

Breaking In

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Gloria shivered underneath the ancient boxcar, huddled right below a rusted axle. Her feet ached and her ankle throbbed from running along the gravel that surrounded the tracks. Below her, she could feel the weathered wood digging into her ass, through the interview outfit she wore from earlier that morning. One shoe, an expensive leather pump from the mall, was cracked, the heel almost unable to keep her weight, but she didn't care anymore. Instead, she was panting softly to herself, peering out from underneath the car, hefting the cellphone in her hand.

The baleful yellow glow of the LED lit up around her and she peered down, at the time. Only five more minutes until she could call back. Hopefully they would have a job, they said she would have a job, they promised it. Biting back a whimper, she jumped as a train started to pull out three tracks down. Her eyes stared at the moving cars between the gaps of other trains, unable to read the signs. The train next to her had a Canadian flag painted on the side... her backup plan. If the job never came, she would just hop on and ride out to Canada. She would never be allowed to return, but that was far better than being caught by the bounty hunters or volunteering to be some pervert's meat for a decade.

Giving her phone another heft, she peered down. Four more minutes.

Biting her lip, she tasted the strawberry lip gloss she put on earlier. A few hints of taste were still there, but she was too nervous to enjoy it. Her mind was spinning, eyes locked on the painted flag across the gravel path. Like most teenagers, she knew about the Pony Employment Act but she knew there was no chance she

wouldn't have a job in time to avoid the hunters. But, now it was sixty days after her last day of school, the student loan repayment notice came the same day as the PEA notification. Both left a shiver down her spine, but the PEA's shiver was a cold sinking of fear.

Sixty days later, she was still unemployed and the final PEA notice still burned a hole in her pocket. By midnight tonight, if she wasn't employed, she would be reclassified as livestock; the notice urged her to volunteer, but she'll be damned if she gives up just to find that she got a job at the last moment.

She looked down at her phone, two more minutes. Two more minutes to call back and get her job. They promised her one. Sweat dappled her brow as she squeezed the phone, begging for the minutes to pass.

Gloria almost screamed out as she saw the train across the gravel shudder, the first signs it was about to move. One more minute and she could call, then she would know if she is going to be jumping and abandoning her life. She smiled, glad that she didn't crawl on earlier, when the sweep came through and rounded up those already trying to flee. She was smart enough to be hiding under a train three lines down, over the hours, she slipped closer until she across the way, seconds from freedom.

One more minute. She didn't want to sound too pushy, but she was getting close to the end.

Then, she heard it. Boots on gravel, another sweep team. They moved in slow, measured steps, as if they were peering underneath cars and inspecting the train. She heard them pull open the boxcar, with the sound of the sound of tortured metal and her heart beat painfully against her chest. The silk blouse was soaked with sweat, even in the cool air trapped beneath the box car.

The clock on her cellphone refused to change and she couldn't call sooner. The need to flip it open, to dial out was too strong. She cupped her hand over the phone and started dialing, but didn't press the bright green button until the time changed. Her hand shook with the effort, tears forming her eyes as she willed the clock to get closer. Glancing across, she saw the black boots on the other side of the train, and then one heading down the path, toward her hiding place.

Her eyes trailed down to look at her cell. It took a moment for the tears to clear to see that it was finally a minute after midnight... how did she waste two minutes? Pressing the green button, she winced as she heard the beeping, painfully loud in her ears. Pressing it up against her, she waited for the phone to finally click.

It did, after a terrible slowness, watching the boots step closer.

“Jacob and Smith, how may I help you?” It was the clear voice of the secretary, a bright-eyed woman who was so helpful in the last couple of days.

Gloria whispered as quietly as she could, “Hi... this is Gloria Patterson, I was calling-”

A hint of bitter amusement interrupted her, “I’m sorry, Gloria, but Ms. Tirel will not be coming in tonight, there was an emergency. I’m afraid we won’t be able to hire you tonight.”

Sobbing, Gloria folded the phone and closed her eyes tightly. It was over, she needed that job. For a moment, she considered calling back, begging to do anything, but the sound of boots stopped right in front of her. Her lungs refused to work as she clutched the axle of the train, staring at the boots, willing them to move on.

Instead, a head showed up, a faint smile on an older man’s face. His uniform was brown, shit brown, with a silvered badge on his chest.

“Didn’t get the job, did you?”

Gloria whimpered, shaking her head, tears rolling down her cheeks.

“Please...?”

He chuckled, a not-nice sound, “And you’ll do anything?”

Pausing, he watched as Gloria nodded her head hesitantly. Then, he shrugged, “Sorry, if you were a cute boy scout maybe, but frankly, ‘anything’ from a woman really doesn’t excite me.”

Hope snapped inside Gloria’s mind and her shoulders slumped, the cellphone scattering on the gravel next to her. Her stomach was filled with pain, a dark rolling pain.

“Can I volunteer?”

She already knew the answer, but there was a tiny shard of hope left. He shook his head, “Only at authorized locations and only before midnight. Too late for you girl, its the stocks for you.”

She sobbed again, curling up tightly as the tears filled her. He sighed dramatically.

“Are you going to come out of there, or will I have to use the taser?”

Gloria hesitated for a moment, wondering if she could resist enough to die, but he shook his head, pulling out the taser, the forked head looking dangerous with the two tiny metal teeth.

“One more second and I’m coming in after you, girl.”

Tears pouring down her cheeks, she scrambled away, trying to escape with a sudden burst of fear. He snarled and lunged after her, the taser making a clicking noise and a brief flash of blue light. It missed her and she screamed out, throwing herself from the other side of the car. Her feet clattered against the gravel as she sprinted away from him, away from all of the boots that she saw before. Behind her, she could hear him swearing and running after her, with the train between them.

Her breath came hard and fast as she threw herself further away from the Canadian train, knowing she would never make it. A faint hope of catching it further down the light made it easier as she threw everything she could into running, the faint memory of sophomore track in college reminding her body how to move.

She quickly got her second wind and sprinted away. She saw a gap between the far cars and threw herself into it.

Gloria screamed as she saw another uniformed man, wearing the same shit brown uniform, calmly standing in the gap. He leaned forward with his taser, pressed it against her stomach and pressed the button. Her entire world exploded into volt-poisoned agony as her breath and control of her body was torn away from her in a wail of terror. Her arms and legs spasmed and she fell hard to the gravel, the sharp points cutting cloth and digging into her skin. She tried to breathe, tried to crawl away, but her body was still shaking from the intense agony that tore through her.

By the time her body was once again under her control, she was handcuffed and being lead down the gravel path. She lost one shoe in the run, her feet feeling raw and bleeding, but the uniformed man never let her slow down, one powerfully tight grip on her arm as he shoved her forward.

“According to the Pony Employment Act, section 12.2, you are now reclassified as non-consensual livestock. Since you failed to volunteer, as per section 13, this is a life-sentence and you will be trained in a job appropriate for your body and abilities for the rest of your natural life.”

Gloria sobbed as they reached a covered wagon, a gaping maw of industrial white indifference. In front, she could see six men chained to the front, industrial ponyboys and the most common type of reclassified livestock. On each side of the insides, she could see a line of benches, with rings for handcuffs. Only one other seat was occupied, a sobbing man with a growing bruise on his face. He didn't look at her as they shoved her into the van, her captor still speaking.

“Pony Collection Service is a duly-authorized collector for those failing to report in for non-consensual reassignment as per the Pony Employment Act, section 23, 24, and 31. Since you are no longer classified as human, your right to petition or appeal has been waived and your consent is no longer needed.”

Her arms were pulled above her painfully and she felt the cuffs being latched into place. She kicked as they grabbed her ankle, but it didn't prevent her from being chained there, her legs slightly spread. The feeling of being exposed and helpless brought another fresh round of tears to pour down her face. Her captor shrugged as he crawled out.

“Should have volunteered... idiots.”

Gloria sobbed to herself as she was left alone with the other. A dark depression caught her heart and she just slumped against her bounds, unwilling to speak or do anything. After almost an hour, she heard the boots of the collectors return and two men, the two who caught and found her, crawled into the van, closing it behind them. Someone else got into the van and called for it to start. It jerked into movement and the sound of gravel against tires vibrated against metal. The man who caught her chuckled as he spoke to the gay man.

“Two idiots, not a large catch this time.”

“Yeah... I think Containment Inc caught most, in that truck heading out of town.”

“Lucky bastards, I bet they got a bonus large enough to buy a farm.”

“Yeah...”

Gloria barely listened to them, her thoughts dark and bitter. It wasn't until she felt the presence of the gay man in front of her that she looked up, tear and sorrow brimming in her eyes. He glared at her for a moment, fingering the taser.

“I'm going to give you some advice, girl.”

She sobbed, but held still, her eyes locked on the taser he fingered in his hand.

“You don't have any rights, you don't have anything. In fact, I could kill you right now and the worse I would get is a fine.”

“Gary...”

The gay man ignored his companion, “And... if you ever run away, I'm going to hunt you down and make sure you can never walk again, do you hear me?”

She was too frightened to answer, too terrified to do anything. He glared at her for a moment, his breath almost gagging her. His glare darkened with her silence.

“I said... do you hear me, bitch?”

She opened her mouth to speak, but he rammed his taser between her legs and triggered it. Tens of thousands of volts exploded from her crotch, almost setting her entire body in white-hot flames as she screamed out in a long, terror-filled wail that cut off as her mind finally gave up and plunged her into the pain-filled unconsciousness.

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She woke soon after, but life didn't really have meaning until she was ushered into a large room. It was painted white, floor and ceiling also. In one corner was an overweight woman wearing the same brown uniform. Her breasts were almost overwhelming, the clipboard almost sitting on them as Gloria felt her being stared at with a dispassionate gaze.

“Stand there.”

The woman's voice was clipped and uncaring. Still shaking from the last electrocution, Gloria staggered to the center of the room and stood still. The woman looked her over, marking her clipboard.

“Strip.”

“P-Pardon?”

“Strip your clothes.”

Feeling terrified and frightened and alone, Gloria complied, her body shaking violent as she stripped down to her bare skin. Her nipples perked up in the cool air, but the woman barely paid attention to her. Her rust-brown hair was almost shocking against her sweaty skin, but Gloria made a feeble effort to cover her breasts and crotch. The woman just scoffed.

“Prior name?”

“P-Prior name?”

A glare. “What do you call yourself?”

“Gloria... Gloria Patterson.”

“Well, Gloria, you are marked as non-consensual reclassified livestock. This means that your name, Gloria, will no longer be used and you will be named by the person who purchases you in two weeks times. Until then, we will give you a new classification, CR-4182, until that time.”

“Uh...”

The woman’s slap cracked out against her face, hard and powerful. Gloria was thrown aside, her body crumpling against the painted floor. Whimpering, she pushed herself up to see a few drops of blood on the ground. Boots rapped against the ground, then she was picked up by her hair. Screaming out, Gloria scrambled to her feet and let herself be dragged into the center of the room.

“Rule one, no speaking. Speaking will be punished by physical pain until you get the point. If you don’t, then you’ll probably have trouble walking or eventually controlling your bladder, since we’ll eventually start using the tasers to make a point. If you understand, nod once.”

Sobbing now, her nudity forgotten as she nursed the cut in her lip, Gloria... no CR-4181 now, nodded slowly. The woman marked something on her clipboard.

“The training you will go through is the primary service of Pony Collection Services or PCS. You will be trained on how to be a service pony, judging from your body,” she made a point of looking at Glo-CR-4181 like a piece of meat, “you will be sold to one of the city’s taxi services.”

Gloria tried to speak, but was slapped across the room again, this time, she felt the balled up fist crack against her jaw. When she was pulled up, stars were swimming in her vision.

“And... you are obviously a slow one, so we’ll make sure the training is that much more painful.”

CR-4181 just whimpered as she was dragged back to the center of the room. The woman outlined her training and new diet, which sounded terrible. By the time it was over and she was shaking from the repeated blows. She realized that she may never speak again and that left her feeling almost as terrified as the next process.

The woman was her handler and she dragged her into the next room, which was a shower. CR-4181 was thrown under and cleaned off with a very painful brush. She was even forced to lift her leg and feel that brush ram up into her sex, scraping it as she was cleaned out. The pain left her crying, but she didn’t open her mouth to speak. The woman’s shirt was soaked, revealing a white bra holding up the immense breasts, but otherwise the calloused treatment continued.

The next room, a barber shaved her down, then smeared a thick white paste across her stubble. Then, they ignored her for twenty minutes as she felt a tingling turn into a burning pain. It wasn’t until she was screaming for five minutes before they wiped it down.

“That should last through training, at least.”

The burning refused to fade even when they wiped her down. She could barely stand, her legs shaking violently as she was dragged into the next room, where she saw something that looked like a chair used for gynecological exams. That is when the real pain started.

They tattooed her, one on the bottom of each foot, right at the point that was most sensitive. Her throat was raw, but she found the energy to scream out as she felt the needles against the soles of her feet, punching in and out. It took almost an hour to complete and it feel like her feet were bloody and gashed. Later, when she had a chance, she saw that it just stated the name of the company, Pony Collection Services, and her destination.

Walking was agony as she was dragged into another room and the handcuffs replaced, with her arms behind her back. The next room was strange. It had a platform in the center, and screens surrounding it. Her handler almost threw her up on the platform

which scraped against her feet. Crying and shuddering, she stood in the center as directed. The screens flashed and she saw a road.

A mechanical voice spoke up “ha” but she didn’t know what to do. Then the floor sparked and she felt electricity course through her bleeding feet. Screaming, she tried to run off the platform but it shocked her again and again until CR-4181 collapsed to the ground. Low shocks coursed through her veins until she staggered to her feet. The shocks stopped when she stepped toward the left side of the platform.

Then, the platform shifted, pulling her to the center as she realized she was standing on ball-bearing of some sort. The mechanical voice called out again “gee.” She tried to move left, but was jolted. When she moved right, the pain stopped and she was brought to the center.

It didn’t take her long to figure out the commands, but they kept going for hours and hours until she could barely keep her eyes open. When she collapsed the shocks jolted her away, but after one long bout of rapid commands, she fell and could not get up, even when jolts burned through her veins.

It stopped thankfully and she was dragged into the final place for the night, a stall with straw on the bottom and a ring mounted on one wall, about waist height. Her handler, the nameless woman, pushed her against the wall and clipped the cuffs against it.

“We found you’ll probably try to commit suicide if left alone, so we’ll keep you here for a few days.”

The next day was more of the same brutal training and pain. It never ended, every waking moment working on the commands, adding more and more. They added other training, like pulling a cart while wearing a leather harness of types. CR-4181 learned how to accept a bit, that pinned down her tongue and kept her silent, but also made the command very painful when given with a snap of the reins. She became trained, resisting at first, but soon exhaustion and pain left her obedient.

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Three weeks later, CR-4181 found herself on a stage, blinking at the dozen of people who bid on her. None of them went over ten thousand dollars and the bidding was painfully short. Her new owner was introduced as Mark. He was a short, disgusting-looking

man who poked and prodded her. She winced as he shoved a stubby finger up into her dry sex, but she could only squeal from the discomfort. He scoffed and spoke in a rough whining voice.

“Hoped she was one of those bondage freaks, girls who liked it.”

Her handler shrugged, handed over a packet of papers and left. Mark grabbed her by the leather bridle, his knuckles pressed up against her breasts painfully and dragged her toward his own wagon, a open-top with six ponygirls in front of it. They were all panting still in the heat of a growing summer, their skin slick with sweat. Mark muttered to himself as he chained CR-4181 to the back of the wagon along with the other six purchases he made. Then, he yelled out for them to start and they were off. CR-4181 sobbed to herself, her feet still sore from the constant training, but the rough ground was nothing compared to the harsh road she was dragged along.

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CR-4181 was renamed to P6654 by her new owner, Whips Taxi Service. The number was tattooed to each buttocks, her breasts, and her shoulders. It was painful, but not as much as being tattooed on her feet. They also strapped a metal disk against her throat. It electrocuted her when she tried to speak in any form, even to herself. The name Whips wasn't a misnomer as they whipped her almost constantly. The next day she was thrown into service, dragging carts across town. The mass of people was almost too much, but she was forced to move at her very limits, in teams of two. People barely noticed her, even with her almost naked body underneath the bridle.

But, her trainers did. The first night they pulled one of the new pony's, a rather buxom girl, from her stall and raped her right in the middle, in front of everyone. Her squeals of pain were met with slaps and eventually a beating when she refused to take one of the new handlers in the mouth. They beat her again the morning, then set her out on her own, to pull a car in the bad part of town. P6654 never saw her again, but her own troubles were too much.

They raped her also, in a few days, but she learned and just took it. By day, she dragged carts around and at night, she was beaten or raped repeatedly. Some mornings, she could feel the aches and

pains, but there was nothing to do but try to keep up, to avoid being whipped again for not going fast enough.

After months of this, there were no more tears, just a quiet depression that sapped at her soul. She saw another pony try to run. They took her down with a shotgun, blowing away her knee and leaving a bloody stump. Then, laughing, they raped her and tried to make her run. When she didn't, they shot her again, this time in the other leg. It was terrible and cruel, but she and the others were forced to watch as they shot off the pony's arms and then left her to die... in the center of the road in the bad part of town; P6654 was the one who carted her in. They pulled away from the screaming pony, tears in P6654's eyes. She glanced back, risking the whip, a block later and the pony was gone already. The final cry for help echoed in her head as she felt the eyes of the poor staring at her, boring into her skin. She almost ran out of that part of town.

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It was three years later that her time came. Her body was hard and strong, able to pull most carts by themselves. Her breasts were smaller from the constant exercise but her arms and legs were corded with muscles, powerful as ever. She was in better shape than most people would ever hope for, but there was no hope. She saw five more rounds of new ponygirls come in and just as many die or be sold off. Very few were sold in one piece or able to walk.

She was in the shower, letting herself be cleaned off. The handler, a rather rough man, enjoyed jamming his fingers up into her holes until they hurt. Occasionally, he would ram the soap into her sex and use the shower head to flush it out. If it didn't come, he would ram all four fingers into her sex, almost tearing her open, and fish it out. It left him frisky and occasionally he would rape her right in the show.

One day, Mark was there, watching. He stared at her as she was soaped down and rinsed off. In the third year, bells were pierced on her nipples and clitoris, leaving her jingling with every movement. They claimed it was a "promotion" but it was more for the handler's cruel interest. Mark, on the other hand, seemed to really enjoy it as she turned around, her body being watered down. P6654 felt a cold feeling in her stomach as he motioned for the cleaner to pass and the short man sidled up.

P6654 whimpered softly, knowing that Mark used the ponygirls hard, frequently leaving them broken or unable to perform their duties. She managed to avoid him in three years, but she could feel the end coming up quickly.

Mark slammed her against the wall, throwing her around until her jaw cracked against the tile. His hands, oily even in the water, pushed against her, chaining her to the water pipe. She whimpered as she felt the hot water pipe press against her breast, but there was nothing she could do. She tried to squeeze her legs together, but he yanked them apart. Hot water splashed against her back as she could hear him undressing and she felt the sinking feeling her stomach almost explode.

His hands wrapped around her breasts as he rammed his cock into her ass, tearing her open. The handlers avoiding the back entry, mainly for cleaning reasons, and it left an intense burning pain as he buried himself into her, ramming again and again into her until she was screaming out in pain.

“Stop screaming!”

P6654 couldn't, the agony more than anything she felt in a long time. Mark's cock was thick and slightly curved and it felt like a corkscrew tearing her open with every movement. Soon, the pain faded, but he wasn't done. He pulled out after coming in her ass. Then, she shivered as she heard a slurping noise. Peering over her shoulder, she saw him soaping up his hand and she realized what he had in mind. Screaming, or squealing out, she shook her body violent, but he body slammed her against the pipes and shoved his fingers against her clenching ass. As his fingers pushed inside, she screamed out and the electrocution disk on her throat finally triggered shocking her. It only made the pain that more intense, water dribbling along as he rammed all four fingers into her, tearing her open. Below, she saw droplets of blood splattering on the tile as he twisting and ground his fist up against her ass.

Pain and terror grabbed her and she screamed out again, even against the shock that tore at her throat. She felt it sparkling against her skin and even mark grunted from the tingling, but he still rammed his hand into her ass. With a wet tearing sensation, she felt the ring finally snap and his fist punched up into her rectum. A wet splatter of bright red blood hit the water and she stared at it for

the briefest moment. Then agony exploded, as powerful as the taser on that first night.

Then, P6654 did something she never did before. She lashed out. Her foot kicked out behind her and she felt it impact against Mark's body. He grunted once, but she kicked out again, using three years of hard training to throw everything she could into the kick. It crack against his body and she felt him fall back, his fist knowing in her ass. Pain fueled her need to lash out and she kicked again and again, screaming as loud as she could until the smell of burning flesh drifted up from the pain in her throat.

Her throat gave out but she kept kicking behind her again and again until the water was stained with blood. Then the handlers came and clubbed her into pain-filled unconsciousness.

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When P6654 woke, she was curtly informed by a heavily bruised Mark that she would be executed in the morning. His arm was in a sling and he punched her hard in the stomach until she was thrown back into a nightmare-filled unconsciousness.

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Her execution came. They dragged her to the center of the training yard, with all the handlers and ponygirls watching. Nervous shuffles filled the air as she was chained down to the center, ass up into the air. It was the same position as the most brutal whippings and P6654 was sobbing. She watched as one of the handlers loaded a shotgun and handed it to Mark, who held it with his good hand. Her sobs grew louder as he walked around her and pressed the icy-cold metal right up against the bridge of skin between her still-bleeding anus and her vagina. She screamed out against the terror, knowing her end would come as the pellets tore through her body and out her face and shoulders.

Mark jammed the shotgun tight against her and then started to speak to the others, telling them that the same fate would befall them if they ever lashed out or attacked. He made his point by ramming the tip into her ass, sending another scream that left her electrocuted, before pressing it back against that bridge.

The speech started to wind down when a truck, a real-life gasoline truck, pulled up. Mark sputtered to a stop as a man, with sandy hair stepped out. There was something written on the side of

the white vehicle, but in her position, face pressed against the ground, she couldn't read it. Mark muttered, but didn't move the shotgun away.

"Can I help you?"

The newcomer spoke with an easy, Southern accent, "Yes, I'm Steve Yale, inspector for the Pony Employment Act."

"And...?"

"I've been inspecting your ponies for the last week and was about to finalize my conclusion."

Mark sighed, "Can this wait? I'm trying to make a point."

"One moment."

Steve knelt down next to P6654 and started to look her over. His fingers slipped underneath the bridle she was still wearing, brushing against her skin with a brisk efficiency. P6654 whimpered and shook violently as she felt the shotgun still pressed against her hole. It slipped down and nestled inside the crevice of her labia, aiming its deadly pellets right into her most tender of places. She would pee in fear but there was nothing left.

The inspector's fingers slipped underneath her collar and she squealed out as his fingers pressed against the electricity-burned area of her throat. Her voice refused to do anything other than squeal, but it was enough to send a low-level pulse through her veins. Steve yanked his hands from her throat and looked up at Mark.

"Electrical corrective collars are illegal, you know that."

Mark shook his head, "She is just an animal, those laws don't apply."

"Yes, but the PETA Acceptance Act of forbids it against livestock, which she has been reclassified. The fine is ten thousand dollars per incident."

Steve stood up and pulled out his clipboard, about to right. Mark cleared his throat.

"Uh... it was just the one girl, she grew sour in the last few weeks and kept speaking, we had to do something."

"Really... why don't I check the other girls then?"

Fear spiked in Mark's voice, "You don't have to do that... I swear they don't have any."

Around her, P6654 could hear the shuffling of the ponygirls, some of them trying to make themselves obvious since all of them wore the correction collars under their bridles. P6654 tried to speak out, but the words wouldn't come, only the pain from the electricity and the burn from the shower. The collar had done something to her vocal cords that she couldn't even speak, at the most it most mattered in her life.

The inspector paused for a moment, "Really..."

Mark's hand shook and P6654 felt it starkly against her sex, "I swear. I-I will fire any handler that disobeys, you know we conform to all laws."

A grumbling of the handlers rippled through as they realized they were going to be put on the block. Steve shook his head for a moment.

"I'm sorry, I'm going to have to inspect all of them now."

Mark spoke up quickly, "How about this? I give you the ten... no, twenty thousand dollars now and you give me a couple of days to just double check. I have over two hundred head and that would put me out of business... if there were any."

P6654 tried to scream out against him, but Mark jammed the shotgun against her body again, trying to be discrete. Steve glanced down at her for a moment, then shook his head.

"I'm going to confiscate this pony, as evidence, and take the fine for her. In ten days, I'm going to be back with a crew and we will inspect each of your ponies personally. If I find a single collar, or damage of one, I will use this ponygirl as evidence and have your entire damn farm shut down."

Mark thanked him profusely and there was mixed emotions across the yard. The handlers were happier, the ponygirls were depressed. P6654's hopes grew as she realized she might be safe, but she was being bribed away. Mark got Steve cash, twenty thousand dollars, who counted it on her back, the tiny pieces of paper sharp against her skin. Then he collected her and took her to his truck. In the back were stalls, horse stalls, which he placed her in. She peered out of the door, watching at Steve and Mark finished their deal.

"Ten days and I'll be back. And we will be checking for burn damage like this pony had."

“No problem, sir, and thank you for letting me inspect them myself.”

“Next time, there will be no warning.”

Steve gave Mark a few pieces of papers, receipts, got into his truck and started it. The rumble of a gasoline engine was terrible, the first time she heard one in years. The truck pulled away and was soon racing down the old dirt road she walked for years.

Unsure of her fate, she could only try to stand gingerly as one of her wounds cracked and she felt blood dribbling down her legs. The truck went for almost an hour before stopping at another farm. Steve turned off the engine and opened up her stall.

“That was my last place for the day, I called it in and I’m going to take you to the PEA hospital tomorrow. Tonight, I’ll get you cleaned down and check out your injuries.”

P6654 whimpered as he drew her out and, to her surprise, used a wet sponge to clean her off. His fingers were gentle as he inspected her wounds and even removed her bridle, leaving only the arm binder that kept her arms bound in place.

“Hrm... you seem to be in fine shape, except for the burn damage and obvious beatings. Here we go, fresh lacerations along your anal ring. Someone hurt you, didn’t they?”

She whimpered softly as he finished up, leaving her standing in the yard. Peering around, it was a tiny little farm, mostly empty. The buildings were old and peeling, barely maintained since probably the last century. A barn was cracked open, faint motes of dust rising up into the air.

He stood next to her and looked into her eyes, “I don’t know where you are going, but it won’t ever be back to that place. No one has the right to hurt you, even if you are livestock.”

P6654 looked into his eyes, feeling a shred of compassion for the first time in three years. She shuffled with the strange feelings that filled her, unsure of what to do. For the first time, she found someone who almost cared. He looked at her with sadness before speaking.

“I wish I could take you, I wish I could take all of the hurt ponies that I see, but I can’t afford them.”

She sniffed in dashed hopes.

“I’m sorry... but I’ll try to make you as comfortable as possible tonight and see if we can’t get you a better home tomorrow.”

P6654 realized it was probably the best she could get and looked around again. Seeing a run, she peered at it, compared to the industrial stalls and farm she spent the last three years, this was small and almost homey. He followed her gaze and chuckled.

“Want to run out a little? To work out the kinks?”

She nodded and tapped the ground hesitantly. His hands, strong and rough, guided her to the run and opened the door. She stepped inside and trotted around once, looking around. The ground was warm underneath her feet, soft and almost gentle. She shook out her hair a little and made another lap. Steve watched her and she felt flush as he smiled. It felt good to move, more so than when she was tied to a cart. Something inside her wanted to show him she was worthy of being saved and she pranced around, making rounds until she felt a comfortable sweat over her from the effort.

When she stopped next to him, her mouth parted from the panting, the missing bit almost a void in her life. She smiled at him, her mouth working silently, the words forgotten.

Steve smiled warmly, almost wistfully.

“You are beautiful.”

She nodded and tapped her foot. He laughed loudly, enjoying himself.

“Come, let me get you washed down and comfortable.”

P6654 realized that she didn’t even consider the house an option as he brought her back to the track, where he had the hose and sponge. He soaked it down and pressed the icy coldness against her, washing her down. She almost moaned from the sensations, gentle as he stroked against her breasts, her sides. Then he worked the sponge up between her legs. She gasped from the sensations, the care almost sexual. Leaning her shoulder against the truck, she parted her legs as he worked it up there, squeezing it against her until she felt tiny motes of pleasure growing.

“Oh... someone enjoying this?”

P6654 nodded and tapped her foot, then gasped as his finger slipped up into her. To her surprise, she felt that it was warm and wet, a tingling spreading across her body as she felt a flush of excitement fill her. For a moment, she tried to remember the

sensations, forgotten after years of rape and torture, but she quickly was trying to moan using ruined vocal cords. The burning pain, like a torn muscle, distracted her, but somehow enhanced the feeling as he slipped another finger in, stroking up and down until she was almost dripping with excitement.

“Do... do you mind of I...?”

Surprised, P6654 could only stare as she felt a burning lust inside her. She spread her legs, pressing her body up against the hood of the truck and exposing herself to him. Steve’s hands fumbled for his jeans and she closed her eyes, pushing her body up with her toes and feeling the warm hood of the engine against her breasts and stomach.

He entered her with a long moan of pleasure, his cock thick and hard and oh so very throbbing. It buried in her in three long strokes and she almost orgasmed from the first sexual experience in three years that didn’t include beatings. It was short, but the orgasm that ripped her apart was years of pleasure waiting to happen. It burned through her with a volcano lust and he came in her soon after, soaking her insides before slipping out of her. P6654 slumped to the ground, a smile on her face and hope in her eyes. She felt his juices oozing out of her slit, soaking the ground as she shuddered with tiny quakes of after-pleasure.

Steve sat down next to her, his cock slick and dripping white, “You know, if I could, I would keep you in an instant.”

P6654 nodded slowly but sadly. Steve had unshed tears in his eyes as he patted her on the shoulder, then wrapped his arms around her. The sudden display of affection tugged at her and she started to cry, the words lost to explain her pains.

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

t'Sade

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