

Royal Ponies part 4

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Isla and Marianna's sexual degradation towards the uppity bitches that had insulted them that faithful night during the fancy Gala commenced with a galloping (pun intended) pace. While Marianna was mostly into strap-on fucking Duchess to pieces, Isla liked Princess' tongue working her cunt with increasing skill and particular attention to the French girl's 'tastes'.

While at first it was simply the novelty of drowning the black whore in her own sex that made Isla orgasm, soon it was also Sienna's skillful pussy-lapping that hit the spot just right. It was a one-way road for the 35-year-old ponygirl, with the riding crop 'instructing' her during the slightest mistake.

As for Marianna, she loved grabbing Duchess' straight, dark-brown ponytail and ramming her huge fem-cock inside her. She felt great packing the white bitch with an overwhelming amount of rubber penis and Emily's cries amplified that feeling and made the little Latina's tight cunt drip like a fountain.

Emily and Sienna soon came to dread the end of their riding sessions, which were often when the two teens aimed at 'getting one off' (probably because they were getting all hot and bothered riding the cunts) before stashing their ponies for the day. Isla and Marian violated them any time they fancied. Either during a relaxing (for the girls) training session when the trotting cunts' curves glistened just right with her sweat, or during some post-noon or midnight spikes of arousal, the two friends had their ponies pussies and tongues at their full disposal.

While these moments still remained rather private, Isla and Marianna didn't care that much about being spotted by their staff during a quickie with their ponies. It's not like any of them would dare chastise or talk ill of them.

With this new facet of their 'relationship' blossoming, Isla and Marianna slowly started training their ponygirls to be just as obedient and accommodating to their sexual wishes as they were with their riding

ones. A snap of Isla's fingertips and Sienna knew to drop on her latex-covered knees and wait for Mistress to remove her bit-gag for her slobbery 'meal'. As soon as that was off, she had to quickly and manually (no ponytail holding or any external forces) close the distance between her alluring full lips and her Mistress' presented cunt. Isla liked first some tender kisses and soft licks, before some more aggressive tongue-laps and some gentle clit-sucking were due. Before the end of the month, Sienna learned all of these steps and the perfect technique to execute them. Though not without collecting dozens upon dozens of crop marks on her poor skin, until she mastered eating her young mistress out.

Similarly, Marianna would not bother with boring rigging work every time she was feeling frisky. Certainly not! Her ponygirl needed to help her mistress fuck her with every ounce of her bound body, despite how unpleasant Marianna's deep-dicking was to Emily. It was always too large, stretching the poor ponygirl's cunt to an uncomfortable pressure, the ribbed texture and uncaring prodding not helping either.

Following the 18-year-old heiress' orders, at any point the young girl whistled (Marianna had gotten good at that shepherd's kind of loud whistling) Duchess was required to bend her lean, curvy (and now strong) body like a 2\$ stripper reaching for the floor (though with no hands available) with her legs straight and fully presenting her naked ass and sex to her Mistress' horny whims.

There was still the issue of the large ponygirl's height, lengthened further by her 6-inch metal hooves. To solve that, Marianna had the clever idea of attaching some drop-down, hard plastic steps on the back of the pony's knee-high boots, on the level of her calves. That way, she could step on her bent-over pony and instantly be at pegging level with 'little' Duchess' fuckable cunt.

Emily could not be feeling more objectified, every time she heard that dreaded whistle from the tiny girl that ruled over her every move. Not only did she have to bend over like a brainwashed sex doll (even a couple of seconds of delay where severely punished) but on top of that, she had to support her young owner's weight as she tore her pussy a new one with her big strap-on.

Marianna loved how easily she could be just minding her own business and then a split moment later be stuffing her ponygirl while standing on the steps of her trembling legs. It was the most humiliating way Emily had ever been treated.

With 20 days left until the big race. Emily and Sienna were getting the hang out of being ridden by an adult person. They were becoming very responsive to the slightest turn or pull of the reins, not to mention their mistress' 'tutoring' strikes of the crop and cane.

Though fucked by Marianna constantly, Emily was still looking forward to 'getting some' from Joselyn, being somewhat enamored with her, in her vulnerable, enslaved condition. Her blue eyes glistened with joy whenever she saw the curvy Dutch girl enter her stall and they drowned in sorrow whenever she left without any 'fun'. "Sorry, hot stuff. Today's busy" the woman would just shrug bummed, though not dedicating her entire existence to Emily as she ponygirl did.

One day, Isla and Marianna each received a small package. They were addressed from Miss Becky Featherwall, both with the note:

"Got you a little present for your filly. I'm sure she'll find it...fulfilling".

As soon as they opened it, the two girls saw what looked like a kinky black, faux leather pair of panties that featured a huge, 10-inch long and 2-inch-wide black, veiny dildo on the crotch part. It appeared to be extra 'stingy' in its skin-coverage, as backside featured an elastic, stretch hole of soft rubber for the ponies' plug-tails to go through and the front side ended where the dildo was, leaving room for the women's clitoral bells. Instead of a triangle patch of faux-leather fabric, there were simply two, really long rubber strings, moving along the sides of the underwear's crotch. The ends of these strings could be linked together with two small metal gate clips.

Isla and Marianna didn't take much time to figure the strange garments out. Sienna and Emily thought their pelvises would split from the sheer volume of this phallic portion of their new 'underwear'. With their black thongs' accessory inserted and their ass-plugs pulled through the elastic hole in the back, the rubber cock was about two thirds of the way inside the ponies' cunts. But the sheer girth of the rubber sling stretched their vaginal walls tight as it was. It made for an unforgettable experience, their new accessories eliciting protesting, uncomfortable moans of pain from both Princess and Duchess.

The loose, 1-meter-long laces of these panties weren't just made to dangle down their legs. These were pulled up, tracing their whole bodies, passing through the small holes of the ring their nipple-bells were dangling from, before being attached on the ponies' reins. The laces' length could be easily adjusted so that a tug of the reins not only pulled on the pony's bit, but also drove the large sex toy deep inside their already pretty-fucked cunts. The harder the pull, the harsher and deeper the ponies received this invasion. Marianna and Isla could essentially fuck their ponies while riding them, with a simple tug of their reins.

Both girls loved Becky's present, a vastly different reaction to that of Sienna and Emily. Emily burst into tears the first time Marianna fitted her with her new riding-gear. The girl had used plenty of lube, so that there'd be no excuses for her pony's pussy to not devour the well-hung intruder. The English

woman felt that thing claim every bit of space inside her sensitive sex. It was even larger than Mistress' strap-on, stretching her in all dimensions, reaching her cervix whenever shot up, and widening her vaginal canal with its girth.

With her anus and pussy now filled up to the brink of their elasticity, Emily was taking shallow breaths just to keep her composure. Marianna stroked her pony's latex-buried cheek, still riding on her back, speaking in a comforting tone. "Hush now filly, I know it seems too big now, but you'll get used to it, like everything else...isn't that right?" a tearful Emily shook her hips to ring her clit bell. She didn't know whether she could get used to this, but if Marianna said she would then it must have been right.

Right?

Steady... watch for that rock...don't step on it...god, this collar is so restricting! I can't look at the ground when it's right beneath me. AAaaaouu! Ok, ok! I'm lifting my thighs higher, Jesus! Fuck, it's been 20 minutes and I'm already tired. I hope she doesn't ride me for too long today. My legs are still sore from the morning one. Whoa, don't let your mind drift or you'll lose your balance. Bitch is always shifting on her seat, making it even harder...

Emily's thoughts were the only personal thing she had left, ever since her involuntary arrival at Marianna's mansion. She had made quite the progress in being a good, strong and submissive ponygirl. As her mistress' cane made contact with her drum-tight ass, which permanently possessed some degree of red streaks from previous hits, the brunette woman dug her teeth into her bit, suppressing another groan. Marianna had "informed" her she was too vocal recently, and wanted her to "tone her annoying whining down", as she put it. A moan or yelp from a simple disciplinary smack, were now very much punishable offenses. It's not like she was being properly punished, to wail that much.

More flashes of random thoughts pass by Emily's mind, in-between the general grind of intense focus and physical strain.

These bells on my tits and clit never stop ringing. You'd think I should have blacked it out by now, but it's still there, it's still irritating. My thighs feel chafed. I do wanna let her know, but she'll beat me for just speaking...my tits also hurt from all the bouncing during the trotting. All these elaborate costumes and accessories, God forbid the bitch gave me a bra or something! Aaaaaagh! I'm turning, I'm TURNING! Why does she have to be so rough on the reins? She'll rip my head off!...Fuck, almost tipped again, focus Emily! If you topple over, she'll fill your ass with that awful enema again... I thought my insides would burst open from the pain...

...My pussy hurts so much with this fucking dildo-panty thing. It moves up and down in me as I walk. Like it's literally fucking me with its step. Not only is it very uncomfortable, it's also irritatingly stimulating. I can't keep my focus with this thing constantly rubbing against my G-spot, then hurting me, then back again feeling good for a split second! It's sooo annoying...OOOWWWW...my cervix...why does she pull it so hard???...breathe the pain away Emily, don't lose your balance. You are strong, you can do this....

Emily feels Marianna's skinny thighs rub against her ribs through the teen Latina's tight jeans. The tall woman feels the warmth of the girl's petite body, her midriff nesting between her bound arms. She can smell her scent and feel her breathing on the back of her hooded, harnessed head. It is weird to recognize these things about someone you despise so much. But Emily has not spent much time with anyone else, for quite a while.

Thank god we're turning back. Half way there, hopefully. Fine you bitch... I stopped! Ow my pussy hurts so bad... You don't have to pull on the bridle that hard!...OOOwww don't cane me PLEAASSEEEEE I fixed my posture, I fixed it! Fucking bitch... my waist hurts from pushing my tits out all the time...if not for that corset I would be able to take a proper breathe, too...."I'm a good ponygirl?" Really? That's all you have to say to me after all you've put me through? "OOuchOUchouch!!! Yes... I am a good ponygirl, I'm ringing my damn clit bell, ok??? Just no more cane...please...

Ok, Emily deep breath, we're back to moving now, just hang in there and soon you'll be done with this and then you can rest in the stall... Oh no, please don't make me go faster! I can't do it! Ouch! OUCH! OK, i'm trying! Just don't hit me! Stay strong, Emily, you'll get through all this, and soon enough, somebody will find you. There have to be looking for me. My family, friends, the police! Someone has to find me... You're strong Emily, you can do this...

With just a few days left for the big reveal at Becky's, Emily was being led to her stall by Joselyn, having just finished the day's ride. The Dutch girl had gotten cocky, stealing the odd ass-grab or playful kiss of the white pony's nose, or even boob.

Emily giggled with the bit-gag still wedged between her teeth, as the pretty maid was feeling her up and whispering playfully in her ear. The redhead was confident the two were in the clear. No one was around the vast grass field, with Marianna having retired to her chambers long ago.

What the white-clad maid did not realize was that Marianna was watching her, through a slit at her expensive drapes of her bedroom. "Hm" the girl made a close-mouthed chuckle, watching this insult unfold before her eyes with a pondering look.

She didn't like her staff going against her rules.

A vast, peaceful wheat field spanned over a mile in the horizon, from the back yard of Becky Featherwall's mansion. Little adorable dirt roads cut through the tall, golden grass of the field, perfectly complimenting a clear, blue sky. On the back-porch of the massive estate, under the shade of a pergola, sitting around a beautiful, round, marble table with an intricate mosaic pattern, and metal coiling legs, were three girls of similar young age (and ludicrous wealth), close friends of Isla and Marianna, all enjoying a nice glass of iced tea, in this warm fall afternoon.

The young owner of this house, Becky, was sporting a cute, jewel –encrusted crop top and a pair of high waist jeans that hugged her slim legs and tight butt, presenting them delightfully. Next to her was Cho, a skinny, Asian girl with dark, long straight hair in a dominatrixy ponytail and goth, avant-garde make-up, dressed in dark leather pants and a loose, golden wife-beater top under a rocky black leather jacket.

Lastly, Taylor, an extremely white girl with brown, modest hair of a chubby body type, dressed in an elegant, girly light-pink sundress that reached down to her ankles and matched the color of her mascara. Her appearance and demeanor hid her true sadism.

“Did you guys saw what Adrianna posted on Instagram? So fucking cringe” Taylor told the two girls, catching them up on the latest circle gossip. White the cute, Caucasian girl was always aristocratic in her manners, this time, it appeared like her legs weren't crossed like a ‘proper lady's’, but rather relaxed and open. It couldn't be visible unless you were standing right beside her, but something seemed to be poking from underneath her dress, between her chubby thighs.

“That bitch is always looking for drama. Don't enable her by commenting on every post” Becky replied, sipping her refreshing beverage. “Is this the new one? Is it any good?” Becky added a nonchalant question, pointing with her eyes to the small bump between Taylor's legs and referring to her as an object, despite knowing a person was underneath.

“Yes it's the new one. She's...alright. Still learning” the white girl replied, not appearing thrilled. The spoiled rich teen was only mildly enjoying the feeling between her loins, as a very eager tongue was lapping away at the meaty lips of her chubby pussy for some time now. The jaded, overstimulated teen thought she might get bored waiting for Isla and Marianna, so she brought along one of her many slaves, her latest ‘purchase’.

‘1242’ as was plainly the slave's name, orally pleased her mistress with utter dedication. As Taylor had ‘painfully’ instructed, 1242 was sticking her tongue inside her Mistress' cooch, in between sensual clit-sucking and pussy-lip licking.

The trafficked 22-year-old Filipino girl, smaller than 5 feet and very skinny with an A-cup chest, was devoid of any clothing, but for a leather collar and leather ankle and wrist bands, things that aided her ‘setup’ and manipulation. Her once long, dark-brown hair had been shaved completely. The bald slave

was dying to surface up for a breather, her pretty face drenched with all kinds of moisture, the air further stale underneath Taylor's dress.

"Where in the world are they?" Cho asked impatiently, referring to Isla and Marianna. "I wanna see the new ponies!"

Just then, the doorbell rang, from the other side of the porch. It was a loud ring, but the house was so large it barely reached the women's ears. "See?" Becky teased her friend, as she got up and made her way inside the house.

"Hiiiiiiiiii giyiiiiiiiiiiirls!" Becky greeted them a welcoming, high-pitched cheer, giving Marianna and Isla a warm hug. "We're so thrilled to show you what we brought" Isla spoke for both herself and her bestie. Their assistants were currently unloading the caged damsels as they spoke. "Iced tea?" Becky gestured towards the porch. "Got any booze?" Isla said with a wink "Whoa, ok! Let's get this party started!" Becky smiled, with the sun still far from down.

Outside, Taylor had taken the opportunity to 'grab' a quick orgasm, as 'baldy' had hit the spot with her skillful tongue. A single pet on her bald head was all the light-brown-skinned slave got, as Taylor made her lap at her pussy slower to 'ease' her down from the orgasm.

"Sup hoes?!" Marianna said to the table with a naughty smirk. The little get-together commenced smoothly. Isla petted Taylor's new, timid slave, who was far from the main focus of the group, a real afterthought. The girls chatted and caught up.

"I won't lie I did want to show you my two ponygirls" Becky said to Isla and Marianna, seeing a small pony-cart, being ridden by a young man and pulled by two naked, metal-bound ponies, was seen approaching from a distance. The handler, sitting in the buggy's seat, holding two sets of reins in one hand and a pretty mean-looking bullwhip on the other, was dressed in some farmer's dark blue suspenders. He had messy, blonde hair and a scruffy, five-o'clock shadow.

Though they had been deemed of the same 'species' as Princess and Duchess, these horse-girls' attire was much different. No fancy latex or comfy leather bonds for these poor souls. Becky's ponies were mostly "dressed" in strict, unyielding metal. Thick, steel collars were around their necks, and a straight, vertical bar, clipped on a ring at the back of the collars, sprang across the middle of their backs until it

reached a thick metal waist belt that was painfully synching their waists. At its middle point, the bar housed a pair of elbow cuffs, keeping the ponies' elbows bound. Another set of cuffs on the sides of the waist belt immobilized their wrists, both restraint points rendering their arms useless. Two thick metal rings on the belt, one located above each asscheek, were attached to meter long, metal bars, which connected the ponies to the cart.

Finally, another metal bar, this one U-shaped, reached from the front side of the metal corset/belt to the back, passing through the ponies' legs and giving their crotch a hard metal wedgie at all times. A bulbous, metal anal plug attached to the bar was currently buried inside their rectum. A tiny slit on the front side of the bars left just enough room for their clitoris' to pass through and be trapped into a stretching predicament, via a bar pierced through them on the other side of this metal underwear. The bar piercing was itself attached on the sides of the slit like a runner, able to slide along the slit with the ponies' movement. Their legs were covered from the knees below in metal padded straps, the legs caged in some obscene metal boots, which, whilst having padding on the inside of the feet, very much resembled a steel replica of a horse's hooves.

One pony was a Scandinavian blonde, named Luna, the other had a brown complexion and dark hair, originating from Sudan. Their hair was shaved, save for a thin line going through the middle of the skull, draped on one side like a long, non-spiky Mohawk. Ponytails matching each pony's hair color were sticking out of the back of their waist belt/corset.

If Emily and Sienna were flamboyant latex-covered ponies, with skin-tight, shiny garments and a mouth-watering exterior, the look of these two was rough, utilitarian and almost industrial in nature. Their attire gave the impression of being caged in their clothing, rather than dressed. They showed more skin, and though were less covered in gear, metal weighs much more than leather or latex. Their hairy muffs were indicative of their wild, more natural appearance, than the fetishized beautification Emily and Sienna had been through. Despite their clearly feminine form and slender curves, it almost appeared as if their gender was of no significance to their owner.

The man in charge of these women-horses pulled on the reins clipped onto the sides of each snout/mask and both ponies stopped their synched-up trotting at once. Their petite, half-black owner got up and after grabbing a cordless Magic Wand style vibrator from a nearby outdoor drawer, stepped down the three steps of the porch. A curious Marianna and Isla followed her, intrigued.

Even from a closer distance, the slaves' faces were obscured below the eyes by padded horse-masks with silver, shining metal exterior. They resembled horse snout masks that had been fastened on their heads with three leather straps, two on the sides and one running between their eyes.

Both metal-bound women looked drenched in sweat, though their eyes showed much fear for their captor, overshadowing their clear exhaustion.

“These are Luna and Lilac” Becky gestured to her ponies; not really introducing them to her two friends. This was what you did with humans. More like showing them off. Her two ponygirls were much taller than her, their hooves giving them an extra 7 inches of height. But similarly to Marianna and Emily, this clear height difference didn’t make them look imposing in front of Becky whatsoever. On the contrary, their bondage and humiliating appearance made them seem weak and powerless.

“Pretty!” Isla and Marianna nodded, looking measuredly impressed. Their smiling faces concealed a bit of jealousy at just how utterly submissive Becky’s ponies looked. They were already picturing hammering their own ponies like a blacksmith, to that level of ruthless obedience.

“Ok Marco” Becky addressed her handler, not-that-secretly gloating. “Good enough for today; I’ll give them a little gift, too” she said, feeling generous and gently pressed the head of the vibrator against the metal bar that gripped the Luna’s cunt. A flip of the switch and the sex toy’s vibrations were transferred onto the rigid steel bar, then to the woman’s troubled pussy. The blonde pony let out an involuntary muffled moan, as if something was keeping her from closing her mouth underneath the mask. The inside of her snout-mask housed a wide, steel ring-gag, keeping mouth at a round shape. Her pretty blue eyes almost crossed for a split second, at this sudden overwhelming feeling. No one could really tell how blushed her cheeks had gotten behind her metal mask from the embarrassment.

Despite being a pony slave for 5 years, the 26-year-old Norwegian slave still despised her arousal being broadcasted to all these strangers (never mind Becky). But the stimulation was still welcome, evident by the pony not backing away or protesting to Becky’s motion. The pleasure took away from the pain on her poor cunt.

At least that’s what Becky’s guests thought. The reality was a combination of two things. While Luna wanted to experience the fleeting pleasures of a pony’s life, she also had no permission to ever flinch or back away from her mistress’ touch. Becky had thoroughly beaten that mindset into her ponygirls’ heads.

“If they’re being reaaaally good, I sometimes treat ‘em” Becky turned to Isla and Marianna, still buzzing her perfectly-postured pony, whose thighs could be seen containing a trembling from the arousal. “Do you ever...make them do stuff?” Isla asked coyly, not fully letting her ‘hand’ show. “Naaah, not really my thing” Becky said, looking up at her tormented pony, which as much as she loved her sore pussy being buzzed, was tortured by the need to maintain her chest-out, ass-out, back straight, face-straight posture. It was what Becky cherished the most in these ‘treats’.

“I see them more like...pretty animals, than anything else” she turned to Isla.

Isla and Marianna exchanged a look that betrayed something in terms of what was being discussed. Both were fucking their ponies, using them just as much as sex-slaves as well as pretty cattle.

“Can I do the other one?” Marianna asked Becky, eyeing Lilac, her Northern African ponygirl, standing ‘proudly’ right next to Luna. Becky had the 25-year-old filly for 3 years, but the bitch was getting up there with Luna, in terms of obedience and performance. She made a nice cart-pulling pair with the blonde slut.

“Of course!” Becky handed the vibrator over to the Latina. Miss Cuadrado approached Lilac, examining the empty look of apprehension in the strange pony’s gorgeous green eyes, which peeked over her metal horse snout. Duchess still had some spark in her eyes. “I guess we need to put that fire out” the young woman thought to herself.

“Hi Lilac” the girl spoke to the ponygirl, using that sweet voice people do when they talk to a pet. Of course, the dark pony did not respond, not just because her jaw was spread by metal or because her mistress prohibited any human interaction, but because just like her cart-partner next to her, her vocal chords had been cut off upon arriving at Becky’s stables. Neither she nor Luna could utter anything but the faintest hiss, letting their eyes and body language express their (usually distressed) emotions.

Without much ‘chatting’ needed, Marianna pressed the buzzing sex toy on the bar that gave Lilac a cruel metal wedgie. She tried not to jerk at the sudden blast of stimulation. “Hehe, she likes it” Isla commented with folded arms, as everyone observed the pony closing her eyes and inviting the pleasant break, no matter how publicly her sex drive was being exhibited.

Biting her tongue (something she did whenever she was about to do something mean and sadistic) Marianna moved the vibrator right on the girl’s metal-trapped little clit, the stimulation so intense it caused the pony’s knees to buckle and her legs to shiver, as she pretty green eyes snapped open by the surprising, unpleasant overstimulation. A squeal would surely leave her agape lips, if her voice box worked. A sharp exhale was all the girl could utter, instead, going unregistered.

“Hehe, she didn’t like that” Becky smiled, as her mute ponygirl tried her best to maintain proper posture, not wanting to be disciplined for momentarily breaking it, despite her pulled clitoris being the main and only focus of the vibrator’s stimulation. Isla and Marianna found that level of dedication impressive. Princess and Duchess still had a long way from being perfect ponygirls. But they were getting there.

Marianna retrieved the buzzing reward from the brown beauty's cunt. Lilac appeared silently grateful, her pretty, B-cup chest heaving up and down from exertion. Marianna stood right in front of the ponygirl, looking up at her with an examining air of dominance, as if waiting for the slightest mishap. Through Marianna's dark eyes were locked on her pony's, the girl did not have that same right. Her eyes were focused straight ahead, towards nothing in particular. She knew she definitely must not meet her mistress', or any other person's gaze, since it projected defiance.

"They are very good ponies" Marianna was almost bummed she could not find a single critique for her friend's immaculately trained cattle. Neither she nor Isla could deny how stiff and at the same time graceful the ponies' body language was. Like beautiful, sweating statues.

Both Luna and Lilac' eyes, seen peeking over their pony snouts, were full of loyalty and fear. Whatever Becky had done to them throughout their captivity, had tamed them to perfection. They were waiting at full attention, without the slightest nervous shaking on their legs. Isla and Marianna exchanged an amazed look. Their ponies were alright, but they still protested and complained from time and time, and they definitely weren't as disciplined. They had plenty of time till they reached that level of blind obedience.

"Enough already, we want to see some new ponies!" Cho yelled from her seat, her one leg folded and stepping on the chair. In her boredom, she was mildly entertaining herself with 1242, Taylor's slave, tossing nuts into her open mouth. The slave did not seem thrilled to play, since the Asian girl threw them at a speed more akin to flinging, hitting her in the face rather than aiming much. She could not object though, remaining kneeling with sprawled legs and her arms stashed in box-shape behind her back, as Taylor had trained her.

"Take them to their stables and i'll let you know if we want to play with them later" Becky informed her male handler and Luna and Lilac were taken away. Isla felt a sadistic tingling between her legs, imagining how uncomfortable it must be trotting in all this metal, with your clitoris permanently stretched. She didn't share her feelings though.

"I'm gonna go change into my rider's outfit" she announced, while Marianna waived to her maids to bring Duchess, along with an extra cage; a surprise for Becky.

Marianna did not care much about the race's aesthetics, dressed in a pretty sundress, and Isla, dressed to impress in her rider's attire, walked along with the cages. Finally, the teens' crew was seen wheeling in Princess and Duchess, who were kneeling and crouched inside their square, mesh cages.

Emily and Sienna exchanged worried looks, as they were nose-pulled out of their cages by their leashes. Though the nudity and vulnerable bondage had become part of their lives, being in front of this new, strange people brought some of that shame back. All eyes were on their fetishized, bound forms, none of the attendants caring to alert the authorities or help them escape.

Becky approached the two latex and leather clad ponies. For what her friends' were going for as an esthetic, they were right on the money. They looked extravagant. In addition to their fresh, shining latex garments and leather attire and harnesses, the ponies had the added glamor of a plum feather, sticking upwards from the middle of their harnessed foreheads by a strap. It matched their outfits' colors, a yellow for Duchess and a pink for Princess.

"I see they're wearing my presents" she said, spotting the cruel leather "underwear" she had made especially for them, the dark rubber dicks nuzzled more than half inside their cunts. "Of course, they love them, don't you Princess?" Isla said with a waiting smirk towards Sienna, who fought of the urge to glare at her, shaking her large tits in order to jingle her cat-bells in an affirmative fashion. "Cool!" Becky chuckled at the sight, Cho and Taylor appearing similarly amused.

"Before we begin the race, I do have a present for you, Becky. A small thank you for helping us along our first ponygirl training" Marianna took the metaphorical stand. At the same time, another cage was wheeled in front of the small crowd by her maids, though only two of them. Joselyn was nowhere to be found.

She was the present.

With both her arms and legs tightly folded inside four leather limb-sheathes that matched the color of her hair, Joselyn moaned and fought the bonds that had turned her into an adorable petgirl, forced to only crawl on her knees and elbows. A giant, ginger-red ballgag was strapped over her pretty lips. They were tattooed a deep black, linked with a slim line towards her matching black button nose, making her look sooo cute. Her beautiful curly locks had been made into two cute, puffy pigtails, looking reminiscent of a poodle's ears as they fell on either side of her face. Another set of pointy triangle pet ears, matching her orange-red color scheme, were snapped securely over her head. Joselyn's freckles had been dotted over with more black tattoo ink, to make them 'pop' more and remind of whiskers.

Unlike an actual poodle or a generally furry pet, the Dutch girl fair-skin was displayed fully hairless, her body mostly nude. The woman's youthful, round DDs dangled freely right above the cage's floor, almost touching it. Her already slender waist had been squeezed into a matching leather corset, laced tightly. A matching fox-red tail was sticking out of the poor damsel's ass, nesting snugly in her rectum by an

inflatable anal plug, generously pumped. Finally, a ginger-red leather collar was around the pet's neck, bearing the name '**HUSSY**' on a tag of sparkling glitter in the front.

"Do you like her? Was one of my maids. Caught her fooling around with Duchess. You can change her name if you want to" Marianna notified Becky, not wanting to impose on the new pet's name, as she handed her friend the end of 'Hussy's' leather leash. "No I like it. It... suits her" Becky smiled, with her and Marianna marveling down at the poor woman looking up at them, her indignant moans muffled very well by her huge ballgag. She looked so helpless, with her useless limbs encased in leather.

Emily eyed Joselyn's debased form with sheer shock. It seemed like no more orgasms and tenderness would come her way. The unlucky maid would add to the list of Becky's Featherwall's slaves. "Imma make your life here very...interesting" Becky squatted to Josely's eye-level, turning the Dutch girl's chin towards her. "GNMMNNfff..gnnGGHHh!" the young, frog-bound woman eyed her new owner with wide-eyed terror, mumbling incoherent pleadings through her huge gag. "I'll turn you into a great pet, don't you worry" Becky patted the girl's head between her pigtails and pointy ears. As demonstrated earlier, Becky was known for being a ruthless mistress.

Joselyn was in for a long, difficult life.

With any sentient gifts out of the way, both pony riders were soon ready, standing side by side, mounted on their female stallions. Both Emily and Sienna wanted to exchange some kind of acknowledging, sympathetic look towards each other, something to let the other know that this was indeed crazy. But their restricting eye-blinders and posture collars kept them from being able to catch the other, even in the corners of their eyes. They just trotted in place as instructed, to get the blood flowing through their shapely, strong legs. They'd need it.

The checkpoint had been set to be a large pine tree, about 500 meters away from her porch. A 10-foot wide dirt road between the tall golden wheat had been opened long ago for Becky's pony rides, leading up the beautiful tree. The finish line would be back where the girls started. So a one kilometer race.

Both Marianna and Isla were ready, with their respective cane and riding crop at the ready, to "motivate" their ponies into a great performance. They held Princess and Duchess' reins with a strong, determined grip. "You're going down, Frenchie" Marianna trash-talked her pal. "No way I'm losing to your Thumbelina ass" Isla made fun of her friend's small size.

Becky stood in front and between them, like one of those drag race hotties, holding a small kitchen towel, instead of a scarf. It would do. "On your marks!" she yelled with flair. Sienna and Emily huffed in their thick bit-gags, as Isla and Marianna were starting to rub their 'instruments' against their tender hips, ready to strike. "Get set.....GO!"

As soon as the towel was brought down, both Sienna and Emily felt the urgent, repeated stings of the crop and cane, respectively. They picked up their metal-hooved feet fast, carrying their riders on their back's saddles.

The pink and yellow ponies run with all their might, doing their best to maintain stability and speed in their trotting. "Come on you lazy bitch!" Marianna chuckled as she heard Isla cursing her pony out behind her. Emily had taken an early lead, her longer legs perhaps benefiting her.

The three cat-bells decorating Emily's tan body rang chaotically as she trotted. Panting hard and rapidly into her bit-gag, Emily galloped like she never had, feeling the wind 'slam' into her naked chest. She could see the pine tree in the far distance and the wheat fields spanning endlessly on either side and behind it. Her narrowed vision kept her from seeing either side of her dirt path, which was what a good ponygirl ought to do. Keep her focus ahead.

Besides the obvious difficulty of carrying a whole person in these uncomfortable heelless boots and strenuous bondage, there were more 'hurdles' (pun intended) the pony had to overcome, like the giant rubber cock, sloshing in the inner walls of her pussy and of course, the occasional strike of the cane on her hips and branded ass, whenever she seemed to drop in speed.

The surface of the dirt-road was flat, thankfully, but there was the occasional gravel that needed attention. Marianna lightly bounced rhythmically on her pony's saddle like royalty on a lively trip. She had left Isla about 20 yards behind. "Keep it up whore. We're not done, yet" Emily heard Marianna's intense voice right behind her ear, as she reached the pine tree and circled it back towards the 'finish line'.

As she passed her by towards the opposite direction, a smirking Marianna gave Isla a royal little bye-bye wave with flickering fingers. Isla frowned in anger, beating Sienna harder as they reached the tree.

The race appeared settled, but around the 700-meter mark, the yellow ponygirl could not keep the high speed Marianna wanted from her. The cane strikes only took from Duchess' stamina now, rather than energizing her. Princess' lungs were still going strong. Isla gave her friend her own taunting finger-wave back, as she passed her and Duchess to gain the lead.

Emily tried her best while suffering through her rider's desperate abuse, to try and squeeze some more pace out of her. It was not her fault she was being abused like that, but in the end, she proved to be the hare to Sienna's tortoise.

"Yeeeeeeeeeeey!" Isla cheered as she reached her three friends, who were comfortably watching from the comfortable shade of the patio. She pulled hard on Princess' reins, driving the rubber cock waaay up the poor woman's sex. Sienna stopped in her tracks, utterly spent.

"Woooooo!" Becky cheered and the rest of the guests clapped from their seats. Marco, Becky's stable guy, was standing against with his back against a beam of the porch, watching with his hands tucked in his overall pockets.

A worn out Emily arrived a few seconds later, with a fuming Marianna on her back. Once she disembarked from her pink-clad animal, Isla mockingly offered her to shake hands with Marianna, who slapped it back with a fuck-you kind of smile. "Million bucks Babeee!" Isla teased her bestie talking silly. "Fucking cunt stopped moving halfway" the spoiled heiress did not take much responsibility for her loss, pinning it all on the panting Duchess. She was more annoyed at being beaten than losing that million.

Emily's tits heaved up and down with her exhaustion. She could barely stand, with thick drool dripping from her bit onto said tits.

"Congrats on Isla. I say the winner pony gets some well-earned rest, while the loser gets to spend some quality time with Marco. What do you guys say?" Becky giggled at her own proposition.

"All yours" the Latina didn't want to be a buzzkill, clipping Emily's leash onto her nose-ring and offering it to the young man. "Thank you, Miss Cuadrado" he said with a courteous smile.

Emily let out some involuntary whines, as her leash was passed on. She didn't want to be fucked by this random guy. "Shush. You should have thought of that before losing me the race" Marianna replied to her toy's whining. "Just don't knock her up" Becky informed as Marco was already walking away from their company, pulling the sweaty, tired, pony along by her septum-ring, presumably towards a private area of the stables. Emily was forced to follow him, despite her best efforts to turn back and meet her owner's gaze, much preferring to stay with her for once.

The five good friends had the time of their lives, drinking, laughing and having a blast in Becky's back yard. With fun, guilty pleasure kind of music blasting, the young girls chatted, gossiped, reminisced and when alcohol started pouring more generously, they danced and goofed around, partaking in all sorts of stereotypical 'drunk girl' shenanigans. There was a celebratory cake, which the girls vanished in their sweet-toothed, drunken state. Isla even made Marianna wear one of these conical, paper party hats, this one having a big, makeshift L stack on it. All three girls took plenty of selfies, Marianna ultimately being a good sport about wearing the 'loser' hat.

Any cattle, slaves or pets were stashed away. Emily and Sienna were stored in Becky's stables, along with the rest of her ponies. Joselyn/Hussy was placed back in her cage, which was left somewhere in the Becky's living room, along with the clipped leash of Taylor's slave.

The teen's slaves would just be a nuisance. After all, this day was about them, not their earthly possessions. Evidently and perhaps degradingly, Duchess and Princess were nothing but a hobby to the wealthy socialites. They were something to have fun with when the two young women were bored at home.

A pleasant distraction that was at the cost of the women's entire lives.

"You wanna hear a little secret?" Isla said in a slow, slurred voice, as all three girls were now "draped" on couches and pouf seats, enjoying the nice night breeze. "I've been making that snotty cunt lick my pussy for weeks!" she confessed with a tone of pure, unfiltered satisfaction. "You fucking whore!" Isla actually rose up to glare at her friend, in shock. "I've been ruining the whore's cunt with a strap-on!" she said with a dumb, surprised smile. "You never told me anything!!!" Isla shouted at her friend, Marianna simply keeping a grinning smile. "You didn't tell me anything either!" she slurred her loud words back.

"That's so funny" Cho said in tired, smiling tone, her head tilted on one side, too heavy from all the drinks. "Why are you bitches so uptight anyway?" Taylor genuinely asked. "I don't know...they are ponies" Marianna and Isla shrugged realizing their apprehension was not based in much. These were their first slaves ever, so they were feeling pressured by their own conventions. "So fucking what? You can do whatever you want with them" Taylor told the truth, Cho and Becky nodding.

There was a small pause of processing from the two buddies. "Just so you know, I've trained Princess to eat great ass, too. She'll blow your mind if you wanna use her" Isla's statement was followed by drunk cackling from a dozing off Becky. "Well, Duchess can take a 9-inch pounding AND you can stand on her legs if you want" Marianna fired back with a competitive reply, as Cho, Taylor and Becky were now losing it with laughter.

Meanwhile, Sienna and Emily were stashed in a stall of Becky's life size stables, their septum rings tethered on rings on the walls by their leashes. Luna and Lilac were stored somewhere near them, though the wooden walls surrounding the women did not give that information away. If they were calling out for help, the women naturally couldn't hear them.

Emily and Sienna nervously shifted their legs, trying to find a place where their leather 'panties' didn't frustrate or hurt them too much. The reins were currently tied on the metal rings of their bridle, and were hitched so taut that almost the entire 10 inches of their rubber lovers were nesting snugly inside their tight love-holes. The beautiful women could actually feel their tight waist corsets pressing against the dildo from the outside.

Unable to lay or kneel, their ponies lifted their legs to work some of the soreness out. They glanced occasionally at each other, their sorrowful eyes telling the same story. "Umm Hhhhghyy" (*I'm sorry*) Emily felt the need to say through her jaw-slacked bit-gag, even though she didn't exactly know what she was apologizing for. "NGG Umm Hhhgee" (*No I'm sorry*) Sienna moaned back, her works bent out of shape by the same thick wooden bit.

In this rare moment together, the two women nuzzled their harnessed, latex-hooded faces on each other's shoulder, a tender touch that would become rarer and rarer in their new lives. With tears beginning to well up in their eyes, their naked breasts rubbed against each other, their cat-bells ringing as they fell on one another. The two ponies held that armless embrace, savoring it. Who knows when they might see each other again? Probably during some humiliating race or other form of inhumane degradation their owners planned for them.

They were no longer millionaire CEOs with the world on their feet. They were simply ponies.

Simply put, fancy cattle.

FIVE YEARS LATER

-So I was like, "I can't do this anymore, Shaun. This is going nowhere"

-Brutal...

-What can I say...he never really....got me, ya know?

Isla was bummed from her recent break-up, but she wouldn't jump off a bridge. Wearing her big, stylish sunglasses, a shirt tied around her flat belly into a crop top and some cute jean shorts, she sucked on her latte's straw with an indifferent feeling, making sure to pucker her lips so that she wouldn't ruin her lipstick. There would be more boys along the way, and as long as she had her best friend by her side, everything would be fine. Marianna was literally and figuratively by her side in the pony cart's wide seat. The young Mexican/Colombian beauty was dressed in another of her girly, floral sundresses, wearing a biiiig sunhat and sunglasses.

"Jesus!" absorbed by the conversation with her pal, Marianna managed at the last moment to pull the two pairs of reins she held in her hands sharply left. Their cart barely went out of the beautiful, twisting and turning pathway each rich girl had created specifically for these fun rides. Each paved road was made out of synthetic rubber like a track-and-field ground, carving its way through each estate's vast fields. Being in Isla's place, this path was pink, in order to match with Princess' color scheme. Marianna's was, of course, yellow.

The reins Marianna held were connected to two heavily restrained, mostly-naked women, who were pulling the cart that Marianna and Isla were currently seated on.

They might have looked human, with their sexy curves jiggling about in synch with their trotting, but they both operated very much like brainless cattle. Used as merely beasts of labor. Their wits were not only unimportant, but undesired. After all this time of conditioning, most free-will was indeed lost on them.

It seemed like without an external command, they could have driven this cart off a cliff. And they would, since the ponygirls were currently fully blinded by a new set of leather (literal) eyeblinders, essentially a leather blindfold attached to their harness. It could be brought in front of their eyes from one side of their harness and secured to the other, plunging them in darkness with one easy move.

Isla and Marianna had paved these cute paths so that they could guide their ponies completely unhindered by any needless 'decision making' on the part of the human animals. Any action Princess and Duchess took was due to the external stimulus of their riders.

Speaking of, as soon as they felt the sharp tug on the side of their bridles, both ponies, galloping side by side, made a shift left turn, keeping the cart on the pink road and away from the tall grass. Their cruelly corseted, slim waists were additionally trapped within the oval, two-halved leather frames that fastened the ponies to this two-wheeled cart Isla had purchased a couple of years back. Marianna preferred the four-wheeled, but Isla had found this so charming and she loved its antique-like esthetic.

Someone could say having intelligent livestock would be useful for just these sorts of oversights. But Isla and Marianna happily traded that small responsibility to drive safely, with exchange for their ponygirls' complete and utter devotion and compliance. Concepts like whether their ponies would obey them were waaaaaaay past.

A pony must always do what it is instructed. Everything else is poor management from its owner. Even saddling them up and riding them single-handedly on their yellow and pink roads, the 23 and 24 year old heiresses still opted to riding Princess and Duchess blind, at least in those safe, flat tracks. It felt so...empowering, having the saddled sluts moving blindly towards presumable anything, just by feeling the reins and strikes of their attractive riders.

The ponies' strong legs, dressed up to the thigh in skin-tight latex, kept trotting high, in unison, lifting together and stomping their hooves together. Their back stood proudly, their pierced chest puffed up. Their big, fluffy tails, protruding right from their anal passages, swayed up and down in a graceful synch. None of them complained about how tiring their job was, or how more difficult it was being made by their tightly packed orifices. Both by the ever-present butt-plugs, as well as the ungodly dildos which were crudely sloshing more than half-way up their cunts. Despite more than a couple of inches peeking out of their stretched holes, they still were too much to handle. The rubber cocks were rubbing the female beasts' vaginal canals in ways that one would not enjoy, especially whilst forced to pull around two girls and a cart.

As much as they even dreaded to admit, being monster-fucked while being ridden had become mundanity in the poor ponies' lives. Performing flawlessly whilst getting rammed like a hardcore pornstar was not the easiest thing. But nothing in Princess and Duchess' lives really was.

The two human fillies kept pulling the two best friends' cart at a steady, lively pace, with no choice but to trust that their riders would guide them on course. It was so daunting, the first few times Isla's riding crop or Marianna's cane met their smooth buttocks and they suddenly had to trot forward, even though they could see nothing! But with practice and training, they learned this new kind of (blind) dependence and faith on their owners. It was rather poetic, considering their entire lives revolved around their young mistresses.

Even though Princess and Duchess were approaching 40 years of age, their stamina and strength had increased two and threefold since the moment they had been taken from their homes. They still looked

magnificent, true wonders of feminine beauty and strength, hugged by strong, shining latex and stiff leather. Their abs were rock-solid underneath the asphyxiating corset, and their legs looked rather muscular for the dainty women they once were, their Rectus Femoris (the big muscle in the front of the thigh) beautifully outlined by the constant strain of their trotting.

But nothing took from their sweating form's complete femininity. Their wide, child-baring hips and swaying, juicy tits proved it. As well as their juicy buttocks, each one possessing a branded asscheek with their very own names branded on it forever; an inseparable part of their bodies, as much as their accessories/restraints.

They were two fit, 'cougar ponies', as Isla often jokingly called them.

The people once known as Emily Porter and Sienna Brooks, famous entrepreneurs and millionaires, had been pronounced officially dead a few months ago, after the statute of limitations for their tragic disappearance had passed. Families and friends mourned the loss of the two charismatic, beautiful women. Marianna Cuadrado even had a quote of hers published in regards to the unfortunate loss of the two businesswomen, something she found particularly funny.

The cart stopped with Marianna's pull on the reins, which linked to their faux-leather, black fetish panties, roughly driving the full 10 inches of their rubber pussy-plugs inside their tormented pussies. Both milfy sluts suppressed the huge urge to vocalize the feeling of their cervix being rammed like it was being sieged. They knew better not to. Instead, they absorbed the pain with deep, nasal breathing, stopping along with the cart. The girls had returned from this relaxing trip around Isla's estate.

Marianna and Isla kept gabbing, even as they stepped off the cart. Sienna and Emily stood completely still, not being useful at the moment. They'd hate to be 'reprimanded' after such hard work, being totally exhausted.

Unable to see, Sienna only felt her round, black ass being gently spanked by Isla as soon as she stepped of the cart. "I met this cute fella at the Hollywood party last weekend. Alex Tobby. Y' know him?" Marianna girl asked her friend, her index finger absentmindedly tracing the scarring of the pink-dressed pony's name on her soft, dark flesh. It didn't hurt anymore, though Sienna still tried not to flinch. Even as much as an instinctive buttock flex could be by read as a sign of 'don't touch' me, which Isla and Marianna could misconstrue as hostile. Around them, their ponies needed to be in constant control of even the most basic of reactions.

Sienna stood in her proud pony posture, letting Marianna 'play' with her tail-plugged butt. The girl could do anything she liked to her ass, her tits, anywhere on her body. Tethered next to her, an identically blind Emily did the same, simply waiting for whatever the girls might choose to do to her.

Miss Le Perrier and Miss Cuadrado left the cart "parked" under the full sun, along with its attached ponygirls. "Yeah, he played in that vampire TV show, right? He's cuuuute!" Isla replied to Marianna, as they were both now walking towards one of the house's entrances.

"Should we move 'em to the shade?" Marianna's eye caught the two sweat-drenched, but totally stiff-standing ponies, being cooked under the 11.30 sun. None of them complained, of course. "I'm bored..." Isla said and Marianna could not argue with that, as they both disappeared inside the nice, cool shade of the house.

Sienna and Emily stood just where they had been left, still tethered to Isla's cart. Many drops of sweat were dripping down the latex of their masked faces and the thigh-high stocking on their legs. They panted deeply, both from the exhaustion of their manual labor, as well as the increasing heat raining down on their bodies. But none of them dared to pull the cart towards the clearly shaded area of Isla's back yard even though it was only 5 meters away.

Listening to the far away giggles of their owners from inside the mansion, the two ponygirls maintained their perpetually assigned posture, too scared to still be within eye-shot of their mistresses and get punished. They were probably in the clear, but who could risk it?

All the two past friends (someone could say they were still very close) could really do was listen to each other's gagged, panting breathing, from intimately close distance. In a rather 'fuck it' moment, Emily leaned her head to the side and gently brushed her face against Sienna's similarly latex-hooded, harnessed, blindfolded face. "Hnnff" Sienna let a welcoming moan through her lip-spreading, wooden bit-gag, feeling her friend's face nuzzle against hers.

It might appear meaningless to some, but this momentary moment of silent comfort was more than precious to the slave. Sienna blindly found Emily's masked face and returned the tender, animalistic nuzzling.

The sound of Isla and Mariana's voices sounding louder and closer caused the two ponies to immediately recuperate into their stiff postures, leaving each other's touch. But the girls weren't returning, just moving along the house. So lingering was the ponygirls' fear of their owners' wrath.

And so, snapped back into their disciplined roles, Princess and Duchess stood there, under the burning sun, obediently waiting for the next time they'd prove useful to their much younger owners.