

# **Ponygirl Paige**

**Crimson Rose**

~ ~ ~

# **Ponygirl Paige**

Copyright© 2018 by **Crimson Rose**. All rights reserved.

This story is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, business establishments, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental. All sexually active characters depicted in this work of erotic fiction are at least 18 years of age or older.

This book is for sale to **ADULT AUDIENCES ONLY**. It contains substantial sexually explicit scenes and graphic language which may be considered offensive by some readers. Please store your files where they cannot be access by minors.

## **Copyright License Notes:**

This eBook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This eBook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each recipient. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then please return to your favorite eBook retailer and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

## **Contents**

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

Living in a college dorm across the country and surviving on financial aid a student job paying barely above minimum wage, going home was not a luxury I could afford so when I finally saved enough money for a plane ticket back to Ohio during the summer of my sophomore year I decided to keep it to myself so I could pleasantly surprise them. After landing at the airport I hailed a taxi. Tossing my suitcase in the trunk, I got in the back seat and we were off for the last leg of a short, but very tiring trip.

It was a quarter after nine when I reached my parent's house and there were so many cars in the driveway and yard that the taxi driver had to stop in the middle of the road. Handing him the fare plus tip, I got out, grabbed my suitcase from the trunk and walked up the long driveway. I heard people talking, but not from within. It sounded as if it were coming from the back yard so I sat my luggage on the front porch and walked around the left side of the house.

"That's it! Ride that fucking cock you sexy fucking pony," a male voice I did not recognize said as I neared the back corner of the house.

"Come on pony, relax and let it slide into that tight ass," another chimed in.

Heart suddenly pounding in my chest, I wondered for a minute if I was at the right house. Right hand against the brick wall, I dared peek my head around and what I saw shocked the shit right out of me. There were fifteen or twenty men of various ages, sizes and races surrounding four women – one of which was my mother, whom were all dressed in some sort of gear that I suppose gave them the look of ponies. My mother was bouncing up and down on a huge dildo while another woman leaned over a chair while my father attempted to shove a massive plug in her ass.

Distracted – my attention focused fully on the bizarre scene taking place in front of me, I did not hear the footsteps approaching from behind. My wrists were grabbed and swiftly secured one over the other behind my back by what I would much later find out was a wrist cage. I gasped and was about to scream for help when something long pushed into my mouth. I tried twisting away, but a hard yank on the straps connected to either side of the penis gag pulled me into position. The magnetic ends snapped together behind my head and the next thing I know my clothes are being ripped off of me. Panic set in and I screamed into the gag, but nothing intelligible came out.

"This is a private party and trespassers will join or have the cops called on them," the man tearing my panties off said. I tried to run, but he grabbed my wrists and my arms were suddenly yanked painfully upwards causing me to bend at the waist. Fearing he was going to fuck me, I squeezed my legs tight. "We're going inside to get you into gear and then you'll walk out the back door and present yourself to your new Masters. If you try to run away again you'll find yourself in the back of a cruiser going to jail for trespassing and peeping.

Stunned anything like this could happen, I walked towards the front of the house with the man holding me by the wrists. Head bowed in case anyone drove by and saw me, I walked up onto the front porch and was ushered inside. It was the same modern decorated living room I remembered but there were now boxes, totes and racks of clothing and toys all over the place. The first thing put on my by the tall, well-built black man was a metal collar. Holding a small remote up, he smirked. "Run and you'll be shocked." To prove his point, he pressed a button and I was suddenly hit with enough electricity to knock me on my ass.

"I'm going to hold up fingers. Nod when I reach your shoe size."  
One...two...three...four...five...six...seven.

I nodded as the tears rolled down my cheeks.

Going to one of the larger totes, the man pulled out a pair of oddly shaped knee high boots and it took my addled brain a moment to realize the sole was shaped like a horse's hoof. Squatting in front of me, he placed the boots on the floor and then gently picked up my right foot. The boot was placed over it and the tight leather was zipped up my shin. He put the left one on next and helped me to my feet. Standing at an unusual angle, I stumbled. He caught me and I felt his cock pressing against my belly.

"You'll have time enough to practice walking once I get you into the rest of your gear my little ponygirl." Next, he put me in some sort of leather and metal harness and attached a chain from the shock collar around my neck to the rings in my nipples. He pressed the button on the remote and I fell back onto the couch as my breasts were directly zapped. "Did you feel that in your tits?"

I nodded.

He once again helped me to my feet and his lips formed into a sadistic grin. "Turn around, spread your legs and bend over so I can attach the tail," he said, holding up the longest, fattest butt plug I had ever seen. My eyes grew wide and I pleaded with him to ungag me so I could explain I was here to see my parents, but the dam rubber penis filling my mouth and depressing my tongue made it sound like gibberish. "I will not tell you again. If you are not bent over in the next five seconds I'm turning the collar on high and leaving it there until the police arrive.

Visibly trembling, I glared at him a moment, turned, spread my legs and bent over. It was the most humiliating and degrading thing I've ever done but far better than being electrocuted to death. Lube hit my virgin asshole and then he quickly shoved two fingers in causing me to jerk forward and fall onto the couch with a grunt. Leaving me like that, he applied more lube and his two fingers pushed their way in despite clenching tighter than a vice.

"Clenching is only going to make it hurt more," he said, fucking his digits in and out. "You're pretty fucking tight back here. I take it you don't do a lot of anal?"

I profusely shook my head no.

"Ever take anything as thick as a beer bottle?"

I shook my head so violently I started seeing spots.

"Nice. That means the plug is going to give you one hell of a stretch."

Pulling his fingers out of my ass, he placed the tip of the glass plug against my hole and pushed. It slipped in maybe an inch or two before it started to hurt. To my surprise, he stopped. For a moment I thought he was having a change of heart, but when he thrust his big black cock into my pussy I knew better.

"God damn! Tight pussy. Tight ass. You're going to make one hell of a breeding pony even if it's only for one weekend."

His words were lost on my as my pussy and ass were fucked at the same time for the first time in my life. His long cock occasionally hit my cervix and the plug delved deeper and deeper into my bowels – stretching me open more and more with every hard thrust. It could have been five minutes or twenty hours, I honestly don't know as I lost all sense of time as he continued to use me as his personal fucktoy. My asshole finally stretch enough to allow the plug full penetration. He shoved it in and then I felt his seed filling my unprotected pussy.

Once again on my feet standing in hoof boots, the man places a contraption over my head that reminded me of a horse bridle and when he was finished buckling it in place I had blinders and ears like the other women I saw in the back yard. I stood there, his semen trickling out of my

well-fucked pussy and down my inner thighs as he looked me up and down. "God damn you make one hot pony. Can't wait to dump another load into that tight cunt of yours. And let this be a lesson on trespassing where you don't belong." Hooking a chain to my collar, he gave it a tug and I followed behind him as he led me through to the kitchen and out the back door where the party was still going full swing. "ATTENTION EVERYONE!" I called out. "Give me your attention please! While taking a piss at the side of the house I found this sexy little filly peeping in on the fun so decided to dress her for the occasion."

"OH MY GOD! PAIGE?" My mom screeched.

"You know her?" the man that had bound, gagged and fucked me asked.

"That's my daughter Paige! Oh god! What did you do to her?"

"If she's your daughter then why was she peeping around the corner like a damn criminal?"

"Get your fucking hands off her right god damn now!" my dad said, pulling out of a blonde and walking up onto the deck. "Alright everyone, the party is over. Time to go home."

There were several complaints, but with a single look from my father they put their asses in gear and filed into the house. "Tell me that isn't semen running down her legs, Martin."

"It is. This filly has been bred and in accordance to the rules I claim her as my own."

"She isn't a filly you moron. She's my daughter and knows nothing of the fucking rules," dad said reaching out to unhook the chain. Martin grabbed him by the wrist and for a moment I thought my father was going to slug him in the face. "You've got exactly two seconds to get your hand off of me or you will not make it off this property alive. And don't bother calling or coming back because you're done."

"Bullshit. This may be your property, but we all agreed to play by the rules or suffer the consequences," Martin countered. "She arrived uninvited and did not announce herself. She was peeping around the corner and the rules are very clear. She is mine to claim or your wife is. Which will it be?"

And that's when my father's right hand slammed into the man's jaw. You step foot on my property again, you lay a finger on my wife, daughter or anyone else we know and it'll be the last thing you do." Reaching up, dad removed the gag from my mouth and dropped it on the porch. "I am so, so sorry this happened to you, Paige. Do you want to press charges against him?"

"He fucking raped me! Yes I want to press charges. What in the hell is going on here anyways? What kind of fucked up nightmare did I walk into?"

"Your father and I will explain everything," my mother answered. Reaching into a small box on the table, she withdrew something and quickly placed it around Martin's wrists – locking them one over the other behind his back as he did to mine. With a swipe of her foot he was on the deck and she next placed cuffs around his ankles. "You just stay right there while I call the police." Martin started cussing and screaming so my mother grabbed a gag from the box and stuffed it in his mouth.