

# **Plaything**

**Alexis Alexandra**

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Waking with stiff neck and aching body, Kayla knew without opening her eyes that everything was wrong. First, there was the hard surface she was lying on that was most definitely not her bed. Second, she was fully dressed when she only ever wore just a pair of panties to bed. That told her whomever took her from her room not only took the time to put her in what felt like a dress, but knew she heavily sedated to combat extreme insomnia to the point virtually nothing could wake her until the medication ran its course. And third, she needed the temperature to be on the cool side to sleep and wherever she was it was warm. And finally, very close on her left she heard panting.

Doing everything in her power not to freak out, she slowly opened her eyes and looked up at the domed top of a large round cage and beyond that the rafted ceiling of an apparently old structure. Heartbeat increasing, she turned her head to the left just as the muzzle of a large doberman darted forward. Scared silent, she waited for her gruesome demise at the teeth and claws of the beast, but instead all she got was a lick on the cheek followed by another on the nose. When the animal nudged her cheek with the top of his head, she dared to very slowly raise her hand. His head snapped around. She froze. He sniffed and then gave it several licks. "G-Good doggy," she whispered as she cautiously petted between his ears. Looking to the right, she looked out over the vast stretch of a dungeon of the bdsm variety set in what could only be described as an aging warehouse.

Moving slowly, Kayla got up onto her knees, mindful not to make any sudden moves for fear of startling the dog into attacking. She reached out with one trembling hand and tested the door of her prison. Hoping it was just latched, she felt around for a handle and only found a heavy padlock. "H-Hello?" she said, her voice straining to remain calm. "Is anyone there? If this is a late birthday prank it isn't funny. Hello? Anyone?" For a long moment the only sounds were her beating heart and the panting of the dog next to her.

And then she heard the crackling of an intercom followed by a heavily distorted male voice. "Welcome back to the land of the living," he said.

"W-Who are you? What do you want with me? Oh god, please let me go. I haven't seen anything. I won't tell anyone. Please... please don't hurt me."

"Hurt you? That's the last thing I want to do my sweet, innocent plaything. The rules are very simple. Do as I command and you'll be rewarded. Disobey and you'll be disciplined. From this point forward you'll refer to me as Master. Refuse or forget and you'll be disciplined. Now, before we begin let me make sure I have some facts straight. Your name is Kayla Barnes, yesterday was your eighteenth birthday and if my information is correct you're still a virgin. Am I right so far? Before you answer, know that anything other than yes Master or no Master will get you disciplined. So, is my information thus far correct?"

"Y-Y-Yes Master," Kayla sobbed as the tears fell.

"Good girl. As you see, I put you in that sexy little black dress for the trip but we won't be needing it or any other clothes for what's to come so go ahead and strip naked, my pet."

Knowing beyond a shadow of doubt that she was about to be raped and god only knew what else, Kayla froze in terror.

"No hesitation, my pet. If you want out of that cage you'll strip naked, get on all fours and let Duke there make you a woman."

"W-WHAT!" Kayla gasped. "You want me to have sex with a dog?"

“I do. And if you ever want out of that cage, to go home to your loving family and caring friends you’ll do as I command. I should also warn you that if you don’t obey my commands neither of you will eat or drink until you do. I wonder which of you can hold out the longest before nature takes over?”

Death grip on the cage door, Kayla rattled it as hard as she could but it would not budge. “Let me out of here right now you sick son of a bitch!”

“There’s only one way out of that cage and you know what it is. I’m a very patient man, my pet. I can wait for however long it takes, but do you want to risk being Duke’s next meal because you’re too good to be his bitch?”

“Y-You’ll let me go if I do it?”

“I never said that. I said it’ll get you out of the cage. You’re not going anywhere until I’ve had my fun. But I can promise you’ll go home eventually. In what shape is entirely up to you.”

Reading it very clearly for the threat it was, Kayla took a long look around the dimly lit room. Virgin though she was, she knew what sort of place she was in even if she had no idea what most of the equipment was used for. Door locked tight, she glanced down at Duke and swallowed hard. “This is seriously fucked up,” she complained even as she reached back to unzip her dress. Going through the list of people that knew those key facts about her and crossing off any females, the list narrowed considerably, but even with nine names she could not fathom anyone she knew doing anything like this to her. That left someone one of them may have talked to about her which suddenly expanded the list to every male in the city which might as well have been the entire world.

Tossing the dress aside, Kayla took off her panties and then, biting hard into her lower lip got onto all fours in the middle of the cage. It happened so fast she barely had time to react. One second she was shivering in fear and the next there was a heavy weight on her back. Freaking out, she immediately dropped flat but that was not going to stop the horny animal from getting his prize. Shoving his nose between her legs, he licked. First her ass and then her vulva. Gasping, she pulled away, but the size of the cage made it impossible for her to escape him completely. Minutes passed of him licking and her moving away before she finally accepted the inevitable. Getting back up onto all fours, she hung her head. “Just do it,” she sighed. “Make me your fucking bitch and get it over with so we can both get out of here.

More cautious this time, Duke sniffed and then licked his latest human mate. When she did not move for a solid two minutes, he mounted. Training and instinct taking over, he hunched in search of a hole to penetrate. Kayla closed her eyes as she felt him jabbing all over the place, but she did not move. That is until he finally hit his mark. His cock was small at first – thin and not too long, but that rapidly changed with every powerful thrust. In an instant her virginity was gone. Humiliated, degraded, she hung her head even lower and cried even as the pain was replaced by pleasure. And then it happened. Not even a minute in and she experienced the first orgasm of her life. And it was caused by a dog.

*NO!* She screamed internally. *No fucking way! This isn’t happening! There’s no way in god damn hell that my first orgasm is by a fucking animal!* As the meaning of it raced through her mind, she felt him growing longer and thicker. Front paws digging into her sides, she grunted. He hit a magical spot inside of her and this time it was enough to make her squirt. *Oh god! Please tell me this is a nightmare! This isn’t really happening! There’s no way I’m turned on by a dog!* A third orgasm in as many minutes. *MOTHERFUCKER!* “Oh my god that’s good!” she said, the words coming out before she had the thought to stop them. Humiliated as she might

have been, grunts and groans turn to pleasure filled moans. Adjusting her position a bit, she spread her legs, lowered her upper body down so that her forearms were flat on the cage's wooden floor and let it happen.

"Well, I'd say by you're overwhelmingly positive reaction you actually like being fucked by a dog. Is that true, my pet? Be honest because lying will only get you disciplined. "Do you like being Duke's bitch?"

Kayla wanted to lie, to tell him it was the most humiliating and degrading thing she had ever done in her life and that she'd rather die than ever go through it again, but that was only partially true. "Y-Yes, Master."

"Yes Master what, my pet?"

"I like being his bitch, Master." And with that difficult truth came acceptance and her fourth orgasm as the base of Duke's cock slammed into her one final time before swelling too large to easily pull out.

"Glad to hear it, my pet. Not that it matters to me one way or another, but having you like it will make transitioning into a full-time bitch that much easier. Now, you'll be tied together for the next ten to twenty minutes so relax and enjoy the rest of the ride. And Kayla, congratulations on accepting the first of many perversions to come. Food and water will be brought in soon and after you've eaten you'll be introduced to another."

"But you said you'd let me out if I let him fuck me!" Kayla grunted in reply.

"There are many lessons for you to learn, my pet, but first and foremost is patience. Now, no more talking unless I've asked you a direct question. Is that understood, my pet?"

"Y-Yes Master." And with that came orgasm number five. Confused, Kayla was unsure if it was caused by the bulge near the base of the dog's cock pressing against her g-spot, or calling her unknown abductor Master. Either way, she honestly did enjoy the pleasure even if it was the most humiliating and degrading thing she had ever done in her life. *Ten to twenty more minutes of this?* She thought with a purr as she felt shot after shot of Duke's warm semen filling her. *I don't know who the hell you are you sick motherfucker, but now I'm going to have to convince my parents to let me get a dog or come up with the money to move out and get one of my own. Yeah, that's right you twisted bastard! You forced me to lose my virginity to a damn dog and now I'm fucking hooked.* She wanted to actually scream out at him, to tell him off for turning her into a pervert, but one look at the whips, canes, floggers, belts and other implements of torture stayed her tongue at least for now.

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It might have been five minutes or thirty. Without a clock, watch or phone to check, time seemed to stand still and race by. During those minutes, Duke's cock slowly shrank to a more manageable size and with one final tug he slipped free. And with it came a torrent of semen and pussy juices and an end to her first experience with bestiality.

"Well done, my pet," the distorted voice crackled over the intercom. "Tell me, slave, do you need to use the toilet?"

"Yes Master." Kayla waited for a reply, for him to tell her that he was on his way to let her out of the cage as promised, but all she got was silence. And waiting. After several minutes she slumped against the cold metal bars of the cage, brought knees to chest and buried her face in them as Duke happily licked the puddle off the floor. Watching the sleek, powerfully built animal, she wondered how long it would take before he was ready to fuck her again. Moving into a kneeling position, she was just about to put her hands on the floor to see if he could go immediately when out of the corner of her left eye she saw movement. Spinning on her knees,

she saw a woman naked save for the latex hood concealing her identity approaching with a set of dog bowls in each hand. *You've got to be kidding me! I get fucked by a dog and now I have to eat like one?*

"I know what you're thinking, my pet," the man once again spoke over the intercom "and the answer is yes. You have to eat like the sexy bitch that you are. My slave is forbidden to speak to you so I'll also add that this is where I introduce you to another fetish. Before you're allowed to eat you're going to piss in the glass my slave is bringing to you as we speak. Once you're done you'll drink it down like a good little toilet. Refuse, spit it out or otherwise spill even a single drop and you'll be severely disciplined. Is that understood?"

"HA! The joke's on you this time, Master!" Kayla laughed. "I might've been a virgin when you kidnapped me, but I'm not completely innocent. I've got the internet. I've seen porn. I've gotten curious. I've been drinking my piss for the last three years!"

"Really? So you started drinking pee when you were fifteen?"

"That's right." Taking the offered clear glass, Kayla brought it up to her vulva and with a sigh of relief relieved herself. It quickly reached the halfway point before slowing down and stopped about an eighth of an inch from the rim. Staring the hooded woman right in the eyes, she brought the glass to her lips, paused for effect and then drank the entire thing down without hesitation, gagging or spitting it out. Licking her lips, she held the now empty glass out with a smile. The woman took it, but the penis gag built into the hood prevented her from speaking.

"Go ahead and give them their breakfast, slave," the man commanded. "

The double dish in the woman's left hand slid between two bars at the bottom of the cage. Looking down fearing the worst, Kayla was surprised to see what amounted to a breakfast bowl on one side and water on the other. Sensing the theme, she got on all fours, lowered her head into the bowl and did her best to eat it like the sexy bitch that she was, which meant using a lot of tongue to basically lap it into her mouth. It was tedious work and slow going, but she was making progress. Duke, on the other hand, was an animal evolved to eat in such a manner and finished his meal seemingly in seconds. Barely halfway through, she felt his weight on her back. Pausing briefly as his cock searched for a hole, she adjusted her position to match his thrusts. Not yet prepared for anal, she made sure he went into her pussy before lowering her face back into the bowl.

"I have to admit, I thought it was going to take a lot more work and several severe disciplines to get you to have sex with the dog one and here you are doing it a second time of your own accord. Such dedication to being a bitch is deserving of a reward. When he's finished reinforcing the fact that you're his bitch you'll stand with your back against the cage so that my slave can restrain you before entering to do her job. If more than a moan of pleasure comes out of your mouth you'll be severely disciplined. Is that understood? The correct answer is I am your pet and plaything, Master. My body is yours to do with as you please."

*Moans of pleasure*, Kayla thought. *I don't think lesbian sex is a fetish, but whatever. Sure, I consider myself straight, but I'm getting fucked by a dog for the second time. Do you really think I'm going to complain about doing it with another woman?* "I am your pet and plaything, Master. My body is yours to do with as you please," she replied if only to stave off being disciplined a little longer.

"That's a good bitch. Slave, you have your orders." And with that the intercom crackled into silence.

As commanded, Kayla gobbled down the rest of her breakfast, disappointed that the conversation took her mind off of him to such a degree she did not have a single orgasm. But

now that her attention was fully focused on him, that immediately changed. Every thrust brought with it a burst of pleasure that only served to reinforce what she already knew. She was hooked. She was a bitch in heat and despite how she was introduced to it she, one way or another she would have a dog of her own. Assuming her captor actually let her go in a sane enough condition to still want it. That thought alone made her shiver with dread. Quickly pushing it out of her mind, she concentrated on the ecstatic feeling of being fucked by a dog and obeying her Master's every command to the letter in the hopes that she would one day see her family and friends again.