

An Honest Day's Mistake  
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With the growing market for 'negotiated kink tourism' becoming not only normalized, but profitable, some abuse was bound to be expected. Thrill-seekers might expect to take a short weekend living their life as a prancing show horse or lowing as a beast of burden, blissfully unaware that the latest incoming shipment of pony-boys or dairy cattle was really a group of life-long sex slaves, lost to the system and used as free labor, or worse, to turn a profit with their bodies. More scrupulous establishments, such as the Bar'N'Yard Kink Ranch and Day Spa, did their best to keep above the books, even if the occasional mistake happened. Unfortunately for those who didn't look close enough at their chosen resort's ratings, there was a vested need to grease the wheels and maximize profit.

The warm summer sun was in the process of burning off scattered overcast clouds as Saki the sweet foxcoon stepped out from the day spa with half of a margarita in hand, a little buzzed as an attendant ushered her back through the controlled entry point to a quiet waiting room. It had started as a simple misread travel brochure. 'Adventure of a lifetime. Live your wildest dream on the wild west. Ranch hands wanted at Lazy Acres Resort and Kink Ranch.' Vague statements for those in the know, and those who didn't could usually be shunted off to the bar or other on-site facilities. Saki had just assumed this was one of those 'learn how to be a ranch hand' day trips. Go out to the ranch, pet some real horses, lasso a calf, and then eat some nice barbecue before retiring to back to the main property for drinks and a good night's sleep.

Acutely aware how in over her head she was, the concierge she had queried about ranch activities quickly grabbed an attendant, ensuring she was walked back to a quiet room for intake. It was clear just how confused Saki was about the activities. After only one long island iced tea, she'd lost just enough of her inhibitions to decide it was a good idea to dress up in her favorite cowgirl chaps. Of course, the cute set of chaps, made of white-and-black spotted cowhide, were all she wore, the very forward slut show off her cute little snatch, perky breasts and tailhole to the whole world. Surely, someone brazen enough to go nude through the lobby either knew what she was doing, or would regret her decision to leave the bar.

Settled down in a comfy chair in the waiting room she was asked to fill out a set of forms for the kind of activities she was interested in, the attendant only giving a little smirk at the overdressed foxcoon before leaving her to read, and then re-read, the paperwork. The intake paperwork was intentionally vague, and her blissful margarita buzz wasn't helping with the confusing language. After a good twenty minutes, a double rear door to the waiting room swung open, the outdoor breeze tasting of tar as one of the ranch hands walked inside from the dusty rear.

He was tall for his kind, perhaps a head taller than Saki stood, the blue-furred rat pausing in the doorway to finish a final drag on his cigarette before haphazardly blowing the smoke back outside and flicking the butt out the door before it closed. Despite his sinewy muscle from working out on the farm, the rat had a bony body that made his green and orange heterochromatic eyes seem all the shiftier as he took in the room. The rat's smirk widened as his gaze fell upon Saki, amused that she was already stripped down, her chaps leaving nothing to the imagination. He sauntered over to her chair, dirty jeans and sport shirt smelling of warm male scent and farm detritus as he introduced himself.

"Heh, you must be Saki. Folks up there told me you'd be coming; you can call me Cruz." His voice had a kind of growl to it, an accent somewhere between inner-city childhood and rural adult life.

“Well, let’s see it, don’t wanna waste yer day here, it’s already getting close to noon.” Saki blushed as she handed over the paperwork to her handler, his eyes immediately going wide as he saw the checkboxes she’d listed. Thankfully she had ticked ‘Ranch Work’ or else she’d find herself immediately in the dairy barn, or worse. But what caught his attention was the check marked ‘Full Stay.’ Full Stay was the common euphemism for a lifer, someone looking to disappear into the system and never come back. Of course, Saki wouldn’t know that. It was why devoted weekends took pains to understand the lingo well before they came to the ranch entry point. “...yer sure about this, sweetheart?” He said as he peered over the edge of the paperwork, chuckling to himself at having reeled in a live one.

“Uh-huh!” Saki said with a sweet smile, finishing the last of her drink, “Yeah, I’m here all weekend, I want to do this stuff for the full stay.” Cruz paused a moment, fully aware of Saki’s mistake... but he had a quota to keep, and even if the mare-to-be washed out in a few weeks, he could probably recoup the losses on the back end with a quick sale or transfer of duties to something more lucrative.

“Heh, alright little lady, how about you come with me then, and we’ll show you the ropes.” Saki smiled as she got to her feet, wobbling for a moment as she mentioned something about wanting to learn lassoing, a comment that just got Cruz to chuckle and make some vague promise as they wandered out to the yard. The ranch was set up like a normal farmyard, with a few paddocks abutting the intake building on one side and a large barn on the other. Saki’s eyes were wide as she was walked quietly along the dirt roadway, a smile on her masked face as she stayed close to her handler. For his sake, Cruz was happy that nobody was using the show paddock right this minute, else she’d be seeing people-turned-ponies doing their maneuvers and the cover would be a lot harder to manage. He led her to the large barn, rows of private stalls lining the main walkway as she was brought through. “...okay, thirteen, fourteen... fifteen, here we go. Lucky number fifteen is where yer gonna be going.”

“G-going? But I...” She blushed a little as she saw that the horse stall was empty. Nothing inside but a bunch of tack laying on the floor and hanging on the wall. “...what am I supposed to d- MNN-MMPFH!”

Saki felt the tight grip of the rat’s arms from behind, a hand snaking up under her armpit before a chemically sweet scent hit her nose. There were only a few struggles from the foxcoon’s body before the chloroform rag did its job, the good girl going limp in her handler’s arms before unpredictably slumping forward into a crumpled pile on the stall floor.

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Saki awoke with a splitting headache, groaning as she hurt all over. As the effects wore down, the sweet girl found herself stirring, her body exhausted and heavy as she tucked her arms to her chest and began to woozily lift herself up to all fours. She was ungainly and unsteady, something off about her center of gravity as she wobbled on her hands and knees like a newborn foal. It was then that she looked down, in the darkness of the room she realized her hands were no longer hands. Rather, they were hooves. Thick rubber and hobnail mitts, formed into hooves, forced her fingers to curl up uselessly. The sudden realization made her panic, a sluggish cry lolling out of her mouth for a moment as she rolled over onto her back, finding herself face to face with a full-length mirror in the darkness of the hay-lined horse stall.

Her beautiful body had been covered head to toe in tight fitting, rugged black latex. Not even an inch of her beautiful pink and yellow fur was visible. Indeed, even her face had been wrapped tight in the catsuit to ensure there was no chance someone could casually identify the foxcoon's distinct markings. The outside of Saki's form was adorned with a number of accoutrements, including a tight-fitting black leather harness, and tight wrapped leggings that added a white striped look to her calves and forearms. Crowning her head was an integrated leather horse hood and bridle, fitting tight over her leather catsuit and held in snug by a thick metal bit gag. A tongue loller had been installed on the bit; thick metal laid her tongue flat and snug on the floor of her mouth to ensure she could never speak a person-word again.

The confused vacationer's eyes blinked behind the horse hood, nervously rubbing a forehoof against her face, the little padlocks holding her harness on tight jingling as she shook her head in a worried panic, still sluggish and confused as the chloroform wore off. Worse, despite the throbbing headache, she was forced to feel the strange sensation of flush arousal between her folds, an after effect of the drugging she suffered. As Saki let her hooved hand drop down to caress her groin, she became aware that someone had strapped a tight fitting plug deep into her tender pussy, spreading her lips and stretching her walls till the plug could be felt through her tummy as a little bulge. As she tried to sit up, she could feel the tip threatening her cervix.

"A-ahhh... nnngh..." Saki whimpered, drooling a little as she cried out for the first time, unable to form intelligible sounds but knowing that something was very wrong about what was happening. After a while, suffering and moaning in the isolated dark of her cell, she was met once again by her handler. The blue furred rat couldn't help but let out a chuckle as he opened the door, a thick leather cudgel hanging off his hip as he gave the brand-new acquisition a look over.

"My, my, my... you make such a sweet pony, if I do say so myself..." Cruz smirked as he knelt down in front of his captive, bending over her splayed out body and looking her square in the eyes. "Let's get a few things straight. You ain't a people no more. Yer property of the Lazy Acres ranch. You ain't Saki no more. Yer new name is gonna be Hussy." As if to make a point, he reached a hand up, pushing firmly down on the plug locked deep in her cunt, the painful invasion of her tight hole causing the newly minted mare to clench her thighs and shiver hard enough to scrabble the tail hanging off the rear of her harness. "Hussy the mare... has a nice ring to it, don'cha' think?" He smirked as he removed his hand from her plugged slit and brought it to her neck, clenching on the slick rubber before adding one last, "And yer gonna listen to me from here on out... I expect obedience, and I ain't gonna go easy on you because you filled out your papers wrong, slut."

To make his point clear the rat gripped at Saki's bridle, taking the reins and tugging with a hard yank, almost enough to strain her neck as she was rudely yanked up to wobbly feet. Saki whimpered as she hardly had a chance to fight back. Any attempt to dig her hooved feet in was uncoordinated and ended up with her nearly stumbling face first. Her eyes blinked in the hot mid-day sun as she was dragged out to the dusty roadway, the waning effects of confusion quickly giving way to astonishment as she was walked past paddocks of prancing show horses towards a long orchard-lined roadway behind the barn. Cruz nickered softly to encourage her to follow along, the onlooking day-trippers blissfully unaware that the moaning slut tromping past them was being kidnapped into life as a brand new pony. Her rump swayed and sashayed with each unsteady hoofstep, cute horse tail swishing against the one and only open spot on her catsuit, a single slit where Saki's virginal hindhole peeked out.

“Mmm... we call this the Long Walk, because once you take it, Hussy, yer never go back to yer old life. We got a nice quiet spot waaaay out of the way from prying eyes... nobody will know where you disappeared to.” Cruz gave another tug as the long boulevard opened up to endless fields, with two isolated barns in the back to house the lifers who had given themselves over to servitude. Saki shivered as she watched a few of her fellow horse-slaves toiling in the fields and dragging heavy plows through the dirt. Several ranch hands were busy overseeing the efficiency of their operation, some engaged in giving orders and encouraging their plow horses to work harder or faster. The buzz of the ranch was underscored by the occasional loud THOCK, punctuated by a crying whinny or drooling gagged yeowl as an overseer’s heavy leather cudgel helped bring an unruly farm beast back into line.

Saki whimpered as she was dragged to a field plot a few acres away from the back barn complex where another pony was patiently waiting, yoked up to a heavy plow. The boy looked exhausted, sweaty from a day’s worth of work, and was being given a drink of water from a canteen by a large rhino in overalls and a tee shirt, the farm hand pouring small sips into the horse’s open ring gag.

“Thanks for the replacement Cruz. Tanner must’a not given the last one enough water, she passed out about halfway through the work. Almost get her legs bound up under the plow too, had to pull hard to get this one to stop.” Saki whimpered as she was led into position next to the pony-boy on the other side of the plow. His body shape seemed canine, but it was impossible to tell what he was exactly under the thick latex catsuit.

“No prob, Rex. Hey, go easy on this one, she’s brand new.”

“Fresh meat, huh?” The rhino smirked as he reached down to flick up Saki’s tail while she was being hooked into the yoke, a chunky ungulate digit pressing unceremoniously into her tight little ass, causing the poor thing to rear back in a mockery of a whinny, gasping as the intruding finger began to explore without care. “Heh, god she’s tight. No front access?”

“Nah, no foals for this’n. But I’m keeping Hussy’s back door wide open for the lucky stallions.”

“Run’er into the ground, gotcha.” Rex chuckled as he gave one last goodbye prod before removing his finger once more. Saki looked nervously teary-eyed from her yoke, a sort of padded double-stockade meant to hold the head and wrists of both ponies. This was attached back to a broad iron plow with two long handles to guide the tool and the horses. Saki’s eyes darted back and forth nervously as she whimpered, slobbery drool dripping down her front as she worried at what would happen next. He couldn’t say anything of use, but the horseboy next to her tried to reach out his hindhoof in a comforting gesture. Her concern was quickly answered as Rex called out, “Walk on.”

The pony next to her took a tentative step, dragging a hoof boot in the dirt as he tried to put his weight into it. But Saki hesitated, just long enough to get a bullwhip cracked next to her ear, causing mare to yelp and jolt the yoke upwards, almost bruising her neck. Before she hit the ground, the other horse found himself faltering, the lack of momentum grinding the whole thing to a halt. Her fellow draft horse winced, ready for a strike, but it was Saki who would bear the brunt of the rhino’s wrath, his bull whip coming down hard with a crack across her upper back. Whatever vestiges of ‘fun’ were left in this experience quickly drained from Saki’s body as tears welled up in her eyes, a thick red welt drilled across her shoulders.

“Yah! Walk on, Hussy!” Slowly, Saki’s unsteady hoof boots gained purchase on the muddy ground, pushing through the sudden pain and shock to work with her fellow horse to move the massive plow. Saki whimpered as she tried to match the experienced horse’s gait and pull, huffing as the tandem pair dragged the heavy metal plow through the dirt, furrowing the field into neat rows. It wasn’t the first row, or even the second that Saki would regret, but the third and fourth, once she had already plodded many long lengths of the field and begun to exhaust her body. Slowly her cadence fell out of line, the plow veering ever so slightly. A rein correction was enough to help at first, but soon the rhino drew his whip, first thrashing it in the air, before laying the tail down hard on Saki’s back to encourage her to fall into line, managing to get her to scurry forward and into step again.

By the twelfth turn, the pony girl’s body hurt from shoulders to calves, thighs twitching as she leaned forward in the yoke just as the rhino gave a halt command. Cruz had been watching the whole time, smoking a cigarette and holding the horse’s canteens. Sauntering his bony body over, he chuckled as he blew his smoke out into the mare’s face, making the exhausted horse wheeze and shudder in her reins.

“How’s your first day, Hussy?” He asked, using a free hand to carefully brush down the flowing mane hanging off her harness, “Is my sweet mare having all the fun she expected to have on the farm?” Saki gave a little shake to her head as the rat brought the cherry of his cigarette down to her flank and stubbed it out on her body, a loud yelp crying out from her teary-eyed face as it left a small burn on her side. Before she could close her mouth, Cruz’s slippery fingers had hooked into her jaws, holding them open wide enough for him to pour some of the water over her tongue, fingertips idly rubbing along her molars as he violated her gagged mouth. “Lemme give you some advice, girl... the only way you’re gonna survive this is to think like a horse... When Rex says walk, you walk. When your fellow horse walks, you match his speed. You don’t need to think about anything else.” As if to prove his point, the rat gave a fondling grope between Saki’s legs, nudging the thick plug deep in her pussy. “...nothing... else... matters.”

Capping off the canteen, he chuckled as he let her go, the watered horse snapping to attention as she felt the reins tighten once more, and the command was ordered. Down and back, down and back, Saki worked harder than she had ever in her life as the sun wore high in the sky. Acres of land were slowly tilled by hand as the pair of horses worked, dragging heavy iron across the field and creating deep furrows in the soil. It was not without its corrections, of course, a few firm lashes to remind the horses of their place. One particularly poor turn at the edge of the field prompted Cruz to step out and cudgel Saki about the shoulder with his leather baton, the weight of the blow almost knocking her clean to the ground. But as the sun finally hung low in the sky, the preparations for this field’s autumn planting were finished. Neat and tidy rows of grooved farmland ran up and down the field’s length. At long last the horses were unhitched from their yoke, Saki nearly collapsing as she felt herself freed from the wooden stocks.

“Heh... girl did a good job today, Cruz,” Rex said with a little smirk as he gripped her shoulders, causing the poor girl to whinny out loud in panic and pain from the bruises and welts.

“You think so, big guy? I hope Hussy stays a very good girl for us, it’d be a real shame to have to send her to the chop house to get ground up into dogfood.” Up till now Saki had done her best to take Cruz’s advice and clear her mind. Dumb mares don’t get in trouble, they just do as they are told. But the

moment she heard the word dogfood, her heart skipped a beat, a nervous whining whinny hitting her throat as she shook her head, forcing her padlocks to jingle and mane to flop.

“Looks like she don’t like that idea, buddy.”

“Well it doesn’t matter if she likes it or not... if she’s a good girl, and does everything she’s told, she won’t end up Pet Purée.” Cruz chuckled as said his goodbyes, and dragged Saki along back to the barn, making the pony girl scrabble her hooves on the loose dirt. The metal frame structure was a lot more open and airy than the entry-barn, the horse stalls not designed for privacy but function. Every pitiful creature was visible as she was led along the rows upon rows of renamed and rehomed submissives who’ve now found their place as living beasts of burden. However, Saki wasn’t to get a quiet night in a hay-lined stall for her first evening on the farm. Instead, she cantered her aching body towards a large metal rack at the end of the stall rows, the device studded with tight fitting leather straps.

Saki was too exhausted to resist as her body was pushed against the rack, her latex-squished tits resting softly on a bar, forcing her to bend over at a revealing angle as straps were secured, first around her back, then locking her wrists into place. Her legs were spread, forcing her to rest in a somewhat comfortable three-point stance, with both her ankles bound to either side of the rack. It was only when Cruz brushed aside her tender, floppy pony tail, his fingers grazing over the sweet mare’s tight tailhole, did she realize just what was about to happen.

“You know, Hussy, normally we get a sample of cum from our thoroughbred race winners by having them fuck an artificial mare...” Saki whimpered as she heard the sound of clopping hooves behind her, metal horseshoes tap tap tapping on the concrete. “Nice soft padded semen collection hole for them to rut on.” She couldn’t turn her head enough to see, but the creature behind her began to snort and nicker with anticipation. “...but you see, Legend here just placed first in the regional derby... I think he deserves to breed a real mare for once.”

Up until now, Saki had only heard gagged whimpers and moans from the other animals on the farm, occasionally a yelping cry. But as the stallion-boy was led up behind the helpless girl, waiting bound as a fuck toy for him, he reared back, letting out a loud, prolonged neigh, ending in an abrupt snort as he planted his forelimbs hard against Saki’s back. Years ago he had walked into Lazy Acres a proud and haughty pronghorn. So many summers later, he was a champion racehorse, clad in tight latex and leather, cutting an imposing figure. His unmarred body was far better cared for by the staff than any other slave on the farm, and today he was getting a special treat. The stallion wasted no time as his reins were hitched to a pole just above Saki’s head, her panicked whimpers becoming more frantic as his fat cock lolled out against her taunted ass, the tapered pronghorn shaft throbbing as it hotdogged against his mare’s tender crack. Cruz just chuckled as he let Legend flop uselessly for a minute, his inability to use his forelimbs only making his desperation more palpable and frightening to Saki. At long last, the ranch hand reached down to push and nudge his prize winning stallion, coaxing him to pause, applying a little lube for comfort and lining up his cock with Saki’s tight pucker.

The mare tensed in her bonds as the slick cock head prodded her clenched ass, a soft gasp escaping her mouth right before she cried out in a sharp yelp, voice breaking as the tapered length pushed inside with little care over whether Saki was ready. Metal fittings clattered and Saki’s padlocks jingled as she struggled every ounce of her body, head moaning and listing as the stallion began to thrust deep and hard, snorting and nickering with the kind of devotion only a champion pony-play horse

would show. His cock throbbed, each thrust loosening up her tender hindhole more and more. As he pounded deep, the horse lost in his own pleasure and gyrations, Saki found herself slipping back into the mindlessness of being a good mare. The alternative, of course, was dangled in front of her earlier today, and it was so much easier to just... enjoy it.

“Mmmm... just relax, Hussy... you know a lot of folks would pay thousands of dollars for Legend’s cum... you should consider yourself lucky to get fucked by a champion.” Saki moaned as she let herself go, melting into the slow rhythm as she adjusted to the pounding cock deep inside of her pucker, each hot thrust making the plug in her pussy shift, her flush and agitated lips moist and plump. After a day’s abuse, Saki felt the first real pleasure in a long while as her tender hole stretched and his thick girth took her with so much need. It didn’t hurt it was also her first moment of rest all day, the mare’s exhausted body laid out on the metal bars of the restraining rack. For the first time she let herself truly go, lost to the lust and moment. *Horses don’t think... Nothing else matters...* The words rolled over and over in Saki’s mind as she let out a long, moan, body quaking at the pounding from her new lover.

But Legend was only thinking of himself. Animalistic in his rutting, the pronghorn-turned-racehorse took his pleasure from the newly minted mare. It was the first time he had gotten off in weeks, and he was going to take his well-earned prize. Bouncing forward with each hot thrust, Saki’s moans turned to sharp gasps as he quickened his pace, using her like a living sex toy as he edged closer and closer to orgasm. In a sudden rush, the tender mare felt him gush hot ropes of virile stallion seed deep in her hole. His triumphant orgasm whinny was haltingly delayed by a gasp that caught the beast off guard.

“Good boy, Legend,” Cruz crooned as he brushed down the beast’s mane, his stallionboy draped over the newly christened mare as he huffed and panted through the afterglow. As quickly as the forced sex had begun, it ended, the thick cock leaving Saki’s body with a wet pop, gooey cum drooling out her gaping hole down over her taint, dripping off the edge of the plug that sealed her pussy tight. Her voluptuous lips were puffy and flush as her own forced arousal and plugged irritation, sexual juices intermingled with the stallion’s seed as it dripped down to the floor. The rat chuckled, giving his mare a slap on the ass, before adding, “Good girl, Hussy... maybe you’ll be a good mare after all. If you’re lucky, we might even let you get knocked up. But yer gonna have to prove yerself, and tomorrow is gonna be a lot harder. Get some sleep, girl.”

As he led Legend away to his stall, Saki heard Cruz close the big barn door behind him, a long pause as the barn’s massive halogen lights spooled down, leaving the horse stables in complete darkness. The sweet mare let out a shy little moan as if calling out not to be forgotten. Her messy pucker flexed and clenched in the darkness as she waited for someone to come get her, to bring her to her stall.

Instead she was met with a soft nicker, the sound of another pony-boy stepping back out of his stall and inquisitively approaching the rack. A bray resembling that of a mule called from the other side of the stalls as the stubborn beast kicked the rickety stall door open to join him. As a third creature, a massive grizzly bear who had been reworked into an ox, stepped up behind Saki, she realized all too well that there wouldn’t be much sleep tonight. His fat ursine dick ground up and down her ass crack without care, slickening up with the remnants of the stallion’s cum, before pushing against and into her loosened-up hole. As her eyes went cross, a deep lusty moan lolling out her pony-hooded mouth, Saki’s breaking mind could only think, *This’ll be a good vacation...*