

Help Wanted 2

By Mantrid Brizon

The Master accepts another challenge.

Table of Contents...

Page 2. Chapter One: New Horizons

Page 14. Chapter Two: Addition

Page 30. Chapter Three: Training

Page 40. Chapter Four: Initiation

Page 51. Chapter Five: Harem

Chapter One: New Horizons

Straddling her lover, Cheryl rests her clawed hands on his upper arms. She bounces with considerable fervor, riding him to the best of her ability. The condom stretches tightly over his penis from the intensity of her motions. David had never had a pussy like hers before, either in talent or texture; Cheryl is the best woman he's ever had. She grunts as her red, white and black fur mats with sweat, her long, straight and ruby red hair swaying and her body burning as she rides her submissive lover. The stunning Voeldahn fox girl, all of 22-years-old, has been every man's prize since middle-school, though she has yet to find one worthy of her.

Like the other men before him, David spoke a lot of strong words and yet he is the one handcuffed to the headboard of her bed and not her. All she has ever wanted was to not feel like the man in her sexual and emotional relationships, that and to find a man capable of bringing her to orgasm through sexual intercourse, but she is consistently disappointed. David groans loudly and writhes in pleasure beneath her, his black and gray fur in a tabby pattern equally damp and matted. Cheryl rakes her claws along the chest of her feline Voeldahn lover, briefly pinching the black flesh of his nipples.

"Ow!" He complains.

"Shut up and take it like a man." Cheryl coos.

She bounces harder, picking up speed as she presses against his chest. As his moans grow louder, she glances over her shoulder for the telltale signs. David's toes curl and his claws dig into the bedsheets, his tail pulls up between his legs and coils, and his pelvis

pushes upward. Cheryl hasn't even really come close, but she knows that David won't last much longer. Thoroughly disappointed, she prepares herself for a sadly routine act; she begins feigning an orgasm.

"Oh fuck!" David cries out.

His fingers coil and he pushes upward. With his member buried deep within her exceptional loins and his scrotum pressed up against her firm buttocks, he can't hold out any longer. He grunts as he releases his load, jet after jet filling the latex sheath that covers his penis. He has never cum so hard in his life, though Cheryl can't say the same, even for him; she's had men who filled condoms to nearly bursting, though they still couldn't outlast her. The fox woman sits atop her feline lover, hands atop his chest as she gazes down at him and gasps as though she were fulfilled.

Climbing off of her lover, his average sized black cock slips out from between her pink nether lips, flopping against his pelvis. Standing at the edge of her bed, she pulls off the condom and cutely drapes it over David's nose. Taking the handcuff key from atop her nightstand, she hands it to David who struggles to use it to free himself. Cheryl heads for her bathroom and washes up, leaving him behind. After several minutes of struggling, David finally manages to free himself, just in time for Cheryl to exit her bathroom.

Standing 5 feet and 7 inches tall, she is only somewhat shorter than her partner. She looks to him with emerald green eyes, her black furred hands drying her dyed red hair with a towel as she stands nude before him. Her curvy hourglass figure is accented by her naturally large yet perky DD-cup breasts and wide hips. Weighing roughly 130 pounds, she is quite proportional for her height. Stepping into her

black silk panties, she pulls them up with her thumbs while a still exhausted David merely watches her with a little smile across his face. Her bushy tail sways as she snaps the elastic band of her underwear as if she were teasing him.

“So, do you think I’ll get to see you again, babe?” He asks.

“Sure!” She says with a smile.

She is lying, but doesn’t have the heart to tell him; she’ll simply never call him again. After getting dressed and preparing for work, where she has an afternoon shift, she leaves at the same time as her temporary lover. Driving to work, she enters the main doors of the publishing studio of a humble tabloid magazine where she sits at the front desk; she’s the secretary. As soon as she enters, she is greeted to the morning secretary being fired.

“Good luck with your future endeavors, and again, I’m sorry.” Vanessa says.

“Yeah, fuck you too.” The woman snarls before storming out.

The angry former employee brushes past Cheryl as she leaves the building. Cheryl looks to Vanessa, the morning editor for the company and one of the underbosses. She hadn’t met Vanessa before, but she has heard of her. Vanessa has quite the interesting reputation at the company. It is well known amongst the staff that the married bunny Voeldahn has a live-in boyfriend and a child with said boyfriend, a fact that she is quite open about. Glancing over the dainty bunny woman, Cheryl is surprised that such a sweet looking thing could have such a devious lifestyle.

Vanessa stands about 5 feet and 3 inches tall, minus the height of her rabbit-like ears. With an equally voluptuous figure and only slightly smaller D-cup breasts and mildly thinner hips, the two women have bodies that could proportionally be carbon copies of the other. A fluffy bunny tail replaces Cheryl's fox-like tail and long, wavy brown hair flows over her shoulders. Vanessa's fur is completely different, being light brown and cream in color. Her light brown fur outlines her body, covering her head, arms, sides, back and legs. The cream fur covers her chin and lower jaw, running through her neck, over her ample breasts, flat and toned belly, and over her groin.

She steps up to Cheryl and looks upward at her for a moment with her big brown eyes. Vanessa grins, her lips curling up around the edges of her snout as her eyes narrow. She rests her hands on her hips. Cheryl grows increasingly nervous and clears her throat.

"You work afternoons, right?" Vanessa asks.

"Yep." Cheryl nods.

"Would you rather work mornings for \$2.00 more an hour?"

"Seriously?!" Cheryl asks in surprise.

"Seriously." Vanessa nods. "Same hours and everything."

"Alright!" Cheryl exclaims.

"Good. Take tomorrow off to adjust your sleep schedule and I'll see you Wednesday morning at 9:00 am on the nose." Vanessa says, tapping her finger against her flat, pink nose.

With that, Vanessa collects her purse and heads home, using her cell phone to call someone, presumably her adulterous lover. Cheryl follows her boss's instructions and switches shifts after that day. Starting that Wednesday, she works the morning shift and greets

Vanessa daily. The extra pay is welcomed, and the shift even aids her personal life, making it easier to look for partners at night and on the weekends. One night, roughly three weeks after switching her shifts, Cheryl sits in a well-known singles bar and chats with a rather friendly Voeldahn with a decidedly equine appearance. She can't help but wonder how he measures up, in more ways than one.

After talking for barely an hour, she takes him home to try him out, hoping that after this night she can finally claim a man worthy of her. As soon as they enter her apartment, his hands are all over her. It's not necessarily different from the others, but he puts more effort into dominating her, which she likes. When they retreat to her bedroom and he drops his pants, she is pleasantly surprised to see that he wasn't exaggerating about the size of his penis. Though unable to measure it with anything but her hands and eyes, she can be certain that he is the largest that she has ever personally experienced.

Though eager to try him out, Cheryl plays safely. She knows better than to experience multiple men without using protection, and doesn't even like to kiss them unless they can earn a second session with her. Taking a supply of the largest flavored condoms in her possession, she unrolls the yellow, banana flavored sheath over her partner's rock-hard phallus. The black skin of his cock makes the color of the condom pop even more, and she finds herself quite aroused. She struggles to fit the girthy member into her mouth, her maw agape as she tries not to tear the latex with her teeth.

He doesn't give her much time before he pulls her from him and tosses her atop the bed. He's quite strong compared to the others. Her lover, who she is fairly certain is named Stanley, tears at her clothing until she lay there with nothing but her panties, bra and her own soft coat of fur. He climbs atop her, peels off the underwear that guards her loins and prepares to enter her. Kneeling between her

knees he teases her pussy with the fat head of his large penis, skillfully rubbing her clitoris and spreading apart her nether lips. He begins to slowly push into her hole.

“Wait.” Cheryl coos.

“What?”

Without answering in words, Cheryl makes her move. She lay her lover on his back with a gentle push and he promptly fails the first test. Taking out her handcuffs, she locks him to her headboard and he allows her, causing him to fail the second test. She has long hoped for a man who would use the handcuffs on her, or at least verbally protest being made defenseless in the home of a strange woman. Hopefully he won't fail the third and final test; she must be brought to orgasm. With a hand holding Stanley's wrapped cock, she rubs the engorged tip against her clitoris and nether lips again.

“Oh fuck, baby. Don't be such a tease.” He says.

To her, it sounds more like he's asking. If she weren't so desperate to feel filled by a man, she would only tease him more. However, she hasn't slept with a man since David, and in her state all she wants to do is ride his cock. Sitting atop him, she winces and grunts as she squeezes the largest penis that she has ever felt in her life inside of her loins. Fatter than her wrist and longer than her digitigrade feet, making it at least 8 inches in total, she struggles to accept him into her tight hole. Stanley struggles against the handcuffs and tilts his head back, groaning loudly as Cheryl's pussy envelops his big cock. He has never felt such a tight pussy before, briefly wondering if she is a virgin.

He glances down to see only lubricating juices; not a dab of blood is anywhere to be seen. He can't believe how good she feels as he enters her at her discretion. Soon, Cheryl has her hands gripping his chest as she slowly begins to ride her lover. She silently hopes that he will last the longest, especially as she feels the size of his member pulling at her insides with each upward motion. The sensation is indescribable, in the best way. Within minutes, she feels something stirring within her, a sensation she hasn't felt before with a man. Sadly, Cheryl has never experienced a true orgasm from sex, always being forced to finish herself in private.

So caught up in her own pleasure, Cheryl doesn't even take a moment to look for the telltale signs. With her eyes closed tightly, she feels her pleasure building. Could Stanley be the one this time? With each bounce atop his large black cock she grows closer to her climax, but her eyes shoot open when she hears a familiar noise. Writhing and grunting, he tugs hard at the cuffs and shakes the headboard, his hands balled into tight fists.

"Of fuck! I'm cumming!" He exclaims.

"Shit!" She cries out.

Certainly, Stanley assumed that this was a pleasurable exclamation, but it wasn't. She rides harder and faster, trying to finish before he does. However, it's no use. Unlike David, Stanley does fill the condom to bursting, though it never actually bursts. Powerful jets of semen flood the latex within her body and bring her to the edge, but to Cheryl's silent horror, he quickly tires and the formerly rock-hard phallus begins to grow soft and limp while still within her. Try as she might, she fails to climax and is forced to once again pretend that he was worth it; he barely lasted 10 minutes. After a disappointing night, she sleeps alone as Stanley was quick to return to wherever it was he came from.

She heads into work the next morning in a less-than-cheerful mood. The previous night's rendezvous with the equine Voeldahn left her wanting. Even David didn't become flaccid while still in sexual intercourse. Sitting at her desk, she prepares papers and sets out her supplies. The doors swing open and Vanessa enters.

"Hello!" She cheerfully exclaims.

"Hey..." Cheryl sighs.

Vanessa takes note of her employee's behavior. She stands before the desk and sets down her purse. Cheryl stares blankly at her boss. After an expectant gaze, Vanessa finally speaks.

"So, what's wrong, sweetheart?" She asks.

"Nothing..." Cheryl murmurs.

"Don't like to me. It's written all over your face. Is it something that you would feel more comfortable discussing in my office?"

"It's just..." Cheryl hesitates.

She's unwilling to actively share such a personal plight. Glancing from side to side, she carefully looks around and realizes that no one else is nearby beside her boss.

"It's just what?" Vanessa asks somewhat impatiently.

"It's nothing..." Cheryl murmurs.

"Would you rather sort it out at home?"

To Cheryl this sounds like a threat. Already frustrated and without much patience to spare, she takes a deep breath.

"It's bad sex, alright!" Cheryl growls.

"Oh! ... Is that all?" Vanessa giggles.

"It's not funny. I haven't found a man who could get me off in years." Cheryl explains.

"Oh..." Vanessa suddenly sounds sullen.

"Do you know what that's like?" Cheryl asks.

"Not really. Thankfully I don't have that problem."

"Not since your boyfriend?" Cheryl snickers.

"You mean my *Master*?" Vanessa clarifies with a raised brow.

"... What?" Cheryl is stunned.

"I have a husband, and I have my Master. I haven't fucked my husband in years, but Master takes good care of me."

Cheryl is left speechless as Vanessa opens up to her about her rather unorthodox relationship as though it were normal.

"I've only ever had genuine, multiple orgasms with Master." Vanessa continues.

"It's not just that, though..." Cheryl begins. "I'd like a man who can take control. I don't want to feel like I'm in charge of him."

"I understand completely." Vanessa nods.

"You do?"

“Of course! Master is so good at being in charge, and I love being his little bunny. Maybe if you had a master like mine, you wouldn’t be in such a bad mood! Anyway, try not to let it get to you, alright?” Vanessa says before leaving Cheryl’s desk.

Flabbergasted, Cheryl watches as her boss walks casually into her office. After work, Vanessa returns home where Vic, her human master, Jacob, their toddler son, and Ricky, her legal husband and Vic’s slave, wait for her to return. Ricky has since quit his job at the office where he and Vic used to work together, at Vic’s instruction; Vic has charged Ricky with full-time care of Jacob, the son that Vic fathered with Ricky’s wife. Setting her purse down atop the coffee table in the living room, Vanessa finds Vic in the kitchen. He sits at the table as Ricky serves him dinner, a plate already set out for her.

“Hello, Master!” She exclaims, embracing and kissing Vic.

“Hi there. How’s my little rabbit?” He asks, kissing her back.

“Great, as always.” She replies, taking her seat beside him.

Ricky sits across from them and feeds their son as the lovers talk about the events of their day. Vanessa can’t help but talk about Cheryl and their brief conversation at length. Vic, though not terribly interested, genuinely loves his little bunny slave and allows her to ramble. It’s one of the few things that she can do without asking for his permission.

“I just feel so bad for the poor girl. She’s far too beautiful to carry on with such poor-quality lovers. She deserves better.” Vanessa sighs, nearing the end of her tangent.

“Well, if she’s that hot, I’m sure she’ll find one easily enough.”

"Maybe, but she has a certain... Type..."

"What kind of type?" He asks.

"A strong type... I think she'd love to have a Master like you."

"Like me, huh?" Vic smirks.

"... Master, may I suggest something?" She sheepishly asks.

"Hm... Alright."

"How would feel about another slave?"

Vic's eyebrows raise at his little bunny's suggestion. Ricky stops mid scoop and stares at her, holding the spoon bound for Jacob's mouth in the air.

"It's a fun thought, but why would you want that? I don't think you'd enjoy sharing your Master." Vic asks.

"If I may be blunt?"

"You may." He nods.

"I love you so much, Master. You and Jacob are all I've ever wanted, and sleeping beside you every night is amazing. However, you're somewhat insatiable and though I try very hard, your little bunny might not be enough. Another slave would give your little bunny a break every now and then, and your little bunny's pussy would certainly appreciate it."

Vic can't help but chuckle at her little speech. Admittedly, Vic and Vanessa have had sex at least once a night for nearly the last year straight, sometimes more than once.

"You're certainly right about that. You're just such a good little bunny!" He exclaims, slipping an arm around her waist.

"Thank you, Master!" She grins wide.

"But I suppose you're right. Eventually even rewards can be too much without moderation..." He sighs. "I don't know what she looks like, though."

"Imagine me, but taller and a fox." She remarks.

"You're already a fox." He laughs.

"Silly Master! Here!" She says, taking her phone from her pocket.

Vic enters her passcode on the touchscreen, which are her measurements; he set the code himself for her. Vanessa directs him to a company photo taken a few months earlier and points out Cheryl. She watches with a pleased grin as Vic zooms in and sits back.

"Damn!" He exclaims.

"Told you!" Vanessa giggles.

"Well, if you think she would enjoy being my second slave, then let's bring her in." He says as he returns the phone to her.

"Oh, thank you so much, Master!" She exclaims, hugging him tightly.

"Just be sure that she knows what she will be getting into. We both know that not many could handle this, isn't that right, slave?" He says, turning to Ricky.

"Yes, Master." Ricky bows his head reverently.

The next day, Thursday, Vanessa heads into the building and greets Cheryl at the front desk as she often does. This time, however, she stops to ask how she is feeling.

“Oh, uh... I’m better.” Cheryl says softly.

“You’re a terrible liar, but maybe this will make it better!” Vanessa exclaims while sliding a note to her atop the desk.

Cheryl looks at the folded paper left before her as her boss enters her office and closes the door. Taking hold of the note, she hesitates to unfold the paper but her curiosity won’t allow her to ignore it. Opening the note, she peers at the writing within.

“Meet me at lunch and I can solve your problem.”

Cheryl looks to the clock atop her desk and then back at the note. Glancing over to the closed door of Vanessa’s office, she wonders what she might have to say. How could Vanessa solve her problems? Does she know someone she might date, or is she looking to merely give advice? Perhaps it’s worth it to hear her out? Inside of the office, Vanessa stands beside her door, covertly glancing through the nearly closed blinds that cover the glass on either side of the wooden barrier. Her lips curl into a sinister grin as she witnesses Cheryl slipping the note into her pocket.

“Good girl...” Vanessa murmurs.

Chapter Two: Addition

Lunchtime couldn't come fast enough for Cheryl or Vanessa. As soon as the bunny left her office, she was immediately waved over by a rather excited looking Cheryl. The pair head out from the building and toward a small, hole-in-the-wall café. Rarely visited by unfamiliar faces, it is a coffee house version of Cheers. Sitting in her favorite seat in the corner, Vanessa unwraps a sandwich and opens a can of Coca Cola Vanilla.

"So, about my problem you say you can solve?" Cheryl asks before taking a bite out of a large, doughy pretzel.

"Mm... I have exactly what you need." Vanessa begins.

"A nice guy-friend?"

"Better! My Master!" Vanessa exclaims.

Cheryl briefly chokes on the pretzel, surprised by the unexpected suggestion.

"You're boyfriend?!" Cheryl asks.

"He's not my boyfriend. He's my *Master*." Vanessa corrects her.

Somewhat confused and now rather uncomfortable, Cheryl asks her to explain the difference. Vanessa not only explains the difference, but also enters into a detailed account of her taboo lifestyle choice and her relationship with Vic. Both appalled and intrigued, Cheryl finds herself glued to the seat and listening intently to her boss. As she listens to Vanessa's time-edited version of events

leading up to her becoming Vic's slave-girl, Cheryl can't help but compare Ricky to all of her previous lovers; none were adequate or deserving of her, just as Ricky was to Vanessa. To her surprise, she finds herself vocalizing her displeasure in each and every one of them to Vanessa, who is more than happy to listen to her vent about them.

"That's why I'm so glad I have Master. He is the antithesis of Ricky, and probably of every man that you have had in your bed." Vanessa says rather proudly.

"If your master is so great, why share him?" Cheryl raises a brow.

"Because I love Master, but Master is rather insatiable. Master uses his little bunny every night, and though I never get tired of the pleasure, *my* little bunny isn't always ready for it, if you know what I mean." Vanessa winks.

Cheryl can feel herself flush beneath her fur. She never expected such a sweet and innocent looking woman to be so perverse, or to be so open about it.

"Master allowed me to suggest this, and he is open to a second slave, but there are some conditions." Vanessa continues.

"What are those?"

"First, *I'm* Master's favorite." Vanessa says rather defensively. "He and I have a very special bond, and you must understand that you are an addition to our existing relationship, not my replacement or rival."

"Alright."

"Last, you and I are both slaves to Master. He is in charge and whatever he says goes. I obey Master at all times, even at my job.

This isn't some kink we play out; this is how we live and you need to understand and adapt to that." Vanessa warns.

"I don't know... I really want to be dominated but... Well, is all of that worth it, just for good sex?" Cheryl questions.

"I get far more out of it than that. I wouldn't have had Master's son if I wasn't."

"I don't know if *that's* what I really want, though." Cheryl murmurs, nervously staring down at the table.

"Are you sure?" Vanessa asks softly.

Cheryl looks up to her and their eyes lock.

"I-I..." Cheryl hesitates.

"I think you know what you want, and whatever that may be, you just need to take it." Vanessa says before taking a drink from the red can.

Vic sits on the loveseat and holds his son in his arms. Having arrived home from work early, he watches TV with little Jacob. His cell phone chimes and he checks the device, having received the usual text from Vanessa telling him that she is on her way back home. He doesn't have to wait long, as the publishing studio where Vanessa works for is only a few miles away. Soon the familiar sound of her car horn beeping catches his attention. Ricky enters from the kitchen, cooking dinner for his Master, Vanessa and Jacob.

As the doorknob turns, Vic prepares to rise, shifting the 18-month-old Jacob and scooting toward the edge of the loveseat. The front door swings open and to everyone's surprise Vanessa stands in

the doorway and accompanied by Cheryl. The nervous looking Cheryl immediately sees Ricky, who stands before her in a chef's apron. On the loveseat is a very handsome human man, holding a Voeldahn toddler who is the spitting image of Vanessa.

"And who is this?" Vic asks, feigning ignorance.

"This is Cheryl, Master. I told you about her." Vanessa replies.

"And is there any reason you brought her home without my permission?" Vic asks, his eyes narrowing.

"W-well..." Vanessa lowers her head.

Ricky ushers the two women inside of the home before closing and locking the front door behind them. With a single handwave, Vic demands Ricky's attention and hands him Jacob, instructing him to take him into another room. Vic approaches Vanessa, looking down at her. Cheryl, who stands very close to him, can't help but look over the attractive human man. At 5 feet and 11 inches tall, he is about average for a human. With tanned flesh and a toned build, he is the picture of human male attractiveness. His shoulder length brown hair is brushed back and ponytailed. Vanessa turns her eyes up to him, locking onto his hazel eyes which stare back into hers.

He rests his hand under her chin, gently pushing her snout upward and forcing Vanessa to face him. He rather suddenly kisses her in front of Cheryl, who can almost see Vanessa melting in the human's grasp. She throws her arms around him and Vic quickly takes her back to the loveseat.

"Feel free to sit wherever." He tells Cheryl as he himself sits down.

“Alright.”

**“You, however...” He says to Vanessa as she sits atop his lap.
“You were a very bad little bunny...”**

“I’m sorry, Master.” She lowers her head again, her ears also drooping.

“That’s not good enough. I’ll have to punish you.”

“M-master?” She nervously asks.

Vanessa turns to Cheryl, who looks uneasy. In truth, her curiosity wouldn’t allow her to leave no matter how disturbed she was, especially after all that Vanessa had told her about her beloved Master. He pushes her from atop his lap. Vanessa glances back at Cheryl once more before turning back to Vic.

“But she’s right here.” She says quietly, though Cheryl can still hear her.

“If this is what she wants, she’ll see it sooner or later.” He retorts.

XXX

[Vic sexually teases Vanessa in front of Cheryl and refuses to have sex with her, even when Vanessa begs for it.]

Nodding, Vanessa drops down to her knees as Cheryl watches on in shock. Her eyes grow wide as Vanessa promptly opens and pulls down her Master’s pants, revealing a superb bulge beneath his black

boxer-briefs. Without hesitation Vanessa, a woman that Cheryl considers her superior at work and otherwise, pulls down Vic's underwear and takes hold of a very large yet flaccid organ. She sniffs his penis and gives it a lick before opening her mouth and inserting the head. Cheryl can't believe her eyes as she watches Vanessa giving the handsome and well endowed human oral sex right in front of her.

As the crude and perverse scene unfolds, the flabbergasted Cheryl can't help but feel two things; a gentle tingling in her loins and a hint of jealousy towards Vanessa. She isn't sure what to be more disgusted by, Vic's public domination and punishing of Vanessa, or herself for not hating it. As though she were in a surreal dream, Vic sits back and relaxes for a moment before casually asking her questions. What does she want from a lover? How many has she had? Did she use condoms or take them all bareback? Why would she want this lifestyle? He asks question after question and Cheryl, hypnotized by the show that Vanessa is giving her, answers each and every one.

Cheryl's loins grow moist as she watches Vanessa behaving like a good little slave, stroking, licking and sucking Vic's big cock and full balls at his direction. When Vic tells her to stand and lift her skirt, she obeys without question. He peels off her panties as Cheryl stares. Her eyes glance down to Vic's penis. Recalling Stanley, a horse Voeldahn, she realizes that Vic is at least as large, if not somewhat larger than he was. The perfectly shaped phallus is primed and ready, the thick shaft and equally thick head throbbing with each beat of his heart. Vic gives Vanessa's ass a firm smack before gliding his hands from her knees to her groin.

He takes great pleasure in teasing her as the bunny girl's legs tremble, her tail swishing gleefully. She rests her hands atop his shoulders for support as he runs a finger along her nether lips. Cheryl feels her loins burning as she watches Vic gently teasing his little

bunny with one finger. He gently inserts the finger as he continues to speak to her as if nothing strange is occurring, but Cheryl struggles with her train of thought.

“Cheryl!” He exclaims.

“Wha? I’m sorry. What was the question?”

“Getting distracted by her punishment?” Vic smirks.

“I-I, uh...” She clears her throat.

“That’s alright.” He begins, sitting Vanessa atop a leg. “You’re untrained but don’t worry. If this is what you want, we’ll fix that.” He says.

He makes his little bunny grind her pussy against him, teasing her breasts through her top as she sits on his leg and faces Cheryl. Though Cheryl wonders how, she can tell that Vanessa really enjoys the buildup. The bunny’s juices drip from her nether lips and run over Vic’s bare leg. He yanks up on her top and pulls it from her body, quickly removing her bra and exposing her breasts to Cheryl. At his command, Vanessa takes hold of her master’s penis and strokes it, keeping him hard.

“This is what happens when you don’t ask for permission.” He says softly into one of Vanessa’s tall ears.

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“You will be.” He says before kissing her neck.

At his command she lies back atop the loveseat, briefly exposing her pussy to her younger co-worker before Vic climbs atop her. One leg lies outstretched and hangs over the armrest of the

loveseat while the other Vic holds tightly by the ankle, keeping it suspended in the air and bent at the knee. Vic plops his large organ against Vanessa's aching pussy, using the thick and bulbous underside to grind against her nether lips and clitoris. The fox girl is left stunned and aroused by the graphic and dominant display as the human man uses his Voeldahn bunny girl like a toy.

She fully expects Vic to penetrate Vanessa at any moment, impaling the dainty bunny girl on his impressive member. However, Vic has other plans. Instead of using her for his pleasure, he merely denies Vanessa her own. He teases her nipples, licks her neck and grinds his cock against her loins but never continues. Even as the pre-cum seeps from the tip of his own member, he holds out. Unable to stand the torture any longer, Vanessa finally begs.

"Please, Master! I'm sorry!" She exclaims with labored breaths.

"Are you?" He calmly asks.

"Yes! I will never do it again! Please don't punish me anymore! Have mercy, Master!"

"What do you think?" He turns his head and asks Cheryl.

Still stunned into silence, Cheryl sits with mouth agape as she watches, a hand firmly pressing against her own groin as she discretely trembles. She looks to Vic, but doesn't respond.

"I know you heard me. Should I relent, or does my slave need more punishment?" He asks again with a frustrated tone.

"Please, Master! I'm begging you!"

Vic leans forward and sucks hard on one of Vanessa's nipples, his hand moving from her upright leg and roughly smacking her ass.

"Ahh!" She cries out.

"Well?!" Vic asks Cheryl a third time.

"Stop..." Cheryl mutters.

"Stop what?" He grins.

"You've punished her enough." Cheryl softly explains.

"Did you hear that? Looks like your punishment is over."

"Thank you, Master." Vanessa gasps for breath.

"Don't thank me. Thank Cheryl."

"Thank you, Cheryl." She turns her head to the fox girl.

Vic lifts Vanessa effortlessly, his muscles flexing as he picks her up and sits atop the loveseat. At his silent direction Vanessa straddles his pelvis, his large cock running upward and between her butt cheeks and over her fluffy tail.

"You listened to her, Master?" Vanessa asks.

"She's not mine yet. You know that Master never takes orders or suggestions from his slaves." Vic answers.

"Of course." She nods.

"Well? Get to work, but no hands!" He orders.

Vanessa nods and rests both hands atop her Master's shoulders, gripping him tightly as she prepares herself. She lifts and shifts her

hips as Cheryl watches on, quite eager to witness the live-action pornography taking place only feet away. Vanessa seems to struggle with the initial penetration, repeatedly missing the mark as Vic's tanned cock rubs against the light brown fur of her firm ass.

"I'm sorry Master but I need help." Vanessa coos.

"Oh, alright..." He says rather sweetly. "Care to help?" He asks Cheryl.

"Wha?" She chokes out.

"If you're serious about this then get us started." He tells her.

"... And what if I'm not?" She asks.

"Then there's the door. Don't waste our time if you aren't sure. It's all the way or not at all." He calmly replies.

Though his words could have been harsh, his tone is soft and Cheryl finds it impossible to take offense.

"What if I'm serious but don't know how?"

"How what? Be a slave?" He raises an eyebrow and chuckles.

"Mhm..." Cheryl nods her head.

"Then put my cock in my little bunny's pussy. I'll train you."

Cheryl sits for a moment and looks down at her legs. Her hands rest atop her knees to keep them all from trembling from both nervousness and sexual tension. Looking up toward the master and his slave, both look expectantly at her. Cheryl knows this is possibly her last chance to turn back; her mind is screaming at her to do so. Rising to her feet, she glances toward the front door for a moment.

Vanessa frowns as she watches the fox woman, only for her lips to curl and her fluffy tail to sway when Cheryl approached the pair. She kneels down behind Vanessa and grips Vic's penis with both hands. His member is so hot that she wonders if it might burn her hands.

To her surprise, he is actually a little thicker than Stanley, and even a bit longer, though not by much. Still, for a human to be so large when compared to a horse Voeldahn, a specific race of Voeldahn physiologically known to have exceptional genitalia, she is nothing short of impressed. Pressing what must be a nearly 9-inch-long penis against Vanessa's butt and into the crack between her cheeks, she rises atop Vic's lap. As she moves, the scent of her hungry pussy floods Cheryl's nostrils and further moistens her own panties. She feels as though her loins are dripping as she watches in awe less than a foot away while Vanessa squeezes her Master's cock into her hole.

Her nether lips stretch wide to fit him, and though they have obviously had sex countless times before, Vanessa's vagina appears virgin tight on his member. The rim of his head audibly pops into place and causes her to squeal. His tapering shaft only grows wider the further down his shaft you go. Cheryl's loins burn with desire and she feels a dominance bubbling to the surface as she grows jealous of Vanessa, whom she now desires to replace. Perhaps she isn't built for a master/slave relationship if she isn't the master. She always thought she wanted to be submissive, but was she wrong about her feelings?

For some inexplicable reason, Cheryl leans in and sniffs Vic's scrotum as it sits only inches from Vanessa's anus. She then quickly tilts her head up and gives his genitals a lick, beginning at the bottom of his sack and up along the underside of his shaft. Her tongue briefly strokes the stretched lips of Vanessa's pussy as it devours her Master's penis, causing her to jump slightly and gasp in surprise. Vic, however, lets out a pleased groan.

“Oh, you do have potential.” He says, reaching over and resting a hand atop Cheryl’s head.

Vanessa narrows her eyes as she looks down at her Master’s prospective slave. As if to outdo her, she shoves herself down harder atop his penis, driving it home within her body. Vaginal juices seep out from her stretched loins and coat his engorged flesh, causing it to glisten in the amber light of the nearby table lamps. Vic clearly enjoys the attention he receives as his hands take hold of her ass cheeks, giving them a tight squeeze and a little smack. Vanessa quickly begins working her Master’s cock with her pussy, bucking and bouncing as though she were in secret competition with the observing Cheryl.

“Mmm... You’re too new for a test run, but... Nng! Tomorrow... My little bunny will... Nng. Pick you up from home and the two of you will ride back here together. Nng. Have a bag packed for the weekend, because you’ll... Nng, shit... Be staying here for your training.” Vic instructs between grunts and gasps.

“Okay.”

“Okay, what?” He asks with a sinister grin.

“Okay... Master.” Cheryl murmurs.

“Good girl.”

Cheryl sits on the floor at Vic’s feet with his head still resting atop her head, between her pointy canine ears. Vanessa straddles and fucks him, while Cheryl is effectively forced to watch as Vic enjoys the pleasures of his little bunny slave-girl. Unable to control herself, she slips a hand back down and into her pants. She presses her fingers against her clitoris and teases her vagina through her

panties, which are soaked through. She feels herself building from the show alone. Had Vic told her to strip and ride his penis, she more than likely would have right then and there but he unfortunately is content to enjoy his little bunny and make the fox girl watch.

Vanessa cums twice while Vic cums once; he finishes deep inside of her, holding it in for the longest.

“Oh, thank you, Master!” Vanessa coos, kissing his face.

“You’re welcome. Let that be a lesson to you.” He says, smacking her ass.

“Yes, Master.”

“And you aren’t off the hook for tonight either. I’m still not done with you.” He says as he necks her.

Cheryl is even further stunned; Vic not only has endowment, stamina and genuine sexual talent, but the libido of a Greek god.

“This is why you need a second slave.” Vanessa coos, her fingers running through his hair.

As Vanessa gently pulls herself from his member, at his direction, Cheryl is treated to a nice, visible creampie. After sitting and watching their 20-minute session atop the loveseat, it is an acceptable reward. However, Cheryl knows what she wants and follows Vanessa’s advice. Reaching out, she grabs hold on Vic’s slimy cock and opens wide. Aiming it toward her mouth, she stuffs his big cock into it as her black nose crowning her long canine snout gently brushes Vanessa’s ass.

“Oh!” Vanessa jumps, quickly turning back.

“Damn...” Vic groans. “Looks like we found one.” He happily sighs.

Cheryl devours Vic’s penis, sucking, licking and even kissing his cock head and shaft. With one hand she squeezes his member from the top and bottom, pulling forward so that any leftover cum will be pushed from his urethra and into her mouth.

“Hey, that’s mine!” Vanessa whines.

“Easy. She hasn’t learned yet, but she will.” Vic says.

While still enjoying Cheryl’s mouth, he calls out to Ricky. Ever the dutiful slave, Ricky emerges from a hallway within seconds. Unable to comfortably drive after having sex with her Master, Vic is gracious enough to let Vanessa rest and orders Ricky to drive Cheryl home, speaking to him as the fox girl licks his penis clean in front of him. Cheryl agrees to be picked up by Vanessa from her apartment and accept her slave training from her new master. She gives them her address while still holding Vic’s big cock. Taking her first set of orders, she somewhat reluctantly but obediently stows his penis in his pants before rising from the floor.

Riding in the car with Ricky, Cheryl’s mind races. She turns to Ricky, eying him for a moment. He stares at the road ahead with a little smile across his face. Does he really not care that Vic has been having sex with his wife for so long, where he can see and hear it? As she wonders, she notices a small bulge in his pants.

“What are you thinking about?” She finally asks him.

“Oh, just Master and his little bunny.” He answers.

Her suspicion confirmed, Cheryl decides to press the matter.

“So, you’re okay with all of that?”

“Of course! Master takes care of us!” He replies.

“And you’re fine with him fucking *your* wife?”

“She stopped being my wife when Master took her. She’s his little bunny now, a slave of a higher rank than me.” He answers.

“Then what would that make me?”

“Another slave above me. I’m the lowest of them all, as I should be.”

Clearly Ricky is happy with the bizarre relationship, though he gets nothing out of it either physically or emotionally that she can see. Returning her to her apartment complex, Cheryl heads inside while accompanied by Ricky. He leaves her at the door and wishes her a good night. Before he is even back in the car and driving home to his Master, Cheryl has already stripped naked and jumped into bed. Though she doesn’t have many toys, she takes the largest she owns and promptly lubes it up. Rubbing the tip between her nether lips, she drives it home hard and gasps.

“Oh, Master...” She moans.

Chapter Three: Training

Cheryl rides in the car with Vanessa on their way home for the weekend. The work day was long and arduous for the two women, who are both quite eager to start Cheryl's slave training. Though Vanessa knows what to expect, Cheryl does not and can only hope that she will enjoy herself. If this is anything like she imagined it during her multiple masturbation sessions last night, she won't ever want to leave Vic's side. She trembles nervously as Vic stands in the front doorway, watching them as they pull in. He quickly ushers the two women inside before sealing the house tighter than a fortress.

"So, are you ready to begin?" He asks Cheryl.

"Yes, Master." She nods.

"Good! Off to a great start! Ricky, take her bag for her."

"Yes, Master." Ricky bows before complying.

"We have a few things to train you in before you will be truly enslaved. I call these four things 'Fervent, Unvocal, Committed and Knowledgeable'." He grins.

"So, passionate, compliant, loyal and skilled?" Cheryl clarifies.

"Yes." He nods. "Oh, and slave?"

"Yes?"

"Don't speak out of turn again." He sternly warns.

Cheryl slowly nods her head. His tone isn't as pleasant as it was yesterday, and she wonders what she has gotten herself into. Can she really go through with this? Clearing his throat, Vic continues.

“If you are to be a slave, you first need to understand what it really means. I consider ‘slave’ to mean ‘Skill, Loyalty, Ambition, Vigor, and Enthusiasm’. That boils down to sexual talent, acceptance and loyalty to the master, desire to please the master, sexual energy, and an eagerness to listen and obey. Is that understood?”

“Yes, Master.” Cheryl nods.

“Good! Then let’s not delay. It’s going to be a long afternoon of training...” He grins sinisterly.

Vic leads Cheryl down a hall, not far behind Ricky and with Vanessa standing beside him. Vic leans over and whispers something into Vanessa’s tall ear. She quickly nods and turns around, heading back to the front of the house, probably to tend to Jacob.

“Now, even though I like to spell the training acronym ‘F.U.C.K.’ the proper order for training is ‘C.U.F.K.’ and we’ll test your commitment right now.” Vic continues.

Cheryl follows Vic into a room halfway down the hall and right behind Ricky. Stepping inside, her Master closes the door and she finds herself standing in what appears to be a guest room with two beds, each a single in size. One looks well used, while the other seems brand new. Beside the bed is a nightstand and atop this nightstand are numerous devices, mostly BDSM style bindings. She spots handcuffs, leather thigh straps and matching leather ropes that are long enough to reach the headboard, which has loops strategically attached to it.

“Now, I want you to undress.” Vic commands.

A nervous Cheryl begins to slowly strip away her clothes with her back facing her new Master. She slips off her shoes and undoes her pants. With her thumbs tucked underneath the waistband she slips them down, bending over and revealing her perfect buttocks to her Master, clad in silky black panties. Ricky appears worried as he watches his Master's new slave undress and begins to walk around the foot of the new bed and toward the door.

"Woah! I don't remember telling you to go anywhere!" Vic barks at Ricky.

Ricky stands there at the foot of the bed, frozen like a statue as Cheryl strips. He rests his hands over his groin and seems to be rather uncomfortable. Dropping her top onto the ground, Cheryl stands in only her panties and a matching bra. As she attempts to remove the bra, she is suddenly startled by Vic's rather gentle touch. He caresses her soft fur, running his fingers from her sides and toward her chest, stroking just beneath her large breasts before gliding his fingers around her sides and towards her back. Unclasping the bra, he removes it from her body and drops it to the floor, his hands carefully taking hold of each breast.

Cheryl releases a pleased sigh and closes her eyes, tilting her head back as she feels his chest against her back and his lips on the nape of her neck. He pinches her pink nipples as he feels her boobs as though trying to weigh them. She begins to melt from his touch and Vic is quick to hold her. A hand runs down and into her panties. She can feel the engorged flesh of his member pushing through his pants and into her tight butt as he uses a single finger to stroke the flesh of her nether lips and clitoris with his hand underneath her panties. Ricky seems quite uncomfortable at this point, his breathing quickening.

Vic suddenly orders the man to also strip and Cheryl becomes worried. Why is her new Master telling Ricky to undress? Does he intend to make her use him? Though she wants to be a slave, she only wants to be *Vic's* slave; she wants nothing to do with Ricky. As his pants fall to the floor, Cheryl is stunned to see that Ricky is wearing a strange device on his groin; she had never seen a male chastity belt before. Strapped to his body is a black plastic sheath of barely average size and molded like a half-flaccid penis. The plastic sheath is literally locked to the belt with a tiny padlock, which itself also has a lock on the buckle to prevent removal.

A moderately large hole is drilled into the plastic near the front, which she can only assume is for urinating without removing the device. Ricky is so uncomfortable because the sight of Cheryl's gorgeous body has caused him to suffer an erection within the hard-plastic sheath. She soon forgets all about Ricky as her Master inserts a finger and then a second. Taking a hand away from her breasts, she can hear him unbuckling his belt before pulling it through the loops and dropping it to the floor. Her human Master soon steps out of his shoes and pushes her toward the bed, lying her face down atop it.

He promptly drops his pants and grips her hips. Cheryl only hopes that in the next few seconds she will feel his imposing organ being forced deep inside of her exceptional loins. A familiar sensation causes her to tremble in pleasure; Vic runs the engorged head of his penis against her nether lips, teasing her clitoris and pussy with his big cock. Even without entering her, she can tell that he is bigger than Stanley just from the feeling of the tip. She grips the plain white bedsheets and prepares for a powerful thrust into her aching vagina by her new Master.

However, Vic has other plans. He teases her for some time before ordering her onto the bed. As she lay on her back, Vic climbs

onto the bed and looms over her, kissing her neck and lips. She often refuses to kiss on the lips so as not to swap saliva with someone who might be carrying an STD or STI; this time is very different. Their tongues wrap around each other, wrestling between their mouths. She is surprised by how talented her Master is even at kissing. He must have been born for pleasuring women. As they kiss, he fondles her breasts with one hand and slowly handcuffs a wrist with the other, all the while using the underside of his fat cock to grind against her pussy.

Her bushy tail sways between their legs as she feels him moving an arm upward, locking an arm to the headboard. He soon follows with the second, then straightens his body and kneels between her legs. She gazes at him with such lust, unable to describe her desire for him in mere words. Cheryl has never been this aroused before; he knows exactly what to do for her. Suddenly, Vic climbs off of the bed and takes hold of several devices from the nightstand. He carefully attaches a tight strap to each leg, keeping the rings at the front of her legs. While humming a pleasant tune, Vic uses the leather straps to pull Cheryl's legs upward, pointing her knees to the ceiling and tying the straps to the headboard.

He takes a key from a pants pocket and tosses it to Ricky, who promptly fumbles the catch and drops it on the floor. Ricky already knows what to do, removing the lock that holds the hard-plastic sheath over his penis. He grunts as he pulls it off and Cheryl's heart sinks.

"This is a test of your loyalty. Loyalty is the most important component of our Master/Slave relationship." Vic begins, stroking one of her legs. "Now Ricky is going to stand near the pillow, and I want you to suck his cock."

"What?" Cheryl chokes out.

"You heard me."

"I don't want that." She protests.

"That's why it's a test of loyalty." Vic chuckles.

"I want to suck your cock, Master. Yours is so much bigger and better! Ricky's nothing!" She cutely pleads.

Vic stares at her, visibly unmoved by a tactic that she has used on many men in the past. Clearly her Master is a caliber above them.

"You're failing the loyalty test, and for that you need to be punished..." He says in an eerie tone.

Reaching for the nightstand, he takes a facemask with a strange hardwood ring imbedded in it. Taking hold of Cheryl's jaw, he inserts the ring into her mouth, being careful not to damage her teeth. He buckles the mask behind her head, careful not to snag her hair and cause pain.

"Aaa-aa! Aa?" She tries to speak through the hole in the mask.

"Now that you can't close your mouth... Ricky!"

"Yes?" Ricky asks.

"... .. Well? Go ahead!" Vic growls.

"Oh, right! Yes, Master!"

To Cheryl's horror, Ricky takes hold of her head and turns it to face him, presenting his sub-par penis to her. He rather nervously inserts it into the ring and drives it into her mouth. Unable to bite down,

her tongue rolls and tries to create a passage for air, inadvertently pleasuring the lowly male slave. He sways his pelvis, pumping his cock in and out of Cheryl's mouth as Vic stands by and watches.

"What I wasn't going to tell you was that if you had just sucked his cock when I told you to, you would have tasted mine a few seconds later and Ricky would have had to jerk off to finish. Now, he can use your mouth until he's done and can cum in your mouth or on your face too." Vic explains.

"Nng... Thank you, Master! Nng!" Ricky grunts out.

Ricky sways his hips, plowing his unimpressive size into Cheryl's mouth. Drool builds up and trickles from the ring, running down the mask and onto the pillowcase. After several minutes of swaying, the sexually deprived Ricky closes his eyes and grunts. As he nears orgasm, Cheryl prepares herself to swallow his sperm but to everyone's surprise the rabbit man pulls out. Worried that she might choke, Ricky pulls back, takes hold of his penis and ejaculates on Cheryl's facemask instead, some of his cum landing on the fur near her right eye.

"Well, that was nice of you." Vic chuckles.

"Yes, Master. I don't want anything bad to happen to your new slave." Ricky replies.

"So thoughtful. Wasn't that thoughtful, slave?" Vic asks Cheryl.

"Aaa-aa!" She replies.

"Hm... She still sounds defiant. Eat out her pussy and finger her for a bit."

"Yes, Master!" Ricky nods.

Cheryl struggles with her handcuffs and the leather straps that hold up her legs as Ricky climbs onto the bed and lies down just beneath her. She cringes at the feeling of his tongue gently stroking her nether lips, preferring it be her Master instead. Not at all skilled, she lies there as Ricky attempts to pleasure her with two fingers and his tongue, obeying his Master and carrying out his mission to the best of his ability.

“Do you see how my slave is? Do you see how my little bunny is? That’s how you need to be, little vixen. They follow my instructions without question. You might have been in control before, but here you are just my slave.” Vic explains to her.

“Aaa...” She replies, nodding her head slowly.

“Alright... Let’s try this again.”

Vic removes the facemask from her and sets it down beside her pillow. Calling to Ricky, he brings him over to the same spot as before and issues the same instructions. Though unenthusiastic, Cheryl turns and begins to actively lick and suck on Ricky’s now flaccid penis. After several minutes, he begins to grow erect again and Vic stops the oral intercourse. At his instruction, Ricky puts the sheath back on and locks it to his chastity belt, giving Vic the key. With the exercise completed, he sends Ricky away to fetch Vanessa and watch Jacob in her stead.

As soon as he leaves the room, Vic allows Cheryl to try her hand with him. Far more eager, she opens her mouth wide and struggles to receive him. Even limp, Vic’s phallus is considerable and somewhat difficult to manage, especially with her hands handcuffed above her head. However, she licks, kisses and sucks until he is rock solid, which only takes a minute or two after Vanessa has entered the room. While

still sucking on her Master's penis, Vic orders Vanessa to strip as well. Cheryl prepares herself for anything, hoping that this time she will finally feel her Master entering her vagina for the first time.

She's been so jealous of Vanessa, who is lucky enough to have him every day. Bringing Vanessa by his side, the Master and his little bunny make-out and fondle each other as Cheryl lies strapped to the bed, orally pleasuring him. He suddenly pulls back and takes hold of his impressive member. Cheryl gazes longingly up at him, hoping that she will finally get to feel him. Instead, he moves Vanessa into his place and bends her over so that her elbows rest on the bed with her hands near Cheryl's side and her face barely a foot from Cheryl's.

"Since you weren't proving your loyalty, tonight you just have to watch what loyalty gets you." Vic smirks.

Vanessa stares at Cheryl who stares silently back. The women's eyes lock and they share a brief, silent conversation with only their gazes. Cheryl apologizes for her willfulness while envying Vanessa, while the little bunny apologizes for her having to be punished by their Master. Gripping Vanessa's hips, Vic bends his knees and tilts his pelvis to aim himself, pushing the head of his saliva covered organ against the bunny's loins. After taking a moment to revel in Cheryl's punishment, he drives himself into Vanessa's tight pussy.

She grunts and bears her teeth, closing her eyes tightly as he plows into her. Reaching out, Vanessa grips onto the nearest thing before her; she takes hold of Cheryl's upper left arm with one hand and her ample left breast with the other, giving them both a squeeze. Vic grunts and groans as he fucks his little bunny while Cheryl watches, helpless and aroused. She remains silent, however, knowing

that speaking out will only see her punished further. After using his little bunny for barely 5 minutes, Vanessa cries out, throwing her head back as she cums hard on her Master's cock.

"That's it, little bunny. Show your Master how much you love it." He growls.

"Oh yes! I love it, Master! Please, don't stop! Fill me!" She exclaims.

Cheryl's arousal is so strong that her scent fills the room, overpowering both Vic's and Vanessa's senses. Her lubricating juices flow from her aching pussy, running over her anus and down towards her tail. She's never been so desperate for sex in her life, and she knows that both Vic and Vanessa know it. Ignoring her plight completely, Vic sits Vanessa down on the edge of the bed, leaning her backward so that her back rests against Cheryl's side and her arms cross over her. Standing between her legs and at the edge of the bed, Vic resumes his work, stuffing his phallus as deep as he can into Vanessa's tight hole while she squeals from a pleasure that Cheryl so desires.

After cumming a second time from her Master's size and talents, Vic brings himself over the edge. He embraces Vanessa tightly with both arms and she does the same. Cheryl watches as they hold each other like a newlywed couple and Vic releases his load. Jet after jet shoots deep within Vanessa's pussy, filling her to the brim with his cum. Now relieved, Vic wishes Cheryl a good night, taking Vanessa by the hand and walking naked from the room. She wonders where they are going without her and struggles against the handcuffs and straps. Vic and Vanessa retire for a nap, never bothering to unstrap the horny fox girl.

Chapter Four: Initiation

Cheryl lies awake in the night, still strapped in. Ricky sleeps in the bed beside her, having ignored her pleas. Her arousal is so intense that she can still feel it; it's kept her up this entire time. Looking toward Ricky's nightstand, she can see the clock as it strikes midnight. She's been strapped in and unattended for nearly five hours. Her eyes struggle to adjust as the ceiling light suddenly turns on, temporarily blinding her. Looking to the door, she sees both Vic and Vanessa entering the room and clad in only night clothes. Ricky awakens and sits upright in bed, still wearing his chastity belt and penis sheath, which he is clearly never allowed to remove.

"It's officially the next day, and all punishments are now over." Vic says with a pleasant smile.

"Oh, thank you, Master!" Cheryl coos.

"However..."

Cheryl's heart sinks as her Master pauses, taking a few steps toward her.

"That's a very nice rig I've set up, and I'd hate to not use it. Why don't we?" He winks.

"Please, Master!" Cheryl begs.

"Are you going to be a loyal slave?" He asks, stroking her leg.

"Yes, Master!" She nods vigorously.

“Good. Then this will be your test, as well as the second training exercise; compliance.”

“I will do whatever you ask of me, Master! I’m your loyal slave!”
She assures him.

“I have no doubt, my little vixen.” He grins sinisterly.

Vanessa’s expression changes, as though hurt that Vic had already granted her a slave name. Cheryl takes notice, but won’t speak out of turn with her Master present. Vic sets aside the tools to release Cheryl, placing them atop the nightstand.

“When I tell you to, I want you to release my little vixen.” He says to Vanessa.

“Yes, Master.” She nods.

“That’s a good little bunny.” He says sweetly.

He kisses her tenderly on the lips and smacks her butt, causing her to grin from cheek to cheek. It’s obvious even through the bizarre and unorthodox relationship that the pair truly care for and even love each other. For a split second, Cheryl feels like she is intruding on the lovers, though this is forgotten when Vic turns to her and drops his boxer-briefs, revealing his endowed flesh beneath. Vanessa watches like a good slave while Vic plays with Cheryl’s large breasts and rubs her nether lips and clitoris with his fingertips, all the while enjoying her oral talents as he stands beside the small bed.

It takes only a matter of moments before Cheryl is dripping wet and raring to go. To her surprise, Vanessa is as well. She often hoped that a second slave would allow her time to relax between pleasing her Master, whose lust for her seemed insatiable. Now that he is

preparing to enjoy another slave, she feels herself becoming territorial over him, if ever so slightly. For a moment, she has a flashback to being fucked atop the bed while a helpless Cheryl merely watched. The still fresh memory causes a smile to spread across the little bunny's face.

Vic groans and moans, petting Cheryl's head as fingering her pussy as she licks and sucks his big cock with a ferocity that he hasn't experienced in a long time. It's as though she were literally starving for it. Climbing atop the bed, Vic decides to graciously return the favor, licking Cheryl's tender flesh and tasting her. He pleasures her in a way that she has never experienced, swirling and twisting his tongue and building her pleasure before he even enters her. Cheryl can't believe the skill he exhibits, wondering how he will be when they finally mate as Master and slave.

She doesn't have to wait long, as Vic is eager to enjoy his new girl. He leans over her as Vanessa retrieves a high-quality video camera from a lower nightstand drawer. The little bunny begins to film and snap photographs as their Master licks and sucks on the little vixen's nipples, kisses her neck, and grinds against her pussy with the underside of his exceptional equipment.

"You know, if you had simply listened the first time then you would have felt all of this hours ago." Vic speaks softly into Cheryl's canine ear.

"I'm sorry, Master. I'll be good." She coos.

"Good girl. Ready to enjoy your reward?"

"Yes, Master! I want it all!" She lustfully moans.

"Alright. But you need to trust your Master completely." He says.

"I will." She nods, gazing into his eyes.

He smiles and rests a hand on her cheek. After a rather long gaze, he leans in and the pair kiss quite affectionately. Both Vanessa and Cheryl are taken aback by it. Straightening out, he kneels between her legs and places a hand on each hip, lifting her butt off of the bed and resting it atop his legs with his strong arms. With Vanessa's aid, she pushes his erect phallus downward so that the head points directly at Cheryl's aching pussy. With a gentle push he buries the tip into her nether lips. Cheryl gasps and winces, preparing herself for the rest, knowing that it will be a struggle.

Slowly and methodically, Vic pushes his big cock into her tight hole, stretching her loins to fit him. He grunts and cries out, clearly enjoying the sensation of stretching her. Cheryl squeals and it soon evolves into a groan. She's never felt so full before. She tilts her head down and gazes between her slender legs, looking over her toned belly and at her genitalia. Vic's impressive endowment sits between her legs, not even halfway inserted into her hungry cunt. The pleasure builds and it's all she can do to keep from writhing, worried that her wriggling will make it harder for her Master to use her.

"Holy shit! What a tight fucking pussy!" He happily exclaims.

Vanessa seems somewhat dismayed, as though he were favoring Cheryl's vagina over hers. He pushes deeper and deeper, struggling to stuff his thick meat into the fox girl's little hole.

"Oh god, Master! You're so fucking big!" Cheryl cries out.

She struggles against the handcuffs, but this time her Master takes pity. With a wave of his hand, Vanessa is ordered to unlock his

little vixen. The little bunny obeys without question, inserting the key and turning the lock. As soon as the cuffs release, Cheryl wraps her arms around her lover and holds him tightly. Vanessa unties the leather straps that have held her legs in the air for hours but rather than fall to the bed from exhaustion, Cheryl wraps them around his waist, hooking her paw-like digitigrade feet beneath his buttocks and crossing them at her ankles.

Taking a better position, Vanessa focuses the camera as Vic begins to rock his hips, swaying them backward and forward and working his massive rod into and out of Cheryl's undersized hole. Her bushy tail sways as the slave embraces her Master. The pair kiss with true passion as he begins to pump harder and faster. Within moments, Cheryl feels the stirring in her body as her pleasure builds. This time, however, she has a good feeling about it. Reaching her climax far faster than she did with any of the others, she rakes the black claws of her fingers down Vic's back as he fucks her like he owns her, which he does.

She wails in pleasure as she feels the huge, full balls within his scrotum as they smack against the soft fur of her ass. Only minutes into their lovemaking and she experiences her first orgasm from vaginal intercourse that didn't involve solo masturbation. Gripping him tightly, her body trembles as her pussy convulses and grips Vic's cock like a vice. He never stops, however, nor does he seem to be drawing close to his own peak. As her brain is overloaded by the intense pleasure, she feels herself growing increasingly attached to her Master; she feels as though she is an extension of himself and wonders if this is what true submission is like.

"Shit, little vixen! Nng! You have the... Nng! Tightest pussy... Nng! Ever! Nng, fuck!" Vic exclaims through grunts.

"And your cock is... Aah! So fucking, nng, good! Aaahh!"

Plowing her as hard as he can, Vic wants to draw two orgasms from her before he will allow himself to finish. Though he may be the Master, Vic has always wanted his slaves to enjoy themselves with him, Ricky aside. He is not disappointed, as just about 10 minutes in, Cheryl cums a second time. This time, however, as he pumps his flesh into hers, she squirts a stream of hot, clear liquid like a geyser. Vanessa steps back to keep from being splashed and Ricky exclaims in surprise. Even Vic is shocked as Cheryl grips his arms so tightly that he feels as though the gorgeous vixen might accidentally tear them off. Vic stops his motions, lying over her for a moment.

“Wow! She’s a squirter!” Vanessa giggles.

“I didn’t know that about you, little vixen.” He subtly chuckles.

“I... I didn’t either, Master.” Cheryl sheepishly replies.

Kissing passionately and with tongues, Vic carefully resumes his work. Soon they switch from the conventional missionary position, as Vic would rather lie back and enjoy the show. Cheryl straddles her lover and bounces atop his large cock, and though this scenario is very familiar, her Master maintains complete control over her. Her tail wags with delight as she rides him like a good slave. He grips and fondles her breasts as she works him, feeling herself building to yet another orgasm. She can’t recall the last time a man made her cum with his penis, while Vic is working on her third in one session.

She gazes down at Vic as she rides him, staring almost lovingly, which bothers Vanessa. Sitting upright, Vic licks and sucks on her nipples and squeezes them harder, moving his hands down to her firm buttocks and holding on tightly. He directs her movements with his hands, stopping her bouncing and instead making her rock back and forth. The little vixen squeals as she sits atop him with his big cock

buried balls deep within her pussy, his scrotum and full testicles pressed firmly against her ass and hidden just beneath her bushy tail.

“Oh fuck!” She cries out. “I’m cumming again, Master!”

“Nng! Good girl!”

Swaying her hips swiftly, Cheryl grips his shoulders and leans back. She tilts her head back and cries out at the ceiling as she begins to bounce on impulse. The hot and clear fluid gushes out of her pussy like a torrential river, splashing against his balls and soaking the bedsheets beneath them.

“Nng! Fuck!” He grunts.

Cheryl grins from cheek to cheek as she stares at the ceiling, her hands still gripping his shoulders as her claws dig into his flesh. As the vixen rides her Master, she knows that he’s about to finish. Though fertile and taking his cock bareback, she doesn’t care. So what if she gets pregnant? This night alone would be worth it to her. With his face buried between her large breasts, Vic grunts and groans, struggling to hold out. Cheryl’s pussy, however, is the best that he’s ever had. Even his first time with Vanessa, as sex starved and horny as she was nearly three years ago, is not quite as good as Cheryl is right now.

As much as he cares for his first slave, this is a simple fact that cannot be ignored; Cheryl’s vagina feels as though it were hand-crafted by a collaboration of every sex goddess who ever existed. After managing to hold out for nearly 20 minutes, and after pulling three orgasms from the fox girl, Vic can’t go on. Resting his chin on her shoulder, she runs her fingers through his damp hair, his sweaty body

pressed against hers. His arms wrap around her lower back and pulls tightly against her equally sweaty and matted fur, holding her in a rather comforting way.

“Nng! Fucking cumming!” He grunts.

His verbal warning comes only a few seconds before the flood, as he soon releases his fertile seed into her equally fertile field. She cries out and has a forth and final orgasm, brought on by the sensation of his powerful and copious jets of cum. The magma-like ooze is expelled from his penis with incredible force and velocity, splashing her innards and cooling the fire within her loins. Jet after jet eases her sexual pain. Three, four and then five jets and he still has more to spare. A sixth jet as strong as the first is followed by a marginally weaker seventh.

“Holy shit, Master!” She exclaims.

“Ooh, fuck...” He gasps.

Her body struggles to contain his immense volume as she feels the ninth and finale jet of sperm splashing inside of her. The couple fall over as Vic lies back, Cheryl lying atop him. For the first time in her life she has been satisfied by a man, and she no longer wants anyone else. Vanessa watches with the camera, slightly jealous of the load that Cheryl was gifted by their Master. At that moment, though she has been fucked twice by him already that day, she wishes it was her instead of Cheryl.

“Are you on birth control?” Vic asks after catching his breath.

“No, Master.” Cheryl softly answers.

“Alright then.”

He snaps his fingers and points to Ricky, who sat hypnotized by the wonderous show taking place on the bed only feet from his own. With mere pointing, Vic orders Ricky to the adjoining bathroom, where the emasculated bunny man retrieves something from the medicine cabinet. He quickly returns, like a loyal slave, presenting the bottle. Still lying atop the bed and cuddling with his new slave, Vic takes the bottle from Ricky and presents it, label first, to his little vixen; it contains morning-after pills.

“I want you to take these. We don’t use conventional birth control in my house.” Vic tells her.

“May I ask?” Cheryl turns her eyes to him.

“Alright.” He nods.

“Why don’t we use birth control pills or hormone shots?”

“Because...” He says, giving her a tender kiss. “One day I will want to breed you like I did my little bunny. One day, I’ll want to breed my little bunny again too. Whenever I decide I want to impregnate you, I won’t want to wait for birth control to wear off.”

Cheryl is stunned, but finds the revelation somewhat arousing. She never thought that she would ever have children, but considering who her Master is, now she is almost waiting for the day when he will breed her. She leans in and gives him a kiss, holding him tightly in her arms as confirmation.

“I would love that, Master.” She coos as her tail sways.

“Good girl.” He says, stroking her cheek.

With that, Vic and his little vixen roll over so that she is on her back. He carefully pulls out of her, being sure not to spill a drop of his seed. Vanessa watches with the camera, as does Ricky; they admire the view as Vic's big cock pulls at Cheryl's undersized pussy, partially drawing it from her body. Still incredibly tight, her nether lips scrape the cum from his flesh as he pulls out, leaving it nearly spotless. His penis audibly pops from Cheryl's cunt and she gasps. Vanessa gets a good look at the aftermath as a huge gob of white slowly seeps to the surface.

"Would you like a taste?" Vic asks Vanessa.

"Yes, Master." She nods.

"Then go ahead." He says, pointing to Cheryl's genitals.

Leaning in, she passes the camera to Ricky who continues to film. Vanessa sticks her snout between Cheryl's legs, to the fox girl's surprise. She glances down as the bunny girl rests her lips over her loins and begins to lick her vagina, digging in and scooping out their Master's sperm with her tongue. Cheryl groans as Vanessa sucks and licks the cum from her pussy, collecting it in her mouth. Without even being told, Vanessa pulls back once she is satisfied that no more of Vic's cum can be pulled from Cheryl's stretched hole. Leaning over the trembling fox girl, the bunny girl presses their lips together and gives her a kiss, using the kiss to shove Vic's cum into Cheryl's mouth.

It's an erotic and perverse event that neither girl has ever experienced. Even Vic is surprised, while Ricky is left in awe as he holds the camera.

"Well now..." Vic chuckles.

“Was that good, Master?” Vanessa sweetly asks.

“Of course, my little bunny.” He says, draping his arms over her.

As he gives her a loving kiss, Cheryl swallows her Master’s sperm, now understanding why Vanessa did what she did. Clearly worried that Cheryl is competition, she performed an act that she thought would gain their Master’s attention and affection; Vanessa has been his only slave for a long time and doesn’t want to be dethroned. In many ways, Cheryl now finds Vanessa’s behavior to be a compliment to her own physical beauty and sexual prowess. After a brief make-out session, Vanessa climbs off of the bed and takes Vic’s hand. The pair walk toward the door as Vic collects his underwear and Ricky quietly shuts off the camera.

“You have a good night, my little vixen.” Vic says, looking back at her, over his shoulder.

“You too, Master.” She says with a warm smile.

Vic and Vanessa leave for the master bedroom and Ricky returns to bed, though his own sexual tension will most likely keep him awake for hours. Cheryl, on the other hand, has finally been fulfilled. Thoroughly pleased and relaxed, she lies back in her sweat and cum drenched bed, resting a hand over her stretched out pussy. Though she knows that it probably isn’t true, she can swear that she feels her Master’s leftover cum as it creeps through her tubes and toward her eggs to fertilize them.

“Yeah...” She thinks aloud. “This was the best decision of my life.”

“What was?” Ricky asks.

“Being Master’s second slave.” She happily sighs.

Chapter Five: Harem

The mattress shakes subtly and Cheryl’s hair sways forward and back, gently brushing Vic’s face. Lying atop her Master, her large, DD-cup breasts rub against his sweaty chest as she struggles to control his big cock. Her pussy is stretched to the limit by his considerable girth and drool runs from her gaping maw and down her chin, dripping onto him as she grunts and groans. With one hand gripping the soft fur of her firm ass, Vic’s other hand holds Vanessa’s chin. Lying naked on the brand-new king-sized bed, just beside her Master and his little vixen, the little bunny kisses her Master passionately.

His occupied hand gives Cheryl’s tight ass a firm smack, causing her to groan louder and her bushy tail to wag even faster. His other hand glides down Vanessa’s chest, caressing her equally large, D-cup breasts and finding a home between her thighs. Ricky stands near the foot of the bed, holding his small penis with one hand and masturbating while controlling a camera with the other. He takes a moment to check on two more cameras mounted on tripods, as Vic and his two slaves enjoy a threesome and break in the new bed. Cheryl sit upright, her hands gripping Vic’s chest as she bounces.

For some reason she does this often when she orgasms, though Vic enjoys it. As she slams her pelvis against his, his hung meat destroying her little pussy, the hot, clear liquid shoots out from her loins like a geyser and all over his scrotum and the bedsheets beneath. This is the second time that Master’s little vixen has cum,

and he isn't done yet. Ricky stands in awe, while Vanessa feels only a tinge of jealousy. After that first weekend of training, Cheryl was given full slave status by her new Master. As per the rules, Cheryl quite eagerly moved in with her Master and his little harem and has stayed with them ever since.

Now, however, Master has made a decision; Cheryl will no longer sleep in the slave quarters with Ricky, as she had been. With the new, king-sized mattress in the master bedroom, Cheryl will now take a space on the other side of Vic and both slave girls will sleep with him. As the fox girl rides her Master's big cock, her naturally large and yet perky tits bouncing so elegantly, Vic fingers his little bunny's pussy, which has yet to experience his member today. Their tongues wrestle in each other's mouths as they kiss so passionately. Cheryl tries hard to make Vic cum, and considering her goddess-like body, she often succeeds.

"Nng, fuck!" He groans.

"Yes, Master! Reward me!" The fox girl exclaims.

"Your pussy is amazing, slave! Nng, holy shit! Fuck your Master like a good girl!"

Vanessa sits upright and glares. Cheryl looks to her and grins sinisterly, knowing full-well that she is quickly usurping the original. Her larger breasts bounce and her hips sway and rock as she works her Master's cock like a professional. Her red, white and black fur mats with sweat as she gasps for breath, her tail swaying gleefully. Cheryl seems to take great pleasure in making Vanessa realize that she is the better slave, most deserving of Master's affection. However, Vic looks to her too but his expression is different.

“Stop, slave!” He orders.

Cheryl immediately stops bouncing, sitting down atop his fat cock with his balls pressed firmly into the crack of her ass. She knows better than to ever question his orders, as Vic has demonstrated that he truly is the Master while she is merely the slave.

“Someone else needs a turn.” He says, waving Vanessa over with his fingers.

“Yes, Master...” Cheryl sighs.

The fox girl climbs from atop her Master, his member pulling at her loins as she extracts it. Upon removing the head, it audibly pops and causes a chill to run up her spine, as always. The heavy phallus falls back, flopping against his muscular stomach as the little vixen crawls over him and to her side of the bed. Cheryl lays down on the opposite side of their Master, stroking his glistening chest with her black claws, nuzzling and kissing his face with her snout. Vanessa grins from ear to tall bunny ear, her fluffy tail swaying swiftly as she climbs atop her damp Master and straddles him.

“Oh, thank you so much, Master!” She happily exclaims.

“You’re welcome, slave. Now be a good little bunny and make Master finish.” He grins.

“Yes, Master!”

She begins by grinding her nether lips against the underside of his organ, still coated in the lubricating juices and female cum of Cheryl’s pussy. Leaning far forward, as she would otherwise have to

squat over him to give her enough room for insertion, she reaches down with a hand and takes hold of the large penis of her Master. The little bunny groans as she feels the engorged head pressing into her nether lips, spreading them far apart as her body once again envelops her Master's exceptional endowment.

"Nng! Ahh, fuck!" She cries out as she accepts the big cock into her pussy.

"That's a... Nng... Good girl." Vic remarks, resting his hands on her hips.

"Master?"

"Yes?"

"Do I get to enjoy the reward?" Vanessa sweetly asks.

"Yes, you do, but my little vixen is going to taste it afterwards." He sternly replies.

"Thank you, Master!" Cheryl chirps.

Everyone knows what that means. After Vanessa's pro-active show of loyalty and perversion, it has now become a staple of Vic's little harem; whichever girl Vic fills with his copious amounts of fertile cum must often lie back and have it licked and sucked out by the other. Both women will then snowball the sperm that was once inside of the rewarded slave's vagina, swapping it back and forth before the unrewarded slave is allowed to swallow it. Vanessa merely obeys her Master, whom she loves, while Cheryl actively enjoys the act, especially pleased when Vanessa is forced to eat Vic's cum from her pussy, which happens even more than she expected.

Since becoming his second slave, as Vanessa herself was originally hoping, Vic and Cheryl have sex daily, often two or three

times in a 24-hour period. Both have the energy and libidos of young teenagers. Vanessa, however, has been feeling left out lately, as she only gets to enjoy her Master at his discretion; in an average week, she is used by her Master roughly four or five times, not nearly as often as before. Today, however, she intends to earn back his favor as his first slave and soul-mate. She leans over and nuzzles the other side of his neck, licking him in a way that she knows he loves.

“Mmm... What a good little bunny.” He softly groans.

“I want to please my Master.” She coos.

“Don’t you, always?” Vic grins.

Even with such a compliment, she knows that she has work to do. She sways and rocks her hips and pushes herself further down. Her tight hole stretches to fit the engorged penis, making embarrassing noises as his organ pushes out the excess air. The slimy flesh of his big cock makes its home in her loins and soon Vic’s organ is fully encased within Vanessa’s bunny-girl body. He holds her hips gently and strokes her sides as he reaches for her breasts, which he grips rather lovingly. Cheryl looks with envy as she lies beside her Master and watches the show.

Vanessa begins to bounce, rocking her hips and leaning forward. Shorter than Cheryl, she can’t quite reach his neck to lick him the way that he likes while also struggling to contain his large member. Her back arches and her hands grip his chest as she tries to lean it, but most of her focus is required to handle his exceptional penis. Rocking her hips and swiveling them subtly, the bunny girl brings herself to orgasm faster than she does for her Master, though after years of being a loyal slave, she knows exactly what he needs. Her nail claw his chest as her fingers coil and her vagina tightens over his organ like a vice, white cream oozing from her loins and covering his package.

“Ahh, fuck! You’re so good, Master!” She squeals.

“Yeah, little bunny. Ride you Master like a good girl!”

Obeying her Master, she rocks her hips even harder, violently bucking against him as she shifts his cock within her body. Without the thicker fur of Cheryl’s body and the large, bushy tail, everything is plainly visible between the couple’s legs. Ricky can’t hold out as he watches his legally documented wife with her Master. He quickly orgasms at the sight of her little pussy swallowing the impressive phallus, her tail swaying so gleefully. He cums into his palm to prevent it from dripping onto his Master’s beloved shag carpeting, still keeping the camera in his other hand trained on his wife and her Master.

Vanessa rides as hard as she can, actually outdoing Cheryl in both skill and passion. Vic silently wonders what’s come over his little bunny and why she is so intense in her actions. She hasn’t been the same since Cheryl joined, and as a result, he’s had to satiate each pussy even more than he was expecting, though he isn’t complaining. He sits upright, wrapping his arms around her body as her fur begins to mat with sweat. The musty smell of two used vagina and three sweaty bodies, two of them covered in Voeldahn fur, fills the room like a haze and intoxicating their minds.

The bunny girl shifts, wrapping her legs around her Master’s waist so as to be more comfortable and provide them both with more pleasure as they sit upright. Vic rocks his hips as well as Vanessa sits atop him, her hands gripping tightly to his shoulders. She bucks against him, his full balls slamming into the fur of her ass yet still making a loud smacking sound. They grunt and groan and Vanessa soon cums again. She rests her chin on her own fingers and glares at

Cheryl, as if somehow showing her superiority as she fucks their Master as vigorously as she possibly can.

“Oh god, little bunny... You’re so fucking good!” Vic suddenly exclaims.

“Nng, fuck!” Vanessa cries out.

“Oh shit, I’m cumming!”

The pair kiss passionately as their hips stop moving. Vanessa sits atop her Master and screams in pleasure as she feels his big cock shooting jet after powerful jet into her body. His fertile sperm splashes her insides and forces another orgasm from the girl while also cooling the fire that burns within her. Cheryl silently chuckles while Ricky stares in awe. He sets down the camera and applauds as the lovers lie back. Vanessa nuzzles his face while Cheryl moves down to their legs, waiting patiently for Vic to remove his penis from the little bunny’s pussy, eager to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

“I love you, Master. I love you so much.” Vanessa says sincerely.

“I love you too, my little bunny.” He replies, tenderly stroking her cheek.

After a few passionate kisses and a long gaze that makes both Ricky and Cheryl feel like intruders to their moment, the pair roll over so that Vic is on his hands and knees above his little bunny. He carefully removes his penis from her thoroughly used hole, her loins pulling tightly over him as he extracts himself. The head of his large phallus pops from her nether lips and the sweat drenched and exhausted human flops down on his back beside Vanessa. Cheryl rushes in, inserting her snout between the bunny girl’s legs and pressing her lips over her stretched out vagina.

Vanessa groans as Cheryl digs her tongue deep into her pussy, scooping out as much of their Master's cum as she can. Ricky sits back, hypnotized by the show as he always is; they only get better as this lifestyle progresses. He wonders how much they could make if they began selling their pornographic films on-line and not just saving the for themselves. Cheryl rests her hands on Vanessa's inner thighs, working hard to clean her pussy for her Master. With a mouth full of cum, she backs away and crawls up to the bunny girl, giving her a rather rough kiss. They swap Vic's cum between the two no less than three times before Cheryl finally is allowed to swallow it.

"So, how do you like being my slave so far?" Vic asks with a smirk.

"I wouldn't change a thing. You're everything I ever wanted, Master... I love you."

"And I love you too, slave. You're such a good little vixen." He says, stroking her cheek.

"What about me?" Vanessa coos.

"And you're a good little bunny." He says, also stroking her cheek.

"What about me?" Ricky jokingly asks.

"Shut up and turn the camera's off, slave!"

"Yes, Master!" He says as he bows his head.