

pulpfiction

NAT CAMERON



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Chapter One

“Shhhh boy,” Mistress says as she looks at her new slave. Carefully she inspects the tight straps holding her new puppy boy to the bondage table. He searches her face worriedly and she feels herself tighten with excitement at his vulnerability and the look in his eyes as he struggles. He has been her possession for just under one month. Although he received the standard training that all would-be slaves receive in the government-run, two year pre ownership program, he’s still a young man who is easily aroused, energetic and impulsive. He is also unruly and often not obedient enough for her liking. She already feels genuine affection for him and so does her husband Mark, his new Master. Generally speaking their pup has adjusted well to life at his new home and he has shown little, if any jealousy towards their puppy girl, Fluffy but Mistress knows he still has a long way to go in his training and she loves reminding him, time and time again that he belongs to her now and whether he likes it or not, he is her new toy to use and enjoy as she sees fit.

“Now, now Rex,” she says, using the condescending tone she adopts when she is excited about exercising her new power over him. “You know you were a bad boy and bad puppy boy’s need to be punished don’t they? Hmm?” she asks, knowing full well that he will not speak when she has him in the role of a pet. The lesson about speaking out-of-turn had been sharply given to him one week earlier and the mark of her paddle had stayed on his ass for several days. She loved seeing Rex strapped uncomfortably into a ball gag, following obediently behind her on his hands and knees. When their friends were visiting, all of them, except little Fluffy of course, had taken such delight in further humiliating him by commenting on his misbehavior. They had spanked, patted and kneaded his athletic ass, marked as it was with the constant reminder of his disobedient

behavior and his continuing need for discipline and punishment.

“You are not allowed to touch yourself boy,” Mistress says, as she looks at her bound slave on the bondage table. “Your body belongs to me now. You are my prized possession, see?” she says, un-strapping Rex’s heavy leather arm restraint and showing him the faint design on his skin. He sees his Mistress’ and his Master’s crest on the inside of his wrist. He looks at the two beautifully written letters; an S and an M, inside a small circle the size of a dime marking Rex as their own.

“See? The S is for Sophia and the M is for Mark or I suppose it could stand for Sadistic Mistress or maybe Mistress and slave, Master Mark and slave, sadist and masochist maybe. They all work so well too, don’t they pet? The point is you are mine. Yes, you keep your eyes on me. Good boy, I am pleased that you have remembered your lesson that puppies do not speak but unfortunately you have a new lesson to learn today.” Mistress turns her gaze to Rex’s smooth, supple body, a body made hard with hours of daily exercise and diet restrictions imposed on him during the pre-ownership program and even before that time, when he grew up in a government institution. Such had been his lot in life as a designer clone who was raised to be sold as an adult to serve the whims, needs and desires of his eventual owners.

Securing his wrist once again, Mistress feasts her eyes on his beautiful body. She checks that the straps around his neck, upper arms, chest, waist, thighs and ankles are tightly secure. She is enjoying the power she wields over him and feeling very excited that he is completely immobile. His cock is naked and unrestrained and it stands in a full magnificent erection.

“Such a greedy puppy,” Mistress says as she gently strokes his rock-hard shaft. “You were caught playing with my new toy. How on earth can I train you and bring you to

heel if I don't have control over your pleasure? How on earth would *anyone* control you if you were just free to pleasure yourself any old time you felt like it? I am going to give you permission to speak. Nod your head if you understand," she asks condescendingly, further adding to his humiliation. Rex nods his head.

"Good boy now, who does this beautiful hard cock belong to?" she asks.

"It belongs to you Mistress and Master Mark."

"Yes, and because you misbehaved I need to lock it up. You will be uncomfortable. The pressure will constantly make you think about our cock, right there between your legs but you will have no access to it. Your Mistress holds the key and she will decide when you are ready to be released. You will learn. You will wait and someday you will be a good boy," Sophia says, as she places lubricating cream on Rex's balls, exciting him in his bondage as he lies so tightly bound, unable to stop what she is doing to him against his will. Securing the ring around them, Mistress Sophia then waits patiently for him to calm down. She lightly slaps his cock, softening it enough to secure him into the metal cage that she holds in her hand. She starts pulling his skin and adjusting the metal mesh until he is fitted into it snugly and perfectly. When his cock is in as far as it will go, she continues to adjust it because she can. She then locks the cage in place with a tiny pad lock.

"There, much better and for the next three days at least, you will have an excellent opportunity to reflect on your behavior and think about all of the wonderful rewards that obedient puppies are able to enjoy when their Mistress and Master see that they have *earned them*. Have I made myself clear? Speak," her voice is suddenly louder and commanding.

"Yes Mistress," Rex answers.

"The good news is, by the time Mistress Stacey and Master Paul get here, I will probably be able to release you if

you are obedient.”

For the next few days, Rex remains in the cock cage. Mistress sees his bound balls and caged cock and is constantly reminded of her power over him and his complete submission to her. On the occasions when he is taken out in the car and allowed to be dressed, Mistress likes the way he looks with the cage straining against the crotch of his summer shorts or his faded jeans and she looks forward to when they get back home or go to the pet park when he is once again naked and her domination of him is on full display.

On Friday evening their friends Stacey and Paul have arrived for the weekend. Several other friends have also gathered at their house to watch a baseball game on the big hologram screen. Mistress has taken Rex back into the playroom to see if he is ready to come out of his cage.

“Good boy, such a good patient pup you have been,” she says, acknowledging his model behavior over the last three days but not yet feeling ready to grant his freedom. She looks at his tightly restrained body on the bondage table. He is naked except for his collar and cock cage. “You will continue to be good pup, won’t you boy? I know you don’t want me to take you out to the living room and place you in the corner. No, you don’t want to be punished in front of Master and all of our friends as they enjoy the game. You wouldn’t like that too much, would you? Shall I let Master use you as a nice table for his beer or a footstool to help you remember your lessons? No, I don’t think that will be necessary but you must learn, and the lesson to be learned is simple. This,” she says stroking his skin through the cage and ball ring, “is mine.”

She continues to torment him. Her skilled hands are exciting him and she is watching his face as he struggles to stay quiet and calm. She knows how much he wants to release his pent up tension but she will deny him the joy of

doing so, for a little while longer. The thick leather straps squeak as he attempt to move.

"There's a good boy," she says as she moves her hands away from his aching body as he begs silently with his eyes for permission to be released from his cage and played with.

"No, you will learn to wait and be a patient boy. My job is to help you as you learn and I know you will continue to make progress." She smiles at her new toy and caresses his cheek. "You were a disobedient boy so you needed to be controlled and locked up. Do you understand? Speak pup."

"Yes Mistress."

"What have you done to deserve this punishment?"

"I pleased myself."

"And? Speak! Tell Mistress what you did that disappointed her."

"I disobeyed you, Mistress."

"That's right and I can never allow that kind of behavior to go unpunished. You will stay calm until I choose what will happen next. Is that clear?" Rex nods his head.

"What do you say?"

"I'm sorry Mistress."

"Um hmm, and?"

"Thank-you, Mistress."

"Well that's a start," she says, as she leaves the room. When she returns to the living room she sees her husband Mark in his favorite chair. Fluffy is sitting at his feet obediently. She is dressed in the tee shirt and cutoff jeans that he has allowed her to pick out for herself.

"Well?" Mark asks, not needing to say any more.

"Well, our bad boy is secured and I will check on him later," Sophia says with a smile. Paul and his girlfriend Stacey are visiting from a neighboring state called Canberg where slave ownership is illegal. Canberg is referred to as a family state because infants, children and people of all ages are allowed to live there. States such as Hammersmith where Sophia and Mark live, are adult-only enclaves where

human slavery has been legal and accepted as a way of life for several years.

“Do you think you will need any help, Mistress?” Stacey asks.

“You will get corrupted and want to move to Hammersmith to have pets of your own. I’m telling you woman, there is no turning back,” Sophia says with a broad smile.

“Go ahead! Corrupt away!” Stacey says. “I want to know how it all works. We have applied for entrance papers and I think we have a good chance of being granted a permanent visa. I have so many questions to ask you.”

“Tell you what, why don’t we take Fluffy out for a run at the track in the pet park and I’ll tell you all about it.”

“Wonderful, let’s go,” Stacey says.

As Sophia and Stacey walk to the park where the track is, Fluffy follows behind her Mistress at the end of her long leash. Fluffy is allowed to stand up and walk but the leash remains. It is attached to a black leather collar around her neck. Legally, the collars of slaves have to be kept on, and visible at all times so that everyone will know about their status as owned property.

“So, how does the whole process work? If we moved here and wanted to buy a slave what would we have to do?” Stacey asks.

“Well, you would apply for a permit and you would meet with the officials at the pre-ownership, general training centers. They would give you a detailed questionnaire and you would fill it out. After that you would go to a series of interviews to see if you are suitable for eligibility in the ownership program. You probably already know that we have laws for ownership and care stating that we must always provide our slaves with life’s necessities and give them love and protection but we are free to play with, train and use them to our liking within the limits of the law. We also have to agree to impromptu visits from the district

government center staff to ensure our pets are contented and provided with care and discipline at all times.”

“But you are allowed to punish them, right?”

“Of course, punishment is essential to their wellbeing and ours but we don’t break their will. We will never cross the line and we respect their hard and soft limits. We have extensive knowledge of their personalities, likes, dislikes etc. but hey! We get to have a great deal of freedom within that framework.” The sun of early evening colors the grass and slants shadows across the sidewalk as they get near the park.

“Heel! Good girl,” Sophia calls casually to Fluffy, causing Stacey to feel the thrill of excitement at her friend’s casual acceptance of her title as a Mistress and owner of another human being who is walking quietly and seemingly very happily, behind her. When they arrive at the park they find several people standing around as their pets run and play with each other on the grass. Most of the pets are wearing clothes. Some pets are partially dressed or naked and some are sitting quietly at the feet of the people who Stacey assumes are their owners, as the owners talk and laugh casually amongst themselves, largely ignoring the pets at their feet. Stacey sees two women with a naked man between them. He is collared and at the end of a thick chain leash.

“I’m sorry,” the woman who is holding his leash is saying to a man standing next to her. “I think Rusty is too tired for a playdate this evening. He’s ready for bed. We’re going to take him home very soon.” The pet sits up from his lying position and looks up expectantly at his Mistresses. Stacey is captivated by the scene and finds herself, unable to take her eyes away from the naked man as he sits between his two owners. One of the women wraps his chain leash around her hand several times, giving her extra control as she does so. She catches Stacey’s eye and invites her over.

“Beautiful isn’t he?” she says proudly.

"He, he certainly is," Stacey stammers. "Please excuse me. I am from Canberg and I have never been here before. I've never seen," she pauses to find the right words "anything like this before."

"I remember feeling the same way, years ago. We get that look a lot don't we?" the woman says to her partner. "I thought you were from out-of-state. Would you like to pet him?"

"Uh, yes, please."

"My name is Maureen," she says. "This is my wife Laura and this is our pup, Rusty."

"Pleased to meet you all, I'm Stacey," she says, as she extends her hand and places it on Rusty's head. Sophia comes over with Fluffy and the group fall into easy conversation.

"Go on Fluffy. Way you go girl, two laps," Sophia says as she slaps Fluffy's ass. "I was going to have her do at least five laps on the track but I guess we shouldn't be out too long," Sophia says to Stacey, as she watches Fluffy run off on the grass with the sun shining on her blonde hair like a spotlight. "We can go home sooner than later to check on Rex and see how he's doing."

"I can hardly wait," Stacey says with a big smile as she continues to stroke Rusty's hair.

"Lie on your back, boy display!" Maureen commands Rusty and in no time he is lying on his back with his legs bent up in the air and his erection visible for all to see.

"Are you excited by your new friends? Is that why you are so frisky right now, boy?" Laura asks, and Stacey notices a blush color Rusty's face and neck. "Oh, don't be shy. We love your big-boy cock, don't we people?" There is the sound of easy laughter from some of the men and women who stand around enjoying the evening, the company of their park friends and the pets. After a few minutes Rusty is told to stand up and he walks obediently behind his Mistresses. Sophia and Stacey stay for several minutes

talking, watching the pets running on the grass and comparing notes about them.

"I guess we should go and check on Rex," Sophia says. "Would you like to call Fluffy?" she asks.

"Yea, can I take her leash on the way home?"

"Of course, I have got to get you used to this whole pet ownership concept don't I?"

"Yes please," Stacey answers.

When they arrive home the baseball game has ended. Mark and their friends have gathered in the garden and on the back deck for a few drinks.

"Perfect timing," Mark calls. "I'm just about to start the grill." He looks at Fluffy and says "come here girl, come to Master." Stacey removes the leash from Fluffy's collar and she walks over to her Master. "Did you have a good time at the park, little one?" Mark asks affectionately. Fluffy nods her head and Stacey is struck by the obvious warmth between the two of them. "Good girl, now we are going to go down to the grass, come on puppy follow me." Mark leads Fluffy down to a part of the garden away from where the others have gathered. From where Stacey is standing on the deck, she can hear Mark's voice as he addresses his pet girl.

"Take off your clothes girl," he says. Stacey is captivated as she watches the young woman remove her tee shirt, exposing her soft skin and full breasts. Stacey continues to watch as Fluffy takes off her shorts and the skimpy lace panties underneath them. Stacey looks at Fluffy's smooth mound and her athletic feminine curves. She looks away for a moment and notices that the others are not at all concerned about what is going on with Fluffy although several of them look over from time to time to see what is happening as they talk animatedly and enjoy each other's company. When Stacey returns her gaze to Fluffy and Master Mark, Fluffy is squatting on the grass at Mark's feet, peeing on the lawn. When she is finished, Mark takes a

tissue out of his pocket and wipes her pussy dry. Stacey then watches as Mark leads Fluffy into a door in the basement, carrying her clothes in his hand as she follows obediently behind him.

"Mark will be right back with Fluffy. I'm going to check on my bad boy," Sophia calls to Stacey from the kitchen. "Wanna come?"

"Would I?"

"Come hither woman," Sophia says and they walk upstairs to the playroom. When they enter, they see Rex lying on the table calmly with his eyes closed. He opens his eyes and his breath quickens when he hears his Mistress. "Now, there seems to be some unfinished business with you my pet, doesn't there? You may speak."

"Yes Mistress."

"What have you learned, boy?"

"I am not allowed to touch myself without permission Mistress."

"Good boy, do you deserve to be set free and rewarded?" Mistress asks, knowing that her slave will be deeply humiliated to be pleased in full bondage in front of her friend but imagining that his need for release will override his humiliation.

"Yes Mistress"

"Oh you think so, do you? Of course you do," Sophia's voice is full of humor and affection for her new puppy. "Very well then, you have earned your reward. You have been a good boy. Mistress will take you out of that nasty cage and take care of you." Stacey watches with fascination and overwhelming excitement as Sophia reaches into her pocket and pulls out a tiny key. She watches as Sophia slowly undoes the padlock, releasing the ball ring from the cage that had confined Rex for the past three days. Just this act of removing the ring and cage has given Rex a raging hard-on. Sophia opens a drawer in the bondage table and finds a blindfold. She places it on Rex's eyes then slowly strokes his

chest. She runs her fingers along his nipples and stops to pinch and pull both of them, hard. He cries out and she doesn't admonish him for using his voice spontaneously.

"How do you expect me to resist you? Hmm? I can't! You know that, don't you? You are a very excited pup and because you have been such a good boy, you may come when you are ready pet," she says, as her hand grazes Rex's rock hard cock. Rex sighs with relief and gratitude as she gently pulls his foreskin back. A groan escapes his lips and he is completely under her spell, responding to her touch as if an electric current is passing through him. Stacey stands beside Sophia with a clear view of Sophia's dominance over her pet, her sex slave, the man she was legally able to purchase. Sophia caresses Rex's balls as she expertly tugs on his hard cock. Stacey is alive with excitement at witnessing Rex's captivity and dependence on Sophia and by Sophia's dominance over him, as he lies tightly strapped down and helpless, beneath her. "Good boy, yes, see? Good boys get to play. That's right, Rexie Mistress will take care of you honey, as long as you behave yourself." Even Sophia's condescending voice excites Stacey as she listens to Rex's heavy breathing. "Come boy, that's right, come for Mistress," Sophia says as Rex releases his semen all over her hand.

"There's my good boy, such a beautiful boy. Thank you for waiting patiently. Now little puppy, Master and I will have to keep a much closer eye on you but we will, rest assured we will. We will not hesitate to restrain those hands, *our* cock and balls. We *will* control you. Make no mistake. Now, let's go and join our party on the deck after I get you cleaned up. Master is just about to make us our dinner. Doesn't that sound like fun?"

Chapter Two

Mistress Sophia sits in a chair on the deck balancing a plate of food on her lap. "Fluffy! Here girl," she calls. Fluffy crawls to her and lies at her feet. "Have you been a good girl?" Mistress asks, as she holds up a piece of steak in her hand. Fluffy looks her in the eye and smiles. "Up! Sit up, nice and tall. Cross your legs, that's it good girl. No modesty for you my lovely little whore," Mistress says quietly and Fluffy sits up. Mistress places the tender meat in her pet's mouth then runs her hand over Fluffy's hair. "There's my good girl," she says. Master Mark has changed Fluffy into a short skirt with pink cotton panties underneath it. A thin tank top is barely containing her breasts and allowing her large nipples to be shown off beautifully through the clingy fabric. As Fluffy sits with her legs crossed and her head respectfully bowed, anyone who wants to, can clearly see her panties as her legs splay wide open.

"So, I take it you and Paul like our pets?" Mistress Sophia asks.

"We sure do. What's not to like?" Stacey says, as she allows her eyes to linger on Fluffy.

"I had to convince Mark that buying pets would be a fun lifestyle and hobby for us to have," Sophia says. "He grew up with dogs and only thought of how much *work* it would be. I said 'honey, *these human* pets are our servants too, our slaves. They will make our lives *easier*, not harder.' Needless to say, he was won over right away."

"You got that right," Mark answers, as he rests his feet on Rex's back as Rex kneels on all fours in front of him, naked. Rex is free of his cock cage and his balls are on full display. "Mistress tells me you were allowed to release all of that pent-up pressure, boy. Maybe that's why you seem calmer. Is that why you are more relaxed little pup? I see those massive balls of yours don't look quite as blue anymore," Master continues, much to Rex's dismay.

“They are rather impressive, I must admit,” Paul says, as he stares at the picture in front of him, finding it hard to believe that his friend Mark owns two human pets and is using one of them as a footstool. He can’t take his eyes off Rex’s beautiful body. He studies Rex’s strong shoulders and back, his ass and powerful thighs. Paul feels his own excitement building at the sight of the humiliated naked man at his Master’s feet and he feels his erection throbbing and straining inside his pants.

When Mark has finished his meal he removes his feet from Rex’s back. “There’s a good boy,” he says, as he pats Rex’s head. “Lie down now honey away you go, but stay where we can keep an eye on you,” he says dismissively and Paul is further shocked to see Rex crawl down the stairs and across the grass to the back of the garden where two small wooden enclosures sit side by side. He watches as Rex crawls into one of them and lies down on a thick mat. “He will be under firm control tonight but I can understand why he finds that beautiful cock so hard to resist, can’t you?” Mark asks, looking at Paul.

“I can, yea,” Paul answers.

“Getting him into the cage or the mittens will be just what the doctor ordered for our bad boy at bedtime I think,” Mark says. “What do you think?”

“I think that would be a great idea,” Paul says, feeling ready to explode with excitement.

“Good, how’s your beer doing?” Mark asks, as he heads into the kitchen.

Chapter Three

"I'm surprised her panties are still dry actually," Sophia says to Stacey. Sophia bends down and casually runs her hand over Fluffy's panties. "Stay," she says, as Stacey watches closely. "Stay just like that. Let Mistress stroke you pussy and show Mistress Stacey what a true humiliation slut you really and truly are," Mistress says, before turning to Stacey and continuing her running description of her pet girl.

"The pussy doesn't lie. She is pretty much instantly wet as soon as we start teasing her. She gets to the point where I think she is going to come, just from feeling my hands pinch her amazing nipples. She likes it rough. Depriving her of pleasure and putting her into a chastity belt is a true way to discipline and control her. Spankings just make her wet. They are far more a *reward* than a punishment for this little puppy," Mistress says. Stacey sees that although Fluffy is blushing, she works hard to not betray any other emotions on her face and she remains still even though she seems more excited with every passing second.

"Look at her now," Sophia continues. "She is embarrassed, but look at her face. Notice how her cheeks are flushed with pure lust too. She really is such an unbelievable little whore."

All around them on the back deck, people are talking and laughing. Stacey is thrilled that the others seem not to notice what is going on with Fluffy and when people do look, they smile but soon they are looking away again, laughing, drinking and talking animatedly amongst themselves. Sophia runs her hand over Fluffy's hair and looks at her.

"Come up here girl. Sit on my knee with your back to me. I have an idea." Stacey is alive with excitement as she watches Fluffy sit down on Sophia's lap. As they talk about their plans for the following day, Sophia strokes Fluffy's breasts casually. Fluffy's large nipples are erect instantly and Stacey notices how all of Fluffy's attention is captured

by her Mistress' skillful and knowing touch. Stacey sees that Fluffy is working hard to stay calm and resist her natural urge to squirm and writhe as Sophia torments and teases her with pleasure. Fluffy's body tenses and her breathing becomes labored yet she stays still and focused. Mistress Sophia then takes the game to a higher level. She puts her hands under Fluffy's knees, places them on the outside of her own thighs, and opens her legs, forcing Fluffy's legs to stay wide open.

"Now, you are posed to look like the good little whore that you are. Good girl, keep those pretty long legs right where they are, understand? If you move them, you will be tied up in your cage tonight and I don't think you would enjoy that very much. Stroke her Stacey. See how wet she is. She is such a good little whore, my puppy girl," Mistress coos into Fluffy's ear, making her giggle. Stacey can't believe what she is about to do. She is electrified with tension and excitement. Her entire body feels like a pressure hose, ready to erupt.

"How do you manage to sleep at night?" Stacey asks, as she strokes the pink panties and notices how wet they have become. Fluffy is now giving in to her desire and thrusting her hips and Sophia is allowing her to do so.

"It *is* very exciting. You're right about that," Sophia says. "Oh look at you! Pretty little slut, writhing under Mistress Stacey's touch," she adds, approvingly. "You look like you are ready to be taken up to the playroom. Would you like that? You may speak"

"Yes Mistress."

"Have you been a good girl?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Yes, yes you have. Beg, beg like a good little whore. You have my permission to speak openly to Mistress Stacey. Tell her what you are fantasizing about. Tell her the truth and beg her to give you what you want baby, be specific. Use

that dirty mouth to tell Mistress Stacey what you want” Sophia orders.

“Yes Mistress,” Fluffy says. “Mistress Stacey, I would like you to put me across your knee and give me a spanking. After my spanking I would like you to tease me with your fingers and your tongue.”

“Umm hmm,” Stacey answers, smiling at the beautiful pet girl who sits on her friend’s lap with her legs wide open. “Where? Where do you want my fingers and tongue to be?” Stacey asks.

“I want them to be stroking me, teasing me, stroking my clit and making me beg you for more. I want your fingers to be inside my pussy, Mistress.”

“I think those special treats could be arranged but only if you are an obedient little whore for me. Is that clear?” Stacey asks, imitating Sophia’s confident tone.

“Yes Mistress,” Fluffy says and when Stacey hears Fluffy address her as ‘Mistress,’ she can’t wait to try on her new role. Sophia looks at Fluffy.

“So my puppy will need to be on her very best behavior until bedtime won’t she? If she wants to earn some playtime.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good girl, now back down you go.” Sophia points to the deck and snaps her fingers. “Lie down girl, calm down. That’s it honey, good girl.”

It is not long afterwards that the invited guests say their goodbyes and go home. Stacey’s excitement has been building and she is thrilled when it is finally time to take Fluffy up to the playroom. As Sophia leads Stacey up to the second floor she says, “I’m so happy you are having a chance to see the playroom actually being played in, and not just as a part of the house tour.”

“When you showed it to us, I couldn’t believe how exciting it was. I was hoping to see it put to use,” Stacey

says, feeling her own face flush with excitement and exhilaration.

"Why didn't you say anything, woman? I'm not a mind reader, you know," Sophia answers.

"Let's just say the longer I am around your pets, the bolder I get."

"Good, don't be afraid to lead and direct her. Be firm. Think of both of our pets as your toys and you will be fine. Use them. Enjoy them. They love it, you know. Both of them have submissive natures and they have deep seated masochistic characteristics but as owned property, as slaves, it doesn't really matter all that much what *they* want. The fact that they enjoy it is the icing on the cake. It does please me to know that both of them are so incredibly turned on by most of the activities we choose to engage them in but like I said their job is to obey, right pup?" Mistress asks, as she turns around to look at Fluffy climbing the stairs on her hands and knees. Fluffy nods her head silently. When they are all in the playroom Sophia closes the door behind them.

"Go for it. Be guided by pure lust. You can't do anything wrong. Take charge and have fun with her," Sophia says.

"Alright," Stacey says, as a broad smile lights up her flushed face. "I have never felt more alive," she adds as she looks down at the beautiful young woman who kneels at her feet. "Stand up girl," Stacey's voice is quiet but the edge to it leaves no doubt as to who is in charge. Fluffy stands obediently and Stacey takes off Fluffy's tank top. "Come," Stacey says as she sits on a big overstuffed chair and puts Fluffy across her knee. "You know what happens to pain sluts, don't you?" she whispers. "They get *exactly* what they want when they are good girls. Open your legs!" Stacey is surprised by her own fierceness and the raw power of her need, as she roughly forces Fluffy's legs wide open. "There's a good girl," she says, as she moves Fluffy's panties aside and forces her fingers into Fluffy's wide open drenched

pussy lips, swollen with desire and begging to be fucked roughly, taken and used. "You are soaking, whore. Talk to me. Why are you so wet?"

"I'm wet because I want you to spank me Mistress," Fluffy says. Stacey pulls up Fluffy's skirt and pulls her panties down.

"What a magnificent round ass you have girl," Stacey says, as her palm lands with a decisive smack. Repeatedly she strikes Fluffy's ass, watching it as it reddens, shutters and ripples with each hard impact. "Such a bad little pain whore, isn't that right? Speak to me pup."

"Yes Mistress," Fluffy's voice is husky and thick with passion as if she is in a trance as Stacey caresses the ass that she has reddened.

"Come with me." Stacey leads Fluffy to a padded mat on the floor. "Strip, lie down and open your legs wide," she orders. "Let me look at you." Fluffy does as she is told as both Mistress' watch her every move. Stacey stands above Fluffy looking at her naked body and feeling her own panties soaked through. Stacey sits down on the floor beside the mat and picks up Fluffy's discarded panties. She brings them to her face and examines them.

"Open," Stacey says, as she stuffs the wet panties into Fluffy's mouth. Straddling Fluffy and sitting on her waist, Stacey roughly squeezes both of Fluffy's nipples. Repeatedly she pinches and pulls them, loving the moans that escape from Fluffy's mouth, muffled by the soaked panties. "Look at you, puppy girl. If you were mine I would be a sleep-deprived but happy zombie." Stacey moves herself between Fluffy's legs and runs her tongue back and forth on Fluffy's clit. Two of her fingers slide into Fluffy's soaked pussy. Mistress Sophia watches Stacey lose herself in her beautiful, intoxicating pet.

"You have permission to come, slut," Stacey says. Sophia watches as Fluffy's body tenses. She sees Fluffy trembling as she gains more and more momentum until finally she

releases and comes with wave after wave of orgasm washing over her body. She cries out as she is overcome with passion. Sophia continues to watch as Stacey lies beside Fluffy and strokes her head gently. "Good girl," Stacey says soothingly into the back of Fluffy's neck as she spoons her from behind.