

Royal Ponies part 3

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

A short, slim, half-black girl with silky, straight dark hair parted on one side was straddled atop her ponygirl's back, sitting on a black leather seat attached to the pony's metal gear. Her alluring, slim physique and caramel-toned skin were dressed in a tight pair of black riding pants, knee-high, leather black boots and a half-open, white shirt with the sleeves rolled up to the elbows.

The ponygirl, with only a thin, Mohawk of blonde hair draping down the side of her head, resembled Princess and Duchess only in her general bound and ponified nature. Unlike the latex and leather hugging the other ponies' flesh, this one's gear was mostly metal, crushing and biting her white flesh. A wide, corset-like metal belt constricted the pony's waist and a similarly glistening, metal mask in the shape of a horse's snout covered two thirds of her face, strapped tightly over it.

The pony moved in rigid lines but utter competence, with its 5'2", barely 50kgs rider on her. Said cute rider pulled the reins attached to the metal horse-snout that was basically the girl's snout now, fused with her real face, and the ponygirl made a turn as the two moved across the field. Despite her visible sweating, the blonde pony's perseverance betrayed its prolonged training and perfect rehabilitation into her new role. Her blue eyes had a tired emptiness to them. She'd been a ponygirl for almost 5 years now.

"Hmm, I don't know. I don't ever talk to them, to be honest. Makes them appear human that way. A strike of the bullwhip or a pull on the reins drives the point forward all the same. But you do you." Becky Featherwall advised her friend Marianna, speaking to her hands-free device as she rode her own mostly undressed pony into the fine outdoor breeze.

The black girl owned human ponies ever since she was a little girl, and was a great source of training tips for her novice friends, Miss Le Perrier and Miss Cuadrado. Luna, the blonde filly she was currently riding, had been gifted to her for her 14th birthday. Becky had grown around human horses and their 'intricacies'. She knew how to break an unruly pony and keep it thoroughly in check.

“I do tease them, it’s just so fun to watch the cunt’s inner struggle not to eye me angrily, ya know?” Marianna’s voice was heard from the other end of the line, having no regrets in how she treated her 34-year-old human pony. “I did want to ask you, what do I do when she gets too tired? Caning her only makes her collapse faster” the Latina asked the more experienced horse-trainer.

“It’s a process, you have to know their limits and expect just a bit more to push them further” the 19-year-old, petite girl said, lightly bobbing up and down as she moved briskly on her pony. “As long as you are unwavering in what you want from them and don’t leave ‘em any room for bargaining, you’re gonna make a good ponygirl. The whole point is to get it into their heads that getting punished is THEIR fault and not yours. If your orders are clear and achievable, then getting whipped is on them, right?” Becky said to her friend, not even registering the slave-girl she was riding overheard all this demeaning talk, referring to her sub-human ‘kind’. Luna trotted as perfectly as usual, with strong steps and a blind servitude. She had been raised by the principles Becky was now communicating to her friend, so she knew very well what her Mistress meant.

“Thank you for the tips, Becks. I’ll... implement them right now” the girl said, seeing Duchess being brought to her from a distance by one of her maids.

“Cheers” Becky closed the call with a tap on her Bluetooth. She then jabbed the pointy, star-shaped spurs on the heels of her boot against her ride’s bare ribs, and the pony silently took off in a gallop without a whine or a thought, as Becky held both her reins firmly with one hand.

Fabian was leading Princess back to her stall, after another grueling training session. He was walking rather briskly, having better chores to get to than simply stash Madam's pony. Sienna followed him suit on her tall hooves, not wanting the leash tethered to her delicate nose to become taut and hurt her. She was drenched in sweat, her fatigue made more uncomfortable by her perpetually constricting corset, hurting pony boots, her straining arm-bondage and jaw-spreading, wooden bit-gag.

"Hey! Don't be a pain" the man turned and warned her, as the usually docile pony was giving him some trouble today, not following her nose-leash as obediently as usual. "HNNGGG!" the black woman protested the man's quick pace with a pathetic, high-pitched whine, incoherently citing her exhaustion. Long gone were the days she'd act tough and dignified around the man.

Fabian and the enslaved black woman had become quite familiar, since he was her daily caretaker, feeding, watering her, unplugging her asshole to do her 'need' and generally treating her like another farm animal, albeit the most precious one. As a result, Sienna was seeing him as often as her mistress, some times more frequently, with the young socialite being too busy for her human animal.

"Pick it up" Fabian replied with a 'life's tough' sentiment and didn't change his tune much, stringing the pony by her nose towards her stall. The sweaty pony just had to huff through her nose and keep up the pace until she was stored.

In another life, the 35-year-old milf might have 'gone for' the cute, 30-year-old dude, and his scruffy, dark-blond beard and matching, wavy hair. Her once undeniable confidence oozed a sex appeal that caused most men to gravitate towards her - and not just for her enormous wallet. Before she settled down, she was often hitting on these younger, fun men. Now, Sienna only had disdain for the handsome guy that treated her as humiliatingly as his employer.

Fabian unhooked the woman's thick bit-gag, letting the bamboo cylinder dangle vertically from the side of her pink, latex-hooded face. Those fine, dark-red lips were visible just fine, from the edges of the tight, latex mask's mouth-hole, in the shape of a pointed oval.

The thirsty pony shoved its face over the wooden trough of stale, slightly muddy water, certainly not caring that it's not Dasani. She slurped in water sloppily, her ass inevitably perked up behind her, to balance her bent-forward body. Fabian eyed her, 'adjusting himself' over his baggy, field-work pants. He shot a look through the half-open door of the stall. No one was coming over. Sienna finally lifted her upper body from the wall-installed trough, with plenty of water running down her chin and further down her beautiful, full breasts. She didn't seem to be bothered about trivial nuisances like these, anymore.

"Come on, on your knees" with no nonsense, Fabian approached the ponygirl, pulling at her still-clipped nose-lease towards the dirt. "P...please..." Sienna pleaded incredibly weakly, having seen this

play before. She never used to do that timid girly bullshit in the bedroom. She was feisty and dominant there. That sexy femme fatale had vanished. In her place was a sexy ponygirl.

It was far from the first time the young lad was having his way with Princess so her pitiful efforts at avoiding her blowjob fell on deaf ears. It was as early as the woman's third week in the stables that he had started abusing his power over her. It had become their dirty little secret, with Isla unaware her prized ponygirl was being used as her stable boy's load-receptacle. It was unknown whether she'd object to this.

"Shut up" Fabian said rather mundanely and, with a quick yank of his pants, shoved his fully erect, 7-inch, veiny cock in Sienna's mouth. Gripping her full, curly ponytail with a single controlling hand, the standing man worked his cock past the gorgeous, curvy black woman's lips, fucking them and her throat with leisurely ease.

"Mmnngg...nnngg..." Sienna moaned sadly with a mouthful of cock, looking up at him with furred, strained brows, struggling to 'accommodate' him and at the same time remaining submissive enough to appease him. His dick tasted extra... musty today, from his previous field work. But Sienna never dared fight him, because he could easily gag her before she'd have a chance to eat her gross gruel, leaving her unfed without anyone (Isla included) ever being the wiser. With her demanding training schedule only getting harder, Sienna could not risk going with an empty stomach.

So the 'black beauty' sucked the man off obediently, letting him go to town on her throat and maneuver her face over his cock as he pleased, using her dark ponytail sticking through her pink latex hood like a handle. "GGll...glll...glll..." involuntary gagging sounds escaped Sienna's pretty lips, as they were tightly wrapped around the white man's shaft. Her nipple-pierced cat-bells jingled as her exposed, DD-cup tits flopped back and forth, with the man's rhythmic pushing of her face down his hot, drool-slippery erection.

Fucking Sienna's face with increased speed and urgency, Fabian finally groaned into a pleasing orgasm, emptying his load on the back of the beautiful woman's tongue and throat.

"Khmmm!...kh.....*gulp*..." Sienna momentarily choked at the creamy jism being carelessly shot somewhere around her windpipe and esophagus, but with the man's entire cock still jammed down her face-hole, composed herself and swallowed everything like a good pony whore.

Fabian did not even dignify a verbal praise to the woman that kept slurping his dick clean of any semen, patting 'Princess' on her latex-covered cheek with a gentle slap, though rougher than she'd like.

“138...139...” Marianna counted, standing with folded arms right in front of her millionaire toy, the cane dangling from her fingertips. Emily groaned with each deep squat. They had been at this for the past hour. Well, she was; Marianna wasn’t doing much other than counting and smacking her with the cane.

Emily was exhausted. The squatting workouts were a nightmare. Emily had never performed squats without the use of her laid flat arms to balance. Bound behind her back, she had to tilt her head and torso slightly forwards, to not fall back on her tail-plugged ass. She also did them in sneakers, not these bizarre, precarious hoof-boots. Her thighs, calves and feet were killing her.

Last time she had exercised as a female human and not a female pony, she could do 80 squats and without any weights, of course. Now, she was clocking almost 200 with the back half of her workout also including 25 kilos on her trainer-backpack.

It’s incredibly what the body can do when the mind is left with no choice.

Her thighs were screaming at her to stop, but the woman did not want to be disciplined. Mistress Cuadrado’ cane stung much deeper than her legs currently do. It’s not like each cane-strike would take away from the pain her muscles were experiencing.

Duchess didn’t dare take her gorgeous blue eyes off her petite mistress’ green ones at any time, even though they deeply burned with dripping sweat. They stayed stuck at the young Latina even as her latexy form bobbed up and down. It was what Marianna had ordered, and therefore, it was yet another unbreakable rule.

“167...168, come on, faster!” Marianna swished her cane through the air, inches away from Emily’s gold-pierced nose. That usually scared the pony enough to renew its efforts. Emily had to get to 200, since as her owner said, “she didn’t even have to carry any weight”. Her beautiful legs, once milky white now had a nice tan from gathering lots and lots of sun in her ‘outdoor activities’.

The once busy woman was strutting from board meeting to her office on the 15th floor of her company’s skyscraping building. She always had the perfect temperature and humidity settings in her intimidatingly large, modernly designed office, and the annoying bright sun only illuminated the space as it came through her windows, which offered a perfect, wide view of the city skyline.

Those same, much more toned legs trembled extremely precariously. This was far from her first set of squats.

As she tried to lift herself up once more, the young woman's body gave up, and she collapsed on the stone-tiled ground, not moving anymore, only panting heavily. As she was laying on her side, the bright sunrays shooting down on her naked, slender form, were obscured by the small shadow of the Latina girl. Marianna stood with each leg on either side of Emily's body.

The young lass observed her pony with an inspecting look. Marianna always wanted to work Emily harder, but her internet research had informed her that more strain on her body would threaten to injure her, and stall her progress. She definitely didn't want that. She watched the human beast for a couple of more seconds, gauging to see if she was faking her exhaustion. She deemed it was genuine.

"Alright, up you go" she tapped the woman's outer thigh with her cane, a little harder than one probably would. Emily winced behind her bit, but slowly started picking her tired legs up, with no hands to push her off the ground. "We'll continue in the afternoon..." she said, not waiting for any response from her captive. Emily felt so grateful hearing those words, then immediately loathed herself for feeling grateful towards the little bitch.

Ice water is displaced from a large vat, as an upside-down, suspended Sienna resurfaces, panting heavily through her bit-gag, water springing from the sides of it, more water dripping down from her very wet ponytail and face. She's hanging upside down, leather ankle-cuffs holding her legs above this freezing cold water. The vat is located in the side of this storage room, filled with all sorts of tanks and gardening machines and tools.

The hanging pony's body, more naked than usual, only clad in her leather arm binder and head harness, is folded at a right angle at the waist, as Sienna is trying her best to stay above the ice water.

Madam Le Perrier has found a cheat-proof way for her pony to build up that core strength and tighten those abs. Princess lacked 'motivation' appearing rather undedicated during her sit-ups. Mistress' whipping only caused more fatigue, and the workout couldn't go on like that. But given the option between exercise and drowning in a piercing-cold bath, Sienna always chose the first.

Her back is only a couple of inches parallel to the water's surface. Her abs are truly stabbing her with pain in this cruel position! The businesswoman never did more than 4 sets of 12 crunches in her home workout studio. She was always rather fit, keeping the appearance of a perfectly presentable woman. Bossy AND hot AND competent.

But this is definitely too much for her slender body. If she did this yoga pose from hell every day back in the day, Sienna would be as hard as stone and as strong as a mule's. Maybe she will, if Isla keeps this schedule up. She has been implementing it for the past week, with already excellent results in her much prettier, fancier mule's carrying power.

The woman traces her eyes around the reversed-appearing room, looking for her Mistress. She needs her to take her out. But the room is empty. She left about an hour ago, when Sienna was first hooked into her crunch-contraption. Sienna is all alone. Fabian periodically walks in the room to grab some tools, never acknowledging her one bit.

The strain on the black damsel's midriff gives in once more and Sienna plummets with an exhaling groan inside her freezing cold 'bath'.

The ice-filled water vat quickly drained the woman's bodily heat, along with any breath-holding ability the woman had, thus making large, submerged breaks between her sit-ups impossible.

Sienna's leather-strapped head is far from the water's surface, her shapely, increasingly trained body submerged from her waist down. The water is cutting off not only her air supply, but also any sound around her. There is a strange peace in this moment, even though it's greatly undercut by other, agonizing circumstances. If only the woman could seize that peace, too busy asphyxiating, freezing and with a midriff so sore it feels like multiple knives have been plunged on it.

Yet again, she tries not to panic, and cherish the momentary relaxation on her abs. But there's not much time to do that. Her lungs are already empty. She presses her eyes shut, as she tries to swing her torso once more.

"I see you're more eager to perfect yourself for me..." upon coming out of the water, Sienna spotted an upside-down Isla, looking at her with elbows propped on the edge of the vat. She had a purely victorious smirk. "FFfff...fff..." Sienna panted with difficulty into her mouth-filling bit-gag, straining to face her torturer. She dearly wanted to stab this woman a couple of hundred times; just like her abs were feeling. But she was truly dependent on this girl, as she had been since her abduction.

Almost disobeying her angry brain, who'd rather tell her to go fuck herself, Sienna tried to be obedient. "Phhhheeah...pphheeahhh" she weakly begged over her thick water-dripping bit-gag, clearly short of breath and putting even more strain on her belly in order to speak. Her back and waist was already trembling, inching bit by bit towards the water.

"What? You want out?"...Isla said with a bemused look, motioning to check her gold watch. "Mmm, I think you can do 20 more minutes" she announced with a shrugging expression as Sienna's belly gave up and she took another cold dive.

Joselyn, a shapely, slender Dutch woman with freckled cheeks and curly, long, red hair, was the youngest of the three maids tasked with keeping the teen's huge estate running smoothly. These women were also tasked with keeping Miss Marianna's ponygirl, Duchess, in good shape to be of service to her. Feeding and watering her, 'helping her out' with her waste, cleaning her once a week and changing her latex and leather garments with identical, clean ones.

The 27 year old girl, like the other two women, was rarely communicating with her mistress' pony, treating her as an actual horse they had to cater too as part of their duties. Emily's pleading looks and moans to them during the first weeks when completely ignored, like they weren't even there, and so Emily eventually stopped trying.

But despite being non-verbal, her relationship with Joselyn was a bit more...agreeable. Maybe it was the Dutch woman's soft, caring touch each time she cleaned her muddy body with a sponge, or perhaps the fact that she wasn't looking at her clock so much and was waiting for Emily to finish her horse-gruel without a rush. Emily could not say she LIKED a woman that was a clear accomplice to her imprisonment and inhumane treatment, but she seemed like the lesser of evil people here.

It was another cleaning day. Emily was hitched by a plain leather collar to a chain from the stall's ceiling, the chain's length making her body taut and almost balancing on her tip toes. No corset, tail-plug, latex stockings or pony boots were on, for the only 30 minutes of the week that Emily's appearance resembled a human's. Though relieved of her latex mask, she still had the head-harness and thick bit-gag on. Her arms were still locked behind her, just in plain metal wrist-cuffs, so they could also be washed. Even though she was technically more naked, Emily appreciated these moments of freedom from her constricting getup.

Her ankles would normally be also tethered to bolts on the floor by metal ankle cuffs, but Joselyn was not afraid of the pretty damsel kicking her. At least, not anymore.

Emily had this kind of empty-brained stare down on the ground, as her naked body, which felt like it barely belonged to her anymore, was scrubbed by the pretty Dutchwoman, clad in her usual white apron dress and cute white bonnet. Like any other scrub-time, Joselyn was wearing these pink rubber gloves, as she run the soapy sponge against the British girl's skin.

The maid had no apprehensions about 'getting in' the bound woman's privates and really scrubbing her down. Though today she appeared particularly...smooth in her treatment. "Gnf" Emily uttered a rather neutral, instinctive moan, as the sponge brushed against her pierced pussy.

"Too hard for you?" to her surprise, Joselyn addressed Emily, in her cute Dutch accent. Emily did not respond verbally, eyeing the woman with her big, blue eyes full of intrigue. "It's okay" the lady reassured the naturally scared slave. "I can be softer with you, if you want" Joselyn said rather coy,

taking her pink rubber glove off her right hand and sensually touching the girl's wet pelvis. She didn't move it lower, waiting for the puzzled woman's response.

"I know that nobody has made you feel good in a while. I can make you feel good. No catch, promise" the kind-faced woman smiled a little naughtily at Emily, wiggling her pinky as a one-way pinky promise, since Emily's were 'stored' in her leather mittens.

Joselyn was perfectly concealing her own private goals, unknown to her young employer. Though morally loose enough to work for such an immoral employer, the cute Dutch girl had grown an affinity for the millionaire slave, through their short, but intimate every day interactions. She felt kinda bad for the enslaved woman, and though she wasn't gonna go out of her way to free her, she was never cruel to her. On top of that, she felt extremely attracted to the British damsel, whose perpetual nudity and form-fitting bondage did not help Joselyn keep her libido in check.

The brunette slave did not know how to respond to this open-ended proposition. Nobody had asked her what she thought of something, anything, in quite a while. But her demeanor, while apprehensive, was a neutral one, no protests or pulling her bare pelvis away from the woman's touch. Despite her vulnerable, bound state, the maid appeared non-threatening, at least for now.

Joselyn decided to 'help' the undecided pony, walking in her tall, matching white sandal heels behind her restrained, nude body and wrapping her hands around her. "Your mistress is out on a party. You don't have to worry" she whispered in Emily's ear, moving her right hand to Emily's sex, keeping her left hand wrapped around her thin waist. Emily's breathing accelerated, though she did not jerk away from the woman that hugged her from behind. On the contrary, Joselyn could swear the British slut parted her thighs a bit.

Emily's cat-bell rang as the maid rubbed her pierced clit with soothing, circular motions of the tip of her middle finger. "Mnn" Emily could not contain that moan, clearly indicative of her building arousal. "That's it, relax" Joselyn cooed the bound woman, before slipping the finger softly inside Emily's hole. "MMNNN!" a louder moan came from the girl's bit-gag, drool dripping from it. Soon after, Joselyn added her index finger along with the first, fingering the ponygirl as she embraced her from behind, feeling her naked body against hers, not worrying with the soap and water she got on her uniform. Joselyn had a slim waist, curvy physique and gorgeous, DD-cup breasts on her 5'7" body, never mind her angelic face and the full lips of her warm smile. She had beautiful brown eyes.

"NNNNGGGAAAAawwwww!" Emily shut her eyes tightly, her wide mouth still gagged by her bit, her body gently thrashing in woes of pleasure as she moaned aroused. She wasn't much a fan of a woman's touch, but none of these straight/gay labels mattered now. A pleased Joselyn kept finger-fucking Emily, her free hand roaming on her glistening, wet tits, groping them firmly but 'kindly',

helping the girl orgasm, not hurt her. “You’re a good girl, aren’t you?” Joselyn whispered in Emily’s ear, working her cunt faster.

“Ngghh...nnngggghh....NNNNNGGGHH!” (Yes...yes...YESSS!) Emily writhed in Joselyn’s arms, her cuffed hands clutching the maid’s white dress with sheer intensity, as she finger-banged the collared slut into a wonderful orgasm.

“Good for you” Joselyn gave a cute kiss to the woman’s harnessed cheek, then continued scrubbing her legs like nothing had ever transpired.

With 50 days of intense training behind them, Princess and Duchess were as ready as they'd ever be to start carrying humans instead of weights.

Marianna with her trusty cane and Isla with her favorite leather crop both took out their unsuspecting ponies for one more day of hard labor. At this point, both women had lost about 4kgs of fat, with the sweat they were putting out every day, but had also gained over 5kgs in muscle. Their thighs and backs did not look the same as day 1, looking fitter and stronger.

More specifically, Sienna's once meatier, fattier thighs were now tighter and harder, her ass a tad less jiggly, but just as full, having lost that final shred of cellulite. As for Emily, her already scrumptious long legs had gotten some tone to them. The two women's backs had slightly opened, getting sturdier by the weight lifting, and you would be able to spot the slightest toning on their hard-rock tummies, if not for the concealing, stylish corsets. These pampered bitches had transformed in more ways than one. They were proper, useful livestock now. Each could lift 50kgs for a great extent of time. Of course, their alluring, feminine, curve forms had not taken any hit during this training, being as precum-inducing as ever.

But first, Princess and Duchess would need to be saddled up. Their strict arm-binders were usually locked four eyelets up, squeezing the women's elbows together so that they all but touched. Princess and Duchess' handlers unclipped all but the bottom connection clipped, the one keeping their wrists bound together.

Unlike the casual dresses and homey clothing, she often wore at their training sessions Marianna was now dressed in a pair of grey, work-out leggings and a pink sports bra, revealing her slim waist. She wore pink sneakers on her feet. Isla kept her signature horse-girl attire.

The teens were pleased to see that none of the once high-and-mighty cunts were now giving them any trouble, going along with whatever fate was destined for them. Once assuming the position, Sienna and Emily submissively waited for their mistresses to mount them, with the handlers holding their reins for good measure.

"Let's see what we've learned..." Marianna mumbled, as she carefully slipped each leg through the two openings created between her pony's leather-sheathed arms and the saddle.

"If you toss me, I'll flay your ass" she whispered into a submitted Emily's ear, not yet seated. She knew there was a chance her pony might fall, but she at least wanted to intimidate her enough to disperse any ideas of a premeditated coup. Upon hearing that, Emily's breathing intensified, her nervous exhaling moving around her thick, bamboo bit.

She had gotten the message.

The tiny Latina finally made herself comfortable on the leather saddle, though her feet were still touching the ground. Emily's strong back sunk an inch as the girl put some of her weight on it, but she did not ruin her 'mounting' posture.

"Up-up!" the 18-year-old girl commanded with cheer, giving a lively double tap with her cane on Emily's juice hip. Emily could not believe the indignity, but even more so, did not believe herself for following through with the girl's order, as she slowly, but steadily, pushed upwards with all her strength, lifting the petite girl. "GNNnnffff" she snorted through her pierced nose. Like in any weightlifting motion, the tough part was getting her kneeling leg to lock straight, but she did it, surprising even herself for managing to pull it off. Marianna was 50kgs to the dot.

Marianna was delighted to see her legs become air-borne, now free to flail on either side of her pony's boobs. She slid her feet onto her saddle's feet holders, now properly mounted on her British filly. The top of Marianna's skinny thighs was now positioned an inch below Emily's (hairless) armpits. Marianna's head comfortably peaked over the yellow, plum feather in Emily's head harness.

"Do you wish me to lead your pony along, Miss?" the head-maid offered to help her young boss, assuming the first ride would be a very slow walk. "No, Giselle, I'll take it from here" Marianna shooed her maid away. She did not want a lousy pony-round like kids do. She want to RIDE the bitch!

"Go" another double-tap on her sweet, milky-white behind alerted the yellow-latex pony to move straight towards the empty garden, on the soft grass. Biting her bit to conceal a grunt, Emily's trained, latex-clad legs took off, with the small Latina comfortably on her back.

Meanwhile, Isla was also talking her black ponygirl through her first riding session. "That's it, steady...good girl..." She was so excited to be riding the black bitch. No heavy running or accentuated trotting, a gentle trot would do for the first time. Sienna was panting heavily, carrying the girl's 58kgs and fuller, curvier form than Marianna's, but she did not object at any moment.

They followed the small tiled path at the front of the girl's house, moving amongst a beautiful fountain and some wooden benches. The woman had to slightly tilt her nude chest forwards, to offset the girl's weight on her back. She was afraid every step in these 6-inch pony platforms might be her downfall, but she never dared stop, prancing slowly.

"Ok, let's see some proper trotting now..." Isla said, holding her unwilling pony's reins tightly with one hand, while keeping her other gently copping the woman's lower, latex-skinned, pink face, under Sienna's jawline. She gave a good, hard slap with her riding crop on Sienna's black, pretty ass and the pony accelerated, now in a brisk trot.

Isla loved it the sensation of taming this wild slut! She felt truly connected with her human beast, in a way she hadn't experienced thus far. Something about the way the French girl's pant-covered inner

thighs rubbed on the woman's large, bobbing side-boobs and her riding boots were brushing by her ponygirl's corseted ribs.

Beating and scaring the shit out of Princess was fun, but now she could feel the pony's labored lungs as they quickly heaved up and down; her elevated heartbeat was pulsing against her own body. Princess' every movement was transferred to her seated frame that lightly bobbed up and down with each trot. The woman's dark, puffy ponytail, sticking through the small hole of her latex hood, was almost touching the young girl's full breasts. Isla thought she could easily steer her with that if she wanted to. But the reins, they felt better, more empowering. Probably more efficient, too.

Sienna did as she was told, lifting her sweat-glistening thighs as high as she dared, with each step. The difficulty had certainly increased. "MMmm...nngggg!" she tried alerting her rider to her struggling, instead of acting on her own, something that would be certainly punished. "You're fine...stop whining" Isla ignored her pony, letting it prance around the fields at the same pace.

After a few more rounds, she pulled hard at the reins with a sudden jerk, driving the bit further against the corners of Sienna's lips and crushing her tongue. Sienna's neck would normally tilt back from the sharp pull, if it wasn't for the rigidity of her posture collar. Instead, Princess' whole upper body was jerked backwards in a unified motion, aided by the strict corset.

Sienna stumbled for the briefest moment, before seizing her trotting. Her legs were burning so much under the constant, taxing weight. Isla let a smirk escape her lips, as she wacked Sienna hard on her ass with the crop. As soon as she felt the strike, Sienna picked her feet up again and on they went.

"Whoa!..." Marianna exclaimed, as she travelled through the air to find herself on the soft grass, almost falling out of the saddle. Her hands broke her fall, though the same wasn't true for her pony, who took the fall on her right arm, shoulder and hips. Emily hurt, but it would probably be a small bruising. She had gained much worse "injuries" in her days with Marianna. The Latina girl pulled her legs through her yellow pony's saddle and stood up. Emily was still on her side, lying on the ground, catching her breath.

Marianna called at Fabian from across the field, to come pick her animal up on its hooves. Just like actual horses, Emily would always have a rough time getting up on herself, without the use of hands.

"Did you toss me on purpose?" she asked her standing pony with a stern look, staring the scared bitch down. She knew it was probably her own clumsy riding that had caused them to trip, but she wanted

to keep the English cunt on her hooved toes. Duchess needed to know that dropping her rider was the worst thing that could happen.

“Mm-mm, nnnngghh, uh thweee,!” (*No, I swear!*) the young woman implored and tried shaking her harnessed head (finding the resistance of her stiff collar). She was clearly afraid she’d get reprimanded for something she never intended. “Hmmm” Marianna fake-pondered her pony’s pleas. “I don’t believe you” the petite girl responded heartlessly, causing Emily’s eyes to widen in despair.

With her forced-to-attention pony gnawing nervously at her bit and softly whimpering incoherently, Marianna brought her long cane up and started rubbing its long side against the woman's naked tits. The all-too-familiar precursor of a beating. "Hnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnn" Emily could not contain a droning moan, utterly miserable. She had learned looong ago that moving her tits away from her mistress was a big no-no, so she kept sticking them out like a horny little slut even as Mistress' dreaded cane was 'caressing' them. The wooden stick rubbed against her white, tanned titty meat and her pink areolae, right above her pierced nipple. She knew the feeling that would come next sucked so much.

Wwwack

Marianna brought the stick down so that it caught both of the women's 'flaunted' tits. She kept the stick on them for an extra moment, knowing that pulling back on her strike hurt less than moving her hand through her soft target.

“MMMMMGggffff!” Emily shut her eyes tightly shut, her fine legs shivering as if to absorb the hit and not make her flail her body all over. Her training had taught her that worse things happen if she flinches away or (of course) doesn’t sit still for her cane strikes. Marianna would give her uncooperative pony an oil and hot chilly enema and leave her ass-plugged pony to writhe in utter agony in her stall until the next morning. Emily had never known such suffering and was therefore ‘thankful’ for ‘just’ having her tits, ass or pussy beaten raw.

As soon as Marianna lifted the centimeter-thick cane, a clear, red impression of where the instrument just was, could be seen on Emily's chest.

“Four more, slut” Marianna notified her pony to brace.

With five fresh cane marks on her beautiful breasts and round ass, Emily had 'learned her lesson'. Mistress should never fall off her, under any circumstances. "Now kneel again so we can continue our ride..." the girl spoke as if she hadn't just beaten this poor woman senseless. Choking down gagged whimpering and with tears in her blue eyes, Emily obeyed, getting into her pony-curtsey, to be mounted once more.

Life continued in the Le Perrier and Cuadrado estates. In utter luxury for the two young heiresses, and in mostly misery for their rich captives. Sienna and Emily's days were interspersed with hours of brain-numbing idleness inside their stalls, contrasted by the grueling, degrading physical tasks of carrying their mistresses around like beasts of transport and getting ready for that million-dollar race the two besties had arranged.

But as much power Isla and Marianna wielded over their captive slaves, they were unaware that a member of their staff was secretly having their way with Princess and Duchess, behind their backs. This went strictly against their clear orders:

No handler could use their precious pony-girls for their own gratification in ANY WAY. Fabian and Joselyn had to be careful not to get caught. The same adventurous and fearless nature that had gotten into such a weird career, was now responsible for Fabian and Joselyn's dangerous endeavors with their employers' illegal ponies. Who knows what could happen to them if they were ever discovered?

While Sienna's treatment by Fabian was much less consensual, with the young stud busting a nut at the expense of the black slave whenever the coast was clear, Emily was kind of looking forward to Joselyn 'washing' or 'feeding' her, developing a strange, tender relationship with the pretty Dutch girl. Though the maid was not gonna dedicate her every day work hours to pleasing the horny pony, she snack some fun every week or so, whenever she was certain Marianna or any other snitch would not catch them wet-handed.

While Emily would never tell on the kind maid, Sienna would have loved to let Isla know about her frequent rapes in the hands of her handler, even if they often teased her with fragments of unfulfilled sexual gratification. If only she wasn't bit-gagged 24/7 and not allowed to speak. The couple of times she tried alerting Isla while Fabian was holding her nose-leash, she was simply smacked with the crop for speaking her indiscernible dumb mind, Fabian chuckling next to her. The only times she was ungagged was for her meals, and the only one present during these times for her revelation was the perpetrator.

The two ponies' sexual experiences with their owner's staff differed, though discretion and secrecy were key in both instances:

- “Gnnff...gnnfff...gmmm...” Sienna groaned through her bit-gag as Fabian pumped his throbbing erection inside her. Hitching the black pony on its ceiling chest harness, which wrapped over and under her meaty DDs and made for a handy sex-swing, as the young white man held the older black pony by her thick, child-bearing hips, thrusting inside her with ease. A suspended Princess could only wiggle in space as the stable-boy had taken the opportunity of Madam Le Perrier’s absence from the villa to do a bit more than the usual cock-milking Sienna did with her skilled lips. The man groaned, building up his tempo. The black whore’s cunt appeared to milk his cock just as effectively.

Sienna moaned uncomfortably as the man used her once more like a fuck-doll. Getting routinely raped like this was just another punch to her pride. Though Sienna hated to admit it, the man’s cock was doing at least something down there. For a split second, Fabian’s stallion-cock felt wonderful sloshing inside her hot little pocket. Then her reasonable mind returned her to reality, where she was bound and raped by this assailant.

Just like the ones on her large tits, Princess’ clitty-bell was tossed every which way with the man’s hard pounding, being snapped back towards its tethered point (Sienna’s sex button) just as quickly. It rang chaotically, often bouncing against the man’s vein-popping erection right underneath it, but Fabian was too horny to be bothered by little things like that. The former businesswoman’s cunt felt so warm and tight, hugging his cock with each slippery insertion.

Digging his nails into her juicy, round ass Fabian pumped harder and deeper. “MMnnngghhh, pllllhhheeaaahh!” Sienna cried out, not wanting the bastard to cum inside her. The bitch could moan all she liked. Fabian knew the feeling of a wet pussy. He wasn’t the only one getting something out of this. Though it was more like 20% pleasure and 80% distress for Sienna.

Plop*plop*plop*plop

Sienna’s hooved, latex-encased legs were now pointing straight up, her corseted, bound body almost folded in half by Fabian’s close embrace; he was holding her from under her knees, as he fucked the pony raw, his pelvis slamming against her crotch as his meaty rod stabbed her again and again in lightning pace. His face touched hers, his nose meeting her pierced one in this sexual peek, very different for each one, but also not by that far.

Finally, with a groan, the guy shot his load up the end of the black bitch’s cock-sheath. “MMNNNNNGGUUHHHH!” Sienna cried out with equal parts distress and a deprived horniness, feeling the hot squirt coat her pussy, as Fabian was squeezing her squeezed, curvy body in his strong arms. Fabian’s cum dripped from Sienna’s pussy-lips, as soon as the man retrieved his member with a sloshy, slimy sound. “Good job, filly. Hey, maybe next time you come, too” he teased the chest-suspended ponygirl, who eyed him with a used, shameful expression.

- Emily's big, blue eyes were looking up at a serenely smiling Joselyn through her yellow latex mask/hood, as the ponygirl slurped at the girl's ginger-bushed pussy with a rare conviction, her lower face pressing against the redhead's sex. The young maid had not forced herself upon the slave; rather, she was helping her discover things she wanted to do. There was definitely some dominant initiative in the maid's actions, but perhaps as a result of her submission training by Miss Cuadrado, perhaps from having been starved of any positive stimuli, Duchess followed along with little pushback. In the past days, the kind woman was making her feel all sorts of beautiful feelings, something she couldn't say for Marianna or anyone else in the estate. Pleasing her almost felt... right. She wanted to thank the woman for granting her those orgasms. To be good to her.

"Yes...that's it" Joselyn tenderly held the ponygirl's yellow-hooded face with her hands, having tucked the skirt of her white dress in the belt of her dress, her panties resting around her thighs, low enough to allow the ponygirl 'access' to her genitals. The Dutch girl occasionally glanced to the side, to make sure than no one approached the stables and discovered her and Emily's weird, forbidden romance. She had come in to feed the ponygirl, and staying there longer than 10-15 minutes would raise suspicions.

Despite being a novice in cunnilingus, Emily 'worked' the 7 years-younger woman's pussy with a competent tongue and sucking lips, making Joselyn feel great, kneeling with her arms sheathed behind her as always. With her hands tenderly resting on Duchess' latex-encased head, the standing maid closed her eyes for a moment, wanting to focus on the nice vibes and catch any incoming climax train.

With her gorgeous blue eyes stuck up at the pretty redhead's face, Emily got the hint from her body language that the redhead was close to something and moved her tongue faster up and down her inner labia and clit, all while making a nice seal over Joselyn's clitoral mount with her lips.

"Ja...ja...ja..." the close-eyed Dutch girl whispered intently, facing upwards to nowhere, as the kneeling ponygirl brought her to a wonderful orgasm, Joselyn having to bite her bottom lip to suppress a loud squeal of ecstasy.

Seconds after climaxing, footsteps were heard approaching Duchess' stall. "Shit-shit-shit!" the, still drowsy from climaxing, maid quickly fixed the skirt of her dress, helped Emily on her hooved feet and placed the thick bit back between her lips. Emily eyed her saddened, though she knew this had to be done.

“Jos, Miss wants you in the living room” one of the maids opened the stall just as Joselyn was clipping the bit-gag in place. “Yes, Silvia, I will be right there” Joselyn tried to play it cool, though she was still catching her breath from her recent orgasm. As she turned to head off, she glanced one last time behind her shoulder at the disheartened Emily, giving her a slightly apologetic frown. The abandoned woman could still taste the woman’s sex, behind her bit-gag.

Duchess and Princess were ridden every day since their initial 'mounting'. While Isla liked riding Princess right after her croissant and orange juice breakfast, Marianna was keener on her evening rides with Duchess, when she could marvel at the sky getting that purple color from the setting sun, from the elevated level that was Emily's back.

Just like her girlfriend, Marianna was also getting a more intimate, empowering feeling from riding the snooty white bitch. Watching the British cunt respond to the slightest yank of the reins and having her naked, bound body at the teen's absolute control brought a thrilling rush to Marianna.

Though none of the girls admitted it on their frequent calls or meet-ups, feeling weirdly embarrassed about this of all things they'd done, they were starting to feel...amorous towards their defenseless, older slaves. While Emily and Sienna's pierced pussies were always available to them, the teen heiresses had not felt the need to rape the snooty CEO cunts beyond some degrading teasing or groping, even if that didn't mean that anyone else could.

This new longing that had gotten into them was a result of their bodily contact during their daily rides, which had reminded what a hot pair of sluts the two enslaved entrepreneurs was.

Until one day, Isla's lust 'spilled over'. After another grueling riding session, Isla was nose-leading her pony back to her stable. The sun was falling behind the beautiful horizon of mountain tops and creating these gorgeous purple and orange colors. Isla was breathing heavily, unable to shake that horny urge.

She wasn't frightened, of course. Why would she be? Her pink pony-slut literally could not harm a fly in her bondage. But she was excited, nervous. She had never done such a thing with a woman. Poor Sienna was ignorant to what was happening inside the girl's mind, mostly focused on catching her breath and letting her oxygen-starved lungs recover.

"Ok...." Isla mumbled, having made up her mind. Sienna could not know what she was referring to, she simply saw the girl stop in the middle of their grass-covered walk towards the house, and pull the leash of her septum ring down towards the grass. "On your knees..." Isla said, one of the few times her voice sounded less than authoritative. Eyeing her worried by her demeanor, Sienna obeyed, not having the stamina or the rebellious spirit she once had.

To her surprise, Sienna then saw the blonde girl hastily pull off her brown riding boots, then pull down her beige, skin-fitting rider's pants and her cute lace thong, tossing everything on the grass with much impatience. She was now stood on the grass completely naked from the waist down, still wearing her black corset, white shirt and black arm-high gloves. Sienna noticed the girl's cute blonde bush on top of Isla's youthful, quivering sex.

Sienna did not make a peep, nervously biting into her bit-gag. Isla undid the woman's head harness and the gag attached to it, then unclipped her nose-chain. She gave a quick look around the field to make sure no house-worker was around, then grabbed the woman's latex-hooded head with both gloved hands and drove it slowly, but sternly between her thighs.

"Do a good job if you know what's good for you..." Isla sighed in heat, spreading her legs and jutting her sex forwards, just enough to give Sienna full access to her needy pussy.

"Mmmng!" the older, African woman was practically smothered with the young girl's cunt, forced to please it or suffocate. She instinctively pulled away from it, but she was still as bound as ever, and Isla had a tight grip on the bitch's black ponytail, not letting it anytime soon. With her septum-ring tickling the girl's clitoris with her nervous face shifting, Sienna started running her tongue up, down and around the girl's precious, smooth pussy-lips, looking up at her with a look of 'I'm doing my best, believe me, please don't hurt me'.

Sienna Brooks was not a lesbian; cunnilingus was never a practice she had put any work into. It's inspiring what people can achieve when a riding crop is eyeing them menacingly from their abductor's belt, not to mention the urgency that comes with a complete lack of oxygen. Sienna stole inhales of air through her nose every 10 pussy-laps or so, with Isla securing her face so firmly against her sopping wet white-French-girl pussy.

"Yes....yes...more...more..." Isla said in her cute French accent, now with her eyes closed and her head unconsciously tilted slightly up, as if thanking the heavens themselves for this wonderful sensation. She was standing on her bare, pedicured tippy-toes, just to 'drown' the helpless woman even more in her slippery cunt. She didn't care if the pony bitch could breathe much or not. She had work down there. Her tongue did feel very nice tracing her 19-year-old labia lips.

Sienna was initially struggling and shifting in her arm binder, but that took more of her air away, so she opted to stay still and just try to please her teen Mistress. She moved her tongue quicker, more erratically, more intensely, doing what she assumed her husband was doing to her.

She could hear from the girl's moans she was driving her wild.

"Oui...oui....plus (*French for 'more'*)...PLUS...PLUS...PLUS!" Isla was almost yelling in her maternal language, as the rollercoaster of her ecstasy had reached its peak and was ready for a spectacular ride downhill. Keeping her pony's head firmly wedged between her juicy, white thighs, the girl climaxed with a trembling groan, her voice shivering from the sheer power of her orgasm.

"Ggg.....gggmmm" Sienna was pleading for some air while still licking Isla frenziedly, her struggling arms indicated that intense need, but Isla wanted this ride to land down smoothly, on a gentle carpet of pleasure, rather than smash into the ground. Her toy would have to hold on for just a little longer and keep lapping if she knew what was good for her.

She would end up sleeping that night in her stall with no way to wipe Isla' juices off her bridled chin and lips.

Without even notifying each other about their new sexcapades with their slaves, three days later, Marianna's pussy was also feeling too wet to ignore, almost as if her libido had synched up to her friend's. The short Latina had already masturbated a handful of times in the idea of vilifying the last sanctum of Emily's dignity, and one dark, deep night that she was stuck in a sleepless, horny restlessness, she entered the sleeping bitch's stall, dressed in a thick and long, black night coat. Her cane was not missing from her hand.

Emily's eyes fluttered open, as the lights of her stable stall were turned on. She had become accustomed to sleeping on her hay pile, even with her arms locked behind her and her corset never leaving her waist.

Marianna ordered the filly up with a couple 'encouraging' (albeit painful) taps of the cane on the bitch's tits, and in an instant, the groggy ponygirl was up, having learned the initially difficult way of getting on the 6-inch boots that never left her feet.

The foot-shorter girl led Emily to a wall of her stall, where one of the vertical wooden planks had a steel ring on either side of its 5-inch width. The pairs of rings repeated on various heights across the plank, for a pony to be hitched at by their bridle. Every 10 inches had a different pair.

Through two carabineers, Marianna clipped the nervously shifting pony's bridles' about 2 feet off the ground, forcing Emily to bend at her waist at a right angle, her face well tethered to this low level as her bit-gag was almost touching the wooden wall. More importantly, her fine white ass, still riddle with yesterday's cane marks, was completely accessible to the small Latina. Marianna had more in store, restraining the woman's ankles to two more floor rings, forcing them about 2 feet spread and as a result. Finally, she placed a small foot-step/platform right behind the helpless pony-girl, so that Emily's ass was at the same level as the girl's crotch, enough to be comfortably fucked, if the girl possessed a penis.

Speaking of which, Mariana opened her coat to reveal her complete, gorgeous nakedness underneath, save from a huge, black, ribbed strap-on dildo, already strapped to her waist and crotch.

"Fffff....ffff...." Emily did not dare moan, but she did start breathing heavily in her bit-gag, unable to turn her head, but managing to peek at this 9-inch monster the girl was 'packing', with the corner of her blue eyes. It was almost as thick as a coke can! "Eaaasy, my Duchess, mommy's gonna make love to you, now" the 18-year-old got an extra kick out of calling herself mommy to the 16 years older

ponygirl, getting up on the short platform and marveling at her tethered pony. She caressed Emily's branded ass, which was involuntarily presented to her, savoring the posh cunt's trembling fear.

"I can't wait to fill your snooty pussy up" Marianna said in a soft voice, as she run her small hands on Emily's hips, bracing to penetrate her. "MMMMMMMMmmmmmm..." Emily let out a sobbing whine, instead of any protest. Her posture collar and further bridle-tethering prevented her from seeing Marianna's advances, only feeling them, which made her even more terrified. She could only rub her parted hooves on the ground, not even able to shake them. She could not be more vulnerable.

"SSshh, don't fight it, accept it. Maybe you'll even feel good" Marianna smiled, knowing that's probably a long shot. Her rubber dildo looked more than an instrument of torture than pleasure. But the much, much smaller end shoved against her G-spot would certainly make HER feel good. And that's all it mattered.

Grabbing each side of the woman's hips, Marianna guided the tip of her monstrous cock in Emily's pussy, until it spread her labia open and she thrusted with force. "NNNNNNGGGGGGGGUUUUUUH!" Emily cried out, biting hard on her wooden bit-gag, as she felt the 2-inch-thick penis violently pack her sex.

Mariana payed no attention, with her tongue stack through the side of her lips as she was focused on fucking her pony to shambles. The dildo's pressure and friction immediately transferred on Marianna's already wet pussy. The girl was feeling fantastic, fucking her further restrained ponygirl like she was the most brute male pornstar, while looking like the cutest sweetheart.

WACK

A sharp, cruel strike made the cane meet Emily's fucked buttocks, Marianna not seizing her thrusts at all. "NNNNNNNNNNNGGG!" The ponygirl went to snap her head back, the pain so great she had no scream to utter, but her tethered head harness stopped her. Marianna kept working the wide hips of her small stature, raping her pony from behind.

WACK

Another strike, this time on her left asscheek, caused another gagged yelp from the poor pony. Her pussy hurt so much, being full to the brim by Marianna's artificial erection. The rings of its ribbed texture further tormented the poor woman, whose latest lover was endowed with no more than 6 inches. The way she was fucked now, it felt like a machine was gonna prolapse her pussy apart. "Ohhh fuck!" Marianna uttered, her pussy tingling with orgasmic sprinkles as she kept working her rubber cock through her spread pony.

Wrapping her hands around Emily's spread loins, where her crotch met her thighs, Marianna pounded her slave with increased pace, her caramel-colored pelvis smacking repeatedly against the poor pony's milky-white asscheeks. "NNNNnnnnNNNNnnnnNNNNnnnnNNNNnnn!..." Emily's bit-gagged cries were accented by each rapid, hard thrust the tiny girl was giving her rear side, until Marianna's pretty, glossy lips were stuck open, as a beautiful orgasm washed over her.