

Graceful Acceptance

Crimson Rose

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Tail wagging anxiously behind me, my eyes went to the clock on the nightstand sitting to the right of my bed every five or so seconds as I paced the full width of my bedroom. Occasionally, as I walked past the full length mirror hanging on the back of the door I would take a moment to stop and stare at my mostly naked animal-like body and wonder what life would have been like had I been born human and not a bovine variant Furkin like my mother. While the general shape of my body was very much humanoid having one head, two arms and two legs that's where the similarities ended.

Jutting from the front of my head and curving inward were two horns and while my ears were still on the sides they were definitely conical. And then there was my face. Not quite as exaggerated as some of our kind, it was still elongated with very bovine features. As if that was not enough to set our kind apart, my entire body was covered in a thin coat of black fur that faded to white on my chest, belly and inner thighs and though my hands still had fingers, my legs ended in hooves. To tie everything together was my favorite part. The tail.

Eyes drifting to the sleek chastity bra and panties I had been forced to wear since hitting puberty, I counted down the seconds until they could legally and permanently be removed. Turning to continue my pacing, I stopped as my bedroom door opened and my twin sister Hannah stepped in. "Thirteen minutes," I grinned.

"I don't know about you but I plan on spending the next month screwing everything in sight just as soon as they come off."

"Then for our sake I better not be the first thing you see when they're removed." We both giggled and my bedroom door once again opened. This time it was our mother who walked in. "Hey mom, what's up?"

"The two of you," she replied with a knowing smile. As a part of Generation Alpha, or those that began life as humans and were later modified through incredibly dangerous procedures, she was spared the humiliation and frustration of being locked in chastity, but that did not mean her life was even remotely easy. Her DNA unstable like the rest of her generation, she was forced to wear a collar around her neck that not only marked her as the sex slave she was trained to be, but also injected her with an incredibly addictive aphrodisiac that served the dual purpose of keeping her genetic code stable while ensuring maximum horniness. "Don't worry, if I were in your hooves I wouldn't be able to sleep either. That being said, I know you're both planning on having sex with the first person you see and while I have no problem with you experimenting and exploring your sexuality, I ask that you remember your training."

"Of course we're going to have sex," Hannah replied. We're literally bred to be addicted to it which still makes me wonder why you agreed to the chastity clause in the first damn place."

"I did what was necessary to ensure the safety of our kind," our mother answered – the events leading up to the making and signing the Furkin Freedom Act still weighing heavy on her a decade later. "You girls have spent the last six years learning to control your urges and to keep your pheromones in check. Not many Gen-Alphas can say the same."

"I still think it's barbaric the way they treat us like, well, like animals but..." An audible buzzing followed by a series of clicks stopped my twin dead in her tracks and large eyes wide we all watched the chastity devices unlock. Not wasting a second, we yanked them off and let them lay on the floor as we hugged each other. Taking a step back, she looked from me to our mother. "Whelp, I'll be at Furtopia if anyone needs me." Grinning like an idiot, she ran out of my room and back to hers.

“What about you?” Mom asked as I just stood there looking more like a deer caught in headlights than the anthropomorphic cow I actually was.

“I honestly don’t know. I’ve been waiting for this day for years and now that it is finally here I don’t know what to do. Should I go to Furtopia? Should I lose my virginity to the first human or Furkin I see or should I get to know the person first?”

“All excellent questions that you alone must answer. Just know that I’m here for you no matter what you decide.”

“Thanks mom.”

“If you want my advice, however, I’d start with a canine variant Furkin as they by far have the best cocks for popping cherries and are guaranteed to give at least three or four very intense orgasms. Not to mention they’re fast to recover. Anyways, what you do on this special night is in your hands and I wish you and your sister the best of luck.”

“Thanks. I’m gonna go hop in the shower now.” Waiting for mom to leave my room, I closed and locked the door and then walked into my private bathroom. I did not, however, immediately get in the shower. Instead, I opened the cabinet under the vanity and slide the small dark blue tote I kept under there out. Popping the top off, I stared at the large black rubber bag, lengths of clear tubing, half a dozen nozzles of various shapes and sizes and the bottle of lube tucked into the corner. I’m pretty sure my mother knew I had taken it all from her massive collection of toys but she never mentioned it.

Recalling the instructions I read a million times on the internet, I attached the tubing to the bag and then chose a long metal tip that flared into what looked like a miniature butt plug at the tip with a second slightly larger one where it pushed into the hose. Designed for deep enemas, the second plug would ensure nothing leaked out. Assuming I could actually take it that is. Sure, I could have just ran out of the house and had sex with whomever, but I knew it was highly likely this night would include anal and the last thing I wanted was an avoidable mess so I swallowed my pride and filled the bag full of hot water before hanging it on the shower rod and getting on all fours. Butterflies were swarming my stomach but I pressed on.

The tip lubed, I placed it against my virgin asshole and pushed. To my surprise I opened right up and it slid in to the second plug. Anxious butterflies turned to excited ones, I added a bit more pressure and after a bit of resistance it too was in. Now all that was left to do was open the valve and let my bowels fill. I knew this was going to be the hardest part so I took the advice of every story, video and article I found on the topic and started slow. At a quarter turn the water flowed into me fast enough to not take all night and slow enough to not cause immediate cramping. Unfortunately, the urge to run to the toilet hit me only a few seconds in and it was all I could do to fight it until it passed.

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Two hours, five enemas and a long shower later and I was wearing in a form-fitting purple dress with plunging neckline that barely covered my nipples. Designed specifically for Furkin, I slid my tail through the small hole in the back and excitedly wagged it side to side as I stood in front of the full length mirror braiding my long black hair. Finally, before grabbing my purse and heading out for my first night as a free adult, I put on a pair of knee high boots. Made by the same company that made my dress, they would cover my hooved feet while still allowing anyone bothering to look to see I definitely had hooves.

My twin long gone and my mother back in her room, I left the house feeling all manner of conflicting feelings. This was by far the biggest night of any Generation Beta’s life and while I was excited at the prospects of finally losing my virginity, I was also scared to death that I

would find some asshole who would use and abuse me out of some misguided and very much illegal sense of superiority just because I'm a Furkin who are still seen by many as less than second class citizens. Unfortunately, six years of training were going down the tubes as the thought of having sex began overwhelming my judgement.

While my mothers, Heidi and Cindy helped pass the Furkin Freedom Act a decade ago they also saw to the design, construction and opening of Furtopia. Located almost dead center of the nearly nine million acre reservation called Furville, it is a safe place for Furkin to live a bdsm lifestyle without fear of being used and abused as so many of our kind had been in the past. This, like my twin, was my destination if only because I knew the chances of me being dominated against my will were nearly zero.

Arriving shortly after three in the morning, I pulled into the large, nearly filled to capacity walled-in parking lot. Thankfully, anyone wishing to enjoy a night of bdsm was already inside so the lines were relatively short. Taking my place behind a group of three human males, I fidgeted nervously as they occasionally looked back over their shoulders at me. This went on for maybe ten minutes before one of them turned and cleared his throat. Looking up into the face of a handsome twenty-something man with dark brown eyes to match his nearly black hair, I gulped. "C-Can I help you?"

"We certainly hope so. My friends and I have never been with a Furkin before."

"I've never been with a human before. Or anything for that matter."

"Well then it seems tonight is our lucky night. Why don't you get out of those clothes so we can fuck right here in the parking lot?"

"Um, no thank you. My chastity devices just came off and my virginity is being saved for one of my own."

"No, I'm pretty sure we called dibs," the man replied with a creepy grin that made me take a step back. He reached out to grab me and instinctively my tail whooshed around and flicked him in the right cheek like a whip.

"If you know what's good for you you'll keep your filthy hands to yourself," I snorted like an angry bull." Pushing passed them, I ran to the ticket booth, apologizing to the lovely fox and feline variants about to pay their way in. "I am so sorry to cut in and I'll happily go to the back of the line, but those three men back there just attempted to assault me," I said to the gorgeous female canine variant behind the glass. "I do not feel safe with them being permitted to enter."

"One moment please." Picking up a phone, the canine woman made a brief call and then hung up. "If you'll please stand to the side security will be here in a minute to help."

"Thanks. And I apologize again for cutting in," I said to the fox and feline.

"No problem," the fox replied. "Trust me, I've had my fair share of humans thinking they own us. Good luck."

"Thanks."

A few moments passed and as the three men drew closer I finally saw three very large bull security guards walking in my direction. I told them what happened and while one remained at my side the other two went to talk to the men who, of course put all the blame on me. My special night put on hold, we were taken to a security office in the corner of the parking lot where the guards watched the camera feed. With that, the men were escorted back to their vehicle and banned from Furtopia and after thanking the guards I got back in line to pay my entrance fee.