

Royal Ponies part 1

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

The huge, lavish reception hall was beaming with life. The bright lights, some coming from the many enormous chandeliers dangling from the tall ceilings, glistened against many precious stones and gems wore by the aristocracy of the 21st century; Filthy rich folk.

The live performing of classical music added to the air of utter class this event sought for and gave ease to the chatter, which was sometimes playful and courtly, others more spiteful and gossipy. No matter what, it was always business, disguised as social gathering.

The annual “Together for Mankind” charity ball was catered to the ‘1%’ kind of people. Though this was more like the 1% of the 1%, so 0.01%. You’d be hard-pressed to find a larger accumulation of net worth under one roof, with the event being a magnet for billionaires and an opportunity for them not only to project their obscene wealth, but also their charitable, kind, giving nature. It was good press for everyone, and the high quality booze didn’t hurt either.

18-year-old Marianna Cuadrado was excited to be there. She was the heiress to her family’s monolith of a film production company - as well as other, more... ‘low-key’ operations, like the huge drug ring the family run. The Mexican-Colombian beauty, with a milk-chocolate skin and a pocket-sized, slim body, just above 5 feet tall, straddled the red carpet with a showbiz veteran’s experience, despite her young age. Her small, but tight ass begged to be spanked, and her barely a B-cup breasts complimented her skinny physique and small stature perfectly. Marianna had a pair of luscious full lips and another pair of big, green eyes that could magnetize anyone with a pulse.

Despite her luscious smirks at the camera’s flashing lights, the girl concealed some nervousness. This was her first “Mankind” Gala and she wanted it to go great. In that regard, she had made an effort to be as dazzling as possible, wearing a unique, purple halter dress, its airy fabric moving like a high-elf’s robe, as if to remind everyone it cost more than most men’s annual salary. With her fully golden heels adding some inches to her short height, the girl looked amazing, each dark-brown hair of her short bob styled to perfection.

“Marianna!” she heard the voice she’d been waiting for, and turned to spot her best friend a few feet away.

Walking as briskly as her tall heels allowed was her bestie, Isla Le Perrier, another filthy rich heiress, this time to her French-descended family’s tycoon company of luxurious beauty products.

The 19-year-old Parisian girl, with skin so porcelain-fair and so smooth and flawless, resembled a real-life advert of her family’s beauty brands. An image of impeccable beauty and perpetual youth. She stood visibly taller than her friend, at 5’5”. She had blonde, satin-like, glistening hair that reached way down to her waist and a curvier, fuller physique, with D-cup breasts and a bubbly ass, making an hourglass shape with her slim waist. Always extremely fashionable and going against the grain of the many dresses around her, Isla was wearing a stylish, red jumpsuit outfit that hugged her curves just right.

“Where the fuck have you been? I’ve been looking all over for you” Isla side-mouthed to her friend in her very French accent, as the flashes of more paparazzi photographs kept coming, the two young women posing together and smiling. Isla was not mad or anything; this was just how she and her bestie talked in private. No one could hear them from this close. “Never mind that, let’s go get some drinks” Marianna said through her teeth, waving to the cameras on last time as she grabbed her friend by the hand and pulled her towards the hall.

After the introductory mingling, followed the dining part of the event (the wining part never really stopped in these events). A small break commenced, before more bourgeois happenings would take place, like the charity auction and other fundraising shows.

Taking advantage of this intermission, Isla and Marianna made their way to the restroom for some necessary touch-ups. As soon as they opened the door of the –of course- spacious and luxurious restroom, they spotted two women, chatting side by side while facing the sink’s wide mirror. They were fixing their look as well. Both women looked gorgeous, dressed in similarly jaw-dropping dresses as their teen counterparts.

Upon a second look, Marianna and Isla realized that the two gabbing women were none other than Emily Porter and Sienna Brooks. Both self-made CEOs of their own, lucrative companies. They both exhibited full ‘Girl Boss’ status, being as gorgeous as they were rich. Aspiring to run their billion-dollar companies like them one day, the teens idolized them.

Emily was a 34-year-old, white, Oxford-speaking English woman, with her dark-brown, straight bangs fitting her perfectly along with a dark-blue, ball-gown dress with snug, long sleeves, complimenting not only her slim, shapely, 5'11" physique (complete with tight, lean legs, a perky ass and some nice C-cups), but also her feisty, blue eyes.

The woman run a successful media corporation, branching out from magazines and newspapers to a TV channel, specializing in a female demographic.

Next to her was her best friend Sienna, an African beauty of dark complexion, with her pitch-dark, curly hair caught into elaborate braids and weaved into a round bun over her head. At 5'7", she was dressed in a silvery ball-gown that accentuated her 'assets', like her DD-cup breasts and her juicy thighs and ass. The dress also had a sassy leg cut that showed off one of the woman's gorgeous thigh.

The 35-year-old, with gorgeous eyes of a light, honey-brown color, owns a huge book publishing firm, with millions in worldwide sales every year.

Both women were (of course) in sexy tall heels. They oozed class and sex appeal.

"Hi!" Isla approached the girls, who turned towards their direction annoyed, as if their mere presence was a nuisance. "We're big fans of yours!" Isla added with a smile, looking to make a connection with the two experienced women. Emily and Sienna only tilted their heads towards the two girls, with an indifferent look. "We always admired how successful you got on your own terms" Marianna interjected to break the awkward pause. "Do you have any tips for two young entrepreneurs such as ourselves?" the Latina girl asked with a genuine heart.

It was rare to be this vulnerable in the 'court' of the elite.

Sienna rolled her eyes patronizingly at the girls' words, while Emily gave a little condescending smirk. "Save the pleasantries for the cameras, sweetie-pies" Emily spoke fully patronizingly, in her very British accent. "Aren't you two daddy's princesses already past your bedtime?" Sienna added, clearly not giving a damn about the two girls' 'stan-ing' of them. Having thrown their shade, both women then walked past Isla and Marianna without as much as a glance. "Spoiled little cunts..." the girls clearly heard Sienna mumble before the door closed behind them, the woman not even turning to face them to direct the insult.

Both Marianna and Isla watched the women leave with dropped jaws, frozen in disbelief.

"What arrogant fucking bitches!" Isla said fuming, her adorable French accent making her curse words funnier than intended. Next to her, Marianna was too angry to express in words. "I'm gonna make these whores pay, for disrespecting us like that" she mumbled, whilst Isla was trying to 'refresh' her

eyelashes in front of the sink. She wasn't doing a good job with it, due to her hand shaking with anger. Meanwhile, Marianna was nervously tapping her foot on the tiled floor, trying to calm herself down.

"You know what?" the small Latina's restless heel stopped tapping. She had an idea. "If you REAAALLY wanna make the stuck-up hags pay, I can make some calls" she said, slightly nodding her head and biting her lip, as if she was agreeing with her own idea more and more with each second.

"Go on..." Isla turned to face her friend, her anger turning into intrigue.

It's been five days since the Gala. Sienna Brooks is alone at home, less glamorous in her silky pyjamas of a matching burgundy color. Her puffy dark hair left to hover and graze her shoulders. No make-up or any jewellery like 5 days ago. It's ok; no one will snap a picture of her now.

Her fellow entrepreneur husband is in Europe for a shareholder's meeting and her kids are at their grandmother's for the weekend. It's nice to be alone for a little while, but the giant mansion feels a tad too empty, now.

True to her grinding, get-shit-done mindset, Sienna is an early riser, so around 10.30pm she's already brushing her teeth, getting ready to hit the King-size bed. The sound of the tooth-brush going rapidly back and forth against her perfectly white teeth is the only sound around.

That is, until Sienna hears a soft thud, coming from outside the bathroom. She raises her gaze towards the mirror to see behind her, but there's nothing out of the ordinary. She keeps brushing, but the same thud is heard again. The woman cleans her mouth and walks towards the source of the sound, in her cute, cozy slippers.

Being on the 1st floor, the black woman walks towards the straight staircase leading down to ground floor. Only the light from the bathroom behind her illuminates the dimly lit house. "MISSYYYY!" she yells. "That damn cat is always running into things" Sienna mumbles, but before she gets to turn around a dark hood is roughly placed over her head!

In sudden darkness, Sienna has about half-a-second to blindly scream, before she feels a thick, rubber ball being shoved in her mouth, over the nylon hood. "AAAAMMMMMMMNNGGUUHHF!!!" With her desperate call for help turned into pitiful, scared moaning, the beautiful woman flails and tries to claw at the unknown attacker holding her from behind. But there is more than one pair of hands on her, and soon, she feels steel surround first one wrist, then shortly the other. With her wrists cuffed together in front of her, Sienna is pushed down on the floor, her attackers putting their knees on her back. "NNNNGG!" the woman feels the air stomped from her lungs, unable to squirm away.

The knees stays on her until the men buckle the red ball-gag's strap securely, then run the chain that starts from the center of Sienna's wrist-cuffs, between her legs, up her back then finally around her neck. They clip the end of the chain to itself to create a chain-noose around the woman's neck and effectively secure Sienna's wrists from moving, tethered in front of her crotch. The poor woman cannot move her arms at all, unless she plans on giving herself a deep, steel wedgie.

With their target adequately incapacitated, the pair of shadowy figures stands up and watches the pyjama-clad woman twist and writhe in front of them on the nice, wood-paneled floor, her struggling causing the squeaky clean surface to creak. The wealthy brawd moans in her large gag, blindly bucking and kicking aimlessly, like a calf that's just been roped in.

“Give her a minute to tire herself out, that way they are easier to carry later” the one masked man advises the other.

“Tsk, tsk...so annoying when she does that” Emily mumbles, looking down at her phone. It always bugs her when Sienna will suddenly abandon her phone for like an hour and just leave her friend hanging on whatever they were texting about. The gorgeous woman is waiting on the street corner for her ride (an equivalent to rich people’s Uber) utterly bored. She doesn’t like chauffeurs and private limos, they draw too much attention. She likes blending in.

A light buzz from a couple of drinks with friends is where she’s at. It will have to do, since she has a conference call tomorrow. Early hangovers suck.

The fair-skinned beauty is dressed in a pair of perfectly fitting, black leather leggings and a cream-colored sweater, with dark-brown heels in her gorgeous feet and a cute, beige, woven beanie over her long brunette hair. Despite the more casual approach, she still looks as jaw-dropping as she did a few days ago at the Gala.

Finally, a BMW pulls beside her. Her ride home is here. Emily steps in the back seat and tosses her designer bag beside her, right as the car takes off towards the woman’s destination.

The driver, a young man with short blonde hair, stays silent like most Uber drivers usually do. Emily doesn’t pay much attention throughout the ride, her face buried in and illuminated by her phone screen. Just the soft, soothing hum of the car engine is heard between the two.

“Uhmhhh, I think you turned wrong here” Emily remarks, masking her annoyance politely. “The map says it’s a shortcut” the man speaks for the first time, reassuring her, facing perfectly straight. Emily looks around to see what that shortcut is. She’s never taken that route before. Things get weirder when the car takes yet another unwarranted turn.

“Where are you going?? This is obviously wrong!” the celebrity raises her voice. When the man doesn’t answer right away, the young woman’s pulse spikes. Right as she’s about to demand he lets her off the car, the man pulls into a dark alleyway and swiftly hand-brakes the car. Without skipping a beat, he jumps out of the car and rushes towards Emily in the backseat.

Before Emily can react to this immediate danger, the opposite backdoor of the BMW opens and a big, fat, mustached black man jumps in, holding a wet rug in his hand! “AAAA!” the girl screams in surprise, her beanie falling off her head. Trapped in between the two men and unable to push them away, she’s easily pounced on.

“HEEEEEEEEEELP! SOMEBODMMMMmmmmmmmmmmfffff!” Emily lets out a feminine, feral scream which is abruptly muffled by the rag the black man presses roughly over her face. The closed windows of the car already somewhat soundproof her appeals, but now someone has to walk right by the car to hear anything. And there’s no one around.

Emily flails hysterically in the tiny space she’s been allowed, mostly kicking the leather seats in front of her rather than any assaulter, both her arms pinned down by the two clearly stronger men. Her eyes, first wide with fear and shock, now slowly droop, as she inhales the paralyzing fumes even deeper in her panicked state. Her frantic struggles leave her with not much breath to moan, the woman mostly femininely, weakly grunting into the face-smothering rag.

The two men feel the resistance of her pinned wrists against their grip weaken, and in seconds, the attractive woman falls limp between them, her head slumping over on the black man’s arm. The heavy-set guy gets off the car, causing the unconscious woman to plop deadweight on the back seat. As the blonde driver opens the trunk of the car, his accomplice drags Emma’s limp body out, lifts it and places it inside the trunk. With their cargo out of suspicious eyes, the two men get in the car and drive off into the night.

Sienna Brooks' ride inside another trunk was much less peaceful than her friend's. She struggled and bucked like a wild deer, but her encasement was clear and inescapable. Not to mention that she was restrained, blinded and heavily gagged. When the car finally stopped, the two pairs of hands pulled her out. They thought she might have agreed to walk with them, being blind and bound and all, but her struggling didn't die down. She fought and moaned with all her strength, which had dissipated with fatigue. As they dragged her from under her arms, she constantly dropped on the ground without any cooperating, giving them a hard time. One of the abductors had enough and threw the black captive over his shoulder and on they went, to what Sienna was imagining to be either a kidnapper's hideout, at best, or a killer's slaughterhouse, at worst.

In any case, Sienna could not see anything out of that dark hood. She couldn't see the countryside spreading around her. She couldn't see the luxurious mansion she was being carried towards. She could definitely not see the pretty, blonde young woman, waiting on the entrance. "Great, bring her inside and prep her" Sienna heard a youthful, feminine voice with a French accent. Could it be?...

The two men took Sienna inside. The hooded woman, still in her cute pyjamas and with her arms tethered taut and together in front of her with her wrists pressing against her pelvis, panted heavily through the corner of her lips, which were being stretched by the thick, red ball-gag. The inside of the nylon hood had gotten humid with all her sweating and terrified, chain-choked breathing.

The CEO was left to stand in the middle of a pretty blunt room. No pictures or paintings or even furniture were inside, unlike the rest of the mansion. Sienna wanted to fight her abductors yet again, but contained herself when she felt the chain around her neck being undone and then passed in front of her and away from her crotch. Emotions were running high, too many, all at once. What to do?!?

The buxom black woman heard her wrist cuffs being clipped, this time on the hook of a steel cable. Feeling resistance upon pulling her hands down, Sienna was left to keep her wrists in front of her chest for a few seconds that seemed like forever.

To her increased panic, the woman then felt her wrists being pulled upwards by a slow, but steady, mechanical force, the cable attached to them rising by an electrical pulley. "MMnggg?!" Sienna moaned worried, the machine was unrelenting and certainly unforgiving to her pleas. Her wrists now reached above her head, but then kept going! The woman rose to her naked tippy-toes, but the cable kept moving, until the woman lost the floor from underneath her naked feet.

"MMMmmmmmmmm!" Sienna let out a painful moan, as her whole weight was now placed on her wrists, a few inches separating her from the floor. She kicked her legs and stretched her feet, trying to reach anything that could take some of her weight off, but she found nothing. The two men then exited the room, leaving Sienna alone to stew in her misery, helplessly dangling in the air.

After 5 lonely and challenging minutes, the millionaire was visited by the young girl who owned the estate. At this moment, it appeared she also owned Sienna. The hooded woman heard the clank of a small step-ladder near her and then felt her hood being cut from behind her head with scissors. It was impossible to remove otherwise, with the ball-gag straps keeping it in place. And that wasn't coming off. The girl wanted her older captive silent, for now.

The shredded hood was finally pulled off, and Sienna witnessed with wide eyes the person responsible for all this. It was Isla Le Perrier, that girl she had snubbed at the charity Gala! She was dressed in what could only be described as a horse rider's outfit. A pair of beige-colored, tight-fitting, high waist trousers, the ends tucked underneath some polished, black, knee-high riding boots. A black, leather, overbust corset, hugged her waist over a collared, long-sleeved white shirt, the ends of the sleeves also tucked inside a pair of black, elbow-high, leather gloves. If one thing was certain, was that this look was heavily premeditated. Isla's parents had a huge horse farm in Marseille, and the girl had grown riding and being close to horses.

This was only slightly different.

"Hello, Miss Brooks" Isla said with a devilish smile, stepping in full view of her restrained captive. Her long, wavy blonde hair fell gracefully on either side of her chest, reaching her corseted, slim belly. "Thank you for accepting my invitation. I wanted to discuss a new...business endeavor" the sarcasm was palpable in the girl's voice. She was enjoying this tremendously. Sienna's fear had given way to anger.

"GNNnff!" Sienna groaned, mumbling obscenities through her thick ballgag, but only managed to drool on herself and the floor. Nothing comprehensible came out as Sienna jerked her hanging body in frustration. This pompous teen was gonna get a lawsuit that would bankrupt her family's entire beauty company!

Maybe this powerful, rich person intimidating bullshit flew with your average poor sap, but not with her. This shit was NOT funny. "Hush, now. Don't want you tiring yourself out for no reason. I'll be working you heavily throughout your stay here, so there'll be plenty of time for that, hehe!" The Parisian girl's innocent giggle now seemed so perverse, given the context.

"But first things first, we gotta get rid of these clothes, and get you into your new outfit" the young girl pointed at Sienna's satin pyjamas with the scissors she used earlier. Sienna furrowed her brows. "What outfit?" questions kept piling up. The inexplicable rider's attire Isla was wearing had yet to be addressed.

That curiosity was put on hold, as Isla begin to snip away at the woman's pyjamas. "NNNNNnn, Nnnnnngh!" Sienna flailed in protest, flailing her pretty legs in mid-air, but that only caused her wrists to hurt more, and it didn't slow down her young captor. In seconds, Sienna's pyjama top was just torn

pieces of satin, piled on the floor along with the matching bottoms and her designer lace panties, which only needed to be pulled down. No bra was uncovered, with the black lady ready for bed a few hours ago.

Sienna blushed a deep red, upon witnessing her sudden nakedness. The she was completely helpless to cover herself added to the humiliation. Her arousing DDs hang freely from her chest, her round ass and juicy hips on full display, too. The powerful businesswoman tried to save face, by neither moaning nor struggling, but she did try to keep her eyes at Isla, watching her intently. What was this twisted bitch up to?

Sienna turned her head behind her back as far as it went, when Isla disappeared behind her. Her worry intensified when she couldn't see her. The woman heard the young girl wheel a metal tray towards her. The woman grabbed something that looked like a hair-dryer pistol. It was in fact an electrolyzing laser, permanently removing hair with a single blast. Isla pressed the trigger and a bright green horizontal laser beam shot out. She scanned it all over the hanging damsel's body, watching it fry the hairs and hair follicles to extinction, wherever the ray's met the dark flesh. "Mmmmmg!" Sienna groaned, more from the indecency than the slight pain. "I'm doing you a favor, no? You American bitches always make fun of hairy French women" Isla mocked, watching the woman's curly pubes fall to the floor slowly, along with the tiniest, half-a-millimeter-long hairs the laser had found on the woman's armpits and zapped off. She made sure to reach everywhere, even spreading the woman's asscheeks to laser-zap her puckering asshole clear of any hairs. From the neck down, Sienna would never grow any hairs ever again.

Moving on, Sienna felt leather surround her waist, as Isla placed a light-pink, underbust corset on the hanging woman's body. The soft color contrasted nicely with the woman's rather dark complexion. The corset had some slim, black vertical lines around it, separating it into rectangular panels, as well as thicker black edges outlining the top and bottom.

"Mmmm?" Sienna tried to kick her legs backwards to fend off the girl's plans. Isla backed away, sighing. "If you make this difficult for me, I'll have my men tie weights on your ankles so you can't give me any trouble. Do you really want that extra burden on your wrists?" Isla's previously playful tone shifted into a cold warning. Sienna's head sunk in defeat. She couldn't afford what Isla was proposing.

"Mmmhhhhhh!" the ballgagged bitch let out a cry of desperation, as Isla went on with her work, tightening the laces of the corset one by one as constricting as possible, its yank taking away more inches from the black beauty's waistline. "Nng....!" Sienna's air was being rudely forced out her lungs

with each pull of a lace. Unlike Isla's corset, hers left her pretty, MILFy breasts sway and dangle completely free, with no elegant support of a comfy lace bra. Like a beast.

Isla moved on with the next item on her tray, the most elaborate of them all. It was a pair of light-pink latex, thigh-high stockings.

Sienna's first instinct was to kick her dresser, again, but this time it only took a stern look from Isla to halt that resistance. The stockings were already talcum-powdered inside, so they slipped with ease over Sienna's shapely, naked legs. The light-pink stockings featured a vertical, black line on the back of each leg, going all the way up to the top, were a black strap buckled each stocking securely, so that they wouldn't slip down Sienna's nice, meaty thighs.

Next came a pair of knee-high, pony boots, with a 6-inch heelless platform shaped like a horse's hoof. It supported only the front of the foot. While the boots were made of beautiful, strong, black leather, matching seamlessly with the stockings, the soles were made out of rigid steel, their bottoms ribbed in texture so as to provide better grip with the soil. Much like a horseshoe.

Sienna could do little as these boots were placed on her latex-clad feet, their many, crisscrossing laces tightened from the woman's ankle to below her knees to hold the 'filly's' foot upright and steady. With the added 6 inches of height her new 'heels' gave her, at least Sienna could now support some of her weight on her feet, albeit with some difficulty.

Miss Le Perrier was definitely not done with her toy's transformation. She took out some rubbing alcohol and a piercing gun, along with four round silver rings. One was a plain round ring, while from the other three dangled a little, silver, round cat-bell. As the young girl approached the ring-baring instrument to Sienna's face, the black girl began panting nervously, putting two and two together. This bitch was gonna pierce her nose! "Guuuuuuuuuuuh.....!" Sienna's scream was cut off midway not only by her gag, but the sheer pain itself, as Isla "fired" her gun through her septum.

"MMMMMMMMMMMMGGH!" the woman cried out with the silver ring, about an inch wide, dangled from her pretty nose. Two more shots of the 'gun' were made through both of the woman's dark-brown, succulent nipples. The cute cat-bells jiggled as the woman instinctively flinched to avoid the stabbing pain, but they were not going anywhere now. The bell/rings were as inseparably a part of her boobs as her wide areolae.

There was one more cat-bell ring though and that was saved for the woman's most sensitive and arguably most private, of body parts. Her clitoris. Isla forgot that the woman would not let her love-button get mangled without a fight, though. She received a kick for her naivety right on the shin.

“Fuck!” Isla rubbed her boot-covered leg. “You stupid whore!” she cursed angrily, pacing to a drawer in the corner of the room to get something. Sienna still had that defiant hatred in her eyes. She felt renewed confidence with managing to inflict some pain back at her captor. “Get your hands off me, you sick fuck!” was the sentiment.

Isla returned with a long, black, leather riding crop, with a sturdy, but elastic bar that ended in a rectangular leather-piece at the tip. Isla gave a couple of testing swishes through the air. It cut the air with terrifying, loud ‘woosh’ sounds, really matching her whole horse-trainer attire.

“I thought I wasn’t gonna use this that early, but I guess I was wrong”, she commented. Before Sienna could process these words, she felt the leather end of the crop make fierce contact against her bare, dark-chocolatey flesh.

WACK*...*WACK*.....*WACK*.....*WACK

“MMMNGG! NNNNGG! MNGGGHHUU!” Miss Brooks was helpless to protect herself against the barrage of strikes, Isla holding none of her (girly but vicious) strength back.

With nowhere to go, Sienna writhed in place, her arms remaining taut by the weight of her own body. After the first few crop-saps riddled her body, she couldn’t even scream, because the rapid fire strikes didn’t let her catch her breath. Isla unleashed a wave of pain on her vulnerable, suspended slave for some difficult 30 seconds, filling her body with visible red marks where the crop had ‘kissed’ her flesh. These things were being used to force a 600-pound horse to move. It was no question whether they could work on a dainty, 130-pound, female human.

Finally, Isla figured she had received the message. “DON’T. FUCK. WITH ME” Isla spelled it out, meaning a type of business that Miss Brooks had no Master’s degrees in. Sienna’s eyes had lost all of the courage they had seconds ago. There was only teary moisture and fear left in them.

With her dominance exerted, the French teen found no obstacles in driving the cute bell piercing through the woman’s clit. More tears flowed, but Isla couldn’t care less. She got the stepladder again, and fitted Sienna with a matching pink, tall and very conforming PVC collar, with black outlines tracing the top and bottom around her neck. The collar wrapped itself around Sienna’s neck, from her collar bone to the very top of her throat, forcing her head perfectly straight. Isla then gathered Sienna’s beautiful, long, frizzy black hair into a voluminous ponytail, for what would come next. She also undid the woman’s jaw-splitting ballgag. The marks from the gag’s tight leather straps were evident on the woman’s cheeks.

“Please, let me go. I...i have a family... two kids!” the usually ruthless businesswoman tried to appeal to Isla’s humanity. She wanted to turn her head, to make eye-contact with this person, but the collar eliminated any chances of that. “Sucks for them, I guess” Isla replied with utter lack of care behind Sienna, while she was getting ready a tight-fitting, light-pink latex mask, which she then snugly fitted over her captive’s head and pretty, dark-skinned face. The mask ended on Sienna’s neck, and had two generous eye-holes as well as a mouth and two nostril holes. The final hole was located at a 45 degree angle on the back of the head, for her ponytailed hair to pass through.

“You...you can’t be that cruel! You’re just young and emotional. I...i get it! I was like that, too... at your age!” Sienna tried a different, more understanding, sympathizing approach, seeing the young heiress really meant business. But she might as well have produced white noise, because both sounded the same to Isla. The 19-year-old was already getting the straps ready on a light-pink leather head harness, which she unceremoniously fitted on Sienna’s head and face, buckling everything tight and caging the woman’s head in a leather prison (on top of the latex one). The harness featured some fun little horse-ears sticking up, some square eye-blinders, as well as a black, 1.5-inches-thick bit-gag made of black-painted, hard bamboo.

“Listen, I’m sorry, I’m really sorry...please don’t gag me agaigggmmmmmmmmFffff!” Sienna didn’t get to finish her sentence, before the bit was shoved roughly between her teeth and secured with a click on a nook on the right side of her mouth. “Oh you fucking will be sorry, putain” Isla borrowed the French word for ‘whore’.

The thick bit was lodged in there, pushing the corners of the woman’s lips back, forcing her to show her pearly white teeth as she involuntarily bit into it and rendering her unintelligible once more.

The world of capitalism and business was only meant for ruthless, hard-celled individuals. If you want to climb all the way to the top, you got to step on a lot of heads. No weaknesses are allowed. But, overwhelmed with one indecency after the other, the gorgeous, black multimillionaire now appeared reaching a limit, sobbing into her large bit-gag, utterly hopeless and debased. She just stood there, traumatized by what had just taken place.

But the cherry on top this pink Sunday wasn’t the nose-ring, but a metal, pear-shaped butt-plug. It was over an inch on its widest. While the thicker end would rarely see the light of day, the opposite featured a cartoonishly huge, fluffy ponytail, same pink color as the rest of the black pony’s getup. The lightweight tail stuck out majestically from the “wearer’s” tailbone and draped down like a cloud into an S-shape, reaching down to the level of the woman’s knees. If Sienna had any doubts of what her “costume” was meant to portray, now they had all vanished.

It was a good thing Isla had lubed the actual plug up first, cause poor Sienna felt like her rectum would split from the pressure.”Huuuh...huuuuh...huuuugh...hnnnnuuuuuugh” she exhaled deeply; biting hard onto her bit-gag as Isla was slowly, but surely, easing the metal ‘turnip’ inside her asshole. Once it was past the widest point, though, her asshole swallowed the plug like it hadn’t eaten in weeks. The valley of the plug, where her sphincter nested, was relatively thin in comparison to the bulbous part filling Sienna’s ass, so the woman would be unable to “expel” the invader without some ‘outside’ help.

Everything was ready, expect for the woman’s arms. Isla had gone to such trouble to dress and control her new unwilling possession. She couldn’t have her hands roaming free! Like a person!? Absolutely not.

She needed the help of her two guards for this one, though. It was too dangerous to do it alone and it would be a pity if her captive escaped, after all the trouble to get her here. The two big, muscular men entered the room again. They had spent a long ride in the same car, but Sienna was seeing their faces for the first time.

Isla gave them a nod, as she moved over to a device hanging from the ceiling. It operated the pulley, and with a press of a button, the cable started lowering. Sienna let out a gagged sigh of relief, the blood on her wrists returning finally! But they were still too numb and weak to put up a fight against the two men, who each put a firm, two-handed grip on each arm, the moment her cuffs were undone. Clearly overpowering Sienna, the men then brought the woman’s arms behind her back, pinning them immobile, so Isla could guide a color-matching, leather sheath over the woman’s single left arm, moving it all the way up, almost to her shoulders. She had to push hard, since it was a pretty tight fit around Sienna’s arm. On the inside, facing the woman’s spine, the item also featured a series of metal eyelets, on the edge where the two shims of the leather garment fused.

The woman writhed and squealed in her gag with all her might, watching her last chance of utilizing her arm flee before her eyes. Fitted inside the leather sheath, like belts on pants, where two black straps, one at the end of the armbinder, one at wrist-length. These were swiftly pulled tight enough to keep both the sheath from slipping off, as well as encasing the woman’s left hand in a makeshift, leather mitten.

The process was repeated on the helpless damsel’s right arm. This side had the same metallic rows of eyelets facing the spine, though these ones had gate clips on the end, meaning they could be snapped on the opposite grommet of the other arm-sheath and lock together. This allowed variance, from leaving your pony’s arms free to flail around (which would of course never happen), to leaving just the mitten parts connected, to attaching her elbows together, to even pulling her shoulder-blades painfully close. That would probably dislocate them in this item of clothing, but Isla COULD do it, if she fancied.

Apart from the opposite eyelets, the edges of the individual arm-sheathes featured a round gate clip of their own, both of which were snapped through a hole on the external part of the tail-plug. Sienna's hands were thus connected to her ass-plug tail, kept from wiggling aimlessly.

Isla pulled the poor woman's arms together, starting easy from the first eyelets on wrist level, then working her way up. Two, three, four rows were clipped together, so that her elbows basically touched, very uncomfortably. Sienna let out a muffled groan with each metallic snap. She had tried yoga a few years back, but it was nothing like this. She wasn't that flexible. This fucking hurt! With her wrists tethered on her fancy butt-plug/ponytail and her elbows pulled harshly together, Sienna's arm movement was reduced to zero.

Sienna felt helpless, her bonds leaving her next to no room for freedom. She was free to move, but where too? "Ok, Princess, let's store you in your stall" Isla waved the riding crop in a beckoning manner, more than referencing the disrespectful way the grown women had addressed her and Marianna. It was the name she'd give the uppity slut.

A constant reminder of her insolence.

Emily Porter awoke from her induced slumber with a headache. The worry caused by the unexpected breeze felt throughout her uncovered body, came to meet the one birthed from the woman's very restricted range of movement, as well as the feeling of multiple pairs of strange hands on her!

There were three women in their late 30s to early 40s, three maids, working on the poor woman at once. They were all dressed in identical outfits. Though resembling a traditional maid's outfit, Marianna's maids wore white apron dresses with cute matching bonnets tied over their heads and classy heels.

As for the breeze, that came from their outdoor location, a stunning veranda with an overhead cover, overlooking the view from atop a hill. Emily realized she was in the patio of some luxurious mansion.

It appeared that during her "sleepy-time" Emily had been undressed and placed on a hollow, metal frame, while she was out-cold. Her ankles were cuffed on the bottom corners of this steel rectangular contraption. The top side of the frame featured a metal stock, which was snugly housing the woman's neck in soft padding.

The frame was attached on a base via two hinges on the middle of its sides, making the frame rotatable like a human-sized hamster wheel. Emily's arms were currently being restrained behind her back in similar leather arm-sheaths to Sienna's.

Just like Miss Brook's pony getup fitted her curve body type like a perfect glove, the taller, skinnier white woman's entire pony attire was fitted to her precise measurements. Look-wise, it would be identical to Sienna's, with only difference instead of the soft pink of the black girl's, the white lady had a bright-yellow color as the main one. The black details and black pony boots were there, complementing the look.

"GMmmmm!" the bound, British woman shook her entire body (already permanently 'freed' from any hair before she came to her sense) in sheer frustration at her powerlessness and opened her mouth to protest, finding a dead end in both cases. The frame only rattled slightly in response to her struggling, and the leather muzzle gag, strapped over her face and housing a rubber phallus that filled the vacant space in her mouth and crushed the woman's tongue. It kept any words from escaping, until the woman's facial transformation would occur. The three women, now working the stockings, boots and corset on the woman's shapely, nude body, registered Emily's consciousness, but kept working without missing a beat.

"Whuuggghhg ddddnnggh!?" (*What are you doing?*) the rich woman inquired as to the reason for this mistreatment. She didn't get any answer. Over her skin-hugging yellow latex stockings, secured on her smooth upper thighs via black leather straps, came the pony's black 6-inch-platformed pony boots, tightly laced around her feet and calves.

The woman shifted her torso from side to side, the only body part with some relative freedom. Her gorgeous, C-cups swayed along with her squirming. Her nervous eyes also shifted from maid to maid, trying to find the one with some shred of human decency. Last thing she remembered was being attacked during her ride home. But all this seemed too elaborate for a simple ransom video.

That theory was thrown out the window, when the glass doors of the house slid open, and a young, small-statured Latina girl stepped outside in the patio. She had a casual look, a pair of high-waist, complimenting jeans and a red, spaghetti-strapped top. Without any bra on the nipples of her cute, small breasts were visible through the thin fabric. The outfit still cost like 1000 bucks, though just like rich people like to do, it had the appearance of 'common-folk' wear.

Emily couldn't believe it, but her eyes were not lying. It was that girl, that movie production company heiress that had chatted her and Sienna at the Gala a few days ago. Was she the one responsible for this lunacy???

"How is everything going?" Marianna addressed her staff, not even acknowledging her distressed, 16-years-old captive, at first. "As you specified, Miss Cuadrado, we'll be done shortly" the head-maid replied, while the other two were lacing the tight, leather corset on Emily, who was quickly straining to breath in it with her already slim waist shrunk further.

"Excellent" Marianna smiled, taking one of the chairs and sitting so that she was straight-facing her new toy. She silently waived at her workers to continue, wanting to observe the rest of the "transformation". Emily eyed Marianna, with equal parts fright and anger. "LL' mm GGguhghg!" (*let me go!*) she 'demanded' of her captor, while the maids were preparing her fabulous, yellow ponytail. Marianna was much smaller and shorter than Emily, but right now, she might as well be a giant, with the confidence she exuded.

"Now... why would I do that, when I can have so much fun with you?" Marianna spoke relaxed, taking her sweet time to lean a few inches closer to her bound captive, as she propped her chin on her hand with her elbow resting on her knee, sitting with splayed legs. "Besides, if you apply yourself in your training, you'll be able to see your girlfriend, sooner rather than later" Marianna hinted at Miss Brooks' similar fate. Emily's eyes widened with the new information relayed. "Had they taken Sienna, too? And what does she mean by training?" were her two simultaneous concerns.

Suddenly, Emily felt her asscheeks being roughly spread by latex-gloved hands, out of her line of sight. She tried to turn her neck back and see while fidgeting with her mittened hands to hold off the assaulter, but a second maid simply grabbed her armbinder and raised her arms out of the way with ease. With her butt-crack exposed, Emily could struggle all she wanted, the third maid had already lubed up the generous butt-plug, and she started to press it inside her rim-hole. "Ggggn... NNNNNNUH!" Emily voiced her objections, but her sphincter was too weak for the woman's persistence. Once it passed the 'top of the hill', the plug was swallowed by Emily's ass, with a satisfying sliding motion. Marianna watched with a pleasing fascination. Emily had a nice, long, fluffy yellow tail, sticking from her behind. Her wrist-clip was attached to it.

"Since you had a stick up your ass when we met, it shouldn't be much of a difference, now" Marianna twisted the knife. Emily could barely keep her attention on her captor, panting in short breaths though her nose, trying to "deal" with the new strange, 'filling' presence inside her rectum. All she got for her troubles was a bright yellow, PVC posture collar around her neck, the maids working diligently.

"You will be much nicer to me from now on, I can bet you on that..." Marianna assured her frustrated, feisty captive, still squirming every few seconds, with the same results.

"FK YYY!" (*FUCK YOU!*) the 34-year-old, beautiful woman twisted now in fury and defiance, only making her frame rattle slightly, again. She was fed up with this demented shit. "Uh uh uh, ponies don't know curse words. The only whine and neigh, right?" Marianna jokingly directed the question to one of her maids, who was currently preparing some golden cat-bell piercings and a round ring. "Uhm, yes, Miss Cuadrado. That's all they do" she replied flustered, but 'correctly', getting caught off guard.

Emily's defiant look towards Marianna was hard to not crack from the underlying fear, as her gorgeous eyes fell on the four ominous-looking piercings, waiting to "greet" her flesh. The maids first went for her cute nose, holding the gold round ring. "NNNNn MMMMMMMMMM! PPPHHHHGGG!" (*NOO! NOO! Pleasee!*) she genuinely pleaded to the three women, her badass façade all but vanishing.

Her rectangular cage rattled again, shaking ever so slightly and reminding Emily she wasn't going anywhere. Emily couldn't have been more sincere in her begging, but it was all to no avail. With a gagged shriek of pain, the ring was permanently fitted there. Two chilling, muffled screams later, Emily's nipples were also pierced with the degrading bell piercings, which jingled cheerfully as they hung from her tender skin. A few small droplets of blood, dripping from the three punctured holes, were wiped clean. There was one more to go.

Miss Porter desperately tried to close her legs, but a maid held each leg firmly in a tight, body-hug, keeping her hips and thighs steady, as the third made approached her nether regions, holding the last bell-piercing. You only get one shot with these things and Marianna did not want her pony to have a

botched clit-piercing. After a fourth suppressed cry, the most heartbreaking of them all, Emily's clitoris was adorned with a gold little belt, hanging a centimeter bellow the woman's 'love button'.

"I'll kill you, I'll kill ALL OF YOU! I'LL MAKE SURE YOU ROT IN THE DEEPEST PIT!" the woman yelled with tears running down her face, as soon as her muzzle gag was removed by a maid. Plenty of throaty drool dripped from the rubber penis-gag.

Marianna's maids did not appear slowed by her furious speech whatsoever, proceeding to place a snug, shiny, yellow, latex mask over her face, with nostril, eye and mouth-holes. They passed her brunette, straight hair through the hole in the back and fashioned them into a strict ponytail.

Marianna got up from her chair, and approached the clearly distressed woman, in a state of intense emotion. No one ever told Emily Porter what she could or could not do. No one ever had the status or courage to debase or humiliate her. But the rich tiny heiress was doing all those things, making the tall brunette feel small.

Seeing their mistress' approach, her maids rotated the frame slightly forwards, so that the two women were face to face, on the same level, as Emily's naked body was titled about 45 degrees. Even if Emily wanted to turn away from Marianna, her strict collar forbidding any movement. The young girl raised her slim, delicate hand and caressed Emily's latex-covered cheek, before speaking softly, whispering, to her ear.

"If I were you..." she let her words linger. "...I would take this opportunity to learn some humility and modesty. It will help you around here" Marianna informed with a serious tone that dripped of sadistic pleasure. Emily eyed her with her pretty blue eyes trying to appear dignified and strong, but failing short, perhaps for the first time in her adult life.

"Things were said. Things that perhaps should not have been said. But we can't turn back time. We have to live with the choices we make, don't you agree?" Marianna asked rhetorically her captive, patronizing a woman 16 years older than her. Her big, beautiful green eyes sparkled with confidence, now inches from Emily's equally gorgeous blue ones, which held back hate-tears with all their might.

Emily grinded her teeth and puffed through her nostrils, like the caged, gorgeous beast she was. She wasn't really registering Marianna's words, but the girl's advice would prove prophetic. As soon as the Mexican/Colombian girl finished her message, she took a step back and her staff begun to fit the bridle on Emily's head, fixing it snugly and bit-gagging her with the same 1.5-inch, black bamboo bit her

friend was chewing on right now, a few miles away. “Nooo! Sss STOPGGGGHhnnngk!” Emily tried shaking her head, but the collar kept her from doing so and she was easily bridled.

“No one cares what a pony has to say. It’s for the best” Marianna nodded satisfied, as her captive’s words were once again taken away with the thick bit-gag. “Since you think of us as princesses, I thought I’ll extend this honor to your new name. Something fancy, something of your stature, you know? Your buddy got dibs on Princess, so I think I’ll call youuuu... Duchess! Fun, right?” Marianna asked her captive with a cruel smile captive, seeing how much she despised this.

Emily could only through more stifled curses the Latina girl’s way.

The maids took the angry pony-girl down from its metal frame. Emily groaned into her bit and puffed from her ringed nose, much like an unruly, untamed horse. The woman’s peripheral vision was ruined by the eye-blinders, but Marianna could still see the fight in them and wondered how long it would last.

Some drool dribbled from Emily’s bit down on her beautiful, round breasts, fully feeling the early morning breeze, especially with her sensitive, recently electrolyzed flesh. Emily winced at getting herself stained with her own saliva. Her whole state was so humiliating, her body stripped and bound in strict latex and leather, pierced with mockingly jiggling bells and accessorized in an obscene manner.

Emily’s obscenely tall platform hooves/hills (turning her into) met the ground. There was no realistic hope of escape in this restraining, uncomfortable outfit, even if you didn’t count Marianna’s armed home security. Emily was struggling just staying upright in these weird boots.

Miss Cuadrado approached her stunning, fair-skinned pony, covered with shiny, yellow latex and gorgeous black/yellow leather. The pony-girl now towered about a foot and a half over her, like an 6’5” amazon-esque creature. Still, that didn’t make Emily feel any power over the little Latina brat.

Marianna had to fully raise her arms and stand at her tippy toes, in order to clip a black, leather leash onto the woman’s septum ring. It was a good thing the posture collar kept Emily from tilting her head up (or anywhere, for that matter) or Marianna might not be able to reach her pony’s nose.

“Come on Duchess, pick the pace up” Marianna ordered, pulling her leashed, latex pony along where she wanted. “MMMFF!” Emily yelped, her sentiment translating to “please not that fast!” as she struggled to keep up with her much smaller handler, her metal hooves clicking and clacking loudly on the veranda’s stone-floor.

Emily tried offering some resistance. Wherever the girl was taking her, it couldn't have been good. But she had no physical leverage, the slightest resistance she offered hurt her delicate button nose. She had no choice but to follow, to avoid the pain, or worse, falling face-first down or even worse than that, getting her septum torn. Emily spotted on the far end of this yard, something that looked like a single, wooden, bathroom stall. On the bolt-operated door, was carved a cute little carrot symbol.

"You like your new stable stall, Duchess?" Marianna cooed her well-restrained captive, who was in deep disbelief.

And all for being rude to this pampered teen.