

Playtime With Beatrice

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"It's playtime, Beatrice," I said.

The albino rabbit doe shuddered. She was my newest acquisition, but she already knew what I liked to do with my slaves during "playtime". She did not know how kinky I am, but she had seen some of the outer reaches of my sexual perversions. My being a human male only made it worse for her.

"Go to your kennel and prepare yourself. I will be there in thirty minutes. Do not disappoint me," I told her.

"Yes, Master!" the female rabbit replied before running off to head downstairs to her kennel.

I made my own preparations. I showered and put on some casual clothes. There was a large bulge in the front of my pants as I thought about what I would do to Beatrice tonight.

Beatrice was nervously waiting for me in her kennel. It was actually a large room with a variety of sexual devices and bondage furniture as well as a large bed and bathroom. The door could be locked from outside if I wanted to keep a slave or group of slaves confined for punishment or other purposes.

Beatrice was waiting just inside the door. She knelt in the position that I had drilled into her – knees spread wide, paws palm up on her thighs, head bowed severely, and ears folded down. I walked around her. Her tail was raised high. It twitched. I was not sure if it was fear or anticipation of what she thought would come tonight.

I walked back around Beatrice, closed and locked the door. There was no one else here tonight, but I wanted to stress her isolation from the rest of the world and my domination of her. I saw her flinch just a bit as the bolt shot home. I smiled.

"Have you been reading as I ordered you to do, Beatrice?" I asked her.

My albino doe swallowed and replied, "Yes, Master."

"And what would that be, Beatrice?" I asked.

"Trouble's Tales, Master. Book Two. Slave To A Pirate. Start of Vengeance. I read up to the appearance of Hinoki, as you commanded, Master," Beatrice replied quickly. I could see how nervous she was. She had tried to lie about reading things assigned to her in the past. I had been "creative" with her

punishment. After that, she made sure to do as commanded and was meticulous in repeating what she had been assigned to read.

“Synopsis,” I snapped at her.

Beatrice quickly recounted her reading assignment. She said, “Trouble is seemingly given to a space station commander as a bribe, but she is there as a spy. She is telepathically linked to Mark, and relays information to him about what is happening on the station. She is subjected to several tortures by the weasel as well as serving as his sex slave.

“The tortures include being hogtied during her first night, being subjected to a cold shower, electrocution combined with tit torture as she had to pull on chains to stop from being shocked, the equivalent of riding a rail, being suspended upside-down with a large metal dildo in her pussy, and an enema bag attached to a wheel that alternatively fills and drains her to press her innards against a large vibrator in her ‘twat’. At that point a male cheetah is brought in by the station master. As you ordered, I stopped there, Master.”

I smiled. Kittiarra had a deliciously devilish mind. I enjoyed chatting with her and recounting how I turned her fantasies into my realities. From the way that Beatrice was shaking, I knew that she expected me to perform one of the tortures that Trouble endured to her. I was sure that I would some other time, but I had another plan for tonight.

“Tell me more about how Trouble was delivered to the weasel,” I ordered my doe.

Beatrice frowned. Her brow knitted in concentration. She said, “She was bound with her legs lifted high and bent double, but they were spread wide so that her knees were outside of her breasts. They wrapped her in plastic wrap, leaving just her muzzle and rear exposed.”

Beatrice’s face took on an incredibly shocked look, and she said, “OH!” She looked up at me with wide eyes.

I pointed to the ground and gruffly said, “Head and eyes down!”

Quickly Beatrice did as ordered, but the almost fearful look did not leave her face.

“Stand up and follow me,” I ordered Beatrice. The rabbit femur did so. It was clear from her body language that she was very nervous.

I led my slave to a small table. It was actually a scissor jack with a top about two feet by two-and-a-half feet. I had wrapped a cloth skirt around it to hide the mechanism, but slipping a foot under the edge of the cloth side at the back allowed me to raise or lower the top. I found it very convenient when working with a variety of females in various positions.

“On the table,” I commanded Beatrice. She sat in the center of the table and looked back at me nervously over her right shoulder.

I took Beatrice by the waist and pulled her back to the short edge of the table. She was facing away from me with her legs stretching out in front of her.

I went to the armoire nearest the bed and opened it. Inside were a large variety of bondage wear. I selected a heavy collar, two wrist cuffs and a medium-size karabiner. The collar had a ring in the front, and the cuffs had rings set in one side.

I returned to my rabbit and began my fun. I took off her light collar and set it aside. The heavy black leather collar wrapped around her neck nicely as I fastened it into place. I took each of her paws in succession and placed the cuffs on her wrists. The karabiner went in the ring in the front of her collar. I drew up her paws and slipped the rings of her wrist cuffs onto the karabiner as well. She was forced to hold her paws up just under her muzzle. When she bowed her head again, the tops of her paws pressed against the bottom of her jowls.

I went to the wall and selected two wide straps hanging from a hook. They were black with silver buckles like Beatrice's collar and cuffs. I lay one on the table. I pulled Beatrice's left leg up and bent it back double.

"Lean forward," I absently commanded Beatrice as I adjusted her leg some to get the exact position that I wanted.

Beatrice did as ordered. Her foot pad was pressed hard on the table, and her calf was forced tight against her thigh with her stomach pressed against the top of her thigh. I had to work to get the end of the strap between her stomach and thigh, but I did not want to let her lose her position by leaning back. I worked the strap down to the crease of her thigh by sawing it back and forth. Beatrice watched the proceedings with considerable concern. I ignored her and tightly secured the strap around her upper thigh and lower calf. I pulled the strap as tight as I could and buckled it with the silver buckle facing out.

The second strap went on the same way. When I was done, Beatrice could not unfold her legs. I reached around her and spread her knees even wider before pressing my hand against her back. She was forced to lean even further forward until her knees were pressed against her shoulders. Her forearms slipped between her open thighs. It had to be an uncomfortable position to sit in, but I just enjoyed the sight before me a moment before proceeding further with my plans.

I went to a small shopping bag sitting on the floor beside the door. I had placed it there earlier that day. I checked and saw that Beatrice had not opened it. I suspect that she knew what was inside now, but that did not stop me from pulling out a large roll of plastic wrap used for wrapping and securing large packages and protecting them from the weather. It was incredibly clingy as well as strong.

I smiled as I walked back to my slave. She was staring at the dispenser in my right hand. When she caught me looking at her, she snapped her head back around to stare at the center of the table, but I could see her panting in fear. Her tail was raised high, showing off its pure white underside. I did not have to be a buck rabbit to get her message. She was afraid, the state in which I wanted her to be for tonight. Adrenalin was racing through her veins. And heart was pounding in anticipation.

I started wrapping the plastic around Beatrice. The first piece went over her shoulder blades and upper calves. I carefully laid the second layer across her back and made sure that it clung to the first tightly before proceeding. With it secured firmly to itself, I could step back and pull the plastic wrap very, very taut. I proceeded to walk around Beatrice and the table. Each circuit added a layer of clear plastic to the cocoon forming about her torso and legs.

When I reached the base of her tail, I ordered Beatrice, "Raise your tail and press it against your back."

With obvious trepidation she did so. I wrapped several layers of plastic over her tail to firmly secure it in place, raised high and unable to protect her nether regions from my evening's plans.

I slowly worked my way past her tail to the top of the crack of her ass. Her body was obscured by the plastic covering. I took a box cutter out of its storage place in the handle of the dispenser and cut the plastic. Beatrice watched as I carefully pressed the end down to secure it firmly in place.

With multiple layers of plastic wrapping her body, Beatrice was unable to move. She was secured as firmly as Trouble in Kithara's story.

I was not done though. I pulled out a length of plastic and pressed it down firmly onto my doe's back. I started wrapping her again, this time working my way upwards. I was careful not to choke her, but I did wrap her neck tightly. When I reached her chin, I started wrapping the plastic around the back of her head, raising it upwards with each wrap until I reached the base of her long ears.

"Ears down!" I ordered Beatrice.

I think that she was afraid that I would hurt her, but she still lowered them and pressed them against the back of her head. I lightly wrapped a couple of layers of plastic over them to hold them in place before proceeding up over the top of her head. I moved forward until the edge of the plastic came to her muzzle. I cut off the plastic wrap. Her face was framed by the translucent wrapping encasing her head.

I was still not quite done. I took the end of the plastic wrap and secured it to the back of Beatrice's head near the top. I wrapped it horizontally around her head several times, working my way down to cover her eyes and blur her view. I only stopped when the edge of the plastic pressed against the top of her muzzle.

Beatrice could still breathe and even pant to control her body temperature. However, she was not able to move her body besides her toes in the slightest.

"Beatrice," I said in a raised voice to be sure that she could hear me, "are you in pain?"

There was a moment of delay as she apparently assessed the condition of her body.

"Not pain, Master, but I am uncomfortable," she replied somewhat timidly. I think that she did not know what answer I wanted.

“That is acceptable,” I told her. “If you reach the point of actual pain, tell me. This is playtime, not a punishment.”

I think that I surprised her, but she kept her mouth shut.

I carefully tipped Beatrice’s body forward until she lay face down on the table. I pulled her body back a bit so that her large feet and toes hung over the side of the table and the tip of her muzzle was roughly even with the far edge. I stepped back and admired the view.

Just as described in Trouble’s Tales, Beatrice’s bottom was spread wide. I could see the entire length of her bright pink pussy her position spread her outer labia and showed off her inner labia and the entrance to her vagina. Above her slit was the pink rose of her tail hole presented for the entire world to admire.

I went to the refrigerator and pulled out a sports bottle filled with carrot juice. I placed the tip of the straw against Beatrice’s lips.

“Drink what you want,” I told her.

Tentatively, she took a sip. When she tasted the juice, she mewed and started to suck eagerly on the straw.

“You have done well tonight, Beatrice,” I informed the bound doe as I held the bottle for her. “Consider this a bit of a reward for your cooperation.”

It took only a minute for Beatrice to finish the bottle of juice. I set it on the top of the refrigerator for her to clean later. I also got a glass of white wine for myself.

I placed a chair behind Beatrice. Before sitting down, I removed my clothes. My cock sprang out as I pulled my briefs off. It had been complaining for some time about being trapped in my pants. The six inch length of pink flesh stood proudly above my crotch as I sat down in the chair and sipped my wine. My free hand went to my soldier as he stood at attention. I started to stroke my shaft. In short order precum appeared and started to flow freely down my shaft. I was careful not to climax. I had other plans for my sperm tonight.

When I was done with the wine, I set the glass down on the floor. I walked around Beatrice and asked her, “What happened when the weasel finished his work day?”

Beatrice swallowed audibly before replying, “He raped Trouble in the pussy. Then he forced her to clean him up and suck him off with her mouth.”

I just smiled. Beatrice said no more. She knew what was coming.

I walked around to stand behind Beatrice. I adjusted the height of the table downwards a couple of inches so that I had the perfect angle to thrust. I placed my hands on her flanks. I could feel her

trembling. I slowly moved my hips forward. Almost of its own volition, my knob slipped into her waiting cunt.

Beatrice gasped as she felt the tip of my cock penetrate her. Being a human, I was larger in diameter and a bit longer than most rabbit bucks. We both knew from numerous matings that she could take me all the way to the hilt, so I continued on. With small thrusts I worked the entire six inches of my shaft into her pussy.

Rabbits are perhaps the most promiscuous of all anthros. Despite her bondage and without any stimulation besides my dick in her cunny, she was sopping wet and dripping nectar onto the table by the time I ground my crotch against her body. She was panting hard with her tongue fully extended from her sexual heat.

After a moment, I withdrew slowly. My doe mewed in frustration. She seemed to be beyond words in whatever sexual paradise to which her body had taken her. It did not matter. I was horny as well and had been for even longer than Beatrice. My fingers dug into her tight ass, and with a grunt I started thrusting hard and fast. After barely a dozen thrusts, I came hard. My hot seed spurted out into Beatrice's waiting vagina. That was the trigger she needed. She screamed and climaxed a moment later.

I continued to pound Beatrice from behind as long as my cock had any hardness. I reluctantly withdrew only when it was almost fully wilted.

I went to the wine chiller and got another glass of wine. I returned to Beatrice and put the glass down on the table beside her head. The small vibration through the table seemed to bring her attention back to this world.

"I think you know what comes next," I said as I stood before her. I could feel her hot breath on my cock as I waited.

Beatrice opened her mouth. She extended her short tongue and tried to pick up the tip of my cock and pull it into her mouth. I let her struggle for several seconds before relenting and moving a couple of inches closer.

Beatrice lacked the long muzzle of a fox or wolf, and her tongue was much shorter, but it was much thicker and stronger than a canine's tongue. She quickly used it to clean my cock. I could see her frown at the taste of the mixture of my seed and her nectar. I did not care. I just waited for my cock to start hardening.

In the weeks since her arrival, Beatrice had learned that one of the best ways to get me off was to press my cock against the ribbed roof of her mouth and run her tongue back and forth over the bottom of my shaft, particularly the glans. Her little trick worked again. As I stood there sipping my wine, I quickly hardened. I started thrusting into her mouth with a short, quick motion. She timed her tongue motions to meet me and provide the maximum stimulation that she could.

I set down my wine glass. I grabbed the edge of the table and thrust my hips forward. My knob pressed against the back of Beatrice's mouth and even slid a bit down her throat. Hours of training with dildos and males prevented her from gagging. I continued to thrust repeatedly until, with a grunt, I shoved my cock as deep into her throat as possible and orgasmed. My jism erupted and flowed down my rabbit slave's throat. I pressed forward as far as I could and forced my cock as far down her throat as I could. I doubt that I tickled her tonsils, but I did make it impossible to breathe for several seconds as I climaxed.

I looked down. Beatrice was sucking hard and swallowing my cum. I smiled. She knew better than to allow any male seed escape from her lips. I pulled out slightly to allow her to breathe again. Beatrice also used her tongue furiously to extend my orgasm and afterglow as long as she could.

I was breathing hard from a couple of serious orgasms in the space of about ten minutes. I pushed off from the table and went to the shopping bag on wobbly legs. I bent over and picked up the last two items in the bag. They were a small brown glass bottle and a large applicator.

I walked over to Beatrice. I suspect that she thought her night was over, but while I loved Kithara's stories, I had more plans. I unscrewed the top of the bottle, dipped the applicator inside to saturate the cotton swab end, and carefully applied a generous amount of the slightly syrupy clear fluid within to Beatrice's outer labia. I dipped the applicator back into the bottle and applied a coating over inner pussy lips. Finally, I sipped the large cotton swab into the bottle twice and ran it between her inner and outer labia. Her entire outer sex was covered with the fluid when I was done.

I screwed the lid back on the bottle and set it and the applicator aside. I picked up my glass and sat down to enjoy the show.

At first nothing happened. That was hardly a terrible thing. I was still staring at Beatrice's wide open bottom including her now very open slit. It was a beautiful sight to behold, and I took advantage of it.

Several minutes passed with nothing happening. I waited and wondered if the liquid would work as advertised. As I stared at her cunny, I saw her mons start to swell slightly and her labia darken and become somewhat puffy. When she moaned, I smiled. The interesting liquid was having the desired effect.

Beatrice became progressively more agitated. She shook her bottom and tried to move. The restraints and plastic kept her rooted in place. Her muzzle was not so restrained. She became increasingly vocal, moaning with longing, groaning with desire and even giving short barks at times.

"Ma- Master!" Beatrice cried.

I stood and walked around to her head. I squatted down until my head was even with hers.

"Yes, Beatrice?"

I asked indifferently.

"Wha- What did you do to me?" she asked in a distressed voice.

I smiled and replied, "Nothing bad, Beatrice. The liquid I applied is called Doe-In-Heat. The chemicals in it simulate a rabbit doe going into heat. It is actually a harmless warming chemical. Its effects last about an hour."

"An hour!" my doe shrieked.

"Roughly an hour," I confirmed.

"I- I can't wait an hour?" she screamed.

"Can't wait an hour for what, Beatrice" I asked with feigned ignorance. I wanted to see how my slave responded.

"Without getting fucked!" she yelled back at me.

"Such a filthy mouth, Beatrice!" I said with feigned surprise. I imagine that she was in more than a bit of sexual distress. My suspicion was immediately confirmed.

"Please. Master! Please, fuck me!" she pleaded with me.

"I don't know," I said. "You are being so vulgar..."

"I'll do anything you want! Paddle me! Whip me! Just cover me!" she implored.

I reached out and ran a finger over her muzzle. After a moment, I said, "'Anything' covers a lot of things that you may not like, Beatrice. Are you sure you want to make this deal?"

"Yes!" she cried out.

"Positive?" I asked.

"YES!" she screamed at me.

"In that case..." I said as I stood.

I walked behind Beatrice. Her pussy was red, advertising her arousal to any make, rabbit or human. I smiled at the sight. She had to be at an extreme of sexual arousal now. I ran a finger over her slit. She immediately spurted as she climaxed just from my gentle touch. I slipped two fingers into her with no resistance. I used my thumb to diddle her clit. I was immediately rewarded with my hand being soaked as she came a second time in rapid succession. The Doe-In-Heat was living up to all its claims. Her body was reacting almost uncontrollably in her drug-induced lust.

I wiped my hand on her right flank. Stepping behind her, I grabbed her butt and dug my fingers into her beautiful bottom. She moaned and said, "Please, Master!"

I decided to not draw this out any further. With a strong thrust, I buried almost my entire dick into her cunt. She screamed, and I could feel her nectar erupt. As I repeatedly thrust deep into Beatrice's pussy, my shaft was completely coated with it.

When I had taken Beatrice before, she had been quiet and largely unresponsive. Not this time. She could not move, but she could vocalize, and she did so with gusto. There were the moans and groans one would expect, but she also shrieked every time she climaxed, and that was frequently. She was an excellent example of her species' sexual performance. She also made it clear that she wanted more and more of me. She repeatedly screamed things like "Harder!", "Faster" and "Deeper!" at me as if she were the Mistress and I her slave.

I did not complain. I was enjoying myself. I thrust for as long as I could until, unable to hold myself back anymore, I orgasmed. My hot seed coated the inside of Beatrice's vagina as I ground my crotch against her bottom. She screamed in ecstasy as she had a terrific orgasm of her own.

When I was done, I withdrew.

"Master!" Beatrice screamed in despair.

"Not to worry, Beatrice," I informed her. "I am just starting on that 'anything' promise you made."

My slaves, including Beatrice, were well aware that I enjoyed anal sex. Beatrice's anus was perfectly positioned for some anal fun, but I wanted to delay that entry by me a bit. Also, she was still rather tight "back there". I went to one of the shelves and looked over a large selection of butt plugs. I finally selected one that consisted of a one-inch diameter ball with multiple dimples. It was connected by a short half-inch diameter shaft to a large round base. The side of the base that faced the anus was conical so that the base would press against the dimple of the wearer's anal rose. The plug was also quite heavy, being made of copper.

I took a tube of regular petroleum jelly and returned to Beatrice with the plug. I first coated the plug. Beatrice could not see what I was doing, and she tried to entice me to mount her again repeatedly. I just ignored her for the moment.

Once the plug was well coated, I applied a generous amount of lubricant to my right index finger. I pressed the tip of my finger against Beatrice's tail hole. She shuddered and clenched her ass cheeks as best she could, but her position prevented her from doing much. I continued to press until I forced my finger into her rectum.

Her rear was rather warm as a rabbit's body temperature is between 101 °F and 103°F. I wriggled my finger around repeatedly to help loosen up her annual muscles. When they stopped clamping down hard on my digit, I thrust in and out of her ass hole repeatedly to ensure that her entrance was well coated with the petroleum jelly. Only when I was satisfied did I press the heavy plug against her orifice. She grunted loudly as I popped it into her behind and gave it a quick couple of taps.

The plug was not overly large, but it was large enough and heavy enough to make a definite impression on my bunny. I could see her clenching and unclenching her bottom repeatedly before crying out as yet another orgasm hit her. I shook my head in near disbelief at the number, frequency and strength of the climaxes she was experiencing. I would definitely have to look at other stimulants in this line for the other female slaves that I had.

For now, I returned my attention and my cock to Beatrice's cunt. I enjoyed taking females from behind. It is such a dominant position, especially in a case like this where the femfur is bound and unable to resist or stop me.

Not that Beatrice would have done anything to try to interfere with me if she had been unbound. She made that very clear with her guttural commentary of how much she wanted me to take her. I obliged as best I could, but a herd of stallions probably could not have satisfied her demands that evening. Still, she came repeatedly as I worked my cock in and out of her pussy. I could feel my lower abdomen striking the butt plug with each hard thrust, and that combined with the ball pressing against her interior spaces heightened her pleasure.

I lasted a bit longer this time. I had, after all, cum several times myself. I also paced myself to allow me to last for nearly four minutes. Still, I was only human, and I eventually dumped another large load into my doe's waiting cunt. That seemed to set her off in a series of orgasms of her own that lasted well past when I wilted and withdrew.

I looked down at my horny rabbit femfur. Her labia were still quite red. I smiled as I was sure that she was still incredibly aroused. I decided to move forward with the next stage of my plans.

While Beatrice cried for the lack of a dick in her pussy, I went to the wall and selected a rabbit penis shaped dildo. It was made from flexible silicone and had a powerful variable-speed vibrator. I looked at the tube of lubricant beside the dildos and grinned. I definitely would not need any of that tonight!

The phallic device was about eight inches long and an inch in diameter. The black shaft had a nice curve just behind the slightly pointed head. It flared a bit at the base though not like a knot. It was supposed to be relatively anatomically correct. I really did not care. It would serve my purposes well tonight shaped as it was.

I stood behind Beatrice and ran the tip of the dildo up and down over her wide-open pussy slit. She tried to jerk away with the first touch, but a moment later she was pressing back as best she could to try to get the silicone device into her. I carefully oriented the tip downward and pushed it into my doe's waiting cunt. Her low moan of pleasure lasted as long as it took me to slowly insert the dildo.

Once it was completely within Beatrice, I started moving it around, pushing and pulling it as well as rotating it. Beatrice made it very clear with an orgasm and her exclamations that she was enjoying the sensations, but I had something specific in mind.

"OH!" Beatrice suddenly exclaimed loudly. Her exclamation was accompanied by the largest gush of her nectar yet.

I smiled. I had found her G spot. The head was pressed against it. No doubt the butt plug was helping to press the dildo against it even harder.

"If you think that feels good, Beatrice," I said as I grasped the dial on the base of the vibrator, "try this!"

I turned the vibrator on and set it to 3. I was rewarded with an immediate scream. Despite her bonds, Beatrice tried to flop around on the table as she climaxed. I just laughed at her predicament as I watched her and listened to her cries.

When she was done climaxing, I told Beatrice, "That was three. I really do not have much luck at one and two. However, that leaves us with four through ten."

"Wha-? Beatrice started to ask. Her words were cut off as I turned the vibrator up a notch, and she was off again.

I enjoyed my play with her as I raised the vibrator's power one notch at a time. My doe was so primed that she sometimes came a second time before I could turn up the power. When I reached 10, I just sat down again and watched her repeatedly cum from the stimulation in her pussy. Her cries were music to my ears as she filled the kennel with them.

Needless to say, I was being affected not only by the sight before me but the musky scent of a rabbit enjoying sexual excess and her cries of pleasure. My cock was back to full hard, and I intended to use it again. I stood and approached Beatrice. I reached out and twisted the butt plug in her ass hole. She cried out in pleasure. I pulled. She resisted. Apparently she wanted to keep this meal dong inside her. I insisted, tough, and worked it free from her anus.

I set aside the butt plug and quickly used the lubricant to grease up my shaft. Beatrice's pink anal rose waited, and I did not want to disappoint her. After a few seconds, I tossed aside the tube and grabbed her ass again. I thrust forward. My knob pressed against her tail hole.

Beatrice still had enough of her senses to be aware of what was happening. She did not like anal sex much. I sometimes used it as a form of mild punishment with her. She yelled, "No! Please, Master! No!"

"'Anything' means exactly that, Beatrice," I reminded her. "Are you going back on your part of the deal?"

There was silence for several seconds. I waited with my cock poised to thrust deep into her rectum to see what she would say.

"No, Master," Beatrice finally said in a small voice.

"And?" I pressed her.

"And... you can take me in the butt, Master. I won't fight you," she replied with a hint of tears in her voice.

It was the surrender I wanted. It was not a major victory, but it clearly established my dominance and ownership of my doe.

With my point being made, I had no reason to be cruel to Beatrice. I thrust forward gently. I was careful to let her anus loosen and accept my dick with minimal discomfort to her. It took some time to reach the base of my shaft, but the languid journey into her hot rectum was quite pleasurable.

I expected her to remain still and simply accept what I was doing, but by the time that I hilted my cock in her behind, Beatrice was not only being quite vocal about the pleasure she was receiving from the gentle friction between our fleshs, but she was actually trying to press back to get me to enter her faster. It was quite a testament to the Doe-In-Heat concoction. I would definitely have to explore the rest of the line with my other slaves!

I was gentle in taking Beatrice this time. I am not sure if it was a boon to her or not. She certainly made it clear with her cries that she wanted me to speed up.

“Beatrice,” I asked as I slowly ran my rod back into her bottom, “are you certain that you want me to speed up? I know that you do not like-.”

“Yes!” she yelled at me before I could even finish.

I was surprised at the intensity of her reaction, but I just grinned and started picking up the pace. I was not cruel, and I did limit myself, but soon the sound of human flesh smacking pelted rabbit butt filled the kennel.

I again held off as long as I could. With several orgasms already, it was not hard to draw out this coupling. The stimulation of having Beatrice in the butt in such a dominant way and having her ask for it did certainly increase my lust, so I probably lasted less than I might have under other circumstances. The strong vibrations I was feeling through her interior walls from the dildo in her pussy certainly helped stimulate me as well. After a few minutes of hard thrusting, I coated the interior with another load of jism.

When I withdrew, I checked Beatrice’s labia. They were not quite as red as before, but they were certainly still swollen and filled with blood. I was done for the moment, but I did not want to end the fun with Beatrice in an aroused but unsatisfied state. As I had told her earlier, this was a playtime, not a punishment. I did file away the knowledge that even mating and orgasming repeatedly did not counteract the drugs. If I ever wanted a cruel punishment with no overt pain or damage to her, applying the Doe-In-Heat after securely binding her would certainly work. If I bound her in a standing position with some room to move but no way to relieve her sexual desires, it might produce some very interesting visual results...

As I contemplated the possibilities, I replace the butt plug. It slid in with minimal resistance. From the small cry that my bunny gave, I think it set her off again. I just smiled.

I went to the wall and selected a pair of straight dildos. One had a small ball on the end and was meant for anal play. The other was pointed and would serve well in my bunny’s cunny. Both had large handles for a good grip.

I returned to Beatrice and pulled out both the vibrator and the butt plug. She mewed in frustration.

"Beatrice, "I told her, "I am going to use a pair of dildos on you. I will continue to do so until you ask me to stop. You can end this at any time with no penalty, but I get to have you one more time before I release you.

"Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master." She replied in a tremulous voice. I am not sure how much she comprehended beyond that I was going to return to pleasuring her again.

I worked the anal dildo into her ass first since I did not want to hurt her with the ball. I coated it liberally with lubricant first. It slid in nicely, but it was large enough not to come out without some effort. The other dildo required no lubrication. Indeed, there was now quite a puddle on the table beneath my rabbit's cunt with more of her nectar dripped from her snatch even as I watched. I thrust the dildo all the way into her pussy using my right hand. As the eight inches disappeared into her waiting body, I could feel her shake as she climaxed again. I took the handle of the other dildo in my left hand and pushed it all the way into her anal cavity.

For the next fifteen minutes, I enjoyed the spectacle of Beatrice being double penetrated by the dildos. Sometimes I alternated them going in and out of her, sometimes I thrust them in tandem hard and fast into her body. I alternated my pace as well. I think I drove her wild when I slowly slip one in and out of her body while pistoning the other hard and fast. The intensity of her cries certainly indicated that I was succeeding in driving her mad with desire. Her cries and frequent climaxes certainly attested to her physical enjoyment.

I was not surprised when Beatrice finally called a halt to this portion of our playtime. Her labia had shrunk considerably, and her flesh was more pink than red now. I suspected that the drugs had largely run their course.

I was mildly aroused, but not fully erect again. I was neither surprised nor disappointed by my condition. In fact, I had planned for this. I wanted to do one more thing before taking Beatrice a final time.

"Beatrice," I said, "I am going to take you one more time."

"Yes, Master," she replied. Her voice betrayed her exhaustion. For my part, I was amazed that she was still conscious. The legendary sexual capability of rabbits was obviously a well earned one.

"But I am not hard yet, Beatrice," I told her almost teasingly.

There was a pause as she thought about that.

"Would you like me to suck you, Master?" she asked.

Receiving a blow job from Beatrice certainly had its positive aspects, but I had already gotten one earlier. I had another thing in mind.

“With your nice, large butt so conveniently positioned for a bare ass spanking...?” I asked.

It took a moment for the implications of my question to get past her somewhat befuddled brain, but when it did, she cried out, “Oh! Master, please! I have done everything you wanted me to do!”

I ran a hand over her furred ass cheeks. They felt lovely. Her fur was so soft, and her bottom so nicely padded. I had bought her for this butt. I intended to use it one more time this evening.

“Yes, you have,” I informed. “But you also said that you would do ‘anything’ that I wanted.”

The extra stress I gave the word “anything” made my point clear. I could see her frown. Her body, as much as possible, slumped in defeat.

“Yes, Master,” she said quietly.

Another small victory over my new slave brought a smile to my face. Soon she would be a perfect submissive slave, willingly acquiescing to my every kinky desire. For now, though, there was the matter of her spanking.

I stood beside her and raised my right hand. I brought it down firmly on her right ass cheek. I did not hit nearly as hard as I could have, but I am sure that it stung nicely. I left my hand on her slightly quivering flesh for several seconds while the sensations in her ass rose and fell.

I did not immediately strike a second time. Instead, I slid my hand over her pelt until my middle finger found her slit. I ran the tip of it up and down the length of her opening a few times. I could feel her jump a bit at the erotic touch. I was careful not to bring her off this time.

My second blow landed on her far ass cheek. This time I grabbed her ass and squeezed several times.

My third and fourth blows landed low on her butt. I used the opportunity to cup the bottom curve of her ass and play with her butt cheeks some.

My fifth blow landed dead center in the middle of her behind. As tight as her bottom was drawn by her position, I was almost surprised that I did not strike her pink anal rose directly. I apparently did a good job of stimulating it, though. I could see her trying to clench her butt cheeks, and her pink anal rose spasmed a couple of times as I watched. I heard a soft groan of desire escape from her lips as well.

I spent the several two minutes spanking Beatrice. I alternated the spanking with fingerings and groping. While the Doe-In-Heat was largely done, the mixture of light pain and sexual stimulation was having a decided effect upon Beatrice. I could tell that she was very confused from the look on her muzzle, but her body was coming to enjoy her spanking quite a bit.

I was enjoying it a lot myself, and my cock was back to a full erection again. I gave Beatrice a final smack on the bottom, and then I slid two fingers underneath her. I pressed the flesh on either side of her clitty. I could see it pop out from beneath its hood. It was swollen and very red.

"I think someone wants it again," said with a chuckle,

I was very pleasantly surprised when Beatrice enthusiastically replied, "Yes, Master!"

Taking up a position behind her, I grabbed Beatrice's slightly reddened ass in my hands. I took aim and thrust my shaft into her tail hole again. Even with just residual lubrication, I slid right in. I thrust hard several times. As I erupted in her bottom one last time, I felt her body shake, and she cried out as a last orgasm took her as well. Cumming together was a good way to end a playtime.

I used a knife to very carefully unwrap Beatrice. The straps came off next. I released her arms and carefully picked her up and carried her to her bed. When I deposited her on it, I crawled in after her. I spent several minutes carefully massaging her stiff limbs before turning her over onto her belly to work on her back. Sometime before I finished she passed out. I turned her over to make sure that she would not suffocate and covered her before leaving.

After a long hot shower, I poured myself a glass of white wine and sat down at my computer terminal. I brought up my mail program and began typing.

Dear Kittiar,

We progressed to the next chapter tonight. I wrapped up Beatrice as you did Trouble when she was delivered tot eh weasel. Let me tell you about my night!...