

The “Pet”

Part 1 — The Deal

By “Furry Flynt”

It was going to blizzard the night I answered the ad. I wasn't dumb. When a “Lady Morrigan” asks for an “indentured servant” in this day, there isn't much it *couldn't* be. So I reluctantly tore the ad from the weekly freebie and headed to the midtown Monroe address and to the door of a high-rise apartment building. I rang the buzzer and prayed to Terra Genetics that she would answer soon.

After a moment I heard a woman say over the intercom, “Yes and you are?”

“I'm, uh,” I tried to hide my obvious Zoomorph speech, “answering your ad.”

“I see, and I supposed you'd like to come out of the cold and upstairs to talk to me?” She asked playfully mocking my situation.

I forced out a “yes” through chattering teeth.

“One request first, purely for security's sake, um,” she paused for a moment, “would you please scan your implanted hand over the reader by the door?” I nodded and held my hand to the plastic and aluminum box which promptly lit a LED showing it had read. “Thank you.” I could hear her inhale through her teeth, “Amy ... Patterson?”

“Yes,” my fingers were beginning to get sore from stiffness.

“You’re a Zoomorph Genemod?” She said using one of the more insulting terms, “I’m sorry Genetically Modified. I do apologize, I have ... GM clients who like to be insulted and it slipped. Do come up. I’m on floor 47, in the room at the end of the hall to the left.” The door buzzed and I hustled in to the lobby.

Finally, for the first time in a long while heat and bright light. It seemed like it was always dark in Madison, even in the day. If anything the kilometer-tall Héroult arcology blocked out the sun for half the day during the winter months. I went to the elevator and pressed the button for floor 47 and waited for it to reach it.

I won’t lie. I was terrified. What if I was wrong? What if she *didn’t* want to do that? What if she did? I wasn’t sure what scared me more. Living on the streets or being *used* by someone. I’ve been used before like that, many times, just not intentionally. I didn’t go looking for the sons-of-bitches who did that shit to me.

I looked at the floor numbers changing through the 30s and swallowed. Should I hold my tail high and proud, very unnatural for my Muridae appearance, or down and submissive. As the door opened I held my tail down since keeping it level to the ground hurts eventually. I followed the plush red carpet to the room she told me, number 4703, and stopped at the door for a long moment. Right now I could cut and run. I could probably find a place to sleep for the night.

The door cycled and standing in front of me was a surprisingly short woman for what could be a dominatrix. Nor was she even wearing black ... She had on blue jeans and a mint-green T-shirt. Maybe this “Lady Morrigan” was a legitimate noblewoman. Of course she was... Goddamn, I was a an idiot.

She smiled and said, “You must be Amy.” I nodded quickly, “Please come in.”

I followed her into her large, though modestly furnished, condominium with faux-wood furniture. She lead me to her living room and asked me to sit in a padded wicker chair in what looked like a rooftop solarium in the middle of a sunny summer, despite it being overcast December evening. There was even a warm breeze and birds chirping.

“Pleasant isn’t it?” She asked in an odd accent as she returned with a tray of tea. “It’s a projection system with prismatic reflectors to give the illusion of a sunny day. It’s too dreary for my tastes today.” She smiled, “You look cold.”

I nodded, “I am.”

“Have some tea and warm up,” she said and sat across from me. “If you’ll excuse me, may I ask a personal question before we continue?”

“Yes,” I said as I poured myself a cup of what smelled like tea.

“You are aware I am looking for a submissive?” She asked in a much more serious voice than she had before.

“Yes,” I said in a shaky breath, “for, um,” I didn’t want to blurt out “kinky sex”, but I almost did, “a relationship.”

“In a sense, but not as such,” she said returning to her more pleasant tone, “I do not want a relationship *per se* as much as a loyal servant to help around my home and a, um, plaything, if you will.”

“OK,” I mumbled around a buttery lemon cookie.

“Are you monosyllabic?” She asked with a slight smile.

“What?” I didn’t quite catch what she said.

Before I could answer she continued, “Speak in single, short words my dear. Are you literate? Are you educated or another poor wretch that was lost by the nation’s failing schooling system?”

“I have some college, but I’m just nervous,” I said and swallowed, “Actually I have more than *some* college. Um, I have a Bachelor’s in Communications. I just can’t seem to hold a job.”

“Why not?” She asked, “I’ll admit a communications degree doesn’t go far, but I can’t imagine you not being able to hold a job at all.”

“I’m a Zoomorph and not a ‘pretty’ one,” I mocked the word “pretty”.

“Your fragment is not a well liked animal, but you are certainly pretty,” she said looking over me. “Stand up.” I stood, hesitating only to put down my plate. “How tall are you? And your weight.”

“A hundred forty-four centimeters,” I said, “I weigh, um, 38 kilograms.”

“You have a small bust,” she said telling me what *way* too many people have told me. “But, it’s to be expected I suppose from someone so petite.” She hesitated while looking at me, “I don’t know if I can accept you. Nothing to do with your physique, there is nothing wrong with short and skinny, but in that ...” She stood and walked over to me, “I would be calling you my ‘pet’, but with you as a Zoomorph this becomes a *much* more derogatory term.”

“I wouldn’t be offended,” I said, half lying.

“Yes, you would,” she said walking around me, inspecting. “Using purely animal terms for a Zoomorph is like calling a black man a “nigger” or a Jew a “kike”. I would never use that language to them and I will never use it with you or any other Zoomorph. It is an insulting derogatory. While I may degrade my clients and ‘pets’ I never insult their heritage like that. It is a matter of their personal honor.” She finished her circle of me, “Do you have anything to say to that?”

I found myself saying, “I am your spaniel and ...” I swallowed trying to remember the next

part, “the more you beat me, I will fawn on you. Use me — but as your spaniel. Spurn me, strike me, neglect me, lose me, but give me leave, unworthy as I am, to follow you.”

I was surprised she let me say so much, but she smiled and said, “Brava, *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, Act Two, Scene One. Helena trying vainly to seduce Demetrius. A favorite play of mine.” She tucked her hand under my chin, “How old are you?”

“Twenty-Four,” I said in a single breath.

“Hmm ...” She looked at me again. “Strip.”

I undressed like she told me. I felt self-conscious, but only because from what I could tell she was busty compared to my relatively flat chest. Once I was undressed she walked around inspecting me. “You have scars,” she pointed out, “nothing major but you have them. How did you get them or is that too personal for right now?”

“I’ve had some, um,” I took a breath and held it, “not very nice, um ...” I let her finish the thought, but I could tell she knew what I was saying.

She huffed at me and returned to my front. “Abusive relationships then?” She shook her head and walked away and looked up at the ceiling. “Nighttime, Banba.” The ceiling flickered and turned blue-black filled with stars with the almost unknown expanse of the Milky Way shining through. The “walls” of the solarium turned to high arched ruins and the air conditioner changed and a cool breeze began blowing through. Lady Morrigan inhaled deeply and said, “I love this program ...” She turned around smiling and looked at me. “You’re a ‘virgin’ to what I want to do aren’t you?”

My chest tighten and felt embarrassed for standing naked in what felt like a field in the middle of ... somewhere ... In the open. I nodded quickly and said, “I’ve, uh,” I swallowed hard, “yeah.”

“You enjoy being erotically spanked but nothing formal,” she said, tilting her head, “and you’ve

never been dominated outside of abusive relationships.” I didn’t say anything but looked away from her gaze, “I see. I’m not sure if I should do this. I’m known to be rather ... enthusiastic in what would I do.”

“I can take it,” I said meekly.

“I’m sure you can but I’m worried about you psychologically,” she said, “you can get dressed again and please sit we need to actually talk.”

“Yes ma’am,” I said as I bent to get my clothes off the chair.

“For now you may call me Morrigan,” she said as she walked to the other wicker chair, “Daytime, sun porch” and the room reset to how it was before and the “sun” returned. I finished dressing and sat in the chair across from where she was standing. “Do you know who The Morrigan is? Besides the name I use. I think it would help you understand me better.”

“No,” I didn’t really want to know. It was getting late and I was getting tired. I hadn’t slept a full night in days.

“The Morrigan is a Celtic goddess,” she said sitting across from me, “a war goddess and not the virtuous aspects of war. Some say she is a goddess of the slaughter. And oddly contradicting that face she, like many goddesses, was associated with fertility. She and The Dagda — the chief of the Irish gods — even had a heated sexual affair at one point.” She got a smirk on her face, “In the end, however, she is to be feared and respected more than lusted over.” Her face went stern, “Do you understand?”

“Yeah,” I shook my head, “I understand”

“My dear, you’ve been abused and the beatings hurt, correct?” I nodded remembering some of the trash I’ve dated beating me with anything they could, “Have you ever been *erotically* punished

though? You have alluded to it, but you haven't told me yes or no. Be honest, please. I don't want to hurt you."

"No," I nearly whispered.

"Excuse me?" She asked a bit more forcefully.

"No, uh," I took several deep breaths, "mistress."

"You don't need to call me 'mistress' quite yet," She shook her head, "my dear, do you even like having your butt smacked? A little tease smack?"

"I, uh," I could barely even breathe my chest was so tight, "I like that OK, just not, um, being beaten."

"Describe 'being beaten'," she asked.

"I don't know, um, hit like, uh, with a fist?" It wasn't really how I would describe being beaten, but I had a feeling about what Lady Morrigan would want to do. Probably the palm of her hand, or a cane or whip or paddle and why the hell was this sounding intriguing? I don't know if it was or not. I wasn't getting turned on, but nor was I being repulsed by it. What the hell? It was probably just being nervous. I like having my butt slapped during sex, but ... No, no, no, no, no! Shut up! That's not what I was thinking ... but it was. I had to admit to it. So I told her as much.

"Very good," she said and smiled, "a little masochistic then? Nothing much beyond vanilla play, but a little sting never hurt anyone. I'm glad you were honest."

"Thank you," I said as meekly as I could.

She smiled a creepy used-car-salesman smile and said too cheerfully, "Very good. Now," she sighed, "here's what I'll do for you. You may stay here as my ... pet ... for a week. You will be fed,

allowed to bathe and have relatively free reign here within reason of course. However if you commit a transgression you will be punished.”

I swallowed hard and nodded, “I understand.”

“However if you please me I will very likely please you,” she said quickly and stood, “now if you would, take a shower and dress in some clothes I will give you we may begin.”