**The American Way – Pony Boy Bitch**

PART ONE

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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Barbara and Bill Fullman’s lives were turned upside
down when their 22 year old son, Kevin, was
convicted of selling drugs to minors.  Because of
the number of children adversely affected by the
sale, the sentence was stiff.  Kevin was given the
option of either 20 years imprisonment or 18 years
as an indentured drayage servant.

Kevin chose indenturement, and was purchased by
a drayage servitor training company, The Strayton
Brothers, from Fresno, California.  The Strayton
Brothers had no room in their training program until
two months in the future, and under special
arrangement and bail with the government, Kevin
was allowed to live at home with his parents in
Oakland, California, until entering training.

Soon after the sentencing, Kevin’s two younger
brothers, Brian, aged 17, and Peter, 14, began
teasing their brother about his upcoming drayage
training and service; so much so that Kevin
contacted the court and requested to change his
sentence to the prison option.

His request was denied.

In an effort to calm their son’s fears about the
horrors of drayage service, Kevin’s parents
contacted an old family friend, Grant Knapp, who is
the kennel administrator with San Francisco’s most
prestigious servitor brokerage firm, Sherman,
Lawson, and Stingle Imports, in the hope that
Grant could set the record straight for their sons on
the reality of drayage service.

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As the Fullman family sat down to dinner with their
guest, Grant Knapp, Barbara exclaimed, "How nice
to have you over, Grant.  We should have done this
a long time ago!"

Grant smiled, "No excuses, please.  I’m just as
guilty as you for not trying to get together sooner."
Young Peter looked furtively at the handsome
Grant.  He guessed Grant to be a little younger
than his 44 year old father.  And he could only
restrain himself with difficulty from staring at
Grant’s tight shirt that revealed a very well-muscled
torso.  Peter wondered if Grant needed all those
muscles in his line of work.

Bill got down to business, "Grant, you know the
reason I invited you here.  My two youngest boys
have been ribbing Kevin endlessly about his being a
‘pony boy’, as they call it, so much so, in fact,
that they have completely unnerved Kevin.  So I
figured who better to dispel the myths than you;
kennel administrator at one of the highest class
servant training outfits in the world."

Before Grant could respond, Brian asked, "What
exactly is a ‘kennel administrator’, Grant?"

Grant was happy to answer, "My job is basically to
oversee the operations of the housing of the
servants in training; make sure each morning and
evening that they are all kenneled and accounted
for; make sure they have enough space, are fed,
have all they need to be happy; and so on."

"When I was hired at Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle
Imports a little over 10 years ago, they called my
position ‘kennel master’.  But about 5 years ago
they changed the title to ‘kennel administrator’ in
keeping with the trend towards politically correct
terminology.  You know how it is; you can’t go
offending slaves by calling them ‘slaves’."

Grant let out a laugh, and was surprised and
relieved when the entire Fullman family, except
Kevin, laughed along with him.

When the laughter subsided, Bill commented, "That
sounds like a pretty important job you have over
there.  You should be able to help Kevin see that
what his brothers are saying to frighten him is just
a bunch of crap; it’s the kinds of things people say
about drayage service who have no real knowledge
of it."

Grant was honest, "Bill, it’s been quite a while
since I’ve dealt directly with drayage servants.  As
you know, Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle doesn’t
deal in drayage servitors.  However, we sell most of
our training rejects to drayage training firms.  Our
rejects are those boys who, after two months of
training, are showing that they are not a good fit
for the Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle catalogue.
We sell them into drayage only because drayage
houses pay the most.  Drayage servants are very
expensive, and Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle
Imports can recover most of their initial investment
on the boys by selling them to drayage firms."

Grant looked over Kevin as he spoke, "I currently
talk with people in all areas of servitor upkeep and
training on a regular basis, so I do get to hear all
of the latest developments in drayage servitor
husbandry.  Some of it should be of interest to you
and your family."

Grant, still looking Kevin over in a way that
unnerved him, wondered, "So just what’s the
problem here?"

Mr. Fullman poured himself some coffee, "Brian and
Peter have been ribbing Kevin about being a ‘pony
boy’ ever since he chose indenturement as his
sentencing option.  So much so that he tried to
back out of service and accept the alternate
sentence.  But the court wouldn’t allow it once he
had signed the papers."

Mr. Fullman shifted, "Grant, I understand that if a
brokerage firm is willing to pay the government
more than they got from the initial sale of the
indentee, then they will allow criminal indentees to
shift their training venue.  Do you think there’s any
chance that Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle Imports
would be interested in Kevin?  I realize they only
want top specimens, but Kevin here is a real
handsome guy and always has had loads of girls after
him."

Kevin felt like an object as Grant again cast his
glance on him.  Grant offered an assessment. "It’s
hard to say.  He is good looking and does have an
attractive shape, but his arms seem a little gangly
for someone his age."

"They also consider the crime for which a person
was indentured.  I tend to think they would refuse
someone who’s been convicted of selling drugs to
minors because few people would want such a
person in their house.  I know that I wouldn’t."

"And usually they only want well-educated, high
GPA average types.  From what you’ve told me,
Kevin doesn’t qualify."

"And the boys have to be nicely sexed.  If you
would like, you can have him strip for me and I can
tell you how he compares with the other boys in the
kennels."

The thought of having their older brother strip for
an evaluation brought giggles from Kevin’s two
younger brothers, and their father quickly sought to
change the subject. "No, Grant.  I think if what you
say about GPA is true, then Kevin wouldn’t qualify."

Kevin was at once relieved that he wouldn’t have to
be evaluated, but also disheartened by the news
that Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle wouldn’t accept
him.  He had a hard time taking his gaze away from
his dinner plate.  His mother tried to cheer up her
sad son, "Have some more soup, Kevin."

Kevin spoke in a low voice, "I don’t want any, Mom."

Grant commented, "And I can see that he has an
attitude thing going that wouldn’t get him in the
front door of Sherman, Lawson, and Stingle."

Kevin did not like Grant Knapp.

Mr. Fullman spoke, "Well, he’s usually a good kid,
Grant.  As you can see, he’s quite dispirited right
now.  That’s why I’m wondering if you can help
cheer him up a little.  Tell him what drayage service
is really like.  Let him know that the things his
younger brothers tease him about are all a bunch of
nonsense."

Grant looked at the two younger boys and smiled,
"What kind of things have you two boys been
telling your brother about drayage service?"

Smiles returned to the faces of Brian and Peter as
they began speaking, eager to relate the things
they had heard about drayage servants. "They
control them as if they were wild animals; with
whips and chains."  "They keep them in cages."
"They’re not allowed to talk, or read books."  "They
oil their bodies, and decorate them like bulls at a
fair, with bells and ribbons."

"They get all of their teeth pulled."  "They have

to work naked and they can’t stop to pee.  They

have to piss all over themselves as they pull

carriages."  "They stick rods up their asses to

control them as they pull carriages."  "The carriage

drivers snap their whips to control them just like

horses and their backs are full of whip marks."

Grant held up his hand, "Hold on.  The way you’re
saying all of those things would scare the shit out
of any one!"  Grant smiled sheepishly at Mrs.
Fullman and apologized for using a naughty word.
She dismissed it as nothing, and Grant continued,
"No wonder Kevin is terrified.  I would be too if I
heard that kind of talk."

Little Peter wasn’t convinced, "But it’s all true!
They them keep them naked all the time in the
field.  People who own them call them ‘pasture
boys’.  And they don’t have any teeth because they
pull them all so they can fit the bridle in their
mouths."

Grant shook his head in the negative, "Wrong.
They will not remove all of Kevin’s teeth.  They’ll
just be removing the first, second, and third
molars, and most of the cuspids."

Kevin, suddenly feeling totally defeated, began to
cry, "Oh Daddy, No."

Grant offered comfort, "Don’t you worry, son.  It
won’t affect your ability to eat at all.  They feed
the drayage boys a special diet called a ‘horse boy’
diet, and it’s full of oats, apples, and greens.  Your
remaining teeth will be able to handle it without
any problems.  It’s a great diet.  You’ll be as
healthy as a mule!"
As tears rolled down Kevin’s face, Brian spoke
again, as well, "They are totally whip controlled,
and are not allowed to speak, read books, or listen
to music.  And they are kept either, tied, bridled, or
hobbled at all times."

Grant conceded, "Yes, some of what you say is
true, but it’s not as bad as it sounds.  Pony boys
are whip controlled, but that is simply the culture
for pony boys or drayage servants.  It’s no different
than regular servants who are usually disciplined
and controlled by means of a paddle or a hand
spanking instead of a whip.  It really doesn’t make
any difference what they use on them, since if a
slave behaves, he doesn’t have to be punished.  All
slaves know that the physical discipline option is
available to their owners to use on them.  Physical
discipline is one of the things one thinks of when
one thinks of slaves and slavery, but the fact is
discipline is used relatively rarely in this country
and in Europe."

"And, again, the no talking rule isn’t 100% of the
time; nor are they tethered and hobbled all of the
time.  When the boys are secured in their beds at
night, they remove their bridle, chains, and bells.
And most places set aside a couple of hours each
week when the boys are allowed to recreate with
each other and talk."

Kevin got up from his chair and started to hurry out
of the room with his face wet with tears.  His father
wondered, "What’s wrong Kevin?"

Kevin didn’t answer but just exited.  Grant offered
Mr. Fullman advice, "I really think it’s important
that you make him stay and listen to this.  It will
help him.  If he faces reality he will see that things
are not quite as bad as he imagines."

Bill agreed, "Brian, would you please go and get
your brother.  Tell him that Grant is only trying to
cheer him up."

As dutiful Brian left to fetch Kevin, Mrs. Fullman
offered Grant second servings of the dinner.  Grant
was pleased, "This is such a wonderful meal,
Barbara."
Barbara was also grateful, "It’s so nice of you to
come and help out poor Kevin.  He needs cheering
up real badly."

When Brian finally escorted Kevin back into the
kitchen, almost ten minutes later, his face was
dried of the tears, and he appeared to have
collected himself.

Grant spoke, "Kevin, your father wants me to help
you face the service you’re about to enter by
offering you a real world perspective on what you
can expect both in training and in service."

Kevin was calmly defiant, "Real world perspective!
The fact is that most slaves are treated like shit by
people like you!"

Kevin’s father cautioned, "Kevin, be careful.  You’ve
just insulted an old family friend who came here to
help you."

Grant was understanding and addressed everyone,
"I know it’s hard on all of you because of the
misinformation that’s out there regarding slaves.
The fact is; slavery or indenturement as it is
practiced in this country is 100% humane and
benign.  But it is a hot topic because there is so
much confusion on the subject, especially regarding
drayage service."

Peter almost didn’t want to believe that the stories
his schoolmates had told him weren’t true, and he
countered Mr. Knapp one more time by offering
more of what he had heard, "It’s not true.  One of
my friends was at a ranch that uses pony boys, and
he told me that most of the horse boys had their
genitals locked away in big cages on their groins.
And he was told that the horse boys get castrated
if they misbehave."

Grant answered, "First of all, you have to
understand that just as there are thousands of
different uses to which drayage servants are put;
from mail delivery, carriage pulling, to hauling loads at
construction sites; so there are going to be
thousands of different ways of maintaining and
controlling them.  Some drayage servants are
chastity caged; but the vast majority of drayage
servants are treated just like any other servants.
And while castration is an option for horse boys in
this state, I can assure you it is almost never
done."

Brian, too, had more he wanted to share, "I have a
friend who worked for Rob Gaitlin, owner of "Ace
Courier Services", and he said that Mr. Gaitlin said
that the only way to convince a slave that he is a
beast of burden is to treat him like one."

Grant put up a hand, "That is outright nonsense.
Bill, Barbara, Kevin, listen to me!  It’s not like that
all."

Grant paused, knowing he was going to have a hard
time convincing the Fullman family that the things
Brian and Peter had said about drayage service
were misleading. "Bill, if you don’t mind, I’d like to

try something different here and really get through
to Kevin by using a tough-love/tough-facts kind of
approach.  It’s the approach we use all of the time
on the boys in the kennels.  It will allow us to
connect with Kevin on a far more personal level in
an attempt to debunk some of the myths, and help
him to see that common practices used in the
husbandry of drayage servants are not as horrible
as they sound.  It involves us men sitting down
with Kevin in the living room and having a real men
to boy talk: frank, tough, and loving."

Bill nodded his consent, but Grant wanted to
prepare the family, "I have to warn you that what I
want to do is kind of like shock therapy.  It can
seem harsh, but it’s effective.  It’s what we do to
the boys in the kennel all the time.  But it works,
and once we finish Kevin will be a much calmer
lad."

Bill again nodded his consent.

Grant smiled at Mrs. Fullman, "Barbara, would that
be okay with you?  Kevin will be all right, but what
I want to do now is use a little ‘tough love’ on
Kevin to help him see how much we care for him.
It’s the same kind of tough love we use on all of
the boys in training to help them understand how
special they are.  It’s very effective.  Kevin is
acting edgy and defiant now because he feels lost and
alone, and I want to help him, along with your
husband, Brian, and Peter, to understand that he’s
not alone, and that we’re here to support him in
any way that we can."

Mrs. Fullman nodded her head and quickly left the
room.  Grant stood up, and was soon followed by
Mr. Fullman, Peter, and Brian.  With all the men
standing, Grant held out a hand and walked
towards Kevin, "Okay son.  Why don’t you come
along with me and we’ll have a seat in the living
room."

Kevin protested, "I’m not your son!"

Grant put his hand on Kevin’s back in a familiar
fashion and started guiding him towards the living
room couch, "Son, you just calm down now.
Everything’s going to be alright."

Kevin’s voice rose, angry, "I’m not your fucking
son."

Grant guided Kevin towards the couch, "Easy there,
big fella!  There’s no need to use that kind of
language.  I just want to help you."

When they got to the couch, a very strong Grant had no
trouble guiding Kevin to take a seat, and he
immediately sat down next to him, so close that
their upper legs were side by side.  Grant put an
arm around Kevin’s shoulders. "Now big fella, I
want to try and help you look at things objectively."

A sneer on Kevin’s face was obvious as he tried to
back away from the kennel administrator.  Grant
smiled at Kevin in an attempt to disarm him, "I
deal with boys like you every day, and it’s my job.  I
understand how you’re feeling."

"No you don’t!  Get your arm away from me."

Grant moved his face closer to Kevin’s, "Don’t be
afraid of a little love, son.  That’s what I’m trying
to give you.  A little love.  Just relax and accept
it.  You’re a drayage boy now and we’re all trying to
help you."

"I don’t need help!"

Grant’s voice remained soothing, "The reason you’re
angry now is because you have lost your pride.  You
feel like a loser, and in an attempt to try and prove
that you still control things you are using hostile
language.  What you need to do, Kevin, is find your
pride again, and I want to help you do that."

Kevin looked at his father, "Dad, what is this shit?"

Grant was assertive, "Alright, little guy, that
language has to stop.  You need to be secure in
your new role, and I want to help you do that."

Grant began to unbutton Kevin’s shirt.  Kevin
shouted, "What the fuck are you doing?" and tried
to back away.

Grant held Kevin in place as he unbuttoned his shirt
and spoke calmly, "Easy there, big fella!
Everything’s going to be alright."

Kevin pleaded, "Dad, what is he doing?"

Grant answered in the kind of soothing voice one
would use on a horse one is trying to calm down.
"Everything’s going to be okay, fella.  Just calm
down!  I’m taking your clothes off.  Now just take it
easy and let’s do what we have to do."

Kevin tried to back away, "Oh no you’re not!"

Mr. Fullman followed the voice tone Grant was
using, "Kevin, honey, just do what Mr. Knapp
instructs and everything will be okay."

Grant was soft spoken but firm and the muscled
overseer easily controlled the pony boy-to-be,
"Let’s get these clothes off.  These are things from
your old life, and you’ll see that once they come off
you really don’t need them anymore.  You’ll feel
different once we get you all bare, just like a real
pony boy.  You’ll see that you don’t need any of the
things that you once thought you needed.  Once we
get these clothes off you’ll feel better.  It’s time
for you to stop trying to be like a free boy, and be
proud of your status as a drayage servant."

Once Grant undid the last of the shirt’s buttons, he
playfully tweaked one of Kevin’s tits, "There, let’s
get the rest of these things off so we can see your
belly button and balls."

Kevin hissed, but Grant easily had Kevin bare-chested

in no time; and when he started to undo
Kevin’s trouser button and zipper, Kevin screamed,
"You perv fucker, leave me alone or I’ll call the
cops!"

Grant smiled at Kevin’s defiance, "That kind of
language isn’t going to get you anywhere.  Let me
get these pants off.  You’ll see that you don’t need
these anymore."

When Kevin struggled and swore again, Grant
shook his head and looked to Brian, "Brian, could I
please have your trouser belt.  I need something to
help calm this guy down."

Brian was at first hesitant, but then suddenly
realized that Mr. Knapp probably knew best, "Sure,
Mr. Knapp."

Grant stood Kevin up, holding him securely with one
arm, and with his other arm he easily undid and
pulled Kevin’s trousers and undies down to his
ankles.  He took the strap Brian handed him.

As Kevin called to his dad for help, Grant laid on
the first stroke of the belt with a loud cracking
sound.  It was followed by a loud squeal from
Kevin.  Grant tried to verbally sooth the bucking
animal boy, "Easy there fella.  Take it like a man.
This is for your own good, son!"  Grant continued to
strap Kevin’s ass, and Kevin bucked more and more
furiously.  His trousers eventually came off in all of

his kicking, and his protests soon gave way to full
blown screaming and bawling.  Mr. Fullman was
worried that if his wife heard Kevin screaming, she
might become very upset.

Brian and Peter could not believe the sight before
them; their older brother was squealing like a pig
and was getting trained like a naked animal right in
their own living room.

When Grant heard Kevin finally break down and
start bawling convulsively like a little kid, he knew
he was getting through to Kevin, "There you go,
little buckaroo!  You’re a brand new horsie boy now.
We’re just trying to help you see and accept your
new life."

Even as Grant comforted Kevin with a soothing
voice he continued to furiously strap his deeply
reddening ass.  Brian and Peter soon realized that
Mr. Knapp, by using a calm reassuring tone even as
he continued to strap Kevin’s behind, was treating
Kevin exactly like he was an animal in training.
And soon, rather than being shocked, the two
young brothers began to think that the way Mr.
Knapp was treating their brother was kind of cool.

When after a long while Grant finally stopped
strapping the bawling Kevin’s ass, Kevin was so
intent on getting rid of the fire in his burning hide,

that he was momentarily unaware of the spectacle
he presented; jumping around and bawling while
frantically rubbing his naked behind.  The pain of a
strapping is an effective way of making an
otherwise smart and savvy young man lose
interest, at least momentarily, in appearances and
self-pride.

To Grant, Kevin was just another deservedly
disciplined horse boy, jumping around naked in the
same way that freshly punished horse boys all over
the world jump around.  It’s simply what freshly
and severely ass-strapped horse boys do.  Nothing
unusual.

Whatever hope Kevin had of maintaining his dignity
as a free boy vanished; burned up and destroyed by
the fire in his strapped naked ass.  It was a
pathetic sight, but Grant was a pro at handling
kenneled boys.  He grabbed the jumping horse boy
with both arms, "Okay fella, everything is going to
start getting better now.  You’re going to be one
fantastic drayage boy!  I know you can do it.  I
want you to be all that you can be!"

The condescending and somewhat corny words of
Grant, incredibly, are the kinds of words that
register with freshly and severely punished young
men.  Kevin reacted exactly as Grant wanted him to
when he gave the bawling boy a very tight love
hug; Kevin hugged him tightly in return.  Kevin
hugged his disciplinarian tightly in part because the
hug offered love and warmth; in part because Kevin
was totally confused; in part to hide his nakedness
from his brothers and father; and in part because
Kevin had totally lost his bearing with the world he
knew and now did not know what to do.  He needed
guidance.  He knew that now.  What else could he
do?  Walk back to his room as if nothing had
happened?

Mr. Fullman gave his two youngest sons a look that
said, ‘Wow, that was really something!’ then shook
his head approvingly and whispered, "It seems to
have really helped Kevin."

Grant guided Kevin back to be seated on the couch
and sat next to him, again sitting very closely; and
again he threw an arm around Kevin’s shoulders as
if to offer a cradle for his head.  Kevin’s face was
tear streaked, and cock his was somewhat
engorged, but it did not stick up from his hairy
balls.  His brothers were shocked that he was
sitting so exposed and yet was not being defiant.

But Kevin knew nothing else to do, now that all of
his human dignity had been stripped, but to
respond to the wishes of Mr. Knapp.  Mr. Knapp
knew best now.

Grant pulled Kevin close to him, and spoke so all
could hear, "You are a fine young male, and you are
going to make a lot of people very proud of you.
Just look at you!  Sitting all pretty now after you’ve
learned your first lesson.  See, things aren’t so bad,
are they?"

Kevin half nodded in agreement, and at the same
time suddenly became aware that he was exposed
and moved his hands to cover himself.  Grant
continued in his soothing voice, "There’s no need
for you to cover yourself any longer.  When little
babies run around bare no one thinks anything of
seeing them naked.  And it is the same with most
drayage servants.  Drayage servants are always
without clothes when used on private estates and
government agencies, and people react the same
way to them as they do to naked babies; it’s
nothing strange or unusual."

Kevin didn’t remove his hands from his groin, so
Grant continued, "You’re only ashamed to show off
your penis because you think of it as a sexual
organ, an organ of regeneration.  But you no longer
will get to use it for that, since you won’t be
making babies anytime soon.  Your penis is now
nothing but a piss spigot, so there’s no reason to
hide it.  It’s nothing but a piece of your plumbing.
Nothing to hide.  Of no interest to anyone."

Kevin still didn’t uncover himself, but Grant thought it

best not to make a big deal out of it at this stage of his training.

But Grant did think this was a good time to be
forthright with the new horse boy, "You don’t have
to worry about any of those things your brothers
were saying about drayage service, because as long
as you are a good boy, just the way you are now,
they won’t have to do any of those things to you
that they sometimes have to do to drayage
servants who don’t behave.  Instead, by behaving
you’ll make your overseers happy just the way
you’re making your father, brothers, and me very
happy right now."

Bill and his two sons smiled proudly.

Grant continued, "What a good little boy you are!
See, all that I wanted to do was help you see that
things aren’t bad if you follow orders.  And now
your dad and your brothers and I are not only not
unhappy with you, but we are all so very proud of you!"
As Kevin’s two younger brothers smiled at Kevin in
amazement at his subjugation, Grant got up,
approached Mr. Fullman, put an arm on his
shoulder, and led him out of earshot. "Bill, Kevin
has responded to his strapping much better than I
had expected him to.  They’re going to love him at
the Strayton Brothers’ Farms; he’ll be an easy one
to whip control.  But we don’t want to lose the
headway we’ve made so far.  What we don’t want
to do is let him slip back into his free-boy way of
thinking.  Kevin is totally broken right now, and we
want to keep him that way."

"To not continue his training would be a great
unkindness to him.  It would be like spending a
couple of hours teaching a dog to heel, with all the
necessary newspaper whappings that entails, and
then suddenly drop his training and then in one
month’s time resume the training.  The poor dog
would have forgotten everything he had learned,
and he would have to go through all the same
lessons and beatings.  All of those earlier beatings
would have been in vain.  It’s sheer cruelty."

"Therefore, so Kevin doesn’t have to receive
another strapping like the one I just gave him, we
need to impress on him that there are new rules
and laws in place for him that he needs to start
following.  And we do that right now by taking
control of most aspects of his life.  We can’t let him
slip back after he’s responded so well to his first
beating."

Mr. Fullman shook his head in agreement,
understanding what Grant was saying. "Yes, I think
it would be wise to keep things moving forward.
What kinds of things do we do?"

Grant put a hand on Mr. Fullman’s shoulder,
"Basically, if you aren’t using a pony boy in some
task, you secure him so he’s immobile.  Out at the
farm that usually means that right after their day’s
work is done, and after they’re fed and hosed down,
they are then locked down in their beds until the
following day.  You want them to get all the rest
they can."

"Secure them?"

"It means chaining them down to their beds.
Hands locked to the side of the bed or locked to
their waist cinch."

"But how do they hold a book or magazine so they
can read in bed.  If you’re putting him to bed so
early he needs something to occupy himself.
Should we roll the TV into his room?"

Grant laughed, "Good heavens, Bill.  You really are
naïve about all of this, aren’t you?"

Grant looked at the three brothers looking at him
and their father, wondering what they were talking
about.  Grant kept his voice down, "Bill, your son is
a pony boy.  You can’t let him keep reading and
watching TV.  It would be a cruelty.  Pony boys
need to be alone with their thoughts.  You want to
keep their lives simple.  It’s the way things are
done, Bill."

Grant gave Bill some time to take in what he said,
and saw that, eventually, Bill was favorably
disposed towards his suggestions, "Good, Bill.  I
have some basic supplies in the car."

Grant addressed Brian and Peter, "Boys, your dad
and I would like you to assist us in helping Kevin
adjust to his new life.  Peter, I need you to run out
to my car and get that black case that’s on the back
seat; and Brian, I want you to help your father and
me get Kevin to his bed."

As Peter ran out to the car, feeling like he was
doing something important to help the grownups,
Grant, Bill, and Brian approached the defeated
Kevin, still sitting on the couch with his head down
and his hands covering his crotch.  Grant grabbed
Kevin’s arm, and gently pulled him into a standing
position, "Come along with us, Kevin.  You’re a real
live pony boy now, and we want to help you do
things in proper style."

The three free-men guided the animal boy to his
bedroom and helped him to get into a reclining
position on his back.  When Peter arrived with the
kennel administrator’s carrying case full of servant
control implements, Kevin, who had been shocked
into submission, started to stir.  Grant quickly
leaned over Kevin, held him down by his shoulders,
and called out to Peter. "Hurry Peter, get me those
plastic coated wire restraints!"

Before Kevin could gather himself and offer any
serious resistance, the free men had him secured to
his bed with cords wrapped around his chest and
waist.

Grant then placed wrist cuffs on each of Kevin’s
arms, and these were locked to his waist strap by
three-inch lengths of chain.  Kevin was now unable
to move his hands.

Grant dug through his bag and found lubricant and
a ‘comfort stop’. "Before we secure his legs I want
to get this comfort stop up his ass.  Brian, lift your
brother’s legs up as far as you can so as to expose
his hole."

Brian did as instructed, and Grant took the lubed
comfort rod and slowly worked it up Kevin’s ass.
Kevin wiggled and howled.  Grant kept working the
rod up his ass with determination, "Take it easy
son.  This is what we do to pony boys.  This will
help calm you down!"

Kevin screamed, "Dad, help me!"

Mr. Fullman answered as he patted Kevin on the
head, "Take it easy, son.  This is what they do to
pony boys.  Once Grant gets that rod all the way
up, you’ll feel a lot better.  That’s why it’s called
a ‘comfort stop’.  It’ll calm you down, son.  It’s what
they use on pony boys to help calm them down."

Once Grant had the rod up Kevin’s ass, Brian let
Kevin’s legs down and Grant secured both his upper
and lower legs to the bed by wrapping them in the
plastic coated cording."

When Brian let Kevin’s legs down everyone noticed
his full-blown erection.  Grant commented, "All pony
boys do that once they get the comfort rod up their
ass."

Grant took a cinch from his case and secured it to
the base of Kevin’s cock and balls.  It turned
Kevin’s large erection into a purple-headed monster
that looked like it would burst.  As tears of
humiliation rolled down Kevin’s face, and the family
looked in amazement at Kevin’s genitals, Grant was
proud of the cinching, "There!  Now Kevin’s throbber
looks like a real horse boy’s; standing up for all to
see!"  Grant rubbed Kevin on the head and
addressed him, "Be proud, son!  You’re showing
your tackle nice, tall, purple, and proud, just like a
real horse boy!"

Grant took a leg hobble with two cuffs that went
above each knee, a bar between the cuffs kept the
knees separated by 14 inches.  Once Grant had
Kevin’s legs separated by the hobble, he pointed
out its virtues. "Notice how now that I’ve got
Kevin’s knees hobbled so he has to keep them
separated from each other by at least 14 inches, it
makes his tackle stick out and all the more
exposed!"

Kevin’s two younger brothers liked the effect, but
Mr. Fullman wasn’t certain of its purpose.  Grant
continued, "The main advantages of having a horse
boy wear the knee hobble at night is that it
prevents a pony from tossing and turning, giving
him a better sleep; and it helps put his body in a
position so it can best digest his special grain-
heavy diet.  Knee-hobbled pony boys don’t fart as
much at night.  The hobbles allow the digestive
gasses to slip out in a gradual and more natural
fashion.  It’s a kindness to knee-hobble pony boys
at night."

As Mr. Knapp dug though his case, pulled out a
‘hair cloth’, and held it up. "The things I’m doing to
Kevin now, you will want to continue to do to Kevin
every night until they come and take him away to
be processed and pony-trained.  But no piece is
more important than this hair cloth."

The hair shirt was a 20-inch wide band of cloth that
had plastic hairs on one side.  The side with the
hairs was placed against Kevin’s chest and wrapped
around his body.  As Mr. Knapp tightened the cloth
and cinched about Kevin’s torso, Kevin moaned in
anguish, "Oh man, please take it off.  It feels like
needles.  Daddy, help me."

Grant spoke to Kevin’s family, "You need to learn to
ignore him.  The hair shirt does not feel like
needles.  It’s designed to offer body discomfort to a
minimal degree in order to help train a pony boy’s
mind."

Grant addressed the horse boy, "You are to use this
shirt to find mental ways of overcoming discomfort.
Once you’re a pony boy you are going to be doing a
lot of things that right now you would find hard to
do, such as standing perfectly still for hours hitched
to a cart while waiting for your driver.

Hair shirts are the first step used in training in helping you
learn to make your new duties easy to handle.
After a couple of nights of sleeping in the hair shirt
you won’t even know you have it on."

Grant looked down at the miserable pony boy and
commented to his family, "Kevin is the perfect
candidate.  It’s hard to break a pony boy in when
they’re much younger than 20, and Kevin is ripe for
training.  The majority of the slave-owning younger
groups especially like their pony boys young.  It’s quite
the fancy of young males in their teens through
their twenties to have a pony boy as young as
Kevin to drive them about."

As Kevin cried and tried to writhe within his
restraints, Grant grasped Kevin’s hard dick at its
base, gave it a playful waggle, then slowly pulled
his two fingers up its length as if doing a slow
jack off stroke. "What a fine specimen you’ll make
for some young master as you pull him and his
friends along.  In training they’ll teach you to trot
properly, to bring your knees up to the proper
height while keeping your body taut and tightly
displayed.  By judicious application of the stinger
whip to your hide, your driver can keep you in
perfect trotting posture."

Grant smiled at Bill, Brian, and Peter, "How fine
Kevin will look!  Just picture it; Kevin’s body naked
except for his horse boots, oiled to a high shine;
his tits ringed and cinched and sticking out like a
lady’s; his body bridled, reined, blinkered, belled,
butt plugged, and plumed; and his proud master
snapping the whip on his shoulders to get him to
trot along with his head held high, his chest out,
stomach in, and groin pushed forward as if his
spear-tipped cock, cinched, polished, hard, purple,
and ringed; were leading the charge."

Brian and Peter were mesmerized, and swallowed in
awe at Grant’s description.  Grant looked at the two
younger boys, "Brian and Peter, Kevin needs to be
put down like this every night. It’s how horse boys
are bedded and it’s the way they learn.  I think it
would be good if you two could be in charge of
bedding Kevin."

Mr. Fullman nodded in agreement, asked if the boys
were up to it, and they both shook their heads
indicating that they were.

Grant instructed, "Make sure his bindings are
secure; cuff his hands to his waist band; and
hobble, hair-shirt, and butt plug him.  Each night
make the bindings a little tighter, the hobble
extended a little more, and use a slightly larger
size butt plug."

As Kevin sobbed to himself, Grant looked at
everyone, "I think he’s all set.  We should leave
him alone now.  Perhaps later tonight you boys
should check in on Kevin and help him go to the
bathroom.  To get horse boys on a bathroom
schedule that matches the owners’, its common to
use enemas to train horse boys to get them to do
their ‘business’ when it’s convenient for others."

Mr. Fullman asked, "Would you boys feel
comfortable giving Kevin an enema?"

Both boys answered "Yes, father" with such sober
voices, that it effectively concealed their inner
excitement.

At 3:30 PM on a bright summer day in California,
Grant pulled the shades to the windows of Kevin’s
room, turned out the lights, and accompanied the
free Fullman males out of Kevin’s bedroom.  By the
time the family and Mr. Knapp arrived in the kitchen
to reconnect with Mrs. Fullman, the cries of Kevin,
which had crescendoed dramatically once his family
left him in his room, and could not be heard.  The family
and their guest enjoyed a glass of iced tea on the
deck in the California sun to as the Fullman’s
thanked Grant.  Once Grant left, the four free
members of the Knapp family went to the beach,
and played and picnicked until sunset.

END OF PART ONE