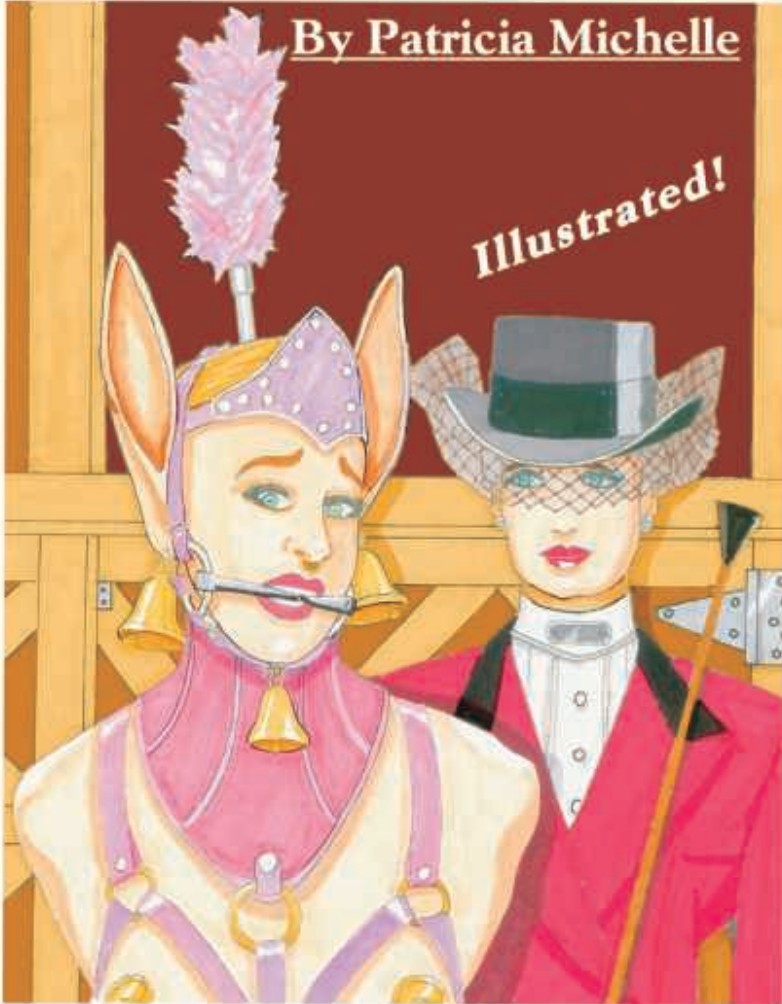


HOW I BECAME MY WIFE'S PONY.

By Patricia Michelle

Illustrated!



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How I Became My Wife's Pony.

By Patricia Michelle

Chapter-1 How I became my wife's pony.

My name is, or was, Robert Scott. I'm married; at least I cling to that belief. I still try to think of Hilary as my wife, but more correctly she's now my Riding Mistress. She no longer addresses me as Robert, but as "Sunshine." For to her I am her thoroughly trained pony boy. Who she rides, exercises and trains daily. On weekends I become her show pony, competing with other ponies in shows around the country.

I no longer share her bedroom. When used as her stud she mounts me in my paddock. There's a stable just behind the house, which is where I'm kept.

In the middle stall where she once kept her favorite horse, Bright Sun.

She cares for me just as she did Bright Sun. I'm now her favorite pony. I have all I want to drink, from a trough of course, all the oats I want from a feedbag, and she always ensures there's fresh straw in the stall.

I can't complain, even if I could, for I'm always kept harnessed in a bridle and bit. Although when not being ridden, trained or exercised my bit is not the harsh, steel ones that can cruelly hurt if I'm not immediately responsive. In the stable I wear a less confining harness, the straps not tightened to the limit, and a rubber bit, buckled just tight enough so it's impossible to dislodge. My hands are always fastened to the rings of the sturdy collar locked on me. As soon as I'm put in my stall my hooves are hobbled, so even if I did get out I wouldn't go far.

You can imagine how impossible it is for me to believe that Hilary actually thinks of me as her prized pony. To her she has found a replacement for her beloved Bright Sun, and I'm it. I sometimes think she has lost track of reality, and at other times I'm convinced of it.

How I came to be a pony was gradual I wasn't even aware of it at first. Then it began escalating. When I finally began protesting it was far too late. Hilary simply ignored my feeble protests, seeming not to understand me, or my protests.

I knew, even before we married, that she was an avid horsewoman. She wasn't just devoted, she was passionate. I actually got jealous at times as I felt she loved Bright Sun more than me.

As a successful novelist, and Hilary an equally successful real estate agent, we had enough money to buy our dream house. As it turned out, in reality, it was her dream house. Secluded, out in the countryside, on 20 wooded acres, with a small stable. I never minded that she was such a determined woman, not domineering, but very assertive. When she wanted something she always got her way. It didn't bother me, I was in love, and whatever made her happy was fine with me.

What started my gradual conversion into a pony was the day Hilary went out for her early morning ride only to come back devastated and in tears. On her ride Bright Sun had come up lame. She had a vet come out to take a look at him within the hour. It turned out that he'd suffered a serious stress fracture. It would take weeks of mending, he said, and gave the horse only a slim chance.

Hilary was in shock and inconsolable for days. One morning she came down in her riding habit, ready for her ride. Tenderly I reminded her of Bright Sun's condition, which caused her to break into sobs.

"I completely forgot. Oh god, what am I going to do? I miss my early morning and afternoon rides so much I don't know what to do. I just feel lost," she cried.

I felt so sorry for her, I really didn't know what to do. Then, I suddenly remembered our vacation at the beach.

"Well, I'm no substitute, but I could give you a ride, like I did at the beach. You thought it was a lot of fun," I offered.

“Yes, it really was, you’re sure you wouldn’t mind?” she asked.

“No, of course not, I’d be delighted,” I said, which, in hindsight, was the start of my gradual transition, only I didn’t know it at the time. I really wish I had now.

“Well, I’m dressed for my ride, so why not?” she said, picking up her riding crop, which foolishly I paid no attention to.

“Just one thing, the shirt will have to go, you know I love riding bareback,” she directed.

Which was really no problem. I’m athletic with broad shoulders, I’d say five inches taller than Hilary, who weights a willowy 118.

Without thinking she smacked my behind with her riding crop. Not hard, but it did sting. Unfortunately I didn’t say anything. I was sure she’d just forgotten that she wasn’t riding Bright Sun, and just did what she always did.

She had a well-worn riding path through a meadow to the woods and around a small lake. Carrying her was no problem at all and we went along comfortably for about thirty minutes.

“This is so great! I almost feel like I’m back up on Bright Sun,” she laughed.

“Let’s see if you can trot for me,” she said, this time smacking both cheeks with her crop which smarted a lot more. I immediately responded to, again not mentioning her smacks with the crop. I was just happy that Hilary was happy, and after all they stung, but didn’t hurt.

After about fifteen minutes, breathing heavily, I said, “I need to slow down now, Hilary.”

“You do? I was really hoping I could get a gallop out of you, like you did at the beach,” she said, sounding so disappointed that I replied, “Just give me ten minutes and I’ll see what I can do.”

When we got back to the meadow, she said, “How about here to the house? Yes? Well let’s go!” she hollered excitedly.

Smacking me several times I was off and running, or galloping.

“Faster, faster!” she hollered, freely applying the crop to both cheeks.

When we finally got to the house I was utterly exhausted. “Down,” she ordered, and I gratefully sank to my knees.

Chapter-2 Rewarded for being a good pony.

“You make an excellent substitute pony. I almost feel like giving you a rub down like I do Bright Sun after a good ride. And a reward, like I give him, a carrot or sugar cube,” she laughed, and I did as well.

“Oh, I know,” she said, shocking me by unzipping my fly and fondling me until I couldn’t help but become stiffly erect. “I know I’ve been neglecting this lately, but if you give a really good ride this afternoon I promise you that I won’t,” she added, taking her hand away just when I was about to explode. I quickly made up my mind to give her the ride of her life, not realizing that she had found the perfect training technique that I couldn’t help but eagerly respond to.

That afternoon I tried as hard as I could to give her a better ride and I think I succeeded. Although it really exhausted me. Reaching into my shorts I was soon receiving my reward, once again I was tantalizingly, quiveringly erect.

“That’s much better,” she said, pulling out my stiff penis and using it to lead me, not to the house, but to the stables. Of course I eagerly followed.

“The only thing is I can see how exhausted you are. I think it would help if you worked out with your weights, especially your legs, then you wouldn’t get so tired, and my ride would last longer. Would you do that for me?” she asked, and frankly in the state I was in I would have agreed to anything.

Where she led me was into one of the stalls that had fresh hay. In no time I was on my back, Hilary had pulled her riding pants down just enough to mount me, and was riding me for all she was worth on top.

At just the crucial moment, or the worst, she suddenly stopped. “You can’t believe how your rides have brought me back to life. I just wanted to ‘thank you,’” she said. I was so happy to have her “back” sort of speak, I then said the words I would sorely, desperately take back, if only I could.

“I’d be more than happy to continue doing so, until Bright Sun gets better. I can see how happy it’s made you.”

“Then until he gets better you’re willing to be my pony?” she asked.

“Well, yes, in a manner of speaking,” I laughed, but when I looked up Hilary had a very serious expression on her face.

“Oh, that’s so great. But we are going to have to make some adjustments. That is if you’re going to take this seriously.”

Chapter-3 Making a few adjustments.

“Seriously? Of course I’ll take it seriously, what kind of adjustments do you mean?” I asked.

“Well, I have a few thoughts and ideas. First, as I said, I want you to start lifting weights again every day. As to adjustments, if you’re going to take Bright Sun’s place, until he gets better, I think you should look and act more like a pony,” she said.

“What, what does that mean? You want me to look and act more like a pony. I really don’t understand,” I said, surprised and taken aback by her pronouncement.

“Oh, I’m just playing. I think it would be a lot of fun. I don’t know exactly what I’m thinking. But, pretending you’re a real pony will make my rides more, ah, real. As if it’s Bright Sun I’m really riding, you see? It’s just make believe, but you’ll need to trust me. If you will then it’ll make me so happy,” she said, and chose that moment to start riding me again. I would have promised anything, and foolishly, I did.

“Well then, the first thing we need to do is to get you some studier hooves. I noticed you slipping and sliding a lot in the loose dirt and leaves.”

“Hooves?” was all I could get out.

“It’s just a figure of speech. I’m just pretending, what I meant was perhaps a pair of boots. They’d re-enforce your ankles. I certainly don’t want the

same thing happening to my new pony that happened to Bright Sun,” she stated seriously.

“Probably a good idea, I really wouldn’t want to turn, or sprain, an ankle,” I admitted.

“Then we need to do something about your hair, it keeps getting caught in my legs. The thing is I really like you with long hair. Actually I think you’d look even better with it even longer,” she said, which I didn’t have a problem with.

So, “just for laughs,” or so I thought, I became Hilary’s new pony. But, unfortunately, I was to learn that she was taking it much more seriously than I was, and she started almost immediately.

Right after dinner she took me to the room where I had my weights. “Alright, lets get you started. Let’s see how many leg lifts you can do,” she said in that assertive voice that I’d come to learn meant no argument.

Hilary might have been a very successful real estate agent, but an hour later, as I gasped, barely able to move, I was convinced she’d also make a quite sadistic personal trainer.

“Well, that’s a start. We’ll do one hour in the morning and one hour at night, so put it on your schedule,” she instructed, then added, “Every morning I’ll meet you at the hitching post at 8:30.”

Boy, Hilary was really getting into this, I thought.

Chapter-4 But those are women’s boots!

So there I stood the next morning, by the hitching post, as Hilary walked over in her riding gear,

crop in one hand, and in the other a pair of short, red boots that I'd seen her wear a few times. At first I couldn't figure out why she had them. Then I suddenly realized, to my shock, that she was bringing them for me! She couldn't be serious, I was sure, but she was.

"I think you'll have much more traction with these, and a lot more support for your ankles," she said.

"B-But those are your boots. I mean they're women's boots. I can't wear women's boots," I sputtered.

"Now, now, you said you'd trust me. Nobody is around to see and either I have big feet, or yours are small, so I'm pretty sure they'll fit. Since we're just pretending don't think of these as women's boots, but as pony hooves. Now take off your sneakers and hold your right foot out to me," she ordered. Naturally I prayed that they wouldn't fit, but unfortunately they did, albeit tightly. When she'd finished lacing both she ordered me "up" and I looked down to see two perfectly booted feet. They felt quite strange, which was the result of the one-inch platform soles and four inch block heels. The she told me to walk around her, which I did until she could see I had obviously made an adjustment and could at least walk in them.

I had to admit the arched boot and heels didn't give me as much problems as I thought they would. The thick, rigid soles did steady me, and I could feel the extra support the laced boots gave to my ankles.

Taking out a brush she said, "Now it's time to get that hair out of the way."

What I could feel her doing was brushing my hair, all around, straight up. Her brushing was almost painful, but eventually she seemed satisfied.

“There, a perfect ponytail for my pony,” she declared, obviously thinking a ponytail most appropriate. I couldn’t help feeling for what she’d put around it. But all I could feel was something made of stiff leather, like a band about five inches long, that was laced on. It held my ponytail straight up. I couldn’t help wondering how it looked, but there was no time. Mounting me she said, “We’ll go slow today, I won’t put you to a gallop until I see you’ve adjusted to your new hooves.”

So, now I had hooves and a ponytail. I couldn’t imagine what would come next.

True to her word Hilary was very careful of me in my hooves. She still flicked her crop to get me moving, but I was getting used to that, kind of.

She did teach me something new on our ride. “You’ll need to learn to take direction more properly, responding to my heels when I want you to go left or right. If I give your right flank a little kick, like this, I want you go right. If I give you a sharper kick, like this, I want you to turn more sharply. One kick with both boots means I want you to walk, two means I want you to trot, and three with both heels means I want you to gallop. “Unfortunately,” she said wistfully, “you’re not wearing a harness or bit. So, I guess for now, if I pull on your ponytail it means to slow down. If I pull sharply on it, it means to stop right where you are.”

Her kicks were more like short jabs, which did actually hurt a little. You see, Hilary’s riding boots were quite traditional except that they had quite

high and very slender heels. I presumed they were to add to her height and help her mount Bright Sun.

So at times, when she directed me with her heels she'd turn them in and give me a sharp jab and I'd let out a startled yelp. Mostly she apologized, but a couple of times she commandingly said, "When I want you to turn, I mean now, not two or three steps later. It feels like you're day dreaming, pay attention!"

Which I did, for which I received a pat on the head and a, "Good boy, very good!"

I received another "good boy" for the good ride I gave her for which I was rewarded by being frigged to a throbbing, tortuous hard on. Leaving me high and dry I was determined to give her the best ride I could that afternoon.

On the way back to the house she said, "Why don't you leave your hooves, I mean your boots on, on in-between rides for the next few days? I think it'll help you adapt to them more quickly."

When I asked her about my hair all she said was, "Just leave it as it is. I'll just have to put it back up when I get home."

Both made sense, until I saw myself in the mirror. Cut-off denim shorts, red, high heeled boots, and a ponytail that stood straight up on top of my head. I looked and felt ridiculous, but made no attempt to remove either.

Chapter 5 -My first obedience lesson.

However about three o'clock I decided to relax and take the boots off. Which felt great. Unfortunately Hilary chose that day to come home early.

“What are you doing with your hooves off? I thought I told you to wear them during the day to get used to them?” she asked angrily.

“They were feeling really tight and were starting to ache, so I took them off to relax,” I said defensively.

“Of course they feel tight and they're bound to ache for a while. You're not going to get used to them by taking them off as soon as I turn my back, are you?” she asked, treating me like an errant child, which is the posture and tone she took whenever she was upset or pissed with me. I hated it when she treated me like a misbehaving schoolboy, but I'd learned the worst thing to do was to argue with her when she was like this, it only made her madder.

“N-No, I guess you're right,” I said, folding meekly as I always did. She glared at me while I put my “hooves” back on. Then without a word she stomped out of the room, slamming the door. She'd only been like this a couple times before, but I knew I was in the doghouse.

And boy, was I! All she said when I met her for her afternoon ride was “down”, then “up” and though out the ride she was very demanding, not one kind word or “good boy” pat. And I could certainly feel how angry she was. She made no apolo-

gies for the lot sharper jabs of her heels. And two or three times she used her crop a lot harder than she usually did.

When we got back she didn't say a word, just walked up to the house and shut the door. I was being punished and I knew it. Worst of all, of course, was the reward I was so looking forward to never came. Remorsefully I went up to the house, where she simply ignored me. I was getting the much-dreaded silent treatment.

Towards the end of the evening I meekly asked, "Can I remove my boots now, honey?"

"Call them what they are, and don't start calling me 'honey' when I'm pissed with you."

"C-Can I remove my h-hooves now Ma'am?" I asked. I don't know why I added, "Ma'am" it just came to be that I'd better say something else.

"Yes, much better. I like Ma'am when I'm mad at you. Come over here and I'll undo your ponytail," she ordered.

"Yes Ma'am," I said, wanting more than anything to get back into her good graces.

I didn't realize it at the time but I'd just had my first lesson in "obedience training."

Much later and much too late, I wondered if Hilary had been aware of it. I never was sure.

Finally, I was back in her good graces. I became much more responsive to her boots and the flick of her crop. And for my efforts was rewarded with affectionate pats of "good boy." And, of course, a good frigging in the morning, followed, hopefully by being mounted in "my stall" in the afternoon. With that incentive I doubled my efforts in the afternoons, and

Hilary responded by riding me harder and longer each day.

Chapter-6 The perfect reward.

One day, when she was very complimentary of my efforts she went over to a cabinet and came back holding Bright Sun's treat bag. "I always give Bright Sun a treat after I've worked him out and he was especially responsive. He loves carrots, sugar cubes and hard candy, which I know you love. 'Open,'" she ordered, and when I did she put a piece of candy between my lips.

Then to my surprise she unzipped my shorts and drew them down to my knees. To my shock she took hold of my organ and began jerking me off, saying, "I don't have time to take you to your stall and mount you today, I have an important agent's meeting. So, I'm afraid this will have to do."

Taking a firm grip on my organ with one hand and my balls with the other she began pumping and squeezing both. Somewhere it finally dawned on me what she was doing. It was humiliating to think of it, but I was in such a state that I was silently begging her not to stop. With Hilarie's vice-like grip on both, expertly pumping me the feeling was indescribable. Then gloriously I was jetting and spurting forcefully right onto the straw and even on the wall. I swear I nearly collapsed.

Sticking her tongue in my ear she teasingly asked, "Did you like your reward, pony?"

“Oooh g-god yes! Y-You’ve never done it like that before,” I babbled, not able to stop what I was admitting to.

“Then I think I’ve found the perfect reward for when I don’t have time to mount you, haven’t I?”

she remarked as she headed off to her meeting, leaving me in the stall, shorts down to my hooves, gasping for breath. Now that it was over I was feeling more than a little humiliated at what I’d just done, or what had been done to me.

It was just a couple days later that she made an “adjustment.” This time to what I wore. Before we went for her morning ride she asked me to take off my shorts and briefs. “You look really good in red. So I’d like to try these on you and see how they look,” she remarked producing a pair of red, satin workout shorts of hers. To my dismay and because the waist was elasticized she managed to get them on me. Although they fit my behind skin tight, and were so short they barely covered by cheeks and were slit up both sides.

“These look perfect, they match your hooves and I absolutely love how they show off your buns,” she enthused, which I really didn’t want to hear. Until she possessively started fondling them. I’d always gotten so turned on whenever she did that, and shortly my dick was excitedly aroused and incredibly stiff.

“Oh my,” she said, fondly my satin covered erection, “I see my pony boy finds his new satin shorts so exciting, as I thought you would.” And how could I deny it.

I didn’t realize just how tight and short they really were until we started our ride. Each time I took

a step I could feel them clutching each cheek. Each time I raised a leg I could feel them riding up and over them. I didn't want to, but I couldn't deny that they really stimulated me.

And Hilary made it better, or worse, using the toes of her boots to caress my satin covered ass, and occasionally reaching down and lightly fondled my organs, which caused me to falter and gasp

everytime she did it. "Just checking to see if you still like your pony shorts," she chuckled in my ear.

It was the first time during a ride that I was in an almost constant state of arousal. I alternately silently begged her to stop and then not to stop.

By the end of the week I was becoming well trained, I just didn't realize it. Without my real awareness I was being trained as a pony, my wife's pony. Looking back I think I said something like, "Aren't you getting a little serious about this?" But what I got after a ride I'd come to almost crave. Now I was being aroused sometimes before and even during a ride. How could I put any real protest? Foolishly I didn't.

Chapter-7 A good rub down.

It was that Saturday that Hilary carried it a step further. It was a long, arduous ride and I was perspiring and sweating heavily by the time we got back. Which she noticed. "Oh my, this sun must have really affected you. Why you're all lathered up. Stay right where you are, I'll be right back, she instructed.

She came back loaded down with a bucket, brushes, lotions and an assortment of other things.

“I always give Bright Sun a good scrubbing down and grooming after a hot ride and he’s all lathered up. Hold on to the top of the hitching post, then lift your right hoof up, put it on the rung and I’ll remove it for you,” she said, very business-like.

“Really Hilary, you don’t have to do this. I’ll just take a shower and remove my, ah, hooves,” I protested.

“Nonsense, I just know you’re going to enjoy this as much as Bright Sun does,” she said firmly.

After both hooves were off she removed my pony shorts, as she called them, and undid the band in my ponytail.

I didn’t know what to feel as I stood, stretched, holding onto the top of the hitching post, in the afternoon, without a stitch of clothes on. Actually with Hilary still in her riding habit I was feeling somehow vulnerable and strangely humiliated. Even more so as she kept nudging my legs apart till she had them well spread. I could feel my penis and balls dangling down between them.

With soap and water and a brush she began thoroughly washing me, brushing so vigorously that I felt my whole body tingling. Using a smaller brush she didn’t miss anything between my legs. The sensation of the stiff brush on my penis and balls was almost indescribable and she quickly had me stiffly erect.

When I quivered she said, “You do that just like Bright Sun. I knew you’d like it.” It wasn’t a question, and regardless of the vulnerable posture she demanded I assume, I had to silently agree. She

washed and shampooed my hair, briskly toweled me off, and starting at the top rubbed me with the same horse liniment I'd seen her use on Bright Sun. Nor did she miss a crevasse. My cock tingled and was so hard I could hardly stand it.

"Now lift your right hoof up behind you," she ordered, and sitting on a low stool held my foot ("hoof did I hear her say?) between her legs and began massaging them and my ankles.

"God, that feels wonderful!" I couldn't help blurt-ing out, asking what she was rubbing in.

"It's called Hoof Builder. It acts to strengthen your feet and joints. I don't want you getting injured," she said, then added, "I can think of one other appendage that I'm sure it could strengthen." Reaching between my legs she held my balls firmly in one hand while she began massaging it into my already tortuously aroused dick. I really thought I was going to go through the roof! Then to my intense dismay she suddenly stopped.

"So, does my pony boy like being washed, rubbed down and groomed?" she asked.

"It really feels great," I had to admit.

Then she started again on my poor dick. "Oh goodness, why I think it's working already. Your organ feels stiffer than I believe I've ever felt it, don't you think?" she asked seriously.

"Yes, yes, p-please," I almost shouted, for I really couldn't stand it any longer.

When I finally spurted I did so longer and harder and more violently than I could ever remember. She firmly held my balls and had a death grip on my cock as I spurted and spurted. Yet she continued

“milking” me until every last drop had been coaxed out of me.

Afterward I couldn't help feeling humiliated at what had just been done to me in broad daylight. Put into a posture that left me not only feeling helpless, but one from which I could barely move a muscle. She groomed me as if I was really her horse. Then, not being able to move a muscle she'd torturously masturbated me.

Looking back I'm fairly certain that's when she started regarding me more as her pony than her husband. I also think it was then that she realized by sexually arousing me that she'd found the perfect training technique to get me to willingly submit to whatever she'd demand of me.

I think it was also then that she stopped addressing me as Bob. I was now her “Pony” or “Pony Boy.” We no longer had sex in the house. If I was to receive a reward I was taken to “my” stall where I was mounted and ridden. She no longer used “cock” or “dick”, she now called it my “organ” or “appendage.”

Still I went along with it, only vaguely realizing what was happening. I was making Hilary happy and I, unfortunately, kept thinking of it as a lark on her part.

Chapter-8 Fitted for a harness.

It was about a week later that my back and shoulders started hurting, which made Hilary very concerned. “What I think would really help is a harness,” she declared. Which startled me as I thought

she meant one like she put on Bright Sun. I relaxed when she said she was thinking of one of those posture harnesses like you see them wearing in the supermarket.

Well, I had no problem with that and was soon wearing one. It did help, but just my lower back.

“I think I’ll have to come up with something that gives your whole back and shoulder some support, don’t you think?” she asked, and again I had to logically agree. Stupid me!

A few days later I had to go into the big city for a book signing. Hilary decided to go along and shop. When she came back, as I was finishing, she had an excited gleam in her eyes.

“While I was shopping I saw something in the window of a shop that I think will be perfect for your back and shoulders, and I can’t wait to show it to you,” she said, so off we went.

Finally we came to a little shop and pointing to the window said, “There, see it? What do you think?”

To say that I was startled was an understatement. In the window was a male mannequin wearing a red, patent leather harness on it’s torso. From looking at the other displays it quickly became apparent that this was one of those kinky shops.

I didn’t know what to say at first. “Y-You want me to wear that, really? It looks pretty, well, kinky to me,” I remarked.

“Forget what kind of store it is. I’m looking at the right support I’m sure it will give you. Besides can you see any harm in just giving it a try?”

“Well, n-no, I guess not,” I said, hating the way she phrased things making it impossible to disagree with her.

So in moments we were inside and being approached by a stunning, exotic woman dressed all in leather asking if she could help us.

“Yes, we’d like to inquire about that red harness you have in the window. Does it come in sizes or what?” she asked.

“Yes, it comes in three sizes. I’ll have to measure him, if it’s too loose it won’t have any effect if it’s use is for maintaining an erect, rigid posture.”

“Why yes, that’s exactly what we’re hoping for, isn’t it? She asked me brightly.

“Ah yes, that’s what we’re hoping for,” I said, oh so naively.

So she proceeded to measure me and in some of the oddest places. Even Hilary had to ask, “Why are you measuring through the crotch, or his neck and wrist?”

“The harness comes with an attachable crotch through the cheek strap which I strongly advise utilizing and cinching tightly as it’ll serve as an anchor for the rest of the harness. Plus there are other accessories that can be ordered for it such as a matching collar with a strap that attaches to the harness front and back. They’ll help, ah, take stress off the neck and head and aid in his maintaining an erect posture. There are other accessories for the wrists and ankles. I’ve simply taken the liberty of jotting down his sizes in case you phone in an order. I’ll also give you one of our catalogs,” she said.

For some reason her description of the accessories sounded somehow ominous. But, not knowing why I foolishly put it out of my mind.

Finally she said, "I think the medium will be perfect for him. It'll be snug even before you start cinching the straps."

"How tight should I cinch all the straps?" Hilary asked.

"It all depends on what use you're going to put him through when you have harnessed. If he's going to be exerting himself then not too tight. Say three notches. Now, do you want to keep him from bending or slouching?"

"Actually I think all your problems started because you were bending much too strenuously, don't you think?" Hilary asked.

I had to agree I thought that was what was causing all the problems so I couldn't help but agree.

Looking back miserably I wish I'd never agreed with her.

"Then you need to tighten the shoulder straps down rather tightly. I can assure you it'll stop him from any bending at all," she proclaimed, looking at me like a wolf swallowing a lamb.

While I paid the bill I could see Hilary obviously ordering, I guessed, some of the accessories.

Hilary couldn't wait to get back and see how I looked in the harness so we took an earlier train.

Within an hour of getting back Hilary had me in my hooves, in her riding habit, holding the harness she was so excited about. I was dubious, but I thought, "Well if it makes her happy."

The first thing she put around me was the stiff, waist belt. I'd say it was about ten inches long, although slightly longer down the crotch in front. She buckled the three straps in back until I said it felt snug. In the front were two wide, long straps. These she slung over my shoulders and ran down the back and attaching them to the waist belt. As she did I could feel my posture becoming more and more erect. I could hardly bend, although, I was to find out, even that little play would soon be removed.

Telling me to lean forward and hold onto the top of the hitching post she then had me spread my legs. "No, No more so I can attach the crotch strap and run it through your cheeks," she

ordered.

"She did say this was to anchor your harness and I think I remember her saying they needed to be cinched tight, didn't she?" she asked.

Naively I said, "Yes, I think I remember her saying that too."

After she attached the strap in front there was a problem. My pony shorts got in the way and bunched up at the crotch.

"Doggone it! Well I think I know how to solve that," she declared, and proceeded to yank them off me ordering me to spread my legs again she said, "Stay like that, I'll be right back."

Some fifteen minutes later she came back holding something red and so tiny I had no idea what it was. Too late I recognized it. It was the red thong bottom to one of her bikini swimsuits. Told to lift one leg she slid it up, then I could actually feel her spreading my cheeks and running the thing tightly up between them. There were double rings on both

sides with straps and she used these to tighten the whole thing up with sharp tugs. Obviously it wasn't meant to accommodate male organs. It made mine feel tightly held and clearly on display.

Checking the fit she caressed my organ until, unable to stop myself, she soon had it rigidly excited. Patting it, and seeming to ignore its urgently aroused state, she declared, "It holds them up and nicely displays your organ, doesn't it?"

She was so matter of fact about it, what could I say but, "Y-Yes...oh," with a desperate moan.

Hilary now had no trouble passing the crotch strap between my legs. Again, spreading each cheek then fastening it to the belt. It was a bizarre feeling as I could feel the strap physically separating my cheeks, especially when she cinched it even more.

For the first time I understood what a horse felt after being harnessed. I was pretty sure I didn't like it, but what could I do? To my dismay I learned that she was just getting started. She began testing each strap and if she could get a finger under it she tightened it. Starting with the waist belt she tightened all four straps, then tightened the shoulder straps even more. When she finished I was standing bolt upright, rigidly erect, not able to bend in the slightest!

"I always said you had the sexiest ass, didn't I? Now it looks even better," she declared, running her nails like electricity over my tightly clenched and separated cheeks.

I couldn't help but wonder how it all would feel when she started riding me. But to my surprise the harness actually seemed to support everything, especially my back. Bending, I was sure, had been the

chief cause of my back pain, but in the harness I didn't bend, because I couldn't.

We did a little trotting, but on the whole it was a pretty easy ride.

"Well, how do your shoulders and back feel?" she asked.

Quite to my surprise I didn't feel any pain in either.

"You see, I was right when I said I thought I'd found the perfect solution, was I?"

Here I was, truly feeling like a horse in harness. But, what could I say, she was right. Not wanting to, because I knew this was to be the start of my harnessing, I never the less had to admit she was right.

"I'm so glad you agree," she said, and grasping my organ in her hand, which swiftly came to attention, she led me to the stables.

As I was being held and led, un-protesting mind you, she said, as if to herself, "I'm sure the collar and attaching strap will help even more when they get here," then added, "along with the other accessories."

I really should have reacted to what she said, now that I look back on it, much to my, now, permanent dismay. But she said it so casually, as I was being led by my dick, that I totally missed the implications. Hilary mounted and rode me, still in harness in the stall, until we both collapsed. Actually Hilary collapsed, there wasn't much I could do but lay there exhausted.

Chapter-9 She really is getting carried away.

By the end of the week I'd come to accept being harnessed, although that first time I really didn't like it. However when Hilary approached me with harness in hand each morning with a determined look I offered no protest. I couldn't help but to capitulate for also by the end of the week, magically, my back pain and aching shoulders had all but disappeared.

It was mid-week that the mailman delivered a box from the store we'd visited. I was sure the collar she'd ordered, and whatever else, were in it. When I called her and told her she was so excited she said she'd leave early so she could see everything that had arrived.

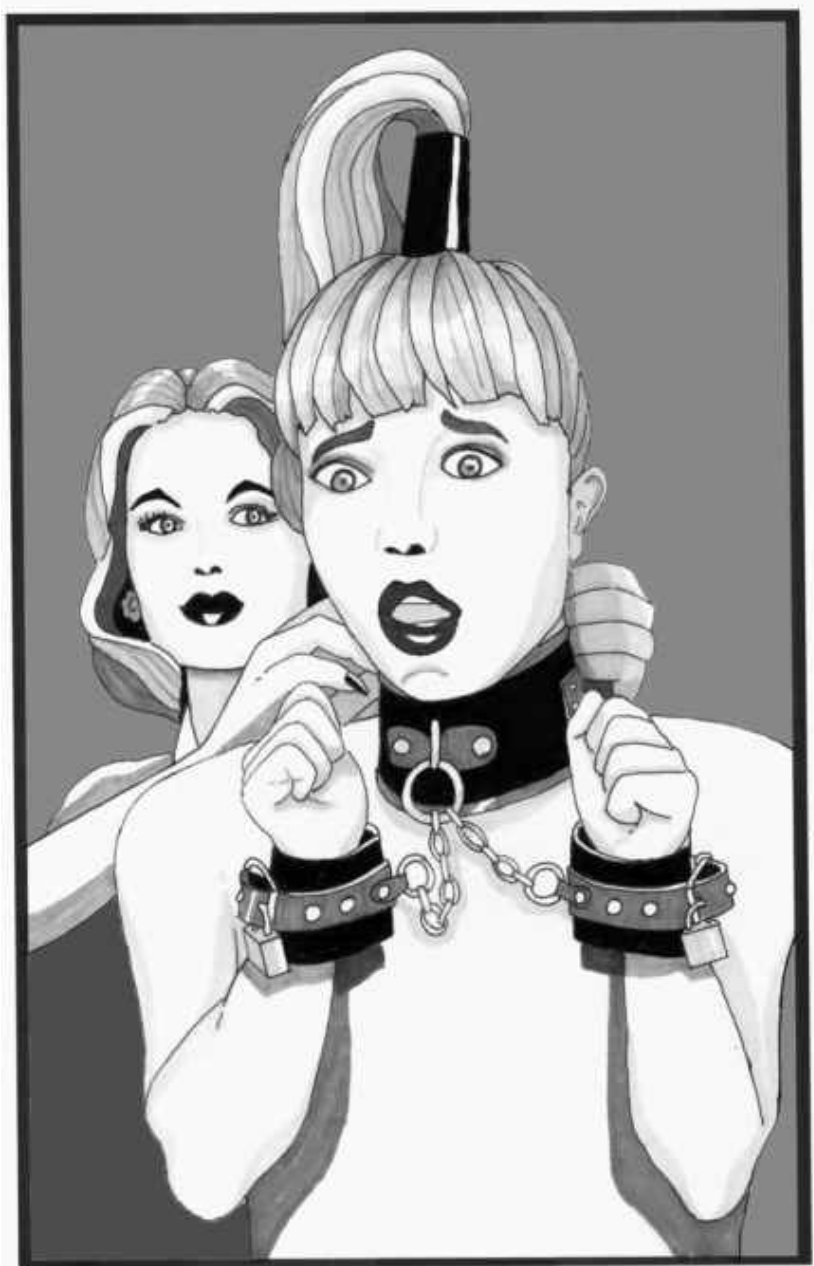
I wasn't as excited as Hilary, but I was curious as to what she'd ordered. If I'd known I really would have been alarmed, for that afternoon was to be an eventful one, that I really wasn't going to like. For it was that day, as I look back, that I stopped being Hilary's husband.

True to her word she came home early and I was soon hoofed and harnessed.

I hadn't given much thought to the collar, thinking it would be, well, just a collar. But, this was not like any collar I'd ever seen. Very stiff, it was red, patent leather. It looked rubber lined, as was the harness, and was at least six inches high with three sturdy buckles in back.

I should have objected, then and there, but I didn't. Stupidly I docilely stood as she put it on my neck. As she cinched each strap it became more difficult to move my head.

“It needs to fit snug. It’s not too tight is it?” she asked, concerned.



All I think to say was, “No, it’s not too tight, Hilary.”

For which I was softly rebuked, “When you’re my pony boy it’s ‘Ma’am.’ Well?”

“N-no Ma’am, it’s not too tight,” I replied, feeling demeaned.

I heard her buckling the strap then heard a loud “click” like you hear from a padlock. When I asked if that’s what it was she said, “Why yes. There’s no buckle for the center strap. It only closes with a padlock.”

When I remarked that the collar made it really difficult for me to move my head, I couldn’t believe it, but she actually sounded pleased.

“Oh, actually that’s good. You need to learn to trust me more when I give you commands. I notice that you often hesitate and look down, or around, at where I want you to go and hesitate. You simply will have to start learning to go where I want you, when I want you to, you see?”

It was hard, nearly impossible, to disagree with Hilary. She always made everything seem so logical.

Digging through the package she sounded really excited. “Oh, that’s great. She also sent the double reins, the wrist cuffs, and a new retaining band for your ponytail. Oh, too bad, I also ordered

hobbles for you, but they’re not here. Here’s a note that says that they’re back ordered, as are the cheek straps.”

Reins, cuffs, hobbles? This really was going too far, I thought. But, before I could say anything she was already attaching a rein to the steel ring on one side of the collar, then another rein to the one on

the other side. They were red, patent leather and looked about three feet long.

I couldn't believe what she did next. Just below the top of the hitching post were two bars sticking out horizontally with large steel rings dangling from each end. Picking up the loose end of one rein, that had a large brass clip at the end, she actually fastened it onto the ring. Then clipped the other rein to the opposite ring.

I was, to my disbelief, now tethered to the hitching post. I was so stunned I didn't, at first, react, then, of course, it was too late. Taking one unprotecting wrist she wrapped a padded leather cuff, about three inches, around it then tightly buckled it. All too soon both wrists were in cuffs.

"W-what are those for, ah Ma'am?" I asked.

"You'll see. I think they'll help solve the problems of my legs sliding up and down, and they'll help you hold me better," she said, attaching a short strap to each, then clipping the other ends to the side rings of my collar.

"There, I think that's it," she said brightly, then after ordering me "down" she mounted me and was ordered "up." Which was when I understood the purpose of the short straps attached to the collar. First she cinched one tighter, then the other. When she finished they forced me to hold her legs very tightly. Tighter than I normally do, but she seemed pleased.

With a kick of both heels and a sharp flick of her riding crop we were away. And after just fifteen minutes I felt none of the strain I normally do from holding her legs.