

Pets of Furtopia

Faye Valentine

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Mackenzie was deep asleep and dreaming of her upcoming vacation to the Caribbean when the ringing of her phone pulled her away from sunshine, clear skies and the ocean gently lapping at her feet. With a groan she rolled over and grabbed it off the nightstand. Not recognizing the number, she hit ignore and closed her eyes. It rang again. Same number. She ignored it. With the third call, now irritated, she answered. "I don't know why this is but..."

"It's me, sis," she heard her twin sister Madison's voice. "I can tell by the sound of your voice that I woke you up, but I need you to listen very closely. I need your help. I've..."

"I'm not bailing you out again. Figure it out yourself," a very grumpy and tired Mackenzie shot back.

"Please just listen because if you don't help we'll both be homeless."

"God damn it Madison! What have you done this time and why are you calling me from a strange number?"

"I'm about to introduce you to a side of me you've never seen before but I've got no choice. I made an easy bet that would've been easily won had I not lost my damn phone."

"What bet, Madison? How damn deep are you in it this time?"

"I'm at a club where people know me pretty well but until tonight none of them knew I have an identical twin sister. A bet was made and... and, well, if you don't come in to show them that I do, in fact, have an identical twin sister I'll lose six months' worth of mortgage payments as well as some other stuff that won't effect you so please listen because it is of the utmost importance that you follow my directions to the letter."

While she and her sister had high-paying jobs, the mortgage on their shared home, car payments and myriad other bills kept them nearly tapped every month. "What do you need me to do?"

"Thank you! Okay, I promise I'll explain everything when you get here. I need you to go to my closet. In the back you'll find a small hole in the right side of the wall. Putting a finger in will press a button that will open a secret back half where I keep all of my, um, special clothes. In the back you'll find boxes on shelves marked as various animals. I need you to find one marked as puppy gear and put it on. All of it, Mackenzie. The club I'm at has a very specific dress code so you cannot miss a single item. Once you're in the full gear you may put on a shirt and pants for modesty and then come to Furtopia. I'll text you the address."

"What the actual fuck, Madison? Puppy gear? Furtopia? Is this like some furry shit?"

"Something like that, but you won't be wearing a big, bulky suit. Now, you're really not going to like what I say next, but it's very important that you pay attention. When you get here you'll step out of your car and take the shirt and pants off before entering the club through the back door. When you get to the booth pay the woman fifty bucks. She'll give you an armband which you'll need to put on your left bicep. The club has rules everyone entering must obey and by entering you agree. The list is lengthy but I'll go over the important ones. By entering you are letting everyone know that you are open and available to sex. That means if some man walks up and sticks his dick in you, you'll accept it without complaint. You'll let him mount and breed you like a bitch in heat. You..."

"You're out of your god damn mind if you think I'm going to let some random guy fuck me!"

"Would you rather be homeless? And it might not be a man. It's just as possible that a woman will crawl over and lick you. Which brings me to the next rule. Women are not permitted

to walk. When you enter the club proper you'll need to get down on all fours and remain on all fours unless commanded otherwise by one of the Masters or Mistresses which you'll know by the purple band around their right bicep. If you want to minimize the chance you'll be mounted then stay in motion and move with purpose. I'm being held in VIP room seven which is down the back hall, fourth door on the left. I cannot express the importance of not making a scene, sis. Pull away before someone is finished, making a scene by yelling and throwing around accusations and you'll be disciplined and trust me, unless you're a closet masochist you do not want to be caned."

"Okay, so, if I refuse to bail you out you lose six months of mortgage payments and other stuff, but what if you win?"

"Then I win six months of mortgage payments meaning I'll cover all of it for half a year meaning you'll be able to save your money for other things. I'll also get to do things to those that took the bet."

"W-What sort of things?"

"We can discuss that when you get here. If you're going to help me out of this mess, that is."

"I don't like it, but I don't like the thought of being homeless either so I'll help, but I want half of everything you're getting."

"Deal. Just remember, wear everything and make no complaints whatsoever if someone mounts you. And I'm in VIP seven."

"I'll be there as soon as I can."

"I'll text you the address just as soon as we hang up and thank you."

Hanging up, Mackenzie got out of bed with a long, exaggerated sigh and made her way to her twin sister's room. Sliding open the door to the huge walk-in closet, she weaved her way around row after row of clothes. Finding the small hole in the back wall, she hesitated a moment before sticking her finger in. The button went in and after an audible click a section of wall unlatched and popped open a few inches. Pulling it open, she stared into another section of closet containing tops, pants, dresses and skirts in latex and leather. Out of the corner of her left eye she saw numerous types of boots and shoes while to the right bras and panties lay on slanted shelving.

With a deep breath, wondering just what her twin was into, she stepped into the closet full of fetish clothes and made her way to the back where boxes lined long shelves. Although in alphabetical order making finding what she was looking for fast and easy, she let her eyes wonder over the names. Bovine. Canine. Equine. Feline. Porcine. Simian. Each category was broken down into various animals. Grabbing one of the boxes from the canine section, Mackenzie took a deep breath, stripped out of the panties she wore to bed and then opened the box. Laying on top of the pile was a latex crop top in a black and silver saddle pattern reminiscent of huskies. It was not until taking it out of the box that she realized it was cupless. "Oh boy!" she exclaimed, already regretting agreeing to her sister's idiotic plan. Nevertheless, she put it on. Next came the long gloves that nearly reached her armpit. Those were followed by a garter belt, thigh-high boots ending in paws, headband with ears and a sleek, shiny metal collar from which hung a tag in the shape of a paw with BITCH IN HEAT etched into it and filled in with what appeared to be sapphire dust.

The last two items were a tailed butt plug in the shape of a canine's penis – a shape that, as someone growing up around horny dogs, she immediately recognized. "What. The. Actual. Fuck. Madison? She said as she grabbed the other item – a small jewelry box, and opened it.

Inside, she found rings with paw dangles with BREED ME and MOUNT ME etched into them and contrasted with the same blue as the collar. With a sigh, she removed the barbells from her nipples and slid the rings in. And then her eyes went back to that large, very intimidating butt plug ending in a knot the size of a tennis ball. Removing the curved silicone tail from the base, she quickly found a bottle of lube, got down on all fours and then began the long, humiliating process of working the huge toy into her ass.

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It was nearly two in the morning when Mackenzie pulled into the parking lot of the Furtopia fetish club. Removing the tee shirt and sweat pants she tossed on for modesty sake, she grabbed fifty dollars and her driver's license from her purse, tucked them into the top of her right thigh-high boot and then, with a deep breath and slow exhale stepped out into the warm summer night feeling more exposed than if she had been butt naked. Ignoring the looks she got from a few patrons leaving the club – all dressed as various animals, she pulled the door open and stepped inside where she was immediately greeted by a petite blonde woman wearing what appeared to be a cow costume including headband with horns and ears.

“Hey Madison. Wait, I thought you were already here?” the woman in the small booth said with raised brow.

“My name is Mackenzie. Madison is my identical twin sister and I'm here to bail her dumb ass out of a stupid bet she made.”

“Right. I heard rumor that she was claiming to have a twin. I don't know, you look an awful lot like her.”

“You did hear the identical part, right? She said it was fifty bucks to get it,” Mackenzie said, sliding the money through the rectangular opening in the bottom of the plexiglass divider.

“It is, but I'll also need to see some identification and if this is your first time here then you'll need to read and sign the rules.”

Mackenzie slid her driver's license under the glass.

The woman in the booth picked up the ID and then spent a solid ten seconds looking from it to the woman standing in front of her. “I'll be damned. Not gonna lie, I don't think anyone here believed she really had an identical twin.”

“That's the stupidest thing I've ever heard. Why would she lie about it? Don't bother answering. I just want to get this nonsense over with so can you give me the armband or whatever it is I'm supposed to get to go in?”

“Sure, right after you read and sign the rules and I get you into the system,” the woman said, sliding a clipboard through the opening. “Make sure you read and initial and sign where indicated.”

Taking the clipboard, Mackenzie quickly skimmed over the waiver and consent forms before signing them with the knowledge that this would be the one and only time she stepped foot inside the club. The rules were a bit longer and clearly stated what her twin had already said. Initially and signing in more than a dozen different spots, she gave them back to the woman in the booth who flipped through the pages before her long fingernails clicked away at a keyboard.

“Okay, I just need to see the plug to make sure it meets our standards and then you may go in.”

Remembering just reading that as part of the rules, Mackenzie reached back and with a grunt pulled the silicone toy free. Panting, she held it up for the woman to see.

“Nice,” the woman said, sliding a blue band and Mackenzie's driver's license under the glass. “Wear that around your left bicep and head on in.”