

Af-filly-ate Pony  
Written by Choice Cuts Deli  
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There is an old saying in the business. “You don’t break a horse. You come to an understanding with them.” And while that is often true when it comes to a wild, untamed beast, it’s not always true when you’re dealing with a customer at the Bar’N’Yard Kink Ranch and Day Spa. The understanding ended with a handshake in a quiet office, in the administrative section of the premier long-stay pony and livestock-play stables. A white furred hand gripped tight the rugged, hoof-tipped hand of his soon to be handler, shaking over the signing of a week-long contract.

Kiyan the tiger had been curious about BDSM for much of his life. But the shy orange-and-black feline, through a mix of nerves, instinct and personal stubbornness, was unable to bring himself to take the plunge into the community. The hopelessly kink-aroused feline found himself wound up into anxious submission any time he tried to work up the courage to go to kink night at the local bar. The few times he did end up in even the simplest of bondage situations, he either shattered the fuzzy cuffs in instinctual panic, or made enough noise his partner worried the cops would be called. But instead of easing himself into the lifestyle as most would suggest, Kiyan decided his only way to break his fear was to make it contractual, non-negotiable, signing himself off for a weekend at the Bar’N’Yard. Despite plenty of blushing and fidgeting as they discussed his in-processing documents, his handler, a tawny-brown 14-point buck named Oli, managed to tease out the important parts for his stay and got him to sign on the dotted line.

Kiyan had requested to become a breeder, to be kept in bondage and milked slow and sensually for days on end. It was a common request, and one which didn’t leave a lot of room to make profit off a guest, but he gave his consent for a few rounds of show pony training and of course plenty of sex, which would help even out his stay at the ranch. Kiyan was given the standard pony play tack to start, owing to his worry at wearing BDSM gear. The work-clothes dressed ranch hand buck took his time fitting his charge out with a long, black, full-body harness that hooked around shoulders, abs, hips and around each thigh. Tucking his tail up and under the harness, Oli tightened down the straps nice and slow, giving Kiyan plenty of time to adjust. The tiger even seemed alright as he was led to step into a set of hoof boots, the opening cinched up nice and tight around each ankle. But when the cheerful stud-ranching deer presented the fitted bridle and headpiece, the tiger’s hackles raised rather suddenly as he peered at the inside of the horse hood he would be wearing during his stay.

“Uhh... I um... I don’t really know about... This.” Kiyan gulped and stammered as he tried to back shyly away from the towering buck, his hooved hand reaching out to gently brush down the pony’s soft fur to try and calm him.

“Relax, hun... they’re neoprene-lined, nice and cozy. And unless you get real tense, the metal bit stays locked in place between your teeth. A few hours and you won’t even notice it.” Oli could feel the tense muscles beginning to tighten against the harness straps as he slowly fed the hood around the tiger’s head, his facial fur matted to the sleeker pony-styled jaw. Finishing with the last accoutrements of hoof mitts, attached at the wrist to D-rings on his chest for a pretty little prance pose, and a long and flowing silky show tail, he was ready to leave the stables, naked as could be, and head to the breeding shed.

But as his newest breeding stud stepped into the light of day, Oli knew deep down his stallion was going to be trouble. The way he looked down sheepishly at his hoof boots, kicking his feet shyly to

the side as he walked the dusty road to the stud barn. The way his eyes narrowed to instinctive pinpoints in panic and worry. The reflexive tensing and relaxing as he was led through the breeding shed doors, met by wary stares from the other animals. His apprehensive hooves clopped past row upon row of milking stalls, outfitted with artificial mares, some obviously squirming with a recipient inside, while others just smooth and inanimate. There were even a few larger stalls at the end of the building, outfitted to handle bellowing bulls as their prized seed was taken and sampled for distribution.

Kiyan whimpered as he was led to milking stall 22, one of the 'guest and training' stalls meant to help acclimate new studs. The milking stall was arranged different from the others, many of the usual tools used on professional and lifer studs replaced with more traditional sex toys, although the room still housed an artificial mare and electrojack leads for the final lesson. Kiyan looked nervously back over his shoulder, as far as the eyeholes of his hood would allow, as he felt himself shackled into the restraint points of the room. First his reins were slung over a cross bar in the ceiling, then his ankles shackled into eyebolts in the floor. It was a relatively comfortable tie, but the confines put the already tense tiger on edge. Casually, Oli wandered before the clip-clopping horsey boy as he examined the freshly laid toys before him. The cutie was on edge, so he needed to relax with a little orgasm before things got too hot. Left hand gripping a handheld vibe, the imposing buck couldn't help but let his cervine fingertips grace over the handle of a violet wand, a wry little smirk coming to his face as he gripped it tight with his right hand. Giving Kiyan one last little wiggle of his nub-tail, rasterizing the faded speckles on the 20-something buck's back, Oli turned about to his good little horsey.

"Alright cutie. We're gonna go ahead and ease you into this now. I want you to relax and enjoy it. You're here to have fun." Slowly, the tiger gave a worried nod, not that his consent was needed after his signature had dried, but things would go a lot smoother if he agreed. Lifting up the vibrator in front of his captive stud's face, Oli clicked it on the lowest setting before kneeling down in front of his torn-minded tiger. Kiyan tried to huff, whimpering ever so softly as he felt the gentle buzz of the vibe head press against his cock, the little shy nub peeking out of his sheath. The toy whirred ever so softly in rhythmic back-and-forth motions, the deer playing the soft silicone toy along his shaft, massaging his captive little pony until he grew stiffer and swelled out of his soft cream-furred sheath. It was clear Kiyan was unfamiliar with being so tightly restrained, but the sensation of his cock being vibrated was enough to calm him as tension melted away slow but steady.

Up and down, from the cleft of his barbed cock head, to the curvature of his balls, Oli worked with methodical precision, stroking the boy's arousal past the point of hardness as he edged him, closer and closer to his first orgasm. Oli was even proud as he got a low tongue loll out of the boy's hooded head, the digit laid awkwardly over the bit in his mouth as he begged softly in purring moans. The buck did his best to string the tiger along, edging him closer and closer to orgasm. But it was time to teach him the first rule of being a breeding stud. You produce when you are told to produce.

"Cum, boy." Was all Oli said, a little grin on his face as the edging tiger was broken from his lust-addled trance, shy nerves creeping in around him like ice frosting a window. When the ordered orgasm was not forthcoming, Kiyan heard a little click from between his legs, followed by a repeated command. "Cum."

"Mnnn-MNNNNPFH!" All at once, Kiyan felt his balls engulfed in flame, the crackle of electricity riding up his sack and jolting them hard into his hips. Of course, in reality, Oli just turned on the violet wand, little tendrils of electric static buzzing over the boy's balls as he combed back and forth over the

little colt-makers. But to Kiyan, the unfamiliar sensation was enough to startle the poor tiger, his body straining in the restraints as he began to buck and kick wildly, clinking chains and tie-points in a feverish attempt to escape. The buck had done a good job keeping the vibe on his struggling boy's cock, jamming the head hard into the cleft under his cockhead. His little tiger stallion convulsed against the restraints as his hips buckled in a sudden and confused orgasm, hot seed spurting out to coat the buck's face in a surprise torrent of lust. Oli couldn't help but snake his tongue out from his jaws, taste testing a lick of his good boy's fresh cum. But the excitement would be short lived as he realized Kiyan's frantic struggles and very person-sounding demands to stop were causing him to choke on his reins.

"W-Woah, woah there, boy! Calm... calm..." Slipping the reins off their restraint point, Oli wrangled with his stubborn horse, petting the bucking bronco as he tried to shush and calm his panic. "You did good, you did good... Oh- oh no, no no!" A rhythmic and rather dangerous clink-clink-clink of teeth on metal perked up the deer's swiveled ears. The tiger's mewling demands turned to chomping on the metal bit as he lost himself in panic. The buck grunted as he let his safety training take command, yanking straps until the bit was freed from the tiger's mouth in an explosion of expletives and panic.

"WH-What the fuck, you fucking...! G-Get me out of thi-!! What are you-? MMMPFH!" Kiyan didn't have much opportunity to complain, the deer quickly snatching a soft rubber ball gag and shoving it deep in the pony's mouth instead.

"Shhhh... okay, okay... we won't do that again... I'm here to pleasure you and make sure you don't hurt yourself, cutie... Just-" Peeking back over his shoulder, the deer furrowed his brow as the entire barn seemed to be staring at his stall. But it wasn't the stallions he was worried about. It was his boss. Down the end of the breeding shed, leaning up against the doorway, the Bar'N'Yard's owner and chief handler, the brown furred Clydesdale Dante, had caught an earful of the panicked screams, and came to make sure nobody was getting mutilated that didn't ask for it. Sighing softly, Oli turned back to his charge and gave him a few more soft pets. "Okay cutie let's just relax. Here, I'm going to give you a moment to cool down..."

Oli unclipped the pony boy's hooves from his restraints, before gripping his refractory-softened cock and slipping a cock cage ring around the base of his balls, encapsulating the cum-drooling penis with a tight fitting metal chastity cage, before clicking the padlock on tight.

"There we go... We wanna make sure you don't get too worked up," Oli said with a half-chipper, yet still professional attitude. "Now... how about you go and tease some of the studs. Get'em all riled up with those handsome hips and rump of yours and get you ready for another orgasm. I need to go have a chat with someone, but I'll be back in a moment." Oli could hardly hide his feelings as he walked over to Dante, a few of the curious lifers stepping towards stall 22 to give Oli a much-needed break.

"You look like you've been hit by a tractor," commented Dante as the buck walked up to his boss.

"I'd rather be. The kid's one of those talks-the-talk kinksters, but he's afraid of any loss of control. Can't tell if it's instinct or fear or what, but it's not easy to break." Dante nodded soft as he peered over his ranch hand's shoulder, watching as Kiyan seemed uneasy at the attention from two of the more experienced breeding studs. Despite his cock throbbing inside his chastity cage, the poor boy didn't seem to be pleased at all with how he was being treated, stallion cocks grinding against his body

and rump playfully. It was humiliating for the self-conscious little pony to be treated like a mare to tease and toyed with by the much larger and more secure in themselves beasts about him. And clearly he was even less pleased now that his shaft was restrained behind the bars of his chastity cage, even if it was meant to be temporary.

“Hey, get him settled back in his stall. Let’s go over his contract and see if we can come up with something. It, uh... it might mean he’ll need some hard love.” Oli’s eyes blinked at the term; hard love usually meant something you say about lifers who’ve signed their personhood away for good.

“You don’t mean...?” Oli smirked softly as Dante gave a nod.

“I think we can break him.”

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Oli swallowed softly as he checked over his tiger’s contract, tightening and loosening his gloved grip as he did, concerned about the stray marks and smudged out ink. But he wasn’t about to back down from ensuring his pony got the most out of his stay. The attempt was, perhaps, a long shot, but sometimes you needed to go in hot and heavy to break an unruly stud. Of course, there were other worries to contend with. His paperwork was now manipulated to include plenty of things their charge had never asked for. If they could break him, surely he’d have a good time. But such a change to his papers would never hold up in court. This had to work, or more drastic measures would be necessary.

It was only 6 AM when the ruddy furred deer stepped into the barn, the night shift not even finished with their work when he strode up to the tiger’s sleeping stall. Rounding up a few fellow ranch hands, Oli kicked open the tiger’s stall door, growling as best his herbivorous mouth could muster as he stepped inside and gripped down on the tiger’s neck before he could even react.

“Hold’em, boys, c’mon.” Kiyan gasped awake from his fitful, tacked-up slumber to feel the bite of an electric razor against the back of his headfur, shearing the orange and black fluff off from upper neck to the edge of his hood, long swaths of fur falling about his feet as ranch hands gripped his arms, legs and hips tight to keep him held down. “Relax little filly... relax...” The words rang in Kiyan’s ears, a warm flush burning in his cheeks as he realized just how imposing Oli could be. The struggling tiger growled through gritted teeth, in awe at the way he tightened his grip as needed, a firm dom who could affirm with a soft pet while ordering his fellows to press-gang the filly-to-be into submission under heel. Legs jerking and spasming, he felt a series of hands working over his body. The rubber ball gagged tiger whined as realized his natural fluff was falling in thick swaths around his body, trying to make sense of the sudden and frantic movements of those around him. His fur cropped close to his head, Kiyan whimpered as he felt a series of prissy multi-colored plumes threaded under the straps of his hood, a bright pink one crowning the top of his head while the rest created a lovely mane of orange, yellow, blue and green down the back of his neck.

His handler commanded the process with a firm hand, doing his best to calm the tiger as he felt his restrained balls suddenly yanked backwards, wrapped with a tight-fitting leather parachute. To some of the more experienced of the barnyard, it’d be a kinky excitement to get hobbled like this, but to the tiger it felt like hell as his testicles were wrenched back. The hobbling restraint was fastened to each of

his thigh straps in order to ensure he couldn't run. A final swat to his ass caused Kiyan to jerk his legs, forcing a swift yank to his balls so he understood the gravity of his new accoutrements. All the while Oli whispered into his charge's ear.

"You want to be my good pony? You're going to learn very quickly that good prissy sissy ponies do as they're told. Mmm... that's right sweetheart. You'll learn very quickly." Oli's voice was underscored by a gentle yet constant tinkling noise, a series of polished brass bells clipped on to each of his padlocked spots and D-rings. Oli wanted to make sure his little sissy pony announced his presence to everyone. "In fact, I think that Kiyan is just too rough of a name for a sweet little show pony like yourself. I'm going to call you Cupcake from now on, how's that sound?" Kiyan growled into his tight-fitting ball gag, the same one he'd been placed in the day before, but his smoldering resistance soon turned into a panic as he felt one last accoutrement added to his new outfit. The tiger felt his show tail being removed, and in its place two fingers began to rub slick silicone lube up against his tender little hole. Kiyan was no stranger to anal play, but here and now was not quite the time he wanted his tender ass to be opened up. And open it would, the pretty pony whimpering as he shook his plumes out of his line of sight to see a thick, bulbed dildo being slickened up, a long brushy tail hanging off the base of the plug as he did.

"MNNN! MMM-MM! NNNNGH! SHHHP!" Each panicked buck came with a firm tug on his balls, the parachute doing its job and keeping him from kicking frantically, even as Kiyan felt the tip of the dildo swirl against his tender pucker before pushing past the tight ring of flesh. Behind his hood, Kiyan whimpered and pleaded, eyes wide as the toy spread him open, needing a few back and forth strokes to loosen up before reaching the bulb. Another puuuush and the tiger let out a crying little yelp before the bulb seated all the way inside, nice and deep.

"Theeere we go." Oli smirked as he gave a few gentle rubs and pats to the good show pony's flank, letting him get acclimated to the girth. "Just breathe. Relax. Now, we've got some rules for you to follow, Cupcake. Any time you're good, you're going to get a treat." Without saying another word, Oli flicked the switch on a little box, forcing a sudden yelp from his pretty pony's mouth, padlocks jingling as he squirmed at the sensation of his entire ass buzzing. The tail plug doubled as a vibrator, pressed tight against his prostate, ensuring the little tiger moaned with excitement. "Mmmm... that's a good boy... are you already getting hard in your cock cage?" Kiyan couldn't even scowl at the response as he practically drooled in excitement from the buzzer. That is, until the moment it clicked off, the tiger quickly returning to his combative, if aroused, demeanor. "And if you're bad... you can expect correction."

Oli smirked as he carefully caressed up his boy's flank with a riding crop, the popper teasing ever so gently along the thighs of his tiger, before nestling up against his balls. One little tap. Two. Kiyan hardly noticed the handlers releasing him, his tense body coiled in fear of the popper striking his balls.

"Mmm-mmmpfh..." It was all he could say to agree, a little whine hissing from his ball gagged mouth as Oli slowly removed the popper from his sensitive testes.

"Good boy. Up. On your knees and then your hooves. We have a busy day of show training." Kiyan took a few stumbles as he got up from the floor, the tiger whimpering as he got used to the strange arrangement his balls were kept in, forcing him to take a high-stepping prance gait to keep from tugging too hard on his own testes. Instead of heading to the stud barn, the tiger blushed as his beautiful plumes bobbed in the warm sun, bells jingle-jingling with each shy step as he trotted his way

to one of the show rings for his first day of training. He knew he might have to perform in front of a crowd, and was perhaps thankful that it was a lazy weekday when only a few of the spa guests decided to take the afternoon watching the ponies train. But it was still a crowd, getting to see his naked, humbled and cock caged body, enough to cause him to hesitate at the edge of the paddock. Oli just chuckled and gave one last little tap, reminding him what happens to bad ponies.

Through the afternoon, the handsome deer put his little tiger through his paces, first a few simple exercises and warmups to get him accustomed to being a prissy little pony for the crowd. Starting with some slow, cantering turns and faster, long-stride straightaways, Kiyán whined as his plumage bobbed overhead, especially when he got to weaving back and forth on the path. Trying to reinforce the good behavior, Oli would occasionally pop on the vibrator, Kiyán's muzzle scrunching into a flustered little face behind the hood. It wasn't so bad when he was on a break at the water trough, but whenever he was running before the little crowd of spa guests, he knew they were all staring at the way his cock throbbed and leapt inside its chastity cage.

One of the more daring spa guests seemed to take a liking to the prissy pony, a haughty bear who'd had at least two mimosas during his stay, meandered his way down from the viewing stands and to the edge of the paddock to get a better view. With a smirk, Oli couldn't help but think it might be a nice test for his little sissy, and carefully took the running boy by the reins, leading him shyly over to the edge of the paddock.

"Hey there, sweetheart... ohhh, look at you, you're even cuter up close than when you're prancing around." The bear smirked and gave a little wink to Oli, while Kiyán quietly died a little inside from embarrassment.

"C'mon, Cupcake. C'mere so the nice man can give you a pet." Kiyán most certainly did not want to be pet by the nice man, but a little tap on the flanks reminded him of what might happen if he didn't. Slowly, he clip-clopped closer to the paddock edge, whining as the bear's broad, murderous mitten of a hand began to rub and pet down his snout.

"Cupcake, huh? That's such a pretty name for a pretty pony." The bear grinned as he let his hand wander, down Kiyán's chest, tracing his claw over his pecs, past fidgeting hooved paws, and finally coming to a stop at his cock cage. "If I didn't know any better, I'd say he likes it." Kiyán gasped as he felt himself suddenly groped by the big bear, a firm squeeze to his balls followed by a jostle of his cage. "Awww... lil' Cupcake is all leaky isn't he? Good boy's been getting some good pleasure out of being a show horse."

Something broke within Kiyán's mind, the realization he couldn't deal with being handled like this. Like a piece of meat. Rearing back, whinnying with all his might, the horse bucked with as much force as he could, intending to plant his hoof as hard as possible into the bear's face. Snorting out his nose with all his might, Kiyán gave a mighty surge forward, until his testicles tangled up in the parachute restraints. Eyes wide, the snorting and terrified pony managed to fall forward, face-first into the dirt, kicking wildly as he stumbled to the ground. The bear, surprised but unharmed, scrambled back from the paddock fence, a chuckle as he watched the little pony faceplant hard into the dirt. Oli, for his part, restrained himself from opening up as Kiyán lay upon the dirt, helping the pony get to his feet before gripping the reins tighter.

“C’mere Cupcake, follow me.” Fisting up the reins, the tiger whimpered as he was led away from the fence, off to a corner of the paddock before being forced down onto his knees with a firm kick to his rump. Turning his head back over his shoulder, Kiyān whimpered as tears came to his eyes under the hood, the imposing, powerfully carnal body of his handler, the proud antlers casting a long shadow over the helpless, prissy pony. “You know why you’re being punished, don’t you?” The tiger whimpered and mumbled something into his gag as he tried to plead his way out of the tight spot he was in. “Good,” was the only answer in response. With a growl, Oli took up his riding crop in an underhand backswing and brought it down hard on Kiyān’s rump, the popper leaving a hot red mark under the tiger’s orange fur almost as quickly as the sting faded. Again and again, the riding crop fell upon the pony’s bare ass, causing Kiyān to clench his upon the tail plug, a confused mix of pain and awkward pleasure as his reaction forced the invasive dildo to thump against his prostate with each strike. It was almost tolerable, almost pleasurable, until he felt the first contact against his balls.

Kiyān’s eyes went pinpoint as the popper connected with his balls, Oli striking without any care for the tiger’s wellbeing. Compared to how one would punish a lifer, the swat was downright kind. But after two, three, four hits the tiger felt the tears well up in his eyes, his body collapsing in a heap on the ground in front of so many others. The public humiliation stung harder than his own pain, and it was enough to get the message across. Enough to temper his unruly behavior. Slowly, Oli reached down to pet his prissy pony’s flank, softly shushing him all the while.

“Are you going to be a mean little pony again?” The response back was nothing short of a whimpering, sniffling shake of his head. A warm smirk crawled across the deer’s face before he clicked the vibrator on in praise, turning the whimpering tiger into a mewling little puddle on the ground as his prostate got the pleasure it deserved for the response. After a bit of a rest and a few reinforcing exercises, Kiyān was allowed to take a more central position in the paddock to try out the simple routine he’d been taught, closely following Oli’s orders and hiking his hooves high and proud. It wasn’t a championship show, nor was it perfect. But Kiyān was given a few reinforcing jolts from the vibe as he trotted about the ring, and even received a few claps from the day spa crowd for his display.

“There now, that wasn’t so bad, was it, Cupcake?” Oli said with a smirk as he slowly led his pony boy back to the stables as the sun hung low in the sky. Kiyān was exhausted, a warm pat upon his flank necessary to push him back to his sleeping quarters, his wobbly-legged steps taking a little encouragement to keep walking forward. But as he settled his boy in to sleep, the deer caught an offhand and muffled comment that caught him off guard. Even through his gag, Oli realized just how dangerous the comment was. *Once I get out of here...* It wasn’t particularly threatening. But Oli knew what it meant. He knew the contract was changed. And he’d make life hell for the Bar’N’Yard if the situation wasn’t managed. But after a little late-night talk with Dante, his worries were quashed. After all, if you fudge the paperwork once, what’s stopping you from doing it again?

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Kiyān grunted and whined as he felt himself being dragged off his soft hay bed on the floor of the stables, several ranch hands dropping upon him to hold him down to the floor. As much as he tried to struggle, it was no use, only wasting his energy as a lab-coated wolf approached him, accompanied by Oli.

“You can confirm he is the right animal?” The wolf said with a warm smirk as he tapped a syringe to loosen up the air bubbles.

“Yep, Doc. Breeding Mare #22. Name is Cupcake. He’s amended his paperwork to join us here for life.” The words flowed off Oli’s tongue with a bit of a bite, his gaze glancing down to lock eyes with the terrified pony. None of this was true, none of this was real, but his gagged mouth couldn’t complain otherwise. He watched in horror as the wolf affirmed his own paperwork, before kneeling to stick the needle in. As the jab slipped into his muscle, Kiyan took one last sweet breath of conscious freedom before the world became mellow, soft and strung out; there was no going back now. The accompanying ranch hands felt tense muscles slacken and body quiver into a quiet puddle of feline on the floor, quiet enough to finally let go and lift up the listless and broken cat, dragging him towards a large, RV-styled van parked outside the barn. Through his heady, anesthetized and unclear mind, Kiyan managed to catch glimpses of his transformation. An eye blink and he was loaded onto the sterile bed, another and he felt the cool oxygen mask pressed over his mouth.

His internment passed like a dream. Perhaps it’d have been more of a nightmare had he felt the process in action, but the numbing drugs kept Kiyan blissfully unaware of the worst as he was slowly disassembled and remade in the shape of his new life. Blink by blink, Kiyan watched his former life taken from him as he faded in and out of consciousness on the operating table. The strange sensation of pressure on his fingers as his claws were carefully removed from his paws, the vet methodical as he plied each one from the nail bed. Another pump of anesthetic and he came to at the strange sensation of sandpaper grinding on his teeth, the tiger gasping in a mouthful of tooth powder as he felt the wolf vet Dremel away his tiger fangs into nubs. His coughing fit spurred on the vet to quickly push another bolus, putting Kiyan to sleep for a little while longer, the good little mare awakening from his twilight as he felt pressure upon his long and slinky tail, carefully and surgically severed between two vertebrae, leaving a docked little nub.

In and out of fading alertness, Kiyan wouldn’t even notice most of his body modifications in his twilight of unconsciousness. The vet worked meticulously, to disassemble and reshape the tiger for his new role in life. Shaved down to bare skin, Kiyan’s once proud pelt was turned to a muted flesh tone, his beautiful black stripes now just faded darker splotches all along his body. Once his form was free of fluff, the tiger’s balls had to go next. It was a simple procedure to geld a horse, but even less so to ensure they looked like a proper mare, requiring the wolf to slice into his sack, remove each testicle one at a time, before resecting the excess, useless pouch that once housed his manhood. As one last, if cruel, favor to the unconscious little slut, the wolf lubed up his gloved paw, working his fingers along the barbed shaft. Despite being drugged out, the tiger’s cock began to stir and swell, his arousal quickly engorging as the wolf jerked faster and faster.

“C’mon Cupcake...” The wolf growled to himself as he gripped just a little tighter, “Let’s blow out the pipes. We want you as docile as possible.” Behind his oxygen mask, Kiyan twitched and snorted, leg giving a reflexive little jerk as he edged closer and closer to orgasm. A sharp inhale was the only warning the wolf got as he felt the pathetic shaft spurt its last load. Mostly prostate fluids, the final orgasm would ensure there was nothing left floating in his cords, and burn off a little of the testosterone still floating in his blood. “There we go... good girl.”

There was only one last addition to the new mare’s life. The vibrating dildo took a little effort to remove, even with his body as relaxed as it was. The bulbous knot finally freed with a wet plop, leaving



the tiger's hole gaping and sloppy on the operating table. A firm, pink silicone insertable was brought out, a modified mare vagina fleshlight designed to be used as an insertable, with a thick plug added to the head to ensure that the toy's puffy vaginal lips stayed seated and visible from Kiyán's ass. The wolf couldn't help but imagine how hard it'd be to keep the studs off him, especially when they laced him with pheromones and aphrodisiacs to ensure their little breeding mare stayed in perpetual heat for the herd she would service. It would take a little work getting the toy in, but the doctor was skilled at what he did, ensuring that his little mare completed her transformation.

As the noon-day sun waned in the sky, Kiyán finally awoke to the strange sensation of ache and fullness throughout his body. There would be no big bandage reveal, no full-length mirror nor asking how he liked his new form. No, Kiyán was greeted with a simple phrase from his handler.

"Breeding Mare #22." Oli said with an indulgent tone as Kiyán tried to blink the anesthesia out of his eyes. "Come on, girl, easy now." The tiger felt pressure on his reins, tugging gently at the newly fitted bridle and tongue loller to coax him off the operating table. Wobbly-legged as a newborn foal, every step ached with a strange sensation from his removed claws, the foggy-headed mare unable to understand the extent of his surgical manipulation. Focusing as best he could, and happy (for now) that whatever was done to his balls had removed the hobbling parachute, Kiyán walked shy and nervous back to the same Stud Barn he started his visit in. "Just relax Cupcake. We've got a big evening ahead of you. We just acquired a new racehorse who's ready to stud."

Clip-clopping into the barn and shaking his plumes out of the way of his view, the prissy pony whimpered as he caught sight of his new 'lover-to-be.' The stallion before him was massive, a towering elk with a red ear tag denoting his lifer status, antlers sawn off and filed down to nubs that fit under his racing horse hood. But what stuck out most to Kiyán was the massive shaft that swung between his legs. Fourteen inches of girthy silicone sheath was strapped over his already sizeable cock, the beer can thick material swaying softly as it dribbled a little precum from the tip, the stallion obviously primed to receive his new filly.

"Just relax, Cupcake. We need to break your new mare pussy in... Let's get you strapped to the fuck bench."