**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