

Family Pets

Emily Sinclair

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“Mom, dad, I’m...what the fuck?” I nearly choked on the rest of my words as my brain registered the fucked up scene unfolding before my very eyes. My mother was being taken by three black men to my right and my father was strapped to a large wooden ‘X’ while a woman repeatedly struck him with a multi-tailed instrument to my left. And from the redness and welts on his chest, arms and legs I would say she had been at it for some time.

“Welcome to the party,” the woman smirked. “And who might you be?”

“I’m just going to leave and pretend I never saw anything,” I said backing my way to the door.”

“Leave? Oh, sweetheart, you’re not going anywhere.” And that’s when I stared down the barrel of a gun. “Scream or try running and you’re going to have a very bad time. Now, who are you?”

“That’s my daughter Felicity,” dad answered. “Please, leave her out of this.”

“Leave her out of it? Are you shitting me? Things are about to get a whole lot more interesting around here. Pleasure to meet you Felicity. You may call me Mistress. And now that the introductions are out of the way you may now take your clothes off.”

“Oh god!”

“God isn’t going to help you today. I’m not one to make a habit of repeating herself so I strongly suggest you do as you are told when you are told or I’ll be forced to discipline you.”

“W-Why are you doing this?” I asked as I fumbled with the buttons on my blouse.

“Because we can. How old are you Felicity?”

“N-N-Nineteen.”

“You have a boyfriend? Girlfriend?”

“I’m a virgin.”

“Is that so? If you’re lying to me you’re not the only one that will regret it.”

“I’m not lying.”

“Get the rest of those clothes off and then sit on the couch with your legs up and spread. Tee is going to take a looksee. If you’re telling the truth you’ll be fine, but if he doesn’t see an intact hymen I’ll give those fat udders of yours a hundred swats of the cane.”

Tears rolling freely down my cheeks, I took the rest of my clothes off and sat on the couch as commanded. The black man that was shoving his dick down my mother’s throat walked over and knelt between my legs. His fingers touched my vulva and I moved back. The look he gave me said I would do well to let him proceed and against my better judgement that’s what I did. He spread me open and smiled.

“She’s a virgin, Mistress.”

“This day just keeps getting better and better,” Mistress grinned. “Tell me Felicity, would you rather have your cherry popped by your father or Ziggy?” she asked, referring to our Golden retriever. I stared at her in silence, too shocked to even respond and she didn’t like it. Walking over to me, she struck my breasts with the same instrument she was using on my father. “I asked a question and I expect an immediate answer.”

“Aahhggghhh!” I yelped as hard leather tips bit painfully into my flesh. Looking down, I saw several tiny droplets of blood forming. “NEITHER!”

“That wasn’t one of the options.” THWAP! “I can use the cat on you all day if need be. I’ve only been toying with your father, but as you can see it is more than capable of inflicting excruciating agony.

“ZIGGY!” I blurted out.

“Really? You would rather a dog take your virginity than your own father?”

“We can always get rid of the dog, but I can’t get rid of my father.”

“Get on all fours and crawl to your father.”

“But...” THWAP! She gave my breasts another hard swat and I jumped off the couch and started crawling across the living room.

“Before you came in your father told me he had to piss. You’re going to take his cock in your mouth and drink every drop. You are then going to suck him off while the dog pops your cherry. Tee, go fetch Ziggy from the basement.”

“Yes Mistress.”

“I am so, so sorry,” my father apologized as I knelt in front of him.

“It isn’t your fault. She has a gun.” And that’s what I kept telling myself as I took his dick in my mouth. He started to pee. I gagged but swallowed it down as quickly as possible and when he was done I bobbed my head back and forth – too shocked and scared to throw up as I otherwise naturally would have.

Tee returned with Ziggy a moment later and Mistress took him by the collar and led him over to me. Reaching back between his legs, she started jerking him off and he started getting horny. When his dick was out, she placed him on my back and guided him into my asshole.

“UHN!” I grunted around my father’s cock. There were no words to fully describe just how humiliated and degraded I was, but I did not stop sucking my father’s cock or pull away from Ziggy’s rapidly thrusting and growing dick as it slammed in and out of my ass.

“Change of plans. You’re going to lose your cherries to dog and dad. Guess which one daddy gets?” Mistress laughed. Going to a long duffel bag, she pulled out a roll of duct tape and tore a short piece off. Squatting next to me, she placed it and three more pieces over my vulva. “That should be enough to ensure he doesn’t hit the wrong hole when he inevitably dismounts. Oh, I should also mention I’ve been keeping daddy dearest on edge for the better part of two hours so he’s going to want to add his load to the piss in your belly but if you make him cum the cat flaying you alive is going to be the least of your worries.

“W-What do you mean by cat?” I asked, daring to take my mouth off my father’s stiffening cock long enough to do so.

“This,” she said picking up the multi-tailed instrument “is called a cat o’ nine-tails or cat for short and as you experienced first-hand it is capable of causing serious pain and injury. It is much like its cousin the flogger except with far fewer tails. Some are knotted, but this particular one had harder leather tips. Now suck daddy’s cock like a good little slut and listen up as I’ll only say this once. When Ziggy has finished cumming in your ass and his knot deflates enough for him to pull out – that’s the huge bulge at the base of his cock you no doubt feel popping in and out of you even as we speak, anyways, when he’s done you will stand bent over at the waist with hands on knees and fuck yourself on daddy’s cock until he cums. By then, Tee, Jay and Kirk should be done with your mother and you can do a sixty-nine to suck, lick and finger each other clean.”

“Why don’t you just kill us and get it over with,” I said before once again sucking my father’s dick into my mouth.

“Kill you? What sort of monster do you think I am?”

“The kind that forces families to fuck each other and animals,” I protested. The cat o’ nine tails came up hard against my breasts and I could feel more droplets of blood forming as she drew back for another swing. Screaming bloody murder, I scared Ziggy who scrambled away

which caused his fat cock to be painfully yanked from my ass which in turn caused me to yelp some more. The next three swats went across my belly, two more struck my breasts and then she tore into my back until I literally heard the blood splattering and I was rolling on the floor attempting to avoid the torture.

“I guess your father likes seeing you in agony. Fuck yourself on him and so help me god if you stop before he cums I’ll flay you alive.”

Scrambling to my feet, I got as close to my father’s hard cock as possible, bent over at the waist, placed my hands on my knees and then back up until he was buried balls deep in my pussy. After such a severe beating the pinch of his cock ripping through my virginity barely registered. Not giving her any excuse to further my misery, I did not stop rocking my hips when I felt his semen filling me or even when he started growing soft. Convinced she was going to kill me if I stopped, I continued until he was hard and gave me another load.

“That’s enough. Go clean your mother so she can clean you.”

“Yes Mistress.” My eyes going to the cat o’ nine, I quickly crawled on top of my mother and stuck my tongue into her semen-filled pussy. Scooping out a big glob, I swallowed and went back in for more. She spread me open and I felt fingers push into me, hook and twist around before being pulled out. There was a slurping sound as she sucked them clean and then I was stuffed again. The pleasure a welcome reprieve even if it came from my own mother, I buried my face between her thighs and covered her face with my juices as I exploded in orgasm.

Mom and I licked and fingered each other for maybe twenty minutes before Mistress commanded us to stop and kneel with hands on knees. When we were in position she continued. “I like the three of you which is why I’ve decided to extend my stay and your training. And it goes without saying that every session will be recorded as this one. In the coming weeks and months you’ll learn everything you need to be the best sex slave possible. Maggie, you will continue being bred by black men and Felicity you’ll have sex with your father three times a day until knocked up and all three of you will learn to pleasure animals and not just dogs. Any questions?”

“How in the hell do you think you’re going to get away with this?” I asked.

“Go to the police and not only do the pervs of the internet see your incestuous and bestial activities, but the rest of the world as well when I bring the videos up in court.”

“You forced us to do it and the video...”

“When properly edited will show the three of you as willing participants,” Mistress cut me off. You may get lucky and I might be found guilty, but you’ll forever be known as family and animal fucking freaks. Is that really how you want to spend the rest of your life?”

“And if we do nothing we’re still family and animal fucking freaks so better to take the chance and see you in prison where you belong.”

“Let’s not forget you have us to consider as well,” my dad said. We have reputations, careers. Going public, whether forced or not, will cost your mother and me both. Not to mention the shame and ridicule we’ll get no matter where we go. As horrible as this sounds, I vote we do as commanded for the time being.”

“I agree with your father. A few months of training pale in comparison to a lifetime of shame and contempt we’ll receive should word get out.”

“Are the two of you listening to yourselves? Are you seriously suggesting we just let this woman, whose name we don’t even know I might add, train us as sex slaves?”

“You’ve already had sex with your parents, the dog and drank your father’s piss,” Mistress said. “Is there really anything you can think of that’s worse than any of that?”

“Speaking of piss, Mistress, I’ve got to go,” Kirk said.

“Use Felicity,” Mistress replied. “And before you open your mouth to complain, remember the punishment you’ve already received and know you’ll get worse for refusing.”

“This...this is our fate now,” mom said. “We need to accept that and move on or we’re just going to be unnecessarily miserable. I know it’s not what any of us wants to hear, but if it keeps the number of people seeing our activities to a minimum then I accept this woman as my Mistress for however long it takes to fully train us.”

“I second that,” dad said. “Please, Felicity, think of someone other than yourself and do the right thing.”

“The right thing would be to turn them all in for what they’ve done to us, but as much as I hate to admit it, you’re right. If word got out I had sex with my parents and the family pet I’d lose all hope of having any sort of meaningful life.”

“What are you saying, Felicity?” Mistress asked.

“I’m saying I’ll accept you as my Mistress and will do as you command for as long as it takes to train us. All I ask is that you not post our training anywhere on the internet.”

“I can say I won’t but I think we both know that’s a lie. Think of it this way, if anyone you know stumbles upon it that means they went searching for incest and bestiality porn and have no right to judge the three of you doing what they so obviously enjoy.”

Opening my mouth to refute that claim it was filled with Kirk’s big black cock and I found myself drinking piss for the second time in my life. When he was finished Jay took his place and my belly hit its limit and then some. Scrambling to my feet, I ran to the kitchen because it was the closest room and threw up in the trash can.

“We will take a two hour break and then training will resume with Maggie having sex with Ziggy, Carl sucking and getting fucked by the black men and Felicity doing her best to please me,” Mistress commanded. “And to ensure the three of you remain in line and on task you will be fitted with shock collars and if one of you breaks the rules all three will receive the same discipline. Is that understood?”

“Yes Mistress,” Mom and dad said in unison. “Yes Mistress,” I groaned when I returned to the living room a moment later. “Can I please go take a shower, Mistress?”

“Not yet. I want you to stand with your legs shoulder width apart and your hands behind your head so I can check you out first.”

“If you really cared you wouldn’t have beaten me like this, Mistress,” I grumbled even as I moved to the middle of the room and stood as commanded.

“If you would learn to do as you’re told without question or complaint like a good slave I wouldn’t have to discipline you.”

“You mean torture, Mistress?”

“Honey, you don’t know the first thing about torture, but if you keep running your mouth we can start.”

“I am not now, nor will I ever be your *honey*, Mistress.”

“You are whatever I say you are. That, Felicity, is what it means to be a sex slave,” she said as she pulled a container from her duffel bag and walked over to me. Opening it, she tugged out a wipe and used it to not so gently remove the blood and sweat from my breasts – the sting telling me it was coated in rubbing alcohol.

When she was finished with the front she moved around back and I looked down to see several cuts on my breasts, belly and sides and I silently wondered how many of them would leave scars.