

Petgirl Porn Star

Crimson Rose

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After leaning firsthand that her best friend Ryleigh had been lying about where she worked for years, Aimee took it upon herself to get to the truth. Which is how she found herself parked down the street waiting for her to leave. Seeing her exit the house as a quarter after ten wearing a short, curve-hugging dress and strappy heels she knew for a fact that she wasn't headed to the hospital she claimed to be a night shift nurse at. Waiting for her to get in her car and drive away, she turned her headlights on and followed at a safe and inconspicuous distance. One mile. Two. Five. Fifteen. Driving to the far western side of Sapphire City, she watched Ryleigh pulling into the parking lot. Eyes going to the sign hanging above a side entrance depicting two women dressed up in sleek puppy gear – one head down and ass up and the other kneeling as if a puppy begging for attention, Aimee read the name STUDIO FUTASIA with brow raised. *What the actual fuck is this place?* She thought as she drove by. To give her best friend time to go inside and get to whatever work she actually did, she circled several blocks before returning.

Parking near the rear of the lot as far from other vehicles as possible, she nervously fast-walked up to the back door half expecting to find it locked tight, but when it opened in her hand, she paused briefly before stepping inside where she was immediately greeted by a tall, stern-looking but extremely attractive olive-skinned woman with long black hair pulled back in a high braid wearing glasses that gave her the look of a strict teacher or librarian.

"Welcome to Studio Furtasia. I'm Lexi. Is there something I can help you with this evening?"

"Um, what is this place exactly?"

"Really?" Lexi asked, giving Aimee a raised brow.

"Really. I just followed my best friend here after being lied to about where she actually worked. I saw sign above the door, but that just gave me more questions than answered."

"What's your name?"

"Aimee."

"Okay, Aimee, let's start with who your friend is. Can you give me their name?"

"Her name is Ryleigh. Ryleigh Wilson. She came in like ten or fifteen minutes ago."

"Ryleigh? Ryleigh? Oh! You mean Sapphire Skye? Sorry, we don't use real names here. I mean, we know each other's real names, of course, but we prefer our pseudonyms. As for what this place is, it's a studio specializing in fetish porn and petgirl training in particular."

"Petgirl training?"

"Petgirls, or petboys are men and women that dress up as various animals like the puppies depicted on our sign, and play the part from barking and neighing, to eating and drinking from bowls and sleeping in appropriate beds or stalls," Lexi explained. "Put bluntly, the pets we train live the life so completely they truly see themselves as the animal they're portraying."

"S-So you're telling me my best friend is... is a..."

"Sapphire Skye is one of our fan favorite petgirls that has fully accepted and embraced several furtasian personas including dog, pony, cow, kitty, and pig."

"I see. Actually, no I don't. I'm not even going to pretend I understand what's going on, but I don't know what else to say. I can't believe my best friend is... is an animal."

"Not an animal, a petgirl. Perhaps if you sampled the lifestyle you'd have a better understanding of why your best friend and everyone else working here has chosen to live it."

"S-Sample how?"

"I can put you in contact with one of our petgirls that can take you on a tour while in the gear of the animal of your choice."

"You want me to be a petgirl?"

"I want you to do whatever your comfortable with, Aimee. If that means playing the part of a pet to better understand your best friend's choice of lifestyle then I'm more than happy to facilitate that, and if not, that's okay too."

"W-What... what would I have to do if I accepted?"

"You'd have to fill out some paperwork basically signing up as a probationary freelance porn star on a per gig basis to ensure you'll be paid for your time and effort. You'll go on a tour of the studio and Angel will put you through the paces of being a petgirl. Hopefully, by the end of the scene you'll appreciate Ryliegh's decision instead of judging her sexual proclivities."

"I... I'm not... I don't want..."

"Obviously I can't and never would force you or anyone else to put on a scene, but if you really want to know why your best friend loves being a petgirl there's no better way than to be one yourself even if for a few hours. The choice is yours. If you want to give it a try let me know in the next twenty minutes otherwise I'll have to ask you to leave."

"W-What animals can I choose from? Not that I want to, but I'm curious what I can pick from."

"You can pick from around thirty different petgirl personas including dog, cat, horse, pig, cow, sheep, bear, deer, monkey, llama, hamster, and fox to name a dozen. Each has their own specialized training tailored to the type of pet and their normal daily activities."

"Does that include getting screwed by actual animals?"

"Absolutely not! On top of being disgusting, it's also illegal. While I understand the confusion given your obvious inexperience with the lifestyle, there's a universe of difference between being a petgirl and engaging in bestiality. The former is dressing up and taking on the role of an animal while the latter is having sex with them."

"Sorry, I didn't mean any offence, but as you said I'm woefully inexperienced with all of this. You said I've be paid for my time and effort. Can I ask how much?"

"That all depends on what you're willing to do and how long you do it. If you just dress up and take a tour I'll give you a hundred bucks for your time. If you allow Angel to put you through an extensive scene guiding you through every aspect of the lifestyle lasting several hours you'll be paid several thousand."

"And every aspect of the lifestyle means what exactly?"

"Living, breathing, and completely embracing being a petgirl. That includes eating and drinking from bowls; 'speaking' only as your preferred animal; playing, sleeping, and using the toilet as an animal; and learning the pet positions and hand signals used by your owner to issue non-verbal commands. Oh, and let's not forget having sex like an animal. Meaning similarly dressed petgirls and petboys. I'll be honest, Aimee, if you take the full lesson a gorgeous petgirl like you will be taken multiple times."

"T-Thanks for letting me know."

"You're very welcome. Here, why don't I give you the paperwork you'll need to read and fill out to do freelance work with us and you can take a look at it while deciding what you want?" Lexi said as she reached down and grabbed a clipboard from beneath the counter. No pressure, but it might help make up your mind one way or the other."

"Thanks." Taking the offered clipboard, Aimee crossed the lobby and sat in the corner chair. Left leg bouncing nervously, she began reading the first of many forms. Personal

information. Medical history. Sexual experience. Consent forms. Waivers. A multi-page contract. Reading through everything once, she went back to the beginning and read it all over again. Starting over for a third time, she began filling in the blank spaces as something to pass the time more than any desire to actually turn them in, but as she reached the last page of the contract where she wrote Jayde Vixen on the pseudonym line, she knew she would not be leaving the porn studio before completing a scene as a petgirl. Everything filled out, she got up and approached the counter. "I can't believe I'm doing this, but... but I think I'd like to do a scene."

"Let me go ahead and make sure everything is in order and once I get you in the system I'll call Angel to take care of you. Do you have your license or ID on you?"

"Yeah." Opening her purse, Aimee grabbed her license and handed it over.

"Give me ten or fifteen minutes."

"Y-Yes Ma'am." Walking back to the chairs, Aimee sat down wondering what the hell possessed her to sign up to do porn while waiting for Angel to show up and put her through her first ever scene.

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Seventeen very long minutes later, Aimee saw a door open and a lithe, stunning caramel-skinned black woman emerge wearing a form-fitting purple latex dress and matching thigh-high boots – the only hint as submission the collar around her neck from which a gold paw-shaped pendant dangled. Gulping hard as the moment of truth was upon her, she waited.

"Jayde Vixen, time for your first foray into being a petgirl," Lexi called out. "Please come meet your new handler."

Getting up, Jayde walked across the lobby feeling as if her body temperature was rising by the step. Biting hard into her lower lip, she stopped in front of the gorgeous black woman. "H-Hi."

"Hello, Jayde. I'm Angel Sins, but you'll refer to me as Mistress from now on or you'll be disciplined. Is that understood?"

"Y-Yes Mistress."

"Lexi here tells me you have zero experience with bdsm and being a petgirl. Is that true?"

"Yes Mistress."

"She also tells me that you've agreed to the full petgirl experience. Is that true?"

"Yes Mistress."

"And you fully understand what that means?"

"Yes Mistress."

"Yell me."

"If what the contract said is the full extent of it, it means I'll spend fifty hours a week for a minimum of twenty weeks and a maximum of fifty being trained as the pet or pets of my choice, Mistress."

"Given that you have no experience with bdsm at all I think you'll need to spend the full fifty weeks learning the basics so that you have a strong foundation to build your petgirl person on. Would you agree?"

"I... yes Mistress."

"Why the hesitation?"

"This is way outside of my comfort zone, Mistress. I came here trying to figure out what my best friend was up to and now I'm going to be trained as a petgirl and from the sounds of it a submissive as well. That's incredibly scary to me, Mistress."

“Understandable. Given that you’re going to be here ten hours a day, five days a week for the next year, I need you to pick a primary animal persona and three secondary ones you’ll be fully trained to embrace.”

“Canine will be my primary animal persona, Mistress. As for secondary ones... I think cat, mare, and cow.”

“Just so you know, cow training comes with mandatory dairy training which means mandatory induce lactation. Since that can take several months I suggest we get started on that now so you’ll be ready come time for that aspect of your petgirl training. Is that understood?”

“I understand, Mistress.”

“Great. Then let’s get started. Once we’re on the other side of the door you’ll strip naked. After neatly folding your clothes you’ll get on all fours. I’ll place your clothes and shoes on your back. If you can make it to the studio without anything falling off you’ll be rewarded. If anything falls off you’ll be disciplined. Understood?”

“I understand, Mistress,” Jayde answered as the door pushed open and she was waved into a wide hallway. Stepping in, she pulled her shirt off over her head and then folded it as neatly as her trembling hands permitted. Sitting it on the floor, she removed her bra, shoes, socks, pants, and finally her panties. Everything folded, she picked the pile up and held it out to her new handler. Once taken, she got down on all fours. Clothes and shoes balanced on her back; she crawled behind Mistress Angel praying everything remained in place. Every movement slow and deliberate, she crawled down one hallway after another – passing men and women dressed as various animals.

“Found yourself a new pet to train, Mistress?” a tall, well-built black man wearing what appeared to be horse gear including bit gag, blinders, low-profile snout mask with ears attached and a tailed plug commented.

“Lucky me, stallion. And lucky for being the first to breed her. Go on, pound a load nice and deep so she’ll pay more attention to her lessons than thought of being used.”

Eyes going wide, Jayde opened her mouth to say something but instead of words coming out, the man’s big black cock went in and the clothes that had been perfectly balanced on her back hit the floor.

“See, even without a single lesson this bitch knows her place,” Mistress Angel smirked. “Go on, make her gag on it before you stuff that monster in her puppy-maker. Jayde, the stallion your sucking is Lance Rockwell. Lance, the bitch you’re face-fucking my our newest petgirl, Jayde Vixen. Jayde, you’re going to be a good bitch and let Lance breed you. Isn’t that right? It’s rude to talk with your mouth full so you’ll have to wait until he’s balls deep in your puppy-maker to answer. Also, don’t fret too much over the clothes on the floor. Not even the most seasoned sex slave could keep them on with Lance’s cock pounding in and out of their throat.”

Mind racing a million miles a second, Jayde did her best to relax and take the brutal face-pounding, but practiced as she was, she had never taken anything even remotely as big as Lance’s cock in any of her holes and to her handler’s delight, she gagged and drooled all over his thick, thrusting pole. *This is really happening! I’m choking on the big black cock of a man dressed like a stallion in the hallway of a freaking porn studio! He’s going to fuck me next! No, he’s going to breed me! Dear fucking God what am I doing?* And with that thought Lance pulled out of her mouth. Walking behind her, he grabbed her by the hips and with one swift, powerful thrust he was balls deep in her womanhood. “Uhn! Uhn! Ooohhhh!” she grunted.

“Do you want him to breed you, bitch?”

“Arf!” Jayde barked per the rules outlined in her contract.

“Good girl. You heard her stallion, pump your load nice and deep.”

Seeing another of their most popular male stars headed their way, Mistress Angel motioned the man dressed as a bear over. “Ryder, this is Jayde Vixen. Jayde, this is Ryder Phoenix. You’re going to suck his cock until Lance is finished breeding you and then you’re going to take Ryder’s load as well. If you make him come before Lance is finished you’ll be disciplined. Is that understood?”

“Arf,” Jayde answered as the handsome man in his early twenties approached. Not that she wanted to be spit-roasted as she had never been with more than one partner at a time, but her contract was very clear on what happened should she refuse a command and the last thing she wanted was to feel the sting of the cane. Lips parting, she took Ryder’s dick into her mouth. Not much smaller than Lance, she did her best to take as much of him as possible without choking to death.