

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Emma's fingertips danced over the keyboard, sending a symphony of silent whispers through the darkened room. The digital glow from her computer screen cast eerie shadows across her youthful face, as she eagerly explored the labyrinthine world of online fetish forums. Her heart fluttered like a caged butterfly with every new thread she unravelled, each more tantalizing than the last. Her curiosity, once a mere spark, had grown into a wildfire that threatened to consume her, pushing her further down a rabbit hole of desire she had never dared to imagine. The clock on the wall ticked away the hours, unnoticed by her rapt gaze, as she devoured post after post, her cheeks flushing with every taboo topic that piqued her interest.

In the vast sea of anonymity, she stumbled upon a woman named Sarah. Her profile picture was a tasteful silhouette, a mature figure bathed in shadows, yet emanating an undeniable aura of experience and sophistication. Sarah's posts were like nothing Emma had ever read—full of wisdom and insight that spoke of a life lived to the fullest, with no stone left unturned in the quest for carnality's most sacred delights. The young girl couldn't resist reaching out, her innocence yearning for the guidance of an experienced hand to navigate the uncharted waters of her sexual awakening.

Sarah, sensing Emma's trepidation, responded with a warmth that was both comforting and electrifying. Her words flowed like honeyed whispers, soothing the young woman's fears and coaxing forth her deepest secrets. She spoke of the beauty in the art of submission, the power in yielding control, and the transcendence that awaited those who dared to embrace their desires. Through a delicate dance of digital dialogue, Sarah helped Emma to understand that fear and excitement could be two sides of the same coin, each fuelling the other in a passionate symphony of the soul.

The anticipation grew palpable as the two arranged to meet at the local Costa Coffee. The café's warm, inviting aroma filled Emma's nose as she stepped through the door, her heart hammering like a drum in her chest. She scanned the room, her eyes searching for the mysterious silhouette she had come to know so intimately in the digital realm. Each lady that entered was met with a hopeful glance, her breath catching in her throat as she wondered if it was Sarah. The clack of coffee cups and the murmur of hushed conversations grew into a crescendo of excitement and nervousness. Her body felt like it was on the cusp of a new chapter, a chapter she had been yearning to explore with trembling eagerness.

And then, she saw her.

Sarah glided in, her movements as graceful as a panther's. Her eyes met Emma's and held them in a fierce yet gentle gaze. The young woman's breath hitched as she took in the vision before her. Sarah was not what she had expected, yet she was everything she had hoped for—and more. She had a mature beauty that was at once elegant and alluring, with a knowing smile that spoke of a world of passion and experience just waiting to be unlocked. Her hair, a cascade of raven waves, framed her high cheekbones and piercing emerald eyes, which seemed to dance with a hint of mischief. She was dressed in a simple, yet alluring black dress that clung to her curves in a way that whispered of hidden promises.

As Sarah approached, Emma felt a strange mix of excitement and trepidation. She had never met anyone like her, someone who could so effortlessly blend the allure of a siren with the warmth of a motherly confidant. When she finally reached her, Emma's legs felt like jelly, and she could barely manage to stand. Sarah noticed her trembling and, with a gentle smile, she offered a comforting

embrace.

They found a secluded booth in the back corner of the café, the dim light playing across their faces as they sat opposite one another. For nearly an hour, they talked, the conversational dance as delicate as it was fiery. Emma stumbled over her words at first, her shyness a stark contrast to the boldness of her online persona. But with each question Sarah asked, each gentle prod into the depths of her desires, Emma felt the floodgates of her inhibition slowly begin to crack open. She spoke of her curiosity about bondage, the way the thought of being bound made her pulse race and her core clench with anticipation. She whispered about her dreams of serving a dominant woman, feeling the thrill of her will being bent to another's pleasure.

Sarah listened intently, her eyes never leaving Emma's, the warmth of her gaze a beacon guiding the young woman through the fog of her doubt. "You know what you want," she said softly, her voice a velvet caress that seemed to resonate within Emma's very soul. "You want to be taken home, don't you, Emma?"

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## **Part Two**

Without waiting for a reply, Sarah took hold of Emma's arm firmly yet gently, her grip a silent promise of the strength that lay beneath her graceful exterior. She guided the trembling young woman through the maze of tables and chattering patrons, her stride confident and commanding. The feel of Sarah's hand on her skin sent a thrill through Emma, a delicious shiver that made her knees wobble and her breath hitch in her throat. The reality of the situation was setting in—she was going with this stranger to an unknown place, to explore the darkest recesses of her desires.

They stepped out into the sticky embrace of the summer evening, the air thick with the scent of blooming flowers and the distant hum of the city's pulse. The car park was dimly lit, the shadows playing across the pavement like the strokes of a painter's brush on a canvas. Sarah's car was a sleek, black beast, its windows tinted and reflecting the flickering lights of the café's neon sign. She opened the passenger door with a flourish, her smile a seductive curve that made Emma's heart stutter in her chest.

"Before we go anywhere," Sarah purred, her eyes gleaming with the excitement of a cat stalking its prey, "I want you to do something for me."

Emma's heart skipped a beat, her body thrumming with anticipation. She nodded, eager to prove her willingness to submit to this woman she had come to trust so deeply. Sarah leaned in, her breath hot against Emma's ear, and whispered her command: "Take off your bra and knickers. Right here, right now."

The words hung in the air, a seductive challenge that Emma's body responded to with a fierce jolt of desire. Her trembling fingers reached behind her back, fumbling with the clasp of her bra. The cool evening breeze kissed her bare skin as it fell away, revealing the soft mounds of her breasts, already tipped with tight peaks of arousal beneath the thin fabric of her summer dress. Next, her trembling hands slid beneath the hem of her dress, her cheeks burning with a mix of embarrassment and excitement as she hooked her thumbs into the elastic waistband of her knickers. The fabric whispered against her skin as she slid it down her legs, the fabric catching briefly on the dampness that had gathered between her thighs.

With a shy nod, Emma stepped out of her discarded underwear, the fabric pooling around her sandaled feet like a puddle of secrets spilled onto the concrete. The act of undressing in such a

public place, with the thrill of being watched by unseen eyes, sent a fresh wave of heat coursing through her veins. She felt utterly exposed yet oddly empowered, her inhibitions dissolving like sugar in Sarah's potent presence. As she bent down to pick up her bra and panties, Sarah's hand shot out, stopping her with a gentle but firm touch. "Leave them," she ordered, the command in her voice leaving no room for argument.

Emma straightened up, the fabric of her dress brushing against her bare skin like a lover's caress. Sarah's gaze never left hers, the unspoken message clear: she was now fully under this woman's control. The excitement grew into an intoxicating cocktail of fear and arousal as she watched Sarah saunter to the back of the car. With a flick of her wrist, the boot popped open, revealing a space that had been meticulously prepared for this moment. Inside lay a plush red blanket, a hint of leather, and a glint of metal that made Emma's pulse race even faster.

"Puppy girl," Sarah said, her tone a mix of affection and authority that sent a shiver down Emma's spine, "you're going to get in the boot."

Emma's eyes widened, the reality of the situation crashing over her like a wave of icy water. But instead of retreating from the cold, she felt her body respond with a thrill that was both exhilarating and terrifying. Her legs felt like they were made of jelly, but she obeyed, stepping closer to the open boot. The smell of leather and the faint scent of Sarah's perfume wafted from within, beckoning her into a world of uncharted desires.

"But...but why?" Emma stuttered, her voice trembling with a mix of excitement and uncertainty.

"Because," Sarah replied, her eyes twinkling with mischief, "a good puppy girl should always be prepared to submit."

With a graceful gesture, she plucked a collar from the array of toys laid out in the boot. The leather was soft and supple, the silver padlock gleaming in the moonlight. She approached Emma, the collar dangling from her fingertips like a forbidden fruit, and Emma's breath hitched at the sight of it. The weight of the metal was surprising, a stark contrast to the delicate chain she had imagined in her fantasies. The collar was a symbol of her surrender, a physical manifestation of the leash she had willingly offered to this enigmatic woman.

"Kneel," Sarah instructed, her voice low and commanding. The word was like a spell, dropping Emma to her knees with the grace of a well-trained servant. The asphalt was cold and rough, but she barely registered it, her focus solely on the woman before her. Sarah stepped closer, the collar now resting against Emma's bare throat, the leather warm from her touch. The padlock clicked open with a sound that seemed to echo through the night, and Emma felt a rush of adrenaline as the collar was fastened around her neck. The leather was snug, but not uncomfortable, and the cold metal of the lock sent a shiver down her spine as it clicked into place.

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Part Three

With the collar secure, Sarah took hold of the leather leash attached to it, gently but firmly guiding Emma towards the open boot. "Crawl," she said, her eyes gleaming with excitement. The order was a gentle push, urging Emma to let go of the last vestiges of her inhibitions. She obeyed, her knees and hands moving in unison as she approached the waiting space. The leather felt rough and thrilling against her skin as she crawled closer, the world around her narrowing to the point where all she could see was the red blanket and the gleaming metal of the boot's interior.

As she reached the edge, Sarah's hand tightened on the leash, halting her progress. "Look at me, puppy," she demanded, her voice a siren's call that sent a bolt of electricity through Emma's body. She obeyed, her eyes meeting Sarah's, which burned with a fiery intensity that seemed to see straight to her soul. "You're going to be my good little slut tonight, aren't you?"

Emma nodded, her mouth dry with a mix of fear and desire. "Yes, Mistress," she murmured, the word slipping from her lips with surprising ease, as if it had always belonged there.

With a firm tug on the leash, Sarah guided her into the boot. The leather of the collar grew taut as she crawled in, her heart hammering against her ribs like a drummer in a frenetic crescendo. The space was smaller than she had imagined, but it felt like a cocoon of sensuality, a womb of want where she could shed the last remnants of her innocence and emerge a creature of passion. The red blanket cushioned her knees as she folded herself in, her bare ass cheeks pressing against the cold metal beneath. The smell of leather and the faint scent of Sarah's perfume grew stronger, wrapping around her like a lover's arms.

Before closing the boot, Sarah bent down, her emerald eyes searching Emma's face for any sign of regret. "Hand over your phone and purse," she said, her voice a gentle yet commanding purr. Emma's cheeks flushed, but she obeyed without hesitation, extending her trembling hand with the items in a silent offering. Sarah took them with a smile, the thrill of power pulsing through her as she slipped them into her own bag. "Good girl," she murmured, the words a warm caress that sent a shiver of excitement through Emma's body. With one last lingering look, she closed the boot, the sound echoing through the night like the final click of a lock sealing her fate.

The car's engine roared to life, the vibrations resonating through the metal and into Emma's very bones. She felt the tug of the leash as the car began to move, the leather collar around her neck a constant reminder of her new role. She was no longer a shy, inexperienced girl—she was a plaything, a creature of desire ready to be moulded and explored. The world outside the tinted windows grew into a blur of lights and sounds, the rhythm of the car's movements lulling her into a trance-like state of anticipation. She had no idea where she was being taken, but she knew that she was in safe hands—hands that would both comfort and challenge her, guiding her through this newfound journey of erotic enlightenment.

With every turn of the wheel, Emma felt her excitement build. The leather of the collar was a warm, constant pressure, a silent promise of what was to come. Her mind raced with images of bondage and submission, her body growing wetter with every passing moment. The smell of leather and metal melded with the scent of gasoline and the faint hint of Sarah's perfume, creating an intoxicating cocktail that made her head swim. She was lost in a haze of sensation, her thoughts consumed by the thrill of the unknown and the delicious fear of the unexplored. The car's interior was hot and stuffy, the air thick with the scent of desire, and Emma found herself panting softly as she struggled to catch her breath.

As the car finally came to a halt, Emma felt a jolt of anticipation. The engine ticked as it cooled, the only sound piercing the velvet silence of the rural night. Sarah opened the boot with a soft click, the lid rising like the lid of a treasure chest revealing its illicit treasure. The night sky above was a vast expanse of inky blackness, studded with stars that shone with an intensity she had never seen before. The lack of streetlights meant that the stars looked like a million diamond chips scattered across velvet, their twinkling brilliance undimmed by the interference of civilization. The air was cool and crisp, carrying with it the scent of freshly turned earth and the faint rustle of leaves in the breeze. The farmhouse loomed in the distance, a solitary bastion of light in the sea of darkness, a beacon of promise and potential pleasure.

Sarah's hand slipped into the boot, her grip firm but not painful as she took hold of the leash attached to Emma's collar. With a gentle yet insistent tug, she guided her pup out of the confined space, the leather trailing over her bare skin like a lover's fingertips. Emma's knees wobbled slightly as she emerged, her legs unaccustomed to the sudden freedom after being bent for so long. She was acutely aware of her nakedness beneath the flimsy dress, the fabric clinging to her dampened folds and the cool evening air kissing her exposed flesh.

As they approached the farmhouse, the anticipation grew to a fever pitch. The moon cast a silvery glow over the surrounding fields, the tall grasses whispering secrets in the gentle breeze. The house was an old stone building, its ivy-covered walls hinting at a storied past, windows like gleaming eyes peering into the night. The door was painted a rich, sultry red, beckoning them forth with the promise of forbidden delights.

Emma, her voice shaky with excitement, started to speak, "Sarah, what will happen when we get inside?" The words barely left her lips before a firm, stinging slap echoed through the quiet night, the sound as sharp as a crack of a whip. She gasped, her cheek burning with the sudden pain, eyes watering. Sarah's gaze was a tempest of passion and discipline.

"You only speak when you're told to," she corrected, her voice a whip-crack of authority. "And when you do, you address me as Mistress." The sting of the slap was a stark reminder of her place—submissive, obedient, eager to serve. It sent a thrill through her that was almost as potent as the pain itself, a jolt of electricity straight to her core. She nodded, her eyes wide with understanding.

The walk to the farmhouse was a dance of power, each step a silent pledge of her surrender. When they reached the door, Sarah paused, her eyes scanning Emma's trembling form. "Before we go in, I want you naked," she ordered, her voice low and seductive.

Emma's heart pounded in her chest, but she nodded, her hands fumbling with the buttons of her dress. The fabric clung to her skin, damp with the sweat of her excitement. Her tremors grew more pronounced as she struggled to obey, her mind racing with the implications of her complete exposure. But she was too slow for Sarah's tastes. With a growl of impatience, Sarah stepped closer, her hands moving with a speed and strength that belied her grace. The dress tore away, the fabric giving way to reveal the soft, pale flesh beneath. The sound of the tearing seemed to echo through the stillness of the night, a declaration of intent that left Emma gasping for air.

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## **Part Four**

With a firm hand, Sarah pushed Emma to the floor, down to her hands and knees on the dewy grass. The coolness of the earth seeped through her skin, a stark contrast to the heat of her burning desire. The ground was wet, the moisture soaking into her knees and palms, but she didn't care. All she could focus on was the feeling of the leather collar tightening around her neck, the leash held taut in her new mistress's grip. The grass was cool and slightly rough, a natural caress that heightened her senses as she stared ahead, her breath coming in short, ragged gasps. The scent of the earth filled her nostrils, mingling with the heady aroma of her own arousal. She felt utterly exposed, a canvas of vulnerability laid bare before the woman who now owned her every thought and movement.

Sarah took a moment to appreciate the view, her eyes devouring the sight of Emma's naked form. She ran her hand down the girl's back, tracing the line of her spine to the swell of her rounded buttocks. The skin was smooth, unblemished by the harsh realities of the world, a testament to her

innocence. But that innocence was about to be shattered, transformed into a fiery passion that would leave her craving more. With a gentle squeeze of her plump cheeks, Sarah's hand continued its journey, her fingertips sliding over the slickness of Emma's pussy. The girl's body quivered, a silent plea for more, for the touch she had been dreaming of for so long.

The anticipation was palpable as Sarah's middle finger hovered above Emma's glistening folds. The young woman's hips rolled slightly, silently begging for contact. With a knowing smile, Sarah obliged, pressing her digit against the warm, wet opening of her pupil's sex. The sensation of skin against skin was electric, sending a bolt of pleasure through her own body as she felt the tightness of Emma's entrance. With a slow, deliberate movement, she pushed her finger inside, watching as the girl's eyes rolled back in her head and a soft moan of pleasure slipped from her lips.

"Ah, so tight," she murmured, her voice thick with lust. "Your new lovers will really enjoy this, puppy. You're going to feel so full, so stretched, so utterly used."

Emma could only whimper in response, her body a taut bow of need. The thought of being shared, being used by others under Sarah's watchful eye, was both terrifying and exhilarating. She felt a gush of wetness at the thought, her pussy clenching around the intruding digit.

As the digit retreated, Emma felt the loss keenly. Her hips bucked, trying to follow, to keep the contact, but Sarah was merciless. "You'll come when I say you can," she murmured, her voice a dark promise. "For now, you're going to walk to the house, leash in hand, and show everyone what a good little slut you are."

With a jerk on the leash, they set off, the metal tags on the collar chiming softly with each step. The house grew closer, the dogs' barking growing louder. The sound sent a fresh thrill through Emma's body—what kind of kinky gathering awaited her? Would she be used by them? The thought had her soaking wet, her legs trembling with every movement as she crawled over the wet grass towards that door.

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Part Five

The door was flung open and Emma looked up, her eyes wide with anticipation. But what she saw inside was not what she had expected. The house was not bustling with activity, not a soul was in sight. It was almost eerily quiet, except for the occasional creak of old wood and the sound of the dog barking in another room. The walls were bare, the furniture sparse and threadbare. It was as if the house had been abandoned for years, a stark contrast to the pristine and well-kept exterior that had beckoned them.

But in the middle of the room, like a beacon in the desert, stood the padded leather bench with the straps at either end. The room was dimly lit, the only light coming from a single flickering candle casting dancing shadows across the cold, stone floor. The bench looked like a throne of debauchery, a place where countless souls had been initiated into the dark arts of pleasure and pain. It was a place where desires were laid bare, where inhibitions were shackled and thrown aside like so much useless baggage.

Emma's gaze was drawn to it like a moth to a flame. The leather was a deep, rich brown, worn smooth by the countless bodies that had been strapped to it. The smell of leather and wax polish filled the air, a heady aroma that seemed to thicken the very air around them. She could almost feel the coolness of the leather against her skin, the way the straps would bite into her flesh, holding her in place as Sarah explored every inch of her body.

But as the reality of the situation settled in, a cold dread began to unfurl in her stomach. Her heart hammered against her ribs like a caged animal desperate for escape. The house was eerie, the quiet unsettling. Her eyes darted around the room, seeking any sign of life, any hint of what was to come. The anticipation that had been a thrilling rush now felt like a noose tightening around her neck, threatening to cut off her air.

Emma tried to stand, her legs wobbling beneath her. "I...I can't do this," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the hammering in her chest. She reached for the leash, her hands trembling. "Please, let me go."

But Sarah's eyes had hardened, the playful glint replaced by a fierce determination. "You will," she said, her voice like a whip crack in the silence. "You wanted this, Emma. You begged for it."

Without another word, she strode over to the door, her heels clicking on the hardwood floor. As she reached for the handle, her eyes fell upon the riding crop that leaned against the frame—a tool of discipline and pleasure, a symbol of her dominance. The sight of it made her blood run hot, and she couldn't resist the urge to claim her pupil in the most primal of ways. With a swift motion, she snatched it up, feeling the leather strap come to life in her grip. The crop was long and slender, the tip curving into a wicked hook that promised exquisite agony and mind-bending pleasure.

Turning back to Emma, she saw the girl's eyes widen in a mix of fear and excitement. She knew the power she held in her hand, knew the delicious dance of pain and pleasure that awaited them both. "You will," she repeated firmly, the crop now trailing along the floor like a serpent seeking its prey. "And you will do it beautifully."

With a swiftness that belied her elegant demeanor, Sarah closed the distance between them, the crop slicing through the air with a whistle that made Emma's pulse spike. Before she could react, the leather met her bare skin with a resounding smack. The pain was sharp, a sudden bloom of heat that seemed to illuminate every nerve ending. She gasped, her eyes watering, but instead of retreating, she felt her body lean into the sensation, craving more. The blow had landed on the fleshiest part of her bottom, leaving a red welt that grew more pronounced by the second. The sound of the crop meeting her flesh echoed through the empty house, a declaration of intent that seemed to shake the very foundations of the room.

The second strike followed swiftly, the leather biting into her tender flesh, leaving a trail of fire in its wake. This time, Emma couldn't hold back the cry, her voice a keening wail that seemed to shatter the silence. Yet, with each tear that fell, she found herself moving closer to the bench, as if drawn by an invisible force. The pain was exquisite, a symphony of sensation that both terrified and thrilled her. She felt the warmth of the tears on her cheeks, the saltiness of her own fear mingling with the sweetness of her arousal. Her knees smarting from crawling on the rough bare wood floor.

Emma climbed onto the bench with trembling limbs, her breath coming in short, sharp gasps. The leather was cool against her flushed skin, a stark contrast to the heat that now consumed her body. She lay face down along it, her cheek pressed into the cushioning, her eyes squeezed shut. The leather was smooth and supple, molding to her form like a second skin. Her breasts were crushed against the hard surface, her nipples pebbled with desire. The leather was a lover's caress, a promise of the delights that awaited her. She felt the leather of the collar against her throat, a constant reminder of her submission.

Sarah was a blur of motion, her hands deftly securing the leather straps at one end of the bench around Emma's wrists. The sound of the buckles clicking into place was like the tolling of a bell, marking the beginning of a new phase of their journey. The leather was snug, but not painfully so,

the straps biting into her flesh just enough to remind her of her bondage. With her wrists secured, she was utterly at Sarah's mercy, unable to move or resist. The feeling was terrifying, yet it sent a jolt of pure, unbridled desire straight to her clit, making it pulse with anticipation.

Emma felt Sarah's hands on her ankles, her grip firm yet gentle as she guided her into position. The world spun around her, the leather of the bench cool against her back as she was pulled towards the edge. The sensation of gravity's pull was exhilarating, a reminder that she was utterly exposed and vulnerable to whatever her mistress had in store for her. With a final, decisive tug, her waist hovered over the edge, her legs dangling in mid-air. The coolness of the room kissed her inner thighs, sending a shiver through her body.

Sarah's movements grew more deliberate as she secured the upper half of Emma's legs to the legs of the bench, the leather straps wrapping around her thighs like serpents coiling around their prey. The tension grew with each tightened buckle, her legs held wide open in an obscene display of submission. The leather was tight, biting into her flesh just enough to remind her of her bondage, yet it was the anticipation that truly bound her, a silent scream trapped within her throat. She could feel the cool air of the room teasing her exposed sex, the delicate folds of her pussy begging for attention.

With a flick of her wrist, Sarah produced the spreader bar from the shadows. The metal glinted in the candlelight, a tool that would force Emma's ankles apart and hold them firmly in place. The young girl's eyes went wide as she took in the cold, unyielding length of it, the leather cuffs at either end like the jaws of a beast waiting to devour her. The anticipation was agonizing, a delicious torment that had her squirming on the bench.

Sarah approached with the spreader, her movements deliberate and predatory. "Open up for me, puppy," she whispered, her voice a dark promise of the pleasure that lay ahead. The cool metal of the bar pressed against the softness of Emma's inner thighs, the leather cuffs whispering against her skin as they were fastened around her ankles. She gasped as the bar was pushed wider, the stretch sending a fresh wave of excitement through her. The feeling of being so utterly exposed was intoxicating, her mind reeling with the realization that she was now bound and open to whatever her mistress desired.

With a final click, the bar was in place, holding her legs wide open. The leather strap was drawn around her waist, cinching tight as it was secured to the opposite side of the bench. The thick band of leather dug into her flesh, reminding her of the powerful bond that now held her in place. The metal buckle clicked into place with a finality that sent a shiver down her spine. She was now completely immobilized, her body laid out like an offering to the gods of pleasure and pain.

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## **Part Six**

Sarah took a step back, her eyes raking over Emma's exposed form with a hunger that was both fierce and possessive. The girl's skin was flushed with arousal, her breasts heaving with every ragged breath she took. The crop in her hand trailed across the floor like a serpent seeking its next victim. "Look at you," she murmured, her voice a dark purr that seemed to resonate through the very air. "So pretty, so helpless. I can't wait to watch you being used."

With a flick of her wrist, the crop snapped through the air, landing on the soft flesh of Emma's thigh with a sharp crack. The girl's body jerked, a strangled cry escaping her lips. The pain was a sudden, sharp sting that made her eyes water, but it was the pleasure that followed that truly shocked her.

Her pussy clenched around nothing, desperate for something to fill the emptiness, anything to satisfy the ache that had been building within her for so long. The crop was a teasing promise, a whisper of the agony and ecstasy that was to come.

Sarah leaned in, her breath hot against Emma's ear. "You know the plan was to take you home in a few hours," she purred, her voice thick with desire. "But that isn't going to happen now, is it, puppy?"

Emma's heart raced as she felt the leather of the crop trace a path along the curve of her spine. "What do you mean?" she stuttered, the panic rising in her voice.

"You're going to spend the night here, my little slut," Sarah said, her voice a velvet promise. "You need to think of a good reason you will be out all night, you can then call mum and tell her."

Emma's eyes shot open in panic, the reality of her situation crashing down upon her like a ton of bricks. "Please, Mistress, no," she begged, her voice trembling with fear. "I can't lie to her, she'll know something's wrong."

Sarah's expression grew stern, her eyes flashing with a hint of displeasure. "You will do as you're told," she said, her voice a whip crack of authority. "Your desires are mine to command, and if I say you're going to stay, you will stay."

Emma's breath hitched, her body trembling with a mix of fear and excitement. "But, Mistress, I've never...I mean, I've never done anything like this before," she protested weakly, her voice trailing off into a whimper.

Sarah's gaze grew even more intense, the crop coming to rest on the curve of Emma's bare bottom. "That's exactly why you need to stay," she said, her voice low and firm. "You need to learn the true meaning of submission, to understand that your desires are no longer your own."

Emma's eyes searched Sarah's, seeking some semblance of understanding, but all she found was the unyielding resolve of a woman who knew exactly what she wanted. "But, Mistress, I'm scared," she whispered, her voice barely audible over the pounding of her own heart.

Sarah's response was a low, throaty chuckle that seemed to echo through the very walls of the house. "Good," she said, her eyes gleaming with satisfaction. "Fear is the spice that makes the sweetest dishes all the more delectable." The crop caressed the back of Emma's thigh, a gentle reminder of the power dynamic that now governed their interaction. "Your fear makes me wet," she murmured, her voice dripping with hunger. "It tells me how much you want this, how much you need it."

With a final, almost affectionate pat on the rump, Sarah stepped back, her eyes never leaving Emma's bound form. "You have five minutes to think of a good reason for your mum," she said, her tone brooking no argument. "And if you're a good little slut, I might just let you call her."

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Part Seven

Emma's mind raced as Sarah stepped out of the room, the echo of the door closing behind her like the slamming of a prison cell. Her thoughts swirled like a tornado, a mix of fear, excitement, and a deep-seated need to submit. Her body was a symphony of sensation, each nerve ending alive and singing with anticipation. She could feel the wetness pooling between her legs, the sticky warmth of

her desire coating the leather beneath her.

As the moments ticked by, the silence grew heavier, pressing down on her like a physical weight. She knew what she had to do, knew the price of her newfound obedience. She knew she had no option to not obey Sarah now, there was no turning back.

Sarah returned and held out Emma's phone in front of her trembling face, and Emma's eyes locked onto the screen. The phone clicked as the face recognition unlocked it, the sound seemed to echo through the cavernous room. Sarah's thumb deftly danced across the screen, navigating to the location settings. With a flick of her finger, she toggled the feature off, her eyes never leaving Emma's. "We don't want anyone knowing where you are, do we?" she said, her voice a seductive purr that seemed to resonate within the very marrow of Emma's bones.

The young woman's eyes widened with understanding, the implication of her newfound captivity hitting her like a sledgehammer. She knew she was in too deep, that the sweet embrace of submission had turned into a cage of leather and steel. Yet, even as the panic began to set in, she couldn't deny the thrill that surged through her, the excitement of being truly owned.

Sarah's thumb hovered over the screen, her eyes gleaming with a mix of amusement and anticipation. "You know what to do," she murmured, her voice a siren's call that seemed to echo in the quiet room. "Call your mum, tell her you're staying at a friend's."

Emma nodded jerkily, her eyes never leaving the phone. She took a deep breath, trying to steady her voice as she told Siri to call her mum. The ringing seemed to stretch on forever, each tone a tiny dagger in her heart. When her mum finally answered, the sound of her voice was like a lifeline thrown into the abyss. "Mum," she began, her voice shaky, "I've had the most amazing time with a friend. We're going to stay up all night, watching movies and just...having fun."

Her mum's voice was a balm to her nerves, a gentle inquiry about who the friend was, if she was safe. "It's a new friend," Emma said, trying to sound nonchalant. "Her name's Sarah." The lie felt thick on her tongue, but she forced it out, knowing that the truth would shatter the illusion of safety she had constructed for herself. "Yeah, I'll be fine, Mum. We're just going to chill."

The conversation was stilted, her mum's concern palpable even through the phone's speaker. But Emma managed to keep her voice light, to laugh at the right moments, to sound like the carefree teenager she had been before she stepped into this shadowy world of desire. "Love you too," she said, trying to infuse her words with the sincerity she felt for her mother. "I'll call you in the morning, promise."

As the call ended, Sarah clicked the hang up button and turned off the phone with a decisive movement. The room grew quieter still, the only sounds the steady tick of the clock and the harsh panting of Emma's breath.

"Now, Emma," she said, her voice a smooth, velvet promise in the candlelit darkness, "it's time to meet your breeding partners for the night."

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## **Part Eight**

The door creaked open, and Sarah stepped back in, a golden Labrador trotting obediently beside her, a leash in her hand. The sight was so unexpected, so jarring against the backdrop of leather and metal, that Emma couldn't help but let out a squeak of surprise. The dog's eyes, however, remained

fixed on her, a hunger that mirrored Sarah's own, gleaming in their depths. The creature was beautiful, its fur a lush, inviting caress that seemed almost too soft to be real.

With a knowing smile, Sarah attached the leash to a metal ring bolted to the wall, directly behind where Emma was bound. The dog, sensing its purpose, took a step forward, its nose twitching as it caught the scent of her arousal. The leash was just long enough to allow the animal to sniff, to taste the sweetness of her desire, but not long enough to touch her with anything other than its velvety snout. The anticipation was maddening, a delicious torment that had her writhing against her bonds, her pussy quivering with need.

The Labrador's tongue, rough and wet, trailed up the inside of her thigh, sending a jolt of pleasure through her. It paused briefly at her knee before continuing its slow, deliberate ascent. Each pass of the tongue was a silent question, a gentle prodding that made Emma's body scream for more. She watched, her eyes wide with a mix of fear and excitement, as the dog's muzzle approached the apex of her thighs. The warmth of its breath washed over her, a sensation that seemed to beckon her closer to the edge of oblivion.

As the dog's sniffing grew more intense, Sarah moved around to face her, her gaze locked onto Emma's. The emerald pools of her eyes seemed to hold a world of secrets and promises, a silent challenge that Emma couldn't resist. Her own eyes searched for some sign of compassion, some glimmer of understanding in the depths of that green abyss. Instead, she found only hunger, a hunger that mirrored the beast's.

"Emma, my little dog slut," Sarah began, her voice a low purr that seemed to vibrate through the very air, "tonight is going to be quite the education for you." The crop in her hand tapped against her thigh, a staccato beat that matched the tempo of Emma's racing heart. "You see, I have four beautiful companions for you to meet. Each one has been trained to bring you untold pleasure, to show you the true depths of your desires."

The golden Labrador's tongue continued its exploration, tracing the delicate line where her thigh met her pussy, the wetness spreading like a warm embrace. The feel of the dog's tongue was a revelation, a sensation that was at once foreign and intoxicatingly erotic. Emma couldn't believe she was here, couldn't believe she had allowed herself to be bound and exposed to the whims of a woman and her pets. Yet, as the lab's tongue dipped closer to her clit, her body arched, a silent plea for more.

Sarah's eyes gleamed with triumph as she watched the transformation before her. The shy, inexperienced girl she had met in the café had been replaced by a writhing mass of desire, her inhibitions shattered like fine China under a heavy boot. She took a moment to appreciate the sight before speaking, her voice a soft whisper that seemed to resonate through the very fabric of the room. "You're doing so well, puppy," she cooed, the gentle praise sending a fresh wave of arousal through Emma's body. "But I'm afraid the real fun is just beginning."

With a flourish, she pulled back the velvet curtains that adorned the windows, revealing the inky blackness of the night beyond. The moon hung low in the sky, a sliver of silver that cast just enough light to illuminate the vast, sprawling property. "You see that?" she asked, pointing towards the horizon. "The house is more than a mile from the road, and there's nothing but fields and woods for another four miles. No neighbours, no prying eyes, no one to hear your sweet little cries for help."

Emma's eyes grew wide with a mix of fear and excitement. The thought of being so utterly alone, so completely at Sarah's mercy, sent a delicious shiver down her spine. She felt a warm gush of wetness between her legs, the anticipation of what was to come making her pussy throb with need.

Sarah noticed the change in Emma's demeanour, her pupils dilating with lust, her breaths coming in short, shallow gasps. "Good girl," she murmured, her voice a sweet symphony of praise and command. "Now, let's see if you can handle what's next." she unhooked the leash to let the Labrador free.

The dog took the invitation eagerly, moving forward towards Emma, its tail wagging with excitement. Its warm tongue touched her sex, and she gasped, her hips bucking involuntarily. The sensation was unlike anything she had ever felt, the wetness of the animal's mouth mingling with her own juices, creating a symphony of sensation that made her entire body quiver.

As the Labrador began to lick in earnest, Sarah's own arousal grew. She could feel her nipples straining against the fabric of her dress, begging for release. Her hand snaked up to her chest, and she gripped her breasts, her thumbs flicking over her stiff peaks. The fabric grew wet with her desire, the sound of her own need mingling with the slurps and whimpers filling the air. "I hope you scream," she said, her voice thick with lust, "I want to hear you let go, to know that you're truly experiencing the depths of your submission."

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Part Nine

The dog's tongue grew bolder, its attentions no longer confined to the gentle teasing of her folds. It lapped at her clit, the roughness of its tongue sending shockwaves of pleasure through her body. The sensation was so intense, so overwhelming, that Emma's eyes rolled back in her head, and she let out a low, keening moan. Her body tensed, her muscles tightening like a bowstring about to be released. She could feel the orgasm building, a crescendo that threatened to shatter her into a million pieces.

And then, without warning, the dog jumped, its powerful legs propelling it upwards. It wrapped its paws around her waist, its claws digging into her soft skin, red trails left crossing her milky flesh. The pain was a stark contrast to the pleasure, a bolt of lightning that pierced through the fog of her desire. Emma gasped, her eyes flying open as she felt the hot sharp stabbing as the dog tried to burry his dripping cock inside her, and she bucked wildly, trying to free herself from the animal's grasp, but dog dog just gripped more firmly and kept trying to find his target.

Sarah watched with rapt fascination, her own breaths coming quicker as she took in the sight of her newest plaything. "Easy, boy," she murmured, stroking the dog's back, she reached under the dog and helped him find his target.

With a triumphant whine, the Labrador managed to thrust his cock inside Emma's tight cunt. The sound of his hips slapping against her thighs filled the room, a primal rhythm that seemed to shake the very foundations of the house. She felt herself stretching around the thick shaft, her body opening up to the intrusion with a mix of pain and pleasure that was almost too much to bear. Each thrust was a battle cry, a declaration of war on the last bastions of her innocence.

Emma's screams echoed through the chamber, a mix of shock and ecstasy that seemed to drive the animal on. His cock slid in and out of her with a wet, sloppy sound that was obscene in its intensity. She could feel the heat of his fur against her skin, the slickness of his cock coating her thighs, and the sting of his claws digging into her flesh. Yet, amidst the chaos, she found a strange solace in her submission, a sense of belonging that washed over her like a warm wave.

Her eyes locked onto Sarah's, the woman's own desire a mirror to the storm that was brewing within

her. The sight of the dog fucking her, the raw, primal need in its eyes, was a stark reminder of what she had become: a creature of lust, a plaything for her Mistress's amusement. The realization sent another spike of pleasure through her, and she moaned, her body arching back, offering herself fully to the animal's relentless onslaught.

Sarah leaned in, her breath hot against Emma's ear. "This is just the smallest of the dogs I have for you tonight," she whispered, her words a dark promise that sent a tremor through the bound girl's body. "But don't worry, puppy. You'll learn to love each one, no matter how much they fill you."

Emma could feel the dog's knot swelling, pushing insistently at the entrance to her cunt. It was a strange, unyielding presence, a bulbous intrusion that she had read about but never imagined feeling. The pain grew, a crescendo that seemed to stretch her to her very limits. Yet, with each pulse of agony, she felt a corresponding spike of pleasure, a thrilling rush that had her panting and moaning like a creature of the night.

As the knot began to expand within her, she felt the leather straps around her wrists and thighs tighten, the leather biting into her skin as she tried to move. The pain was a symphony of sensation, a cacophony of pleasure and torment that played across her nerve endings like the strings of a master violinist's instrument. The dog's knot grew, filling her completely, and she could feel the tension in the air as it swelled, threatening to overwhelm her.

The moment the knot locked into place was like nothing she had ever experienced. The pressure was intense, a deep, full sensation that seemed to radiate out from her core, sending waves of pleasure crashing through her body. The dog's hot cum spurted deep within her, filling her pussy with a warm, sticky fluid that seemed to meld with her own juices in a primal dance of lust. Her eyes rolled back in her head, and she let out a guttural moan, her body convulsing with the force of the orgasm that washed over her.

Sarah watched the scene unfold with a ravenous hunger, her eyes never leaving the union of girl and beast. She couldn't help but stroke her own pussy, the sight of Emma's submission pushing her own arousal to new heights. "Good girl," she murmured, the words a sweet, seductive melody that seemed to float through the air. "Take it all, my little slut."

The Labrador's cock pulsed and twitched within Emma's tight cunt, each spurt of cum sending a fresh wave of pleasure crashing through her body. The knot was a living thing, a part of her now, a reminder of the power she had granted to this woman and her pets. The pain had become a distant memory, lost in the sea of ecstasy that now consumed her. She could feel her body clenching around the swollen flesh, her muscles contracting in a desperate bid to hold onto the delicious feeling of fullness.

Sarah stepped forward, her hand reaching out to grip the dog's collar. She held it firmly, keeping the animal in place as it continued to spurt its seed deep within Emma's trembling body. The leather was warm from the creature's exertions, slick with sweat and the juices of their union. She could feel the dog's heart racing beneath her palm, the throb of its life force matching the pulse of her own desire. "Stay," she murmured, the command a gentle reminder of who was truly in charge.

With a final, shuddering gasp, the Labrador withdrew, its cock slipping from Emma's tight embrace with a wet pop. The knot remained, a testament to the depth of her submission, a declaration of ownership that had her body quivering with aftershocks of pleasure. Sarah leaned over, her eyes gleaming with pride as she surveyed her handiwork. "Look at you," she whispered, her voice a soft caress, "you're doing so well, my sweet little slut."

Part Ten

The dog's eyes never left hers as it followed Sarah from the room, the leash trailing behind it like a royal sceptre. The sound of their footsteps grew faint, leaving her alone with the sticky, heavy presence lodged within her. The leather straps that bound her to the bench had grown warm with her own fluids, a testament to the intensity of her experience. Her body felt both exhausted and alive, a symphony of sensations that played across her skin like the strokes of a master artist's brush.

Emma's eyes filled with tears that spilled over her cheeks, tracing hot trails down to her chin and neck. She choked back a sob, her chest heaving with the weight of the realization of what she had done—what she had allowed herself to become. The girl who had once dreamed of quiet nights reading romance novels and sipping tea was now a creature of the shadows, her purity a distant memory. Yet, as the first sob broke free, it wasn't fear or regret that flooded her. It was a tumultuous storm of emotions: the sweetness of surrender, the thrill of the taboo, and the fiery need for more.

The door to the chamber opened with a creak, and Sarah stepped back into the room, a new dog at her side. She took in the sight of her slut, bound and used, and a knowing smile played at the corners of her lips. The scent of sex hung heavy in the air, a potent perfume that seemed to coil around her like a serpent, beckoning her closer. She approached the bench with a grace that seemed almost predatory, the crop in her hand swishing against her thigh like a tail.

As she reached Emma, she saw the tears that streaked her cheeks, the glossy trails of emotion that told a story of pain and pleasure, of fear and elation. Leaning down, she traced a single tear with the tip of her finger, her touch as soft as a feather. "Why the tears, my sweet?" she asked, her voice a purr that seemed to resonate through the very air.

Emma's voice was a tremulous whisper, her throat tight with the force of her emotions. "I...I don't know. It's just...so much, Mistress."

Sarah's smile grew, the curve of her lips a promise of dark delights to come. "Ah," she murmured, "the sweet taste of fear and pleasure. As I said, you will cry a lot more tonight before I'm done with you." She brought her finger to her own mouth, the salty essence of Emma's tears a delicate seasoning to her kiss. She sucked the digit into her mouth, her eyes never leaving Emma's, savoring the taste of the young girl's tormented arousal. The sight of her Mistress's pleasure was almost too much to bear, the knowledge that she could elicit such a response from this powerful woman sending a fresh wave of heat through her.

The new dog at Sarah's side was larger, its eyes gleaming with a hunger that was palpable. It was a Doberman, its sleek black fur glistening under the dim lights, its cock already hard and pulsing with eagerness. The sight of it sent a fresh spike of terror through Emma, but she knew better than to protest. She was a plaything now, a living doll for her Mistress's amusement.

Sarah's gaze was like a branding iron on her soul as she leaned closer, her voice a seductive whisper. "Ever had anything back here, my little slut?" she asked, her finger tracing a slow, sensual line along the cleft of Emma's ass.

Emma's breath hitched, her eyes wide with fear and anticipation. "N-no, Mistress," she stuttered, her voice barely above a whisper. "I-I've never tried anal before."

Sarah's smile grew, a predatory glint in her emerald eyes. "Good," she purred, "the first time is always the most memorable." She stepped aside, allowing the Doberman to come closer. The dog's cock was indeed massive, the size of which was matched only by the eager wag of its tail. "This one's going to stretch you wide."

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## Part Eleven

Emma felt a fresh jolt of fear, her breath catching in her throat as she contemplated the sheer girth of the dog's erection. But she was also curious, her mind racing with the thoughts of what it would feel like to have something so large and powerful filling her most intimate place. Sarah leaned over her, her own desire palpable in the air. She slid two fingers into Emma's pussy, the young girl's juices coating them in a sweet embrace. With a knowing smile, she withdrew her hand, her fingers glistening with the evidence of Emma's arousal.

Maintaining eye contact with her pupil, Sarah brought her fingers to the tight ring of her anus, pressing gently. The sensation was foreign and strange, yet Emma felt her body respond with a wanton need that she had never known before. "Breathe," Sarah instructed, her voice soothing and firm. "Relax, and let your body open for me."

Emma took a deep breath, her chest rising and falling with the effort of trying to calm herself. She felt the tip of one of Sarah's fingers breach her, the slickness of her own arousal easing the way. The pressure was intense, a stretch that made her gasp, but she focused on her Mistress's eyes, drawing strength from the woman's confidence in her. Inch by agonizing inch, the digit slid into her, the intrusion sending shockwaves of sensation through her body.

The Doberman watched with rapt attention, its panting growing more insistent with each whimper that escaped Emma's lips. The dog's cock bobbed eagerly, drops of precum glistening on the tip. Sarah took notice, her own arousal spiking at the sight of her new pet's excitement. She leaned down, her mouth hovering over the dog's muzzle, whispering sweet nothings that seemed to stoke the animal's lust. With a wicked smile, she turned back to Emma. "You're doing so well, my pretty little thing," she praised, her voice a velvet caress. "Now, let's see if you're ready for the next course."

Her hand snaked around to Emma's soaked pussy, her fingers slipping in and out with ease. The young woman's body was a canvas of desire, her juices painting a vivid picture of her submission. Sarah's thumb found its way to the tight bud of her clit, applying just the right amount of pressure to make Emma's hips buck against the unyielding bench. She watched with a keen eye as Emma's expression contorted, a symphony of pleasure and pain playing out across her features. Withdrawing her hand, she brought her glistening fingers to her own mouth, tasting the sweet nectar that had been drawn from her new pet.

With a flick of her wrist, she snapped the leash, and the Doberman eagerly approached the bound form of the young girl. Its eyes were fixed on the prize before it, the scent of her arousal driving it wild with need. Sarah's hand rested on the dog's back, guiding it into place, her voice a sultry purr as she whispered sweet nothings into its ear. The animal's cock was a thing of beauty, a testament to nature's ability to craft something so fiercely powerful yet delicately balanced. She felt the tension in the room thicken like a fog, the air charged with the electricity of the impending act.

The Doberman's muscles rippled as it climbed onto the bench, its hind legs planted firmly on the floor as it positioned itself behind Emma. The girl's eyes were wide with a mix of terror and



excitement, her breath coming in shallow gasps as the dog's snout nuzzled against her neck. Its warm breath sent shivers down her spine, her body quivering with anticipation. The tip of the animal's cock brushed against her soaked folds, seeking entrance to the unexplored depths of her body.

Sarah's hand gently guided the dog's cock, her touch firm and precise as she lined it up with Emma's tight, quivering hole. "Easy now," she murmured, her voice a sultry symphony that seemed to resonate through the very air. "Let's not rush this. We want it to be perfect."

The Doberman's cock was a monstrous thing, a thick shaft of pulsing flesh that seemed to throb with the intensity of its need. The tip was slick with precum, a glistening beacon of lust that promised to conquer the untouched sanctity of Emma's ass. She felt the head of the cock nudge against her, the pressure building, and she couldn't help but tense, despite the warmth of the animal's body pressing against her back.

Sarah's hand was a gentle guide, her fingers wrapped around the base of the dog's shaft, coating it with the slickness of Emma's own juices. She pushed firmly, the tip of the cock breaching the tight ring of muscle, sending a jolt of pain through Emma's body. The girl's eyes watered, and she bit down on her lower lip, the metallic taste of blood mingling with the scent of the dog's fur. Yet, she didn't protest, didn't beg for mercy. Instead, she took a deep breath and pushed back, welcoming the intrusion with a fiery mix of fear and desire.

The Doberman sensed her acquiescence, its eyes burning with a primal need as it began to thrust, the knot at the base of its cock stretching her open, filling her completely. Each stroke was a brutal claim, a declaration of ownership that resonated through her very soul. The pain was exquisite, a sharp contrast to the gentle strokes of the woman's hand that continued to caress her clit, her thumb flicking over the swollen bud in a rhythm that seemed to sync with the animal's thrusts. The room was a blur of shadow and light, the only clear focus the painfully beautiful sight of the dog's body moving in tandem with hers.

Emma's screams grew louder, the sound a symphony of agony and ecstasy that echoed through the chamber. The knot grew larger, stretching her ass until she thought she would break apart. Yet, instead of retreating from the pain, she found herself craving more, her body begging for the release that hovered just out of reach. Sarah watched, her eyes gleaming with a mix of pride and hunger, her own hand working between her legs as she masturbated to the sight of her pet claiming its prize.

The Doberman's thrusts grew more urgent, its hips slamming into Emma's ass with a force that shook the bench. The knot grew impossibly larger, swelling until it filled her completely, the pressure a delicious torment that had her toes curling in the leather restraints. She felt the dog's cock pulse, the warmth of its cum flooding into her, filling her with a sense of utter fullness that she had never before experienced. The animal's muscles tightened, and it let out a deep, guttural growl that seemed to shake the very foundations of the room.

Sarah leaned in closer, her eyes never leaving Emma's face. "Look at you," she whispered, her voice thick with lust, "taking it all like such a good little slut." The words were a knife that sliced through the haze of pleasure, cutting to the core of Emma's identity. Yet instead of pain, they brought a new wave of arousal that crashed over her like a tidal wave. The term "slut" had always been a dirty word to her, a slur thrown by those who feared the power of a woman's sexuality. But here, in this twisted tableau of lust and power, it was a title she embraced with a fervor that surprised even herself.

The Doberman's cock remained lodged within her, the knot a persistent reminder of her submission.

She could feel the animal's warmth against her back, its panting breaths a testament to its satisfaction. Yet, she knew this was just the beginning, the first act in a play of depravity that she had willingly signed up for. The thought sent a fresh shiver down her spine, a thrill that mingled with the fear that had become a second skin.

"Now, now," Sarah chuckled, her eyes gleaming with mischief as she stroked Emma's flushed cheek, "You're going to be my little slut forever, aren't you?" The words were a jest, but the terror in Emma's eyes was all too real. The idea of never leaving this place, of being trapped in this world of leather and leashes, was both terrifying and intoxicating. "You're mine, Emma," she whispered, her voice a seductive caress that seemed to coil around the young girl's heart, "and I may never let you go home."

With a wicked smile, Sarah stepped back, the crop still in her hand. She snapped it through the air, the sound a sharp crack that sent a bolt of electricity through the room. "But let's capture this moment, shall we?" she said, pulling out her phone. "Smile for the camera, my dear."

Emma, her eyes glazed over with a mix of pain and pleasure, managed a wobbly smile. The Doberman's cock was still lodged deep within her, its knot a constant reminder of her new role as a human toy. She could feel the dog's warm breath against the back of her neck, the wetness of its tongue as it licked the salty tears from her skin. The leather of the bench was cold and unforgiving against her bare skin, but she couldn't help the way her body responded, the way her cunt spasmed with the thick intrusion in her arse.

As the knot began to shrink, the pressure eased, allowing the dog to pull out with a wet pop that sent a shiver of pain through her. The emptiness was a stark contrast to the fullness she had just experienced, leaving her feeling both relieved and strangely unsatisfied. The dog's cock slipped out, leaving her ass gaping and leaking the remnants of their union. The cool air of the room kissed her exposed flesh, sending a shiver down her spine as the reality of what she had just done began to sink in.

Sarah took the Doberman by the leash, her gaze never leaving Emma's tear-streaked face. "Good boy," she murmured, her voice a sweet caress that made the animal wag its tail happily. With a grace that belied the depraved act she had just facilitated, she led the dog out of the room. The click of its nails on the cold tile was the only sound in the heavy silence that followed, the echo of their retreating footsteps leaving Emma to contemplate the gravity of her decision.

The room felt suddenly colder without the warmth of the animal's body pressed against hers, and she shivered involuntarily. Her legs felt like jelly, the tremors of her recent climax mingling with the painful stretch of her ass. Yet, she could feel a new wetness pooling between her legs, a testament to the depth of her arousal. Her thoughts were a chaotic whirlwind, a tornado of fear, excitement, and a strange sense of belonging that she couldn't quite put into words.

The door clicked shut, the sound echoing through the room like the final note of a symphony. Sarah's heels clicked against the tile floor as she walked back in, the dog nowhere to be seen. In her hand was a glass of water, a straw sticking out of it like a lifeline thrown to a drowning soul. She offered it to Emma with a knowing smile, her eyes never leaving the young girl's face. "Here," she said, her voice soothing, "have a drink."

Emma's mouth was dry, parched from the screams and cries that had torn from her throat. She eagerly leaned forward, her tongue darting out to greedily suck on the straw. The cool liquid was a balm, soothing her raw throat and washing away the coppery tang of fear that had coated her tongue. She took deep, gulping sips, her eyes never leaving Sarah's, seeking reassurance in the

woman's gaze. The water was a lifeline, a reminder that she was still in control, that she had chosen this path willingly.

As the last drop disappeared, Sarah took the glass from her trembling hand, setting it aside with a gentle clink. "Now, my dear," she said, her voice a warm caress, "you need to rest. I have some calls to make, but I'll be back shortly." With a nod to the bench, she added, "Stay put and reflect on your performance. You did so well, but we're only just getting started."

Emma watched as Sarah's figure retreated, the clack of her heels fading down the hallway. The room felt cavernous without her presence, the air thick with the scent of sex and sweat. The silence was a stark contrast to the cacophony of sensation that had just overwhelmed her, leaving her feeling both empty and alive in ways she had never known. She took deep, shuddering breaths, her body still quivering with the aftershocks of pleasure and pain.

Her thoughts raced as she lay there, bound and exposed. What had she done? The reality of her situation crashed over her in waves—she was a stranger's plaything, used and filled by a creature she had once only seen as a symbol of fear. But in that fear, she had found a strange, exhilarating thrill. Her mind reeled with the images of the dog's cock pumping into her, the feel of the knot stretching her to her limits. Despite the pain, she had come so close to climax, the edge of it teasing her like a cruel lover. And now, as she lay here, her body still resonating with the aftermath of her ordeal, she couldn't help but wonder what other depraved acts awaited her.

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Part Twelve

The room was bathed in the soft glow of early morning sunlight that streamed through the small, barred window high on the wall. The shadows had retreated, leaving her in a cocoon of light and cold, unforgiving leather. The smell of the dog lingered, a musky scent that seemed to have been absorbed into her very pores.

Emma's eyes fluttered open, the last vestiges of sleep slipping away like a lover's gentle kiss. Her body was a canvas of bruises and marks, a tapestry of her submission to the whims of the woman who now owned her. The leather collar she had been wearing had been replaced by a chain attached to her neck was cold and heavy, a reminder of her new status. She felt the metal bite into her skin as she moved her head, the weight of it a delicious punishment that sent a shiver down her spine.

Her eyes took in the unfamiliar room with a sense of detachment, her mind still reeling from the events of the night before. The walls were a deep crimson, the color of freshly spilled blood, and the light fixtures above cast a warm, sultry glow that painted everything in a soft, seductive light. The bed she lay upon was a four-poster, the velvet curtains drawn back to reveal the plush, red sheets that matched the walls. The room was a sanctum of debauchery, a place where the darkest of desires could be laid bare without judgment or shame.

As she sat up, she realized with a start that she had been dressed in stockings and a garter belt while she was unconscious. The silky fabric whispered against her skin, sending a thrill through her body that was both unsettling and arousing. Her hands trembled as she reached down to touch the garments, the feel of them a stark contrast to the rough leather and metal that had been her companions the night before. The stockings were sheer, leaving nothing to the imagination, and the garter belt was a delicate lattice of black lace that seemed to frame her thighs like a lover's embrace. The stockings ended in a tantalizing tease, just above her knees, leaving her thighs bare and vulnerable. The sight of herself, dressed so provocatively and yet so exposed, filled her with a

sense of unease that was strangely exhilarating.

Her eyes fell upon the bowl of water and the plate of food that had been left for her. The water shimmered in the early light, beckoning her to come closer, to quench her thirst and cleanse her body. The plate held a selection of fruit and cheese, along with a crusty baguette that looked like it had been baked that very morning. The smell was heavenly, a stark contrast to the cloying scent of sex that clung to her like a second skin. The note, written in Sarah's elegant script, was a simple command that sent a thrill of anticipation through her.

Emma slid from the bed, her bare feet landing on the cool, hardwood floor. The chain attached to her collar rattled softly as she moved, the sound a gentle reminder of her servitude. She approached the bowl tentatively, her heart racing as she lowered herself to her knees. The act of drinking from a bowl like a pet was both humiliating and oddly liberating. She lapped at the water greedily, feeling the coolness soothe her dry throat, the liquid trickling down her chin and between her breasts. The fruit was ripe and sweet, the cheese rich and tangy, and the bread crusty and warm. Each bite was a sensory delight, the flavours exploding on her tongue like fireworks.

As she ate, her mind drifted back to the night before, to the feel of the Doberman and Labrador's cocks claiming her, stretching her to her limits. The pain had been intense, but the pleasure that followed was unlike anything she had ever experienced. The knot had been a strange, exotic delight, a foreign presence that had filled her in ways she had never dreamed of. She felt a fresh wave of arousal wash over her at the memory, her bruised pussy and tender arsehole pulsing with a dull ache that was a testament to her newfound desires.

Her hand strayed to her clit, the need to touch herself almost overwhelming. The bruises and welts from the previous night's play were a stark reminder of the intensity of her submission, but they also served as a map of pleasure, a guide to the darker recesses of her sexuality she had never dared to explore. She traced the swollen flesh gently, her breath hitching at the contact. The sensation was a symphony of pain and pleasure, a duet that sang through her veins and made her want more.

The water in the bowl beckoned, its coolness a siren's call to her abused body. With trembling hands, she reached into the bowl, her fingers breaking the surface and sending ripples through the water. It was a stark contrast to the heat that radiated from between her legs, a heat that seemed to pulse with every beat of her racing heart. She cupped her palm, filling it with the liquid, and brought it to her face. The coolness washed over her, the droplets clinging to her eyelashes and trailing down her cheeks like tears of relief.

As she bathed, Emma couldn't help but think of her family. Her mother, who had always worried about her, would be frantic by now. Her father, stern and protective, would be pacing the floor, his eyes scanning the horizon for any sign of his missing daughter. Her siblings, their innocent faces a stark contrast to the debauchery she now found herself in. The thought of their concern sent a pang of guilt through her, but it was quickly swallowed by the hunger that consumed her. The fear of their worry was a small price to pay for the all-encompassing ecstasy she had found in her new life of submission.

The bed beckoned to her, a soft, inviting cocoon where she could briefly escape the reality of her situation. She sank into the embrace of the crimson sheets, her body still resonating with the aftershocks of her recent climax. The fabric was cool against her feverish skin, the scent of sex and leather mingling with the sweetness of the fruit she had eaten. She closed her eyes, willing her body to relax, knowing that when Sarah returned, she would need every ounce of her energy. The thought of the woman's firm grip on her hair, the sting of the whip, the stretch of her body as it was pushed to new limits, filled her with a mix of terror and anticipation.

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## Part Thirteen

Suddenly, the sound of footsteps echoed through the corridor, their approach as inevitable as the dawn that painted the room in shades of pink and gold. Emma's heart leaped in her chest, the anticipation of Sarah's return setting her skin alight with gooseflesh. The door swung open, revealing the silhouette of her mistress, her figure framed by the light spilling in from the hallway. The sight of her was a revelation, a goddess of lust and power that Emma could never hope to understand or resist.

Sarah strode into the room, her thigh high boots clicking against the floor like the ticking of a time bomb that counted down to the next round of pleasure and pain. She was dressed in black leather that clung to her like a second skin, the material hugging every curve and angle of her body with a fierce possessiveness. The corset cinched her waist, pushing her breasts up to form an irresistible offering. The skirt she wore was so short that it barely covered her ass, leaving her long, muscular thighs on display. In her hand, she wielded a whip that cracked through the air like a promise of ecstasy wrapped in torment.

Emma watched her approach, her eyes wide with a mix of fear and longing. She felt the chains that bound her to the bed, the cold metal digging into her neck, the chain feeling so heavy, a stark reminder of her captivity. Despite the ache in her body, she found herself craving more, her thoughts a tangled web of submission and desire.

Mustering her courage, she tried to voice her question, her voice a mere whisper in the hallowed silence. "Sarah... can... can I go home?" The words hung in the air like a shy confession, a hopeful plea that she knew was futile.

Sarah's eyes narrowed, a smirk playing at the corner of her lips. "Home?" she repeated, the word a tease on her tongue. "But why would you want to leave, my sweet? This is where your true home is now."

Emma felt the first hot tears slip down her cheeks, the weight of her situation pressing down on her like a leaden blanket. "But...but my family...they'll be worried," she choked out, her voice trembling with emotion.

Sarah's expression softened, just a fraction, as she stepped closer to the bed. "I know, my pet," she said, her voice a velvet purr, "but sometimes we must embrace the paths that lead us to our true selves, even if it means leaving behind those we love."

Her eyes glinted with an amused challenge as she held up her phone, the screen alight with a message she had composed with Emma's digits. "Your family will be fine," she assured her, her thumbs flying over the screen with practiced ease. "They'll think you're just off on another one of your little adventures."

Sarah unlocked the chain that had held Emma captive to the wall. The metal rattled as it slithered free, the sound a symphony of liberation and dread that resonated through the room. She stepped closer, her leather boots creaking with the weight of her dominance, and offered a hand to the trembling girl. "Come," she urged, her voice a siren's call that seemed to resonate in every nerve ending of Emma's body. "I have another surprise for you."

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Part Fourteen

With a gentle tug, she led Emma into a new room, one that was even more opulent than the last. The walls were lined with velvet the colour of deep purple nightfall, the floor cold and unforgiving. The metal ring in the centre of the room was the only point of focus, gleaming under the soft glow of the spot lights above. It was a stark reminder of the journey she had embarked upon, a silent sentinel of her submission.

Emma's legs felt like jelly as she approached the ring, the weight of her collar a constant presence, a reminder of her new reality. Sarah's gaze was a mix of excitement and hunger, a potent cocktail that made her knees buckle. The woman bent down and whispered sweet nothings into her ear, the warmth of her breath sending shivers down her spine. "You're doing so well, my love," she cooed, her voice a sweet symphony of seduction.

With surprising strength, Sarah lifted her by the chain, pulling her closer to the ring. The cold metal was a stark contrast to the heat of her skin, the touch of it against her neck a thrilling mix of fear and desire. With a quick tug, she attached the chain to the ring, the metal clinking against the steel like the final note of a symphony. Emma's neck was now bound, the chain around her next a tight band that kept her only 30 centimetres from the cold, hard floor. The sensation was both terrifying and thrilling, the restriction sending a jolt of adrenaline through her veins.

Sarah stepped back, her eyes raking over Emma's body with the hunger of a lioness assessing her prey. "Now," she purred, her voice a soft, seductive whisper that seemed to resonate through the very air itself, "you're going to be a good girl for me, aren't you?"

Emma's heart hammered in her chest, her throat tight with a mix of fear and anticipation. She nodded, her eyes never leaving Sarah's, the chain collar around her neck feeling like a brand that marked her as this woman's property. "Y-yes, Mistress," she stuttered, the title slipping from her lips with surprising ease.

Sarah leaned down, her breath hot against Emma's ear as she whispered, "Good girl. Now, I have to step out for a little while. But don't worry, I'm leaving you in excellent company." With a wink, she turned and left the room, her leather boots echoing down the hallway like a promise of more to come. The door clicked shut with a finality that seemed to suck the air from the room.

Emma's gaze drifted to the cameras in each corner of the room, her heart racing. The realization that she was being watched, that her every move was being recorded and potentially shared with the world, sent a new kind of thrill through her. The fear of discovery was a potent aphrodisiac, a dark bloom that unfolded within her chest. She looked around the room, taking in the opulent surroundings with new eyes. The velvet walls, the gleaming steel ring, the scent of leather and sex—it all felt like a stage, a set designed for her ultimate degradation and pleasure.

The minutes stretched into an eternity, each tick of the clock echoing through the room like the dull throb in her bruised flesh. She tried to ignore the ache in her limbs, the sticky wetness that coated her thighs, and the heavy chain that tugged at her neck. Her thoughts swirled like a tornado, a mix of doubt, fear, and a desperate craving for more.

The door swung open, and Sarah strutted back in, her eyes alight with excitement. Behind her, two massive Mastiff dogs padded into the room, their eyes gleaming with a hunger that mirrored their mistress'. They were monstrous, their muscles rippling beneath their fur, and their cocks already stiff and eager. Emma's eyes widened with a mix of horror and fascination at the sight of the beasts, her mind racing to understand what was about to happen.

Sarah's smile grew even more predatory as she saw the fear in Emma's eyes. "You remember what I said, don't you?" she whispered, her breath a warm caress against the young woman's ear. "You can fight them off if you wish, but you won't win." The challenge in her voice was unmistakable, a dark invitation to push the boundaries of her submission even further.

Emma nodded, her heart racing as she watched the Mastiffs approach, their eyes locked onto her with an intensity that made her skin crawl with anticipation. She felt the wetness between her legs grow slicker, her body betraying her with every quiver of fearful excitement. Sarah stepped back, the crack of her whip echoing through the room as she gave the dogs a silent command. The Mastiffs pounced towards her and the scent she was giving off driving them wild. The scent of their musk filled the air, a heady aphrodisiac that sent a shiver of terror and desire through Emma's body.

The first dog, the larger of the two, mounted her, his fur bristling with excitement. His cock was massive, a thick, veiny appendage that made Emma's eyes widen with apprehension. She felt the heat of his body against hers as he positioned himself, the tip of his cock probing at her entrance. The second Mastiff waited his turn, panting heavily, his own cock standing at attention. The pressure grew, the first dog's cockhead nudging against her, pushing past her resistance with a force that made her gasp. She felt her body stretching to accommodate the monstrous girth, her pussy clenching and unclenching in a futile attempt to resist the invasion.

Sarah watched with a gleam in her eyes, the crack of her whip a silent crescendo of encouragement. "That's it, my little slut," she murmured, "take it all in." The words were a dark benediction, a declaration of ownership that sent a shiver down Emma's spine. The first dog began to thrust, his hips moving with a primal rhythm that seemed to shake the very foundations of the room. The pain was intense, a white-hot blaze that burned through her, but it was quickly swallowed by the waves of pleasure that followed. Each thrust filled her completely, the stretch and burn a delicious agony that sent her spiraling towards the edge of ecstasy.

The second dog waited, his eyes never leaving hers, the tip of his cock twitching with anticipation. He was smaller than the first, but no less eager, his panting a symphony of need that seemed to echo the beating of her heart. Emma felt a strange kinship with the beasts, a bond formed in the crucible of desire and domination. She knew what was expected of her, and she embraced it with a fervor that surprised even herself.

As the first Mastiff reached his climax, his knot swelling within her, she felt a strange mix of pain and pleasure, the sensation of being claimed by an animalistic force that was as primal as it was terrifying. He pulled out with a wet pop, leaving her pussy gaping and vulnerable, a delicate bloom bruised and swollen from the rough handling. She whimpered, her body shaking from the intensity of the experience.

The second Mastiff took his place, his cock smaller yet equally eager to claim her. He didn't waste a moment, pushing into her with a fervor that took her breath away. His movements were quicker, more precise, each thrust hitting a spot inside her that made her moan with need. The sensation was almost too much, the pleasure bordering on pain as she felt herself being used, a vessel for their lust.

Sarah leaned against the wall, watching with a smug smile as the scene unfolded before her. She knew the exact moment when the fear in Emma's eyes would give way to pure, unbridled desire—the moment she had been waiting for. The crack of the whip had become a silent metronome, marking the time of Emma's descent into the depths of her own desires. She smiled to herself as she left the room, she was very pleased with her work.

The second Mastiff took his turn, his movements more deliberate, his eyes locked onto hers as if he could read the very thoughts that swirled in her mind. She could feel his knot swelling, the pressure inside her building to an unbearable crescendo. It was a strange, almost otherworldly experience—being taken by such powerful, primal creatures, and yet she felt a sense of belonging, a connection that she had never experienced with a human partner. Her moans grew louder, her body writhing beneath the weight of the animal, her breasts bouncing with each rough thrust. The sound of skin slapping against skin, the wetness of the dogs' fur mixing with her own juices, and the panting of the beasts created a symphony of pleasure that drowned out the cacophony of doubt and fear that had once held her back.

a few hours later, the door swung open, and Sarah stepped back into the room, a look of satisfaction etched into her features. She had left Emma to face her fears and desires alone, and she had come out the other side, transformed into a creature of pure lust. The young woman's eyes met hers, glazed with a mix of shock and arousal, her chest heaving with every ragged breath. The dogs had claimed her, and now she was truly ready to become the pup that her mistress had always intended.

Sarah walked over to the where Emma laid, her boots clicking against the floor with each step. She surveyed the scene before her, Emma's body sprawled out, her stockings in tatters and her flesh marked by the dogs' claws. The smell of sex and fur filled the room, a heady scent that seemed to pulse with the rhythm of their shared passion. The young woman's legs were splayed wide, her pussy still quivering from the intense use it had just endured. The dogs had left her in a state of absolute surrender, their seed a sticky reminder of her new place in the world of kink.

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## **Part Fifteen**

With a gentle tug on the chain, Sarah coaxed Emma to her feet, the leash still attached around her neck, a silent declaration of ownership. She led her through the house's hallway, the plush carpets soft against her bruised knees, the warmth of the house a stark contrast to the cold steel of the ring she had just been freed from. The sound of running water grew louder as they approached a set of double doors, the scent of lavender and vanilla hinting at the sanctuary that awaited them.

Sarah pushed the doors open, revealing a bathroom that looked like it had been plucked from the pages of a high-end lifestyle magazine. Marble countertops gleamed under the soft glow of pendant lights, the floor a mosaic of black and white tiles that looked like a chessboard designed for gods. In the center of the room, a clawfoot tub was filled to the brim with steaming water, bubbles frothing like a witch's cauldron. The scent of lavender oil filled the air, mixing with the faint metallic tang of the chains that still draped from Emma's neck.

"You're going to wash up, my dear," Sarah instructed, her voice a soft caress that sent a shiver down Emma's spine. She nodded, her legs still wobbly from the intense encounter with the Mastiffs. "But first, I have a little surprise for you."

Sarah gestured to the counter, where a full makeup set lay neatly arranged, the brushes and tubes glinting like jewels against the marble. "I want you to prepare yourself," she said, her eyes twinkling with mischief. "Make yourself beautiful for me."

Emma's heart raced as she approached the counter, her legs still unsteady from the intense experience she had just endured. The mirror reflected a stranger—a creature of desire with swollen lips and a wild look in her eyes. The bruises on her neck stood out against her pale skin, a stark reminder of her submission. Yet, there was something undeniably alluring about the sight, a beauty



born of pain and pleasure intertwined.

With trembling hands, she dipped her fingertips into the warm, fragrant water, watching as the ripples danced across the surface like a lover's caress. Each touch sent a shiver down her spine, the warmth of the tub beckoning her to sink into its embrace. She stepped in, her body protesting the heat with a hiss of pain, but the sensation soon gave way to a comforting embrace that soothed her sore muscles and washed away the remnants of her fear. The bubbles parted around her, enveloping her in a cloud of scented steam that seemed to whisper secrets to her flushed skin.

Sarah's eyes never left hers as she stepped out of the bathroom, the soft click of the door's closing a silent affirmation of their newfound intimacy. The warm water lapped at Emma's thighs, the heat of it a stark contrast to the cold metal of the chain that still circled her neck. She took a deep breath, the scent of lavender filling her lungs, and allowed herself to sink deeper into the tub, the water kissing her breasts and lapping at the bruises that painted a map of her submission.

Her hand slid between her legs, her fingers tracing the tender path the dogs had taken. Her pussy was swollen, the skin around her opening raw and red, but the ache was a sweet one, a reminder of the power she had just experienced. The water grew pink as she touched herself, the evidence of her violation mixing with the suds in a visual symphony of depravity. Her fingertips danced over her clit, the sensitivity making her gasp. It was a delicate dance, one that she had never allowed herself to perform before, not like this.

The sensation of the dog's cum leaking from her was strange, almost alien, and yet it brought a sense of completion she had never felt with a human lover. Each droplet that slipped down her thighs was a testament to her newfound prowess, a declaration of her submission and the acceptance of her deepest, darkest desires. Her eyes closed, Emma's thoughts swirled in a whirlwind of lust and self-discovery. The water grew cooler, the bubbles dissipating like mist in the early morning sun, but the heat within her was unabated.

As she lay in the tub, her mind replayed the events of the the last 24 hours—the harsh barks of the Mastiffs, the feel of their rough fur against her skin, the way they had taken her so forcefully and claimed her as their own. A shiver of pleasure danced down her spine, her fingers playing idly with the collar around her neck. She had become a dog slut, a creature of lust and submission, and she revelled in it. The idea of being used by such powerful beasts was a turn-on that she could not deny, a part of her that had been waiting to be unlocked by the skilled hand of her Mistress.

But amidst the delirium of her newfound freedom, Emma couldn't help but think of her family. The image of her mother, her father, her younger brother, and her prudish aunt, all sitting around the dinner table, chatting about their mundane lives, filled her with a mix of guilt and excitement. What would they think if they knew what she had done? Would they recognize the girl who had knelt before a woman and begged to be used, who had taken the cock of a creature not of her own kind, who had revelled in the pain and pleasure of such a taboo acts?

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The final part!

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the bathroom door creaking open. Sarah stepped in, her eyes sweeping over Emma's naked form with an approving nod. "You're doing well, puppy," she murmured, her voice a soft purr that sent a shiver of excitement through the young woman's body. "Now, it's time for the final touches."

Sarah approached the vanity, her hips swaying with an easy confidence that seemed to emanate from every pore. She picked up a makeup brush, the bristles soft and clean, and dipped it into a pot of deep crimson paint. With a deft hand, she began to trace the contours of Emma's lips, the color a stark contrast to the innocent pink they had been before. The young woman watched in the mirror, her eyes wide with anticipation, as her Mistress transformed her into a creature of the night. The rouge was applied with a firm, yet tender touch, shaping her into a seductive vision that seemed to belong to a different world entirely.

Once the makeup was complete, returning to the bedroom, Sarah turned her attention to the clothes she had laid out on the bed. She held up the smallest sluttiest school girl skirt she had ever seen, the red tartan fabric barely covering the essentials. The matching blouse was equally as scandalous, the buttons straining against the fabric in a way that suggested it was meant to be ripped open rather than gently undone. The skirt was so short that it barely grazed the tops of Emma's thighs, leaving her ass cheeks peeking out from beneath. The blouse was equally as revealing, the fabric so sheer that her nipples pressed against it, begging to be released.

But the *pièce de résistance* was the pair of 4-inch patent heels that Sarah held out to Emma with a mischievous smile. They were a dazzling shade of black, the gleaming material reflecting the room's soft light like a mirror. The heels were so tall and pointed that they looked like they could puncture the very soul of anyone who dared to look upon them.

"You're going to walk for me," Sarah instructed, her voice a seductive whisper that seemed to echo in the vast emptiness of the room. "Walk like the little slut you are, and show me how much you've learned."

Emma took a deep breath, the reality of her situation crashing over her like a wave of eroticism. Her past life, the one of innocence and inexperience, had indeed been left behind. She was no longer the shy girl who had stumbled upon the world of online fetishes—she was now a creature of the night, a pup eager to please her mistress in any way possible. Her legs trembled slightly as she pushed herself up from the velvet covered bed, the chain collar digging into her neck with a delicious reminder of her submission. She took a tentative step forward, the leather of her high-heeled shoes squeaking against the polished floor.

As she sashayed towards Sarah, her eyes never left her mistress's smug expression. The skirt barely contained her trembling ass, the fabric riding up with every step, revealing the soft, pink flesh beneath. The blouse was a second skin, clinging to her curves like a lover's embrace, the buttons threatening to pop off with every movement. Each step was a declaration of her new identity, a silent confession of her desires.

Sarah's smile grew wider as she took out her phone, the screen lighting up with a slew of notifications. She tapped through them with a practiced ease, her eyes flitting over the messages that filled her screen. "Looks like your little performance was quite the hit, puppy," she said, holding the phone out so Emma could see the screen.

Emma's eyes widened in horror as she saw the video of her with the Mastiffs, the footage captured in stark clarity. The sounds of her cries and whimpers filled the quiet room, the raw emotion on her face a stark contrast to the serene expression she wore now. The video was being shared rapidly, her most intimate moments now a public spectacle. The contacts on her phone, all the people she had known—friends, family, colleagues—now had a front-row seat to her degradation.

"You...you sent it to everyone?" she choked out, the realization sinking in like a hot knife through butter.

Sarah nodded, a smug smile playing on her lips. "Every. Last. One," she said, her eyes gleaming with sadistic pleasure. "Your family, your friends, even your exes. They're all getting a taste of the little slut you've become."

Emma's knees buckled, and she felt the world around her spin out of control. She couldn't breathe, couldn't think—everything she had known was now a distant memory, tainted by the sordid reality playing out before her eyes. "What have you done?" she whispered, her voice barely above a tremble.

Sarah stepped closer, her hand reaching out to cup Emma's chin, tilting it up so their eyes met. "I've set you free," she said, her voice a silky purr that sent a shiver down the young woman's spine. "You can never go back to being that little girl they knew. You're mine now—my pet, my pup, my slut."

The End