**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