

Living in Harmony

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GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

INTRO 🎵

It's a peaceful night. Nothing breaks the tranquility, except the calm waves outside, and the medium volume of the big T.V. Of course, in a mansion as vast as this, everything is big compared to the average Joe. The first sound is explained by the fact that the secluded villa, hidden behind miles of trees, is located right next to a beautiful shore, a view to behold.

The reason for the second sound is, Madam always likes to relax on her comfy sofa chair, in front of the T.V, with a glass of fine wine, before going to bed. She always had the best red wine money could buy, and even though her health didn't let her indulge as much nowadays, she still savored that one glass, every night. On the sofa-chair's right side, a human silhouette can be seen, illuminated by the moonlight entering through the balcony door, and from the light of the T.V screen.

The person, a young woman, is curled up on the floor, dozing off, with her legs balled up close to her belly, and her crossed arms used as a pillow for her resting head. Upon closer inspection though, the girl's appearance became more and more strange, at least to an unsuspecting observer.

First of all, she was pretty much naked, apart from a few accessories that did little to hide any private parts, and a lot to either restrain her movements or dehumanize her. Her beautiful legs were covered with some thigh-high stockings, covered entirely with a silver grey, faux fur. At the top of the stockings, a short, grey leather strap, with a clip on either side of the legs, locked with a corresponding buckle, on the girl's lower calf. The belt's length left only enough slack for the calves to make about a 30 degree angle with the thighs, essentially forcing the girl to crawl on her knees at all times. The furry garments did not cover the wearer's feet, but rather ended at the ankles, then converged into the middle toe-finger. A small elastic band looped around it kept the stockings from slipping up or down.

The woman's arms also lacked freedom, albeit a little less. The same furry, silver grey pattern covered her arms like long gloves that went up to almost her armpits. But there were no gloves for her fingers

to go through, only soft, paw mittens, covering her hands. This time, the top of the glove served as both a strap, to secure the gloves in place, and as another restraining mechanism, just like the one on her legs. This time, the length of the leather strap was longer, so that the elbow could move relatively freely, but not bend anywhere close to a straight arm. 120 degrees was the most. Another leather strap around the wrists ensured there was not a way the mittens could be pulled off with the rest of the "gloves".

If this appearance wasn't humiliating enough, the finishing touches on the girl's look certainly did the trick. A head harness, baring a mask, resembling very much a cat snout, with a cute pink nose and little whiskers on either side. Matching the previous items in color, the mask was securely strapped over the girl's face and buckled behind her head. It was narrow enough so that the young woman's mouth and tongue were still visible through the opening under the snout. Two straps went around the sides, while one came through the girl's eyes and across the middle of her head. Her blonde/brown hair fell down to her shoulders, not perfectly wavy or straight like she usually had them, but completely natural.

Additionally, an Alice band, featuring two cute cat ears, had been placed through her hair. Its teeth were foldable, so that the band gripped well on the hair, and could not be shaken off. A black leather collar with the name "Loli" was around her neck.

Finally, this cute, fuzzy and twisted cat-dress up wouldn't be complete without a tail. The grey fluffy tail was sticking out of the girl's rear, which was filled with a generously air-pumped butt plug, which also acted as the base for the long, furry tail.

Madam had another sip from her wine glass, as the news broadcaster was heard from the TV. "9 months have passed since the mysterious disappearance of superstar singer Taylor Swift. The pop-star idol had finished her world tour, and had last been seen vacationing in the Caribbean, when authorities first notified her as a missing person. "Hear that, Loli? You've made the news...again" the old, skinny lady said, turning her head to the right. The young woman had already raised her head briefly, at the sound of her former name. "Thousands of fans from around the world, have gathered to leave candles and pray for the singer's safety", said the announcer, over footage of mostly teenage girls gathering in public memorials. "She is my favorite musician, i just wish she's ok" a teary-eyed girl said to the camera.

"Are you ok, Loli?" the older woman leaned her head a bit towards the girl. "Meooow" the pretty, slim girl replied, mimicking a cat's voice. That girl was, in fact, the famous pop-star, Taylor Swift. She always responded to her elderly owner when prompted, as she had been taught throughout these difficult 9 months. The black collar around her neck, confirmed her new identity. A coin-shaped tag attached on it, had engraved the word "Loli" on it.

Not much time has passed since the blue-eyed musician had the world in the palm of her hand. Platinum records, millions of fans and dollars, international fame. But one day, as she was sunbathing in a wonderful Caribbean beach, she was startled by what seemed like silencer pistol shots. Her two bodyguards had been dispatched, and before she had much time to process what was happening, two sets of big, strong arms, covered the sun above her eyes, one holding her firmly in her sunbed, the other pressing a soaked rag on her face. She put up as much of a fight as a 145-pound girl can against two 250-pound men. Just like that, poof, she was allegedly gone from the world, wiped from the face of the earth. The police couldn't find any lead and she was declared legally dead after 6 months of investigations.

As the news broadcast approached its end with the lighter, lifestyle section, the news anchor shifted the mood to report about a new music world tour. "The superstar-filled tour includes Selena Gomez, Adriana Grande, Camila Cabello and Demi Lovato. We simply can't wait!" the woman reporter said with enthusiasm. "Hmmm", Madam tapped her long nails on her glass, pondering what she'd just learned. "Maybe it's a good opportunity to acquire some more pets. It's been kind of lonely here, lately. Don't you think, Loli?" she said, with her eyes still stuck on the screen, depicted the various, booty-flaunting singers.

"Meooow", Taylor meowed once again, like a good kitty.

FIRST VERSE

Madam Teresa was a prominent member of the art community. Being an extremely reputable opera singer in the 80s and 90s. Now, at age 61, she was isolated from the public eye, only making scarce public appearances. The few people that were close to her, knew her as a particularly snob woman, always looking down at the commercialized music of today. She hated pop music and the pop stars, who rode its wave, receiving more applause and fans than she ever could.

Even fewer people, meaning only her employees - no immediate family was present, knew of her sadistic, twisted urges towards these people, particularly towards the women of this industry. Madam

Teresa was not particularly ugly, but calling her a beautiful woman at any point of her life would be a stretch. In her eyes, these trollops were a disgrace to female artists, merely selling their bodies and sexes in order to be regarded as one.

Abducting a world-wide celebrity like Miss Swift was a challenge enough, getting four of the biggest singers in the world at the same time, would require some planning. Luckily for Madam Teresa, the young starlets did share a private jet between concert destinations. This was the best opportunity she'd ever have.

The girls were all dressed with eccentric, stylish outfits, as the paparazzi would snap shots the second they stepped out of the jet. Still up in the air, they relaxed on long, comfy couches and sofa chairs, inside the plane, chatting about last night's show and other more trivial things. The show had gone great, selling out a huge arena.

"I know that happens. It's just that the shows delay every time by at least an hour", Selena sighed. "I know, right?" Ariana agreed, feeling closer to her from their Disney days. "I'm just all dressed and ready to go out, and all of a sudden they're like "we gotta fix this light or this blah blah blah", and then i'm stuck waiting like an idiot" the petite girl complained. "At least the after-party was dope, yesterday", Camila chipped in. "Yeah, it was great. Just wished hangovers weren't a thing", Demi added, rubbing her forehead.

All of a sudden, there was a thud, coming from the pilot's room. Besides its celebrity passengers, on board were two pilots and an air-hostess/waitress. All four women turned towards the sound, worried. "What was that?" Ariana asked first.

"It's probably nothing", the stewardess/waitress went to check on it, trying to hide her worry. Before she could knock the door, it burst open, and a man holding a silenced gun, rushed out! Before the woman could finish screaming in terror, she was silenced by a bullet between her eyes. The rest of the young passengers shared her panic, seeing the woman's murder right in front of them. They were simply frozen with fear. The plane's pilot was also dead, slumped over still on his seat.

The man quickly threw three pairs of handcuffs towards Demi Lovato. "Cuff their hands behind their backs", he simply stated. With a gun barrel pointing inches from her face, the dark-haired singer obeyed without a second thought. "Don't be lazy with it, or you'll meet your waitress friend", the man made sure the girl wouldn't try to cheat while locking the girl's wrists behind their backs. None of them made a pip, until Camila, the feistier of the group, mustered up the courage. "Please sir, don't hurt

us! We have plenty of money to give you", the Latina tried to bargain for their freedom. "I don't give a fuck about your money", he said, as Demi was now cuffing their ankles together, as instructed.

The man then threw three ball-gags Demi's way, ordering her to gag each of her friends. "I'm sorry", she could only whisper with fear, desperation slowly overcoming her, as she gagged each of the singers tightly. The feeling of the gun's barrel against the back of her head really made her focused on leaving no room for escape. Struggling and moaning pathetically, the three girls sitting on the sofa, watched the man restrain the last girl standing. At last, all four damsels were "ready". The strange man stashed the helpless girls into the luggage storage compartments, after clipping a carabiner between each of the girl's wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs. The hogtied pop-stars could barely fit inside the luggage containers. He lowered the cap over them, then locked it shut and put the small key in his pocket. He had to return to the cockpit to alter the jet's destination.

The wreckage of the "Girl Power" tour jet would be discovered a week later. No survivors were ever identified. To the world's knowledge, the sea had devoured the young stars' bodies. The nation was plunged into grief.

Upon landing, Camila, Selena, Ariana and Demi were quickly propped and bound individually on four two-wheeled, hand-trolleys, like those used in factories to move around products. The girls' wrists and ankles had been separately cuffed to the trolley's bars. The women, still dressed up, were wheeled inside a huge mansion by four apathetic maids. Despite being Madam's servants, they were dressed in respectable, long bodycon dresses down to their calves. A row of buttons, coming from their neck to their waist, were all closed on the all-green outfits.

Their hair was caught in formal buns. No aprons or headbands or anything cliché. Their look exuded class, like the high heels on their feet. The four servants weren't particularly star-struck, as they wheeled the captive's inside the house, ignoring their muffled appeals for release.

Finally, the four maids reached the huge living room of the house. Madam Teresa was relaxing on a chair, marveling at the view of the ocean through the giant glass wall of her mansion. "Oh, finally", she simply uttered when she saw her servants arrive with her awaited guests. "So I take it you're all world-famous singers?" the old lady rose from her chair to inspect the women closer. She used a walking baton, made out of fine wood with a golden handle. She may not have been that old for one, but Teresa's knees were weak and she never went anywhere without her cane.

The restrained women were propped next to each other on their trolleys. All four moaned in different tones and pitches. While Demi and Camila seemed angry and defiant, Selena and Ariana were mostly

terrified and begging behind their ball-gags. "Tsk, tsk, already my ears hurt", she dismissed their annoying moans.

"Thank god i won't have to hear you sing", she said, approaching Miss Grande. The tiny girl pulled away, sticking her back against the back of the trolley she was chained on. "But i do want to hear you purr, little one", she reached with her index finger and with her long nail tickled Ariana's chin, as the girl's neck was tilted backwards, trying to avoid the creepy grandma's touch. The girl locked her eyes with the old lady's. "What does she mean by purr? Why would she say that?" she thought.

The imposing woman then snapped her wrinkly fingers, and the girls' trolleys were on the move, again. They were taken into a hidden basement of the mansion. The room was empty and pretty clinical in nature. There were 4 metal tables, forming a square in the room. Each table had metal semicircular shackles screwed on them, on each corner.

In no time, each struggling pop-star was locked on these tables, trapped in all fours. The maids worked diligently, fitting the women with their new outfits, outfits that would not be altered every 5 songs, or ever see the flash of the paparazzi. Freeing only one limb at the time in order to "dress it", the maids dressed up protesting women. It would be more correct to say "undressed up", as all their clothes were rudely torn off, leaving their asses, pussies and tits presented to everyone.

The girls felt mortified upon being stark naked, but when their new outfits were forcefully put on them, they all preferred staying nude. "Miss Lovato, please cooperate", the maid asked politely, as the restrained woman refused to hand over her temporarily free arm. "Llll mmm ggggg!" Demi tried to threaten the woman, only drooling more saliva from her ball-gag. Despite her disobedience, the maid had little trouble fitting a long glove on the woman's arm. Like in Miss Swift's suit, it ended in cute paws, although this was made out of velvet coating, soft but also kind of thick, unlike any usual pair of stockings. The velvet was a deep purple color. Once it was dressed with its purple paw-mitten, the arm was restrained and the maid moved over to the next limb. On the table, Demi spotted a purple mask with straps around it. The mask was a purple dog snout, with a cute, black, dog nose on the edge. The girl's anxiety rose even more, and her pulling on the metal cuffs intensified.

Next to her, Selena was sobbing, tears streaming down her face, as her "handler" was finishing her getup. Even when she had her gag removed, Selena could barely utter a couple of "pleaasse", before a head harness, this time with a black dog's snout on it, was snugly strapped over her face. "Relax, Miss Gomez", the maid reassured her, with a cold tone that would reassure no one. The Latina singer had the same velvety stocking and gloves as Demi, these were also pitch black.

Correspondingly with the pointy cat ears, Alice-bands with floppy dog ears were also placed Demi and Selena's heads, matching the color of their new "fur". The two pop-stars were methodically being turned into doggy-girls.

At the same time, Ariana was testing her metal restraints strength, with no success. She was dressed as a cute kitty-cat, her faux fur "skin" having a ginger red color. She felt completely degraded, when the kitty mask was strapped on her face and buckled snugly, along with the cat ears over her long, straight, brown hair. "Miss Grande is ready", the woman informed the others with a monotone voice, as the restrained girl struggled in vain, to dislodge her mask or free her hand from inside their paw-mittens. She'd make a nice cat pair, along with Miss Swift.

"Let us go you crazy bitches!" yelled Camila, from the moment her gag was off. She had already been fitted with her new "skin", which was made out of a light pink, fuzzy plush fabric. Similarly to all the others, her arms and legs were covered with the same strap-bearing items of clothing. Her mask, featured a cute bunny face, with whiskers. Her Alice band had a couple of perky bunny ears, one of them bending forward at the middle.

Apart from the suit's velvet, faux fur or plush fabric, all the noses on the girl's snout-masks, whether pink or black, had a leathery texture, eery familiar to the real thing.

For the final stage of this bizarre transformation, the maids put out four butt plugs, each with the corresponding tail for each girl attached to its end. There was a couple of slim dog tails, a fluffy cat tail and a round bunny tail. "Nooo...nooo", "Ouuuuch", "Pleaaaaaaase", and all sorts of yelps were heard, as the plugs were first inserted into the celebrities asses, then air-pumped to expand inside their rectums. Without deflating them, there was no way in hell the tails could be removed. Each girl padded with quick breaths, to deal with the pain of the invasion.

At last, all four abducted damsels were brought before Madam Teresa's eyes, all leashed through collars around their necks. From them dangled silver tags, indicating their new names. Demi's wrote "Mimi", Ariana's wrote "Riri", Camila's wrote "Lala", and Selena's wrote "Sese", which Teresa would

pronounce "Si-Si". Sure, it was a simple pattern, but Madam wasn't in the mood to trouble herself with remembering complicated names. Plus, they all sounded so cute! Each well-dressed maid was leading a restrained girl along, the color of the leash matching each pet-girl's "outfit".

The old lady was relaxing on the patio of her exotic estate. The sun was setting beautiful, falling into the sea in the horizon. "Oh my, they look...wonderful", Madam paused for a second, stunned with excitement. In front of her, stood four humiliated young women. These girls could have brought Madam Teressa ransoms of billions of dollars, but what she saw before her eyes, was worth a lot more.

Each girl was crawling in all fours, restrained on their arms and legs the same way Taylor was, with restricting belts. Selena and Demi in their black and purple doggy costumes, Ariana in her ginger-red kitty one, and Camila as a pink bunny. All four girls had renewed their attempts at either pleading, cursing out, or bargaining with their captor, but none of it was audible. Playfully designed bit-gags, shaped like bone-sticks for the puppy-girls, slim fish for the cat-girls and a carrot for Madam's little bunny-girl, had been tied around their mouths, with elastic, rubber bands. It twisted the knife even more, as the effect made the look like happy pets, playing with their food.

"Silence!" the older woman demanded discipline. Even though she looked like she could snap like a twig, the girls felt that going against this woman, would be a bad choice. They ceased their outcries, examining the woman in front of them. She was dressed in a chic pant-suit, with a satin scarf around her neck. A pearl necklace decorated her neck, gold earring on her ears. Her nails were long and painted a deep red. Camila noticed though that the ones on the woman's index and middle finger of her right hand, were trimmed short. She didn't have much time to process it though, as their captor was still talking.

"Welcome to my humble home. You'll find it is very explorable and cozy" she paused to make sure all eyes were on her. The four women were hanging by her lips. "Does any of you have a clue who i am?", she asked the four women in bondage. All looked around at each other, silent, confused. "Of course...", the lady scoffed. "Why would you? All you had to do to be famous was shake your butts to some pervy executive, and voila..." she paused while the girls kept looking up at her with pitiful looks.

"I'm Teressa Guttenberg, one of the biggest sopranos of all time", she schooled her millennial crowd. "Your songs, they are absolutely despicable trash", she stated as a fact, more than an opinion. "You do the biggest disservice to music and the noble art of singing", she kept insulting her captives. "So i figured, you'd be of more use keeping me company as my pets, than on any performing stage". At the sound of that, Camila and Demi were getting mad again, while Ariana and Selena remained cowardly. "I'll keep you safe, feed you and take care of you. All i ask in return is your absolute loyalty", the well-dressed lady concluded.

Demi had had enough of this crazy hag's bullshit. With all her strength, she tried to lounge at her, screaming and kicking. Her attempts looked pathetic. Even disregarding her degraded attire, she couldn't pose the slightest threat. Her folded legs and paws forbid her getting up, her curses were incoherent from the gag and her "handler" had little trouble keeping her from jumping towards the old lady, holding her leash taut.

Madam Teresa simply put her hand on her left wrist, which was decorated with a luxurious, silver watch. She pressed one of the five crown-buttons surrounding it, each having different colors. Immediately, a wave of electricity, coming from the electrodes on her training collar, caused her a wall of pain. "MMMmmmgggg", the curvaceous pop-star fell on the ground, writhing in pain. She tried to remove the agonizing collar, but with her useless paws, she could only fumble with it.

The rest of her showbiz friends just looked at her, frozen in fear, grateful they weren't in her place. "So...", the Madam continued as if someone just rudely interrupted her, Miss Lovato still twitching on the floor. "I'd like to introduce you to my kitten. She was a bit lonely these few months, so i think you'll get along splendid. Loli!...", the lady called out towards the living room. The four girls remained speechless, as nothing happened for a few seconds. Then, from the corner appeared a crawling woman, wearing a silver-grey version of Ariana's "suit". All of them widened their eyes in shock when they saw her. It was Taylor Swift! The woman crawled shyly towards her mistress. She stood by her side, quiet, with the fish-gag between her teeth, nonetheless. "I figured she might get a little riled up to see you, so i put her gag on for good measure", Teresa said.

In front of the leashed women, Madam reached down her wrinkly fingers and gently stroked the girl's hair, in the spot between her pointy ears. Taylor received the petting with a submissive, docile expression in her eyes. "She was very unruly when i first got her, but now she knows her place is by my side". Taylor kept her eyes at the floor throughout her mistress' speech. "The faster you come to accept this, the better for you", the woman advised.

Madam's new pets were informed that there would be no talking at any point. Any misbehaving would be punished thoroughly. Their vocal chords would from now only be used for barking, meowing... animal sounds, and definitely not for singing.

PRE-CHORUS ♪

Their first days were undeniably, difficult. The captured women were enjoying champagne in their bubble baths not long ago. Now, they had to exercise their delicate knees, crawling around this twisted woman's house. All they had to eat was the pet-food that Madam's helpers poured inside their bowls. The girl's one by one spitted the gross food pebbles back, disgusted. But after a day and a half, when they realized there would be no alternative, they hungrily gulped down the repulsive dry food.

They desperately wanted to communicate with each other, to maybe plan an escape, or to free each other. But, if not their new owner, at least one of Madam's maids was always present, and a single word meant a thorough caning on the buttocks, administered by Teresa's thick cane. Every one of them at one point or another, received a red butt, for their attempts at negotiating with the old lady, or her maids. Any transgression the female servants noticed, they immediately reported to their employer. Through the first days, the girls were getting caned every three or four hours, not considering all the collar zaps Mistress gave them. Their asses were permanently stinging sore and stripe-patterned with all the marks left by Madam's baton. The feisty ones, Demi and Camila, were getting disciplined even more frequently than that.

It was pretty terrible, but what made the whole ordeal even more frustrating for them, was how compliant Taylor Swift was to all of this insanity, a girl infamous in the music industry for her pride and high status. The former superstar had no reservations stooping so, soooo low, just to satisfy Madam Teresa's whims. Whenever she called on her, she was there on her feet. Whenever Madam would dangle "Loli's favorite" stick, a simple rod with a plush mouse toy, hanging by a thread, the silver-grey cat would always play with it, reaching up to paw it with enthusiasm.

"Come on, Riri, get that mousey!", Madam would say, introducing the new kitty-cat to her "toys". Then there were two options for Ariana. Either she played along, playing with the toy like a dumb animal, or defy her mistress and get zapped, caned, left unfed, you name it. The young girl had grown up with everything she could want. No one said "no" to her. To say she led a privileged life would be an understatement. Because of that, facing a torment as painful as being electrocuted by her collar, or facing the dreaded cane, was simply too much for her. So, she begrudgingly obeyed, most of the times.

The same state of mind was true for all her famous friends. Between random outbursts of desperation, which were always "dealt with" accordingly, the four recent captives just tried to stay out of harm's way. Despite the unwanted feeling of a dirty tree-branch between their teeth, Mimi and Sese fetched it back to their mistress, every time she threw it.

Of course, not everything was going peachy. There were several instances where the girls would snap, begging once more for release, or outright curse out their captor/owner. "I'm not a fucking rabbit you old bitch!", or "Go get your own damn stick!", were some of the angered phrases hurled towards the bemused Madam, right before she pressed the electrocuting button of her watch. But she knew this was to be expected, the growing pains of change.

The watch was used for the momentary, immediate discipline of the pets, when Madam just wanted things done, without much. Her walking baton was mainly used for more of an aftermath lesson, a punishment, to deter such insolent behavior from happening again. The pets were always ordered to perk their asses up, with their legs a bit wider, and the arms and head on the floor. No slouching of the back either, the posture was precise.

As for Ariana and Selena, they were mostly fearful of their elderly captor, to the point where just the threat of discipline, would shape them in line. Their outbursts revolved mainly around the frustration that their bondage and situation presented, and less about hatred towards the woman responsible. Their pitiful bargaining attempts always fell short. Madam didn't care about their stupid money, or their worried families.

Madam always referred to her pets as being "anxious", during these various fits, and had them gagged for many hours afterwards. Faint moans were sometimes heard at nights, were all five pets would be placed into a cornered area, bordered by a sturdy, pet fence. Roaming around the house at night was a big no-no. The girls could have easily gotten over the 4-foot fence, if it weren't for their leg and arm straps. Loli was normally left ungagged after so many months, but with the new arrivals, Madam thought it'd be best to gag her to. The carrot-y, bone-y and fish-y gags left the girls mostly exchanging worried or comforting looks, the baby monitor put out of reach pointing down at their night-pit, making sure no pet would cause a ruckus.

There were a few moments, were some of the captured women were able to sneak in a few whispers with each other. But there was little time for anything of importance to be conveyed. "Don't worry", or "we'll make it through this", was usually all Ariana or Demi could muster up, whenever the more fragile Selena or Camila were on the verge of a nervous breakdown, before stopping to avoid drawing suspicions from the on-looking maids.

Whenever any of the girls tried approaching Taylor, they never got anywhere with her. The blonde country-girl responded usually by shaking her head left and right, signaling to the other to not break any of the mistress' strict rules. She would even meow at them, whenever a maid was even remotely close! It was obvious that she wanted nothing to do with their rebel behavior, if it meant jeopardizing her goodwill with Madam Teresa. Taylor was afraid they might cause her to disobey her mistress, and subsequently earn her more pain.

Camila, Demi, Ariana and Selena could not yet comprehend the level of cruelty inflicted on the woman. How could a former red carpet diva, debase herself into such animalistic behavior?

Despite that, Taylor did like to have some warm bodies around her at night. The other girls had not even seen each other naked, of course getting dressed in private changing rooms. Now, they'd become uncomfortably intimate with each other, everyone getting a good look, as well as whiff, of each other's pussies, their bodies washed once a week, scrubbed by Madam's servants on the same basement tables where they were first fitted with their only "clothes", which were then forcefully fitted again.

Their sleeping pen left enough room so that the pets could lay on the floor, but only curled up and with a lot of skin contact.

Once a day at some stage, Madam's maids each would walk one of the pet-girls, out in the huge front garden, a majestic sight of stone-floored paths between long rows of tall bushes and humble trees. The human-beasts were still too untamed to be handed over to Madam, as a sudden pull of their leash could bring down the fragile woman. Until they showed proper behavior, they would be trusted to the younger women, to shape them into good pets.

Selena will never forget the first time she was ordered to relieve her full bladder, right in front of an impatient maid! She was blushing with shame, but she hadn't gone for a full day, and her body was protesting. The ass-smacks she received from the woman who was losing her patience, didn't help either. She finally let the stream of urine run from between her legs, but she did not raise her one leg, as she'd been instructed. So, Sese received some strawberry-red buttocks upon returning from the walk. The baby-faced singer never dared to go against her captors' wishes.

The pet-girls were ordered to beg, either at Madam Teresa, or if she was absent, her servants, in order to be granted the right to pee. The sign was a whine for the puppy-girls and bunny-girl and a soft purring from Riri and Mimi, followed by excited tail-wagging. Only then, could they have their release.

Their butt-plug tails served an additional purpose, as they were now not in any control of their bowel movements. It felt so demoralizing, so helpless, to need someone to take care of such mundane and obvious tasks. Similarly for the peeing routine, the pets had to beg for their plugs to be removed, so they could defecate. The female servants - with Madam's permission- would then take a small tube, which connected to a tiny hole at their plugs, would release all the pumped up air, making for a

possible removal of the phallus. After doing their thing, their tail-plugs would go right back in its cozy nest, pumped up again to stay firmly in place.

Miss Grande was always the last to hold off, until her belly would almost burst from the pressure. She was always a very petite and well-mannered woman. The fact that she was defecating in front of other people, let alone having to beg to do so, made her want to die of shame.

As the first three weeks progressed, Madam's new pets were good for a few things, but not many. She was satisfied to see that they ate their meals without objection, behaved relatively well during their walks, and their tiresome whining had subsided to a passable - for the time being- amount. "Loli used to be just like you, always fighting me and trying to get her way", she'd talk down to her crawling captives. "But in the end, she understood that it was pointless, and look how happy she's now". She often did that, pointing to her grey-furred kitty-girl as an example to be followed. "All the lights and the attention and the glory, you need to leave these things behind", she tried to reason with them. "Your lives are here now, with me". As was evident by Miss Swift's condition, teaching the pampered superstars some humility wasn't a lost cause.

It was already starting to happen. Camila would catch herself seeking Madam's soothing touch, as Teresa had made a habit out of stroking her little bunny-girl's back with her long fingernails, whenever Camila did well during their "playtime". She'd even shake her little fluffy ball of a tail, to indicate to her mistress that she loved her caresses. These couple of minutes, seemed like heaven in this cruel alternate reality, and although the brunette still despised her captor and hated herself for her behavior, she did want to be good at their plays, in order to earn those delightful scratches. Bunnies don't make much noise, and Camila was improving greatly at keeping her mouth shut, the amount of times she "needed" her carrot-bit-gag decreasing. Ironic, considering she was always the loudest and chattiest of the young group.

Demi Lovato had also soften up, albeit slightly. She didn't talk back as much or even moaned through her bit-gag. Instead, she tried to be docile, begging half-heartedly, to receive treats from the Madam's aged hands. The sugary treats tasted so much better than anything that was on any day's "menu". Prone to partying and addictive substances, Demi found the next best thing she could at this house. Getting the faint sugar high was a big departure from all the alcohol and drugs she'd been used to in Hollywood, but now, these sweets were all she had and she cherished them dearly.

Ariana and Selena had transformed into responsive little pet's, meowing and barking whenever they were being addressed. Their pain tolerance being the lowest of the bunch, they really had no choice but to fall into their new roles. It was so fun to watch, Madam often made them play-fight with each

other. Sitting back and watching them exchange high-pitched meows and barks, before jumping at each other, pawing and play-biting. It was very indicative of how far they had progressed. The two pop-stars felt so humiliated, putting on this little show for their mistress, but at least she was happy, and that meant they were free from her dreaded golden cane.

"At least she was happy". That thought, creeping into every girls' mind, was a slippery slope. Without then truly noticing, their path towards complete submission was taking shape. They still despised the grey-haired woman, and were mostly driven by the cracks of her cane and their training collars, more than anything else. But everything begins with a spark.

CHORUS

As for Taylor, she was already a near-perfect pet. You could even see that she took pride in that, always following her mistress around, trying to stay by her side, meowing for her attention. There was one incident when, while relaxing on the couch in front of the T.V, Selena went to stand by her mistress' side. Taylor, who was already standing on her right, actually hissed at the surprised girl. "Loli NO! bad kitty", Madam scolded her. Selena couldn't believe her eyes. Taylor was actually competing with her for this pensioned kidnapper's heart.

If there ever was a Stockholm Syndrome, Taylor was showing severe symptoms. "Loli" worked for Madam Teresa's goals, as much as she did. She was the example the other pets should aspire to become, and as such, she was getting the best treatment out of all of them.

A particular perk of being a "good kitty", became known to them one night. The five pets were around the vast living room, being bored out of their minds. Being a pet meant doing nothing for the biggest part of the day. Never mind cellphones, Instagram and parties. Most of the time all they had to distract themselves was what Madam had in store for them, be it walkies or games. That was a pet's life. Killing mistress' boredom for some hours of the day was their full purpose. For now, they all sat on the floor, crawled up in different spots. Ariana was snuggling next to Selena, a trick they both enjoyed over the past month.

Taylor looked restless, though. First with shy meows, then with more urgent ones, she was rubbing her head all over Madam's leg, just like a real cat which sought attention would. "What is it, Loli?" Madam asked, taking her eyes off the orchestra, playing a concerto on the T.V. The woman looked nervous, like

she wanted to signal something, but was afraid of crossing her mistress' limits. She kept pawing at Madam's shoe, and rubbing her naked body against the woman's calves, all while sticking her pleading eyes on her mistress'.

"Does Loli need to get off?" the women heard Madam Teressa ask her pet, astonished. "Meowwww", Loli confirmed. Madam contemplated for a second. Loli had been a good pet recently, and she hadn't gotten an orgasm in over a month. "Fine", Madam simply replied. The other four watched amazed. Taylor Swift was so horny, she had begged that old hag to get off.

Any pet would have to get permission, before getting on any piece of furniture. Madam patted her hand on the couch, signaling to Taylor that it was ok to get up. With some small effort -because of her folded legs- Taylor was up and bending over the lady's lap in no time, sticking her ass up and with her elbows down on the soft couch.

Taylor might have been in a hurry, but her mistress wasn't. She run her fingers across the woman's exposed spine, going down to her tailbone, just above where her tail was popping out. A soft whine escaped the girl's lips, but Madam continued, this time grabbing a good handful of her tight ass, so good a handful, she let her fingernails dig into the skin a bit. Taylor's ass was pristine and white, while all the other girl's buttocks had all sorts of cane marks, through different healing stages.

Taylor was already dripping wet. Despite having dated some of the most handsome and sexy men in Hollywood, at this moment, the 61 year old woman's touch felt better than any of them. Being denied that intimacy and that feeling for so long, anyone would basically do at this point.

Madam took her index and middle finger, the nails on them finely trimmed, in contrast to the inch-long fingernails on the others. When Taylor felt them entering her pussy, she exhaled, trying very hard not to utter any human words. Once inside, Madam curled both fingers upwards, stroking just the right spot with just the right rhythm. Taylor felt so good, she had missed this feeling so much. Madam had granted her 5 orgasms in total, ever since her arrival. These moments were rare and precious! She purred joyfully, as she had learn to do. Madam continued with a small satisfied smile.

Finally, with the other hand, the old lady grabbed her silver-grey kitty-girl by the throat, gently squeezing and more so holding it in place. At the same time she moved her fingers faster, in and out of the girl's slippery cunt. The other girls watched in shock. Despite her appearance, this lady exuded nothing but elegant power, on the naked woman bent on her lap. Taylor lost it, her mind going blank, she climaxed seconds later.

"Good pets, may receive pleasure", was the message Madam aimed at her pets. Her two trimmed fingernails now made sense. Of course, none of the girls had or even thought of this woman in any kind of appealing manner, let alone a sexual one. But, with the initial shock of their forceful kidnapping passing, they realized that this physical need hadn't gone away. The fact that they did nothing of significance for most of the day, only tormented their wondering minds. The soft and almost comically large paws strapped over their hands, did nothing to help them stimulate themselves. Only some minimal caressing, which only frustrated them more, as there was no chance of climaxing that way.

If they could, would they even climax? Taylor looked like a fucking horny animal, in their eyes. How could anyone allow such a thing to be inflicted upon them, in front of everyone else? All of these celebs had numerous boyfriends in the past. Being the young hot thing, it went without question that sex always happened on their terms, whenever and however they desired it. This was completely different. Regardless, Lala, Mimi, Riri and Sese were starting to feel the itch between their legs. It would need scratching, sooner or later.

SECOND VERSE ♪

As the third month of their "stay" in Madam's house was nearing the end, Madam Teresa was confident taking one pet at a time for her daily walks. She had faith in her pet's fear, fear that had turned into servitude. Any one of them could knock her out, even with their paws and leg-straps. But the fear of screwing up, and the consequences a failed escape attempt would bring them, was too great to ignore. Even if they'd managed to knock the old lady down and make an all-fours run for it, where would they go? Each girl had silently searched every nook and cranny of the estate, and there was no visible escape path. The mansion was walled off, except for the beach and the main entrance, guarded by two armed security guards. But the balcony doors were locked, when no one was sitting outside. Even if they somehow got a hold of the keys, how would they even be able to use them, with their pathetic mittens?

In order to preserve their alluring physique, Madam intensified their "playing time", making them run up and down the coastline, fetching things, racing each other, anything to keep 'em sweating. Their diet had zero fats anyway, no more coke's or french fries for these girls, so it wasn't that hard keeping their perfect bodies.

The girls were getting along with each other, but some didn't care that much for each other. Specifically, Demi and Taylor never got along in the "outside world". They had gotten into a couple of twitter feuds with the blonde superstar, gathering large media coverage. Finding themselves together in this bizarre predicament, they simply stayed away from each other. The dislike was mutual.

Madam Teresa was also starting to be more demanding of her pets, the newer ones at least. Things like not talking, refusing orders, were taken pretty much for granted now. Madam wanted her pets to be thrilled around her, and to seek constant validation from her. This would be tough goal, considering they would all gladly kill the old bitch in a moment's notice.

When she ordered any of them to "sit", or "play dead", or practically any command, they had about a second to obey, before she'd take the pet's delay as an insult. The girls quickly realized there was no time to ponder, whether they wanted to do what they've been told, they just did it, and left the feelings for later.

This behavior would be guided along by the promise of sexual stimulation. But most importantly, there were negative affirmations as well. A pet that would not display characteristics of a "good girl", would be deemed a "bad girl" and would be severely caned on her ass, thighs and breasts, before spending the night unfed, unwatered and bit-gagged, inside a small barred cage, spacious enough for the girl's body to squeeze inside. The cage was placed in the balcony, so that the naughty pet had to also endure the cold temperatures at night, as their suits proved terrible clothing excuses.

Selena became familiar with the cage first, one morning when she didn't approach to greet her mistress with the usual lick of her hand, a practice that quickly became standard and second nature to all of them. It's not like she wasn't going to do it, she had just forgotten. She tried to explain herself, but at her effort, she broke in ever bigger rule, talking: "Wait, i was gonna do it, it slipped my mind, please...", was all she managed to utter before the gag was strapped on. She never forgot about that day, and thus never forgot to lick her mistress' hand.

Camila and Demi were in the cage a lot, having to be "nice" and happy towards their captor, above all else, seemed like such an twist of the knife. It renewed their hatred, but there was only one way things could go. Either they played by Madam's rules, or they got punished.

The catch that kept them on their toes, or more accurately, paws, was that the cage could not be left empty. So, every night, some poor girl would finish in the informal last place, and would have to be punished. The new "guidelines" enforced, made the pets often turn on each other, as nobody wanted to be the weakest link. Being the best pet meant you had to be there for your owner at all times, show

them love, enthusiasm, beg them to play with you, bark or meow when addressed, stay docile when instructed and more. The girls were truly competing against each other, for Madam Teresa's love. The vagueness of a lot of the instructions, made the girls think how they could one-up each other in loyalty.

For example, when Camila would watch Madam stroke a purring Ariana's back, or pet a barking Selena, she would go over and shake her bunny-tail, trying to get her mistress' attention. She'd bring her squeaky carrot toys with her mouth, and generally try to make her presence known.

Demi and Taylor were constantly bickering, which of them would earn the best spot, nearest to their mistress. Their rivalry had sunk to a far lower place than the where it was, once upon a time. Fear of pain, and punishment, drove them to fight each other even more.

The same went for every pet. The fear that they weren't making themselves useful to Teresa, or that they hadn't expressed enough "love", was an everyday struggle.

Of course, Teresa would not devote all her day to her pets, for Christ's sake! The window of opportunity, the times were she was in the mood to engage with them, were small and scarce throughout the day. The girls had to be ready, at all times, to snatch this opportunity.

That really fucked with them in a subconscious, psychological level. When you're constantly trying to find ways to adore someone, you forget to question why you are doing it. It becomes irrelevant. A rhetorical question.

The pet-girls had also developed a sort of relationship with Madam's house staff, the four housemaids that lived with Teresa. The women, between 30 and 40 years old, had a more straightforward approach to the bound people, than their mistress. The fact that their discipline was literally more "hands-on", resorting to pulling ears and tit or ass smacks, in contrast to the Madam's watch and cane. In a weird way, some women even grew closer to some girls, than others.

The women were general assistants to Madam Guttenberg, but each had a more special task. Two of them were cleaning maids, one was cooking and the last one was Madam's chauffeur.

Sandra, a blonde maid, working as Madam's personal chef, often chatted with Ariana. Of course it was a strictly one-sided conversation, when their employer was busy elsewhere. The tall blonde was regularly listening to her mp3 player, when she had the chance. One time, she approached Ariana and

said to the girl. "Here, listen..." she removed one of the ear-buds, and placed it on Ariana's ear. The girl instantly recognized one of her own hit songs. It had topped the pop charts, not more than a year ago. She shot the woman a hateful look, biting her lips not to curse her out. "I know Madam is more into the opera stuff, but this is catchy" she complimented the girl, a strange thing to say to someone on a cat-costume, who can't even stand on their own two feet.

"Now, follow the dot, or Madam will learn that you talked back to me", the woman threatened with a blatant lie, taking out a laser pointer and pointing it on the floor. Ariana had to take a deep breath to keep her cool. Getting Madam's cane on her ass was not on her schedule, and she was still sore from yesterday's caning. She followed the laser, putting her paws over the dot, then watching it move elsewhere on the floor. Ariana had a flashback of signing autographs and getting selfies with fans.

Similarly Luna, a short Indian brunette, one of the two tasked with cleaning Madam's huge mansion, liked to tease most of the girls, often referencing their past, luxurious life-style, while pocking fun at them. "So, how was Bieber in bed? I always thought he was a cute", she'd ask a mute Selena Gomez, as she was leading her by the leash. Sese could only raise her eyes up at the woman. "Bark ones for good and twice for bad", the woman said, laughing.

She loved teasing Camila and Demi above anyone else. "Wish i had a body like yours, girl", she'd say to the slim bunny-girl. "Don't know if the dry food is gluten-free, i know you Hollywood snobs can't stand it". The look of hatred she received from Camila was priceless. "I'm sure you won't get fat, though, the portions Madam gives you are not big". She liked riling them up to the point they crossed their allowed boundaries, and earned punishments from Madam Teresa.

Especially for Taylor, it was too easy. Being conditioned for longer, Luna made her do things just for the sake of doing them. Whenever she'd removed her butt-plug to let her go potty, she had a habit of making the white-girl lick her butt-plug clean before she'd insert it again. There wasn't really a need for lubrication, the girl's rectums had stretched internally so much, it felt surprisingly easy to insert a deflated plug back in. But Taylor obeyed nonetheless. She wanted to be a good pet, she didn't want to disappoint Madam, and end up in the cage for the night.

Generally, blackmailing the pets to do their bidding was the easiest, most mundane thing to do. Madam never questioned her servants' words, and that meant the captured celebs had little choice but to get through anything.

However, the other two maids, Lina and Betty, were less cruel and someone could say, somewhat caring towards the women's misery. They only hurt them when they disobeyed directly and sometimes even encouraged them through their ordeal. "I know you're tired, do 5 more fetches and then we'll go drink some water, ok?", the woman would say to an exhausted Miss Lovato, panting by all the back and forth and back and forth.

That made the girls seek out Lina and Betty a bit more. But it wasn't really their choice. Who would walk them, or who was around them in the house. They just had to live with these circumstances.

SECOND CHORUS ♪

Lots of T.V specials and documentaries about the young pop-stars shortened lives, looking to make a quick buck of the unfortunate tragedy, were dominating air-time by this point. The girls wanted to look at what the world outside thought of the situation, in the vain hopes of someone discovering them, but Madam was too bored to spend an hour and a half of her time on some talentless skanks' lives. She always switched the channel to something more wholesome, even with her bound pets all around her sofa-chair.

They were ok, but this point, doing most of the things expected of them. But Madam was a little disappointed, that none of the new ones were seeking sexual release. It was like they had thrown out the concept of sex altogether, or where still too proud to beg for her touch. Madam decided to put that theory to the test. She called out her servants, to explain what she wanted.

The pets' new accessories were "installed" in less than an hour. Madam Teressa wanted to up the ante on the girls' ability to concentrate on their duties, without an orgasm. If they felt like they didn't need her touch, they were wrong. They just needed a little push.

That came from the egg-shaped devices, inserted into their naked pussies. They weren't long like dildos, but they were a little thicker than an actual egg. The oval, 3-inch long, 2-inch wide prod was attached to the base of the tail-plug by a rectangular steel ring that was fitted over the tail. Once screwed in place, the holder, and therefore the egg, wouldn't go anywhere, without removing the tail plug. With the pumped up butt-plugs being irremovable by a pawing hand, that meant that the eggs were there to stay, as well.

The strapped down girls observed the assaulting modifications worried. This could not be good news.

When Madam first turned the blue-tooth operated devices, it was a sight to behold. All five girls were met with a strong buzzing sensation, coming from inside their sex-holes. Taylor, despite being already forthcoming with her sexual needs, had also paid for her "partner's" stubbornness.

The phallus was large enough to make contact with all the "interior" walls of the girl's pussies, and its position right at the usual depth of the g-spot, made the girls shake uncontrollably with arousal. Without their gags on, they all bit their lips to not utter anything else than a soft, suppressed moan. Selena let out an unwarranted "fuck", as softly as she could. But as old as she might be, Madam's ears worked like a hound's. She had thought she got away with it, but a few minutes later, Madam would "redecorate" her ass-cheeks with red stripes.

Teresa didn't say anything to them, neither about the reason for this torment, nor in regards to her final goal. Things would take their course. All she had to do was wait.

It worked like a charm. Madam's pets could barely contain themselves. The vibration of their pussy-plugs was carefully set to not be enough to grand them climax. It was this incredibly annoying middle point, not strong enough to let them climax with some added "pawing", but not light enough that it could be ignored. The soft humming sound coming from between their legs was inaudible to anyone of "human height", but its presence was more than known to the tormented women. Madam had forbidden her maids to offer any sort of manual release. If her pets needed her, they knew where to find her.

Their lips must have been drawn blood from all the biting. Madam gagged all of them for good measure. But they were still constantly flushed on their faces with arousal, and by the end of the day, practically sweating from the physical toll of the stimulation. Madam wondered if that "exercise" was yielding better results than their running around. As much as they tried to distract themselves, letting their minds wonder off, walking it off, trying to sleep, nothing really worked. Their throbbing pussies were always there, teasing them.

Of course, the same duties were expected of them. But with their minds and bodies occupied primarily by the buzzing between their legs, they mostly failed at being good pets, earning all of them cane-marked asses. The vibrators were only deactivated at night time. Camila spend the night in the balcony cage, the frustration had caused her to snap, and talk back (well, moan back) to her mistress, when she had cleared ordered her to stay still and docile.

It only took three days until the first one broke. It was Ariana, who felt like her brain-cells were being fried alive by this ever-present thing inside her. She hesitantly walked over to Madam, as she was taking in some sun on the balcony, two maids at either side of her, one serving her tea, the other awaiting instructions. "Meowww", Ariana pawed at the woman's ankle-long skirt. "What do you want, Riri?" Madam seemed bored of her pets, almost giving up hope of her plan working. Riri turned to say her curvy rumps, and more accurately her plugged pussy. She shook her tail left and right.

"Does Riri need my fingers?" Madam frown turned into a big smile. "Meowwwww", the slim girl replied. The chair was too narrow for the pet to get on her mistress' lap, but Madam was too happy to worry about her hips at that point. She got off the chair and ordered her pet to lay down, her half-frog-tied legs opened wide. Ariana held her arms folded by her breasts, like a kitty playing dead. Luna, Madam's maid knew what to do. She approached and with a special screwdriver, unscrewed the steel holder and the plug from the girl's pussy.

Anyone could see the look of perplexed frustration in Ariana's eyes. She desperately wanted to get off, but she still felt like total trash, for letting the old lady use her like that. She tried to ignore these thoughts, her pussy was on fire, and things like pride and ego were obstacles to what she craved.

Madam savored the moment, first stroking around the girl's entrance, on her labia lips. "Ooooh", escaped the girl's mouth, and Madam caught that. "Only purring, little kitty", she said calmly, and Ariana was grateful she wasn't punished for the transgression. She was too close to fuck it all up.

"Prrrrr...prrrr", she uttered with deep breaths, as Madam fingers were now stroking her clit with her thumb. It felt so amazing, Ariana felt like she wasn't even there anymore. As she continued rubbing, Madam inserted her two short-nailed fingers, into the girl's cunt, still massaging her little nub with her thumb, but now also stroking the inside of her clitoris.

"Prrrrrrrrrr", Ariana immediately saw the finishing line, as soon the lady's fingers penetrated her. With three consecutive meows, she jerked spasmodically into a powerful orgasm.

The girls were both jealous and judgmental of Ariana's throwing of the towel. But, when they saw their mistress remove her buzzing egg, they all had a change of heart. Any pet who had received an orgasm from Madam, had earned herself four days without the mind-numbing toys in their snatch. Ariana could again function, and that made her a better pet for Madam. Never once did she get disciplined during these four days, and it went without question that she didn't spend any nights in a cold cage.

Camila, Selena and Demi's battle looked like a dead end. Their stubbornness caused them to be constantly frustrated and on top of that, getting the shit beaten out of them, as they One by one, they all figured it out, seeking Madam's soothing touch. After days of stimulation, their orgasms felt better than any hunky, fitness model, or dreamy actor could offer them.

BRIDGE ♪

The next months were finally going smoothly. Madam had her pets at her fingertips, sometimes literally. Riri, Sese, Loli, Demi and Lala were now, for the most part, excellent pets. If forcing their love towards her was tough at first, now it was a piece of cake. The girls would flock around her, sometimes when she was just walking from one room to the other. She enjoyed it, but most of the times, their love was overbearing.

But she forgave them. After all, a pet doesn't know boundaries and personal space. It's just a pet. She would simply order them to sit still, usually in a different corner of the room. The "sitting" position was a precise one, like the one for administering punishments. The girls were to arch their backs perfectly straight, while standing on their knees, with their legs obscenely wide, just presenting their petite, pubic bushes to all. Their hands folded and raised beside their breasts, wrists bent forwards like real paws. It was not a comfortable position to hold, and that counts for double with a permanent buzzing between your legs, but each pet got what she asked for.

It was their choice to seek the old lady out. Sure, they'd experience lots of torment otherwise, but still, the fact that they had chosen this path, had clicked a switch in the girls' minds. Enough time had passed for all of them to know that they probably would never be rescued, and experience taught them going against the grey-haired woman wishes always ended bad for them. Sex had become the ultimate relief, the one thing they still cherished, their break from a rough, subservient life.

With their pets in heat, another idea crept up in Madam's head.

Money was no problem for the retired opera singer, so if she wanted the best, technology could offer, she got it. Her pet-girls were great, and they had finally embraced their carnal instincts. She wanted to see how far she could take them. The pets couldn't actually use the products at the same time, but Madam went and got five of them, just for good measure. One matching each of their pet-suit colors. Aesthetics mattered, after all.

The devices at first glance looked like a strap-on dildo, with an insertable part for the wearer, coming at a right angle of the 7-inch dildo. What made these special, was their unique feature. The whole thing was pressure sensitive. The pressure sensors then sent a proportional amount of vibrations, all throughout the device, meaning both on the dildo and the pussy-plug on the other side.

The pet-girls were first puzzled when they were presented with the device. Madam informed them that if they wanted to orgasm from now on, she wouldn't do anything. They would do all the work. They looked at each other, worried by the implications.

But, if someone's mentally ok with being finger-raped by an old stranger, how more further was having sex with another pretty girl? If some of the girls were just starting to know each other by the start of this tour, they had grown a lot closer than most people around, that bragged to know them. Hell, with what they'd be through, they were closer than any boyfriend they ever had.

THIRD CHORUS ♪

Throughout the upcoming weeks, the girls kept begging for their mistress' fingers, getting rejected every time. With the constant pressure to be good pets, and the sexual frustration making it tremendously hard, someone would break, sooner or later.

At the end, it was Mimi, the purple-skinned puppy-girl, who approached Madam. "Arrfff, aarff", she barked, in a human female voice. "Does my little bitch want to mate?", Madam asked a padding Demi, the girl's pussy dripping. She barked once more and Madam replied. "Well, which pet do you like?" That was a first, Demi hadn't even considered anything. She scanned the living room, her eyes stopping and Taylor, who looked at her demure, avoiding eye-contact. "Arrf" she pointed her snout towards the silver cat. "Well, then...", Madam eyed Sandra, and her maid was quick to remove the vibrating egg from Mimi's crotch, and insert the thicker, but shorter end of the purple device, strapping it on with a thin leather belt, around the puppy's waist.

Taylor's sky-blue eyes grew wide. She didn't want to be fucked, not like that. But it had been decided. Demi's look was one of pure hate, more than lust. She wanted nothing more than to ram her rubber cock into this bitch's cunt. "Sit, Loli", Madam stopped a nervous Taylor from fidgeting around, wanting to go away.

Somehow, Demi knew what to do. She mounted the kneeling girl like a hound, her purple, velvet stockings brushing up against the girl's furry ones. The furry tail was a bit in the way, but it didn't matter. Taylor instinctively tried to crawl forwards once more, to avoid the impending penetration. "Loli i swear, if you don't sit still, i'll flay your ass with the cane", Madam raised her voice. Taylor froze

still. Madam rarely yelled, she never even used words like ass, or made such graphic threats of violence.

The blondie felt Demi's dog paws on her back, and the generously large dildo, searching for the entrance. She whimpered, letting out a moan with pressed lips. After a couple of seconds, Demi found the girl's cunt, penetrating her without much care. No romance, just violence. Mimi let her entire upper body rest on Taylor's back, her breasts on the woman's shoulder-blades.

As she started pumping in and out, the device sprang to life, vibrating. This only encouraged Demi, who loved the sensation. Taylor got a nice kick out of it, too, although the experience wasn't as fun. She could feel drool on her neck, coming from the girl's snout, Demi was resting her head on the back of Taylor's neck. The kitty could not get off her "lover", even if she was allowed.

The maids enjoyed the show from their spots, along with Madam Teresa, who was pleased with the utility of her new gadget. The harder the puppy-girl was pounding the cat-girl, the more the dildo vibrated inside them. "Take that, you fucking bitch", thought Demi, even though the irony that she was the bitch in this context, escaped her. Both girls finally squealed in ecstasy, Demi falling on top of Taylor, both winded. Demi definitely enjoyed the "ride", for Taylor, the feelings were more complicated.

CODA ♪

clack...*clack*...*clack*

Madam Teresa's cane touches the stoned covered pathway with each step. It's a fine, sunny day. Lala, Mimi, Loli, Sese and Riri, all crawl in front of her, all of them side by side. The old lady is wearing a white shirt with frilly sleeves ending below her elbow, and a black, classy skirt, with some 2-inch black heels. A sunhat covers her grey hair. Just because she doesn't like seeing people, doesn't mean she shouldn't look nice. As she walks, she is not even registering a force on the end of her long leash, that splits into five that end on five collars, handy for just these occasions. All of them are quiet and move at their mistress' pace, their gags rarely ever coming to use, lately.

Their relationship had gone through many waves, from showbiz acquaintances, to companion's in a tragic turn of events, to actual lovers. One think was certain. The five gorgeous women had altered their definition of sex in Madam Teresa's care. And boy did they not care anymore about their image. There were no doubts, anymore. Sex was a shameful joy, but a joy nonetheless, one of the few they were granted by their elderly owner, the rest of their commodities being much more mundane and

trivial. After crossing that bridge with the help of Madam's vibrating eggs, there was really no way back. The eggs were used for 2 more months, to cement their status as needy pets, before never really becoming necessary, again.

The famous celebrities had been transformed into a couple of horny bitches, horny kittens, and a bunny that was certainly fucking like one. Or rather, being fucked, as Madam had the fun idea to never let the bunny-girl be on top, always getting filled by the cats and dogs. Camila grew into her "role", and she didn't care that much, as her girl-friends most of the times fucked her hard enough that she orgasmed. The girls could only fuck at a "mounting position", as the straps on the "girl-on-top" legs did not allow for missionary. It rarely matter which one would be pounded to the ground, and which one would fuck her celebrity friend.

Occasionally, the Madam was delighted to discover on the baby monitor that the girls were attempting to lick each other while in their sleep-pen, one girl sitting on her back with her legs open, one trying to lap at her inviting pussy. The word was "try", because the girl's snouts often obstructed their goal, not being able to fully put it to use, which frustrated the girls. "More for me, when they wake up", the woman would think.

Depending on her whims, Madam Teresa would have them bone like animals, or she took matters into her own fingers. Either of these were fun.

The old woman looks down at her possessions, the sun bouncing off of her hat and their mostly naked bodies. They had come a long way, but now, they were truly hers. She didn't care if either of them had actually forgotten what it felt like to be adored, to be famous, or simply to lead a normal life. She was sure they still missed it, and that deep down, they would always held it against her. But it didn't matter to her. What mattered was that they were all there for her. The faint cane marks on all of their pretty behinds, spoke for themselves.

As they walk further, they hear some birds, chirping joyfully on the trees around them. "Hear that girls? now that's some beautiful singing", the woman said with a smile.