

PETGIRL POLITICS



Crimson Rose

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Stepping into a walk-in closet the size of a small apartment, Paige stepped between racks of latex and leather dresses, skirts and tops to the back where her favorite costumes took up more than half the space. Gloves and boots of varying lengths and patterns – some with paws and hooves built in. Headbands with different types of ears attached. Latex catsuits with built in knee pads in patterns to match the gloves and boots. Butt plugs with tails resembling more than a dozen animals attached. Masks that covered the top of the face. Masks that covered the lower half of the face. Masks that covered the entire face. All designed to resemble the same animals represented by the plugs. It was everything she needed for the lifestyle she had turned into a very lucrative career.

Today, her client was looking for a sexy doe to parade around so she picked out the appropriate attire and laid all but the plug out on the bed. Taking it with her to the bathroom, she sat it on the marble counter next to the sink. From a small closet to the right of the tub where most people would keep toiletries or towels, she gathered a large blue rubber bag, clear hose, and a long slender nozzle which she attached to one end of the tubing before placing the other end at the bottom of the bag which she then filled with hot water for the first of several enemas that would clean her out for whatever the night had in store. Not that she ever set out to have sex with whomever paid for her services, but more often than not it was added to the bill soon after they saw her in gull gear. And when they looked as good as her evening client she was more than happy to provide whatever they desired. For the right price of course.

For most a shower would suffice for a first date, but for Paige everything had to be absolutely perfect inside and out. And it started with sucking the metal enema nozzle into her mouth. Once it was thoroughly coated with saliva, she reached back and easily slid its thin length into her behind. Getting down on all fours, she turned the valve on the tube connected to the bag and as the hot water began filling her bowels she spread her legs at the same time her head lowered to the floor so that it could flow as deeply as possible. After more than five thousand enemas she easily resisted the immediate need to run to the toilet that always got her when she first started down the path of depravity she now lived openly.

It only took the bag about five minutes to empty, but Paige remained kneeling for another fifteen to let the liquid do its job before sitting on the toilet. She then filled the bag for a second time, emptied it, waited and then evacuated her bowels. After repeating the process, a third time she cleaned everything, used a metal ring to hold the fill end of the bag open to dry and then grabbed the butt plug. Once again using saliva as lube, she eased it into her ass before finally starting the bath. When the water was about an inch deep she dropped one of her favorite bath bombs in. It took just moments for the sensual, sweet and slightly fruity floral aromas of jasmine, clary sage and ylang-ylang to tickle her nostrils in the most delightful of ways.

After her bath, Paige thoroughly dried off and then returned to her bedroom to get dressed. Starting with the deer costume, she put on the catsuit followed by the gloves and matching thigh-high boots, leaving the mask and fluffy tan and white tail for when she arrived at her destination. Because this particular catsuit was cupless as well as crotchless she next put on her sexiest little black dress which totally clashed with everything else she was wearing, but at least she would not get arrested for indecent exposure during her long drive to the countryside where her client waited to use her as their personal pet.

In the five years Paige has worked as a petgirl for hire she had never once been taken advantage of and she attributed it to two rules she absolutely refused to break for anyone. First was her insistence on having a guard present. For the entirety of her career that has been her best friend Amanda who, prior to taking the position spent three years as a policewoman. And second, all encounters were to be recorded from start to finish with Amanda also acting as camerawoman.

Amanda had just plopped down on the couch to relax after doing her morning chores when the ringing of the phone elicited an annoyed sigh which immediately ended when she saw who was calling. "Hey babe! Please tell me you've got another client because I just might die of boredom if you don't."

"Well, I can't be responsible for my best friend's death now can I?" Paige replied. "I've got a client so I'll be requiring your services, but there's a twist this time that you might not like."

"And that would be?"

“I know you said you’d never do it but I’m going to need you to dress up as your favorite animal for this one, babe.”

“What part of ‘I’ll never do it’ don’t you understand? I’ll be your guard and camerawoman because I don’t want some creep taking advantage but being a petgirl is your fetish, not mine. Besides, how am I supposed to protect and record you if I’m crawling around on all fours like an animal?”

“I’m not asking you to be a petgirl, Amanda, just dress as one while doing the job I pay you very well to do. Besides, it was part of the compromise I made with this particular client for what they were asking of me.”

“And you didn’t think to ask before involving me? What compromise did you make, Paige? Spill it or you can find yourself another guard.”

“Calm down. All you have to do is dress up as whatever animal you’d like for the entire weekend and in exchange I’ll give you triple your normal fee. You don’t have to appear on camera or behave like a petgirl in any way, shape or form.”

“We’ve known each other since we were three, Paige, so don’t think for a second that you can lie to me. Come on, out with it. What aren’t you telling me?”

“I’ve been pet to everyone from doctors and lawyers, to policemen and politicians. They are willing to let me record the whole experience because I’ve built a reputation as someone that can be trusted with their deepest, darkest secrets. But I could ruin each and every one of them with a push of a few buttons so put yourself in their shoes for a moment. Is it really too much to ask for all parties present to participate in some manner?”

“You just said I wouldn’t have to act like an animal and now you’re saying the exact opposite? Which is it Paige? How am I supposed to trust you when you change the story on me?”

“I’m not changing the story. I never said you had to act like an animal. I said all parties were required to participate. As part of the compromise, you’ll have to spent at least three hours each day having sex with me, the client and whomever else will be involved for the weekend event. Wait, before you say anything let me sweeten the deal. Accept and I’ll pay five times your normal rate. Accept and act like an animal for those three hours each day and I’ll make it ten. This is a

very important client that I'd rather not lose so time is of the essence here Amanda."

Amanda knew this day would come sooner rather than later and she had mentally prepared herself for it as best she could, but now that it was here she found herself second guessing herself. Five times her normal rate was a lot of money for a weekend of work and ten was just ridiculous, but she did not want to seem overly eager to do something she swore never to engage in. "Make it half of whatever you're making and I'll act like an animal," she countered.

"For half you're going to have to be an animal for a hell of a lot longer than three hours a day. If you want half then you're going to have to be an animal for half the time."

"Fifteen times then. That's my final offer. Take it or I'm out on this one."

"Fifteen times normal pay for five hours of being a petgirl each day starting today and ending Sunday. That includes everything Amanda and you've watched me long enough to know exactly what that means. So, do we have a deal or do I call Molly?"

"I don't like it even a little, but...we have a deal."

"Then what animal shall I lay out for you?"

"I've seen your collection of costumes. Pick something with a small plug thank you very much."

"You're right, you have seen my collection. So, tell me what you want to spend the weekend dressed as or I'll choose at random."

Amanda knew what that meant and the last thing she wanted was a fist-sized plug stretching her tight back door. Trying to recall plug sizes, she thought back to the many clients she saw her best friend pleasuring over the years. Dog. Cat. Horse. Pig. Monkey. Bunny. She could picture each form-fitting latex outfit with perfect clarity but with the exception of the horse which she knew always came with a massive plug, she was having a hard time placing the rest. "Um, I'll dress up as a dog then," she replied.

"Good choice. We need to be at our destination by three so I'm going to need

you to come right over. Strip the second you come in and then head straight to my private bathroom for a shower. I'll have everything laid out for you. Understood?"

"Got it. I'll be there in fifteen." The butterflies bombarding her stomach making her feel more than a little woozy, Amanda hung up the phone, put her shoes on, grabbed her purse and keys and then headed out the door for a weekend she was already dreading.

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Knowing the door would be unlocked when she arrived, Amanda walked in without knocking and kicked her shoes off as the door closed behind her. Next went her socks followed by her purple tee shirt, bra, jeans and panties. Leaving them on the floor where they lay, she walked butt naked through her best friend's, and not for the first time. Both women very curious by nature, it was only natural for she and Paige to experiment with each other. Their first time was when they were fifteen. That was a decade ago and through boyfriends, girlfriends and a failed marriage on both sides they had remained occasional lovers.

"Hey babe," Amanda said as she walked into her best friend's bedroom. "Or should I say dear?" she grinned. "I guess this means you won't be joining me in the shower."

"Not this time babe. We don't have a lot of time so hurry up."

"Yes Ma'am."

"Make sure to give yourself an enema while you're in there."

"I give myself three every morning but if you think I need another..."

"Just one to make sure you're cleaned out. And here, plug your ass while you're in there," Paige said, holding out a long, oddly shaped toy that Amanda recognized as a dog's cock.

"Um, what the hell is that?"

"The plug that goes with the dog costume. And no, you may not change your

mind so take it and don't come out until that fat knot is stuffing that sexy ass of yours."

"There's no way in hell I can take anything that big and you know it so give me the real toy."

"That is the real toy, Amanda. You chose the dog and it comes with a realistic plug. Now go shower."

"But that knot is as big as my damn fist. I can't take anything that big."

"Because you've never tried. Try, Amanda, or I'll put it in for you. And given our time constraints you've got thirty minutes."

"I knew accepting your offer was a bad idea," Amanda said as she took the large toy from her friend's hand. "Can I at least have some lube?"

"You can use the bottle in the bathroom. It's a desensitizer so taking the knot shouldn't hurt. Now get your ass in gear before I break out the cane."

"You wouldn't!" Seeing by the look on her friend's face that she most certainly would, Amanda quickly turned and walked into the adjoining bathroom.

Taking a shower and giving herself an enema were a simple matter. Taking the nearly foot long plug realistically shaped like a canine cock? Not so much. The tapered tip of the reddish-pink toys and the shaft slid in with relative ease, but even with the pain diminished the knot was just too large for her tight hole to accept. Minutes ticked away. Desperation set in. Standing the toy up on the edge of the tub, she lowered herself to the knot, raised up and then relaxed every muscle in her lower body. Down she went. Even with the desensitizing nature of the lube the pain was immense, but she groaned through it as the knot stretched her sphincter which immediately snapped shut around the slimmer shaft behind it. "HOLY MOTHERFUCKING GOD DAMN SON OF A BITCH!" she screeched as her ass hit the tub. "D-Don't worry," she called out "I'm okay. That was just the knot going in."

"Glad to hear it," Paige replied. "Now get your butt out here and get dressed."

"I still have nine minutes and after that I need another shower."

Walking a bit funny, Amanda emerged from the bathroom eight minutes later. “I’ve had this damn thing up my ass for several minutes now and I’m still not used to it. How in the hell can you enjoy being fisted so damn much?”

“Practice. Lots and lots of practice. Not to mention the fact that it feels freaking amazing. Besides, you’ll be a petgirl this weekend and I can guarantee that’ll include being fisted multiple times. Here, put this on,” Paige said, holding out a brindle patterned catsuit.

Taking the garment, Amanda held it up and instantly raised a brow. “Um, I think you forgot the rest of it,” she said, eyes darting from the open bust to cut out crotch.

“You’ve seen it before so don’t act all surprised about it now, babe.”

“Not surprised. I just never thought I’d be the one wearing it. Or have a plug shaped like a dog’s cock shoved up my ass for that matter,” Amanda said as she put the catsuit on. “Never thought about having sex with a dog and would never actually do it, but at least now I know what it’ll feel like to be filled by one.”

“Ever see two dogs fucking?”

“I have.”

“Can you imagine being pounded like that?”

“I have. Um, thought about being pounded like that. Actually, I’ve been pounded like that. By my fuck machine, not a dog. That being said, can we change the subject?” Picking up one of the gloves, Amanda put it on her right hand and then picked up the left. “And for the record, if there are any dogs wherever we’re going I’m leaving.”

“And I’ll be right behind you.”

“Okay, I’m dressed like a dog and have agreed to be a petgirl for the weekend. Are you going to tell me who this client is or am I going to have to wait until we get there?”

“I’m holding you to what you just said,” Paige replied as she kept her eyes on the road ahead.

“What are you talking about?”

“You just agreed to be a petgirl for the entire weekend. I’m holding you to that. As for the client, her name is Madison. Madison Howard. As in the wife of Mayor Michael Howard. And before you ask, yes, the mayor will be there as well. Now you understand the reason I had to agree to include you as a participant. But that’s not all. As always we’ll need to sign NDA’s before the party begins. Basically, if we ever break them we lose everything and believe me, I’ve got a lot to lose. And I mean it, Amanda, all weekend.”

“We had an agreement. If you’re changing it on me now then you’re also going to give me half of whatever you’re being paid and I want to know exactly how much that is before I sign anything. And before you say anything, that’s non-negotiable.”

“For an entire no-limits weekend playing pet to the mayor and his wife I’m being paid thirty-thousand dollars. If you want half you’ll do the same. No limits whatsoever. If they command it you’ll obey without hesitation or complaint. If you can’t handle that then it’s best you don’t...”

“For fifteen-grand? I accept,” Amanda replied.

“If you’re going to do it for a weekend then perhaps you might think about joining me on a more permanent basis.”

“Then who’d guard and record your sexy, perverted ass? The Mayor and his wife, huh? I wonder if their kids know what they’re into. I wonder if they’re

perverts as well.”

“Maybe we’ll find out this weekend.” With a little time to spare, Paige turned onto a narrow dirt road and then drove to as remote a spot as she could find before pulling over. Leaving the engine running, she opened the door. “Get out and come around to my side,” she commanded, looking over at her best friend and occasional lover.

“Um, what?”

“Just do as you’re told.”

Giving her best friend a raised brow, Amanda nevertheless opened the passenger door, stepped out of the car and then walked around to the driver’s side. “Okay, now what?”

“Now you kneel and put your mouth over my vulva,” Paige said as she got out of her car. “And no licking until after you finish drinking. Is that understood?”

“Finish drinking? Oh god! You can’t be serious.”

“If you want me to believe you can actually spend the entire weekend without limits then you’ll get on your knees and drink my pee without another word. And we don’t have time to go back for another shower so don’t spill a drop,” she added as she hiked her dress up over her hips.

Knowing she could prove she had what it takes to be a complete pervert, or go home, Amanda got down on her knees and did her best to relax her gag reflex. As soon as it hit her tongue she swallowed hard and fast. It was warm, bitter, but not nearly as gross as she imagined it would be. That is not to say she liked it, far from it, but it was at least drinkable without feeling the need or urge to immediately throw up. When the last drops went down she licked Paige clean and then got to her feet. “So, can we get back on the road now or do I need to prove myself some other way?”

“We’ve got about fifty minutes before arriving at our destination,” Paige said as she leaned in and pulled the tiny lever that popped the trunk. There’s something I’ve always wanted to do and now’s as good a time as any,” she continued as she walked to the back of her car and opened a side compartment of a large black duffel bag from which she pulled out a small metal box. From another she

grabbed a pair of purple nitrile gloves. Opening the box, she removed a long hollow needle and a gold ring. Placing one end of the ring into the end of the needle, she walked back to her waiting friend, pinched her left nipple between finger and thumbnail and then placed the sharp beveled tip of the needle against it. “You want me to believe you’ll obey every command this weekend? Then prove it.”

Not knowing exactly what to do, Amanda reached up, bit hard into her lower lip and then pushed the needle through her own nipple until only the ring remained. “Uuhhnnn! I’ll...obey...every...order,” she said through tightly clenched teeth. Looking down, her lips curled into half a smile. “Hey, look, you just gave me a ring. Does this mean we’re engaged?”

“I know you don’t mean that so I won’t bother answering.”

“God damn it Paige! We’ve been friends for more than twenty years and lovers for ten. We’ve been there for each other through thick, thin and everything in-between. After five years I finally agreed to be a petgirl with you. I just drank your piss – which wasn’t half bad by the way, and pierced my own nipple. Do you think I’d do that for anyone else? I love you, Paige, and even if you don...” the rest of her rant was cut off by her best friend’s lips pressed to her own.

“I love you too, Amanda. And I’d be honored to be your wife, but I don’t think the roadside is the best place to discuss wedding plans.”

“It’s not the best place to be used as a toilet and have your nipple pierced either and yet here we are. That being said, are you going to do the other one or do I need to do it myself?”

“Give me a sec, babe.” Going back to the trunk Paige retrieved another needle and ring and the beads to close them which just so happened to come with tiny bells attached. Amanda’s right nipple was pierced as quickly as the left and though she accepted them for now, she was none too thrilled that she would now jingle whenever she moved. “That is so fucking sexy. If we weren’t going to be sexual playthings for the weekend I’d let you pierce mine, but we have to leave at least one pair of tits for the mayor and his wife to play with. And Amanda, I’ll never doubt your commitment again.”

“After this party, I’m piercing yours,” Amanda said as she walked to the passenger side and got in.’

“That’s fair,” Paige said after closing the trunk and getting back into her car.

“You better hope they don’t get infected.”

“I’ll add some medical tape when we get there and ask the clients not to touch them. Actually, I’ll add it as an addendum with a monetary penalty to ensure they obey it.”

“I guess that’ll have to be enough. And if it isn’t, you’re paying for any resulting medical bills.”

“That’s fair.”

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Sixteen buildings totaling more than twenty-thousand square feet including the massive main house, several guest houses, staff quarters, stables, barns and its own micro movie theater, Mayor Michael Howard’s family estate – property he inherited from his late grandmother Beatrice, was beyond anything Paige and Amanda ever dreamed of. So much so that they first thought they had gotten the directions wrong. But the GPS indicated they had, in fact, reached their intended destination. Stopping on the rode before pulling into a driveway that seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see, Paige quickly popped the trunk, grabbed the roll of medical tape from her bag and gently placed two pieces over each of her fiancé’s nipples in the shape of an X.

Thirty feet down the driveway they stopped at a wrought iron gate with a fancy H in the center. Having already received instructions during previous visits at another location, Paige rolled her window down and pressed an intercom button. “Hello, this is Paige Wilson and Amanda Johnson. We’re expected.”

There was a momentary pause before a female voice answered back. “Please continue down the driveway and park at number seven. Mr. and Mrs. Howard will await your arrival.”

The gate slowly slid open and Paige drove on. After another few hundred feet the driveway split left and right, a sign hanging from an ornately carved wooden post told them to go right and so she did. It did not take her or Amanda long to realize number seven was just one of the moderately-sized guest houses. Pulling in the driveway, she put her car in park and turned off the ignition before looking

over at her fiancé. “You’ve spent the last five years watching me do this. You know how this works so I won’t bother explaining it to you. That being said, be polite at all times and remember as far as they’re concerned, we’re sex slaves whose only limits are those imposed by law. Also, make sure to read the entire contract before signing and if you have any questions ask.”

“Best not to keep the mayor and his wife waiting,” Amanda said, failing to fully hide her nervousness behind a smile.

Getting out of the car the two women walked up to the modestly sized brick ranch-style house and knocked on the front door. It opened a moment later and they were greeted by the mayor himself in all of his 6’7”, 220-pound glory. Prior to getting into politics, he dreamed of joining the NBA but a car accident involving his vehicle being side-swiped by a drunk driver ended any prospect of playing any sort of sport. Now in his early forties, he took great pride in remaining as physically fit as possible and Paige and Amanda were not the only ones that liked what they saw.

“Paige, nice to see you again,” Mayor Howard said in greeting. “And you must be Amanda,” he said, offering a hand.

“Nice to meet you Sir,” Amanda shyly replied to her fiancé’s amusement as she was normally the most vocal of the pair.

“Please, call me Mike. Come on in,” he said, taking a step back and aside so that his guests could enter.

Walking in, Paige and Amanda saw the mayor’s wife Madison getting up off a very comfortable looking couch. Tall. Curvy in all the right places. Long naturally curly jet-black hair and piercing blue eyes. She was the picture of stunning beauty and was not afraid to flaunt her God-given assets.

“Nice to see you again Ma’am,” Paige said as the door closed behind her. “This is my fiancé, guard and camerawoman Amanda and as per our previous discussions she has agreed to join us not just for a few hours a day, but for the entire weekend.”

“Nice to meet you Amanda. I’m Madison but for this weekend you may call me Mistress.”

“As you command, Mistress,” Amanda replied, used to this sort of thing from years of watching her now fiancé from behind the camera.

“Before we get to the fun there are a few things we still need to go over Mistress.” Paige said. “First, I pierced Amanda’s nipples on our way here so they are taped and are not to be touched for any reason. To ensure this I’ll be adding an addendum to the contract stating as such with a monetary penalty for every infraction. We do not want to risk infection, rejection or migration so this is non-negotiable. If that’s a problem please say so now and she’ll stick to being my guard and camerawoman.”

“I don’t think that’ll be a problem,” Mike replied. “As long as your breasts are still freely accessible.”

“They are. And thank you Sir. Second, there are the standard consent and waivers and our NDA on top of yours. I know, it seems redundant to have two of them for the same party, but I’m required to present my own.”

“Again, no problem,” Mike replied. “We’re putting our political careers and social reputations on the line here so discretion is an absolute.”

“Agreed, Sir. I’ve got all the paperwork in the car so please give me a moment and I’ll be right back.” Turning, Paige walked out of the house. When she walked in less than two minutes later it was to her fiancé on her knees with the Mayor’s dick in her mouth. She was not sucking, but by the movement of her throat Paige knew she was drinking his pee. That brought a smile to her face. “That’s only her second time drinking pee,” she said, handing Madison the folder she brought in with her.

“Mind eating me out while I read?” Madison asked.

“It would be my pleasure, Mistress, but if I’m to obey my own rules I shouldn’t engage in any sexual activities until everything is signed.”

“Um, does that mean I shouldn’t be sucking Master’s cock?” Amanda asked.

“Technically, we should all be reading the paperwork to get the party started as quickly as possible, but if you wish to suck him off then you may do so but only if you swallow every drop,” Paige said, knowing her fiancé hated the taste of semen.”

“I have a feeling I’ll be eating it all weekend long anyways so I might as well get started now,” Amanda sighed.” Leaning in, she sucked the mayor’s dick back into her mouth.

“She actually hates the taste of cum, Master,” Paige said.

“Well, I was thinking I’d attempt to breed her this weekend but now I think I’ll feed it to her instead.”

“Probably for the best, Master, because we’re both on birth control and I’d really hate to see it going to waste.”

“I suppose now’s as good a time as any to let you in on our plan,” Madison said as her eyed quickly drifted from one line of the contract to the next. “While Mike and I will be using you as our pets for the next few days, there’s someone that desperately wants to be trained as one and who better to do it than a professional? You may come in now,” she said.

Turning towards the kitchen, Paige and Amanda watched as a young, very nervous looking young naked woman walked in with head bowed slightly and hands behind her back leaving her on full display. They immediately recognized her as Madison and Mike’s nineteen-year-old daughter Erica. With the exception of her double pierced nipples, pierced hood and the tattoo of a whip entwined around a pair of what appeared to be leather cuffs on her right hip, she was the spitting image of her mother.

“Ladies, this is our daughter Erica. Erica, these are petgirls Paige and Amanda and with any luck they’ll agree to give you everything you desire. Why don’t you be a good girl tell them what that is?”

“Yes Ma’am. Me deepest, darkest desire is to be trained as a petgirl,” Erica confessed. “But not just dressing up like various animals. I want the full experience. I want to be completely and totally brainwashed into believing I truly am an animal. Eating and drinking out of bowls. Crawling on all fours. Sleeping in a dog bed, kennel or stables. No longer being permitted to use my human voice. P-Please tell me you can train me,” she said, her soft voice now pleading.

“I can, but it would take up all of my time meaning I would have to stop offering my services as a petgirl myself. It could take years to achieve what you’re asking for and to be honest it won’t be cheap.”

“Money is not object,” Mike said. “Name your price and we’ll gladly pay it make our daughter’s dream come true.”

“When I say expensive I mean you would have to pay at least as much as I make

on a monthly basis and that's pushing nearing the hundred and fifty thousand mark. Per month," Paige stressed.

Madison turned and looked up at her daughter. "Honey, are you sure you want to go through that sort of training?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"And you'll stick with it no matter how humiliating, degrading or hard it gets?"

"Yes Ma'am."

"Are you absolutely sure you're not going to get bored and back out after a few weeks?"

"I've never wanted anything more in my life, Ma'am. If they're willing to train me then I'll stick with it no matter how long it takes."

Turning her attention back to Paige, Madison continued. "And how long do you think it'll take?"

"That all depends on her current level of training."

"I have none," Erica replied.

"Really? The way you present yourself and answer your mother's questions indicate otherwise."

"I've been brought up to respect my parents and always call them Sir or Ma'am if that's what you're referring to, but I have no training of any kind."

"To achieve what your daughter wants she'll have to be fully trained in submission, if not full-on sexual slavery and that alone could take several years. And I'm not just saying that to milk more money out of you than necessary. That level of training takes a lot of time and dedication and should not be rushed."

"I've spent twenty-six years as slave to my husband," Madison admitted. "I know full well what it takes to get to where she wants to be even if I'm not a trained pet myself. Here's our offer. We're willing to pay each of you one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a month for a period of five years to be our

petgirls and to train our daughter as such. And if you go off birth control and let Mike breed you like animals then we'll make it two fifty a month. To ensure maximum attention is put on Erica's training you'll need to move in here. If you're buying your home we'll pay it off. And if not then we'll add an additional half a million dollars at the end so that you may buy one."

"I've spent the last five years watching my fiancé being a petgirl, but this is my first time as one, Mistress," Amanda replied.

"I'm sure you'll do fine training our daughter."

"Then count me in, Mistress. Um, if Paige wants to do it that is."

"We'll have to get it in writing, Mistress," Paige said.

"Of course. We've already taken the liberty of drawing up the contracts just in case. The only question now is: which one do you wish to sign? With breeding, or without?"

"With breeding," Amanda again quickly answered.

"With breeding it is," Paige answered.

"Very well. Erica, please go to my office and fetch the folders labeled petgirl contracts off of my desk and bring them back here."

"Yes Ma'am."

"I have to ask, Mistress, why are you willing to pay so much to have your daughter trained as a sex slave petgirl?" Amanda asked.

"Because it's what she wants."

"And you know this how?"

"Amanda!" Paige exclaimed.

"It's okay. I know, because she told us," Madison answered. "I first discovered her secret one day when using her laptop while mine was in the shop. Being the nosey mother that I am I went snooping about the hard drive and found a folder

that was password locked. It was fairly simple to guess. Inside I found nearly a terabyte of photos, stories and videos all focused on bdsm and petgirls specifically. It also contained a digital diary dating back to when these fantasies and desires started when she was fourteen and based on what she wrote I'm fairly certain it's not just a fad."

"Aren't you afraid someone will find out she's being trained as a submissive petgirl?" Paige asked.

"Not even a little. All of our children know about our sexual proclivities and have been sworn to secrecy by NDAs as well as the very real promise to be immediately disowned and cut from our wills the second they say anything. And to ensure they keep their mouths shut, if one of them says anything then they all suffer the consequences. I know it sounds harsh, but Mike and I also signed NDAs preventing us from talking about their sexual activities with anyone they did not give us permission to speak about it to first."

"And out of curiosity what do they get if you break that NDA?" Amanda asked.

"Everything," Mike answered. And not just what's in the will. Anyways, we had better..." it was then the front door opened and a still naked Erica walked back in holding several folders in her left hand.

"Um, aren't you afraid of someone seeing you walking around naked?" Amanda asked.

"Nothing wrong with being a nudist," Erica answered as she handed her mother the folders. "Drew and Kelly are nudists as too so don't be surprised if you see them walking around butt naked as well," she said, referring to her holder brother and sister."

"Everyone living here from family and friends to staff have all signed NDAs," Madison said. "But back to the contracts. Please look them over and if you find something objectionable or you have questions please don't hesitate to bring it up."

The contracts were lengthy and covered just about every conceivable outcome that Paige could think of, but in simple terms they promised a monthly income of a quarter million dollars plus half a million at the end to purchase a house, or to pay off the one they were currently buying and in exchange they would

spend a period of no less than five years training Erica Howard as a submissive petgirl and allow Michael Howard to use them as submissive petgirl breeding cows. She and Amanda signed. Erica's contract stated that she would spend a period of no less than five years being trained and completely broken and brainwashed into believing she was actually an animal – preferably a dog, but any animal or animals would do. She also agreed that she would set aside any and all inhibitions that she may have so that she could be trained as a sex slave. Because such contracts were not enforceable in any court, they were written in such a way as to point to sexual slavery without actually using the terminology.

It was approaching nine o'clock in the evening when the last of the contracts, waivers, consent forms and NDAs were signed. Throughout the day Mike, Madison, Paige and Erica used Amanda as their personal toilet and she drank each bladderful without complaint while silently thanking them for spreading it out over several hours. Everything now in order, Mike and Madison decided to call it a night – leaving their youngest daughter to show her new trainers around before settling into her new life of submission.

“I have to admit, this is definitely not how I imagined this day going,” Amanda said as she sat back on the couch. “I have to ask, why do you want to be turned into an animal? I mean, being a petgirl is one thing, but to be brainwashed into actually believing you’re a dog?”

“Why do you want to be used as a breeding cow? And don’t tell me you’re doing it just for the money because that’s bullshit,” Erica replied.

“I agreed to it because it’s the one fetish I’ve always dreamed of doing but was too afraid to try. But now that I’m being offered an income capable of providing for a large family I couldn’t possibly say no. I just hope your dad can keep up with my nearly insatiable sex drive.”

“He screws mom at least three times a day seven days a week. But I don’t want to talk about my parents. I want to get to know my two Mistresses.”

“You may ask us anything while showing us around our new home,” Paige said. “And you’ll do it on all fours like the bitch you’re now in training to be.”

“Yes Mistress. As you can see, the kitchen and dining room are to the right. Every room is fully furnished because this has been my home for the last year and a half, but if there’s something you don’t like please let me know and I’ll change it to your liking.”

“Everything is fine,” Paige replied as she once again looked around the living room decorated with modern furniture in neutral earthy tones. “How many bedrooms does this place have?”

“There are two master suits each with their own private bathrooms and office space, two regular bedrooms and one more bathroom, Mistress,” Erica explained as she crawled towards the long hallway that would take them to the rest of the house. “The laundry room and dungeon can be found in the basement.”

“You have your own dungeon?” Amanda asked as she too got down on all fours

if only to get in the mindset of the petgirl she would spend the next five years being.

“I do, Mistress. It’s approximately twelve-hundred square feet spread and has everything a submissive in training could ever hope for. Again, if there’s anything you don’t like or there’s something I’m missing please let me know and I’ll correct it as quickly as possible.”

“While I may be one of your trainers on paper, Paige is the only one here that’s qualified to be called Mistress,” Amanda said. “You may call me Amanda.”

“I’m sorry, Mistress, but my contract very clearly states that you’re both my Mistresses and not addressing you as such would be the epitome of disrespect.”

“Not honoring your Mistress’ request is just as disrespectful,” Paige pointed out.

“I meant no disrespect. If you wish me to call you Amanda then that is what I’ll do.”

“Thank you,” Amanda replied. “Maybe once I’ve earned it I’ll change my mind, but for now it just doesn’t seem right claiming to be I’m something I’m not.”

“I can respect that. Also, seeing as how I’ll be serving the two of you for the next five years please feel free to ask me anything and I’ll answer as honestly as possible.”

“This is a fucked up first question, but I need to know...is there anything going on between you and your parents?”

“Given the circumstances of our meeting I can see why you’d think that was the case, Mistress, but I can assure you that I have never and would never do anything even remotely sexual with my parents or anyone else in my family for that matter. To the left here is the first spare bedroom,” she said, stopping in front of the first door they came to. “And across the hall is the bathroom. Would you like to look inside or shall I continue the tour?”

“You may continue,” Paige replied.

“As you command, Mistress.”

“I’ve got a question,” Amanda said as she crawled so close to Erica she could smell her womanhood. “Why do you want to be a petgirl so badly?”

“It’s a fucked-up story, but I promised to be honest. I lost my virginity to our family pet when I was fourteen and ever since then I’ve felt closer to dogs than I ever did humans. In fact, I didn’t have sex with one – a human that is, until I was seventeen.”

“JESUS CHRIST! Okay, that was the last answer I expected to get. Do your parents know?”

“Yes. Mom walked in on me doing it like four or five months after I started. She bitched me out and threatened to put me in therapy until I told her the news of her daughter being bitch to dogs could ruin their political careers. Three months later I caught her being fucked by the dog. Dad caught me a week later and mom a month after that. That’s when he finally decided to get rid of the dog and put a permanent ban on them. That’s why you won’t find one anywhere on the estate.”

“You’re right, that is fucked up. That being said, the plug stuffing my ass right now is shaped like a dog’s cock,” Amanda admitted.

“Mmmm, that is so hot. How long have you been doing it?”

“Doing what? OH! You mean having sex with dogs? I’ve never done that and never would,” Amanda replied. “I’m only wearing the dog cock plug because it comes with the costume I picked out.”

“Oh. Well, it’s still cool that you’re plugged with a dog dildo. What about you, Mistress?”

“Same,” Paige answered. “Never done it and most likely never will.”

“Understandable. But in all honesty, it’s by far the best sex you’ll ever experience. It’s so amazing, in fact, that after saying they’d never do it all of my friends are now bitches to their dogs. To the left is the second bedroom and to the right and straight ahead are the master suites. I’ve got a question. Will we be sharing a bedroom?”

“As part of your training you’ll be crated at night in our room,” Paige answered. “When you’ve earned it, you’ll move from the crate to a puppy bed and if you’re

really good we might let you sleep in ours.”

“I look forward to earning my place at the foot of your bed, Mistress,” Erica said as she crawled into the master suit on the right. “This is yours and Amanda’s Room. As you can see it comes furnished with a queen-sized bed and six-drawer dresser. The doors to the left lead into the walk-in closet while the one on the right is the bathroom. To the right of the closet is an area you can use as an office or whatever else you can imagine.”

“I imagine it’ll be a good place to put your crate,” Amanda said as she crawled towards the closet doors. “Once we get on for you that is.”

“I’ve already got one, but if you’d like another you’ll get no complaints from me. I also have a puppy bed that I’ve spent the last year sleeping in. What I don’t have, however, are cool outfits like what you’re wearing.”

“I’ll give you the name of a few places you can pick some up,” Paige replied. “I take it the walls were intentionally left bare?”

“Yes Mistress. This way you may decorate however you desire. Same goes for the bedding. If it doesn’t suit your tastes please let me know and I’ll have it removed immediately.”

“Speaking of decorations,” Amanda said as she pulled the closet doors open. “If we’re going to be living here for the next five years what are we supposed to do with our stuff?”

“I for one am planning on renting my place out,” Paige answered. “Renee and her husband will be looking for a place when their lease is up in a couple of months and they’re the only ones I know that’ll make good use of the dungeon so I think they’ll take it.”

“Good idea, Mistress,” Amanda replied. “I’ll have to see if I have any friends or family members looking for a place. And holy shit this is a massive closet. Was this like another bedroom you turned into a closet or something?”

“Nah, it’s always been a closet,” Erica answered. “And, um, Mistress? You called her Mistress.”

“That’s because before she told me about this job I agreed to be her sex slave,”

Amanda clarified.

“I see. And that’s why you say you don’t deserve to be called Mistress.”

“Exactly.”

“Cool. I know you both said you’d never have sex with a real dog and I respect that even if I think you’d become addicted ten seconds in, but how would you like to know what it feels like without actually doing it with a real animal?”

“How?” Paige asked.

“I’ve been doing it a long time and have a special setup in the dungeon. Basically, it’s a sex machine that I’ve calibrated to perfectly mimic the power and thrust of a canine. And to simulate being knotted and bred like a bitch in heat I use an inflatable dog dildo with cum tube to pump you full.”

“Sounds interesting. Amanda, you’ll go first,” Paige commanded.

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

“Actually, I’ve got five such machines so we can do it all at the same time,” Erica said. “Or however you command, Mistress.”

“Then all three it is. Show us to this dungeon of yours.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Why do you have five machines set to screw you like a dog?” Amanda asked as they left the bedroom.

“As I said before, all of my friends do it and because I’m not allowed to have a dog of my own while living here the machines are our only alternative to enjoy the most mind-blowing sex you’ll ever experience. And in case you’re wondering, they all know I’m obsessed with becoming a petgirl and submissive so if you ever want to use them as part of my training they’ll be more than happy to oblige even if they are not themselves pets or submissive.”

“How many friends are we talking about?” Paige asked.

“Fourteen women and five men, Mistress.”

“And you have sex with all of them?”

“Yes Mistress. And my parents know. To prevent the whole world knowing what a pervert I am they’ve all signed NDAs. Also, I’ve got thousands of hours of them having sex with animals and not just dogs so if they screw me over I’ll do the same to them.”

“I have a feeling I already know the answer, but what other animals do they have sex with and have you done them as well?” Amanda asked as Erica opened the door leading to the basement below.

“Horses, pigs, donkeys and goats,” Erica answered. “And yes, I’ve done them all but dogs are by far my favorite.”

“And your mother?” Paige asked.

“To my knowledge she’s had sex with dogs, donkeys and horses, Mistress. Dad only knows about the family pet though.”

“So, does she still do it then?”

“Yes Mistress. As I said, it’s very addictive and hard to give up once you’ve gotten a taste of it. She visits a few friends of mine two or three times a week.”

“A horse has to be massive,” Amanda said as she carefully crawled down the basement stairs. “How in the world can she pass off being stretched open like that?”

“Fisting.”

“Makes sense I guess. Fisting that is. I’ll never understand people having sex with animals.”

“Let’s see if you still feel that way after you’ve been fucked by the machine.”

Although it was half the size of the dungeon Paige had at her own home, Erica's was stocked with everything one could hope for in a basement playroom. Including cameras that would record everything they did. The same was true for every inch of the estate. Under normal circumstances no one outside of the mayor and select family members would have access to the videos, but as part of their contract Paige and Amanda would receive copies of everything they did no matter who starred with them.

"This is much smaller than yours, Mistress," Amanda said as her eyes locked on the very realistic animal dildos attached to a row of five double-rod sex machines lined up with thickly padded benches. She recognized dog right off the bat as one was currently stuffing her behind. She assumed the two largest ones with flared heads were replicas of a horse and donkey. Having heard it described, she also recognized the corkscrew dildo as that of a pig. She could only surmise based on their previous conversation the last was that of a goat.

"It's not the size of the dungeon that matters, but how you use the toys it contains," Paige said. "Just from a cursory glance I'd say she has all the bases covered and has made excellent use of space."

"Thank you Mistress," Erica beamed. "It took me six months of planning and another eight to get it to this point. That being said, if there's anything you want or need to change don't hesitate to mention it and I'll do my best to fulfill your wishes."

"I don't see anything that needs changing. Now, I do believe you said something about knowing what it's like to be fucked by a dog without actually doing one?"

"Yes Mistress. I'll just need to change some of the dildos for canine ones. May I please be permitted to stand?"

"You may. You may also start by hooking Amanda to the one that does have canine dildos attached."

“Yes Mistress, and thank you for permitting me to stand.”

“Amanda, I’d like for you to take that dress off and put your mask on. Once you’re on the bench I’ll pull the plug from your ass and then give it a quick fisting, assuming my hand will fit that is, and then Erica will stuff you full of silicone doggy dick.”

“Yes Mistress. I’m just glad they’re not as thick as the plug up my ass.”

“That’s because they’re not inflated yet,” Erica replied. “When they are you’ll be able to take a fist in both holes at the same time.”

“It was bound to happen sooner or later,” Amanda sighed.

“Amanda, from this point forward you are to only speak as a puppy. That means one bark for yes and two for no. If there’s a problem and you need my attention then you’ll whine like a dog. Is that understood?”

“Arf!” Amanda barked. Although she had seen and heard her fiancé do this many times in the last five years, this was her first and her cheeks immediately turned bright red even as her clit throbbed with excitement. Raising up so that only her lower legs were on the cool concrete floor, she unzipped the side of her dress, removed it and then held it up to Paige so that it did not get unnecessarily dirty on the floor. When it was in her fiancé’s hands she once again got onto all fours and crawled to the bench and machine prepped with two very large canine dildos. Lying on the bench, she placed her arms and legs on the equally padded but smaller side platforms and waited.

“I take it the other machines are the other animals you’ve had sex with?” Paige asked as she walked over to her fiancé.

“Yes Mistress. In order from left to right they are dog, horse, donkey, pig and goat and they’re as anatomically correct as is humanly possible to recreate including the scarily massive size of the horse dildos which, unless you’re able to very easily take a large fist I’d steer clear of.”

“I can very easily take a large fist in both holes at once, but I think I’ll still steer clear of them for now.

“Nice. So, um, have you always been dominant, Mistress?”

“Far from it. I’m actually very submissive, hence my career as a petgirl but I can be dominant if the need arises.”

“You have no idea how happy that makes me, Mistress. Don’t get me wrong, I’d still serve as your loyal and obedient puppy, but I truly believe the best Masters and Mistresses are those who are themselves experienced submissives.”

“I couldn’t agree more.” Grabbing the rectangular base of the plug firmly lodged in Amanda’s ass, Paige gave it a slow tug. Tight fit. She could be cruel and quickly yank it out, but had little desire to cause the love of her life serious pain so instead she went slow and allowed it to come out in its own time. Acting quickly, she lubed her hands, scrunched the fingers of the left into a tight cone and pushed it into Amanda’s ass, reaching the knuckles before meeting any real resistance. Amanda instinctively clenched and as soon as her muscles relaxed it took Paige only the slightest bit of pressure to get the rest of her hand in.

“Uuhhnnn!” Amanda grunted as she took a fist for the first time in her life. She wanted to saw more but was not permitted to speak so she showed her satisfaction by happily barking like the very excited puppy she was in training to be.

“I think she likes it, Mistress,” Erica said as she pulled the top horse dildos off the sex machine to their right. “You sure you don’t want to give these a try, Mistress? The machine is already calibrated. Not that it can simulate the enormous power but I’ve got the thrust perfect. And the power is, well, powerful, don’t get me wrong but I’d need to hook all five machines together to come close to the real thing.”

“Then how in the hell can you safely have sex with a horse?” Paige asked as she pulled her left hand out of Amanda’s ass and shoved the right one in.

“We use a very well-made and exhaustively tested bench and harness setup that allows the horse to fuck normally with only a fraction of his cock able to penetrate, Mistress.”

“Put it back on.”

“Are you sure, Mistress?”

“You’ve piqued my curiosity. Put it back on. But if it doesn’t blow my mind

we'll see how well you handle being disciplined."

"Yes Mistress, but in my defense I said sex with dogs is mind-blowing," Erica said as she pushed the base of the enormous dildo back onto the long steel rod. "Just so you're both aware, these machines are set up to mimic sex with their respective animals down to the tiniest of details. Amanda, for you that means five to ten minutes of sex followed ten to thirty minutes of being tied. I wish I could be more specific but the program is randomized with every use. And for you, Mistress, you'll be pounded hard for three to eight minutes before you feel it cumming inside of you. That'll be followed by a brief pause before you're fucked again. In order to keep them all within the same general time range you'll be fucked a total of four times. Because I'm partial to dogs those are the dildos I'll be using. Because of the size of the knots, I won't be able to easily pull away so I can either wait and make sure the two of you finish okay, or call my mom back to keep an eye on things. Not that I foresee anything bad happening, but it's always good practice to have an extra set of eyes on things."

"Agreed. It'll also give me the opportunity to ask her some questions so please call your mom."

"Yes Mistress. I'll be back in a few minutes." And with that Erica dropped down onto all fours and crawled out of the dungeon.

"So, how do you like taking my arms halfway to the elbow, my pet? You may use your human voice."

"I l-love it, Mistress," Amanda purred. "But it's starting to hurt so please don't go any deeper."

"I'll keep it to the wrist for now and we'll work on stretching you deeper as your training progresses until you're eventually able to take my entire arm."

"W-WHAT? You can't be serious, Mistress! That's not even humanly possible!"

"You said the same thing about being fisted to the elbow until seeing me do it with nearly every client for the last three years. I'm not saying it'll be easy and it definitely won't happen overnight, but we'll get there eventually."

"Get where eventually?" Madison asked as she entered the dungeon a step ahead of her daughter.

“We were just discussing how deep I’m going to fist her ass, Mistress,” Paige answered. “I told her I’m not going to stop until she’s taking my entire arm but she seems to think that’s impossible despite seeing me take it past the elbow numerous times.”

“Believe me, sweetheart, it’s very possible,” Madison said as she walked over to Amanda. “I’ve been watching so I know Erica told you about my love of animals. My husband believes I gave it up years ago so none of you are to speak of it again. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Paige answered.

“Arf,” Amanda barked.

“You may speak,” Paige said to her fiancé.

“It’s okay, I know what she meant.”

“I won’t talk about you still getting fucked by dozens of animals every week, Ma’am, but I’m going to tell my Mistress everything I do until she commands otherwise,” Erica said to her mother.

“I don’t want to be in breach of contract so it might be best if we table the bestiality talk,” Paige said.

“There’s nothing in the contracts we signed preventing us from talking about it, Mistress. This is just my mother’s way of covering her own ass. And not just about the animals. What she really...”

“That’s enough!” Madison snarled at her daughter. “You’ll keep your mouth shut or else.”

“Or else what, Ma’am? You’re going to ground me? Take away my phone and computer? Cut me out of your will? Go ahead. Once I tell dad everything he’ll cut you out of his will and there won’t be anything for me to inherit. She’s been doing interracial gang bangs twice a week for the last three years,” Erica said to her new Mistress. “Dad will put up with a lot when it comes to sex, but they have a deal that they’ll only play with others if both of them are present. Breaking the deal is grounds for divorce and she’ll walk away with nothing. That’s why she doesn’t want me telling you the truth. But when I signed the

contract I vowed to never keep secrets from you, Mistress, and I fully intend to uphold that.”

“Your own damn secrets,” Madison fumed.

“Contract didn’t stipulate which is why I’m going to divulge another. I won’t tell you how I know, but dad secretly loves taking it up the ass. And not just a finger. Let’s just say he’s no stranger to being pegged.”

“And now you’re going to tell me exactly how you know that, young lady,” her mother demanded.

“You tell me all of your secrets and I’ll tell you mine. Now, can we get to the machines or are we going to argue all night?”

“Tell me how you know your father likes anal and I’ll watch things for you here.”

“Then it looks like I’ll just have to wait until they finish before taking a turn. Since you won’t be helping you can go. Or I can give you a taste of your own medicine. I’ll tell you all about how I know dad loves anal and in return I’ll tell him what you’re doing twice a week when he thinks you’re out with friends. Or maybe I’ll just keep my mouth shut and wait for one of them to breed you. That is why you went off birth control two months ago, right?” Seeing her mother’s face shift from stern anger to outright fear told Erica that she was on the right path so she pushed further. “Or maybe I’ll tell him how you’ve spent the last decade screwing his most powerful contributors to keep him in office. Does he know Brent isn’t his son?”

“One more word and I’ll rip your god damn tongue out!” Madison snapped.

“And that, ladies, is who you’ll spend the next five years serving,” Erica said. She’s spent years honing her public image as the perfect wife, mother and civil servant but in reality she’ll lie, cheat and steal to get what she wants and god forgive anyone that stands in her way. Or do you need more proof than her threatening to rip my tongue out, Mistress?”

“I know I’m only supposed to bark, Mistress, but I think we should call it a night before more damage is done,” Amanda suggested.

“It can’t get much worse,” Madison seethed. “I’m leaving now. We’re going to have a very long talk in the morning,” she said to her daughter. As for the two of you, if you’re thinking about bailing remember we’ve got a contract.”

“Contract or not, I don’t take kindly to threats Mistress,” Paige replied. “I strongly suggest we all take a step back before someone says something they’ll regret. Amanda and I have packing and other arrangements to make so we’re going home for a few days so that you and Erica can work things out. I want to serve you, Mistress. I want to spend the next five years being your petgirl and Master’s breeding cow, but let me make one thing perfectly clear, I will not work in a hostile environment so if you can’t work out your differences then as far as I’m concerned that contract isn’t worth the paper it’s printed on. Come on, babe, we’re going home.”

“Yes Mistress,” Amanda replied.

“You should’ve kept your fucking mouth shut,” Madison scolded her daughter.

“And you should’ve kept your legs shut but here we are,” Erica shot back. Turning to Paige she continued. “I want to be your petgirl more than anything in the world, Mistress, and if that means leaving here and coming to live with you then that’s what I’ll do.”

“We can discuss that when we return in a few days.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Once Paige and Amanda were on the road headed for home, Madison turned to her daughter and barely contained the urge to slap her across the face. "I don't know what game you think you're playing, but you'll do well to remember your place."

'My place? You better take a long, hard look in the mirror before telling me or anyone else to remember their place you animal fucking, gang bang loving whore! I've played the good girl all my life so that you can maintain your perfect image, but I'm not a kid anymore and if you continue treating me as such you'll learn real fast just how quickly reputations, friendships and marriages can fall apart. Am I making myself clear or do I need to..." THWAP! Her mother's hand slapping across her cheek stunned Erica into silence. Hands balling into fists, she seethed with rage. "And for that dad will get copies of three years' worth of you cheating on him with man and beast. Now get out of my house before I knock your fucking head off."

Madison drew her hand back, this time balled into a fist to punch her daughter right in the nose, but instead of swinging she growled in anger, turned and stormed out into the night. Making good on her promise, Erica went to her bedroom office where she fetched a terabyte flash drive from her desk. Containing more than thirty thousand pictures and over two hundred hours of video, it was a fraction of the evidence she had but should suffice in conclusively proving her mother's extra-marital activities.

Stepping out onto her front porch, Erica was surprised to see her mother walking back in her direction. "You can just right there," she said.

"I'm sorry I slapped you," Madison half-heartedly apologized. "But you had it coming for threatening to ruin all of our lives."

"Apology not accepted. You stepped way over the line and there is no forgiving that. I'm giving this to dad and the two of you can deal with the fallout," Erica said, holding up the flash drive.

“Please, Erica, you can’t. Your father, brother and sisters are all innocent. Do you really want to ruin them?”

“Who are you kidding? The only person you’ve ever cared about is yourself. Dad deserves to know what a two-faced, abusive whore he’s been married to and if means ruining lives then that’s a price I’m willing to pay.”

“I’ll tell him you’re fucking animals as well!” Madison countered.

“I’ll tell him myself.”

“God damn it Erica! Why are you doing this?”

“Because it’s the least you deserve for slapping me, not to mention all the years of mental abuse including threats of disowning me, ripping out my tongue and sending me to the looney bin. Then there’s the time you told dad the fifteen men in his house were there to gang bang me when they were really there for you and then blackmailed me into actually going through with it.”

“And you loved it so pretending otherwise now is too late.”

“That’s not the fucking point. I was barely eighteen. They screwed me for nearly thirty straight hours. They knocked me up and you forced me to get an abortion just to save your own public image. It always comes back to you and I’m fed up with covering for your lies. Now, I need to go talk to dad so get out of my way.”

“Name your price,” Madison said, her voice trembling from the fear of losing everything. “Go on, what do you want? What’s the price for your silence this time?”

“There is no price tag this time mom.

“There’s always a price tag. Come on, spit it out. I’ll give you whatever you want but you’ve got to get rid of everything you have on me and sign an NDA to never speak of it again.”

“Alright, you want a price? Here’s the price of my silence. You’ll stay off birth control and allow dad to breed you for as long as it’s safe and healthy for you to be bred. You’ll also agree to spend the rest of your life as a sex slave petgirl to be trained by Mistress Paige. And finally, you’ll swear to never threaten or abuse

me in any way, shape or form under pain of a very public confession of everything you've done. That's the price of my silence. Accept it or get the hell out of my way."

At thirty-six Madison knew she had at least a few more years of breeding in her which was why she went off birth control in the first place, but she wanted any future children to be fathered by someone other than her husband. And unlike her daughter she had no interest in being a petgirl or sex slave. But she valued her appearance and reputation above all else which is the only reason she acquiesced. "Fine, I accept your price. Now get rid of everything you've got on me."

"Once you've signed the contract I'll lock everything away in a safe place never to see the light of day unless you renege on our deal. Actually, there's something else I want you to do as well."

"I've already accepted your terms, Erica, you can't make changes now."

"Until you sign the contract I can make whatever changes I like. You're going to call Mistress Paige and Amanda tomorrow and invite them back. When they get here you're going to apologize to them and me for your unacceptable behavior and then ask Mistress to give you the discipline you deserve. I think a hundred swats on the ass and another twenty-five on your breasts is a good start. I'll have something for you to sign in the morning. Now turn your ass around and go home before I change my mind and tell dad everything." As her mother walked away she called out one last stipulation to their deal. "You'll also convince dad that it's in all of our best interest to get a few large breed dogs." That being said, she walked into her house and locked the door behind her.

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"So, I'm getting the feeling we won't be going back there anytime soon, Mistress," Amanda said as Paige drove them back to her place. "That's a shame because I was really looking forward to being bred by the mayor and trained as your petgirl."

"Our contracts aren't broken yet and I'm not about to be the one that breaks them so we'll await their call and proceed from there. That being said, you don't need them to be a breeding cow or my petgirl. Also, that's twice now that you've spoken without permission and that cannot go unpunished. If you still wish to be

my submissive that is.”

“So, if I do then I’ll be punished and if I say no I won’t, Mistress?”

“Correct.”

“Then it looks like you’re just going to have to punish me, Mistress. Based on my continued talking I believe I’m now up to three hundred swats on the ass and fifty on my breasts. Only I can’t take the swats on my breasts thanks to you piercing my nipples so instead I get six hundred on the ass. But since that puts me over five hundred I’ll instead receive a hundred plus a tattoo marking me as a rebellious slave.” Seeing the shocked look on her fiancé’s face, Amanda smiled. “I’ve seen you disciplined enough over the years to know how it works, Mistress, and I fully accept my punishment. All I ask is that you place the tattoo where it isn’t visible to the general public.”

“You have a choice between either breast, mound or either side of the neck.”

“Mound it is, Mistress. And now I’m going to keep my mouth shut until you ask me something requiring more than a yes or no answer.”

“Are you sure you want to go through with this, babe? Don’t get me wrong, I love that you’re trying to be committed to the lifestyle but I don’t want you doing anything you’re uncomfortable with just because you think it’s what I want.”

“Arf,” Amanda barked in reply.

“You want to be my petgirl?”

“Arf.”

“You want to be my sex slave?”

“Arf.”

“You want me to cane your ass and tattoo your mound?”

“Arf.”

“You do understand that being a sex slave means you have no sexual limits whatsoever, right? It means you cease to be human and become nothing more than an object for me to use however I see fit.”

“Arf.”

“And that’s what you honestly want?”

“Arf,”

“Why?”

“Because I love you, Mistress, and I want to make you happy even if it means humiliating and degrading myself to do it. Also, I’ve never told anyone this ever, but I’m a masochist in that I absolutely love being humiliated and degraded. And the more people that see it the hornier it makes me.”

“Are you saying you want me to punish you in public? Because that can be arranged.”

“Arf,” Amanda barked once for yes.

“Seriously?”

“Arf!” she barked more excitedly.

“Well, I think that would get us arrested, but I can invite our friends and family to watch. Will that suffice?”

“ARF!”

“Okay then. I’ll make some calls in the morning and see what I can set up. But for now, you can be a good puppy and please your Mistress by hiking your dress up and fingering yourself. If you can get your entire hand in your pussy before we get back to my place I’ll forgive the hundred swats. There’s a bottle of lube in the glove box.”

Not wanting to add to her discipline, Amanda kept her mouth shut as she tugged her dress up over her hips, opening the glove box and grabbing the bottle of lube. Giving no mind to the leather seat beneath her, she poured some into the

palm of her right hand, rubbed both hands together and then pushed three fingers into her pussy. With less than two hours before they reached their destination she could not waste a second so taking slow, steady breaths she added her pinky and then let out a long, pleasurable groan as she forced them in to the knuckles. If not to lessen her punishment, then to prove she was determined to dedicate the rest of her life to the woman she loved more than anything else in the world.