

I wish May would let me use her as we fantasized about, even if those fantasies had her using me instead. After I had officially left her care, I begged her to keep me around; she was there for every moment of my growth into my true self. I felt the need to please her, my goddess, who reshaped me into something better. I never knew I could feel this need, but the hormones had brought it raging to the front of my mind.

I would do anything for May, but part of that meant showing my affection. I miss all the things we used to do.

“Puppy, no more biting.” “Puppy, you can’t cuddle on my lap.” “Puppy, put on your collar; I can’t lift it”

Mistress used to be so strong and soothing. But now she is nothing but weak and honestly annoying at times. I just want to show her my affection, but I can’t do anything for her anymore. She won’t even let me handle her finances or other needs like other tinies get.

I was really thinking of calling off our whole relationship and maybe just treating her like a tiny roommate. But then the accident happened, and I had never felt my fetishes more fulfilled.

The tinies Mistress hired were fine, but they wanted to be used, shoved in there; they could move and push and “fight,” but it was all play.

It might sound bad, but I wanted someone who wasn’t into being used, someone who would squirm and shake and desperately try to escape. I never told May; it felt wrong knowing that it was now possible for that to happen.

So when I felt that wetness on my stomach that let me know it was time to really goon, I went with it, hard. I could feel that mindlessness washing over me, and I was pounding into the fleshlight.

I could feel the bodies pressed against me, tiny dicks growing hard, pussies beginning to moisten up the toys’ insides. But more than anything, I just imagined my mistress enjoying herself. Isn’t that what puppies should do, please their Mistress? That was what got me off more than their tiny screams or passive struggle.

But then I could feel it; one of them really started pounding. I felt it in my increasingly sensitive cock. If it weren’t erect and sensitive, I never would have felt a thing. They were thrashing about- that desperation. Fuck, it was so hot; I would have to thank mistress for finding this one later.

I pulled out slightly; I could feel that little thrashing prostitute’s continued efforts as they were dragged against my dick, multiple tinies were shoved together, a few even thrown in a panic by the originally thrashing one, growing my pleasure as their collective activity grew restless.

I had to add some lube; they deserved that for their efforts, at least, a smooth fucking from a giant puppy while her mistress watched. I poured it into a small crack I formed by pulling the side of my fleshlight, and the slight chill that ran down my shaft as it spread throughout was heavenly.

I could feel the pounding grow even more frantic as the lube entered, their pitiful fists slipping about in desperation as they pushed the poor little thing closer to the head. I knew they signed

some waiver with mistress that said once it started there was no stopping so they must have wanted to be right at my cock head, and I was gonna give it to them.

With the new lube, they slide along my cock without sticking, their bodies adding pressure around my stiff and increasingly hard-to-hold-back cock, my mind melting in passion for this mundane ritual which was growing increasingly hot as the perfect tiny made this the fantasies I had shared so long ago, I would have to ask mistress to hire this one permanently.

The little thrasher was stuck on the underside of my mushrooming glans, and I just had to get them in front for a wonderful reward from a puppy. I pulled all the way out, and my mind was nothing but the thought of my release to come. My cock pulled all the tinies out as they caught on my glans, which never increased how hard it was to pull out; they were all weightless compared to what was a monster compared to them.

I could have probably avoided the next part if I had been in a clear mind, but you can't blame a puppy for their rut. I ran my hand over my hard rod to get them all off my cock and dumped them in; I was gonna ram them all into the end of my fleshlight.

They dropped in, and I swore I could hear a small "Puppyyyy, Ahhh" that made me feel heat rush through me. Mistress must be really enjoying herself to be shouting for me; I had to finish now for her, with her.

I scooped up my toy and fixed it on my cock while I went onto my back, my hands gripping both sides. I began to move it on my shaft furiously; each slam at the end, the resistance of their bodies, and the kicking and shoving I could feel as they all seemed to be in a fight with each other just added to it.

Tiny feet would kick into my cock head when it shoved in, adding more pressure and a faint, almost unnoticeable sting, which pushed me beyond my ability to resist. I could feel my body tighten, my balls churn, as hot cum shot forth in ropes I hadn't gotten since Mistress was big and knew how to tease me to true mindlessness.

I rested there for a couple of minutes, letting them marinate in my cum before I finally felt the desire to move, think, or even speak.

"Mistress, how'd you like that?"

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"Mistress?" My hand grazed my belly, feeling nothing. I stuck a finger in my belly button and bottomed out.

"Mistress? MISTRESS, where'd you go? Please, May, this isn't funny. Where'd you go? I didn't roll on you, right"

I could feel tears welling up. I hurt my mistress; it was an accident, but where could she be if she wasn't on me? My mind was racing. What would I do without her? I can't believe I was thinking of leaving her; she cared so much for me, and I was gonna hurt her- now I had.

I had to remove the toy from me to process; I couldn't handle that feeling with my other feelings welling up.

“I’m a bad puppy. I’m nothing but a mutt. I wasn’t worthy of her. May, May, I’m so sorry. How could I ever do this to you?” I curled up in a ball and began to bawl my eyes out.