

The Dog Pound

Faye Valentine

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To say I was nervous as hell would have been a vast understatement, but doing a glory hole had always been something I wanted...no, needed to try from the first time I saw it in porn and read about it in stories. The thought of being locked in a tiny stall while sucking and fucking strange men through walls appealed to my inner pervert in ways I could not explain. So, when I was pointed in the direction of the Dog Pound – a place I was assured had more than one glory hole stall, I jumped at the opportunity to make my fantasy a reality.

Entering the club through the rear, I realized two things while waiting in line to pay the \$25 entrance fee. First, everyone ahead of me and those coming in after were dressed in various animal costumes. And second, I was woefully underdressed. When I got to the small ticket booth where a woman dressed in a bra, panties, thigh-high boots and long gloves with a distinct canine pattern – her face meticulously painted to appear more puppy-like, I found myself staring. As my eyes drifted down to the nametag pinned to the left cup of her bra, I noticed the tail sticking out behind her and wondered if it was part of the panties, or a plug.

“Welcome to the Dog pound,” Erica said with a smile. “First time?”

“Y-Yes,” I answered nervously. “What sort of place is this? Why is everyone dressed like animals?”

“You ever hear of furies, sweetie?”

“Yes. I had no idea that’s what this place catered to, but I suppose that explains the name.”

“It does. I’m afraid you have to be dressed as some sort of animal to go in.”

“I don’t own that kind of outfit,” I said, my shoulders slumping as I saw my chances of doing a glory hole quickly disappearing.

“No worries. We sell outfits in the shop through that door over there. And since you’re new you’ll get fifty percent off your first purchase.”

“What does something like what you’re wearing cost?”

“This will normally set you back four hundred dollars, but with the discount it’ll only be two.”

“Damn!”

“It ain’t cheap, but at least you get half off. The choice is yours, but there’s a line forming behind you nearly to the door so I’m going to need you to please step aside.”

“Oh, sorry.” Stepping out of line, I looked at the men and women and their various costumes in a myriad of designs from big, bulky things with oversized animal heads to more sleeker, and in my opinion sexier versions in latex. *Two hundred bucks*, I thought as a petite redhead walked past me wearing a bovine bodysuit with the ass and crotch cut out. Looking at her naked rear I saw the long cow tail coming right out of her ass and involuntarily shivered. After a few more minutes of standing there staring, my mind was made up. Sure, it was going to cost me a couple hundred dollars, but in the long run it was a cheap price to pay for fulfilling a fantasy.

Doing it before I changed my mind, I pulled the door leading to the shop open and stepped inside. There were no other customers, but sitting at a counter were two women – a brunette dressed as a monkey, and a blonde done up as a cat. Looking around, I saw racks and racks of clothing. At the back of the shop I saw shelves of butt plugs and oddly-shaped toys I assumed were dildos. I must have looked completely lost because the next thing I knew the brunette was approaching me.

“Welcome to the Dog Pound shop. My name is Alice, can I help you find something?”

“Um, I have no idea where to even begin. Erica told me I needed to be dressed in costume to enter the club so here I am.”

“New to being a furry?”

“Honestly, I only came here for the glory holes, but if I have to buy an outfit to get in then that’s what I’ll do. She also mentioned I would get half off as a first-time customer.”

“Nice. And yes, you’ll get a one-time discount on your first purchase. So, you looking for something traditional or more modern?”

“Um, what’s the difference?”

“Traditional would be the big, bulky costumes with oversized heads that cover the entire body. Modern would be more like what me and Terri over there are wearing,” she answered, referring to the sleek bodysuits she and the other worker wore.

“Definitely modern.”

“It’s really the way to go if you ask me, but some people are just stuck in the past I guess. Okay, I’m going to ask a question and I want you to say the first thing that comes to your mind. Don’t stop to think about it, just answer. What animal do you most identify with?”

“A horse.”

“Then that’s what you should start with. Come on, I’ll help you get everything you need.”

“Does that include a tail?”

“Absolutely. We have plugs for every animal that has a tail. I hope you like anal as the horse ones are kind of on the large size.”

“Really? Can’t I just get a smaller plug and put the tail on it?”

“Normally, yes, but our plugs are specially made for us and the tails are built in and not removable. Since we are here we’ll start with the boots and work our way up. What size do you wear?”

“Seven.”

“I’ll warn you right now, the horse boots take a little getting used to, but in my opinion look amazingly sexy and will add about six inches to your height,” Alice said as she picked up a pair of brown, black and white thigh-high boots with hooves at the end. “They wear like a pair of heels, but as you can see there’s a hoof at the toe end. You’ll also notice there is no actual heel so you’ll be walking on your toes. To make this go faster, why don’t you go ahead and take your clothes off and we’ll get you dressed as we go?”

“You want me to strip right here?”

“Honey, you’re buying very revealing gear to wear into a fetish club where about a hundred or more people will see your goods so, yeah, I want you to take your clothes off. If you can’t do that then this probably isn’t the club for you. Also, didn’t you say you were here for the glory hole?”

Fine, fair enough.” Exhaling, I reached back, unzipped my dress and tugged it down my body. Next, I took my panties off and stepped out of my heels. Alice handed me the boots and pointed to a small bench where I could sit to put them on. I had never worn latex before and it took me several minutes to roll the form-fitting material up my legs. If not for the clerk’s quick reflexes I would have fallen right on my ass as I got to my feet. “Jesus, you’re right, these things are going to take some getting used to.”

“I know. And let me be the first to say how amazingly sexy they look on you.”

“Thanks. So, what’s next?”

“Next are the gloves,” she answered, handing me a pair of opera gloves matching the pattern on the boots I now wore.

After putting the gloves on, she gave me a headband with horse ears on it and a matching open breast top that hugged me like a second skin. Then, opening a small plastic package, she withdrew something and before I had time to react, she had pierced my right nipple. Looking down in utter shock, I saw a barbell with what looked like a d-ring attached to it. Lifting my head to ask what the hell she was doing, I felt the thing needle piercing the left nipple.

“What in the fuck?”

“They are part of the horse costume,” Alice explained. It’s so reins can be attached to teach you cart pulling, but here they are more decorative,” she continued, connecting the two d-rings with a thing chain. “I’m afraid there’s one more.” Kneeling, she pinched my clitoral hood and I inhaled sharply as the needle passed through. Why I stood there and let her do it was beyond me, but the damage was done and there wasn’t anything I could do about it now.”

“Just so you know, the needles now piercing your nipples and clit are fourteen gauge and once healed you’ll be able to wear whatever jewelry you desire.”

“H-How much more is there to this outfit?”

“Only three more pieces. Bit, blinders and tail. Speaking of which, what’s the largest you’ve ever taken up the ass?”

“Um, a normal sized dick.”

“How many fingers can you take before it hurts?”

“Two, three if I am incredibly horny.”

“The smallest horse plug we have is two and a half inches thick. You have two options. One, you can just grit your teeth and take it, or you can work up to it slowly. But if you take the latter option you’ll have to buy all the toys you use to open yourself up for the plug. While you think about it, open up.”

My mouth opened of its own accord and was promptly filled with a rubber bar attached to leather straps. Confused, I moved my head back. “What the hell is that?”

“That is the bit gag. Don’t worry, it’ll be loose enough for you to put in and out of your mouth as you please, but I do have to put it on you.”

Sighing, wondering if this fantasy was really worth it I allowed her to gag me and then put the blinders on. And then we were standing in front of the shelves of plugs. She picked up one with a long black tail and went to another shelf to grab some lube.

“Have you decided how you will take it?”

“I’ll just work that one in me slowly.”

“Actually, I’ll be the one working it into you and I’m afraid it won’t be slowly. Like I said, you either take this one all at once, or you buy the toys to do it slowly. Go ahead and bend over with your hands on that bench and your legs spread open and I’ll try to get it in there as quickly as possible.”

“I’ve never had sex with another woman in my life! Why do you have to put it in me?”

“Those are the rules. Oh, and whatever you do don’t clench or it’ll hurt a hell of a lot more than it has to.”

Swallowing what was left of my pride, I bent over the bench and spread my legs. Apparently not far enough as Alice kicked them wider still. The lubed tip of the plug rubbed against my tightly puckered back door as she spread the lube around and then I was flying forward as pain erupted in my ass and I found myself bent over the bench with my aching behind sticking up and my upper body on the floor.

“Mmmm, now that is a very nice view,” Alice purred. And then I felt a finger slide along my slit and flick the ring now piercing my hood. On its way back down, the digit pushed into me. Humiliated, I scrambled forward onto all fours. Spinning around, I leaned back into a kneeling position and stared up at her. “I didn’t say you could finger me!”

“Sorry, couldn’t help myself. How’s the ass feeling?”

“Like I’ve just been impaled on a telephone pole.”

“It’s not that big.”

“Bigger than anything I’ve ever taken until now.”

“Okay, one last thing before we ring you out. Get up and bend over again.”

“Why?”

“Just do it. I promise I won’t finger you again unless you ask for it, but there’s one last thing I need to do.”

“Thinking maybe she forgot something, I did as she asked and bent over with my hands resting on the bench and legs spread wide. After a minute or two, I felt the plug being yanked from my ass. There was a brief moment of relief that was quickly replaced with pain as the plug went back in.

“No, that’s the biggest thing you’ve ever taken up your ass,” Alice said, giving my backside a hard slap. That one is three inches thick in case you were wondering. You may stand now unless you want me to lose control and eat your pussy.”

“Are you going to humiliate me further or are we done here?”

“We’re done if all you want is that costume. Oh, and this plug here is on the house,” she said, handing me the smaller horse-tailed plug.