**The American Way – Pony Boy Bitch**

PART TWO - Conclusion

By Randall Austin

Short Story

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At 3:30 PM on a bright day 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,
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.

At 10:30 PM, later that same day, after checking
with his two sons to make sure that they felt
comfortable feeding their older brother and helping
him go to the bathroom, Mr. Fullman and his wife
retired to their bedroom.

Brian and Peter entered Kevin’s room with a
sandwich and the bag of supplies left by Mr. Knapp,
which contained a series 10 different sized butt
plugs, an enema kit, a bedpan and urinal, and a
wide assortment of discipline and control
implements.

Kevin was sleeping but awoke when Peter turned on
the light to his room.  Brian closed and locked the
door, and spoke, "We’re here to feed you and help
you go potty, bro."

Kevin was relieved, "Oh Peter, Brian, please get me
out of this."

Brian responded, "We can’t do that, Kev, but we’re
here to help make you feel better."

The two young brothers were unsure how to
proceed.  Peter spoke, "Kevin, do you gotta pee?
We’ve got a urinal here."

Kevin responded, "I gotta go real bad, Peter.
Please let me up."

Peter took the urinal and held it to Kevin’s cock.
Kevin asked, "Please free my hands from this waist
band so I can pee."

Peter replied, "They said we couldn’t let you loose.
I guess I’ll have to hold it for you."  Peter
tentatively took hold of his oldest brother’s now
flaccid penis and aimed it into the urinal.  After a
short time Kevin was able to let go with a stream
of horse boy piss.  Peter was fascinated with
holding a grownup’s penis as he pissed.

Brian found the spectacle of his young brother
holding their pony boy brother’s dick erotic, and
swallowed hard in lust.

Once Kevin had finished peeing, Peter asked Kevin
if he had to take a shit.  When Kevin responded
that he did not, Brian wondered, "Maybe Peter and I
should go ahead and give you an enema, bro.
Because if you have to go during the night you’re
going to be in trouble."

Kevin felt helpless and embarrassed, "No.  I’ll be
okay until morning."
Brian reached out his hand and started rubbing
Kevin on the head, "I know you’ll be okay, big bro,
because we’re going to take good care of you.
We’re going to feed you now."

Kevin replied that he was not hungry.  Brian
continued to gently rub his brother’s head.

At first Brian’s attempt to comfort Kevin was
genuine, but the feel of his older brother restrained
and under his control began to arouse Brian.  He
asked, "How are you feeling, Kevin?"

Kevin sobbed, "Please bros, untie me.  Get me out
of this hair cloth and hobbles."

Brian spoke soothingly, "Those things are there to
help you bro, to help turn you into a horse boy.  Are
you beginning to feel like a horse boy?"

Brian continued rubbing Kevin’s head for a while,
and then eventually moved his hand to massage Kevin’s
cheeks.  Kevin pleaded, "Please Brian, help me."

Brian put both of his hands on Kevin’s strong
shoulders and began at first to massage them, but
soon his massage changed into a general feel up of
his brother’s biceps.  "You’re a strong man, Kevin.
You should be able to pull a heavy load.  You’re
beginning to look like a horse boy.  Are you
beginning to feel like one, bro?"

Brian was fascinated with the pony boy under his
control.  "You’re a muscled pony boy now, bro.
They’re going to teach you to trot naked and pull
heavy loads."

Kevin cried, "Please Brian, please let me go."

Brian moved his hands to Kevin’s nipples, "Mr.
Knapp said they’re going to cinch your tits so that
your nipples stick out like a woman’s titty nipples.
That’s the way guys like their horse boys; big
nippled.  Free boys like to see their pony boys
trotting proudly, with their nipples, cocks, and
balls, cinched and on full display."

As Brian felt up their restrained brother, little
Peter was overcome by the eroticism of the situation.

A smile came over Brian’s face as he grabbed
Kevin’s foreskin at the tip of his penis, and gently
pulled on it to gather all of the loose skin, and
spoke, "When they take you away from here in two
months, Mr. Knapp said the first thing they’re going
to do to your body is make some changes.  They’re
going to remove all of your back teeth; they’re
going to chip, tag, and brand you; and then they’re
going to clip all of this pretty dick skin off."

Kevin started to sweat, "Please bros, let me up."

Brian ignored the plea, and continued, "Then after
they remove your teeth, and get you tagged,
chipped, branded, and dick-clipped, they’re going to
be ringing you up all over your body just like a bull
at a county fair."

Kevin’s voice broke, "Please, Brian, Peter, you have
to let me get up."

Brian pulled Kevin’s dick up by its foreskin, "We
can’t do that, bro.  You’re acting like an animal
now, bro.  Just like an animal.  That’s what animals
want to do; they want to escape.  And that’s what
you want to do now.  That’s why we have to keep
you tied down, so you can’t get away.  You’re ours for
now."

Kevin’s voice rose, "Please Brian, Peter, don’t talk
like this.  Get me out of here."

Little Peter spoke, "Brian is right, Kevin.  You’re
acting just like an animal now, wanting to escape.
Mr. Knapp told us to keep an eye on you, that you’d
be trying anything to escape.  We’re not going to
let that happen bro.  We have to watch you and
keep you secure and tied down for when they come
and get you in two months and take you to the
‘slaughter house’."  Mr. Knapp said that was how
people in the servitor industry referred to training
camps for pony boys; slaughter houses.  Because
there they will slaughter your ego and give you a
new way of thinking.  They’re going to have you
thinking like a herd animal.  They know how to
transform boys like you so you think and behave
just like pony boys everywhere."

A look of panic came over Kevin, "Please Brian, let
me contact some people I’ve become good friends
with.  Give me a telephone."

"No way, bro", said Brian.  "Mr. Knapp said it was
important that you have no more contact with any
of your friends.  He told us that by doing that we
would be helping you.  It could seem like a mean
thing to do, but it really isn’t.  It’s meant to help
you.  It’s just one of the things we have to do to
help you adjust to your new life.  We are here to
help you, Kev."

Brian went to Mr. Knapp’s case of control devices,
took out a rubber O-ring mouth stop, and held it up
for Peter and Kevin to see, "And nothing is going to
help my dear brother Kevin more than this little
device."

Brian went up to Kevin and with one hand gently
cradled his head and held up the O-ring for Kevin to
look at, "This device will make it easy for you to
take things down your throat while keeping your
teeth guarded so you can’t accidentally hurt your
overseers."

Kevin started to cry in defeat, and Brian cautioned
him, "Shut up, bro!  Don’t ruin this for Peter and me
by making a bunch of noise and acting like a sissy.
Don’t go crying on us while we’re trying to have
some fun.  You’re a big pony boy now, and pony
boys don’t cry!"

Brian instructed Kevin, "I want you to open your
mouth so I can fit you with this O-ring.  It holds
your mouth wide open, and the two straps
connected to it go around to the back of your head
and keep it in place."

When Kevin did not open his mouth as ordered,
Kevin gave him a slap in the face that surprised
Peter even more than it did Kevin.  Brian was firm,
"I told you to open your mouth for me so I can fit
you with this O-ring teeth dam."

Kevin screamed and sobbed, "Please Brian, don’t do
this!"  Brian answered Kevin’s plea with another
slap to his face, "Open that mouth now,
gawdammit!  You’ll do as we say!"  The slapping of
their animal boy brother caused little Peter’s dick to
tent his slacks.

Brian pinched Kevin’s nose and Kevin immediately
opened his mouth.  When Brian commanded Kevin
to  "open wider", Kevin did, and Brian was then
easily able to get Kevin’s teeth into the grooves of
the O-ring.  He secured the straps of the O-ring to
the back of Kevin’s head, and Kevin’s mouth was
now held wide open in an obscene ‘O’ formation.

Brian smiled, cradled Kevin’s head with both hands,
and pulled it up slightly to show Kevin’s new look
to Peter, "Look, Peter, at the expression on Kevin’s
face.  Doesn’t Kevin look pretty now with his mouth
wide open?"

With his mouth held wide open in a humiliatingly
lascivious way, Kevin began to cry.  Brian offered
comfort, "Don’t cry, boy.  This mouth stop turns
your face into a cunt.  You’re going to be bringing
us pleasure, bro.  You should be smiling."

As tears rolled down Kevin’s face, Brian, still
cradling Kevin’s head in his hands, brought his face
down next to Kevin’s, and let their noses touch,
"You look real pretty now, Kev."  Brian then kissed
Kevin on the forehead, and kept his lips pressed to
his brother’s forehead for a long time as his free-
boy dick hardened.

Brian gave Kevin’s face a lick, then moved to the
other end of the bed.  He undid the straps that
secured Kevin’s legs to the bed and lifted Kevin’s
legs up so he could get at the butt plug.  He slowly
pulled the plug out, and it came out with a plopping
sound.  When little Peter laughed, Brian rubbed him
on the shoulder and whispered, "Peter, Mr. Knapp
told us to do whatever we had to do to help Kevin.
You have to help me."

Peter asked, "Are you going to put a bigger size
plug in him, Brian?"

As Brian started to unbuckle and unzip his trousers,
he said, "I sure am, Peter!"

Brian took off his shoes, shorts, and slacks, and
encouraged little Peter in a whispered voice, "Peter,
take your clothes off along with me.  Maybe Kevin
will feel better if we’re naked just like him.  We get
to see his dick now all we want, so we should let
him see ours."

"I want to show you what Rob Gaitlin let my friend
and me do to a couple of his horse boys at ‘Ace
Courier Services’.  We have to help Kevin get
adjusted to his new life."

Brian pulled off his shirt.  And when Brian finally
took off his under shorts and was completely bare,
Peter smiled and began to undress as well.  Brian
fondled himself to hardness as he watched Peter
undress, "Way to go, Peter!"

Kevin was lost and frightened, "Brian, please don’t do this!
I’m your brother."

Brian put a hand to Kevin’s cheek and gently rubbed
it, "All the more reason for us to do what we’re
about to do, honeysuckle.  We just want to show
you that we care, brother."

Once Peter had his clothes off, he and Brian gave
each other a long smile.  In silence Peter took a
position to the left of Kevin’s bed, opposite Brian
standing to the right of Kevin.  Each free brother
took their cock in hand and slowly waggled it in
Kevin’s face.  Brian spoke quietly, "We want to
comfort you, bro.  We want to show you our love
sticks, since we’re getting to see so much of yours.
We want to help you to feel good about your new
role, and at the same time you’ll be helping Peter
and me to feel better."

Kevin sobbed, but Brian kept speaking quietly,
"Since you’re a pony boy now, we want to be the
first to ride you.  We want to ‘do’ you, bro, just the
way pony boys like you get ‘done’ every night!"

Peter leered, "Yeah, bro!"

In silence the two brothers stood over their bound
oldest brother and slowly tugged and waggled their
almost steel-hard dicks.  A scene that just days
ago would have been unthinkable was now a joyful
reality for Brian and Peter.

Brian moved to a position at the end of the bed,
grabbed the butt plug lube, and greased up his stiff
prick.  He pulled Kevin’s body closer to the end of
the bed, threw Kevin’s legs over his shoulders,
placed his dick tip against Kevin’s hole, and spoke
in the condescending yet sincere tone he had heard
Mr. Knapp use on the horse boy, "Okay, easy there,
big fella.  You just stay calm.  This shouldn’t hurt
if you let me ease it in nice and slow."

Brian eased his prick into Kevin’s hole as Kevin
moaned fearfully.  Brian comforted him all the way,
"We’re almost all the way in.  You’re doing great,
little buckaroo!"  Once he had impaled his older
brother up to the hilt, Brian sighed in pleasure,
"Wow, you really feel good, buttercup!  And you
look good tied down to the bed, as well!  You’re a
real pretty picture, bro!"

As Brian slowly began to ease his hips back and
forth he explained, "I’m doing a short test drive
here to get my bearings before I put her into high
gear."  As Brian started to speed up his pumping
pace, Kevin started sobbing.

Brian continued to offer comfort, "We’re just trying
to help you, big fella!"

Brian saw Peter stroking his dick as he watched him
fuck Kevin, and gave him the thumbs up, "Way to
go, Peter!  It looks like you’re ready to get serviced
at the other end!"

Brian guided his younger brother, "Peter, stand over
Kevin’s face and stick your dick in his mouth hole.
He’s waiting for you."

Peter did as instructed, and slowly eased his long
young prick down his brother’s O-ringed mouth.
When he was all the way in, Peter curled his thick
lips and shuddered, "Oh man. This feels fucking
awesome!"

Brian instructed Kevin, "Good boy, Kevin.  You’re
making both of us feel great.  Now start doing a
nice slow suckling action on Peter’s dick.  Slurp it
up and make him feel good.  You can do it, bro!
We want you to be all that you can be!"

The sound of Kevin slurping and sobbing, mixed
with Brian’s pistoning action, filled the room with
the music of sex.  Brian called out to Kevin, "You’re
our bitch boy brother, Kev, and Peter and I are
bitching you the way you were meant to be
bitched!"

As Brian sped up his fucking, he ordered Kevin
to speed up on his sucking of Peter, "Get Peter nice
and stoked.  I wanna hear a lot more sucking action
from you!  If you’re a good boy and do as you’re
told, I won’t have to use any of those cool pain
delivery devices on you from Mr. Knapp’s bag of
goodies."

Peter’s dick tingled in a way he had never before
experienced, "Oh man, Kevin you are good at this!
You’re a real horse boy now Kevin, doing what
you’re told and making us free boys feel good."

Brian commented, "Just think how good he’s going
to feel once they remove his teeth.  It’ll be a much
tighter vacuum, so he’ll be able to deliver a
stronger sucking action."

As Peter neared orgasm, he grabbed Kevin’s ears
with his hands to give himself some traction.  Brian
smiled, "Holding your sucker by the ears is the way
the French do it!"

As Brian pumped his hips, he reveled in the
subjugation of his older brother, "In two month’s
time, Kev, they’re going to come and take you away
and put you in a full blown drayage service training
program.  They’re going to turn you into a real
pasture boy; train you to be a field pony; teach you
how to labor at the commands of free people.  In
the meantime Peter and I are going to help you get
acclimated to serving others."

"Those experts in drayage servitor husbandry from
Strayton Brothers Farms are going to get you
bridled, cock-caged, hobbled, and stick a rod up
your ass to steer you around as you pull carts.  It’s
no myth, bro, what they’re going to do to you.  Just
as it’s no myth what Peter and I are going to be
doing to you for the next two months!"

Peter, more excited than he had ever been in his
young life, commanded Kevin, "Suck harder, dude!"

Kevin, full of fear and confusion, did as instructed.

Brian questioned him, "You like slurping cock,
animal boy?  You like sucking on little Peter’s cock
like it was a Popsicle?  Free boy cock taste good to
you?"

Brian watched Peter’s face as he got suckled by the
pony boy, "Way to go Peter!  Jam that cock down
his horse bitch throat.  Make him take it all.  Start
pumping your hips Peter, it’ll feel better!"

Peter started to pump his hips as he face fucked his
bound oldest brother, still holding on to him by his
ears.  Brian continued, "Ram it down his throat,
Peter.  Make him suck out all your jism!"

As Brian neared orgasm, he kept an eye on his
younger brother to make sure he was doing a
proper face fucking, "Is it feeling good, bro.  Is
Kevin sucking hard enough?"

Peter’s eyes were glazed over with pleasure, "Oh
Brian, this is so totally awesome!"

Brian instructed Kevin, "You make sure you swallow
all of Peter’s cum, horse boy.  If any of it dribbles
out of your mouth there are some special needles
in Mr. Knapp’s case that are meant to go through
your tits if you show us that you can’t obey orders!"

The comments of the free boys gradually stopped
as they neared orgasm.  The sound of their heavy
breathing and moans of pleasure mingled with the
slurping/fucking sounds.  Both free boys were
covered in sex sweat, and they smiled at each
other’s glistening bodies as they stood facing each
other as they fucked Kevin.  As they shot their
loads Brian called out, "Here we go Kevin!  We’re
coming home!  Take it, you fucking prime assed
pony boy bitch!"

Once both brothers had shot their load, they left
their cocks in their brother’s holes as they
recovered their breath.  As their cocks deflated,
Brian congratulated his younger brother and
himself, "Bro, I think we’ve had a successfully first
ride."

The two brothers eventually withdrew their cocks
from Kevin’s orifices and began to get dressed.
Brian looked down at the sobbing Kevin and spoke
tenderly as he removed the O-ring teeth damn, "I
think you’re going to do okay, missy.  You’ve got
one sweet ass on you, and I think you’re going to
make an ace of a bitch boy.  We’ll be doing this
again tomorrow, plus Peter and I will be teaching
you how to drink our piss."

"Mr. Knapp will be emailing us regular instructions
on your care and upkeep, and will also provide us
with a list of new procedures we can use on you.
So we’re all going to be very busy for the next two
months.  You won’t be bored."

Brian gently smoothed Kevin’s messed up hair as he
continued, "And if your servicing skills continue to
improve on a daily basis, then in about ten days
we’ll jack you off."

Brian looked to Peter, "What do you say, Peter;
would you be willing to jack your brother off?"

Peter shrugged his shoulders, "Sure!  Why not?
That’d be fun!"
Brian explained to both of his brothers, "Mr. Knapp
said that maintaining and rewarding is all a part of
effective drayage husbandry, and that’s why we’ll
be jackin’ and milking you Kevin on a regular basis,
just as if you were our own little pet goat."

"Mr. Knapp said that jacking the herd boys was akin
to milking a herd of cows.  It keeps them healthy
and content.  And that’s what we want; a healthy
and happy pony boy."

Brian, satisfied that he had explained the way
things were to Kevin, looked down at Kevin, "Open
your mouth, bro!"

Kevin looked into Brian’s eyes, uncertain of the
request.  Brian repeated the command, "Open your
mouth for me."

Kevin, fearful and uncertain, did as commanded,
and Brian aimed a gob of spit from his mouth into
Kevin’s.  When the unexpected gob landed directly
into the horse boy’s mouth, Peter exclaimed, "Bulls
eye!"

Brian and Peter both laughed hard at the surprise
attack, and Brian commanded, "Swallow it!  All of
it!"

Kevin did as commanded, even as he heaved and
sobbed.  Brian complimented him, "Good boy,
Kevin!  You’re earning points with me."

As the two young laughing overseers were about to
exit the room, Peter was moved by Kevin’s sobbing,
and stood next to him, "Don’t cry, Kevin.  You did a
very good job of sucking me off, and you swallowed
all of it just the way Brian asked you to.  You
should be proud of yourself.  I had so much fun
today that I can hardly wait until tomorrow."

Peter took a tissue and gently wiped the tears from
his oldest brother’s face, "I think you’re real pretty
Kevin, and I feel special getting to know you in this
way."  Peter bent down and placed his young thick
lips against his bound brother’s lips, and kissed him
long and hard as he reached for his oldest brother’s
cock and fondled it.

Once Peter stood up, Brian commented, "That’s
beautiful.  See, we love you, Kevin, with a special
love reserved only for horse boys."

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Thus began what was to become a nightly event in
the Fullman home, and continued for two months
until the day Kevin was finally collected by a
Strayton Brothers subduction team.

On the day the collection team arrived, Mr. Fullman,
accompanied by Peter and Brian, directed the
handlers into Kevin’s room and watched for a while
as the collection team got Kevin ready.  But he
found the collection team’s rough handling of his
eldest son too difficult to watch, and turned to
leave the room.  Before exiting he instructed Peter
and Brian, "You two kids can stay and watch the
show, but once they take Kevin away, you both
have to get to work in this room going through all
of Kevin’s things.  Sort through all of his things:
his music, clothes, books, writings, projects, journals,
address books, and computer.  Keep what you
want, and the rest of it pack away so we can give it
to charity."

Those words brought more pain to Kevin than did
the rough handling by the collection team.  And
even more painful was the fact that he was being
watched by his two younger brothers as the
collection team got him ready.

Brian and Peter smiled the whole time as they
watched the collection team strap the naked Kevin
down to a gurney, ball-gag and blinker him, and
stick a rod up his ass and a catheter tube down his
piss slit.  And the two brothers got as hard as the
collection team when the team attached a ball
clamp to Kevin’s nut sack, vise clamps to both of
his nipples, and weighted ear pinchers to his lobes,
for the sole purpose of causing him pain.

But Kevin, like any slave under subduction, was not
put into pain for sadistic reasons.  Delivering a
slave to the processing center in a state of pain
and removing the sources of pain once processing is
under way, is a psychological ploy to help condition
slaves towards seeing the processing and training
center as a place where pain is alleviated if one is
obedient.

As the collection team wheeled the gurney-bound
Kevin out of the house, his tear filled eyes made
contact with his smiling brothers, and Kevin briefly
wondered if his brothers would miss him.

Once Kevin was carted off, Brian and Peter laughed
over the way Kevin twisted and howled on the
gurney.  Brian closed and locked the door to the
room, and the two brothers, now fully addicted to
man sex after the nightly fuckings they had given
Kevin, began fondling each other’s crotches through
their trousers.  Eventually their lips met, and they
began exploring each other’s body in mutual
delight.

Mr. Fullman, on his computer checking out his
finances, delighted in the remuneration package he
had received from the state for his indentured son.
At one point he thought he had heard his sons
scream as they reached orgasmic ecstasy, but he
quickly dismissed any concerns when a short time
later he heard both of them break into wild and
happy laughter.

THE END