

Chapter 3—The Pony Show and Following

Our owners took us back to the locker room and into the showers. They removed the straps around our privates, collars, and the leashes. They turned the water on as hot as possible and removed their leather gear and walked us into the steaming water. Their young muscled hands began to apply soap and scrub the dog cum and sweat from our bodies. They worked especially hard on the three of us who lost the contest as the dog-in-heat would make the horses skittish. Roughly, they applied the soap to our testicles, cocks, and asses with no gentleness to the organs already greatly sore and abused.

Cleaned and dried off, a new leather strap was reattached around our genitals and the collars were put back in place. The breeding salve was reapplied, driving us to tears from sheer need. The cum blockers had been left on during the shower to prevent ejaculation. Much as a cow that has not been milked, whose utters sag with the weight of her milk, our sacs were laden with sperm from the buildup caused by the breeding salve. Terry's bag, already low hanging, actually hit the floor as he crawled on all fours. Sammy's cock was so hard that the skin was showing signs of cracking and must be sore as hell.

The five of us were walked on all fours back to the gym floor. The crowd was moving back to their seats for the grand finale. The stallions were lined along one side of the gym and their groomsmen were rubbing their balls and cocks with the breeding salve that had been used on us. The salve made them unsettled and we could see their huge cocks beginning to drop as they went into heat.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we will conclude tonight's show with a pony exhibition. The three Starwood dogs who lost the previous competition will now perform their services on one of the stallions before us. The last one to complete his task will discover the penalty for his failure tomorrow.

Our handlers moved us into position. Sammy was directed underneath the white stallion and Terry and I were moved underneath two of the black stallions. The horses' cocks were huge. "Head to cock" came the orders from the announcer. "Suck." The huge horse cock tasted stale and was about 18 inches long and very thick. I could see Terry trying to engulf as much of the penis as possible. He and I managed to suck the horses to completion in about 10 minutes, being rewarded with about a quart of cum as it shot all over us.

Sammy was unable to get his horse to shoot and after about 20 minutes of no success the minders dragged him by the hair from under the horse and roughly slapped him in the head with the flat of their hands. One kicked him between the legs. The crowd went wild. "Make him the horse's bitch!" they screamed. As we watched, a platform was brought and Sammy was tied with his ass in the air just at the cock level for the horse. The trainers rubbed the breeding salve on the horse's genitals which sprang immediately to attention. The horse knew what to do next. He moved forward and drove the huge cock into Sammy's ass with such force that Sammy passed out from the pain. The minder moved forward with smelling salts and revived Sammy so that he would be conscious through out the ordeal. The horse quickly shot, spewing his sperm into the abused ass.

The crowd went wild as their lust for revenge was sated. We were being moved back to the locker room as the crowd was leaving the gym. There we were cleaned up again and the collars returned to our necks. The rest of the paraphernalia was left off. Coming out of the showers, dog bowls and water bowls with our dog names were provided and we had to eat doggy style.

After eating we were given an hour to lie down and rest. Sammy, still half conscious was dragged into the room and thrown on the mattress on the floor. As the keepers left, he said in a weak, tearful voice: "They set me up. They never put the breeding salve on my horse. He had a block on his cock. That was why he could not cum. Guys—you have to help me! They intend to remove my nuts tomorrow as punishment for my failure with the horse. This was planned all along. Please! Please help me escape!"

I fell asleep to the whimpering form of Sammy in a fetal position. While I felt sorry for him, I realized that sometimes your chickens come home to roost and I remembered the threat to members of their own team that they might be forced to join them and I certainly did not want to sacrifice my nuts for someone as cocky and proud as Sammy.

I must have been asleep for an hour when I was rudely shaken awake by Linville's quarterback. "Where are they, bitch?" I sat up trying to get my eyes opened and when I was finally able to see in the dimly lit room, I realized that Sammy and Keith were gone. Keith should have known better. The quarterback was on the phone with the Linville sheriff. "They cannot have gone far. They are naked and barefoot and it is 40 degrees outside. Find them and bring them back! We will not have our plans thwarted now!"

Terry, Greg, and I were taken and placed in slings in the locker room. We were informed that for the next three hours our bodies were available for the largest dicked boys in Linville to come by and fuck. They were allowed to bring their girlfriends and show off their studly prowess at fucking ass. Our hopes that no one would show were disappointed when the doors were opened and we heard the noise of large groups of people.

A voice announced that the fee was \$5 for 20 minutes with the bitch of your choice. The participants stripped when they were two or three back in line and gave their clothes to their girlfriends or the next person in line to keep for them. My hole was filled first by a big red necked boy with a huge uncut piece of meat. Anticipation made him cum in about 5 minutes and the next person took his place. I counted 20 loads in my hole and then lost count. The good thing is that as the gang bang went on the pain in my hole became just a dull ache.

Terry was a particular prize for this small town. They boys enjoyed abusing him, again because there were so few black guys and beliefs about their size and sexuality

were something that horny boys always thought about. The handlers finally had to just assign the participants to who ever was available because most of the guys wanted to abuse Terry's black hole and it began to back up the line. They also raised the price to \$10 for the privilege of getting a black ass over the two white boys.

Finally, at about 5:30 a.m. the doors were closed and we were taken back into the locker room where we were once again cleaned up and our holes were irrigated. We watched back between our legs as cum was hosed out of us from the three hour ordeal. As we were taken back to our area for a rest, we heard screams coming from the locker area and as we walked by we saw Sammy and Keith, each tied to the seat between the lockers. Their bodies were bloodied and they had bite and scratch marks over most of their bodies. Apparently, the local good ole boys at the sheriff's department had found them by turning their dogs loose and tracking them. They had watched as the dogs had their way with the fugitives before bringing them back to the school.

Electrodes were taped to their enlarged nut sacks and electrodes mounted to dildoes were shoved up their asses. The team was enjoying the electricity now being applied to their captives while they jacked off on them. While we did not feel so sorry for Sammy, we did have a twinge of guilt for Keith, who was a really nice guy and now would, no doubt, pay a high price for helping his friend escape.

We were taken to the rest area and told to sleep until awakened. The three of us were out in minutes and sleep fitfully with reoccurring dreams of what we had been forced to do. Somehow we felt the worst was behind the three of us, but had some concerns about Keith and to a lesser degree for Sammy.

Do you remember back to your high school days? Every school seems to have a guy like Sammy. He moved to our school from up north and never really acclimated himself to our lives. Southerners were just too stupid for words. Starwood High School was just so inadequate for his bright mind. We were dullards. And then there was the football team. He tried out in our tenth grade year. We really enjoyed knocking him

around during the practices. You know how it is—while you cannot get away with violence against a jerk in any other way—you can do it in practice. Our coach must have felt the same way about the “Yank” as he called him. Never did he respond with anything but approval when we clipped Sammy or tripped him, or knocked the wind out of him in practice.

Sammy was always bragging about the girls he sacked. He drove a late model Porsche. His dad had moved to our town to manage the mines and Sammy lived in a huge house while the rest of us lived in 3 bedroom ranch homes that had seen their better day. He got girls easily and was always bragging about what a good fuck he was with his big wiener. So as you can see, there was not a lot of love lost between him and the rest of the team. There were a few boys like Keith, though, who played up to him because of his money, car, and sexual prowess. Keith, kind of under-endowed himself, was easily manipulated and was a follower. Now he would pay the ultimate price for his lack of balls.

We were shaken awake by our handlers and once again taken to the showers where we were washed thoroughly. “We have an appointment at the tattoo parlor to have you guys marked as our property,” the Linville quarterback announced proudly. I had somehow remembered a vague reference to this part of the bet from previous years. One of my dad’s best friends had been on a losing team years ago and was at our house helping my dad work in the yard one day. Working without his shirt, I could see the tattoo right at his belt line---“Bitch of Linville High.” I had asked my dad about it later and he had explained the terms of the bet. My dad’s friend had never married and my dad said that he was never the same after the losing weekend.

After the shower we were fed in dog dishes and given water in a dog bowl, both of which we had to eat on hands and knees like a dog. Our collars were replaced around our necks and the leather strap once again tightened around our enlarged manhood. With leashes attached we were loaded onto the back of a pickup truck that had seen its better day. Terry, Greg, and I were tethered to the wooden frame of the truck by a chain

attached from the leather strap around our balls to a ring in the frame. With hands cuffed behind our back, we had to maintain our balance to keep from falling and castrating ourselves.

Sammy and Keith were no where in sight. When asked where they were, one of the Linville players said they had been taken to the Vet “to be fixed” earlier in the morning and would meet us at the tattoo parlor.

As we were driven through the town of Linville, people turned and looked at the dogs from Starwood and some laughed and pointed. We were told a more formal parade was planned for the afternoon with a final ceremony to be held publicly on the town square. After that we would be turned loose to find our way home.

At the tattoo parlor we were offloaded and taken into the parlor. Forced to lie face down, our hands and feet were reattached in a spread eagle position. The tattoo artists were told to use “Bitch of Linville High” and then underneath to tattoo our dog name and breed. When it came to Terry, they discussed how to make the tattoo more visible and show off against his deep black skin. A light color was decided on and the artists got to work.

It took about three hours for the tattoos to be completed. After all the pain of the previous night, the tiny pinpricks were almost a relief. At least for the three hours we could rest. Just as we were getting up from the table, Sammy and Keith were brought or more correctly dragged in. Barely able to stand and their dirty faces streaked from tears, they had a wild look in their eyes—partially from the lack of sleep and more from the terror of what had just happened to them. Our eyes were drawn to their crotches. Below each of their hanging cocks was a bandage where their huge balls had hung. The look of pain on their faces told the whole story.

We remained in the waiting room while Sammy and Keith were tattooed. It looked as though they appreciated the chance to rest. Both dropped into a fitful sleep over

the three hour period it took to complete the tattoos on their back. When done they were turned over, and tattoos were done on their chests that said “I gave my balls to the Linville Football Team.” When completed the guys were awakened and made to look at their bodies in the mirror. The permanent writings on their body seemed to shock them further into a zombie state. You could see that the loss of manhood was having a huge toll on Sammy. Fucking was his whole life.

When done, we were loaded on the truck to be taken to the square. Sammy, while somewhat proud when showing off his ample equipment, now seemed deeply embarrassed, and while chained to the backboard, tried to kneel to hide his embarrassment. His handler barked at him to stand up or have his cock removed. Sammy, reluctantly and without defiance, stood and showed his lost manhood to the crowd. They hooted and shouted insults at us as we made the trip through the crowd to the town square. A permanent stage for meetings and political gatherings was apart of the square with an arena for those who gathered to sit. We were walked to the stage and chained spread eagle facing the audience.

It was not almost three o’clock. We were to be released at six and would be forced to walk home in freezing weather and totally naked. The announcer came to the podium and began speaking: “Starwood High’s capitulation had been a sweet victory for our football team and our town after our losing 10 straight years. Last night two of their players attempted to escape and according to the rules of the wager have been severely dealt with. Before the final parting of our guests, we will bring each of them to the mic, where they will read a prepared speech which is being aired live to their family and friends in Starwood. Also, we are sharing the final event live so that their family and friends can see what happens when you loose. We will first hear the statement of Sammy Lark. He will read his statement verbatim from the written copy. And deviation will result in a 24-hr extension of his stay with us—as laid out in the terms of the wager.”

Sammy Lark was uncuffed and helped to the platform. As he began to read, the words came out with some resistance. His handler reached and roughly grabbed Sammy’s

massive cock, now doomed to be limp forever, and whispered into his ear that if he did not read as written his manhood would be further altered. Bracing himself, Sammy read from the script.

“Before losing to Linville High, I was self centered and self serving, and thought only of myself. I violated the girl friend of your quarter back. I tried to run away from the truth. I sacrificed my manhood because of my own self will. I deserved (in a choking voice) what has been done to me. From this point on in my life I will be forced to serve and service men as an agreement with Linville for my release.”

As Sammy was turning away from the podium, the Linville quarter back held up what proved to be a huge set of balls, bronzed and on a string necklace. The quarterback placed the necklace around his own neck as the audience clapped and roared their approval.

Keith moved to the microphone slowly and in an uncharacteristically small and high pitched voice, began to read his statement to the crowd: “This loss has made me realize that my place in life is on my knees and serving men who are better endowed than I. My belief is that now that I am a eunuch I can better focus and service those who want my mouth and hole. I am indebted to Linville for helping me realize my place in life.”

The speaker held up two necklaces made by the two testicles taken from Keith. Smaller than the others, they were auctioned off to the crowd with the proceeds going to the booster club to benefit the team.

Greg was next and came slowly to the podium. His cock and balls were still swollen and his cock extremely hard. Always embarrassed as a speaker, his bashfulness made him halt—more from stage fright than not wanting to read his statement. His handler grabbed his balls and whispered a warning into his ears. Greg, gathering his courage, read the statement.

“While I was being used on the bus coming here from Starwood, I was forced to reveal something that my own team does not even know. I have been taking cock for most of my life, first from my dad and brothers, and now also my coach. I have been used as a bitch for most of my life. I now accept that as my role in life and thank the Linville team for helping me to realize that fact.”

Shocked at the revelation about Greg and also our coach, my first thought was that the coach had forfeited the game on purpose. I remembered the times coach had hung out in the locker room while we showered and the one-on-one conferences that had left me with a strange feeling in the pit of my stomach. Now I understood. One look at Terry told me that he had gotten a similar revelation.

Terry, with his massive endowment making it hard for him to walk naked, moved to the podium next, and with his new found revelation giving him courage, read his statement:

“As an African American, one of the few in this district, I am considered a prize fuck by men and women. I now know that I want to give my life to service men both orally and anally. I thank Linville for helping me to realize this need. I look forward to taking care of my coach and anyone else in Starwood when I get back home.”

Terry’s leash was reattached and led over to the front of the stage where his handler knelt and ordered him to roll over and expose his manhood. Once again the breeding salve was applied to his huge manhood and this time to his hole as well. He went into a frenzy and whined as he was driven again into heat. He was told to get back on all fours and returned to the line.

As I started for the podium, the Linville quarterback tugged on my leash, and ordered me to roll over and expose myself to the crowd. He applied the breeding salve to my cock, balls, and hole and the sexual urges within me rose to a make me moan as his rough hands applied the salve. When done, he motioned for me to get back on all fours

and whispered—“Make me proud boy or you will be sorry!” I headed for the podium not sure what was to come.

“As the quarterback of Starwood,” I read, “It is my job to lead and set a good example for my team. I have learned a lot since losing my cherry boarding the bus to come to Linville. I now know how to better serve my team and will do a better job of that in the future.”

As I turned to go back to my area, I realized that Terry’s handler had moved him to a position behind me. We were held in check until the announcer came back to the microphone. “Many of you missed the offering of the Starwood quarterback’s cherry on the steps of our bus as we left to return from the game. Per your request we will, as the closing part of this program—give you an instant replay!”

I freaked as I realized what was about to be the last part of the show. A weight bench was brought on stage and turned to the side to give the audience a full view of my taking Terry’s engorged and huge black penis. I was put in place and handcuffed to the bench. Ropes were placed around my legs and roughly pulled up through a pulley until I was literally hanging at crotch level and vulnerable to Terry’s huge cock. Lastly, a leather strap was placed around my neck and I was made immobile, not able to move my head at all.

The Linville quarter back stooped and whispered in my ear. “Bitch, unless you want your balls to be used as another fund raiser for our booster club, I suggest you open your mouth on cue!” Terry was moved in to a position where the big, black cock was at my lips. “Suck!” the announcer ordered. I opened my mouth as the huge engorged cock entered. The bitter taste of the breeding salve assaulted my nostrils, making me suck from sheer need and horniness. His entire penis went down my throat. Apparently, the breeding salve acted much like marijuana, reducing the gag reflex.

As horny as he was, Terry face fucked me with gusto and a desire to relieve himself from the hours of pent-up cum production. After about 20 minutes of taunts from the audience, Terry was ordered to pull out. His handler had to cut the cum block off his cock because it was so engorged. He was moved to a position behind me.

Terry mounted me like a bull in a rage and without mercy he plowed his mammoth piece all the way to the base. Long strokes blasted my tight hole as he fucked harder and harder. Within 5 minutes he began to shoot rope after rope of his stick cum inside me as he emptied his aching balls. The instant relief made him pass out with the huge cock inside me. The breeding salve would not allow his cock to go limp so we lay there with him unconscious inside me.

After about three minutes he came to and pulled out. Sammy's handler brought him over on his leash and ordered him to eat the cum out of my ass. I do not know what was more pleasing—his wet tongue in my poor tortured hole or the humiliation he felt at this new role.

“Ladies and gentlemen that concludes the wager event. The Starwood players will now be released to begin their journey home. We will look forward to seeing them again next year!”

We were loaded on the back of the truck and chained as before. The truck began to wind its way through the crowd towards the single road that led out of town and back towards Starwood. At the edge of town we stopped and the handlers forced us down from the truck. Everything was removed from our bodies and we were given a bottle of water each. We helped Sammy and Keith down from the truck and slowly began to walk, barefooted and naked in the direction of home.

We had hardly had time to think about home and our reception there. The live finale had been seen by everyone in Starwood. How would they react to the revelations

forced out of us? How would they react to the new people we had become? Those thoughts and others began to edge into our minds as we slowly turned towards home.
(To be continued)