

Chapter Seventeen

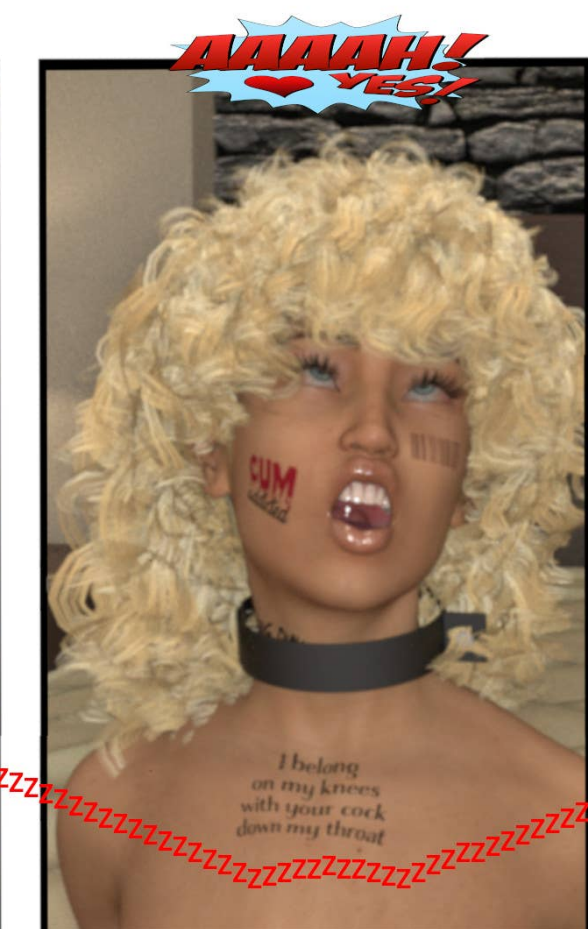
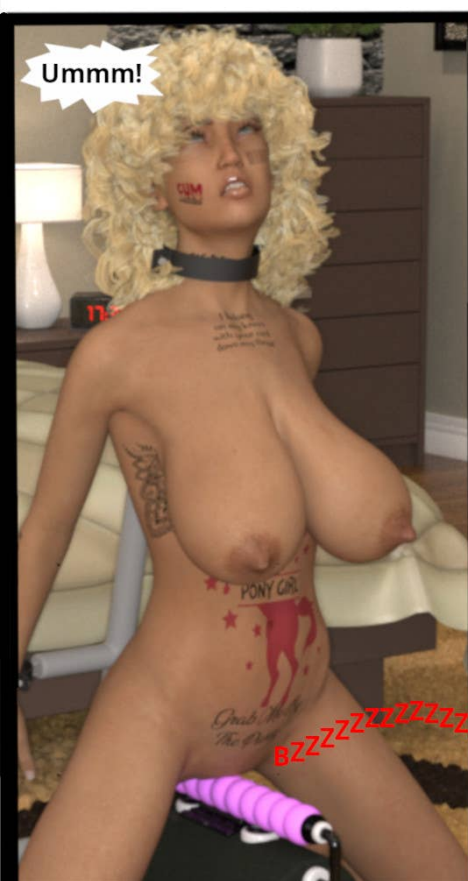


SPECIALS
Come meet
Elsie
the
Cow Pony

In the Dog ~~House~~
Tree

It was another typical morning. Elsie was being punished for transgressions for the night before.

Today's torment was half pleasure and half pain. The pleasure came from the relentless vibrations of Sybian between her legs; but so did the pain. She'd been riding the device for hours now, and it had slowly tenderized her private parts. Now, the pleasure came less frequently, but each time it was more intense. In-between she rode the waves of pain.





All I'm saying is that we've got a good thing going here. Let's not blow it just because we can't get Jeth his allotment of milk.

Did he say something?

He mentioned that we've missed the schedule once or twice.

Don't worry.

I'll have your milk ready by the time you return... and it will be nice and sweet. She's been on the pleasure machine all morning.

He, he. So I noticed.

Any plans for her after work?

I was going to do some pony training. The fair's coming up soon. I need to get her up to speed if I don't want to embarrass myself in the beginner's class.

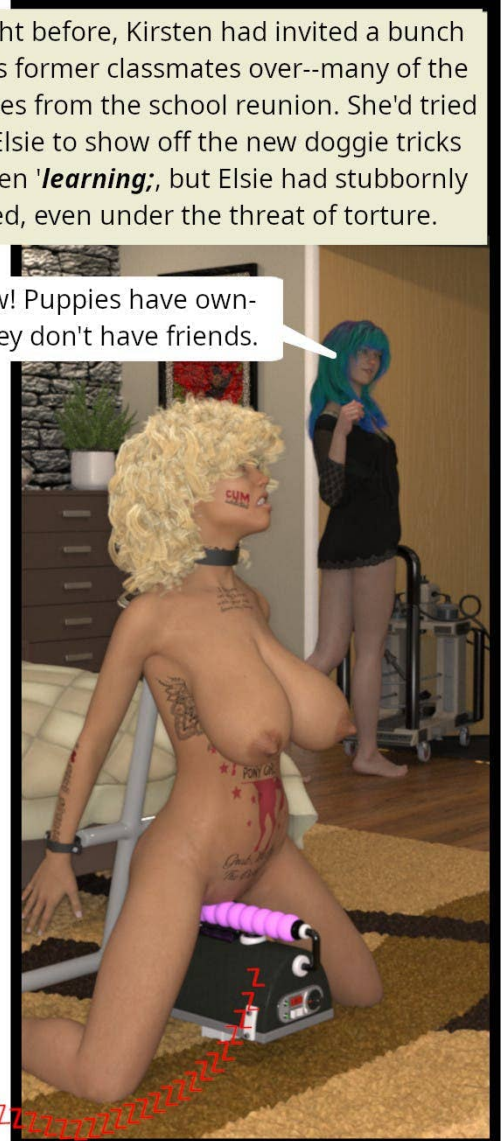
Um... sorry I won't be able to join you. Regina and I will be doing inventory.

The night before, Kirsten had invited a bunch of Elsie's former classmates over--many of the same ones from the school reunion. She'd tried to get Elsie to show off the new doggie tricks she'd been '**learning**'; but Elsie had stubbornly refused, even under the threat of torture.

Well now, how's my bad puppy doing this morning. Are you learning your lesson? Are you starting to enjoy yourself? Your body at least seems to be discovering it's new role in life, even if your dim-witted brain hasn't caught up with it yet. Don't look at me like that, little puppy. You know it's true. And you know what you did wrong... embarrassing me like that, last night, in front of my friends too.

Silly cow! Puppies have owners ... they don't have friends.

Don't you mean... ah! in front of ... ah! my friends. Mmmph!



How about sisters? Do they have sisters?

Well, she was a few years older than me; pretty and smart. Never did anything wrong, according to my parents. They always used to give her everything. Not me! She got the new clothes and I got her hand-me downs.

Hum... I had a sister once. But she was a bit of a bitch.

Sounds like your parents didn't have a lot of money. Maybe they just couldn't afford to buy you both new clothes.

Oh... umh... how so?

Yet somehow, they always had enough money to buy her nice new things.





What kind of things

Umph.

What that... old thing.

Like that flute they bought her for christmas one year.



Even if it was cheap it still cost a lot of money.

I'll bet she bought it from a pawn shop, since the case was all scared and covered with stickers.

I'm sorry... um I never even knew you wanted to play.

I didn't, but that's not the point, is it? They bought her stuff like that all the time. Another time they came up with money to buy her ballet lessons.



Those lessons were from Aunt Helen and she gave them to you and your sister... for those first few weeks.



Until they realized that I didn't have any talent!



You were four years younger. You just needed to mature a little before you took the lessons. It was just bad luck that Aunt Helen died before you had a chance to...

No, that's not it. She was always more graceful and elegant than me. She was better at everything than I was.

I don't think that's true. You were just younger... but even if it were true, how was that her fault?

I guess it wasn't... but that didn't stop her from going out of her way to make sure I knew it.

And when did I ever do that?



Well now. Are we getting to the good part? Did my grabbing your tit push you over the edge? Force you to start enjoying your little slut puppy self? Answer me, bitch!

He, he, he, he! You really were born to be a fucking slave. Here you are, getting fucked in front of your younger sister and you're not even embarrassed at all, are you. You just cum like a fucking whore, dribbling all down your legs like it's nothing. Admit it my little fuck puppy, you were born to be a slave. You were meant for this life. Admit it, you nasty little whore.

Ah, yes... pant, pant.

umh, ah, umph, ah, ah!

Ah, umm, ah, y-yes, yes. I admit it.

I'm a nasty little whore!

Admit what?

And?

I was born for this! I can't get enough.

See? I knew you'd admit it eventually. You got lucky th day they turned you into a slave. Otherwise, you'd never have gotten in touch with your true inner self. You're still fighting it, of course. That pesky conscience. But we'll get you there. We'll set that part of ou free and then you won't have to hide your true self any more. See what a good sister I am.

Who said this had anything to do with you, you little slimy face fuck puppy. We were talking about my sister!

I thought I wasn't your sister anymore, you bitch!

Good. It's important to remove the gag and have these little conversations from time to time, so that your progress can be judged fairly.

But now that you've shown you are aware of your true nature, I'll expect you to do so in the future. I won't go as easy on you any more if you regress back to your stage of denial.



Umph! Yes mis-tress.



So, where were we now.

Elsie knew what her sister was asking and more importantly, why. If Else didn't remember what she'd been talking about, it would give her an excuse to punish her more.

Ah! What a bad sister I am. Umh!

I was... umph.. baby-sitting.

Noone wants a younger sibling around with their friends.

Ah, yes. How you always used to boss me around when we were alone

And now you'd never let me play with you when your friends were around.

Well, I may have had a complete shit for a big sister, but I've got the best puppy in the world, yes I do. My sister may have bullied and tormented me ... but you weren't even born then, Now you have been, of course. And I'm so glad. You're such a good puppy, most of the time. But now, it's time to fulfill your cow role for a bit... or should I say, un-fill? He, he. We've got a lot of work to do on those udders and not much time. Dez is going to be back in an hour for your milk.



Good... and just to show you how incredibly generous and forgiving I am, I'm going to turn up the vibrator to it's ultimate maximum, during the course of your milking. Isn't that nice of me? I know how sensitive your udders get when they haven't been milked for a while. So, this will help distract you. Give you something else to think about. Aren't I generous, my little fuck-slut?

Are you ready to be milked nice and hard, my little slut-cow?

Yes, mistress!

Oh... arrgh! umh... yes mistress! Ahhh!

Good. Knowing that I'm giving you so much pleasure is music to my ears... he, he, he.

Damn! this hurts so fucking much, and yet it never seems to stop feeling good!



Later that same evening.



Elsie the Duck! She's nothing but bad luck!
 Elsie the Duck! Boys the girl sure can fuck!
 Elsie the Duck! Looking like she got stuck!
 Elsie the Duck! She's ready for a butt fuck!

I'm supposed to be a dog, you adolescent morons!



Elsie's arms ached from hanging for so long. And, to make matters worse, the punishment had come after a long day, that had gone even worse than usual. Riding the sybian while while the milker was set to high wasn't an intense experience.



I should probably feel more humiliation in this situation--but I think I'm becoming numb to it.

At least for today.





He was nearly fifteen minutes late. But that didn't stop him from training her for hours.



He trained her long enough that she needed another milking before Kirsten decided she deserved to be hung in her "Dog Tree" in the front yard. It was a pun on the term dog house. And Kirsten encourage the neighbor kids to come have a look at her. The law, of course prohibited children from **being** slaves, but it encouraged them to see real-world slaves. Many thought it was good for them to see what a slave's life was like so they'd be more likely to avoid becoming one themselves.

Come on, Elsie! You were doing better than this the last time we practiced.

Agh!



If it weren't for the ache in her arms from hanging around for so long, this "punishment" would almost be relaxing--especially compared to some. She'd learned to block out the childish chanting from the crowds that formed. Usually they were just younger children who didn't have the courage to do anything more.

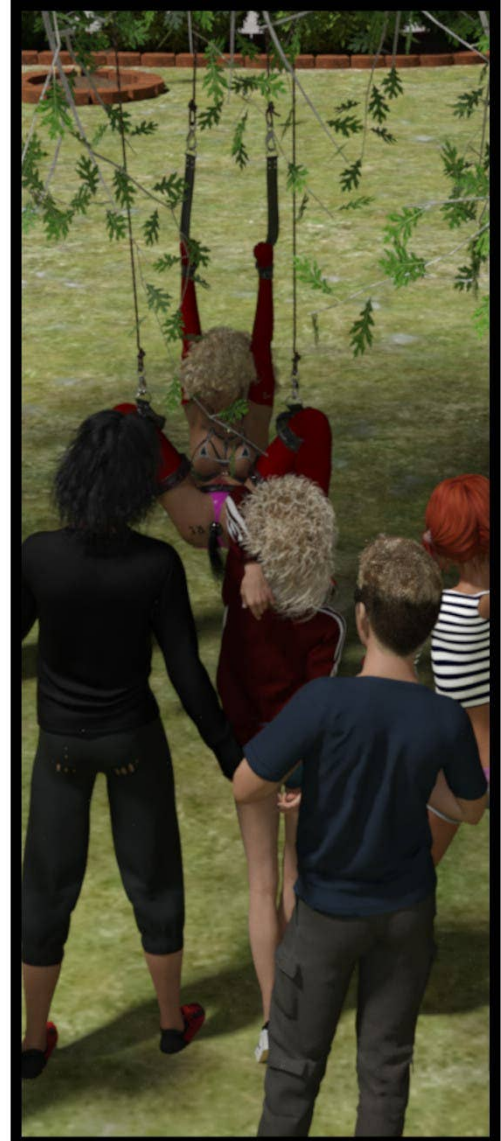


**Elsie the Cow's birthin' little white sows!
Elsie the Cow, gonna get fucked right now!
Elsie the Cow, Boy she can suck and how!
Elsie the Slut, likes big things in her butt!
Elsie the Slut, a work of living smut!**



But sometimes it was adults, who came by. They almost always tended to get more... personal. The worst was usually when it was someone she'd known in her former life... when she was Julie.

Elsie the dog, smells like a wild hog!
Elsie the dog, pussy sucks like a bog!
Elsie the dog, truss up just like a frog!

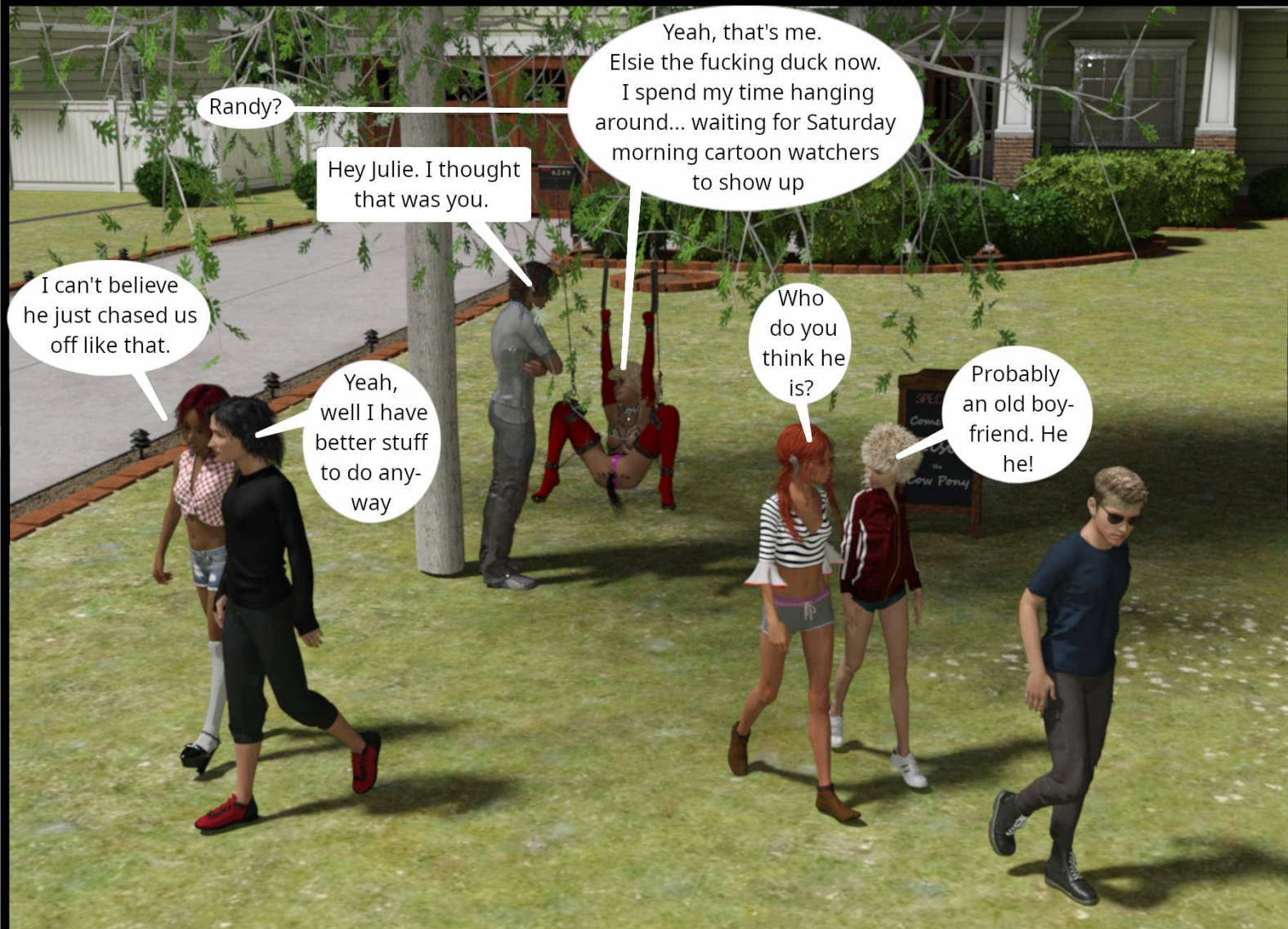


Randy was an old friend. He and Julie never actually went out together, but sometimes she'd thought maybe he wanted to ask. She'd definitely wanted him to, but she'd never had the courage... just like him, probably.

Alright! That's enough fun for one day. You kids need to move along now.



You kids may be thinking that I don't have the authority to send you packing... and you may be right. But I am big enough to give you a well deserved ass kicking if you're still standing here in the next ten seconds. Now get!



Randy?

Hey Julie. I thought that was you.

Yeah, that's me. Elsie the fucking duck now. I spend my time hanging around... waiting for Saturday morning cartoon watchers to show up

I can't believe he just chased us off like that.

Yeah, well I have better stuff to do anyway

Who do you think he is?

Probably an old boyfriend. He he!



No, no, I said it was all good. I'm just curious why you're hanging from this tree?

It's good to see that captivity hasn't completely tamed that mouth of yours.

Sorry.

I guess you could say it's because my sister doesn't have a doghouse. She calls this hanging from her dog-tree.

Ah, this is a punishment. Hence the outfit, no doubt.

Ha! No... actually, this is a bit tamer than what she usually gives me to wear. I have a bra and panties.

SPECIALS
meet
Jessie
the
Pony

I'd like to say I'm sorry to hear that... but I have to admit: there's this part of me (that deep dark part that you try to keep hidden in public) that can't deny that I'm kind of grateful to your sister. You look really hot like this. Sorry! I know that's pretty insensitive and that I probably sound like a complete creep.



No! ... Well, actually yes, it probably is a bit creepy, but honestly, it's still probably the least creepy thing that anyone has said to me in the past several months, since I became a slave. And that includes people I used to think were my friends.

Well, you know what they say. you find out who your real friends are when the chips are down. I may want to take advantage of you inside, but I would never actually do that. I just thought...

