



*Sara Fields*

TAMING  
THEIR  
PET

# Taming Their Pet

By

Sara Fields

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This book is intended for *adults only*. Spanking and other sexual activities represented in this book are fantasies only, intended for adults.

# Chapter One

Isabella Bedard ran her fingers through the waves of her waist-length, chocolate-colored hair. With a sigh, she pulled her knees into her chest. She'd been sent back to her cell after getting caught up in the drama that Aimee had perpetuated.

She should have known Aimee was a problem, should have seen this coming from a mile away, but she had wanted to make friends with everyone and Aimee had looked like a good place to start. It had started off alright, but the longer Isabella hung out with Aimee and her friends, the more uneasy she had become. Before she knew it though, Aimee had begun to spread rumors about Warden Taylor and the guards and by then, it was too late to extricate herself. Jenny and Michelle had joined in too and Isabella had made the terrible choice to go along with them.

It had all culminated in a colossal food fight, in which Isabella had actually participated. Why had she been so stupid?

Crap. She was probably really in for it. She should have known better.

In fact, she was probably going to get spanked. That's what happened to naughty girls who got caught here at the detention center. She pressed her hands to her mouth in dismay when she thought about how they'd bare her bottom and spank it red in front of everyone else. What if they used one of those mean-looking wooden paddles that made all the girls cry? What if one of the guards took off his belt to punish her? She shivered at the thought.

She wasn't quite sure how she'd inserted herself into the trouble-making clique, but it certainly wasn't her style. She'd never been the type to spread rumors or gossip and was rather proud of that fact. Now, all alone in her room, she was left with nothing but herself and her thoughts of where it all went wrong. Her bottom tingled, almost as though it could feel the discipline coming at any second.

She missed her life back in Savannah, Georgia. She came from a rather well-off family, with two brothers and a mother and father who thought the world of her. Her parents had made sure she never wanted for anything, as long as she made them proud with her good grades and proper behavior. Her father had been elected governor and she'd learned how to act accordingly in the public eye. She wore the right kind of dress that commanded both respect and love from the citizens of the city. Learning the power of her smile from

an early age, she always had a kind word for anyone she'd ever met. Whenever she ventured into the public eye, she plastered on that smile and did whatever was necessary that would help further her father's political career. She was very careful to do nothing to hurt it.

Unfortunately, when it came time for her father's reelection, things had taken a turn for the worse despite all her careful conduct. The local news media was tenacious and uncovered a long-kept family secret that ruined everything.

Isabella was an unregistered third child. She was the youngest, with two older brothers who watched over her like a hawk. Not only did they help to keep her in line, but they protected her all her life.

When the news broke that her birth had been illegal, it triggered a nasty dark cloud over her father's campaign. Eventually, both the political and legal pressure overwhelmed them and her father was forced to turn her in. Once the cops had processed her, she was sent away from Earth to the detainment center in space far away. It had all happened so fast that she'd barely had any time to process it.

Her family had been allowed to say goodbye and she was grateful for it. It had given her closure, allowing her to accept that her life was about to change completely. As she hadn't broken any laws, the police had been kind and a female officer had explained what was going to happen to her. Although uncertain of her future, she knew that she was eventually going to be sold off to an alien from somewhere in outer space. Supposedly, the detainment center was meant to train her to be the perfect wife, but she had her doubts.

With a sigh, she thought about the last twenty-four hours at the detainment center. How on Earth had she gotten caught up in a food fight of all things? Why had she even picked up a piece of food and thrown it at the warden? Was she crazy?

Dammit. She hoped she hadn't ruined everything. She was supposed to be married to a nice sweet husband who took care of her every need. Her parents had donated a rather large amount to the detainment center in order to ensure that she was well taken care of, especially when it came time for her to be sold to an alien husband.

With a heavy sigh, she picked up her book off the nightstand, only to be startled a short while later by the warden. She smiled only to falter at the grim expression on the woman's face.

“Hello, Warden Taylor,” she greeted the warden as she walked in, making sure to mask the nervousness in her voice as much as possible. Warden Taylor sighed and shook her head.

“Isabella Bedard. Your name is one that I did not expect to be caught up in Aimee’s mess. Do you have something to say for yourself?”

Isabella hung her head in shame.

“No, ma’am. I’m really sorry for getting involved. I didn’t mean to cause any trouble,” she said shyly, her apology very clear in her tone. She kept her eyes on the floor.

The warden exhaled loudly again.

“You’ve been so well behaved here. Not even a single requirement for punishment in your records since you arrived. What came over you this afternoon?” she asked in disbelief.

“I don’t know, ma’am. Please forgive me,” Isabella begged as she clasped her hands together. She schooled her features with as much regret as she could muster and the woman’s expression faltered just a little.

The warden sat down on the bed beside her. The room was quaint, but it was private and Isabella had put her personal touch on things. The soft quilt on her bed was a rosy pink and her walls were decorated with some of her favorite pictures from back home. Warden Taylor fingered the quilt before looking up to meet Isabella’s eyes. Her gaze was apologetic and warm, almost as though she regretted what she was about to say.

“You’ve left me little choice, Isabella. Since you’ve been associated with that group and now that it is public knowledge, I can’t have you receiving special treatment. It sends a bad message to the rest of the girls. I don’t think you misbehaved intentionally, but you associated yourself with the wrong people. I’m going to have to be harsher with you because of it, which includes more heavy discipline than you’ve ever experienced before. I could sentence you to the medical wing, but I don’t think that you would excel there,” the warden said with an exasperated sigh.

“Please, I really didn’t mean it,” Isabella said softly, her bottom itching nervously at the warden’s words.

“It’s either that, or I choose a match for you immediately.”

The woman’s big brown eyes turned to Isabella, the tight firm demeanor she usually carried softening toward her.

Isabella kept silent, waiting for her to continue.

“I’m going to give you a choice, Isabella. If you choose to stay, you

will be publicly punished and it will be harsh. I must make an example of you so such behavior does not occur under my watch again. That, or I choose a match for you right away—but I must warn you that none of my current contracts are for the faint of heart. I very rarely receive requests for a simple courtship anymore. Alien men have very high expectations when it comes to the women they want.”

Isabella stared at her wide-eyed. For her, there was very little choice. Having been in the public eye for much of her life, she did not like it in the slightest. She didn’t want the other girls to see her turned over a man’s knee and punished like a naughty little girl. It would be humiliating and shameful. She couldn’t handle it. Chewing her cheek, she met the warden’s eyes, knowing she would have to accept what was to come.

“Please choose a husband for me. I won’t cause you any more trouble. I promise,” she said reluctantly.

The warden nodded curtly before standing up. She turned back and smiled gently at her.

“I’ll pick the man that is best for you. I’ve matched many women to our clients here at the station and whenever I follow up, they’re happy. You’ll be the same, even if it will be hard for you at first. Trust in the process and you’ll find your happily ever after.”

“Thank you for giving me the choice. I appreciate it,” Isabella whispered quietly.

“Be prepared to leave in a few days. Pack a bag of your things, so that you may take it with you, if your owner or masters will allow.”

“Masters?” Isabella asked, turning her head with curiosity.

“Yes. I have many contracts where two or three alien men request one woman. It’s possible that you could be sold to them, if I deem it to be the right match for you. I’m going to go study their files now and determine the best course of action for you.”

“Oh,” she replied, unable to form any more coherent words beyond that.

“Don’t you worry, just have faith that it’ll all work out,” the warden said softly, her usual firm demeanor wavering for a moment. “In the meantime, you’ll stay in your room. Meals will be brought to you and I will come for you when your match is made. Try not to cause any more trouble or you’ll force me to punish you.”

“Yes, ma’am,” Isabella whispered quietly, drawing her knees up to her

chest. She wasn't used to being in trouble and it left a warm feeling deep in the pit of her stomach that she couldn't identify as shame or desire or excitement. Chewing her lip, she watched as the warden opened the door of her cell and walked out, leaving her alone once again.

Her tummy churned with nerves and it took a long time for her to relax again. She was used to getting her way, but she'd always been polite about it and hadn't thrown a tantrum since she had been in diapers. She reminded herself that she had been raised to be a lady and to use her smarts and wit to achieve a desired result. If she wanted something, she just had to go about it in the right way so as to not sully her own image or her family's.

With a sigh, she fell back on her bed and placed her head on her soft down pillow. Even here at the station, she had many of her old luxuries, including jewelry, the latest technology, and enough money in her off-planet account to order whatever she wished for. Her closet was full of the latest designer dresses and shoes. None of the other girls here at the detainment center had anything like she did.

But now she'd gone and ruined the whole thing by getting involved with Aimee, Jenny, and Michelle and their shenanigans. In just a few days' time, everything was going to change. She was going to be sold off to her future husband, or husbands, she thought with a shiver. Swallowing heavily, she imagined what it would be like to be with more than one man and she couldn't help but tremble with nervousness and a twinge of excitement.

What would it be like? Would she like it? Would she be able to handle more than one husband caring for her at a time?

Groaning, she covered her face with her hands, feeling a flush come over her. Mortified, she realized her nipples had hardened into tight little peaks beneath her shirt and she was thankful she was alone and no one could hear what she was thinking.

Trying to distract herself, she pressed the button on her wristband so her digital eBook reader glowed awake once again. The holographic screen brightened and brought up her library. Lying back, she lifted her finger to choose the book she was currently reading and swiped to carry on to the next page.

Her scrambled nerves were incredibly distracting and eventually she turned it off with a huff. She jumped up from her bed and paced back and forth, wanting to talk to someone, anyone who could alleviate her worries. She deserved that, didn't she?



She moved toward her door and peeked through the barred window.

The detainment center was still on a mandatory lockdown. Every girl was assigned to her quarters and not allowed to leave until given permission to do so. It must have been evening by now and the station was quiet, except for a few voices echoing up from the lower areas.

Looking downward, she realized a small group had gathered in the social area on the ground floor. There was a lineup of girls against the wall and every single one of them had their eyes on the floor while guards lectured them. Isabella recognized some of the girls that had been involved in throwing food in the cafeteria at the warden. She even saw Michelle down there with them, a scowl twinging at the corners of her lips.

A strange warmth flooded into Isabella's core.

All at once, the guards reached forward and grasped the regulation pants at each girl's waist and whisked them down to their ankles. None of the girls fought as they were left standing in front of the guards, bared down to their panties. She noticed that even Michelle didn't fight back against them.

Isabella swallowed, her mouth suddenly incredibly dry. She fidgeted as she watched. Unsure what to do with her hands, she hugged them around her chest.

One of the men raised his voice and she couldn't help but overhear him. The window in her door had no glass—meaning that she could hear anything that went on below, including all the punishments that occurred in the detainee living areas. Licking her lips, her eyes grew wide as each girl was guided over a man's knee. Panties were quickly divested from the girls, exposing full, round, and creamy white bottom cheeks to her view.

Her breathing quickened as she pressed her thighs together. One of her hands fluttered back to her own backside, imagining what it would feel like to be exposed to a man in such a way so that he could see everything from the cleft of her behind to the secrets between her legs. Her heart pounded excitedly in her chest.

One of the guards rubbed the backside of the girl over his lap gently and she whimpered as he raised his palm and smacked down directly across her bottom, causing the woman to flinch in surprise. The rest of the guards then followed suit and her eyes grew even wider at the sight. At least ten girls each lay over a lap, all getting their asses tanned for their bad behavior.

They cried out in despair as their cheeks quickly turned pink all over as the guards thrashed them from the top of their bottoms to about mid-thigh.

Isabella reached the hand that wasn't cupping her own backside down between her legs and ran her finger up and down the crotch of her cotton panties. She gasped when she felt the wetness there and pressed harder on the spot that seemed to need her touch the most.

Watching the bottoms redden before her, she circled the hard bud beneath the thin cotton of her panties. Moaning quietly, she pressed a bit harder and lifted her head, all the while keeping her eyes on the bouncing cheeks of the girls getting their just desserts. Her own bottom clenched as she imagined herself lying over a man's knees, her own backside bare, getting spanked for her own wicked behavior. She quivered at the fantasy.

Her body heated as she explored herself like she had never dared to do before. Every nerve felt as though it was simmering to a boil, slowly and surely, almost as though she was approaching the edge of a volcano. Burning hotly, she continued her discovery until she felt like she was about to burst. One of the guards withdrew a small leather paddle from his pocket and Isabella whimpered as she watched the implement smack against the woman's naked bottom, leaving a white imprint that quickly turned red a fraction of a second later. The sight pushed Isabella over the edge into an intoxicating cloud of arousal, desire, and white-hot pleasure.

She felt naughty and knew she should be ashamed of her behavior, but she was alone and no one could see what she was doing. Her legs trembled beneath her as she leaned against her door, soft little moans escaping her lips as she struggled to keep her balance.

The heat enveloping her limbs eventually passed, leaving her breathless, yet awash with a glorious satisfaction. Finally, she tore her eyes away from the discipline that was coming to an end and slowly walked back to her bed, where she dove under the covers to hide in shame for what she had just done.

The experience had taken everything out of her. No longer was she drowning with her worries about her future; instead, she was calm and satiated. Her body tingled as she closed her eyes and laid her head back in the pillow.

Asleep in seconds, she allowed herself to give into the darkness, happy and appeased for the time being, all alone and safe from prying eyes, at least for now. She'd deal with tomorrow when the time came.

## Chapter Two

The next few days passed slowly and Isabella did her best to pass the time by watching vintage movies and television shows.

When Warden Taylor returned to her door one night and told her that she had been sold, she couldn't help but be a little bit excited, even if she was a tad nervous too.

"The contract I chose for you involved two men, brothers actually. They will arrive in the morning to fetch you. You'll be examined and presented before them, so that they can inspect their purchase."

"May I ask what their names are?" Isabella whispered anxiously.

"Noah and Zachariah. They're from Planet Dayhari. I have been instructed to give you no more information than that. Prepare your things, you'll be leaving tomorrow."

"Thank you, ma'am," she responded quietly. Insecurity and worry washed over her as she questioned what was about to happen to her. What would they be like? Would they be kind to her? Would they like her?

Warden Taylor looked back at her with a slightly sympathetic expression before she nodded curtly and walked out, once again leaving Isabella alone with her thoughts. Chewing her cheek, she readied for bed. Pulling on her pajamas, she pulled out a large bag and began packing some of her favorite things inside. She started with pictures of her home and family, followed by a few pieces of jewelry given to her by them as well.

She packed some pieces from her closet, but couldn't decide on what else to bring. She didn't know what Planet Dayhari would be like, if it would be cold, warm, or humid. What would the brothers be like? Would they be kind and caring? Stern and cruel?

Staring at her clothes, she fingered the soft cottons, silks, and satins before dropping her hand. She blindly picked a few more pieces, folded them, and stuffed them in her bag. Mindlessly, she filled the small luggage to the brim and sat on the bed when she finished.

Sighing, she closed her eyes and struggled to sleep, tossing and turning all night. When morning eventually came, she grudgingly got up and prepared herself for the day. When she was done, she groaned and took one last look around her bedroom when the door squeaked open. Warden Taylor, dressed in her usual stark black dress, hair up in a tight bun, strode into the

room as cool and confident as ever.

“It’s time for you to come with me now,” she said as she pushed the door wider. A handsome guard walked into the room with her and picked up Isabella’s black leather luggage bag, and looked to the warden, awaiting her orders.

“Bring her to the examination viewing room. We will present her to her men in short order there. They are due to arrive any minute,” the warden instructed.

Isabella didn’t fight when the guard took hold of her upper arm, gently guiding her out of the room. She followed and kept her head down, consumed with curiosity at the men she was about to meet. Familiar hallways turned into unrecognizable corridors as they ventured away from the living areas. She was guided into a small room that reminded her of the doctor’s offices she’d been to back on Earth, except there was a portion of the room with a rather large cut-out in the wall. She could see a seating area and her eyes grew wide with anxiousness as the implications of such a thing washed over her. Was there going to be an audience? What was going to happen?

As she chewed her bottom lip, the guard helped her up onto the table at the center of the room. He placed her bag down beside her and moved to guard the door. She was apparently supposed to wait here until her men came to fetch her.

Luckily, she didn’t have to wait long.

Warden Taylor arrived with two very tall and very large figures on her tail. The men must have been almost seven feet tall and well over two hundred fifty pounds of thick, solid muscle. They wore dark cotton pants that laced at the waist, held up with thick well-worn black leather belts. A flask, a coiled leather whip as well as a terrifying serrated knife that was as long as her arm were fastened to a piece of bronzed leather armor laced around each man’s waist.

With a gulp, she lifted her eyes a bit higher, keenly aware of the fact that neither man wore a shirt. Their chests were broad and dark, almost as though they had spent their entire lives living on the beach in the sun. Sculpted muscles defined their torsos and she couldn’t help but allow her eyes to drift up and down from their abs to their hips. Bulging biceps and corded, chiseled chests reminded her of the gods of old. Their bodies were rock hard, almost as though the two of them had been carved from stone.

Tattoos snaked around their forearms, up to their shoulders and

encircling their necks. Black tribal lines with harsh angles highlighted their breathtaking forms and she couldn't help but feel the pounding of her heart in her chest as her body warmed. They flexed their hands, their fingertips visible at the edges of brown leather gloves that covered their wrists. Silver chains hung about their necks, complete with a bunch of small little keys swaying against their chests.

Eventually, she forced herself to bring her gaze even higher, to see what they looked like face to face. One man met her eyes immediately with curiosity, almost as if he was inspecting his purchase. Dark chocolate hair hung to his shoulders, messy and wild, complete with dreads and braids that gave him a rather barbaric appearance. His eyes were a gorgeous, yet entirely unnatural, forest green. A thick, well-kept beard covered his chin, long enough to brush the edges of his collarbone. She got the sudden urge to touch it, to run her fingers through it. Shuddering, she tried to shake the thought and looked away from him as quickly as she could, only the second man captured her attention then.

The other had dirty blond hair, though it was dark and styled in a similar fashion. His eyes were a brilliant ocean color, so blue that Isabella wondered if he wore some sort of contacts. They looked like savages of old and she had to remind herself that these were aliens from another planet and not from some sort of ancient Viking clan from hundreds of years ago. She licked her lips as they stared back at her. Her pussy throbbed with desire for them.

“Get her naked. I need to see if she is completely unmarked. She cost us an awful lot of money, much more so than any perfectly trained service pet back in Zatadar,” the dark-haired one muttered, his voice gravelly and decidedly masculine. His rough tone unnerved her.

In a few scant moments, the guard approached her and grabbed her dress, pulling it up and over her head before she had time to react. She yelped as he unclipped her bra and whisked her panties down her thighs, leaving her in nothing but her soft black ballet slippers. She did her best to cover her breasts and mound with her hands.

“Please! Give those back,” she yelled at the guard. “This is indecent!”

“She'll be considered feral when we bring her to Dayhari,” the blond one murmured, deep in thought.

“She'll have to be leashed at all times until we can ascertain what type of pet she would be most suitable as. She'll need a firm hand and we'll have

to follow certain mandates for her training, due to her untamed nature,” the brown-haired man responded. “You. Pet. Put your hands at your sides. You will uncover yourself in your owners’ presence. You would do well to remember that.”

Isabella blinked, taking a long moment to realize the man was actually talking to her. He couldn’t be serious, right?

“Now,” the man growled and she rushed to obey him, the bottom curves of her cheeks tingling as she glanced at the massive size of his leather-covered palms. As she uncovered her nipples, she flushed as she felt them harden under the men’s inquisitive gaze. Pressing her thighs together, she could tell the folds between her legs were damp with her desire.

“Turn around. Let me see that backside, pet,” the blond man said and Isabella slowly rotated away from them. Her bottom tingled as they looked at her, her core tightening with arousal. Her reaction was entirely shameful and she groaned quietly with her humiliation. She shouldn’t be so turned on by being on display for these men, but for some reason, she couldn’t help it. It felt wicked and naughty and she whined a little louder, hoping the warden would take mercy on her.

Both looked back at her with very slight smirks. They were pleased.

“We can begin our examination whenever you wish, that is, if you are happy with your purchase,” Warden Taylor explained and the brown-haired man shook his head.

“No need. We’ll take her to our trusted veterinarian for an inspection when we return to Dayhari. We’ll give her a complete physical and assess her health there.”

“Whatever you wish. Thank you for your business, Noah,” she said and shook the brown-haired man’s hand. “Zachariah,” she said and shook the blond’s hand.

“Call me Zack. Thank you, Warden Taylor. It’s always a pleasure doing business with the Earthen Brides Station.”

Noah walked through the doorway with a small cloth-covered package in his hands. He unlaced the leather thong holding it closed. She could see black leather and lots of it. His close presence made her breath quicken as she breathed in his spicy and smoky male scent. He lifted the leather straps up and over her head, threading her arms through the contraption quickly and surely. She realized after a long moment that he was putting her in a harness. Black straps wove up and around her breasts, lifting them but leaving them

entirely uncovered. Around her neck, the straps overlaid each other in a star design that was remarkably beautiful. An O-shaped ring lay against her sternum and she shivered at the feel of it. He pulled out another strappy piece of lingerie and helped her into it.

She had assumed that he was putting panties on her, but upon further scrutiny she realized that they didn't seem to cover any of her most secret places. The rawhide laced around her thighs and up her hips, crisscrossing one another to make an X-shape over the sides of her thighs and her lower abdomen. The bottoms did nothing to cover her mound or her backside, leaving her feeling utterly exposed. The set of leathers fit her curves like it was made for her.

Then he pulled out a thick black leather collar and threaded it around her throat, quickly locking it tight with one of the keys on the necklace around his throat. He replaced the slippers on her feet with a thick pair of sandals that snaked up around her calves, gladiator style.

Lastly, he pulled out a black hooded cape and wrapped it around her shoulders. Breathing a sigh of relief, she pulled the soft black fabric around her, happy at the possibility of being able to cover herself from curious onlookers.

He gripped the ring of her collar and pulled her forward. Struggling to keep her balance, she gasped as he clipped a leash to her throat. Zack gripped the end of the lead and jerked her toward him, leaving her no choice but to follow him.

Holy fuck.

What the hell had just happened? What kind of men were these?

She was essentially naked under the floor-length cape, strapped up in leathers that reminded her of a horse halter and collared and leashed like an animal. This couldn't be right. Whipping her head around, she looked for the warden, the woman responsible for her current catastrophe.

"Warden Taylor! Please! Why?" she shrieked, catching the woman's gaze as she was dragged out of the examination room and into the hallway.

"Don't worry, Isabella. Everything will work out for the best. Be on your best behavior and listen to your owners. You'll be very well taken care of under their protection," the woman responded and Isabella wailed with her frustration.

She was given no more time to plead with the warden as Noah and Zack strode down the hallway with her in tow. When they reached the

docking bay, her breasts felt heavy and her inner thighs were damp. As they neared one of the smaller terminals, her eyes widened at the sight of a kennel. It was raised a few inches off the floor on wheels, but there was no question in her mind who that cage was meant for. She dug her heels into the floor and struggled as much as she could, trying to get away from them in any way possible.

“No. Fuck, no! I’m not getting in that thing,” she shrieked, as she pulled against the leash. Unfortunately for her, Noah was much stronger and jerked her forward, causing her to lose her balance and fall forward into his arms.

He whipped the black fabric of the cape around, baring her backside in the process. His arm snaked around her waist, holding her against his thigh as his leather-clad palm smacked against her backside. She froze in shock.

Holy shit. He’d just spanked her.

“You’ll do exactly what your masters tell you to do, pet. You’ll learn very quickly that I expect complete obedience,” he said sharply, punctuating each word with a heavy smack to her vulnerable cheeks. She yelped with each one, surprised by how much they hurt.

Her bottom burned with his discipline. Each smack stung like a thousand bees, spreading across the entirety of her backside as he thrashed her thighs and her ass. She screeched at the sudden onslaught of pain.

“Owww. Please, I’m sorry!” she cried, tears prickling at the corners of her eyes. She’d never been spanked before and she didn’t want it to start now. She’d always been the good girl who never got into trouble. It wasn’t proper for a woman to be put in a cage, to be in clothes like they had put her in, or to be collared like a dog. They had to know that, right?

Zack strode forward and opened the door to the cage. Noah then placed her feet back on the ground and allowed the cape to cover her very sore behind. He simply pointed at the kennel and she surged forward, desperate to avoid the painful surface of his broad palm once again. Swallowing her pride, she just wanted to escape and despite her reluctance, the cage was at least free of heavy leather-covered palms bent on spanking her backside.

Crawling through the door, she was happy to notice that the bottom of the cage was padded with a thick memory foam layer. Once inside, she realized she could sit up completely, but there was no chance of her standing anytime soon. She looked back at them through the bars, narrowing her eyes at them in suspicion.



Zack closed the door behind her and pushed the kennel down the terminal ramp. The two of them guided her into their docked ship, rolling her easily into a cabinet at the center of it. The cage locked inside perfectly, as though the box was made for it. A black fitted sheet was pulled over the cage, leaving her in complete darkness.

She whined low under her breath, anxiety rising to a new level. She'd never really liked the dark.

"Relax, pet," Zack said, his voice smooth, warm and lighter than Noah's, and despite her nerves, it helped to calm her and keep herself from trembling.

"Please," she whispered.

"Quiet. Pets shouldn't be heard when they have been put away in their kennels," Noah's gravelly voice murmured firmly and her lips clamped shut. She shivered.

"Get some rest, pet," Zack began. "The journey is a long one. There are tubes on the side of your cage that give you access to water as well as a protein smoothie should you feel hungry."

Reaching out, she tentatively felt around the bars of the cage and eventually found the tubes he was talking about. She pressed her lips to the one on the right and suckled. Rewarded with ice cold water, she sighed with relief. Her stomach growled, reminding her that she hadn't eaten breakfast that morning. Hesitantly, she reached for the tube on the left and brought the mouthpiece to her lips.

Drawing heavily, a cool icy chocolate substance spread across her tongue. The rich dark cocoa taste was delicious and she couldn't help but eat more of it. When she had her fill, she let go of the tubes, taking a mental note of where they were. She crossed her ankles and curled her arms around her knees.

She could hear the men's movements around her, but she couldn't see what they were doing through the thick black fabric that cut off her sight. Time dragged as things quieted and she lay there and closed her eyes. Sometime later, she fell fast asleep, her dreams full of visions of Noah and Zack and what her future could possibly hold.

Noah woke her up some time later and brought her over to a set of restrooms. She saw through one of the doors that one was a normal bathroom, but that was not the one she was brought into. The restroom they brought her into was tiled with gray mottled granite, but there was simply a hole in the

floor and no toilet as she expected.

She looked back at him with confusion.

“Go now. I won’t let you out for another few hours. Zack and I need to get some rest. The ship is in hyper drive and we won’t arrive on Dayhari for a few more days so let’s not start off on the wrong foot.”

She wanted to fight, but the urge to go pee was too much for her. She glared at the floor as she squatted over the hole and hesitantly released her bladder. Noah handed her scraps of soft fabric to wipe herself with. When she had finished, he directed her to toss them in a nearby autoclave machine so they would be cleansed and sterilized for her next use.

Deeply humiliated, she didn’t even dare to meet his eyes as she was led back to her kennel to sleep. Noah covered the cage with the black fabric and the ship was silent for the rest of the night. As much as she tried not to dwell on the events that just occurred, about the fact that Noah had just watched her relieve herself, she couldn’t stop it. She felt shamed and embarrassed, but a tiny piece of her felt alive because of it. She whined when she realized that her pussy was wet, the chilly cabin air caressing her moist flesh. After some time, she eventually fell back into a fitful sleep, only to be woken up in the morning by the men’s movement around the ship.

The next few days passed much the same way. Zack and Noah allowed her to walk around the ship three times a day to keep up her strength, allowing her to stretch her legs and exercise stiff muscles. The protein smoothies that they fed her changed flavors daily, leaving her with a new delectable taste that she couldn’t get enough of with each passing day.

She grew to like the time in her cage, something she hadn’t expected. It gave her time to herself, where she wasn’t under the watch of the intimidating forms of the men who bought her. Noah was harsh, but he wasn’t cruel with her. She’d grown to like Zack a little bit, mainly because he had snuck her some really tasty salted dark chocolate caramel squares that were pretty delicious. He had made sure that Noah wasn’t watching when he did it. He didn’t seem quite as strict and seemed to have a sense of humor, as opposed to Noah’s serious nature.

Sometimes they took her cape away, leaving her basically naked in her leather harness, but most of the time they allowed her to keep it wrapped around her body. She liked that it seemed to ward off the chill of the processed air of the spaceship.

Neither man tried to touch her in any kind of inappropriate manner,

which left her feeling extraordinarily comfortable. They didn't push her, and she managed to avoid getting in trouble for the most part. There were a few times that Noah threatened her, but she obeyed, knowing there was nowhere to run on the small ship. There would be no escape for her.

She fell into their routine without much fight and was surprised to be told that they would arrive on their planet, Dayhari, the next morning. Despite the weirdness of the situation, she was excited to get off the small space traveling contraption and experience land once again. She was also insanely curious about what their world would be like and couldn't wait to see it with her own eyes.

Zack put her to bed that night and she willingly climbed into the crate. Curling up, she fell asleep rather quickly and wondered what the next day would bring. Would she enjoy life as their pet? Would she grow to like the men too?

## Chapter Three

Noah typed a few keys into the command center of his aircraft, verifying that the coding was correct for their arrival on Dayhari the next day. He was looking forward to returning to his home and the training compound. This whole errand to retrieve a new female pet wasn't necessary, but when he had seen the stunning little dove's picture, he couldn't resist. He knew the price was exorbitant, especially for a feral untrained pet, yet here he was. When he'd shown Zack the email with her image, his brother had grinned and simply nodded.

"I want her," he had said, smirking with lust at the beauty's untamed nature.

The two of them had always loved breaking in pets. Back on Dayhari, human women were owned by men and that's just the way it was. Human females had few rights and were expected to follow certain rules or be punished for it. Zack and Noah had a reputation back on their home planet as the best pet trainers far and wide. They could even take the wildcats, human females deemed as untrainables, and mold them into domestic kitties, ponies, or service pets. Once these pets were trained, they fetched a rather high price at auction, which lined their pockets and allowed for the brothers to go on this little adventure to procure such an exotic little pet.

Isabella was her name and she was gorgeous. Soft brown eyes, and chocolate-colored waves that hung to her waist, begging him to twirl those locks around his wrist for a good hard pull. Her curves were delightful. A tiny waist, round hips, ample bosom, and a heart-shaped bottom would sell for a lot, even if she was untrained, but broken and tamed? He couldn't even begin to guess at her value.

Thus far, she'd been easy to work with, but he doubted that would last very long at the compound. It was clear she was used to being taken care of and getting her way. She hid it well with her carefully guarded expression, but he'd seen her eyes flash occasionally with anger, especially at being forced to use the pet's bathroom instead of what she'd been used to.

He remembered the look on her face when he'd spanked her for the very first time and chuckled. It was obvious that no one had ever raised a hand toward her in a disciplinary manner and it was going to be amusing to watch her accept that, on his planet, human pets were bared and put over a

man's knee both as punishment and for pleasure. He couldn't wait to truly introduce her to both.

He grinned just thinking about it.

Her ass was perfect. Round, pale, and ample enough to grab a hold of. Without a doubt, neither he nor his brother were going to be able to keep their hands off it. He knew that it was probably going to be a perpetual shade of pink and he smirked. Spanking a pet was by far one of his favorite punishments and he knew Zack felt the same way. Sometimes he used a leather paddle or if the pet was especially naughty, a wooden one, but he preferred the feel of his bare palm smacking against a naked backside very much.

His cock hardened and his balls tightened at the thought.

Glancing back at the cage in his airship, he smirked. He'd let her rest for the night, but come tomorrow when she saw the compound for the first time, she was going to get that little ass of hers tanned for something. With all his experience training human females, he could read them rather well and this one hadn't shown her true colors just yet.

Deep inside her was a feral pet and she would no doubt balk at some point in her training. It was inevitable and he would revel in the breaking of her.

When he was happy with the settings of the ship's autopilot, he made his way back to the rest area of the cabin. The ship wasn't very large, but it was cozy for short trips through space. They didn't travel too often so they really didn't have a need for anything larger.

Zack was already there, sitting back and scrolling through his mail, checking in on the daily notes from their employees back at the compound.

"Anything of interest?" Noah asked.

"One of the kittens, Monica, got into a little mischief, it seems. It was necessary to bare her in the public square for a strapping," Zack responded.

"What did she do?"

"Antagonizing another pet when she thought the trainer wasn't looking. She broke protocol and one of the other trainers saw it. He sentenced her to a good hard punishment to teach her a lesson," he read.

"Good. One of us will have to punish her when we return as well to teach her that she cannot act up when we are away. A weekend in the cage and a good hard bare bottom spanking will teach her to behave, maybe even a larger size tail plug too," Noah said, running his fingers along his beard in

thought.

“I’ll make a note in her file. Let’s consider moving her to the wildcat enclosure when we return. It may be too much of a risk to keep her in the general kitten house.”

“I agree. Anything else?”

“Nope. Looks like everything ran smoothly otherwise. All other pets were well behaved.”

“That’s good to hear. Means we’re doing our jobs,” Noah chuckled. Zack grinned.

“Also means we can spend some extra time with our new feral human. It’s been awhile since we took on a challenge like her, a human who hasn’t seen the world of Dayhari ever in her life. You and I, my brother, are going to have very twitchy palms for some time, I think,” Zack grinned.

“You bet her ass we will,” Noah smirked.

“I’m going to sleep now. I have a feeling tomorrow will be a long and exciting day of firsts for our untamed pet,” Zack said, his thoughts very clearly of a darker nature.

“I agree. Night, brother.”

Noah lay down and closed his eyes. He couldn’t help but dream of the pretty little human in their clutches and how she would react when he bent her over and put a tail deep in her bottom for the very first time. He’d bet that her ass cheeks would have to be nice and red before she’d submit, and he’d be happy to oblige.

The next morning, he woke early and packed up everything he’d brought into his leather satchel. He’d have to bring Isabella to the vet right away to get her examined and to administer her vaccinations, as was required by Dayharian law. He’d made an appointment before he’d left and was looking forward to studying Isabella’s reactions when the vet handled her.

It would tell him a lot about the training regime he’d have to enforce with the little thing. He rested his hands on his belt, fingering the handle of the whip clipped there. He imagined her lithe form, hands bound above her head to the punishment pole in the square, dancing for him and his whip. Licking his lips, he pushed the intoxicating image out of his mind and piloted the ship into Dayhari’s orbit. When the time was right, he directed the ship into the outer atmosphere, ramping up the speed of the airship. Once the vessel reached the upper layers of the sparse cloud cover, he pulled back and readied them for landing.

In no time at all, Noah had them on the ground, levitating the vessel a few inches above the surface. He guided the ship into their small aircraft terminal and settled it into its designated spot. The small vessel gently landed onto the concrete floor and he allowed the air to gradually decompress within the passenger chamber. With a press of a button, the entryway opened with a whoosh, allowing the natural desert air of Dayhari to overtake the stale air of the airship.

They were home at last.

Zack stretched his arms over his head and yawned.

“Time to leash the pet,” he mused with a smirk. He unlocked the cage and a hesitant young woman crawled out. She looked to each of them with nervous trepidation, like a deer about to bolt at any second.

“Kneel, pet,” Noah said calmly.

Her eyes flashed, angry and reckless.

Zack leaned forward and placed a hand on her shoulder, gently pushing her body toward the floor. She resisted until Noah reached forward and pushed the cape out of the way. He gripped both her nipples, one in each hand, and twisted. She yelped in shock, her knees bending instinctually. Zack pushed harder and she collapsed to the floor with a pant.

Noah watched her closely, noticing how her cheeks flushed with color and her nipples hardened under his rough treatment. Her breath had quickened and her pupils dilated two-fold. Such a reaction was very telling. She most definitely enjoyed it and if he had to guess, she would definitely enjoy much more than that.

Reaching down, Zack clipped the leash to her heavy black collar. Her eyes narrowed slightly and Noah could tell she was holding back her rebellious nature. With a grin, he took ahold of her leash and pulled her forward a bit more harshly than usual. He grasped the tie holding her cape closed and deftly unraveled it. He whipped it off her shoulders, leaving her essentially naked in just the black leather harness. Her jaw clenched in defiance and her fingers fisted at her sides. He’d train that out of her before he was through and he would relish every moment of it.

Isabella smoldered on the inside. She was so angry at how she was being treated. This wasn’t what she imagined her happy ever after would be like, at all. Her chest rose and fell with the effort it took to keep her emotions in check, to not react to their goading or their domineering ways, but it was becoming increasingly difficult. As Noah tugged on the leash in front of her,

she could see Zack watching her and she worked to school her expression even more than before. She couldn't let him know that this angered her, that she ached to defy them and escape their grasp. As they led her out of the ship that she had spent her last week on, she got a firsthand look at the planet she was now to call home.

The temperature was very warm. As she stepped into the sunlight, she was suddenly very happy that Noah had taken her cloak, even though she was practically naked without it. The sunlight caressed her flesh and lifted her spirits. Breathing in the fresh wild air, she sighed with delight. She'd always loved the outdoors. She looked up into the sky and saw three suns. Two were high overhead, and another was peeking over the horizon. One was yellow and bright, the other orange, and the one at the horizon was a blood red in color. She now understood why both men were so unbelievably tan. Despite the heat, the air felt light and thankfully, not humid like her hometown back on Earth.

The sky was a brilliant blue color, like the ocean of the Caribbean she'd seen when she was younger. Off to her right, rolling sand dunes met her view and to her left, she saw a wooded area. As she studied the trees, she could see a deep blue river running through the land. A large barn and several buildings dotted along the banks. A short white fence ran around the little oasis.

It reminded her of a small village in the deserts of the Sahara, something that she'd only seen pictures of, rather than an alien planet. It wasn't a land of technology, which is what she expected. It was almost as though they had ventured back in time, by several hundred years by the looks of things.

The ground was warm through her thin sandals as they guided her forward. They walked for about five minutes together and as they got closer to the fenced compound, she could study the buildings in much greater depth. The main house was composed of mainly glass windows and molded concrete the color of dark wet sand. Cacti lined the walkways, along with some hardy bushes among the sand and rock. Little bursts of colors sprouted up all over, small yellow flowers that she longed to touch and braid into her hair. Fields of wild grass grew untamed in the distance. The massive trees that grew in and around the structures offered some much-needed shade and she sighed at the coolness it afforded them.

With a tiny smile, she looked down at the ground. She didn't see anyone else at that moment and was thankful for it. Her breasts hung heavy



and full, her nipples still hard almost as though she could still feel Noah's hands on her. Her pussy was incredibly damp and slick as she walked behind the men and she hated herself for it. She shouldn't be reacting in such a wanton manner. She should be ashamed, embarrassed, and most important, angry, but instead, her body was betraying her by reacting in such a wanton manner.

"Bring her into the examination room in the barn. The veterinarian should be arriving any minute," Noah commanded and Zack gently jerked her forward.

"What? A vet?" she murmured out loud, feeling incredibly confused at his description. An examination? Why did he need a veterinarian?

Noah had walked off into the main house, leaving her alone with Zack.

Her arms rose and gripped the leash around the base of her neck. Locking her legs, she stopped walking and Zack halted in front of her. He turned and stared back at her, his eyes hard and amused, almost daring her to defy him.

"I wouldn't recommend testing me, pet. You must learn that things are different here on Dayhari than back for you on Earth. My brother and I own you now and you will be expected to follow a certain set of rules here. You won't like what happens if you disobey us."

She clenched her teeth in frustration. Glaring back at him, she stomped her foot into the dirt. Zack tugged on the leash and she reluctantly walked forward toward the large barn-like structure with him. It stood tall above her with two large doors. Zack opened one of them and led her inside.

What she saw inside shocked her. Stalls lined the walls, just like an ordinary barn, but the normalcy stopped there. Inside each one was a woman, bound in similar gear such as she, but much more heavy duty. They were adorned with a harness that wound around their heads, holding a bit inside their mouths.

They tossed their heads and whinnied just like horses at the intrusion. One woman was tied to a central post and a man was brushing out her long hair, as one would do to a horse's mane. She wore heavy shoes with what looked like a metal horseshoe on the bottom that clicked every time she moved on her feet. As the woman turned, Isabella was horrified and strangely intrigued to see a very long horse's tail emerging from in between her buttocks. She whisked her hips from side to side and the tail swayed back and forth. Her breasts were lifted high in the leather outfit, nipples hard as

pebbles and her bare pussy peeked out from the crotch-less panties she was outfitted in. Isabella had never seen anything like it.

The woman's proud eyes met hers and she smiled a little around the bit in her mouth, before she tossed her head and turned away. She looked back at the man tending to her, and nuzzled his shoulder with a soft whinny.

All eyes in the stalls surrounding both her and Zack turned to watch her. Isabella blushed hard, knowing they could see her private areas, just like she could see theirs. What the heck was going on here?

"This is the pony barn. All the women here specialize in living their lives as ponies. You'll see other areas of the compound with time, including the kitty house, the house pets, as well as the wildcat sanctuary. In time, we shall discover what kind of pet you are and will begin to train you as such," Zack explained.

"These women are ponies?" she asked breathlessly, her body humming with disbelief.

"Does being a pony intrigue you, little one?" he pressed, as his hand snaked around the back of her neck.

She didn't respond, mainly because she didn't know the answer. These women looked so strong and confident, their bodies firm and sculpted from a hard day's labor, but every single one looked so proud and unquestionably happy that it made it incredibly difficult for her to reconcile the insanity of it. She refused to meet his eyes and chose to stare at the ground instead. She decided to say nothing.

He led her down to a door off the side, bringing her into a room with a post like the one that the pony woman had been tied to. He wrapped the leash around a hook at the top and left her standing there alone. Against the wall was a metal table and a scale beside it. The whole room had a distinctive medical feel, just like a room in a veterinarian's, or even a doctor's office back on Earth.

Her tummy ached just thinking about it.

She looked up at the hook where he had lashed the leash, realizing it was well out of her reach. She ran her hands over the clasp and realized she couldn't undo that either. Things were looking bleaker with every passing second. Whatever was about to happen, it was going to occur whether she liked it or not.

Glaring back at Zack, she crossed her arms over her chest.

"What the hell is this place," she said angrily.

He grinned back at her with a chuckle and shook his head. After a long moment, he eventually answered as he moved forward and ran his finger across her nipple. She huffed in defiance when she realized that the hard little buds had betrayed her once again.

“You’re to be examined by our local vet, as per Dayhari law. You must be deemed healthy and free of disease before you begin to interact with any of the pets here. If you are sick, you must be put in quarantine. If you aren’t, then this examination will pass quickly for you and we will begin your training,” he responded nonchalantly.

“You have to be kidding me,” she breathed, unable to comprehend that such a thing was real. “I’m not a dog,” she then said, raising her chin with as much defiance as she could muster.

“No. You are a feral human female pet. You’re untrained and it is up to Noah and myself to train you to our customs so that we may sell you when the time is right,” he declared, leveling her with a hard stare.

“You guys are fucking nuts,” she responded.

“Better not have such language around Noah. He’ll tan your hide for sure for such behavior, especially if you act like that in public, little cat,” Zack responded, his tone laced with firm warning. Isabella shivered at his words, yet she boldly maintained her stance, not wanting to back down just yet.

“Call me Bella. I’d prefer that over little cat,” she muttered and he laughed.

“I’ll call you whatever I want, pet. You’d do well to remember that.”

She glared back at him as the door clicked open and shut. Noah entered the room along with another man in a long white coat. His hair was much shorter, cropped close to his skull so that it was difficult to see that he had light brown hair unless he was standing in the right light. He wore a pair of dark cotton pants and a light t-shirt underneath his lab coat. The man didn’t look quite as wild as Noah and Zack, which made her feel slightly relieved, but not by much.

The man carried with him a large black leather satchel. Isabella eyed the bag nervously, speculating what sort of things he had hidden within. She chewed on her cheek, looking from one man to the next. The veterinarian pulled out a file and the three of them looked over it together, page by page.

“Twenty years old. Five foot, three inches tall. One hundred and thirty-five pounds. Overall health looks good on paper, but I’ll have to put her

through a full body scan just in case. I'll take a blood sample as well to test her for antigens or any viral particles foreign to our land. Put her on the scale and we'll verify some of the information in her file."

"What is this," she said angrily, aloud with as much bravery as she could muster.

"Mhhmmmm. A feisty one. You may consider muzzling her if she continues," the vet muttered.

"That's a good idea, I think. She's feral. I don't think she would bite but I would rather not take chances," Noah replied as he opened one of the white drawers lining the walls. Isabella watched with a shameful horror intermixed with desire as he pulled out what looked like a collar with a large ball at the center of it. He walked toward her and she pulled away, but Zack moved forward to hold her still. She struggled as Noah lifted the gag up and over her head, latching it tight behind her head.

"Open," he commanded and when she refused, Zack spanked her backside hard two times in a row. Glaring, she inadvertently opened her mouth at the sudden sting and Noah took the opportune moment to shove the gag into her mouth.

The rubber ball pressed open her lips, her teeth grazing against the surface. She moaned at the indignity, yet her nipples peaked at the indecency of it. Tears prickled at her eyes and she whined with her frustration and at her body's obvious betrayal. Zack lifted her off the floor and unhooked the leash, carrying her over to the large scale. He placed her on it and she looked away as they took a record of her weight.

After a long moment, they finished and Zack picked her up again, placing her on all fours on top of the large metal table. She tried to cover her breasts with her hands, but the vet knocked her hands away. She shivered at the coldness of it. It took both Noah and Zack to hold her still as the vet began to poke and prod at her skin. He did this all over her body, from the base of her feet to the tops of her shoulders. She could do nothing but moan around the gag in her mouth. A small amount of drool was gathering at the sides of her mouth and she felt herself blush deeply when a small amount of it dripped onto the metal surface beneath her.

"She's a beautiful specimen. Soft and curvy. She'll fetch a high price at market, even untrained, but once the two of you finish with her? She'll make the two of you rich men," the vet said, his tone laced with envy and respect.

"We paid an awful lot for her. She's a special one, I think," Noah

replied.

“Hold her still, please. I need to take a quick blood sample. Don’t worry, pet, it’s only a quick pinch and then it’s over,” the doctor ordered and the two other men complied. Four hands held each one of her limbs, holding her steady. She stilled as the veterinarian reached into his bag.

With wide eyes, she watched as the vet uncovered a minuscule-sized needle. She turned away when he moved toward her. He gripped her right wrist and then quickly pressed it into her upper arm. She winced slightly at the tiny pinch, but it disappeared in a quick moment.

“The needle is coated with a numbing solution, so it doesn’t hurt like a traditional needle,” he explained and she knew it that he was going into detail about what he was doing just to calm her. She had no doubt that Noah and Zack already knew all about this process.

The vet removed the needle from her skin and picked up a small handheld device. He injected her blood sample into a tiny slide and slipped it inside the machine. He pressed a button and waited for a few long seconds before speaking again.

“No pathogens to be concerned about. She was vaccinated against a couple of Earth viruses, including some forms of influenza and hepatitis. She has no sicknesses now that you should be aware of. I’ll vaccinate her with a few Dayharian vaccines and she will be good to go. Her iron levels are good, as well as her red and white blood cell counts. She’s normal and healthy by my standards, which is really good for you,” he said flatly.

“Good. Let’s move on to the rest of the examination then,” Noah replied darkly.

“Let me prepare her individualized vaccine cocktail and then we can get on with it,” the vet muttered as he turned. He dug into his bag and pulled out a few bottles with clear liquids. Uncapping a larger needle, he withdrew small amounts from each vial. He flicked it, ridding the solution of any air bubbles, and walked back over to her.

“Are you right-handed, pet?” he asked her and she nodded slowly, looking up at him with sudden nervousness. She felt small, powerless, and extraordinarily vulnerable. Zack must have noticed because he began petting the top of her head and scratching her gently. His strong hand took a hold of her chin and pulled it into his shoulder. The whole interaction soothed and comforted her as the vet took her left arm. She yelped at the quick pinch of the needle, which disappeared instantly after a fraction of a second as the

numbing solution took effect.

“There. Now that’s all done. She was rather well behaved for a feral pet there. You should see the wildcats I must handle sometimes,” he mused.

“I bet. Even some of the ones on our compound are pretty good,” Noah responded.

Zack didn’t say anything, but continued to pet and stroke her hair. She nuzzled his shoulder a little, surprised at how calm his gesture had made her. In fact, her body felt more alive than ever. He guided her gently to a position on her hands and knees. His rough fingers glided across her skin, grazing over a nipple by accident. When she looked up at him, she saw that he was smirking and quickly realized that it had been no coincidence that he had touched her there.

He kept her attention as someone moved behind her and touched the back of her thighs. His fingers cupped the base of her chin, forcing her to look forward as Noah and the vet began to touch her.

“Look at how wet she is,” the vet observed aloud.

“She’s enjoying this,” Noah mused with a soft, seductive growl.

Groaning, she met the wicked look in Zack’s eyes as a set of fingers glided across the moisture gathered on the folds of her pussy.

“I won’t even need lubricant for this next part of the exam.”

She groaned with shame. She wished she could just disappear in that moment, but she wasn’t that lucky.

Someone circled her clit and she moaned around the ball in her mouth, her hips bucking against his touch. Another set of fingers pressed into the entrance to her pussy and she pushed back against them. Zack held her gaze, capturing her completely and stopping her from knowing who was touching her most secret of places. The mystery of it all fueled the heat in her body, and the knowledge that there were three men in the room who could see all her body, areas that no one had ever seen before, made her shiver at the indecency of it.

A simmering blaze started deep in her core and she moaned around the gag.

Oh, God. It was all too much. She could feel her arousal, slick against her thighs as three sets of fingers played with the lips of her pussy. A finger slid inside her and she keened at its touch. Another finger stretched her wide and she reveled in the wave of desire washing over her. She should feel ashamed, but the passion rushing through her veins blinded her senses and

overtook anything else. She felt wild and wanton as the hand pressed deeper into her. When it stopped moving, she whined with frustration as she stared into Zack's devilish eyes. He smirked, like he understood exactly what was going on.

"She's a virgin," Noah said and Zack's smile widened before her.

The fingers began to move once again and a thumb reached forward to circle her clit. On her hands and knees, with a man to her front and two behind her, she groaned. Zack brushed her neck with his other hand and fisted his hands in her hair, pulling hard. Her eyes almost rolled back in her head in complete and utter ecstasy and she felt a burst of her honey rush against the fingers in her pussy. Her hips rolled as she felt her body rise higher and higher and she moaned, knowing that with each passing moment, she was hurtling closer to a much-needed release. Her body practically begged for it.

The whole scenario was so erotic, she could hardly stand it. Completely vulnerable and at the mercy of these three men, her body flew apart in a white-hot flash. Her orgasm took over every single one of her senses and her muscles quivered with the power of it.

Her pussy clenched hard around the digits that were pulling in and out of her, dragging every second of her release out of her and she loved it. When her body finally calmed of the rampant arousal coursing through her system, she met Zack's eyes once again, only to see a dark and seductive expression that made her insides turn with both desire and anxiety.

He didn't release his hold on her hair and she didn't want him to. It hurt, but in the most delicious kind of way. No one had ever pulled her hair before in such a manner. Now she knew that she liked it, and she liked it a whole lot.

The fingers within her entrance pulled out and someone pulled her cheeks apart. Her eyes grew wide as the digits explored backward toward her tight little rosebud. She squeaked in shock.

Panicked, she tried to jerk away but Zack pulled her head back even further and she keened in response as one of the men behind her spread a slippery liquid over her bottom hole. Ashamed, she whined as a digit pressed against her tight rim of muscle. She fought against it, tightening her bottom cheeks, and the hand pulled away.

Someone took a hold of her hips and held her steady. A harsh sound of a smack rang out through the room and it took a long second for it to register

in her mind that she'd been spanked. The sting hit her as the second spank fell and she yelped in surprise.

Over and over, the heavy palm disciplined her backside and she had no doubt in her mind that it was Noah. The harsh spanks were relentless, leaving her bottom burning and stinging in no time at all.

"Please stop," she begged around the gag, squeezing her eyes shut from the sudden sting.

"You will not deny me access to your body, pet. I own you and when I expect access to your naughtiest hole, you will give it to me," he scolded and she cried against the rubber ball in her mouth.

When her punishment ended, the fingers returned to her bottom hole and she did her best not to tighten or clench against him. Her sore backside throbbed and ached and she didn't want to repeat the lesson that had just been applied there.

The shameful nature of the act left her entirely speechless, embarrassed, and flushed to the core. One finger breached her channel and she moaned against the muzzle in her mouth. Her pussy clenched around empty air and she couldn't help but notice that she was dripping wet. She was behaving like a wanton slut.

The finger pressing into her bottom hole burned as it widened her. The stretching sensation hurt a little, but not in a terrible way. In fact, the more she thought about it, the more turned on she became. Confused, she tried her best to understand her body's passionate reaction. Surely there was something wrong with her to enjoy such an embarrassing deed, right?

A second digit pressed into her and she whined as her bottom hole widened to accommodate him. The soreness passed after a few long moments as he pushed deeper and deeper, before slowly pulling back out. Again and again, he did this and her body flushed with heat every time. She should be ashamed of herself.

When a second hand pressed against her clit, her body hummed with need once again. Zack forced her eyes to his and she moaned at the sensuality within his gaze. Fingers swirled around inside her bottom and up and down her slit, overwhelming her completely. Zack pulled her hair hard once again and pain intermingled with pleasure in an intoxicating mix that subdued her completely.

At the edge of relief, she fought against it, but it was useless to try to stop a train once it hurtled off its tracks. Her world burst with pleasure and



she screamed as her orgasm washed over her, leaving her a trembling wet mess of fervent desire. Her muscles quivered as ecstasy racked her body. Passion enveloped her completely, setting every single nerve on fire with her release.

When it was all over, she quivered on her hands and knees, weak from the force of her lust. More slippery liquid was spread over her bottom hole, but she didn't fight back, she didn't have the energy. She didn't react until a cool object pressed against her naughtiest hole and when she tried to look back, Zack kept her facing straight ahead.

"You're to wear your kitten tail, pet, so that we may begin training that pretty hole of yours for a good hard fucking with our cocks. How does that sound, little cat?" he said, his voice dark and full of sensual promise.

She choked and the round object continued to assault her already stretched channel. It slipped in easily at first, but she quickly realized how wide the base of the plug was with every millimeter that entered her ass and she struggled not to fight against its onslaught.

At its thickest point, the object hurt and brought tears to her eyes, but the ache was gone in a moment as the plug popped deep and heavy inside her bottom. Soft fur rested against the tender skin of her cheeks and brushed against the flesh of her thighs. They had actually put a tail in between her legs. With a shocked blink, she could hardly believe it.

Zack released his fist in her hair and unbuckled the gag in her mouth. With his thumb, he wiped away the drool that had gathered at the sides of her mouth. His touch was oddly comforting and completely nonjudgmental as he cleansed her. After he was finished, he picked her up off the table and held her in his arms.

"I'm going to put the kitten down for a nap in her cage. She's probably awfully tired after all that," he said firmly as Noah nodded.

"Good. I'll finish with the vet and join you all in a little while. I will let you know if there is anything further we'll need to know to carry on her training," Noah replied.

Zack cradled her close to his chest and she cuddled against him. She could hear the steady beat of his heart against her ear and she couldn't help but smile a little bit. He carried her out of the barn and she hid her eyes, not wanting to see the pony girls in their stalls.

She felt the sun as they ventured outside and nearly groaned at its gentle embrace. It was delicious after everything she'd experienced in the

examination room. Zack carried her across the compound on a stone path and she allowed her gaze to rise to study her surroundings. A glass sliding door automatically opened as they approached a building that she guessed was the main house. She sighed as the two of them ventured inside together.

The first thing she saw was a rather large living area with a copious amount of natural light. Soft tan microfiber couches and loveseats with extremely comfortable-looking cushions lined the walls. Pillows of varying shades of red and merlots dotted the room as pops of color. A large ottoman sat at the center of the room, big enough for her to spread out and take a nap on. Chewing her lip, she looked around a bit more.

“Usually only service pets are allowed in the house. You’re lucky to even set foot in here, my little feral kitty, but you’ve earned some rest and a nap before lunch,” he murmured softly in her ear and she couldn’t help but purr back at him.

What the hell was wrong with her?

Why was she enjoying being treated like a possession? Why did she act like such a wanton whore after being touched and fondled during a medical examination, for God’s sake? These questions consumed her, her mind a whirling mess of unsureness and insecurities.

They walked down a wide hallway to a room at the end of the hall and entered a large bedroom. A massive king-sized bed made from light wooden logs was built into one of the corners of the room. A dark black quilt adorned the bed, where more merlot-colored pillows lay at the head.

The bed rose very high, up to about her breast height. She’d have to climb up into it, but she had no doubt Zack and Noah would not have any difficulty getting into it. There was a set of stairs off to the side and she had a moment of weakness envisioning herself crawling up them on all fours. The sheer luxury of the bed didn’t capture her attention though. Instead, it was the cage that was built in beneath the bedframe that had an entrance on the floor. She could see a soft pad on the bottom of the crate that matched the color of the pillows on top of the bed.

Zack gently placed her on her feet and opened the door to the cage.

“Come here, kitty, and climb into your cage. Be a good girl now,” he coaxed as he took her wrist into his hand.

Gazing down at the cage, she weighed her options. Was it worth it to disobey now? Did she have the energy?

“And if I don’t?” she pressed, curious to see how strict Zack would be

with her.

“You’ll get a spanking,” he replied with a sigh. “You’re lucky I’m here instead of Noah. He’d punish you simply for hesitating.”

“I don’t want to be spanked,” she whispered softly.

“Then be a good little kitten and go into your crate. You need some rest, pet,” he urged and she couldn’t help but fall to her knees tentatively.

“You’ll let me out later?” she asked, gazing at the lock on the front of the cage.

“Yes, but you must trust me,” he said as he cradled the side of her face in his hand.

She didn’t quite know why, but she did trust him. Despite everything that had occurred since she had been taken from the detainment center, she’d never been truly hurt or ever in danger with the two men. In fact, they’d been rather kind for the most part.

Crawling forward on her hands and knees, she entered the crate head first. There was plenty of room underneath the bed for her to sit up and spread out. She couldn’t stand though, which was something that she’d gotten used to. Turning around, she watched as Zack clicked the door of the cage shut. Then, he used one of the keys attached to the chain at his throat to lock her inside.

“Noah and I will return in a little while to bring you lunch. Enjoy your free time, pet. We’ll begin preparing you this evening and test you to see what kind of pet we should train you to become. You’ll be very happy once we figure that out and we release your true nature, little cat,” he said, his eyes kind and understanding.

She resisted the urge to hiss back at him. With a huff, she turned away and listened to his fading chuckle as he left the room.

Asshole.

## Chapter Four

Zack was thoroughly impressed with their recent human pet purchase. She was a delight to witness and to study. He loved taking a woman who had never seen the customs of his planet and introducing her to his ways. He enjoyed the process of getting to know each pet on a fundamental level and gaining her trust along the way. Noah used many forms of negative reinforcement to teach the pets how to behave, but Zack liked to use a variety of techniques to train his pets. Sometimes he would play the nice guy and Noah the bad guy, but he liked to switch it up from time to time. They liked to keep their pets guessing and unable to predict what would come next.

He certainly couldn't wait to put the feral kitten over his knee for a good spanking. She sure needed one. If she continued to resist them and question their command, she was going to have a red bottom quite often.

He smirked. She was still a mystery to him. He could tell that she was intrigued by their fully trained pony girls, so her proclivity toward them would have to be tested, but she already showed signs of both a service pet and a kitten. Her true nature was certainly enigmatic, especially in these early stages.

Deep in thought, he figured he'd have to talk to Noah about adding a training day as each type of pet—a pony, kitten, and service pet—to her schedule. One thing he was sure of though, that even though she was feral, she was certainly not a wildcat, she was definitely trainable.

Standing by the door, he watched as she curled up in a ball and closed her eyes. He rubbed the pads of his thumb and forefinger together. One of the useful abilities of being a Dayharian was that both he and his brother could read their pet's mood simply by touching them. Sensory receptors in their skin allowed them to gauge their pet's emotional state and adjust their training in real time.

The two brothers could also communicate without speaking. Through a form of telepathy, they could turn on certain neurons within their brain to speak to each other, which was also very convenient for them when it came to training the women.

*"No issues with getting her into her cage, although she did hesitate and I had to remind her that she'd get a spanking if she didn't obey."*

*"Good. She has the all clear from the vet to go forward with the*

taming,” Noah replied.

*“I don’t know what kind of pet she is yet though. I can’t get a real read on her yet. Maybe we should go old school and have her experience twenty-four hours as each one. What do you think?”* Zack suggested.

*“I think you’re right. Then we’ll truly be able to study her true nature in each environment. What would you like to start with first?”*

*“I want to see how she works as a pony. I think she’ll enjoy it immensely,”* Zack mused. And he certainly thought she would. He couldn’t wait to see her ass wag from side to side as she pulled the cart alongside her other fellow ponies, harnessed with a vibrating dildo and running with sheer desire and joy. It was going to be a gorgeous sight to behold.

*“We’ll have to handle her virgin barrier tonight though,”* Noah added.

*“True. Why don’t you take her first? You always like breaking in the new ones,”* Zack replied with a snort. *“I get her mouth first when we introduce her to service training though. Deal?”*

*“Deal,”* Noah growled.

Zack wandered off into the living area to where Noah was going over his notes on the couch. Out of habit, he turned off his communication neurons and sat down beside him.

“I think this one is going to be special. I haven’t reacted to a pet in such a way in an incredibly long time. It’s going to be a joy to tame her,” he mused.

“I agree. I’m feeling attached already.”

“We don’t have any service pets left, do we? The last one was sold, right?” Zack asked.

“Yeah, why do you ask?”

“I’m starved and I don’t want to cook,” he whined.

“You’re hopeless,” Noah said with a chuckle. “Why don’t you just order a pizza from the drones? That would be the easiest thing.”

“I could go for some good greasy pizza,” he agreed, happy that their planet had taken up the recipe from Earth. It had been a hit when it first arrived and helped to keep the humans from Earth satisfied with a taste of their home world. He’d bet that Isabella would love a slice of a good pie.

He clicked the button on his wristband and brought up the projection screen. With a few swipes of his finger, he ordered a pizza with the works—pepperoni, sausage, peppers, onions, black olives and extra cheese—for a little while later.

He'd let his sweet Bella rest for a while first.

In the meantime, he'd go check on the states of the pet enclosures. He had a few things to take care of before he could settle in and focus on the intoxicating little minx he had locked up and caged in their bedroom.

With a sigh, he pushed himself up and off the couch.

"I'm going make the rounds and check on inventory. Let me know when the pizza arrives. Maybe... I'll even be nice and let our new addition eat with her hands, but probably not," Zack suggested thoughtfully.

"Spoiling her already, huh?" Noah chuckled.

"I have my moments," he smirked. "Spare the rod, spoil the child, they used to say, right?"

"Not in my world," his brother laughed heartily.

Zack shook his head and walked out of the living room. His brother was just as excited as he was. He hadn't seen him smile like that in some time. He recalled exactly when his brother had stopped smiling and sighed as the memory came over him.

Last year, the two of them had been training a pet and had lost her to the Outside. The two brothers had warned her not to act out in public spaces, but she had anyway, despite everything they had told her. Noah had hesitated and didn't punish her publicly, so law enforcement had taken her from them. Noah blamed himself for the entire thing.

Dayharian pet regulations were strict. If a trainer was unable to control their pet, police could confiscate her and send her to the Outside. The Outside was a harsh place, even by the brothers' standards, where guards taught pets to obey, no matter the circumstances.

If their pets misbehaved, the brothers would punish them, no matter where and when it happened. Sometimes, that meant their pets walked around with red bottoms quite often, but it was for their own good, if only they knew how merciful they were being.

It might be useful to let their Isabella know that up front.

Licking his lips, he strode along the path leading to the massive structure. He walked into the barn and took stock of who was left and the new arrivals. The ponies were a wild but tamable lot and he loved them for it.

Walking up to the nearby stall, he pulled out a piece of dark chocolate from the chilled storage area and waited. From the back of the small pen, a woman lifted her head from her position sleeping on the ground. Slowly, she rose on her back legs and proudly shook her mane free of any pieces of hay.

Fully dressed in her pony gear, she was a picture of confident sensuality. The thick collar around her neck kept her head high. He reached his hand forward and stroked the side of her cheek. She pressed back against him and he smiled.

“Here,” he said softly while opening his palm to reveal the small piece of chocolate in his hand. Her lips reached forward and her tongue peeked out. She smiled then, using only her mouth to retrieve the sweet morsel from his grasp.

“Now don’t tell anyone I gave you a treat, pretty pony. It’ll be our little secret.”

She giggled as she chewed, cocking her head to the side as she nodded. He patted the top of her head, before taking his leave. He visited each of the women and gave them a piece of the delicious chocolate he had bought for them, making sure each one looked happy and healthy along the way. He even walked out to their pasture to see a few pony girls frolicking together in the field of grass. He was exceptionally proud of their trained ponies as they were some of their most loyal and well-behaved pets on the compound. They also fetched really good prices at the market, which made him a happy man.

Next, he made his way to the wildcat enclosure. This was the place where they kept all the pets that even the two of them considered untrainable. In their minds, it was more humane to keep them here, caged and healthy and well fed, instead of allowing them to be captured and sent to the Outside. Some of the women had tried to escape or had fought them every step of the way and the brothers believed they were unsafe to bring out in public. These women were exceedingly rare to come by though. In all the time that the brothers had spent training female pets, they’d only encountered three wildcats.

Noah had built an area on the compound especially for them that was inescapable, but luxurious. They gave them access to books, modern conveniences as well as each other’s company. Although they were still caged, Noah and Zack did their best to make them as comfortable as possible. It was for the best.

It had taken some time, but the wildcats had come to understand why such measures had to be taken to keep them safe. Noah had explained to them some of the harsh consequences that the law doled out in the Outside and how they were keeping them here so they could live out their lives in peace. It had made it clear that they were granting them a merciful existence, rather

than a punishing one.

He walked into the small cabin and locked the door behind him. He opened the second door with the key and entered the living room and kitchen area.

Stacey and Julia were there, curled up on the couch with their heads buried in a book. They smiled when he came inside.

“How is everyone today, my pretty wildcats?”

“We’re doing well. We all worked out together this morning, which was fun,” Julia replied with a grin.

“That’s great! Where’s Becky?” he asked, not seeing the blonde woman in the immediate area.

“She’s in the bedroom. She wanted to talk to you actually,” Stacey said, her eyes strangely hard.

“Sure. I’ll head in there now. You girls need food or anything?”

“We’d kill for a bottle of wine, if you’re offering,” Julia giggled and he smiled.

“I’ll see what I can do. Any naughtiness though and I won’t hesitate to spank your bottoms,” he threatened and she smirked back at him.

“We’ll be good,” she replied happily, all while rolling her eyes at him.

“Sure ya will. I’ll make sure to double lock the door tonight then,” he chuckled as she stuck her tongue out at him.

Shaking his head, he headed down the hall to see the bedroom door closed. He knocked, before slowly opening the door. When he saw her, he stopped in his tracks, not quite believing what he was seeing. Becky had her hair tucked away in a long braid down her back and she was completely naked. She was kneeling on the floor, sitting back on her heels with her palms up, hands resting on her thighs. Eyes on the floor, she was the picture of a perfect, submissive pet. Narrowing his own gaze in suspicion, he knelt down and lifted her chin with a single finger.

“What is this?”

“Sir, I’ve missed you,” she purred, nuzzling her cheek against his open palm.

“We’ve released you from service, Becky, you don’t have to do this,” he said, still confused but keeping his cool confident demeanor. He couldn’t alert her to his indecision.

“Take me back, please. I want to be your kitten again, Master Zack,” she pleaded, still keeping her eyes firmly facing the floor.



“Look at me, Becky. This isn’t like you and you know it. You have never taken well to the kitten lifestyle.”

“Please, sir, I want another chance,” she begged and she lifted her eyes to meet his.

He studied her intensely and dragged his thumbs across the curves of her cheeks, looking for a waver or a sign that she was lying, but found none. Even through his ability to feel her emotions, he felt nothing but her need and desire to please him. Still, he felt suspicious of her.

“You truly feel this way, Becky? You want to be a kitten again?”

“I think I’m ready, sir,” she replied softly. “Please give me another chance.”

Zack reached down and unclipped a spare leash from his belt. He looped it around her neck and clipped it shut, watching her closely for any measure of the fight she’d shown previously. He saw none. What had changed within her? Why now?

He stood and gently jerked the leash forward.

“Crawl, little kitten. Let’s go visit Master Noah and see how he feels about this change in your demeanor now, huh?”

“Yes, Master Zack. Whatever you wish,” she replied, her tone still calm and submissive.

She crawled down the hall on his leash, past Julia and Stacey and waited at the door for him. He met Julia’s disapproving eyes, noting that Stacey refused to even look their way. They were angry with Becky; that much was clear. They probably felt like she was abandoning them and he could see where they were coming from.

“I’ll get you girls a bottle of red for tonight. Does that sound okay?”

“Yes. That would be perfect. Thanks, Zack,” Julia replied, her tone carefully leveled to not show what she was thinking. Zack didn’t have to touch her though to know just how angry she was. Julia was untamable in the most literal sense. She did what she wanted, when she wanted, and answered to no one. It was even dangerous to keep her among the ranks of the other pets, because she tended to cause issues and even bigger problems among the dependable females. He remembered one instance in which a group of ten girls, including Julia, had to be punished to set an example among their pets. She’d been the ringleader all along, so Noah and Zack decided it was best that they kept her as a wildcat, rather than anything else.

Stacey had tried to escape more than once and the brothers kept her

locked within the wildcat enclosure for safe keeping, so that she wouldn't be captured and sent to the Outside one day.

Becky was also a difficult case. She wasn't quite trustworthy and hadn't taken naturally to the submissive roles that they demanded of her. Some days she did very well, but others she didn't. She had a natural kitten aptitude, a certain measure of sassiness and sweetness that he had enjoyed. They'd taken her to market one day and she'd acted out in public and an officer had seen the offense. As a result, Noah forced himself to discipline her at the punishment block, much more harshly than he would have done back home. Becky had taken the chastisement to heart and flinched every time Noah had come around her since. She hadn't been the same since that incident.

After her public discipline, she had more bad days than good days and the brothers had decided to remove her from service, knowing that she shouldn't be sold to anyone else. They had allowed her to live in the wildcat enclosure in peace instead. She had seemed overjoyed for a long time at the decision and her sudden change of heart surprised him.

It also made him inherently suspicious, despite his ability to read her.

With a slight nod, he unlocked the door and led Becky into the entryway. The double door locking system was an added security measure, ensuring the women could not escape. He locked the first door and then the next, bringing her outside with him. He turned and bolted the final padlock before heading back in the direction of the main house.

Becky crawled quietly behind him.

*"Pizza's here, brother. Come get it while it's hot. I'll retrieve our new charge,"* Noah whispered to him.

*"I'd wait on that. We've got a situation to deal with first,"* Zack growled. *"I'm coming inside now."*

No more than thirty seconds later, he burst into the living area with Becky in tow. Noah looked up from his files and the look on his face was priceless.

"What the hell is that wildcat doing out of her cage?" Noah said, his eyes narrowing darkly.

"Seems she's reconsidered and wants a second chance to be a pet," Zack replied. "She isn't lying either, from what I can tell."

Noah regarded Becky with a cold and hard stare. Zack could see him considering her from afar and wondered what Noah would think of this entire

weird situation.

“Come here, pet. Crawl to me,” Noah commanded, his voice low and suspicious.

Zack dropped the leash to the floor, allowing her freedom to follow Noah’s orders. He admired the curves of her buttocks and her thighs as she crawled away from him, yet he couldn’t get the image of his pretty Isabella out of his mind. Shaking his head, he admonished himself for already falling for their new purchase. He couldn’t have that.

Becky made her way over to Noah and he reached out to touch her. Zack knew he was reading her for himself and was pleasantly surprised when she didn’t flinch under him.

“Noah, I think she needs a good reminder of who is in charge here. I’ll go fetch Isabella in the meantime,” he said.

“I think you’re right, Zack. Come, Becky, follow me. You’re getting a spanking to remind you who owns you,” Noah growled.

Zack smiled as he walked away. He knew that a simple hand spanking would allow them to decide if Becky was being honest with the two of them and Noah was the one to do it. It would be the perfect way to ascertain if Becky was being serious or just playing them for fools.

As he made his way to the bedroom, he heard the telltale sounds of Becky’s yelps and the harsh smack of Noah’s palm against her bare ass. It was like music to his ears. He opened the door and entered his bedroom and saw Isabella’s wide eyes watching him.

“Someone’s getting spanked,” she blurted out at seeing him.

“Perceptive, are we?” he replied, unlocking the cage and swinging open the door slowly all while unable to keep a smirk from his lips.

“Smartass,” she whispered.

“Careful, Bella, watch that language or else you’ll be joining her,” he admonished and her mouth clamped shut.

“Are you hungry?” he asked.

“Yes, sir,” she replied carefully.

“Then come on, crawl out of the cage, and follow me,” he directed.

He watched as her chocolate-brown waves fell around her shoulders and his cock hardened as he imagined sinking his hands into those beautiful long locks. She crept forward, her curvy hips swaying side to side and his balls tightened painfully at the sight.

She moved to stand up and he decided he didn’t want her to.

“No, you’ll crawl to the kitchen in front of me. Now, get moving, or else I’ll smack that backside for disobeying me,” he said firmly and she glared back at him. Her little eyes narrowed and he could tell that she was itching to say something back, to test him, but she didn’t.

When she turned away and moved to obey him, he couldn’t help but grin ear to ear. Yeah... he was going to have a blast with this one.

## Chapter Five

Isabella crawled down the hall, positive that her face was as red as a cherry. She knew that Zack could see everything in between her legs, including her pussy and her bottom hole. She knew that he'd seen it already, but being on display felt incredibly shameful, yet oddly erotic. She nearly whined aloud when she felt telltale trickles of moisture flow from her channel onto her secret folds, but she did the best she could to hold back and not make a sound. She hoped he couldn't see her dampness, but there was little she could do to stop him even if he did. Instead, she chewed on her bottom lip.

Her time in the cage had calmed her, like it was her very own safe space where she could be herself and not worry about always being in control, like she had been brought up to be. It was nice to be told what to do and how to do it and not have to worry about what other people thought. It was nice to just obey.

Maybe... just maybe, it was possible that she was cut out for this sort of thing after all?

Shaking her head, she tried to throw the thought from her mind. This kind of treatment was humiliating and embarrassing, to crawl on the floor practically naked in front of a man. It was even more shameful to find pleasure in such an act. With a sigh, she crawled until she reached the living room area as the sound of skin hitting skin broke through her reminiscing. Her eyes opened wide when she saw a naked woman over Noah's knees getting what looked to be the spanking of a lifetime. With a heavy swallow, she stilled.

A smack rang out much closer to her ears and she yelped when she realized Zack had taken the opportunity to spank her own bottom cheek. The sting took a long moment to hit her, but when it did, she lurched forward toward the table at the center of the room. He smacked the other side of her ass and she yipped, glaring backward at him only to see a happy-looking grin on his face.

Her lower lip pouted as she went to take a seat, but his hand on her shoulder stopped her. He sat down first and wrapped his arms around her waist, effectively lifting her clean off the floor and onto his lap.

"What are you doing?" she asked, whirling herself to face him.

“I’m going to feed you. I ordered us a pizza. I bet it’s been some time since you had a slice of a good pie, huh?”

“I love pizza,” she replied, dragging out the word as though she could taste it on her tongue. She hated to admit it, but he was correct. She hadn’t had a decent piece of a pie since she’d left the safety of her hometown back on Earth.

“Good,” he said, pulling the boxes closer to them. When she saw the cheesy goodness complete with all the toppings she used to love, she almost drooled.

“Oh, that looks delicious,” she said.

“I’m glad. This is one of my favorite meals, but it’s a special treat.”

He held up a piece of pizza up to her lips and she tentatively opened her mouth for him. She bit off a small piece and chewed, allowing the glorious flavors to wash over her tongue.

“Oh, my God, that is so good,” she exclaimed.

He took a bite next before bringing it back to her mouth. As he fed her mouthful after mouthful, the two of them were silent while they watched Noah chastise the naked blonde girl. She shivered, imagining herself in the same scenario. Her bottom clenched in nervousness and anticipation. Chewing her lips, she squeezed her thighs together, knowing that watching such things triggered the arousal deep inside her. She tried her best to quench the strange yearning simmering deep inside her body.

Zack put down the rest of their lunch, threading his fingers up and over her shoulders to grasp her nipples. He tweaked each one, just a little, and she arched back against him.

“Open your legs, pet. Show your master what you’re hiding,” he whispered in her ear. “If you don’t, I’ll carry you over there and put you over my knee for the spanking you so desperately need.”

She shivered.

What should she do? Other than a few swats, she’d never experienced a spanking to the extent that blonde girl was receiving. Did she want to experience such a thing? Did she want to be punished for being naughty and not listening to Zack’s directions? What would it be like?

Zack’s fingers traced down her torso and against her thighs. Unconsciously, her thighs pressed harder together, fighting the impropriety and shameful nature of what he was asking her to do and of his fingers touching her there.

“Pet, open your legs or you’ll be spanked,” he urged once again, making it blatantly clear that she had a choice about what was to happen next.

Squirming a little on his lap, she kept her thighs closed, unsure of what she should do. Caught up in the confusion in her head, she lost track of time and before she knew it, he had thrown her up and over his shoulder and stalked toward the couch. In a fraction of a second, she found herself facedown over his lap, her bottom propped up high over his knee. His arm wrapped around her waist, lifting her up even higher than before. Her backside felt vulnerable and incredibly bare in the strappy leather outfit she was wearing. Trembling, she waited, not knowing what to do next.

His hand floated across her skin, igniting a trail of goosebumps and a shiver to race across her flesh. He lifted her tail and laid it against her back, the fur tickling her just a little. Its movement reminded her of the heavy plug still deep in her bottom, reminding her just how much control these men had over her.

“Bella, such a naughty pet. Now I’m going to have to spank you. Bad girls who don’t listen to their masters get punished,” he said softly and what breath she had left her lungs rushed out in one single whoosh of air.

Every nerve in her backside came alive, as did the ones between her legs. She groaned, feeling just how much moisture had gathered there.

His palm left her skin and cracked back down, directly between her cheeks and low enough so that it reverberated over the top of her pussy. He spanked her there a few more times before she realized that it was beginning to sting, just a little bit, but it wasn’t terrible. In fact, it felt kind of nice. Then he began to pick up the pace, his hand hitting harder as time went on until it started to hurt a whole lot more.

Wriggling a little, she tried to avoid his heavy palm, but the bites of the spanks just kept getting deeper and more powerful with every passing second.

“Ouch, please! I’ve had enough!” she cried out, only to hear both Noah and Zack chuckle at her words.

“Oh, no, pet, you don’t get to determine when a spanking is over. Your masters get to decide. And this bottom of yours is going to be thoroughly punished before I’m through. You won’t deny me access to that pussy of yours ever again,” Zack scolded her.

She yelped as his smacks suddenly increased in intensity and his grip tightened on her waist. He spanked up and down her bottom, even focusing

on the tops of her thighs. It hurt much more than she thought it would.

Why had she thought this was something sexy? Why did it make her wet with need and why was her pussy dripping with her arousal? What was wrong with her? Her core pulsed as her sore bottom lifted, his broad hand smacking her aching skin.

“Ouch! Please, Zack!” she cried out.

“Master Zack,” he corrected with a few harsh spanks to the area where her thighs met the lower curve of her bottom.

“Oh! Master Zack! I’m sorry!”

“Not as much as you’re going to be, pet,” he said, continuing to tan her backside with vigor. She’d bet her bottom matched the color of the blonde girl’s, if not even redder.

“Please!” she cried, unsure if she was asking him to stop or asking him for more. Her muscles clenched with building need, as her body flew with an odd sense of euphoria.

Tear prickled at the edges of her eyes, even as her clit throbbed with unmet desire. He thrashed her hard and she kicked and tried to wiggle away but he held her firm. Every spank met its mark. Eventually, he attacked her upper thighs and the dam of emotions she was holding back flew apart as tears dripped down her cheeks.

Feeling thoroughly chastised, she lay over his lap like a bad little girl who had gotten in trouble with her parents. She didn’t quite feel as sexy as she thought being spanked would be like.

“Open your legs, pet.”

She didn’t hesitate this time and when his finger reached forward and glided against her wetness, she moaned with desire and shame. There was no doubt now. He knew just how turned on she was by the whole scenario. He’d hate her, her arousal would disgust him and he’d throw her to the wayside, she thought.

“My my, what do we have here,” he mused aloud.

“Please! I’m sorry! I don’t know why I’m like that,” she whimpered, terrified of what was to happen next.

“Noah, I think we lucked out with this one. She’s drenched like a naughty little pet,” he said, his voice low and gravelly, and incredibly seductive suddenly.

Another pair of hands ran up and down her back, only to grasp her achy bottom cheeks and spread them apart.



“Look at how wet she is. Bring her to the bedroom. With those juices, taming her will be easy,” Noah said darkly and she shivered at the promise hidden in his words. “I’ll send Becky to the kitten house and post a special guard to watch over her. I’ll be back shortly, brother.”

Isabella wasn’t paying much attention to the other two people in the room as her pussy smoldered with heat. All she could think about was the men who had taken over her care, the men who owned her and how hard her clit was throbbing with her lust. She wanted more, she needed more.

Zack stood and held her tight to his chest and she clutched at him, passion coursing through every millimeter of her veins. As she laid her cheek on his shoulder, she closed her eyes and just felt the rhythm of his steady heartbeat pulsing against her skin.

His heavy footsteps sounded against the wooden floor as they ventured back down the hall to the bedroom. She didn’t care that she shouldn’t want this, she just did. She wanted them both and her body screamed for them.

She opened her eyes slowly as Zack threw her on the bed on her back.

“Open your legs for me, pet. Show me what is mine to take.”

Throwing her head back, she splayed her legs in a wanton display of her lust and Zack growled with his own desire. She felt strangely powerful, knowing that she had such an effect on him. His eyes devoured every inch of her body, darkening with sultry promises that she ached to explore with him.

He stood there for a long moment, before she heard another set of footsteps coming down the hall. She caught sight of Noah’s dusky beard and even darker eyes and a sort of thrill raced down her spine.

Zack was the friendlier of the two; that was for certain. Thus far, he had taken the time to talk with her, to guide her through the hardships of learning a new culture on a planet far away from her home and made her feel comfortable, even though she was entirely naked. Noah was still a mystery to her. He was dark, a stickler for the rules and not as understanding as his brother, yet there was something about him that called to her.

Boldly, she met his shadowy eyes and licked her lips. With as much courage as she could muster, she made a show of looking them both up and down, enjoying the sight of their hard-muscled abdomens and tanned skin. Narrow hips cut into their belts and she yearned to see what was beneath them.

Noah was the first to move toward her. Zack moved away and took a seat on the soft black leather loveseat against the wall. He stretched and

placed his arms on the back of the couch with a smirk on his lips that made her feel slightly nervous. Noah continued slinking toward her until he was mere inches away from her naked skin.

A hand slid up her thigh and a thumb brushed against her wet lips. Moaning, she chewed her lip, her breath a gentle pant.

Noah's hands dropped to his waist, unbuckling his belt slowly so she could hear the leather as it slid across the hide. Her chest rattled with excitement as he folded it over in his hands and placed it on the bed beside her. Her eyes focused on the knife as well as the coiled whip he kept there. He untied the loincloth about his waist and put it on the bed. Next, he grasped the button of his dark cotton pants and undid them, letting them drop to the floor. In a calm sort of detachment, he picked them up off the floor and folded them, placing them in a neat pile next to his belt.

Breathless, her eyes focused on the area between his legs. She'd never seen a male member before and the sheer size of Noah's unnerved her. It was long and thick and stuck straight up between his legs. She wasn't naïve to the ways of sex, as she'd been educated in the matter when she was younger, but she was seriously questioning the ability of his cock fitting inside the tightness of her virgin channel.

He walked toward her and his organ bobbed with his movement. A bead of moisture formed on the head and the sudden urge to lick it took over her senses. He climbed onto the bed and knelt over the top of her and she held her breath in anxious excitement.

He gazed down at her and brushed a stray lock of hair off her forehead. For a scant moment, she felt like the aura between the two of them had softened just a hair. It didn't last long though, as a hand snaked around her shoulder, holding firmly yet gently enough to not hurt. The gesture made it very clear who was in control of the situation and it wasn't her.

Her body felt like molten lava, a volcano about to explode at any moment. If he would just touch her, she'd fly apart, she just knew it.

"Keep those legs open, pet. It's time for your first taming and I expect your complete obedience. Do you understand?" he asked sternly, loosening his grip on her shoulder and running a finger across the delicate skin of her collarbone. The rough pads of his fingers ignited every nerve, holding the promise of much more to come if only she was obedient to his dominant ways. She couldn't help it as her curiosity bloomed and her body ached to experience his own brand of pleasure.

His lips descended on hers, owning her completely in a flash of movement. He devoured her, his tongue intertwining with hers in a kiss that left her breathless and wanting so much more. His teeth scraped her lower lips and she groaned with need. Her pussy felt slick and wet, soaked with her lust for him to take what was his.

Arching her back, she moaned as his mouth kissed her cheek and then her neck, sucking and pulling on her skin in such a way that her body pulsed with feverish passion. His beard scraped against her sensitive skin, igniting her body even hotter than before. He bit her softly and she didn't care, knowing that she'd be able to see his mark long after this experience was over and that knowledge thrilled her to no end.

Her hips rocked toward him and she keened, wanting him to take her, to alleviate the lust that was taking over every single one of her senses. He did not give into her wishes though, taking his time to worship her body with his lips, dragging his teeth across sensitive flesh and running his tongue over her hardened nipples.

He kissed each one, before leaning back and tweaking them with his thumb and forefinger. Pain ricocheted from her breasts straight to her core, quickly replaced by rampant desire. He pinched her pebbled buds once again, harder this time and she keened under his dominance. One of his hands dipped lower, taking her pussy into his palm.

Groaning, she wriggled beneath him, suddenly ashamed of the liquid desire between her legs.

“Look at how wet you are for your masters,” he growled with delight and she bristled with pride. He actually liked the fact that she was wet and ready for him and she loved that she could please him that way.

“That’s a good thing?” she asked softly and he rewarded her with a gentle, sultry kiss. His beard tickled her chin and she moaned for him. Noah smiled and she reached forward, entwining her fingers within his facial hair. She loved it.

“It’s a very good thing. A wet pet is a good pet.”

His hips lowered slightly and she felt the head of his cock nuzzle at her entrance. All at once, it began to vibrate as he slid it up and down her clit. His hands held her shoulders and her entire body seemed to roll toward him. He pressed his cock against her slit more firmly and her eyes rolled back in her head. His erection felt like soft velvet-encased iron and her hips rocked against it.

This was so much more intense than her own hand. It was so much better.

“Don’t you dare come until I say, pet. You won’t like the consequences if you do,” he growled in her ear.

She wanted to please him but she knew she was ready to fly apart at any second. He squeezed her nipple hard in warning, giving her something to focus on so that she might hold back her release just a few moments longer. She gave into the pain as the passion inside her surged to new heights. Keening, she pleaded with him for mercy.

Firmly, he stared at her, daring her to defy him.

She didn’t want to. She wanted to please him.

“Oh, please. Please, Master Noah,” she begged.

His vibrating cock made speaking difficult and when she could manage no more, she screamed under him, her pussy clenching over empty air as her fingers dug into the mattress beneath her. Out of sheer desperation, she held back her release, panting with exertion.

His hips rocked backward and his cock nudged at her entrance once again. His hands trailed down her sides and took ahold of the lower part of her waist before his cock surged forward, encased by her tight entrance. He slammed into her in one fluid motion, his eyes holding hers, unforgiving and relentless, yet there was a twinge of kindness that settled her.

Her head flew back at the sudden surge of pain as he took her virginity in a single swoop. The sting paled in comparison to the passion rocking her system though and before long, she was squirming beneath him. Slowly, he began to move inside her, gentle long strokes in and out of her that left her aching for release.

He caressed her channel and she loved it. She reached for him and his body pressed down on hers, owning her as he claimed her utterly and completely.

When his cock began vibrating inside her, she jolted at the sudden onslaught of pleasure. He was no longer gentle, and took her long and hard then as her world came closer to shattering apart in a billion little pieces of ecstasy.

“Come, pet. You have your master’s permission,” he whispered.

Everything flew apart with a flash of white-hot heat. Screams of passionate lust ripped free from her throat as he rode her, taking her for the first time just like in the books she’d read. His cock vibrated within her,

dragging out her orgasm until a second, more powerful one rocked her body. Her arms circled around his waist, holding on to him as he fucked her hard. The tail in her bottom hole felt heavy and she relished the feeling of fullness, filled with both a plug and Noah's cock at the same time.

His cock slammed into her channel repeatedly, as he pulled every ounce of pleasure out of her that she had to give. She felt his own body tremble with euphoria as he groaned into her ear. His organ vibrated even harder deep inside her, before his hot seed splashed across her insides, eliciting a third orgasm that left her reeling.

When her release finally faded and her entire body tingled with residual pleasure, she breathed hard, trying to calm her heart. Looking up at Noah, she saw a glimmer of a smile at the corner of his lips and she couldn't help but grin bashfully a little in return.

She'd pleased him.

She was so happy. Never in her life would she have guessed that she would love being taken in such a dominating manner. There was no denying it; that much was clear.

Suddenly very tired, she moaned when he pulled his cock out of her abused pussy. Her entire body felt sore and used, but in the best way possible. The muscles in her channel clenched, unused to the empty feeling all of a sudden.

Noah took her weakened body into his arms and cuddled her close, petting her hair as though she was a tamed house cat. If she could have purred, she would have.

"That's a good pet. Good girl," he whispered and she practically glowed with pleasure at his praise.

She heard the creak of leather as Zack pushed off the couch and joined them on the bed, petting her along with Noah. The two of them comforted her and she enjoyed every second of it. Zack took her hand into his and squeezed it firmly. She smiled, even though she had hidden her face in Noah's chest.

"Would you like to sleep with us tonight, pet? Or would you like to sleep in your cage," Zack asked, the gentleness in his tone surprising.

"With you," she whispered, her own voice hardly audible.

For the rest of the evening, the two men doted on her every need. Zack even convinced Noah to allow her to have a piece of salted caramel cheesecake as her dinner, rather than as a dessert. They didn't allow her to eat it herself, but instead fed her slowly, bite by bite, until the treat was all gone.

She felt pampered and spoiled, and thanked them profusely.

Later that night, they put her to bed, snuggled in between their two male forms. She felt their heat blanketing her in their security and protection, and she fell soundly asleep, feeling safe for the first time since being sold to them as their pet.

## Chapter Six

The next morning, the men woke her with soft, gentle kisses to each one of her nipples. She arched into them and moaned quietly, as her eyes fluttered open to see their tanned, bearded faces. Smiling just a little, she stretched the sleepiness from her limbs and consequently as she did so, pressed her breasts further into their mouths.

Noah's teeth grazed her hard bud and she squeaked with alarm.

Arching back into the bed, she pouted a little at his dominating manner. Zack just chuckled beside him. Her body seemed to automatically pull toward them, begging for more.

"Traitor," she thought silently to herself.

"I've got something new on the agenda today for you, pet," Zack began and she narrowed her eyes at the tone in his voice. What could he mean? She tried to read his expression, but he was as enigmatic as ever. Biting her lip, she waited for him to continue.

"Today, you're going to be a pony. I think you'll like it very much in fact, so we will take you in the barn and outfit you in the correct garb," he continued nonchalantly.

Her brow furrowed at his declaration. He couldn't be serious, right?

"You have to be kidding me," she replied.

Disbelief washed over her. She'd seen the pony girls. She'd witnessed their long tails, their mouths complete with a bridle, the reins circling their necks, and the belt around their waists. It made her heart hammer and her stomach churn with sudden anxiousness. There was a strange yearning inside her to join them, but the thought terrified her. It was surely shameful to walk around naked and proud just as those women did, but she had a hard time convincing herself of such a thing. She could never be like them. It just wasn't possible. These men had to be certifiably insane.

"You will and you will do it with pride as our pet. Do we need to remind you who owns you?" Noah scolded her and her insides practically shivered. His hot breath rolled over her skin and a tremor raced down her spine.

Her bottom clenched and she had little doubt that if she fought them this time, she'd end up over Noah's knees, getting her bottom spanked long and hard until she promised to obey his every word.

“It would please us very much, if you would give it your all,” Zack said with much more understanding than his brother. He then reached forward to touch her, running his thumb along the curve of her cheekbone and she trembled under his confident power.

“I don’t know if I can do it,” she whispered, hanging her head as insecurity washed over her.

“Just follow our lead, sweetheart and we’ll keep you safe. Trust in us and we’ll teach you all about the freedom you can have under our command,” Zack replied.

Noah reached out with a soft smile and scratched the top of her head. That moment of softness from the man she had come to expect zero leniency from completely undid her. Deep down, she wanted to please them, but hadn’t quite come to terms with it yet.

“Come now, Bella,” Noah urged while taking her hand in his. Zack climbed out of bed as Noah helped her up. The two of them brought her into the nearby restroom, where they helped her to take care of her morning needs. Zack held her hands behind her back as Noah brushed her teeth and then her hair. Then, she held her tongue as they guided her into the pet-specific toilet room and refused to meet their all-knowing gazes as she relieved herself.

When she finished, the two of them led her out of the house and into the barn. They didn’t say a word, silently leaving her to contend with the nervous churning of her stomach. It felt as though butterflies were dancing and flying around her insides. Hugging herself, she tried to encourage herself to be brave and positive, but negative thoughts plagued her. Could she really be a pony pet? Would she like it? Would she hate it?

Remembering herself, she took a deep breath and put on her public face. The one that always smiled and hid her inner emotions from everyone else that she’d learned from being a part of her politically inclined family. She would be strong and make it through this.

When they reached the massive barn structure, Noah took her and leashed her to a pole as she’d seen one of the other girls lashed to the day before. First one wrist and then the other, leaving her vulnerable to his weather-worn, rough hands. He ran them along her skin and oddly enough, it seemed to calm her. He patted her bottom then, reminding her to behave.

He reached to the side and picked up a long black hose. Kneeling, he turned the crank and water sprayed out the end of it. Curling his fingers



around the rubber, he directed the liquid at her and she yelped in surprise. Warm water cascaded over her, soft and soothing as she arched against it. He was gentle as he wet her entire body, before carefully soaping her up with deliciously scented lemon soap. Next, he rinsed her off and her nipples hardened at his tender care. He ran his thumb over each firm bud and she shivered.

He then soaked her hair and lathered it up with shampoo and was careful to miss her eyes as he doused her head with water. After he finished, he didn't say a word as he towed off the droplets of water from all over her body. Every nerve in her body thumped with pleasure as she felt herself begin to emerge from her dark cave of insecurity.

She watched as he squeezed oil into the seat of his palm. Rubbing his hands together, he began to massage her upper shoulders first, moving down her back and then to her buttocks. He oiled every inch of her, including the backs of her thighs and the fold of her pussy and she found it exceedingly difficult to stop herself from reacting with blatant lust.

When his strong, sure hands claimed the space between her legs, she moaned loudly, sounding lewd and wanton to her own ears. Throwing her head back, she leaned into him, aware of the fact that her arousal was pouring onto his fingers, slippery and wet even before he rubbed the slick oil between her thighs.

"Good girl. That's a good pony," he muttered softly and she nearly beamed with intense pleasure and happiness at his words.

He rinsed the oil off his hands and brushed her hair once again, untangling any knots with ease. She basked under his touch, enjoying the luxurious feelings coursing through her limbs. He reached and grabbed a few leather tassels off a nearby shelf and quickly braided them into her hair. Tiny little bells hung at the end of each one, long enough to brush against her nipples and her upper back. Finished with her hair, he took one of the leather pony outfits from a rung next to other various horse tack and maneuvered her limbs into it. Interwoven lacing wound up her legs, various straps crossing over her hips and thighs, leaving her pussy and buttocks completely uncovered and vulnerable to his every touch. The tack looped under her breasts, lifting them up high and making her keenly aware of just how hard her nipples were. He bent down behind her and removed the plug from her bottom. He pulled her hips back toward him and spread her cheeks, spreading more oil across the tight rim of her bottom hole.

She yelped when she felt a larger object press against her anus. A sharp smack to her backside reminded her that she wasn't in control and slowly, but surely, the much bigger plug slipped into her bottom. It was heavier and wider, stretching her as she had never been stretched before. It hurt, yet it felt good. It was shameful, but pleasurable at the same time. Utterly torn, she gave into his demands and before she knew it, the plug popped into place deep inside her.

It felt so heavy, a constant reminder that her new masters owned every inch of her and her pussy throbbed, her clit a needy bud that ached for their touch. Deeply ashamed, she tried to look away and chewed at her lip instead. Her hips swayed and her stomach dropped at the realization as long coarse hair brushed against her calves. She now had a horse tail.

After a long moment, her body seemed to accept it. She heard other ponies in their stalls and it felt a little more normal. With a shiver, she allowed herself to come to terms with such a thing. All the while, Noah gently tended to her and brushed out her tail.

Noah wasted no time at all and had guided her feet into a pair of boots before she knew it. It forced her feet forward, lifting her heels clear off the floor. Looking down at her toes, she realized it was shaped like a typical pair of high heels, except there was no spike at the back of the boot. He laced up the black leather cords, securing the thigh-high boots in place. She moved slightly and heard a soft click against the floor. With a deep swallow, she bent her legs slightly and stepped her foot down a bit harder, hearing the telltale metallic click once again. The boots had horseshoes on the bottom. She now had her own pair of actual hooves.

Just as she was about to protest, he maneuvered a bridle into her mouth, cutting off her ability to talk. He gave her a knowing look and shook his head.

"Ponies don't speak, pet," he said firmly and she gnashed her teeth against the leather-clad steel bar in stubborn defiance, but he didn't reprimand her.

Instead, he affixed steel clamps to her nipples, quickly and so surely that she didn't have a moment to flinch away. Pain rocked her body and she moaned as her abused buds throbbed from the sting. It took a long moment, but she was eventually able to breathe through the unbelievable ache, her chest shaking in the meantime.

A soft musical jingle met her ears. Attached to the nipple clamps were

a couple of long chains that brushed against her ribcage. A small bundle of little bells hung at the end of them. The jingle sounded every time she moved and she gasped at the sound.

He stood back as he appraised her and she felt utterly foreign and vulnerable. Her buttocks clenched around the heavy horse tail plug.

“Spread your legs, pet,” he urged and she struggled in the boots, slowly acclimating herself to the change in balance. Swaying a little, she finally achieved what he wanted. He turned and grabbed one last piece of gear.

Kneeling, he pressed a long wide phallic-shaped object against her pussy and she couldn't help but moan as it slipped inside her with ease, coated by her obvious, very wet arousal. Once it was completely inserted, he threaded leather between her legs and buckled a belt around her hips to keep it in place. The rawhide covered her mound and she sighed as her clit throbbed and brushed against the textured piece, exciting her even more so than before.

“I know your hooves will take some time getting used to, but I want you to try walking in them while you are lashed tight to the poles. You need to pick up your legs, bend your knees only slightly, yet bring them up as high as you can. Arch your back, show me those pretty breasts, and be the best pony you can be, pet,” he said as he brushed a thumb across her cheek. He picked up one last thing off the shelf and her eyes brushed to the side to see what it was. It looked like a string of cherry blossoms, beautiful and pink and smelling of fresh flowers.

He clipped it into her hair, letting it dangle in her long wavy locks.

“There, now you've transformed, my pony girl,” he whispered and she couldn't help but moan into the bridle between her lips.

“Try to walk now. Remember what I told you,” he directed. Staring down at her feet, she tried to lift her legs, feeling the heaviness of the tail stuffed inside her bottom hole and the phallus secured within her pussy. The boots seemed weighted and it warmed her muscles with the slight exertion. She lifted one leg and then the other, struggling with her balance a little.

A quirt slapped against the side of her thigh, catching the exposed skin and she yelped.

“Higher,” he commanded and she struggled to obey him. The more she maneuvered in the hooves, the more comfortable she became.

Over and over she lifted her feet, higher and higher under Noah's unscrupulous scrutiny, her pale flesh quickly reddening under the relentless

assault of the stingy quirt. She heard her own horseshoes clip against the hard ground, over and over, ringing in her ears. Panting, she did her best to please him, moving her legs as much as she could as she marched in place.

The textured leather brushed against her clit, causing her to moan and tremble as desire took over her senses. The dildo within her pussy moved with each step, the friction an everlasting tease that was enough to drive her insane. With her bottom full, she was never more aware of the secret places within her legs as she was now. She felt wild and untamed, wanton, and beautiful at the same time. Gently, he caressed her with the quirt, dragging the tip across her tortured clamped nipples and up to her throat.

“Breasts up and out. Arch that pretty back and present them to me,” he whispered as he circled her, cracking a whip by her feet.

She curved her back, feeling as though her breasts jutted out impossibly high. She heard the soft tinkles of the bells and tossed her head, adding to the sounds that echoed in the barn. Just then, she heard soft clinks of metal clicking against the ground and she turned to see Zack had returned, although on top of a beautiful chestnut mare. Behind him was a pack of pony girls, guided by long leather leashes that he held in his hands. Beside him, another horse tossed its head, a tall gray stallion outfitted with its own saddle and reins.

“Is it time to take the ponies out for a trail ride?” Zack offered with a smirk.

The other ponies tossed their hair as though it was a mane and stomped their feet, their horseshoes clicking loud against the floor of the barn. They looked strong, confident, and proud. Upon studying them further, she also saw that they were smiling against the bits in their mouths. They were happy. They were excited. They weren't ashamed as she felt at that moment. She stared at them as Noah unlaced her wrists, freeing her, and forcing her to balance on her own set of hoof boots.

For a moment, she was grateful to Noah to teaching her how to walk with the hooves and boldly tried a few steps of her own without the help of the poles to balance her. A bit shaky at first, she quickly recovered and a sliver of excitement began to smolder inside her.

What was going to happen next?

Noah affixed a leash to her own collar and walked slowly with her over to the pack of pony girls. They welcomed her with gleeful neighs, while petting her hair and gently touching her skin.

“Look at all the pretty ponies we have here, all excited to go out for a run,” Noah murmured and one blonde-haired pony nuzzled her head against his shoulder. He smiled slightly and clapped a hand solidly to her bottom.

Isabella watched as the woman shuddered with pleasure and offered her bottom to him again. He quickly grasped her around the waist and bent her over his knee, before giving her a quick solid spanking that turned her pale bottom cheeks red in a matter of moments.

“Behave, pony, else it’ll be the wooden paddle for you next,” he warned and she moaned into her bridle as she rocked her hips back and forth.

“Such a spirited pony,” Zack chuckled.

“This one just needs a firm hand,” Noah replied as he righted the woman in his arms. Isabella couldn’t help but notice the massive grin on her face as she shimmied away back to join the rest of the herd.

With the bridle in her mouth and her ability to speak taken away, Isabella stomped a foot in frustration and swayed her hips. She should be ashamed to be treated like an animal and these women should be too. Instead, they were joyful, exuberant, and most important, they accepted their position as their masters’ pets. It was all so confusing.

She yearned to feel that freedom too, but she wasn’t ready.

A crack of the whip sounded and she jumped, realizing it was Zack. Noah unclipped the leashes from all of the other ponies except for her. Instead, he took it and handed it to his brother, leaving her in his control. She nervously watched as Noah hung all the leather straps among the other sets of tacks. When he returned, he swung up onto the stallion in one strong, sure, fluid movement. He clicked his tongue and the horse stepped forward, obeying his command without question.

The pony girls all neighed with excitement, rushing to take the head of the line. Noah and Zack maneuvered their horses so that she was between them. Zack reached down and clipped a second leash to her collar and handed it to Noah.

Now, she was under the complete control of the two of them and there was nothing she could do about it. She whimpered in anticipation of whatever was about to happen.

“Let’s get moving. It’s a beautiful day to take the ponies for a ride,” Noah said and all at once, everything started moving forward, including herself.

Caught up in the intoxicating energy of it all, Isabella lifted her feet and

began to run, just like all the ponies in front of her. As they emerged out into the sunlight, something cracked against both sides of her bottom. Tossing her head, she saw that both men held long crops and she yelped as they spanked her again.

Her bottom stung as they urged her forward along a dirt path that led away from the back of the barn into the sunny landscape. The further away from the barn they went, the faster they seemed to go. Leashed on either side, with nowhere to run, she began to panic and lost track of her feet and stumbled. The leashes tightened to either side and her men lifted her just enough so that she could catch her stride once again.

She heard Noah's tongue click.

"She's not ready. She needs to be in the right mindset to go for a run with the other ponies," he said softly as the group came to a stop. Zack nodded his head and swung down from his horse. Quickly, he grasped her waist and tossed her over Noah's lap, face down and bottom in the air.

Her stomach pressed against Noah's thighs and she realized the precariousness of her situation. Staring down at the ground with her ass high in the air, she whined out loud. Her bottom was bare and entirely vulnerable and she started when Noah laid his massive, rough palm against her sensitive flesh. Zack tugged at her tail and moved it out of the way, taking away any semblance of coverage she might have gained from it. Wriggling to try to escape, she called out for help from the other women but they didn't dare move toward her.

She saw the other ponies' sympathetic faces and subdued excitement. Some of them moved to sit on the side of the path, watching what was about to happen like it was part of an everyday occurrence.

Noah's left hand cradled around her hip, pressing her to him as his right palm cracked down on her ass with vigor. He said nothing, simply paddling her bottom much more harshly than before. She squirmed and kicked and tried to get away but to no avail.

This was so unfair. She'd done nothing wrong and didn't deserve a spanking. She didn't need to be punished like a bad little girl. She felt a pair of hands grab her ankles and she knew it was Zack's doing, to prevent her from kicking. Noah tipped her forward a bit more, leaving her feeling as though she was going to fall head first to the ground, but he held her tight to him.

Her bottom and legs stretched out, she yelped as Noah spanked her

entire bottom, from the tops of her cheeks to mid-thigh. No matter what she did, his palm met its mark every single time.

“Settle, pony girl. Give in. Accept that you must give in. Accept that you are simply a pet and we are your masters,” he said softly so that only she could hear. “When you do that, you’ll be free. You’ll learn to thrive in that freedom.”

The spanks still came and she felt helpless. It hurt and despite the pain, her pussy throbbed around the phallus pressed inside her. Every smack drove home the plug in her bottom, making her feel especially vulnerable and embarrassed and aroused all at once.

At once, tears sprang forth and she struggled as something inside her body snapped and came to life. All of a sudden, her limbs relaxed and she lay over his lap, not feeling the need to fight him any longer. Instead, the surge of tears and emotion allowed her to let it all go, to be free. It almost felt as though she was floating. Every inch of her skin tingled with it.

She was a human pet. Noah and Zack owned her and would do with her what they saw fit. They could consider her a pony or a kitten or whatever they wanted and she would have no say, but that fact was okay. She was their pet. She was theirs.

Once she let go of her need to control everything, that sense of freedom that Noah had mentioned came over her. She now understood.

Her bottom burning, she hardly noticed that the spanking had ended. Instead, Noah gathered her up in his arms and held her tight, running a hand over her hair and down her neck. He patted her softly, with a gentle smile on his lips.

She nuzzled his shoulder, thanking him in the only way she could.

“Ready, pony girl?” he asked, his eyes searching deep in her own and she nodded.

Zack helped her down and back onto her feet. She swayed a little and he caught her.

“Steady, girl. We’ll run when you’re ready,” he whispered softly, holding her shoulders nice and tight as she gained her balance once again.

She focused on her breathing and his voice and the burning of her bottom and allowed it to take over her entire being. Closing her eyes, she sighed and moaned around the bridle in her mouth. She stamped her feet and the other ponies moved to gather around her. Their hands went everywhere, massaging her bottom, tweaking the chains attached to her nipples, and

pressing against the long tail plugged between her cheeks. Moaning, her hips rocked forward and backward, the textured surface of the rawhide strap dragging across her engorged clit.

The movements of her hips stirred the dildo that filled her and she groaned at the feeling of it. The ponies around her neighed in excitement as the hands touching her grew more frantic. Caught up in the wild animalistic delight, she grunted with her arousal and someone reached forward and grasped the clamps on her nipples.

Harshly, that person ripped them away and her eyes flew open to see Zack looking gleefully down at her as the pain rocked her system, intermingling with pleasure so intense that her release shattered her completely. A sense of euphoria enveloped her as every single nerve sizzled with ecstasy.

White-hot fiery passion burned through her and she screamed her lust into the bridle. Many hands reached out to support her, holding her steady as she trembled with her orgasm. Her muscles warm and weakened, she let them hold her. When she was ready, her eyes fluttered open to see both Zack and Noah atop their horses once again. Blushing, she looked around to see the pony girls beside her, nuzzling and petting her in a manner that comforted her to the core.

She was a part of the herd. Tossing her head, she neighed with pleasure and the rest of the women jumped up and down with glee. They stomped their feet and swayed their hips, tails swinging behind them and Isabella smiled for the first time. She danced with them, a pony in her own right.

“Ready to run, ponies?” Noah urged.

The chorus that rose with elation and anticipation made the answer very clear. The men made clicking sounds under their breath and all of them surged forward.

Free of control and free to enjoy herself, Isabella ran with the other ponies in stride. Amidst everything that just occurred, Zack must have removed the leashes attached to her collar, allowing her to be with the herd and fully experience life as their pony pet.

She ran, her muscles warm and achy from the strain of running, but she didn't care in the slightest. The leather strands braided into her hair smacked at her back and her breasts and she moaned every time one of them landed on her sore nipples. The gentle stingy flogging kept her in what felt like a floaty state of mind as she languished in the infectious energy around her.



Occasionally, she would hear the snap of the crop against a pony, along with male voices directing her to lift her legs higher or thrust her breasts out farther.

Isabella did her best to keep her form proud and beautiful and when the crop found her own very sore backside, she yelped but relished the sting and allowed it to urge her to keep going. With a toss of her mane, she rushed forward, faster with her pony mates.

Before long, she fell into an easy pace, enjoying the feeling of the great outdoors, of the sun on her face and the dirt beneath her hooves. Euphoria enveloped her and when they set their sights back on the barn, she felt a tiny sense of disappointment at the experience ending. She felt wild, glorious, and free amongst the other ponies and their owners.

Upon their return, some of the others were directed into the side field and led to a giant water trough. Noah focused on her first, making sure she was well hydrated and taken care of. He quickly divested her of most of her tack, except her bridle, hooves, and tail. Taking a warm wet cloth, he cleansed her of sweat and dirt and she melted into his arms. His gentleness warmed her heart and she reluctantly admitted to herself that she was starting to like him, even if he had seemed rather harsh when she had first met him.

He laid her over a blanket on a bale of hay and she simply obeyed, allowing him to massage her sore overworked muscles with more oil. Then, he hand-fed her a few sweet pastries that made her mouth water with every bite. Her energy reemerging, she lifted her head and moaned her pleasure. Picking her back up, he had her sit while he brushed her hair free of tangles, her locks smoothing and softening under his touch.

“You were a very good pony today, pet. I’m proud of you,” he said softly and she smiled with pride around the bridle still between her teeth.

“Come, I’ll put you out with the other ponies for a little while. Enjoy yourself and be a good girl,” he murmured and she nuzzled against his chest, almost regretting the fact that she had to leave him, at least for a little while.

He unclipped her bridle, allowing her to have control of her mouth once again. She worked her jaw a little since it was a bit stiff from wearing her bridle all day.

“Head to the pasture now, sweet pet. I’ll come fetch you in a little while,” he directed and she nodded. She pressed her lips to his cheek in a chaste thankful kiss before trotting off to join the other ponies. As she was exiting the barn, she looked back one last time to see him smile in her

direction. As he met her eyes, he quickly turned away, hiding his expression from her view, leaving her in a state of wonder about what his intentions were.

Trying not to dwell on what his true feelings were, she emerged back into the sunlight, fully naked except for her tail and boots. Zack was working with some of the other ponies and smiled at her arrival. The rest of the women had also been divested the majority of their gear and were outfitted exactly as she was, completely bare adorned with simply a tail and hooves.

She stood there shyly for a moment at the entrance to the field, before a few noticed her and trotted over as fast as they could. Blushing, she looked at the ground as they approached.

“You were gorgeous! I wish I took so well to being a pony when I first came here, just like you did!” one said.

“Right? Would have saved my backside a *world* of hurt from Master Noah’s hand,” another chimed in.

“Really?” Isabella ventured, finally daring to lift her eyes.

“Oh, yes. You should have seen yourself. You’re going to be a prized pony. Show worthy. Bet you’ll win first prize at the World Cup by next year!” a pretty blonde girl said.

“What’s the World Cup?” Isabella asked. All the women reached out to touch her.

“It’s a place where the most well-trained pets get to perform for the world as their pony selves. We all hope to one day be chosen for such an honor,” a redhead replied excitedly.

The women all excitedly ran their hands over her body, tweaking her nipples and squeezing her backside, even exploring the naked folds of her pussy.

“You’ve got amazing muscle tone. The makings of a thoroughbred. You’ll be chosen for sure,” the blonde one said with clear admiration.

“Ladies, let’s enjoy the outdoors and not overwhelm the new pony,” Zack scolded and the girls looked back at her sheepishly before cantering swiftly away.

Zack crooked his finger at her and she ran over, careful to keep her knees high and her back arched. Her breasts bounced a little without the support of the harness, but she felt sexy as he appraised her with obvious veneration.

“Look at you,” he mused. “You look alive after all that. Glowing.

Bright. Satisfied. Beautiful. You were breathtaking, you know that?" he whispered loud enough for her to hear.

Feeling subdued and a little embarrassed, she made her way over to him as he urged her to approach him with another crook of his finger.

"Not used to receiving praise, huh, sweet pony girl," he said softly.

"It's almost like you know exactly what I'm thinking, when I'm thinking it," she replied quietly, demurely looking at the ground as she swayed back and forth. Her tail swished and it reminded her of the plug weighing down her tight bottom hole.

Zack simply smiled, expression cool and mysterious and he reached for her, enfolding her in his strong arms, her back to his big strong sculpted chest.

"You see them all? We own them all, yet they are free. They've discovered themselves as true ponies. Every single one of them will be sold to the man we consider that will care for her as though she is a treasure. That's what a pet means to us. Someone to be kept, cared for, and loved," he explained, his voice tender and understanding.

After the exertion of the day, she bit her lip and looked down at the ground.

"Did you enjoy yourself, pet?" he pressed further, as his fingertips grazed across the tops of her shoulders. "Did you allow yourself to give in? To submit to the pleasures of a pony run? To feel your hooves hit the ground with every stomp, to toss your mane with pride, and to ride your harness as a good pony should?"

His words caused her to shiver and she couldn't help but moan softly with arousal. Every single word he said had been true. She reveled in the wild untamed nature of her fellow ponies and luxuriated in the slap of the crop against her bare flesh. She watched the other women, happily frolicking throughout the meadow and shivered.

Could she be like that? Could she be a man's pony, forever?

She knew the answer. She hadn't even needed to ask herself really. Without a doubt, she would enjoy life as a pony if her masters declared it so. She looked up at the blue sky, clouds curling up high above her.

Her masters. She could taste the words on her tongue and yet, they didn't feel wrong.

He squeezed her ever tighter, petting the loose hair atop her head gently.

“I want you to rest. There’s a blanket on the ground here. I’m going to tend to a few other pony girls that need to be cleaned and brushed out, but I won’t be far. Call out for me if you need anything,” he whispered into her ear.

“Yes, Master Zack,” she replied.

He carefully laid her on a soft gray blanket on the grass. It didn’t take her long to curl up and fall fast asleep, his lingering touch a gentle hug on her tender skin.

## Chapter Seven

She'd been breathtaking. Fucking glorious. Like nothing he'd even seen. Noah ran his hand through his hair and adjusted himself away from her prying, inquisitive eyes after she'd turned the corner. He remembered the trusting look of her eyes, her feelings racing through his fingertips as he read her. She'd taken to being a pony with very little motivation, a simple hand spanking at best.

Every other pet he'd trained for the role had taken weeks, months even to give in and submit so beautifully to his command. But not her. She'd submitted like she was made for it. He had little hope when they first began, when she panicked under the reins, tripped and lost her balance so that they had to use the leathers to catch her and haul her back to her feet. But after a show of his dominance, she'd emerged just like a butterfly from a wrinkly cocoon. It was like she had been born to be a pony.

Clenching his teeth, he speculated about what she would sell for and if he was willing to sell such a prize at all. Shaking his head, he tried to busy his hands, oiling and conditioning all the used tack to keep it soft and supple for their pets. It wouldn't do to have his product marred by scratches and lines from the leathers they wore.

It was late; the last sun was beginning its arc down in the sky toward the horizon, marking the end to an exciting day. It would be time for dinner soon and his stomach rumbled in an angry roar at the lack of food he'd had all day.

He poured himself into the task at hand and finished in record time. When the job was complete, he hung up each piece of tack on its designated rung on the wall. He knew Zack was still out, keeping an eye on the pony girls and their Isabella.

Making his way back to the house, he thought about what he wanted for dinner just to try to distract himself from the curvy buttocks that seemed to be tattooed to his memory.

Too hungry to care, he grabbed a pan and cooked up a few eggs, throwing in some cheese, peppers, tomatoes, and sausage and cooking them into a delicious fluffy omelet. When he looked up, he saw Zack with the beautiful chestnut-haired vixen who seemed to be plaguing his every waking thought.

He noticed she was once again bare, her hooves removed, but her tail stayed in place. He couldn't help but smirk at the thought of the large plug stuffed between her cheeks, a mark of their dominance over her body.

Her eyes met his, bold yet subdued, defiant but submissive and he yearned to take her to his bed to teach her that he was her master once and for all. He'd been a little too nice for his tastes thus far and he questioned how she would handle his darker side.

"Mhhmmm. Smells delicious. Make enough for the rest of us," Zack suggested and Noah couldn't help but chuckle. If a man was ever motivated by his stomach, Zack was one of them. He added more eggs to the pan and made up enough for the three of them. After using about a dozen eggs, he cooked up the omelets and served them a few minutes later on simple ivory porcelain plates.

"Feed her, Zack. She's not allowed use of her hands. Since tomorrow will be a kitten day for her, it's better if she gets used to it now," he said curtly.

He watched her face and saw a flash of indecision and anger cross over her face, before disappearing entirely. Her expression remained neutral, but her eyes told a story of her struggle to submit. As Zack brought a forkful of food to her lips, she hesitantly opened her mouth and bobbed forward. She chewed slowly, avoiding eye contact with him. Her jaw clenched slightly in indignation, but she did not protest.

Good girl.

He was particular about his pets. They either obeyed his command without hesitation or they were punished. The penalties for a publicly misbehaving pet were harsh and he believed that if he managed his with a heavy hand, they would avoid any potentially bad situations. He was a firm believer in discipline and wasn't afraid to use it.

Chewing his own food thoughtfully, he appraised the small tiny bundle sitting on Zack's lap. He'd rather enjoyed punishing her delectable bottom, which was something new. Usually, he viewed punishments as a part of the job, but not this one. She got to him. He wondered what it was about her; maybe the way her ass jiggled as he smacked the resistance out of her or the way her pussy dampened when either he or his brother exerted their dominance over her, or the way her pretty doe eyes looked back at him with reluctant trust and tentative wariness that made him yearn to break her.

As her eyes turned toward him, her quiet intelligence spoke to him. He

got the feeling that she was weighing her options and deciding when to give and when to take. She wasn't going to be his typical submissive. He'd have to watch her much more closely than the others and pay particular attention to her training.

"When you're done with her, I'll take her to relax with the other ponies for a short while then put her to bed in one of the stalls. She'll sleep there for the night until we wake her in the morning," he said as he leaned forward, placing his elbows on the table. Taken aback, her eyes hardened, narrowing as she stared back at him.

He dared her to talk back.

"I think I've decided to rearrange her schedule. Instead of kitten training tomorrow, like I originally had planned, I believe she would do well for some two on one, direct service pet instruction, what do you think of that, Zack?" Noah pressed, running his fingers across his beard.

Zack's smirk widened and the look of joy that crossed over him gave Noah the green light.

"Finish eating, pet, then it's off to pasture for you. Tomorrow, you'll get to serve us all day," Zack chuckled softly. His gaze darkened and Noah watched as his brother traced the naked skin of her shoulder.

"There's so much to teach you," Zack whispered to her. She visibly shivered.

Noah couldn't wait to push her boundaries tomorrow. He'd teach his little pet who was her master, once and for all.

With a grin, he thought about the possibilities. Service pets were also known as house pets. Their sole purpose was to serve their masters in whatever way that was requested of them. It would be a true test of her submissive nature.

They fed her the rest of her dinner and whisked her out of the house not long after. She was uneasy, that much he could tell. She wasn't yet used to the idea of the different breeds of pet on Dayhari, and she was probably anxious about what they had planned for her, of which he wholeheartedly approved. It was important to keep a pet on her toes. She had to accept that she was no longer in control.

He stood with his brother at the white picket fence that enclosed the pony pasture. The grass here was soft, a special strain that felt like goose down beneath the pets' feet and grew in lush and thick. Some well-trained ponies even preferred to sleep out here at night, rather than in their stalls.

The two of them watched Isabella join in with the other ponies. The other females rubbed her sore muscles and she slowly relaxed under their care. Before long, she was smiling and running around with them off in the distance.

“So, what do you think of her?” Zack began slowly.

“She’s special. I’ve never seen anyone take so well to pony play before, but I know that she also has elements of a kitten and a service pet. She’s quite the enigma. You don’t think, maybe... she’s a gifted pet?” he responded thoughtfully.

Noah had never come across a gifted pet in his life before. They were extremely rare and thought of as mythical creatures. A gifted pet was a woman who had equal aptitude for all pet types and could act as any one at a given time. The public was going to go wild if they had indeed found one.

“I don’t know. I rather like her. What do you think of keeping her? Of taking our own pet for once?” his brother asked. Noah turned and looked back at him, seeing a flash of softness for her cross over him.

“I can’t lie, the thought has crossed my mind,” Noah mused.

His brother was indeed correct. In all their time training pets, they always sold them. Never had they actually kept one for themselves. They made a decent living off of being some of the most well-known trainers on the planet, yet they hadn’t come across a woman who pleased both of them. Zack was silent, waiting for him to think.

“Let’s play it by ear and reevaluate after a little more time. We should finish both her service and kitten days, and then potentially bring her into the public to see if she behaves well,” Noah replied.

He could feel Zack studying him, but stared forward. As much as he didn’t want to admit it, their little Earthen pet was slowly edging her way into their hearts and he had a feeling that she knew it too.

\* \* \*

After spending some more time with the girls, Isabella felt more comfortable. All of them gushed over her and wished her luck when she told them what the brothers had planned for her. They told her she was lucky to receive such extensive training, but she was hesitant to share in their feelings.

Before she knew it, the brothers were calling for her and she reluctantly returned to them. They led her back into a barn, and into an enclosed stall where she quickly came to realize that would be her home for the night.



The thought both unnerved and comforted her.

Thankfully, they eventually removed her tail and allowed her to relieve herself, under their ever-present watch of course. It still shamed her, but it was getting a bit easier to handle. When she was ready, they laid out a blanket on the unbelievably soft grass and hay inside the stall. Zack retrieved a pillow for her and a large oversize quilt.

The barn was dark and only a soft light filtered through the shadows. The brothers dealt with her in silence. They tucked her into the makeshift bed, gave her a quick pat on the head, and locked her inside the stall.

“Good night, pet,” Noah’s voice rang out, loud after so much quiet.

“Good night,” she whispered in return, her eyes already closing in exhaustion.

When did she get so tired? Before she knew it, she faded off into a deep sleep.

She didn’t wake until early morning. Stretching, she groaned a little under her breath. Feeling the warm rays of the sun, she looked up to see a bright powder blue peeking through the skylights high above her. If she had to guess, it was an hour or so after dawn.

With a smile, she listened to the soft music of birds chirping and girls giggling as a soft breeze rustled the trees outside. The natural cacophony surrounded her like a gentle hug and she embraced it wholeheartedly.

The crunch of leather boots on gravel startled her slightly and she rose up on her elbows in time to see Zack and Noah’s faces peek over the top of the stall door.

“Sleep well, pet?” Noah asked softly, his voice as confident as ever. He made her heart race every time he spoke.

The door to the stall squeaked open and he offered her a hand, which she tentatively took. He pulled her up to her feet and into his chest.

“First things first. I’m going to bathe you,” he said boldly and her insides shivered.

Zack wound his fist through her hair and grabbed a rather large amount at the nape of her neck. With a sharp pull, he took total control. Her eyes fluttered at the sudden pain and she moaned a little under her breath. Apparently, he wasn’t feeling so gentle today.

Walking forward, he dragged her along out of the stall and into the fresh air outside. They made their way toward the house and the back of her scalp burned with both pain and pleasure. By the time they made it inside,

she was unsure of which one was which.

They guided her into the house and down the hall to a room she hadn't been in before. When they brought her inside, they shoved her in alone, shutting the door behind them. Nervously, she chewed her lip. She looked around and saw them move in front of a glass window, watching her. Surrounded by white and gray marble tile, she could only guess she was in a massive shower. She studied the wall and saw spray nozzles, but no controls for her to turn the water on and off with. The room wasn't very large, only a little bigger than a walk-in closet and she couldn't help but feel confined.

She grew very uneasy in that moment.

At once, streams of water flew toward her. It was slightly cold and caused her to shiver as the harshness of it. She tried to cover her nipples and her mound, but no matter what she did, the streams pierced at her skin. She yelped and tried to dance away from them, but she couldn't escape them. The water eventually warmed and she was grateful for it, yet her sensitive skin throbbed from the terrible pulses.

The water stopped after she was thoroughly soaked. Next, she was doused in soap and she looked back at the brothers. They looked back at her expectantly. She took a deep unsteady breath, quickly realizing that they expected her to wash herself.

Humiliated, she slowly massaged the soap into her skin, focusing first on her stomach and thighs, before she hazarded washing her breasts and in between her legs. She actively avoided their gaze, knowing that they were watching her like an animal in a cage.

She tried to be quick about it, but was as meticulous as possible. Knowing they were watching her did something confusing to her insides. An odd desire ebbed to life deep inside her, but she did her best to push it away.

There was no way she could enjoy this, on display as though she was an animal in a zoo, could she? Wouldn't that mean there was something wrong with her?

When she was finished, she stood up straight, bubbles dripping from her fingers to the tips of her toes. The water returned and this time, the streams bit into her skin even more harshly now that she was expecting it. Once all the soap was rinsed from her, the water thankfully stopped, allowing her aching flesh a moment to recover.

Next, hot air blew around her, drying her body and hair within seconds. Only then did the door open and release her from the shower cage.

Noah stood at the door and waited for her. Feeling a little ashamed and humbled, her feet walked toward him of their own accord. The look in his eyes promised passion, lust, and danger. She didn't know whether to be afraid or excited of what he had in mind for her next.

He took her hand and pulled her close, his fingers curling roughly around her wrist. Something was different about him today, something harsher and more unforgiving. Her stomach clenched and dropped to her toes and she shivered under his dark, stern gaze.

"Do I terrify you, pet? Or do you feel alive?" he whispered, his gravelly bold voice causing tremors to vibrate deep into her very core.

She didn't know how to answer him, simply quaking under his dark, steady gaze.

His fingers traced the line of her shoulder, edging up her collarbone.

"Tell me yes, pet. Let me show you everything. Submit yourself to me and allow yourself to live, for the first time in your life," he urged her, as his fingers curled lightly around her throat.

She stared at him and licked her lips.

She wanted to. She didn't want to. But she was so curious. She knew it would hurt but she knew it would also feel good. He stared at her for a long second, before she answered with her gut decision.

"I want to feel alive," she whispered, her voice barely audible.

His fingers tightened around her throat.

"Say it louder," he demanded and her heart hammered in her chest.

"Yes, sir, please take me as you see fit," she responded, louder this time and his hand tightened around her neck, cutting off her air for a long moment as he took control of every part of her body. When he released her, she breathed in deep before he did it again. This time, he held her a moment longer and she began to panic and his other hand fisted in her hair, holding her close.

All at once, he released her and tossed her over his shoulder. His arm wrapped tight around her waist and his other hand gripped her left bottom cheek, squeezing hard enough to hurt, but she didn't care, she knew she was already lost. Zack walked somewhere behind her, but she was consumed by Noah's dominance in that moment.

They arrived in another room she hadn't seen before, complete with things she didn't recognize or could even hazard a guess as to what they were used for. The walls were painted a dull gray and the recessed light coming

from the edges of the ceiling was warm, yet she still shivered from both the chill and her nerves. All around her, she saw leather-clad benches and a chair that reminded her of a gynecological office back home. Chains hung from the ceiling and a massive dark cherry wood armoire sat in the corner of the room, hiding more mysteries within. The floor looked soft, a dark gray carpet that looked plush enough to sleep on. She looked around in awe, uneasy about what was to happen next.

Once she had a chance to take in her surroundings, she focused on what the brothers were doing. Zack was digging in the armoire for something that she couldn't quite see while Noah took her wrists in his hands. In no time at all, he had her handcuffed to a parallel set of poles with her legs spread wide and her arms stretched out, leaving her body in an X-shape and completely on display. Chewing her lip, she felt her chest rise and fall, her breath a nervous pant.

She stared back at them once she settled, feeling like they were predators about to pounce on her as though she were prey. Something inside her clicked at that very moment and her entire world smoldered. Every nerve in her body ached to feel their touch, whether it be pleasurable or painful, she didn't care which.

She panted, waiting, wanting.

They were her beasts. They terrified her, but they made her feel more alive than she had ever been. Her blood pulsed in her veins as their gazes burrowed deep into her soul. She shivered in anticipation.

They descended on her like wolves on a fresh kill. All at once, their hands were on her, squeezing her vulnerable flesh, pinching, slapping, and touching her wherever they wished and she didn't care, she loved it.

A sharp edge grazed along her flesh and she realized Noah had pulled the knife from its sheath at his waist. Her eyes widened and she stilled under his blade. She heard a loud whine in her ear and it took her a long moment to realize the sound was emerging from her own throat.

Small red scratches appeared on her flesh, where the edge bit at her skin. After a long moment, the marks slowly faded, but the message in his dominance was clear. He held her life within his hands.

A whip cracked beside her ear while the knife moved away from her skin. She jumped involuntarily in fear.

"Keep still, my pet," Noah said softly and she moaned.

"You wouldn't want Noah to cut you if you moved," Zack said behind

her and she trembled. Noah placed the flat of the blade on her lips, silencing any protest.

The whip cracked again, heavy, loud, promising.

She remained still as it popped again, this time grazing the curve of her bottom cheeks. Keening at the sudden sting, it took everything within her to remain still as the whip cracked against her backside and the knife returned to the curve of her breasts. Again and again, the whip cracked, the knife grazed and she didn't move.

She fell deeper and deeper into the black abyss, free like she had never felt before.

The knife clattered to the floor and a leather strap kissed the fullness of her bottom, leaving a white-hot line of pleasure mixed with pain across her ass. Gripping the handcuffs holding her still, she lifted herself an inch and moaned in pleasure at its sudden relentless bite.

"Oh, please, Masters," she begged, not knowing what exactly she was begging for. The strap licked her again, this time catching the folds of her pussy and leaving her shivering in a world of pain. Her pussy throbbed, begging for more.

She moaned and the strap kissed her once again.

Noah's fingers brushed through her hair, fisting at the back of her head. He claimed her then in a kiss that both consumed and devoured her all at once. His tongue plundered her mouth as a pirate would claim a chest of treasure. He claimed her, conquered her, and she folded into him. His fists pulled her hair roughly and she loved every second of it. She kissed him back just as roughly, her eyes rolling back in her head from the overwhelming passion coursing through her system.

The leather strap burned across her bottom once, then twice and she lost count after that. Fingers touched the secret place in between her legs and across the tight rim of muscle of her bottom hole and she shivered in lust.

*More, more,* she silently pleaded.

A finger then circled around her clit and she fell apart.

Her release was instantaneous and all-consuming. Her entire world burned with her passion and her throat ached from her screams.

Her hips rolled and her nipples hardened and she quaked with pleasure and desire. Her orgasm was so powerful she didn't know if she would survive it, but she held on. Throwing her head back, she screamed and trembled and Noah held her steady, cruel and cold and everything she ever wanted in a

man.

He kissed her softly then and she melted into his embrace.

She opened her eyes then and met his, feeling as though she was a dove set free from her cage. He had been right. She felt alive.

Her nerves tingled, her skin buzzed, and she eagerly awaited his next command.

Quickly, she was released from the cuffs that held her captive, and deposited on her hands and knees before her men. Zack moved in front of her and unbuckled the belt at his waist. It fell to the floor with a heavy clank. He unlaced his black cotton pants and dropped them just a little bit, revealing his incredibly hard erection.

Licking her lips, she leaned forward, yearning to take him in her mouth and she wasn't disappointed when he placed the head of his cock on the tip of her tongue. It felt like velvet on her tongue, hard as iron and as delicious as she imagined.

He tasted salty, a bit bitter, and sweet—a decadent mix of male flavor that left her mouth watering profusely. Swirling her tongue around the head of his cock, she leaned into him, placing her hands on her thighs for support.

Something else probed at her entrance, already wet with her arousal. It was hot and hard, and she slowly came to the realization that it was Noah's own shaft claiming her. Noah slammed his cock into her entrance and she moaned around Zack's member, shuddering with her own pleasure at the sudden onslaught. Her lips suckled at the erection between her lips and Zack groaned with his pleasure.

She felt powerful in that moment. Noah slammed into her again, owning her completely with every single moment. Zack's cock edged at the back of her throat and she gagged a little before she opened herself to him.

Owned completely by her men, with a dick both in her pussy and deep in her throat, she relented and enjoyed herself. Quivering with lust, she suckled at Zack and pressed back against Noah, moaning and shuddering with desire at being taken by two men at once.

Noah stretched her wide, and she shivered with desire as he pounded her and claimed her as his. Zack's cock pushed at the bottom of her throat and she opened for him, and he groaned into her. Suckling harder, she put her entire self into the act and he shuddered between her lips. A hot, molten liquid spurting at the back of her throat and she did her best to swallow every last drop.

Her clit throbbed and she keened with lust as Noah stroked her channel with vigor and she quivered around him. He pounded her harder and she lost control completely, her pussy clenching hard around his cock as her entire body throbbed with passion. Hot seed filled her and her back arched as she screamed with delight. Shivering with her desire, she quaked beneath her men, claimed by them utterly and completely.

She loved every last second of it.

Zack took her in a kiss then, lifting her to her feet. Noah entwined his arms around her waist, holding her close to the two of them and she very nearly purred with pleasure.

One of them wrapped her in a blanket and deposited her on a soft bed and she curled up with it, happy to be taken care of. Her body continued to smolder and her core still throbbed with the passionate embrace they had shared, yet still she craved more. Noah wrapped her in a sheet and picked her up by himself, an action that seemingly took no effort at all. They walked into the living room and sat down on the couch.

They cuddled her while periodically placing a soft kiss on her forehead. When she felt like she had mentally joined reality once again, they placed her back on the floor.

“I want you to act as my footstool, sweet Isabella. Let me rest my feet on your back. Be a good pet and keep your form steady for your master,” Noah said, his voice both firm and sure, commanding her to please him.

Her entire being folded to him, as she did her best to correct her form. On her hands and knees, she steadied her body and tightened every muscle in her legs and core. When Noah’s boots first hit her back, she gasped at their weight and tensed as much as she could.

She straightened her back under the foreign weight. Oddly enough, it felt right. The act, very simple and easy, spoke so much more to her than any act of pain or pleasure her men could give her.

They could use her for anything they wished. An act as simple as performing as an ottoman for her master’s feet put her in her place. Her heartbeat gradually steadied and she reveled in her position. The mark of his ownership of his feet on her was so pronounced that it took over her mind completely. The two of them sat there for a long time before another pair of boots settled on top of her and she knew it was Zack.

They sat there for a long time, with their feet on her back. She held still, losing herself in the anonymity of it, of being a footstool, of letting her

body relax after they had taken it so completely.

She had no control, none, and she didn't need it. Zack and Noah dominated her and that was all she needed. She smiled, even as her hands and knees became sore, yet still she submitted to them as their foot rest. There was something intoxicating about the whole act and she allowed herself to float within her mind. She didn't need to do anything, think anything, or say anything except support her masters' feet.

When they finally removed their boots from her back, she sighed both from relief and disappointment. Hands curled around her waist and lifted her on top of their laps and she groaned quietly as their arms circled around her. They sat there for long while before either brother said anything to break the easy silence between them.

"Such a sweet pet. We require you to serve us a cigar, would you be willing to do that?" Zack asked, his voice cool yet confident.

"Yes, sirs," she replied with a soft giddy smile. She didn't quite know what they meant, but it didn't sound too bad. Slightly anxious, she watched as Zack walked over to a nearby fireplace and picked up a large, heavy wooden box. He placed it on the table before her as Noah slowly slid her body to the floor.

"On your knees, pet. I want you to pay close attention now. Should you learn to do this well, then it will be incorporated as a regular part of your training and you will be rewarded," Noah said quietly, yet his voice was still powerful all the same.

Sitting back on her heels, she watched as Zack took the top off the box and revealed expensive-looking cigars. Each one had a small gold and black foil label. He took some time to explain to her each side of the cigar.

"When the cigar is fully prepped, you will light the flat end of the cigar. You want to take the cutter," he said as he held up what looked like a pair of scissors, except the shears were short and round and had a curved cutting edge. "As a pet, you will learn exactly where to cut a cigar for your master. You want to cut a little bit of the tip off here, so that there is still a shoulder." Moving closer, Zack showed her the cap of the cigar and slowly cut it for her, pointing out the correct and incorrect places to cut it.

Next, he had her cut one herself as he sat down beside Noah, leaving her on the floor on her knees. After she cut it, he inspected her work and she waited, a little nervous that she wouldn't please him since she had never done anything like it before.



After a long moment, he gave her a curt nod.

“Now you must wet it. Use your mouth to dampen both ends,” Noah commanded and her eyes opened wide in surprise. Slowly, she opened her lips and slid the cigar onto her tongue. The flavor was smoky and all-consuming and the scent of it permeated her senses completely. The aroma was sweet, spicy, and woody with hints of cedar, honey, and nutmeg. Taking a deep breath, she allowed the decadence of the act to wash over her.

She suckled one end and then the other. Then, she did the same with the second cut cigar. As she did so, she met the eyes of both Zack and Noah and she grew bolder then. They studied her as she pressed the cigar back and forth between her lips. Zack groaned softly and she wiggled a little as desire pumped through her. She could already feel the wetness gathering between her legs, a powerful indicator of just how turned on she was becoming.

“Now, light a match and lightly toast the flat end, pet. Don’t light it, just heat it enough to dry the saliva away on both ends. Then, you must present it to us. Palms flat, hands up high over your head, eyes on the floor,” Noah guided, tracing his fingers up and down her arm. She shivered at the delicate touch.

Zack picked up a long match and lit it, then handed it to her. She was careful, and held the flame close to the end of the cigar, just enough to dry the ends she had just suckled. With a small puff of air, she blew out the match and situated the cigar on the flat of her hands, careful not to touch the ends she had just toasted.

Carefully, she crawled forward and lifted her palms up and over her head, presenting the cigar to Noah first. He took it and placed it between his lips, inspecting her work. He drew a deep breath through it, like he was tasting and testing it. She kept her palms in the air, unsure if she should move yet.

After a long moment, he placed it back in her palm.

“Light it for me, pet. It’s ready. Hold the match to the end and make sure it is completely orange. Then, you’ll have to draw a breath through it to light it. Then, you must present it to me again,” Noah directed her. Zack handed her another lit match and she held the flame directly to the flat end, watching as the cigar began to glow red and then orange as the fibers lit. She breathed softly on the end, before lifting the cigar to her lips. She drew a breath through it and puffed, ensuring it was bright and well-lit before she took it back in her fingers. Then, she put the cigar on the fleshy part of her

palm so that the lit end didn't burn her.

She presented it to Noah once again and he carefully took it from her. She repeated the entire ceremony for Zack next, toasting and presenting it to him for his inspection. Once it was returned to her, she lit it and gave it back to him, all the while on her knees on the floor, as they sat on the couch before her.

Noah took a long drag before leaning forward toward her.

"Arch your back, show me those pretty pink nipples," he said, his voice dark and powerful. She shivered, yet followed his directions.

He moved the lit end toward her, bathing her in the woodsy smoke. She trembled as it neared her breasts, never touching, but the threat was there. It was hot and her blood boiled with fear, anticipation, and arousal.

"Don't move, pet," he warned and she had to concentrate to suppress the shiver that ached to race down her spine. Her chest rose and fell with the exertion of keeping still. Panting, she kept her eyes on the end of Noah's cigar as he smoked it and then put it back near her breasts. Her nipples felt like they were moments away from catching fire and she couldn't help but whimper as she yearned for more. They were hard little buds that begged for him to place his lips on them, rather than the cigar.

Licking her lips, she imagined just that. Moaning, she struggled to keep still as her arousal dripped down her thighs. With every minute that passed, more ash was visible on the end, a slow, steady process that both intoxicated and mesmerized her.

This continued for at least fifteen minutes before he sat back, glancing at the ashy end of the cigar.

"Put your palms out. You will take the ash now," he commanded and her arms moved together of their own accord.

She watched, as if in a trance as he tapped the cigar, once and then twice. Swirls of gray drifted down toward her hands. The ash touched her skin and she breathed audibly low, expecting it to burn, but it didn't. It was warm, bordering on too hot, but not quite.

He tapped the cigar once more before sitting back. She moved her palms to Zack and he repeated the motion. Slowly, she took the ash and moved her hands from side to side, gasping as the heated areas broke apart, the warmth slowly dissipating as the embers began to cool just a little.

"Good girl," Noah sighed and her arousal deepened. She had pleased him.

“Put your hands together now. I want you to feel it,” Zack ordered and she whined quietly as she obeyed. Nervously, she pressed her palms together and moaned as the embers smoldered between her hands. Zack took her wrist then and held her hands together between his fingers. She whined at the heat it generated and at the dark smoky look in his eyes. It was almost as though he enjoyed watching her suffer and she shivered at the realization. Eventually, after a long moment, the ash cooled and she breathed a sigh of relief as he released her hands from his grasp.

Noah then pointed to a wide gold vase and she crawled over to it, keeping her hands together so she didn't drop anything on the floor. She wiped off her palms into the vase and returned to her masters. Over the next hour or so, she repeated this motion, coming to love the ceremony of the entire scene.

In the quiet, she spent much of the time in a state of floaty self-reflection. She very much liked serving her masters, but she liked pleasing them that much more. She breathed in the woodsy smoke and allowed herself to enjoy it. Her body throbbed, wanting their hands on her once again. Without a doubt, her pussy was soaked with her juices. There would be no denying that fact. Her nipples were hard little buds jutting out from the peaks of her breasts and her skin was flushed pink.

They had her collect ash a few more times and she calmly enjoyed just relaxing in their presence. When they had finished their cigars and she had disposed of all the ashes, Noah got up and gave her a warm, wet towel in order to cleanse her hands.

“I want you to go to the bedroom now and wait for us. I want your ass facing the door on your knees. Place your cheek on the floor. If I am displeased with your position, you'll be spanked and thoroughly punished. Go now,” Noah ordered as he took the towel from her.

She moved to get up to her feet but Zack's hand on her shoulder stopped her.

“I want you to crawl,” he whispered.

Sliding back down to her hands and knees, she moved forward down the hall, knowing that the two of them could see every bare and naked inch of her body. She shuddered with humiliation, knowing that they would discover just how aroused she was.

When she arrived in the bedroom, she knelt on the soft fur rug beneath her. Leaning downward, she placed her cheek on the floor and arched her

back, lifting her ass impossibly high in the air.

She relaxed there for what seemed like forever before she heard footsteps moving down the hall. Desperately, she wanted to look back to see their faces, to guess what they were thinking, but she didn't, knowing that they expected her complete obedience.

Her body felt feverishly hot, warming as she felt their eyes on her body.

"Look at the pretty pink pussy," Noah said and she shivered.

"Reach behind and spread those cheeks for your masters. Show us your naughtiest hole, pet," Zack said expectantly. Her stomach seemed to drop to the floor at his words.

Her fingers slowly edged up her thighs and glided against the vulnerable skin of her bottom. With a deep shaky breath, she gripped her cheeks and spread them apart, slowly with some hesitation. An inherent sense of shame intermingled with pleasure rocked her senses and she reeled from it.

Footsteps sounded close to her ears and she tried her best not to move a single muscle. Despite her efforts, her pussy clenched at their power over her. Rough fingertips grazed against her sensitive skin and she shuddered.

"She's soaked. Look at her wet, greedy little cunt—wanting more after we serviced her already this morning," Noah said and she trembled.

A loud smack rang out and she yelped as the flat of a hand smacked her backside.

"Wider," Zack commanded and she obeyed with a soft whimper.

Squeezing her eyes shut, she pulled her cheeks apart as wide as she could and shuddered with her shame. As she trembled beneath her men on the floor, she was further reminded of exactly who was in charge.

Arms wrapped around her waist and lifted her on top of the bed. She was quickly deposited on her stomach. When hands moved between her bottom cheeks, she couldn't help but jump and try to escape the humiliating touch.

"Bad pet. You don't get to say no to your owners," Noah admonished.

Hands held her down as he began to spank her. Her bottom burned under his constant assault, slap after slap landing on the lower curves of her ass and down her thighs. She squealed at the sudden sting and tried to kick away, but it didn't help. His spanks met the target every time.

"Now I'm going to have to punish this naughty bottom hole, inside and out," Noah scolded and she shivered. Her ass felt achy and sore as he spread her cheeks and she had to do everything in her power not to flinch and clench

her bottom to stop his explorations.

A cool slippery liquid spurted over her tight rim and she keened with anxiousness.

She heard him unbuckle his belt and she moved to turn to look when Zack captured her face in his hands. He wouldn't allow her to see what Noah was doing and it both unnerved and excited her. He pulled her cheeks even wider and she felt the head of his cock press at her forbidden channel.

Wide-eyed, the realization of his intentions suddenly became very clear. Not only had he spanked her, but he intended to claim her bottom hole in a way that she had never experienced before. Swallowing heavily, she whined as he pressed against her, steadily and without mercy. She felt herself begin to stretch, similar to the tails she had worn before, but his erection was proving to be much bigger. His girth opened her wide and she bit her lip at the painful, yet pleasurable ache.

When the head of his cock breached into her channel, she keened as he filled her, owning her completely as he slid inside her, deeper and deeper. Her fists gripped the quilt beneath her as he took her, pressing into her until his hips lay flush against the skin of her freshly spanked backside.

He pulled out slowly and slid back in a few times before taking her even harder. His hips pounded against hers, demanding, relentless, and ruthless. She wanted to hate it, wanted to hide away in embarrassment to know that she had been taken in such a shameful manner, but her body said differently.

Noah's hands gripped her hips and he fucked her harder than ever. Zack pulled her face up to his and devoured her in a kiss that left her reeling. His beard ticked at her nipples and she smoldered, hot and ready. Lust blazed from a deep unsettling place and she moaned into his mouth. Her pussy clamped down and she shook with passion and arousal.

"You will not come without permission, pet," Noah cautioned her.

Trembling, she shuddered with pleasure, every nerve on fire and she tried her best to obey him, but it was so hard. Despite her reluctance to accept that she might actually enjoy being taken in such a wild and wanton way, the more he fucked her, the more she came to realize that she might like it.

Noah lifted her hips a little and reached underneath her, pinching her clit hard. At that moment, his cock began to vibrate within her bottom and she moaned.

"Come," he commanded and her body reacted almost instantaneously.

Blinded by her release, she shuddered against the bed. Her back arched, causing his cock to stroke her insides even deeper than before and she screamed in both shame and delight.

He groaned behind her and she keened as his hot seed spurted inside her. She came again, her nipples hardening painfully tight as Zack pulled her hair roughly and Noah rode her hard. She felt used, claimed, yet utterly satisfied.

When Noah pulled out of her, she moaned in disappointment. He cleansed her briefly, wiping away the evidence of their coupling with a warm wet cloth.

“You’ve earned a nap, pet. You can curl up in the bed for a little while,” Zack said, quickly depositing her under the covers. She was asleep within seconds, feeling relaxed and sated.

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## Chapter Eight

Zack ran his fingers along the line of his beard. They had stayed with Isabella in bed for a short while until they were sure she had fallen asleep. She had displayed the perfect behavior for a service pet, which confused him a little considering how well she had done during her pony training. Was it possible they'd found a pet that was adept at all three types of pet play? Such women were so rare that it was almost considered a myth.

He met Noah's gaze and knew he was thinking the same thing. Tomorrow's training would include kitten play for her and he was cautiously excited to see the results.

While Isabella was napping, the two of them busied themselves for a few hours with chores around the compound, including tending to the ponies and kittens in their enclosures. Zack made a point to stay a little longer and observe how Becky was fitting in and was pleased with the results so far.

A large pile of kittens was cuddled together, tending to each other with licks and pets. Becky caught sight of him and crawled over toward him, slinking seductively with every movement. He reached down to stroke the top of her head and she nuzzled his hand with a soft purr.

"How are you getting along with the other kittens, Becky? Everything alright?"

"Mhhmmmm, especially now that you're here, sir," she replied, her voice hopeful.

The way she said it unnerved him just a little, but it wasn't enough to raise his hackles.

"I'm glad. I'm bringing in a new kitten tomorrow for training. Will you tell the others to be prepared to take another into the group, to welcome her as though she were one of their own?"

"Yes, sir. Anything you wish," she replied with a sly grin.

"Good kitten. Make sure that they do, or else you'll spend some serious time over my knee," he said, his threat undeniably clear.

He studied her then, but she kept her expression remarkably smooth. She'd done well under Noah's punishment, but Zack still felt a sense of suspicion around the woman. There was something there that he wasn't seeing yet, and that made him both nervous and equally cautious. He'd make sure to watch Becky closely tomorrow when he brought Isabella into the



kitten enclosure.

He filled their bowls with extra milk and water. He took time with each one, making sure to scratch and pet the women in their favorite spots. Noah would say he was spoiling them, but he didn't really care. Reaching into his pocket, he broke up a dark chocolate bar and gave each one a small piece.

When he was finished, he filled the food bowls and turned down the lights, realizing it was getting rather late in the day. He said goodbye and made his way back to the house. Noah was sitting on the couch, reading a book.

"Ponies all set?" Zack asked and his brother nodded in response.

"Yeah, I saw to them. I made sure they were all fed, watered, and happy."

"Good. Remember we have to go to the market in the next couple of days. Some buyers are interested in some of the ponies and a few of the kittens," Zack reminded his brother.

"What if we took Isabella into town?" Noah asked, his tone both thoughtful yet cautious.

"She's so new to pet training, brother; do you think that would be wise?" Zack responded with genuine concern.

"I think she's naturally submissive, yes, but there's something more hiding behind those expressive eyes of hers. I think we need to push her," Noah replied.

"I'm wary of this plan, Noah and I'm surprised you aren't too," Zack chided, feeling uneasy with his brother's change of mind.

"It's not that I'm not afraid for her, don't get me wrong. But I think it would be good for her to teach her high protocol and to allow her to see how some of the other pets are treated. To witness what's expected. To push her," Noah said.

"She's intelligent. You can see it in her eyes. What if we tried to push her more here first? Give her a high protocol kitten day tomorrow and punish her when she doesn't follow our command immediately? See how she responds to real serious discipline first, here in the safety of our compound?" Zack suggested instead.

Noah regarded him with a pensive expression, his eyes darkening by the second.

"If she does well, we'll consider a trip into town sometime soon," his brother said thoughtfully, to which Zack nodded his agreement.

“I’m going to head to bed then,” Zack said with a yawn. Wandering back to the bedroom, he took in the sight of the chocolate-haired beauty curled up in the center of his bed. He leaned against the doorframe and watched as her chest rose up and down with the slightest motion, her eyelids flickering as she dreamt, her face calm and serene like an angel.

He doubted she would be prepared for them in the morning. It was likely she’d have to be punished for multiple infractions. They’d have to stop being so lenient with her if they ever wanted to take her out in public. She had more freedom than many of their pets; that he was sure of. She would hesitate to follow orders and still showed signs of rebelliousness, although in a quiet and demure kind of way. He sighed. They would have to break her for her own good.

Zack and Noah had always been gentle trainers, only using harsh methods when necessary. They preferred to take more time with each pet and were well known for producing exceptionally trained women for sale at the market.

Curiosity about her true nature was pushing them to move faster than they usually did. If she was truly a gifted pet, she could make them rich. They’d never have to work again. The very wealthy would pay out the nose for her; that he was sure of.

But was it worth it? Did they really want to sell this beautiful woman? Could they?

He moved forward and into bed with her, pulling her warm body against his. Even in her sleep, she curled her body into him, unconsciously fitting her form perfectly against his. Struggling to quiet a low moan as she pressed her naked buttocks against his cock, he clamped his lips shut and instead focused on the aroma of her freshly washed hair as he drifted off to sleep. Later that night, he felt the shift of the mattress as Noah came to bed. The two of them curled around the beautiful woman, sharing her between them just as they liked.

The next morning, Isabella awoke to find herself encompassed by male heat. Zack was sleeping behind her and Noah laid there in front of her. She smiled softly, remembering the events of the past few days. She wasn’t quite settled in her role, but the two of them had made transitioning from Earth to this new planet Dayhari easier than she thought it would be.

It still felt a bit strange to be owned by an alien male, to know that women on their planet simply existed as pets and to submit to their every

whim, but she was trying her best. She was still willfully independent and they hadn't forced her to do anything yet that she deemed as truly immoral, only slightly shameful. She grinned internally at the wicked memories of the past few days.

Yawning, she tried to stretch a little without disturbing the men, but failed. She felt Zack's hands on her naked body as Noah reached forward with his hands and tweaked her nipples hard, all with his eyes still shut.

Squeaking from the sudden ache, she flinched back toward Zack, who had weeded his hand into her hair. He tugged harshly and brought his lips to hers, devouring her in a sultry kiss that left her reeling.

"Go freshen up, kitten. We're going to have fun with you today," Noah whispered, his tone sending shivers down her spine. Zack released her hair then and she crawled out from under the covers. She walked hurriedly into the bathroom, taking care of her needs quickly, an odd feeling settling in the pit of her stomach.

She was genuinely nervous. She brushed her teeth and her hair and looked at herself in the mirror. Wild eyes stared back at her, curious, nervous, rebellious, and obedient all at the same time.

"Hurry up in there, kitten, we don't have all day," Zack said, his voice light yet carrying a dangerous undertone that left her thighs quivering in both desire and fear.

What was going to happen today?

When she finally convinced herself to return to the bedroom, both men were dressed and looked as though they had gotten ready much faster than she did. Biting her lip, she stared back at them for a long moment before Noah moved toward her.

Still completely naked, she shivered, his tall and shadowy presence overtaking all her senses. With a heavy, anxious swallow, she waited while he removed something from a nearby armoire. When he moved back toward her, he motioned for her to lift her leg, and threaded a black strappy pair of panties up her thighs. Pulling it into place, he was gentle, yet rough at the same time as he dressed her. Next, he laced up a leather bra up around her chest, lifting her breasts up high. For once, her nipples were covered. The panties were open in the back though, and she had little doubt that she was going to be outfitted with a tail very soon.

He took off her collar and replaced it with a much thicker one that looked as if it was lace, but upon closer inspection, she realized it was also

leather. There was a large O-ring at the center of her neck. He clicked a matching leash around it and tugged her forward.

Having her sit down on the bed, he pulled soft leather boots up and over her knees. The boots had a slight heel and were all black and came up to about mid-thigh.

“On your hands and knees, kitten. Reach back and spread those naughty bottom cheeks for your owners,” Noah directed.

Opening her eyes wide in embarrassment, she shook her head. She couldn't do such a shameful act for them, it was too much. Way too much. She didn't know how she had done it the day before. In fact, she was appalled at herself for doing such a naughty thing.

Noah and Zack exchanged a look between them, instantly causing her stomach to feel as though it plunged down to her toes. Noah dropped his hands to his waist and grasped the buckle of his belt and her mouth went dry. She backed up a few steps until she encountered a wall as he slid the leather through the metal clasp. Slowly, he removed the belt from his waist and folded it over in two. When he snapped the belt in his hands, she jumped.

“Such a bad little kitten. Refusing to take her tail in her bottom... Bad kittens get whipped by their masters when they don't obey,” Noah said quietly, but his voice sounded thunderous to her ears. Her bottom clenched, keenly aware that she was wearing only a pair of panties and little else.

Zack moved to the side of the bed and placed a pillow in the center. He moved quickly to her and grasped her around the waist. She had nowhere to run and tried to kick away from him, but to no avail. His massive hands surrounded her hips, pressing her small body against his shoulder. She was keenly aware of how vulnerable her bottom felt, up high in the air and she couldn't do anything about it.

He practically tossed her face down, her hips over the pillow lifting her bottom up. Zack quickly divested her bottom of her panties, dragging them down her thighs and baring her to his view. She shivered, the chilly air caressing her naked cheeks.

Zack's fingers glided over her backside, soft as a feather and her muscles tightened in a nervous response.

“Naughty kitten. Now you're going to have to be punished,” Zack chastised softly and she pressed her thighs together, her body betraying her. She knew moisture was gathering between her legs, despite the fact that she was scared of what was about to happen. She turned back to see Noah move

to the side of the bed and jumped as he laid the leather strap across her bottom cheeks.

“Please don’t spank me. I didn’t mean it. I’ll do what you want,” she begged and Noah shook his head.

“Bad little kittens get whipped when they misbehave. I will not tolerate anything but obedience from you, Isabella and now you will learn,” he said as he lifted the belt high into the air. Flinching, she watched the strap sail through the air and when it met the vulnerable flesh of her ass, the sound cracked throughout the room. By the time the second one hit, her shock had worn off and the line of fiery pain blazed across her cheeks with a sudden fierceness that took her breath away. She yelped at the incredible sting and was quickly overwhelmed as lash after lash struck her vulnerable nether cheeks.

Her legs kicked to try to avoid the pain and Zack grabbed her feet, holding her ankles together down on the bed.

“Keep still, kitten,” Noah whispered and her heart fluttered a little.

He paused for a long moment, admiring his handiwork and she bit her lip hard. He smiled and she shivered at the dark excitement in his eyes. Reaching forward, he lightly scraped his nails against her skin and she cried out as the sharp ends reignited the fire across her punished flesh. Arching her back, she couldn’t help but tremble a little bit as her muscles tensed with a confusing mixture of pleasure and pain.

“Please, Master Noah,” she pleaded, but she knew it was falling on deaf ears.

She keened as he moved away and brought the belt down on her bottom once again. He whipped her more harshly than before and in no time at all, she was fighting back tears from his discipline. Her own body continued to betray her, as the wetness between her thighs continued to gather. The first tears fell out of frustration and confusion, trying to understand why she could be so turned on but in so much pain at the same time.

Completely dominated by her two men, she began to sob, vowing not to refuse to obey them ever again. Still the belt fell, cutting across her entire bottom and edging down onto the sensitive flesh of her upper thighs.

It was then that something clicked within her and allowed her to relax. Her legs no longer tried to kick and Zack released her as all the tension left her body. She laid there and accepted their lash, knowing that they had control and she didn’t. Her fists relaxed and released the quilt she had been

holding with white knuckles and her back arched, lifting her bottom high for his punishment.

She cried and moaned as one stroke blended into the next. Her body floated as the pain faded into a gentle soreness, the passion inside her overtaking her senses like a tidal wave. Caught up in a vortex of desire, she was lost completely and utterly by lust.

Her hips rocked forward and her clit scraped the pillow beneath her. Over and over she did this, until she was on the edge of release, the belt still whipping her bottom, or so she thought.

Gasping, she reeled in shock when a strong pair of arms lifted her up high so that she was on her knees.

“You do not have permission to come, kitten,” Zack whispered and she whined at his admonishment. Her entire body hummed with need. She’d been so close, she only needed another second and her world would have burned hot with her orgasm.

“Please. Please, let me come,” she begged.

“Spread those cheeks for us, kitten,” Noah commanded and she whimpered. The belt whipped across the lower curve of her bottom, just kissing the engorged lips of her pussy and she cried out in both total pain and desire. She rushed to reach back and grip her cheeks, spreading herself for her masters. Her entrance clenched in desperation to be filled, to be taken and conquered by her men and she moaned, awash in an intoxicating mixture of shame, lust, and agony.

“Such a naughty kitten. Now you’re going to get a punishment tail instead of one meant for daily training. We’re going to discipline this bottom inside and out for your disobedient behavior,” Zack said and her backside tensed with anxiety.

He reached forward and tapped her bottom hole with his finger a few times, almost as though he was spanking it. She groaned with embarrassment and whined when he began to spread a slippery solution on her tight, reluctant rim of muscle. He picked up a large black plug with a long flowy fur tail and showed it to her.

“Now, be a good kitten and take it with grace. Understand?” Zack demanded and she nodded, whispering a simple “yes, sir” under her breath, her sore backside reminding her to be obedient.

The plug pressed against her forbidden channel, sliding in slowly. The tip was narrow and flared out at the base. The further it pushed into her, the

more it stretched her until it started to become painful. The base of the tail was wider than anything she'd ever taken into her secret entrance and the foreign stretching sensation left her reeling. She cried out, trying not to clench her muscles against its inescapable journey inside her.

Her hands still held her cheeks wide for them and her thighs quivered, her arousal building between her thighs. She had little doubt that both Noah and Zack could see just how turned on she was and she squeezed her eyes shut in shame.

The plug pressed further, stretching her wider than ever and she fought tears back at the disgraceful burning feeling.

"Please," she begged, yet the plug still pushed on.

At last, after what seemed like ages, it popped inside her. Her bottom hole clenched around the flared base, which held it in place so that she couldn't push it out or dislodge it in any way. Her masters had truly sent her a message that they owned her in every way and she groaned at the realization.

The plug was heavy, reminding her at every moment that they had decided that she needed punishment for not listening. The soft fur brushed against her leg and she quivered at its comforting touch. Noah scraped his nails against her sore cheeks and she moaned at the sudden intensity of both pain and pleasure as they overwhelmed all her senses.

Zack pulled her leather panties up and over her punished ass and she squealed as the material reignited her soreness even further. He pulled her tail through the opening in the back and she trembled, imagining the picture in her head of her bottom cheeks parted with a long kitty tail. Her pussy felt the caress of the chilly air, still open though the crotch-less design of the lingerie.

Noah rethreaded his belt around his waist while Zack lifted her and deposited her on the floor on her hands and knees. He knelt down and pulled a glove onto each of her hands. The pair was fingerless, protecting her palms from the floor yet leaving her fingers free. Lastly, he pulled a leather mask over her eyes. When she touched the top of the mask, she felt the pointy tips of ears. With a soft cry, she recognized he had just given her kitten ears.

"You'll spend the day on your knees, kitten. I expect you to crawl for us," Noah instructed expectantly. He knelt down and gripped the leash attached to her throat and urged her forward. Not wanting to experience any further punishment, she followed him willingly, grateful for the leather protecting her palms and knees from the floor. He guided her out of the bedroom at a slow pace, allowing her to get used to the idea of crawling for

him. They entered the kitchen and he looped the end of the leash on a hook on the wall that she hadn't noticed before.

Noah opened a cupboard and removed a bowl. Looking firmly back at her, he opened the fridge to retrieve a bag of food that looked a lot like a bag of cat kibble. He poured it into the bowl and put it on the floor in front of her. He also poured a bowl of milk and placed it beside the kitten food.

"What is this?" she asked hesitantly and her stomach growled loudly in protest. She couldn't eat that, right? She shuddered, her mouth opening in shock as she stared back at him, but she didn't dare utter a word.

"Eat. Now, kitten," Noah demanded.

Looking back between him and the food, she bit her lip. Her bottom still ached from her belting and the plug sat heavily in her forbidden channel, reminding her of just how harsh they could be. If she disobeyed, they would punish her again, that she was sure of. She didn't know if her poor backside could handle more of their discipline. Swallowing her pride as much as she could, she sighed and moved toward the bowl. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad? She reached forward hesitantly with her fingers and Zack knelt beside her and slapped her hands away.

"Kittens don't use their hands to eat. You're only allowed to use your mouth. Keep all four paws on the floor, Bella," Zack chided her and she pressed her hands to her chest.

"With my mouth?" she whispered, unbelieving.

Noah nodded. "Drink your milk and eat your breakfast. This is the favorite food of all of our kittens, so I promise you will like it," he added curtly.

She stared at the dish for long moment, trying to wrap her mind around the indignity and strangeness of being expected to eat like an animal. The two of them watched her, their presence overwhelmingly commanding and expectant. Noah flexed his hands and her muscles twitched with nervousness. Ultimately, she convinced herself to lean forward, edging her lips closer to the bowl.

The kitten food looked like round little chocolate malt balls, so she tried to imagine that she was just eating sweets. Curling her lips around one, she used her teeth to maneuver it onto her tongue. When she crunched down and began to chew, a powerful explosion of chocolate peanut butter flavor took over her mouth. She moaned at the decadent flavor, instantly craving more. Placing her hands down on either side of the bowl, she ate some more,



distracted from her feelings about what she was being made to do by the indulgent taste.

When she finished, she was surprisingly full. Using her tongue, she licked her fingers and used them to clean her lips. Both Zack and Noah smiled down at her before scratching behind her ears.

“Good little kitten. Now drink some of your milk before we go for a nice walk to the kitten compound. You’ll get to meet some of our other pets in training today,” Zack said with a grin.

Suddenly feeling very thirsty, she leaned forward tentatively. Staring down at the white creamy liquid before her, she ventured her tongue forward and lapped at the milk. She started slowly, curling her tongue to capture as much milk as possible. She groaned at the rich taste and drank her fill, before settling back on her heels. Most of the milk was gone, with only a little bit left at the bottom of the bowl. The two of them looked at her expectantly.

“Thank you, Masters,” she said softly with a gentle smile, hoping that was what they wanted. Noah nodded curtly and Zack rose from his seat. He reached down and petted the top of her head. She sighed at his soft touch.

Zack picked up the dishes off the floor and quickly washed them in the sink. Noah took her leash off the loop on the wall and guided her out of the house and into the warm embrace of the outdoors. The sun shone down on her and she grinned at the warmth, feeling the softness of the grass under her hands.

Gazing back up at the men, her pussy clenched with unmet desire. Since she hadn’t been allowed to come, her entire body thrummed with need. Slinking forward on her hands and knees made her feel sensual and beautiful and the wetness between her thighs showed just how much she was growing to like being a kitten for them.

The leather gloves and the boots protected her delicate skin from any rocks. Although embarrassing to admit, she was rather enjoying her time as their pet. Although harsh, they had always been fair, never punishing her on their whims or abusing their power. They had even been kind and understanding, which she hadn’t expected when she first found out about being sent to Dayhari.

She had to remember to obey them though, because she was quite sure they wouldn’t hesitate a second to bare her bottom again and spank her. Her bottom clenched at the thought. Chewing her lip, she imagined being taken in hand once again. They’d lay her over their knees and bare her backside,

scolding her for misbehaving like a naughty kitten. Her thighs trembled a little at the thought.

A harsh jerk of the leash jolted her forward, distracting her from her wayward thoughts. Noah's eyes narrowed in warning and she hurried forward.

"Sorry, sir," she muttered. Lost in her thoughts, she'd probably paused or slowed down and her stomach dropped at his dark look.

He nodded, before scolding her. "Do it again and I'll have to spank you in front of all the other kittens."

She shivered at the threat, even as she felt her arousal grow between her thighs. How was it possible that she was so turned on by his threats of punishment, especially considering she'd be publicly reprimanded in front of other people?

With a shaky gasp, she had to remind herself not to hold her breath. Moving one limb forward and then another, she followed Noah and Zack, trailing a short distance behind them. She felt totally exposed, the plug heavy in her bottom hole, the tail swishing between her legs and her pussy wet and bare to the open air. Her clit pulsed, reminding her once again that she hadn't been given permission to orgasm yet. As she moved, she felt her wet folds rubbing against one another, drenched with her honey.

They reached a large building not long after, complete with tall glass windows. She saw other kittens sitting in the windows, wearing outfits similar to hers. One was sitting in a sunbeam, dragging a soft brush through her long blonde hair. Her eyes widened with a strange look when she saw the three of them and the woman paused, before resuming her grooming process. Isabella turned away when Noah opened the door, leading her into a big room complete with plush cream-colored carpet. It almost felt as though she was crawling on top of a mattress, it was so soft.

Other women emerged from doors around the room, lurking forward on their hands and knees to greet the three of them. A few of them came over to her and nuzzled their heads against her shoulder. The blonde one that Isabella had seen in the window climbed down and crawled over to the men, rubbing against their legs just like she imagined a cat would have done.

The room was covered with soft pillows and round beds large enough for a few of them to sleep in. There was a small tiled area where sets of bowls lined the walls. In one corner of the rooms was a series of ramps and landings that allowed the women to climb up and relax up above them. Isabella looked

up and saw a few of them napping in the different areas of the kitten play scape. Others cuddled together lazily in the room before them.

A few soft meows met her ears.

“How are my kittens today? Everyone behaving?” Zack prodded with a grin.

One woman crawled forward, the black mask covering her eyes and nose, ears perked up high. Long red hair cascaded down her back, her pale skin glowing in the sunlight. Isabella noticed her bright green eyes, stark in color against the black of her mask.

“Hello, mama kitty. Do we need to punish any kittens today?” Noah asked the women as he knelt down to her. He petted the top of her head and she purred for him.

She nodded and glanced over at a padded bench at the center of the room. Isabella noticed that no one was lounging on it, which seemed a bit strange. She then noticed a small table next to it with a single leather paddle on it. It was then she understood.

The woman nodded and put her chin on Noah’s shoulder. She whispered something into his ear and he nodded gently.

“Thank you, mama kitty. You’ll be rewarded today, but first, I want all the kittens to welcome Isabella here,” he said, jerking his chin in her direction. Then, he turned toward her. “Kitten, lie on your back here, spread your legs good and wide,” he said, pointing to a nearby plush pink bed.

This time, she did as she was told, even though she trembled in shame as she opened her legs to reveal herself to all the women in the room. She shivered. They’d see how wet she was, how turned on she’d been by the whole ordeal.

Noah then reached down and unclipped a clasp at the top of her bra. He pulled the leather away, revealing her pert nipples to the warm air.

“Come here, kittens! Isabella here is in need of a bath. Please clean her as thoroughly as if she was one of your own,” Zack commanded. All the women lifted their heads, smiling back at her with a sultry hunger that gave her the shivers.

Four women crawled forward and grasped her ankles and wrists, holding her in place as a multitude of others joined in. She squeaked when the mama kitty, the one woman who was clearly in charge of the rest, moved in between her legs. Her red hair cascaded down her back, tickling Bella’s thighs when she leaned forward. Isabella focused on her, aware of the fact

that she was very close to her entrance. Other women still continued to surround her, but mama kitty's green eyes held her captive.

Confused, she jumped when mama kitty touched her thigh with her fingertips. Another set of hands held down her knees. The redhead between her legs was the first to move. Her head dipped low and Isabella watched with embarrassed arousal as her tongue darted forward, lapping her honey from her inner thighs.

All at once, it felt like a dozen mouths were against her skin, soft kisses and tongues trailing across her sensitive flesh. She moaned, immediately overwhelmed by sensation. Mama kitty lapped between her thighs, suckling her swollen lips and at once settling on her clit. Her tongue twirled around her hard bud and she shivered with pleasure.

Fingers and mouths gripped at her nipples and white-hot passion flowed through her veins. She knew that both Zack and Noah were watching the kittens pleasure her and a little piece of her delighted in that fact, although she was ashamed to admit it. Moaning loudly, she struggled weakly against the hands holding her down, reveling in the feeling of vulnerability and the lack of control running over her. Her nerves electrified, she keened as mama kitty suckled her clit hard.

"Oh God, please, Masters, let me come," she begged, struggling to hold the pleasure at bay. Every nerve in her body blazed with heat and her core tightened. She felt like she was drifting to a faraway place, yet bound to their ownership. Rough male hands threaded through her hair and around her throat.

"Please," she pleaded, her voice no louder than a whisper.

One of them gripped and pulled her hair hard, forcing her to look up. It was Zack.

"You'll come when I say, kitten," he demanded. Noah was kneeling beside him. His hands were surrounding her throat and he squeezed a little harder as the lust within her intensified. Panting, she quivered under their rule.

She was so close. Just one more second and she would find her release.

"Oh, God. I can't hold back. Please," she implored him.

"If you come without permission, pet, you will be punished," Zack warned and she screamed out in frustration. Every fiber of her being was yearning for release. She needed it, craved it, demanded it.

Her muscles quivered with need and she began to grow desperate. The

mouths, tongues, fingers, and hands all over her were relentless and she was having difficulty focusing.

“I can’t,” she pleaded.

Mama kitty’s fingers prodded at her entrance. At once, they surged forward and Isabella lost all sense of reason. Her orgasm slammed over her with enough force that her back arched cleanly off the bed. She burned hot with her lust, her muscles tensing with her passion. Mama kitty’s fingers stroked her hard and fast, twirling and turning inside her. The woman drew her orgasm out, goading her release to continue on into the next.

Her senses on overload, she keened loudly. Teeth scraped her nipples and she groaned with pleasure. When her orgasm finally began to fade, one voice rang out above all the others.

“Stop.”

It was Noah. She shivered hard, knowing that she had disobeyed him. She had come without permission. The tone of his voice chilled her to the bone.

Mama kitty drew back and withdrew her fingers from Isabella’s pussy. All the kittens retreated, leaving Isabella there alone on the bed on her back. Zack knelt next to her and she trembled as he lifted the leash off the floor. Standing to his full height, he pulled her to her hands and knees, leading her to the padded bench at the center of the room.

She fought him, her eyes distinctly aware of the leather paddle sitting on the table beside it. In no time at all, he reached the dreaded bench and sat down. Grasping for her, he quickly deposited her over his knee and bared her bottom. He tucked her tail to the side and started spanking her right away.

His smacks were harsh and took her breath away from the start. She struggled and kicked, but his palm found the mark every time. He focused heavily on the place where her bottom met her thighs and he had her muttering cries and apologies in no time at all. Panting, she yelled out her displeasure yet still he spanked her.

“You will listen, kitten. Now you’ve earned a spanking in front of all the other pets. They get to see you punished like a naughty little cat,” he chastised and she whined. She looked out and realized that an audience had gathered in front of her. Shamed, she felt the blood rise to her face as she flushed.

“Not only are you going to be paddled in front of all the kittens, but you’re going to show them what happens to naughty pussies that come

without permission,” he scolded and she squirmed over his lap.

All of a sudden, the sting of his spanks intensified and she realized that he had picked up the leather paddle. Her bottom was still awfully sore from her punishment with his belt earlier that day and it didn't take long for her to feel like a truly naughty pet over her master's knees.

Fighting off tears was useless and before long, she was sobbing and apologizing. She begged for forgiveness, but still the paddle fell. She was given a brief respite when Zack grasped her around the waist and stood, carefully placing her on her elbows and knees on top of the bench. He positioned her thighs so that they were spread apart, her panties sliding down to her ankles.

Ashamed, but oddly aroused, she noticed he had paused. She saw Noah watching, only a few steps away from both her and Zack. She wanted to plead for his mercy, but she knew that he would fully support his brother in what was happening to her.

“Look at that naughty pussy, on display for everyone to see,” Zack said loudly and she shivered with her embarrassment. “Go ahead, kittens. Go get a closer look. That bad little clit is about to get spanked.”

Her head jolted up as the flat of his palm connected with her swollen and aroused lips, the pain overwhelming her in an instant. After a long moment, the soreness turned into a pulsing ache and Isabella wasn't sure if it hurt anymore or if it had turned into something more pleasurable. Confused, she waited.

He spanked her pussy again and the sound that echoed was one of a wet slap and she groaned as her face flushed even hotter.

It hurt a lot, yet the burn was quickly turning into something that was a mind-altering mixture of both pleasure and pain. The feeling was a heady one and she arched her spine so that he had easier access to her.

She panted as he slapped her again and again till he paused with her swollen pussy in his palm. He circled her clit slowly and she groaned.

“Are you going to disobey me again, kitten?” he asked, leaning down so that his breath drifted against her ear. Shivering, she shook her head.

He spanked her pussy more harshly then and she quickly opened her mouth to correct her mistake.

“No, sir. I'll listen, I promise. Please, Master Zack, I'll be good,” she whispered, her voice laced with desire and pain. She wanted him to stop, but then again, she really didn't. Confused, she quivered as he grasped her pussy

again, pressing upon her clit and making her entire body hum and call for him.

He was slow and deliberate, putting enough pressure just to tease her but not to push her over the edge. He circled her clit as his lips pressed against her shoulder. He nipped her harshly but she was already too far gone for it to hurt.

She rode his hand, urged on by the fact that an entire room of women was watching Zack ravish her, punish her, and bring her pleasure. Noah moved closer and his rough hands ran up and down her back as her hips undulated, rocking back and forth as her moans and cries grew louder and louder. Growing more and more desperate, her thighs quivered with effort.

“Please, please, please,” she panted, nearly delirious from her lust.

Zack moved in front of her and took her chin in his hands.

“Come now, kitten,” Noah whispered and Zack pinched her clit, hard.

It was what she needed, what she craved at that very moment. Her bottom hot, her pussy warm and still stinging from Zack’s slaps, she caved in as her orgasm hit her like a rockslide.

Every muscle in her body tensed and quivered as Noah pulled her into a sultry kiss, devouring her moans and screams of pleasure. Rocking back and forth, she rode Zack’s fingers as he dragged every ounce of pleasure that he could out of her.

Zack’s hand pulled away and she whined, before a hot velvety hardness pressed at her entrance. She keened with excitement and pushed backward a little, anxious for him to take her. The bench was at the perfect height, her pussy ready to be taken by her masters.

She wasn’t kept waiting as his cock slammed into her, taking her in one quick, long stroke. Screaming out in both pain and pleasure, she could do nothing but take him. He took her hard and fast, fucking her from behind with a furious demand. Noah stood in front of her and unclasped his belt, freeing his own erection from his dark-colored pants.

They didn’t ask. They took. Pressing the head of his cock into her mouth, Noah gripped the hair at the nape of her neck and fucked her mouth as he pleased. Used from both the front and the back, she moaned around his massive girth, hurtling quickly toward another orgasm as they claimed her as theirs utterly and completely. The plug in her bottom made him feel even larger than before.

Gagging as Noah’s cock caressed the back of her throat, she did her

best to catch her breath when she could. She moaned, feeling her own release battling to overtake her once again. From behind, Zack slammed into her over and over, and Noah's cock speared deeper and deeper into her throat. She shook with effort, before it all became too much. Her orgasm slammed through her once again and she quaked as her pussy clamped down over the massive girth fucking her from behind. She sucked the cock in her mouth, doing her best to pleasure Noah as well.

At the same time, Zack's fingers tightened on her hips and she felt his hot seed coat against her insides. Noah jerked forward hard once, then twice before his own cum spurted down onto her tongue. She did her best to swallow every drop.

Used in the best possible way, she shuddered from the last tendrils of orgasm as her two men pulled their cocks from her orifices excruciatingly slowly. She shook with effort to hold herself up, before a mountain of kittens surrounded her. They lifted her and placed her in a blanket, giving her their warmth and comfort.

After a long moment, Zack lifted her from the floor and curled her into his chest. She had lost her panties at some point in the process, but she didn't care in the slightest. Noah unlaced the masked kitten ears from her head and pulled them away. Her two men pressed soft kisses to her forehead and she sighed in contentment.

"Now, that was a very good kitten," Noah whispered and she couldn't help but smile in return. Zack sat down on the bench and Noah sat beside them. Zack massaged the hair on top of her head while Noah gently rubbed her feet.

She mewed with pleasure as her eyes shut in exhaustion. Their strong hands gently kneaded and rubbed her sensitive skin, lulling her into a state of sleepy euphoria. Before she knew it, she was drifting off and they were carrying her out of the kitten compound. She was asleep before the three of them made it back into the bedroom to settle in for the evening.



## Chapter Nine

The next morning, she awoke in bed with her men. They rewarded her with soft demanding kisses, one after the other. She smiled demurely, filled with happiness and joy at waking up, safe and sound in their arms. She felt like she was glowing from the events of her last few training days. Unbelievably so, she was settling into her new life much faster than she ever thought she would. Both Zack and Noah treated her with kindness, tenderness, and a strong hand when she disobeyed, but that wasn't necessarily a bad thing. In fact, she kind of liked it. No. That wasn't the right word. When she really thought about it, she realized that she loved it.

She recognized that at some point they had undressed her and she was completely bare underneath the sheets. Stretching a little, she brushed against soft chest hair on either side of her and glanced between them. They both had a soft smirk on their lips.

"Isabella, even first thing in the morning, you're a beauty to behold," Zack murmured and she felt herself blush.

"Mhhmmmm, and she tastes just as good as she looks," Noah said playfully as he nibbled on her shoulder.

"I bet I could find her tastiest spot," Zack replied darkly, his hand dipping between her legs, making her moan softly.

She couldn't help but giggle a little bit at their banter. The two of them molded around her, leaving her breathless in a matter of seconds with their gentle touches and delicious kisses. It was as though they couldn't get enough of her and she reveled in their attentions.

They kissed her with such tenderness that she couldn't help but become aroused. One of them squeezed her ass and she keened as it ignited the lingering soreness from the day before. She felt her wetness drip onto her thighs and she turned toward Zack. His nakedness was pressed up against her thigh and it took him little effort to slide right into her entrance, slick as it was with her honey.

Behind her, Noah pressed against her tight bottom hole, and it was then that she realized that they had also removed the tail from between her cheeks sometime the day before. Her juices had gathered between her legs and he reached down and spread it over her tight rosette. Then, he pressed slowly into her and she keened, full of Zack's cock and feeling the entry of Noah's

member into her backside.

So terribly full, she moaned, feeling the painful stretch of Noah's girth into her bottom hole. He went slowly, allowing her to get used to his size and enjoy the journey. When he was fully seated inside her forbidden channel, she closed her eyes in ecstasy, feeling both the burning and stretching sensation as it intermingled with her rising pleasure.

Zack then pulled out while Noah pressed into her. The two of them fucked her in sync, and she moaned, her body slowly simmering to a heated boil. She quivered and shook in their embrace, as they tenderly led her to the edge of the cliff of release and back.

"Oh God, please. I want to come on your cocks. Please give me permission, Masters," she begged. In their gentleness and their harshness, they had claimed her heart utterly and completely.

"Come for us, pet. Come hard," Zack whispered sensuously in her ear and she shuddered hard against them. As though her body was in tune with his command, her release shattered her, washing away every single one of her defenses. Leaning backward, she moaned and kissed Noah as Zack slid his lips across her neck. Her hips rocked back and forth as they fucked her faster and her orgasm took her higher than ever.

White-hot blazing tendrils of desire burned through her and she quivered from the intensity of it. She felt both her men shudder beside her, before they coated her insides with their seed and she came again in their arms.

Moaning softly, her eyes fluttered open and both of them captured her in a soft kiss.

"Such a good little pet we've found," Noah murmured.

"Mhhmmm, I agree. Think we can keep this one, brother?" Zack responded with a sly grin. His words caused her heart to skip a beat. Full of hope, she looked between them.

"Yes? Please? I'd like to stay with you," she pleaded and proceeded to hold her breath out of nervousness.

"I think it's something that can be arranged. Our little pet is a special find. Priceless, I think. We could never fetch a high enough price for such a special beauty," Noah whispered while looking directly into her eyes.

She squealed with glee and grinned so hard her cheeks hurt.

"Thank you, Masters. I won't disappoint you!" she exclaimed.

"Now, where's the fun in that," Zack teased next to her and she

giggled.

“What kind of pet would you like to be today, Isabella?” Noah asked, while kissing her softly on the forehead. Her insides fluttered with delight and she felt as though she was glowing.

“I’d like to be whatever type of pet serves you best, sirs,” she replied and was rewarded with a proud smile from Noah.

“Good girl, you’ve learned so much already. I’m so proud of you. You’ll be a kitten for us, pet. We have some duties to attend to today, so I want you to prepare yourself with Zack this morning while I attend to my notes. You’ll get to see some wayward kittens spanked today and if you behave, your own bottom will be given leave to recover from yesterday’s attention. How does that sound?” Noah said with a slight smile. His tone conveyed his expectation that she obey without question and something inside her awoke with excitement.

“That sounds interesting, sir,” she replied quietly, secretly excited over the fact that she could watch her men dish out discipline. She felt herself moisten at the thought.

The three of them cuddled closely for some time longer before climbing out of bed, if a bit reluctantly. Noah went off first to get ready, leaving her with Zack. She curled into his easy embrace. A short time later, he sighed and declared it was time to get out of bed. She groaned and he smirked back at her.

“Is there a possibility,” she began, “there might be a cup of coffee with breakfast this morning?” she asked as she drew her finger down the light hairs on his chest. She flicked her eyes upward to meet his and she smiled demurely back at him.

“That could be arranged,” he replied with a grin. He stole one last all-consuming kiss, before pulling her out of bed. He helped her into the restroom, brushing her hair as she brushed her teeth. He brought her into the shower with him, taking extra care to shampoo and condition her long locks and cleanse her skin of the morning activities.

“Look at you, already a spoiled pet,” he jokingly chided with a chuckle and she flushed as he reached down in between her legs. Pressing her against the tile of the shower, he coaxed her to come on his fingers as she shuddered against him.

Her knees weak, she was grateful as he supported her and rinsed her of any residual soapy bubbles. When they finally emerged from the shower, he

brushed her hair out gently, untangling any knots with such tenderness that she felt herself melting for him.

Then, he helped her into her kitten garb, and this time, she climbed on top of the bed without provocation. She grabbed her cheeks and was relieved to have the daily tail inserted into her bottom, rather than the one she'd had the day before. It was heavy, and reminded her of her owners' control over her, but it didn't hurt quite as much on the way in.

After that, he guided her feet into her boots and clasped the collar around her throat. When she was fully outfitted, he clipped the leash to her and she fell to her knees. It felt more natural this time, easier as she followed him and she couldn't deny the fact that it completed something within her that she had never been aware of before.

Noah was in the kitchen and she ate her food out of the dish like she had done the day before, but the two men allowed her to drink a cup of sweetened coffee with her hands instead of milk, although with her kneeling beside them on the floor.

She didn't mind though in the slightest. She'd always enjoyed a cup a coffee and especially so when someone made it light and sweet just the way she liked. The three of them had a quiet easiness as Noah completed reviewing his paperwork and Zack discussed things with him from time to time. She leaned against Noah's knee and he let her, as she slowly sipped the creamy goodness of her morning coffee.

When she finished, she reached up and placed her mug on the table.

"Want anymore, pet?" Zack asked as he scratched behind her ear. She purred easily into his touch, but shook her head.

"Thank you, sir. It was delightful," she replied. Zack reached for her leash then, leading her outdoors. With a sigh, she looked up into the blue cloudless sky and felt the sunlight kiss her bare flesh.

"You like being outdoors, pet?" Zack questioned and she nodded.

"Yes, sir. I can't help but feel so free today," she said softly, keeping her eyes on the ground.

"I'm happy to hear that. You've found your happy place with us. You've discovered your freedom in your submission," he replied and she couldn't help but agree. The two of them slowly wandered toward the kitten enclosure in a slow, but easy stride, neither of them rushing to arrive. She crawled behind him as she was expected to, but it no longer felt as though she was beneath him, but with him.

When they reached the kitten compound, he sat down and pulled her up into his lap. They sat there for a little while as they waited for Noah, just enjoying each other's company.

"I didn't expect to be punished by you yesterday," she ventured. "I thought you were the nice one," she then added jokingly.

He pinched her bottom and she squealed.

"You were naughty. I had to handle that," he whispered in her ear and she quivered. "I'll do it again too, just to remind you who's in charge here."

"Do you have to punish some of the other kittens?" she finally asked, her curiosity getting the best of her. He nodded into her shoulder.

"One of the kittens, Becky, got into an altercation with another pet. We've had trouble with her before, but she's been well behaved for the most part recently. Noah will probably bring the wooden paddle with him this time, to really teach her a lesson though," he replied casually.

Isabella shivered, imagining the terrible wooden implement meeting her own backside in punishment. Chewing her lip, she vowed never to disobey her men to earn such a punishment. Instead, she tried to change the subject, veering away from thoughts of painful discipline to a safer point of discussion, their planet.

"Can you tell me a little about your world? What's it like?" she questioned further, hoping the easiness between them would make him open up to her even more than before.

"It's a long story and one you'll eventually experience when we take you into the city, but as you've learned, all women here on Dayhari are owned as pets and are expected to follow certain rules. There are police that help enforce these guidelines, and as your masters, we are expected to keep up with them. Should a pet be found that breaks these policies, they can be taken from us and be sentenced to the Outside. It's not a good place for pets, from the stories we've heard anyway," he explained and she looked back at him.

"What's it like?" she pressed.

"It's not a nice place. It's meant to break pets who don't obey their masters."

"That doesn't sound good," she murmured.

"Sometimes those police officers will come inspect our property here. We try our best to train our women and for the most part, we've had tremendous success. Most of the pets here will be sold at a high price at

auction, and at some point, you'll get to see one," he said while pushing her drying hair off her shoulder.

"Are they all happy? The pets you've trained?" she questioned.

He nodded into her shoulder.

"With every woman we sell, we make sure to follow up with mandatory sessions after her purchase. We bring her into a room with just the two of us and if she is unhappy in any way, we take her back. It's part of our contract. Even before sale though, we make sure to screen potential buyers heavily, before they purchase one of our girls. We pride ourselves in placing each pet into the perfect home," he responded with a sense of pride and she couldn't help but smile.

"I'm happy to hear that," she replied, lifting her head and noticing that Noah was walking down the path in their direction.

When he eventually joined them, he grinned and unlocked the door as the three of them went inside. Isabella crawled behind them with her head held high and her tail swishing between her legs. When the three of them walked into the main room, all the kittens greeted them with smiles, meows, and soft purrs. Isabella nuzzled them as they brushed against her, feeling a sort of camaraderie with all the women there. She'd experienced a lot in their company and they were there to support her as well. She liked that very much.

"Becky?" Zack called out and the blonde who was grooming herself in the window yesterday crawled forward toward them. Mama kitty curled around Isabella and held her close while the men worked with the rest of the girls. It was then that she noticed the light wooden paddle clipped to Noah's belt and she swallowed heavily, knowing that Becky was in for it.

Mama kitty took Isabella's leash and led her over to a nearby bed. She lay down and held Isabella close, not allowing her to venture away even the slightest inch.

"Be calm, little kitten. The masters must remind some kittens who is in charge," Mama kitty explained quietly and Isabella allowed herself to relax in the woman's arms.

She watched as Noah took a seat and Zack guided the blonde-haired kitten over his brother's knee. Zack pulled down Becky's panties, baring her bottom for the entire room to see as he moved her kitten tail out of the way.

For a long moment, Isabella admired the pale curves of the woman's bottom cheeks before Noah lit into it with the wooden paddle. The entire

room was silent, almost as though everyone could feel the seriousness of the transgression. He didn't spend any time warming her bottom, preparing her for his discipline, instead electing to use the paddle from the start.

It was the first time that Isabella had seen either of the brothers use a wooden implement and it wasn't long before Becky was crying and sobbing over Noah's knees. Her pale backside went from a gorgeous alabaster white to a brilliant red in a matter of minutes. Both Zack and Noah scolded her throughout the punishment, and when it finally ended, Becky was sorrowful and apologetic and promised to never start a fight with another kitten again.

Neither of the men moved to reward her after her punishment, leaving her to the whims of the other kittens in the room. A few moved forward to comfort her, but upon further coaxing from the brothers and mama kitty, the rest of the kittens joined in. Mama kitty took Isabella's leash and brought her into the kitten pile, where the rest of them soothed the punished kitten, helping to dry her tears with pets and massages.

After some time, Noah and Zack took their leave and her with them. Isabella spent the rest of the day assisting them in their chores, spending a little time with the ponies as well in the later hours. She couldn't get the image of the two of them taking charge as they had with Becky and she shivered with desire. Passion pooled between her legs and she bit her lip, desiring her own session over their knees. Later that night, she hesitated on purpose, Zack spanked her once again, and the three of them had the most explosive sex afterward. Noah joked about spanking her before bed every night and she couldn't help but tremble with lust at the suggestion.

Over the next few days, they fell into an easy routine, with her bouncing between pet types. Some days she was a pony or a kitten, and others she was strictly a service pet who helped them with their daily duties. She was constantly rewarded for her efforts, yet they still spanked her from time to time to remind her that they were in charge.

She earned the wooden paddle once in the privacy of their bedroom for hesitating to obey their instructions. She sobbed and cried and pleaded for forgiveness and was eventually granted it after she sucked both their cocks, one after another.

They also spanked her from time to time just because they could, and she was expected to accept that they were her owners and she was their pet. She tried to accept their role as graciously as she could, most of the time, but sometimes she kicked and fought along the way. Always, they found a way to

discipline and humble her, reminding her of her rightful place on her knees as their pet beside them.

One day a few weeks later, they began to discuss a trip into the city.

“We’ve avoided it for long enough. We have to go or our potential buyers are going to start to protest our absence at auction,” Noah said and Zack reluctantly agreed.

“I know. We have to decide who to bring for auction. Becky needs to be sold soon. She needs to find her forever home before she gets too attached to us. I think she’s proven that she can be a good kitten recently and we can offer her at a discounted price to perpetuate a bidding war,” he replied. Sitting on the floor beside them, Isabella couldn’t help but agree. The wayward kitten Becky had not gotten into any more trouble in some time. In fact, she had seemed extraordinarily well behaved, at least in Isabella’s eyes.

“I think that’s a good idea. We’ll take a lot of kittens and ponies with us and spend the weekend,” Noah replied. “It’s time we took Isabella into town as well, so she can see more of our world with her own two eyes.”

The two of them turned on her then and she chewed her lip nervously, looking between them. Their expressions were so serious, she couldn’t help but fidget a little bit, her bottom crawling as though she was about to be punished even though she hadn’t done anything to deserve one.

“It’s imperative you listen to each and every word that comes out of our mouths. In the city, protocol is much more important. There will be zero leniency. If you misbehave, you will be taken in hand immediately and harshly, no matter where we are or what company we are with, do you understand, pet?” Zack said, sounding way more serious than he ever had with her before. Feeling nervous at their warning, she nodded.

“Please. I’ll be a good pet. I promise,” she pleaded.

“Maybe we should spank her with the wooden paddle once more, just to demonstrate how serious we are,” Noah added and she shook her head furiously.

“On your feet. Bend over the table right now,” Zack commanded and despite her protests, she did as he said. He pulled down her black lacey panties, baring her bottom to their view. Still, even though they’d seen every inch of her, she flushed with shame.

Noah unclipped the wooden paddle from his belt and held it in front of her face for a long moment.

“I will thrash you if you even think of hesitating or disobeying me in



the slightest. Do you understand, pet?" he said and she shivered as she nodded.

This time, Noah handed Zack the paddle and she whined at the exchange of hands. Zack tapped the wooden paddle against her sensitive nether cheeks and she couldn't help but yelp at the slight sting on her skin.

She lay with her hips up and over the table, her bottom high and ready for a spanking. She knew she hadn't done anything to warrant one, but accepted the fact that if her men decided she needed a reminder in obedience, she had to submit to their rule.

It was then that the paddle lit into her skin. In just moments, she was crying and pleading for him to stop, but she knew she had no choice but to take it. Before long, tears were edging at the corners of her eyes as the wood bit into her vulnerable flesh.

Just when the first few tears had begun their journey down her cheeks, the paddling stopped.

"If need be, you'll be put to bed each night with a freshly paddled bottom. Do you understand, pet?" Zack whispered into her ear and she nodded.

"Whatever you deem necessary, sirs," she said quickly, hoping to stop the punishment with her submission.

Unfortunately for her, the implement was merciless, biting all over from the tops of her cheeks to mid-thigh. She cried and she sobbed as they asserted their dominance over her, but despite all of it, she accepted it.

When her mind relented, her body followed. Her limbs relaxed, accepting the sting of the horrid paddle once and for all. With a wail, she reached back, not to block the assault of the wood against her bottom cheeks, but to hold each one of her men's hands in her own. Their large hands swallowed hers, but she didn't care. The simple act comforted her and gave her strength as her ass burned and ached from the spanking.

The two men pulled her toward them, effectively ending the spanking and capturing her in a heated kiss, one after another and she moaned into their embrace. They held her tight then, neither venturing further than the chaste kiss they had shared.

"She's ready," Zack whispered and Noah nodded his agreement.

The two of them then took her over to the couch, rubbing her back and her bottom as she gathered herself. She felt as though she had passed some sort of test, as though she had finally risen in their eyes as the perfect

submissive pet and despite her burning backside, she was proud of herself because of it.

Over the next few days, the men prepared for the journey into the city and she did her absolute best to follow their every command without hesitation and complaint. As the date of their journey hurtled closer, Isabella found herself more excited with each passing hour. When the day of the trip arrived, the brothers unveiled a large truck with a massive trailer and meaty tires meant to traverse the desert sands from a garage on the outskirts of the compound.

She helped them load a multitude of ponies and kittens into the cages in the back of the trailer. The kennels were small but roomy enough for each of the pets to lie down and sit up. They all had access to water and food, and she checked to make sure they had enough before she was led into a cage of her own within the cab of the truck.

The journey took several hours and involved multiple stops along the way to allow each woman to stretch her legs, drink some water, and eat a snack, but the trip was generally uneventful overall. There were no women who misbehaved. In fact, every single one of them seemed excited for what was to come.

Zack allowed her out of her cage from time to time to sit beside them and she loved him for it. She was able to see the changing landscapes, from desert to forest to rolling plains of grass; she saw it all and adored every second. As they approached the city, more and more buildings dotted the countryside until they became regular sights along the road.

“May I ask the name of the city?” she questioned quietly.

“Zatadar. It’s the capital city of Dayhari,” Noah answered.

As they approached, the buildings began to reach higher and higher, until they stretched up high into the clouds. The brothers allowed her to look around a little while longer until they came upon a checkpoint, in which she was quickly guided back into her cage. She went without a fuss, feeling the seriousness of the entire situation.

The guards questioned Noah and Zack a bit, before inspecting all of the women in their cages. Isabella was careful to keep her eyes on the ground. She kept silent, knowing that she wasn’t supposed to speak unless spoken to.

After a long moment, the guards allowed the brothers to pass through without trouble and Isabella breathed a sigh of relief. She stayed in her cage for the rest of her trip, neither brother inclined to allow her to come out to see

anything more. At long last, they pulled up to a low building at the center of the city. It was built of strong-looking mud bricks, from what she could see through her lashes when she could chance a look at her surroundings.

They had outfitted her in her service pet gear and she was glad for the fact that she was allowed to walk on her feet, although on a leash at all times. She assisted in guiding the rest of the women to either the nearby stables or the kitten house with them. When they were finished, she breathed a sigh of relief when they headed inside the local hotel across the street. It was made from red bricks and rose a few stories into the air. It looked homey and welcoming and she couldn't wait to cuddle in bed with her men. All the while, she remembered her training and did her best to obey at all times.

It was dark when they finally reached their room, so she wasn't able to study any more of the city as they walked into the hotel. They got their room and the three of them collapsed into bed that night, exhausted from the day's travel and the work that had to be done after they had arrived.

The next morning, the brothers awoke early and let her sleep in a bit. She awoke alone and unsure of herself, but tentatively got out of bed and brushed her teeth and her hair. By the time she finished, the brothers returned and fetched her to accompany them.

Before they left the hotel room, they quickly reminded her to remain silent unless they specifically asked her to speak, for her to obey them without question no matter what they said, and for her to keep her eyes on the ground at all times.

They also told her that she would be attending the pony auction today. Noah made sure her service pet leather was all in place, including the snugness of her thick collar, before he clipped the leash to her throat.

The brothers guided her back into the mud brick building. Once inside, she saw what looked like a rodeo ring, a dirt floor surrounded by a white picket fence with pony girls running around inside the perimeter. Despite their orders to keep her eyes on the ground, she hazarded lifting her eyes a little to watch the pets prance around the ring proudly. At seeing their obvious joy, she couldn't help but yearn to feel their wild freedom once again. Whips cracked in the center of the ring, guiding the ponies around a set of barrels in what seemed like a beautiful dance.

Licking her lips, she sighed softly as a tiny pang of jealousy wound through her. She remembered her time as a pony and ached to run with them. After the performance, each pony girl was guided into an individual stall.

After a period of observation, each girl was brought up onto the stage and bidding opened for the alien males of Dayhari. Every single one of Noah and Zack's women sold at top dollar, far exceeding any of their competitors' pricing by a long shot. The auction continued until late in the evening and she watched it all with curiosity.

Men had women with them, all on leashes and every single one knelt submissively beside their man. No one looked around and not a single one said a word to disobey their owners. It was fascinating to watch. Every once in a while, she would catch a man touch his pet softly on the head or drift a hand across her cheek with such gentleness that she couldn't help but smile.

The next day was an off-auction day, so her two men brought her into the local market, showing her the typical places where they would buy women to train. Hordes of women were kept in iron-barred cages, as though they were livestock for purchase. She had to remember to hold her tongue in public as she was shown the cages for feral pets, a term that she learned meant an untrained woman with an undetermined aptitude for a particular type of pet. The whole experience was harsh and equally unnerving, but the brothers assured her that they were well taken care of and each one would eventually find their happily ever after. Despite their words, she was hesitant to believe them.

They stopped by a local store and bought a few provisions, including a new fancy collar for her as well as a few sweets. They expected complete obedience from her at all times in public and she did her absolute best to obey. A few times, she earned a few harsh swats to her backside, but was quickly forgiven for whatever the transgression was. Neither brother seemed eager to truly punish her in public and she was grateful for it.

A few times, she heard mention of the punishment pole, but she avoided asking about it. Instead, she kept quiet, obedient, and demure for her men, no matter the circumstances.

The following day, she was brought back to the kitten enclosures with Zack and Noah so they could auction off a few more of their pets.

All the kittens that Noah and Zack had trained were brought out as a group. For the day, Isabella had been outfitted in her kitten gear and she smiled because of it. Mama kitty wasn't there and Isabella had been directed to fulfill her role for the day, to keep the kittens calm and docile no matter what happened.

She did her best and for the most part, every kitten was auctioned off

calmly and happily throughout the day. She recognized a few of them and whispered well wishes into their ears upon completion of sale and they all crawled off happily with new, fully vetted owners.

Noah had arranged to bring many more kittens than usual on this trip into the city, so auction sales would take more than a single day. At the end of the first one, the three of them spent time with the remaining kittens, reassuring them that they would find wonderful forever homes where they would want for nothing.

One kitten seemed wholly uncomfortable and Isabella recognized her as the blonde kitten who had been punished over Noah's knees multiple times in her presence, the one who went by the name Becky. Through the cascade of her long blonde hair, Isabella caught the woman staring back at her with a sense of jealousy and malice, almost as though she despised Isabella for some reason. It was strange. She moved closer to Zack for protection and the woman glared at her even more harshly than before. Any time she touched one of the brothers, it seemed, the blonde kitten scowled back at her, almost as though she was warning her to steer clear of her men.

Neither Noah nor Zack seemed to notice or it didn't seem to alert them, so she did her best to ignore it. The next morning started out just like the day before, despite the weird jealous vibe that Becky was putting off toward her. She played the role of mama kitty and helped to maintain and calm the girls as they were prepped and pampered for auction.

As they were lining up outside the staging area, a few wranglers gathered to both guard and keep the women in check. Isabella noticed that Becky positioned herself in front of her at the back of the line, a move that unnerved her a little considering the woman's behavior before. All of the women were on their hands and knees, but their path was lined with a soft carpeting to ensure none of them hurt themselves on a pebble in the dirt.

Becky moved closer to her, so that she was kneeling on the ground next to her. She leaned in close, pressing her mouth against Isabella's ear.

"You'll never keep them happy, you know that, right? They'll tire of you and put you up at auction the same as the rest of us," Becky goaded her.

Isabella did her best to ignore her as the line of women was herded forward. It was time for all of them to be sold to the highest bidder. Despite the gravity of the situation, Becky continued to goad her, whispering terrible things when the guards weren't looking.

"Bitch," Becky prodded.

“Stupid spineless slut,” she pushed again.

Becky continued to poke and prod her, despite the constant surveillance of the guards. Isabella tried to ignore her, but the girl’s willful hounding was starting to get to her.

“You’re just an ugly whore with a tight pussy that’ll only amuse them for a half a second,” Becky said maliciously under her breath as the next girl was led on the stage by her leash. Isabella fumed on the inside, but kept it together. There were only a few girls left. It wouldn’t be long now.

She took a deep breath and bit her cheek, to keep the ready and willing retort at the tip of her tongue at bay. Another girl was led to the stage, leaving only two more and Becky. The auctions went quickly, and before long, only she and Becky were left.

“Fat disgusting cunt,” Becky said, more loudly this time. She growled then, shoving Isabella with what felt like all her might. Isabella landed on the stage hard and cursed out loud, her shoulder aching from the fall.

“You, you... horrible bitch,” she screamed as she launched herself in Becky’s direction. “Take it back!” she demanded, grabbing the woman’s blonde tresses with a harsh pull. Becky’s nails scratched at her chest, pulling and pushing in an attempt to escape Isabella’s grasp.

They fought on the floor for half a second before an overwhelming mass of huge male arms grabbed at them, separating the two of them like a hot knife sliding through butter.

It was then that Isabella noticed the overwhelming silence. Catching her breath, she hazarded a look around and realized just how many men were in the audience, watching her. Nervously, she chewed the inside of her cheek as her eyes darted to the side. Noah and Zack were standing there, with horrified expressions painted on their faces. Noah shook his head and averted his eyes to the side with a heavy sigh.

“Noah, it’s not usual for one of your pets to speak out of turn, especially when she curses in front of one man, let alone several hundred of them,” one of the guards spoke aloud and Isabella’s blood ran cold.

Shivering, she pleaded silently to them, but she knew it was no use.

Noah stepped forward, his eyes darkening with anger and shame, yet as Isabella studied him, she knew he was masking his fear.

“On your knees, pet. Crawl to me, now,” he ordered.

The multitude of arms holding her suddenly released her, dropping her softly to the ground. The silence in the room was deafening as her heart

pounded in her throat. Her stomach hurt as she slowly made her way toward Noah. Zack moved next to him.

“Bring forth the punishment pole,” Zack ordered the guards and Isabella cried out involuntarily.

“Please, I’m so sorry,” she begged. “Please, Becky was berating me. She pushed me and called me terrible things. Please, Master Noah.”

Noah simply shook his head.

“Please, listen to me,” she pleaded.

“Quiet, pet,” Zack demanded and she listened, looking at the ground.

“I take responsibility for our pet’s willful disobedience and will discipline her accordingly. I ask for your patience and understanding, as this human was an Earth girl and this is her first trip into the city,” Noah said, his voice steady and commanding.

The men in the audience nodded in agreement. Two officers guarding the door also nodded curtly. One of them stepped forward.

“If the punishment is deemed adequate, you will receive simply a warning. If not, we’ll have to take her in for a public judgement. As her owner, please carry on,” he said.

“Thank you, Officer,” Zack replied politely and Isabella shuddered. What was going to happen to her?

Having reached the brothers’ feet, she sat back on her ankles and stared at the ground, hearing metal wheels roll against the wood of the stage. Something creaked beside her and a man grunted as a heavy weighted object was maneuvered onto the stage.

“Please,” she whimpered as quietly as she could.

Zack strode around her and grabbed her by the hair, his fist clenching in her long chocolate-brown locks. He lifted her to her feet and she was able to get a look at the thing that had been brought to the auction stage.

It was a tall pole. Above her head was a pair of leather handcuffs and at waist height, there was a leather belt meant to bind her tight. Zack directed her close to the pole before he took his hands into his, lifting them above her head.

His body surrounded hers and she felt his breath graze against her ear.

“Trust us, sweet pet. We won’t ever truly hurt you. This will be a harder punishment than you’ve ever taken, but we will be there for you after it’s all over. We love you,” he whispered and she sighed a little. After a long moment, he added, “Don’t be afraid to cry out or scream though. In fact,

please do.”

The terror that was building inside her ebbed away at the sound of his words. She knew she should be afraid, but she wasn't.

A terrible ripping sound filled the air around her and she quickly realized that he'd torn her dress straight down the back, revealing her bare backside. He quickly divested her of her clothing then, leaving her completely nude in front of the crowd. She felt her face flush in embarrassment, knowing she was naked for public scrutiny.

Zack was gentle as he cuffed her wrists and lashed the belt around her waist, securing her to the pole so that she couldn't escape or twist away from whatever was about to happen. Trembling slightly, she whimpered as Zack's hands left her body, her hair falling back into place.

He moved behind her and quickly braided her hair in one long plait, baring her entire back. She heard Noah move behind them as Zack moved to the side, keeping his eyes steady with hers.

A loud terrible crack sounded beside her and she jumped in her bonds. It was so loud that she involuntarily cried out, startled at its intensity. Another snapped beside her, only this time, a leather tip kissed her skin. It took a long second, but a line of fire bloomed across her left bottom cheek. She yelped when a second lash popped against the opposite side.

The whip seared across her skin again and again and she cried out in pain, delight, terror, and pleasure with each and every one. Her fingers clenched into tiny fists and she tried to squirm within her bonds, but she couldn't move even an inch to escape its fiery lash.

Noah whipped her hard and she cried as it licked across her ass and thighs. She knew before her punishment was complete, she would be a mottled mess of pink welts. One particular harsh stroke kissed her inner thighs and she screamed out even as her body trembled with desire.

She couldn't deny that it hurt and that her body quivered from the pain, but somewhere, deep inside of her, she realized she wanted more of it. She turned her head as tears streamed down her cheeks to watch the crowd. Feeling more alive than she ever had, she yelped and pleaded as the whip caressed her skin, but she desperately wanted more.

Darkness consumed her as she accepted each stroke. Pressing her thighs together, she couldn't help but noticed the wetness that had gathered there and she groaned loudly. The whip paused for a moment and she raised her eyes to see Zack removing his belt from his waist. He moved beside her



and kicked her legs apart just a little. He placed his hand on her hip and slapped her bottom hard.

Her pussy clenched as Zack started spanking her in earnest. She yipped and cried as he peppered her ass with harsh slaps, some overtop of the welts that already crisscrossed her skin. She didn't beg for him to stop though, instead she embraced her public discipline and reveled in it.

Zack eventually stepped back and she knew his belt was next. He targeted her vulnerable thighs and sore bottom cheeks with a fervor like never before. Already crying from Noah's whipping, it didn't take long for her to start sobbing.

"I'm so sorry, Masters," she cried out. "Please forgive me."

The belt was relentless. It seared into her backside over and over, the pain and soreness all-consuming. All eyes were on her, watching her punishment and witnessing the tears cascading down her cheeks. The combination of being bound, whipped, spanked, belted, and naked while on public display was heady. Her eyes closed and she just felt.

At once, the pain just floated away and she embraced it all. Her thighs quivered, her arousal so rampant that she knew her men could smell it and she moaned. The belt kissed her again and her pussy clenched, hard.

Noah appeared in front of her, his hand snaking downward to cup her mound and she gasped out loud. He gripped her firmly and her clit throbbed, begging for him to touch her there. Looking through lidded eyes, she begged him silently.

"Scream for me, pet," he commanded softly so that no one else could hear. His thumb flicked over her hard bud and her world collapsed in a fiery ball of pleasure. Her own screams echoed throughout the room as white-hot passion coursed through her veins, a never-ending cacophony of ecstasy that swept her up like a riptide and refused to let her free.

The belt continued its assault on her naked rear, pushing her orgasm to heights she'd never experienced before. One release bled into another, until finally, she hung by her wrists, so spent she couldn't hold her own weight up anymore.

Both Zack and Noah descended on her, releasing her from her bonds and holding her in their arms. She curled into Noah's chest, feeling numb, exhausted, and entirely sated.

Somewhere off the distance, the guard started talking again.

"Consider the punishment accepted. We'll just give you a verbal

warning this time, take care that she doesn't act out in public again," the officer said, but Isabella was already fading. She closed her eyes and looked away, falling asleep in a matter of seconds.

# Chapter Ten

Noah nodded swiftly toward his brother, pleased that they had seemingly punished Isabella enough to satisfy the guard. Zack strode forward with a grin, facing the crowd, his bold presence causing the entire crowd to hush into silence.

“That’s all our pets for today, men. This one isn’t for sale,” Zack said loudly and a collective groan of disappointment rose among the crowd. “Even if she was, you wouldn’t be able to afford her. You see, she’s gifted, with an equal aptitude for being a kitten, pony, or a service pet. She isn’t just simply a kitten, even though she’s dressed like one.”

A loud gasp sounded on the side of the stage and he turned his head, seeing the reason for all this nonsense in his view. It was Becky.

He glared in her direction, seeing her off stage.

A guard led the blonde-haired woman out on stage with a yank of the leash.

“Oh, I see we do have one last kitten to sell, men. Sorry, I almost forgot about her,” Noah said with a sneer. “I should warn you though, this one likes to misbehave, a lot. She needs firm discipline and often, and should not be taken out in public unless she is bound and gagged. I’m offering a steep discount on this one, boys.”

Noah gave Becky a harsh, dismissive glance and walked off stage to watch from the side. Zack joined him not long after. The bids rose swiftly and the price quickly grew higher than he expected, considering his introduction for her. When the auctioning ended, Becky looked horrified as an older man walked up to the stage.

He was quite hairy, and was sweating profusely in the summer heat. Noah couldn’t help but chuckle at the look on Becky’s face as the man huffed as he ascended the stairs and took her leash. Noah knew of the man’s reputation and knew he liked to take the lesser trained pets because he enjoyed punishing them. Zack laughed beside him.

*“She’s going to lose it the first time he shoves soap in her mouth or an enema up her ass. Last I heard, old man there likes to spank every one of his pets more than once a day, just to prevent naughty behavior. Becky better learn to mind her master, that’s all I’m saying,”* Zack said to him with a chuckle.

*“You’re damn right, brother. Now let’s take our woman back to our bed. She’s going to need us when she wakes,”* Noah replied.

They watched as Becky was led off stage. She looked back at them desperately and Noah shook his head. He had seen hints of her jealousy over the course of the last twenty-four hours and upon witnessing her shove Isabella to the ground, he had no sympathy for the woman. Becky had made her bed and now she had to lie in it.

Noah left the auction hall in a hurry, with Zack following closely behind him. They’d come back in a short while to collect their earnings, but their first priority was Isabella. Upon reaching the hotel room, Zack opened the door and Noah walked quickly inside. Noah laid Isabella on the bed gently and pulled the covers over her.

He removed his shoes and then his belt and his brother followed suit until they were naked. They climbed into bed beside their pet and hugged her close. Her skin soft and her breathing even, she seemed like an angel between the two of them.

After what seemed like forever, but was probably only about an hour, Isabella began to stir a little bit. She blinked open her eyes and Noah felt his heart melt a little to see her smile up at them.

“How’re you feeling, pet? That was all pretty intense, huh?” Noah said softly, studying the look in her eyes. He sensed nothing but admiration and despite how hard he looked, he found no trace of fear whatsoever. Breathing a sigh of relief, he pressed his lips softly to her forehead and he heard her giggle. It was like music to his ears.

“Your beard tickled me,” she replied.

Noah couldn’t help but smile. He brushed his beard against her shoulder just to hear her laugh again, and he wasn’t disappointed. She moved to avoid him and she gasped as she rolled backward, likely igniting the welts on her backside.

“Come, lie on your stomach and let me attend to you, pet,” Noah directed and she swiftly complied. He pulled away the covers and inspected her. None of the welts left by the whip were deep or had cut the skin; that he had been very careful of. They were pink, but he knew they would fade away within a day.

He had trained extensively with a whip and knew just how to throw it in order to hit a target every time in exactly the intensity he wished and he was grateful for that today. He never wished to mark his pets and break their

pristine skin.

Her bottom was still red and looked slightly marred from Zack's belt. His brother handed him a jar of cold cream. Noah took off the lid and the two of them dipped their hands inside.

Noah took care of Isabella's back, massaging any residual soreness away while Zack attended to her bottom and thighs. They spread the cream across her skin and she moaned happily with pleasure. In no time at all, the harsh pink faded to a delicate rose color and he knew the more time passed, the more that they would disappear entirely. She wouldn't show a single mark in a day from now. She keened as he kneaded her shoulders and Zack worked her backside. Noah grinned as his cock jumped at the sound. His balls tightened and he yearned to sink deep within her depths as he fucked her hard again and again.

He swallowed heavily, his erection pressing against the fabric of his pants. Having his hands on her was too much and when her little fingers molded into tight fists, gripping the sheets beneath her, he grabbed her around the hips. Zack leaned back and allowed him to take the reins. Noah gazed down at her tight pussy, finding it swollen and wet with her arousal.

She was so turned on that he could smell it.

Adjusting his pants, he pulled his erection free and without warning, slammed into her. She gasped loudly in shock as he took her without mercy, just because he wanted to. He fucked her hard and fast as her muscles clenched around him like a vise. It was glorious. Groaning, he gripped each side of her hips, so that he could sink even deeper and he felt her body tremble beneath him. She moaned loudly, arching her back so that he could access even further into her depths and he loved her for it.

Then, he pulled out of her and maneuvered her on top of him. He slid back into her pussy with ease and delighted in the soft little moan that escaped from her lips. Her face was flushed and her eyes screamed happy pleasure.

"Don't you come yet, naughty pet. Zack is going to fuck that ass of yours good and hard before we allow you release," Noah growled and he watched with delight as she shivered. Zack reached behind her, spreading her cheeks so that he had access to her delectable bottom hole. Leaning forward, Zack's tongue poked out, circling the tight rim of her forbidden channel.

Isabella blushed hard and Noah grinned.

"Oh, please, not there!" she exclaimed and Zack repeated the motion,

eliciting a shudder from their gifted pet.

“Sweet pet, you must learn that every single inch of this body belongs to us, including your naughtiest little hole,” Zack muttered softly and her pussy clenched around Noah’s cock. He groaned. Zack kissed her tight rosette before pulling away to claim her as his.

The moment the head of Zack’s cock pressed against the entrance of her bottom hole, Noah was able to watch the range of emotions flutter across her face. First, he saw fear and then desire cross over her as his brother entered her. She squeezed her eyes shut with a groan as Zack pushed inside. Noah smirked, knowing that Zack had chosen not to prepare her bottom hole with his fingers.

When they were both fully seated within her, Noah stilled as Zack pulled out and then pushed back in. Slowly, Noah picked up on the tempo and Isabella began to dance with desire between them, overwhelmed by the sheer size of their massive cocks filling her completely.

“Such a naughty pet, so greedy for needing two men to fuck her at once,” Zack whispered and the moan that emerged from her lips heated Noah’s blood instantaneously.

Noah then flexed the muscle in his groin that allowed his erection to vibrate within her and watched with insane pleasure as her eyes burst open with ecstasy.

“Please, I need to come,” she begged and Noah just shook his head.

He could see the struggle to follow his directions playing across her features and he fucked her harder, pushing her to levels like never before. His brother had picked up speed and they used her as they saw fit, enjoying every single second of dominating their lovely submissive pet. She shuddered and he could tell that she was seconds away from orgasm. There was little chance of her holding back much longer.

Zack met his eyes and Noah nodded.

“*Give her permission, brother,*” Noah said to his brother silently.

“Come,” Zack commanded as he took her hard and her entire body spasmed between them. She screamed loud, again and again as she gripped Noah’s arms. Her knuckles whitened from the exertion of her release and she moaned with lust.

Her sounds undid him and he groaned, shuddering with his own release as he coated her insides with his seed. Zack held her tight as he fucked her bottom hole, experiencing his own release at the same time as the rest of

them.

Eventually, Isabella collapsed into his arms and Zack withdrew from her. He went to fetch a washcloth and Noah pulled out from her pussy, if a bit reluctantly. Unbelievably so, he was still hard for her. If she weren't so exhausted, he'd fuck her again.

When Zack returned, they both helped to cleanse her naked body of their lovemaking. Noah kissed her soft, heated skin at the cusp of her shoulder and she whined quietly as she smiled. Gently, the three of them crawled back under the covers and fell asleep as the suns set outside their room. Darkness crept across the floor as night fell on the city. Noah fell asleep with a grin plastered on his lips.

He couldn't believe his fortune at finding Isabella and wouldn't trade her for all the money in the world. She was gorgeous, beautiful beyond compare, both inside and out. There was no way he could ever tire of her soulful brown eyes, decadent chocolate tresses that begged for his fingers to run through them, and her curvy body that begged for him to kiss and love every inch of her.

But even more intoxicating was her mind. She was intelligent, fiercely independent yet submissive, and he loved her for it. If she ever realized the power that she held over both him and his brother, they'd be in some deep trouble.

He dreamt of her that night, imagining the delightful little screams she would make as he outfitted her with tight little nipple clamps and just how wet she would be when she discovered just how much she enjoyed them.

## Chapter Eleven

Isabella woke up the next morning as the sun rose. She was naked and it didn't take long for her to recognize that she wasn't the only one. Both Noah and Zack surrounded her, their bodies heating the chill of the night away. She tried to stretch without disturbing them and groaned as her achy muscles reminded her of the day's previous activities.

The cold cream that her men had rubbed into her skin had removed much of the tension in her muscles before they had collapsed into bed, but she still felt the effects of the belt's lash across her bottom cheeks and she couldn't help but grin a little at the thought. She wondered if her skin was still pink from it and her pussy clenched a little.

She watched Zack sleep beside her, his chest rising and falling with his slow breath. Unable to help herself, she reached forward and ran her fingers lightly across the hair of his beard, remembering the delightful scratchy feel of it on her skin as he kissed her. He didn't move.

She turned to study Noah and nearly jumped out of her skin when she met his eyes. They were open and staring back at her, a lopsided grin appearing on his lips.

"Morning, pet," he said quietly and she happily curled into his chest.

"Morning," she replied, her voice cracking a little from the residual sleepiness. With a single hand, he reached behind her head and brought her close, his lips claiming hers in a demanding and intoxicating kiss that left her breathless when he pulled away.

"Mmhhmm, don't be stealing all the morning kisses, brother," Zack murmured drowsily behind her. He turned her toward him, claiming her in an equally passionate embrace.

She moaned softly into him and whined when his lips left hers. She had been enjoying that. A playful smirk graced the corners of his lips and she couldn't help but giggle.

"There's so much to do today, but I just want to stay here in bed and fuck you all day," he said and she laughed even harder. Both men's cocks were pressed against her thighs and she noticed that both of them were indeed ready to take her.

"You're right, unfortunately. We have to pick up our earnings from the auction house and then go buy some new feral pets for training," Noah



yawned reluctantly. “I too would love to stay and fuck our woman all day, but the sooner we get our errands done, the quicker we can go home and do just that.”

Zack chuckled beside her.

“As always, you are right, brother,” he replied unenthusiastically while reaching out and pinching her nipple. She squealed in delight and pain.

Noah pushed out of bed beside her and the mattress rustled as his heavy weight lifted from its surface. Zack did the same as the two of them dressed. He chuckled when he saw that she was pouting. Her pussy throbbed at their absence, a constant reminder of how aroused she always seemed to become in their presence. Pressing her thighs together, she allowed herself to study their sculpted bodies and couldn't help herself as one of her hands slinked under the covers to brush against her pulsating clit.

When the brothers paused and stared back at her, she stilled. Feeling like a kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar, she smirked guiltily before moving her hand away from the throbbing in between her legs. Feeling her arousal dampen her thighs, she chewed her lip.

“Remember, pet, your pleasure is not your own. You'd do well to consider that in the future. Do it again and I'll spank your bottom raw,” Noah warned and she couldn't help but shiver in fear and desire.

“Yes, Masters,” she replied, her own voice betraying just how turned on she was.

Zack smiled at her knowingly.

“Can't get away with nothing when my brother is around, huh?” he chuckled.

She shook her head, unable to keep from smiling. Sadly, her men were fastening their pants around their waists, blocking what she wanted most from her sight. After Noah buckled his belt, she couldn't help but lick her lips as he fastened his whip, remembering how its lash felt on her skin the day before.

“Come now, pet. Let me dress you today,” Noah said firmly and she rushed to obey him. She dropped her eyes to the floor as he reached for her naked body.

He caressed her chin, turning her head to the side. He picked up a brush off a nearby shelf and gently started working out the knots in her long locks. By the time he was done, her hair felt soft and voluminous. His thorough care made her feel beautiful and well cared for, and she enjoyed every second of

it.

He helped her into a tight black body suit that hugged her curves like it was made for her. She was surprised by it because she hadn't had that much of her body covered since she had left the detainment center. When she looked in the mirror though, she understood.

The black fabric stretched over her body so that it became almost sheer. She could see her pink nipples poking through and the folds of her mound, despite being completely covered. Looking at herself, she blushed, able to see a hint of rosy color on her bottom from Zack's belt. The sight was arousing and she pressed her legs together to try to hide it.

Her hair fell to the lower curve of her back. Searching, she tried to find evidence of the whipping, but saw none. Noah must have known what he was doing in order to do such a thing. In that moment, she threw her arms around his waist, hugging him tight.

"Thank you. I'm so sorry I disappointed you yesterday," she pleaded.

He held her to his chest, pressing his lips softly to the crown of her head.

"Don't do it again. I wouldn't know what to do if you were taken away from us," he whispered and she felt him shiver at the thought.

"They'd really do that? Take me away?" she asked.

"Yes. They'd sentence you to the Outside. Take care to always obey us and you will need not worry. We will protect you," he replied, his tone fierce and protective.

"I love you," she said quietly.

Zack came up behind her and the two brothers held her tight.

"We love you," they both said and her heart felt like it grew the moment their words drifted to her ears.

They released her then and Noah lifted her hair, revealing her neck so that Zack could clasp a thick black leather collar around her throat. It was several inches wide and kept her chin lifted high, yet it was still comfortable.

Lastly, Noah fastened a simple leash to her throat. They finished up taking care of a few last-minute things in the room before they left and checked out of the hotel, walking back onto the streets of the city. She followed them a few steps behind, her chin held high with her eyes on the ground. She was careful to only observe the city through her lashes, never fully lifting them to look around.

She was able to see the full modernity of the capital. Tall windowed

buildings rose up off in the distance, showcasing what she guessed was the business district. The area they were in was frequented heavily with men dressed just like her owners, although most of the men gave the three of them a wide distance. They walked a short way back to the auction house, where the brothers picked up their earnings from the auctions over the past few days.

After that, they returned to the marketplace to observe some of the feral pets. Noah pointed out about a dozen or so to the attending salesperson and in no time at all, they were loaded up in the truck so that they could return to the training compound.

Despite the unnerving nature of the whole event of purchasing women, none of the feral pets fought the process as Isabella expected they would. It seemed as though they all understood the whole procedure and were rather used to the idea.

When the three of them were back in the truck alone, she ventured to ask about the women.

“Where do they come from? Why don’t they fight back?”

“Many of them grew up in the city and surrounding territories. Once they come of age, they are taken into custody and sold here to trainers around the world. It is customary here. They are well protected and taken care of by law. It is just our way here. You are unique. Not many trainers will venture off Planet Dayhari as we do periodically,” Zack answered.

“It’s been this way for a very long time, long before either of us were born. You see, long ago there was a great war and on either side, women were hurt, raped, and killed on both sides. A group of men gathered in the wake and came up with a new system, meant to protect and cherish our women. The process has been accepted and implemented ever since and has transformed into what you see today. The police officers work hard to ensure that every single woman is kept safe,” Noah added.

She had to admit that it made sense. None of the pets, other than Becky, had seemed unhappy. In fact, it seemed as though they were more than delighted to serve their men.

Isabella curled up in her cage as the men prepared the truck for the journey and before long, they were leaving the confines of the city. The journey home was long and the brothers let her out of the cage once they were far enough out of Zatadar. She curled up in Zack’s lap and then Noah’s after they put the truck on autopilot. She napped here and there before they

reached the brothers' training compound and her new home.

When they reached home, they unloaded the truck and placed the new women into a building that Isabella had never seen before. After the transport was complete, they treated her to a home-cooked dinner of seafood. Zack fed her the most delicious lobster she had ever tasted, along with freshly made crab cakes and steamed vegetables. They chose Earthen recipes for her enjoyment and she was delighted. Once fed, the three of them settled down and Noah surprised her with her bag of things from the detainment center.

He gave her back her wristband e-reader and she settled down contented on one of the couches and read into the late hours. Both men worked on paperwork and accounting, updating their records with the recent sales of the pets they trained. Noah studied the files of some of the feral pets he purchased and he discussed where to place each one.

She overheard them chatting about in which stall to place each pony and when to introduce the new kittens to the older bunch. It was some time later that they declared it was time for bed and she yawned.

Noah gently picked her up and the three of them retired to the bedroom. The next week passed by quickly as she helped both of them introduce the new feral women to the pony and kitten lifestyle. Everything seemed normal until a knock at the door sounded one morning. Noah and Zack looked at each other with confusion before they answered the door.

It was a police officer.

"Morning, Officer. What can I do for you?" Noah began, his voice steady and calm.

"Good to see you, Noah, Zack. My name is Tom and I'm from the Pet Inspection Authority. You're on my agenda for assessment today, so I'd appreciate if you'd escort me around the compound. If you wouldn't mind, may I come inside?" the guard said.

"Of course," Zack replied. He turned to her then. "Pet, would you fetch the kind man a glass of water? I'm sure he's thirsty."

"Yes, sir," she replied, picking herself up from her seat on the floor. She hurried to the kitchen and quickly fetched a glass of ice water.

When she returned, she approached the officer slowly, falling to her knees and lifting the glass up above her head. The officer nodded toward her in thanks and took it from her. He turned back to the men after he took a long swallow of water.

"I'd like to see your stables first and then the kitten enclosure. I'm told

you also have a feral pet house for your new purchases and a place to store wildcats. I'm going to need to see all those," the officer said.

"The wildcats haven't ever been inspected before. Is this a new requirement?" Noah asked, his eyes guarded.

"I just need to inspect the building, not the wildcats themselves. Make sure there aren't any weak spots in the structure so that they could escape, that sort of thing. Just that everything is up to code," the man explained.

"Okay, just want to make sure that we'd be able to keep them here. We've signed all the necessary paperwork and took responsibility for all the wildcats here in our compound," Zack added and Noah nodded with him.

"No need to be worried, gentlemen, I'm just here for a general code inspection today. If I find anything, I'll put it in my report and you will have thirty days to rectify it. I do have the authority to claim any rebellious pet though, if I deem this isn't the best home for her. Now, let's get started then. I've carefully reviewed your past reports and based on that, this should be a short day for all of us," Tom said.

Isabella stayed on her knees, quietly listening to the men talk around her.

"Pet, I want you to stay here. You're free to read if you like," Zack said as he pointed to the plush-looking pet pillow on the floor. She crawled over to it and lay down, glancing up through her eyelashes to see the look of admiration on Tom's face.

"She's a beautiful one there. Are the rumors true? Is she truly gifted?" the officer asked.

"She is. She's not for sale though. We've decided to keep her," Noah said, his tone quickly turning protective. She smiled a little and turned her head, allowing her curtain of hair to fall and mask her face.

"Too bad. Well, alright, let's go get started then," Tom replied and she heard the three of them walk out the side door toward the pony stables. Curling up, she turned on her e-reader and began reading a new romance novel.

At some point, she must have drifted asleep, relaxed and comfortable in what she was finally accepting as her forever home.

## Chapter Twelve

A sweaty hand curled over her mouth and she opened her eyes slowly. Maybe Zack or Noah had returned from the inspection, she thought sleepily. Blinking away her fogginess, she groaned as he pulled her closer, his fingers digging into her cheek. Her back pressed against his chest and that's when alarm bells started ringing inside her head.

He was hairier than both her men and definitely not as hard and sculpted. His stomach felt soft and he was a good six inches short than either Zack or Noah. With a heavy swallow, she realized his other hand held a knife that was pressing into her side.

Her heart beat loud in her throat, the sound deafening to her ears. Every muscle in her body tensed at this stranger's touch.

"Don't fucking make a sound, pet. You're coming with me and you'll submit to me cause that's what you're meant to do, isn't that right, you gifted whore," he growled in her ear. She shivered in fear but didn't make a sound.

The man took his hand away from her mouth then and moved the knife up to her throat. She held back a whimper as the sharp edge pinched her skin. He held it there, steady enough to scare her but not hard enough to actually cut into her sensitive flesh.

"Let's go. Out the front door now. You're coming with me. You're going make me filthy rich, pet," he sneered, as spittle splashed against her cheek.

He moved the blade again, dragging it around her throat and across her shoulder, down till it rested against her lower back. Panting in fear, she slowly walked forward, the tip of the knife always there, a constant reminder that this stranger held her life in his hands.

With every step, she felt her happiness being drained from her, only to be replaced with panic and terror of the unknown. Just when she had started to feel comfortable, this strange man had arrived and taken it all away from her. Silent tears ran down her cheeks as he guided her outside and into the nearby wooded area. With every step, her heart wilted further, sadness enveloping her. She may never see Zack or Noah again, never feel their warm touch or their hands upon her skin. A sob involuntarily rose to the edge of her throat.

She'd never feel their soft embrace.

She'd never feel their lips on her skin or their palm against her bottom. She'd never be able to love them in return.

Crying openly now, she walked further and further away from the home she'd come to love as her own, from the men she'd come to love as her masters.

She loved them.

“Shut the fuck up. I'll beat you if you don't be quiet,” the man growled.

A wail stung at her ears. After a long moment, she realized the pitiful sound was coming from her. The man whirled her around and she finally got a look at him.

A greasy unkempt beard and narrow beady eyes glared back at her. He was overweight and built like a linebacker, at least double, if not triple her size. There was nothing warm or gentle about his touch and she shivered in disgust. His breath stank and it looked like he hadn't showered in days.

His hand swung around, backhanding her hard enough to slam her to the ground. He climbed on top of her, straddling her waist and holding her in place in the dirt. Reaching down, he gripped her sheer body suit by the collar and ripped it with ease, freeing her breasts to his view. She couldn't stop the screams from ripping out of her throat as he grasped and twisted her nipples.

She tried to struggle, to kick and squirm, to try to escape, but he was too big. He shifted his weight, reaching down in between her legs.

Renewing her efforts, she tried to buck him off and succeeded in kneeing him in the groin as hard as she could. He squealed, cupping his balls in his hands as he rolled away from her. She jumped up as quickly as she could and started running back in the direction that she came, only to hear his heavy boots pounding in the dirt behind her. She ran fast but she could hear him gaining on her.

Far off in the distance, she could see Noah, Zack, and Tom walking from the kitten enclosure. She screamed as loud as she could for them, praying that they would hear her, desperate that they save her from this terrible man.

“Shut up, you useless whore!” the man yelled behind her but she didn't listen, she just kept on running, yelling for her masters until one of them finally looked in her direction.

He caught her by the hair then and she screamed in pain as he jerked her backward. He threw her to the ground and the force of the fall knocked the breath out of her. Climbing on top of her, he sat on her stomach and

slapped her hard.

Her cheek burning, she sobbed as he wrapped his grubby fingers around her throat. He tightened his grip and dark spots circled at the edges of her vision.

“Don’t, let me go,” she begged, struggling to draw in a single breath.

She felt the darkness closing in, her consciousness fading and she struggled to fight back, her body weakening with each passing second.

Just then, she heard a roar off in the distance and somehow, the weight was pulled from her chest. The hands released her throat and she coughed hard as she struggled to breathe again. Someone grabbed her and picked her up off the ground as she wheezed.

The dark spots gradually went away and she was able to draw in a steady breath.

“Who the fuck are you,” Noah yelled.

Isabella blinked, her eyes finally focusing and she realized she was in Zack’s arms. She saw Noah next to them and Tom on top of the bearded stranger. She heard the clink of a pair of handcuffs and Tom stood up, pulling her kidnapper up off the ground with him.

She could see Noah seething beside them, barely containing his anger. He looked ready to snap at any second. Reaching for him, she whimpered.

“Master. Please, I need you,” she pleaded.

His dark eyes whirled on her and she winced at their harshness. Still, she stretched her fingers toward him and she saw his angry façade melt a little as he took her fingers within his. Zack hugged her to his chest and Noah joined, both their hard bodies pressing against hers, reminding her that she was safe and protected. In that moment, she knew that she was theirs, utterly and completely. She knew that they’d never let her go.

“Let me buy her. I’ve got lots of money. I can afford her,” the greasy man said, his voice a little shaky.

“Get him out of here, Tom,” Zack growled, “before I fucking kill him.”

“That’s a good idea,” Noah added, the fury still very present in his voice.

“Consider him gone. Good news is you passed inspection. Nice training compound you got here. Keep up the good work,” Tom said as he dragged the man after him.

She watched as the officer and the bearded man walked off the property, toward a large police truck in the driveway. Tom shoved the man in



what looked like a kennel and she couldn't help but smile at the picture of an alien man trapped in a cage.

Noah turned to her and gripped her chin within his fingers. Pulling her into a kiss, he consumed her, devouring her as his, once and for all. When he finally pulled away, Zack took his place, his kiss owning all of her senses in a single moment.

Her men turned back toward the main house, taking her with them. They carried her straight into the bedroom, looking at her hotly and she knew they needed to take her and claim her as theirs as completely as possible. Lying on the bed staring up at them, her heartbeat began to quicken at their smoldering gazes.

Noah descended upon her first, grasping the remnants of her sheer black body suit and tearing it off completely. He clutched her by the waist and flipped her over, his massive palm claiming her right bottom cheek. Zack moved to the other side and gripped her left and she shivered.

"You're ours, pet, do you get that?" Zack snarled.

Both of their palms left her skin and then spanked her hard. The sting was suddenly overwhelming, but she didn't care.

"Yes, Masters. I understand. I'm yours," she cried out as their slaps rained down on her bare nether cheeks. She didn't squirm or fight, accepting that they owned her entirely. Her core throbbed at the prospect of wearing their mark and her arousal soared.

Arching her back, she lifted her bottom for them as the pain of the spanking transformed into something more pleasurable. Her clit throbbed and she moaned with need. They spanked her soundly, together as one and she adored it.

Her honey dripped onto her thighs and her pussy clenched around empty air. She imagined her red backside up in the air and groaned at the vision in her mind.

"Every inch of this body is ours," they said together in unison.

She moaned as their fingers dipped into her pussy, spreading her juices over her lips and up to her tight rosette. She knew they wanted to fuck her and she keened for it as a stray finger brushed against her clit. She wanted more. She wanted her two men.

"Every strand of hair on your head, every drop of arousal that falls from this pussy. You're ours to take, to use, to fuck as we wish," their voices rang out and she panted as her body heated, feeling feverishly hot with her

lust for them.

“Please. Take me as yours, Masters,” she begged, her hips rocking back toward them, pleading for them. She longed for their dominance, their rough hands all over her body as they claimed her as theirs, as they used her for their pleasure.

She loved it.

Noah gripped her hip harshly and she knew there'd be a bruise there later, but she didn't care. His cock pressed against her bottom hole and she didn't dare protest. Her bottom hot and sore, she ached for him to take her in such a forbidden manner and she wanted it to hurt. He stretched her wide and she squealed as it burned, trying her best not to clench and stop his relentless assault.

When he was fully inside her, she breathed a sigh of relief. He then reached down and grabbed her shoulders, lifting her up so that her back pressed against his chest. Zack climbed in front of her, taking his massive erection in his hand. Placing it at the entrance of her pussy, he took her as she moaned.

Full of both her men's cocks at once, she couldn't keep still. Lust ricocheted throughout her system, driving her wild with heat. Two sets of hands snaked around her waist, lifting her up and down, driving the cocks in and out of her in a constant motion.

Their cocks caressed her needy channels and she moaned, leaning forward to catch Zack's lips with her own. He trailed kisses down her neck then and she leaned backward as Noah's lips boldly claimed hers.

Each man took a nipple within their fingers and twisted hard. She groaned at the pleasure pain and trembled under their dominant touch.

It was all becoming too much. She needed to come, but she knew she needed to beg them for it. She needed permission. They owned her, everything about her, including her ability to orgasm.

“Please. Please, let me come, Masters,” she pleaded, her body hurtling toward release with every passing second. She shook with it, her muscles tensing, trying to hold back until they allowed her to let go.

Their cocks slammed into her, harder than ever before and she keened at their roughness, enjoying the sting of pain and desire that rocked her system.

Noah cupped the right side of her head while Zack held the left.

“Come with us, pet,” they said together.

White-hot passion burned at the edges of her vision as her orgasm crashed over her. Riding her men's cocks, she moaned as they took her. Her hips rolled back and forth as they took her deeper than ever. One release rolled into the next and her men groaned beside her, causing a shiver to race down her spine.

Her world shattered again and again as she rode her men. It felt perfect, it felt right. She felt complete.

Shaking against them, she held on tight, every muscle in her body tensing as another orgasm claimed her. Screaming in delight, she felt her men come inside her, their hot seed coating her insides, marking her as theirs, once and for all.

"I love you. I love you so much," she moaned, trembling with the aftershocks of her powerful release.

"We love you too, pet. Forever and for always," Noah and Zack said then.

Noah and Zack were perfect for her and she was perfect for them. Overjoyed, her heart blossomed with happiness. This was it. She'd found her happily ever after. She couldn't have hoped for anything more.

## The End

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# Additional Books in the *Captive Brides* Series

## ***Wedded to the Warriors***

As an unauthorized third child, nineteen-year-old Aimee Harrington has spent her life avoiding discovery by government authorities, but her world comes crashing down around her after she is caught stealing a vehicle in an act of petulant rebellion. Within hours of her arrest, she is escorted onto a ship bound for a detention center in the far reaches of the solar system.

This facility is no ordinary prison, however. It is a training center for future brides, and once Aimee has been properly prepared, she will be intimately, shamefully examined and then sold to an alien male in need of a mate. Worse still, Aimee's defiant attitude quickly earns her the wrath of the strict warden, and to make an example of her, Aimee is offered as a wife not to a sophisticated gentleman but to three huge, fiercely dominant warriors of the planet Ollorin.

Though Ollorin males are considered savages on Earth, Aimee soon realizes that while her new mates will demand her obedience and will not hesitate to spank her soundly if her behavior warrants it, they will also cherish and protect her in a way she has never experienced before. But when the time comes for her men to master her completely, will she find herself begging for more as her beautiful body is claimed hard and thoroughly by all three of them at once?

## ***Her Alien Doctors***

After nineteen-year-old Jenny Monroe is caught stealing from the home of a powerful politician, she is sent to a special prison in deep space to be trained for her future role as an alien's bride.

Despite the public bare-bottom spanking she receives upon her arrival at the detention center, Jenny remains defiant, and before long she earns herself a trip to the notorious medical wing of the facility. Once there, Jenny quickly discovers that a sore bottom will now be the least of her worries, and soon enough she is naked, restrained, and shamefully on display as three stern, handsome alien doctors examine and correct her in the most humiliating ways imaginable.

The doctors are experts in the treatment of naughty young women, and as Jenny is brought ever closer to the edge of a shattering climax only to be

denied again and again, she finds herself begging to be taken in any way they please. But will her captors be content to give Jenny up once her punishment is over, or will they decide to make her their own and master her completely?

# More Stormy Night Books by Sara Fields

## *Claimed by the General*

When Ayala intervenes to protect a fellow slave-girl from a cruel man's unwanted attentions, she catches the eye of the powerful general Lord Eiotan. Impressed with both her boldness and her beauty, the handsome warrior takes Ayala into his home and makes her his personal servant.

Though Eiotan promises that Ayala will be treated well, he makes it clear that he expects his orders to be followed and he warns her that any disobedience will be sternly punished. Lord Eiotan is a man of his word, and when Ayala misbehaves she quickly finds herself over his knee for a long, hard spanking on her bare bottom. Being punished in such a humiliating manner leaves her blushing, but it is her body's response to his chastisement which truly shames her.

Ayala does her best to ignore the intense desire his firm-handed dominance kindles within her, but when her new master takes her in his arms she cannot help longing for him to claim her, and when he makes her his own at last, his masterful lovemaking introduces her to heights of pleasure she never thought possible.

But as news of the arrival of an invader from across the sea reaches the city and a ruthless conqueror sets his eyes on Ayala, her entire world is thrown into turmoil. Will she be torn from Lord Eiotan's loving arms, or will the general do whatever it takes to keep her as his own?

## *A Gift for the King*

For an ordinary twenty-two-year-old college student like Lana, the idea of being kidnapped from Earth by aliens would have sounded absurd... until the day it happened. As Lana quickly discovers, however, her abduction is not even the most alarming part of her situation. To her shock, she soon learns that she is to be stripped naked and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

When she resists the intimate, deeply humiliating procedures necessary to prepare her for the auction, Lana merely earns herself a long, hard, bare-bottom spanking, but her passionate defiance catches the attention of her captor and results in a change in his plans. Instead of being sold, Lana will be given as a gift to Dante, the region's powerful king.

Dante makes it abundantly clear that he will expect absolute obedience and that any misbehavior will be dealt with sternly, yet in spite of everything Lana cannot help feeling safe and cared for in the handsome ruler's arms. Even when Dante's punishments leave her with flaming cheeks and a bottom sore from more than just a spanking, it only sets her desire for him burning hotter.

But though Dante's dominant lovemaking brings her pleasure beyond anything she ever imagined, Lana fears she may never be more than a plaything to him, and her fears soon lead to rebellion. When an escape attempt goes awry and she is captured by Dante's most dangerous enemy, she is left to wonder if her master cares for her enough to come to her rescue. Will the king risk everything to reclaim what is his, and if he does bring his human girl home safe and sound, can he find a way to teach Lana once and for all that she belongs to him completely?

### ***A Gift for the Doctor***

After allowing herself to be taken captive in order to save her friends, Morgana awakens to find herself naked, bound, and at the mercy of a handsome doctor named Kade. She cannot hide her helpless arousal as her captor takes his time thoroughly examining her bare body, but when she disobeys him she quickly discovers that defiance will earn her a sound spanking.

His stern chastisement and bold dominance awaken desires within her that she never knew existed, but Morgana is shocked when she learns the truth about Kade. As a powerful shifter and the alpha of his pack, he has been ordered by the evil lord who took Morgana prisoner to claim her and sire children with her in order to combine the strength of their two bloodlines.

Kade's true loyalties lie with the rebels seeking to overthrow the tyrant, however, and he has his own reasons for desiring Morgana as his mate. Though submitting to a dominant alpha does not come easily to a woman who was once her kingdom's most powerful sorceress, Kade's masterful lovemaking is unlike anything she has experienced before, and soon enough she is aching for his touch. But with civil war on the verge of engulfing the capital, will Morgana be torn from the arms of the man she loves or will she stand and fight at his side no matter the cost?

### ***A Gift for the Commander***

After she is rescued from a cruel tyrant and brought to the planet



Terranovum, Olivia soon discovers that she is to be auctioned to the highest bidder. But before she can be sold, she must be trained, and the man who will train her is none other than the commander of the king's army.

Wes has tamed many human females, and when Olivia resists his efforts to bathe her in preparation for her initial inspection, he strips the beautiful, feisty girl bare and spanks her soundly. His stern chastisement leaves Olivia tearful and repentant yet undeniably aroused, and after the punishment she cannot resist begging for her new master's touch.

Once she has been examined Olivia's training begins in earnest, and Wes takes her to his bed to teach her what it means to belong to a dominant man. But try as he might, he cannot bring himself to see Olivia as just another slave. She touches his heart in a way he thought nothing could, and with each passing day he grows more certain that he must claim her as his own. But with war breaking out across Terranovum, can Wes protect both his world and his woman?

### ***Kept for Christmas***

After Raina LeBlanc shows up for a meeting unprepared because she was watching naughty videos late at night instead of working, she finds herself in trouble with Dr. Eliot Knight, her stern, handsome boss. He makes it clear that she is in need of strict discipline, and soon she is lying over his knee for a painful, embarrassing bare-bottom spanking.

Though her helpless display of arousal during the punishment fills Raina with shame, she is both excited and comforted when Eliot takes her in his arms after it is over, and when he invites her to spend the upcoming Christmas holiday with him she happily agrees. But is she prepared to offer him the complete submission he demands?

### ***The Warrior's Little Princess***

Irena cannot remember who she is, where she came from, or how she ended up alone in a dark forest wearing only a nightgown, but none of that matters as much as the fact that the vile creatures holding her captive seem intent on having her for dinner. Fate intervenes, however, when a mysterious, handsome warrior arrives in the nick of time to save her.

Darrius has always known that one day he would be forced by the power within him to claim a woman, and after he rescues the beautiful, innocent Irena he decides to make her his own. But the feisty girl will require more than just the protection Darrius can offer. She will need both his gentle,

loving care and his firm hand applied to her bare bottom whenever she is naughty.

Irena soon finds herself quivering with desire as Darrius masters her virgin body completely, and she delights in her new life as his little girl. But Darrius is much more than an ordinary sellsword, and being his wife will mean belonging to him utterly, to be taken hard and often in even the most shameful of ways. When the truth of her own identity is revealed at last, will she still choose to remain by his side?

# Sara Fields Links

You can keep up with Sara Fields via her blog, her Twitter account, her Facebook page, her Google+ page, and her Goodreads profile, using the following links:

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