

FURKIN FANTASIES #1

GRACEFUL ACCEPTANCE



Crimson Rose

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Tail wagging anxiously behind me, my eyes went to the clock on the nightstand sitting to the right of my bed every five or so seconds as I paced the full width of my bedroom. Occasionally, as I walked past the full length mirror hanging on the back of the door I would take a moment to stop and stare at my mostly naked animal-like body and wonder what life would have been like had I been born human and not a bovine variant Furkin like my mother. While the general shape of my body was very much humanoid having one head, two arms and two legs that's where the similarities ended.

Jutting from the front of my head and curving inward were two horns and while my ears were still on the sides they were definitely conical. And then there was my face. Not quite as exaggerated as some of our kind, it was still elongated with very bovine features. As if that was not enough to set our kind apart, my entire body was covered in a thin coat of black fur that faded to white on my chest, belly and inner thighs and though my hands still had fingers, my legs ended in hooves. To tie everything together was my favorite part. The tail.

Eyes drifting to the sleek chastity bra and panties I had been forced to wear since hitting puberty, I counted down the seconds until they could legally and permanently be removed. Turning to continue my pacing, I stopped as my bedroom door opened and my twin sister Hannah stepped in. "Thirteen minutes," I grinned.

"I don't know about you but I plan on spending the next month screwing everything in sight just as soon as they come off."

"Then for our sake I better not be the first thing you see when they're removed." We both giggled and my bedroom door once again opened. This time it was our mother who walked in. "Hey mom, what's up?"

"The two of you," she replied with a knowing smile. As a part of Generation Alpha, or those that began life as humans and were later modified through incredibly dangerous procedures, she was spared the humiliation and frustration of being locked in chastity, but that did not mean her life was even remotely

easy. Her DNA unstable like the rest of her generation, she was forced to wear a collar around her neck that not only marked her as the sex slave she was trained to be, but also injected her with an incredibly addictive aphrodisiac that served the dual purpose of keeping her genetic code stable while ensuring maximum horniness. “Don’t worry, if I were in your hooves I wouldn’t be able to sleep either. That being said, I know you’re both planning on having sex with the first person you see and while I have no problem with you experimenting and exploring your sexuality, I ask that you remember your training.”

“Of course we’re going to have sex,” Hannah replied. We’re literally bred to be addicted to it which still makes me wonder why you agreed to the chastity clause in the first damn place.”

“I did what was necessary to ensure the safety of our kind,” our mother answered – the events leading up to the making and signing the Furkin Freedom Act still weighing heavy on her a decade later. “You girls have spent the last six years learning to control your urges and to keep your pheromones in check. Not many Gen-Alphas can say the same.”

“I still think it’s barbaric the way they treat us like, well, like animals but...” An audible buzzing followed by a series of clicks stopped my twin dead in her tracks and large eyes wide we all watched the chastity devices unlock. Not wasting a second, we yanked them off and let them lay on the floor as we hugged each other. Taking a step back, she looked from me to our mother. “Whelp, I’ll be at Furtopia if anyone needs me.” Grinning like an idiot, she ran out of my room and back to hers.

“What about you?” Mom asked as I just stood there looking more like a deer caught in headlights than the anthropomorphic cow I actually was.

“I honestly don’t know. I’ve been waiting for this day for years and now that it is finally here I don’t know what to do. Should I go to Furtopia? Should I lose my virginity to the first human or Furkin I see or should I get to know the person first?”

“All excellent questions that you alone must answer. Just know that I’m here for you no matter what you decide.”

“Thanks mom.”

“If you want my advice, however, I’d start with a canine variant Furkin as they by far have the best cocks for popping cherries and are guaranteed to give at least three or four very intense orgasms. Not to mention they’re fast to recover. Anyways, what you do on this special night is in your hands and I wish you and your sister the best of luck.”

“Thanks. I’m gonna go hop in the shower now.” Waiting for mom to leave my room, I closed and locked the door and then walked into my private bathroom. I did not, however, immediately get in the shower. Instead, I opened the cabinet under the vanity and slide the small dark blue tote I kept under there out. Popping the top off, I stared at the large black rubber bag, lengths of clear tubing, half a dozen nozzles of various shapes and sizes and the bottle of lube tucked into the corner. I’m pretty sure my mother knew I had taken it all from her massive collection of toys but she never mentioned it.

Recalling the instructions I read a million times on the internet, I attached the tubing to the bag and then chose a long metal tip that flared into what looked like a miniature butt plug at the tip with a second slightly larger one where it pushed into the hose. Designed for deep enemas, the second plug would ensure nothing leaked out. Assuming I could actually take it that is. Sure, I could have just ran out of the house and had sex with whomever, but I knew it was highly likely this night would include anal and the last thing I wanted was an avoidable mess so I swallowed my pride and filled the bag full of hot water before hanging it on the shower rod and getting on all fours. Butterflies were swarming my stomach but I pressed on.

The tip lubed, I placed it against my virgin asshole and pushed. To my surprise I opened right up and it slid in to the second plug. Anxious butterflies turned to excited ones, I added a bit more pressure and after a bit of resistance it too was in. Now all that was left to do was open the valve and let my bowels fill. I knew this was going to be the hardest part so I took the advice of every story, video and article I found on the topic and started slow. At a quarter turn the water flowed into me fast enough to not take all night and slow enough to not cause immediate cramping. Unfortunately, the urge to run to the toilet hit me only a few seconds in and it was all I could do to fight it until it passed.

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Two hours, five enemas and a long shower later and I was wearing in a form-

fitting purple dress with plunging neckline that barely covered my nipples. Designed specifically for Furkin, I slid my tail through the small hole in the back and excitedly wagged it side to side as I stood in front of the full length mirror braiding my long black hair. Finally, before grabbing my purse and heading out for my first night as a free adult, I put on a pair of knee high boots. Made by the same company that made my dress, they would cover my hooved feet while still allowing anyone bothering to look to see I definitely had hooves.

My twin long gone and my mother back in her room, I left the house feeling all manner of conflicting feelings. This was by far the biggest night of any Generation Beta's life and while I was excited at the prospects of finally losing my virginity, I was also scared to death that I would find some asshole who would use and abuse me out of some misguided and very much illegal sense of superiority just because I'm a Furkin who are still seen by many as less than second class citizens. Unfortunately, six years of training were going down the tubes as the thought of having sex began overwhelming my judgement.

While my mothers, Heidi and Cindy helped pass the Furkin Freedom Act a decade ago they also saw to the design, construction and opening of Furtopia. Located almost dead center of the nearly nine million acre reservation called Furville, it is a safe place for Furkin to live a bdsm lifestyle without fear of being used and abused as so many of our kind had been in the past. This, like my twin, was my destination if only because I knew the chances of me being dominated against my will were nearly zero.

Arriving shortly after three in the morning, I pulled into the large, nearly filled to capacity walled-in parking lot. Thankfully, anyone wishing to enjoy a night of bdsm was already inside so the lines were relatively short. Taking my place behind a group of three human males, I fidgeted nervously as they occasionally looked back over their shoulders at me. This went on for maybe ten minutes before one of them turned and cleared his throat. Looking up into the face of a handsome twenty-something man with dark brown eyes to match his nearly black hair, I gulped. "C-Can I help you?"

"We certainly hope so. My friends and I have never been with a Furkin before."

"I've never been with a human before. Or anything for that matter."

"Well then it seems tonight is our lucky night. Why don't you get out of those

clothes so we can fuck right here in the parking lot?”

“Um, no thank you. My chastity devices just came off and my virginity is being saved for one of my own.”

“No, I’m pretty sure we called dibs,” the man replied with a creepy grin that made me take a step back. He reached out to grab me and instinctively my tail whooshed around and flicked him in the right cheek like a whip.

“If you know what’s good for you you’ll keep your filthy hands to yourself,” I snorted like an angry bull.” Pushing passed them, I ran to the ticket booth, apologizing to the lovely fox and feline variants about to pay their way in. “I am so sorry to cut in and I’ll happily go to the back of the line, but those three men back there just attempted to assault me,” I said to the gorgeous female canine variant behind the glass. “I do not feel safe with them being permitted to enter.”

“One moment please.” Picking up a phone, the canine woman made a brief call and then hung up. “If you’ll please stand to the side security will be here in a minute to help.”

“Thanks. And I apologize again for cutting in,” I said to the fox and feline.

“No problem,” the fox replied. “Trust me, I’ve had my fair share of humans thinking they own us. Good luck.”

“Thanks.”

A few moments passed and as the three men drew closer I finally saw three very large bull security guards walking in my direction. I told them what happened and while one remained at my side the other two went to talk to the men who, of course put all the blame on me. My special night put on hold, we were taken to a security office in the corner of the parking lot where the guards watched the camera feed. With that, the men were escorted back to their vehicle and banned from Furtopia and after thanking the guards I got back in line to pay my entrance fee.

The microchips in the silver bracer around my wrist not only gave me access to Furtopia, but also acted as identification and debit card for the one thousand dollars I placed on it to ensure I did not rack up any debt while inside – it being the only form of accepted currency. My mother and grandparents three of the founding members, I had heard stories about the place all my life but nothing they said could have prepared me for the reality of what lay beyond that twenty foot high wall.

Stretching hundreds of acres were log cabin style buildings, attractions and wide open fields all neatly tucked inside a twenty foot high wall. Walking down ponygirl Parkway – the main east-west thoroughfare, were dozens of Furkin and at least as many humans and in a bizarre turn of events it was the former dominating the latter. Thirty feet ahead, right in front of a small shop called Furry Fucktoys a bull variant Furkin fucked his massive cock in and out of a human woman while occasionally flogging her welt-covered back. A few feet ahead on the opposite side of the street a stunning white furred wolf woman tightly held a leash in her right hand as she led an olive-skinned man further in.

Unable to hold my pheromones at bay any longer, I released them in an almost palpable cloud. Within seconds the bull man turned and gave me a wide toothy grin. The woman he was fucking, however, pulled herself off his huge cock and crawled in my direction. “Sorry,” I apologized. I just got rid of my chastity devices and couldn’t hold back.”

“No problem,” the bull replied. “If you take her place I’ll let you spend as much time with her as you like.”

“Um, thanks for the offer but I think I should start with something a bit more manageable,” I said, my eyes locked on his nearly foot and a half pole. “My mother suggests a canine variant. You wouldn’t know one or where I can find one would you?”

“You can try the puppygirl Racetrack, the Petting Zoo or the Puppy Bowl for sure but I’d be very careful or you might find yourself participating in the

attractions. Um, other than that I'm sure you'll find more than one just walking around."

"Thanks. Um, I've never done it before but if you want I'll try sucking you off."

"Appreciate it, but what I could really use right now is a toilet."

"I've never done that either but I'm willing to give it a go."

"You understand what you're getting yourself into, right? If you agree to drink my piss you'll have to drink every drop and suffer the punishment should you fail."

"I understand. I'm working under the assumption I'll be subjected to every perversion this place offers and am willing to do it at least once." Getting on my knees, I opened my mouth, paused and then stood up to remove my dress – the thought of hundreds, if not thousands of people seeing me naked preferable to wearing piss-soaked clothes should I fail to get it all down. Back on my knees, I parted my lips and looked up at the bull man.

"What's your name?" He asked as he placed the head of his cock against my lips

"Grace."

"Nice to meet you Grace. I'm Alex. And because you so graciously volunteered to be my toilet I'll slowly feed you the first few mouthfuls to give you a chance to get used to the taste."

"Thank you. Um, should I be calling you Master?"

"Are you offering to serve as my submissive?"

"Um, no, I'm not looking to serve anyone."

"Then Alex is fine. Now get ready. I'm going to piss in your mouth. I want you to hold it there for ten seconds before swallowing. After the third mouthful I'm going to push to the back of your throat to finish."

After a moment, my mouth filled with the warm, bitter fluid that was his piss and I instinctively gagged and moved to spit but then the rules popped into my

head and I forced my lips together to save myself from twenty-five swats of the cane. Cheeks bulging and eyes watering, I silently counted to ten and then gulped. “Oh my god that’s awful.”

“It’s definitely an acquired taste,” the submissive human woman he had been fucking said.

Just as my mouth filled for a second time I saw a handsome black, brown and tan canine Furkin round a corner. My heart suddenly beating faster, I swallowed and pointed. “THERE! Will you please go ask if he’s willing to pop my cherry after I’m done being Alex’s toilet?”

“You heard her slave, go ask.” Pissing into my mouth a third time, he waited for me to gulp it down before putting his large left hand on the back of my head. My mouth filled again but this time it was with cock and the excitement of it caused me to release more of my potent pheromones. Funny thing Furkin pheromones. While they turn humans into nearly mindless sex maniacs they had little effect on others of our kind unless released in very large doses. What I just put out there must have hit the sweet spot because Alex suddenly snorted, rammed his thick cock several more inches down my throat and then finished pissing. But instead of pulling out, his grip tightened on the back of my head. My throat stretched to accept his throbbing shaft and out of blurry, watery eyes I saw the woman coming back with the canine Furkin at her side.

“I hear you want me to pop your cherry. Is that right?” the canine man asked.

Unable to verbally answer, I nodded. The canine variant walked behind me and with his hands guiding me my hips raised. A moment later I felt the tapered, pointed tip of his cock sliding along my vulva and then it slid in maybe an inch. He said something to the effect that if I wanted him I would have to push back and acting on their own my hips rocked back. There was a slight pinching that might have hurt more had I not been thoroughly turned on and as he slid deeper he grabbed my hips and slammed into me. He may have started on the thin side but every thrust increased both his length and girth until he was filling me completely. The base a whole lot thicker than the rest actually hurt as is forced its way in and out but at the same time it hit my g-spot as if it was designed to do just that and like my mother said, I erupted in orgasm.

My pheromones drifting on the wind, I watched as one, three, eight and then

more than a dozen men and women – human and Furkin alike approached as Alex and the canine variant took me from both ends. Meanwhile, Alex's slave woman maneuvered herself under me. Asking my permission and getting it, she began playing with my engorged clit. Mouth filled with cock, hands busy propping me up I brought my tail around and flicked the furred tip against her nipples. Horse, three variants of cats, another canine and a deer made up the Furkin now surrounding me. Three human men and four women made up the remaining seven. It was a lot for my first time, but I was incredibly horny and my mind was set to enjoy this special night to the fullest so pulling my mouth off of Alex's cock I gave them all permission to have their way with me.

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Lying on the grass thirty feet inside of Furtopia, I stared up at a sky showing the first signs of daylight. Four hours. That's how long my first gang banged lasted. Every hole was fucked repeatedly. I drank the piss of three Furkin and five humans. I swallowed semen. Was filled with it. My light coating of fur matted with sweat and even more semen, I panted and purred as human and Furkin alike walked by me as if I was just another whore lying on the side of the road. Eventually regaining my breath I rolled onto all fours and looked around for the nearest bathroom. Spotting a sign at the first crossroad, I crawled like an animal and made it all of fifteen feet before a young, lithe canine variant approached.

"Hey there babe."

"H-Hey," I panted. "Um, I really need to get to the bathroom if you want to walk and talk."

"Actually, I'd rather breed you like, well, like a cow if you're open to that."

"Um, I just spent the last four hours getting gang banged and I don't think I can take anymore right now, sorry."

"No worries babe. I'm not gonna lie. You're by far the sexiest bovine variant I've ever seen. I know this is forward, but you seeing anyone??"

"I literally lost my virginity four hours ago so no. I'm Grace by the way and if you want to talk please do so showing me to the nearest bathroom."

"Sure. I'm Zack and it is an absolute pleasure meeting you."

“Likewise. So, um, you really want to be with me after I’ve been gang banged?”

“God yes! Seriously. There are a lot of beautiful Furkin here but none of them come even close to you.”

“Thanks, but if you’re only saying that to have sex with me it isn’t going to work.”

“I’d mean it even if we never see each other again. That being said, I’m perfectly content getting to know you before we do anything sexual.” Leading me another hundred or so feet he stopped and thumbed towards a large building to his left. “This is it. Would you like me wait out here for you?”

“Sure. After several hours of non-stop sex I need a break. Um, if you’re hungry I could go for some breakfast if you know a good place.”

“Absolutely. You go ahead and take care of business and I’ll wait here for you.”

“Thanks.” Crawling up to the door if only because I was far too exhausted to stand, I reached up, turned the knob and then crawled into a large open bathroom with stalls on the left and right and a dozen or so showerheads along the back wall where three human women and five Furkin cleaned themselves. A stall on the left opened and one of the bull security guards walked out, took one look at me and grinned. “You looking for a little action before you shower, babe?”

“No thank you.”

“My loss,” he sighed. Keeping his eyes locked on mine for a few more seconds, he turned and walked out. Mustering the strength to stand, I got up and walked to the closest unoccupied showerhead.

Leaving the bathroom I looked all over the place for Zack but he was nowhere in sight. So much for him wanting to be my boyfriend, I thought as I glanced left and right for the tenth time. Giving him a few minutes in case he went into one of the nearby buildings, I gave up and started to walk away when I heard him calling out from a little further up on the opposite side of the street.

“HEY!” Zack called out as he jogged in my direction. “Sorry about that. I just wanted to tell my boss I would be taking the rest of the day off and it took a little longer than expected.

“Um, you’re not missing work for me are you?”

“It’s no problem. The manager is my aunt and she’s cool with me taking the morning off to get to know you. Would you like to meet her?”

“Um, sure.” I was just about to tell him my family owned the entire place but held that back to see how he would treat me without knowing. “So, you work at the Pet-Mart? What’s that place all about?”

“Put simply and bluntly, we sell Furkin, but before you judge they’re all willing and signed up to be sold into short-term submission and are free to walk away at any time before being bought.”

“And after they’re bought?”

“They are required to serve the terms of their contracts or repay the money paid for them. Seeing as how that can be in the tens or even hundreds of thousands of dollars depending on the grade of the Furkin you can imagine why only those serious about serving as submissives and sex slaves sign up.”

“Hundreds of thousands of dollars? Do the Furkin get any of that?”

“Each Furkin sold receives eighty percent of their contract fee upon completion and the remaining twenty percent goes to us for advertising and other expenses.

Um, I get that you're new to all of this but are you interested in being sold?"

"Not particularly, but for hundreds of thousands of dollars I might be persuaded otherwise."

"Well, in all fairness not every Furkin goes for that much so I wouldn't get your hopes up. Not that I don't think you could fetch that sort of price, but you have to be willing to do pretty much anything under the sun for a fairly lengthy period of time and not many are willing to go that far."

"Five hours ago I was a virgin. Since then I've been gang banged, double and triple penetrated, drank several bladderfuls of piss and pretty much been bred like the cow that I am. Not to mention having sex with men and woman alike. When I came here I told myself that I would not turn anything down so I'm pretty sure that qualifies me as willing to do anything. And from what I've experienced so far I'm definitely more than willing to do it for a very long time."

"So, you do want to be sold then?"

"That's not what I said. I'm just saying don't judge a book by its cover is all. Anyways, what do you mean by the grade of the Furkin being sold and how do you grade them?"

"First and foremost is appearance. And I can say with all sincerity that you score an 'A' in that department. Second is your list of limits. The fewer you have the higher price you'll fetch. And third is your experience. Some like an experienced slave they don't have to spend a lot of time training while others want the exact opposite. In my experience the newer the slave is to sex and submission the higher price they'll fetch."

"Okay, so based on my appearance, my declaration that I'm willing to do anything without question and the fact that I just lost my virginity several hours ago how much do you think I'd fetch?"

"That all depends on how long you're willing to serve. The minimum contract is one month and that'll fetch you ten to fifteen grand. But if you're willing to sign on for a year it jumps to a quarter million per year of limitless service. And I do mean limitless. If your new owner wants to breed you you'll have his babies. If he wants to brand you you'll accept their mark with a smile. The only things not permitted are those prohibited by law. For instance, they can't make you rob a

bank or amputate a limb but they can whore you out and do pretty much any other form of body modification. And for the record, horns and tails count as parts of the body they cannot have removed even though you'd grow them back."

"Holy shit! Seriously?"

"Seriously. I can see it in your eyes Grace. You want to be sold don't you?"

"Kind of, but my mother would kill me if I did something that crazy so soon after losing my virginity."

"There is the Furtopia option. You can sell yourself to the resort itself for a shorter duration to see if the slave life is really your thing. The contracts are for one to three weeks and will earn you five grand a week for limitless service. The only catch is you'll have to live here for the duration and you won't be able to leave until your contract ends unless it's a medical emergency our clinic can't handle."

"Um, how do you know who has sold themselves to Furtopia versus those that haven't?"

"Those wearing light green collars around their necks are resort slaves. Anyways, if that's something that interests you we can talk to my aunt inside," he said as he pulled the glass door open.

Just as its name implies, the Pet-Mart was set up much like any grocery store with shelves lining either side of wide aisles but in place of boxes, bottles, cans and other containers of food were all manner of Furkin dressed in form-fitting latex and leather designed to accentuate their every curve and asset. Below each was a small tag with their name, length of service and asking price. And it was not just females selling themselves. As I glanced down the aisles I saw more than a few males staring back at me.

"Hey Aunt Helen. This is Grace, the beautiful bovine I was telling you about. Grace, this is my Aunt Helen and she runs this place during the day."

"Nice to meet you," I said with a polite smile.

"Likewise. And you're every bit as stunning as my nephew said."

“Um, she might be willing to sell herself if you have room on the shelves for more stock.”

“We always have room. And if not I’ll have more shelves installed. “You look on the young side Grace. How old are you?”

“Today is my eighteenth birthday Ma’am.”

“Nice. Any experience yet?”

I told her everything I had done since arriving at Furtopia and her smile grew broader with every fetish mentioned. “That all being said, I’m not sure I could sell myself to someone I’ve never met but I might be willing to sell myself to the resort for a couple of weeks just to see what being a slave is all about.”

“We can definitely make that happen but first you’ll need to be graded and marked.”

“Marked?”

“All Furkin selling themselves are marked with the Pet-Mart brand on their left hip and that includes resort slaves. And as you can see each of the slaves on display also had their grade branded on their mounds or in the case of the males just above their cock.”

“S-So I’ll have to be branded twice to sell myself?”

“Correct. I can tell you the process is very quick but quite painful and your contract will not begin until the brands are healed enough for you to have rough sex without risk of infection or harming the area which typically takes about two weeks. The question is, do you want to sell yourself into slavery?”

“Yes, but the thought of being branded is making it seem less appealing.”

“Tell you what, since my nephew really likes you I’ll offer you eight grand a week if you accept the full three week contract to be a resort slave.”

“And I don’t have to be branded?” I asked, already knowing the answer before she opened her canine maw.

“Sorry dear, but that’s one part of the rules I am not permitted to break or even bend.”

“I figured. Eight grand a week?” Not that I necessarily needed the money as my family was beyond loaded from owning this place, but on the other hand it would be nice to actually earn it rather than have it handed to me just because I asked.

“Eight grand but you have to serve the full three weeks and since you won’t be able to do that for two weeks after being branded you’ll be required to remain here for a full five weeks. Is that something you can do?”

“I’ll have to make a few phone calls but yeah, I can do that.” HOLY SHIT! I’m doing it. I’m actually selling myself into slavery, I thought as my eyes darted from her to Zack whose huge red rocket was now fully exposed from its furry sheath.

“Well, I’ll give you an unquestioning grade of ‘A’ for appearance and level of experience. That just leaves your limits. Oh, that’s right, you won’t have any for the next three weeks,” she grinned. “I’ll just need you to fill out some paperwork and then have some photos taken to get you in the database and then I’ll take you in the back for the brands.”

“And when do I get paid?”

“At the end of your three weeks of service so if you don’t have much on that thing,” she said pointing to the bracer around my right wrist “I’d consider going to the bank and loading up.”

“I think I have enough to last me a couple of weeks.”

“Okay, before we get started I’m going to ask one more time, are you sure you want to sell yourself into slavery?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Alrighty then, Zack, seeing as how your new friend will be spending the morning here you can go ahead and get back to work. And you,” she said to me “go ahead and swipe your chip on the scanner so I can get your basic information.”

“Yes Ma’am.”

Two hours, about a million questions and three dozen photos later I was taken into a small back room where Aunt Helen shaved my furry hip and mound before she pressed the barrel of a branding gun to each. To say it hurt was the understatement of understatements and had I not been tightly secured to a Saint Andrews there was no way in hell I could have ever stood there and let her do it. But my humiliation and pain was just beginning. As a resort slave without limits she took it upon herself to go ahead and pierce my nipples and hood and when those were done she gave me twelve microdermals along my collarbones which spelled out BREEDING COW with a gem spacer between the words to fill all of the anchors. Adding a light green collar around my neck, she unbuckled the leather straps holding me in place and then helped me out of the room and back out into the shop where Zack manned the counter.

“Zack, why don’t you be a good friend and show the resort’s newest slave to the appropriate apartments? And since we’re not all that busy at the moment you should stay and tend to her every need.”

“Nothing would please me more,” he replied.

Unfortunately for me, the submissive apartments were on the far eastern side of Furtopia and the only way to get there was on foot. Fortunately, however, the tag hanging from my new collar marked me as untouchable and to my surprise no one even attempted to violate that rule. Once I was settled into my new temporary home I called my mother and explained everything to her. Though surprised she was actually cool with my decision and promised to check in on me every day. She also promise to keep her ownership of the resort secret for the time being as I explored things with my new friend. My second call went to my twin sister Hannah who immediately said she would be right over before hanging up.

“There’s something I need to tell you Master. My identical twin sister is on her way to see me.”

“Twin? Nice. Do you think she’ll sell herself as well?”

“No idea. I have a pretty good idea of what’s running through your mind right now and the answer is no. I don’t mind even a little if you want to be her friend as well. And I mean that in every sense of the word.”

“I appreciate that but I’m not going to have sex with her before we do.”

“I’m a resort slave now Master so in exactly two weeks I’m yours to do with as you please.”

“True, but I prefer my partners to be willing.”

“Trust me Master, I’m more than willing. Hell, I’d let you fuck me right now if we wouldn’t get in trouble for breaking the rules.”

“Well, until we can why don’t we get to know each other a little better? You say you have an identical twin. Do you have any other siblings?”

“I have seven brothers and six other sisters, Master. What about you?”

“I’m a rare single birth but I have triplet sisters who are three years older than me and two sets of twin brothers. One older and the other younger. Unfortunately, my mother passed away two years ago from complications from what those people did to her and my father basically drank himself out of our lives so Aunt Helen has been taking care of us though she really doesn’t have to since we all work here.”

“Sorry to hear about your mother.”

“Thanks. What about your parents?”

“My mother is still alive and doing well all things considered and I never knew my father. She was actually taken, modified and trained at the now infamous farm and that’s where she was impregnated with me and my twin sister Hannah. Seeing as how the father was one of the men responsible for her being turned into a human cow she thought it best not to find out which one it was.”

“How anyone could do that to another human being is beyond me, but on the bright side the world now has you so it’s not all bad, right?”

“You know, I’ve spent countless…” at that point the door burst open and my

twin sister barged in. “Um, ever hear of knocking?”

“Um, ever hear of telling your twin you’re selling yourself into slavery?” she shot back. “What the actual fuck, Grace? Sorry, hi, I’m Hannah,” she said to Zack. “And you are?”

“My boyfriend so don’t go getting any ideas,” I blurted out.

“I’m Zack and the pleasure is all mine.”

“Boyfriend? Do you even know anything about him besides his name and the fact he probably had a decently sized cock? You have had sex with him, right?”

“Nope. But I did get gang banged by more than a dozen Furkin and humans including a few canine variants so I have a pretty good idea what he’s packing,” I said as I absent-mindedly reached out and began stroking his furry sheath.

“Unless you want to be disciplined I’d stop that,” he said, though the tone told me that was the last thing he wanted. Unfortunately, I listened and he sighed in disappointment.

“So, you going to tell me about selling your...holy fucking, Grace, were you branded?” she asked as her eyes focused on my shaved mound.

“Twice. And pierced multiple times. And I did it because I wanted to see what life as a sex slave would be like short term. If that’s something you can’t handle then I suggest...”

“Can’t handle? Are you kidding me? I think you’re fucking amazing for going the distance. Seriously, I may have spent the last six months talking about all the messed up shit I was going to do once those damn chastity devices came off but I’ve only had sex with like three male Furkin and one female since I got here and they were all one-on-one experiences. What else have you done?”

“Long story short, I had sex with men and women of the Furkin and human variety, drank a couple of gallons of piss and several loads of semen while the rest was pumped as deep inside of me as possible. I also managed to take two dicks in my pussy at the same time. The first was with two humans and then a human and bull variant. We tried it with a canine variant but he couldn’t get past the knot.”

“WOW! I’ve never actually been simultaneously turned on and revolted before. It’s an odd sensation to say the least. But seriously, slavery?”

“It’ll be an experience that mom is one-hundred percent on board with and the money was hard to pass up.”

“Well, more power to you because I sure as hell don’t have the guts to go that far.”

“You’re identical twins,” Zack said “I’m sure you’re capable of far more than you give yourself credit for.”

“Thanks, but I know my limits and they fall far short of slavery.”

“That’s a shame, but to each their own. Anyways, Grace and I were just getting to know each other when you barged in so do you mind if we get back to it?”

“Not at all,” she said as she sat at the foot of the bed.”

“Alone,” I said, my eyes going from my twin to the door behind her.

“Right. I’d say don’t do anything I wouldn’t but we’re way past that,” she grinned. “Have fun. I’ll be at home sleeping for the rest of the day if you need me.”

“I can’t leave Furtopia for the next five weeks so you’ll have to bring your problems to me,” I replied. She just shook her head, gave Zack a quick nod and then left the apartment. “So, where were we?” I asked as my fingers wrapped around his furry sheath.

“As much as I want you to jerk me off there are cameras in the apartments recording everything around the clock and I’d really rather not be disciplined.”

“Um, correct me if I’m wrong but the rules say I can’t have sex for the next two weeks and according to those same rules sex is defined as penetrations. Since when is a handjob penetration?”

“That’s actually a fair point. Okay, if you’re up for it I’ll gladly let you jerk me off but know you’re under no obligation to do so.”

“Thank you Master.” Giving him a gentle squeeze, I continued stroking his sheath until his pointed, tapered red cock emerged. I am not going to lie. It took every ounce of strength I had remaining to hold my pheromones and urge to take him deep inside of me at bay as I practically drooled over his growing cock.

“Um, about calling you my boyfriend...”

“I figured you said it to keep her from coming after me so no worries.”

“I did, but I also meant it,” I said as I continued to stroke his fat cock. “Sure we just met but I like you and I think we’ll get along just fine. You know I sold myself into slavery for you, right?”

“For me?”

“Don’t act all innocent now. I saw how horny you were getting just at the thought of me doing it. At least this way I’ll be here where you can use me however you desire instead of off with a stranger I don’t know. Anyways, all this pre-cum is making a mess so I’m going to suck you off now and deal with the consequences when they come.”

“If we’re going to break the rules we might as well go big,” he grinned. And with a quick position change the pointed tip of his cock was sliding along my vulva. I nodded and in he went knot and all. “Ooohhhh god!” I moaned as his knot pressed against my g-spot. “This is so worth whatever discipline they throw at us, Master.” Rolling over so that I was head down and ass up, I looked at him over my shoulder. “Breed me, Master. Oh god, please make me your bitch!”

“Nothing would make me happier, slave.” And with that he pulled the fist-sized knot out and then slammed it right back in causing me to gush in orgasm. Using my juices as lube, he pushed three thick fingers into my ass while using his free hand to hold onto my left horn. It was by far the single most exciting thing I had experienced to that point and the pleasure I was experiencing dulled the pain from being branded and pierced so much I barely felt either as he showed amazing control in fucking just the knot in and out while copious amounts of pre-cum filled and then leaked out of me between thrusts.

After maybe three dozen more powerful thrusts he slammed into me and then did something I was not expecting. Pulling me onto all fours by the horns, I felt his sharp canine teeth sink into the back of my neck. Not hard enough to break the skin but definitely enough to tell me I now belonged to him. He did not let go

until the last drop of semen was deposited and his knot was deflated enough to easily pull free. Throughout the twenty or so minute breeding I maintained a submissive position through three more very intense orgasms and when he finally pulled out I rolled over, threw my arms around him and then kissed him hard.

“That. Was. Amazing. Master.” I panted.

“My feelings exactly, slave. And you were right. We’re going to get along just fine.”

“I hope so, Master, because I’m pretty sure I’m now addicted to your cock and I don’t want to go another day without it.”

“You do understand the discipline increases with every infraction, right?”

“Small price to pay, Master, but I understand if you don’t want to risk it.”

“I’ll take the twenty-five swats. Hell, I’ll take fifty and probably a hundred but I’m afraid I draw the line when it comes to them branding and collaring me a permanent slave to the resort.”

“That’s fair, Master. Will you at least let me pleasure you with my hands until we can have sex again without being disciplined?”

“Absolutely, but I’m stopping the second you attempt to have sex with me again and that includes blowjobs.”

One of the many benefits of having one of the owners and founders of Furtopia as a mother was access to the resorts rulebook which I had spent the better part of the last six months memorizing. “Actually, Master, we can avoid being disciplined altogether but it would require us to make it official.”

“Meaning?”

“Meaning, Master, that if you register me as your slave we can have all the sex we want without fear of being disciplined.”

“That’s a pretty huge step Grace. Don’t get me wrong, I love everything about you but we just met.”

“And I’m asking you to register me as your property. I know, it’s insane, but I love everything about you as well, Master, and I really, really want you to fuck the hell out of me before others have a chance to use me for what I am,” I said as I pointed a finger at the microdermals spelling out BREEDING COW along my collarbones.

“You understand I would own you completely, right?”

“Only here at Furtopia, Master, but if you respect and continue treating me right I will gladly serve you outside these walls as well. If it sways your decision at all, I truly am willing to try everything at least once. But if I’m being completely honest of all the dicks that I’ve had I love the canine variant the best and yours is by far the biggest I’ve had so I guess I’m being a little biased in my choice of Masters, but after everything I’ve been through I think I deserve to be.”

“I do love your honesty. Tell you what, as I said before I’m willing to take a few punishments to be with you so why don’t we give it a few days and see how we get along before jumping straight into a Master/slave relationship?”

“That proves to me even more that you’re the right Furkin for me, Master. I mean think about it. Why would you be so willing to be caned just to have sex with me if you didn’t already know in your heart this was meant to be? I’m not trying to pressure you or anything, Master, but I think we both stumbled upon something amazing in each other and it would be a shame to let that go to waste. That being said, the decision is yours to make and I will accept it fully no matter what you choose.”

“It’s a long walk to the registration office,” he said as he held a hand out for me to take.” I eagerly took it and then he took me. Spinning me around, he pushed my upper body down until my head was on the bed and then his amazing cock was slamming in and out of me. “If we’re going to do this,” he grunted “I’m going to be the one breeding you so be prepared to take me at least five times a day.”

“With pleasure, Master.”

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I was registered to Master Zack Owens at exactly eleven-thirty and because I wore the resort collar around my neck I placed his around my left thigh. To

prove my loyalty and dedication to being his slave I immediately asked to bear his mark and we settled on Zack's Bitch written around a puppy paw which was branded into the tender flesh of my left breast. The whole ordeal making us both horny as hell he fucked me right there in the middle of the registration office in front of thirty or so others and made sure to pull my head back by the horns so that they could all see my bliss-filled expression as I surrendered myself completely to him.

When he was done making a show of dominance, I followed my new Master out of the registration office feeling completely renewed and absolutely starving. "Um, Master, I never did get breakfast and I'm actually pretty freaking hungry. Is there anywhere you would recommend we celebrate our first meal together?"

"The Dairy Cow Café is right next door and all things considered that seems appropriate."

"That it does, Master." Looking down, I suddenly realized I had spent the last several hours butt naked save for the pair of knee high boots and that I would probably never see my favorite dress again. "Um, Master, after lunch can we go shopping for new clothes?"

"I prefer you naked but if you would like to wear something there are several shops we can visit but I think that can wait until after you've gotten a solid eight hours sleep."

"Thank you Master." I was pretty exhausted and his continued concern for my well-being was further proof I had made the right decision. Now, I just have to explain my actions to my twin sister and mother, I thought as I followed him to the café.

“You obviously have no idea who I am,” I heard my mother say as I woke from a mostly restful sleep.

“I don’t care who you are, lady, you have no right barging in here as if you own the place so unless you want to be arrested I strongly suggest turning around and going back the way you came so I can go take care of my bitch.”

“Bitch? Grace is not a...”

By this time I had rolled out of bed and was standing in the doorway between the bedroom and the rest of the small apartment. “It’s okay mom. I really am his bitch,” I said pointing to my freshly branded left breast.

“Mom?” Master Zack replied. “Why didn’t you start with that? You okay, hun?” he asked, looking over his shoulder at me.

“I could use another week of sleep, Master, but I think we both know that’s never going to happen.” Walking into the living room, I stood to the right of my new owner and stared at my mother. “Mom, this is my new Master, Zack. Master, this is my mother Heidi.”

“Nice to meet you. And sorry about yelling at you but bovine variant or not, I had no way of knowing you were Grace’s mother.”

“Apology accepted. And you’re right, I had no right barging in as I did.”

“You have my permission to barge in unannounced whenever you like mom. That being said, is there something you wanted?”

“You called and told me you sold yourself as a resort slave and I told you I’d check up on you every day so here I am. What you didn’t tell me, however, was that you and Zack were so serious. You’re marked as his bitch, Grace, and that can only mean you’ve been registered as his slave. Care to tell me how that happened?”

“I asked Master to register me. I know, it all happened so fast but I’ve never been surer about anything or anyone in my life. From the moment we met Master has done nothing but treat me with respect and look out for my well-being. He didn’t even want to have sex with me until we got to know each other better and when I pushed the topic he willingly accepted being disciplined just to be with me. I knew then I had made the right decision and asked him to make our relationship official. And as long as he continues treating me with that same level of respect and compassion I’ll continue serving as his loyal and obedient slave.”

“How old are you Zack? Do you have a job? Are you in college? What are your plans for the future? Do you have the means to provide my daughter the life she deserves?”

“I’m twenty years old, Ma’am, and I work at a place here at Furtopia called the Pet-Mart with my Aunt Helen. If I could afford college I would be there but unfortunately I have siblings I help take care of so that’s not really an option at the moment. As for providing Grace with the future she deserves, I can only say I’ll do everything in my power to ensure she has everything she needs.”

“How many siblings are you taking care of? Why are you taking care of them? And how much money are you making?”

“MOM!”

“It’s okay,” Master said, his voice calm and collected. “If our positions were reversed I’d be asking the same questions. “I’m helping to take care of my older triplet sisters and younger twin brothers and I’m doing so because they have no one else to look after them besides me and Aunt Helen. That collar around your neck marks you as Generation Alpha. You know better than anyone being a Furkin isn’t easy and my sisters have had an incredibly hard time of it. They’ve been treated, well, like animals all their lives and things only got worse after our mother passed away due to complications from that,” he said pointing to the metal collar around my mother’s neck. Our father basically drank himself out of our lives and we’ve been doing the best we can ever since. As for money, I make twenty dollars an hour plus ten percent commission on every Furkin that willingly sells herself into slavery.”

“Thank you for being so honest with me Zack. I have just one more question for

you. Do you love my daughter?”

“With every fiber of my being,” he answered without hesitation.

“You’re right, I am part of Generation Alpha and I know full well what this life brings which is why I helped found this place more than a decade ago with my parents and a few others. That being the case, I would like to sit down with your siblings and see what I can do to help them better their lives. I would also like to pay for you to go to college so you can better yourself.”

“I really appreciate the offer, Ma’am, but I actually love what I do here and honestly can’t see myself doing anything else so instead of paying for me to go to college maybe you can help my brothers and sisters reach their fullest potential.”

“I think that can be arranged. As for your current job, I think a raise to thirty dollars an hour and twenty-five percent of the commission is in order.”

“Again, I thank you for the offer, but I’d rather not have preferential treatment because I’m madly in love with your daughter.”

“How long have you been working at the Pet-Mart and when was your last raise?”

“Two years, three months and I haven’t had any raises.”

“Then like I said it’s about time you had one.”

“You’re not going to win against her, Master, so accept it graciously,” I said as I gently squeezed his hand.

“Thank you Ma’am.”

“It’s my pleasure. I can see how much the two of you care for each other,” she said, her eyes briefly going to our clasped hands. “Continue treating her right and you’ll always have a place here. But cross the line and know there’s nowhere you can hide from my wrath.”

“I would never do anything to intentionally cause harm to her or anyone else for that matter, Ma’am.”

“Well, I think this is cause for celebration,” Mom exclaimed. “Why don’t we find your sister and have a nice meal at the Cumeaterie?”

“She was here this morning but I haven’t seen her since. She actually said she was going home.”

“She wasn’t there when I left. Go ahead and get ready and I’ll see if I can find out where she went.”

“Okay. And thank you mom,” I said, giving her a tight hug.

“My pleasure,” she whispered in my ear. “Now go take a shower and I’ll wait for you downstairs.” With that she let go of me and left me alone with my Master.

“I think she likes you Master.”

“I see where you get your stunning looks from,” he replied. “Is she seriously one of the owners?”

“She is. And also former FBI so please believe me when I say if you treat me poorly she’ll bury you so deep no one will ever find the body.”

“I believe you. Now, let’s do as she asked and go take a shower.”

“Yes Master.”

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After our shower Master and I met my mother downstairs and then we walked together to the Cumeaterie for an Italian dinner – each served with more than thirty loads of the most delicious semen I had ever tasted. We were seated and ready to order when my twin finally arrived looking completely exhausted and barely able to walk. The light greed collar around her neck. Her shaved hip and mound. Light reflecting from the letters now adorning her chest spelling out the words BREEDING COW. Before she even opened her mouth to tell us the news I knew she had sold herself as a resort slave.

“You too?” mom asked as Hannah took her seat.”

“I couldn’t let Grace have all the fun. I’m just glad I get the next two weeks off

because I don't think I can handle much more."

"You'd be surprised," I replied. "I'm registered as Master Zack's sex slave now and he's been breeding me ever since. Am I in pain from all the brandings and piercings? Yes. But serving him makes it all worth it."

"How do you feel about owning a set of twins?" my sister grinned.

"Before you answer, Master, let me just say I am completely okay with you owning and breeding both of us."

"Then there's your answer. But I think registration can wait until after dinner."

"Yes Master," Hannah said with a shit-eating grin that told me he was not the only one in this relationship she planned on having sex with. From the look on her face mom caught on to that fact as well.

"As nice as it would be to have both of you being taken care of by the same Master, for obvious reasons it's also a horrible idea. I should also mention it's against the rules."

"Um, I've memorized the entire rulebook long before I ever came here, mom, and no such rule exists."

"It will right after dinner. "I'm sorry, but I draw the line at what you're thinking," mom said as she turned her attention to Hannah. "There are plenty of men out there for you to choose from. You don't need to serve the same one as your sister. Besides, his plate will be full training and breeding Grace and you need someone willing and able to give you the time and commitment you deserve."

Nothing more was said about it and the four of us spent the better part of the next three hours talking and getting to know the new man in my life before Hannah made her way to the submissive apartments where we would spend the next five weeks as neighbors. Mom excused herself around four in the morning and then Master and I left a few minutes later. Not really all that tired, he gave me the grand tour of Furtopia and made sure to point out all the places I should avoid if I did not want more brands. He also took me to the various shops where we purchased clothes for me to wear and toys for him to use during my training. Before turning in for the morning, he left me in a chastity belt locking in an

electronic pillory that would only release me upon successful completion of sucking off no fewer than fifty men.

Challenge accepted, I parted my lips for a handsome, fit brown and white stallion variant with one of the biggest dicks I had ever laid eyes on. The flared head barely fitting in my mouth, I did my best to pleasure him even as I gagged on it.