

His Collared Pet

By JJ Argus



Stories of Bondage and Submission

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This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.

I'm not a brave person. I never have been. Maybe it's because I'm short and thin, and was bullied a lot when I was younger. My family is nothing to write home about. My father was a domineering bully and my older brothers took their cue from him. I had braces and a retainer and then was flat chested besides. I kind of hid myself away in my room, and at school, hid away from the meaner, prettier girls.

As I got older the braces disappeared and I did actually develop a nice body, but that didn't change my nature. I had developed interests in things which needed solitude, and I didn't change them. I loved art and reading. I developed an interest in eastern dance. I sometimes wished I could wear one of those all-covering black robes to hide all but my eyes from the world. But I knew many people glared at such women in a hostile way.

My best friendship was with my family's dog, and my neighbor's cats. I often envied them their simple lives, lives without stress or worries or fears or complications. They didn't have to study for tests. They didn't have to face mockery. They didn't face sticky social situations they didn't know how to cope with.

And I didn't! It was always stressful knowing what to say, and worrying about stepping carefully so as to not offend someone, or make them think I was dumb. I often felt dumb, to be honest. I once considered trying to pretend I was mute so I didn't have to worry about how to deal with people.

Once, while I was babysitting the little girl next door, I did some face painting to entertain her. She was delighted, and it made me happy to. I played around with it on myself, experimenting with different colors and looks, and found it interesting how it hid me away, as though I was behind a mask.

A little white around the jaw and nose, a lining of black, some black dots, another lining of black and white around the eyes, and presto, I was a lion! I even shagged up my hair, and I got a pair of cat ears to stick out! I loved it! But I'm not a lion. Lions are brave. A cat seemed right, but not a lion.

Long wavy lines of gold and black along my face and I looked like a kitty cat! I thought that was so cool. Then, feeling very odd, I removed my shirt and proceeded to run the same lines down my arms and shoulders, then along my

chest and back. It was like I was suddenly obsessed! I colored my entire body, fluffed out my hair, and stared at myself in fascination!

Erin the kitty cat!

Of course, I had to get down on all fours and crawl around my apartment. I even took some pictures of myself to record my work. At first, I tried to make them as nude-free as possible. That involved some artful arrangements of arms and legs and body to hide my breasts and groin. But the thing was I started to get turned on by the thought of being a cat, of being an animal.

So I took more pictures (with my camera timer) of me being very cat-like, including crawling on all fours, hissing, clawing at the camera, and drinking milk from a bowl. I don't know why I found all of that kind of a turn-on but I did. And it was the start of a new and decidedly odd phase in my life.

I didn't often use that much body coloring, because it was expensive. I did my face a lot, though, playing around with colors and lines to give me the right cat-like look. And I still had that kind of thought in my mind of how nice it would be to be a house cat, to be someone's pet. People would feed me, maybe play with me a little, but not expect anything of me, and would generally leave me alone if I wanted them to.

I had not had a lot of success in relationships. That went for men as well as women (as friends). It seemed that my shyness, my timidity, drew a certain kind of brash, arrogant guy who thought he could push me around (correctly, often enough). I found a job after high school with a greeting card company, doing illustrations. That was great, since I could work alone in my home and not have to deal with other people.

But one day I went to an art gallery, where there were pictures of animals and people who did their faces up as animals. My kind of show! I was walking around, fascinated by the degree of color and depth, when one of those arrogant men I mentioned introduced himself.

There was no question he was arrogant. But he was also incredibly good looking. He was an older man, and his suit testified to a man with a lot of money just as his attitude did of a man with a lot of confidence. His name was Paul, and his blue eyes pinned me down so that my mind squirmed as he talked to me. The questions were fairly innocuous, but I felt, being me, as if I was in an

inquisition!

The more hapless my responses became the more interested he seemed to become, and he persuaded me to go and have coffee with him across the street. I didn't want to! I mean, I felt very... very ... inferior. That's not the right word. He was big and bold and brash and cocky and I was... well, me. But at least he was nice to look at.

He was broad in the chest, slim in the waist, with a smooth, almost pretty face except for those eyes, which were strong and bold. He had longish blonde hair swept across his head and forehead, and full lips which kept issuing words I was stressing out on, words I had to cope with and answer back to!

Yes, I admitted, I was an artist, and yes, I'd done face-painting, and after some squirming evasion, yes I'd done full body painting as an artistic curiosity and experiment. No, I had no pictures! That set me blushing fiercely.

“Am I making you uncomfortable, Erin?” he asked, his voice soft.

“No, no!” I exclaimed, blushing.

Lying.

“You have the softest eyes,” he said. “Really, I could take a hundred pictures of just those eyes.”

That was what he was, a photographer. He worked for a major magazine, but also took more artistic shots and had them displayed in galleries. A few of the full-body pictures were his. Not of him, though, but of women.

No, I'd never modeled! No, I didn't want to model! Especially in my makeup! I blushed again at that, for of course, it would mean being photographed naked, albeit covered I paint!

“You have a small face, an elfin face,” he said, reaching out, startling me, softly gripping my chin. “I think you'd make a good cat.”

How perceptive he was!

“I did color my face as a cat,” I said shyly.

He nodded. “You've a good bone structure for it, and a pert little nose.”

He tapped my nose briefly, and I blinked in confusion as to how to react to that.

* *

Of course, I let him lead. We wound up at my apartment, and I simply went along with whatever he wanted to do. That was how I usually had sex. He was very forceful, but also surprisingly gentle, and also shockingly good!

He had my clothes off almost before I knew what he was doing, as we stood in my entry hall, his lips on mine, his hands gliding over my body. Then his hands were on my buttocks and my arms over his shoulders and he was carrying me, as if I was light as a feather, into my own bedroom. There he set me down, stripped slowly while I watched.

No man had ever taken his clothes off for me, as if it was a performance, watching me watch him before. It was ... startling. And I have to say that even though I hadn't been aroused before, I finally started to become aroused then. He had a strong, athletic body, and the sight of his bare chest and stomach made me want to run my fingers and tongue across them!

He grinned at me in his cocky fashion as he removed his trousers and then slid his shorts off. I had never really seen a man before he looked really good naked. Colin did. Oh my! His body's contours were just lovely to look at, from his well-defined pectoral muscles down to his abs, and then, below that, his smooth hips, and his cock...

He was shaven down there, so his cock was as well-defined and visible as the rest of him, springing up thick and hard and long so that it kind of took my breath away. It was almost... menacing in its strength and size. I was both aroused and anxious. What was I to do with this monster!?

But at the same time it looked ... nice. I mean, nice isn't a good term. Usually when I see them they're sticking out of this thick mass of usually dark pubic hair, like a stump thrusting up out of tall brown grass, and this was so much cleaner and more attractive that my arousal began to deepen.

I'd had sex before, of course, but this was the first time I think I really wanted to get my hands on a man's cock. He climbed onto the bed, not on his knees, not to

settle over me, but to stand up and look down at me laying there between his legs. I could feel my pulse racing as I stared up at him, blushing of course, and flushed with heat.

Then he settled down atop me, straddling me, so that I felt like.. prey. I felt my heart beating as he looked fiercely down at me, then he fell forward, without ever striking me. He settled on his hands, on his elbows, and then his weight was atop me, his lips on me, and I was panting as I ran my fingers up and down over his shoulders, then across his chest, and then, daringly, around him, and down onto his ass.

He kissed his way down onto my chest, and did odd things with my breasts. I mean, mostly guys sucked on my nipples, or bit me. He made his tongue slide and twirl and sucked in a kind of odd, rhythmic fashion while his teeth nibbled and nipped lightly, teasingly so that my breasts swelled and my nipples tingled and burned.

Breathlessly, I slid my fingers through his hair as he licked his way down body, biting and sucking and chewing at my belly so that I gasped and twisted and moaned helplessly. Then lower still, and onto my pussy, or rather, circling it, teasing it. I was shaved too, because that I'd thought it looked better when I was doing the full-body painting. Also, I just liked the look of smooth, clean, neat skin.

And then his tongue began to turn my muscles to liquid, and my mind to jelly. Oh God! No boy or man I'd slept with had ever seemed to do more than pay a cursory attention to me down there. Colin was incredible! He had me writhing and twisting and begging him within minutes! I was ready to be his sexual slave! Which was ironic, as things developed.

He made me climax again and again, with his tongue, lips, teeth and fingers, with his breath, with everything he did! By the time he climbed atop me, slid his thick cock into my opening, and started to thrust into me I was his. And despite his size, he pushed in easily. Oh, it ached, but it ached in a hot, sexy way which only made me moan with pleasure!

He crushed me below him, not with his weight but with his presence, and his hips ground into me, his cock moving steadily, shifting angles, driving me insane as he rode me through climax after climax. I was his to do with as he chose.

It was after he had come, though, and as I was awkwardly (I wasn't very good at oral sex then) sucking him to hardness again, that he really brought my mind to a perfect state of excitement and heat. For that was when he flipped me onto my belly, drew me up onto all fours, and mounted me from behind.

His long cock pushed even deeper into me, and his heavy body came down on my back, his lips and teeth on my neck. I shuddered and moaned, rolling my hips back at him as his big cock twisted and pumped inside me, and was speechless with excitement and heat! Sex with Colin was everything the stories said it should be, but had never been before. It was an all-encompassing passion, heat and pleasure that rode me like a storm.

* *

The first pictures were like the ones I'd taken of myself, showing lots of skin but not any interesting body parts. But, as I'd suspected when I'd reluctantly said yes, it went beyond that, and I was persuaded to bare all to him and his camera. The pictures weren't terribly graphic, but nothing of mine was hidden from them.

It was while we were looking at them on my computer that he persuaded me to show him the cat pictures, and he liked them a lot. I was embarrassed, kind of, but aroused, for I was sitting across his lap as he perused them, and his fingers were between my legs, idly stroking and caressing me, making it hard to keep still.

* *

Evidently, his pictures paid far better than my illustrations, for he lived in a long, low, ranch style house on the a lazy river just south of the city. He had a lot of land, well, for me, the city girl, it seemed a lot: several acres anyway, with a lot of trees and bushes and grass. The house was wood and modern, with a lot of blonde wood floors.

He had a studio there filled with cameras, lighting equipment, backgrounds, and other gear, including makeup, including the kind I had used. And so I did myself up as a cat, full body, and he took pictures.

The collar, well, it seemed only natural. It added to the look. And when he snapped a leash on and had me walk back and forth, and then led me outside, well, my heart was thumping anxiously, but I felt a sense of something like

elation and excitement to it. I crawled out along the grass, him walking along, holding the leash, and I acted like a cat.

I was quite nervous at first, my head swiveling widely, but there were no neighbors in sight. He had high hedges and bushes along the periphery of his land. Being naked out of doors made me feel erotic, sensuous and daring. I didn't, at first, really think of being on a leash as kinky, but really as just playing a role as a kitty cat.

He tossed a small ball and removed my leash.

“Fetch.”

I turned my head up at him. “I'm not a dog,” I said. “I'm a cat.”

“Pets are to be seen and not heard,” he said, pointing sternly.

I rolled my eyes a bit, but crawled over and picked up the ball in my teeth, then carried it back to him as he sat down on one of the deck chairs. He reached down and filled his hand with my hair, then kind of dragged me up across his lap, belly down. I gasped and moaned, but having my hair pulled turned me on, at least in sex. He'd found that out.

Crack!

I yelped as his hand cracked against my bottom.

“Ow!”

“Cats do not talk,” he said, his fingers sliding deftly between my thighs and caressing the line of my sex.

His fingers sank slowly into me, and I moaned, my hips rolling up against him as the heat within me grew.

“Nasty little kitty cat,” he said, his other hand sliding up and down my spine.

Crack!

I gasped as his hand slapped my bottom, then moaned as his fingers slid across

my clit.

Crack!

I gurgled as two fingers caught my clit, rubbing it in opposite directions.

“You must do as your master tells you,” he said.

Crack!

The flare of stinging pain was brief, the hot, roiling excitement enduring, and I was quickly breathless as his fingers toyed with my body, and pumped in and out of my wet, almost volcanic sex!

He pushed me off and leashed me again, then walked me over to the river. I started to speak and he gave me a stern look.

“Cats do not speak,” he said.

True enough.

He walked back to the wide deck, then tied the leash around a post and went inside. I stared after him, blinking in confusion and uncertainty. Then I stared at the leash. Of course, I could simply untie it and walk inside, but then... I didn't want to.

He came out again with a glass of water, and a bowl of water. He set the latter on the deck, and untied my leash, then led me up onto the deck. I bent my head and drank from the bowl, like a dog. I felt his hands on my bottom, then on my thighs.

“Spread your legs, kitty.”

I obeyed, a swell of heat moving up through my lower body.

“Raise your bottom higher. Spread your legs further.”

It was an obscene position, and it made my pulse race, even though he wasn't touching me.

He tugged on the leash, and had me sit back on my heels, then produced... they

were... mitts, sort of. They were the right color match with my 'coat', and kind of like cat paws! Of course, they had no fingers, but so what? He put them on me, lacing them up, and now I had paws! How neat!

That I had no fingers, no hands, didn't really occur to me at the time.

“I'm going to educate you a little, kitty,” he said.

He removed his pants and sat down, then pulled me in and forward. He was hard, and held his cock pointing up by the tip.

“Run your tongue up and down along the shaft,” he ordered.

He made no suggestions. He told me what to do. I didn't even consider not doing it. I knew of my lack of expertise and was eager to learn how to please him. I licked up and down his shaft, slowing, speeding, licking harder, or just tracing the veins, as he told me. I drew his balls into my my mouth, sucking gently through lips formed into a kiss, pulling them in and massaging them within my mouth.

I mouthed his shaft sideways, up and down its length, before sucking the head into my mouth and feeling it sliding across my tongue, deeper and deeper.

“Are you aroused, little cat?”

“Y- ..”

He slapped my face lightly. “No talking,” he said.

I nodded my head jerkily.

He smiled.

“This next part, I'm told, is best and easiest when one is very aroused.”

He winked, and then produced something else. It was... it was a tail. It was thick and bushy, and the right color for my coat! He had me drop my chest low onto the ground and raise my bottom high, spreading my thighs wide. Then his fingers toyed with my pussy to the point I could hardly keep my hips still.

Coated in some sort of liquid, his fingers then turned to my back opening, and began to caress my wrinkled little rosebud. I gasped and flushed, but didn't object though my mind squirmed. His fingers pushed into me, pumped and twisted, and then... the tail. You see, the tail was attached to a long, rounded shaft which he sank slowly into my ass.

It was like a plug, which sat firmly within me, and served as a base for the tail.

With that in place, he turned back to my other orifice, his fingers dipping and stroking until I my breathing became ragged and broken. Then another shaft sank into me, not his, but a dildo, thicker and longer than the one in my ass.

And then it was back to the lessons, as he drew my mouth down onto his cock and had me practice what I'd learned. It was hard to concentrate! I was that aroused, and the dildo in my pussy felt as though it was throbbing inside me!

He pulled me forward by the hair, firmly in command. My hands... paws, were pressed against the chair on either side of him as he pulled my lips down his shaft. I gurgled and pushed with them, pushing myself back as the head of him threatened to go into my throat.

He shook his head and drew back.

“A pet does what her master wants,” he said.

I was a little confused at that, but then he turned me, drew my hands back, and I felt them locked there, bound with a strap. He turned me around again and we resumed my lessons. I was more anxious now, and gagged several times when he pulled me in too deep. Whenever I started to speak I got a pinch to the nipple, or a light slap to the cheek.

“Cats don't talk,” he would say.

Finally, he forced my head up and back so that my back arched severely. He leaned in and sucked and chewed on my breasts as his fingers caressed my clitoris. I melted! My mind was a flaring cauldron of heat and passion and hunger!

He drew me in and his cock pushed into my throat. I gagged at first, but then as he pushed deeper into my throat I felt the gag urge easing, and felt a wild sense

of elation and excitement as my lips reached the base of his cock and my nose was jammed in against his groin.

“Good girl!” he said, his fingers caressing my head... patting me, really. “Good girl!”

I felt a sense of warmth and victory! I had done it! And I had pleased Colin!

There was more to it, of course. But after overcoming that mental block the rest seemed easy. I got to the point I could take him into my throat easily, and even ride my throat up and down his length without gagging, as long as he didn't move me too quickly.

* *

Back in the house, I started to rise, but his heavy hand pushed me back.

“Cats don't walk on two legs,” he said.

True enough.

I crawled after him over the thick rug in the living room until he turned and pointed a finger at me.

“Stay,” he said.

I stayed, though really, a cat didn't do things like that. He seemed to be treating me as a dog as much as a cat, and I would need to correct him somehow. He came out with a drink and sat down in an armchair, then turned on the TV to watch the news. I sat on my heels, the backs of my feet flat on the floor below my buttocks.

The dildo was still inside me, as was the tail. I was still aroused, and reached down, but found now that I could do little with my 'paws'.

“Fold your legs below you, like a cat would,” he said.

I did so, though of course, didn't come close to proper cat form. Their legs were folded beside them, not beneath them. Not something I could manage!

I watched the news with him, though wondered if I might not be able to climb up onto the sofa. Certainly cats did that often enough, though their owners often shooed them off.

I didn't shed, though...

“Can I lie on the sofa?” I asked.

I knew I wasn't supposed to, and his frown told me he knew I knew.

He beckoned me towards him, and my pulse shot up, but I rose and turned and crawled to him, only to be pulled across his lap by the hair again.

Crack! Crack! Crack!

His hand slapped my bottom repeatedly, and toyed with the dildo and my clit, to the point my bottom hurt but my pussy was flaming!

The next piece of gear he produced was a gag, but the likes of which I'd never imagined. It was soft and malleable, and pushed into my mouth, filling it, pressing down on my tongue and up against the roof of my mouth. But it had an outer part which was shaped a little like a cat's mouth, and covered my own.

So... no talking.

My bottom throbbed as I found myself back on the floor, but my insides throbbed much worse.

What would a cat do? A cat would try to get on the sofa until yelled at. So that was what I did. I crawled over to it and climbed on. He glowered at me, then made a kind of whistling sound.

“Off!” he said, slapping at the arm of the chair.

Mentally muttering to myself I hopped off and resumed my place on the floor on my belly, knees drawn up as we watched the remainder of the news.

Oddly, I never felt bored. I felt a strange kind of rightness being a cat.

“Come here, kitty,” he said.

I rose and crawled over to him. He turned me and had me lay down a couple of feet in front of his chair, again, knees drawn up below me, belly down, arms kind of folded. And then he put his feet on my back, propping them on me like I was a foot stool! Of all the nerve!

No proper cat would allow that! Then again, I wasn't a proper cat. You don't have sex with proper cats. So I wasn't entirely sure how to react. Finally, I decided not to. The weight on my back wasn't uncomfortable, and it was a kind of reassuring presence.

Degrading? I really didn't think of it that way.

* *

Becoming Colin's pet was an incremental thing. That evening he removed the gag thing, but with a finger tapping my nose first to warn me not to talk.

I sat on my heels next to his chair as he ate. My stomach rumbled but I said nothing. Then he turned and held out a piece of steak in his fingers. I raised my 'paws' but realized at once that I couldn't hold anything in them. I leaned forward, and licked it from his fingers.

“Good girl,” he said warmly, caressing my hair with his other hand.

That was how I ate. That was how I was to eat most of the time when he was there, from his hand, licking his fingers clean, using my tongue to scoop meat and vegetables out of the palm of his hand. Not always, of course, sometimes he would set food in a bowl on the floor and I'd eat it from that.

After dinner came a slow walk outside, crawling, I mean, on his leash. It was lovely out and I enjoyed the view and the plants and bushes, and his voice telling me what they all were and what he planned for the place, including a dock he was busy constructing down at the river. The problem was, I had a full bladder, and wanted to get rid of it.

He didn't understand at first, not until I said “I have to go to the bathroom.”

He frowned and shook his head. “Cat's don't talk.”

“But – .”

“I want you to put your face and chest to the ground and raise your bottom high into the air. Do it!” he said in a stern voice.

I obeyed anxiously, then winced as he drew his belt out of the loops of his pants.

Crack!

That hurt! It stung!

Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!

I moaned and gasped and trembled, but you know... I was still really turned on. In fact, never before in my life had I been turned on for such an extended period of time!

He pulled me up by the hair, staring at me sternly.

“Do you need to pee?”

I jerked my head up and down helplessly.

He nodded and took the leash, but didn't lead me back into the house. Instead he led me over to a corner where there was some bushes.

“Right here,” he said.

I was shocked, my face flushing behind the paint, but then a strange sense of erotic, exotic rightness gripped me. I was too embarrassed, at first, but... then I managed to do it as he watched. He used some leaves to wipe me, then we continued our walk.

Inside, I continued to crawl, or lay on my belly as he watched TV, but not for a long period of time. For he led me, crawling, into the bathroom, into the large, wide shower enclosure. There he removed my collar, paws, tail and ears, used a hand shower to soak me before washing me, washing off all the paint and everything else. He shampooed my hair and rinsed it off.

Then he dried me, blow-dried my hair, brushed my teeth

That night he rode me, mounting me like a bull. He rode me hard and fast from

behind, pulling on my hair, slapping my behind, making me cry out in pleasure again and again before sinking exhausted and dazed to my face on the bed.

But that was just the start, just to get intense, screaming orgasm out of my system. Then he lay me down, spreadeagled, strapped my arms and legs to the corners of the bedpost, and spent hours driving me insane. He tried everything, from tongue and fingers to hot wax, feathers, vibrators and massage oil. He was... experimenting, I think, determining exactly how I reacted to anything and everything, be it pleasure or pain, licks or bites, caresses or pinches.

I don't know how many times I came, but my belly was hurting so much I finally begged him to stop. That got me a spanking, of course. Cats don't talk, after all.

I slept beside him. My collar was on, but not the ears or paws. The leash was attached to the head board, and my wrists were locked together behind my back by leather restraints. I didn't question him as to why. Exhausted by the day's events, I fell asleep.

I wakened to pleasure and arousal, his tongue between my legs, caressing my clitoris. I begged him to fuck me.

He looked up at me with a cocky grin. "Beg harder," he said.

I groaned as his mouth dove back between my legs, and I continued to writhe and twist and beg until he finally crawled up my body and plunged into me, riding me to an intense climax.

It seemed it was okay to speak when not wearing the cat stuff.

I even got to use the indoor bathroom!

I did up my hair properly, put on my ears, painted my body properly, then put on the collar. Getting the tail in was... a little more difficult, and excited me. Then came the paws, and finally, I crawled out to the kitchen where he was making breakfast.

I was a cat again.

And today was a day to teach me tricks. Though, really, you don't teach real cats tricks.

After eating breakfast from his fingers and drinking milk from a bowl on the floor, I crawled to the bathroom so he could brush my teeth and give me mouthwash. We went for a walk outside, and he tossed balls for me to fetch. He had me beg... again, like dogs do. Cats would never beg! But I begged, kind of on my heels with my paws held up before my chest, and my tongue hanging over my lower lip.

For this I was rewarded with little pieces of chocolate. Sometimes I licked them from his hands, sometimes he'd toss them to me and I'd catch them in my mouth, or he'd toss them on the ground and I'd lick them up from there.

We practiced crawling properly, like a cat, moving the hips in a fluid fashion, keeping the head up and back. We practiced oral sex again, and deep throating. And we practiced self control. He would rouse me to the point of orgasm, but order me not to come! Bastard! Do you know how hard that is when you're aroused!? It goes against all your instincts!

Punishment for failing, for coming, was a spanking, and my bottom would have looked very red were it not for the pale yellow and white body paint on it!

Later, he led me inside, and into a small, carpeted room I hadn't seen the previous day. It was more of a large closet, really, and there was a kind of low wooden platform on the floor in the middle. Aside from the base it consisted of a two by four on its side, polished and varnished, the top rounded, a high, vertical four by four at one end with a rounded horizontal bar at the top, and a thinner, high length of wood at the other end.

There was thick leather on the base on either side of the two by four, and Colin had me straddle the two by four, sinking my pussy down to press against the narrow, length of wood, my knees and legs on the padded leather. Then he drew me back against the four by four vertical post and pulled my arms up and across the horizontal bar on top so my armpits kind of pressed down against it.

My wrists were drawn down along the back of the post and strapped in place, then I gasped as he drew my ankles up and back beside my hips and strapped them to the sides of the post. The thing is that left my pussy pressed down pretty hard against that narrow edge of wood!

“You need to stretch your tongue out more to be a proper pet,” he said. “That'll also make you much better at oral sex. We'll work on strengthening exercises

later.”

He had me stick my tongue out and slowly tightened a clamp around it, pausing each time I moaned as the pressure became too great, letting me get used to it before tightening further. The clamp was attached to a length of cord which he pulled up and out to stretch my tongue, then tied off to the narrow post at the other end of the two by four.

I could see the stretching tongue part, but why was I jammed onto this narrow wood! It ached! And the longer I was on it the more it ached!

He left me like that for maybe ten or twenty minutes, by which time my tongue ached but my pussy ached much more. Then he returned and introduced me to the vibrator. It was a narrow thing, and the touch against my pussy began to turn the burning heat from pain to pleasure very quickly.

“I'm punishing your pussy for coming when it shouldn't,” he said, drawing the vibrator back. “You are not to come without permission.”

I moaned helplessly. It was so unfair! How could I stop myself coming with him playing that vibrator back and forth over my aching, swollen clit!?

The pain and pleasure fought each other inside me as I did my best to not come, but I came anyway. That hurt! Because not only did I grind and rub and writhe against the narrow wood jammed up into me but I pulled my tongue hard and repeatedly against the clamp!

And to make it harder next time he attached another pair of clamps to my nipples, stretching them out before me.

Still I came, though there was more pain mixed with the pleasure that time.

I thought I was getting better at putting off the orgasm, though.

He finally let me up, but my pussy felt hot and aching for hours. That made it exquisitely sensitive, though, and he teased it the whole time, using his fingers, his tongue and the vibrator to drive me to the edge of orgasm before backing off. When he finally put me face down and mounted me, though, the orgasm almost tore my mind apart! The intensity of it made me scream out loud as his hips pounded against my upraised bottom and his cock speared deep into my roiling,

burning belly!

* *

Late evening, after the body paint was washed off, I could speak. But that night, only after a fashion. He laughed at me and I glowered.

“You sound like you have a lisp,” he said in amusement.

I was sitting across his lap, naked, but wearing only the collar and ears. No paws or tail.

“My tongue hurts,” I complained.

“You'll get used to it in a few days.”

I stared at him in protest.

“It will stretch out your tongue.”

He taught me exercises, sticking my tongue out as far as I could, swirling it around, moving it up and down, getting me to practice them repeatedly. The next day I had the clamp on again, this time with a weighted ball hanging from it to pull my tongue forward over my lower lip. It was awkward, but eventually it did indeed stretch my tongue out a lot.

Days came and went, and I hardly sensed the passage of time. I was wrapped in a little bubble world of exotic, erotic excitement, passion and heat. I never wore any clothing, and I was his pet., letting him do whatever he wanted, doing it for him or with him or letting him do it to me.

I had my first taste of sodomy, which was fairly easy to take since I'd been taking that thick shaft from the tail into me for days. The sodomy was okay. It wasn't as good as having him in my pussy, but it still had a kind of kinky excitement to it.

I masturbated for him any number of times, using dildo and vibrators, and it was an excruciating mix of pleasure, excitement, anxiety and pain since he always made me put off climax as long as humanly possible, and punished me when I failed.

* *

I looked at the stuff curiously. I didn't ask what it was for, though. I watched Paul unload them from a large plastic bag onto the coffee table. They were all very white and fluffy, whatever they were.

The ears were the most obvious, and he replaced the ears I was wearing, then the paws. These were smaller than the other ones, and would require I close my fingers into fists within them, but they were nicely padded, and fluffy all the way to my elbows.

What I took to be long boots were something else again. They were white and fluffy and long, like boots, but especially padded under my knees. They also would not straighten out. There was a strong leather and plastic frame around the knees which was in the bent position, and so while it would provide padding for my knees, it would not allow me to stand up.

The tail was similar to the other one, plugging into my ass, but was lighter weight. And then there was the gag. The gag slipped into my mouth and filled it but without putting pressure on my jaw, which meant I could wear it longer.

At first I didn't find them a lot different except visually. Oh, the padding under the knees was great, and under the hands, because now I could move more easily. But there was something psychological about being unable to stand up. I don't mean, as before, being forbidden to stand, but physically being unable to.

It was the same with the gag. Keeping from talking wasn't the same as being physically incapable of talking, and that too put a different spin on things. Because now I literally could not talk, could not complain, could not say a thing. Any communications I had with him had to be non-verbal.

Then there was the cage.

It came in a large, slender package. I watched him as he dragged it through into the bedroom, then crawled along after, kneeling to watch him open it and take out what turned out to be the top, bottom and sides of the cage. I wasn't clear what it was at first, but as he screwed the sides together I started to feel a sense of breathless excitement.

It was the excitement of outrageous behavior, the kind of excitement which had

gripped me a lot of late. I knew what he was doing to me was degrading and outrageous, and that aroused me. Why? I have no idea. But it did. So I watched him put the cage together, watched him put the cushion in the bottom, then crawled forward when he motioned me to.

The cage was about two and a half feet high, and maybe three long. It wasn't long enough to stretch out, but then, my new leggings wouldn't allow me to stretch out anyway. I settled on my belly and arms on the cushion and peered through the bars as he closed and locked the door, then turned and left the room.

I pressed my face against the bars. They were very firm. I waited, but there was no sign of him, and of course, I couldn't very well call out.

I was in a cage. That thought caused me a good deal of amazement, but also excitement. There wasn't anything to do but wait for him to come and let me out, whenever that was. So I tried to get comfortable and wait.

I was in there, as it turned out, for several hours. A funny thing happens to your mind in a cage for that long. At first, your mind is very active, at least, mine was, full of all kinds of thoughts, wonderment, amazement, excitement and nasty thoughts. But slowly, they fade away and leave you more or less in a state of quite solitude.

Yes, kind of boring, in a way, but certainly not stressful or complicated.

I had become much more of a sexual person since meeting Paul. And so, after a while, and wrapped in the strange dark haze of sexual heat which gripped me so often, I began to explore my limited means of self pleasure. I wasn't allowed to orgasm without his permission, but that didn't mean I couldn't enjoy myself.

I could roll my chest in such a way as I kind of ground my breasts against the floor below, or against other things. My nipples were extremely sensitivity and invariably hard these days. I rose on my knees and experimented with rubbing them against the bars, then lay back on my back, seeing what my new 'paws' felt like against my body.

The material was very soft, which was kind of frustrating. There wasn't a lot of friction as I rubbed them against my naked sex, though pressing harder certainly earned me a degree of warm sensations! I had no fingers, though, to penetrate myself with, and I'd grown quite fond of penetration now.

Finally, I heard his voice, and rolled onto my knees and hands, eagerly staring through the bars as the door to the bedroom opened. Yet I had a moment of anxiety at the tone of his voice. It didn't seem to be directed at me.

That moment of anxiety gave way to a thunderstruck sense of mortified shock as he walked in with another man behind him. The other man, a stranger, was about Paul's age, but shorter, with broader shoulders. He was good looking, I noted, in the instant before I dropped my face and eyes down and tried to cover myself as best I could.

I lay on my arms and knees, hiding everything, face pressed against the floor as the two examined me.

“You see she's very new,” Paul said. “Virtually untrained. But she's excellent material. I have no doubt I'll have her fully trained within a few months.”

I heard him tapping at the bars.

“Kitty. Raise your head. Show Michael your face,” he ordered.

I kept my face pressed into the cushion, humiliated!

“Kitty,” he growled, his voice hardening. “You raise your face right now or

there's going to be a sound spanking in your near future!”

Shit! I didn't want a spanking! Worse, what if he did it in front of this Michael guy!?

I raised my burning face, but looked down and away, refusing to look at Michael, my heart pounding.

“Pretty little thing,” I heard the other man say.

“As I said, still untrained,” Paul said.

I saw him undoing the lock, then opening the door.

“Come out here,” he ordered

I shook my head.

“Come out here now, Kitty or it won't be a spanking, it'll be a strapping!”

I crawled slowly out through the door, and he clipped a leash to my collar and tugged.

“Out into the living room,” he ordered.

I couldn't do that! But a sharp slap to the bottom made me yelp and jerked me forward. That, along with the pull on my collar forced me to crawl after him, my naked body fully on display to the stranger! I was mortified! Yet weirdly, it almost was like being a pet, like being a cat, you know? I mean, you don't get to make decisions or refuse orders.

Paul made me crawl around while he and Michael talked about my 'training', then he had me assume several of the positions we'd practiced. That was even more embarrassing! Sitting up and begging, my paws cocked like a dog, was bad enough, since the man could see my bare breasts perfectly! But putting my face to the floor and raising my bottom high while spreading my legs was much worse!

That, after all, was the position he most liked to take me in, riding me hard and powerfully as my breasts ground against the rug! My frantic mind wondered if

he would offer me to the man to ride, and what I would do if he did! I mean, I couldn't refuse! I couldn't resist! I couldn't even protest!

Then he had me act as his footstool as the two sat and talked about football! I kept my eyes low, hoping Michael would go away soon. Fortunately, after about an hour, Paul showed him to the door. He returned, glaring at me.

“You've been a disobedient girl,” he said sternly.

He introduced me to the crop then. It was a long thin leather rod with a small, flat leather strip on the end. He taught me that this could give me both pleasure and pain, but using the shaft to caress my clitoris, then the flat little tip to slap at it until each little blow jolted my mind like an electric charge.

“On your knees, paws behind your neck, arch your back,” he ordered.

I obeyed, panting, and he rubbed the flat leather tip across my straining breasts, then began to slap it lightly and repeatedly against my stiff nipples until the center of both breasts was red and my nipples were hot. He didn't hit me hard or anything, but the repetition made my skin more sensitive, and the sharp little stings began to make my nipples throb powerfully!

“On your face, he ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, pressing my hot breasts against the floor as I raised my bottom high and spread my legs. He played a vibrator up and down against my pussy as his fingers slid inside me, and roused me to trembling need before easing off.

“On your back, knees apart.”

I rolled over, gasping, chest heaving, and let my knees fall far apart as he leaned in and began to rub my clit with the flat tip of the crop. He started rubbing and slapping, rubbing and slapping, while I moaned and writhed and tried to hold off the orgasm which was building inside me.

“You have my permission to come,” he said.

Oh God, at last!

I felt the pressure building and building, and then he started to slap my clit very rapidly, not hard, but rapidly, and the continuous little crackle of sensation drove me over the edge into a powerful orgasm that had my hips bucking uncontrollably.

* *

Michael returned the next evening, and again it was horribly embarrassing, but lacked the raw edge it had the first night. In fact, I started to get some wild, dark thoughts running through my mind as I snuck furtive looks at him and Paul. I had never been an exhibitionist, but I was starting to feel like one, and what was more starting to feel the sense of, I don't know, ego, excitement, heat, that showing off my body to a man could bring.

But the next night it was a different man! His name was Alan, and he was black. I was horribly embarrassed and ashamed, but could do nothing but move through the positions Paul had taught me while my face burned and my insides swirled and churned with humiliation!

The next night it was Michael again, for which I was grateful, but then Alan came the following night, and the night after that it was Colin!

None of them ever touched me, just looked at me. But Paul talked to them about me often enough, including his efforts at teaching me how to perform oral sex properly, and the stretching exercises I was doing with my tongue. He would also mention how responsive I was, sexually, which really embarrassed me, but also, weirdly, aroused me.

Michael came over for dinner the next night, and this time I had to greet him... like a dog. You know, shaking hands? I was frustrated about that because cats definitely didn't shake hands, and Paul was mixing up dogs and cats again! Of course, it was also embarrassing, acting like an animal while naked, while he was looking right at me and kind of grinning.

And also arousing... because I was naked and he was looking straight at me...

This time he stayed for dinner. That meant Paul removed my gag, but there was no way I was going to say anything with Michael there! I was still way too flustered! I knelt in place, as usual at dinner, while Paul fed me by hand.

“Hungry, Kitty?” he asked with a smile.

I nodded my head.

Okay, so cats wouldn't have, but I wasn't really a cat-cat. I was a human-cat!

“Beg,” he ordered.

I rose on my knees, blushing, holding my arms in against my chest, but paws out and down like a dog, and he tossed me a meatball, which I caught in my mouth and ate.

“I bet Michael would have something for you,” he said.

I didn't want anything to do with that, but he glared at me and I reluctantly, turned to Michael, blushing as I begged. He grinned and held out a meatball, and I hesitantly leaned forward and licked it out of his hand.

I switched between them, well aware of a sense of building sexual tension, and feeling an alarming wildness in my stomach with the anxious thought that sooner or later Paul was going to have me doing more for Michael than licking food out of his hand. The thought was alarming, but it was also almost breathtakingly exciting!

God! I couldn't have sex with another man!

Yet, why not?

Because I hardly knew him at all!

And yet, here I was naked, displaying myself to him, licking food out of his hands...

Paul got up and got a bowl of milk, then set it against the wall, whistling to me. I turned and crawled over, because that meant my dinner was over. I didn't even have to think to assume the proper position to drink, with my bottom pointed at the table, raised high, knees wide. But as I did I felt heat come to my face even as I began to lap the milk from the bowl.

Paul put some of the plates away, but brought over coffee for he and Michael,

then he left the room for a bit, returning as I continued to drink. I felt his presence, and raised my head briefly, but he pushed my head back, and I felt his fingers at my sex.

I obeyed, but my heart began to beat much more quickly as I felt his fingers pushing into me. Not surprisingly, I was quite wet, and his fingers slipped in and out easily enough. I was intensely aware of Michael watching, and this was the first overtly sexual thing Paul had done to me in his presence, so my embarrassment deepened, even as my hunger rose.

I gasped softly as his fingers withdrew and I felt myself being penetrated with something much thicker. It was my favorite dildo, straining the lips of my sex as he pushed it slowly into me, twisting and turning as he worked it deep.

Then, he got up and went back to the table to continue his conversation with Michael about the federal government's budget.

I could feel how deep the dildo was inside me, and knew that a couple of inches remained protruding through the straining lips of my sex, pointed right at the two men as I licked dazedly at the milk.

The heat inside me felt raw and wild.

I finished the milk and turned towards them, crawling back to kneel carefully beside Michael's chair. That meant kind of sitting on my feet, legs wide apart. The base of the dildo didn't quite touch the floor, but it was very, very visible to them both as I tried to act calm.

“Come,” he ordered, rising and going to the bathroom.

I followed him and stopped before the toilet, as usual after dinner. He picked up my toothbrush, put toothpaste on it, then squatted low and brushed my teeth for me. I spat into the toilet, and he gave me a plastic cup to drink from to rinse my mouth out before leading me back into the living room, where Michael waited.

“Have to brush her teeth after dinner,” he said by way of explanation.

I crawled in after him, wrapped in a dark haze, then knelt, knees wide.

“Have you considered piercing her nipples?” Michael asked.

“Yes,” Paul said. “I like the idea, visually, but on the other hand I enjoy sucking and chewing on those nipples a lot, and I don't think I want a mouthful of metal.”

I gulped at the thought.

“They surely would look nice on those firm breasts of hers, though,” Michael said.

“Kitty, arch for us,” Paul ordered.

Flushed, I rose on my knees, paws behind my neck, arching my back as Paul leaned forward and reached out his hand. I tensed as his fingers lightly pinched my left nipple, then rolled it between them and pinched it again, pulling it out.

“I suppose I could,” he said. “There's no denying the visual appeal.

“You can remove them whenever you want,” Michael said.

Paul produced the crop, and I tensed further, my lower belly swirling as he rubbed the flat tip against my already erect nipples. He began to smack them against me with light, quick motions, then let the tip slide down my chest and belly and caress my clit.

“Lay on your back, knees apart,” he ordered.

Moaning, I obeyed, displaying myself not only to him, but to Michael, and he continued to caress my clitoris, occasionally slapping the flat, light leather against me so that my hips jerked and my body flinched.

“Nasty little kitty,” he said, pressing up against the base of the dildo.

He drew the crop back.

Then Michael patted his lap. I felt a shock, and my eyes widened, then flicked to Paul. That was his signal, after all, and he nodded and smiled. My insides churned. Did I want to...!?

I crawled up and forward, placing my paws on the sofa on either side of his hips and my body between his legs, my head above his lap. He grinned and reached out, patting me, scratching me behind the ear.

“Good kitty,” he said, fingers sliding through my hair.

Then his other hand rose beneath where my breasts were almost pressed against the sofa and cupped my left breast. It didn't exactly shock me, though a shockwave rippled through my mind. His fingers were gentle but firm, squeezing me, rolling the nipples as my eyes flicked rapidly and anxiously over at Paul.

Then Michael unzipped his trousers and drew his cock out, stiff and long and rising straight and beautiful enough to make me squeal like a little girl. Well, if I hadn't been so anxious and if I hadn't known I wasn't allowed to make those sorts of noises and if I wasn't so embarrassed...

“Show him what I've taught you, Kitty,” Paul said.

It's not like this sort of thing was a total surprise or that I hadn't kind of been expecting it at some point, so I had had time to get used to the idea. And suddenly a lot of my embarrassment seeped out of me and I felt a hot, flirty sexual hunger spreading through my mind. I moved closer, licking at the shaft, eyes rolling up at Michael, then licked up and down the shaft.

He undid his pants completely, and exposed more of his groin, and I moved in, sucking and licking at his balls as he continued to comb his fingers through my hair and fondle my breast.

I licked my way up his shaft to the top, then pressed my lips into a kiss and moved down, letting the helmeted head 'force' its way slowly in through the tight ring of my lips. I began to lick at once, sucking at the head, my tongue moving slowly, at first, from side to side. I kept just the head within my mouth, sucking and licking for a long minute before suddenly sliding halfway down his shaft.

I felt the tremor in his body from that and felt a smugness and a kind of coquettish delight at his reaction. I sucked, closing my lips tighter, sliding slowly up, then plunging down again, even deeper.

“She doesn't seem like the near-virgin you described,” he gasped.

Paul chuckled, and I felt even more smug.

I slowly bobbed my lips up and down, then took him into my throat, sliding my

lips determinedly down to the base, to jam my nose in against his groin as I felt the long, throbbing length of him in my throat.

“Fuuuck!” Michael groaned.

You better believe it, mister!

I felt very much the sexual animal as I feasted on Michael's cock, as I made him tremble, and then drank his come as he finally exploded deep within my throat. God, it was so quick and easy!

I felt intensely smug as I left him panting, and resumed my place on my knees, the obedient pet.

“Good girl,” Paul said. “Come here, Kitty.”

I crawled closer, and he turned me on my knees, facing Michael. He had me arch, and then pinned my wrists up behind my neck as his other hand moved down my body. He fondled my breasts, then slid down and began to finger my clit.

I began to squirm and pant and moan, and the fact Michael was watching me was a big part of the shocked heat pumping through my veins!

“You have permission to orgasm,” Paul said.

And so I did! A part of me didn't want to, of course. I was horribly embarrassed at what Paul was doing, and at my reaction, with Michael there. At first I even tried to continue to hold back, but Paul had really learned how to touch me to provoke a reaction, and my hips began to buck uncontrollably as the orgasm washed over me.

It was ... embarrassing, yes, but also a wild, dark thrill ride as I came, writhing and grinding my hips, all while he watched! God, what a slut I was!

And the next night it was Alan whose cock I sucked, and the night after that it was Colin!

* *

Another difference with the new gear Paul had brought was that he kept it on longer. Now, he only removed the stuff to bathe me, and I was told not to talk while he did it. After I was dry it went right back on. And it stayed on all night. The only adjustment he made was that the legs could, it seemed, be straightened out with the use of a small tool which loosened internal bolts. So I got to sleep with my legs straight or not, as I pleased, but with the kitty stuff, except for the gag, still on me.

And that meant I couldn't talk.

I had stopped working, of course. Paul said it was a shitty job and I didn't need it when I was with him. After the first couple of weeks he cleaned my place out of the few things he thought I would need (that didn't include clothes) and sold the rest. Then he arranged to sublet my apartment.

The sex with him continued to be hot, wild and raw... almost animalistic. And slowly, almost imperceptibly, I almost began to come to think of myself as an animal in my mind. I mean, not in so many words, of course, but always crawling while he and the other 'humans' were walking, without any hands to manipulate things, without any voice, and without any say or choice in anything, it very much began to feel like I was an animal.

When he let me up onto the sofa, to crawl in beside him and lay down with my head against his shoulder, or on his lap, it made me feel very special! We would watch TV together, his hands and fingers idly caressing me, stroking my hair, my back, or sometimes my breasts or pussy. Sometimes he would tease me into panting heat, then leave me like that for long periods of time, then resume, so that I was frazzled and trembling by the time he finally made me come!

And again, we weren't always alone. Sometimes one of his friends would be there, watching TV, and watching me. I kind of got used to being naked around them, and then I got used to, sort of, being caressed and fondled and aroused with them there. Their watching was partly embarrassing, and partly arousing, depending on my mood. Sometimes I resented their presence, wanting Paul all to myself, but even then I couldn't resist Paul's expert fingers.

Paul kissed me and hugged me a lot, caressed me a lot, and kept me next to him a lot. I loved the close contact. He never stinted in his affection but he was also stern about my behavior, and any little thing could draw a slap on the bottom or

a pinched nipple. The thing was, these started to become less punishments and more... well, games.

When he spanked me, for example, he also fingered me. That made the whole experience a breathtaking thrill which, despite my sore, overheated buttocks, almost always ended in a terrific orgasm with his fingers deep inside me! Naturally enough that made me want to be a 'bad girl' now and then, especially if I was bored.

But once with Michael there I decided that I would rather be bratty to him than to Paul, for it would still get me the spanking. What I hadn't counted on was that Paul would let Michael spank me!

It was simple enough, for I was laying on the sofa next to Paul, my legs, bent, but stretched out as much as they could along the sofa. The sofa was long, but not that long, so I had my legs bent in. I extended them, prodding repeatedly at Michael with my lower 'paws' in a way I pretended was simply inconsiderate rather than provoking.

I had kind of gotten used to Michael by then, as he was the one most often there. Besides, I almost always performed oral sex on him, and that does tend to give a girl a feeling of intimacy with a guy! He shoved my feet back a few times, then finally said "Watch where your feet are, brat."

Paul looked over, frowned at me, and I gave him an innocent look which I'm sure didn't fool him at all.

"You mean paws, Mike."

Mike snorted. I'm not sure what he thought of the whole 'kitty' thing, though of course, he clearly didn't mind a naked girl being around, especially one that didn't talk.

I kept my feet to myself for a couple of minutes, then pushed them out again, prodding at his hip. Paul noticed right away.

"I think kitty is acting up," he said.

I gave him my innocent look again and he snorted.

“Maybe kitty needs to be punished,” he said.

I pouted, pushing my lower lip out.

“You can spank her, Mike.”

I blinked in surprise. I hadn't expected that! I was okay with Michael watching... mostly... but this was quite another thing!

Michael grabbed my lower legs and dragged me back towards him. I didn't protest, of course, though I wasn't gagged. I did kind of try to scramble away, but my furry paws didn't give me much traction. Unlike a real cat there were no claws on them!

He dragged me easily back across his lap, and his hand came down sharply against my bottom.

Crack!

I winced, and stared anxiously at Paul, who was watching and smiling.

Crack!

“Nice little ass on this kitty,” Michael said.

Crack!

“I've always found it to be nice and soft,” Paul said.

Crack!

“And warm,” Michael said.

Crack!

I winced and gasped as his hand cracked down on my bottom. It was certainly becoming warm!

Just as when Paul spanked me, it wasn't a steady slapping, but an intermittent one in between his hand fondling and caressing my bottom. But then he started sliding his fingers down over my pussy, and I discovered that, while he wasn't as

expert in what pleased me as Paul was, he'd been observing long enough to be pretty good!

I was indignant, though, at Paul letting him spank me! I was determined not to let him give me any pleasure, to resist the sensations his fingers roused in me. I glared at Paul to show him as much, but Michael just spanked harder, then, and my bottom really started to hurt! I winced and moaned and as my buttocks heated up and became more sensitive I started to feel a huge sense of frustration!

Tears started to fill my eyes, and my resolution began to break down. So each time he stopped spanking and instead caressed me, well, I felt a definite relief! That made it harder to keep up the mental discipline necessary to resist the sexual sensations he was arousing in me. I mean, basically I welcomed his touch! Maybe not so much intellectually but emotionally! Because it meant he wasn't spanking me!

When Paul sensed I was coming he tended to spank faster, so that my orgasm was through a crackling wave of stinging sensations. That was one of the reasons, I think, that I'd come to be aroused by being spanked by him. But Michael didn't do that. Instead, as my very wet pussy began to spasm around his fingers and my hips began to roll and grind against him, he gripped my tail and pulled!

That forced my sphincter open as the plug inside came free. And then he pushed it right back in and pulled it again, and again, very quickly. The sensations of that made the orgasm twist and turn, but swoop ever upward as I gurgled in helpless pleasure, overcome by the intensity of the heat and pressure exploding inside me!

Up to that point Paul hadn't really done much anally, but he made me apologize to Michael, then take care of the little problem I had raised in his pants for him. While I did that, on my knees, of course, legs spread, Paul got down behind me and, for the first time, pushed his big cock into my ass! I moaned around Michael's cock, but found the new experience deliciously exciting!

It didn't feel the same as in my pussy, but the deep, full sensation, the penetration and movement, was just as exciting, and with one of his hands on my breast and the other fingering my clitoris I came explosively, with my face jammed against Michael's groin and his cock deep inside my throat!

**

Michael was the first one to fuck me. He wasn't the last, though.

It was kind of a surprise, but not an unpleasant one. I had come to kind of think in my mind that Paul would have me use my mouth on his friends, and that they could fondle me a little, but nothing else. But during Michael's next visit, while I was on my face with my bottom in the air and legs spread, he moved in and knelt behind me.

I thought he was going to fondle me, maybe even fuck me with the dildo I had inside me. Instead he slid the tail out and then to my shock he slid his cock down into my belly. I gasped, my mind roiled by the heat already gripping me from Paul's earlier attentions. But you know what, it didn't really matter that it was Alan and not Paul!

He fucked me hard and I responded just as intensely, gasping and moaning, my pussy burning and sucking on the dildo filling me. My face was jammed against the rug for this, my second sodomy, my breasts rubbing against the soft fabric as his hips struck my upraised buttocks. My breath was ragged and I was moaning helplessly as Michael rode me so hard and powerfully!

I knew Paul had allowed it, of course. I mean, he was sitting right there watching his friend fuck me in the ass! God, it was wild! It wasn't just because it was another man, but because it was, well, outrageous, and because, of course, Paul was there watching and, I knew, getting turned on by the sight.

I gloried in the hard impact of his hips against my bottom, and shuddered and cried out as he slapped my buttocks and jerked back on my hair! His cock was thick and steel hard as it punched deep into my belly with hard, fast strokes. He was riding me powerfully, much like Paul did in this position, and I had come to adore being taken like that, being just... taken!

I grunted and groaned and whimpered as he used me, as his hands slapped or pawed me, as he yanked my head up and back and groped my breasts. He was using me like a bitch, and that's what I was, a bitch in heat!

And I came, crying out my pleasure as he rode me into and then through an intense orgasm!

And so that became the new rules, sort of. I mean, nobody ever told me about it, but the next day Alan got to sodomize me. Though this time I was kneeling on the coffee table. Then the next day, Paul had pulled me into his lap, onto his lap, and I had gotten him hard. I straddled him and began to ride him as Colin looked on.

The thing was, this time, he pulled me far forward, and then Colin moved in behind me, and pulled my tail out. Then I felt his big cock sliding up into my back passage, even as I rode up and down on Paul! I shuddered helplessly, overcome by a wild dark thrill as two big cocks pushed up into my body, and the orgasms I had while they drove into me were incredible!

The next day Alan joined in, standing behind the sofa so I could suck his cock as I rode up and down on Paul and Michael sodomized me!

What a slut I was!

If I was good, Paul let me spend the day out of the cage while he went to work. I had figured out how to work the TV's remote with my tongue so that gave me plenty to do. But there was also a doggy door in the kitchen door which allowed me to go out back and get some sun, or go to the bathroom. And Paul had added a simple control panel set low on his treadmill which would allow me to get some exercise each day.

As I said, though, I had become much more sexual since meeting him, and that growing sense of sexuality had escalated when his friends had started to use me too. So it felt almost like I was constantly aroused! Left to my own devices during the day it was inevitable I would wind up taking advantage of being alone to ignore his orders not to climax without permission.

Having no hands and being unable to stand made that a little more difficult, but I had a lot of motivation to figure a way around that. He kept the sex toys in the top drawer of his bedroom, so I couldn't reach them.

However, the vertical bars on the sides of the treadmill were covered in some sort of soft leather-like material. Since they went all the way to the floor, what I had to do was a little awkward, but manageable. I would back in against one of them, with my left knee against the treadmill and my right on the floor.

That made me kind of lopsided, but I certainly didn't care. The point was I could

push my sex right up against them, and at an angle that let me rub my pussy, especially the top of my pussy, up and down against the leather covered bar. It didn't take a lot of such rubbing, given my condition, to climax! And I would do it at least a couple of times each day.

Until I got caught.

I greeted him as usual that night, kneeling by the front door. I rose on all fours as he came in, for I had learned how to 'wag' my tail, by rolling my hips from side to side. He greeted me by patting my head and combing his fingers through my hair, calling me his "good little kitty", and I eagerly crawled after him into the bedroom as he changed.

He turned on the news and started dinner, with my kneeling nearby, moving when he moved. He went into the den to work on bills and I followed him in and settled down on the floor. But then he seemed to be looking at videos on his computer, and I was surprised to hear my voice, or at least, my cries of pleasure.

I rose up, not shocked or anything. He had taken a number of pictures and videos of me, by then, including with me and Colin and Alan and Michael. But this was a video of me grinding myself against the treadmill! I stared in surprise, and then he turned and glared at me. I realized my mistake at once and gulped.

Oh shit!

"I began to suspect your lack of enthusiasm when I came home was for a reason, Kitty," he said sternly. "You know very well you aren't to climax without my permission! Bad kitty!"

I had to assume the familiar position, face down, bottom raised, only this time with my legs closed. I got to feel just how sharp the sting of the crop could be when he wanted it to be, and my bottom began to burn and ache fiercely as I gasped and moaned and whimpered at the continuous blows!

Worse than the pain, though, was his disapproval! He moved my cage out of his bedroom and into a spare bedroom, and I spent all night in it instead of in his bed! The next day he walked me, fed me, but didn't talk to me, and I couldn't do anything to apologize! I mean, I couldn't speak!

He left me in the cage all day, which was boring, and, especially after the

previous night in it, left my muscles feeling cramped and aching. He let me out when he got home, but didn't speak to me, and I felt on the verge of tears! If only I could apologize! I tried rubbing myself against his legs, but he brushed past me.

When he was seated I rubbed my cheek against his ankles repeatedly until he pushed me away. I was miserable and trying to find some way to get things back to the way they were! No one came to visit that evening, and I really felt, pardon the pun, in the doghouse!

He let me perform oral sex on him before bed, but didn't do anything to give me pleasure, and put me back into the cage for the night.

In the morning, he let me out again. I was becoming desperate to show him how sorry I was! I crawled out and licked at his leather slippers, licked at his ankles, licked and moaned and rubbed my face against his shoes and ankles to show him what a good pet I was, but he still didn't speak to me. He walked me, and then, finally, before leaving, he spoke to me.

“I'm going to leave you uncaged today. Do not disappoint me again.”

You can be sure I didn't! I was as good a pet as I knew how, and when he got home I threw myself at him again, licking his shoes, rubbing my face against his ankles, trying to demonstrate how much I adored him! That got me a little pat on the head, which was an intense relief.

Of course, I was also really aroused by then. I hadn't had any sexual activity since my masturbation against the treadmill the previous day! That was unheard of for me, because I was used to him mounting me at least two or three times a day, plus his friends using me a couple of times, plus however many times he decided to fondle and caress me to orgasm.

I guess I'd become kind of addicted to sex!

Colin and Alan and Michael came over that night, along with a new friend named Jason, and I got lots of that! My mind was twisting and straining through pleasure and heat and hunger and excitement for hours!

* *

I'd gotten used to Paul bringing guys home. It even turned me on now the way they looked at me, the heat and hunger in their eyes, and the knowledge I would be mounted by them and ridden hard.

Since Paul had caught me disobeying him and masturbating to climax I had been especially careful to welcome him home enthusiastically each evening. So when he came in that night I crawled quickly to him, rubbing my face against his ankles, then sliding down, bottom high, face low, licking at his shiny, leather shoes.

“My, my, she's certainly a submissive one.”

The voice was new and unfamiliar. More to the point, it was female.

I jerked my head up in shock, staring, aghast at some awful blonde woman in a blue dress. She was grinning down at me from a very great height, and I felt suddenly completely mortified! I mean, it was a given that the men who'd come into the house thought I was a slut, but men liked sluts! This... carefully manicured blonde with long hair and very bright lipstick was looking at me like... like I was some kind of horribly pathetic creature!

I started to jerk away but was brought up short by Paul's voice.

“Stay!” he ordered. “Arch for Hannah.”

Oh shit! Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!

Clamping down on my shame, I rose and sat back on my heels, face flaming as I arched my back and drew my head back.

“Nice tits on her,” the woman said.

“Nice everything,” Paul said in amusement.

The blonde sniffed. “So this is your bitch,” she said. “Well trained, is she?”

“Fairly well trained. She is relatively inexperienced, though.”

“I'm sure we can give her a lot of that,” the woman said dryly.

“I've been stretching out her tongue,” Paul said with a smirk.

Hannah snorted. “I bet it's not long enough, but never mind. We can work on that.”

My head was spinning. I had never really thought much about women. I mean, they tended to make me even less comfortable than men, in my previous life, that is. But I'd never thought much about sex with them, that was for sure. Paul didn't bring home anyone I wasn't to have sex with, though...

The evening progressed much like others had. But it was far more humiliating having to eat out of her hands than out of the hands of men! She smirked at me all the time, so contemptuously!

I had to go through the positions, while she looked on, but worse, Paul gave her the crop and my leash and she put me through my different positions. She wasn't reluctant to apply the crop to my bottom at the slightest opportunity either! The bitch!

Then Paul had me sit across his lap, and fingered me while she looked on. It was horribly embarrassing, but I could not resist Paul's fingers, and he fingered me to an incredible... if humiliating orgasm, as Hannah watched and smirked.

Then they went to bed! This was something new and definitely not something I approved of!

She had a great body, unfortunately. Her breasts weren't as big as mine, though! And she had really long legs. I know because as she stretched out naked on Paul's king sized bed, I was forced to start at her toes, and lick my way up! I would have rather bit her, but Paul had made it clear that if I acted up Hannah would get to punish me, and I definitely didn't want that!

I licked my way up her body, and then had to go through the misery of her teaching me how to perform oral sex on a woman! I would have undergone any punishment Paul would have wanted rather than that! But only if it wasn't her punishing me!

I have to admit it wasn't as horrible as I had feared when Paul had ordered me to do it. She was perfectly shaven and clean and her instructions were very clear. I knew how to perform oral sex myself, of course, having had it done on me often

enough, especially by Paul, who knew what he was doing.

But Hannah was more precise in her requirements and explanations, and I have to admit I learned quite a bit as I knelt there, my bottom in the air, licking and sucking at her clit.

Paul had shoved a large dildo into my pussy, and replaced the small plug usually attached to my tail by a much longer, thicker one, so I was feeling stuffed! That always aroused me, and he fingered my clit from behind as I performed on Hannah, which aroused me further.

So it wasn't terrifically unpleasant licking her, and I knew it pleased Paul, as it did when she pulled me up and we kissed each other. Her hands moved over my body, very expert, and softer than that of the men. She was on top, of course, and there was little I could do back because of my paws. She sucked at my breasts and nipples, and then fingered me to the edge of what would have been, despite my best efforts, a very powerful orgasm, had she not stopped.

Paul put me into my cage then! And then he climbed atop her and I had to endure the sounds of their lovemaking for over an hour! It was awful! I was already incredibly aroused, and now I had to listen to that! Not only did it further arouse me, while giving me no pleasure or release, but it made me feel miserable that he was fucking another woman. Why would he want another woman!?

Of course, instinctively I understood. She was a woman. I was a pet.

Worse, she slept over! And in the morning, it was she who walked me! God, that was humiliating! Then I knelt next to the table as they ate and chatted amiably, taking food from both his fingers and hers. I had tried to ignore her at first but Paul had spoken sharply to me so I had resentfully agreed to take food from her hand.

Then another horrible surprise! Paul went off to work, leaving her behind! And he ordered me, before he left, to obey her!

I was soooo tempted to talk! To protest!

She led me out back, and then began to throw a rubber bone which Paul sometimes did, jokingly. I had to fetch it back in my teeth. I thought it amusing when Paul did it, but was less amused now, and more degraded. She had the crop

in one hand, though, and I was wary of it, so did as she ordered, fetching the bone back again and again, panting for breath before long.

Bitch! God, I resented her!

I resented her even more when she tied me to the bed and used her mouth, fingers, and a vibrator to make me writhe and twist and finally cry out in helpless orgasm!

Then she made our positions abundantly clear by donning a strap-on dildo and putting me in that old familiar position of face down, bottom high. She rode me hard and fast, just like the men did, slapping my ass, pulling my hair, groping my breasts, and ramming her big dildo deep into my pussy again and again until my cries of pleasure made us both realize that whether it was a man or a woman, I was still the pet-slut, and helpless to disobey.

She didn't let up, sodomizing me, too, and forcing another orgasm on me, leashing me, walking me, and then spanking me while fingering me to another orgasm. I hated it all at first, but gradually, the dark, suffocating wall of sexual hunger and passion encompassing me swept that hate away and settled me back into the realization I was just a sexual animal, and would and must respond to whatever person used me.

But that was okay. Hannah lived with him for six months, then they broke up. After a while, it was Susan, and then it was Carol, and then Taylor. Women came, and women went, but I remained his pet. Men might drop their girlfriends and divorce their wives but they never got rid of their pet. Love between master and pet was permanent, and that, I realized, was exactly the kind of security and comfort I needed.

* * * * *

Have praise, suggestions or complaints? writeargus@gmail.com

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