

Royal Ponies part 2

By Denkira7

GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

MARIANNA: ...Yeah, the English slut hasn't stopped whining every time I visit her. It's a good thing she has that huge bit in her mouth or else she'd give me a headache. I think I'll let her stew in there for one more day and take her out tomorrow. It's about time I started training her.

ISLA: Found another one! Famous businesswomen Sienna Brooks and Emily Porter reported missing!

MARIANNA: Will you stop with the headlines? Big fucking deal! It's not like they'll find them. Dad's hitmen never leave a clue. It will be like the earth has swallowed them up!

A few days had passed since the double-kidnap operation of the two Forbes-featured CEOs. The news of their sudden disappearance had hit yesterday, with many, many more articles coming out today. None of them linked Sienna and Emily to the two heiresses, virtually strangers with the two missing women.

Miss Cuadrado and Miss Le Perrier were chatting on their phones. Marianna was relaxing at a giant (even without taking into account her small stature) sofa chair, expertly swirling her insanely expensive red wine before sipping, her Bluetooth device in her ear.

Isla was idly swaying her feet back and forth, lying belly-first on the queen-sized bed of her queen-sized bedroom, swiping through her phone at the latest relevant news.

ISLA: It better swallow them up. We have a shareholder summit in a week. I can't have police knocking on my door asking where the bitch is.

MARIANNA: So where IS the bitch, anyway?

ISLA: In her stall. Where else? She was pissing me off today so I strung her up by her nose to the ceiling. Too harsh?

MARIANNA: Naaaah, I don't think so. They need to get used to standing up for long periods of time, anyway.

ISLA: Yeah, I need to start training her soon; cunt still thinks this is some kind of game and that I'll eventually let her go. It's adorable.

MARIANNA: Hehe, I cut my pony's doubts straight up. Every day I go in there I tell her how she'll be my pony forever, it's really funny to watch her fuming and try to talk back all gagged. So...is the bet still on?

ISLA: Of course! Million dollar pony race! Or are you pussying out?

MARIANNA: Fuck no! I'll beat your ass like that...that SeaBiscuit movie. The horse won the race, right? Haven't seen it.

ISLA: Don't know, don't care. Anyway, 90 days from now. At Becky's. We'll see who the best pony trainer is. Gotta go, I got a dude waiting outside from Architectural Digest, for one of these house-tour thingies.

MARIANNA: Are you gonna show him her stables? Hehe...

ISLA: You imagine? ...*'and over here is where I keep my pony-girl. Prance for the camera, Princess!'* haha.

MARIANNA: Gonna go mess with her some more. Anyway, See ya.

ISLA: Later.

Throughout these first few days, both imprisoned women could only wait for whatever cruel fate their much younger mistresses had in store for them. Both pony stalls were in discreet locations of the girls' endless private estates, away from prying eyes.

Marianna wanted her English ponygirl to become intimate with her bestial nature, so her 3x3 meter wide stall had fresh soil for ground and only a large pile of hay in one corner, which the poor woman used for some natural bedding. The soundproofed walls also appeared like any stall, with grey-brown floorboards covering the walls and the triangular ceiling. No windows, except for a single, small skylight to allow some sun in during the morning and noon. Only other features in the cold room were a small hole for the pony to release its waste (her tail-plug removed once per day for 'number twos' by Marianna's maids) and wooden trough, placed at about 3 feet of the ground, so that Emily was forced

to bend over and prop her tailed ass up to reach the unappetizing gruel she was fed each day. A smaller trough of water was next to it.

Sienna's 'accommodations' did not differ much from her English pal's. Though Miss Le Perrier did not want her ponygirl lying down, even on hay. Lying was too...human for her liking. Instead, her pony's equally small 'quarters' had a leather chest harness, dangling from chains attached to the ceiling. Each night, Isla's personal stable boy (a handsome 30-year-old guy named Fabian) would hitch the black pony to that tight chest harness and 'bid her goodnight', leaving her to fall asleep standing and with the harness not allowing her much room to roam, just like a real horsey! Difficult and uncomfortable as it was, by the third night Sienna was too tired to not fall asleep.

It was all terribly degrading, especially for someone used to a lavish, privileged lifestyle as Miss Porter and Miss Brooks. They two ponies were only unbridled for 10+10 minutes of the day (once in the morning and once in the evening) by the teen's stable staff, so that they could be fed and watered.

Early on, Emily and Sienna would use most of those free-speech minutes to curse at their apathetic caretakers, then the remaining few to beg for release, throwing obscene amounts of bribes at them, with their millions of dollars appearing their only possible saving grace.

Their offers didn't soften Fabian or the maids' hearts. They were all being paid pretty handily to risk their paycheck (not to mention their lives) on freeing the whiny rich cunts.

When those 10 minutes would be up, the ponies' bits would return straight back between their flawless teeth and the ponies would be left with empty stomachs to their own, helpless devices. Increasingly hungry, the two pampered, gorgeous women gave up and shamefully, reluctantly bent their bound bodies over their troughs, lapping at their mushy meal, instead of babbling uselessly. They always got their pretty faces dirty with their gruel, but none of the staff cared to clean them. Marianna and Isla wanted their pony bitches to get used to dirt, filth or sweat sticking to their once immaculately clean, naked bodies, at least when not used and paraded around.

The novice ponygirls' bondage was as inhumane as their living conditions. It gripped, constricted and held their totally smooth, electrolyzed bodies in very specific ways. Their strict, leather arm-binders accentuated their nakedness, since they harshly pulled their arms behind their backs and as a result forced their chests to be pressed outwards and their shapely jugs to be 'presented' against the women's will.

While their faces were masked with latex, much more private, intimate parts were graphically exposed. Their upper thighs, their (plugged) asses, their pierced breasts and their womanly cunts were the only surfaces of skin not covered by either skin-tight latex or snug leather.

While previously living similarly privileged lives, now Sienna and Emily could not be treated more differently than their teen captors. While Isla and Marianna enjoyed large pillows as soft as clouds, a mattress big enough that she could make a snow-angel and a half, and satin sheets that caressed her skin, Isla only had the prickly, itchy hay to support her bound body and Sienna had to split the difference between straining her nude chest or the already sore balls of her feet, in order to support her weight during her sleep.

While Isla and Marianna enjoyed gastronomic works of art at the finest restaurants (or from their private chefs), the two mid-30s women had to become accustomed to the same blunt, gross gruel they were fed each day.

While the two teens had a privacy spanning miles upon miles around their bedrooms, with added security staff and systems of top quality, the two ponygirls did not even possess the decency of defecating without a maid or stable boy waiting for them to finish, so they would hastily clean their ass up and re-plug their poor buttoholes. Never mind their perpetual nudity, both girls baring their precious private parts to any and all.

From having whole media and publishing companies able to immediately broadcast their opinions to millions, the women lost the right to simple human speech, constantly bit-gagged and their words rendered to incomprehensible grunts and moans.

Soon enough, both girls gave their two captives a chance for some fresh air. It was time to get their new ponygirls into their training regimen. After almost a week in isolated captivity, the dumb whores (Isla and Marianna's kind nickname) oughta have gotten used to the basics of their gear/outfit.

While Isla stuck to her beloved black-and-white, horse-trainer outfit, Marianna didn't bother with such theatrics, opting for a more relaxed, casual look. Some cute n' sexy tracksuits were in store, though.

The pink and the yellow pony were still figuring out their footing, both literally and figuratively, as they were nose-lead out in the open fields.

Both ponies gave their decades-younger mistresses some harsh words, though their thick bit-gags didn't help with them being concise and on top of that, they undercut their attempt at projecting even

a semblance of intimidation. Like the rest of their incapacitating getup, their gags would not be coming off.

There was also plenty of stubborn pulling against their nose-leashes, but that didn't slow down their mistresses from stringing them along the outdoors by the thin, long chains. The ponygirls' delicate noses hurt at the slightest resistance whenever their chain-leashes became taut, 'advising' them to not offer much resistance.

From observing 'Princess' and 'Duchess' in this first walk, one thing was certain. In comparison to the loyal beasts Marianna and Isla wanted them to become, Emily and Sienna were both unfocused, combative and lacking a sense of hierarchy.

In short, they were untamed and in much need of training.

The conditioning of the human ponies from a spoiled, privileged lifestyle into a state of blind submission and obedience began with small steps. Literally.

Marianna and Isla would take their ponies out for a simple stroll, as they led them around the field by their leashed noses for round after round. Other times, they forced them to stand still on their tall, precarious pony boots for long periods of time, mute and with a good, proud pony posture; their backs straight, their exposed chests and asses stuck out, their pretty eyes straight ahead, helped along by their blinders.

Utterly insulted by these humiliating orders, Sienna and Emily's natural response was a loud, jaw-stretched, bit-gagged 'fuck you' to their teen oppressors. They refused to obey, stubbornly planting their hooves to the dry dirt and abstaining from their pony posture.

Every time, these defiant stances were met with ruthless, repeated strikes from Isla's leather riding crop and Marianna's long, elastic cane. "MNNNNGGHFF! NNNN! HTTTUUUUUPP! (*Noo! Stoop!*)" the black and white ponies yelped each time, unable to avoid the onslaught of strikes due to their nose-leashes always resting in their mistresses' hands. A simply light yank could bring the wild pony as close to them as the young girls wanted, for a disciplinary beating.

After their luscious, exposed bodies had been graced with many welts and marks, Emily and Sienna were much more timid, going along with the teens' wishes, until their bruised egos' hurt enough that the cycle of retaliation and punishment would start again.

The more protests they saw from their ponygirls, the stricter Isla and Marianna would get. Never mind moaning, struggling or outright stepping out of their assigned spot. The slightest slouching or shifting was punished with the cane or the riding crop. It was so easy for Isla and Marianna to administer unbearable amounts of pain with the simplest flick of their dainty wrists. No need for physical strength or weapon-wielding prowess.

Marianna had lost count of how many times her cane had graced Emily's once pampered, bare, milky skin simply for pacing her hooved feet in place, moaning without a rhyme or reason, or slacking on her posture. At the late, exhausted hours it got even worse, the brunette moving out of position, cursing her mistress out (incoherently) in pent up frustration, and pulling against her restraints.

Subsequently, Emily and Sienna's gorgeous, latex and leather strapped bodies were always coated in many welts, in various stages of healing.

It was a slow process, but each strike to their poor, defenseless flesh, each lingering, stinging mark, was a memory of what happened when Sienna and Emily went against the girls' wishes. Soon, the young women's "fuck you's" and prideful stubbornness were not so instinctive anymore, with each ponygirl having to think twice and thrice before letting her frustration show. Each gagged whine, each indignant body-jerk (that caused their full, pierced titties to sway) took a very real toll on them, in the form of the cane and crop 'biting into' their skin.

If the period between a pony's furious outbursts was about 10 minutes at the start, it was soon climbing up to an hour.

Miss Cuadrado and Miss Le Perrier's older ponygirls were being easier to handle with each passing day. Pain was a great motivator for both pampered hussies, and avoiding it had chopped away at the once intimidating businesswomen's pride bit by bit.

"UMM HOOHHYY!" UM HOOHHYY!" (*I'm sorry! I'm sorry!*) a desperate Sienna pleaded for forgiveness, immediately upon seeing her mistress enter her stable. The pink-clad pony had been tethered by her nose-ring to the ceiling by a thin chain, currently on her 3rd straight hour. The imploring pony had her head tilted back as much as her posture collar allowed, as to give her stretched body the slightest slack. She raised her knees again and again in place, in order to work some of the soreness and cramping out of her legs. She had to keep them perfectly straight for so long. Fabian had hitched her so there was no slack in her punishment. If the poor woman let her hips relax and sink an inch or two lower, her cute button nose was as good as gone. Sienna's whole body was on fire from having to hold this pose until...who knows?

The dreaded nose-hanging was Isla's favorite method of non-training-hours punishment, whenever her pony wasn't adhering to its initial punishment protocol. Isla and Marianna had devised a clever plan to keep their pony's obedience at peak. If say, a pony grunted or mean-eyed its owner, it would get a few smacks of the cane or the riding crop to 'calm down'. But if the pony was giving her owner a hard time while receiving those 'reminding' strikes, then she would earn herself an even worse, much more prolonged fate.

For Isla and Sienna, it was the nose-hanging torture, which locked her pony in perpetual strain for hours on end. Mentally, the poor ponygirl did not know if its owner would 'put her down' after 3, 4, or 6 hours. This uncertainty made the mental aspect of this punishment much worse, since the pony had no real end-of-the-tunnel to look forward to and keep its spirits up. Sienna felt like its time she was being disciplined like that, Isla left her nose-strung for longer and longer time. She wasn't wrong.

"You're sorry? You should have thought of that before acting out" Isla chuckled. Sienna hoped that was the case, but she wasn't there to take her ponygirl off. Besides, she never was the one to do this chore, but rather, Fabian. She was just checking in on her suffering slave.

"Fabian has a night off, today. No one will be here to unhook you until tomorrow morning" Isla informed her pained, torso-shifting pony. She lied of course; she wouldn't like her pony with no nose. But it was fun to fuck with her. "MMGGGGnN! PPPLHHHH!" Sienna pleaded further upon hearing that, but Isla had already turned her back on her and was walking out the stable.

Not wanting to let their ponies rest on their laurels, Marianna and Isla introduced more demanding tasks. Perfectly pony prancing was the main one, with each leg needing to rise up to waist level, knees at a right angle. This dressage-inspired performative movement would teach the dumb fillies good form, make their appearances more pleasing to the eye, as well as built up some much-required stamina for what was to come.

Of course, at each new challenge there was still a fair share of prideful resistance by Sienna and Emily. That was when the girls' 'magical' instruments would come in play once more. Marianna's favorite long, sturdy oak cane and Isla's stylish black riding crop would come to 'meet' these women somewhere where their 'reasoning' lacked much come-back.

After the 10th or so strike, the helpless women would be desperate to make the onslaught stop, so they'd push those pretty breasts outwards, perk their ass out and get to prancing and trotting.

The more challenging the ponygirls' orders became, the whinier the two bound cunts got with the younger mistresses. It was more of a bargaining 'hey, cut me some slack, I'm doing my best!' kind of outrage than a full on insult this time, with Sienna and Emily getting it into their heads that they did not make their rules this time.

"Did it tell you to stop, Princess?" a fuming Isla asked her dark-skinned ponygirl, who had seized its trotting, panting through her bit-gag. She was getting the dumb cunt acclimated to trotting, making her run light jogs around a wooden fenced area, having clipped the leash of her nose-ring on a wooden pole in the middle of the small field.

"NNNGGFFF! NGGFHffhkkggguh!" Isla heard the muffled complaint leaving her frustrated pony's bit. Isla made a B-line for her stubborn slave and started whacking her ass with the disciplinary instrument. Sienna saw the violence coming by her fuming trainer and was trying to move away from it, but she was confined to the 5-meter radius of her nose-leash, which was already almost taut.

"MMMMMMFF! NNNGGGHH!! UMM HHHRRRHHH" (*No! I'm sorry!*) Sienna yelped in pain, trying to apologize for speaking out of turn (which was always) as the French blonde punished her ponygirl on her nice, bouncy jugs. Sienna's bound arms could not shield her, stashed safely behind her back.

Despite her very dark complexion, the red mark of the crop was still visible on the girl's boobies.

"You don't stop Princess and your certainly don't talk back" Isla taught her suffering ponygirl her lesson amidst crop strikes. She liked calling her by her newly given name; Princess. Besides being a

reference to the word the woman had used to insult her, it also gave off a fake aristocratic vibe and was a nice irony to Sienna's new life and status. The black woman did not like it one bit, but was never consulted on it.

After a thorough whipping, 'Princess' had gotten the memo. She only stops trotting when Isla says so. Defeated, she sunk her teeth into the wooden bit-gag and got back to trotting around the field, trying very hard to not be "penalized" again. When her eyes were not focused on the flat dirt-road ahead, they met Isla's, beaming with pure hatred. Miss Le Perrier observed her trotting ponygirl with a look full of impatient anger.

Ever since she could remember herself, the blonde teen was NEVER a patient person.

Meanwhile, Marianna kept her long cane neatly stashed in the back loops of her jeans, using her threats just as effectively as her corporal punishment tool. She had put Duchess into doing some prancing in place, micro-managing and correcting the slightest misnomers in the pony's movement she didn't like.

"MMMNGgHHHFFgggg!!!" it sounded like Emily had said something akin to a human word, as soon as another strike of the cane 'grazed' her right tit. Not just a feral yelp. That wouldn't do.

Without a warning, Miss Cuadrado pulled down Emily's nose-leash, until the towering ponygirl was forced to bend over so far down that her ear was right next to the short girl's mouth. Emily felt her torso following when her nose was going, 'breaking her posture' at a right angle. She felt so helpless at that moment.

The little Latina girl trapped the leash-rope taut on the ground by stepping on it, as if using one hand to completely control this person wasn't enough of a power move. She didn't even need one. She leaned a bit over her yellow, latex pony. "If you give me any more trouble, i will slice your clit off and feed it to you. Do I make myself clear?" she said with an unhurried, dominant, deep voice. The same sensual voice she probably used for dirty-talk with her Hollywood actor boyfriend.

Emily could not turn to face Marianna with that crude collar, nor shift her eyes to meet the girl's, thanks to those degrading horse blinders, but she darn well understood, breathing deeply in fear. This little bitch was demented! But still, the woman had no way to answer the question without her voice. Nodding her head was also kind of impossible, with that stiff posture collar. She just eyed the ground, scared shitless.

"When a pony wants to show it understands, it rings its little clitty-bell. **Do you understand?...**"

Marianna spelled out the last three words, obviously indicating what she was expecting from her 34-year-old ponygirl. She had thought of with this new code of non-verbal communication this morning,

knowing it would certainly infuriate the proud brunette. She was just waiting for the right time to introduce it.

Emily could not allow her own dignity to do what she was asked. "Ringing her clitty-bell?!" WHO DID THIS LITTLE BITCH THINK SHE WAS? Emily defiantly refused the tiny girl's order. Her hips not only remained still, but Emily also tried moving her body away from her petite handler, in obvious dismissal. "HHHuukk wwuu!" (Fuck you!) she cursed through her mouth-spreading bit.

"Ok..." Marianna sighed, taking a pair of metal clippers out of her jean's pocket. "No point in having a clit if you don't ring your bell..." she said while moving the sharp tool towards Emily's precious body part, as nonchalantly as someone about to toss the last slice of pizza in the trash.

The woman's eyes widened with horror. "MMMMMn...NNNnn HLLLLLLLLLLLLLEEEEEAAHHHH! ULLL HEee GooGG! ULLG HEeeGoogUUHHWEEHH" (*Noo, please! I'll be good! I'll be good I swear*) she bucked and writhed in place, Marianna's sneaker still tethering her frame at a right angle and forced to face the muddy ground. Emily was seeing the clippers approach her womanhood and could do nothing to stop them! A instinct of self-preservation kicked in, and the woman urgently shook her hips right and left, even spreading her legs a bit to make sure that cat-bell was heard loud and clear.

RIIIING* *ring*ring*RIIIING* *rriiing* *ring

Marianna retrieved the clippers, having called her slave's bluff and won.

Back to a different mansion's wooden fenced, dirt field, those mean looks that Sienna was giving Isla, even as she pranced around the field, were rubbing Isla in all sorts of wrong ways. "Oh, no, you do not look at me like that. On your knees bitch, GO!" she barked, approaching Sienna and pulling her nose-leash with her, squatting and taking it all the way down with her. "FuKh YYuuh, LT Mmmm Ghuh Yyy Bhht!" (*Fuck you! Let me go bitch!*) Sienna fought the good fight, cursing at her handler all the way through, but ultimately the pain on her septum was too much, and she found herself where Isla wanted her. Kneeling on the rough, dirt ground, with her face firmly against the dry mud, helped there by the girl's rider boot, which was currently stepping menacingly on her head.

"Spread your legs, whore...MORE!" Isla threatened simply by patting the leather tip of the riding crop against the woman's hips, not enough to hurt, but enough to show that it very much CAN hurt.

The sensation was enough to send a horrible shiver through the woman's bare spine and for Sienna to comply without a conscious thought. She couldn't bare another rampage of whipping. It was amazing how quickly our own bodies get acclimated to avoiding pain. "Lift your fat ass up" Isla double-tapped the crop on the woman's soft skin and she obeyed IMMEDIATELY this time, hating herself for being so submissive. Sienna's ass was by no means fat, at least in 'black girl's terms'. It was juicy and 'thicc'. But

the French girl liked insulting her African-descended pony. She grinned, getting an enormous sense of a power trip.

“If you move even an inch, you’ll spend the whole night hanging by your nose...i *mean* it” Isla drove her warning home, as she removed her boot’s sole from the back of Sienna’s head. Sienna obeyed, trembling even from the fear of accidentally moving and displeasing her 19-year-old owner. She knew the girl had it in her to string her up like that. She had done many times already, when her black ponygirl was giving her trouble.

Isla moved behind the much more docile woman. Her pussy was on full display, her asshole too, generously plugged with her ponytail. Isla placed the riding crop against the woman’s pussy-lips and started slowly rubbing it up and her meaty labia lips, like a large leathery tongue. She kept at it, letting her slave dread when it would actually ‘kiss’ her sex.

As Isla retrieved the crop from the woman’s cocoa pussy-lips, Sienna’s crotch flinched again and again in an instinctive act of self-preservation, thinking the girl was bracing her tool for impact.

“MMMMMMMMnnnnnn, nnnnnnnnnn ppllhhhh!” the 35-year-old woman was now fully pleading, no more tough-girl acts.

“WHAT DID I SAY ABOUT MOVING AND TALKING!? This punishment is just for the bitchy look you gave me earlier. Do you want me to add to your list of offences?” Isla asked in the tone of a strict school-teacher. A 19-year-old teacher with a very French accent.

She was getting into this dominant role, no problem. The black woman shut the fuck up, struggling to keep back the faintest pitiful sobs that escaped her bit-gag, her furrowed brows and her whole bound body’s shivering indicating a drastic change in her demeanor. She felt so helpless, horrible pain was seconds away from her, and she could do nothing to stop it. She stood still, her whole body trembling in anticipation. Every atom in the woman’s body was screaming at her to move away, but she knew she shouldn’t.

She had been whipped by that awful riding crop before, but never to such a sensitive place. Knowing how her ass, tits and thighs hurt after each strike that left a deep red mark the shape of the crop’s tip, she could only imagine how bad this would sting. Isla soaked up all the delicious fear, prolonging the inevitable by a few more seconds...

WACK

“UUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUghhhuhuaaaaaaa” Sienna’s painful yelp immediately transitioned into miserable crying, as Isla brought the crop in an upswing on the woman’s pussy, to ‘catch’ it nice and fully. The face-down-ass-up woman reflexively brought her hips together and her body flinched away from where the pain came. Her pussy already had a nice pink color from the crop spanking. “Bring your

ass back, we're not done" Isla' said over her toy's crying. Isla wanted to set a precedent for how things would run around here.

Sienna was still incoherently pleading and crying on the ground, drool dripping from her bit gag, snot from her nose and tears from her eyes.

WACK

Another devastating moan left Sienna's bit-gag, even though she fully opened her mouth, her scream was still stifled by the thick, smothering bit. She was truly at the mercy of this person.

WACK

Another pussy-spank, another jerk of the bound pony's body. The crying was continuous, with only small crescendos off momentary screams.

"I'm glad we're communicating right now, but I must punish you for your earlier disobedience" Marianna informed her yellow-dressed, latex pony girl. Emily was still bent over with her torso parallel to the ground, her pretty tits dangling with gravity, and their cat-bells following under them. Her nose was still unable to lift more than 3 feet from the ground. "Are you ready for your punishment?" the young Latina asked the English girl with meaning.

Emily hated this tiny brawd SO MUCH! She huffed and puffed through her septum-pierced nose with anger. The indignity she was being subjected to was unparalleled. Not all would she get her ass whooped, she had to ring a fucking bell in her clitoris! To sign-off on her own the ass-whooping, as if she consented to this abuse! One second passed, then two. At the end of the third, a fuming Emily reluctantly twerked her hips, causing the little cat bell hanging from her clitoris to ring. She immediately hated herself for sinking so low.

"Great" Marianna said with her cane at hand and a cheerful smile in her face, which rubbed it in at Emily's misery ever more. She run the pony's nose-leash through Emily's firm legs as she stood behind her pony, with a nice view of her tight, spankable white ass. It was about to get some more horizontal red strips. The tension of the leash in her petite fingers also kept Emily bend over and her ass readily available.

SMACK

The long cane was brought down on the girl's ass with such speed, the stick bent as it was travelling through the air to meet the young woman's flesh, catching on the soft tender round parts that jiggled upon impact and immediately pulsed with a beating pain. "NNNNNNNNGGGGG!" the British woman bit down hard on her bit, inhaling sharply through her teeth to deal with the pain. Her long legs trembled from processing that thunderous pain.

SMACK

"UUUUUUUUUUUUuuuuuuuuuuuuungghh!" Emily was trying not to show how much this hurt by suppressing her moans, but she wasn't a superhero. Besides, the two harsh line-marks on the underside of both the woman's butt-cheeks already indicated how much this stung. And Marianna had many more to go...

In the breaks between Miss Porter and Miss Brooks' ruthless pony training, there was plenty of 'down time' for the enslaved women's minds to wonder about their grim fates and to fear the next painful and humiliating ordeal.

They always hyped themselves up that next time that door opened, they would fight tooth and claw to avoid whatever their young mistresses had in store for them. Each time that plan failed. Whether Mariana's maids, Fabian the stable boy, or the heiresses themselves, it was completely demoralizing how little resistance Emily and Sienna could exert. Any strength or stamina the women had built over their private studio aerobic sessions was useless against their restraining garments.

It was definitely a process to break the enslaved women's spirits. But Marianna and Isla were determined to snuff out even the smallest flame of freedom and determination. Their goal was to obliterate any notion of expressive license. Any action that drifted off the very narrow path of what was expected of the two ponies, anything that these women thought they might get away with, was forbidden without any lenience.

With their incapacitating bondage and complete vulnerability to the girls' violence, the scales were drastically tipped towards Marianna and Isla's favor. And so their ponies gradually fell in line.

Their sadistic trainers/owners often liked to remind their ponies' of their inferior place through their degrading cat-bells. Duchess' clit-bell jiggling became a staple and her only way of expressively communicating to her handler. It only meant yes, affirmative, since there was no need for a sign of refusal for Emily. Whatever Marianna ordered would need to be followed.

Similarly, Miss Le Perrier taught her black, pink-clad pony to shake her full, round DDs in agreement whenever she addressed her, causing the woman's nipple-pierced cat-bells to sing cheerfully. The leading questions the two teens often asked often aimed to further humiliate their slaves.

"Does Princess like when I touch her?" Isla's sultry voice almost concealed the clear threat of violence, as she caressed Sienna's cunt-lips with her leather gloved hands, holding her riding crop very suggestively on her other hand. Sienna REALLY wanted the young blonde's hands off her, visible by her bit-gagged, worried face. But all the proudly posturing pony did was shake her big titties like a dumb bimbo pony, 'consenting' to this harassment.

"Good, cause I like touching you" Isla winked, twirling her gloved finger around the woman's pierced clitoris. She liked frustrating her pony with degrading stimulation like that.

The young heiresses had started being particularly “handsy” with their ponygirls’ exposed, helpless bodies. Despite both regularly dating young handsome men, having these sexy pony-sluts to their complete disposal brought out something sexual in the normally heterosexual women, that feeling led by pure force to dominate the two bitches that had insulted them so carefree. They rarely missed a chance to grope and degrade Princess and Duchess.

Sienna and Emily’s once cherished, concealed, womanly pussies were out in the open 24/7, for the teen girls to tickle their cunt-lips or insert a finger or two inside them, without a warning or (certainly) asking.

The worst indignity of all was that the poor enslaved women had to be mere spectators in their abuse, unreactive and certainly not retaliating in ANY way, to avoid further punishment.

Isla loved giving poor Sienna a couple of “rewarding” pats on her bare pussy whenever she ‘did well’ despite the woman’s clear disdain for this method of encouragement. “Good job, Princess! Two more hours of trotting and then you’ll be able to rest” she’d praise her black pony whilst violating her exposed sex, with the poor black damsel trying her best to not flinch or wince. This would show displeasure at her mistress and that was not a good thing.

Marianna loved hand-slapping her pony’s tight ass whenever she felt like it, causing poor ‘Duchess’ to flinch with an adorable, bit-gagged yelp. “That’s it, Duchess, keep prancing like a good girl!” the 5-foot-tall Latina spanked her ponygirl. Calling the 34-year-old woman a ‘good girl’ sounded further insulting. “Aren’t you a good girl?” Marianna caught the woman’s annoyance in her eyes, wanting to torment her further. Without stopping her in-place-prancing, lifting one knee after the other, Emily tried her hardest to not roll her angry eyes at shook her hips to jiggle her clitty-bell, with plenty of sweat dripping from her gorgeous body.

With Marianna and Isla’s routines settling in nicely, after the acclimating period of stabling a bucking, moaning billionaire in their backyards, the two besties decided to drop by to check out the progress of their ponies, and take a look at the smug cunts that had vilified them.

“Aaaw what a pretty ponyyy!” Isla cooed ever so condescendingly the first time she saw a miserable Emily being ‘brought out’ in front of her, led by the foot-shorter Marianna, who held the pony’s septum-chain. The British white slut appeared to be walking just fine on her metal-soled hooves, not able to trot or anything major, but at least not stumble every three steps. Her African friend had made similar progress, getting used to supporting her armless body on the elevated fronts of her feet, instead of the whole sole like every other person.

Upon meeting Isla Le Perrier, the English brawd was averting her eyes from the new guest, being terribly ashamed of her state. The woman was suppressing the boiling feelings of hatred coming up upon meeting the one of two people responsible for her fate, in order to avoid being 'reprimanded' with the stinking cane. This was already a positive sign of submission.

"How do we greet a guest, Duchess?" Marianna remindingly/warningly asked her pony. Emily eyed her momentarily with a pitiful, blushing look of 'please don't make me do this' but a stern look back from the young girl reminded her all the times she hesitated to obey a command and was caned viciously by the petite girl. The look on Marianna's green eyes was all it took for the grown woman to bend her yellow, leather-bound body at the waist towards Isla. As she did so, Emily jiggled her exposed, unsupported breasts like a 5\$ stripper, the tit-swaying making their cat-bells tingle. At the same time, she shook her pretty ass, so that her yellow ponytail wagged from side to side with joy. The tall pony then waited stiffly bent, with her head bowed and the same level as her mistress' guest's (as Marianna had instructed), waiting for Isla to pet her (or acknowledge her in any way she wanted).

"Adorable" Isla was charmed by her friend's pony, patting the top of Emily's latex-covered head.

Marianna's visit to Isla's villa came shortly after, the girl also bringing Duchess with her, safely locked inside a snug, metal-framed box, which forced the pony to fold its body into a ball just to fit. It was the first time the two kidnapped women would meet each other, since their 'transformation'.

Though there were no warm embraces or even verbal greetings between them, as Marianna nose-led her pony over to the back yard where Isla was waiting with her own pony stoically by her side. Emily and Sienna's eyes met for the first time since their mutual abduction, both pairs drenched in silent sorrow. This sorrow was followed by a deep shame, even though their state was identically humiliating.

"Should we make 'em greet each other?" Isla asked, eager for some fun, holding Princess's nose-leash. "I think horses nestle their heads together or something?" Marianna said unsure, whilst the yellow and pink ponies shamefully avoided eye contact, only a few feet from each other. "Works for me" Isla did not need to hear anything more, pulling at Sienna's nose-leash towards Emily.

With their two mistresses staring at them expected nothing but obedience, the two long-time friends found themselves in very intimate distance. They had never seen each other so graphically naked, never mind their bizarre getup. Reluctantly, but afraid of taking too long, they started rubbing their latex-covered, harnessed faces, nuzzling their heads against each other and rubbing them against the other's collared neck. As they did this animalistic ritual, their alluring chests pressed skin-to-skin, the silver and golden cat-bells that dangled from their nipples brushing with the others. It was so degrading!

Emily and Sienna held back their bit-gagged whimpers to appear braver than they actually were. They did not dare stop this surreal greeting until their mistresses have had enough.

Emily and Sienna spent the rest of the evening standing at mute attention, side-by-side, with their noses linked together with a thin chain clipped to their septum rings at a slight arc, making the reunited pals truly inseparable. Due to their vision-constricting eye-blinders, two women could not even exchange any glances of mutual sympathy for each other's ordeal. They only had to imagine how the other must felt, stiffly maintain their pony posture.

Meanwhile, their much younger, carefree owners went about their evening, sipping drinks, shooting the shit and gossiping in the beautiful yard.

Marianna commented on how submissive Isla's black ponygirl had gotten, complimenting her friend on her training progress. "Check this out" Isla got up from her comfy deck chair and ordered Princess to hold a deep, graphically exposing squat, her pierced cunt fully displayed now for them. She grabbed her dressage whip (always available within reach) and started gently tapping it repeatedly on the inside of the pony's squatting inner thighs eyes, not to overtly hurt, but rather to test the poor ponygirl's submissive resolve, for no good reason other than her own twisted enjoyment.

Patpatpatpatpatpat.....***PAT***

The last smack was strong, the button to the smaller, building ones. "Gnn!" to Marianna's amazement, "Princess" kept her strict squat proudly, only uttering a suppressed groan at that last thigh smack, baring her white teeth as they bit hard into her bit-gag, the black girl trying not get louder. Besides her audibly accelerated nose-breathing, Sienna did not waver her honey-brown eyes, which remained straight ahead, fighting the deep, instinctive urge to trace this pain-delivering instrument that was tapping her bare, presented flesh. Despite her pony's admirable performance, Isla was not pleased that Sienna groaned at that last whip snap.

Isla moved the crop next to Sienna's other thigh, the black ponygirl's squatting legs trembling a bit both from both strain and fear of what was to come. "Again, I don't wanna hear a peep"

Patpatpatpatpatpat.....***PAT***

Sienna tensed her face and closed her pretty eyes, biting hard on her bit to absorb the hit silently. "Ffff...fff...fff..." her breathing betrayed her incredible strain. But she had succeeded in not moaning.

“You got her branded? That’s awesome!” Marianna finally noticed the clear, deep mark sizzled on the top of the black woman’s left juicy ass-cheek. The brand-mark was a reminder of the woman’s new identity:

Princess

“I gotta brand mine too, it looks so cool” a jealous Marianna vowed to give her own pony a similar irreversible branding. Standing right next to her in her proper ‘unused’ pony posture, with her tits juttied out and her face stuck straight ahead (unwarranted eye contact was severely punished) Emily tried to mask her dread and her increased breathing, having heard every word of her mistress’ intentions.

Whenever out for a coffee or visiting each other, the rich heiresses would complain about how hard being a pony trainer was, having to constantly be aware of any slightest transgression of their ponies and immediately cut any rebellious thinking at the root. In the privacy of their mansions, these discussions happened with the two ponies often present, their humanity never really registering by Miss Cuadrado and Miss Le Perrier as they talked about them like they basically were not there.

Sienna and Emily could only listen being referred to like pets, or cattle. Certainly lesser than humans. Hearing them whine about how hard training them was added another layer of indignity.

“NNNNNNNGGGFFF! NNNNNNNNGGG!!” Emily bucked and flailed her stripped body, pleading through her jaw-spreading bit-gag, though Marianna’s three maids, had no issues ‘maneuvering’ her bound form over a leather bench she had brought inside her stall. Working like a well-oiled machine, as one, they run leather straps over the woman’s already snug-bound arms and her lower waist and cuffed the pony’s boot-covered ankles to the bottom of the bench’s legs, to ensure no ‘donkey-kicks’.

Marianna watched her pony’s prepping unfold with folded arms and a sadistic smirk. The custom made branding iron was resting inside a steaming cylindrical bucket of coal fire. The red hot letters crafted at the end of the iron spelled the name:

Duchess

Finally, her maids had secured the ‘fussy’ filly to the bench with her upper body strapped down, with its ass sticking out the end of the bench, ready for its branding. There was no way the woman could budge and ruin her ‘beauty mark’.

“Ssshhhh, easy now, little filly” Marianna spoke softly, approaching her pony with the red hot branding iron in her gloved hand, with smoke rising from the letters. “MMMMMMMMMMGGGGGGG! MMMMMMMMMG!” Emily was letting out this shriek, guttural groans from her bit-gag, trying with all her might to turn her collared neck behind her back and see what she already knew the girl was holding. The wide, leather straps held her firmly locked onto the leather bench. She adorably tried wiggling her strapped-down ass out of the heat’s way, but the three maids all put their hands on her right ass-cheek, steadying it further around the nice piece of smooth, fair flesh that Marianna was ‘aiming’ for. It was a tad above the ‘center’ of her ass-cheek, so that it would be easily seen when the girl was standing, meaning most of the time.

“MMMMMMMMMMGGGGG! PHHHHHHHHHHEEEEEHNGGG!” Emily was sobbing now, not quite seeing, but sensing Marianna standing right behind her. “Shut it, Duchess!” Marianna yelled authoritatively, her tall, white pony now just sobbing into her huge big-gag, not pleading or screaming. The next moment, she drove the burning iron into the woman’s tender flesh. The blood-curdling, sizzling sound the red-hot metal made as it was plunged in the soft skin tissue, destroying the first few layers of the woman’s epidermis, was followed suit by a horrible, long muffled squeal of pain by the poor Emily. After three seconds, Marianna removed the branding iron, satisfied with her work.

The name “Duchess” was forever engraved onto the woman’s flesh, smoke still rising from the violated, marked flesh.

With Princess and Duchess finally hitting some strides in their submission, Marianna and Isla could relax a bit and let the ponygirls' fear of punishment work in their favors. They would often hitch their nose-rings by their leashes to a pole and order them to trot around for hours, while they leisurely sunbathed and enjoyed a nice cold glass of juice or cocktail, browsing their phone or chatting with each other on the phone.

While Emily and Sienna would have loved to sneak a rest behind their mistresses' back, getting caught was a big risk, and since the girls' deckchairs faced the field they pranced on, it was hardly possible to get away with anything.

If not trotting, the teen billionaires would have their pony stand proudly next to them. It was an exercise in self-restraint, since their ponies just had to stand idly, but in a tense body posture that gradually was getting more and more difficult to maintain. They waited for instructions that never came, besides the occasional question that only saw to insult them and make them ring their nipple and clit bells. No moan of exhaustion or frustration was allowed to escape their bit-pried lips, no shifting or stretching from their tired legs and arms.

A pony was only good when useful, and when the pony-sluts were not useful, they were expected to be as docile and unregistered as possible.

More than anything, the BFFs wanted to be able to ride their ponies. It was what their training ultimately aimed at. That feeling of dominating these bitches so intimately, so undeniably, tickled their interest. That sense of dominance created by having another person carry your weight around against their will, rubbed their sadistic tendencies towards these two women in all the right ways.

Sienna and Emily saw these weird, leather backpacks being strapped to their backs. These sacks could fit as much as 60 kilos and would serve as the training wheels for the pony's to build up the strength to safely carry an entire mid-to-lightweight adult.

As soon as they were saddled with these both Emily and Sienna eyed their respective owners with furrowed brows and worried eyes. "Save the puppy eyes, you wuss, we're not going for a ride just yet" Marianna said to a terrified Emily. "You're still a lousy pony. I won't have you injure me" she said, picking up three weights lying by her side. They were discus-shaped weights that people use while bench-pressing. Each one weighed 10kilos. Never having to do manual labor in her life, the twig-armed girl puffed by the strain but she finally placed the weights inside the leather sack. Emily's nostrils flared at the sudden burden, her shoulders struggling to keep the same 'desired' level of posture. Marianna did not like her pony slouching.

“Ok, let’s get to trotting!” the Latina exclaimed to her pony, which looked less than thrilled for this new exercise.

Latex was not a breathable fabric. It trapped all moisture and heat. Emily and Sienna had become very aware of that fact in the past month.

Their pony hooves/heels met the hard ground, puffing up dirt-dust with each stomp. That rhythmic, monotonous clapping sound was sprinkled in with the more irregular jiggling of the cat-bells attached to the most intimate parts of their bodies. It had almost become white noise during their daily training.

Sienna felt another droplet of sweat drip from the edge of her latex eye-hole onto her eye. It burned, though not as much as her tired calves and the balls of her feet, where her whole weight was centered on in these heelless shoes. Her head also felt piping hot, not just from her workout, but also from the sunrays viciously coming down on her. Sweat was not absent from any uncovered place on her dark-brown body.

Carrying 30kgs gets progressively worse, especially if you have to maintain a flawless trotting routine. Her shoulders were killing her with pain. It felt like a moderately-sized child was piggy-back riding on her for the past couple of hours. Sienna had 10-year-old nieces and nephews, but she never gave them such long rides, and never with such uncomfortable horseshoes on.

Sienna couldn’t decide if keeping her daily jogging schedule up until her abduction was proving to be a bad or a good thing. What she really wanted to do was collapse on the floor, but as she had learned a few minutes ago by stopping to take a jaw-spread, bit-biting breather, this earned her a huge amount of the sharp, lingering pain of the riding crop; definitely more than resting was worth.

A human can have a peripheral vision of a little less than 180 degrees. With the eye-blindness on either side of her stunning eyes, Sienna now had less than 90. In her perpetual left turning, the woman’s ever-changing horizon showed only the clear sky above forested areas. Behind her spanned the city landscape many miles away. Not a helping hand in sight.

As she made yet another round, Sienna’s eye caught the sight of a relaxing Isla, sunbathing topless on her deckchair, with a mojito next to her riding crop. She was not paying an ounce of attention to her sweating ponygirl.

Sienna got the instinctive urge to approach her blissful trainer, somehow jump over that wooden fence and stomp the French bitch to death with her steel hooves. Really massacre and deform the blonde’s pretty face.

But then she felt her nose-leash become taut, pulling her nose (and herself) to the left. And thus, the fuming, tired woman kept her round trotting path, now moving away from Isla, with only comfort the various cruel ways she could murder this demented little hell spawn.

Fantasy land was her only refuge.