

Furtasia

Faye Valentine

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I drove by the massive brick building half a dozen times before finally pulling into the nearly empty parking lot. My eyes were drawn to the neon sign hanging above the entrance depicting what appeared to be a bipedal dog walking another which was on all fours – the name FURTASIA lit up below. Having no idea what kind of place this new club was supposed to be, but desperate for a job, I got out of my car, straightened up my skirt and walked in.

“We’re closed,” a woman said somewhere deep enough in the huge, dimly lit room that I could not see her.

“Sorry, the sign outside said you were open for applications and interviews. Is that no longer the case?” I called out, squinting as I attempted to locate whomever I was talking to.

“Are you at least twenty-one years of age with waitressing experience?”

“Yes on both accounts. I just turned twenty-one three weeks ago and I was a waitress at Applebee’s for two years until I was laid off three months ago. I’ve been trying to get another job ever since, but the hours, pay, or both suck. What kind of club is this anyways? The sign outside is rather...interesting.”

“Furtasia is a fetish club,” the woman – a tall, green-eyed brunette said as she came into the light. My eyes were instantly drawn to the skin-tight blue and silver corset dress and matching strappy boots that came up mid-shin. The former nearly pushing her ample bosom out the top while the latter accentuating her long, toned legs. She was absolutely stunning. Not that I was into women sexually, but I could appreciate beauty wherever I saw it. “I can see by the look on your face you have no clue what I’m talking about. Perhaps this isn’t the right place for you, sweetie.”

“I really need a job if you’re hiring. Can you elaborate on what a fetish club is? It might not be my cup of tea, so to speak, but I’m willing to give it a try if you’re willing to let me.”

“Have you ever heard the terms bdsm, dominatrix or furry?”

“Um, I’ve heard the first two before but I honestly don’t know much about either.”

“What’s your name?”

“Alyssa. Alyssa Donovan.”

“Pleasure to meet you Alyssa. My name is Mistress Heather and I own and manage Furtasia. Now, instead of trying to explain the various aspects of what bdsm and furry are, why don’t I give you a demonstration? If you make it to the end I’ll give you the job. And so you know what you potentially have to look forward to, the position pays forty-five thousand a year plus tips.”

“To be a waitress?”

“That is correct. Are you willing to go through a small demonstration, Alyssa?”

“Um, I suppose so. What do you need me to do?”

“First, I’m going to need you to strip out of your clothes while you give me...”

“Excuse me? Did you say strip out of my clothes?”

“That exactly what I said. And if you cannot follow that one simple request then this is definitely not the place for you. Don’t worry, you won’t be nude for long. While you’re taking off your clothes I want you to tell me your height, weight and measurements so I can see if I have a uniform in back that will fit you. And while I’m checking I want you to crawl on all fours over to the stage and then sit like a puppy. Actually, why don’t you do that now? Sit like a puppy, that is.”

“Um, how do I do that?”

“Kneel with your legs spread wide apart and your ass on the floor. Leaning forward place your hands on the floor at least six inches in front, but between the knees. Can you do that for me?”

I was afraid to talk for fear of stuttering and sounding the fool so I just took a deep breath and dropped onto my knees as I exhaled. Spreading my legs apart, I put my ass on the cold wooden floor and then leaned forward with my hands in front of and between my knees. “Like this?”

“Perfect. You may stand and start stripping now. And from here on out, until you leave my club you will refer to me as Mistress. Is that understood?”

“Y-Yes Mistress.” Thankfully the rest of the club was empty as I unbuttoned my blouse. Taking it off, I laid it on the nearest table. “I’m five feet ten inches and one hundred thirty pounds,” I said as I stepped out of my skirt. Taking my bra off, I added it to the pile. “My measurements are thirty-four cee, twenty-four, thirty-five.” My panties were now on the table and after stepping out of my heels I watched as she walked out of the room. Red-faced and humiliated, I never the less did as she said and got down on my hands and knees to crawl across the club. Carefully climbing the stage steps, I went to the front and dropped into a sitting position where I waited for Mistress Heather to return.

When she reemerged from the back, Mistress Heather was carrying a box with her. Smiling, happy to see that I had followed her directions to the letter, she carried the box to the stage and sat it down next to me. “You’re a very pretty woman, Alyssa,” she said, reaching out and giving my head a playful rub as if I were a damn dog. “Let’s see how you look dressed as a puppy. Do you give me permission to put you in full uniform?”

“Yes Mistress,” I answered, having no idea what that would entail until it was too late. First, she placed a black leather collar around my neck and then a headband with what looked like dog ears was placed on my head. Next, she placed long opera gloves on me that went nearly to my shoulder and I noticed that besides the tightness of them, they had a distinct canine pattern and what looked like a very fine coating of fur. The next part happened so quickly I barely had time to register what she was doing until it was too late.

“Arch your back so that your beautiful breasts are more on display,” she commanded as she rummaged around in the box. As I adjusted my position, her hands came up and at me faster than greased lightning. My left nipple was grabbed, pinched between finger and thumb and a needle pushed through – leaving a ring with a small money clip attached behind. As I looked down stunned at what she had just done, she pushed another needle through the right.

“W-W-What in the hell did you just do to me, Mistress? You fucking pierced my nipples!”

“You did give me permission to put you in full uniform, Alyssa and the piercings are part of the uniform. The clips are where you’ll display your tips. Do you wish to stop now and leave, or do you give me permission to continue dressing you?”

“What else are you going to do to me, Mistress?”

“I’m going to put your leggings on and then your tail, boots and finally the cuffs on your wrists and ankles. Once that is done I will do the makeup on your face to make you look more like a puppy. If you take the job you’ll be expected to learn how to do it yourself, but don’t worry I’ll give you a DVD of step-by-step instructions to follow and once you learn it should only take you about an hour to complete.

I sat on the edge of the stage as she worked the latex leggings up my shins to my knees – unrolling them a little at a time while keeping them relatively even. Once up over the knees, she

had me get into what she called the begging position. That was kneeling with my legs spread apart and my ass raised up while my arms were at my sides, hands hanging limp as if I were a puppy begging for a treat. The whole experience was humiliating and degrading, but I had come too far to back out now. Smoothing out the waistband, I looked down to confirm that the things did not have a crotch or ass in them at all.

“Get on all fours, turn around and then back your ass up to the edge of the stage. Once in position you will lower your head to the stage with your arms stretched out in front of you. Do you understand?”

“Yes Mistress.”

“Good. Now get into position so that I can give you a tail.”

Thinking she was going to clip something onto the back of the leggings, I went through the motions of getting into position and it was not until I felt the lubed plug pressing into my ass that I realized how wrong I was. It grew fatter the more she pushed into me and I did my best to take it like a good puppy, but the damn thing never seemed to end and it was really starting to hurt. Looking back over my shoulder, I gave her a pleading look as I grunted. “Uuhhnnn...h-how b-big is that damn thing, Mistress?”

“It’s almost in, my pretty little puppy. The plugs we use here have been specially designed and ordered just for this club. You won’t find anything like it anywhere on the market.” Just as she said it, I felt my asshole stretch really wide and then snap shut. “Well done, puppy. You took the knot. Just so you know, you’ve got a total of ten inches stuffing your sexy ass right now and that includes a three inch knot.”

“Jesus Christ! I’ve never felt so stuffed in my life, Mistress. What do you mean a three inch knot?”

“Did you feel that really thick part pushing into you?”

“Yes. I’d have to be dead not to feel it stretching me open. It felt like you were trying to ram a baseball into me.”

“Almost. That was the knot. On an actual dog, it is the part of the cock near the base that inflates to keep the stud locked inside of the bitch during breeding. The one in you now is three inches in diameter and should be large enough to maintain the tie for your entire shift should you take the job.”

My mind was going a million different directions with the implications of what she was saying. “Wait, when you say I have a knot in me...”

“The plugs we use here at Furtasia are designed after the real thing, Alyssa. How do you feel knowing you’ve got a doggy dick shoved up your ass, my pretty little puppy? Would you like for me to pull it out and fuck you with it? Ram it in and out hard and fast like the real thing?”

“Is that part of the job, Mistress?”

“As a matter of fact, it probably will be. Are you giving me permission to fuck your ass with the doggy plug?”

“I’m not into women sexually, Mistress.”

“That did not answer my question, puppy,” Mistress Heather said, grabbing the base of the plug and pulling it back until the knot started stretching my asshole open. The pain intensified as the knot was ever so slowly pulled out. She stopped when it was at its thickest and asked me again. “Do you want me to fuck your ass with the doggy dick like the horny bitch that you are?” The knot popped out. My asshole snapped shut and was then forced back open to take

it again. Out. In. Out. In. “I’m waiting. If I don’t hear an answer in the next three seconds I’ll assume it’s okay to continue.”

She had already screwed the damn thing in and out a dozen times before finishing her statement and despite the humiliation and pain, it was starting to feel more than a little pleasant. Too embarrassed to tell another woman to fuck me, I lowered my head to the stage floor and spread my legs a little wider. *A dog dick. I am nearly naked on a stage while another woman is fucking my ass with a massive butt plug shaped like a dog’s cock. What in the holy fuck is wrong with me?* Feeling my asshole loosening enough to take the toy a whole lot easier, I found myself pushing back to meet her thrusts.

“That’s it,” Mistress Heather cooed “that’s a good little puppy. From the way you’re purring like a kitten I’d say you’re thoroughly enjoying taking a doggy dick. How about two at the same time?”