

Lessons
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2/26-27/15

(Note: this takes place after “Pickup”. Please read that first)

...

(Four hours later)

...

Yvette sighed as she finally opened the door to her modest two-floor home on the other side of town.

“Ooogh...a whole month off...” the vixen muttered...

...then got bowled over as two very excited shapes barreled into her home.

“Master? Where are you Master?” the mink asked, looking around.

“Master?” the coyote called, her tail swishing. “Are you here?”

Yvette sighed, gathering up her torn pants around her waistline.

One month...with these two...he'll be lucky if his ass is ALL that gets kicked...

Yvette took two steps into her home...then closed the door, resting her head against it...

...wincing each time she heard doors being thrown open and slammed shut, her fur bristling each time.

Then...silence.

Slowly, Yvette opened her eyes...and turned around.

Both pink-clad women were standing before her, looking very disturbed.

“Where is Master?” the mink asked, letting out a soft snuffle.

“We couldn't find him any-anywhere,” the coyote whined, her ears drooping.

Yvette sighed again...took a step...

...then lost her pants.

“Oh damn!” the vixen yelped...then sighed.

“Lady...did you want us to remove the rest of your clothing for you?” the coyote asked, her ears perking up.

“No!” Yvette barked, a bit too quickly...then sighed yet again. “Please...sit down. On the couch.”

Both females blinked...then padded over to the couch...and slowly sat down on it.

Yvette stepped out of the remains of her pants...and slumped down in the chair near the couch.

“Your Master...” she began, hardly believing she was going to say the words, “has decided...that the two of you...are...”

The vixen sighed. “Going...to be mine,” she finished.

Cautiously, she looked up.

Both women looked like something out of a bad Japanese anime. Their eyes were huge and their ears and tails were both standing straight up.

“We get to be YOURS????” they squealed in unison.

Slowly, Yvette nodded...

...then watched as both females fell to the floor in front of her.

“Oh, Mistress! We will make you so happy!” they squealed. “We will be glad to play with you anytime you wish! And we'll follow every order you give us!”

“Okay, enough,” Yvette barked. “Get up off the floor you two.”

Obediently, the two women got up, smiling eagerly.

“Now, go sit back down on the couch...and we'll go over the rules of the house,” the vixen continued.

Both females shuffled over to the couch and plopped down, jockeying for space on the couch for a bit, like little kids.

Yvette waited for a bit, trying hard to not scowl or laugh.

“Now then...since I am your Mistress, here are my rules,” she began. “Rule number 1: you will do what I say.”

“Yes Mistress!” they both declared in unison.

“Rule number 2, you will not initiate play without permission from me. Is that understood?”

Their ears drooped...but they nodded. “Yes, Mistress.”

“Rule number 3, you will take orders only from me or my boss,” Yvette stated.

“Yes, Mistress,” they replied.

She sighed. *This will be a long month.*

“If you don't follow those rules, you will be punished as I see fit,” the vixen stated. “Are we clear?”

She watched...as the coyote slowly raised a paw.

“Yes?” Yvette asked.

“What kinds of punishments can we receive, Mistress?” the coyote asked softly.

Yvette thought for a bit.

Gee...how do I punish an oversexed bimbo?

“Well...you could get locked in a cage in the basement,” she began.

The mink and coyote looked at each other, their ears twitching.

“...or be locked in a straitjacket and muzzled,” she went on, picturing doing that to both of them at night so she could get some sleep.

“...or even put in a full-body latex sack and locked away for a period of time,” she finished, feeling a bit proud of herself.

“Ooooh! I wanna be muzzled and put in the straitjacket!” the coyote declared.

“I wanna be all snuggled in the latex!” the mink declared.
Yvette buried her face in her palms, groaning.

“Those are supposed to be punishments...” Yvette lamented.

She glanced through her fingers at the two women, who were regarding her with a puzzled expression on their faces.

“What's a punishment?” they both asked.

Yvette groaned again, sliding her fingers back over her eyes.

...

Yvette padded into her bedroom, completely exhausted.

“Such a long day...need sleep...” the vixen groaned.

Then, she felt two things blow past her...and shut her eyes.

Oh, no...

Slowly, she opened her eyes...

...and saw the two pink-clad ladies, one on each side of her bed, with the covers pulled back between them.

“What are you two doing?” the vixen asked.

“We're sleeping with you, as we should,” the mink stated.

“We're yours. So we sleep with you,” the coyote stated.

Yvette sighed...slipped out of her mangled blouse and her bra, which had one cup completely missing...

...then delicately slipped in between the two latex-clad females, resting her head on the pillow...

...and felt both women snuggle close against her, the covers sliding up to cover them all.

“Good night, Mistress,” the mink and coyote said in perfect unison.

Yvette sighed...and shut her eyes.

“Good night slaves,” she replied.

...

(the next morning)

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Yvette stretched, her arms going out very wide...

...and the vixen felt puzzled by the lack of obstacles to that motion.

Slowly she opened her eyes.

She was the only one in the bed.

“Oh no...where did they get to now?” the vixen griped, slipping out of bed and wrapping herself in a black satin robe.

“Girls?” she called, stepping out of the bedroom. “Girls? Where are you?”

“We're in the kitchen, Mistress,” a light voice replied.

The vixen swallowed, picturing the two brain-drained females having sex on her countertop...

...then scampered down the hallway...

...and stopped at the entrance to the kitchen, stunned.

Both females were there, smiling at her...a luxurious breakfast spread laid out on the counter.

“Breakfast is served, Mistress,” they said in unison.

Yvette stared, completely stunned.

“How...when did...you two...” she stammered.

“Please sit at the table, Mistress...” the coyote began.

“...so we can serve you properly,” the mink finished.

Cautiously, Yvette made her way to the dining table...and slowly sat down, expecting some sort of hellish bimbo-nightmare to begin.

The coyote laid out the first three plates...and she saw that there were scrambled eggs, toast with butter, and sausage patties on the three plates.

“Did...did the two of you...” the vixen stammered.

“Yes, Mistress,” the coyote stated.

“We did burn the hash browns, though...so we'll eat those,” the mink stated, with the coyote nodding agreement.

Yvette blinked. "There were hash browns?"

"Uh-huh," the mink nodded. "But we burnt them. We're sorry, Mistress."

Yvette turned from the two pink-clad women...to the food...

...and her stomach won any argument she may have had about not eating.

...

Yvette rubbed her belly, feeling very full from the large breakfast.

"Oooooohhh..." the vixen moaned softly.

"Now, we'll clean those dishes, Mistress," the mink stated, gathering up the bevy of plates that were out on the table.

"Wait a second..." Yvette stated.

Both women looked at her, confused.

"What...what exactly...do I call you two?" she asked.

The mink curtsied, still holding the dishes.

"I'm Nina, Mistress," she declared.

The coyote curtsied as well. "And I'm Cassie, Mistress."

Yvette nodded...then chuckled softly.

"Well, at least I know what to call you now," she stated...then eased herself up from the table, moaning a bit.

"Ooooh....I think I'm gonna go lie back down."

"Should we wake you at a certain time Mistress?" Cassie asked.

The vixen shook her head. "No, but thank you Cassie."

Again, both women curtsied...

...and Yvette slowly ambled down the hallway.

Oooooohh....that might've been all of the food in the fridge...

She let out a soft huff.

Shop after you've spent a day digesting all of that food, her

brain told her as she entered the bedroom.

The vixen ambled over to the bed...and flopped into it, not even bothering to undo her robe.

She was asleep within seconds.

...

(Some time later)

...

Yvette brushed a pant leg out of her face as she hid in the closet.

“Shit...come on...come on...”

She cursed silently as her fingers dialed a number...then held the phone up to her ear.

“Yvette? I'm surprised to be hearing from you,” the male voice at the other end stated calmly. “How is your vacation going?”

“Listen to me, you little shit,” she hissed into the phone. “You need to send someone here to pick these two up and fix them. Or revert them. I don't care. I just want them gone!”

“Mistress? Where are you?” she heard a voice call from nearby...causing her to tense up.

“Yvette...those two are yours, as a reward for a job well done this past year,” the voice on the other end calmly stated.

“Reward? REWARD?” she hissed. “These two are a nightmare!”

“Mistress? Are you in here?” she heard the coyote call from a few rooms over.

“Now, Yvette...I know that they might take some getting used to...” the voice went on.

“I don't CARE! Ship them to someone else! Restore them! HELP ME!” she hissed, trying to roar as quietly as possible.

She heard the voice on the other end sigh.

“Now, Yvette...we can't restore them,” the voice stated. “We just finished cleaning their old lives away...so they would have

nothing to go back TO.”

“Mistress?” the mink called...and Yvette tensed at the closeness of that sound.

“Besides...if you check your mail, I think you'll understand why these two were chosen specifically for you,” the voice finished.

“Enjoy your girls, Yvette.”

She heard a click...and stared at the phone.

“Ezra? EZRA? Shit.”

Then she hissed at the sudden intrusion of light.

“Mistress? Why are you sitting in the closet?” she heard a voice ask...then felt herself being gently pulled out of the closet.

“Wait...I...” Yvette stammered...then squirmed into a sitting position...

...and watched as both women knelt down in front of her.

“How can we serve you if you hide from us?” Cassie asked, her voice sounding sad.

“Maybe it was a game, Cassie?” Nina queried. “Like Hide and Seek?”

“Ooooh...I used to love that game,” the coyote declared.

“Girls...” Yvette began.

“I preferred Freeze Tag,” Nina declared.

“Girls...”

“Oooh! I bet we could play Toy Tag! Where you become a toy if you're tagged!” Cassie ruminated.

“Girls.”

“OOOOH! I LIKE THATGAME!” Nina declared.

“ENOUGH!”

Both women flinched at the volume of Yvette's scream...and sank down toward the ground.

The vixen panted heavily, her body literally shaking from the shout...and the frustration she felt.

Then, Nina slowly raised a paw, her face looking very

cautious.

“WHAT?” Yvette snapped.

The mink flinched as if physically struck.

“Do...Don't you...like us...Mistress?” the mink asked softly.

“Like you?” Yvette huffed. “LIKE YOU? I...”

Then, she fell silent...

...as her two slaves began crying.

“Mistress hates us!” Cassie wailed.

“Mistress doesn't want us with her!” Nina sobbed.

Yvette watched...as the two clung to each other for support, crying and sniffing...

...and the hardness in her heart shattered.

“Girls...I...I don't hate you...” the vixen began.

“Yes you DO,” Nina snorted. “You wouldn't hide from us if you l-l-loved us.”

Yvette watched as the mink wrapped her tail around the coyote...and her heart melted.

Whoa, now! Hold on there! YOU are the one being terrorized here, not them! Her brain declared.

But...they have no one. I mean they LITERALLY have no one now. They're been essentially erased, her heart countered.

And that's your problem why? Her brain retorted. *These two are defective! Just ship them back to the factory!*

Yvette's ears shot up.

That's it! I can access their programming and fix them!

“Girls?”

She watched as the two slaves slowly parted...then looked up at her, ears flat and cheeks wet with tears.

Yvette sighed...then eased a slight smile onto her face.

“Look...it's pretty late,” the vixen stated. “Maybe...we should get some rest...and talk things out in the morning, okay?”

She watched as both women nodded.

“Yes, Mistress,” they both replied, their tones subdued.

“All right...off to bed then,” Yvette stated, getting up off of the floor.

She padded down the hallway and went into her bedroom, slipping under the covers.

Then, she paused.

She didn't feel anyone sliding into bed with her.

She looked around, puzzled...then peeked at the foot of her bed.

There, on the floor, nestled together...were her two slaves, seeking comfort and solace in each other.

Yvette felt a small twinge in her heart as she laid back down on the bed.

Damn...I really fucked things up, she thought.

YOU fucked things up? her brain screamed. *Those two are INSANE! And you say YOU fucked up?*

The vixen shut her eyes.

A Mistress should not reject a slave without a good reason, she thought. *And, while those two are very eager...*

She wiggled a bit to get more comfortable in the bed.

...and very enthusiastic...

She let out a soft huff of air.

...and have the attention span of a gnat...that doesn't give me a reason to reject them.

She moved her head on her pillow, finally getting comfortable.

I just need...to spell things out for them...that's all...

...

(the next morning)

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Yvette yawned as consciousness returned to her body,

causing her to stretch out on the bed.

“Hrm...” the vixen grunted softly...then eased herself upright, looking through very tired eyes at the room around her.

No one else was in the room.

“Prob'ly makin breakfas again,” she mumbled, shuffling out of bed.

...

Yvette padded toward the kitchen, her robe hanging loosely from her body...

...and she sniffed the air.

I don't smell food...

She rounded the corner...and stared.

The kitchen was empty. Devoid of food and females.

She took a deep breath...then let it out slowly.

“Girls?” she called, rather loudly.

“Yes, Mistress?” came a reply from the hallway behind her.

She turned around...and saw no one.

“Girls? Where are you?” the vixen asked.

“We're in the storage area, Mistress,” a different voice stated.

Storage...oh.

Yvette padded down the hall...and opened the door to her “junk closet”.

Sure enough, both females were there, looking up at her.

“Why are you two in here?” she asked, crouching down to look at them.

The mink looked away.

“Cause...cause you didn't want us,” Nina stated softly.

“We're just junk,” Cassie stated, her tone sounding like a pout.

Yvette sighed...and gently took one of their paws in a hand.

“Come out of there,” she stated gently. “I think...we need to have a talk.”

Slowly, all three women stood up, Yvette holding one of each pink-clad woman's paws in hers...then she slowly stepped back, lightly pulling them out of the closet.

“Now, look...I...” Yvette began...then sighed.

The vixen mentally counted to ten.

“I...I do want you two to stay here,” she began. “But, you two need to tone things down a bit, okay?”

Nina blinked at her...and the vixen saw that the mink's green eyes were bloodshot from crying.

“Tone things...down?” the mink asked.

Yvette nodded. “Yes...see, you two are just so eager, so energetic...that you make me feel uncomfortable...”

“But we want to serve you as best we can, Mistress,” Cassie stated, a pleading tone in the coyote's voice.

“I know you do, Cassie...and I do appreciate it,” Yvette stated. “But...you two are simply TOO eager...and it...” The vixen blushed. “Well, it's overwhelming...to me...”

“Over...over...” Nina began, the mink's face crinkling as she tried to make sense of the word.

Yvette watched...as the lightbulb flared behind Cassie's eyes.

“We...we scare you...when we're like that,” the coyote stated softly. “Is...is that it, Mistress?”

Yvette sighed.

“A little bit, yes, Cassie,” the vixen responded. “It's simply too much, all at once...and it's just too much for me to handle.”

Then the lightbulb flared behind Nina's eyes as well...and the mink bowed her head.

“We're sorry, Mistress,” Nina apologized.

Cassie hung her head as well. “We just want to be the best

servants we can be for you, Mistress.”

Yvette heard the sadness in their voices...

...then reached out...

...and petted their heads, gently.

Their ears shot up...and their tails began to wag a bit as the vixen petted their heads.

“I know you do, girls...” the vixen stated softly. “So...let me show you how you can do that. Okay?”

She stopped petting the two slaves...and they smiled up at her.

“Okay, Mistress,” they both declared.

...

Yvette smiled as she made her way down to her basement...which also doubled as her pride and joy.

“Girls...welcome to my training area,” the vixen declared.

The vixen watched as the two women oohed over the various bondage devices, punishment objects and assorted other toys that were in the basement.

“Why training, Mistress?” Cassie asked, lightly caressing a flat, metal table.

“Because this is where I train people like you to be better slaves, Cassie,” the vixen replied, slowly making her way to a desk against the far wall.

“You train...others like us?” Nina asked, her eyes glued to a vacuum-bed dangling from the ceiling.

“Mm-hmm,” the vixen replied. “Now, if you two would join me over here.”

She watched as both women scampered over to her...and she let a smile cross her muzzle.

“This computer here will let me access your uniform's programming. That way, I can see what's been installed and what your default settings are,” Yvette stated, then smiled. “Cassie? Would

you please turn around and kneel in front of me?”

“Yes, Mistress,” the coyote replied, eagerly doing so, her tail wagging a bit.

Yvette chuckled softly, then gave the coyote a little pat on the head.

“Good girl,” she stated, then looked at the mink, who seemed a bit hurt. “Nina? Would you like to assist me?”

The mink's eyes lit up...and she nodded eagerly.

“Good. Come over here and pick up the scanner gun on the desk,” Yvette ordered, sitting down at the desk.

“Yes, Mistress!” the mink gleefully declared...and Yvette saw the mink's image practically bounce over to the desk as the vixen booted up the computer.

Yvette watched as the Slave Diagnostic Program began running...then smiled.

“Okay, Nina...there will be a small bar-code on the back of Cassie's head. Do you see it?” the vixen asked.

She glanced over her shoulder...and saw the mink looking at the back of the kneeling coyote's head...then saw the mink's tail shoot upright.

“FOUND IT!” the mink declared, giggling. “Do I use the scanner on it, Mistress?”

“Yes, you do, Nina,” Yvette said warmly.

She watched as the mink aimed the scanner gun at the bar code...then squeezed the trigger.

The scanner emitted a loud beep...

...and the mink squeaked, startled, bobbling the scanner.

Yvette giggled...and the mink blushed.

“Relax, Nina. You couldn't break that if you tried,” the vixen declared. “Now, both of you can watch the screen.”

She turned back to the screen...and felt both women press against the sides of her chair, squirming to get a good look at the

screen.

Yvette watched as the coyote's vital information was displayed on the screen.

“Slave name: Cassie. Species: coyote. Sex: female...” the vixen ticked off. “Ah, here we go. Slave type: bimbo sex slave...”

The vixen clicked on that...then a message flared up.

“Type locked...” Yvette stated. “Okay...let's see about other options...”

Yvette scrolled down the list of options for Cassie. Arousal, arousal levels, subservience, intelligence.

She clicked them all...and all of them displayed the same message.

“Type locked...all of them, locked,” the vixen exhaled, rubbing at her eyes.

“What...what does that mean, Mistress?” Cassie asked.

“Well, Cassie...that means I can't use the computer to alter your programming,” the vixen stated. “So, I guess I'll just have to teach you both the old-fashioned way.”

Then, something strode to the forefront of her memory.

“He said to check my mail...” the vixen stated softly...then shut down the diagnostic program and booted up her e-mail.

“Mistress?” she heard Nina ask.

“Hang on...” Yvette stated, scanning the dozens of e-mails she had not checked...then her eyes went wide.

“Re: Your new slaves” was one of the subject lines...and the sender was her boss.

Eagerly, she clicked the e-mail.

“Dear Yvette,

I hope you are enjoying your new slaves. Everyone here actually chipped in to pay the cost to get them for you, since we

know how lonely you have been.

You have been working yourself so hard for all of us...and we wanted to show our appreciation for that.

But, these two are also yours for a reason.

To remind you...to not be so serious all of the time.

Lighten up, Yvette.

E.”

Yvette stared at the e-mail, utterly shocked...

...

then, the vixen broke down, crying.

...

Nina and Cassie looked at each other.

“What do we do, Cassie?” Nina asked, looking back at the sobbing vixen.

Cassie watched as the vixen snorted and rested her head on the desk, crying.

“We should get her upstairs...to bed,” the coyote stated.

They both nodded, gingerly helping the vixen up and supporting her between them as she cried.

...

Delicately, the two women laid the crying vixen down on the bed...and laid down around her, holding her close.

“Mistress, why are you crying?” Nina asked, her ears drooping.

“I...ah jus...” the vixen began, her voice raw...then she began crying again.

Cassie frowned.

“We need to make Mistress happy,” the coyote stated.

“But how, Cassie? She only has the one...” Nina said...then smiled. “I know! Do what I do, Cassie.”

The coyote watched...as the mink eased the robe away from the vixen's chest...

...then gently kissed the vixen's nipple.

“Ooooh...good idea!” Cassie chirped...then mirrored the gesture to the vixen's other nipple.

They kissed, licked, and suckled on the vixen's nipples...
...and the vixen began to chirr softly, her tail slowly flicking...

...then each slave gently inserted one finger into the vixen's folds...

...and the vixen moaned at the feeling of warm latex entering her.

...

Yvette moaned, feeling her body squirm and writhe a bit at the attention it was getting.

Oh...oh god...

She felt fluid seep from her breasts, the eager mouths drinking the fluid...

...and the two fingers delicately probing her adding to the wonderfully warm sensation coursing through her.

Please...please don't...

She felt the two mouths suckling at her breasts, eagerly drinking all of the milk her breasts were releasing...

...then moaned softly, feeling two sets of teeth gently nipping on her nipples.

...don't...don't stop...

Then a wave of pure bliss crashed over her...

...and she blacked out.

...

Nina slowed the suckling of the breast that was close to

her...then slowly eased away from the nipple.

“Mmm...I think we exhausted poor Mistress,” the mink stated.

Cassie gave the nipple near her a slow lick as she eased herself away from it. “It would seem so, Nina.” Then the coyote blinked. “Mistress is still leaking though.”

Nina blinked...then lapped at the milky fluid seeping from the vixen's nipple...coaxing a soft moan from the vixen.

“Mistress really enjoyed that,” Cassie mused, smiling. “I'm glad.”

“Me too,” Nina declared...then looked down...and frowned. “Oh no...Mistress leaked her juices too.”

Cassie peeked between the vixen's legs...and nodded.

“We should probably wash the sheets...but what do we do with Mistress?” the coyote asked, her ears twitching.

“I know what to do,” Nina stated, grinning.

...

Yvette slowly came down from the bright fluffy golden cloud she was dreaming of...

...and eased her eyes open.

The ceiling of her basement greeted her.

“Whu...wheream...” she stammered...

...then squeaked as Nina's white-furred, pink-latex hooded head popped into view, smiling.

“Are you awake, Mistress?” the mink cheerfully asked.

Yvette winced. “Yes...Why am I in the basement?”

“Well, you were so upset after reading that e-mail, Mistress,” the mink stated. “So, Cassie and I helped you up to your bedroom...and we...um...”

She watched as the mink blushed, the white ears turning pink inside.

“...we...um...we played with you...to make you feel better,”

Nina admitted. "We're sorry for breaking the Rules, Mistress."

The vixen looked at the mink...then chuckled softly.

"That's all right, Nina...I'm not mad.." the vixen stated.

"But, it doesn't answer the question. Why are we in the basement?"

"Well, we kinda made a mess of the bed..." the mink continued...then smirked. "Or rather, YOU made a mess of the bed, Mistress...so we had to clean the sheets."

The vixen tried to nod...then realized she couldn't move her head at all.

"I knew we had to get the sheets off the bed...but we couldn't leave you up there on a naked bed...so I had the idea to lay you down on one of the tables down here in the basement," Nina continued. "Cassie is washing your sheets by hand, so it will be a while before they are ready."

"Nina?"

The mink blinked, looking down at the vixen.

"Why can't I move?" the vixen asked.

"Oh...well, I didn't want you to roll over and fall off the table...so I used the straps that were attached to the table to keep you in place," the mink stated. "There's a comforter and a pillow under you to keep you warm and cozy...and I put another one over you to keep you warm."

The mink smiled at her. "And I stayed here, just so I could explain everything to you and be here when you woke up."

Yvette stared at the mink, surprised...then chuckled softly.

"Thank you very much, Nina...but I would like to get up now," the vixen stated.

"Are you sure, Mistress?" Nina asked. "Are you sure you don't need more playtime?"

The vixen chuckled warmly. "I'm sure, Nina."

"Aww...okay, Mistress," the mink replied, pouting for a brief second before disappearing from her view.

Yvette felt straps being released from her ankles and legs...
...then across her wrists and abdomen...
...then her chest, which was given a gentle caress with a latex-covered paw.

“Sorry, Mistress...you were still leaking,” she heard Nina say...

...then saw the mink lean over her...
...and felt the last two straps slide free from around her head and neck.

The vixen tried to sit up...but couldn't get very far.
“Allow me, Mistress,” she heard Nina say...
...then felt arms slide under her back...
...and felt the mink gently support her and help her ease into a sitting position.

“Mmm...thank you, Nina,” the vixen chirred, slowly stretching and coaxing her body to begin working again.

“You are welcome, Mistress,” the mink said, lowering her gaze.

Yvette chuckled softly...then petted the mink's head, causing little squeaks of joy to come from her slave.

“So...Cassie is washing the bedsheets by hand, you said?” the vixen asked.

“Uh-huh,” the mink declared, nodding...then blushed.
“We...we couldn't figure out the washing machine...and uh...well...I was afraid of breaking it...soooooo...”

Yvette chuckled at the mink, continuing to pet her head.

“That's something else we can go over,” the vixen stated...then eased herself off of the table. “Ooooh....wow, that's chilly.”

Then the vixen squeaked...

...as the comforter was wrapped around her body.

“Is that better, Mistress?” Nina asked.

She chuckled. "It is, Nina. Thank you. Perhaps I should put some clothes on, yes?"

The mink giggled. "I would say no, Mistress."

Yvette looked at the mink, who smiled.

"Clothes would make it harder to play with you...or drink from you, Mistress," the mink pointed out.

The vixen chuckled at that, leaning against the mink.

"You make me sound like a beverage, Nina," Yvette stated, laughing.

The mink giggled softly as she helped the vixen up the stairs. "Well, you did taste very good, Mistress."

Both women laughed as they reached the top of the stairs...and nearly bumped into the coyote, who was passing through the hallway.

"Oh, Mistress. You're awake. How are you feeling?" the coyote asked, curtsying.

Yvette chuckled, pausing to pet the coyote's head. "I am feeling quite a bit better, Cassie. How are the bedsheets?"

"They have been hung out to dry, but it will take a while before they finish, Mistress," the coyote stated.

The vixen nodded. "I know where some spare bedsheets are. Perhaps we can get them onto the bed."

The vixen padded slowly down the hallway, followed by the two eager slaves.

...

(a short time later)

...

Yvette slowly slid onto the newly-covered bed...and sighed, contentedly.

Then, she felt two forms slide up against her, in the bed...and opened her eyes.

Her slaves were looking up at her, tails swishing happily.

“I'm glad we can stay with you, Mistress,” the mink on her left said.

The coyote nodded. “What made you change your mind, Mistress?”

The vixen sighed...and closed her eyes.

“I've been...a bit of a workaholic,” she admitted. “I guess all work and no play made me a bit hard to get along with...so my boss, along with everyone else involved in making...well, you two...decided to pay the cost and get me a couple of slaves to help me relax and loosen up a bit.”

Nina leaned against the vixen's left side, an ear flicking. “So...did we do that for you, Mistress?”

Slowly, Yvette smiled.

“Yes...and I'm sorry I was so mean to you two early on,” the vixen admitted. “I...well, I really wasn't expecting two incredibly perky individuals to be waiting for me...or to be given to me...”

The vixen sighed. “I just...I didn't know how to really react...”

She felt arms wrap around her...and she smiled.

“But...I think we've made a good, fresh start here today,” the vixen added. “Tomorrow is another day.”

“Mm-hmm,” the mink nodded.

“Another day to play,” the coyote added, giggling.

All three of them chuckled a bit...then snuggled against each other.

“Pleasant dreams, you two,” the vixen stated.

“Wait...do we even dream?” Nina asked.

“Only of ways to serve our Mistress,” Cassie replied, nuzzling at the vixen's muzzle.

Yvette chuckled softly, petting both of her slaves on the head...

...then sighing and closing her eyes.

