

BDSM Bundle: 2019 Edition

Crimson Rose

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Furtopia

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Entering her boss' office, Agent Heidi Morgan closed the door behind her and gave the man she had come to trust as a friend a nervous look. "You wanted to see me Sir?"

"Please take a seat, Agent Morgan," he replied while doing his best not to look at her the way everyone else did.

Closing the distance, Heidi released the smallest fraction of her genetically enhanced pheromones in the hopes it would give her an advantage in the conversation to come. "Sir, before we get to what you have to say I need to ask a huge favor from you." Reaching the desk, she undid the top three buttons on her navy-blue blouse and let her large breasts pop free.

"What do you think you're doing Agent Morgan?"

"I'm so sorry Sir, but I was running late this morning and did not have a chance to pump. Please, I'll beg if I have to, but I need someone to relieve some of the pressure." Walking around the desk, she placed her hands on the arms of his chair and arched her back, stopping with her left nipple millimeters from his lips. "Please, I know how you feel about this sort of... mmmm," she purred when he latched on and began sucking. Releasing a bit more pheromones, she closed her eyes and let her tail come up between his legs. "Thank you Sir.

It had been nearly four years since she was kidnapped, trained as a sex slave and genetically modified. It started with the growth of a tail which she now had expert control over, curved horns which she loved being used as handles while being fucked, and a light dusting of fur, but other changes had been taking place the last few months that made her look even more like a sexy, anthropomorphic cow. While her ears were becoming more conical, the biggest change was in her face which, with a great deal of pain, slowly transformed into something halfway between human and bovine.

Thankfully, she did not have to go through it alone as the same had happened to every woman taken by the Organization which she helped shut down. Unfortunately, on top of the changes being permanent and passed on to her offspring, she would spend the rest of her life injecting herself with a drug that not only stabilized her genetic code, but acted as a powerful aphrodisiac that left her and the other furies – as they've began calling themselves, in a constant state of arousal.

In the time since being rescued she had screwed many in and out of the FBI – some openly admitting it, while others deny it despite being caught in the act, but the one person that had resisted her thus far was the one now sucking the milk from her ever-full breasts. Feeling his cock growing hard, she reached down, unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his pants. "I've wanted to do this for so long Sir," she said as her fingers wrapped around his cock.

"I know what you're doing to me Agent Morgan and it's not going to end well for you."

"I think it's going to end very well for me, Sir," she smiled. Standing, she hiked her skirt up over her hips and sat on the edge of her boss' desk. "You know you want me, Sir, so why resist?"

"I asked you here to talk about your future in the FBI, Agent Morgan, and if you continue down this path I'll be forced to take the option neither of us wants," he said even as he stood and moved between her spread legs. She placed her hands on the desk and slid them back. He sucked her right nipple into his mouth and with her legs she pulled him into her. "Uuhhnnn...that's it, Sir, fuck me like you've always wanted."

"If you continue manipulating me with your pheromones this will be your last day as an Agent."

“Then take me out with a bang, Sir,” she moaned, already intending to quit as soon as the permits for her new bdsm farm Furtopia were granted. “Consider this my resignation.” Releasing even more of her pheromones into the air, Heidi brought her tail up and suck about a foot of it into her mouth and down her throat as Director Walter Powell fucked his cock into her while thirstily drinking her milk. Letting her wet tail fall, she pressed the tip to her former boss’ tightly puckered asshole and with one swift thrust it was in.

“UHN!” Walter grunted as his ass was fucked for the first time. “W-What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

“Making it interesting.” Pulling all but an inch out, she shoved in hard – the thin, very flexible appendage going even deeper than before. “You fuck me, I fuck you. It’s all about sharing, Sir, so enjoy and don’t you dare pull out until you’ve pumped your load in me.”

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Forty minutes later, Director Powell slumped back in his chair a very satisfied man. “I don’t know what the hell has gotten into you, Heidi, but…”

“I do believe you got into me Sir,” she cut in, sliding two fingers along her slit, scooping up some of the semen slowly dripping out of her and then licking them clean.

“You know what I meant, Agent. I told you long ago what would happen if you ever pulled that stunt with me and I’m a man of my word. I’m sorry, but I have no choice now but to fire you.”

“I understand, Sir, but to be honest I was going to be quitting soon anyways.”

“To work at your new farm? Furtopia, is it?”

“Yes Sir. For what it’s worth, I’ve wanted to do that for as long as you have and I hope you enjoyed it as much as I did. Oh, and don’t worry, I’m already pregnant so I unfortunately won’t be having your babies. At least not this time.”

“Or any other time. I’m a happily married man, Heidi, and what you did was…well, frankly it was mind-blowing, but that’s beside the point. You compromised my position here and that is something I cannot stand for. You’ll be escorted out of the building and your belongings will be dropped off by agents later today.”

“Do I really need an escort, Sir?”

“Standard protocol.”

“After everything I’ve been through can’t you please let me resign with a little dignity?”

“Despite everything that has happened to you and your family the last four years you’ve been one of my best agents so I’ll grant you this last favor. I’ll tell the higher ups that you’ve tendered your resignation effective immediately. That way you’ll get whatever pension you might qualify for.”

“Thank you Sir. I’ll pack my things and be gone within the hour.” Exhaling slowly, she took a moment to calm her nerves. “I’ll miss this place, but I think it’s best for everyone if I move on.”

“You’ll be missed, Heidi, and I don’t just mean by all the perverts wanting to screw you every second you’re here.”

“Now that I’m on my way out, Sir, will you answer one question truthfully for me?”

“Depends on the question.”

“What do you honestly think of my new appearance Sir?”

“I’ve never been one for traditional furies, as in people dressing in animal costumes, but I think you, and the rest of the new furry population are some of the most stunningly beautiful women I have ever laid and that’s the god’s honest truth.”

“Then as a follow up: what specifically do you find beautiful about is?”

“Everything. Especially the new facial features. And I have to admit the horns really do make great handles. And your tail. My god that thing is versatile. How much of it did you shove in me?”

“Um, about a foot and a half, Sir. I have just one more question. If you weren’t already married would you ever publicly date or marry a furry?”

“In a heartbeat,” he answered without a moment’s hesitation.

“Thank you Sir. Once Furtopia is open you and your wife will have lifetime free access.”

“Thanks for the offer, but given my position I don’t think it’s a good idea for me to be seen at such a location.”

“We are permitting patrons to wear masks if they wish to hide their identity, but the choice is yours, Sir. Anyways, thank you for everything you’ve done to help me, my family and all the other furies over the years and just know that no matter where life takes us I will always consider you a friend.”

“Don’t downplay your own role in saving all those women and bringing one of the world’s most dangerous and secretive organizations to justice. On that note, I do have a bit of good news before you leave us. Strings have been pulled, hearings have been held and the government has agreed to open a small facility that will manufacture the chemicals you and the other first-gen furies need to survive while some of the world’s best geneticists work on a more permanent way of stabilizing your DNA.”

“That... WOW... I think that is the best news I’ve heard in a long time, Sir. Are they just looking to stabilize us or reverse the process altogether?”

“From my understanding, there is no going back so stabilization is the only options.”

“What about our rights, Sir? I mean, we aren’t exactly human anymore and there are people out there that already treat us as less so will we have all the same rights and privileges your kind has?”

“Absolutely. You may technically be a different species now, but you’re still American citizens and will be afforded the same rights as everyone else. In fact, a press conference will be held next week to announce that very thing, but you did not hear any of this from me. That all being said, there is a downside you’re not going to like.”

“Of course there is. Do I even want to know?”

“No, but you’re going to hear it in a week anyways so you might as well hear it from me. It has not gone unnoticed that your kind, furies, always have multiple birth pregnancies. Numbers were crunched and part of the Furry Rights Act will place limits on the number of pregnancies your kind is permitted to have.”

“The government has no right to dictate how many kids I’m allowed to have any more than they can tell you or any other human.

“The problem is you’re not human anymore, Heidi, and they fear a time when the furry population becomes the majority and humanity goes extinct. For the record, I do not share their concerns as I’m sure birth control still works for your kind and you’re not all just going to have a million babies you couldn’t possibly support, but we’re talking about a lot of old politicians stuck in their backwards way of thinking.”

“Actually, Sir, birth control does not work for us at all. At least nothing currently on the market. That being said, I can guarantee you’ll have a war on your hands if that part of the bill goes through and I’ll be leading the charge.” Barely containing her outrage, Heidi left Director Powell’s office, packed up her belongings and left the building for the last time.

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Stopping off at Fantasy Lingerie, Heidi greeted her friends Tammy and Wanda – genetically modified pony and cat furies respectively, and their newest employee Cynthia – a canine furry she rescued from an underground fetish club. “Here for more clothes already?” Tammy asked.

“Not exactly. Are you still looking for furry models for that fashion show you’re planning?”

“Your boss gave the okay?”

“I’m no longer with the FBI so I’m free to do as I please. And before you ask, I resigned right after my boss fucked his load into me while drinking my milk.”

“Nice,” Cynthia replied. “Wish I had someone to drink my milk,” she added with a sideways glance at her new friend Wanda.

“I spent our first break and all of lunch drinking it,” Wanda replied. “What more do you want?”

“Fighting like cats and dogs, how cute,” Heidi grinned.

“Don’t let them fool you. They’re two peas in a pod. And to answer your question, yes, we’re still looking for models, but keep two things in mind. First, the pay is going to suck. And second, it wouldn’t be a furry fashion show without some perversions added in for good measure.”

“Nothing I haven’t done a million times already I’m sure. Anyways, count me in. Now I have to go home and tell the wife I’ve retired.”

“Good luck with that.”

“Will you be coming home tonight?” Heidi asked her young ward.

“I’ll be home around five, but Mark is coming over around eight so I’ll be busy with him unless you need me for something else,” Cynthia answered.

“No, no, enjoy yourself and tell him I said hi.”

“Will do.”

Meanwhile, at the Domination Farm...

Having spent months, years even being trained as sex slaves against their will, the last thing most furies would do was go to a place that catered to the lifestyle they had grown to despise, but the same could not be said for Blake and Renee Morgan whom, like their daughter Heidi, embraced it with everything they had – the former willingly subjecting himself to the excruciatingly painful, life-threatening process of having his DNA rewritten so that he now appeared as an anthropomorphic feline just like his wife with the added benefit of having working male and female reproductive organs.

Knowing street clothes – even those designed for the lifestyle, were not permitted in the Domination Farm, Blake and Renee stepped out of their SUV and stripped naked. As they approached the long lines at the three ticket booths all eyes turned to them. Used to it, they returned stared with polite smiles.

“Those aren’t costumes are they?” the slightly chubby, twenty-something blue-haired woman with curves in all the right places and a huge set of natural 40DD’s standing in line ahead of them asked.

“Nope,” Renee answered “we’re real furies. That’s what we prefer to be called by the way.”

“Cool. I’ve seen you on TV. Well, not you specifically, but your, um...kind. I’ve always wanted to meet a furry, but this is the last place on earth I ever expected it to happen. I’m Kailey by the way,” she said, offering them her hand.

“I’m Renee and this is my husband Blake.”

“Pleasure to meet you both. I know we just met, but we’ll be in line a while and I’ve wanted to have sex with one, or more of you since your existence was first announced so, if you want someone to do to pass the time I’m all yours. I’m bisexual so I’ll gladly pleasure you both at the same time if you’ll let me.”

“I wouldn’t mind playing with you as well, um, SexKitten,” the man in front of Kailey said as he stared at the name tattooed on Renee’s left breast.

The two became a dozen and then half the people in line were surrounding the two furies. The door leading into the Domination Farm opened and a stern-looking woman with icy blue eyes, jet black hair and dressed in a latex dress tight enough to be a second skin parted the crowd. “Back off or you’ll all be banned from this establishment for life,” she said, daring them to disobey her command. After a moment the men and women returned to the lines and the newcomer turned her attention to her furry guests. “My name is Mistress Elora and I’ll need you to come with me.”

“Are we in some sort of trouble, Mistress?” Blake asked.

“Not at all, but unless you want to stand out here all night getting screwed by these gawkers you’ll do as I ask.”

“And what’s preventing all the gawkers inside from wanting to screw us, Mistress?” Renee asked.

“Me. Once I get you registered and give you your bracers I’ll make an announcement and then you’ll be free to roam around without other’s bothering you.”

“Thank you, Mistress, but I have to ask: why are you giving us preferential treatment?”

“Because, believe it or not, you’re the first of your kind to pay us a visit and we don’t have rules in effect to account for it. That, SexKitten is an oversight I intend to remedy at once.”

“We prefer to be called furrries, Mistress,” Blake said. “And we’re not here to cause or get anyone into trouble so we’ll happily follow you inside.”

“After the announcement can you point us in the direction of whomever is in charge, Mistress?” Renee asked as they walked towards the door on the opposite side of the parking lot.

“You’re looking at her. I am the current owner of the Domination Farm.”

“Apologies, Mistress. My husband and I are actually here for business as well as pleasure and would like a few moments of your time if you can spare it.”

“What sort of business?”

“We are planning on opening a place similar to this in our home state that will give those furrries that wish a place to work and would like some advice.”

“The first thing I’ll tell you is be prepared to cut through a lot of red tape. It too the original owner, Master Joey, years to get this place up and running more than forty years ago and we’ve had our fair share of trouble ever since. Second, it takes a lot of money to run a place like this so unless your multi-millionaires I’d suggest starting with something smaller. A club perhaps?”

“Thank you Mistress. With our current investors we’re working with about fifteen million to get the place up and running.”

“That’s a decent start, but there are a lot more costs involved with this sort of business than buying property and constructing a few buildings,” Mistress Elora said as they reached the door. Swiping the bracer around her right wrist, she pulled the door open and ushered them into the large waiting room. “Normally, this is where you’d wait for a Dominant to come give you a guided tour ending with getting your first set of clothing, but given your somewhat special status I’ll be the one showing you around today.”

“We appreciate it, Mistress,” Blake said as he watched her swipe the bracer at another door. “What is that thing you’re wearing on your wrist?”

“It’s the Farm bracer and once you’re in the system you’ll receive one that will allow you to make purchases, stay in the submissive apartments and enter the Domination Farm without going through the lines. That being said, I should have asked if you had your identifications with you and whether you planned on putting any money on the bracer before we entered.”

“We have our ID’s and credit card, Mistress,” Renee replied. “We’ve done a little research on the place before coming and plan on staying a couple of weeks. To that end we’ll be putting three thousand on each of our bracers.”

“Just a reminder, once money is placed on the bracer it may not be removed but more can be added at any time.” Pulling the door open, she waved the two furrries out of the waiting room. “Welcome to the Domination Farm.”

“Thank you, Mistress,” the husband-and-wife furrries replied as they took in all the men and women – Masters, Mistresses, submissives and slaves alike, going about their business without some cruel, sadistic bastard threatening their lives every other second or performing unethical, life-threatening experiments on them. “This place is...much nicer than where we were trained and modified,” Renee added as she watched five women pulling manned carts around a track straight ahead of them.

“I can only imagine. What those monsters did to you is unconscionable, but at least you survived the transformation. Do you mind me asking a few questions as we walk?”

“Not at all, Mistress.”

“What’s it like? Being a furry, I mean. I know you are capable of releasing highly potent pheromones, but do you possess any of the qualities of the animals you represent?”

“We have full control over our tails,” Renee said, bringing hers up to gently caress Mistress Elora’s right cheek. “As cats we also have increased speed and agility and can see in the dark far better than any human, Mistress.”

“But it isn’t all positive, Mistress,” Blake said. “These collars around our necks are a permanent feature. Not that there’s anything wrong with wearing a collar, but ours inject us with a very potent aphrodisiac that also stabilizes our modified DNA. And until someone invents a way to stabilize us without the drug we are slaves to it. At least the first-gen furies, that is.”

“First-gen?”

“Those of us modified at the various facilities, Mistress,” Renee explained. “Our children do not seem to suffer the same abnormalities as us.”

“Speaking of which, is it true you only have multi-birth pregnancies?”

“It is.”

“It’s also true that I, and others like me have two sets of working reproductive organs,” Blake added.

“So, you can be knocked up?”

“Yes Mistress. In fact, I’m already pregnant by my daughter’s wife who is just like me.”

“And I am pregnant by my husband.”

“So, you identify as male and she identifies as female?”

“We’re working on that transition as well, Mistress. Now that I’m with child I prefer female pronouns, but old habits are hard to break I guess.”

“Sorry honey, you know I’m working on it,” Renee said, the flesh under her fur blushing.

Walking by the cocksucking pillories and Hot Momma Café, Mistress Elora pulled the door to a small building open and ushered her guests inside. “This is the main office,” she explained. “Normally you’d go through the line, read the rules and sign the paperwork before entering the Farm, but we can take care of all that here. And once you’re in your clothes you’ll be permitted to return to the parking lot to put your IDs in your car. Please, take a seat and we’ll get down to business.”

“Yes Mistress.”

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Thoroughly reading and signing the various consent and waiver forms, Blake and Renee handed the paperwork back to Mistress Elora and after their information was put into the system she gave them each one of the Domination Farm’s proprietary bracers.

“I really like the idea of these things,” Blake said as he closely examined the silver bracer with built-in microchips. “Any chance of getting something like this for Furtopia, Mistress?”

“I think something can be arranged, but first I have an announcement to make.”

“Yes Mistress.”

Activating the Farm’s loudspeaker system, Mistress Elora continued. “Attention! Attention! This is Mistress Elora and I have a very important announcement to make. As many of you may already know we have finally been graced with our first-ever furry guests – that is the term those whom had been genetically modified by the Organization prefer and what everyone here will call them. They are not animals, freaks or any other derogatory term you might think to call them and anyone referring to them as such will be banned from the Domination Farm for life.

“Our furry guests are here of their own accord to enjoy what the Farm has to offer and while they may already be trained sex slaves they are not to be touched by anyone for any reason without their expressed permission. Finally, an addendum pertaining to their kind will be added to the rules in the coming days all workers and guests will be required to read and sign. Thank you for your attention, you may now return to what you were doing.” Releasing the button, Mistress Elora turned her attention to her guests. “That should minimize what you’ll have to go through out there but I’m afraid you’re still probably going to get a lot of requests.”

“Thank you, Mistress, and if you would permit it we would like to help you come up with the rules pertaining to our kind.”

“I’m counting on it. Now, let’s get the two of you in gear and you’ll be free to roam about as you see fit.”

“Thank you, Mistress, but we actually prefer to be naked,” Blake replied.

“Be that as it may, all first-time patrons get one free outfit and the two of you are no exception. What you do with it after you’ve received it is your business, but you will receive it.”

“I understand, Mistress.”

One Year later...

Finally, being granted the last of the permits after pointing out the Domination Farm to the City Council and various regulatory boards, Heidi, her parents and wife spent nearly three million dollars purchasing a little over four-hundred acres of land they intended to turn into Furtopia. Companies across the state were hired to put up the wall that would keep the perversions in and protesters out, install new water, sewage and electrical lines and to construct more than sixty buildings and attractions at a staggering eleven-point-six million dollars.

BDSM might be more mainstream now than ever, but unfortunately those that saw it as a perversion vastly outnumbered those into or indifferent to it and the fledgling resort was not without its problems. Protesters. Vandalizers. Thieves. After months of nearly nightly calls from the police and threats to their lives, the Morgan family, along with their furry friends decided to put an end to it once and for all.

“Are you sure this is a good idea, honey?” Renee asked her daughter. “With the new Furry Protection Act in place we can get in serious trouble for doing what you’re suggesting.”

“This is private property and we have every right to defend it,” Heidi replied. “Bow out if you want, but I’m going ahead with it.”

“Count me in,” Cynthia grinned. “Honestly, I think we should have done it day one, but that’s just my opinion.

“I agree,” the timid furry cow, Elizabeth Latimer added. “

“You know I’m always at your side, babe,” Heidi’s wife Cindy said. “So, how do we go about it?”

“When the protesters or anyone else shows up we’ll be waiting for them in the shadows. Once we’re certain everyone that is going to show up has, we’ll release our pheromones and draw them in. I spent most of last night installing cameras with night vision capabilities. Hopefully, we’ll record them participating in the very thing they’re complaining about.”

“Wanda and I brought the toys you requested,” Tammy said. “I suggest unloading everything now and hiding the cars down the road so whomever shows up thinks they’re alone.”

“Good idea,” Heidi replied.

“So, what happens if it’s a bunch of kids?” Cynthia asked.

“Then we get the little fuckers on camera and go after them to the fullest extent of the law,” Heidi answered. “And we’re not just going to do this tonight. When the protesters inevitably show up in the morning we’ll be here to entice them into a bit of public sex. And if that doesn’t stop them then we’ll be do it again and again until every last one of them scared off, arrested or converted to our cause,” she growled. “Sorry, I’m just so damn fed up with this bigoted, speciesism bullshit. When are humans going to realize we were once just like them and only one of us asked to be like this?” she said, her eyes drifting to her father.

“I don’t think any of us are arguing with you sweetie,” her mother said. “Anyways, we better get the stuff unloaded and set up before it gets too dark to...nevermind, I forgot we can all see in the dark now. Carry on.”

“No, you’re right. We should get ready for whatever comes our way.”

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Totes full of everything from dildos and butt plugs to canes, cuffs and gags were strategically located around the property with at least one furry standing guard by each. As quiet

and graceful as the cat she resembled, Renee patrolled near the road, but the only action she saw were a few vehicles spaced minutes to nearly an hour apart. Midnight came and went. Doubt set in that anyone would show up when Renee saw another set of headlights coming down the road. Ducking behind some neatly piled blocks that would one day become part of the privacy wall, Renee watched a black cargo van slow as it drove by. Turning her head to follow, she saw the taillights go out a few moments later. Rushing over to where her daughter was hiding, she whispered. "A van just drove by and stopped down the road. I think we're about to have company. I caught three scents as they passed."

"Five," Cynthia said. "Trust me, this thing is way better than the one I possessed as a human," she said pointing to the nose that sat at the end of her new snout – a feature that placed her somewhere between human and the canine she had been genetically modified to be. "And these," she pointed to her conical dog ears "tell me they plan on smashing the bricks and setting fire to the lumber." Pausing, she independently rotated each ear while tilting her head left and right. "They're coming. Definitely five of them."

"Places everyone," Heidi whispered "and remember, no one acts until I do."

Several tense moments later five men dressed in black carrying small gas cans and sledgehammers crossed the road onto the dark property and then split off in different directions. Gas was poured on wood, but before the first match was lit they were overcome with pheromone-induced lust. Unfortunately for them, they were spread far apart and seven furies waiting in ambush.

Standing, Heidi faced the man closest to her. "And just what do you think you're doing?"

"Fuck off or you'll burn with the wood," the man snarled.

"You're on private property asshole. I'll give you exactly ten seconds to leave and then you're going to have a very bad time."

"HA! You hear that guys? This stupid fucking animal thinks she's going to give us a bad time."

"Why don't you go back to whatever planet you came from?" a man who was ready to smash some concrete blocks sneered.

"Wait, what? And he says I'm the stupid one. You do know we were human before this was forced on us against our will, right?"

"So, you say."

"Wow! Just...wow! Time's up." Putting years of police and FBI training to use, she pounced. Flying through the air to the man's left, she wrapped her tail around his neck and quickly took him to the ground. Rolling him onto his back, she cuffed his ankles then wrists – flipping back out of the way as a sledgehammer barely missed her left cheek. Launching herself forward, she elbowed the second man in the crotch. The hammer dropped from his hands and he too was cuffed on the ground.

Tammy, Wanda, Cynthia, Renee and Blake acted quickly and took the remaining three men down. "You done went and fucked up," Cynthia said as she slapped one of the men in the face with her tail. "What did we ever do to you? What gives you the right to destroy our property?" Bending down, she searched his clothes and to her surprise found a wallet. Opening it, she looked at his driver's license. "So, Cameron Burns of three-nineteen Fulton Street, would you like us to set fire to your house? Would you like us to go down the road and smash up the van you all arrived in?"

"When I get out of these things the bricks won't be the only thing we smash!" the first man Heidi took down snarled angrily.

“Look up there, dipshit,” Heidi said, pointing to an oak tree about thirty feet to their right. “We have you on camera and in case you don’t know who I am, my name is Heidi Morgan and while I may be retired from the FBI I still have a lot of friends who would gladly lock you in the deepest, darkest hole and throw away the key with just a call from me, but I’m feeling generous. Agree to do everything we command of you and we’ll let you go. Refuse and I’ll call my former boss and no one will ever see you again.”

“Then you better get to calling because I’d rather cut my own dick off than fuck a filthy animal like you.”

“Filthy?” Cynthia said, giving her left armpit a quick sniff. “I’ll have you know I take two showers a day. Dropping the wallet on the ground, she unzipped Cameron’s pants and pulled his cock out. “You have an awfully hard cock for someone claiming not to like our kind.” Going to each of the men she took their cocks out and without fail they were all hard.

“You’re doing this to us!”

“Of course we are because we’re sexy as hell and despite your protests you want to shove your cock in all of our holes,” Wanda purred. Unzipping her skirt, she let the garment fall to the ground. “Admit it. You want this pussy,” she joked at her own feline appearance. Stepping either side of his hips, she knelt down with her pussy mere inches from the head of his cock. “Go on, say the word and I’m all yours.” Bucking his hips, he let his dick do the talking. “Mmmm...see, I knew you wanted it. And who knows, you might be the lucky bastard to give me my next litter.”

Looking at the driver’s license of Jay Dixon – the first man she took down, Heidi smirked. “Your friend seems to have had a change of heart. You going to join him or would you rather spend the next couple of decades in prison?”

“Pretty sure I made myself very clear.”

Heidi straddled his hips and gave him a full dose of her potent pheromones. “Are you sure? I promise a night you’ll never forget,” she said, rubbing her pussy along his stiff shaft. Reaching between her legs, she raised up and stopped with the head poised for entry. Another dose of pheromones. “Just one thrust and you’ll never want to stop. Come on, Jay, I can practically feel your heartbeat through your cock. You want it and I’m offering it to...uuhhmm...that’s it,” she moaned as the last of his resolve shattered and he thrust all eight inches into her. “Now be a good boy and tell me what you want.”

“I...uhn...I want to fuck my load into your tight cunt,” Jay grunted as he continued slamming in and out of her pussy.

“And I’ll let you do just that, but first you need to pay for attempting to destroy my property. Don’t you agree?”

“Mmm hmm.”

“Then say it.”

“I deserve to be punished for trying to destroy your property. Please punish me so I can fuck my load in you,” he said, thrusting harder and faster than ever.

Standing, Heidi went to one of the totes and returned with a cane. “You see the furry cow standing to your right?”

“Y-Yes.”

“That’s my wife Cindy. I’m going to use this on you while you suck her cock. When she’s hard I’ll switch to caning your back so she can fuck your ass. When she’s done I’ll cane your ass some more and if you’re really lucky I’ll let you finish screwing me. Any questions?”

“N-No.”

“Then let the punishment begin.”

Walking over to one of the other men, Cindy grabbed his head and after issuing a stern warning shoved her huge cock down his throat. He gagged, but she held firm as her piss flowed down his esophagus and into his stomach. When she was done she walked over to her wife and stood in front of Jay. “Now I’m ready,” she said, kneeling and then lying on the ground. “Start sucking and if I feel teeth prison will be the least of your worries.”

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After using the would-be criminals for well over four hours – fucking, caning, using them as toilets and making them confess their love for furies, Heidi plugged a gun into a small portable generator. Pressing it against the right side of Jay’s neck, she pulled the trigger and permanently branded him a FURRY FUCKTOY – the penis gag in his mouth preventing him from screaming out in pain. After doing the same to the rest of the men, she unlocked the cuffs and let them go without their gas cans and sledgehammers, but with promises to show the video to the police if they ever stepped foot on the future home of Furtopia ever again.

The day after stopping the would-be arsonists from causing devastating damage to their building materials, things heated up in other ways. Driving to the site, Heidi saw more than a hundred men and women protesting construction – some going so far as to trespass, causing work to come to a grinding halt even if for a short time. Reaching her breaking point, she drove around the block and as she passed the crowd for a second time she rolled the tinted driver’s side window down about a fourth of the way and released her pheromones.

Not sticking around to see what happened, she later heard on the news that the protesters engaged in a roadside orgy resulting in seventy-three arrests with each of them claiming they had been under the effects of furry pheromones – a claim workers, all of whom were unaffected, were unable to substantiate.

This latest incident the last straw, Heidi made building the wall and installing security her first priority. And since she and her family could not patrol the entire location twenty-four-seven she hired thirty furies to do the job for them. Realizing her new employees would need a place to rest, use the bathroom and eat, she also approved the construction of the Cumeaterie – a restaurant that would soon become one of Furtopia’s favorite dining spots.

Five more years later...

The protests gave Furtopia a lot of press coverage, but it was Heidi's raw, unedited appearance on Talk Erotica – a late night show hosted by Mistress Elora of Domination Farm fame a week before the grand opening that finally united the furry population to the common cause of showing the world they were every bit as deserving of love and respect as the humans they use to be.

“My next guest is a champion of furry rights and is here tonight to discuss everything from her former career as an FBI Agent to her enslavement and transformation. She will also be discussing her new business venture Furtopia so please put your hands together and give a warm welcome to Heidi Morgan!” Mistress Elora said.

Smoothing out her furry approved latex dress which had a reinforced tail hole for added comfort, Heidi walked out on stage to thunderous applause. Giving the obligatory wave and thank you to the audience, she took her seat opposite the host.

“Welcome to Talk Erotica.”

“Thank you for having me, Mistress.”

“To give our viewers a glimpse of why you do the things you do, I would like to go back a few years to when it all began if you don't mind speaking about it with us tonight.”

“Of course. Long story short, I was investigating a string of missing person cases that had bdsm clubs in common. Going undercover as a submissive – something I definitely wasn't at the time I might add, I eventually met a woman named Cindy and through her was taken to a now closed dairy farm where dozens of men did their best to break me. And then the experiments began. It started with the chemical injected into our systems every time the command word was used and then one day I woke up with horns and a tail but still looking otherwise human.”

“And how did you escape that hell?”

“A curious young woman named Fiona happened to sneak onto the farm one night because she saw lights and wanted to see what was going on. She saw me, we spoke briefly and I pleaded with her to call my boss at the FBI. Thankfully, she did and nearly a hundred women were rescued.”

“I see you and a lot of other furies still wear your collars. Is that because you're still submissive, or do you wear it as a symbol?”

“I would never assume to speak for other furies, but the one thing all of us first-gens, that's those of us modified at the various facilities around the world, have in common is we need the chemical to keep our DNA stable. The collars have a very effective delivery system which is why we wear it.”

“Let's talk about generations for a moment. You say only first-gens need the injections? Does that mean your children are born stable? Also, you said when you first woke you still looked human. How long did it take to reach this stage of development?”

“Yes, thankfully, all of the children born so far have been genetically stable though they do share our modified DNA so are born furry as well. The transformation is actually quite slow, taking three to five years in most of us to manifest as I am now. And to answer the next logical question, it was excruciatingly painful. If you've ever had a broken bone, imagine that pain a hundredfold on a daily basis for months on end.”

“Ouch!” Mistress Elora cringed. “Well, you look absolutely stunning if I do say so myself.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Other than the tail has any other part of your body changed as drastically as your head?”

“Other than the fine coat of fur and my ability to release very potent pheromones that make virtually everyone instantly horny, thankfully no.”

“That seems like a very nice defense mechanism to have. But thanks to the Furry Protection Act you are forbidden from using them outside of the home, correct?”

“Private property,” Heidi corrected. “For instance, since the Domination Farm is classified private property I could release them here and within seconds the entire audience would try screwing me silly, but if they could not get to me they would start gang banging each other and not stop until each and every one of them were satisfied.”

“As much as I would like to see that, I think we should let them keep their pants on. So, Furtopia, what is it and how are you involved?”

“Furtopia will be a place all furies can feel accepted while having the added benefit of giving jobs to more than three hundred of them that would otherwise have languished in poverty and homelessness due to the bigotry and hatred of our once fellow man.” Sighing, Heidi shook her head. “That’s the hardest part for me to understand. We were all human before having this forced upon us and yet instead of pity we are greeted with mistrust. Instead of trying to get to know and understand us we are mocked, our lives and livelihoods threatened. My family and I have spent millions of dollars of our own money to build a place not unlike the Domination Farm where furies no longer have to submit unless they choose to do so. It is a place humans can come and see that we are compassionate, hard-working men and women trying to provide for our families just like everyone else.”

“I am so sorry you and the other furies have endured such hardships, but know that we here at the Domination Farm will never judge you based on appearances.”

“Thank you Mistress.”

“Can you talk about what happened after you were rescued and what led to you retiring from the FBI?”

“After my rescue I took some time to recuperate and then went back to work. It was far from easy as even federal agents can be bigoted assholes, but I endured and over the course of a few years helped save hundreds of furies and cripple the Organization that did this to us.”

“Let me stop you there for a moment. You said you crippled the Organization. Does that mean they are still out there performing these barbaric experiments on other women?”

“We may have taken out a number of facilities, arrested thousands from the scientists that performed the experiments all the way down to the men that enslaved us, but I have no doubt what so ever that the Organization still exists and I don’t know if we’ll ever be rid of them.”

“Then why retire from the FBI?”

“Conflict of interest. A wife and children I love and want to protect. The list of reasons was growing longer by the day so I decided it was time for me to hang up the badge.”

“Let’s talk kids. Not about yours specifically, but is it true furies only have multi-birth pregnancies?”

“That is one-hundred percent true. Since becoming a furry I have had three sets of twins and a set of triplets. My wife had had triplets, twins and is currently pregnant with quintuplets. My mother has had three sets of twins, my father quadruplets and triplets and...”

“Whoa, hold on there a second, your father? Your mother?”

“After taking down the first facility my mother was kidnapped and forced to go through the transformation. We got her back and out of love, my father decided he wanted to go through

it himself. We tried talking him out of it, but once his mind is made up there's no changing it so we managed to track down another facility which thankfully succeeded in turning him into a hu-cow feline just like my mother. And like my wife, he has working male and female reproductive organs which is how he, or rather she has had kids."

"That is some crazy shit right there, folks!" Mistress Elora exclaimed. "Are there others out there like them? Men that had been experimented on."

"While talking to nearly a thousand furies across the globe looking for any interested in working at Furtopia I discovered roughly fifteen percent of the husbands of furies went through the process themselves so, yes, they are out there. Unfortunately, or maybe fortunately depending on how you look at it, it is nearly impossible to tell which of them were born human males as after the transformation they all have two sets of working reproductive organs."

"Fascinating. Do you mind sticking around a little longer for some questions from the audience?"

"Not at all."

"You," Mistress Elora said, pointing to a man in a tailored suit sitting center front row.

"Hi," the man said as he got to his feet. "First, let me say you look absolutely stunning."

"Thank you."

"I'm curious, given furies only ever having multi-birth pregnancies, do you see a time when your kind outnumbers humans?"

"Possibly, but if it does happen it won't be overnight. You need to understand that we are working mothers and fathers just like everyone else and we're no different than humans in that there's a limit to how many children we're able to provide for. Actually, I would like to elaborate a bit more on your question. Before furies came along it was commonly believed that one day in the not-so-distant future there would only be one race of man. Now that we're here, I can foresee the same thing happening with furies. Perhaps in a few hundred generations we'll have mingled so much that a human-furry hybrid will become the future of humanity."

"As a follow up if I may, do you see that as a good thing?"

"Only if you think having longer lives, superior strength, agility and senses is a good thing."

"So, you think you're better than us?"

"Not at all. And I don't like your accusatory tone so next question please."

A petite blonde near the back corner took the microphone and got to her feet. "Out of curiosity, how many different types of furies are there in the world now, are you able to cross-breed with each other and do you all possess the ability to release pheromones?"

"I do not have exact numbers as I'm sure there are many in hiding and others still going through the process even as we speak, but the thousand or so I've spoken to were comprised of cows, horses, dogs, cats, monkeys, pigs, goats and a few lizards. By cross-breed with each other I'm assuming you mean a furry puppy being impregnated by a furry pony?"

"Yes ma'am."

"The answer as far as geneticists have told me is no, but we are obviously able to breed with humans no matter what animal we may look like. As for the third question, yes, we are all capable of releasing our pheromones."

"And they work on everyone, or just humans?"

"They work on humans and furry alike. In the decade since I've been modified I have never met anyone immune to them."

"No one at all?" Mistress Elora asked.

“No one.” Releasing a small amount Heidi smiled at her sexy host. “Why don’t you take that dress off so I can use my tail on you, Mistress?”

To the audience’s surprise, Mistress Elora stood up, reached back, unzipped her dress and peeled it off as she walked around the desk – her entire body tingling with excitement. Bending down, she kissed her guest. Heidi’s tail came up, gently massaged Mistress Elora’s clit and then slowly wiggled its way into her pussy. Mistress Elora grabbed the long, flexible appendage and fucked herself with it hard and fast.

Looking around the audience, Heidi grinned. “Don’t worry, she asked me to do this to give you an example of what a small dose can do to even the strongest of minds so sit back and enjoy the show.” Moving Mistress Elora back, she got to her feet and stripped, removing her tail from the host’s pussy only long enough to pull it through the hole in the back of the dress. Before the garment hit the floor Mistress Elora was between her legs.

“Do it,” Mistress purred. Give them all a taste of what you have to offer.”

“Pretty sure only one of them can lick me at a time, Mistress.”

“Not what I meant.”

“Is that what you all want?” Heidi asked. “Do you want to lose yourself to lust and perversion?” There was a roar of confirmation from the audience. “Anyone not interested has five minutes to leave the building. Everyone remaining after that will be subjected to every kink known to man.”

When no one made a move to leave after two minutes, Heidi pulled herself away from Mistress Elora, walked to the edge of the stage and gave them the full force of her pheromones. Their reaction started with uneasy movements in their seats followed by groping, kissing, stripping naked and finally all-out sex while tens of millions across the world watched and pleased themselves from the comforts of home.

One week later...

Buildings and wall constructed, roads paved and equipment tested, the doors of Furtopia were finally opened to an eager crowd of thousands vying to be the first through the doors, but first they needed to go through the registration process, pay their entrance fee and receive their official Furtopia bracer – an accessory modeled after those used at the Domination Farm. And on this special occasion, they had to listen to a short speech from the appointed spokeswoman, Heidi Morgan who was currently blocking anyone from reaching the ticket booths.

“Attention everyone! May I have your attention please?” When those gather finally settled down she continued. “I want to thank each and every one of you for showing up to our grand opening. The road here has been a long and difficult one. We’ve faced many hardships and setbacks along the way, but I hope today will set an example that tells the rest of the world we can all get along no matter our species or sexual differences.” Picking up a bottle of champaign, she smashed it on the corner of the ticket booth. “I now proclaim Furtopia open to the public!” she said as champaign and glass flew everywhere. “Oh, and don’t worry, the bottle was made of sugar glass and is completely harmless.”

Going across the parking lot, she swiped the silver cuff bracer at the entrance and then stepped inside. Walking by the main office on her left and the small bank where guests could place more money on their bracers on the right, she greeted a shy furry pony named Hannah as she continued on her stroll down Ponygirl Parkway – Furtopia’s main east-west thoroughfare. Knowing what lay inside every building, or what each of the sixteen current attractions has to offer did nothing to diminish her excitement at seeing her family’s dream come to fruition.

Stopping at the corner of Ponygirl Parkway and Caning Court, she turned north and looked into a large fenced-in area where seven furies crawled on all fours while grazing on a proprietary blend of edible grass specially engineered for the resort. Her eyes drifted to the sign above reading: PETGIRL PASTURES with: grass safe for furry consumption, written beneath. Opening the gate, she walked in, got on all fours and let her tail sway behind her. Curious what the newly invented furry food tasted like, she lowered her head and bit into several blades. Snapping them off, she chewed and after several seconds identified several flavors including apple and some sort of grain – wheat or possibly oats, it was hard to tell given the very subtle hints.

“Not bad.”

“It’s actually quite nice once you get used to the idea of eating grass like an animal, Mistress,” a furry cow named Tori replied. “I haven’t tried it yet, but I hear the southern field has hints of cinnamon and honey.”

“I’ll have to give it a try on my next round. Enjoy yourselves ladies.” Crawling over to the gate, Heidi got to her feet and walked out. Continuing down Ponygirl Parkway, she passed the Petting Zoo where several different furies were being fucked by humans, the Cummypaws training facility, a row of hitching posts which were currently all unoccupied and the milking barn where several dozen furies were hooked to machines draining the succulent nectar from their full breasts.

Stopping again at Stallion Street, she looked north to an attraction aptly called the Monkey Bars where the resorts nine resident monkey furies played on equipment of the same name or swung from a tire hanging from a rope secured to a large oak tree. She then looked

south at the Beast Seats – an attraction consisting of more than a dozen dildos shaped like animal cocks attached to a metal bench. The goal was to see how far you could make it before giving up. Reach the elephant cock at the other end and it was yours to keep along with a small cash prize. She was curious to see how many would make the attempt, but seeing as how the doors just opened and no one had made it this far yet, she continued her walk through the resort.

Going south on Masochist Row, she reached the food court and entered a building called Whips & Chips – a restaurant where customers were randomly struck by whips as they ate. Spotting her mother standing behind a podium, she approached. “Hey mom, how are things going here?”

“We’re not busy yet, but we’re ready for when the masochists in the crowd get hungry. You just checking in, or would you like me to show you to a table?”

“Just making my rounds, but I’ll definitely be back later. Say hi to dad for me, will you?”

“Of course. Before you go, how many do you think showed up for the grand opening?”

“Hard to put an exact number on it without checking the system, but I’d guess a couple thousand at least.”

“WOW! I guess there’s more perverts in this city than I imagined.”

“I’m sure they come from all over the world, but, yeah. Anyways, I better get back out there. I’ll see you later.”

By the time she made it back to Breeder Boulevard – the main north-south thoroughfare, the resort was overrun with guests excitedly sampling everything the place had to offer. Due to past experience she expected chaos in the streets, but the men and women were going about their business in a surprisingly orderly fashion including obeying the rules on asking permission before they laid a finger on anyone, human or furry. Turning the corner of Discipline Drive and Bitch Boulevard near the Pet Clinic, she was nearly bowled over by a young man.

“Sorry...Mistress,” he apologized, his eyes going from the red band around her right bicep that marked her as a Dominant, to her pierced nipples and finally to her face. “WAIT! OH MY GOD! You...you’re Heidi Morgan aren’t you?”

“Apology accepted. Yes, I’m Heidi and you are?”

“Sean. Sean Metcalf and I’ve dreamed of meeting you since the day you were rescued. You’re my hero!”

“I appreciate that, but why would I be your hero?”

“Dana Metcalf. She went missing when I was seven. That was thirteen years ago. And nine years ago you helped rescue her from an Organization facility. She may now be a furry pony, but you gave our mother back to me and my sister and for that we’ll forever be in your debt.”

“I’m glad I was able to bring her and the others home.”

“You didn’t just bring her home, Mistress. She was devastated, too afraid to go out in public for fear of being recaptured, but you offered her a job and that changed everything. I’m sure you’re incredibly busy with the grand opening and all. But it would mean the world to me if you could stop in and say hi. She works at Furry Fucktoys.”

“I’m on my way to see a friend at Furry Fashion, but I’ll stop in and say hi on my way.”

“Thank you, Mistress. I know you’ve gotten a lot of flak over this place, but please know that you have way more humans on your side than against.”

“Thank you, Sean. Is there anything else I can do for you?”

“Honestly, Mistress, I’d love to have sex with you, but that’ll never happen so...ooohhhh!” he moaned when her tail suddenly snaked its way down the front of his pants.

“Never say never. How long will you be staying?”

“As long as you want me to, Mistress,” he replied as her tail wrapped around his semi-hard cock.

“Good answer. If you really want to fuck me I’ll be at the Petting Zoo at midnight.” Leaning in, she gave him a kiss and then walked away leaving him standing there wanting her more than ever. Standing in the middle of Ponygirl Parkway, she looked at the humans and wondered how many of them she had helped in a similar manner as Sean, wondered how many of them were grateful to have their loved ones back even if they had been broken, genetically modified and trained as sex slaves before returning home. *I hope I’ve brought you at least some small measure of hope*, she thought as she continued her maiden tour of the resort she and her family built to give her kind some semblance of a future.