

Breeding Erica

Emily Sinclair

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“The day is finally here,” Jenna excitedly exclaimed to her fiancé. “After an agonizingly long month we are finally healed enough to have sex again. And in keeping with our original agreement, since today is Sunday I get to dominate you. Are you ready?”

“Yes Mistress,” Erica replied, just as excited the day was finally here. “How may I serve you, Mistress?”

“Before we begin, I want to ask if there’s anything you’d like to change with your limit list.”

“No Mistress. I took great care to place everything where it should be and I’m happy with it.”

“And you’re willing to let me push any and all of your soft limits?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Don’t forget the entire house is wired with cameras now so there’s no claiming I forced you into anything against your will later down the line.”

“I would never do that, Mistress.”

“Even if it’s something you don’t like?”

“Even if it’s something I don’t like, Mistress. But then again the things I don’t like are all on my hard limit list so as long as you respect it there shouldn’t ever be an issue.”

“Fair enough. We’ll start with your favorite fetish. Kneel, urinal.”

“Yes Mistress.” Getting out of bed, Erica knelt at the foot of the bed and parted her lips. While she would not call it her favorite, over the last month she had gotten in so much practice she downed the warm, bitter fluid like water. When her Mistress was standing in front of her, she placed her mouth over her vulva and relaxed her gag reflex. When she was finished, she continued looking up into her fiancé’s eyes. May I remove the rings now, Mistress?”

“Not yet. Mine will be staying in until later. Yours, however, will be coming out shortly. Do you remember what you were being trained as before we argued and ultimately decided to take the break?”

“Yes Mistress. You were training me as your pussy.”

“That’s right. Do you remember what else you agreed to that day?”

“Sorry, Mistress, I do not.”

“You agreed to play the part of my puppy at all times when you are not training me, Linda and Megan. Do you remember saying that?”

“I do now, Mistress.”

“And are you still willing to abide by that promise?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Then I need you to say the words so that everyone watching can bear witness.”

“I agree to be your puppy at all times except when training you, Linda and Megan, Mistress.”

“And you’ll wear the gear at all times as well?”

“Yes Mistress. I agree and willingly wear whatever gear you wish to put me in to further my training as your puppy.”

“Great, because it took a while, but I finally found a place selling exactly what I was looking for. When you’re done taking your shower return to me here. And stay on your feet.”

“We’re not going to shower together, Mistress?”

“Not this morning. I need to get your gear ready. Now go.”

“Yes Mistress.”

When the adjoining bathroom door was closed, Jenna went to the spare bedroom at the other end of the house, opened the closet and fetched a locked suitcase from behind a pile of boxes. Returning to the master bedroom, she placed it on the end of the bed, used the small key to unlock the locks and then opened the top. Staring down at the patterned latex garments, she smiled as the excitement grew in her feet and tingled itself up her legs – bursting throughout her entire body when reaching her spine. Closing the suitcase, she sat on the bed next to it and waited.

When the bathroom door opened and Erica entered, Jenna got to her feet. “I am going to put you in the gear this time, but after today I expect you to dress yourself. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Now close your eyes and keep them closed. Even the tiniest peek will earn you one hundred swats of the cane on the ass and fifty to the tits.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”

Erica closed her eyes as commanded and Jenna went to the bed and opened the suitcase. Picking up a long, mostly black opera glove with spots of browns and white, she rolled it down to the wrist, put it on her submissive’s right hand and then rolled it up her arm. It was followed by the left arm, a headband with ears and a black collar with strong magnetic clasp and silver puppy paw engraved with the word BITCH hanging from the front. “I’m going to need you to sit for this next part. Keep your eyes shut and I’ll guide you to the bed.”

“Yes Mistress,” Erica replied, butterflies forming in her belly as she was put in her new outfit.

Taking her submissive fiancé by the arms, Jenna turned and slowly backed her up and onto the bed. Moving the suitcase to the floor, she pulled out a thigh-high latex stocking that matched the gloves. Taking her time, she worked it up Erica’s shin, over the knee and to just above mid-thigh – the strap going across the arch of her foot preventing it from going any higher. It was followed by the right leg and a pair of ankle boots with four inch heels.

“Get on the floor head down and ass up,” Jenna commanded. “And keep the eyes closed.”

“Yes Mistress.” Sliding off the bed, Erica placed her hands on the floor, crawled a couple of feet and turned. Lowering her head to the carpet, she spread her legs and waited for the tailed plug she knew was coming.

Reaching back into the suitcase, Jenna pulled out a plug unlike anything her new puppy had ever seen. It was nearly a foot long, tapered at the tip, grew wider and then tapered down somewhat along the shaft before expanded in a much larger ball near the base. And it was mottled red in color. Generously coating it with lube, she placed the tip against Erica’s tightly puckered asshole and pushed it in to the knot – the large bulge near the base.

“Uhn,” Erica grunted as her ass was completely filled. While she had taken a fist a few times early in their relationship, it had been a month since anything went in there and the two inch thick shaft gave her a good stretching.

“Relax, or this next part is going to hurt more than it has too,” Jenna said, pulling the plug out to the tip before slamming it back in. Out. In. Out. In. Out. In. Harder. Out. In. Erica’s sphincter resisted, but was losing the battle. After a dozen more thrusts the knot was locked tightly in place. Taking the final item from the suitcase, Jenna inserted the tail and then got to her feet to examine her new puppy. “You look absolutely gorgeous, my pet.”

“Thank you Mistress. May I open my eyes now or is there more?”

“Not yet. There’s one last thing I want to do first. But you may kneel.”

“Yes Mistress.”

When her submissive was sitting back, Jenna grabbed a brush from the bathroom and then proceeded to put Erica’s hair in a single long braid that hung down the middle of her back. “There,” she said replacing the ears. Now you may open your eyes and look at yourself in the mirror.”

“Thank you Mistress.” Opening her eyes, Erica looked at her arms and then back at her legs and the tail sticking out of her stuffed ass. Her right hand came up to feel the collar and tag around her neck and her cheeks blushed. Biting her lower lip, she crawled in front of the mirror. “Wow! Except for no snout, you really made me look like a dog, Mistress.”

“I was going to get one but did not like the look of them. Not that they were awful or anything, but the straps took away from the appeal in my opinion. How does being dressed like a puppy make you feel?”

“Like, well, a puppy, Mistress. I’m excited, humiliated and a wee bit jealous.”

“Jealous?”

“That I did not think of it before taking you out for a walk that first night, Mistress.”

“You may go to the kitchen and make us breakfast while I shower. And remember, yours go in your new bowls which you’ll find in a bag in the closet of the spare bedroom.”

“Yes Mistress. Are you in the mood for anything in particular?”

“The usual will be fine.”

“Yes Mistress.” Turning away from the mirror, Erica crawled out of the bedroom, down the hall into the living room where she stopped as the huge plug filling her ass started to vibrate. “Oh shit!” she gasped. *And I promised to wear the plug at all times even when training the others*, she thought. The vibrations stopped after a moment and she started crawling again. Realizing she forgot the bowls, she made her way to the spare bedroom. The plug vibrated even more strongly and then at varying levels of intensity as she fetched the bag and carried it to the kitchen where she sat it on the counter and opened it.

Inside the bag was a metal frame with butcher-block top. Sitting it on the floor, her eyes were drawn to her name deeply etched into the wood and burned to make it stand out. The blush deepening, she removed the metal bowls from the bag and thoroughly washed and dried them. Not one to drink tap water for myriad reasons, she went to the fridge, grabbed the zero water pitcher and filled the right one. Thirsty, she got on all fours and gave it a few laps – getting more on her face than in her mouth. Giving up, she returned the pitcher to the fridge, washed her hands and began cooking breakfast – timing its completion on how long she knew her Mistress liked to shower.

When Jenna walked into the kitchen, she saw her puppy submissive sitting a glass of orange juice and a mug of coffee next to a plate of thick cut bacon, scrambled eggs and a stack of mini pancakes. “How do you like your bowls?”

“I love them, Mistress. I see you had the stand personalized.”

“I did. And before you ask, yes, they will remain out at all times even when you’re the one doing the dominating.”

“Yes Mistress,” Erica said as she filled her food bowl and placed it back in the frame. Getting back on all fours, she stared down at the mixture, exhaled and began eating – having as much trouble this time as the first.

“You’re going to need all the energy you can get for today’s training so make sure you get plenty to eat and drink.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“After breakfast you will wash the dishes and let your meal settle while we wait for company to arrive.”

“Company, Mistress?”

“You heard me. And as this is training related you’ll continue wearing only your puppy gear.”

“If it is men I hope you informed them they are required to wear condoms, Mistress. I may be into gang bangs, but unlike Linda I do not want bred like an animal.”

“There is no need to remind me what’s on your limit list. I’ve memorized every word of it in anticipation of this very day.”

“Sorry Mistress.”

“Apology accepted, but that is twice now you’ve doubted me and it cannot go unpunished. Come, the cane awaits you in the dungeon.”

“Y-Yes Mistress.”