs begged for a break. There wasn’t of course, a set amount of lap each



“team” had to complete. The girls were worked from early morning till dusk, with a single break in the middle. But that carouse definitely needed more than 1000 laps each day. The handlers were experienced enough to know where an average group’s speed wasn’t gonna cut it, and then the whip did the talking.

Natalya hated every bit of this practice. She felt so powerless to stop this both degrading and painful AND tiring ordeal. If she wasn’t pulling her “pussy-ropes”, she was getting her sphincter zapped, if she was, she tormented her delicate poor labia. Depending on the group’s accumulative effort, the girl was pulling the equivalent of around 10kgs. And this was only the bare minimum of the requirements.

Handlers were more often than not, present within bullwhip-reach, to “correct” any slacking on the part of their trotting and posture. The women would not just generate electric power with the strength of their aching genitals, but they needed to look presentable while doing it. A good ponygirl was expected to raise her knees high with each step she took, so that her thigh was parallel to the floor. Additionally, her body posture was dictated by a strict set of rules, all meant to accentuate their extreme physique. Their big breasts had to be thrust out with pride (as if the armbinder wasn’t forcing them out enough), so that they jiggled and swayed lively with each trot. Their ass had to be flaunted behind them, seductively, lower back curved inwards, as if constantly asking for a spank. Their back should be straight, a sign of the pony’s full attention. No hunching was ever allowed.

The “constructive feedback” came in the form of “tender” kisses of the whip, in the “problematic” area. Wherever she lacked attention, Natalya felt the sting. Concentration on sticking her breasts out would cause her to forget of her backside. Some more whips then and she slouched her back. And the circle would continue ad nauseum. It wasn’t a question of if she’d perform all this perfectly, just when.

To make matters worse for our pretty heroine, any movement in this restricting getup was uncomfortable. Each trot (when performed correctly) stretched the woman’s labia piercings, linked to their stockings, causing constant friction and a weird, asexual stimulation to their cunts, that was the last thing they wanted under these circumstances. Any nervous, unconscious pulling on their armbinder drove the anal-hook deeper into their already gaped rectal cavity. Normal breathing was difficult through lungs that were constantly being strangled by the corset. Even staying balanced was a task in itself, with these cruel, towering boots.

The handlers constantly berated and taunted them, making it seem as if this obviously horrendous ordeal was not as hard as they made it out to be. It was an added jab to their ego, another insult to the absurd cruelty they were experiencing, considering how objectively difficult and grueling their

assignments were from the first day. The general attitude of the handlers was: How dumb are these bitches to not get our lessons through their thick skulls?

Natalya's sweat never failed to glisten off her soft, pale skin, during her "working hours". Her thighs were burning, her soles hurt from not getting the slightest sitting time. Her back was killing her, from the constant strain of keeping it straight and pushing her tits out. Similarly, her lower back was suffering the consequences of her permanently flaunted ass.

Everyone got their fair share of whip marks, being completely defenseless to avoid any lash. Natalya was no exception, often returning to her stall with her pale skin covered with red welts.

During their first 8-hour-long working day, the girl had seen two women collapse to the ground from the sheer exhaustion. They were both taken out of the room, and Natalya didn't see them again for a while. Were they just executed? Just made to vanish from the face of the earth? Natalya pondered if she was given that way out, would she take it? It almost seemed tempting. The girl got her answer two days later. No woman got off that easy from the Stables.

When the rest of the ponies were "reunited" with the two women, their bellies looked huge, their corsets temporarily removed. Their bellies looked like they were both pregnant with twins. The two women, who thought they could just "take a break", were brought in the middle of the fenced field, and tethered to two wooden poles by their septum rings, with not enough slack on their leash to kneel down.

The first woman was a 35 year old mother of two, a beautiful Caucasian woman with brown-blond hair, and great, big jugs. The second was an 18 year old Asian girl, petite and small like a walking stereotype. Her DDs now didn't fit the "small Asian girl" profile, though.

Natalya watched as both women were in copious amounts of cold sweat, letting out labored, shallow breaths through their bit-gags, the pressure on their bellies agonizing. They had spent over 30 straight hours stashed in their pussy-splitting stalls, with their insides filled to the brim with a special enema, containing amongst other things, chili sauce, vegetable oil, and an assortment of laxatives. 10 bags of that stuff later, everything was sealed right in with their bulging tail plugs. No amount of pushing would pop these out. Their intestines were in countless knots, just an hour after "receiving" the enema treatment. There was no voice to emulate their constant begging.

An older handler approached the two restrained women, holding a bullwhip. "You see them? These fillies think they can just plop on the floor whenever they feel like it", the bearded man spoke, bullwhip

ready in hand. Every captive listened closely. "I don't care how tired you are. You NEVER break orders", he said strictly, emphasizing that word.

The crowd of ponies then watched him throw the first whip, landing straight on the Asian girl's stretched tummy. Just the thud itself was horrific thud. Even if she couldn't scream, you could see the pain in her face, as the voiceless girl writhed in place, jerking her head violently with pressed shut eyes. She would have folded over her knees, if her nose-ring wasn't keeping her standing. Next was the poor mother. Her reaction was equally telling of the sheer agony. She felt as though her belly would burst open from the hit. This was truly a teaching moment for all captives.

After a very thorough whipping, their armbinders were undone, so that their anal hooks could be removed. The women's asses were turned to face the "public". As soon as the handlers pulled hard enough to remove the thick butt plug/tails, the two ponies emptied their bowels with a violent splash in front of the whole yard, a loose, brownish-greenish liquid squirting out their assholes. The smell and sight was equally vile.

To add to their humiliation, their noses were quickly unclipped from their hitching spot and their faces were mushed into the disgusting puddle, kept there under two handlers' boots. Both women flailed and struggled to get away, but their heads were stomped harder, shoving them into their own filth. Every pony watched with wide-eyed shock. The lesson was loud and clear.

Ever since the image of those enema-filled ponies and their subsequent discipline, was burned on the captive women's minds, giving up during their "work" was the last thing on their minds. Hell, it wasn't even registering as an option. Despite the already torturous, exhausting ordeal, every woman dreaded the thought of being betrayed by her own biology. There were still daily cases, though, of ponies dropping to the floor like flies. It couldn't be helped. Some women clearly could not cut it for such harsh labor. But there was no rush. Pain is an excellent tutor and things truly could get worse than the Sweat Rooms. All women would reach the desired standards, sooner or later. Sooner, if they knew what was good for them.

After their work day was over, all ponies would get taken outside and roughly hosed with powerful streams of cold water, to get most of the sweat and stink off of them. Hygiene standards were different for people and ponies, and they'd soon make peace with that.

Whenever they weren't being worked to the bone, or stashed in their stable stalls, the ponies were let "loose" inside a fenced field, about 70x70 meters wide. It was fenced with electrical wire, each pony

receiving a strong zap for testing the field's boundaries, always to the laughter of any handlers gazing at them.

Like the Fort of Tears, the Pony Ranch was located on a completely remote part of the country, on a mountain side with not much civilization around it. Natalya pondered at how peaceful it looked to an outsider, one who didn't know the horrors happening here.

"Hey, give me that one", Natalya saw Matthew, a young handler, approach her, her "reins" being handed over to him by another handler who was leading her back to her stable. His hands were already full of chains linking to nose-rings, so he accepted the help.

Natalya remained silent – as if she had a choice- as the young man, led her into her stall. She didn't have a good feeling about this. "You hungry, Vodka?" he looked up at her, her hooves making her taller than him. Her eyes shot daggers at him, not so much for the insulting nickname, but because he and she both knew, he was the reason her stomach was empty and her tits full. The young man had deliberately stalled to take Natalya out in the field for her meal break. With only 3 minutes left to their break and all ponies fed and milk-drained, she didn't find any willing partner to suckle her, nor did she get to eat much. Natalya managed to swallow her pride once more and "sweetened" her hateful look, trying to push down her rage and avoid insulting the man. Showing any kind of objection or aggression never fared well for the ponies. It was wiser to stay patient and accept things as they came, as unfair as they might be.

Matthew took out a small protein bar he always had in handy for a quick snack. "I can give you half of that, if you're a good little pony", he said with meaning. Natalya furrowed her brow. She wanted to be a good little pony, just to get something to eat. She was starving. She nodded, compliant. Her nose-chain was pulled downwards, and she was forced to squat, still balancing on the balls of her feet, with these dreaded hooves. "Uh uh uh...spread those legs, not that shy shit", the man corrected the ponygirl. Natalya hated that. Spreading her legs in that squat would mean that her labia lips would be painfully stretched by the chains linking them to her latex stockings. She obeyed with closed eyes, fighting the urge to close her thighs. Her pussy opened up like a flower in spring, graphically displayed. Natalya hated herself for following such degrading orders. If only she wasn't so damn hungry!

The young handler undid her bit-gag, letting these pretty lips free to work. Natalya was now the one looking up at him, as he grabbed his already erect cock, and moved it near her pink lips. Natalya reluctantly placed her lips around the head, then the shaft, slowly sucking the man's penis back and forth. "Good Vodka", he nodded, grabbing her perfectly fashioned blonde ponytail for more control. "That's it, look at me", the man was enjoying himself, the pony-girl's tongue and lips on his cock feeling amazing, as well as the look of those submissive, gorgeous green eyes.

The young dude was now pretty generous with the length of his strokes, going deep down the girl's throat, even holding it there for a few seconds, before retrieving his saliva coated member, and back at it again.

Natalya did her best to a) not choke and b) please the man as best she could. She did ok, as the man finally ejaculated into her gaping mouth, Natalya doing her best not to gag from the foul liquid shot in the back of her mouth. She never particularly liked the taste of semen. "Clean it", Matthew gently pushed her head down again, if one can do that gently. "Vodka" took him in her mouth again, slurping whatever semen wasn't currently dripping on her face, getting her tongue in any corner and any possible crevice between his dickhead and foreskin. Matthew couldn't have cleaned it better if he showered.

"Good pony", he ironically patted her on her harnessed, latex-covered head. "I think you've had your protein, though, so I'll hold on to this", he said taking the first bite of his chocolate-covered bar. Natalya was furious, that bastard had tricked her! She tried to get up and tackle him, but he put her quickly in her place with a lightning fast brandish of the leather crop, that was stashed in his tool-belt. He gave her 3-4 good, hard strikes, catching her on her naked hips and ass. "M-m", he shook his head in disappointment, as Natalya was backed into submission by the cruel pain.

"I like you, Vodka. Why are you making me do this now?" the young man said, taking out his laser scanner, and a thin line of green light was flashed towards Natalya's right thigh, where her barcode was, making a beep. He then pressed a button on the scanner, marking the pony's barcode for misbehavior, before setting her up for the night, used and discarded.

All handlers could report unwanted behavior of a pony, with that simple scan. Of course, that didn't mean the handlers of the Ranch weren't abusing the system. Nowhere in the prison's curriculum mentioned that inmates had to suck off a handler's cock at any time. Natalya hadn't really broken an order, too, if someone wanted to be picky about that. But it didn't matter. If a pony was reported, she was in deep shit.

It was only the 5<sup>th</sup> day of Natalya's presence in the Stables, and she already was due to suffer the consequences of an "unflattering" report. She wasn't the first to get punished, 6 girls before her had managed to steal that first place. The ponygirls were usually placed in line out in the field, and a handler would go one by one scanning the barcodes on their thigh for any new infractions.

But this day, as the ponies were getting out to start their day, the handlers spotted the Ranch's Warden, Mistress Neera, approach. She made rare and few appearances, being busy with all sorts of leadership manners.

While the staff was dressed casually, with suspenders, leather belts full of useful tools, and otherwise plain getups, like jeans and shirts, the dominant redhead was dressed almost entirely in dark leather, with a stunning black cape to go along with her high-thigh stockings, her heeled boots, and her bodysuit-type top. Her hair was short on one side, and very long on the other. Her make-up was also dark in color, with large eye-shadow and a devilish dark red lipstick. She could not go unnoticed in any room.

Upon seeing her, the Ranch's staff placed their hands behind their backs, in a sign of obvious respect for their superior. The woman took her sweet time to gaze across the crowd of new recruits with a satisfied smirk.

Natalya did not like the sight of her. Mistress Neera had visited Natalya's group only once, during her first week, and the results were not good for them. The warden had order all ponies to raise their leg in a trotting stance. She then watched as about half of them lowered their legs shortly after. She told them for acting on their own accord, before signaling to her handlers to clip some "disciplinary" weights onto their nipple and clit rings, of the disobedient half of the group. Natalya and Dahlia had both been caught off guard. What were they supposed to do? Keep their leg up forever? As it turned out, yes.

As for the weights now hanging from their delicate parts, they were small iron balls that were covered in sharp spikes, digging into a poor pony's flesh as they swung relentlessly onto unprotected skin with the slightest movement. All ponies' winced, biting hard on their bit-gags, at the increasing strain. The pull of the weights and the prickling of their spikes, were both impossible to ignore. 1kg was dangling from each of their nipples, while 200 grams were pulling their clit towards the earth.

The ponies were then taken to training, just like any other day. Natalya, Dahlia and lots of other "offenders" vowed to be extra wary of the strict Warden. It was a terrible day, having to trot and maintain a perfect posture, with nipples and clit sore from all the weights pulling at them. Her ribs and her inner thighs were also covered with red dots, a synergy of the cruel spikes swinging on their bodies, and the girl's mandatory movements.

"Good morning Warden", Natalya and Dahlia heard the voice of the handlers, and opened their eyes to see Mistress Neera approach. "Quick, gather them all against the bar with their asses up", the older rancher notified Wella and Matthew, along with two more. The ponies should always be ready for report, when Mistress Neera pays a visit.

Whatever meal-time the ponygirls done was quickly over, as cattle prods and whips gathered them in seconds to bend over one of the long tree-trunk benches, normally used for "standing breaks". Around 30 ass-tails were now proudly raised in the air and lined up in a row. All ponies tried to reach for their sky with their asscheeks, wary of any hazing the Warden might be in the mood for. It was a fun sight. Their barcodes were all very visible, on the side of their right thigh.

Mistress Neera entered the field, and took out a scanner of her own. She cut straight to the chase; passing by the long row of propped up pony-ass, scanning each barcode with her scanner.

\*beep\*... \*beep\*... \*beep\*... \*beep\*... \*beep\*... \*BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP...\*

The scanner went wild when it scanned Miss Zinchenko's barcode. The leather clad Warden let out a "hm" of intrigue. Natalya feared the worst. Mistress Neera had a way of causing fear even when she wasn't doing anything directly menacing. It was her mere presence that terrified the ponygirls. Miss Neera kept scanning. There were 4 more women, who had been reported for violations. All five were brought to face the mistress. Natalya tried to hide her fear, but she still avoided making eye-contact with the woman who had total control over her life.

"Let them wear the star and the necklace for the entire session today, and I'll check on them tomorrow. See how unruly they'll be then", she said to her staff, her eyes falling on the skinny, blonde pretty thing which was looking timidly at the ground. "Then, hitch them up at the poles for the night. I hear there'll be a storm tonight..." Neera felt a tingling between her legs, eating Natalya out with her eyes. Countless useless cunts had passed through her Ranch, and she certainly didn't bother with 90% of them, probably unable to identify most ponies if she saw their faces. But there were a select few, handpicked, that received "special" treatment. Privileged, one could say.

Natalya was too worried about what her fate would be, to notice the Warden's "slobbering" over her. Star? Necklace? what did all this mean? She and the other "offenders" found out, when a handler approached them, opening a case full of metal gadgetry. They were each ordered to squat with spread legs, as the man worked to "install" their punishments, a small bulb full of thorn-like spikes that was attached to the inner side of the women's clit ring. The so-called star immediately made its presence known, digging its sharp edges into the most sensitive place in a woman's body. The necklace concept was a similar idea. As the name suggested, the multiple prickly beads were fashioned together in a thread, which was passed through all 6 of Natalya's labia rings, the ends connected into a torturing necklace. It already dug its spikes into the girls' sensitive flesh as it was, but with the slightest movement the pony made (and judging by her trotting schedule, she'd move a lot down there) the spikes dug themselves even further, scratching, pricking and tormenting her privates to extremely painful lengths.

And torment them they did, from the second both the clit-star and the labia-necklace were placed. Natalya's eyes looked like they'd pop out from the intense pain, at least that's what Dahlia witnessed. She was both very sorry for the girl's suffering and also relieved she wasn't going through the same.

From the moment they were placed between her thighs, Natalya wanted nothing more in her whole life than to have these darn things removed. But of course, twisting and shifting her body or her pelvis did nothing to relieve the misery that her new "accessories" were meant to cause. Her arms, rendered useless inside their leather armbinder, were nowhere near to save her. Everything became 10 times worse, when the trotting training begun. Her handlers didn't know and certainly didn't care whether she was being pricked and prodded by the sadistic spikes tethered to her nether-regions. She was getting the whip just like any other ponygirl.

The blonde damsel had trouble focusing on raising her knees to the proper height, as the wider the stretch down there, the greater the discomfort caused by her latest pointy jewelry. They could drive the most Zen-like woman insane. By the middle of that day's work, Natalya's privates were all red, chafed, tenderized and in desperate need of a break, a break she never got, despite the puppy-eyes she made to each handler. Natalya hated herself for begging her own abusers for mercy, but she had no other choice. The other four "decorated" ponies were equally distressed, silent yelps "escaping" their bits, visible by their quivering, moving lips wrapped around it. No one cared. It was their fault for getting penalized, after all. Next time, they might behave better.

Around 8 P.M. when their training was over, still with the Warden's jewellery gifts on, the 5 ponies were hitched on 5 of the tall, vertical wooden poles that were placed in the middle of the field. Each pony tethered to a tall ring from her head-harness. It would be another cold December night. At least the stalls protected the ponies from the nature's elements. Natalya and the rest shivered uncontrollably in the cold outdoors. They were practically naked, nothing to cover with. Then the rain started falling, a cold winter rain. Natalya cursed her luck, her life, and her damn pride, for putting her in such a predicament. The night was a sleepless, wet and freezing one. Drenched, shivering and unable to even rest, all ponies regretted being reported...

The girls were quickly getting acquainted with the difficult routine that awaited them each day of their sorry lives. From around 8 in the morning to around 8 in the afternoon, they were going round and round in circles. It would be a mind-numbing activity, if the women didn't have to constantly concentrate to not fuck up their posture, their trotting or the effort they put in their pulling. The consequences were too immediate and too unpleasant to ignore.



Since the newbie ponies were starting to be randomly assigned to carousels with other ponies, Natalya was getting familiar with various degrees of experience in the Stables. This ranged from women who had entered in the trimester before her, to women that had clocked a decade in this hellhole. Natalya had noticed, through the narrowed vision of her blinders, that the length of each woman's elongated labia lips, was telling of her time spent in the Stables. Every time she found a 30something year-old pony with lips that hang 3 inches below, she instinctively took a look down her one "curtains". They looked great, still, everything in one place. She dreaded the thought of what would become of them.

Around noon, the ponies were let out in the field for an hour-long break, to be fed, watered and milked. And of course, rest their sweating bodies. The 8-hour long work-days had escalated to 10. By the end of the month, they would reach the "proper" number, which was 12.

At these timeouts, the handlers would sometimes approach the unsuspecting ponygirls with needles, and prick their arms or their thighs with them. These drugs were to put it simply, steroids, meant only to boost the pony's strength and stamina. After all, all ponies were constantly getting drugged with stimulants, adrenaline, and other performance enhancing drugs. They were being medicated much too often for their own long-term health, but no one gave a fuck about that. They were as disposable as cattle. If their doping meant a larger energy production, it was more than worth it. It was part of the reason Natalya did not see many women over the age of 40 in the Stables. A body could only take so much abuse.

Within the fenced confines of the ponies' field was a short, wide water spring, along with two 10 meter long horizontal wooden bars, essentially tree trunks. They were supported on the height of most people's pelvis. Sticking upwards alongside the bars, were a number of thick, long phalluses, made of polished wood, nailed there by human hands.

The ponygirls were strictly forbidden to kneel, seat, or lay down on the grass, any unruly pony being swiftly punished with cattle prods. Lots of them tried during their first days, but after feeling the painful consequences time and time again, they realized it wasn't worth trying. If a pony wanted to quench her thirst, she had to bend over the water spring at the waist. During the first days, they were careful to balance when lowering their heads over the water's surface, trying not to falling into the trough. They eventually got the hang of it, giving any handler behind them a great look of their ponytailed asses.

A lot of women were desperate to relief the pain on their poor feet. As ponies do, they were destined to be on their feet all day, the added strain of their relentless training completely irrelevant! The only way the ponygirls were allowed to alleviate some of that torment, was by taking a seat on the wooden bars that were waiting for them since day 1. All they had to do was plop onto the wooden shafts, and shift their weight from their troubled feet and legs to their penetrated cunts.

Off course, at the beginning, some ponies tried to cheat, and simply sat on the flat part of the cylindrical trunk, but after a couple of zaps from the cattle prod, they took a proper "seat", penetrating themselves fully on the wooden dildos. You couldn't go 100% limp on these things either, unless you wanted your cervix bruised. During the first couple of days, only 3 or 4 women were too desperate to do that, the rest still holding on to their pride. This was to be expected, but with a field full of trembling legs, that number would quickly rise. In a few weeks' time, the ponies were cat-fighting for a spot on that "bench". As for Natalya, she didn't allow herself to succumb to sitting on these self-raping bars.

The row of wooden poles ominously placed in the middle of the field were more often than not occupied with "cautionary tales" of what not to do. Offenders were displayed graphically for all women to be reminded to be good little ponies. They were attached either by either their head harness-ring (to be easily turned around to any position), or, to be extra cruel, by their tongue- studs, nipple rings or clit rings to the large totem-like poles, and left there, to feel the sting of a crop, cane, or whip all throughout the day by any passing handler. That was a common, no-brainer discipline method.

Close to noon, their bodies, full of deep cuts of the whip, would sometimes be rubbed all over with salt, the lucky would be if they just forgot about them. During this hellish agony was usually the time the handlers decided to have their way with them. With the cable hooked on their head harness able to rotate 360 degrees, the ponies could be either picked up from their hips and fucked against the pole, or bent over and taken from behind. It was fun to feel a pony clasp her legs around you, as you're fucking her bloody welt-and-salt covered body. Being intimately face-to-face, you could see the despair in their eyes up close, which was really gratifying.

The environment was an added torment. Whether it snowed, rained, or in the middle of a heat wave, the pole was filled with unruly ponies. During hot summer days, the "naughty fillies" were left to cook under the scorching sun, without any water, being stunk by mosquitos and whatever else happened to fly nearby. During the winters, their frail bodies were subject to the damaging cold, without a blanket in sight. The relative shelter of their stalls became much more valued after an experience like that.

Whatever the punishment was, each pony vowed to never return to the "poles". The promise was harder to keep for some than others.

With all solids eliminated from their diets, the ponies' ponytail-hooks had no reason to ever be removed, no waste ever coming from there. Instead, the ponygirls only needed to relieve their bladders, something that took place exclusively at the field, during their "time-outs", and nowhere else. A couple of women found out the hard way, after urinating on the floor of the Sweat Room.

After being deeped into a cream made out of ground up nettles, soaked cotton swabs were unceremoniously inserted into the poor girls' urethras, coating the inner walls of their urethral canal. If nettles itched when touched by hand, the sensation of the nettle-mush inside the urethra was 1000 times more excruciating. The two helpless women writhed uncontrollably, losing their minds over the never-ending itching in this delicate area. Even if their arms weren't painfully squeezed behind their backs, there'd be no way of removing the nettle-cream from inside their peeholes. They'd just have to wait for the effect to go away on its own, which meant a whole day of anxiously trotting in place and shifting their crotches aimlessly, trying to find some relief. It went without much surprise that focusing on their training later on was impossible, so in addition they got the shit flogged out of them. It was a very educating day, indeed.

Whatever the cruel punishment that awaited them was, each pony took a good look at each other's discipline, so usually once a lesson was "taught" to a ponygirl or a group of them, the rest got the message equally clear.

But Natalya still fought, even in her own mind. These people might break her body, but they'd never break her free mind. She swore on that.

#### **DAYS 14 - 43**

"Rise and shine, Tequila!", the joyous, youthful voice woke up Dahlia. Her blinders kept the Colombian girl from seeing the sunrays, coming though the high windows of the stable. Dahlia often woke up in the middle of the night, by the discomfort of her stretched pussy-lips, the crushing pressure on her ribs by the cinched PVC corset –23-inches wide, around her 27-inch waist - the general stiffness of her enforced posture and of course, the constant non-consensual stimulation of her sex parts. Humans are not meant to be sleeping standing up. But ponies are. But she had gotten some sleep that night. Some sleep is good.

The cheerful voice belonged to Wella, a young, Caucasian brunette handler, who had just opened the pony's stall to take her down off her sleep-saddle. The brunette was from a good, wealthy family and had grown up in a privileged environment, so much so that working as a female-pony wrangler didn't really faze her. As far as she was concerned, she was a person, and they weren't.

“Come on, Tequila!”, Wella mockingly cooed Dahlia as she was led out of her tiny stall. Tequila...had kind of person calls. Wella had picked it up only because she was seeing her often with that white ponygirl, the one people were already calling Vodka, so she thought it'd made for a nice running joke. And just like with Natalya, it wasn't even the correct racial slur. Dahlia was Colombian, not Mexican. No one gave a fuck. It was certainly not the first time a ponygirl was given a crude, offensive nickname, not the last either. Out in the real world, Dahlia would have bitch-slapped that little white girl so hard she'd spin in circles. But here, she had to be careful just giving a mean look. It was so easy to get in trouble. The handlers were practically begging for excuses to discipline hot-blooded ponies.

Wella exited the barn, holding Dahlia's and three more leashes, each hand pulling two ponies along. Coincidentally, Natalya was pulled side by side with Dahlia, both being led by Wella's right hand, both struggling to not trip on their precarious boots -which they hadn't yet fully adjusted to - and keep up with the young lass, so their noses would not be torn in half by their piercing ring. The septum is a sensitive piece of flesh, so not much pressure is required to “motivate” a stubborn pony. Wella strolled outside completely effortless, with 4 restrained women trailing right behind her. The fact they were all towering over her, thanks in part to their tall hooves, did nothing to lessen their helplessness.

Some time had passed since Natalya's introduction to a new world, devoid of much hope or humanity. She had started developing a weird relationship with Dahlia, always “hanging out together” whenever their breaks from their training overlapped. No words were ever exchanged. It wasn't possible. But the two women communicated with their physical touch, even if their hands were as useless as their vocal chords. Nuzzling against each other, rubbing their bridled faces against each other, or simply feeling the warmth of each other's bodies, roughly any skin-to-skin contact that was still available from their constant bondage. It all felt good, comforting. It was a pleasant distraction from their nightmarish routine.

It was also a given that whenever they shared the field, Dahlia and Natalya would exchange their breast milk. This situation was surreal and uncomfortable enough for both of them, so at least not having to repeat it with a complete stranger alleviated some of that tension. Suckling each other was becoming a caring way of showing their good intentions towards each other, their trust in each other. On top of that, their nipples were always extremely sensitive, full of tiny red dot marks, thanks to the spiked nipple-caps that were screwed over them throughout the day. This made the sensation of each other's soft, warm lips on that troubled little button of flesh ever more intense and gratifying.

But could this exchange even be called affection? It's not like they had a say in the matter. Their painful breasts and hunger dictated that someone would have to do the deed. But it was true what they said:

Under extreme conditions, people are drawn really close to each other. Shared adversity does that. In these trying times, any good stimulus was greatly appreciated.

Natalya was ranking up punishments like breath-mints. It wasn't her actual performance that was problematic. After all, the girl was very athletic, being a former volleyball player. It was her rebellious, free-thinking, defiant spirit that constantly got her into trouble. Correctional methods, like the usual whippings or croppings she'd receive, would cause her to get angry and stubborn with the handlers and lash out with more disobedience. It was an attribute that never served her well.

Lots of ponies were already falling into a submissive, brain-dead spiral by the end of the first couple of weeks. Dahlia was certainly one of them, too afraid to stand up for herself, too disheartened by the total hopelessness of her situation. After all, any protest was punished much more severely than was ever called for. This stomped down any free will, like a road roller over an ant. Falling in line seemed the only viable course. Not for Natalya. She was always an outspoken and courageous person. Not the first such woman to enter the Ranch, though.

Natalya's very noble, very admirable cause of fighting for her dignity, and opposing the inhumane treatment she was receiving earned her three separate occasions. Mean looks, angry hoof-stomping, very deliberate disregard of her trotting and posture requirements, she was just asking for it. At all three occasions, she was spiked with LSD and other psychedelics and stashed in her stall, with her eye-blinders shut and some noise-cancelling headphones strapped over her ears. The audible sound of her own heart-rate sharply spiking, a heightened adrenaline, blind hallucinations and a sense of dread and claustrophobic terror, reinforced by her strict bondage and sensory deprivation, drove the blonde girl to the edge of insanity. She never slept the whole night, twisting and struggling on her sleep-stable. Her struggles rubbed the phallus she was seating on in the inner walls of her pussy, causing more irritating stimulation. If she wasn't greatly restrained immobile, she'd definitely fall off her saddle with all that squirming.

The poles out in the fields became her second resting place. She might have been saying to herself that every punishment was fueling her next outrage, that it was strengthening her cause, that she would die a martyr than obey these bastards, but the truth was, that every punishment chipped away at the girl's self-esteem. Most importantly, at her hope.

What had become apparent after the first introductory few weeks was how generously these unfortunate souls were being used for the staff's sexual gratification. Male or female, it made no difference. Dominating these helpless cunts was too fun to turn down. The always imminent threat of being reported for punishment drove each ponygirl to obey no matter how degrading or rough was their treatment, like a gun barrel constantly pointed at their forehead.

There might have been no beddings for "scheduled" sexual use, but the helpless women could be "taken" anywhere, from the relative privacy of their own stall, a bathroom, on a dark spot behind a building, or even inside the stables, if not many people were around to spoil the fun. If a handler was particularly picky, they could even pull lead an unwilling pony into their own bedroom.

Especially when night-time fell and neither they nor the ponies were busy, it was party time. There was literally no one protecting the helpless ponified women from being sexually assaulted and abused, even out in the open. The handlers were often sneaking ponies into their work quarters for a fun night. They made little noise, besides from some clapping of their hooves, as their leashes were pulling them towards an event they were the main star of. It was technically illegal for ponies to be brought in the handler's building, but everyone turned a blind eye to that rule.

Dahlia had not had many lovers in the past, but she had already forcefully "given herself" to 6 male handlers, who were fucking the hot Latina interchangeably, sometimes even taking turns during the day. They all had a thing for raping the juicy, young "puta". As was the case with plenty of poor ponies, Dahlia was usually being leashed by her septum ring on some nearby pole, the chain only a couple of inches long, forcing her nose low enough to bend forwards and prop her pussy up, in an "accessible" angle. Her pretty (actual) ponytail was used to further maneuver her body with ease, as her handlers grabbed on that to pull her towards their aggressive thrusts more forcefully. She took the rough treatment with silent sobs. No vocal chords had been left for her to cry.

Sure, after the initial dry entrance (except the few gentlemen who spat on their dicks first) there was clear stimulation to her little love-hole, but without any regard for her wellbeing or her pleasure, the experience left much to be desired. The girl's sexual encounters were just another layer of the general abuse they experienced, rather than a pleasurable break from this hellhole.

Wella was also playing with her little Tequila, whenever she was feeling moist under her jean-shorts. The petite white girl liked pulling them down just enough for a deep-squatting Chica to go to town on her little cunt. First giving it plenty of pouty kisses all over, then placing her luscious lips over the little mount where the girl's clit was, and letting her active tongue do the rest. She knew she was doing a good job, whenever Wella was viciously pulling the girl's dark-brown ponytail further towards her crotch. If she wasn't doing such a good job, she felt it in her poor asshole, which was being repeatedly shocked by the girl's remote, to provide some motivation for improvement.

As for Natalya, her slim, gorgeous body and angelic face had caused much “interest” in her. “Vodka” had become the stable’s favorite amongst the handler crew, drawing the attention of staff, either bored, horny or looking to get some steam off. Natalya was pretty sure not a single handler out of the 15-16 working in the Ranch had gone without taking advantage of her vulnerable state. She had sucked so many different dicks and licked many different cunts, all to completion; she had gotten a very good grasp on the subject of oral pleasure an all genders and genitals. Her pussy got even more stretching than her pulled labia rings were accomplishing, whether by rubber cocks or real, fleshy ones.

The late-night parties of the staff, which often featured booze and lots of handpicked ponies to play with, where a riot! But that didn’t mean the handlers were too shy about abusing the poor women during daytime. Having the courtesy to not face-fuck a pretty filly in plain view was just a result of considering the other handler’s personal space, not the pony’s!

Natalya was being tossed around like a pony ragdoll, something that weighted heavily on her self-esteem, which was in a fierce battle with this place. Losing count of how many people have raped you over the past week cannot be good for anyone's ego. Natalya always gave her assaulter's a good, honest, fight, but in her strict bondage, and with all sorts of "motivating" tools, like canes, crops and cattle prods to guide her behavior, she was surrendering the fight quicker and quicker each time. The Ukrainian lass was getting more and more desperate. There didn't seem to be any way out of her peril.

Matthew had grown to “liking her” since her arrival, it was using her lavishly whenever he felt like busting a nut, especially inside or just outside her stall. He liked privacy and he also liked having her to himself. The tall girl still never consented to any of his advances, but he kind of liked her feisty attitude. At least Natalya admitted he didn’t really hurt her, like those other rough, clumsy buffoons that usually used her. If she sucked him well or if she gave her holes gracefully to him and squeezed his cock with her holes he was courteous enough to let her be.

Natalya hated herself for slightly liking him. It was such a low bar to overcome. The girl had read enough books to recognize the dependent nature of their relationship was what drove her to these feelings.

Despite all this horrible mistreatment, the milk-skinned beauty found herself being particularly judgmental of the women handlers who were abusing her and all the other ponies. They made up about a fourth of the staff, but they were as uncaring as their male counterparts, taking advantage of their power difference to their imprisoned sisters to great extent. Natalya wanted to kill them first of all. In her green eyes, they had betrayed their gender. They had been assimilated into the Patriarchy. Sold out, for a life of comfort, or relative comfort.

The liberated expression of sexuality from the Stables’ staff was one thing. These were almost natural in this society. Big fish eat the little fish, or in this case fuck them; and Natalya and her fellow inmates were the smallest fish around.

But what was most shocking to the tall volleyball athlete-turned slutty ponygirl was that not every ponygirl felt the same way she or Dahlia were feeling about their sexual encounters.

There were plenty of ponies that she could swear she saw making these lust-filled faces, whilst being raped by handlers. She could see it in their eyes, that they loved every minute of it, especially if there wasn't much pain involved. It wasn't an act! Even without going through all the motions of full intercourse, Natalya was seeing to her horror, lots of ponies with more time spent in the Stables were doing the fuck-me eyes on certain handlers, to receive a gentle nipple pinch or clit-rubbing. For the veteran ponies, there was a whole web of interconnected, dependent relationships and whorish flirting, just for that little "buzz".

She didn't know most of these "whorish" ponies faces. She only had room in her memory for the ones that belong in her group, the ones that entered the Stables with her. A prying look at these ponies' genitals showed these were usually "older" ones, having spent years here, but some girls didn't look that old. Hell, some of them were around Natalya's age! The newly ponified girl was perplexed. How could these women debase themselves so low? Did they not have any self-respect left?

#### **DAYS 44 - 96**

Natalya's delicate little flower was getting painfully stretched as she strained to move forwards, as were the other 4 ponies that were moving the bar around, right beside her. Looks of solidarity would probably be appreciated, but they were impossible, thanks to their strict collars and confining eyeblinders. A good pony is only focused on the road in front of her.

What Natalya could share was the heat, emanating from her youthful leather/latex-bound body, full of energy and, once upon a time, potential. Potential that was now being wasted on a task so soul-crushing and dull that a donkey could do it. But there she was, fighting friction and gravity, all with her modest sex organ. Sadly, it wasn't looking like it'd stay modest for much long.

The power plant was serving a dual purpose. While the recent number showed that the ponies of the Stables were producing a very reputable 14% of the city's total electricity needs, its secondary quality was training the women for future cart pushers, like all ponies should be qualified to do. Either public trams or personal carts for leisure, a pony that wasn't hitched to a moving vehicle was not fulfilling her full potential.



In that regard, Natalya had the “privilege” to become witness to a different section of the Sweat Rooms. Going through the double-doors past the carousel-filled room led to a hall, with different long but narrow rooms on each side. Inside, these windowless, grim rooms were filled with dozens of rows of -at first sight- conventional running treadmills, with plenty of ponies galloping gingerly and fast on each one. The “Runners” as these rooms were called, were destined to improve not the girl’s “pulling” capabilities, but their stamina, through rigorous cardio.

The ponies quickly found themselves hooked on these treadmills. Their corset was tethered on either side of their treadmill's sidebars, and their ring at the top of their head harness secured above them to a ceiling ring, so that the stupid animals wouldn't trip, damage themselves and cost the power plant free energy. But the straps on their corset weren't perfectly fixing them in one place, but rather gave them about 5 centimeters of leeway across the running platform's length. Where they stood on that space, was up to them performing well, their performance aided by the fact that their poor nipples, their tongue and all 6 rings of their pussy lips were all securely tethered on the front bar of the treadmill by the same bungee-type ropes.

Saliva and sweat were wetting the running surface, in the room's constant “vrooming”, white noise of the multiple motors working, as the beasts of burden were panting with tongues, forced to stick out through their stud piercings, nipples and cunt-lips painfully stretched in the opposite direction of their usual trajectory. All while the ponies run with knees raised high, tits displayed proudly, and asses sticking backwards like good sluts. They all puffed their burning lungs and strained their pained legs to keep up with the speed settings set by their handlers. They may not all be starting at the same difficulty, since not all women had the same abilities at first, but they never had a breezy jogging session. Each handler pushed a pony's stamina and agility boundaries each day, constantly having her fight to keep her lassoed body parts intact.

Physical endurance and agility were paramount features of a good pony. Any fat the women might have left in them would surely evaporate after the first couple of months. Their exclusive milky diet and constant workouts would create a lean, fat-free, strong beast, with strong legs capable of dragging carts, pulling power-generating carousels, and generally producing on behalf of the environmentally-conscious State.

So their physiques would be in top shape, tight, firm and slim like Olympic athletes, preparing for a game that would never come. Well, excluding their huge jugs and bubbly asses, that is. These remained offensively large, a crude sight for any self-respecting woman, but not for any primitive male gaze. These over-sexualized body parts would still be very firm to the touch, no loose skin anywhere near them. In addition, their waists were shrinking day by day, all thanks to the cruel corsets each one wore. Their waists would be slim and constantly straining to burst from the suffocating corset.

Natalya had familiarized herself with that feeling real well. That constant feeling of her ribs being crushed on her sides, that feeling of always struggling for a good, long breath. All her workouts were done with 30% less oxygen intake, as her breaths were reduced by the smothering corset. Natalya wondered if her tormentors took into account how her "efficiency" would increase, had she had that

useful 30%, but they didn't seem to care. It was almost as if the ponygirls' suffering was equally as important as its energy quota. Just like the Fort of Tears, the Stables had a reputation to uphold. A reputation of treating the lowly earth-scum that were sent their way, just like they deserved. Sending a message to the outside world. Becoming a ponygirl was the lowest point a woman in this society could sink to.

What Natalya hated the most about these dimly lit, gym-straight-out-of-hell-looking rooms, was that the walls were completely mirrored. That meant that each pony was getting a pretty good look at herself, throughout all 5 -6 hours she might spend there in a given day.

The girl did NOT like the new look of herself. The only common threat to her past life might have been her ponytailed hair, and that was just because of her volleyball-playing days. Nothing else reminded Natalya of her past, modest self. Scratch that, her human self. Her way-too-big breasts bouncing up and down with each trot, her fluffy tail wiggling back and forth in rhythm. All these while her tongue, nipples and pussy were screaming to snap back. But it's not like the girl could just close her eyes and run blindly. She was forced to look at herself, the accentuating this focused image. It was a nightmare.

One day, Natalya was trotting lively on her treadmill, doing her best to keep up with her runway's 6-mph speed for the past hour. Copious amounts of sweat were already dripping down her pale skin, going inside her spread pussy-lips. The salt always caused a burning sensation.

From the corner of her vision, Natalya spotted in the mirrored walls in front of her, another pony being roughly (as all ponies were treated) set and linked to an empty treadmill next to her. If the girl was placed a treadmill further away, Natalya would not be able to see her with these dreaded blinders. But now she could see her beautiful form. The girl, who was doing her very best to stay upon her treadmill's fast moving platform, was a 19-year old Italian, with that great Mediterranean tan on her slim body. Her pony gear had a black/yellow pattern. Natalya noticed that despite her apparent youth, her pussylips appeared to be looser than her age suggested, about 3-4 centimeters stretched beneath her sex-hole. The reason was apparent, when you considered this was her 10<sup>th</sup> month at the Ranch.

Nine months ago, Daniella Esposito was on a student field trip to the Southern States, as college kids often partake in. A full summer of meeting new people, learning new cultures, and generally having fun and new experiences.

One of these fun experiences was a night of passionate love-making with a young Texan girl. Daniella had never experimented with her sexuality before, and her curious and exploring nature had led her in the gentle arms of another woman, until the news of her highly criminal activity reached local authorities' ears. The Texan was quick to bail and go into hiding, but Daniella was more naive. Her lover's disappearance acted as the nail in the coffin of her sentencing. Life in jail for 3<sup>rd</sup> degree acts of lesbianism. The government was ruthless when it came to such atrocities. A woman sleeping with another woman was one of the greatest offenses to God's Holy Plan. Lesbians were seen as hopeless abominations that needed extermination from society.

"Go on Ravioli, faster", a handler cracked his whip, getting her right on her unguarded, flaunted tits. He was very proud of the name he'd picked for this Italian cunt. But blatant racism was the least of the girl's worries. The young woman eyed her tormentor with a desperate, pleading look. She had no time for anything else, now galloping faster on the treadmill. As if the pulling on her tethered, most delicate body parts wasn't enough of an incentive.

Daniella (or Ravioli, as she was already known to everyone) was a natural stunner at 5'7", brown eyes and wavy brown hair that would go down to her breast, if not for the ponytail they were currently styled in. She once had natural, gorgeous C cup breasts. Her ass used to be ok, nothing that spectacular, but her belly was tight like a drum. But, though her skin tone and hair color were the same, the rest of the girl's current proportions were not what they were when she first stepped foot in the "Ranch". Sure, her new 6'2" height was thanks to her tall hooves, but her breasts were now a size E, if not larger, and her ass looked considerably juicier and a lot more projected.

"Daydreaming again, aren't we?", Natalya was snapped back from examining her young "coworker", as another crack of the whip, caught the blonde right on her exposed pelvis. She twitched from the sudden assault and the pain, her teeth digging hard into her bit-gag from the pain, as she her eyes flashed towards the direction of the whip, despite unable to actually see it. "Outta girl...", the pretty, 37-year-old female handler gave Vodka's ass an encouraging spank as her trotting technique returned to "appropriate" levels.

Daniella was not aware of the green eyes gazing at her. She was too preoccupied with panting heavily, her muscles burning from the workout. She had only kind of gotten used to the unique feeling of having your cunt-lips stretched like pizza dough. She always took great care of her downstairs, so to see it deformed like that came as terrible news. The cream that had been rubbed on the women's privates killed all hair follicles, so at least their pussies were baby's cheek smooth, a grim silver lining.

As the weeks progressed, the goth-latex-leather clad warden took a keen interest on young Natalya. She never learned her name, not even her stupid Vodka nickname, but she never cared for such trivial things anyway. The Ukrainian pony-chick was a neck-turner, and that's what mattered. Soon enough, Miss Neera was ordering for Natalya to be properly soap-scrubbed and brought to her quarters, something only few ponies ever experienced.

Mistress Neera had a special fondness for holding the tall, slim girl's septum leash up high, while the girl went down on her cunt like a thirsty Labrador, lapping away greedily. Having some previous "work experience" with cunt-licking, thanks to Wella and the other female handlers, now worked in the girl's favor.

An unsatisfied warden meant lots of pain for her, usually by her long, stinging bullwhip. So Natalya became a very good "listener" of Miss Neera's body language. Her moans, or lack thereof. The times she'd REALLY push the girl's face towards her cunt. That was a sign to keep doing what she was doing. Natalya was a quick learner. She had to be. Any time she was not learning the ins and outs of this woman's sexual buttons, was time spent being "disciplined". Neera was not a forgiving lover. She liked precise things, and the little filly would give her just that, or suffer. She didn't care much, either way. It's not like the blonde filly bitch was the only one who could provide this pleasure to her. There were plenty of options for Neera.

The Warden also had a thing for propping her sex toys (Natalya included) in strict strappado bondage, with their armbinders and head harness attached to a ceiling hook and go to town on their poor, labia-stretched pussies, with an array of enormous strap-on dildos. Natalya's pussy reached the brink of tearing multiple times from the 30-something year-old woman's violent, aggressive thrusts. This wasn't by any stretch of the imagination, love-making. Neera pounded her slaves, with as much regard as you do to a flesh-light.

But there were a few perks to go with being the warden's pet. Natalya skipped lots of working hours whenever she was "called upon" Mistress Neera's quarters. In addition, she noticed the number of times she was getting fucked by random handlers decrease. The Warden had a habit of unofficially "marking" the ponies she liked for herself. If any handler was caught by her having his way with one of her "selected" ponies, he or she would be in a lot of trouble. So anyone wanted to have his way with precious little Vodka had to be extra secretive.

Natalya also had the "privilege" of spending a few precious nights sleeping stashed on Mistress' wall, along with 3-4 other hand-selected ponies. Neera's wall had similarities to the saddle all ponies slept on regularly, but this saddle was made of smooth velvet- no dildos or anything invasive, and besides their head harness, the ponies were not stretched as crudely as the other "stable-quality" ponygirls. Natalya never anticipated having a thought like this, but sleeping standing up on a saddle now never felt so relaxing and comfortable. Comparison makes a huge difference.

These privileges were unknown to the newbie girls, but the older ones who had sniffed this out, vowed for a position on Miss Neera's little "courtyard" of sex slaves. Their titties and asses were extra perky when the Warden was strolling by, and they tried to sway the woman's eyes towards their seducing form with all the tools in their arsenal. It was every pony for itself. Even though she wasn't grasping the full scope of her good fortune, Natalya was getting a lot of mean looks from other, jealous ponygirls.

Unbeknownst to her, Natalya was slowly starting to become like a proper horse-girl. Little details like these had already crept in on the girl's vulnerable psyche. Her arguably "busy" daily routine did not leave her much time for self-examination, but she had accepted much more indignities than she'd like to admit.

She didn't even register who or what was pulling her nose-leash anymore. Whenever she felt the slightest tension on her septum, she followed suit without making a fuss.

Suckling milk from the lactating nipple of another sweaty, bound female had become all too normal. Natalya could even recognize Dahlia's milk with a blind-taste test. Every pair of tits had the slightest differences in flavor.

Her regular, non-consensual sexually encounters had lost some of their impact. The degradation and the pain of course never went away nor did they subside. It was the girl's acclimation to these arguably horrible predicaments that had numbed her emotionally. You don't process your 100<sup>th</sup> rape the way you do your first; even though each one, took a little piece of her innocence.

Another gas lighting effect of the way these women were constantly talked down to, that had sipped into Natalya's head, was the punishment that she was earning were starting to feel...justified. The girl was feeling genuine guilt, whenever a minor tantrum or loss of focus earned her a place on the punishment poles. The girl was striving to avoid these horrible ordeals, as everyone else, with the belief that it was exclusively in her power to avoid them. The fact that everything was rigged against her, was such a given, that it was often omitted from the equation. The abused had been made to feel bad for their own abuse. Every time she was punished, Natalya was vowing to not return, but that meant being a "better" ponygirl. Being what "they" wanted.

That independent, brainy sporty girl, that image she had of herself, now seemed like a memory on the rear-view mirror of her life, becoming smaller and smaller.

Just like the normal, outside world, cliques and groups were very much still a thing, even amongst the lowest of the low in the social status chain. Ponies usually "socialized" with the same ponies, even if that simply meant exchanging their breast milk, being close to each other, or sharing nearby "dildo-stools" in the yard. Relationships between ponygirls ranged from indifferent to something akin to "besties" always holding hands outside.

Natalya and Dahlia were undoubtedly close. If they were "free" in the yard at the same time, they'd always go to one or another to suckle on some breastmilk and keep each other company for a few, pain-free moments. They had never spoken a single word to each other (and they'd never get a chance to) but they both felt they had a glimpse into each other's souls, just by the warm eye-contact and touch they shared.

Natalya had also tried approaching the cute Italian chick, Daniella, and the once fearful girl was starting to warm up to her. They had already swapped boob-meals a couple of times, and her demeanor had slightly shifted from caution, to a relative calm. Dahlia had relented to include the Italian girl sometimes, though she was starting to get a bit jealous of Daniella's striking beauty, and how Natalya liked spending time with her. She thought she was enough for Natalya, but couldn't do much either way.

In addition, Dahlia and Natalya were often seeing another older woman approach them. She was a beautiful Australian of Eurasian origins, only a 5'2" delicate frame with a slightly darker complexion, brown hair and a slight fold on her blue eyes. She was 39 years old, and she had spent the last 12 of them in the stables, graphically evident by her long labia lips, stretched down to 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of her thighs, a result of the chronic exertion of every day training. Her DDDD breasts, obscenely big for her frame, bounced with every trot, pulling painfully on her back. Regulations for the ratio between a pony's body size and breast size had only been voted a few years ago, so the poor woman had been fitted with a pair of huge melons she had to drag around for the rest of her natural life. Slight vane patterns were visible from the fatigue these boobs had experienced. But they stood as proudly as a first-day boob-job, hiding their difficult journey.

Despite the fatigue of emotional and physical torment and the premature aging due to all this stress, Kristin's still beautiful face, told the full story of what a stunning beauty she once was. Her body showed more signs of her rough life, with countless whip marks that had healed and opened countless times, her skin torn and rough by the constant pummeling of sun and cold and sun and cold. Her nipples were also slightly elongated, too, an effect of decade-long pulling. Her wavy ponytail reached waaaay down to

her backside. No one was bothering with giving haircuts to cattle. Her pony attire had a black and orange pattern of colors.

The small older woman, now ponygirl number 635931, did not have many friends in Miss Neera's stables. She was always an introverted person, and like with a lot of women in this facility, the trauma of their new life caused isolation. On top of that, a lot of the familiar faces she had spent most of her time with had already been "terminated", a fate that any pony who cannot produce labor eventually meets.

Natalya and Dahlia often saw her shyly approaching them, looking for a sip of their milk and some sort of kindness. Dahlia didn't care either way for the old brawd, but Natalya felt bad for Kristin, and in the end extended the courtesy to her.

In this case, the courtesy meant some armless hugs between them, a few breastmilk exchanges and lots of supporting eye-contact. After all, that was the limit of their social abilities, here at the stables.

After the initial breaking in of the new pony cattle, a timeline in which it was clearly established that common freedoms like speech, movement and human decency were not a privilege for these criminal whores, some positive affirmations were starting to set in. Like any good Stockholm syndrome case, this always worked wonders in getting that extra bit of obedience and performance from the pony bitches. Studies conducted at the Stables in the past had shown that the ponies responded better to positive motivation, in comparison with ponies that were purely tortured for not performing enough. So it was all for the benefit of the Ranch.

These positive incentives were strictly sexual in nature. With the ponies' cunts constantly shifting from trotting movement and their labia outstretched - not to mention the horrific "add-ons" that extended their suffering- some pleasurable feelings down there were much appreciated.

A gentle rub or the clit, a stroke of their tired pussylips, a wet finger slipping inside, if a handler felt extra generous. It was so bizarre seeing the women's eyes flash with surprised bliss, long sighs of pleasure escaping from the nooks of their bit-gagged mouths. It only took a few days for the initially apprehensive ponies to accept the rare, kind touch.

This of course, also destroyed any last semblance of opposition to their current roles. All the ponies despised themselves for gradually looking forward to such little rewards, even getting fucked, if the fucking was cheap on the torture side! That feeling of sexual craving, that need had been locked away and forgotten, had now immersed as a true possibility for these miserable women, who were looking

for the slightest joy to grab on it. This new shade to their relationship with their effective tortures only accentuated their pathetic, dependent state.

Natalya was fighting this new development the hardest, at least from what she judged. But she could not be much of an exception, despite her valiant efforts. The slim girl hated herself for giving in to such demeaning treatment. In her mind, enjoying her captor's advances was equal to admitting defeat.

This increase in sexual activity had trickled over to Natalya's relationship with Dahlia. Their milk-suckling sessions often divulged into erotic nipple sucking, lots of sensual French-kissing and lustful body grinding of the two bound hotties. Contrary to her feelings towards her handlers and the Warden, Natalya had no shame in that indulgence. Her logic told her that this was consensual, and the girl was on even footing with her. It felt...right.

They both loved the feeling of their smooth, soft bodies against each other, their gentle, caring exchanges of pleasure was almost enough to drive them over the edge! None of them had lesbian tendencies before arriving here, but these distinctions appeared absurd now.

It was evident to anyone whenever any ponygirl was desperately horny. This increased stimulation, though very pleasant, usually caused them more frustration, at being unable to fully get each other off.

Orgasming while standing up, or licking someone to climax while awkwardly bending down to their cunt, was arguably difficult, especially if you factored in the fatigue from all the work they were just doing. Most ponies had found the most effective way to indulge (and not break any sitting-down rules) was for the one pony to bend forward and prop her pussy (and tail, as consequence) as high as possible while spreading her legs for access, and the other pony bending forward, underneath the tail and get to lapping. As pleasurable as that was, and it really was, for a lot of ponies, the strain of both positions often undercut the final goal of an orgasm.

So, Natalya and Dahlia often awkwardly stopped their "pony making out" in their tracks, to not further instigate their helpless hornyness. This predicament was the case for any dripping wet ponygirl, so it caused them to be on a pendulum of frustration, both trying to satisfy AND suppress their urges.

It all played on the Miss Neera's and her staff's hand, as they were the only ones capable of giving these poor souls what they craved. And they withhold that sweet gift like a greedy blood-diamond company, giving out only crumbs.

Despite all the sexual "favors" going on, the cruelty inflicted upon these poor souls would not stop any time soon. At first, the women rightfully assumed that all the terrible predicaments they were enduring were a result of their rebellion and objection to this treatment. This was true, but only to an extent. The sadistic nature of their captors was apparent even to the most obedient and docile of ponies, who



despite performing well and rarely giving their captors any trouble, still got the "long end of the stick" from time to time, if anything, just to keep them on their toes. Not much excuse was needed.

Kristin could very well attest to that. Despite being a scared, docile and obedient prisoner almost from day one, she had lost count of how many times she had been left to sleep in her stall, strung up from her tongue stud to the ceiling, usually for some stupid, benign excuse. Spending a whole night stretched from labia and tongue was definitely a "losing faith in humanity" moment for her

The latest batch of ponygirls was now ready to start cart-training. After building some much needed physical endurance, they were as ready as they would ever be. Depending on the number of passengers, there were vehicles with 4 or 8 ponies, not counting the larger public tram which had 16. For the first two types, the ponies were placed in pairs, each pair about 1.5 meters apart.

Each pony was attached to the cart via the same elastic ropes that would be used to pull it. Just like the carousels, each line of rope was clipped onto each labia piercing securely. For the pony in front, each ropes passed between the legs and through the pussy-rings of the girl behind her. That meant that the first couple of ponies on the start of the cart had 3 lines of rope passing through each of their piercings, plus their own. The ropes were durable but thin enough to fit multiple times through the one-inch wide loops. This offered a nice presentation and tidiness to the many ropes that were needed to pull the cart. The fact that each pony's movement caused the ropes and therefore the pussy-rings of the other to move also, was a cause of great stimulation and irritation of their tender lips.

The first row of ponies also was also responsible for breaking the inertia of a moving cart, when just seizing to run wasn't enough. Three small projected bars, one between the two ponies, and one on either side of the cart, connected two sheets of leather frames, each resting flat behind each pony. The strong fabric's surface offered something the women could push against to break the cart's speed.

While the multiple ropes also kept the lines of ponies nice and straight, since they were securely linked, the paired rows also required order. For this, the inner ankles, thighs (through the rings already present on their stockings/hooves) nipples and finally the noses of the side-by-side ponies were linked with thin chains, just loose enough to avoid tension. If a pony moves to far away from her "side mate" she hurts both.

Last but not certainly not least, each pony was "equipped" with an inflatable silicone-coated dildo, which was more technologically advanced than what it first might appear. For starters, the wall of the dildo could self-inflate with the push of a button at its base, causing it to expand both in girth as well as length, to fully accommodate the "wearer's" cozy or more spacious love-nest. The dynamometer sensor chip installed on it measured the pressure exerted on the dildo's surface by the vaginal walls, and only stopped the inflation when the tension was...intense, whoever woman you asked. The inside metallic portion of the shaft was hollow; its usage would become apparent shortly. After the phallus was shoved

in place and pumped to capacity, it was secured in place with two little clips located on its thin-oval shaped base. One was attached on the front to the pony's clitoral ring, and the other to a small ring located at the "underside" of the woman's tailplug, just at the edge of her rim-hole. This thing would not plop out their holes in any case.

The cart itself had comfy leather seating and was operated by a small pad easily accessible in front of the passengers. On it, there were 4 function buttons and a dial; Left, right, stop, go and the adjustable dial that controlled speed. There was also an area of the board with smaller buttons that corresponded to the layout of the ponies and the position of each one.

But how would you remotely control a group of unwilling, bound individuals, to move at your whim? The answer lied with the pony's own "accessories", as well as with the gadget's sealed up their snatches. The electrodes inside their nipple shields could be remotely triggered to send an electric jolt to either nipple, making for easy steering. Left nipple = turn left. Right nipple = turn right.

For the ponies to start trotting, the "go" button send a powerful jolt to the metal assplug of their tails. Anyone whose asshole was shocked from the inside like that, would do anything to make the sensation stop. So the cart's wheels took little time to start rolling.

A pony cart is a dangerous vehicle. Controlling and leading so many unwilling beasts is risky. For that reason, the "stop" function needed to be double-efficient, equipped with a fail-safe, so to speak. The first measure was the same as in the "go" command, a strong electric shock to all ponies' ass-plugs. The second, came from their bit-gags, which featured a tiny hole on the inside of their mouths. The ponies had all felt something was there, whilst prodding in that tiny hole with curious tongues, but they had no idea what. The bit itself was hollow, storing a deflated balloon, which could inflate instantly like an airbag and fill the poor women's throats, cutting off all air. As soon as the button was released, the balloon was instantly deflated and vacuum-sucked back into the bit-hole, as if nothing ever happened.

The sensation was horrific, the oxygen cut from them while their gag reflex was being crudely stimulated. The girls could have easily popped these balloons with a good bite, but their bit-gags did not allow them that option. So, once the rubber was lodged down their throat, it instantly cut all air from reaching the ponies' lungs. It went without question, that simultaneously suffocated and anally-zapped, no pony could disobey a command to seize trotting, so any chance of the beasts "taking the reins" of their own free will was impossible.

Lastly, the dial on the remote controlled a tempo which was transferred as a beating, vibrating pulse, onto the women's belt dildos. Nothing painful like the plug-shocks, but a vibrating buzz that made its presence felt. The tempo the ponygirls felt in their cunts had to match the tempo of their prancing. The time between two pulses equaled the time between the two knees raised fully - as a good trot dictates. With the same prompt administered, they were all synchronized and moved as one, good-oiled unit.

Of course, all that synchronization and obedience didn't come without some grueling, heavy training. Natalya, Dahlia and all the other newbies found themselves having to learn new skills, and quickly. On their first ride, Natalya had been paired on the back of 4-pony cart with that small Asian girl, who had "dared" to faint during the first day at the Sweat Rooms. Every pain gave the handler's a cute "oh no" face, as the pressure inside their cunts mounted dangerously by their new "accessories". They all shifted their hips nervously, trying not so much to dislodge (as this was impossible once they were clipped on) but to find a comfortable stance or spot where their silicone pussy-plugs didn't make their presence THAT felt. They did not find any.

Natalya and the Asian girl got a couple of seconds to exchange a fearful look, before they were locked side-by-side, the strict collars and their eye-blinders, forbidding any further interaction. Natalya's left nipple was promptly chain-linked to the shorter girl's right nipple. Their noses, followed, then their closest proximity thighs, at the end of their stockings, then their ankles, above their hoof-boots. The tingling sounds of the four thin, metal chains, making a worryingly wide arc between them, indicated they were inseparable now. They'd soon share lots of sensations. They would have to rely on each other, to mold themselves into a single cooperating organism, in order to get through this.

Natalya and the girl simultaneously felt their new pussy-fillers buzz, along with a strong zap of their assholes, indicating to them it was to time to move. The setting was 120 bpms (Beats Per Minute), a leisurely, but lively pace. All ponies grimaced with strained effort as they started pulling the elastic ropes on their cunt-lips, taking the small single-manned cart along with them. Since each failed attempt to move in total unison with their partner resulted in some unfortunate piece of skin pulled painfully, their errors were immediately evident, through their pain. It was up to them to make both go away...

Natalya saw vast green grass and beautiful trees, small hills and a majestic mountain top view in the distance. It was a pity she had to focus on pulling the cart to visit these places. After a couple of hours of riding amongst nature, all ponies were drenched with sweat. The handler was not satisfied, indicative of the many lashes on the ponies' exposed backs, but what are you gonna do? It was their first day.

As the days of cart-training progressed, the ponies were getting better and synching up with their pair and with each other as a whole. Natalya wasn't even glancing at her "side-mate". Her mind needn't worry about her. If she followed the beeps in her cunt and her "partner" did the same, everything would be ok. So to speak off. Her eyblinders helped her keep her eyes forward, her mind focused, her body disciplined. She was becoming a truly loyal beast. Natalya always had the inclination "if you're gonna do something, do it right". That didn't mean she took any pride of personal accomplishment in pussy-pulling a cart around a dirt-covered course all day. That was a demeaning task for any human being! In

her mind, she just wanted to avoid the pain that came with misbehaving, as did all ponygirls. Her excellent performance often drove her "running" partner to be an equally good pony, as to not hurt both.

"I don't like that you're slouching. The point is not just to maintain the speed, but to look fucking hot and sexy and proud! GOT IT?", Mistress Neera's strict, loud voice was heard once more. She had taken an 8-pony cart for a spin, to see if the handlers are doing their job. Natalya cursed her luck for being a part of it. As much as the Warden loved fucking her, she also loved picking her as a "demonstrative example" in the presence of a whole herd of ponies. "Here, look at blondie over here", Neera said, talking about "Vodka", even though she knew none of the ponies could actually turn and look at their mate. Despite the 4 continuous hours of cart-training that day, little Vodka maintained a nearly perfect pony posture.

"Oh, no...what does she want now?" Natalya thought, trying to maintain her composure. "Here's a little treat for your good job", Neera said with a cheeky tone, pressing one of the smaller buttons on the control board. Natalya's eyes burst open, as she felt a warm, no... hot, thick, almost sticky, liquid, being shot up inside her stretched cunt. It had been triggered through a small peehole on the tip of the dildo, as the center of the silicone dick was hollow. The semen-like fluid was stored in the base, ready to be shot up with the push of a button

Natalya did not know how to comprehend this sudden sensation. It felt AMAZING, like being hit with a giant wave of arousal and pleasure. The powerful aphrodisiac, infused in this soapy-thick liquid, acted immediately once it made contact with the inner walls of the girl's pussy, working in conjunction with the constantly moving and rubbing dildo to spread and rub this artificial semen all over the young woman's love-canal, tickling it in all the wonderful ways, and triggering her nerves to pulse and vibrate just like the moment of a real orgasm.

The feeling came out of nowhere, causing the girls' tall legs to tremble and shiver with the uncontrollable lust, her whole body following. Natalya could barely contain herself, for this brief moment being transferred to a world of pure orgasmic bliss. If she had a voice, she would scream with lustful joy.

The Warden had not ordered for the cart to stop just yet, though, so in her twitching, orgasming state, Natalya stumbled on her trotting, pulling on the short chains connecting her to her pair and hurting both in the process. "Good pony, don't stop prancing for me, though", Neera chuckled at the fun spectacle, taking a peek of the view. Her ponies continued their assigned course.

Natalya hated to admit it, but she felt rejuvenated! This orgasm was maybe the best thing that had ever happened to her in this place, only second to her tender relationship with "Tequila". The memory of this

experience lingered long after that faithful ride had ended. Days afterwards, Natalya found herself wondering whether she'd ever receive another "reward" like this.

As the days progressed and performances of the cart-pulling candidates improved, so did the amount of ponies given a taste of what it meant to be a good, obedient little ponygirl. Every pony "appreciated" the orgasms they were being handed like a god-sent gift. The sudden climax was so otherworldly powerful and exhilarating. No woman could know that their -for lack of a better world- "good girl" semen was laced with a strong dose of opioids. As much as they made them feel amazing and gave them some much needed strength to keep trotting, they were highly addictive in nature, so in addition to their "stimulating" abilities, the ponies would soon crave a hit like proper junkies.

That latest mindfuck (both a literal fuck, as well), turned a lot of women still struggling with their sense of self, and unsure about their place in their world, into full nympho pony-sluts. Every pony was given a taste of "the pump" at least once, just to keep 'em chasing that dream.

Natalya could not accept how much she had enjoyed that latest orgasm, how much she wanted more of them. She never thought of herself as much of a lust-filled person. Sex was nice when it was nice, and bad when it was bad. This was different. This was an obsession!

OF COURSE, she hated Neera and the handlers for turning her into this horned up beast, but on the other hand, what could she do, besides mop about it all the time?

Natalya found herself asking that same question all the more often, sometimes spending whole days on this dilemma. With her analytic mind, all paths led to complete devotion to this new life, to maximize returns. IT MADE SENSE! There was:

No way of escape

No way to negotiate your way out of a bad situation

No end to her sentence

This would be her life, the life of a useless animal, and Natalya had to accept it, as much as she despised this realization.

*\*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\*...*

The streets are full of life. Sidewalks full with busy people (so mostly men), going about their day. Cars going all around. Different sounds and noises all around. The buzz of the big city. Dahlia sees little of that, though. These things are her surroundings, and she needs to stay focused on the road ahead, no distractions needed!

*\*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\*...*

It's probably better for her, too, since her eyelanders only allow her to see a portion of the curious, amused eyes locked on her from all angles. Who wouldn't stop on their tracks to watch a group of bound, graphically modified, naked women trotting like beasts of burden? Sure, this particular pony carts were mostly used as a sort of tourist attraction, a fun way to see the downtown, or go for a ride in the nearby countryside. But the novelty hadn't worn off in the slightest.

*\*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\*...*

Dahlia still grasps the knowledge that her appearance is deeply humiliating; her current state is causing her great shame. If only these brain synapses that tell her she should be feeling that horrible weren't firing anymore. Dahlia knows well that her mind is not as sharp as when she first stepped, and she also knows how submissive and obedient her abusers have shaped her to be. She just wished she was even dumber, more blissfully unaware, so that she wasn't feeling this mortified. Her ego hurt.

At least her family and friends can definitely not recognize her here, living in a different country. That is a real possibility for most ponies, though, even through their latex-mask. Usually their "legally former" families pretend they don't see them, out of sheer shame. But some creepy cousins or ex-boyfriends or husbands are always thrilled to go for a cart-ride with an "ex-wife", or "whatshe name", or "Little Suzy from the family gatherings..."

*\*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\*...*

The sound of the hooves clicking against the asphalt is as loud as it is clear. 4 pairs of ergonomic hooves are working in complete synch, accentuating the cart's presence, passing through the streets. Dahlia is pulling the cart of a rich aristocrat and his dear wife (as dear as 1 out of 3 wives can be), along with 3 other ponygirls. A single clop is heard from all ponies, like a well-rehearsed quartet. She's very tired, they all are. They are pulling together about 200 kgs, if you add the weight of the cart itself, along with the two passengers.

*\*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\*... Dahlia feels a sudden, sharp pain on her left nipple, coming from the electrode on her nipple-cover. The same goes for all the other cart-ponies. The cart makes a left turn a second later. "Ouch, dammit you dumb bitch", Dahlia curses her cart-partner, who was a few fragments of a second late to the turn, causing their shared chains to become taut and pull on Dahlia's sensitive parts. She would have shot her a mean look, had she not been wearing her eyelanders.*

But they can't stop for any reason. There are absolutely no excuses for stopping, as was evident from the fate of those who dared to question such pathetic rules of common human decency. Any complaint that reached Mistress Neera's ears, meant there was a whole hellscape to experience for whoever was responsible. Mistress wanted nothing but 5-star reviews from her customers.

Dahlia couldn't be sure, but she had overheard from a group of handlers talking, that the last couple of ponies that gave their rider trouble, had been locked together from their tongue-studs to their nipple-rings, clit-rings, all labia rings and finally their boot-rings and had been tossed inside Mistress' Neera's septic tank, for a good two days, with only a shared chain snapped to their septum rings to keep them afloat the sewage. After that - rumor had it - their performance spiked upwards.

*\*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\*... Her right nipple is now electroshocked. Right turn. This time everything went smoother. All ponies worked as one. No additional pain.*

The thought of what grim fate awaited her, would she show any sign of protest, kept Dahlia going, even though her thighs were burning like lava from the constant trotting, same deal with her calves and aching feet. All while keeping her back perfectly straight, knees raised at a perfect right angle, her tits high up like leaves searching for sunlight, and her ass perked up like she wasn't already being penetrated in both her crotch-holes. Some passengers didn't really care for all that posture appearance, but the girls

would never know that until it was too late, and a non-flattering critique came in. So, they always strived to be at their best, to be safe than sorry.

*\*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\* \*clop\*...Empty straight road ahead. The buzzing in Dahlia's dildo increases. She stays focused, taking deep, rhythmic breaths like a good runner does, increasing the pace of her trotting, as do all the ponygirls. The cart changes speed, going faster, like a nicely oiled machine.*

The pain in her lungs and body was unbearable, but like with everything endured in this hellhole, if "Little Tequila" could keep going, it wasn't really. Dahlia could never imagine running like a track-and-field star, but all the constant training, not to mention the doping the ponies received, made this incredible fit of strength and stamina mundane. The pony cart had already cleared 4 miles, and if the passenger chose the usual city route, they had about 3 more to go.

*\*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\*...*

With her DDDs bouncing seductively with each trot, Dahlia managed to hear the chatter behind her, coming from the cart's occupants.

-Do you wanna give the reward to a pony?

-Yes my love, uhm what do i do?

-The instructor said to press the button that corresponds with the pony, here...

-What does it do?

-I don't recall, something about an injection of dopamine, it will basically make them feel good.

-Oh...ok...which pony should i choose.

-Whichever you want.

-Oh...well...here goes...

*\*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\*...*



Dahlia couldn't hear the couple's conversation behind her, but she felt a hot load spray her deep into her cervix, coating her pussy from the inside. Dahlia lost her sight for a good two seconds, letting out a mute moan (or rather, neigh) of pleasure. The sudden ecstatic bliss made it very hard to focus on prancing, throwing off all the ponies' rhythm momentarily. But it was amazing, a pleasure she hadn't felt...well...since the last time someone "pumped" her. Orgasming while running and raising her legs like that made the experience much more intense, too. Dahlia's eyes were wide, as she was running and coming, all at the same time. Both a wild and tamed beast. The irony...

*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\*...*

The drug stimulants in the load gave her an extra energy to keep trotting, now very satisfied with herself. She was good. She was doing ok! Mistress should be happy with her! She didn't know that the woman had just pointed the remote at a random pony.

*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\*...*

Dahlia is still recovering from this ecstatic shock, so she doesn't notice the red-light, about 20 meters ahead.

*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\* \*CLOP\*...A sudden wave of electricity hits the woman's asshole from deep within, were the plug of her tail rests. It's so strong it would wake up a sleeping Godzilla, never mind a cum-drunk Columbian girl. Simultaneously, whilst still panting from two different causes of exhaustion, Dahlia feels her mouth and throat close up, thanks to the inflatable "break" function of her bit-gag. She can't breathe and she can't take the pain in her asshole. These are signs to stop trotting.*

The cart stops in front of the red-light in a matter of 3 seconds. It's not as easy as it sounds. The first two ponies have to push against the leather frame situated inched behind them, fighting the cart's momentum from rolling over them. Only when the cart is at a complete stop, does the rider usually let go of the "break" button. You know, for safety.

"That's such a fun ride, thank you honey!", the wife gives her husband a peck on the cheek, as Dahlia and her three cart-mates take a few valuable seconds to catch their breath and rest their feet.

Not too many, though. Before Dahlia realized it, the light has already changed to green. Another shock on her asshole gets her sharply moving...

Natalya stares off into the mountains in the far distance, barely visible through the slight fog and the clouds. They are beautiful, but Natalya can only see part of the full picture at any given time. Her blinders always narrowed the range of her sight. If she wanted to look at a different mountain, she had to turn her entire body, since her collared neck wasn't budging, either.

There is not a particular thought inhabiting Natalya's mind, as she took in the site. Her mind is not as sharp as it once was. A mind devoid of stimulation becomes impotent, sooner or later. That is certainly a fact for her, and from what she'd seen on older ponies, which'd been here for 8, 10 years or even longer, things get even worse. Many well-adjusted, smart women, who would otherwise be in a fully healthy, lucid state, now found themselves, in their mid-thirties, behaving like simple animals, having lost most sense of their humanity. The combination of severe mental trauma, physical torture, and the constant conditioning system of orgasmic rewards versus disciplining punishments, had turned them into little more than plain beasts, seeking the next "treat" from a kind handler, whether that might be a clit-rub, a good nipple tug, or at best, a nice "pump", as the handlers called it, during one of their rides. That was the ultimate high, albeit a rare one.

"I haven't been punished lately. That means i must be a good pony", is a recurring thought on the girl's broken mind. Her brain can house up to 4-5 distinct thoughts at a given period of time. Not much horsepower (pun not intended), for a girl with an IQ of 118. Her mental conditioning, the drugs pumped into her, and her overall trauma have probably lowered that to around 90. It's amazing how a person's intellectual qualities can take a nose-dive like that.

Natalya's legs hurt, constantly standing on her hard hooves. She has no problem balancing in them, after all this time, her heels not having felt ground in almost a year. The fatigue was ok, now. She didn't feel like resting on the wooden bench, the "dick-seats" there chafed her pussy. She has found it's usually not worth it, though sometimes the exhaustion is so much, it can't be helped.

Her arms remain stashed neatly inside their tight, leather armbinder. The way her elbows touch each-other, push the girl's soccer ball-sized boobs further out, proudly. They are round like a ball, too. Despite the strict way her neck had been propped by the collar, Natalya can always see her naked breasts in her field of vision. It's ok. Other ponies with different body-types have basketball-sized jugs. Natalya almost pitied them for the additional weight they had to carry. Though she didn't have much of an easier task.

Miss Zinchenko has forgotten how it feels to be able to use your hands for things, a privilege only "normal" people have. She still occasionally forgets that shifting them causes her bonds to drive the

metal ball nesting in her asshole deeper inside, something that despite the years, has never stopped being uncomfortably invasive.

She doesn't remember what her fingers look like anymore. Half-squashed, packed inside their mitten-pouch, they can only wiggle nervously like a cat's paw, something she likes to do whenever she's feeling stressed. That and trot in place. These are a few of the physical liberties ponies have. They usually do that last one, whenever they're anxious. Others stomp their hooves, others trot in place. Others huff and puff through their pierced nostrils. Some, funny enough, even sway their large tits from side to side, or jiggle their pussylips, making any chains down there jingle joyfully. Each pony, despite the clear bottle-neck conditioning the stables have administered, still exhibits some personality traits.

Natalya usually stomps her right hoof when she's excited. It's a habit she picked up subconsciously, whenever she wanted to show agreement or affirmation towards a handler or another ponygirl. A signal for objection is –wisely- nowhere to be found.

Natalya feels some tension in her huge breasts, which overarch both her collar bone from above as well as the top of her corset from below. The internal strain of her boobs is nothing too alarming, yet. She knows when things get serious. Her bimbo jugs were a literal and figurative pain to get used to, but just like with her hooves and the inability to use her arms, Natalya found that equilibrium eventually.

She remembers she breastfed her good friend Kristin at noon, but her tits fill up quicker after successive milkings. After 5 years, she might require two “drains” a day, just to cope. The caps locking her nipples securely forbid any further lactation, for now.

The latex is hugging her shapely, long legs. She has familiarized herself with that feeling, as well as the breeze she feels on her stretched cunt, as her lips remain spread and tethered to her stockings. Her sex's lips, dainty and pristine a few years back, now hang obscenely next to the top of her inner thighs. It's such a degrading feeling, to have your privates so displayed, literally opening up to the world. But a pony has no secrets. She has nothing to hide from anyone.

Her gorgeous long "mane", the only natural hair she has left, is sticking out of her latex hood as one long ponytail. It reaches down to her bubbly (still red, from yesterday's cropping) ass, a sign that a pony has spent some time in the Stables, since no one ever bothers to trim a pony's hair/mane. Little Vodka loves her ponytail, it flows with the wind as she's prancing, and that makes her feel good. Natalya was never superficial enough to dwell on her hairstyle, but she's a simpler creature, now. “A pretty ponytail makes for a pretty ponygirl”, is her logic. And pretty is how a ponygirl should always look.

The girl's tongue is fidgeting with the thick bit gag shoved between her teeth. She moves her tongue around it, as if subconsciously keeping it prepared other things that might require licking. She has

become very orally-fixated, it started with Miss Neera's demanding cunt-licking sessions, and it just picked up from there.

Her tongue traces across the rough wood material of her bit. The feeling of a wooden stick constantly between her lips is something she definitely has made peace with. You can tell she's not a newbie, because of the slightest teeth-marks Natalya has managed to leave on it with her back teeth. Sometimes she wonders whether she'd bother screaming and moaning, had she had her vocal chords with her, but then a bullwhip or more often than not her own fear of losing focus from her difficult task, usually draw her back to reality.

Her chest is wet with saliva. She doesn't mind. The bit always makes her drool, something she was once very self-conscious about, but now she just lets whatever flows from there drip onto her huge milk-duds, without a care in the world. Despite their extravagant, fancy gear, ponygirls are dirty, messy creatures, so things like dirt, sweat or saliva are a no-brainer for them.

Finally, her waist has shrunk even further than the first day she stepped hoof in the Stables. Her ribs have been deformed from the ever present crashing of the leather, something definitely unhealthy, but longevity was never a priority for Miss Neera's ponies. Vodka's corset has actually been replaced twice, now at 20.5 inches. Her labia chains are also an inch shorter, indicative of how much the girl's pussylips have stretched since she arrived at the Stables and keeping the tension on her poor lips prominent. Her hourglass figure is now even more pronounced than before, accented by her always full hips and breasts.

Natalya wonders where her friend, Tequila, might be. She has never learned her real name, how could she? So Tequila, though she didn't like that - was what she had to go on, based on what the handlers were calling her friend.

Friend. That word had kinda lost its meaning after a while, since the two women were practically a couple, borderline lovers, even though such a thing had its practical limitations. Ponies could not actually fuck each other, leather-bound and bit-gagged as they mostly were. Those "favors" were only handed out by the humans of their social circle.

The moderate freedom the field allowed, did not lend itself to laying down for a comfy 69 session, either. Some ponies were giving their love-life a go, though, straining to bend over their "girlfriend's" exposed cunt, to give a nice, comforting lapping to their pierced pussylips and clit, whenever their bit was undone for meals. That was doable, with the right mindset and positive thinking.

Natalya and Dahlia had done it countless times, even in front of the fascinated looks of their -always teasing - handlers. There was no shame in their mutual pleasure exchange; it was pure, kind, and featured no pain like the fucks the ponies were receiving elsewhere. They genuinely loved each other, if one can say that about horned up, mindless beasts. They were certainly not the only "pony-couple", though most sex-hungry beasts searched for any pony that could give them some "good vibes". Natalya only had Dahlia. Ok, aaaand Daniella, that Italian cutie. Though Natalya kept that little "affair" a secret from her South American friend. She didn't want to get her jealous.

"Hey there little Vodka", Natalya's vacant, but peaceful daydreaming is interrupted by a man's voice, at the same moment that she feels a warm body behind her, and a warmer hand capping her bare pussy from behind her. Her initial apprehension at the sudden jump is vanished when she realizes who that voice belongs to. "Have you been a good girl, today, Vodka?" the girl hears Matthew whisper playfully in her ear, as he starts massaging the entire surface of her pussy, his middle finger slipping through the girl's clitoral ring, while he keeps playing with her entrance. He wiggles the ring playfully, taking the girl's little love-button along for the ride.

Natalya nods as much as the collar allows, and stomps her hoof too for good measure. She's been good, she's been really good! Ponies have only a few ways of signaling approval. The boob-jiggle is usual, the swaying of the ponytail is common too, and the hoof stomp. Those are pretty much it. Natalya has adopted the later.

Vodka...It's strange responding to a derogatory, offensive slur, like it belongs to you, like it is very much your name. Without even pausing to process the insult, or even to ponder whether you want to give the obvious asshole calling you said name, the pleasure of confirming that insult with your response. These stages had run their course. Natalya was never particularly into vodka. She didn't drink much alcohol in general. But now, every time she heard that word called upon, she responded without the slightest hesitation. No time for silly things like pride, or self-respect, to delay an obedient pony. Her nickname was used to either scold her for being a bad pony, or praise her for being a good one. There was other point to her life, after all. Same went for all the other female prisoners of the Miss Neera's stables.

The girl instinctively spreads her thighs some more to welcome the man's touch, exhaling through her nose, biting down her bit-gag, as he gropes her pussy with one hand and her tits with the other. It feels great! Especially if it's Matthew. She likes Matthew, she has no problem with him leading her around or playing with her. She didn't at the start, but that was before she learned that everyone would be using her as degradingly, or worse, than him. At least he was kind of cute, and didn't stink like a lot of the older handlers around here.

"Good pony...", the young man coos little Vodka as he keeps pleasuring her open pussy. Natalya's right nipple ring was twisted, taking her little breast-button along for the ride. The pony has closed its eyes,

diving head-first in this sea of very fleeting happiness. For just a few seconds, all the torture, pain and degradation she endures, goes away. This is bliss.

*\*SLAP\**

Her wonderful daze is interrupted with a gentle, but firm spank on her exposed asscheek. It stings a little, since her ass is still sore and red from yesterday's cropping. Natalya is left disappointed, but grateful. "Let's go cutie", Matthew clips a chain-lease on the girl's nose-ring and gently tugs.

The ponygirl turns to follow instinctively. Wherever good or bad she's being led to, she has learned that it's pointless to resist, so she doesn't even think about where she's headed. Even a few rebellious ponies that had torn their septums off while fighting back, had surgeries that replaced their septums with a strong silicone cosmetic alternative that looked no different from real skin, and never gave the handlers any more trouble. Natalya liked that she still had her "original" nose, despite a lot of things on her being vastly different than they were a year ago.

Vodka obediently follows Matthew into the stables. It's late, time to sleep. As the pair makes their way past the double-doors of the bars, Natalya spots with the corners of her eyes another ponygirl, harshly bent over so that her armbinder pointed at the ceiling, and facing an old man's crotch. He is around 60, with a cowboy hat and a white mustache, his jeans only slightly lowered. He gives Matt a nod, as he keeps a firm hand over the nape of the girl's collared neck. The poor black girl, a slim, dark-haired lass with a curly long ponytail, around 25, currently has a mouthful of the old man's ball sack, sucking and licking as best she could, with her brown, dreamy eyes vainly trying to rise to meet his from such a low angle. She often used those eyes, either to make her abusers finish quickly, or just to beg for some sort of mercy.

The poor girl's breasts look badly swollen. Her nipple caps are still in place, and haven't been removed for two days, now. Who knows why someone has done this to her. Maybe they were scolding her for a lousy performance, maybe they just forgot to remove them, or maybe they just hated her guts and wanted her to suffer. Whatever the reason, the man has "offered" to remove her nipple shields in return for some quality face-to-crotch time. Of course, this is in no means a deal of equal parties. The old man can very well back out of the "deal", once his balls have been emptied. The poor ponygirl cannot know that, though. She has to take a chance, especially with how much the pressure on her aching breasts has accumulated. Given from her "enthusiasm" down there, it doesn't seem to matter how sweaty and disgusting grandpa's balls are.

As Vodka is being led further towards her stall, she spots a ponygirl being roughly fucked from behind, on the floor of the stable. There are 2 men watching and egging her on, as a woman around 40, is fucking her with an 8-inch long, coke-can thick strap on dildo. She shows little regard for the bound pony, a Spanish brawd, around 28, pulling on her long, curly, light-brown ponytail so hard it would

probably snap the poor girl's neck without that posture collar. The way the older woman has mounted her, the poor ponygirl is squashed between the handler's body, and a tarp of sandpaper, which has been laid underneath her body. Every thrust grinds the unfortunate girl's enlarged breasts further against the sandpaper, flaying her poor tits bit by bit. The Spanish pony shoots Natalya a bit-gagged, teary-eyed face of pure agony. As if she can do anything to save her from this cruel fate. Natalya felt sad for the woman, but these things happen around here.

As if to prove Natalya's point, an open stall door gives sight to another poor soul, being strappado tied with her armbinder attached to the ceiling, her pony-legs spread by the ankles via a spreader-bar. A male handler is holding a heavy, oval-shaped paddle, with which he is striking down on the poor pony's buttocks, as well as her very vulnerable pussy, with her labia stretched to her stockings' rings.

His hits are with full force wherever they land, but the girl cannot do much but flail and writhe in place. Her nose ring has been tethered by a chain to a floor ring, so in conjunction with her other restraints, leaves her no real room to "absorb" the impact. She can't lower her head anymore, least her shoulders will pop out, and pulling her head will cause her nose ring to pull her down. Her spread legs keep her from guarding her elongated privates from the assault, too. Her pussy and ass are on fire, shivering with pain.

Disregarding her frantic struggles and silent cries, the man keeps giving it to the poor pony, her ass and cunt a deep red color from the continuous pummeling. Who knows what she did to tick him off?

On the far corner of the spacious stables, a pretty, redhead, freckle-faced pony of English descent, can be seen being prepped for delivery, by two male handlers. Sometimes, a good enough offer will sway Miss Neera into selling a ponygirl, especially if she's "past her prime", meaning over 30. Georgia is 32, a veteran pony with loooong labia lips, reaching almost 2 inches in length, which dangle with each trot. Despite this deformity inflicted on her, her beauty was still stunning. Still, her time in the Stables was over.

Natalya keeps following Matthew towards her stall, but she can still see that the girl has been forced inside a rectangular wooden crate, currently propped vertically. The pony is roughly being "maneuvered" inside the crate, forced to squat inside the crate with bent, spread legs. The pony has her eye-blinders shut for easier handling, so the poor girl has no chance of fighting back, rendered blind and already bound. Though she sure gives it a go, flailing and swaying desperately. She can't see that she's squatting on a hard, thick dildo that's waiting for her on a metal pole inside the crate. And when she feels it penetrating her, it's too late for her. Behind her blinders, no one can see those pretty honey-colored eyes widen with shock.

Once the handlers have placed her "in her seat", they start passing some wooden plates through nooks on the crate's inside walls. These work like stocks, first securing the pony's neck securely against the back wall of the crate, then the second stock traps the pony's shrunk waist. The last stock has two semicircle spaces, to keep the girl's ankles spread and secure. The girl can go absolutely nowhere, her struggling visible to no one.

The two men are not done with the package just yet. It will take days for this crate to reach its destination. But the product can sustain itself, with a bit of help. A phallic, hollow gag, with a tube coming out the front, is clipped on its base to the pony's tongue stud-ring, making for an easy, strapless penis-gag. The pony heaves and chokes for a bit, before making peace with the invader that's tickling the back of her throat. The more she retrieves her tongue back in her mouth, the more the phallic gag is taken along for the ride. So, it's in the pony's best interest to keep her tongue out as often as possible.

Two small cylinder glass pumps are then placed on the pony's (uncapped) areolas. The air is rapidly sucked out of them, the vacuum pulling the girl's nipples along with anything coming out of them. The idea is simple. By recycling the breast-milk in the pony's body, she can be preserved for the few days of the trip. After the two pumps are turned on and the two tubes are connected with the force-feeding gag, the first droplets of milk quickly start peeking out of the girl's nipples, and are quickly travelling through the little tubes and up towards the ponygirl's mouth, all while the final side of the crate is being hammered shut in front of her. A storage cart is already waiting nearby to transfer the crate to the next stage.

All these things around Natalya are undoubtedly horrible. But here in the Stables, the ponies' can't spare much sympathy and pity for one another. They use all they have on themselves, and for a good reason. Natalya doesn't bat a second eye towards the poor English-girl. Not that she can, due to the eyelanders.

As Matthew leads her inside her sleep-stall, Natalya is just content with having the handsome man facefuck her before going to "bed". Maybe he'll even rub her little love-button some more if she is a good enough cocksucker.