DISCLAIMER:

This is an explicit, **not-safe-for-work** sample (with images included), and most likely others will follow. It depicts a dom/sub and mommy/little relationship/dynamic.

Words and phrases that will likely be used: mommy, mistress, ma'am, good boy/girl, baby boy/girl, and even possibly daddy, master, and sir depending on any shapeshifting abilities used by the dom.

These are my own fantasies/ideas from my *depraved* and *perverted* mind, so in no way am I saying everything that happens is the ideal dominant/submissive dynamic. Please don't take any of this into the real world without doing your own thorough research, and *always* communicate with your significant other(s).

More importantly, I will *never* write anything sexual with underage characters. The sub in this story doesn't technically have an age, so when they appear younger than around twenty, there will be no sexual activity.

If any of these things offend you, I'm sorry. Please don't feel obligated to read this.

To those who *do* decide to read, feedback and constructive criticism are welcome. ❤

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Two months.

That's how long Katerina spent gaining the emotional trust of her new submissive, Fennec.

The origin story of the strange hybrid was… interesting, to say the least. An inanimate, stuffed fox that had accidentally been brought to life by a spell gone wrong. Big, pointed ears rested atop their head, and a fluffy tail hung from the very base of their spine. What was even more odd was the fact it could change the age they appeared as whenever they wanted, and was able to gender-bend between stereotypically male or female.

At first, Kat spent the first week lurking in the mind of the body she shared with her alter-ego, Penny. The more kind, innocent version of herself took the responsibility of a more *real* mother figure for the Kit. It was clear their dynamic would be nurturing and innocent, but what ended

up slowly developing between Fennec and Katherine, as they spent more and more time together, was… different.

Gaining the boy/girl's emotional trust was easy. The adorable, poor soul was new to the world and naive to all the bad that could happen to them, but Kat was sure to teach them everything she thought they ought to know that Penny was too nervous to say.

So, here they were, sitting on the living room couch watching a nature documentary. Fen seemed to really love learning about animals. Kat's right arm was draped over the – currently – girl's shoulders, and the big ears were somewhat brushing the woman's face each time the Kit moved very much. So cute, yet so inconvenient.

"Hey, babygirl?"

"Hmn?" came a quiet, curious tone.

"I'd like to try something with you. Something we've never done before."

This got the younger and somewhat smaller woman's attention, sitting a little more upright and turning to face the brunette curiously. Her sandy brown eyes met Kat's chocolate brown hues. "What is it, Mommy?"

It always pleased her when she used that title. Penny was Mama, but *she* was *mommy.*

"Well… it would be something physical. Something that might seem scary and strange at first, but would feel good."

Fen's head tilted left, paused a few seconds, then tilted right. This was one of her 'I'm thinking' reactions, like she was trying to put the pieces together herself without hearing the rest yet.

Katherine laughed. "You won't understand until you try it. Will you trust me?"

The girl blinked a few times, fidgeting nervously with her tail pulled into her lap, until she finally gave a soft nod and answered, “Yes, ma’am.”

“Come.”

It was all Kat said as she stood to her feet and made her way to the staircase that would lead them into her bedroom. Fennec’s, until now if everything went alright, was just across the hall.

The sounds of soft footsteps following behind her up the stairs came to her ears, making her smile, and soon they were in the silence of the master bedroom, the door clicking shut behind them.

Something about this simple action made the girl’s ears tip back a little, a shy expression on that pretty face. Kat took her hand, brought her closer to the end of the bed, and sat her down onto it. She, however, remained standing so she could look down at her sweet girl in adoration. Slender fingers lifted to brush through that multi-colored hair of hers. Sandy brown, like her eyes, but with white bangs and a white band around the back. Unique, like everything else about her.



"Are you still okay with this?"

The dominant woman planned to ask consent several times throughout this first 'training session.' She wanted her girl to feel safe, comfortable, and that it was okay to ask her to stop.

"Y-Yes, ma'am.." stuttered Fennec.

"You know how you've been calling me Mommy and Ma'am?" she asked, pausing to watch her nod before continuing, "I want you to also start calling me Mistress, mostly during times like these. Can you do that?"

"Mistress…" the fox repeated the word as if testing the sound on her tongue, and soon she smiled and agreed by way of a cute, "Yes, Mistress!"

"That's my good girl.~"

Soft cheeks went a light red, legs kicking happily over the edge of the bed. That was another thing Kat had worked on; conditioning her to associate 'good girl' with positive emotions. It would help when she got nervous.

"Now," she started, brushing the thumb of her right hand along her submissive's bottom lip, "Take off all your clothes."

"... Huh?! Why?"

Kat's gaze suddenly went from loving to stern. "Are you disobeying me?"

"N-No..! Err.. I mean, no Mistress!"

Being warned in a more serious tone alerted her of a possible punishment, and she definitely didn't want that. Until now, they'd always been non-sexual; discipline when she acted out or did something she knew she shouldn't.

She only stood there, quietly watching the smaller woman as she did as she was told. Her hands started at the bottom hemline of her t-shirt. It slid upward and over her chest, which was currently bare, and tousled all that hair before she tossed it into the floor near her Dominant's feet.

Next came the pajama bottoms with the images of some Pixar characters from 'Inside Out.' It had become her favorite animated movie, so Penny had bought them for her while out shopping. They were cute, but Kat wanted to see something *else.*

They slid down her slender legs and fell from her dangling feet, but just before her fingers met her white panties, the woman held up a finger to stop her.

"Lean back, flat on the bed. Keep the bends of your knees right at the edge."

Fennec's face went a shade of red again, but she silently obeyed the command, falling backward and causing the mattress to bounce just a little. She didn't know what to say or do; just simply followed each command and waited for the next one, as a good girl should.

Katerina – another name of hers – knelt down between the girl's knees and softly ran her fingertips up along her inner thigh. It had been several days since she'd shaved; the soft hairs prickled her skin as she steadily moved upward, but she wasn't one to notice things like that very much. It was a human characteristic and nothing to be upset about.

Fenn's chest began to slowly rise and fall a little faster now. Just the tickly, pleasurable feeling of soft fingers on her thighs was making her feet wiggle.

"Hhnn.." she whimpered, but she didn't speak.

Kat's hands reached their destination; the edges of her panties. Slowly, she tugged them down, finding it rather cute the way the girl's rear lifted up a little to help make it easier, and by the time they'd been dropped to the floor, the Kit was panting softly.



Warm hands parted her thighs gently. Wider… wider… until her innocent womanhood was exposed, the labia parting just a little so she could see her clit. A bit of hair covered her skin around the area, like her legs, while a neat patch of brown had been groomed at her pubic bone.

At this point, the fox sat up on her elbows out of sheer curiosity and nervous excitement, eyes wide and mouth parted slightly.

"Uh uh. On your back."

She was being more lenient since this was a new, scary experience.

Kat carefully grabbed onto Fennec's legs to pull her toward her, causing the girl to squeak in surprise, but she stopped when that rounded ass hung *just* slightly over the edge of the bed.

"Fennec, listen closely. You're gonna have a safeword. It's a word you use when you want me to stop what I'm doing. As soon as you say it, I'll stop. Okay?"

She could see the way her lower tummy was moving with her heavier breaths. "O-Okay… what's the word..?"

"That's the fun part. You get to pick it. I'll give you a little bit to think about it."

The room fell quiet, only the sounds of soft breaths from the girl able to be heard. All the fans were shut off, the windows closed, no TV's playing in the background. It was just them and the soon-to-be lewd noises that would fill the room.

While her sub thought about a word, Kat studied her virgin pussy. The way her slit already seemed to glisten? Was her body reacting in ways she didn't yet understand? She was so tempted to reach forward and softly stroke her outer lips, but she would wait for her answer first.

"Uhm…" she finally started, "I think.. red… because stop lights are red, and they mean stop."

Katherine smiled. "That's a good word. Quick and easy to remember. You could even use yellow, too, when you think you're starting to reach a limit. That way I know to slow down or prepare to stop. Or green to tell me when I can 'go' again. But red is the *most important* one. Understand?" She was making damn sure her babygirl knew the rules, and spoke in clear, simple words to help her innocent mind comprehend them.

"Yes, Mistress, I-I understand…" she nearly squeaked, feeling her legs tense a bit under her palms as she reacted to the nervous and excited feelings she'd never felt before.

"Good girl, Fenn. Stay laying back, and relax. I'm gonna make you feel good now."

The girl's chest moved faster, C cup breasts slightly jiggling with each breath. Katerina brought her right hand away from her left inner thigh to move toward that increasingly more wet slit, left firmly placed on her right thigh to keep her legs spread apart. She knew she would probably try to close them at some point; she'd correct that when it happened.

Her thumb gently pressed between the parted lips at the entrance, pushing in only enough to feel how excited she actually was. The girl's legs trembled as she heard a whimper, but she knew the rules now. Kat wasn't going to stop unless she thought it was necessary.

Slowly dragging that thumb from her entrance to her clit, and back again, she did this several times. It caused her skin to shine in the warm fluids she'd produced before she was ever truly touched.

"Hhhaa.." Fennec moaned, her feet flexing a little.

The woman pressed the pad of her thumb with medium pressure to her sensitive clit now, circling consistently with gentle strokes and plenty of lubrication.

"Th-That.. feels..!" she whimpered out in a higher pitch, legs now closing inward the way she expected them to.

A little pinch was given to the inner thigh where her free hand rested, making her yelp in surprise.

"Legs open."

"I-I'm.. sorry, Mistress… aah.."

Katherine kept up the soft circling, paying close attention to the way she trembled, how her breaths changed, where her hands gripped at each side of her body to grab onto the blanket beneath her frame. Every signal was noticed, lips leaning in to kiss at her inner thighs until her mouth suddenly took over for her thumb.

A hot, wet tongue swirled and sucked the little bead, the pleasure more intense now.

"Mis-… Mistress! Your tongue… it feels so.. hhaa.. s-something's.. different..!"

Kat absolutely *loved* how vocal her girl was being, and how *sensitive* she was proving to be. A careful middle finger on her right hand teased at her entrance for a few seconds before slowly sinking into her folds. She wasn't going to break her hymen yet. Not until they'd had these more casual moments a few more times with steadily increasing commands to obey.

"...!"

Fennec's spine arched upward as a louder, beautiful moan left her throat. She could feel every trembling breath, every muscle that tensed in her legs, could see the way her lower abdomen became taught with the rising pleasure. This continued for about two more minutes, watching and feeling her grow closer and closer. Her free hand traveled up the girl's torso until it reached her right breast, softly and teasingly tracing her fingertips over the already hardened nipple.

This, coupled with the finger slowly moving in and out of her, and the hot, slick tongue continuously stimulating her clit... Kat could tell she'd reached the edge.

"M-Mommyyy..! Wh-What's.. ahh..." there was a sharp inhale of breath, a brief pause as her body became rigid, and then the gorgeous melody of a girl screaming into the once quiet room as she experienced her first orgasm.

The way her body nearly convulsed was enough to make the woman moan and hum against her little clit in praise. The taste of the new, warm liquid that coated her tongue was heavenly. Fenn's legs *struggled* to stay open, closing a bit toward her face, but the left arm reaching up to play with her breast kept that thigh from shutting, and her head stayed still as the right pressed against her.

She made sure every... single... second of her release was consistent. No changes in pressure or pace were made to avoid ruining the blissful feeling she was currently going through. Only when she knew the girl was coming down from the high – squirming and squealing at the uncomfortably intense pleasure that came after cumming so hard – did Katherine slow down and gently pull her lips away.

It took a few seconds for Fenn's muscles to relax. Her toes uncurled. Her hands released the tight grip on the blanket. That chest that Kat removed her hand from was heaving heavily, but now it was with sobbing cries.

She knew she didn't *need* to ask, but she did anyway, just to be safe. "Are those good tears, babygirl?"

The question only made the girl lift her hands and cover her face to cry into her palms, but she nodded multiple times. It was adorable.

Katerina rose from her kneeling position between Kit's knees and made her way around the right side of the bed, crawling up to lean against the headboard. This was when she reached toward her and pulled her against her right side, cradling her with loving arms.

"Very, *very* good girl, Fenn," she praised her quietly, listening to her quiet sobs with a smile, "You did so well. I'm so proud of you."

Fennec's ears were flat against the top of her hair, tail wrapped around her own waist. The woman kept her arms tightly around her and sat with her while she slowly calmed down, her face buried into the center of her chest. The hard, satisfied, and emotional sobs grew quieter, and once she reached up to wipe the tears from her face, Kat knew she was okay to speak now.

"Is that something you'd like to do again?

The way she eagerly nodded her head and whined was comical and too fucking cute. "Good. We will then. I'll show you new things over time. For now, let's snuggle and put on a movie, yeah?"

"Y-Yes, please, Mommy.." she whimpered and turned her head upward to peek past her slightly damp bangs, sticking to her forehead with sweat. "Thank you… that was…"

She didn't need to finish. Kat knew what she was trying to say. Her left hand lifted to brush away the bangs from the girl's red, tear-stained face, and lips leaned down to pepper her forehead

with affectionate kisses. She was known to hate almost everyone and every*thing,* but this little fox here in her arms? She would watch the world burn for her.

"I know. You're welcome, Desert Rose," she whispered into one of her cute ears, watching it twitch as she listened. The nickname was given to her based on the knowledge that fennec foxes lived in sandy deserts. "Now shh. Cuddle and rest."

Her left hand reached over to the bedside table and grabbed the remote to the TV that hung on the wall across from the king size bed. With a few presses of different buttons, a Pixar movie began to play. *'Inside Out.'* It made the girl hum happily while Kat pulled the blanket up over them both and rested her face on top of her head.

Oh, the poor, sweet soul.

They had no idea what they were in for.