

*\*Just meet me outside on a break, in an old shack across the street,\** – I shake my head feeling how echo resonates in my ears. Damn that guy, ungh. It started at first that stranger underclassman hitting on me. At first, I have just ignored him. But he got so obnoxious on the breaks. I had to tell him that I am not into a boys, but that bastard, just was hitting on me. *\*Maybe I should tell tell a rector,\** – I groan feeling uncomfortable between legs. Well still I have classes to sit in university and he was there just. I groan trying to focus on the article. I had to prepare. Despite all frustrations and needs and even bad mood I just kept pushing on. And on and on. Well I needed to get as much as possible done, but damn probably I should go home and rest.

I hear a bell ring and move out, to tell teacher... I blink stopping and noticing an old shack. “When I...” – I call myself entering the shack. I could feel someone pushing me in and door closed. “Hey, stop it,” – I complain. “Quiet girl,” – I hear. I look around and stand up to face my captor. It was him: “What do you want I am not into a boys.”

“Remove your clothes,” – he just orders sending almost ice-cold chill down my spine. My body can’t help. “Too slow, but good spikebutt, I love your behavior” – I hear and he pushes me to a wall, pulling my pants down, leaving me only step out of shoes and remove socks, while his hand snakes down my crotch. I gasp and moan feeling his hand sliding down between my legs. Oh god it feels I moan feeling fingers sliding down, something deep and then up and gasp. “Aww someone enjoys being my girl? just look down,” – I hear my captor saying, as if feeling my confusion and disgust. I look down seeing a yellow rubbery girl slit. “Mrgh but how, what...” – I try to get free in confusion.

“Shush, you seem to be enjoying it aren’t you, just relax,” – he says, and I can feel something grabbing, letting me see his vulpine shaft. “What are you, I would shout,” – I whisper. He hugs me, making me shiver. “Hush toy or you decided to find better master in search for orgasm,” – he says getting inside me. I moan and gasp. “Master..?” – I say remembering everything. The party I wanted to crash, a presentation and change. “No, I would” – I tried to protest but it is too late, not only my sex, but my crotch and then belly spread to yellow down to my legs, forming cute big round feetpaws. I understood who is in front of me. “Mrgh I am sorry,” – I try to excuse.

I could feel the yellow latex changes me just enough, and I moan feeling his hand under my chin. “Squeek” – I say. “Do not worry I do not treat it as offense I am made you behave like this, but you need to learn accept me, for now enjoy,” – he makes me moan, relaxing and trying get more of his length. He slows down, letting me adapt. “Squeek” – I squeak again through my throat, feeling that humiliation but it felt so good, I just somehow wanted breasts to feel them and feel less humiliated..

“No breasts, dear, you are cute as cuntboy toy, and it is quickie anyway,” – he comments on my attempts to rub something in front of me, pushing harder and harder. I moan feeling it coming at any moment. “Mrgh so tight,” – he thrust stronger making me squeak in pleasure and need desire.

“What still can’t accept me, shame, you have still to learn it and do it for real” – he says. I desperately try to catch up to him, but he just pulls out shooting his load away. “Squeak,” – I say pouting. “Please I need it,” – I beg him. “And you would need even more unless you submit. He says changing me back. Well almost. “Ok dear, here is little order for you, you would finish a day as usual and as work on your article would be done for today, you would feel

more and more frisky. You can get and toy with yourself in bathroom but as university closes your would go home, and have frisky lewd dreams for me, and once it would be too much would come this address it is your new accommodation. But now you would forget these orders, and forget what happened till you get to masturbate” – I hear instructions. “And what if I would not, could you give me at least a slack, I would forget all of this” – I try to protest, fet so uncomfortable now. And he seems to notice.

He comes and hugs me, as I feel his head ruffles my hair and ears? I reach his hands with my hands, and touch noticing ears and whine. “Still scared? I would not wrong you, plus admit it you liked that little adventure, and love being scared insecure and protesting,” – he says with smile. I moan and push into him, he had a point but also: “I wish you would let me orgasm, and ngh. Would be less of a dick sometimes.” “You like it, and comply I am sure, because you like it,” – he says smiling, making me look daggers onto him.

“This way you would never be able to orgasm,” – he comments. “I can’t help it, if only you were more considerate to my feelings,” – I try to protest. “Anyway, wait till I am out, meanwhile change back and get your cloth on, the time is almost up, and probably at some day once you earn my benefit I would do more good things you want for now, we have another adventure.” – he says. “Hmm, lets’ make morning trip more interesting too, it is a surprise, same as lets you pose human,” – he winks to me.

“Hey, change me back male at least,” – I try to protest, as I put on clothes. “Male you say, his view looks quit disturbing. Hmm staging as mistress might be fun, and I could do fun things too while alone, but it is another time. See I am considerate enough,” – he says in disturbing tone, leaving me huffing in frustration and confusion.

Should I say that the, way back was a hell roller coaster. I couldn’t even figure out what happened I was invited by that under-classman bully and he then well he was kinda nice though I felt he could be more respectful and we chatted, but what happened I did not know. And gosh I was so horny, I really hope he would just leave me alone. I groan and twitch in frustration. Gosh I never was like this, ngh. But I was too determined to do more article writing today.so I try to focus but things go even more and more frustrating. I groan getting out into toilet, and looking down, with fear and confusion. Where my erect shaft should have been just yellow shiny patch with glistening lips. I run my finger over them moaning and biting my lip. But stopping, I somehow felt there would be just something bad happen if I would continue right here, so maybe at home.

I return to the class and start packing up my possessions, it was time to leave anyway, so I nearly run back to my flat Yes, I wasn’t living in the campus and instead we were renting an apartment with the friend. Thankfully it was not super far, just a street and a while of walk. I get inside looking around. Great my roommate is not even close probably would be late so no surprises.

I lay down with sigh, trying to focus and calm down, but images, of black and golden flashes making me moan and groan, and something twitching not letting go, if only getting stronger. I lay down and roll over on my side removing my cloths, and reaching to rub my shaft but unable to find anything. I look down and groan, right, it is something happened there... Gosh it is so annoying. I roll around, trying to ignore throbbing and twitching feeling coming from my crotch.

I groan: “Ngh, damn, I am going through this I would clean up later,” – I say moaning into a pillow, and rubbing with my hand between my lips finding that pleasure button. “Gahhh, I moan finding that sensitive and closing my eyes in anticipation of orgasm.

But closer I get the less I feel. I whine from my shut from frustration jaws. “Fine” -I say spreading my legs and hungrily pushing my fingers inside trying to scratch that throbbing and pulsing spot out, but off course I only slurped and moaned. My eyes close, for some reason seeing a black fox with golden rings, making my sex clench from observing those shiny curvy proportions.

I could feel it coming my sex twitching and trying to suck my fingers in. “Nghh yess,” – I moan feeling as if I was about to get I craved for so long. Last two thrusts as I anticipate that pleasure overwhelm me into orgasm, and nothing. Literally nothing the fingers pull out not finding anything to rub. But I have been far from finished. I look down seeing familiar patch remembering this happening today. I couldn’t say what it was and it was worrisome, but also I could not contend with desire and robbed orgasm from me, my hand just moves on its own but I do not even try to stop it would be stupid, but it rubs my smooth plush like crotch rubbing soft latex lining, it was soft and pleasant, yet despite causing me tremble in frustrating electrifying pleasure I got nothing more than that from it

I feel a soft dimple and right under it something pulses with lust, making me whimper, and hump my finger but it can’t reach out. So I just end up whimpering and moaning, and then sensations stopped.

It was so frustrating I was pushing my finger hard trying to reach and rub that horny throbbing nub, but alas. Looking how plush softness spreads around my body but I had little care, I needed that orgasm, and as soon as I stopped that twitching returned and I forced to get to the edge of orgasm again and again looking how my body turns almost fully orange spikes appear on the butt and then white spiky collar. I try to keep rubbing hoping it would be enough, but nothing.

I open my eyes realizing what happened, looking down, but nothing. I am still a human... by most part. I look down and see how my feet were replaced by yellow rubbery round paws, and my crotch had soft spiky fur. “I hate you,” – I say laying down for a while till hunger makes me go to shop and calm down enough not to grind into pillow. So I yawn and get to restless sleep. Throwing and trying to stop that weak teasing throb throb pulse, keeping me delirious enough to see dreams, very sexy and frustrating dreams. Only to wake up hungry. I look around but my friend is still not at home, so my gurgling trying to remember my dream and blushing. “Gosh if not my condition I would enjoy this dream, it was... ngh...” – I whisper stopping realizing what I am thinking about, while trying to get my clothes on and satisfy my gurgling stomach. As usual there was nothing to have fast breakfast so I prepare to go to shop.

I put on cloth and coat above to hide my condition and, exit the house. While I move in direction of closest shop, I can feel my body shifting and even cloth and cloak becoming more comfortable. I try to ignore it but at last curiosity takes me off and I look at my self. It takes dive into one of multi-flat houses where there are less people, and assess my changes. To my surprises they mostly disappeared, I touch my body as if expecting them to appear again but realize what I am doing and stop. “well at least I can get food normally,” – I note.

I come out and discover my walk was to anywhere but in a direction of a shop, and throbbing has stopped, but fear settles in I do not exactly know where I am going. I stop and

turn around going to the shop feeling that sense of guilt as if I am doing something I should not. My now human sex twitches, and pleasant feeling spreads over my back. Making me space out in thoughts about my recent fate. I just had not even a clue what is happening.

And while I space out I notice that I am standing right at the door. I remember walking to a shop yet it seems I somehow just find myself right inside yard of some house, with door opened inside. I blink and look at my hand still holding a handle, as I realize I somehow spaced out, and ended up there. I felt like I should I try to turn away and feeling something like a threat or fear, and tingle un my belly. I gulp and step in, realizing where I am. Looking and trying to figure out why haven't I just ignored this feeling and left?

I look up and see an umbreon getting down. "Hello spike butt, I see you came to see your owner," – he says with smile. "You are not my owner," – I protest. He gets down slowly, making me step back: "Do not worry toy, but there is rule in this house, which you would follow" - he shows his crotch with his sheath trapping his shaft. "Clothes are not allowed, here unless we take usual guests, so remove clothes and kneel in front of your owner," – he chuckles clearly looking at me trying to resist, but it was no help.

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WHY I AM TAKING OFF CLOTHES AND I AM NOT A TOY! I AM NOT EVEN INTO A BOYS!" – I shout in panic noticing that I remove my clothes exposing my body and feeling it changing and breasts growing, and I could feel something stretching in front of my eyes, as my paw enters my vision as I look with morbid fascination rest of my body changing, back to a cute jolteon. "Squeak" – I protest. "Squeak, squeak" – I breath out but only hear squeaking sounds escaping my mouth.

He gets close to me and looks at me petting my head, as if trying to calm me down. "Because I am your owner and you want to obey to my authority. Do you still want to earn orgasm from me and prove me you deserve to be my toy?" – he asks as memories get back in. "You prick stop toying with me, I know I want to orgasm, but you do not make me like you more," – I say pressing to his leg at last allowed to speak.

"You do not need to like me and you know yourself it is a lie, you are clearly not orgasming soon with such attitude, but you probably do not mind considering you came here," – he frowns. "What you expect me to enjoy and beg you to mess with me?" – I ask clearly asked unreasonable demand. "No silly in fact I like such attitude, but you are resisting and complaining for wrong reason you do not want me to own you and you can seek any owner of us and your right is still in power," – he says with a smirk knowing I would not go anywhere. "I want, but it is hard to get my liking in you and what for you being my owner," – I pout and say.

"Simple I love teasing and denying and you perfect toy for this, but I still want able to give you orgasm, and keep you in pokeball," – He says. "What reason, I already can't orgasm because of that stupid thing you did," – I say. "Not me, but you would not crave enough otherwise for it. But knowing you might orgasm and might miss opportunity... Well you would try and need it so much my toy, plus it is cuter to keep toy happy, so here are rules of the house." – he says.

"You would move in to live with me and be my toy," – he states. "Not even a chance you would abuse me, and I still have things to do," – I say t last overpowering that dreadful and arousing feeling, clearly not happy with development of situation. "It is not request, and I would check room you asked to move in first at your place, and I never said you need to book out of your old place, if you do not like it here you could return, but it would not stop me disciplining

you even though this way it would be long time till you would be allowed by your body that right to be owned,” – he says.

“Fine I am overreacted but could you at least for a change to act nicely, jolt,” – I say feeling his handpaw on my forehead rubbing me. “Plus, there are things to entertain you,” – he says petting my head. “Second rule, you are female jolteon when I need you as I stated unless we meet regular guests, and unless I am female. There could be limitations on staying male, but it is price you would pay,” – he says making me huff in discontent.

“And third well if you are resting and I am not needing you: human form is possible and you get to keep memories, but in school and public places you still old you, there is rule too for humans, but you would learn it later, and now let’s see what we can do with you, he says with mischievous smile as if already looking how to solve his twitching problem he seemed to hold by sheer will in his sheath, but my gurgling sound stops him for a moment.

“Please, you can’t just,” – a protest escapes my lips, but he just silences me with his finger, muzzling my neck. “It seems someone does not even able to procure food for themselves,” – he says with amusement. I try to protest but his soft paw shuts my muzzle gently. I could feel I could pull out, but somehow, it felt good. “Submissive too eh? Seems you caught a nice jolteon last time,” – he teases me, then bites my ear gently. “Come with me, it is good I prepared some small snacks, but I guess you could use a proper breakfast.

The breakfast was not so bad he even made me some more fried eggs, making those pinpricks of how cute I am girl of his. And then was mostly just cuddling, and thankfully letting me eat in peace, well aside that light throbbing in my sex. But when the food finished, his finger makes a heart shape making me gasp and lift my hand paws in confusion feeling how desire fills my loans from just small silly act.

I moan turning around and pushing with my soft paws over his head, trying to, but he doesn’t even notices or pretends he does not notice it. Moving down and lapping at my nipple “Ok you can go and scout your room, my toy, and enjoy your pleasure time, just stay female for today I love your cute yellow crotch, so plush and rubbery,” – he says making me shiver trying to guess what he means.

I move away from him, and he smiles: “I am sure you would like your room, and I allow you to orgasm, If you prove you accept me as owner” – he says with smirk. “Bastard, why are you... Ok how do I prove it” – I try to turn around suspecting. “Just by orgasming, right? You would say thanks later, and I really am as you say, but I do care about you, do not worry,” – he says with smile, rubbing my spike like yellow hair. “I am not just your sextoy,” – I try to protest. “Actually, you quite are, but do not worry I would let you settle your human life too,” – he says showing me a tongue. “I am talking about this,” – I show at my sex which has been still sealed. “Aww sorry, I forgot about it. Here, I am sure you would enjoy your room a lot, promise is still promise, but it doesn’t mean I would not mess with you. However, just relax and take it easy” – I hear him say it and feeling so unfair as if I have got nothing from it.

I sigh and leave to check my room, getting up, not even caring to ask which is mine. I just rush to the second floor, and open room, entering and closing room. I blink realizing, I haven’t asked which room, but I had zero care. He was a bastard and deserved it if not mine now it is mine. I start looking around finding a well-set desk with writing accessories, PC, and even cute mascots. Some books actually fun books, how did he even know. I blush realizing it was not so bad, but as soon as I open wardrobe I sigh instead of regular clothes, I look at highest

collection of sextoys of different shapes and intentions including chastity devices, and things I clearly knew I do not want to try t any time soon, those probably illegal too. I look around noticing a pokeball. And shiver, in fear trying not to touch it there were few other boxes but I was not in mood even considering trying to open them and see. A cute jolteon image on a wardrobe door was making even more bizarre as if pointing for whom it is. I open another department and see clothes, not a lot I stretch my hand to take one of those and fail missing just with its paw rubbing back of my hand paw. I sigh in defeat.

Well it could all wait, first things first. I rush down to the meeting room but there is no one there, and then go to the living room noticing him sitting in front of TV. "If you are looking for your clothes I put them into washing machine I would bring them back once they are clean," – he says not turning around. "I... There is pokeball in my room," – I say with dread. "Ah do not worry it is yours, if I would want to use it I would come and take it. It is safe to touch it, I assume you liked your own collection," – he says making me shrug. I really did not want to admit, but as sick his interests where he hasn't missed a thing in that regard.

"Hey I was just scared, and no way, I would not use half of the toys in there they seem dangerous and highly illegal," – I protest. "Shame it is not nearly as dangerous for your body and nothing permanent there is for sure, even if it seems so. But we would still have times for those and something more fun which would require my supervision," – he says turning around. His eyes bleeding lust and running over my body as if imagining things, I would have. "I assume you came to have fun, aren't you? I am sure you are staying here," – he asks with smile. "Mrgh, I think I would stay for a bit, if you would promise to..." – I say staying silent it is clear he is not even listening and approaching me. "No, I still do not want spend time with you," – I say and rush to my room laying on the bed and fuming.

"Why, just why, stupid umbreon, I do not even know his name and he always," – I say feeling ashamed that I have at least any fillings to him. I sigh and lay on my back, slowly relaxing and feeling the desire building. Gosh how much I think it was 3 or four days since my orgasm. I really want to cum. Well he allows me and I lift my finger feeling nothing would stop me. I rub my belly trying to look down and reach for my sex. Then stop and try to relax, become human or somehow. I just could not bare to give this sick weirdo an entertainment. And thankfully it worked I knew he might take it away I somehow new and felt as if someone still watches and giggles at me.

I look down and see that I almost back, more feminine figure not all the way back, but I had zero care, plus I was curious. My hand reaches towards, my breast, and then slides down my still human belly. "Ngh, fuck, it is not that bad," – I moan feeling pleasure of my sensitive body. I have never pleased a woman so I just tried to go with sensations, sliding my trembling hand over my breasts, and trying spread my pussy and find a hole. "Mmmm, I moan happy at least there I was not a virgin, or maybe I was, my sex was clearly different, sexy latexy," – I push finger up and try touch walls inside, moaning and feeling how lust and that soft relief from touch rolling over my body. Then lust again, but even more relief.

I try to rub rhythmically and find that spot but my fingers are just too short. I thrust my fingers faster and faster, before I touch something. "Oh yes, I say remembering about that pleasure button and rubbing it, and feeling much better. I could feel maybe slowly and steadily but my pleasure building up and rolling around my pussy, stronger and stronger.

I make a pause but current stays still rolling around my sex, with ever fading pleasure. But nothing I haven't changed despite my fear. "Damn I really should just use opportunity for my orgasm," – I whisper returning to my task hoping all that pleasure I now was getting would be enough. "I reach the peak and then, I feel my hand reaches up and lifts up. "Huh? What happened?" – I ask looking at my yellow body.

My hand stretches to the sex just to finish I do not care if it is jolteon or not at this point I just need. But there is familiar membrane and fake sex. "Ngh no-no-no, you can't I protest almost hearing a soft giggle, not master, but someone." – I whimper, rubbing trying to get over the edge last time but alas. I give up and lay on the bed, while current still keeps rolling over me almost enticing to do impossible to get anything inside.

I roll on my belly start humping bed in the frustration, there was nothing to hump it with or do anything, but I needed at least something to cope with it. I roll on my side, and press finger as if trying to puncture the barrier, but it was as solid as if my sex always never had internal channel. I feel at last lust reverting and my body changes back. "Bastard." – I say remembering words of my master. Returning to masturbation and yet again, as soon as I feel that orgasm rolling I turn back to my toy form, this time more pudgy cute but so helpless. "I can't take it anymore I want to orgasm, no I need it," – I cry out getting on my legs and going downstairs, despite how much I needed it.

I stop seeing his face in the living room. His smirk, looking at me shaking, and lost almost all mood to say, just turning around. Though I do not make a few steps, I feel warm hug, and look at warm handpaws. I relax for few minutes surprised by such treatment. Only now noticing I am back to normal. I huff, and look at displeasure, but only thing I get is a headpet, and weak pull into the living room. I can feel myself stepping back, and sitting between his legs, shivering as I feel his sheath.

"Have you liked, my little trick?" – I hear soft words. "No. You promised, to help me orgasm. How I am even supposed," – I complain. "Only chance, and only if you would accept me as owner, and I am who I am, so you better get used to frustrations and teasing," – he says with smile, rubbing my belly. "It is what would wait you as my toy and maybe lover, or have you thought I just want to get rid of you after getting ownership and leave you again needy and frustrated till you find new owner? I want to own you, and you accepting it, me as I am," – he says hugging me.

I look at him and push him to lay I felt heavy and tired, and frustrated, but I had still little desire to force myself or give him pleasure just for it to end with nothing but disappointment for me. I almost relax, almost if not that throbbing inside and still burning fire inside me. At last my captor breaks silence: "Want to try to get orgasm?" I look at him daggers, staying silent. "I still remember my promise, there is time for playing time to appreciating my toy," – he says muzzling my neck.

"Mrgh, what I need to do?" – I felt it would not work again he would. "it is shame you touched your pokeball you know, but I still want to keep you, so you need only accept me as your owner," – I hear feeling his soft pads rubbing and petting my head. "You saying as if it is so easy," – I look at him: "especially when you are such a..." "A dick? But I glad you understand, so give yourself a time and enjoy what you can get from me," – I hear his giggle, and feel a tongue sliding over my cheek.

“Said from someone who wants me to own like a sex toy,” – I blurb out pouting only earning a soft scratch over belly from his clawless handpaw. “I am here to own you and toy with you, not mentally break, or ruin your life... at least completely so you still would have to take decisions, and get profession and I love clever toys,” – I feel a soft bite over my ear. “I insist you to finish your education and seek some life satisfaction, would be more fun to tease and toy with you,” – he whispers. I turn around and push to him feeling how his locked sheath presses between my lips.

“Want to try for orgasm?” – he asks again. “Yesh, I told you,” – he smiles at my answer, and I feel his shaft sliding out. “You know you can also masturbate but I want to see, or you would be left chaste again,” – I hear with smile. “But... Fine I just want to shut you up,” – I say pushing him down. He only grins clearly accepting my approach. “You know usually umbreons are assertive, and I can just give an order and you,” – he comments. “Do not even dare,” – I roar am pinning him down. He laughs, pressing me closer: “I love my wanna be dom toy, go ahead, it is your opportunity.” I look at him pushing my hips up and trying to line up my hips, I almost feel it there sliding in and not in spot, then again and again. “You are doing something,” – I say angrily, but he just smiles.

I feel his tongue over my lips and mouth: “You are just too hasty just take it slow.” A sigh escapes my lips, and I slide slowly feeling how my lips part almost expecting to fail, but I feel actually pressure, making me want to wrap around flesh slowly that pulsing I push and feel slipping it out of the way so I correct and dance on tip with my hips, moaning and feeling it sliding in, pulsing and his hands lifting so I pin him. I do not feel resistance as if he is mocking me, and his smirk.

I could not see it but clearly, he does it prick. “Mrhh, I moan feeling my sex sliding on his length. A knot. Realization hits me but there is nothing. At once I am grateful he did nothing so I keep riding feeling so much pleasure. I sit on top of him: *\*does he already cumming?\** - I think but no he is just pulsing and throbbing inside me.

I thrust up and down, speeding up and feeling so good, feeling how almost electric sensations run over my spine and sex, schlipping and slipping and marveling how good it feels. Feeling how my pleasure goes closer and closer to a peak. Moaning and huffing, but it fails to come. I try to slow down to savor pleasure hoping it would help hoping it would help to get past that lazy desire wall it was like his shaft or my walls were lacking that electric spark. That little thing I needed. Like it was good, but so outside, while my walls quenched and squeezed his shaft.

“Huffff, hah, maybe I should make something nice for you, do you want it?” – I hear him asking. I wanted really wanted a nice orgasm, but he would surely just abuse it. “No, just let me orgasm already,” – I demand him. He smiles letting me continue and press my breasts to his mouth which he takes and sucks on, making my body spark in pleasure but still not getting that little essential thing. It was good but. “You know you can cum whenever you want without my order,” – he says. “I wait at least some trick, but there is none he just looks at me full of confidence eyes, making me feel how my belief in ever getting orgasm evaporates. “Cum for me,” – I hear from him feeling almost with back of my head, like strong force pushing me towards the edge... and nothing I feel him shooting his load, while my brain rushes towards orgasm through infinite bridge, falling short but being so close.

“No please,” – I beg feeling and humping him feeling how his shaft pulses as if shooting load after load. I feel his strong hand paws wrapping over my shoulders and pulling to him, while he pets my head, and I try to hump him in hysteria. I could feel almost compassion enjoyment over my predicament, but also sincere desire to help me calm down. It helped, but I still could feel his satisfied member inside while my hole pulsed.

Almost in exhausted delirium I feel him turning me around and his flaccid shaft retreating back into sheath. “No orgasm?” – I hear soft voice. I just nod lightly, trying to figure out what I have done wrong what I need to do: *\*am I really supposed to be his stupid toy?\** “Do not worry you did nothing wrong, accepting me as owner would take time, I know you want but it is much deeper than your conscious desire, you can’t just want to get an orgasm from me,” – I feel him hugging me. I felt so small compared to him yet.

“How long,” – I ask feeling so miserable, and trying to calm down. “Maybe a week or a month, or...” – he makes pause. “I do not know how long you would start enjoying and wanting to be with me, craving to feel and see what I would do and if I even let you orgasm or what evil thing I might do... Admit it you enjoyed your today adventure,” – he says.

I want to look at him, but felt too weak to even try. *\*Bastard what makes him think,\** - thought flies over my head. “I understand you can’t even admit it to yourself,” – he says. “And what about you,” – I try to prick him. “I would too unable to admit some things, but that is not the point. Point is you rejecting it,” – he says kissing me.

“Well you need to rest, and see horny lusty dreams, and no your arousal would no past this level tomorrow till you move in, so you would go and get all essential tomorrow morning, then I want your tasks done till evening, and then you would tell me your dream,” – I hear, and a fear gets to my throat. I felt miserable being ordered around like that but felt I need it, I never being good to preparing to lectures, but also that dream.... It was scary, and what was even scarier I suspected I would see quite evil and frustrating one. Just his calm quiet almost caring voice made me believe it.

“Mou please,” – I protest, but he just keeps cuddling me. “You can go or stay if you wish,” – he says, but I wanted to stay so I just stayed to show a bit of my superiority get behind him and hug, feeling so tired. He rolls around not letting me assert myself and takes my hand paws giving a lick to my nose. I just accepted his invitation and went to sleep myself.