

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



1. The Trade

When I was still with my mother, before they sold her, she had told me about this day. She had told me of a time when my master would grow tired of me or I would be too old, and he would sell me at market or give me to someone else. "Surely," I thought to myself then, "this is why he is doing this now. This is why I am standing at a new front door with a small basket under my arm containing all the things I own." I was wearing my blues, the robes only meant for moving around in public, and my master had not spoken to me once since we left the house. He was not a particularly gentle man, but he was generally talkative in public, jovial even. Today he had not even looked at me. Did I disgust him that much, I wondered. What had I done to upset him?

Was it a problem with my cooking? I was not a particularly good cook, but he had other women for that, better ones. I was mostly skilled at cleaning, dusting, holding my body the right way when I bent this way and that to be the most aesthetically pleasing. I was the art who cleaned the art. I was there to look pretty and keep other things looking pretty. So perhaps, I mused, I had not cleaned well, or my body was losing its value as I approached the end of my teen years.

I was not my master's favorite girl to take to bed, but he had never complained to me afterwards. He had been rough with me, many times, but I had not cried out in pain or fear unless he had asked me to. I was obedient, what had I done wrong? Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard my mother's voice calling to me:

"Factora and Factorum do not always have to do something wrong to be gotten rid of. We are pieces of art. Sometimes, someone just wants to put a new painting on the wall."

She had smiled to me then. My mother, who I was stripped of just a year before, a week after my eighteenth birthday. Who knew where she was now.

The townhouse we stood outside of was three stories tall with a small window balcony near the top. The door in front of me was wood oak, and very old looking. This whole place looked old, and not at all the kind of place for someone who could afford a Factora. Maybe it had history; maybe it was nicer on the inside. I could not tell yet, but part of me held taut in my stomach in anticipation of what might be in there, of what my new life might hold.

My master raised a hand, let it hang in the air a moment, and then wrapped sharply on the door. Once. Twice.

There was a sharp barking on the other side that started from somewhere else in the apartment. It grew closer, closer, until there was a bang against the door and a scraping and scrabbling of claws. I jumped, not used to the sound or mannerisms of dogs. My lady had owned a dog that I had groomed on occasion, but the dog was old, little, complacent. It was more like a little piece of art too, like the rest of us in that house. It didn't act like a dog. It acted like a statue. This creature, barking loud hollow sounding barks from the other side of the door sounded alive, and large. I imagined a Factora who I saw in the marketplace once with a wide half circle on her arm.

"A dog bite," another woman had told me. "Her master didn't like the way she stacked the china, and he let the dog bite her." I had always thanked my luck that my master, while generally a rough-hewn man, was not cruel.

Now, as I waited there, I felt my stomach grow even tighter.

"Coming! Coming!" I heard a call from the other side of the door. Then, a little quieter: "Fane, No! Back."

There was a whine and the scratching and barking ceased. The door made a few metallic clicking noises and the door opened.

The man standing there was far younger than I would have expected. He had light stubble instead of the noble beard of an older man, and his hair was not slicked down like the rich single young men did. It was dark, forward, messy even. His eyes were light though, somewhere between blue and green, and somehow very alert looking. He was tall, but not as tall as my master, and he dressed in a simple black and red suit. He was familiar somehow, and I seemed to recall seeing him at my master's house once or twice before. Behind his legs, I could see the shining, twitching dark nose of a thigh-high dog. His deep brown eyes shone with eagerness, but he stayed silent now that his master was present. I couldn't get a much better look at him, but he seemed less frightening now, and at least one part of me relaxed.

The man smiled gently at me then smiled more broadly at my master and extended a hand.

"Cedric, come in! Come in!" he said warmly as my master took his hand and shook it firmly.

"Much obliged."

My master motioned for me to come in, and I followed him.

Inside, the townhouse looked even smaller than it had outside. The entry hall was small; not nearly the grand open space that I was accustomed to. It was also unbearably dusty and drab, with the few paintings on the walls showing signs of age and neglect. A stairway headed up and to the right, and a small open arch showed a room on our left. It is through the door on the left that the young man motioned us.

The dog trotted in front of us and lay down next to a brick fireplace, propping his head over a pair of crossed paws. I could see him better now. He was mostly black, with some signs of brown on the face and body, and ears that stayed up atop his head, wide and listening. The tip of one tilted over a little, making his face strikingly asymmetrical. He was not a bad looking dog, but did not look like a purebred, maybe part German shepherd. The man must have seen me looking at the dog, because he cleared his throat to gain my attention.

"His name's Fane. He's a bit of everything all mixed."

"German Shepherd too?" I asked, then instantly wished I hadn't. My master gave me a stern look and I saw one of his hands raise a little, as if he was going to reprimand me. But he would not do it in public. The rules on Factora are clear: you never strike one and you never touch one you do not own. Even masters seemed reluctant to touch their Factora or Factorum in public, and such was the case with my master. The rules were also clear for us: we do not ask questions unless instructed to do so, and if we must make vocal noise it should be in sweetly sung music. I had always had a hard time with that rule, as I enjoy speaking, when I can, and my singing voice was not exactly perfect.

The man seemed happy to answer though, and he winked at me.

"Right on the money. It's the only part of his heritage I know. It's something we have in common: I mostly unknown heritage."

He sat down on a chair facing the fireplace and motioned the two of us to a small crimson loveseat. As I sat, I watched a small cloud of dust rise into the air, mixed with strands of dog hair. The place really could have used a woman's touch, and I saw no sign of a Factora having ever been there.

"So, what's this all about?" he asked my master.

My master looked uncomfortably down at the floor and swallowed hard.

"I mean to thank you for...getting me out of that jam I was in."

I had never heard him sound so humble, so...embarrassed. I was fascinated, but also maybe a little scared. It was so unlike him. The young man too seemed to become suddenly serious.

"Oh. That," he murmured. "Well, it's done now, right?"

"Right. And I want to thank you for your discretion, and telling all those people you knew it wasn't me."

"Of course."

"I mean...I want to physically thank you," my master said, gesturing to me.

The young man glanced from me, to my master, then back again.

"Oh, I mean that's really not necessary!" he said after seeming unable to speak for a moment. "She's yours, and I wouldn't want to use her and just..." This time, the next word did not come.

"I mean that you may have her," my master said. "As a gift. As payment."

"But I don't-"

"As assurance that you will not ever repeat to others what actually took place."

There was a silence then. I don't couldn't quite tell what it was that was going on, but I understood I was being given as some sort of bribe or hush agreement. It was a little insulting, but at least I understood now that I had indeed done nothing wrong. My mother had been right.

"Sir, I can't," the man said after a moment more. "I've never even been around Factora for long periods of time. I wouldn't know how to-"

"Nonsense!" my master said, regaining some of his good-naturedness. "It's not a hard thing, and she can help you if you have any questions. Can't you?"

I nodded. This did not seem to convince the man.

"But I never-"

"Your place could use a Factora, class it up a little," my master said with a half smile. "I insist, really."

There was another silence. I waited with my breath held.

At last, the man seemed to give in, and with a sigh he dropped his head forward, shaking it slowly.

"Alright...alright..."

"Good! Good," my master said, standing. "I'll go then and let you...uh...get to know her. She can change into her reds as soon as I leave. She has her greens, blues, and reds. All in good condition. I

also included a little extra gift." He handed the man a small silk bundle with a bell at the top and then turned to me.

He stood there staring at me for a moment, and the happiness faded from his face. I had always heard that some masters fell in love with their girls, and more commonly some women fell in love with their men. Sometimes there were children. Sometimes marriages. As he looked at me, I thought I saw some affection there, some feeling. It was not love, surely. I had never known that feeling before. But for a moment, it looked as if he wanted to reach out and touch me once more, one last time. Then he blinked, and the strange feeling left his eyes. He smiled at me and gave me a little bow with his chin.

"I'll show myself out," he said, and went for the door. I heard the oak creak, then click shut.

I sat there, my hands delicately set on my thighs, and looked at my new master once more. He was red in the face, blushing, and seemed somehow uncomfortable. I would think he would be excited, happy, but I saw neither expression there. After a moment he stood and approached me. The dog too stood with him and took a step towards me. I braced myself.

Would he take me suddenly? Right away? I knew some masters would ravage, simply ravage their Factora upon their first meeting, as was their right. They would want to experience them, taste them, get to know their bodies inch by pale inch. This new master could do that, and I readied my body for it, pressing out my chest, arching my back, looking up at him with a gentle face. I parted my thighs a little, invitingly. He stood over me...then extended a hand out.

"Nice to meet you," he said.

I blinked up at him, unsure if he was serious or not. When he didn't move or say anything else, I offered one slender hand for him to shake.

"My name is Malin," he said as he bent and kissed my hand. His sparse facial hair brushed my skin and tickled my wrist. I withdrew my hand gently when he righted himself. "And you are?" he added when I said nothing in return. Remembering my old master's words, I smiled at him.

"My name is whatever you choose for me master."

"Malin. Call me Malin, please. And...what did your mother name you?"

My mother's name. We rarely use that name, rarely keep it. But it is what we call ourselves in our own heads, when we talk to ourselves. I hesitated a moment.

"Fray."

He smiled at me then, very gently. He took another step towards me and I thought now he might take me. But he did not. He just moved to help me to my feet, treating me like any lady rather than a piece of art.

"It is very nice to meet you Fray...let me show you to your room."

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## **2. A Room of One's Own**

I had never had a room of my own before. I had always lived with my mother, the other girls, even

once, in one house, I had lived in a place where both Factora and Factorum slept in beds side by side. Scandalous, but a kindness for many of the men and women who grew tired of being subservient to their masters. They would come to each other's beds; dominate each other in games of sexual play. Some even allowed themselves to be bitten, bruised, or cut. Something that would leave a mark, almost like another person besides their master owned a piece of them. It was an intoxicating and hedonistic environment, and people would sneer at me as I passed wearing my blues in the marketplace. They would whisper that I was one of the whores from the baker house, where men and women Factorus were allowed to interact.

I never gave myself so willingly to anyone except my master. Though, once, I admit, I held a young Factorum who was my age down on his bed and kissed him. He begged for more, craved being dominated by someone not his lady. But I felt wrong and stopped. My head was not yet ready to allow myself to be dominant. My role in society had always been as decoration and pleaser.

Factora are to submit at any given moment to their master's sexual needs, be it a swift grope of the breast, or being tied up and fucked till we screamed. And we were taught to like it. Our power was all in the fact that we were desired. We could refuse sex only if we were pregnant or ill, but we were never to be harmed or marked. Who would spoil a perfect painting, after all? We were also sexually subject to no one but our masters. They could loan us out or order us to perform acts on their friends, but if we really did not want to, we could object. No one ever objected though. The change of pace was usually welcome.

We did not speak, but we could come and go as we wanted, without escort, as long as we were wearing our blues that covered up our breasts, ass, and pussy. The reds were only to work in, at the home, and they were see-through in every part except a red-ribbon sash around the belly button. We were meant to be admired in our work. The greens were dressy, and only for special occasions. Some were glittery, fur lined, ornately stitched. And those were formed and made particularly to emphasize our features. For Factorum, their greens often split apart bellow the navel to expose their member at all times.

So now, as I came up the stairs with my new master, it felt strange to think it. My room. Mine. I had owned nothing in my life except for my colors and my original name. But he had said it like it was true, like the room was just for me. I found myself smiling a little at the thought. He must have noticed, for he commented.

"Happy to be out of your old house?" he said.

A Factora never spoke badly about her previous masters, so I shook my head no.

"Just a good change of scenery then?"

I nodded.

"You can speak, you know, if you want to. I won't reprimand you for it."

"Yes sir," I said with a little nod.

"Malin. 'Yes Malin' will do just fine.

At the top of the stairs, the hall formed an L shape. We followed its curve, the dog Fane trailing behind us, till we reached a door that had a black flap hanging over the lower part of it. Fane pushed past my master and I and trotted right on through the flap, dark tail wagging happily. My master laughed a little.

"You'll have to excuse him. It's been his room for a while now, and he doesn't like others going inside in front of him."

"Will I be sharing a room with him?" I asked.

It was the first question I had ever asked my young new master, and I held my breath a moment as I waited to see if he would indeed not reprimand me as he had said he wouldn't. He didn't seem at all surprised to have me asking him questions, for he shook his head and gave another short laugh.

"More like he'll be sleeping in your room," he said. "He leaves the room alone most of the day, just sleeps there at night. I promise, he won't hurt you and he doesn't snore."

My master looked expectantly at me, and I realized he was waiting for me to laugh. I didn't laugh at jokes, because it was impolite for me to do so, and as I stared at him in silence he seemed to figure something out. His smile faded a little and he shrugged.

"You don't have to laugh if it's not funny Fray," he said. "But don't hold back. You're a human too you know."

"I am not a human, I am a Factora. A 'do all.'" I said slowly, realizing that perhaps the man really did have no experience with my kind. I would have to explain things to him, as my old master had said. "I will be like a dog to you," I told him "like Fane, except more pleasing to the eye and...touch."

I took a step nearer to him, but as I did he stepped gingerly away.

"Your room," he said quickly, not meeting my eyes. Then he opened the door and motioned me inside.

The room was small and mostly filled with cardboard boxes. In one corner, there was a bed of what looked like sheepskin on which Fane was resting. His pink tongue hung out of his mouth, swaying back and forth as he examined us. In the other corner there was a small single bed with faded floral print. It was nicer than most beds we were given, but it looked both dust and dog-hair covered. Not a hard thing to solve, with the right cleaning. That was something I was good at.

"Will it be alright?" My master asked me. What a silly thing to say. It would have to be alright, I had no choice in that matter. Boxes of books and old furniture may fill the room, but at least the room was mine, for the first time in my life. I nodded at him, not pushing to tell him that he didn't need to ask me questions like that.

"Well then...I'll leave you to change," he said. He turned towards the door.

"Would you like to watch?" I asked, smiling at him in the way we'd always been trained in. Factora are proud of their bodies and love to show them off, and he had likely only seen mine in passing. He blushed and turned away.

"Not at the moment...perhaps later...uh...thank you."

He turned and left.

I sighed a little. It wasn't that I was particularly disappointed in his reluctance or shyness. Many masters had that about them at first, and it wore off with time. It was just almost lonely to be in that big room, just me. But it wasn't just me, I remembered. As if to remind me, I heard panting from the far corner of the room.

Fane was sitting there staring at me intently. He was probably not used to seeing others in his room after his master had left him. I waited, a little nervous, to see if he would be territorial and aggressive at my presence. But he didn't move or bark or growl. He just stayed there, standing and looking at me. I had often seen the lady of my old house talking to her mute little old dog, likely for comfort considering how often her husband called the Factora to his bed. She'd only had one Factorum on staff, and he was often sick and unable to satisfy her desires. Perhaps, I thought, speaking to a dog would not be against the rules I had been taught all my life. I smiled at Fane and he wagged his tail, stirring up dust as it whisked across the floor.

"I do hope I am not intruding sir," I said sweetly to him, the way I might speak to a master. "With your leave I would like to change into my reds for the afternoon?"

Fane licked his muzzle, as if he liked the idea. Perhaps his master spoke to him in a babying voice like this before he was fed. I smiled at him.

"I'll take that as a yes."

I turned my back to the dog and undid the blue silk rope from around my waist. I lifted my blues over my head, revealing my naked ass and back to him. I very slowly arched my back, pushed my shoulders down as I might for my young master and moved my body in an undulating side to side pattern, like I was some sort of snake. I looked over my shoulder as I folded the blues into the basket, kneeling so delicately that I did not make a noise. The sun from the window fell in across my pale skin and I watched the dappled yellow play across my rose-tipped breasts and sharp collarbone. I put my head back, letting the long braid of brunette hair slip down to accentuate the line of my spine. My reds unfolded in my hands and I let them fall over my head and shoulders as lightly as air, floating down like flower petals. This was a dance, another piece of art, and my fingertips trailed through the air, making wavy lines slowly above my head. When I stood, I did so in a long roll, starting with my hips, my lower back, my shoulders, and at last my head, the braid undoing itself from the neckline of my reds.

I turned to face Fane, who was now lying down and staring up at me. I pressed my shoulders back, my breasts forward, as I tied the red ribbon around my stomach at my bellybutton to hold the transparent reds in place. Somehow, I enjoyed dressing for him. He didn't make calls at me, and when I turned around he was not pleasing himself furiously as if I would not do it for him. He simply watched, seeming to enjoy the movement of it more than my now red-veiled breasts and pussy. I leaned down and scratched at his head, and his tail moved briskly across the floor.

"Now anytime you'd like me to dress and redress for you sir," told him in a whisper, bringing my lips right next to his ear. I could smell the sweat and heat of dog about him and I found the smell surprisingly intoxicating. "You just tell me so and I'll dance for you." I giggled a little at my own joke, since laughing at others' wasn't proper and I still enjoyed the occasional laugh. Then I gave a small bow to Fane and turned to leave the room.

My master stood in the hallway, facing the stairway as it continued up to the next floor. I walked to stand near him then announced my presence with a light cough, as was custom. He turned, saw first my face, and then my reds. He stared at my young soft body with wide eyes, unable to make himself look away. He must be thinking, I said to myself, that this body is his now. He must just be realizing that he can do what he wants with me at any time, and that whenever I am around his house he will be able to see every part of me and know that every part is his. I saw his throat move sharply as he swallowed, and then he averted his eyes.

"Forgive me for staring," he said softly.



"As master it is your right to look upon my body whenever it suits you."

"I had forgotten how...showing the reds were."

"They are meant to show off better the aesthetic lines of our bodies."

"Yes I can see that."

I gave him that gentle smile and stepped towards him.

"Would you rather I take them off so you can get a better look?"

"No...no," he said hastily, blushing. "That won't be necessary." He paused. "So, what is it that your specialty is? You each have specialties right?"

"That's right," I nodded. "I am gifted in the cleaning of house, clothes, and art. I groomed a dog briefly in my previous house."

"Well, the house can use the cleaning," my master said with a little laugh. "And I'm sure Fane could use a little cleaning himself."

"So what are my duties to be for the week?"

"I suppose just clean house...and entertain Fane if he's bored. He can be a real handful."

"Nothing else?" asked, pressing forward my chest a little more and tilting my hips suggestively.

"Not for now, thank you."

I smiled, trying to hide the disappointment I was feeling. I had met some true sex fiend Factora, and I was not one of them. But the anticipation as to when he would take me was beginning to get to me now, and it made me nervous, pent up feeling. Still, he was master. I would do as he wished.

"Of course master. I'll beat the rugs on the balcony to start."

"Malin," he corrected again. "Please, just Malin. And yes, that would be lovely. I have work to do anyway in my study."

I nodded and went to the hall to collect a few rugs to shake out, since no rug-beater was to be seen nearby. I doubted he even had one. This man was not accustomed to housekeeping, which meant I had quite a bit of work ahead of me. I headed up the stairs, taking time to give a gentle bow to the dog Fane as I passed him.

Up on the balcony, I looked out into the street. It was dirty, narrow. The houses were small and pushed close together so that there were many floors stacked on top of one another in order to get a sizable house. I heard clattering from the next house over, the sound of someone hard at work in a kitchen. Thin walls, I noted. Easy for others to hear your going ons. This place was, I began to realize, a back street. This was a place for the not-poor, not-wealthy to live in. They had enough for food, for a home, for clothes. But they would not have enough for a wide household for Factora or Factorum. In fact, I mused, it was even likely that I was the only Factora in the backstreets of this city.

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3. Morning Duties

I slept well enough that night. As my master had said, the dog did not snore, but he did occasionally fidget in his sleep, startling me from mine. Though I might complain about that, the truth is that I was glad to have him sleeping in that room with me. It had been a long days work, and I had dusted nearly all the things in the house. Countertops, the small kitchen, the few paintings which, I suspected, badly needed some form of restoration. Yet after all that, I found falling asleep hard until Fane came in. I suppose I had become so accustomed to sleeping with the sound of other living, breathing bodies around me, that without it I just felt too alone. With the dog breathing heavily in his sleep, I was at last able to find rest.

When I did wake for good, it was with the light of dawn. I had considered that my master probably did not have anyone to cook for him, and since I was his only Factora, that job would now fall to me. The state of the kitchen was not too poor, and I was not too poor of a chef either. Well, not great of course, but I could make a basic breakfast. I dressed quickly and quietly into my reds, trying my best not to wake the slumbering Fane. I tied the ribbon around my stomach and crept carefully downstairs. Most Factora did not wear shoes in the house at all, and just small leather sandals outside. We are quiet and stealthy when we need to be, though if our master requests that we be loud when in bed, we are only too happy to oblige.

The kitchen and the house were empty and cold. The fire my master had lit in the fireplace had gone out long before I had woken up, and little residual heat still lingered around the parlor room. In the pantry, which was of course meant to be cold, I found what I needed. Corn-flour mix, wheat, a little limejuice, and a few eggs... Making pancakes was one of the easiest breakfasts, and still seemed like the biggest treats. I could be proud of the stack of 4 I managed with the thin batter. I even mashed up a few raspberries and smeared them with butter and sugar in the frying pan after I was done cooking the pancakes to create a sort of syrup to garnish them. I had no small table to rest the plate on, only a well-used cutting board. I carried them up hastily, before the cold of the early morning house could cool them.

My master's room was directly above mine and was the room linked to the balcony. It had a lovely bed and lamp beside it, but it was generally ill kept, and I had labored hard the day before to get it into a more classy state. The door of his room was half open when I arrived with the pancakes, and I cleared my throat to see if he was yet awake.

"Sir?" I called at last. Then, remembering myself: "Malin?"

I heard some sound from within. From this I assumed he was awake, or at least conscious enough to acknowledge my presence. I pushed open the door with my back and entered the room, careful not to slosh the plate's contents around too much. When I turned to see him, I nearly dropped the plate.

Factora are generally used to nudity, but it still startles me sometime if it catches me off guard. My master was dead asleep on top of the still made bed, the blanked still creased and the pillows still stacked. He was sprawled with his legs and arms apart, his head back and his mouth open, and he was completely and utterly naked. I stared a moment, feeling much like he had probably felt upon seeing me in my reds the day before. Then I shook my head, reminding myself of my place. I was about to go back down stairs to put the plate in the oven to keep it warm when I again caught a look at his naked form.

Standing straight up like a pillar from the rest of his prone form was his member. It trembled there a moment, then slouched sideways a little like it was relaxing. I became aware that he was bigger than any of the men I had been with before. Not only in girth but in length as well. He was trimmer of his

foreskin and his head was growing red, looking eager to be buried in something soft and moist. It looked hard, hot, wanting and beckoning to me, and I realized that I was breathing more shallowly, faster. What would it be like, I wondered, to be fucked with something like that? The pain and pleasure mixed, the rush of having it slammed into your body over and over as your master takes you, makes you fully his. I felt a shiver run down my spine and all the hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

I wanted more than anything at that moment to touch it. I wanted to wrap first my fingers around it, then my lips. To taste him, relieve that swelling that desire. To drink his seed when I beckoned it forth. But just as they may not hurt us, a Factora may not touch her master without his permission or signal. I allowed myself to linger in the room just a moment longer, eyeing his beautiful hard shaft, imagining what it might feel like against my tongue and lips, then I turned away and went down stairs.

It only took one step down the stairs for me to realize that I was wet. I had been wetter before, but this was certainly noticeable and would have to be dealt with. Without the hair there to guard it, and of course all Factora shaved it off, my juices could easily stain my reds which was something I could not allow. I ran quickly and silently down stairs and put the plate into the oven, then back up to my room to deal with the situation.

It was an offense to your master and the general public to dirty up any of your colors, except maybe blue since you would be at market and accidents did happen. You were meant to be clean, pristine, with only the soles of your feet showing the dust and dirt of a days work. Of course, your own fluids were the most inexcusable. A master was not permitted to get either their own seed or the ripe juices of their Factora on any of the colors. For that reason, we had learned ways of dealing with situations in which we got a little too turned on for our own good.

I slipped into my room, but not quietly enough to avoid notice by the lightly sleeping Fane. He snuffled and his head snapped up from his bed, ears alert. It took a moment for his eyes to focus on me, but once they did he calmed down and his tail began swishing across the floor. It was nice to be recognized and greeted so warmly into my own room, and I would have stopped to tickle him under the chin if there were not more pressing matters that needed my attention. I could feel a warm drop of moisture rolling down the inside of my thigh. This was possibly the only disadvantage of not letting Factora wear underwear. We had to be so careful, and being that I was still so young, dripping was still a major problem.

I sat on the edge of my bed and pulled back the transparent red cloth to reveal my pussy. It looked, from what I could see of it, fresh, pink, and ready for touch, for affection. Unfortunately, I would have to do that for myself for now. I leaned back, my legs dangling at the knee off the bed, and parted my thighs. My fingers searched down my stomach, down farther until I could part the smooth pale skin that guarded all of my sweetest ripest parts. The warm damp texture met my fingertips, slippery and inviting, and I probed with my index finger, searching for that button, that small pearl-like spot that made my back arch, mouth open, eyelids flutter.

Factora were not permitted to please themselves internally. Nothing should enter us except for our masters or whatever our masters chose to put in us. We should be tight and warm at all times, and only torn up inside by the savage ravagings which are our lot in life. But we were permitted, even encouraged, to give ourselves pleasure whenever the mood took us. We should love orgasms, feel the rush and happiness that come from something even lightly brushing against our pussies. And if it kept us from becoming too turned on in public company, it was a necessity.

So now I lay back and found the small smooth spot with my finger. Electricity jolted through my legs,

making my toes curl and muscles tense. I gently massaged it in small circles at first, feeling my hot juices slowly spread on the insides of my thighs and down my ass. Then, as I felt my heart rate quicken I pressed it between my thumb and forefinger, pinching gently, pulling, rolling it. And I felt myself tighten, and the pleasure came in slow waves, rolling over me making me feel hot and tingly. My breath came in short sharp gasps, and I began to see images in my mind, fantasies, hopes of things that might soon come to pass.

My master had his hands strong on my waist and I was burying my head down in the pillows. My legs trembled under the force of his thrusts behind me. I arched my back, pressing my aching breasts into the bed, and tried not to moan, tried to be respectable. His hands moved to my ass, caressing its curves as he shoves that swollen member into me over and over, forming rhythm and pattern. I heard his breathing, felt his heart rate pulsing through his shaft inside me. And it brought me closer, made me ready. I twitched, I tightened, and I felt myself building up inside, nearing release. I whispered my master's name into the pillow as his pace quickened and grip tightened.

I was about to lose myself to this daydream.

Then, very abruptly, I was jolted out of my fantasy by a sudden added warmth against my pussy. I opened my eyes and managed, through the watery and pleasure blurred edges, to see two erect black peaks rising above my parted thighs. Fane? The warmth came again, and a pressure smooth and soft against my opening. Then something colder against my button where it was pinched between my finger, and a slow rush of air as I felt the pressure again, moving from the base of my opening up to my spot. Through everything I began to comprehend that Fane was pressing his tongue, his pink, soft and wonderful tongue against me, lapping up my now freely-flowing moisture.

I should have told him to stop, pushed him away, but it was too late now.

The building was too much, and I felt the pressure, the tenseness inside me aching to get out, and the warm wet tongue against my pussy was too much to stand. I lay back and let it happen, even welcomed it with some part of my mind. I allowed myself a gasp and throw my head back against the bed, trying to get air, gripping my sheets with my free hand. Electricity flew through me, faster and faster till the waves were too close together to tell apart. Fane continued and I thrust up into him as I released a silent cry and my orgasm took me, wracking every nerve and muscle in my body. The pleasure filled me, and my muscles twitched and strained before I at last collapsed in a sighing, trembling heap.

Fane backed away a step, seeming confused by what had just happened, wondering if he had done something wrong perhaps. I sat up slowly, my hands and legs trembling from the power of the orgasm. I looked at him, feeling my flushed face and dry lips, and I felt embarrassment come into me, the same confusion he must have felt. This is something I had never done before, though I had heard of it from a few other more sex-crazed Factora. It was something I was unsure was acceptable in this household, something that could get me thrown out or stripped of my Factora duties. Yet...I could not help feeling satisfied, and at least I had entertained the dog, as was part of my job description given by my master. I swallowed and licked my lips, trying to still my pounding heart. I smiled at Fane to comfort him as well, and he wagged his tail at me, showing that pink delicious tongue which has worked me so well.

I stook, pulling up the bottoms of my reds to keep them clean, and I found the gray rag at the bottom of my clothing basket meant for cleaning myself. I mopped up the moisture between my legs, liking the near-painful twitch of my button as I grazed it with the cloth. Once I was dry, I stood again, trying not to feel dizzy or overwhelmed by the after-rush, or think too much about what I had done. I reminded myself that I had other jobs to do, other work now, and that there were still pancakes in

the oven. I heard a creak above me, and knew that my master must be awake now, and that he would be hungry. Quickly, I straightened my reds and slipped out the door, averting my gaze from the watchful eyes of Fane.

I made it to the kitchen just before my Master did, and he at first blushed when he entered the room and saw me already there. He started to turn away from my exposed breasts and ass, but then he steadied himself and walked in standing tall, looking me in the face rather than at my body.

“Good morning Fray,” he said.

“Good morning Malin,” I said back, remembering to use his real name rather than his given title. “I have made you some breakfast if you are ready for it.”

He smiled, looking a little surprised at me, like he had not expected this. I went to the oven and with a cloth wrapped around each hand pulled out the plate, still with the handmade syrup dripping down the edges of the pancakes. He raised his eyebrows and sat down at the kitchen table, finally looking excited for something I had done.

“Wow, this looks delicious. Do you have some for yourself?”

“I had a few earlier,” I said, which was the truth. I always eat the pancakes that don’t look quite right, for my own breakfast, so that my master gets only the best ones.

“So this is what you’ve been doing all morning?” he asked with a laugh, pulling his napkin around his neck. I turned away to hide my blush and confused guilt at my other actions during the early hours of this day.

“Yes Master,” I said, forgetting.

“Malin.”

“Yes Malin...”

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#### **4. The First Touch**

Originally, I had thought that a smaller house meant less or somehow lighter chores. I was, as it turned out, entirely wrong on that. My young master never seemed to clean anything and while he was kind enough to serve me lunch that day so I had one less thing to do, the state of the house was deplorable. The cardboard boxes that filled most of my room’s floor space were, I found out, from when he’d moved in over four years ago. He insisted that Fane enjoyed them, like little houses when he was a puppy, but then he didn’t have the heart to take them out after the dog had gotten big. I removed those boxes and put them by the front curb once he agreed that now would be the best time to get rid of them.

I dressed quickly into my blues, just throwing them over my reds so I would not have to take the time to tie all the ribbons before I put the boxes out. Even though I didn’t mind going out in my reds, the neighbors might have minded and I didn’t want to upset anyone. At least not right away. It was best not to walk naked in public, just as a precaution anyway. Everyone knew not to touch a Factora, but there were occasional tales of men who liked to take advantage of our easy-access garments. I am still not sure how true any of those stories are, but I can believe it. Men are only men after all is said and done.

Well...perhaps except my young master. He didn't behave as I was used to men behaving. My old master had not touched me much in public, and rarely touched me even when I was in the house, but he would at least occasionally allow his hand to sweep down the line of my back, the curve of a breast, squeeze the milk flesh of one ass cheek as he passed me. My new master scarcely looked at me, and when he did, it was at my face or my feet. I would see him blush, so it was not as if I was disgusting him.

I wondered, perhaps if he was gay. It would explain all the protesting when I had first arrived, and would explain his reactions to my naked form. A gay man can appreciate a Factora as an art piece, but they won't look at her in the same way as a straight man. A gay man looks with admiration, but a straight man looks with hunger. A gay woman, I wouldn't know. I had never seen one before, at least that I knew of. But I began to watch my master as he moved about the house, looking for some sign, some indication that perhaps it was only his preferences that made him afraid to look at or touch me. Even as I went about my duties, I watched him.

But as the first day went and the second came, I could find nothing conclusive.

My duties became a list, a habit by only the second day. They went as follows: dress, make breakfast, clean dishes, dust and remove trash from house, sweep front step, sweep balcony, tidy bathrooms, tidy Fane's bed, play with Fane, make dinner, sleep. The segment of time where I played with Fane was, strangely enough, the most awkward to me.

I remembered that first morning all too well. How warm and gentle that pressure had been, how overwhelming. The air from his dark nose on my opening and my sweeter spot above that, even the twin black peaks of his ears rising above my parted thighs. It was all imprinted in my memory. The second day I played with him, I found myself growing dizzy, almost intoxicated by the memory. I did not allow myself to get wet then, though. As much as I wanted to repeat the act, I somehow worried that the luscious tongue would penetrate me. My master had not yet even penetrated me, and rules dictated nothing entered me without his say so. So I patted Fane, scratched between his ears, cooed sweet words at him till he panted and dusted the floor with his tail. He liked it, I told myself, smiling. I was making him happy, even if it made me awkward.

But then all at once he rolled over on his back, feet in the air, stomach exposed, and looked at me helplessly. The small dog at my last house had never done this before, and for a moment I thought the dog was ill, and then I felt my chest tighten. I had done something wrong. I had hurt the dog. It was dying. I dashed out of my room to where my master was studying in his own room. I burst in without knocking, a barely forgivable offense, to find my master with his chest bare, shirt in hand.

For a moment, my mind left the dog on his back one room down, and I just stared. My master had a fine broad chest with very little hair, and what hair there was made a line all the way down his stomach to below where his pants allowed me to see. It was like a path I could not follow, and in my throat I felt a pang of hunger to see where it lead. But then I remembered where I was, and realized I was standing in my master's room, looking shocked and afraid, without any explanation.

My master stared at me, blinked once, and shook his head as if I was a ghost and might disappear in the blink of an eye. Then, seeing I was still there and looking very afraid, his brow suddenly furrowed and he stepped towards me, a hand out as if to steady me.

"What is it?" he asked me?

"I..." but the next word didn't come out.

His palm touched my bare arm, and I forgot entirely what I was doing. His skin was rough and

hardened by work over many years, but it was so warm to the touch. It was wonderfully strong, and even as it gripped me gently, I could feel the power there behind that hand, spanning up the arm to the shoulder and heart. I could feel what that hand could do to restrain, to caress, to squeeze. It was the first time he had touched me, and I felt the hairs rise up all along the back of my neck with the rush of the new and long awaited sensation. He looked into my eyes, and I saw how light the green was, how bright the centers were as they inched closer and closer to the black circled in the center. He squeezed me a little.

"Fray," he said, and I came back to myself, hearing my name said so gentle and concerned. "Fray, what is it."

"Fane," I heard my lips say, though I couldn't recall telling them to move. "We were playing, then he just...fell over on his back. And just looked at me."

I didn't have to say any more than that. My master was past me in an instant, eyes intent and worried, down the stairs to my door. I ran down close behind him and held my breath as he pushed open the door to my room.

There sat Fane, wagging his tail gently and looking up at us as if he had never felt better in his life. I felt confusion, then anger, then embarrassment as I examined him ears to tail and found nothing at all wrong. I turned to my master, blushing in shame from having worried him, but he was smiling down at the dog, looking not only relieved, but amused.

"Malin," I said, "I'm so sorry to have worried you. He was just on his back, I didn't know what..."

"Oh you mean like this?"

My master reached over to Fane and scratched gently at his ribs down by his pelvis. The dog instantly fell down and rolled onto his back, like he had done before, and looked up at my master expectantly. My master just grinned at the dog and scratched back and forth along the dog's stomach. One black foot began to kick the air, and the dog closed his eyes looking very pleased, his mouth open in what was almost a smile. After a few more scratches, my master stood and turned to me, still smiling.

"Don't worry," he said. "Fane just loves to have his tummy scratched. He does that whenever he wants you to do it, and I promise it doesn't hurt a bit."

"Malin I'm-"

"You don't have to be sorry," he said shaking his head. "You learn these sorts of things about dogs over time. You'll learn, I know that for certain."

He placed a hand on my shoulder once more, and I tried not to show any reaction even though I again felt a chill of adrenalin when he did it. His eyes narrowed a little, crinkling at the edges in a manner I could have almost called fatherly. It was like he knew I had so much to learn, and thought it was adorable.

"I'll keep playing with him then," I murmured in an embarrassed tone, looking down at the dog still on his back.

"I'm glad you care about him," Malin said. "Even though it was a false alarm, I'm glad you called when you thought something was wrong."

He patted my shoulder and left to go back to his room.

I sat down on the floor, bending my knees under me, and just stared straight ahead. Warm hands, so warm and firm. Rough-hewn hands, like sun warmed stone. I wanted those hands on my body, moving down my curves and lines to find firm spots, soft spots, and the spots that needed his attention most of all. I pressed my thighs together, trying to make sure I didn't get myself too wet again, and I took a few deep breaths. The lust in me subsided a little, and I breathed out in a long sigh.

Damn him. I wanted him.

There was someone else in that room who wanted me though. I heard a whine and realized that in front of me, Fane was still lying on his back waiting for more scratches.

"Oh, I'm sorry boy," I crooned, reaching out to run my nails up and down his belly. His foot began to kick in time with the motions of my hand, and I found myself giggling a little at the reaction. It was cute.

"Good boy Fane," I said, tickling one ear with my free hand.

I noticed then a change of color along the deep brown-black of his body. A tiny triangle of pink broke through the fur, gleaming wet and interesting where it nestled among the darker colors. It took a few moments for my head to process what this must be. The tail was there, his balls were there, and his chest was there...

Oh.

I had never seen a dog's member before, and I could not bring myself to look away. Though only the very small, pointed tip was showing, I could find no similarity between it and a human member. Not even the color. It looked so smooth, like it was made of some sort of polished red marble with veins of blue running through it very faintly.

Without really thinking, I reached out for it. I wanted to touch it, see if it was smooth to the touch, like it looked, or if it was sticky or slimy or...really I just was dying to know what a dog's member felt like. My index finger trailed up the side of his fur-flecked sheath until the very tip of my finger came to rest upon the exposed pink. I held my breath and waited for my brain to unscramble what I was feeling and what that meant.

It was warm. It was so warm, warmer than any human member I had ever touched. It was also slightly moist, but smooth, just like marble in fact. It wasn't sticky, wasn't slimy. Actually, I would go as far as to say it was...enjoyable. I pulled back my hand as that thought hit me, and looked into the face of the dog, almost apologetic at what I had just done. But he seemed unfazed. If anything, his expression seemed merely to be asking me why I had stopped! His ears perked up, his tongue pulled back up into his mouth, and when I continued to do nothing he gave a low whine in complaint.

I hesitated. Was this alright to do in my new master's house? Would I get in trouble? Well, I had been told to entertain the dog, damn it, and this certainly entertained the dog. I took a deep breath and reached out my whole hand towards where the shaft lay, my fingers grazing the soft hair, the warm skin, and I began to wrap my hand...

There was a knock at the door.

I went pale and jumped up. Fane too jumped up, looking to the door with much less shame than I



probably was.

“Fray?” came my master’s voice. “Could we have dinner a little early tonight? I have some business I need to get to tonight, going out.”

I mustered up my years of training, swallowed my panic, and steadied my voice before I spoke.

“Yes Malin,” I called.

“Thank you...how’s Fane?”

“Better now, he’s fine,” I called back, again ordering my voice to betray nothing.

“Alright...see you downstairs in a little while then?”

“Yes Malin.”

I waited till I heard his footsteps leading away from the door. I let out a huge sigh and looked down at Fane. He was standing there, staring up at me and wagging his tail. I realized with dismay that I was beginning to get wet again, and that I would have to take care of myself at some point that evening if I had any hope of keeping my reds clean. Then a thought came to me, slowly, insidious, and somehow satisfyingly deviant. I smiled at Fane.

“Your master is going out tonight,” I told him sweetly. “I will have to entertain you while he is out.”

Fane just wagged his tail.

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5. Conquests Made

I waited until I heard the door close before I even thought about doing anything. I stood there in the kitchen and listened to him walk to the door, heard the squeak of the heavy wood, then heard the crunch and click as the door closed and locked. But after that, I knew I had to work fast. Take my time as quickly as possible. I couldn’t have guessed if he would be out all night or only an hour or so. Still, I was compelled to act now, pushed on by curiosity and perhaps some sort of wild need to feel hot flesh enclosed in my palm again.

I had never thought that being deprived of sex was going to be so uncomfortable. There were even a few times where I was reluctant to go into bed, simply from being too sore or not in the mood at the moment. But at that exact moment, as I ran in a sort of giddy stupor to the base of the stairs, I wanted nothing more in the world than to give pleasure, even if it meant giving pleasure to a dog. I wanted the rush, the satisfaction of a job well done. And if my master couldn’t give that to me, at least I could get it while fulfilling my other duties.

I stood at the bottom stairs, craning my neck to find where the dog was hiding from me.

“Fane?”

I heard a soft snuffling from the fireplace room and saw a flicker of movement from the corner of my eye. I turned my head in time to see a wagging black-brown tail slip out of view of the doorway as Fane got up. Then he trotted back into view again, towards me with both tail and ears up. I smiled at him as he stopped by my side and pressed the soft crown of his head up into my waiting palm. He panted and looked up between my fingers at me with trusting and loyal eyes.

“Hey boy,” I said sweetly. “Wanna play?”

I saw the pace of his tail quicken, causing a small vibration to ripple through the rest of his firm body. Maybe he knew what I meant? I winked at him and ascended the stairs in small dance-like steps, all the while looking back at him enticingly. He followed me willingly, loping up to remain at my side, like we were racing to him rather than dancing.

I opened the door for him so he wouldn't have to push through the dog door, gesturing him in with one sweeping arm motion like I would have done for any master. He trotted in, seeming to understand the generous offer, and I followed. He stood there in the middle of the room, looking at me, wagging and panting and showing every attentive sign of anticipation. The same anticipation I was feeling.

“Wanna play?” I said again, hopeful that he still wanted to. He whined a little, licking his mouth and wagging furiously. I took that as a yes.

Making a cooing noise, I knelt beside him on the floor, scratching the top of his head and behind his ears. He closed his eyes in pleasure, his panting mouth seeming to smile in appreciation. I continued, scratching and petting all down his back and neck, fondling the soft parts of skin near his black leather collar where I knew he must have been itching fearfully. I watched his muscles twitch under all that fur, watched his tail go back and forth feverishly. Seducing him, I told myself, that was what I was doing. Seduction, my ultimate talent and selling point. I trailed my nails and fingertips down his back to the area right above his tail, paying special attention there. His legs vibrated, the way he might kick if he was on his back. With one palm, I pressed gently against his hips till he slowly tipped to one side like a rag-doll onto the floor.

He hesitated there, teasing me, lying on his side for a moment. Then he slowly rolled further, so that one foot was in the air and his head was back against the floor, tongue hanging out. His legs came apart, displaying the soft less-furred area that I sought.

I took a moment just to look at what I was dealing with. It was a small sheath that connected into the rest of his body, nothing like a human's, and there was no sign of the small angular red tip. So what, I told myself, just a challenge. I liked challenges.

I held my breath and reached out before I could think about it too much longer.

I touched fur, then skin, felt it mold like putty into my hand. I took in a sharp gasp, surprised by how much I liked the feel. It was warm, soft, and I squeezed gently, trying to get more of the warmth into my skin.

I felt Fane shift under me a little, and I looked up at his face to see if I was doing something wrong, if I was hurting him. But no, he was simply looking at me, perhaps just as curious as I was.

I smiled at him, trying to seem confident, and moved my hand a little, just a little, the way I might please a man. Back and forth, up then down the soft shaft against his belly. After a few strokes he turned away from me to rest his head on the floor, and I felt all of him just let go. Just relax. I felt him sigh the way a person might sigh, and I took up courage. I tightened my grip, just a little, and moved in fuller strokes, up and down, feeling his flesh shift with me over...something. Over some sort of core that was growing steadily harder. I moved my hand all the way to the base, then up to the very tip and I began to see a small dot of pink there, wet and glistening rather than the dry pink I had seen before. A first sign of success.

“Good boy,” I whispered at him, seeing his tail wag as I continued to stroke his member.

He was growing warmer, harder under my hand, and I felt a swelling at the base of my hand, thick and large like a ball. I pressed my fingers over it, being sure to give it work too, and he kicked one of his legs, pressing his hips upward into my hand. Here was a piece of body language I understood! I put my hand down over the base of the ever-growing lump and moved forward and back in short strokes. His hips pressed forward again, making a thump as his tail came up and down off the floor. I glanced over at the pink tip, and I noticed it had grown. Considerably. It was getting thicker, longer, like there was no way that member could fit back into the sheath. I liked it, the strange pink gray marbling, the wet gleaming look... I pumped harder at the back of the lump, pushing it forward towards the opening of the sheath, trying to get a glimpse of it.

A small fleck of moisture flew from the pointed tip of his shaft to hit me in the cheek. It was hot, but not burningly so, and I let out a little moan, realizing that, like him, I too was getting wet. I spread my legs, exposing my bare pussy to the floor so that even if I left remnants of my lust on the floor, it would not stain my reds. I felt the warm wet spreading across my inner legs, touching my thighs. I flowed, and I allowed myself another soft moan. I could hear him panting in rhythm with my strokes.

Fane's member was growing longer and bigger by the moment, and his hips humped the air relentlessly, desperately. I could see a round, lighter mound protruding from the sheath, the lump I had felt before. The rest of the shaft was waving in the air searching hopefully for a place to burry itself. I would give him that. I lowered my head, without thinking, and pushed the shaft into my mouth, closing my eyes and tasting the strange salty flavor of him. I felt him shift again, pressing up and forward hard, shuddering all through his body, but he didn't stop thrusting into the air and into my mouth. I put my tongue against the hot, warm tip, sucking hard, moving my head up and down to allow my lips to play over the smooth hard surface. It was delicious, perhaps tastier than human members and precum, and I worked harder, begging Fane in my mind to give me his seed, to let me taste it as well. I moaned into his fur, feeling the round swollen base pressing eagerly against my lips. I couldn't take it all, I knew that, but I took all I could till I could feel his pulse against the roof of my mouth, his flesh aching and bulging against the back of my throat with each thrust.

Then, all at once, without any sign, I felt hot liquid hit the back of my mouth. I let out a little cry of pleasure into his member and swallowed hard, drinking his seed down. It was thin, salty like his precum but more potent somehow. Not unpleasant. I took another gulp as it just kept coming, but some of it ran down my lip onto his stomach, maybe onto the floor. So much! No man had ever given me this much. And never so hot! I closed my eyes and swallowed and swallowed as much as I could as his member pulsed in my mouth. His humping motion slowed, and after a moment more, I felt him roll away to stand up. A bit of his cum leaked from my mouth to dribble down my chin, and I pressed a hand to my mouth, trying to keep his juices off of my reds.

The floor...shit. It was on the floor.

How did I know if dog cum stained things? The floor could be damaged! Inexcusable for a Factora to allow! I stood and swallowed the last mouthful of cum, checking my reds. No stains from me or from him, though I could feel a warm line of fluid down my inner leg from how turned on I had become. Still, the floor was my first priority, and I wiped my mouth clean with the back of my hand. I gave Fane a final glance. He was sitting, licking gingerly at his still engorged member, probably trying to calm it down. It made me smile a little in pride. I wondered if he'd ever felt that kind of pleasure before. But now, to my duties.

I closed the door gently behind me, sighing, and went downstairs to find a sponge I could soak in water. I turned towards the kitchen, but before I could do anything else, there was a scuffling at the front door. Then a click. The door swung open with a bang as it hit the wall behind it. I stared at the shadowy figure in the doorway, frightened, curious, and confused. Then, with a stumbling step, the

figure came into the light of the house.

Malin?

He was hurt, I could see it right off. A line of brown stretched from the left upper side of his lips to one cheek, and a yellowing spot next to one eye was already beginning to swell to shut the lids. His face was pale in some places, flushed in others, and his usually already messy hair was matted with sweat and maybe blood. He didn't walk right, like he was drunk. But I knew he wasn't. His eyes were too focused, too wild to be drunk. He'd been beat up, bad, but whatever had happened was done now, and I could see in his face he had concentrated for who knew how long (I was not sure how much time had passed) on just getting home. Just coming back alive.

I took a tentative step towards him, putting out one hand as if I was beckoning him in. He didn't seem to see me though, and just kept walking, looking straight ahead without really knowing where he was going.

"Master?" I asked him, my voice shaking and soft. He didn't blink, didn't hear me.

I went to him now, my arms out to catch him if he should fall. Who would do this to him? Why would someone do this to another human being? I reached and caught his arm. I could smell the sweat, the grime, the raw exertion of whatever act had taken place that night all over him. His jacket slipped down from one shoulder over my hand, but he still didn't seem to care. He just kept walking, leaving the door open. I pushed it shut, but even that bang didn't seem to get his attention. I shook his arm a little.

"Malin?"

At that, something in his face seemed to snap. It was as if his eyes flickered, came back into his body. He looked down at me bewildered, as if he had never seen me before or didn't recognize my face. I looked up at him and bit my lower lip, concerned, maybe even a little afraid. How hard had he been hit? Did he know where he was? I reached up to move a strand of hair out of his face, feeling his hot forehead, feverish. This was not the same man who had left the house. This was a new man, one I had never met before, and I felt his heat and energy there under my fingertips. I went to pull my hand away.

In a flash, his hand came up and caught my wrist. I gasped, startled, and flinched as his grip tightened against my skin like a vice. I looked at his dirty hand, then into his face, into his eyes. His green blue eyes that rocked like tides, saw me one minute, then didn't see me the next. I breathed in slowly from the intensity of that gaze, of that look of someone who is not quite all there inside his own hand. I did not know if he would strike me, crush my wrist, push me away...

Then he pulled my arm forward, clasping his other hand around the back of my neck, and kissed me.

My eyes shot open and some sound, of surprise, of desire, of fear, I don't know what, leapt into my throat. His mouth was wet, hungry as his lips opened, took in mine, closed. They were dry, cracked, and I tasted the iron of his blood on my tongue as it too licked at his mouth, found his tongue, his teeth, the passion waiting for me there. He crushed my body towards him, putting my hand against the back of his head where it entwined with his ragged hair. I felt his clothes through my reds, smelled his heat, and my eyes closed as I fell into his arms, felt his hands roam over me finding my back, my waist, my ass, my hips, my hair. Always pulling forward. Always into him. I did not moan, did not let myself. But I felt it heaving in my chest like an animal that wanted out.

Then my feet were not on the ground. His arm was around my shoulders, the other under the back of

my knees, and his kiss broke from me. I felt like I was floating as he lifted me against his chest. I could feel the rapidly beating heart, the rising and falling chest. And I watched his face as he looked away from me, and I knew his mind was already up the two flights of stairs into his bed. He didn't have to carry me. I would have come willingly. But I let my weight fall against his chest as he climbed the stairs, practically flying from step to step.

We were in his room then, and he didn't even set me down, didn't even hesitate. He was at his still made bed, placing me down against the soft goose-down comforter, searching for my mouth with his again. Finding it. I lay back, trying to get my reds off to keep them clean from his blood and grime. He helped me, and my reds fluttered to the floor like decorative tissue paper. I lay back, naked before him and then he did pause, looking at me, at my body rather than my face this time. I saw his eyes scan my small breasts, my bare pussy, my legs, my stomach, as if he was touching me, feeling me with his look. I smiled at him as he saw the glisten on my inner thigh, and I saw his expression change. He looked at my face then.

"Fray," was all he said.

Then he was on me.

His shirt, jacket, pants; they all came off under the help of both his and my hands. Then I saw his bare pale chest and saw the purple red marks across of ribs where he had been beaten them. I wanted to touch them, mend them, but I couldn't yet. Not yet. I had other duties now.

His skin stuck to mine from the sweat and desire as he moved above me, positioning. I parted my legs, rubbing my calves and feet up and down his hips, urging him onward, into me. He kissed me again, and as his tongue found my lips, I felt pressure at my opening. It swelled against me, wanting in, and with how wet I was there was no friction to stop it. Another push and he slipped into me.

I heard him groan feeling me from the inside, and I pushed my head back into the pillow and closed my eyes, taking it. He pushed deep, deeper, as deep as he could go till I felt the sharp pain of being entirely full. I gritted my teeth as he pulled back and thrust in again, just as hard as the first time, just as deep. There was no romance, no foreplay. He began to thrust hard and fast, wrapping his hand around my wrist on one side, supporting himself a little with the other, so he could get deeper. I found his rhythm, pushed up with him, and he groaned again, quickening his pace. It was so fast, so hard, that I couldn't help let out a gasp.

"You can make noise," he hissed as he continued to pump me. "It's ok."

That was all I needed to hear.

I tipped back my head and let out a low moan as he forced himself deep once again. I felt his grip on my wrist tighten and his thrusts come a little slower, but harder, more painfully.

"Malin," I moaned, crying out in pain and pleasure as he ravaged me.

I had wanted him so long, for days, scarcely touched him, and now I felt him pulsing within me, moving faster, then slower, varying his pace to make it last just a little longer. I felt his breaths hot and frantic against my neck and swaying breasts. I felt his skin as it created friction against my inner thighs and ass. I felt my juices flowing out onto him and heard the squish as he moved in and out of me. He was throbbing now, and I heard his breaths come louder. I too pressed up into him more violently, wrapping my legs around his waist and ass to pull him into me harder. I liked the pain he was giving me, how stretched I was by his girth. I arched my back into him, asking with my body for his seed.

I heard his breaths turn into soft groans as his rhythm faltered, changed, and I felt his time was growing near.

"Fray," he moaned, and I pulled him in hard with my legs, deep, so deep I felt the pain shooting up my spine and shoulders.

He pumped deep within me, and his head came back up away from me, and I heard a gasp as he emptied himself into me, every drop. His member pulsed as he gave another spurt, and I felt the hot liquid filling my deepest recesses till it ran out past his shaft onto the bed. His body held taut a moment, muscles shaking, and then he collapsed down onto me, moaning into my shoulder and shaking slightly all over. His body weight pressed down on me, heavy and shuddering, and I pressed him down further, making sure he knew he was not hurting me and could relax. His arms wrapped around my body, holding me close as I felt him growing slowly softer inside me. The breaths came slower, but rattling now, exhausted. I held a hand to the back of his head, stroking his hair, calming him.

And I smiled. I felt his seed inside me, his naked tired body draped over me, and I couldn't help but smile. It was one of the best I had ever had. Perhaps the very best, I couldn't be sure yet. But one thing I was sure of: I had satisfied my new master at last.

I heard through his gasping tired breaths a strange noise at the side of the bed. I looked over and there stood Fane, looking up at me. Perhaps he had heard his master and thought that he had been in pain. Perhaps he had smelled the unfamiliar scent of sex and it had lured him in. I couldn't be sure, but there he was watching us. His ears faced me, and his head cocked to one side slightly, questioning me. But his tail still wagged, still pleased and amused from events earlier that evening.

We stared at each other for a minute or two as I held his exhausted master on my body. Then, with a gentle smile, I winked at Fane and held a finger to my lips.

Hush Fane, I thought. Your master's turn today. Come find me tomorrow.