

Chapter Eighteen

Shopping with Mistress



or

(Fairies in a Box)





You've been such a good little footstool, fuck pet, that I think you deserve a reward

Oh god! What does she have planned for me now?

I think we should go shopping

Shohfing?

What? Are you deaf as well as stupid, Silly Cow? Shopping: you know, the thing our parents did when they bought you band new clothes, just before they gave all your old stuff to me.



Stay right there... I've got a little present for you. I had Dez make it up special, just for you. It's the perfect dog walking tool.

What's more, I bought it with the money I made from our last fun party. So, in a sense, you actually bought it for yourself, which is just more proof of what a nasty little whore you are.



Here we are. It's a special toy just for you. When you walk, the pressure pads on the seat generate all the energy necessary to ensure that the vibrator will keep driving it's pleasure strokes deep inside you.

I can't imagine buying something for myself like this, but (as usual) I'm sure you'll love it.

Eeyah!

It's good to see how excited your new toy has you. Good slut-puppies show their appreciation for the toy's their mistresses buy them. He, he, he. Now I just have to slide it in... If you wiggle your butt a little I'll bet it will slide in a bit easier. No? Well, that's all right. As always, You've got more than enough lubrication dripping down your legs to ensure that it will slide right in. As big as it is and your nasty little puss just gobbles it right up.

Eeyauuh!



Now, now, Silly Cow, you're almost all bundled up. This is a rather stupid time to start fighting the inevitable. But I'm a lenient mistress. To show you there's no hard feelings, I'm going to turn your vibrator up to maximum, just to make sure that everyone knows how happy you are to be going for a walk with your mistress. Isn't that generous of me?

Pleahsh, Khurshun, Donht takh meh ouht ihk diss.



Don't worry, Silly Cow, this is all for your own good. If you could see where we were going, I'm pretty sure you wouldn't want to go there. So I'm really just saving you another punishment.

Honestly, Elsie! You've got to be just about the dumbest bitch ever. Haven't you realized that the more you plead with me not to do something, the more likely I am to do it? Actually, I'm the dumb one, since it gives me so much pleasure to watch you beg and then deny it. But you're so stupid, even when I tell you this, you'll probably still just keep pleading with me. He, he, he.

Phlezz, nawh ah linfhoh! Ih wohnt beh abulh tuh seh ah think.



Oh, this is so much fun! I should ride you like this all the way to the store.



Only I don't think (even with your pony girl training that you'd be strong enough. And if I wore you out, I'd have to pay for a taxi to get us home. So, I guess I'll have to limit my ride and just punish you later for not being strong enough to carry me the whole way. Seems fair to me.



Uh!

Don't think I'm going soft on you though. I intend to keep a brisk pace and you'll have to keep up with me.



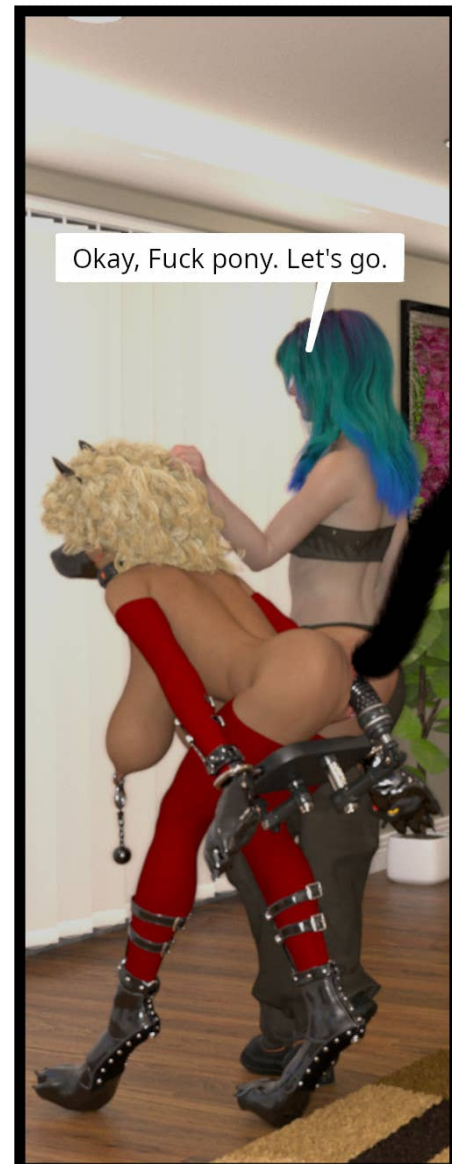
UMPH!!

Oh! You liked that, didn't you, my little slut puppy. He, he, he! You just love it when I yank on that nasty old wanker spanker of yours.



Ahgh!

With a sudden lurch, Kirsten launched herself off of Elsie's back. For a moment Elsie wondered if her sister might land on her ankle wrong and spare them the long walk she apparently had planned.



It was a surprisingly nice day for a walk. The air was slightly cool, but the sun was warm enough that it wouldn't take long to work up a sweat, especially not with the clit-buzzer already nipping at her clit. But most importantly, it was early enough that the streets were quiet. With any luck, perhaps they wouldn't meet too many people on the way.

I'm sure you'll be glad to know that the faster we walk the more of a charge that clit-tickler will give you. Of course, it charges up more than it can deliver, so as far as we're walking, you'll be getting

zapped for several minutes after we've stopped walking. So you have that to look forward to.

Since this is our first walk together, I'm taking it easy on you. But I'll expect you to build up your stamina for next time. I'm thinking a puppy should be walked regularly.

It's important that you get plenty of exercise... cooped up as you are all day.

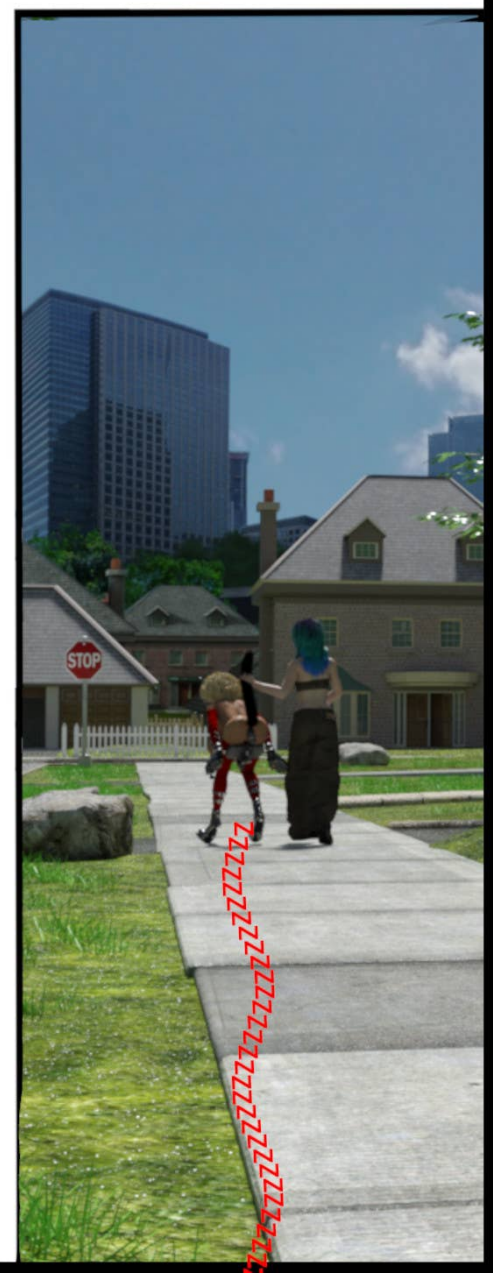
It's really quite important to build up your sexual stamina. I can't have you becoming hyper sensitive while the girls are playing with you during one of my fun parties. That's why I have to work your clit out now... so you can go the distance when it counts.



Next time, we'll have to come out on a holiday, when there are more people for you to meet.



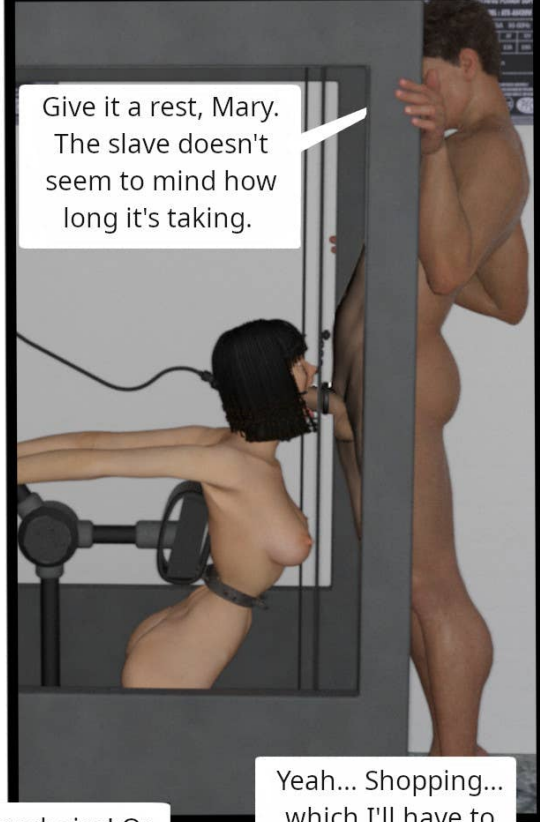
I guess I should look on the bright side. At least this way you won't have an excuse not to keep up with me. And I'll have plenty of time to pull on your tail, which we've established you just love.



An hour or so later, they were still walking, and Elsie was beginning to grow tired. The awkward position put a lot of unnecessary pressure on her legs, which made the endless walking more difficult than it should have been.



How long's this gonna take, AI? You've been at it for half an hour.



Give it a rest, Mary. The slave doesn't seem to mind how long it's taking.

But at least there were plenty of new sights to see and unsavory people to meet.

The fucking slave doesn't have any choice! Or anything better to do for that matter. But I do.

Yeah... Shopping... which I'll have to wait around for.

Maybe I should have let you see... it would be good to see that there are slaves who have it even worse than you do.



Awh, how cute! Is this your puppy? You don't mind if I pet her do you?

Of course not. Elsie loves having her head scratched, don't you girl?

She seems well trained... why do you have her muzzled?

Ummmm!

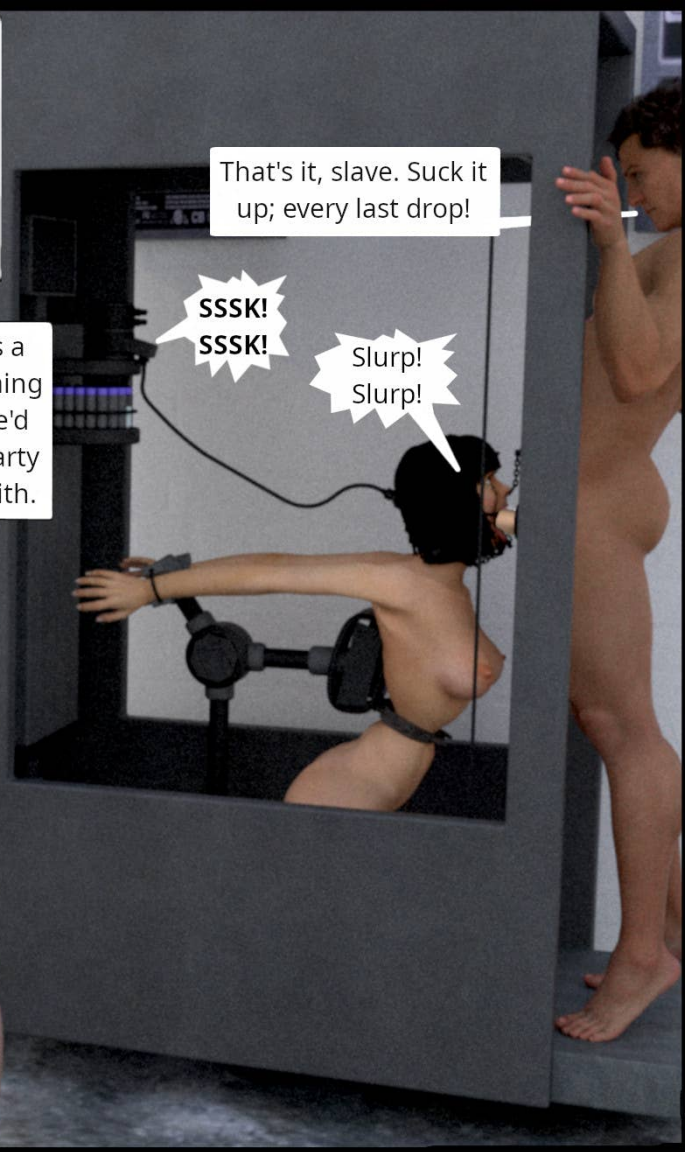


Ah! Ah!

Oh, well, Elsie's such a nasty little horn-dog that if she wasn't muzzled, she'd probably be drooling and sniffing around your crotch. Of course, if that's the sort of thing that interests you, you're in luck, because Elsie is available for being rented out. She models at fun parties, serves as a maid (who you can squeeze milk from for your coffee), and she loves getting gang-banged or working as a torture pet... whatever your needs, she can deliver and be eager for more.

Really? Sounds interesting.

My Alex has a birthday coming up... I bet he'd just love a party toy to play with.



That's it, slave. Suck it up; every last drop!

SSSK!
SSSK!

Slurp!
Slurp!

Well, if you decide you want to use her, call with plenty of notice. Elsie's a very popular fuck-pet. Not only is she a trained puppy, she's also a working cow... and my boyfriend is training her as a show pony too. She's versatile and durable. Perfect for virtually any occasion, with no limitations--other than the usual, of course. No broken bones, no killing or maiming, like that.

Sounds good. My Alex is a bit of a horn-dog too. I'll tell you, I miss the days when it was possible to get fucked by a guy with less than 8 inches in length, but these days just about every guy has had work done... and they always go for the 18" long, super-slong. Like that somehow makes them more of a man, right?



Oh yeah! that's it!

SSSK!
SSSK!

Slurp!
Slurp!



It was nice meeting you. And remember, if you rent her out, your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Come on, baby, let's get going.



I'm ready to go, Alex--as soon as you put your clothes back on.

The owners of the baby farms provided slaves for public use. They were given a special morph that placed a suck-hole in the back of their necks. This allowed the sperm collecting machines to suck the sperm from the slave's mouth and store it in a specimen bottle. The sperm could then be tested for optimal selection, while the lower part of the machine harvested the slave's eggs, providing all the materials needed (over a day's work) for producing the perfect slave specimen. These children were raised by foster parents, who often were totally unaware their charges were slave produce. When they came of age, they were harvested and sent to the slave training camps.

This seems like you'd fit right in around her, my little slut puppy. Maybe I should look into hiring you out for one of these machines. Just for those days when you don't have any actual customers. It's good to keep my little money machine pumping out money. Or, should I say, being pumped for money? He, he, he!

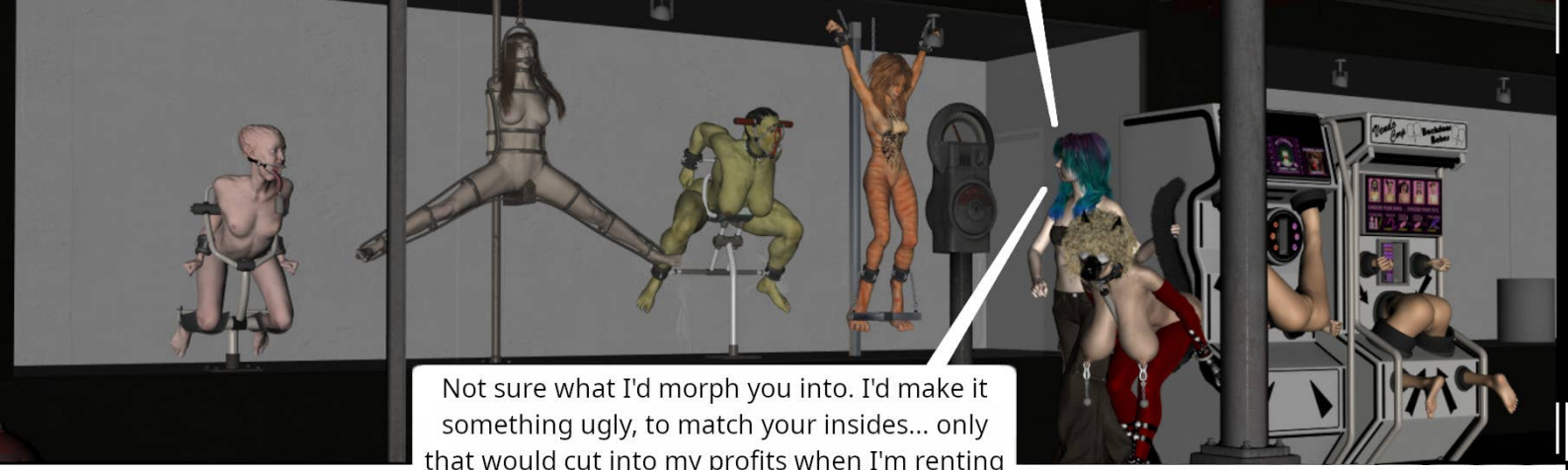


Even though she couldn't see, Elsie could hear and smell the differences around her, so she knew they were moving into an ever seedier part of town.



Can you imagine living your life like that? My God, the poor things. They're literally nothing but sex objects, forced to sit around all day waiting to be used. No offense to you, since that's pretty much what your life is like, but what a couple of worthless pieces of shit!

Ah... here we go. Now this looks like just the sort of place I've been looking for. Slave flesh, bio-morphed into exotic creatures from fantasy. I'm thinking I may do that with you too, if I can save up enough money to buy you from the BM dairy.



Not sure what I'd morph you into. I'd make it something ugly, to match your insides... only that would cut into my profits when I'm renting you out. Something beautiful, but hated would be perfect. Then people would be a lot more eager to give you what you truly deserve.



Fuck you, you bitch!

Good morning. I saw your fantasy slaves in the window and I was just wondering how much it would cost to turn my own slave into one of them.

Well now, that depends on who you do it. A run of the mill Morphologist will cost you right around \$100,000, but those with top reputations can cost more than ten times that much. Of course, buying a slave on a one-year contract can cost around the same.

Really? I had no idea.

...if she's high quality stock. Known celebrities: models, actresses, singers and the like can bring in considerably more.

Of course, there are a number of ways to bring down the costs. You can pay inexperienced "slave Hunter" to round up a half dozen or so homeless people for a few thousand, so if you know a morphologist who's willing to work on such base materials, and is capable of turning them into premium slave products, you can have him create a dozen slaves for around a million... Which you can recoup within three to five years, once you factor in food and housing, training; advertising and all the rest.

It's not that hard to do, if you have a pre-existing business that you can use for your side hustle, to keep yourself afloat during the lean times. And, of course, it helps if you have no conscience and are morally flexible. It's easy to become a debt slave yourself, if you test the waters and discover you don't have the stomach for it.



Wow! You make it sound like a lot of fun.. He, he, he!

Oh, it can be fun. And we're always looking to hire, if you have some friends who'd like to help round up some homeless. And no, it's not illegal or anything. When the addicts start leaving their needles and crapping on the street, you can sometimes even talk the city into paying you to do it. Such people have no way to make a living and little chance of ever improving their lives, so it's actually a valuable service of a sort. Just make sure you don't make any mistakes by accident. A lawsuit like that can easily ruin you.

Of course, the hottest specialty craze at the moment are what I like to call my fairies. They're about the size of a Barbie doll, if you've ever seen one of those--you know, maybe three to six inches tall.. We primarily use the homeless for creating them, along with stray cats and dogs. I've even seen people use cows, although there's only so much you can do when it comes to subdividing a non-human brain before you get zombies.

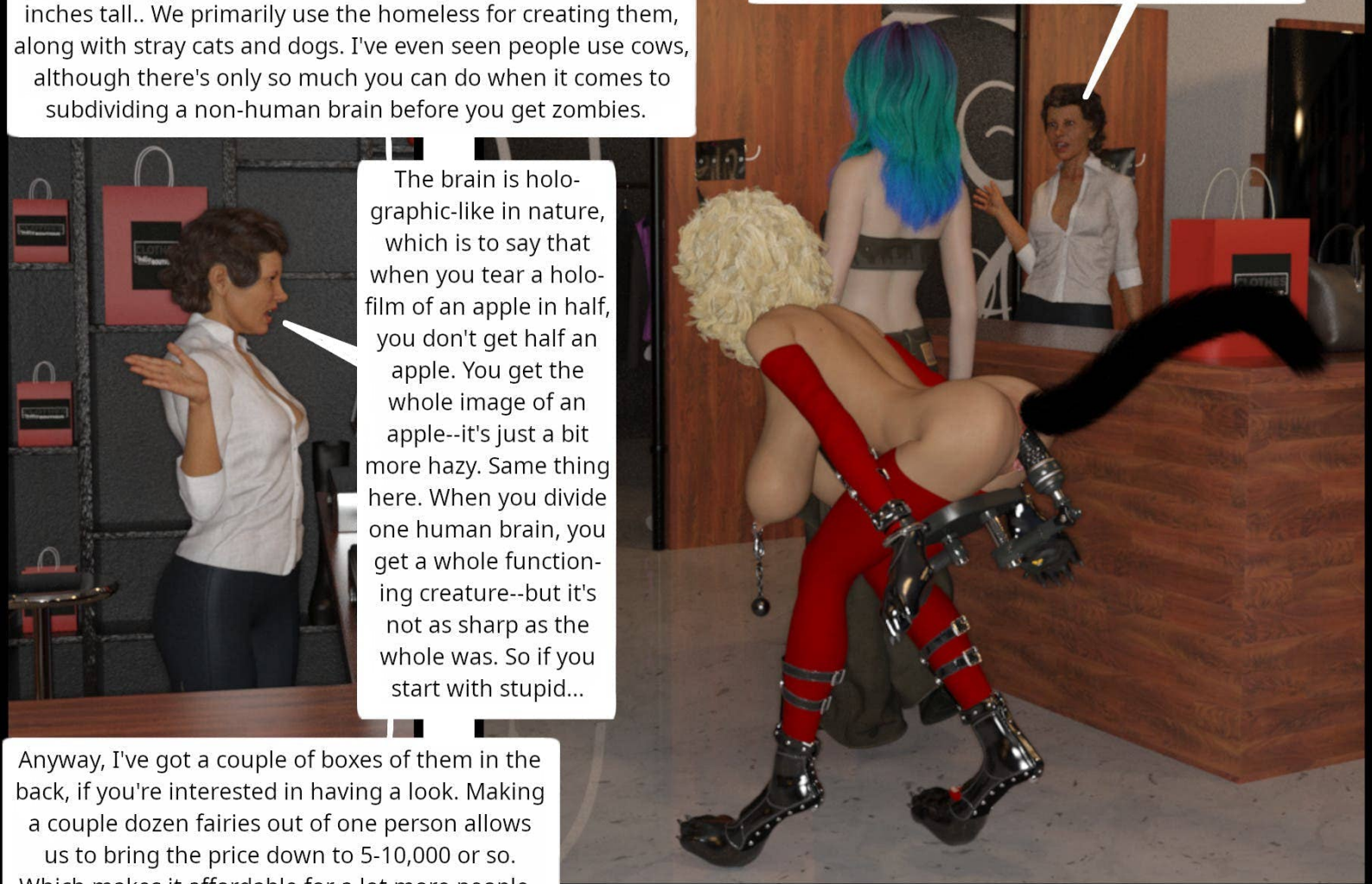
Yeah, I think I'd like to have a look at them... although, honestly, I have to admit I'm still trying to wrap my head around using homeless people.

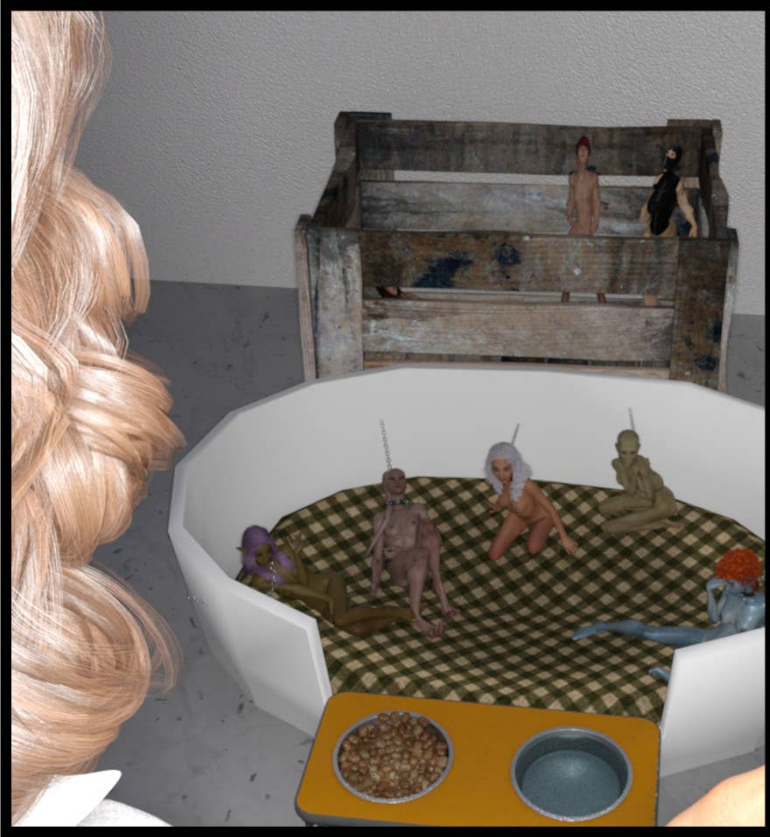
The brain is holographic-like in nature, which is to say that when you tear a holo-film of an apple in half, you don't get half an apple. You get the whole image of an apple--it's just a bit more hazy. Same thing here. When you divide one human brain, you get a whole functioning creature--but it's not as sharp as the whole was. So if you start with stupid...

Anyway, I've got a couple of boxes of them in the back, if you're interested in having a look. Making a couple dozen fairies out of one person allows us to bring the price down to 5-10,000 or so. Which makes it affordable for a lot more people.

Well, as I understand it, there are 4 basic principles on which the laws are based. First, each homeless person costs the tax payer tens of thousands each year. So allowing the doll hunters to cull their ranks saves millions each year. Second, since they've lost their humanity, many feel that they no longer deserve to live. Which ties into the third point, since they're dependent on the taxpayer for their survival, they literally can't survive on their own. Which means they have no independent right to live. Fourth, many homeless have a severely limited consciousness, they can often barely think. Which is why their brains are often restored first, before making them into dolls. Otherwise they might not have enough intelligence to create viable entities, after being split into so many pieces.

Oh my gosh! They're so fucking cute... but it's like they don't look real.





The fairies in the front box are exotics, of course. They were created from animals (a litter of kittens) I believe. But they each have their own personality--similar but unique. They're smart enough to feed themselves, bath, and they're potty trained, so they won't make a mess in their box, if you regularly take them to their litter box.



The one's in the box in the back are the products of a homeless male addict. The slaves in the display window out on the street... now, those were convict, given a death sentence. Which allows those of us in the business to repurpose them for resale. The cannibal restaurants use a lot of those types. Since there aren't **ANY** restrictions on them, including death. There's a fight club that likes to buy them for their death-night fights. Not my scene, but they pay well.

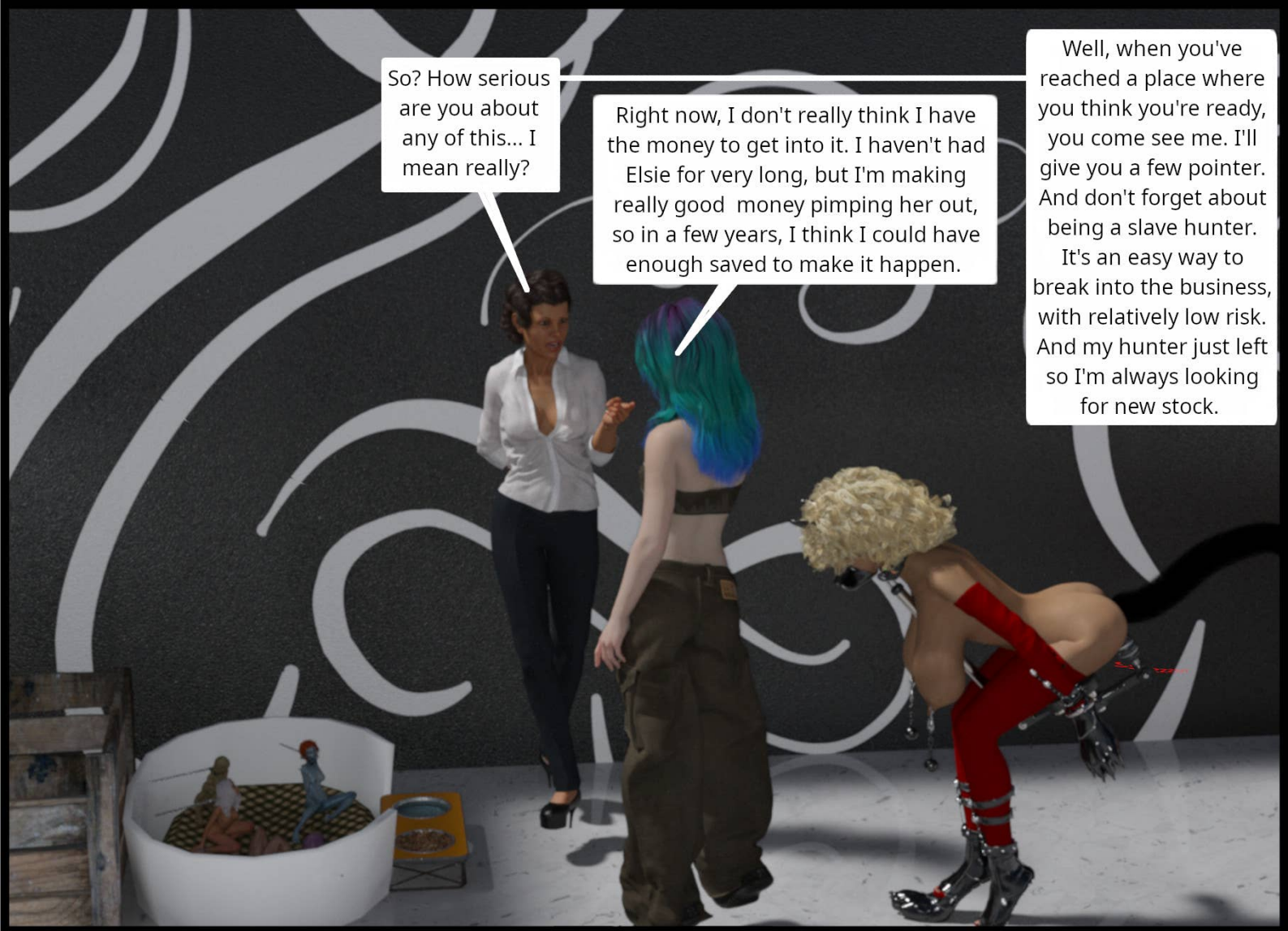


Personally, I prefer the exotics created from kittens and puppies and animals from the shelter, you know. For one thing they're free. But they also tend to have a slightly better personality... and if we didn't rescue them, they'd all have been put to death anyway.



So, the way I see it (and the way the law sees it) they were abandoned pets; we gave them back their lives, so now, they're ours to do with as we please. The only downside is they don't understand a word you say. Not like the one's from human stock... they understand a bit.





So? How serious are you about any of this... I mean really?

Right now, I don't really think I have the money to get into it. I haven't had Elsie for very long, but I'm making really good money pimping her out, so in a few years, I think I could have enough saved to make it happen.

Well, when you've reached a place where you think you're ready, you come see me. I'll give you a few pointer. And don't forget about being a slave hunter. It's an easy way to break into the business, with relatively low risk. And my hunter just left so I'm always looking for new stock.



Yeah, I appreciate that; and I'll keep it in mind. My boyfriend is kind of adventurous, so maybe I can convince him to give it a shot.

I'll look forward to hearing from you then.

Yeah, well, I guess I better let you get back to the front desk, in case an actual customer comes along. And as for me, I think it's time Elsie and I start moving again. this unit I've got her on, generates an electrical current that keeps her... occupied, shall we say. But I haven't heard it buzzing lately, which means we need to go build up some more charge.

