

A Pet's Love

By

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I awake with a start as my kennel is haphazardly dropped. Dim light permeates the covering, and there's no bustling sound of traffic, so I know we're not in the back of the transport anymore.

I whisper to Foxy, my plush fox doll. "I think we're here. We better get ready for him."

I fish my mirror and brush from my small travel case, and run it through my lengthy tangerine hair, then my vermilion long bushy tail and upright triangular ears, before giving Foxy a brushing too.

As I give myself a once-over, I scoff at my reflection. My almond-shaped amber eyes are too large for my face. My buoyant breasts are way over-proportioned to my petite frame. And my bubble-butt is too big. I feel exposed in this little French maid's outfit, a frilly white and lavender short-dress with matching headpiece and white knee-high stockings. Too much naked peach skin. My hiney sticks out the bottom. My flat tummy is bare. And my boobs are barely covered at all. What if my master doesn't like it?

I scratch at my neck under my tracking collar and sigh. "Do you think he'll like me, Foxy?"

Foxy replies in his digitized voice. "Oh yes! Very much so! He's going to love you so much!"

I hug him tight. "Thanks, Foxy. I hope you're right."

Footsteps approach and my back stiffens, my ears perk up, and my tail wags with eager excitement. The person comes closer and closer and closer, but then they pass on by, and I give a little whimper and my head and shoulders slump with disappointment.

My hope is blighted three more times over the course of two hours. And now I'm rocking back and forth with my knees crossed and my hands between my legs because I need to pee.

Foxy warns, "Don't wet yourself. Your master will be displeased."

I whine, "I know! I'm trying! I'm trying!"

And then I freeze as footfalls sound, coming nearer and nearer. To my abundant joy they stop beside my kennel. I quiver with expectation as I hear a door whooshing open. My shelter's lifted into the air, carried a short distance, and placed down gently. This is it! I'm finally going to meet my master!

But then he moves away, soft footsteps shuffling on carpeting, and a moment later I hear water running.

I whisper, "He wants to shower before greeting us, Foxy."

Foxy replies in a subdued tone. "He is most likely concerned with his first impression. He's as excited as you."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes, of course."

My bladder protesting fiercely, I chew my thumb as I listen to the splashing water. A few anxious minutes later, the shower ceases and I hear the ruffling of clothing as he's surly dressing himself.

He moves passed my kennel without pausing and there comes the patter of bare feet on a hard surface. Then water running for a moment. The creaking of a cabinet opening and closing.

Shifting sounds of pouring rice. Chopping noises. I guess he wants to cook dinner before meeting me. But I need to pee!

I can't help myself. I utter soft mewls of distress.

Pattering shifts to shuffling and then the covering is whisked off, revealing my master to me at last. He's quite handsome. Barechested with loose drawstring pants. His chest and abs are subtly defined. He is not truly tall or large, but in comparison to myself he seems so. His sleek dark hair is cut short. His almond-shaped brown eyes widen as he takes me in.

He flashes me a compassionate pout. "Oh, poor girl. I thought you were napping and didn't want to wake you until our meal was ready."

Tail between my legs, I whine, "I need to pee."

"Oh, I'm surprised they didn't give you a litter box." He presses a thumb to the small scanner and the lock disengages. Opening the door, he reaches a hand inside. "Come on. Don't be afraid."

Holding Foxy to my chest with my left hand, I grip his outstretched palm with my right, and he pulls me to my feet and leads me to the tiny bathroom, which has no door.

I rest Foxy on the back of the bidet toilet and hover before the bowl, shifting from foot to foot, staring up at my master, waiting for him to leave, but he doesn't seem to wanna abandon me. So I pull my purple polka dot panties down to my knees and hop backward up onto the seat, my feet dangling.

As my urine begins to tinkle into the water, he reaches down and lifts the front of my short-dress, and I flush red with embarrassment. With his free hand he gropes gently at his crotch as he watches. The outline of his member becomes visual as it begins to enlarge.

A ding sounds and he leaves me with a huff of disappointment.

After using the front jet sprayer, I dry with a wad of tissue, and flush. I wash my hands with soap at the single sink across from the toilet. A glass-doored shower stands between them.

Retrieving Foxy, I return to the living area I hadn't had a chance to examine before. A large bed dominates the room. My kennel is placed beside it, the only place it will fit. My master's home is small. A floor-to-ceiling window stretches an entire wall, overlooking a neon-lit city. The panoramic view is dazzling.

My master enters from the kitchenette, the spicy scent of something yummy wafting about him. Squatting down, he pets my head, gently pulls my ears, and softly pinches my cheek. "You're an adorable thing. I'm going to name you Kitsune."

A name! I have a name! He gave me my own name! I smile wide and my tail whips back and forth. "Thank you, Master!"

He glides a palm up the back of my thigh and cups a cheek, giving it a light squeeze. "No need to call me master. You can call me Daddy."

I beam brightly. "Yes, Daddy."

He finger strokes my doll's chin. "Who's this little guy?"

"Foxy. He's my best friend in the whole wide world."

He grins. "Well, it's nice to meet you as well, Mr. Foxy."

Foxy replies, "It is my pleasure to make your acquaintance, Mr. Daddy."

Daddy chuckles, then pecks me on the forehead. "Time for dinner, sweetie. Put Foxy away."

I whine, "But Foxy goes with me everywhere."

He gives me a stern look. "Put him in your cage or on the bed."

I tuck my tail and look down at the thick carpet. "Okay, Daddy." And I hug Foxy before placing him on the bed where he can see into the kitchenette.

A table, just big enough to hold two plates, is folded out of the wall along with a backless chair at either side. I climb into my seat and give my food a few sniffs. "It smells really good, Daddy."

He picks up his chopsticks and nods. "Thank you, sweetie. I hope you enjoy it."

Apparently some masters don't want their pets to produce solid waste, so they only feed them specially formulated beverages purchasable from the company that manufactured me. They were the only thing I ever tasted until now. The flavor of this food is much more potent. I take small bites, chewing carefully, savoring every bit of taste and texture with joy.

I am full after consuming only a small portion in relation to my master. I wait patiently as he finishes his meal. Then he serves green tea. Another new experience.

Afterwards he places our dishes in the dishwasher, wipes the table clean before folding it away, and asks, "Would you like a sweet treat, Kitsune?"

I clap my hands and hop up and down. "Ooo yes, Daddy!"

Cool mist flows from the freezer, drifting down his body in ghostlike tendrils as he pulls out a small round candy. He unwraps the foil to reveal a marble of chocolate. "I don't want you to get strawberry filling all over yourself. Open your mouth."

I smile as I open wide and he presses the treat onto my tongue. I close my lips, fearing the marble will roll out, and suck the tips of his retracting fingers in the process.

He watches me with a grin as I tongue the melting chocolate back and forth between my cheeks, wallowing in the rich sweetness, until the sticky filling spills out, and I swallow it all down. I lick and smack my lips, and he chews his lower lip as I do.

Pointing to his bed, he breathes, "Let's go join Foxy."

I climb onto the bed, scoop up Foxy, and bounce up and down in a fit of giggles, feeling a rush I've never felt before.

"*Someone* is enjoying a sugar high." Daddy opens a small package attached to my kennel, pulls out a cylinder-shaped device, and sticks his finger in it. He winches and a tingling sensation flows from the crown of my head to the tips of my toes. My energy rush is instantly joined by something else. A strong urgency I can't identify. It's like an itch inside.

Daddy climbs into bed, and with a voice command, the ceiling becomes a window into another world, aglow with rainbows. With a flick of his wrist, the world dissolves into another. A naked woman is bound to a stone slab in the middle of a moonlit graveyard, screaming and writhing, as a winged beast slaps and claws her while thrusting his humongous penis inside her.

I gasp at the scary sight and squeeze Foxy tight.

Wrapping his arms around me, Daddy pulls me close, and I snuggle up against him, tail tucked and whimpering softly.

"It's okay. It's not real. It's computer animation." He strokes his hand down the arch of my back, over the hump of my bottom, and across my thighs as the monster bucks and grunts, until white fluid oozes from the woman's eyes, nose and ears.

Then Daddy unlaces my top and pulls it down, unveiling my spry oversized breasts. The crotch of his pants ascends at once, and my inner itch intensifies many fold. Untying his pants, he opens them, releasing his rigid member. It's much larger than I expected, and pulsates with his heartbeat.

I believe his erection signifies that he may want me to service him in some way. My training included learning to use every part of my body to please my master. I lift my dainty feet in the air and wiggle my toes. "Daddy, would you like me to give you pleasure with my feet?"

He smiles and brushes a finger over my lips, then presses it inside and caresses the tip of my tongue. "I'd like you to give me pleasure with your lush little mouth, but lets see what you can do with your cute elfin feet first."

My toes curled together, I compress his thick shaft between the stocking-clad soles of my feet, and I slide them up and down, slow and deliberate. He utters a guttural groan of delight that I can feel deep within me.

"Kitsune, sweetie, you're very talented. You're quickly proving to be well worth your purchase price."

I giggle merrily at his praise. "Thank you, Daddy. Would you like my mouth now?"

He bites his bottom lip, and breaths, "Yes."

My training included viewing instructional videos on many techniques of oral stimulation and practicing them on a dildo. "Do you prefer it clean or sloppy?"

"Sloppy, sweetie, very very sloppy."

Uncurling my toes, I release my squeezing foot grip, and scoot down between his legs. My mouth begins to salivate three times the normal amount. I cup my palms and drool into them, filling them, then I clutch his manhood and twist my sopping hands up and down his shaft, coating him in my spit, as I lick and suck his bare balls, staring up at him as I do.

He grunts and groans at my touch, and my interior itch overwhelms me. I utter a wail of hunger and seal my lips over the head of his throbbing erection, giving it loud sucking kisses as I pop my mouth off it again and again, causing him to flinch with gasps of ecstasy each time.

"That's *wondrous*, sweetie, but stop teasing Daddy, and show me how good you can suck."

"Okay, Daddy. I'll show you. I wanna make you proud."

Then he combs his fingers through my hair with one hand and fondles my breasts with the other, rolling and pulling my nipples, as I slowly bob up and down on his engorged member, moaning as I go, louder and louder, taking him deeper and deeper into my taut throat, thick slobber steadily flowing from my lips. As his enjoyment ascends so does mine. His pleasure is mine. We're linked!

With my drooling lips kissing the base, his manhood crammed fully into my throat, I swipe my tongue back and forth while sucking hard, my cheeks concave with the effort.

Daddy thrusts his pelvis, his abs rippling, and grunts, "*Ooh, sweetie, I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Ahhh!*"

A twisting pressure that has been growing tighter and tighter, suddenly snaps, and as hot jets of goo erupt into my throat, a tremendous wave of jubilant euphoria washes over me and my body quakes, a warm darkness taking me.

After the blissful aftershocks subside and all the salty goop is swallowed, Daddy's member goes flaccid in my softly sucking mouth, and he pulls me from it. He wipes the spittle from my chin with a tissue and lays me atop his heaving chest. I feel so heavy and happy.

After switching off the monster rape computer animation, he pants, "It's time for bed. I've got work in the morning."

I roll off him in a haze. "Okay, Daddy. Goodnight." I climb off the bed to climb into my kennel as I have been trained.

His hands grasp my waist and lift me into the air and sets me back on his bed. "You can sleep with Daddy. I just need to relieve myself first."

As I listen to him urinating, my heart thumbs in my chest with a strange sensation that seems bigger than anything I should be capable of feeling. He gave me a name, he fed me dinner and dessert, and now he's allowing me to sleep in his bed too. Daddy must be the greatest master any pet has ever had. I'm the luckiest pet ever!

The toilet flushes, the sink runs, and then Daddy climbs into bed, pulls a blanket over us, and encloses me in his arms, spooning me close. He kisses the top of my head gingerly and hugs me a little tighter.

I gaze out the window with a serene smile, as auto-taxis and hover-buses streak through the sky, and drift off to the world of dreams.

This is the end of the free preview.

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