

# ***PET PROJECT!***

**by Throne**

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**Bullying is NOT OKAY and If you or someone you know is being bullied, please alert the authorities.**

# ***PET PROJECT***

**by Throne**

Ebony came into my life like a whirlwind. I couldn't believe it when she showed up at the office where I work. As a temp, she wasn't subject to any rules about employees not dating each other. When she boldly entered my cubicle, I was caught off guard.

She introduced herself and I said, "My name is Bobby."

She glanced at what I had on the wall, my superhero pictures and a calendar with anime characters on it. When she and told me I

was taking her out to dinner, I didn't know how to react. She certainly wasn't my type. For starters, she was Black, with her hair worn close to the scalp, and large triangular earrings reaching almost to her shoulders. I'm short and slender, which makes me sensitive about my size. This young woman was tall and extremely full figured. Her snug top featured a scoop neckline. She had a bust that could smother a guy, flaring hips, full thighs, and even large calves. I mean, everything was shapely, except there was too much of it. I had seen the other guys ogling her. They acted fascinated by her wide protruding ass. To me it was somehow threatening.

"Well," she wanted to know, "where are we going to eat?"

Unable to think straight, I blurted out the first place I could think of that was in walking distance to my workplace. It was a ritzy restaurant that would not normally be in my budget. She said my choice was fine, and that she'd be ready as soon as we clocked out. As she turned to go, I got my closest look yet at her double-wide rump, shown off by tight slacks, the rear seam of which vanished between those gigantic hemispheres. Our encounter left me with my head spinning. On the one hand, it was flattering to have gotten some female attention. That wasn't something I was used to. At the same time, I would have preferred any other girl in the place to her. I was fond of Melissa, one of the secretaries, but had never gotten up the nerve to talk to her.

At quitting time, Ebony appeared in the entrance to my workspace. The way she filled that opening made me feel trapped. If she didn't want to let me get past her, I don't think I could have done it.

"Let's get moving," she said with natural authority. "I'm starving. This big girl has big appetites."

I followed her, unable to take my eyes off her rolling rear end. As we passed some of my coworkers, they gave us appraising looks. I saw one guy wink and another one give me a thumbs-up. Both of them were smirking. Soon, the two of us were out on the street, where Ebony's zaftig figure drew more attention. We entered the restaurant and approached the hostess. She was a tall blond.

Ebony took the lead and said, "It's just us two, honey." The woman hesitated, then picked up two menus and led us to a table near the kitchen door. Ebony remained standing and said, "I don't think so. I won't sit here, with that kitchen door opening and shutting the whole time."

The hostess eyed her. There was a momentary battle of wills, before the blond backed down and led us to a booth in a better location. We sat near each other, were given our menus, and told that a server would be with us momentarily. I looked sideways at Ebony.

"That's how it is," she told me. "You got to say what you want."

"Yes." I made a throat-clearing sound. "I saw that. I mean, the other spot would have been okay but..."

She held up a hand, signaling me to silence. "Not okay for me."

Our server arrived. He was a good looking, young man. Ebony ordered two appetizers and a dinner for herself. To drink, she wanted red wine. I was ready to make my selection. Instead, she just continued. For me she picked a light vegetarian dish and white wine. Then she waved away the server. While we waited, she slid even closer to me and put her hand on my thigh with unexpected familiarity.

"Don't worry, junior," she said. "You'll get paid back for this meal. You got a car, right?"

"Yes. In the parking garage next to our building. There's a skywalk across from our floor to..."

She waved me to silence. "Skip the details. You can drive me to my place and come in. You'll be real pleased with what happens next."

"I don't know if I'm..."

"Hey. Are you saying I'm not fine looking?"

"No. Of course not. You're an attractive young lady. It's just that..."

"So, don't worry. Enjoy your dinner and think about what you're going to get later."

Our wine arrived. I took a swallow to steady my increasingly strained nerves. Ebony sipped hers. Then her appetizers came. She ate with gusto but didn't offer to share. When dinner was put

before us, she kept going, her hunger far from appeased by what she had already consumed. I picked at my lightweight vegetarian fare. Where Ebony had touched me, I could still feel her hand. Was I going to have my first chance to go all the way before long?

I decided to accept whatever she wanted, to get to that point.

After the meal we went to my car and I followed her directions.

She lived in an apartment building in an area that was being gentrified, so it wasn't the bad place I had feared it might be.

There was even an enclosed parking lot, which made me feel better about leaving my car, although the vehicle would hardly appeal to any but the most desperate thief. We entered and took the elevator up to her floor. I was gladdened to find that her unit was neat, with old but acceptable furniture. Maybe this was going to be a great evening, after all.

There was more wine, while we sat close together on the sofa.

Then she ushered me into her bedroom, where the scent of incense burned earlier still lingered. Either that, or it was the residue of old pot fumes.

"All right, little man," she said, with her hands on those outward-flowing hips. "You get yourself all naked and I'll be back to do you right."

After she was gone, I began to unbutton my shirt. This was all so strange. Soon, I was undressed, except for my jockey shorts. I stood there, nervously clutching my neatly folded clothes to my bare chest. That was when she reappeared. Ebony was still fully clothed. I squeaked and pressed my thighs together. She came over and snatched away what I was holding.

"Let's have the undies, too," she demanded. "It's time to get this show started."

I carefully lowered my shorts and stepped out of them. She grabbed them from my hand. Then her eyes settled on the spot between my thighs.

"Holy crap!" she exclaimed. "Did you leave your cock in your other pants?"

"Excuse me?" I said, the words barely audible.

"I want to know what that is, where I should be seeing a cock. What you got is more like a fun-size piece of candy. You could use a finger off a glove for a rubber. That thing ain't getting anywhere near my pussy."

"I'm sorry. Just let me leave and we can forget all about this... misunderstanding."

"I don't think so. You let me think you had something to offer. My regular man is out of town, and I thought I could get a quick stick from a white dick. But you don't have nothing to poke me with."

"I can just take my clothes and..." She held them more tightly.

"My keys and wallet are in my trousers, so..."

"You can forget trying to take off, little bird. I'm going to have my fun, one way or another. If you can't do it the usual way, there's always your mouth."



"Do you mean...?"

She whisked out of the room, only to return empty handed. Ebony got out of her shoes, peeled off her slacks, and stood there, naked from the waist down, with her feet planted apart. I was gawking at her dark pubic triangle. What I was used to seeing online were lightly furred mounds, with light pink lips that were barely visible. Instead of that, I was seeing her plump pudendum, bisected by thick rippled lips of a much darker shade. She came to me and pushed down on my shoulders, my knees buckled, and I was suddenly looking up at her. The center of her womanhood was disturbingly close to my face. I could smell its fishy odor.

"I want to go home," I whined, sounding pathetic even to myself.

"You ain't going nowhere. Momma needs her pussy licked. You know how to do that, don't you, Bobby?"

In a panic, I told her, "I've never had sex before."

"Whoa. What? Did I not only get a boy with a mini-pecker, but a virgin, too?"

"Yes," I confessed miserably.

Ebony took a few seconds to absorb that revelation, then threw back her head and laughed uproariously. "Damn. Guess I'm your teacher now. Stick out that tongue and get to doing it. I'll give you some licking lessons as you go."

I was close to tears. With my lips quivering, I opened my mouth. She didn't wait, instead putting her hands on the back of my head and pulling my lower face against her. My nose went between her moist labia. My lips were against them, too. In fear for what she might do if angered, I lapped at her furrow. The taste made me wince. She wouldn't let me retreat. Instead, I had to keep slurping while she ground against my features.

"Slow it on down some," she instructed. "I want this to last a good long time."

I obeyed and she sighed happily. Ebony told me to suck on the nub at the top of the groove. I rose up enough to fasten my lips around her clitoris, which was larger then what I had viewed in photos. As I used lips and tongue together, I was rewarded with her moan of pleasure.

"That's the way," she encouraged. "Slow and steady wins the race. You got talents, Bobby. They just need developing. I can give you practice. Lots and lots of it."

At that point she gasped. Her broad hips jerked. I put my hands on her thighs. Even though I wasn't actively enjoying myself, there was something to the sheer sexuality of what was happening, and it caused me to get an erection. Ebony stepped back, I suppose to give herself a breather. When she moved forward again, her calf brushed my stiff member. She looked down in surprise.

"Ain't that something?" she marveled. "Your punk peter is sticking out at me." She smooched my face against her center again. "Yeah, we're going to work real good together."

It went on like that for about five minutes, with her gradually becoming wetter. There was another gasp, a repeat thrust of her pelvis, but this time she didn't move away. Instead, Ebony held me firmly against her while I tongued her through a vocal orgasm. Her juices ran down my chin. I captured what breath I could through my nostrils, at the same time inhaling more of her musky scent. At last she released me.

"You're good," she complimented. "Now let's get on the bed, so I can chill while you get back to doing some business with my business."

She threw herself onto the covers on her back, that dark head resting on a white pillow, with her feet far apart. I got up unsteadily. Even though I wanted to escape, without knowing where my pants were, that wasn't an option. I climbed onto the foot of the bed and stretched out on my belly, between her monumental legs. My dick, hard but short and slim, was pressed under me. I wriggled forward until my nose almost touched her nether lips, which were parted by her new position, exposing the pink interior. I ran my tongue over her thick pussy ridges. Ebony kept me down there for what I estimated to be a half hour. She was shaken by three more climaxes. Then she rolled over.

"No kisses for you, Bobby," she said sleepily. "Not with your mouth smelling like my cooch. You can use my butt for a pillow. Go on. Rest your head on those big hills. Do it face down. I'll feel

it if you try to go anywhere. Just close your eyes and think about how eating my pink taco got you all overheated, with that puny prick standing up and saluting." She chuckled and then grew quiet.

I wasn't about to ignore her last order. I got my head above the twin hemispheres of her ginormous booty, then settled my face into the central valley. It was not pleasant. There was a loamy odor. She was sweaty back there, with oily secretions joining her plentiful perspiration. Despite it all, I chose caution over standing up for myself, and remained in that demeaning position. Ebony fell asleep. My face was buried in its fleshy prison for hours before she stirred and told me to move lower.

"You can rub my feet, boy. That'll feel real nice. Tomorrow, I'll be ready for your mouth on my twat again."

It was a long night. I woke up early the next morning.

She told me, "I'm going to keep you for my bedroom pet. In fact, I know just the thing to buy for you, after work. We'll take a drive to a special shop and you can treat yourself to what I have in mind. Might put a dent in your credit card, but I don't care."

I had to lick her through a milder orgasm before she was ready to dress for work. Ebony produced my clothes, from wherever they had been. She told me I couldn't rinse my mouth and wash my face until I got to the men's room at the office. I was in stunned shock for the rest of the day, partly from lack of proper sleep, but mostly from the drastic change my life had taken. Somehow, trying to break off our newly formed relationship did not seem

permissible. After work, we went straight to my car. The store she wanted to visit was a sex shop, in a part of the city full of bars and clubs, frequented by prostitutes. We went in and she made me hand over my wallet, so she could use the charge card in it. Then she bought me tokens and sent me to a booth from which I could view live dancers. I got into the narrow space and sat on a low shelf. There was a roll of bathroom tissue on a dispenser. I'd never been in one of those places before, but understood the purpose of the paper. When I put a token into the slot, a barrier rose before me and I found myself looking into a circular room with a low platform in the center. There were similar windows lining the inner wall, most of them closed, but a few opened to reveal leering faces. Two dancers, naked except for high heels, gyrated sinuously to slow music. Another booth occupant waved a dollar bill, which drew one of the girls to him. The other approached me. She was a chubby white girl with platinum-dyed hair.

She leaned down, making her heavy breasts wobble, and invited,  
"Want to touch?"

I was too taken aback to answer. She turned away, bent forward, and pushed her fat pale rear at me. It filled the window. Only then did I realize that there was no glass or plastic between me and her bare skin. I recoiled. It was all so tawdry. Still, after my night of close contact with Ebony's buns, I was strangely drawn to this new posterior. My hand rose slowly, until I remembered that I was not in possession of my cash. The girl spun around. When I showed no money, she sneered.

The dancer barked, "Cheapskate," followed by some muttered expletives.

Another window opened, luring her away from me. She accepted a single and allowed her breasts to be fondled, before stepping away and holding out her hand for another payment. I was relieved when I heard Ebony call me from the other side of the door. The tall Black girl held a handled shopping bag. Back at my car, she took the keys, to drive us to a burger joint, where she displayed the same hearty appetite as previously. I was given only a side order of coleslaw for my dinner. Then it was back to her place. I dreaded a repeat of the other night. There was also the question of what was in the bag.

"Strip," she told me. "I said you were going to be my pet, but now we got to make it official."

I stood there, in the nude, with her still clothed. From the bag she took a curly pink wig and fitted it over my scalp. There was something hanging down on either side. Then came wristlets and anklets of the same material. She smeared something on my nose. When Ebony walked me to her closet and opened it, so I could see myself in the mirror mounted on the inside of the door, I understood what she had purchased. It was a poodle costume, with black make-up to color my nose. I was beyond humiliated. She then fitted a collar around my neck and tightened it. There was a leash hanging from it. Last, but far from least, she took out a curved length of rubber with a puffball of that pink fur on one end.

She pointed to the other end, where there was a curiously shaped sort of bulb, and explained, "This is a butt plug. I cram it up your exhaust pipe and it keeps your pretty tail from coming out." She held it up to my mouth. "Get it all wet and it'll hurt less when it goes in."

I mewed sadly but saw the wisdom of cooperating. She pushed the fat knob between my lips. I got as much saliva as I could onto it, to hopefully reducing the discomfort of insertion. Then she had me bend over, almost touching my toes. There was pressure on my anus, pain as the ring was stretched, followed by a lessening as my sphincter gripped the narrower portion of the plug behind the part that was inside me.

"Now wag them hips," she ordered.

When I did it, I could feel the tail swinging. Ebony had me get down on all fours and took me for a walk around her place.

"Next, we got to step across the hall to see my friend Vonda."

"I can't go out there like this. What if someone sees me?"

"She's going to get an eyeful of you. Anybody else spots my new dog, they'll just figure I got a kinky white boyfriend. Or boy-toy."

She laughed and tugged the leash. "Let's go, puppy."

I was scared when she opened her door. On the other side of the hall, she knocked. We were greeted by a female who could have been Ebony's older sister. She chuckled at the bizarre sight I

made. It was a relief when we went inside. This resident had a real dog. A big one. It came over and sniffed me curiously.

Vonda said, "Good thing you got your bitch plugged up, Ebony. Otherwise, my Rex might mount her. What you call your animal?"

"I have to think up a name. She used to be Bobby, so how about... Babette?"

"That's a good one." Vonda grinned down at me. "Hey, Babette. Sit, pooch." A tug on my leash told me I had better respond. I got into that position, which made the inserted tail jab at me. Vonda snickered and said, "Beg."

I rose on my haunches. The neighbor let me hold the pose for a minute, before I was allowed back onto all fours.

Ebony told her, "What I wanted was something to feed my new pet. You got any dog food?"

Vonda went to the cupboard and grabbed a can of something. Was I expected to consume that? My stomach lurched. We returned to Ebony's apartment, again without incident. I was shaking as she locked us in. In the kitchen, she used a pull-tab attached to the lid to open the container. Instantly, I smelled something unappetizing. She got a tablespoon and plumped her broad sitter down on the nearest chair.

"Come on, Babette. Yummy, yummy. I bet that, after this, you won't make no faces when it's time to eat my nookie."



From the can she scooped a heaping portion. I had to wait in front of her, on hands and knees, with my mouth opened wide. She fed it to me. The taste was worse than the smell. I gagged and started chewing. Then I forced myself to swallow. There was a second spoonful already waiting. It went on like that until the can was empty and I was nauseated. She walked me to the bathroom, where I had to put my hands on the edge of the toilet and drink out of the bowl, lapping up water like a canine. Thank goodness it was clean.

"Bedroom time," the woman who appeared to own me announced cheerily. "I got something else for you, Babette."

I was sick to my stomach. Did she intend for me to perform orally while in that condition? She certainly did.

"I don't know if you're allowed on the bed," she considered. "Let's do it this way, until I decide."

She stripped, sat on the edge of the mattress, and spread her knees. I got into licking position and went to work. After that unwanted meal, my insides felt worse and worse as I slurped her.

She said that she hadn't cleaned up down there, but knew I wouldn't mind. I gave her two juicy orgasms.

"You were such a good dog, Babette," she cooed, "that I'm going to let you up here. Come on. Mommy has some nice petting for you."

Unfortunately for me, her idea of petting mainly involved teasing my nipples and playing with my dick and balls. Her nimble fingers soon had me panting with unfulfilled needs. My dick was so rigid that it hurt.

She wanted to know, "Does Babette like this? Does she want more? Let me hear you bark."

I yipped several time, and was beyond the point of even thinking of asserting myself. She continued the maddening sex play until I was twitching from frustration, whining like a bitch dog. Ebony played with my tail, which was weirdly erotic. What was she doing to my mind?

It went on like that for the next two weeks. There was another trip to that sex shop, where she bought the smallest chastity device they stocked, again using my card. Ebony locked me in it, saying that was how she was having me spayed. My poor balls were so sore that I considered, though not seriously, how losing them might be preferable. She mentioned the upcoming return of her boyfriend, Daryl. I assumed his reappearance should lead naturally to my being freed.

The day arrived. It was a Friday, with the workweek behind us. I didn't relish spending another long weekend in poodle mode.

Daryl showed up. He was a tall Black man, very fit, with a noticeable bulge in the crotch of his jeans. Ebony threw her arms around him and they kissed passionately. Surely they wouldn't want me there while they made up for lost time. He spent a few minutes mocking me, saying I was a bitch, ready to bred. Ebony put me on the leash and walked me to the bedroom, where she

tied me to the foot of the bed. I had a clear view as they undressed each other. I could also see everything, as they had loud energetic sex. Afterward, she lay there on her back, recuperating from their exertions.

Then she said, "Untie Babette now, Daryl. Let me show you what she's been doing for me, while I didn't have your big cock to keep me company at night." To me, she called, "Come on, girl. Up on the bed. Licky-licky time."

She couldn't be serious, not with her pussy oozing plentiful semen from Daryl. But she was. I put myself up there, with both of them watching avidly. Please, let this be a cruel hoax. Let Ebony tell me she was only joking, and I didn't have to perform that odious task. But she lay there, expecting to be licked clean. When I was kneeling in the bay of her outstretched legs, head down, but too repulsed to do it, Daryl motivated me. He closed his large hand on my testicles and made a fist. As he slowly tightened his grip, I howled in pain, the sound unsettlingly like a baying dog. Rather than chance damage to my nuggets, I stuck out my tongue and slurped up a dollop of his spunk. It was disgusting, but I kept at it, not only emptying Ebony's tunnel of love, but giving her a minor orgasm.

"You know what else I missed," Daryl told her. "Those dynamite blowjobs of yours, babe."

"That sex was so powerful, that I'm not up to it right now. How about if you use Babette? A smart girl like her can figure out how to suck cock."

What? NO! It was too much. Even so, my balls were still throbbing. I wasn't about to risk him compressing them again. He snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor. Like a good dog, I got down there. Then he accommodatingly let his knees drift apart. I got between them, directly in front of his long, thick, dangling cock. Ebony worked her way around, until her head was resting alongside him, so she could witness my shame. As soon as I ran my tongue up its shaft, the massive organ began to engorge. After I paid some attention to the head, it was at full arousal. I fastened my mouth around the knob and sucked, tasting his cream and her fluids together again, though now in different proportions. It turned my stomach but I kept going. He even made me lick his oversized balls. Ebony got on her knees behind him. She kissed his ear and made lewd suggestions.

She said, "I'll bet it's been long enough that you can shoot again. Bust your nut, Daryl. Give Babette a real treat."

He held my head, pressing the pink poodle ears against my cheeks. Daryl murmured to himself, cursed loudly, grunted, and flooded my mouth with ejaculate. I gulped it down, knowing that I could never forget what had just happened. Ebony gave him a deep kiss as I gave his softening tool a bonus tongue-bath.

To my disappointed surprise, my tenure as Babette did not end right away. Ebony pointed out that I showed all the signs of sexual excitement when I was used, except for any erections, which the cock-lock prevented. She decided that it was cruel to me to discontinue what I obviously enjoyed so much. And it would be a shame to deny my talented tongue and lips to other women who lived there. I was loaned out first to Vonda from

across the hall. Then came two more Black girls, and an especially hot Latina. I was allowed to shed my Babette disguise, though the leash was still frequently used, as was the butt plug, minus tail. The chastity was removed. I was Bobby again, but a very changed Bobby. It became obvious to everyone, including me, that my sex drive had been redirected to giving women of color oral gratification. I was addicted to it. When I tried to picture myself with Melissa, that secretary I had secretly longed for, her image was replaced by that of one of the women I was enslaved to, with legs spread and vagina waiting to be pampered, with or without a load of semen in it. Sometimes the women would get together in Vonda's apartment and have what they called a pussy party, with me available to all of them, all night long. Sometimes there were guys there, having intercourse with the ladies, making messes for me to lap up. Sometimes the men partook of my sucking skills.

Ebony's time as a temp in our office ended. She had become friendly with most of the other workers and they gave her a nice send-off. It was understood that she and I were in a relationship, though the details were not known to all. The way some of the women acted toward me, I knew they knew. I had to report to the apartment building nightly, available to whoever wanted to use me, including Ebony and Daryl. I was never going to be able to go back to being my former self. And I was still a virgin.

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