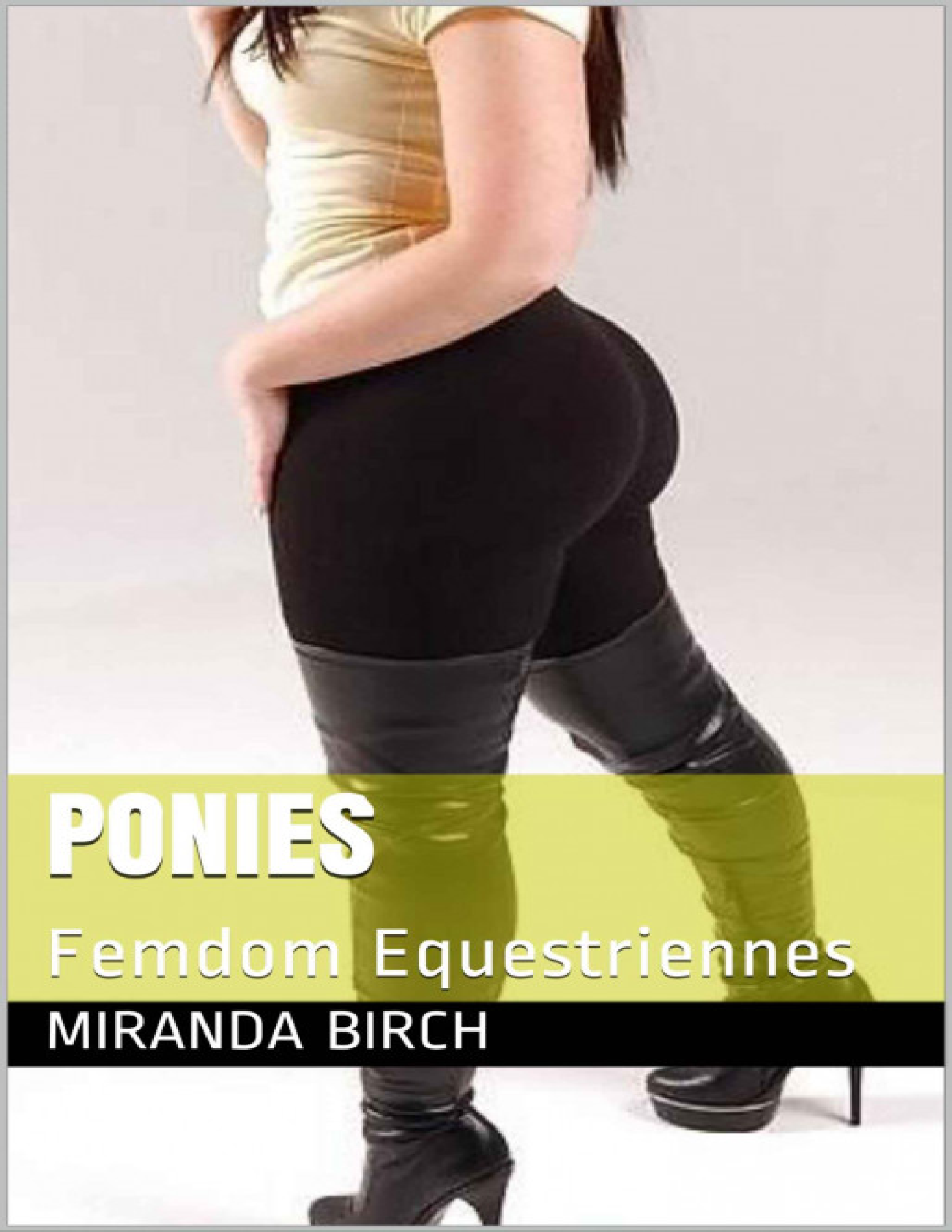




PONIES

Femdom Equestriennes

MIRANDA BIRCH

Ponies

Femdom Equestriennes

Book I of Mistress Lucy's Estate

By [Miranda Birch](#)

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Miss Debbie Parker has settled in America, where she is staying with her dear old friend Miss Lucy Elcox, the owner of a large plantation in a remote country location. Here many scores of males are kept in captivity, toiling in the fields or in the mansion. All have been kidnapped and brought secretly to the estate. Some are convicts who have escaped from gaol, All are under the supervision of female overseers, many of them negresses. There is in addition one female slave, the personal possession of Miss Lucy, who uses her for sexual gratification.

Although she is no stranger to the world of femdom, Lucy's set-up surpasses all her expectations. Here, on her first day on the estate, Lucy is showing her around.

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After a light lunch — well, brunch really, I suppose; I had had a long lie-in after my tiring flight the day before — Lucy and I took a leisurely stroll down to the stables, which are some way off from the main buildings. Like all the more ‘special’ parts of Lucy's estate, they are set well within the grounds, far away from prying eyes. I was to see that, in this case especially, that was a wise precaution!

As we approached the main stable building, I saw a small dog-cart approaching. But... it wasn't pulled by a pony, but by a man! And that man was stark bollock naked! Well, he *was* wearing some sort of leather harness, by which he was harnessed to the cart; but that left little to the imagination. He was jogging along like billy-oh. No doubt his mind was concentrated on keeping up the pace by the whip which the woman in the dog-cart wielded. He got a good hefty stroke from it as the little carriage passed us. The occupant, a large blonde women of 'a certain age' who reminded me

uncannily of Wanda Ventham, gave us a cheery wave which Lucy returned. Up close, I could see the male was sweating freely. Clearly pulling his rather heavy burden was causing him to exert every last bit of strength! And then I also saw that his penis at least *was* covered: by a narrow, heavy-looking steel tube, from the base of which a large padlock depending, swinging freely between his legs.

Lucy saw me staring open-mouthed. She smiled.

“That's Mrs Crammond. A regular guest.”

“And pulling her...”

“Oh, that's one of my pony-boys!”

At last the penny dropped. Well! Males as domestics in the house, males as slave labour on the estate; doing all sorts of menial work; even males as sex toys... and now ponies! Well, why not?

Lucy noticed that I had at last grasped the set-up. She smiled, and explained.

“Yes, I keep a very special stable out here in addition to the regular one near the house. This one is stocked with rather special slaves, stronger and with more endurance than the run of the mill, hand-picked for their suitability for use as beasts of burden. Their main task is to pull me and my guests around in carriages, but they are also kept busy pulling carts containing heavy provisions; materials, such as logs; or just rubbish. They also pull grass-cutters and rollers. In fact, these brutes pull anything that needs shifting. after all, why waste money on machinery and fuel to drive it when I have all the male muscle I need ready to hand?”

Well! I was flabbergasted. I thought I had seen some pretty way-out things at Lucy's already, but this beat everything!

“Anyway, let's stop here and have some refreshment,” Lucy continued. “And then maybe you'd like to try a ride yourself?”

That sounded splendid, but I did fancy a drink first. So we stopped and chatted away for a while on the verandah, being served cooling drinks from time to time by one of her domestic slaves. I noticed that he had a extra-heavy iron ring locked about his penis which was obviously causing him some discomfort. Upon enquiry, I discovered that this was a common punishment for minor domestic infractions. A case of, get them by the cock and their hearts and minds will follow!

As we sat at our ease enjoying our drinks, on the rolling lawns spreading out before us two wide grass-cutters were moving back and forth — each one being pulled by two male slaves, the very sort of thing Lucy had just told me about in fact. But it was one thing to hear about it and quite another to see it!

The cutters made a rather relaxing, summery sound — though I don't expect that was much appreciated by the slaves! They pulled at a steady trot. Although there was a place to sit on top of each mower, there was no overseer actually seated on either machine; but there was one positioned under a colourful parasol not too far away. From where she sat she could survey the whole lawn, and doubtless she would quickly have been up and putting her whip to work if she felt insufficient effort was being made — especially in the presence of Lucy, her boss! It was understandable that she should prefer to rest in the shade rather than be pulled about in the heat. As one of the cutters passed close by the verandah, I noticed the body of each slave was wet with sweat and there was a look of anguished strain on their features.

“How long are they kept at it?”, I asked Lucy.

“Two hours at a time,” was her reply. “Not long really, but if they are kept at it longer they might get dehydrated and collapse.”

I found that very understandable in view of the heat. Sure enough, a little while later I saw four fresh slaves led out by an overseer. The slaves on duty were removed and replaced. I watched them as they stumbled away; they certainly did look near to exhaustion. And thus the mowing continued with scarcely a pause.

I still remember that the lawn did look most pleasant. At the time, I remarked to Lucy on its greenness and freshness.

“Sprinklers”, explained Lucy succinctly. “They will be on shortly.”

And sure enough, a few minutes later four slaves, each pulling a sprinkler, appeared. These watering devices were placed at various points and then attached to stationary bicycles. Each slave then mounted and began to work the pedals. This action both pumped up the water and turned each sprinkler round and round. Most ingenious! Also, once again, making good use of the plenitude of male muscle available on Lucy's estate.

Lucy finished her drink. Mine was already empty.

“So, fancy a spin?”

“Well, why not?”

“I'll introduce you to one of the lasses, and then I have to get back to the house. She will take it from there.”

One of the stable 'lasses' had in fact already been informed of our arrival and was waiting for us. She welcomed us warmly. 'Lass' was hardly an appropriate word for her, mind: for she was a great hefty black girl. She was wearing only skin-tight white riding breeches and boots of black leather. Her bare breasts were big and firm. Around her waist was a holster-type belt from which dangled a slim riding crop.

Incidentally, several of the stable 'lasses' are coloured. This one in particular certainly was a most formidable-looking figure — and I certainly did not envy any male in her charge! She had a look of iron on her dark features and I could well imagine how satisfying the situation must have been for her. For she was in a position to take revenge for whole generations of female slaves who had suffered at the hands of white male owners.

Lucy introduced us, then said she would see me later. I was left with the 'lass'.

“Nice to see you, Ms Parker. Ms Elcox has told me all about you.”

She gave me a big, friendly smile.

“How are you liking our little operation so far?”

“Oh, I think it is all absolutely marvellous!” I enthused. “A bit much too take it so quickly, though!”

“That I can well believe,” she answered, smiling broadly again. She had magnificent gleaming white teeth.

“Now, Ms Parker, would you like an experienced pony? Or one that's still learning the ropes?”

“I wouldn't mind a beginner,” I answered.

“Right you are then, Ma'am. Now, if you would like to come with me.”

I followed her down into the long, dimly-lit stone cellar. There must have been a dozen stalls on each side of it. Only about half of them were occupied so I assumed the rest of the ponies were being used or exercised. We entered a stall numbered 22 and I glimpsed a nude figure lying on straw, the halter-collar around its neck being tied to a ring on the wall. The ‘lass’ had unhooked the crop from her belt and cracked it down across an upturned rump.

“Up you!” she bellowed.

With a startled roar of pain, the ‘pony’ leapt to his — or its? — feet, then immediately prostrated himself, with his nose an inch or so from the lass's boot-caps. There is nothing I like better than seeing such instant subservience and it certainly showed that this creature had a healthy respect for his overseer.

“This one's had some training,” she said, “but he's nowhere near fit enough or skilled enough to satisfy Ms Elcox. He's strong, though. In time he'll learn to do a good job. He should suit you.”

“Up, you!” she bellowed again. The contrast between the way she spoke to me and the way she addressed the ‘pony’ was most marked.

The ‘pony’ leapt to his feet again, hands at once going to his head. Fear seemed to ooze from every pore of him. He was solidly built but his face looked drawn. He certainly didn't look as though ‘pony training’ was going easily for him!

“Most ladies prefer them with their cock restrained. You the same, Ms Parker?”

“Oh, certainly!” I nodded, and she nodded back.

“Quite right too. I'll just leave the standard restrainer on, then. And we always fit something extra on the ponies to boot.”

The lass had taken down a belt, with a leather triangle attached to it, which hung from the wall. This she now fastened tightly on to the pony who groaned as extreme pressure was exerted on the under-running thong. This thong cut between his cleft, leaving both buttocks fully exposed.

“Stops 'em swinging around too much,” the lass explained.

Next a bridle went over his head, with a serrated metal bit which the lass slipped into his mouth. Then, she took the reins and led the ‘pony’ from the stall. I followed her. Doubtless, this creature had been hoping for a restful afternoon; well, he was going to be disappointed!

We emerged into the sunshine of the yard and there stood a small carriage, which had been brought out specially for me. It had large, thin wheels, a soft, well-sprung seat and a sun-canopy to shade the lady driver. The lass now pushed the ‘pony’ back between the shafts. Slim chains ran up from the shaft and were attached to his arms which were folded behind him and tightly thonged together. Thus his forearms took the weight and it was with those that he pulled.

The lass then slipped the reins through a guide-ring and handed them to me. I decided to handle my unorthodox beast just as I would a unfamiliar horse

— I am an experienced horse-woman, of course. I pulled on the reins so that the bit cut into the corners of his mouth and forced his head not only up but slightly back. I wanted him to know right from the start that he was *fully* under my control.

“As I say, Ms Parker, he's inexperienced,” said the lass, “so don't spare the whip. He's at the stage where he needs plenty.”

Nodding, I reached for the whip with which the buggy was provided. The muscled figure before me flinched at the sound made as I slid the implement out of its tubular holder. Clearly he knew that sound all too well, and knew what invariably came after! The whip was the customary one used on these so-called ‘jaunts’, having a slim, bamboo handle and a four-foot length of cord. I noticed at its tip there was a brass ferrule instead of the more usual three small pieces of lead-shot, and the lass saw my interest in it.

“A little idea of my own,” she explained. “Nowadays” she said, “I use those tips when I'm training. Adds an extra sting.”

I could well imagine it would!

I waved the lass good-bye, which she returned cheerfully, and turned my attention to my new mount.

“Walk”, I commanded, easing off the reins a little, and we made our way out of the yard. Once we were through the gates and on to one of the sandy tracks which criss-crossed this part of the estate, I gave the order ‘trot’. At the same time I flicked the last few inches of the whip across his right buttock. The lass had advised me not to spare the whip, after all, and I felt it appropriate to impose my authority early. He gave a kind of yelping whinny (most appropriate for a ‘pony’, I suppose!) and half stumbled. However, he quickly recovered and went into a steady pace, raising each thigh to the horizontal with each stride. That stumble seemed to me to be proof of this pony's inexperience: a fully-trained one would surely have been expecting to feel a touch of the whip at the outset, and could have absorbed it in silence and gone smoothly into his stride.

I kept him at the 'trot', well reined-in, for about ten minutes and was reasonably satisfied with his performance. His rhythm was not as smooth as it might have been, and there was occasionally the hint of a trip caught just in time, but nothing serious.

I ran my eye over him as he trotted along. He certainly was well-built: a broad back, rippling with muscles; slim haunches; sturdy, powerful-looking thighs. If one likes that sort of thing, I suppose he was what you could call a bit of a hunk. But as far as I was concerned then, he was just a male chattel to be used as I saw fit. And I would use him to the limit!

Towards the end of that ten minutes I noticed that his thighs were not always coming *quite* up to the horizontal. "Correct that stride, pony!" I yelled firmly and, at the same time, applied my whip left and right over his buttocks. This produced two more yelping-whinnies and a half stumble — but those thighs began to come up to proper height again. Control! It really is something quite delightful to exercise.

A short while later I spotted a carriage flying towards me at impressive speed. I thought I had better pull to one side to give it a better passage. However, just before it reached me, the lady at the reins hauled in hard, and brought her sweat-drenched 'pony' to a juddering standstill right alongside us. Obviously she had a lot of experience. Her pony's chest was heaving, his eyes wild, and saliva dribbled effusively from his gaping mouth. The driver's age belied her skill. She was a mere slip of a girl, no more than eighteen, I thought, with a pony-tail tied with a blue ribbon and merry brown eyes.

"Hi there!" she called out gaily. "Haven't seen you around before."

"This is my first visit," I told her. The 'pony', chest heaving, must have been very glad of this break, I thought: he looked just about all-in. "My, it looks as if you've been giving him a good work out."

"I sure have," said the blonde, lightly stepping lightly down and moving forward to join me.

“Miss Daisy — she's head stable lass, you know — said he could do with a good ‘pipe-opener’.”

She grinned up at the wild-eyed figure.

“Got that alright, didn't you, Ding-dong?”

“Ding-dong... is that what you call him?”

She grinned again.

“That's right — on account of this.”

She gripped the creature's dangling penis which, I then saw, was quite unrestrained. A first in my experience of Lucy's establishment. The organ swung free and was of exceptional size.

“Quite the stallion, isn't he?”

“Apparently,” I said drily. As far as I am concerned, they can all stay under lock and key, whatever size they are!

“You got quite horny out there in the woods, didn't you, Ding-Dong?” she simpered; then turned back to me and ‘explained’.

“Well, with this heat, I really needed to cool off, so I decided to take a dip in the lake out there; and, well, I had to take all my clothes off, didn't I? He really did look eager but, you know, ponies are forbidden that sort of carry-on.”

She giggled. Dear me, every inch the prick-teaser, already at that age!

“I should hope so, too”, I answered rather primly and, looking back again, noticed that this so-called Ding-dong was fast coming to erection under the girl's playful hand.

“I'll be moving on now...” I said.

She waved. "Hope to see you again later!" Then I heard her speaking to her pony again.

"You can canter just as fast with a hard on, can't you Ding-Dong?" she said cheerily. "So let's get it right up, shall we?"

Her hand continued to work as the male organ stiffened and lengthened. Well!

I shook my head as I drove off. It seemed to me that even allowing a male beast of burden an erection was going a bit far, but then I supposed that they are there for the use and entertainment of the superior sex, and if that's what "floated her boat", then why not? I must say, though, that should I ever acquire a slave of my own, he will enjoy no such privileges!

After another few minutes, when we had reached some broader, firmer tracks, I decided my pony should be put properly to work. "Canter!" I commanded. It took him by surprise, and he got my whip across his back for his clumsy change of pace. 'Cantering', I may say, is a pace at least twice as fast as 'Trotting' but the drive is of course entitled to insist on a pace faster than that. As that youngster had obviously been doing. I however was content with what I would term a good, steady 'Canter', bearing in mind my pony's inexperience. All the same, I thought it wise to flick his buttocks and back regularly with the tip of my whip to keep him hard at it. Soon I could hear his rasping breath and see the sheen of sweat forming on his nakedness. He was definitely beginning to suffer. Not only was he exerting himself considerably, but it was a hot afternoon to boot.

So he must have been very thankful when, after five minutes or so at this pace, I reined him in, jumped down, and led him by his bridle to a small stream winding along by the track. "Drink Pony", I said, and at once his head went right down and he began to slurp up the water greedily. What a pitiful sight he was! Yet, for me, a most satisfying one. There he was, a big, strong young male brought down to utter, helpless submissiveness.

After a break for five minutes, which I considered enough for my steed, I climbed back into the carriage and we were off again. We started at the

‘trot’ but very soon I had him up the pace to the ‘canter’ once again. And, turning for home, I made him step up the pace even more.

“Faster, pony, faster!” I yelled.

My whip cracked across his rump, once, twice, thrice... He howled with pain between each great heaving gasp of effort. Several times he stumbled. In retrospect, that should have warned me to go a bit easier. I had been told of his inexperience, after all. But, what the hell! I was enjoying myself, and threw caution to the winds.

Then, suddenly, about half a mile from the stables, when we were still going full pelt, he tripped and fell, and over went the carriage!

I was flung out, luckily falling into a lush, grassy bank and coming to no harm. I was a bit shaken, to say the least. I picked myself up and dusted myself down. My beast of burden lay sprawling full-length on the ground, moaning, shoulders rising and falling with his still-laboured breathing, absolutely dead-beat. I pushed the light carriage back upright on to its wheels and it seemed unharmed, apart from some scratches down one side. Somehow, the pony stumbled up too, back on his feet. Training kicking in, I suppose. He moaned again.

As I remounted, I tutted crossly.

“Your ‘lass’ won’t be too pleased to hear about this,” I said.

The moans began to sound more like sobs.

“Walk...”

His head dropped as we moved off. We couldn’t have that! I pulled on the reins sharply. Up he came, nice and smart. That was better! For the last few hundred yards I had him back at the ‘trot’ and, in that fashion, we bowled back into the yard.

The lass was there to meet us. My pony was now shivering as though he had a fever. Yes, you know you’ll cop it now, my lad! I thought.

“Everything alright, Ms Parker?” she enquired.

“Up to a point,” I replied. “He did fairly well at first. Then, on the way back, he fell, and... well, I am afraid he threw me.”

“Oh, no, Ms Parker! But you're not hurt?”

Her concern was genuine. I was touched. She was so harsh with the slaves, it made quite a contrast.

“Fortunately not,” I said. “But he obviously is still a little *too* inexperienced.”

“Well, it would seem so: my apologies, I thought he was better. Goddamn it! Throwing a rider, there is no excuse for that.”

Her eyes were wide and round and her big breasts juddering in her agitation.

“He'll pay for that!” she continued emphatically.

“Yes, and so he should!”

For my part, I was still quite furious with the wretched creature.

“What will you do?”

“First I'll hose him down, then I'll give him a sound going-over with this.”

She patted the formidable-looking riding crop dangling from her waist. For a moment, despite my anger, I almost felt sorry for that ‘pony’. He had seemed, after all, to make the most effort he could. But then I reconsidered. Why feel sorry? I was fast learning, and readily accepting, that on Lucy's Estate, a slave is an object for use and pleasure, and he must suffer if his behaviour is not of service, or displeases. And why not?!

“I hope we will see you again, Ms Parker?”

“Oh, I'm sure you will,” I said breezily.

I strolled out of the yard and back towards the main building. Twenty minutes later, after a refreshing shower, I was out on the verandah again, this time with the young blonde I had met earlier. We chatted about this and that and I told her of my fall.

“She'll tan his hide good and proper for that,” she said, nodding with authority. “Saw her do it to another pony after he had taken a fall. Must have given him eighteen with that crop of hers. I guess he was more careful from then on!”

I guessed so too! Later, I gathered that this young lady's mother owned a couple of slaves, one kept in their home for domestic use and one kept here for use on their frequent visits; and the young miss said she was hoping to be given a new one of her very own for her nineteenth birthday. From what I had seen of her assured handling of her mount earlier, I wouldn't want to be in his place!

Shortly afterwards Lucy arrived to take me back. We returned to the house at a sedate pace in a small carriage drawn by two ‘ponies’. It was one of a kind, said Lucy. By the time we reached the house, I had rather got used to being drawn along by one or more sweating male brutes — so much more fun than a car! I will definitely be returning to the pony stables in the near future; Lucy says I can pick a mount for myself!

The story continues in Book II: [Slave Estate](#) . Don't miss it!

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