



AGENT BOVINE #6

SAVING CYNTHIA

Crimson Rose



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“I want to be alone,” I said when the door slid open.

“Yeah, well, that’s not gonna happen until you tell me why you’re so damn upset, Mistress.”

“Go back inside and leave me the hell alone or I’ll bark you into oblivion,” I snapped back in anger. Immediately regretting the words I turned to see my wife standing there in stunned silence. Shoulders slumped, I sighed. “I’m sorry. You know I would never, ever do anything like that, right? I’m just so pissed off I can barely control the rage welling up inside. I get it. I really do. We were forced into this. My mother was forced into this because of me. But my dad? He did this to himself with no regards to what being a freak will do to his life. Living a long time is great and all, but is it really worth the constant shame and ridicule? Is it worth being mocked, teased or having those you love and care about threatened with death or worse? He has no fucking idea what he’s done to himself.”

“Actually, sweetie, I know exactly what I’ve gotten myself into,” my father said from the doorway. “I’ve watched you struggling with this since the day it happened. Oh, you may have put on a brave face, but your mother and I could see the pain in your eyes. We saw every struggle, every held back tear and it tore us up that we could do nothing about it. I did this,” he said motioning his hands down his new feminine feline body “because I wanted to prove how much I love you, Heidi. I wanted to show that I accept you no matter what and I don’t regret it for a second.”

“You’ve committed yourself to a life addicted to a drug and being used and abused by those that simply don’t understand who we are or that we were once human just like them. You’re a woman now for Christ’s sake! You have a vagina. A womb. You have eggs and can bear children.”

“I also have an even larger and still very much useful dick so I think that makes me a hermaphrodite doesn’t it? At any rate, I don’t regret what I’ve done for a second and neither does your mother so stop pouting and accept the fact that no matter what happens we’re in this life together.”

Unable to hold back the floodgates any longer, I hugged my father tight. Burying my face in the soft fur of his shoulder, I cried. "I love you so much."

"I love you too, Heidi."

I felt his manhood twitch and spring up against my womanhood. "Um, dad, you're um...you're..."

"Sorry sweetie, the damn thing has a mind of its own now." Taking a step back, he turned and walked back into the house but not before I got a very clear view of his hard ten inches. Shivering involuntarily I turned to face my wife. "I'm sorry for losing my temper and threatening you like that. I'm going to change the command for my collar so we both don't get injected every time we say the word."

"I appreciate that and accept your apology. You have my word I'll never talk about anyone in your family in a sexual manner ever again."

"It's okay. This...what we've all become hasn't just changed our bodies, but our minds as well and I need to accept the fact that my parents are sexual creatures just like us. I need to accept the fact they're going to be screwing their ways through life for a very, very long time and there's nothing I can ever do to prevent it from happening. That being said, you have my permission to have sex with them if that's what you all want."

"Are you sure that's what you want, Mistress? You do understand that when in the throes of ecstasy I may inadvertently lose all control and cum inside of them. There's every possibility that I will knock them up. Is that something you can live with?"

"You know, I really think I can. I kind of want to be alone with my thoughts right now so why don't you go on inside and enjoy the rest of the night with them?"

"Are you sure, Mistress? I'd rather be with you even if all I do is stand here in silent company."

"I'm sure. A lot has happened recently and I just need to digest and sort through my thoughts and we both know I do that best when I'm alone."

“As you command, Mistress.”

Bracing my hands on the top of the railing I stared up at the night sky. The door slid open again and I sighed. “How many times do I have to tell you I...” spinning, I stopped mid-sentence when I saw my guest, newly liberated human cow Elizabeth Latimer. “I’d really like to be alone right now if you don’t mind.”

“I’m sorry to bother you, Ma’am, but with everything that’s been going on we haven’t had a chance to talk and I’m not really comfortable in crowds so...”

I let out another sigh. “I’ve said it already, Liz, you never need to thank me for rescuing you and your family from that nightmare and you owe me nothing. I was simply doing my job.”

“I will never stop thanking you for what you’ve done for me and my family. We could my Master and I would be in prison right now, our kids god knows where if not for you and your family. That is a debt I’ll spend the rest of my life repaying.” I was about to say something but she held her right hand to stop me. “Nothing more needs to be said about it right now. I know you want to be alone, but please let me stay out here with you.” Moving closer, her long, prehensile tail wrapped around my waist. Please let me show my appreciation for everything you’ve done for me and mine.”

Her tail slithered down my right leg, wrapped around my thigh and gently massaged my clit. It felt really good and I let it go on for ten or fifteen seconds before noticing the intoxicating aromas of jasmine, honey, a hint of lavender and her own natural scents. It was her pheromones and they were irresistible. My tail slowly traced up and down her spine. I stared into her hope-filled eyes and then I pressed my lips to hers. “I turned my wife away because I wanted to be alone. She’ll be irate if I spend the night with anyone.”

“If it’s any consolation she was fucking your, um, father when I came out to see you so I don’t think she’ll know, but if you really want me to go I will.” No sooner were the words out of her mouth then a small figure emerged from the darkness, approaching from the rear of my property. When it reached the edge of the deck lighting I saw that it was one of Elizabeth and Toby’s twin daughters. Which, I did not know until her mother called out. “Lana? You’re supposed to be in bed. What are you doing out so late? Why are you wondering around in the dark? Nevermind, get you butt to bed right this second.”

“Yes Ma’am. May I please say something to Mrs. Morgan before I go?”

“Make it quick.”

Lana sprang across the yard like a gazelle. Bouncing up the stairs she hugged me tight, her tail wrapping around my ankle as if to say she never wanted to let go. After a few moments of silence she looked up at me through teary eyes. “T-Th-Thank you Mrs. Morgan for not sending our father to prison. Thank you for not taking our mother away,” she sniffed back the tears and then the damn broke.

My heart breaking a little in my chest, I pulled back and knelt. Wiping the tears away with a finger I smiled. “You are so, so welcome, but none of you ever have to thank me for what I’ve done. You may not have known it at the time, but your family was in trouble and I only did what was right to get you out of it. I know what you’re all going through. I know what this life can do to us if we let it. I want you to know...I want you all to know, that I’m here for you no matter when, where or what you may need. Pulling her close I gave her a brief hug. “Now you better get to bed before you get in trouble.”

Lana brushed her tail lightly across my cheek and smiled. After a moment of silence she pulled her tail away and scurried up to the porch roof. I heard a window sliding open and a minute later it closed. I looked up at Elizabeth with raised brow.

“I swear I have no idea where she learned to do that. Thank you for the kind words and hand of friendship. This life has been very difficult on us all and it’ll do her good to know not everyone judges her by looks alone. I’m gonna go in now so you can be alone with your thoughts. Thank you again.”

Snaking my tail out, I grabbed her left wrist. “Wait.”

“What about your wife?”

“I’ll deal with her later. I don’t want to talk or to have sex. I just want someone here at my side to take away the loneliness.”

“I can do that.” Her tail wrapped around mine and we stood on the back deck silently staring out at the darkness.

I woke to several things going on at once. Beyond the window, down below in the back yard the sounds of kids at play filled the air. Cindy rolled over, her arm draped over my side as her tail wrapped around my leg like a climbing vine. Something else was on the air and that would be the delicious aromas of freshly brewed coffee. There were other foods cooking, but the intoxicating smell of bacon overpowered them all. Cindy's tail tightened around my thigh.

"I have to pee and I don't want to get out of bed, Mistress," she groaned.

"That makes two of us babe. If you let go of my leg you can go first," I said, sliding out from under her arm and getting to my knees. Her grip loosened and she stood on the bed in front of me. Grabbing two short chains hanging from the ceiling, she placed her pussy against my open mouth. I formed a seal with my lips, relaxed my throat muscles and let the warm fluid slide down as I had a thousand times before.

"Thank you Mistress."

My wife dropped to her knees and I bounced to my feet. My balance far better than hers, I stood and ran my fingers through her long brown hair as my pee flowed down her throat. When I was done she licked along my slit and then gently bit my clit. "Mmmm...I really, really want to play with you but I'm starving."

"Me too, Mistress, and I want to eat your pussy."

"We'll play later, but right now I really need to get some food in my belly and then we need to figure out what to do with the Latimers. And then there's the matter of that collar around your neck."

"M-Mistress? You...you're not...but I want to keep the collar..."

"Calm down. I only meant I need to change the access so that you alone can operate it. I don't want another incident like yesterday. Like mine, yours will be voice controlled so that it can only be activated by you no matter who knows the

phrase.”

“Thank you Mistress. And now that you mention it I’m actually pretty hungry as well and that bacon smells divine.”

“Yes, yes it does.” Slapping her ass with my tail I got off the bed and turned to face her. “You coming?”

In the kitchen I saw my parents and Elizabeth sitting at the table while Toby – the latter’s husband and the only actual human in the house, scrambled eggs and flipped bacon. Good morning,” my mother greeted us.

“Morning,” Cindy replied.

I walked to the pot of coffee and poured a cup. After several sips I let out a low, soft purr. “Aahhh...it is now.” Sliding behind Toby I grabbed a slice of bacon from the plate and had it half gone before reaching the table. “So, how’s everyone getting along?”

“Famously,” dad replied, his voice soft and feminine.

“Okay, I need to ask, what would you like to be addressed as? I mean, what are your preferred pronouns now? Do you want me to keep calling you dad or should I call you mom?”

“Well, seeing as how I’m a fully functional man and woman but with a very feminine body and voice I think it’ll be appropriate to go with female pronouns. And since I’m still your father I think that’s what we’ll continue going with.”

“Fair enough. Sounds like the kids are getting along. Have they eaten?”

“We fed them first so that we could talk in peace while they’re out playing,” Elizabeth answered. “Toby and I have no jobs and I have no skills even if I wanted to get one. He has some money set aside but it isn’t enough to live the rest of our lives on.”

“You can stay in the guest house for as long as you need,” I answered as her husband carried two large platters to the table and sat them down.

“We appreciate it, but you’ve done more than enough for us already and we can’t

take advantage of your kindness.”

“If you’re looking for a job I was told about a place that caters to our kind. If memory serves it’s a club called the Underground.” Elizabeth gasped. “Um, you’ve heard of it?”

“It’s a freak show,” Toby answered. “They don’t so much cater to your kind as put them on display, use and abuse them however they see fit.”

“Who are they?”

“My kind. Humans. It’s not a place you want to go unless you’re a true masochist.”

“So, are you telling me all of my kind that go there are?”

“Not exactly. Most have no place else to go. They don’t have family and friends that understand them, to take care of them so they stay. They live there because they simply have nowhere else to go. And then there’s the drug. Unlike you, most don’t have a nearly limitless supply so turn to the club owners to provide the fix they so desperately need.”

“Sounds like it’s time for a change in ownership. Are these people associated with your former organization in any way, shape or form?”

“Absolutely.”

“Then we send in the FBI to close them down and open shop under new management. We have enough supply of chemical ex and zed to last us a few thousand years so that should be more than enough to last the rest of them until more can be manufactured.”

“And who do you propose putting in charge?” Toby asked.

“I’m thinking my parents and both of our wives.”

“I have another suggestion. Instead of involving the FBI why don’t we talk to the owners? Make them an offer they can’t refuse. If they hand over ownership of the club to us we won’t have the place raided and shut down and they’re spared life in prison.”

“And if things get ugly or they decide to take their chances by refusing?”

“Then we get ugly back. If nothing had changed there are eight or ten of them and if we can convince more of your kind we’ll outnumber them ten to one.”

“If they were willing to fight they would have done so by now. No, we’re going to need something more concrete to rely on before making our move.”

“I’m open to suggestions.”

“Whatever we do, I suggest a double-cross,” Cindy replied. “I mean, we wait until they hand everything over and when the paperwork has been finalized we hand them over to the feds for their just punishment.”

“I personally love the idea of running a bdsm club for our kind but we need to make it perfectly clear that the patrons are free to come and go as they please and not only to...”

“Why don’t we just open our own club and give them something better?” my father cut in. “I mean, your mother and I have saved a fair bit over the years and then there’s the money you won from the settlement. It can be a place for humans and...furries alike.”

“Furries. I like that,” my mother grinned.

“I thought you would. Anyways, we can hire furries to work and manage the place while charging humans to come see more dignified shows.”

“At least in the maim club area,” mom said. “There can be kinkier themed rooms for those willing to do that sort of thing,” she continued pointing to herself while grinning ear to ear.

“What do you think, hun?” Toby asked.

“I think it could work but I’m not entirely sure where I fit in all of this. I’ve never had a job in my life.”

“Never too late to start.”

“What about the ex and zed?” My mother asked. “Sure, we’ve got a huge supply,

but it's not exactly legal to distribute."

"It'll take some doing but I think if we can convince the government that our kind needs it to survive and they would essentially be killing off an entire sentient species by refusing they'll do the right thing."

"Here's the thing, though, only the first generation furies need the drug to survive," Cindy said. "I mean, haven't you ever stopped and wondered why none of our kids need it? It's because they're born with a stable genetic code. Honestly, all they have to do is wait for us to run out of the drug and die and their problems are solved."

"Not really. First, we have enough to last well past several lifetimes so it's not exactly as if they can outwait us. And given our penchant for having multiple birth pregnancies how long do you think it'll take before our numbers are large enough they can no longer ignore us? This is no different than any other fight for equal rights. It'll take time for the rest of the world to accept us for who and what we are but I have to believe they'll do so without calling for violence against our kind."

"I think we're getting a little ahead of ourselves here, dad said. "First we need to decide if we're going to attempt to open a fetish club or not."

"I love the idea, mom replied.

"As do I," Elizabeth added.

"Make that three," Cindy agreed.

"Four," I said.

"What about you Master?" Elizabeth asked her husband.

"No offense, but as a human he gets no vote in this," my mother quickly cut in. If he wants to be the first customer or member, great, but seeing as how it was he and his kind that got us into this fucked up mess in the first place he has absolutely no say in how we do things. And just so I'm clear, I like you, Toby, I really do, but if humans are going to be calling even the smallest shot then I want no part of this endeavor."

“I do take a bit of offense, but I understand where you’re coming from,” Toby replied. “May I suggest you look into a place in Rome, Wisconsin called the Domination Farm? Certainly we don’t have the capital to do anything on such a grand scale, but we can use their model as a starting point and since they’ve set just about every precedent in the book there’s little the government can do to shut you down.”

“I think we’ve given ourselves a lot to think about,” I said. “Let’s research and do this the right way. And if the Underground is still in business when we’re ready to open our doors then we have them raided and give their customers a better alternative.”

“Sounds like a plan,” Cindy replied. “So, what did you and Liz talk about last night? I thought you wanted to be alone? Or was it you just didn’t want to be with me?”

“We didn’t...” Elizabeth started to say.

“I was talking to my wife, not you,” Cindy angrily cut her off.

“You will apologize to her right now,” I sneered “And then you’ll receive one hundred swats for being so rude.”

“Sorry,” my wife flippantly apologized.

“I’ll give you one more chance to make it sincere and then I’m doubling the punishment.

Cindy growled as her tail swooshed menacingly side to side. “I’m sorry I interrupted you. Please forgive my rudeness.”

“Apology accepted,” Elizabeth replied.

“You may continue answering her question now.”

“Thank you. Heidi, um, Agent, Mistress...”

“Calm down. Heidi is fine.”

“Thank you,” she blushed. “We didn’t talk at all. Well, not after she accepted my presence and we had a brief conversation with Lana, that is. All we did was stand on the back deck silently staring up at the stars while you were in here screwing her parents.”

“With her permission,” Cindy snapped back.

“I’m not judging. Look, I know I’m the meek and often scared one, but I’m not blind or stupid. With the exception of my Master we’re all, um, furries and I

know I'm not the only one that constantly smells the pheromones in the air. We've been genetically modified to be the ultimate in sexual desire and that leads us to wanting things not necessarily normal by our previous human standards. I for one have done things I'd rather never speak of."

"Is there a point to this?" Cindy grumbled.

"What I'm getting at is if we cannot learn to get along, to accept each other for who and what they are, if we cannot accept them we have virtually no control over our sexual desires then we might as well say to hell with this whole club endeavor and go our separate ways because if we continue the fighting and jealousy we'll just tear each other apart."

"You wanted to have sex with my parents and I gave my full blessing. What more do you want from me?" I asked my wife.

"I want to know why you rejected my company and accepted hers."

"There's no sinister motivation behind my decision Cindy. She just happened to be in the right place at the right time. And just so we place the blame where it belongs, she respected my desire to be alone and was returning to the house when I stopped her. I'm the one that asked her to stay so if you're going to be upset with anyone it should be me."

"Emotions are high right now," my father said. "I think it'll do us all some good to take a break from each other at least for a little while."

"Your father's right. Don't get me wrong, I thoroughly enjoyed everything we did together," my mother said, placing her right hand on Cindy's "but things are getting heated and I for one don't want to lose what we have."

"I think a break is exactly what we need," I agreed "but I don't want the kids to suffer because of us so they are free to play with each other like normal and I won't take no for an answer." When no one said anything to counter my statement I continued. "I suggest we each look into the club idea and the Domination Farm Toby mentioned and we can get together to discuss things further in a couple of months."

"I've been to the Domination Farm many times to find subjects for the organization so I can tell you whatever you want to know about the place," Toby

offered.

“That’ll help, but I think we should all look into it ourselves and compare notes,” my mother suggested.

“I think we should all look into every aspect of this endeavor and compare notes,” my father added. “Maybe one or more of us can pay this Domination Farm a visit for ourselves.”

“Good idea dad. And since you suggested it you and mom can be the first to check the place out. Anything else before we go our separate ways?”

“I’d like to look into the Underground,” Cindy said. “If we can get an idea of what makes them so successful maybe we can use that in our club as well.”

“The only thing that makes them successful is the ex and zed,” Toby replied. “I sincerely wish I could say otherwise, but it’s not exactly warm and inviting.”

“I’d still like to pay it a visit.”

“As would I. Okay, it’s settled then. I wish you all the best in the world and I hope to see you again in a couple of months.”

“Um, do we have to move?” Elizabeth asked.

“Absolutely not. I told you the guest house is yours for as long as you need it and that has not changed.” I was about to say something more when the glass door slid open and several of the kids filed in looking as if they had just ran a marathon thorough a mud pit.

“We’re all out of water. Can we please get some more?” Lana and her twin sister Marlee asked in perfect unison.

“You’re getting mud all over the place,” her mother shrieked. “How are you covered in mud? It hasn’t rain in days.”

“Um, we were squirting each other with the hose,” Lana answered.

“Then shouldn’t you be clean?” Cindy asked with raised brow.

“We were until playing in the mud,” Marlee giggled.

“Take your muddy butts outside and I’ll bring you something to drink in a minute,” Elizabeth said.

“Yes Ma’am.” The kids all ran back the way they came leaving a trail of mud in their wake.

“I’ll clean up the mess,” Elizabeth sighed.

“Five of those muddy munchkins out there are ours so don’t worry about it,” I smiled. “Go ahead and take them all out something to drink and I’ll take care of the floor.”

“Thank you.”

That seemed like a good place to end our morning discussion and a few minutes later my parents and guests were on their way home leaving me and the wife alone in the house. “I don’t know what has gotten into you, but I don’t like it.”

“I’m sorry Mistress. I tried to ignore it but something snapped in me when she spoke and it just came out. You chose her over your own wife. Do you have any idea how much that hurts?”

“And I could say you chose my parents over your own wife, but you don’t hear me complaining about it now do you?” I shot back. “And I didn’t choose her over you. I told you, she was in the right place at the right time and I asked her to stay if only to keep me company. Could I have come in and gotten you? Sure. But you wanted to have sex with my parents and I respected that.”

“Why did you want to be alone in the first place? Why did you jump down my throat when I talked about your dad’s sexy new body and then turn around and give me permission to screw him? Please help me understand what’s going on in that pretty head of yours, Mistress.”

“I jumped down your throat because it was a very rough day and seeing my father transformed into a cat woman capable of bearing children was a bit more than I could take and for that I apologize. As for why I changed my mind and gave you my blessing, that’s simple, I knew in the back of my mind there was no way I could stop any you even if I wanted so it was better to let you have what

you want. A lot has happened the last few months so please see things from my point of view. First, my mother was kidnapped and modified against her will and then my father, well, you know what he did. How would you feel if those things happened to your parents?”

“I’d be pissed off and completely devastated. I’m sorry I’ve been acting like such a bitch lately. I don’t know why but when I saw you and her together last night I was overcome with jealousy. I thought it was just a fleeting feeling and ignored it, but like I said, when she talked a little bit ago it came pouring back.”

“There’s nothing to be jealous of Cindy. I mean, how many times have we been with other partners since getting together?”

“But she is the first of our kind, Mistress. I honestly can’t explain it, but seeing the two of you together, even if all you did was hold tails in silence, really upset me. I know it’s silly given our situation and I promise I’ll work on it.”

“That’s all we can do. Now, I believe you have a hundred swats of the cane coming for your earlier outburst.”

“Yes Mistress,” she said, dropping to her knees and crawling towards the basement door. Taking a look out the glass doors and seeing Elizabeth and Toby watching over the kids, I followed my wife to the dungeon.

While Cindy stayed home with the kids, I was on my way to the Underground. I did not make it this far in life by being stupid. My name and face had been plastered all over the news off and on for years now. There were some that loved me for setting so many slaves free, but for every one that did there were a hundred that would rather see me buried six feet under and I was walking straight into a club ran by them. Which is why I called my boss at the FBI and told him where I was going, how long I would be there and to send in the troops should he not hear from me every hour on the hour.

Arriving at a non-descript warehouse shortly after midnight I pulled around back to a nearly packed parking lot. Finding a spot, I backed in so I could pull out in a hurry should the need arise. Getting out of my car, I saw two women maybe twenty or thirty feet to my right. And when I saw women I mean furies – one looking very much like a rabbit with long floppy ears and bushy tail and the other a dog with black, tan and brown fur and a slight greenish glow to her eyes that told me she was one of the lucky few that possessed the ability to see in the dark – an ability me and my children possessed as well.

I gave the two women a slight nod of the head and then walked up to the back door. There was a buzz as I approached and it swung open. Going in, I was greeted by a giant of a man dressed in leather pants and vest. “I’ve never seen you here before, cow,” he said looking me up and down.

“This is my first visit, Master,” I meekly replied.

“Who told you about us?”

“I promised not to name names, Master.”

“You can either tell me who sent you or march your ass right back out that door.”

“I was told a while ago by another cow named Lacey Greene and finally found time to visit.”

“Take all of your clothes off for inspection.”

This was not unexpected. Reaching back, I unzipped my dress and tugged the form-fitting latex down my body. Knowing I would no doubt have sex I left the panties at home. Stepping out of my shoes, I stood there and waited. The man moved in front of me and jerked my arms up over my head. Roughly running his hands down my lightly furred arms, he grabbed my breasts and smirked when a stream of milk shot out of each. Holding my wrists in one large hand, he leaned down and sucked my right nipple. I wanted to kick him in the nuts, but gave no indication as I stood there and let him take advantage of me.

His free hand went to my pussy and three fat fingers shoved deep. After twisting, turning and wiggling them around for a solid minute he pulled them out and sucked them clean one at a time. Without word he frisked my naked body and then pushed me onto my knees. A foot between the shoulders had me head down and ass up. I heard the zipper and a moment later my pussy was filled with his cock. My furry nature took over and I let out a soft moan as he fucked me. Meanwhile, the two women I saw in the parking lot walked in, looked down at me with knowing smiles and then walked right on by.

“Uhn...d-do you fuck all the new girls?”

“That’s my job slave, so shut your mouth until I say otherwise.”

Yanking my head back by the hair, he then grabbed my breasts and squeezed as his continued slamming his cock in and out of me. I wanted to strangle him with my tail, but Toby warned me of the cameras hidden all over the place and what would happen should I do anything out of line. Out there I was a free woman capable of making my own decisions, living life however I liked, but in here I was nothing more than an object to be used and abused however and by whomever whether I wanted it or not just to get a fix of the chemical filling my collar and swimming through my veins.

“What’s the command for your collar, slave?”

“Moo, Master,” I lied “but it is voice commanded and only my Master can activate it.”

“Then we’ll have to get you a new one.”

“Master?”

“If you’re going to visit this establishment you’ll wear our collar. How much ex or zed do you have in that collar of yours, slave?”

“It was filled last night, Master.”

“Your Master should know better than to spoil a worthless slave. Your new collar will have one dose. If you want another you’ll have to come work here every night.”

“My Master will not permit that, Master. If my collar is removed he will show up here and he will fuck up whomever took it off. He is not a man to be trifled with, Master, and I’m not just saying that to keep his collar around my neck. He won’t hesitate in burying you or anyone else.”

“Then it looks like you’ll be a lifer.”

“Lifer, Master?”

“It means you won’t be walking out that door again.”

My tail came up between his legs and wrapped around his balls. He jerked back and I pounced. Using my horns as weapons, I stabbed the left one into his right side. He started to scream and I filled his mouth with my fist. The next blow went straight to his throat and he doubled over gasping for air.

“If you think even for a second I’d let you remove my collar you’re a bigger moron that I thought.” Putting my heels back on, I placed the left against his cock and pressed down hard. Grabbing a handful of his greasy hair my left knee connected with his nose. I was by no means the strongest of people but my years of FBI training taught me exactly where to strike to render a person unconscious and that’s exactly what I did. Dragging him into a dark corner of the room, I got dressed and then went the way I saw the bunny and dog go minutes earlier.

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Down a very long flight of stairs that put me a good fifty or sixty feet underground, I walked down a hallway towards where another large man stood guard in front of a closed metal door. Without missing a beat he stepped aside and pulled the door open. As I walked in he grabbed my tail and yanked me back out into the hallway. “You didn’t give the password, slave.”

“Password? I wasn’t told there was a password, Master.”

“Probably because whomever sent you knew you were an FBI agent,” he said as the door swung closed. “Yeah, I know who you are, Agent Morgan. You sent a lot of my friends to prison and boy did you ever come to the wrong plaahhgh!” he grunted when my knee met his crotch.

“I’m just here to have a little fun with those of my kind. Tell anyone who I am and the next nut shot will be with my horns. And if that’s not incentive enough, if I don’t call my boss every hour on the hour this place will be raided and shut down. I’m trying to avoid that but you assholes aren’t making it easy.” Stepping around him, I pulled the door open and stepped into the nightmare that was the Underground.

I’ve been in many clubs in my life. In fact, it was a visit to a fetish club that lead to me becoming a furry cow, but this place was more like the farm I was modified at than any club I’ve ever seen. It was dark, dingy and lifeless. The music, if one could call it that was a low thumping base that made me want to gouge my highly sensitive ears out. There were perhaps fifteen or twenty other furries representing a variety of animals and another hundred or so humans using and abusing them in ways that made me want to puke.

Straight ahead, a furry feline was strung up by her heels. Two men took turns hitting her with cat o’ nines while perhaps a dozen more watched and laughed. To my immediate left a furry bovine like me was being pissed on by ten men. Not that I had anything against golden showers, but these men were pissing into what appeared to be freshly opened wounds and her face was bloodied and bruised. Looking up, I saw several caged furries and thought they were the lucky ones until I saw one that had been modified into a monkey suddenly convulsed. The lights dimmed at the same time and it did not take long to realize she had just been electrocuted.

Unable to take the sight any longer I walked right back out the door, ran down the hall, upstairs and out to the parking lot. Reaching my car, I called my boss. “Sir, you need to raid and shut this place down right god damn now! They’re torturing them in there. They’re...they’re...it was worse than the farm, Sir. Please, send your men as...” I was halfway through my sentence when I saw several sets of headlights and then the large black vehicles. “Sir?”

“We were at the ready, Agent Morgan.”

“Thank you Sir. I only saw one man inside and another standing guard downstairs but there were at least a hundred in the club itself.” Grabbing my gun and credentials I got back out of my car. “I’m going in with you, Sir.”

“You’ll do no such thing. Go home and we’ll deal with this mess.”

“You know I can’t do that sir. Those furries need someone on their side and...”

“Furries?”

“It’s what we’re calling ourselves now, Sir. You can thank my father for that. Anyways, it’s my job to bring these assholes to justice and that’s exactly what I’m going to do. If we find ex or zed we need to fill their collars so they don’t have to seek out illegal sources sir and I’m the best trained to do so.”

“Fine, but wait for the men to clear the scene first. I don’t need my best agent running in guns blazing.”

“Yes Sir.” Hanging up, I approached the other agents. Two of them pointed guns at me until I called out my name and showed my identification.

The next several minutes were a blur of activity as more than two dozen agents stormed the building. Downstairs, they tossed several flashbangs into the club and moments later bodies started hitting the floor. We rushed in securing everyone – human and furry alike, with zip restraints. While they were busy doing that, I searched everywhere for their supply of chemicals. After an hour, the only place unsearched was beyond a door requiring a palm print.

Police arrived on the scene only to be turned away by the FBI. EMT were allowed in to check out the furries and a man was found whose hand opened the sealed door. Inside, we found canister after canister of chemical ex and zed. I filled every single collar to tears of thanks and there was still a ton of the stuff remaining.

“T-Th-Thank you,” a furry puppy that did not look a day over eighteen sobbed, hugging me tight. “I...I...they did...oh god please tell me I never have to come back here again.”

“You have my word on that. What’s your name?”

“C-Cyn-Cynthia.”

“Do you have somewhere to go?”

“No. My family disowned me when they saw what those monsters did to me. I’ve been living here ever since just to stay off the streets.”

“I’m so sorry to hear that. Let the EMT check you over and when you’re cleared I’ll make sure you have a place to stay where you won’t be judge.”

“Yeah? And where would that be,” she huffed. “We’re freaks. No one will hire me for a job. No one will give me a place to live. I can’t even stay in a damn homeless shelter without being ridiculed.”

“Trust me, I know exactly what you’re going through, but there are people out there that care and I’m one of them.”

“You’re an agent?”

“I am. I was one before being taken and modified and I’m one after. Was it easy? Not even close. I faced shame and ridicule from people I thought were friends, but I never gave up hope and now they see me as the person I’ve always been. I can help you Cynthia, if you want it.”

“How? Why? What do you get out of helping me?”

“I get the satisfaction of knowing I’ve helped a beautiful young woman off the streets and given her a better life.”

“What about them?”

“Each and every one of you will get another chance at life and I’ll be there to personally make sure you do. Come, let’s go get you checked out by the paramedics and after you’ve been questioned I’ll get you out of here.”

“Thank you.”

The raid over, Cynthia was cleared medically and she sat passively in the passenger seat of my car as I drove home. “Your nightmare is over, Cynthia, you have nothing more to fear.”

“Except what you’re going to do to me when we get back to your place,” she timidly replied.

“I want you to understand one thing right now. Nothing, and I mean absolutely nothing is going to happen to you at my home that you don’t want to happen. Your days of being a sex slave are over. Unless, of course, you choose otherwise. You will have your own room and three meals a day. You’ll also be free to come and go as you wish, but there are a few rules you’ll need to obey or my generosity will end as quickly as it was offered.”

“And those rules are?”

“First and foremost, my wife and I have kids and we are very protective mothers. To that end, you will not bring anyone onto my property without getting permission to do so first. Second, your collar will be reprogrammed and with my help you’ll learn to control the sexual urges the chemicals elicit so you’re constantly losing control. Third, my wife and parents are furies and with the exception of the husband so is the family living in the guest house. If you want to have sex with any of us all you need do is ask. On the flipside, if you’re asked and not in the mood then a simple no thanks will suffice. No one is ever going to force you to do anything on my property.”

“How long do I have to live with you?”

“You don’t have to live with me at all. If you want I’ll stop the car and let you out right here, but if you want a roof over your head, food in your belly and people that will treat you right then you may live with me until you’re working and able to afford your own place.”

“Working? Who in the hell is going to hire an uneducated freak?”

“I would, but we can discuss that later. As for education, how much schooling have you had?”

“I graduated high school and enjoyed three days of summer vacation when I was taken by those monsters.”

“That’s a start. We can work on getting you a college degree if that’s something you’re interested in.”

“So even more people can make fun of me? No thanks.”

“There are online courses, but you need to understand that you’re not alone. I’ve helped free hundreds of women just like us. Our existence is known to the world and it’s only a matter of time before we’re fully accepted. Now, all that being said there’s one more thing we need to go over so you’re not surprised by it later. My family and I are looking into opening a club of our own – a place run and operated by furies and funded by human patrons and members. I’m not telling you this because I expect you to come work for me, but so you’ll be aware when you hear us talking about it in the coming months.”

“So you’re no better than the bastards you just arrested.”

“Unlike them, our club will be a safe place for our kind. Humans may come and watch but they’ll need permission to touch. But more importantly, you set your own limits and they will be respected. Anyways, you are under no obligation to work for us but since you’ll be living with me I’d appreciate your input.”

“Sounds like a veritable Furtopia.”

“I like it. Assuming the others feel the same I think you just named our club.”

“Glad to be of service. So, so I get like a naming fee or something?” I gave her a raised brow and she nervously smiled. “I’m kidding. You’ve already gone above and beyond and I could never ask for anything more.” Chewing her lower lip, she stared out the passenger window. I left her to her thoughts and drove.

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Pulling in the driveway, I put the car in park and turned to my young ward.

“There’s two more things you need to know before we go in. First, me, my wife,

my parents and the couple living in the guest house are all nudists and never wear clothes at home. That being said, you are under no obligation to do the same. If you're more comfortable in clothes then that's your choice and we'll respect it. And second, my wife and father have been modified to have fully functioning male and female sex organs so please don't be too surprised when you see their dicks. Okay, you ready?"

"Yes Ma'am."

Getting out of the car, I led Cynthia to the front door, opened it and took her inside. Cindy was waiting in the living room and before the door was closed behind me, our new guest was on her knees with my wife's cock in her mouth.

"Whoa! Okay, I wasn't expecting that," Cindy exclaimed.

"Um, Cindy, this is Cynthia and she'll be staying with us for a while.

"Pleasure to meet you Cynthia," Cindy said taking a step back. "Were you told to come in and suck my cock?"

"No Ma'am. Sorry, I've been trained to suck every cock I see. I didn't mean to offend you."

"Believe me, it's no offense at all, but you are under no obligation to please me or anyone else unless you want to. Why don't I get you in a nice hot bath and then I'll make you something to eat. Do you have a preference?"

No Ma'am. I've learned to live on very little since leaving the facility I was modified at so I'll eat whatever you provide."

"I can guarantee as long as you're living under this roof you'll never go without again."

"OH! Before I forget, Cynthia came up with an awesome name for the club."

"She did?"

"Why don't you tell her," I smiled at our young guest.

"Furtopia," Cynthia nervously replied.

“I love it. Please tell me you didn’t offer her a job when it opens.”

“I told her she could work there if she wanted but is under no obligation. Anyways, why don’t I help her into that hot bath while you make her something to eat?”

“Yeah, that’s probably for the best.”

“Wait, does this mean I can’t suck your cock? I’m really good at it, I promise.”

“I know you are, and I’d love for you to suck me off but emotions are high right now so why don’t we wait a few days and see how you feel. Trust me, we’ve both been exactly where you are right now. Your training is running full speed right now and the only thing on your mind is doing whatever you can to please us. Am I in the ballpark?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“Then listen to me very closely. The only thing that will please me right now is for you to take a long, hot bath, get some food in your belly and then a few day’s rest and relaxation.”

“Yes Ma’am. Thank you.” Still on her knees, Cynthia wrapped her arms around Cindy’s waist and cried. My wife sank to her knees, took our guest into her arms and hugged her tight. After a few minutes, she was on her back with Cynthia sliding down her body.

“What are you doing?” Cindy asked. “Didn’t I just...”

“Please, I want to do this for you. Fucktoy.” The look on her face told me she had just given herself an injection of chemical zed. “Fucktoy. Fucktoy. Fucktoy.”

“Whoa! Slow down there,” I said, walking up behind Cynthia. Grabbing her collar, I took a close look at the back of it. As soon as I let go she lowered her head and took Cindy’s cock in her mouth and down her throat.

“Collar seven-three-six, enact emergency protocol alpha. Accept commands only from Agent Heidi Morgan. Recognize voice pattern.”

There was a moment of silence and then a faint male voice came from the collar.

“Voice pattern recognized. Alpha protocol engaged.”

“There, you can say it all you want and it will never inject you.

“Collar eleven-twenty-three, recognize override protocol omega. Authorization Lambda-seven-seven-nine-beta-epsilon.”

“Override protocol authorized,” a synthesized male voice replied.

Too out of it to realize what was going on, Cynthia continued sucking my wife’s cock. Taking advantage of her altered state of mind I continued with the collar commands. “Enact emergency protocol alpha. Recognize voice pattern and accept commands from Agent Heidi Morgan and no others.”

“Voice pattern recognized. Now accepting commands from Agent Heidi Morgan.”

“Collar eleven-twenty-three, recognize command function delta.”

“Command function delta recognized.”

“Collar eleven-twenty-three, lock all command functions from all users except Agent Heidi Morgan. Authorization Lambda-seven-seven-nine-beta-epsilon.”

“All command functions now locked.”

Leaning back in a kneeling position, Cynthia purred in euphoria. “Fucktoy.” There was a brief pause. “Fucktoy.” Another pause. “What the fuck?”

“I’ve changed your collar to accept commands only from me. You have enough in your system, Cynthia. When you’ve learned some self-control I’ll give you command again, but until then you’ll do this my way.”

“Trust her,” Cindy said. “She knows what she’s doing and has helped several furies learn to control their urges including me.”

Cynthia spun around, gave me an angry look and then lowered her head to the floor. “Please fuck me. Please stuff my worthless cunt with you huge cock. Fill me with your seed. Please impregnate this useless puppy.” I gave my wife a nod and she fucked her cock deep in our guest’s pussy. “OOHHHHH God yes!

Thank you! Thank you! Thank you! Uuhnnnn...holy shit your huge cock feels amazing, Mistress!" Raising her head, she looked up at me. "Please let me eat your pussy."

Knowing the aphrodisiac-induced euphoria she was experiencing and the lengths she would go through to satisfy her every perverse desire, I took my dress off and got on the floor in front of her. "You can start with drinking my milk," I said offering her my left breast. She immediately latched on and in seconds was swallowing her first mouthful. Bringing my tail around and under her, I rubbed her clit with the tip and Cindy continued ramming her from behind.

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Our threesome went on for nearly two hours and while she worked through the chemical zed flooding her system she showed up exactly how well trained she was. The largest part of me felt nothing but pity and sadness that her life had been so irrevocably fucked up, but there was a smaller part that was proud of her accomplishments and willingness to please. When the high finally started to fade and she came crashing down she lay on her back panting like the puppy she had been modified to be.

"Thank you so much Mistress for breeding this worthless puppy."

"You are far from worthless," Cynthia, and I never want to hear you call yourself that again. You are a beautiful young woman that terrible things have happened to and we're here to help you through it which is why she reprogrammed your collar."

"Or she did it to keep me here at her mercy."

"No, I did it to help you learn to control your urges and to show you don't need to drug yourself into oblivion to feel pleasure. If you want control of it back just say the word, but know that if you do you'll be escorted off my property and you can forget me ever helping you make something of yourself."

"I...please don't kick me out. I'm sorry. I'm not used to anyone being nice to me without wanting sex or worse in return."

"We understand. Come on, let's go get that bath and then it's off to bed with you."

“Yes Ma’am. And seriously, thank you for breeding me. Will you do it again tomorrow?”

“We’ll talk about it,” Cindy said as she helped Cynthia to her feet and towards the bathroom.

Waking before anyone, I went to the spare bedroom and gave the door three soft knocks. “Cynthia, you awake?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

“May I come in?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

Opening the door, I saw the bed made and Cynthia sitting on the floor like a puppy. “How did you sleep? Um, did you sleep?” I asked, looking at the bed.

“I slept great Ma’am, thank you.”

“How long have you been awake?”

“Only a few minutes Ma’am.”

“Thank you for making the bed. Would you like to join me in the kitchen for a cup of coffee and some breakfast?”

“I didn’t sleep in the bed Ma’am. Puppies sleep on the floor.”

My heart hurt when she spoke those words and I let out a sigh. “You may have been genetically modified to have canine traits and been trained as a sex slave, but those days are behind you now. You can sleep on the bed.”

“Thank you Ma’am.” Dropping onto her hands and knees she crawled over to me.

“And you don’t need to crawl anymore either.”

Her tail wagged excitedly and she got to her feet. “Thank you Ma’am. I’m sorry if I keep screwing up but those monsters beat the training into me and I don’t want to be disciplined for breaking the rules.”

“You will not be disciplined in this house Cynthia. You are not a sex slave anymore. You will not be used or abused as long as you’re living under this roof and you have my word on that.”

“Thank you Ma’am. Can I have an injection please?”

“Not yet. I need to know if you’re a first generation furry or were you born to another?”

“I am the only one in my family this had happened to Ma’am. Why?”

“After a great many consultations with various geneticists we’ve come to learn that only first generation furies require daily doses of the chemical to maintain a stable genetic code. Since you took several last night you’re good until tonight.”

“Yes Ma’am. Um, can we please stop at the bathroom? I really need to pee.”

“Would you like me to drink it for you?” Her eyes went wide as saucers and her jaw dropped open. “It’s okay, I’m a very well-trained urinal and it would be my pleasure drinking your pee.”

“R-Really Ma’am?”

“Absolutely.” Getting down on my knees, I looked up at her. “It’s okay, honest. You may use me if you want. If not just say the word and...” her pussy pressed against my lips and I barely had time to form a seal before she started peeing. I let it go down and she just stared at me in shocked awe.

“Thank you so much, Ma’am. You’re the first, um, furry to ever do it willingly.”

“My wife and I, my parents and Elizabeth – the woman living in the guest house are all fully trained sex slaves and we’re willing to do anything for anyone as long as they ask permission.”

“Have you used the bathroom yet Ma’am?”

“Not yet.”

“Please use me, Ma’am. You drank my pee so it’s only fair I return the favor. In fact, if you want I’ll make sure I’m ready and available every morning for you,

Cindy and anyone else that wants to use me as their urinal.” She got on her knees and stared into my eyes. “Please Ma’am, I really want to do this for you.”

Standing, I pressed my pussy to her lips. She adjusted a little and gave the signal that she was ready. I started peeing and she swallowed without spilling a drop. “Thank you Cynthia.”

“You’re welcome Ma’am.”

“Hey, don’t have all the fun without me,” Cindy said, causing me to jump in surprise. “What’re you doing?”

“Drinking each other’s pee, Ma’am,” Cynthia answered. “Would you like me to drink yours?”

“Do you want to drink my pee?”

“Yes Ma’am. I’ll drink it every morning for you both.” I moved out of the way and Cindy took my place. Cynthia drank her pee, licked her lips and grinned. “Please tell me what I can do to help around the house, Ma’am. I don’t want to be a freeloader if I can help it.”

“I want you to relax. After breakfast I’ll take you shopping for some new clothes and then we’ll go from there.”

“I figured I’d go nude Ma’am.”

“That’s your choice, but you can’t exactly go nude when out in public now can you?”

“No Ma’am.”

“Come on, I’m starving,” Cindy said. “We can talk clothes, shopping and the future later.”

“You two go ahead and I’ll wake the kids,” I replied. “Um, I need you to understand that our kids are young and know nothing about bdsm or us being sex slaves. While going nude and things like hugging and quick kisses are okay you are not to perform any sexual acts while they’re around. Is that understood?”

“Yes Ma’am.”

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After breakfast I took Cynthia out shopping and bought her about twenty outfits from simple jeans and tee shirts to sexy dresses and everything in-between. I also bought her several pairs of shoes and a ton of lingerie. To boost her self-esteem I took her to places I frequented, places I knew would not stare or make fun of her appearance. But it was the last store we visited that had the most impact.

Walking through the doors we were met by a stunning brunette that had been modifies to look like a pony complete with ears and tail. “Welcome to fantasy lingerie,” the woman greeted us.

Cynthia stopped dead in her tracks and gasped. “Y-You work here?”

“Yes Ma’am I do. Does that surprise you?”

“Yes Ma’am. Sorry,” blushing, she hung her head and nervously chewed her lip.

“No need to apologize.”

“Tammy, this is Cynthia. I rescued her from an organization owned club last night and I’m helping her get back on her feet.”

“Pleasure to meet you, Cynthia. Agent Morgan is one of the good, um, cows,” she grinned. “She’s helped a lot of women including me and a cat woman names Wanda that also works here. So, how can I help the two of you today?”

“We’re looking for some lingerie for Cynthia. She only has the clothes she’s wearing right now so we’re going to need a little of everything. Um, you wouldn’t happen to need any more help would you?”

“Not particularly, but for you I’ll make an exception. How old are you dear?”

“Eighteen.”

“Perfect. Would you like a job?”

“Really?”

“Absolutely. It’ll only be part time for now, but at least it’ll put some money in your pocket until you can find something better.”

“I...wow...thank you.”

“No problem, dear.”

“And here you didn’t think anyone would ever want to hire you because of the way you look.”

“What? Are you kidding me? Oh, honey, you’re a beautiful young woman and don’t you dare let anyone tell you otherwise.”

“You mean puppy?” Cynthia replied, her cheeks blushing under the light dusting of fur. “I mean, look at me.”

“I am looking at you sweetie. Sure, you may have been genetically modified to be a puppy, but so what. I’m a pony, Heidy here is a cow and Wanda, oh, hey, Wanda, come over here a minute please.” As the attractive feline furry approached Tammy continued. “And as you can see Wanda is a stunning cat woman.”

“Who’s this?” Wanda asked as she looked Cynthia up and down with a smile.

“This is Cynthia and she’ll be working here at least part time.”

“Pleasure to meet you,” Wanda said with a hint of a purr.

“Nice to meet you,” Cynthia said taking the offered hand.

“Cynthia seems to have an issue with the way she looks. What do you think, Wanda?”

“I think I’d like to take her in back and show her just how well cats and dogs really get along.” Still hand in hand, Wanda raised Cynthia’s arm and slowly spun her around. “Mmmm...yes...you are a darling aren’t you?”

“I, um, that is...thank you,” Cynthia stammered.

“No need to be shy dear. You are stunning and if no one has ever said that to you before then they’re either blind or a complete asshole.”

Cynthia looked over at Tammy with tears in her eyes. “When may I start Ma’am?”

“Do you have a driver’s license or state ID?”

“No Ma’am. The only possessions I have are the clothes on my back and what Heidi has so graciously bought for me.”

“As soon as you get the ID situation straightened out the job is yours.”

“Thank you Ma’am. Um, can we please do some shopping before I do something embarrassing?”

“Embarrassing?” Wanda said and with a twirl Cynthia was in her arms. “I’m going to kiss you.”

“O-Okay.”

The two furies kissed for several long seconds and then Wanda looked into Cynthia’s eyes and smiled. “Was that embarrassing dear?”

“No.”

“And neither will anything else we do together. Can I take my break now?”

“Cynthia, do you want to go in back and play with Wanda?” Tammy asked.

“Mmm hmm.”

“Then you may do so.”

“Thank you, but Heidi brought me here to shop, not, um, play.”

“You go on ahead and have all the fun you like and I’ll be here when you’re done.”

“Thank you.” Hand in hand she and Wanda disappeared through the back door to the employee lounge.

“Wanda is very punctual and will not take any longer than her fifteen minute break permits. In the meantime, how have you been?”

“It’s been a crazy few months actually. So, my father is now a furry.”

“He dresses up like an animal? Is that to feel more like us or what?”

“No, I mean he willingly went through the process and is now a very feminine feline furry. Oh, sorry, we’re not exactly human anymore so we’ve started calling our kind furies.”

“Holy shit! I mean, I like the name furry for us, but holy shit! He willingly let those monsters turn him into an animal? I didn’t even know it could work on men. And you say he’s female now?”

“Actually, he’s a hermaphrodite like Cindy.”

“So, fully functional in both departments?”

“Yep.”

“Not gonna lie, beyond the insanity of willingly doing this to yourself, I think it’s pretty hot that he did. What else is new?”

“We’re planning on opening a furry positive club Cynthia aptly named Furtopia.”

“HA! I love it! She seems like a sweetheart. A bit timid and unsure of herself, but a sweetheart none the less.”

“She’s young and has had a very rough time with this life. It’s going to take time, but she’s learning not everyone is out to use and abuse her. Anyways, lingerie, I could use a few new pieces while we wait.”

“Oh, honey, you’re going to love our new, um, furry line of lingerie. Each piece is specially designed with a tail in mind so no more awkwardly wearing the old

human stuff.” Looking around, she pulled her skirt up over her hips and showed me what looked like a normal pair of lacy boyshorts. She turned and I saw her tail jutting through a small hole designed in the fabric, but upon close inspection realized what I thought was a hole was, in fact, a small cutout. Which would make taking them off and putting them on a hell of a lot easier than normal human panties.

“Whomever came up with that idea deserved a medal. Forget a few pieces, Cindy and I are going to need an entire new wardrobe.”

“You didn’t hear this from me, but we’re working on a new clothing line for our kind as well. If everything goes according to plan it should be available in the fall.”

“I’ll be the first in line.”

“There are a lot of us out there in the world now thanks to you and we deserve to be as comfortable in our clothing as anyone else.”

“Amen. Tell me there will be shorts and pants. Don’t get me wrong, I love skirts and dresses, but damn it, there are days I’d just like to wear anything else.”

“Absolutely. We’re going all out on this one. Hey, we’re thinking of putting on something of a runway show. How would you, Cindy and Cynthia like model for us?”

“I’m sure the two of them would love it, but I’m not sure I can do that and keep my day job.”

“Not that that really matters given the whole world already knows everything you’ve done, but it won’t be anything scandalous. If you’re uncomfortable with the lingerie you can model the regular clothing.”

“I’ll talk to my boss and see what he thinks of the idea, but I wouldn’t hold my breath on him giving me permission to participate.”

“Participate in what, Ma’am?” Cynthia asked as she and Wanda emerged from the back room looking positively radiant.

“Have fun?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Cynthia and I are going to get along just fine,” Wanda purred.

“I was just telling Heidi about our upcoming clothing line and runway show and asked if she’d like to participate,” Tammy said. “You too Cynthia. With a sexy little thing like you walking down the runway the clothes will fly off the shelves faster than we can have them made.”

“Thank you Ma’am but I don’t think I have what it takes to be a model.”

“Are you kidding me?” Wanda replied. “You have everything it takes to be a model. Why do you keep putting yourself down so much?”

“Maybe because I was taken straight out of high school genetically modified into a puppy and trained as a worthless sex slave for the last nine months! Maybe because all I’ve heard for months is what a complete waste of air I am. Maybe... maybe...” dropping to her knees, she sobbed into her hands.

Moving with a cat’s grace Wanda wrapped her arms around Cynthia and hugged her tight. “Let me make something clear right now. You are a strong, beautiful young woman with a brilliant future ahead of her and don’t you dare let anyone tell you otherwise. All of us here have been through the same ordeal – some of us for much, much longer than others, but we endured everything they did to us and lived to tell the world about it. We may be a completely different species now, I honestly don’t know how all that works, but what I do know is that none of us are worthless, useless wastes of air.”

Walking to the door of the shop I looked out and saw two young men walking down the street. “Hey, you two, can you help me with something?”

They looked at each other and then me and shrugged. “What do you need?”

“Please come inside and I’ll show you.” Their faces lighting us as if they were about to get lucky, they walked over and into the shop. “What are your names?”

“I’m Jeff and this is my friend Mark. And you are?”

“I’m Heidi and these are Tammy, Wanda and Cynthia.”

“Hey, is she okay?” Mark asked.

“You tell me?”

“Um, I don’t know...”

“Hold on. I just need you to answer a few very important questions for me, but first, Wanda, can you help our young friend to her feet please.” When Cynthia was standing head bowed I continued. “I want the honest to god truth from the two of you. What do you think of Cynthia?”

“I don’t understand,” Jeff replied.

“What do you think about how she looks?”

“Is this some sort of trick?”

“No trick.”

“I think she’s absolutely stunning,” Mark answered. “Seriously, I’ve always had a furry fetish so this is like a dream come true for me.”

“I wouldn’t go that far, but, um, yeah, she’s cute. Why?”

“Would you date her? Proudly take her out in public and tell everyone she’s your girlfriend?”

“God yes!” Mark quickly replied.

“And you? Go on, no need to be shy. Just tell the truth.”

“Yeah, I’d date her.”

“And the rest? Would you tell everyone she’s your girlfriend or would you go out of your way to hide the fact you’re dating a furry. That’s what we’re calling ourselves now but the way.”

“I’d tell people. What’s going on here? Why is she crying?”

“She’s crying because she’s embarrassed by the way she looks and doesn’t think anyone would want her. She’s crying because she’s had it pounded in her head

that she's nothing but a worthless whore."

"Oh god!" Mark gasped. "You poor thing." Walking over to her, he gently took her right hand in his and with the left raised her chin. "You are not a worthless anything and whomever told you that was an idiot. I mean this from the bottom of my heart so please believe me when I say you are beautiful and I'd count myself as the luckiest man alive if you were my girlfriend."

"R-Really?"

"God yes. Love of furries aside, you really are gorgeous and everyone deserves to be loved and respected for who they are on the inside. This," he said motioning his hand over her body "is just icing on the cake as far as I'm concerned. Look, I know we just met and all, but if you'd like to talk and maybe get to know each other I'd really like that."

"You'd want me after everything they did to me?"

"The entire world knows exactly what those people did to you and I for one don't care." Her hand jerked away from his and she gave him a look of shocked disappointment. He tried taking it back but she refused. "What I mean to say is I don't see you as any less of a person for what they did to you. Quite the opposite, in fact. You endured hell and lived to tell about it. That speaks volumes in my book. Anyways, I'm gonna shut up now before I dig this hole any deeper."

Cynthia stared at him for a long moment and then hugged him. "Thank you. I'd give you my number but I don't have a cell phone."

Walking over to the register, Mark picked up a pen and returned. Taking Cynthia's hand in his – this time she did not pull away, he wrote his phone number on the palm of her hand. "If you ever want to talk you know the number to call. So, anything else I can help you with this fine afternoon?"

"Can I take him in the back room? Cynthia asked.

"I've been following everything reported on your king since the beginning so I know how overly sexual you can be, so if you're saying what I think you're saying I'm flattered, but we only just met and as surprising as this may sound, I'd rather get to know you before we start talking sex."

“He’s a keeper,” Tammy purred.

“I’ll call you the second I get a cell phone.”

“I think we all know our next stop,” I replied. Opening my purse I took out a pen and notepad and then wrote his number down so she would have it when the ink on her hand started to smudge and wipe away.”

Moving away from her potential new boyfriend Cynthia hugged me. “Thank you. It’s so hard getting their voices out of my head, but this has helped me more than you can ever imagine.”

“I know what you’re going through which is why I asked them in here in the first place. You need to know that not everyone out there thinks the same.”

“How did you know we wouldn’t call you freaks or worse?” Jeff asked.

“I didn’t. But since you were cordial and didn’t go on a rant when I first talked to you I was pretty sure you were at least indifferent to our kind. I’m glad to see there are people in this world that can look past appearances.”

“I can definitely look past appearances, but don’t get me wrong, I think you’re all gorgeous,” Mark replied. “Seriously, there needs to be about a million more of you in the world.”

“Half a million for you and half a million for me?” Jeff replied.

“So you do like our kind after all?” I smiled. “Good to know.”

“I never said I didn’t. I find you all very attractive, but I’m not the sort to talk about my sexual preferences with people I don’t know.”

“So, if I were to offer myself to you right now would you take me?”

“Right here in the middle of the store?”

“Right here, right now,” I said, slowly tugging my dress up.

“Dude, what’re you doing? Don’t just stand there.”

“You’re serious, you want to do it right here?”

“Absolutely. With your permission of course, Tammy.”

“Be my guest.”

To my surprise, Jeff hesitated a second and then unbuttoned his pants and took his cock out. It was not the biggest I’ve ever seen, but size really did not matter all that much. Smiling, I got on my knees and wrapped my fingers around it. It twitched in my hand. Slowly jerking him off, I sucked his balled in my mouth and he started growing harder.

“Look, Heidi, he likes it,” Tammy giggled. “He really likes it.”

“I’d say he does,” Cynthia replied.

Turning, I got on my hands and knees and looked over my shoulder. “I’m ready whenever you are.” Guided by hormones, Jeff slid the head of his cock along my slit and then pushed into me. “Mmmm!” I moaned as my tail twirled around Jeff’s right leg with a mind of its own.

“God damn, you’re one lucky bastard,” Mark exclaimed.

“You could get lucky too if you wanted,” Cynthia shyly remarked. “Honest, I really, really want to do it. I mean, it is what I’ve been trained for after all.”

“Which is exactly why I’d rather get to know you. Believe me, I really, really want to do it too, but I know what you’ve been through and don’t want you thinking I only want you for sex.”

“I appreciate that. How about we meet in the middle? We can fuck right now and then get to know each other afterward,” she said, lifting her dress up over her hips. Getting on all fours, she lowered her head halfway to the floor and wagged her tail excitedly. “Please,” she said with a hint of pleading.

“Dude, what are you doing?” Jeff grunted. “Don’t just stand there,” he continued, using his friend’s words against him.

Mark bit into his lower lip, looked around the room and at the door and then took his cock out. There was no sucking required as he was already standing at full attention. “Are you sure this...”

“Is exactly what I want,” Cynthia finished his sentence. No sooner was his cock penetrating her then she slammed back taking his entire length in one swift motion. “Ooohhhh god yes!”

“Looks like a match made in heaven to me,” Wanda purred like the cat she had been modified to be.

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After the guys finished fucking me and Cynthia we finished our shopping. Back in the car, she looked over at me grinning ear to ear. “I don’t know how you planned that, but thank you. I really needed that.”

“Planned it? Sweetie, you’ve been with me since I got up this morning. Have I made any calls?”

“No.”

“That whole incident was the opposite of planned and just goes to show there are people out there that can and do love you. I hope you see that now.”

“I do. For the first time since this happened to me I really, honestly do. You know what the most amazing part was?”

“Tell me.”

“He...it was...oh my god he felt so damn good. I didn’t even have to fake the orgasms with him. And hey, I have a job now so I won’t have to live with you forever.”

“No need to rush out the door. Save your money. Get your license if you don’t already have it. Buy a car. Trust me, the last thing you want to do is rush out there without enough money to cover your bills. And then there’s college to think about.”

“I don’t know. Can furries get student loans?”

“Only one way to find out.”

“You saved my life, you know. Seriously. My life was in ruins and the club only

made my existence more miserable by the night. Had you not come along when you did I don't think I would have made it much longer. I owe you..."

"Nothing. You don't owe me a thing, Cynthia, but if you feel the need to repay me anyways you can do it by proving the bastards that did this to you how wrong they are. You can do it by showing them that no one is worthless. Do it by bettering yourself and showing the world we are every bit as deserving of love and respect as everyone else."

"I have no idea how I'm gonna do that yet, but I swear I won't stop until I do."

"I think you're going to be just fine," I said, gently patting her left thigh. "And you have my permission to bring him home anytime you like."

"Thank you Ma'am."

About that. I don't know if it's the training or you just trying to be polite, but you don't have to call me Ma'am all the time."

"Sorry Ma'am. I mean...ugh...it's a hard habit to break."

"Believe me, I understand completely. And believe me when I say you're going to be just fine."