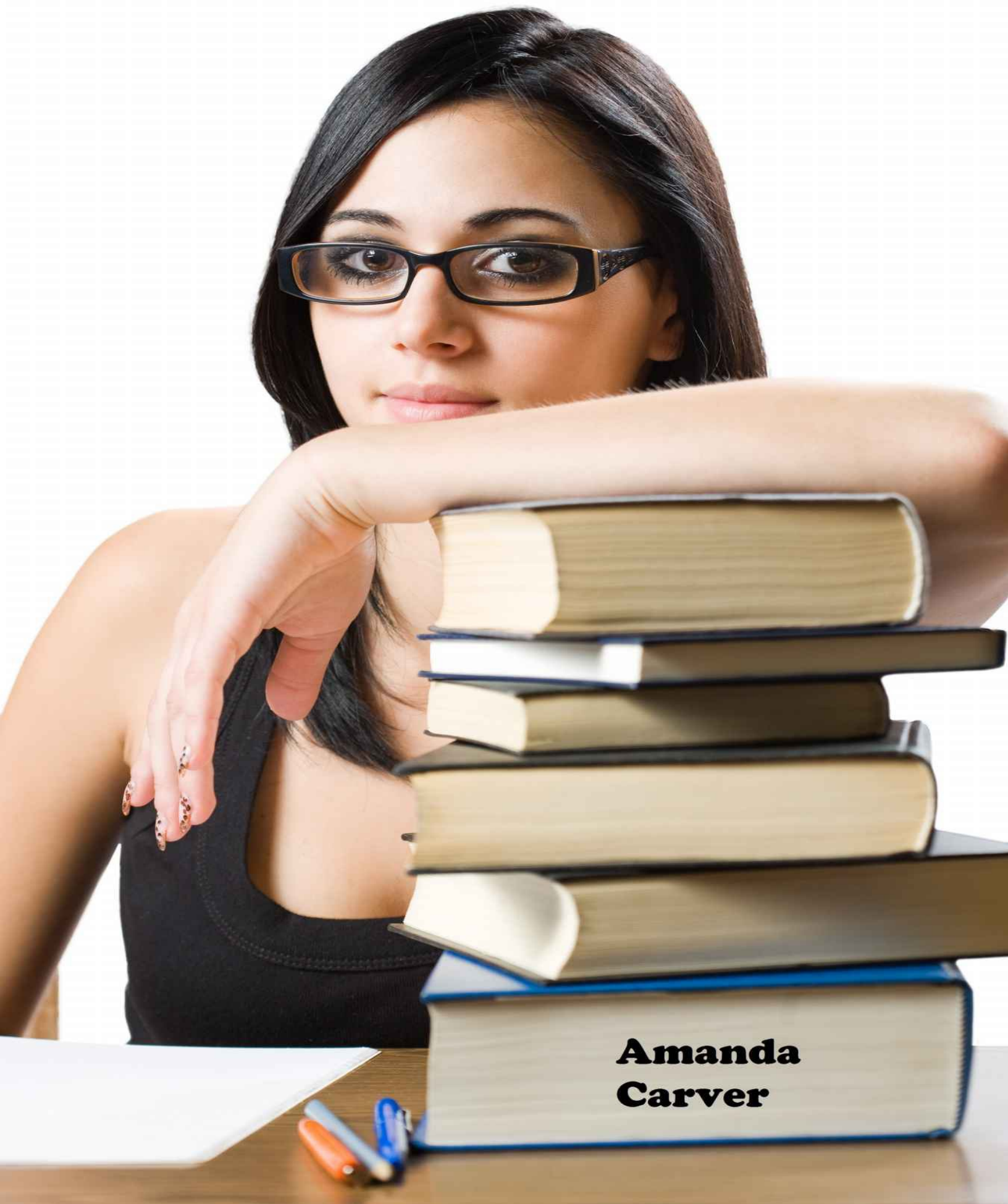


A Pet Entranced



**Amanda
Carver**

A Pet Entranced
Amanda Carver

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A Pet Entranced

Scholars talk about what you need. Food. Water. Air. But what about the social stuff? What about those fuels that you can't quite explain away on a purely chemical basis?

Eating was a simple pleasure. But little did he know, he was about to discover something so, so much better.

Chewing, then swallowing, he finished up his sandwich, bundled up the emptied bag of chips with the rest of his trash, and he was just about to get up to leave...but Devon couldn't leave, not quite yet. This was silly, and he understood that perfectly well, yet he still hesitated.

Where was she?

Where was Mia?

He thought through the possibilities, but no good answers presented themselves. The curiosity proved to be more than a little frustrating.

He pursed his lips and glanced around the sub shop again. The place was surprisingly large, considering they only sold sandwiches. But then again, there was the headquarters to a major pharmaceutical company right across the street, so it made sense that they would have a very brisk business.

Although she must've been taking a late lunch, Mia stepped into the line, and Devon allowed himself a few moments to admire her.

Her dark brown hair was pulled back into a ponytail, and she was talking to the employee behind the counter. He heard her voice, like bells, and Devon couldn't help but feel a little shiver of pleasure. She was so incredibly beautiful, and smart too, judging from the lab coat she still wore.

And of course, she had that incredible body. She turned to the side, to grab herself some chips, and Devon enjoyed that moment when he could see her toned legs, the tight skirt she wore, and a blouse that hugged her breasts, showing off just the right amount of cleavage. Everything about her was perfect, from the shimmer of her hair to the black rimmed glasses she wore.

He shook his head, knowing he would never get a girl like her.

For one, she probably worked in one of the research divisions, while he was a lonely data entry clerk. Second, she was just that hot. Mia didn't need to go into science. She could have just as easily been a model.

Exhaling with a mix of longing and wistful disappointment, he put the rest of his trash onto his tray, and then he for the exit. He didn't want to be late getting back to work. His supervisor was kind of a jerk.

Devon was about to learn something about female power and authority. His life was about to change in ways he couldn't anticipate or imagine.

From the corner of her eye, Mia watched the cute boy leave the sandwich shop. He had been admiring her for several weeks now. Although she never intended to be arrogant, Mia understood perfectly well that she was an attractive female.

While she preferred science, she did take the time to learn some of the aesthetic arts. She knew how to dress, and she knew how to apply her makeup in just such a way as to highlight her best features while downplaying her flaws.

Mia finished her order, and then she realized something. The boy who just fled the sandwich shop, apparently he had left his cell phone.

Cocking her head to the side, she considered some of the possibilities.

Devon got right back to work at the wrong moment. So many other employees were dashing toward the elevator banks, which created a bottleneck. He tapped his foot impatiently, wishing those doors would open up again.

"Come on, come on..." he kept muttering to no one in particular.

Of course, he wouldn't have been late if he had simply left without catching a glimpse of Mia.

He wasn't a stalker or anything, but he enjoyed seeing her. The sight of her face and lithe physique always sent a rush of excitement running down his spine. Once or twice, he had eavesdropped on conversations she had been having with some of her colleagues. She was smart. She was funny too.

All of Devon's friends told him he needed to focus on finding a girl for himself. At the Devone time, he always had to add a special caveat. He needed to find someone who is in his league.

Finally, the elevator arrived on the ground floor. He squeezed himself in with everyone else, and then he got off on his floor. Once he stepped back out into the hallway, he practically started running.

Darting past his coworkers and along the rows of data entry clerks just like him, Devon plopped back down into his workstation. He typed as fast as he could, logging into his computer.

He exhaled, enjoying the fact that he apparently was late but got away with it. He didn't see his manager around.

Then, like thinking about her could summon her, Cathy appeared over his shoulder. She was tapping her foot, and although he could only see the barest outline of her body with his peripheral vision, he could practically read the disappointment radiating from her body. "You're late," Cathy said to him.

"Sorry. The elevators weren't going very fast," he said.

"Devon, you're better than this. Try to be on time." There is a note of disappointment in her voice, and Devon nearly flinched. She was an attractive woman, maybe a year or two older than him, but she always spoke down to him. She made it sound like you really needed to care about this job despite the low wages, terrible hours and the fact that the company clearly didn't care about any of the data entry clerks.

"Sorry."

"You have potential. I think you could go far if you really tried," she said.

"Sorry. I'll do better next time," he promised without really meaning it. The best part of his day was getting to catch a glimpse of Mia, the researcher.

"Good. If you keep this up, you might be able to become a Data Entry Specialist II within a few years."

The idea of working here for a few more years made him want to strangle himself with his mouse cord.

Satisfied that she had inspired her employee, Cathy sauntered off to go talk to another employee.

His nostrils flared, and he could only glower at her as she wandered off. Frowning, Devon shook his head. He really did hate this job. Even if Cathy was only doing hers, he

despised the fact that he simply typed in numbers and performed the most basic of calculations for eight hours every day.

And of course, whenever he lifted his head and glanced around his surroundings, he found himself surrounded by more than a hundred people in the exact Devone position. He didn't entirely understand how all of this data fit together. It didn't make sense to him, but he did his job reasonably well.

Swallowing back his existential frustration, he got back to work. He really didn't want to get another lecture from Cathy.

Mia picked up the phone, and she tapped her foot, wondering how she should proceed. She tilted her head from side to side several times.

Of course, she knew all about Devon. He seemed like a sweet guy, and he clearly had a crush on her. Actually, Eric thought it was pretty adorable. Considering he already had feelings for her, maybe she could use this.

She enjoyed her meal, contemplating the different possibilities.

What to do? What to do?

Mia thought back to her laboratory and some of her extracurricular activities, and a grin splashed across her pretty lips. She picked up the phone, and she touched the screen. They came to life right away, and she smirked, pleased to find there wasn't a password lock.

Between bites of her sandwich, Mia went to work, learning about her not so secret admirer. It only took a few minutes to confirm her suspicions.

Devon stared at the computer, moving his hands along the keyboard. Although he knew his supervisor was probably hovering around somewhere nearby, he couldn't shake the impression that these machines were secretly designed to suck the life force from the employees.

Doing his best to stay positive, just like the company posters said he should, he went to his happy place. He started to fantasize, typing in faulty information. You have to delete it and go back later on, but his employers expected a certain margin of error. He sometimes wondered if they realized half of mistakes came from the fact that their employees just couldn't be motivated to give a damn.

He closed his eyes for just a couple of seconds, and he pictured Mia, smiling at him. They were outside a house, and he had just taken her out on a date. They were laughing, their faces flushed, and he knew that this was going to be the moment when he kissed her for the first time.

He brushed his lips against her mouth, and she responded right away. She pressed her body to his, and he could feel her nipples through the layers of their shirts. But then she pulled back, and she asked, "Do you want to go inside?"

Back in reality, Devon leaned back in his chair for a moment, stretching his arms over his head.

He turned to the side, just to get some of the stiffness out of his neck, and then he froze. Mia. What was she doing here? Normally, the researcher stayed in their part of the building. In fact, he couldn't remember one instance where someone in a lab coat came to this part of the facility.

Apparently, Cathy was equally curious because she hopped up from her desk, and she scampered over to the researcher.

Devon, like quite a few of his colleagues, glanced over, enjoying a break the monotony.

The two women seemed to confer, and Cathy seemed confused. Apparently, no one had

told her that Mia would be coming by.

It wasn't surprising Cathy knew about Mia, at least by reputation. The researcher was well known, especially at this pharmaceutical company. She was one of the most respected scientists in the building.

Cathy seemed very confused for a moment. Brows furrowed, she looked around, scanning through the multitude of data entry clerks. Then her eyes lit on Devon, and he immediately felt like he had done something wrong. Had he made a mistake? Had he made one too many typos?

Gulping back his terror, he returned to size to the screen, yet he still tracked the two women as they moved through the banks of computers and employees.

Cathy and Mia walked over together.

"This is Devon Jones."

Yes, Devon had a very generic sounding name. He sometimes wondered if his boring life hadn't been predetermined by his boring name.

"Thank you, Cathy. If you don't mind, I'd like to have a few words alone with Devon."

He blinked. His brain blanked because he never imagined anything like this would happen. Sure, there've been fantasies about striking up a conversation with her at the sandwich spot where they both have lunch or maybe bumping into her in the hallway. But here? Like this?

Cathy flashed Devon a confused glance, but then she withdrew.

"Hi," she said.

Doing his best to remember how to speak and put sentences together from those things called words, Devon raised his hand and waved. Instantly, he felt like an idiot. He brought his hand back down to his lap, and he wished he were standing. Standing aloof? He couldn't remember.

"Hello," he finally forced himself to say, thankful that those two syllables didn't make him sound like an idiot. They didn't, did they?

"You're cute boy," Mia said to him.

"Thanks?"

"Anyway, I saw you left this at the sandwich place." She reached into her lab coat pocket and fished out his phone. Right away, his eyes went wide. Of course, he recognized the model, but something else struck him right away.

"How did you know belonged to me?"

"I saw you left it," she said simply.

"And my name?" In one of the deep corners of his brain, Devon recognized the fact that he was interrogating her. It was a stupid move, but he couldn't help himself. He took his phone back from her, and her fingers brushed his for a moment. A thrill of warmth sprinted through his nervous system.

"I found in your phone. I hope you don't mind. I had to check." She smiled at him. She really did have a gorgeous smile.

Blinking again, Devon tried to snap himself out of those schoolboy reveries.

"Thank you. Thank you very much," he said, remembering just a little bit how to be articulate. "Can I pay you?"

The second those words left his mouth, he felt the blush run all over his cheeks. That was a very stupid thing to say! He would have liked to shove tissue down his throat, if only to keep himself from saying something else lame or insulting or stupid.

"No. I think I'm good," she said. "Anyway, it was nice meeting you."

"Yeah, you too," he said, just a hint of disappointment lacing his voice as she turned around and started back toward her part of the building.

Devon actually raised his hand, like he was going to call out her name. His vocal cords refused to work, and he slumped back down into his seat.

Surprisingly, the rest of his work day went by very quickly. He probably did a good job of entering numbers on the screen as well. Of course, it was only because he kept going over those few moments spent with Mia.

It was foolish and self-defeating and a waste of time, but Devon couldn't help himself. He kept going over those moments again and again, wondering if he could ask her out, fantasizing about what he might have said, and reminding himself that a girl like her would never date someone like him.

By the time five o'clock hit, Devon was ready to head back home. He crossed the street to the parking lot, got in his car, and he drove back. It didn't take him long to hit his apartment complex, and he was soon collapsing down onto his couch, wondering for the ten thousandth time if he should have tried to ask Erica out.

Yes, obviously.

No. No way. She never would have said yes.

Yes. She was obviously worth the risk of heartbreak and disappointment.

No, they technically worked for the Devone company.

Back and forth, back and forth, back and forth.

Just as he picked up the remote for his TV, he felt his phone buzz. He pulled out the small device and saw a text message. He didn't recognize the number.

Hey. It's Mia. I know we don't really know each other, but would you be interested in getting a drink.

His mouth went dry, and he had to wonder if this was some kind of joke. Even if he believed his friends would do something like this to him, no one in his social circle knew about how he talked to her for the first time today.

This had to be genuine.

Sure. Where would you like to meet?

He stared down at those letters on the screen, double checking to make sure he didn't make any mistakes. No. It looked good. He hit send and waited.

Heart pounding, adrenaline flaring through his body, Devon just couldn't sit still. He actually got up and started pacing back and forth along the length of his small living room. He started to wonder if maybe she had made a mistake. Maybe she was just trying to find a nice way to extricate herself from the social faux pas.

Then his phone vibrated again. It was already in his hand, and he saw the name of the bar where she wanted to meet. It was a reasonably quiet place, somewhere he had been once before while out on a crawl.

They set a time, and Devon focused on getting ready.

He was ten minutes early, freshly showered, and he had on a new shirt and freshly washed pair of pants.

When he first sat down at the table, he liked the idea of being early. Now he tapped his fingers, looking around and wondering if this had all been some kind of delusion. Every second seemed like an hour or three.

But then Mia strolled through the front door, and she glanced around. Right away, he lifted his arm. She smiled in his direction, and he couldn't believe that she had really suggested this.

A server came by, they ordered their drinks, and Mia leaned forward. "Devon, you seem like a really nice guy. I'm glad we could do this."

"Thanks," he said. "And thank you again for bringing back my phone. So tonight, drinks are on me." Of course, he also liked the idea of making this seem just a little bit more like a date.

She smiled at him, showing off her white teeth, and he wondered again what it would feel like to kiss her. Determined to come off as a gentleman, he didn't let his gaze wander down toward her breasts, no matter how perfect they seemed to be.

"So, Devon, I need to tell you something."

"What's that?"

"I have another motive for calling you tonight. You see, I have a special experiment I want to run, something that needs to be off the books." She ran her teeth along her lower lip. Yes, he liked that. Yes, he liked it a lot. There was something so intoxicating about the way she had her gaze pinned upon him, like no one else in the universe mattered at all.

"I'd be happy to help, but you need to know that I'm not a scientist." He was about to say something else, but his phone vibrated.

"Trust me. I don't need you for your scientific expertise. Instead, I'm interested in your personality. I hope you don't mind, but I went through your phone. I learned a lot about you, Devon."

He swallowed, wondering exactly what she was referring to. If it was his browser history...

Mia glanced down for a moment, smiling and shaking her head. "Don't worry. I know a lot of people have some very unusual tastes. There's nothing wrong with that. In fact, you and I might have a lot in common."

She was being intentionally vague, which only made it harder for him to think clearly. What was she saying? What was she trying to indicate?

Like she understood just how nervous she made him, Mia reached across the table, and she touched the back of his hand.

"Let's just say you and I have a lot in common."

His phone buzzed for his attention again.

"Maybe you should go ahead and get that," she said, obviously picking up on the sound.

Suppressing a growl of frustration, Devon reached into his pocket. If this was one of his friends, he was going to snap back with something very sharp. Unless it was an absolute emergency, nothing else in the entire world mattered more than what he did with this girl tonight.

He swiped his finger across the screen, opening it up to the front set of icons. Instead of seeing the usual graphics, the screen went white for a moment.

Perfect timing, Mia thought. She had set up her computer to do this on a timer, and she had planned out everything perfectly. She watched the white light dance across Devon's face. He didn't blink. He stared down at the screen.

The screen shifted, alternating between a white blank and a dozen other colors. They flashed across his retinas, the subliminal programming worming its way into the deepest recesses of his psyche.

Although Mia specialized in pharmaceuticals, she did have a penchant for psychological programming and conditioning. She hadn't been lying about sharing some of Devon's interests.

Of course, she preferred to be on the other end of the leash.

The server came by with their drinks.

Mia gingerly took a sip. She enjoyed the fruity cocktail, leaning back in her chair.

All the while, Devon simply stared at his screen. He didn't react for several minutes. He didn't do anything at all, not while the application continued its magic.

While he was distracted, Mia ran through a mental checklist to make sure she had everything she needed. Yes, she had purchased the kennel and set it up in the kitchen. She also had a variety of different leashes, the knee and elbow pads, plus a little puppy bed for him.

The program came to an end, and Devon blinked several times. His eyes felt very dry all of a sudden, and they started to water. He touched the back of his hands to his eyes, wiping the errant tears away.

"Sorry, what are you saying?" He shook his head, almost like he's been trapped in a daydream.

In a manner of speaking, Mia supposed that was true.

Devon tried to clear his vision before he noticed something on the table.

It looked like...a collar, a dog collar.

Something inside of him took over, something he couldn't entirely comprehend. He tried to resist it for several seconds. After all, getting down on his knees in front of Mia would be silly. He needed to make a good impression.

A good impression...

He wanted to please her, to show her that he could be a good guy... No, a good boy. Yes, he wanted to show her that he could be a good boy. That was why he had to get down on his knees in front of her.

Devon pushed his way out of his seat, and he dropped down onto his knees in front of her. She smiled, unconcerned about the other patrons who noticed this odd behavior.

"Oh, look at that. There appears to be a puppy in this restaurant. And look, he doesn't have a collar. You want me to put the collar on you, puppy? Is that what you want?"

He started panting, and he even started to wag.

All of his thoughts seemed foggy and cloudy. In fact, everything outside of the woman sitting across the table seemed unimportant. It all faded away, and he let out a little bark.

"Wruff! Wruff!" The sound wasn't loud enough to attract any unwanted attention, but Mia smiled down at him nonetheless. She looked into his eyes, searching for some human intelligence.

No, he just seemed like a happy puppy, so she picked up the collar, and she locked it around his neck.

The second he felt that extra weight of material at the base of his throat, he enjoyed a surge of pleasure. It ran through his body, his cock stiffened. Of course, he'd been horny before any of this happened, but now her program tapped into something else, something he tried to keep hidden from the rest of the world.

"There is my good boy," Erica said to him, patting him on the head. She reached down, and she touched the back of his collar. She grabbed him, lifting him up onto his feet.

"You should enjoy walking. You're not going to get to do that anytime soon. No, you're not," she was talking down to him, her voice patronizing and condescending. She was addressing him as though he was nothing but an animal, a pet there for her amusement.

Mia held onto the back of his collar with one hand. She pulled a couple of bills from her pocket and tossed them onto the table. That was more than enough to cover their tab.

She pushed them forward, guiding them through the room.

Seconds later, they were outside, in the cool, crisp air. She walked him over to her car, but she didn't open the passenger side door for him. Oh no, he was a puppy, so he needed to travel somewhere else in the car.

She unlocked the trunk and pulled it open.

It had been several seconds since the program took a hold of his mind, but Devon had a strong will. He tried to shake his head, to focus on what was going on. The cold air helped. It gave them something to focus on.

"What, what's going on?" Devon managed to ask.

Mia looked into his eyes again. Yes, he was definitely coming out of it. Apparently, he was going to need several sessions with her program before he truly accepted his new place. The beautiful scientist didn't worry about his progress. It was only a matter of time.

"Just relax. Relax, puppy."

Puppy.

Those two syllables caressed his eardrums, and he felt himself relax. The fog came on again, stronger than ever. His knees buckled, and he dropped down behind her vehicle. She motioned toward the trunk.

"C'mon, puppy. Get into your cage."

Cage.

Braced in the back of her vehicle, a rectangular kennel waited for him.

Devon tried to shake himself free of the disorientation, but he heard this beautiful woman use that word again. He started to move.

He clambered up onto the bumper, and then he maneuvered his svelte frame behind the nail-thin bars. She dropped the door to his kennel down and latched it.

"Don't worry. We'll get you out of those clothes just as soon as we're home."

She slammed the trunk shut.

Humming to herself, Mia strolled back around the car, unlocked the driver's side door, and she hopped into her seat. She started driving. Behind her, Devon didn't make any sounds.

She couldn't predict exactly how he might react to this. Would he whimper? Would he beg? Maybe he would start demanding she release him? Oh, the possibilities stretched outward and onward, and she couldn't wait to find out.

As she drove along, he did something completely different.

Devon tried to get out of his cage. He did his best to reach his fingers between the thin bars. Mia heard him rattling around back there, but she didn't worry about her pup. He would never get the right leverage or angle to pop the latch.

And even if he did, she already had several conditions set into his mind. Those commands would make it impossible for her doggy boy to flee.

They came to a stoplight.

Adjusting her rearview mirror, Mia smirked. Their eyes met for a moment, and he opened his mouth, perhaps hoping to convey something to her. For whatever reason, he thought better of speaking.

That's right, she thought. Puppies don't talk. No, they just stay in their kennels and wait for their owners.

After the light turned green, she started driving again. These roads were easy, so she found herself tempted by the newfound arousal heating that spot between her legs. Confident no

one would see her, she slipped her hand down between her thighs and she started to press down on her pussy. She stroked herself, maneuvering her fingertips down and up, down and up several times.

Just as she was about to climax, Mia stopped.

A grin spread along her lips, and she kept driving.

A few grunts and growls of frustration echoed through the car cabin; Devon appeared to be a stubborn boy. Then she pulled up into her driveway, she got out, and she popped the trunk.

It was so much fun seeing her caged boy behind bars.

"Are you ready to come out?"

Devon didn't know what to do. He didn't know what he could say.

He reached up and readjusted his collar. Devon smirked at him, waiting for the revelation to hit. He moved his hands up to the nape of his neck and the clasp.

"Why can't—why can't I get this off?" he asked.

"It's locked on, silly boy."

"Locked...?" Devon sounded confused.

"Don't worry. I know this is all very difficult for you to understand. But that's why I'm here. I'm going to train you."

Devon closed his eyes for a moment. While Mia unlocked the cage, he concentrated on clearing his head. The afterimages of colors still played behind his eyes, yet he managed to bring his thoughts into clearly focus.

"Mia, I just wanted to go out with you tonight."

"Shush, puppy. This is going to be better for you." Mia stepped back from the car. Her heels clicked on the pavement just before she tapped her thigh. "Now be a good doggy and come on out of your kennel."

He opened his eyes again and knew that he had to follow her command. Obviously, it would have been silly to stay in the cage.

Devon climbed out uncertainly. His legs felt wobbly beneath him, yet he managed to stand upright. Not only that, Devon straightened his back and he looked into her eyes. "Mia, if you give me a ride back to the club. We can pretend none of this ever happened."

"Heel, boy," he said, pointing down at the ground.

All of a sudden, Devon else in the overwhelming urge to drop down onto his knees. He felt like a trained animal, like this need stirred through him.

Shaking his head, he didn't know what she had done to him, but he wasn't about to surrender.

Maybe he didn't have a very nice job with a lot of respect or any fancy titles, but Devon still considered himself to be a real man. In a real man wouldn't yield so easily.

"Heel, boy," Mia said again, pointing down to the ground. There was something in her voice, a commanding edge which he found difficult to ignore. "Heel. Heel like a good boy."

He glared at her, his eyes narrowed into angry slits, but then his willpower gave out, and he dropped down onto his knees. "All the way," she said.

For some reason, he felt the urge to support the weight of his torso on his palms. Now he was on all fours.

"There, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Mia asked, her tone patronizing and teasing in equal measure. Mia bent forward, and she poked him under his chin. She moved her fingertips along his body, petting him like he was some kind of dog.

"What are you doing? What's going on?" And half expected a bunch of his friends to suddenly appear and tell him this was all some big joke.

He grappled for logical explanations, yet none were forthcoming.

Mia shut the trunk, and the sound boomed across his body. When he turned to really negotiate with her, she had to something out and it dangled from her grip. It took a moment for his eyes to see that the dark brown material was really a leash!

His eyes went wide.

Normally, he would have jumped up onto his feet and run off, yet that option seemed of his thought process. Instead, he backed up, remaining prone on his hands and knees. Mia moved much more quickly. She jumped forward, and she grabbed the back of his collar. Now, he didn't have any choice. He couldn't possibly get away.

Click.

He heard the sound of the leash being attached to his collar. "Let's get you inside so I can get you properly dressed. I'm sure you're very tired after our car ride. Doggies gets so excited when they are allowed in the car, don't they?"

"Why are you talking to me like that? I'm not a dog!"

"You are whatever I say you are," Mia replied. Then she skipped ahead, holding tight onto the end of his leash.

For a couple of heartbeats, Devon watched as the slack in his leash disappeared. When she was several feet away, he had a choice. He could follow after her, or he could let her jerk on his leash.

Like a good puppy, he started crawling. He moved along on all fours, and even though this form of ambulation seemed very awkward, he did his best. After just a few strides, he started to get a better feel for his body.

Mia stopped at the top of her porch. She waited while her puppy clambered up the steps. Once, his elbow slipped, but she just smiled down at him, watching as he got better.

She unlocked the door and listened as he tried to tell her that there had been some kind of mistake. Clearly, Mia had meant to text someone else. Obviously, this was part of some bizarre experiment or joke, but it wasn't supposed to involve him.

At least, he made those points to the best of his ability, but she wasn't listening.

Mia led her puppy boy down the hallway and to the left. This was a spare room, and she had already set everything up for him.

"Okay, are you ready to begin?"

"Begin what?" Devon demanded, practically growling.

She giggled at him, bending forward again so that she could look into his eyes. Even so, she was still patronizing him. "Damn, I know this is hard for you to understand, but I've chosen you. I looked through your phone, just like I said, and I know all about what you really need. You need to be a puppy, don't you? You were always hoping to find someone like me to adopt you and take care of you. Well, guess what? Today is your lucky day."

None of this made any sense to him, so he tried to say something.

Before he could get out a single word, she took out his phone and held it up in front of him. The application was running again, the colors playing in front of his eyes.

Mia watched, fascinated as the light reflected off of his nose, lips, and cheeks. His eyes glittered and sparkled under the polychromatic haze.

"You are my puppy. You are my beloved pet now. This might be difficult for you to understand, but I'm going to take very good care of you. I'm going to feed you and teach you fun

little tricks. Every day, I will come home, and you will be waiting for me."

As she spoke, Erica fantasized about how good it was going to be to have this boy. Even now, she could tell that he was resisting, doing all he could to fight off the influence of her application. But those lights triggered something within his brain, a thousand subliminal messages worked their way through his visual cortex.

He pulled the phone away, and he blinked again.

"Take off your clothes, puppy," she ordered.

Staring straight ahead, like he didn't understand where he was or what any of this meant, Devon unbuttoned his shirt. He really did give her the impression that he was a deep vessel simply waiting for instructions.

Mia leaned back on her heels, and she cupped her palms together.

"Now, take off your pants, underwear, and socks. Puppies don't wear clothing. Puppies get to run around completely naked."

He kept his eyes forward as he shimmied out of his pants. His socks and underwear followed a moment later.

"Good boy! Who is a good puppy? That's right. You are a good puppy." She ran her fingers along the top of his head, gently petting him with her nails. He tilted his head to the side, giving her easier access. Not only that, his tongue lolled out from between his lips.

Devon wasn't a man. He wasn't a data entry clerk.

Oh no, he was a puppy, and he saw the world as an animal, a well-trained pet with his owner standing there. He still saw her as extremely beautiful. He worshiped her. In fact, nothing made his world feel better than when she lavished attention upon him.

Devon felt absolutely no compunction about being nude in front of this girl. In fact, he wagged his hips from side to side, happy that she was smiling at him.

When Mia stood up straight and walked over to the closet, Devon chased after her, his tongue still hanging from between his lips.

Mia slid the door open, and then she pulled out a pair of dark brown leather pads." On your back, puppy. Roll over like a good puppy," she said to him.

Because he was so well-trained, he complied. Devon didn't think about the colors or the subliminal images which had taken control of his mind. Instead, he simply obeyed his owner, she was talking to him.

"Good boy!" She said, dropping down onto her knees. He remained on his back, she seemed to tower over him. "Who's a good boy? That's right. You're a good boy!" She moved her hands down toward his flanks and chest, stroking him.

Then she reached for his crotch and wrapped her fingers around his length. His body responded right away. His muscles tensed up and clenched, his eyes closing for just a few seconds.

"There's a good boy. Yes, you're such a good boy. You like that, don't you? Let me tell you a little secret. This is how I'm going to control you. Yes, it is. You see, you're a silly boy and silly boys love getting petted down here."

He stared up at her with such helpless adoration.

So Mia decided to give him another little reward. She used her free hand, gliding two fingers under his balls. She caressed his soft patch of sensitive flesh. Closing his eyes, his breathing increased. His cock hardened.

Yes, she loved having this kind of power over him. She reveled in the way such delicious

control could feel. He was helpless before her.

Then, before he could obtain real satisfaction, Mia took her hands back. He whimpered right away. Under normal circumstances, Devon could have grabbed his member and touched himself to completion.

Her program took away that drive, that basic sense of initiative.

He whimpered, moaning in a low, piteous tone. He came off like some small, woodland creature.

"Let's get you in your pads. Then we'll see about giving you a treat. Would you like that, boy? Does my good boy need a treat?" She smiled at him, and he immediately perked up at the shift in her intonation.

Mia pulled the first pad up to his elbow. A set of Velcro straps wrapped around his forearm and bicep, keeping his arm bent. Then Mia repeated the process. She smiled at him, reassuring him.

As an animal, he didn't appreciate losing some of his range of motion.

Another stroke of her fingertips over his girth kept him docile. This woman owned him, after all, so he behaved.

She grabbed his knee and slipped another one of those pads over his knees, first the left, then the right. Now, he couldn't stand upright. If he needed to move, it would have to be on his elbows and knees.

"There. Don't you feel better now?" Mia got back onto her feet.

Right away, he growled, disappointed that she didn't give him enough to let him climax. In this state, he needed to come, but she held that reward out. He couldn't think to try to touch himself.

"Poor, growly puppy. I guess you need to burn off some of that energy, don't you?"

She grabbed the end of his leash and tugged, practically dragging him from the room. He crawled after her, his tongue still hanging out of his mouth. He kept wagging his bottom, hoping for a reward.

"Oh!" Mia stopped by the bathroom. She spotted some of her makeup containers.

Devon turned his head to the side. He followed her gaze and some primal instinct told him to run away. He didn't understand it, only he didn't need to. The naked puppy boy tried to run down the hall, still moving along on his padded elbows and knees.

"Silly boy. Where do you think you're going?" Mia asked. She didn't sound worried. Devon may have forgotten about his leash, but she didn't.

He quickly ran out of slack, so she pulled on his collar, choking the poor boy for just a moment. At first, his puppy brain couldn't understand what had happened. Then she pulled again and he whimpered.

"Get back here!" she snapped at him.

Devon aimed his gaze down at the floor.

"Here, boy! Come here right now!"

He may have had the perceptions of a puppy, but even dogs could sense when their owners became serious. This was clearly one of those instances.

Downcast, he approached his owner.

"Sit. Sit, boy."

He dropped down onto his buttocks, back straight, elbows still aimed down at the floor. Yes, he really did make an excellent dog.

Mia took a moment to admire his obedience once again. She had done it. She had taken

this independent male and turned him into little more than an obedient animal. "You're my dog, aren't you?"

A dose of pleasure raced through his altered mind. The hypnotic programming forced his response, and it felt wonderful.

He barked, "Wruff! Wruff!"

"There's my good boy!" she clapped her hands, jumping up and down with pride. This man may have been a stubborn boy before, but she was fixing him, improving upon him. Soon, many women would be able to buy that Devone application, and they would have no trouble turning their stubborn husbands and boyfriends into docile creatures like the one she found before her.

"Now, I know this is going to be difficult for you, but you aren't allowed to move. Heel, boy. Heel."

The programming kicked in, and he didn't move even as she started to unscrew the different makeup containers. She retrieved a small brush covered in dark concealer. Smiling happily, enjoying every moment of play time with her puppy, Mia started to move the brush along his nose.

The bristles pickled against his skin, but he didn't move. His owner had told him to heel, so he remained braced down on his butt and feet.

Like it or not, Devon was a good boy.

"Now just one more patch," she said, applying more of the dark makeup around his eyes. Then she stood back, and she giggled to herself. He may not have had the wherewithal to understand but her boy really did look so much more like a pup.

Trying to understand what happened, the dog shook his head from side to side, yet it made no difference. He was going to stay like this until Mia decided otherwise.

"You've been such a good boy; maybe I will let you have your orgasm now." Making her decision, she tilted her head from side to side, considering exactly what he should get. Her subliminal programming had done a good job of training him, so he instinctively understood that this was an important moment.

Devon lifted himself back up onto his haunches, and he started begging.

He whimpered, making a high-pitched sound one, two, three times.

"Okay. You've been a very good boy. That means you get a...belly rub!"

Mia pounced on him, putting her hand to his shoulder and shoving him down onto the floor. His elbows and legs swung uselessly, especially as she started to stroke and caress his exposed torso.

Like a good puppy, he started to pant, his tongue hanging out all the while. In that moment, Mia really didn't see a transformed human man. Rather, he was now a puppy dog, just a canine. He didn't have to think about anything serious. Oh no, his only priority needed to be pleasing his owner.

A puppy really could be a girl's best friend, she thought with a sardonic smirk.

The petting came to an end, and she hopped back up onto her feet. Then she grabbed the end of his leash, and she decided they were going to play a few games.

Mia led the puppy back outside into her backyard. She had a rather large property, so she flicked on the light, bathing the grass in white light. She walked over to the table, and she found an old tennis ball.

It was clean, clean enough for a puppy anyway.

Mia snatched up the ball, and she tossed it into the air before catching it again.

She waited, without prompting her puppy boy.

Right on schedule, he started to wag his bottom, tilting his hips and buttocks from side to side. He did so eagerly and with no sign of hesitation or doubt. When she gazed down into his eyes, she didn't see any reluctance or resistance at all.

This really was incredible. She had taken a man and turned him into a pet.

Mia tossed the ball again, and she grabbed it from the air. Now, her doggie boy was getting impatient. He came up to her, and he started to nuzzle her legs. He touched his nose to her calves, hoping for some attention.

"What's that, dog? Do you want me to throw this ball so you can fetch it? Is that what my dog wants?"

He was a puppy, so he obviously didn't understand what she was trying to say, yet he recognized the playful intimation in her voice. He barked again, making the silly sounds for her amusement.

Deciding to be merciful, Erica threw the ball. The green sphere sailed through the air, hitting the grass ten or twenty feet away.

Just before her puppy could spin around and sprint after it, Mia remembered to unhook his leash. That would have been very mean if he tried to run away, only to be tethered in place.

True to form, Devon rushed after the ball. It was dark, but he quickly found the ball.

Mia watched, viewing this all as one elaborate experiment. She wanted to know if you would try to pick it up in his hands. Did that instinct exist at all? Would he remember what it felt like to use his fingers rather than his mouth?

Again, Devon demonstrated his ability to perform exactly like any other dog. He bowed his head low, opening his jaw, and bit down into the ball. Then he picked it up, and he rushed back toward her, moving on his elbows and knees all the while.

It was an intoxicating rush, having this man down on his knees, naked and collared, bringing her a ball and looking up at her with such adoration. If she could hypnotize a man to believe that he was a dog, what else could she do?

Those were thoughts for another time.

For now, Mia reached down, and she took the ball from his mouth. He released it willingly, and his owner decided to be generous once again. She started to pet her puppy, running her fingertips down his shoulders. "There's my good boy! You love being a puppy, don't you? You love knowing that I own you, don't you?"

He responded with the telltale barking, "Wruff! Nwruff!"

She laughed again, savoring his inarticulate response.

Mia threw the ball into the air, only to catch it again. Her puppy twitched, clearly eager to race after it. He was a good boy, and he wanted to fetch the ball. Nothing could make him happier.

Pulling her arm back, she launched the ball back into the air. It bounced along the grass before settling to a stop off in the shadows. It was still very late, but Devon showed no sign of hesitation. He scampered after the ball.

He returned several seconds later, and she stared at him again. That made her wonder about something. There was one more experiment she decided to try.

Once she had the tennis ball in her hand, she raised it up, and she jerked her arm forward.

Right away, Devon chased after it, only she hadn't thrown the ball. It was still in her hand. Of course, her arm had blurred with movement, so he hadn't been able to tell. A human should have been able to figure out the trick within the span of a few seconds.

Mia watched, eager to see how long it would take her puppy to figure out what had happened. Nose to the ground, he scanned the grass, twitching his head from side to side as he searched for any sign of the ball.

One corner of her mouth raised, Mia smiled, thinking about how adorable this boy really was.

He couldn't find the ball! But he was still looking!

She hopped up and down. Then she held up two fingers to her lips, and she whistled. "Devon, puppy! Here, boy. Come here, boy!"

His head perked up the second he heard those words. Like a good puppy, he turned around, and he trotted back over to her feet. Programmed, he didn't have any other choice.

Then he saw the ball in her hand, and he tilted his head to the side, clearly confused. "Don't worry about it, puppy. You're just a little doggie, so sometimes I will pay tricks on you. But it's okay. You're here for my amusement. That's what it means for you to be my pet, isn't it?"

He responded with some more barking, not that he actually understood anything she said to him.

He was just a good boy.

"Okay, one more time," she said, opting to give him a little treat.

If Devon understood what she meant, he gave no indication of it other than to wiggle his hips from side to side, eagerly wagging like a good canine.

Mia, his owner, threw the ball again. It sailed across the air, disappearing back down against the grass. Devon launched himself forward, darting along the soft grass. He came to a stop, jerking his head from side to side, searching for his target.

He glanced back at Mia, perhaps wondering if she had played the Devone trick on him twice. She showed him her hands, and he immediately went back to his search, sniffing at the air, like that would help.

Then he spotted the ball, and he raced over toward it. He grabbed it up into his mouth, and then he proudly trotted back toward his owner. She took the ball one more time, patting him on the head.

"All right, puppy. It's getting late. Let's get you inside."

She headed back toward the door to the house, wondering if he would follow on his own. Or would he try to be a stubborn puppy? Maybe there would be some hint of resistance or defiance, a shred of his old intelligence returning?

Nope.

None of that happened.

Instead, Devon scampered after his owner. He belonged to her, so he followed at her heels, looking very much like a pet.

Back in the kitchen, Mia got his dinner ready first. She had some dried cereal and chili. She mixed it all together, curious to see if he would show any sign of hesitation. In theory, her program should have rewritten his appetite, but this kind of psychological manipulation could be extraordinarily difficult and delicate.

She placed his doggie bowl on the floor. A moment later, she put another one next to the first. The second bowl contained water. Then she stood back, curious as a scientist to see how her experiment played out.

He must've been hungry. After all, he never got a chance to eat his dinner. And then he had been rushed around outside.

She noticed the stiffness of his penis. He definitely craved attention, but he was a good

puppy, so he didn't even think about trying to touch himself. Maybe a genuine dog would have tried to lick at his crotch, but he obviously lacked that flexibility.

This was cruel of her. She should have given him the ability to climax, but it amused her so to keep him like this...

Then he dipped his head down, and he started to bite into the food within his doggie bowl. He chewed and swallowed, ate, chewed and swallowed again and again.

Shaking her head, Mia tried to think of reasons why the conditioning could be so complete. Of course, he did have a predilection for subservience. And really, what beast had been more readily trained for service than the dog?

There may have been a fundamental lack of will when she started. But then, he had also been very much enamored of her. That must've helped as well, Mia thought, nodding to herself.

As her puppy ate, she considered the different equations she used in his hypnotic conditioning. Various color patterns, fractals, and other psychological arcana came to mind all while she watched.

Satisfied that Devon wouldn't get into trouble, Mia went back to her cabinets, and she pulled out some food for herself. She got a bowl, filled it with some leftover stew, and she microwaved it. She sat at the table and started to eat.

After a few minutes, she realized something soft was brushing up against her leg.

Of course, it was her puppy.

She looked down at him and smiled. "What can I do for you?"

He held out his tongue, and he sat back on his haunches, lifting up his elbows. Apparently, this was an approximation of begging for the poor dog.

"Does someone want some attention?" She took a bite of her stew, and then she reached down with her free hand, stroking the underside of his cheek.

This time, he shook his head, shrugging her off.

"If you don't want attention, what do you want?"

He looked up at her with big, pleading brown eyes. Of course, he still looked pretty ridiculous with the makeup around one eye and on his nose. He looked just like a good little puppy, she thought. At some point, maybe she would get him more of a costume. A tail would probably be a nice addition, she decided.

But for the moment, her dog clearly craved something. Then she realized exactly what he wished for.

"Do you want some of my stew? Is that what you're interested in?"

He didn't bark this time. Of course, he didn't know how to respond, not when she was using human language and he was just an animal.

Mia decided to try something. She took some of her stew, and she spilled it onto the floor.

"Go ahead, puppy. Lick it up."

She couldn't imagine anything more humiliating or degrading for a human, but Devon didn't think of himself as a man, not anymore. He was just a good little animal, so he followed his natural impulses.

He wanted some of what she had been having, and now this was his chance, so he dipped his mouth low, he stuck out his tongue, and he started to lick it off of her kitchen floor.

Shaking her head with amusement, Mia went back to her meal while Devon focused on his.

When she finished eating, Mia rinsed out her bowl. When she finished, she came back and found her puppy on the floor. He was all curled up, his eyes closed. Apparently, he was asleep easily.

Shaking her head, bemused, she tapped his naked bottom. "Up, puppy. I know it's time to sleep, but you're going to do it in your kennel. That's right. Come with me."

Her doggie boy blinked several times, clearly confused about what was going on. Maybe her programming was beginning to fade. Or not because once she started to walk away, he obediently crawled after her.

Mia took him back into the guest room. Technically, she probably should have left his cage out in the kitchen or living room, but this seemed to work well enough for now.

He looked at the cage, and then he looked back up at her. With big, pathetic eyes, he whimpered again. Clearly, he didn't want to have to sleep behind those bars.

"This is where I'm putting you tonight," Erica said to him, savoring the way she could decide every facet of his life. "Later on, maybe I will let you sleep on my bed with me. Or I could get you a little puppy bed to keep on the floor in my room. Would you like that? Would that make you a happy boy?"

Those ideas were clearly becoming too complicated for him, so she just clicked her tongue and pointed toward the cage.

At first, he didn't want to move, but when she came closer and clapped her hand, that was enough to startle him into obedience. He scampered forward, getting into his cage.

She shut the door and latched it. She secured it with a lock just to be doubly certain that her puppy would get up to any mischief.

Mia left the room, and she turned off the light.

Now her puppy was all alone. He was a sleepy boy, so he shut his eyes, and he started to doze.

Devon honestly believed he had been dreaming. When his eyes opened again, he thought it was the most bizarre set of images he'd ever experienced while asleep. He imagined that girl from the subway shop calling him and asking him if he wanted to go out. Then they met up, and she did something to him. She hypnotized or tricked him somehow into believing that he was actually a dog. But really, something like that could never actually happen, could it?

He had played fetch!

He slowly became cognizant of his own body again, and Devon tried to roll over. His naked flank touched cold metal, and his eyes opened all the way. He looked around, immediately trying to stand up. He banged his head on a metal grate, and he realized that he couldn't even move his arms or legs, not really.

He flexed his fingers, and they were free enough, yet they were trapped by his shoulder. When he tried to extend his elbows, he found they were restrained by some kind of fabric or leather. He didn't really know exactly what kept him from his usual range of motion, but he didn't care either.

Slowly, a very difficult revelation was hitting him.

Those images hadn't been from some bizarre dream. Oh no, they were real!

Breathing in, he looked around. For the most part, the room was dark, but there must've been a streetlight out, or maybe it was particularly bright tonight. Either way, he could see around. He was in a cage.

That much was obvious.

He was also naked.

The only bit of clothing he had on was the collar around his neck. Devon could feel it every time he swallowed.

Pursing his lips, he tried to think of what he could do. He had to get out of this stupid cage! He wasn't going to allow some girl to train him to be her puppy! He was better than that, smarter and more determined.

What was this all about anyway?

Was she just playing with him? Or was it something distinct, like an experiment? Was she going to show him off to her friends or colleagues?

Oh no. That was not going to happen. Devon promised himself that much.

Looking out from behind the bars of his cage, he tried to figure out how to get out of his kennel. Without being able to use his hands, he didn't think he was going to be able to succeed. Even so, he tried for a few minutes, trying to work his limbs into the right angle. But even if his hands had been free, he didn't think he would be able to work the latch from this side.

Like it or not, Mia had done an excellent job with his captivity.

She was obviously a very smart and capable woman.

Fine, he finally conceded. He wasn't going to be able to get out of the cage.

A different need presented itself then.

It sounded silly, but he was horny. When Devon first started to wake up in his kennel, he had been dreaming about Mia. He thought about kissing her, and he remembered the way she touched him, bringing her hand down along his shaft. It felt so good, sending the little ripples of pleasure racing through his skin.

He didn't want to be a dog, not for her, but it felt incredible nonetheless.

Inhaling, he didn't know what to do. For one, he couldn't actually touch himself. He couldn't simply masturbate with his hands, not while they were trapped above the pads on his elbows.

No, if he wanted to get an orgasm, then he was going to have to do something else. Slowly, he lowered his nose down to the bottom of his kennel. He couldn't really make out the material down there, but when he touched his nose to the surface, he realized it was lined with soft fabric, maybe sheepskin.

He stared out from behind the bars, looking at the gloom which permeated this room. It was probably a very nice bedroom, one which Mia had simply set aside.

He didn't know if he could do this.

Slowly, Devon lowered his body down against the bottom of his kennel. He moved his hips forward and back, pressing his cock into the soft embrace of that fabric. Right away, he could feel the pleasure ripple through him. Yes, that felt incredible. Yes, he really enjoyed it.

Maybe he was still dressed like a dog, meaning he only had on a collar, but he could take a little bit of comfort where he found it.

Grunting, Devon started to grind against the bottom of his cage, thrusting and bucking. It felt very good, he decided, especially as he got closer and closer to an orgasm.

Almost there...almost...almost...

In spite of everything, he closed his eyes, and he started to think of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen.

He thought of Mia.

Different images of that beautiful girl flashed through his mind. In one, she was on a beach, wearing nothing but a bikini. He pictured it as pink with white polka dots. He fantasized

about her long, toned legs. He imagined how it felt to have her run toward him, to throw her arms around him and kiss him. She would press her chest against his, and her nipples would rub against his torso.

Oh yes, that would be fantastic...

In another moment, he pictured her strolling up to him at work. Only in this fantasy, she had on her lab coat. It would be buttoned up all the way, hiding whatever she had underneath.

And she would come to his workstation, take him by the hand, and lead him off to some abandoned conference room. Next, she would unbutton her coat, showing off her naked form. Then she would pounce on him, pushing him down onto the table, and they would kiss some more. He would roll her over, so he would be on top, and then he would get his head low, opening his mouth and gently kissing her. Or maybe he would lick her nipples, summoning out those moans of ecstasy he knew she could make.

Another fantasy came to mind. In this one, she stood in the kitchen. She would just be wearing her pajamas, sweat pants and a white T-shirt.

He blinked, half surprised at an image like this.

It only became stranger when he pictured himself crawling along the floor, coming up to her and nuzzling her for attention with his nose.

He was close, so close to a climax, and he couldn't bring himself to stop! No, he felt as though he were trapped in this fantasy, so close to completion.

Behind his eyelids, Devon fantasized about getting up on his haunches, and then he would trust his tumescent cock against her leg. He would actually be humping her leg like some eager puppy!

Then he came, growling as he blew his load into the sheepskin beneath his knees.

He twitched and finished, just as the light came on. The brightness caught him off guard, and he was temporarily blinded.

"What are you doing, puppy?" Mia called. She did not sound happy.

Devon froze mid-thrust. It seemed impossible, yet he felt a lot like a very naughty boy who had been caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

Instantly, his skin turned a bright shade of crimson under the harsh light, mostly because she could now see him naked. Before, while he had been hypnotized, Devon had no notion of modesty. Now, it all came back, and there was a beautiful woman standing above him. She towered over him like a giantess.

"Well, what you have to say for yourself?" Mia demanded.

His throat tightened, and Devon didn't know how to respond. His mind turned into a blank, his limbs feeling like jelly or mud.

"I asked you a question," she said, and she nudged the cage with the bottom of her foot.

When she jostled him, she helped him reclaim some semblance of coherence. He couldn't stand up all the way, but he tried to sound as dignified as possible. "Look, Mia, I'm sure this is an experiment or something, but I don't want to be a part of it. Let me out of the cage right now, and I can just go home."

"You're not a puppy anymore, are you?" Although Mia had a very good poker face, she could feel her insides begin to seethe with a hint of nervousness. Technically, she had taken this man without his permission, so he might get her into a lot of trouble.

Mia didn't really think something like that was going to happen, not when he adored her so. Still, she knelt in front of him and met his gaze. "What do you remember?" She needed information.

"I remember you asked me out, and then everything gets hazy," he said, hating the memories of running after that stupid tennis ball.

"Right," she said with a nod to herself. Really, she didn't believe him. She was fairly certain that he remembered exactly what happened, yet he was probably just embarrassed about the whole thing.

She reached into her pocket, and she was about to take out his phone again. It still had the application. If she could catch him at the exact right moment, then she would be able to reprogram him.

Then something else occurred to her. A slow smile spread across her lips. She ran the calculations one more time at the back of her mind, going through the complex sets of data in a matter of seconds.

Their corporation valued her input and contributions in large part because of how skilled she could be in terms of tracking cause-and-effect relationships. Now she called on that particular faculty and grinned.

Mia reached for the latch on his cage, and she popped it open. "This is going to be fun," she said, either to herself or to Devon. It didn't really matter either way.

Then she stepped back, and she waited for him.

Like a timid puppy, he didn't have the wherewithal to trot out right away. He was shy, or so it seemed.

"Come on out, puppy."

"I'm not a puppy," he said, practically growling those words at her.

"Here, boy," she said, and she tapped her thigh. She did it quickly, just as though she were calling out to a biological dog. "Here, boy. Come here, puppy."

Devon tried to hide it, but his lips twitched because some part of him felt the urge to sprint out and nuzzle his owner's feet. Bowing his head low, he resisted the urge, fighting it with every ounce of willpower he had, yet each time she repeated the command, some kind of pleasure surged through his body.

No, he thought to himself. He shook his head, trying to dislodge those thoughts from his brain. He couldn't let her entice him with the possibility of being a dog. He was better than that. As a man, he had his dignity and self-respect. He wasn't about to sacrifice it.

A slow smirk crept up along Mia's features because she could read the struggle playing out along his features. He was a handsome boy, but there he was, trying to fight off the power of her voice. With every word, she prompted his obedience.

"Here, boy! Come here like a good boy! Here, boy!" She repeated those commands time and again, watching as he summoned up everything he had to try to buttress himself against the psychological onslaught.

Devon might resist it with everything he had, but he couldn't resist the influence of her science.

He shut his eyes, and then his limbs began to move of their own accord. He started to crawl straight ahead, and then he was at her feet.

"There's a good boy!" she said, running her soft hands all over his body. Again and again, he tried to shake her off, to nip at her or growl something incisive. He couldn't do it. The more she touched him, the more he felt like he was exactly where he needed to be.

In fact, he even started to wag his butt from side to side, helplessly drawn into the rhythms of her touch as she glided her fingers over his skin. Every touch felt magical, addictive. He couldn't help himself, especially when she told him he was being good.

At that moment, it felt like nothing else could possibly matter.

"Such a good boy," she said again. "Yes, you came out here when you were told to. You like that, don't you? You like being a good boy and doing as you're told. You like being obedient. Yes, obedient puppies get all of the best treats. That's going to be you. I'm going to make sure you are so well trained. You're going to follow me around wherever I go, and you're going to fetch for me. Oh, when I get home, you're going to have my slippers in your mouth. Isn't that right? Yes, I'm sure it is."

On and on she went, telling him about his new life, and he could only shake his head pathetically. Of course, when he shook his head he also wagged his buttocks and hips, making her well aware of the truth.

He could deny all he wanted, yet the programming was still wedged firmly down in the corners of his psyche, altering his personality and behaviors.

"I'm not a dog!" he finally managed to call out.

"Yes, you are," she promised him, tousling his hair. "Not only are you a dog, you are a very naughty boy judging by what I found you doing in your cage. You aren't allowed to do that. No, you aren't."

Devon didn't understand until he turned back and looked into his cage. He could see the wet spot where he had blown his load.

"Mia, please just let me go."

"Nope. But I will let you crawl back into your cage and clean up your mess. I'm not going to tolerate that kind of behavior from my doggie. I don't care what it takes. I will housebreak you."

She was talking down to him again, teasing him.

He frowned back in her direction, but Mia wasn't going to be swayed.

"You can't housebreak me," he told her, yet as he spoke, he really did feel like he was outmanned, like he was trying to debate something he couldn't possibly understand.

After all, this girl was trying to teach him how to be a dog? It didn't make any sense, but once he looked back up into her eyes, he saw the expectation that he would break. This girl really did intend to tame him.

She had nothing less than total domestication on her agenda.

Gulping back his nervousness, Devon tried to think of some way to convince her. Obviously, he couldn't bribe her, not when she already had so much more money than he did. Could he maybe offer to play along for a little while? If this was what she really needed, then maybe he could play along for a little bit.

Somehow, Mia didn't seem like the kind of girl who would accept that sort of compromise. No, she was the kind of woman who demanded absolute obedience and tolerated nothing less.

"Are you ready to go back into your cage and clean it up?"

"I'm not going to do it," he said.

"That's a shame," Erica said, standing back up. Then she walked across the room, and she went back into the closet. When she came back, she was holding a rolled up newspaper.

He smirked, thinking that she couldn't be serious. What was she going to do? Smack him in the nose?

It turned out that was exactly what she planned. While Devon remained braced on the floor, she strode right up to him, she raised the cylindrical newspaper, and then she brought it down in a swift arc.

It struck hard against his nose, and it really shouldn't have hurt, yet he still whimpered. The sound emanated from the base of his throat, and Devon just couldn't control himself, nor could he stop.

"Perfect. It looks like there are quite a few commands still locked in that mind of yours," she said.

Devon couldn't get up onto his feet. That meant he wouldn't be able to run or flee, yet he still glanced around, licking his lips, hoping he would think of some stratagem or tactic to get itself out of this.

It was a nice idea, yet it wasn't going to work.

Mia would never allow her puppy to run away. He belonged to her now.

She lifted the newspaper, and he flinched, turning his head to the side. She swung the paper around, bringing it down right on his face again. Even if it smeared the dark makeup over his nose, she didn't mind.

"Now, are you going to be a good boy for me? Are you going to do as you're told?"

Devon couldn't explain it. Each time the paper came down and connected with his skin, it didn't trigger any physical pain, not like the kind he was used to anyway. It didn't feel like a sting, burn, or stubbing his foot.

Instead, a sensation of absolute *wrongness* flowed through him. It was like the worst kind of sorrow, a severe mix of disappointment and guilt.

He turned his face and looked up at her, doing his best to harden his resolve. He wasn't supposed to let her affect him, not like this, but she swung the newspaper again, and he whimpered when it struck home.

"Puppy, if you just decide to be a good boy, then I won't have to punish you anymore. I don't like punishing you. I want to play with you. I want you to crawl around on the floor and do tricks for me. Doesn't that sound much better?"

Devon couldn't bring himself to answer.

The rolled up newspaper came back down two more times, and then he bowed his head low, tilting his head to the side and showing her his neck.

Although Devon didn't know what his own gesture meant, Mia certainly did. She lowered the roll of newspaper and then she smiled down at him. "There's a good puppy. Now, all you have to do is crawl back into your kennel and lick up your mess. That's how you're going to clean it up for me."

Devon couldn't believe what he had just heard. For several heartbeats, he simply waited there, thinking that she was going to start laughing because that obviously had to have been a joke. She couldn't possibly have been serious, could she?

Tentatively, Devon lifted his head, and he peered up into her eyes.

Oh yes, she was very sincere.

"Do it right now, puppy, or I will have to start to spank you."

"You wouldn't dare," Devon said. He spoke with far more bluster than he actually felt, that that was the last straw. He had tested his owner's patience, and now he had to pay the price for his arrogance.

Her hand shot down, she grabbed him by the back of his collar, and then she yanked him forward. At the Devone time, Erica used her free hand, striking down hard against his backside.

This time, he felt the hot sting of her, against the curve of his ass.

Before this happened, Devon would have thought that he would be strong enough to endure this kind of humiliation. It wasn't supposed to hurt so badly, yet Mia knew exactly what

she was doing. She was a prodigy in the laboratory, and she was equally skilled when it came to dishing out this kind of discipline.

"Bad boy! Very bad boy!" She punctuated every sound with another spanking, swatting his backside until his face and body were bright red.

When she stopped and released his collar, Devon couldn't bring himself to move. As hard as he tried, he simply couldn't summon up the energy.

She crouched in front of him, touching her hand to the bottom of his chin. "Now, be a good boy and go clean up your mess."

Something inside of him had broken, yet he still didn't want to do it. He kept telling himself that he would somehow be strong enough to resist her. One look into her eyes made it clear that he lacked that sort of willpower.

So Devon, like a good boy, turned around, and he crawled right back into his cage.

He licked his lips, looking down at the milky white puddle he had left behind. He didn't think he was going to be able to force himself to follow her command.

Fortunately for him, Mia had no problem helping her little puppy boy. She reached into the cage, and she put her hand right on the back of his neck. Then she shoved him down, rubbing his nose in the pool of semen.

The milky substance had already spread along his nose when she released him.

Still, he could feel her hand hovering just above the back of his neck. If his next action did not please her, she would shove his mouth down against it.

Hating himself for even considering this, Devon tried to think about something else, anything else. He couldn't distract himself, not as he gingerly stuck out his tongue and dipped the tip into his mouth. Once he got started, he kept going. He licked it up, one swipe of his tongue at a time.

And standing back, Mia watched his every movement. She savored the fact that she had been the one to force this upon him. He didn't want to yield, not like this. He didn't want to surrender himself, but all of his energy faded away along with his resistance.

He could deny the truth to himself all he wanted, but Erica Ricci was training him to be a good boy and a better puppy.

It took him several minutes to finish, and when he did, he turned around slowly. He looked up at her, unable to even wipe any of his seed from his lips. She chuckled at him, enjoying the expression of helpless frustration etched into its features.

"Are you a thirsty boy? Is that what you are now?"

He dipped his head low, unable to speak. It was for the best, Mia decided.

If she intended to make him behave like a good puppy, he needed to learn how to stay quiet.

"Are you thirsty boy? Do you want me to take you back for something to drink?"

"Yes," he said, his voice low and timid. Really, he did come off like a bashful boy, but that wasn't good enough for Mia.

She clutched her hands together and said, "Puppies don't speak. If they need something, how do they communicate?"

At first, Devon didn't understand. What could she possibly be talking about? Then he remembered how he had barked for attention before.

Locking his jaw, he shook his head. He wasn't going to play that game. He wasn't going to bark. In fact, he needed to set her straight right then and right there. "Mia, I'm—"

Whatever he planned on saying disappeared the second she brought her hand back down against his naked little ass. She struck hard enough to leave a crimson handprint glowing off of his backside.

"Puppies don't talk," she said. "Now, are you a thirsty boy?"

He really was, so he didn't get a choice. Inhaling and exhaling, feeling the pulse of his heart in his chest, he dipped his head down again. He hated subordinating his desires to this woman, but what other choice did he have? What other decision could he possibly make?

Devon licked his lips, and he tried to bark.

"That was pathetic. I know you can do better than that," she said to him.

Of course, she really did understand what he was capable of. Just a few hours before, he had been prancing around and barking like a genuine dog.

"Speak, boy. Speak for me, boy!" She called out those words and clapped her hands.

Speak, boy. Those two words sent another dose of pleasure racing down his spine. Devon closed his eyes for just a moment, shutting out the world as a different sort of desire swirled through him. He couldn't help it.

Clearly, her subliminal conditioning had impacted him more than he wanted to really consider or comprehend.

"Do it," she said again.

He could tell she wouldn't wait much longer, so he lowered his head, and he let out a pathetic little, "Wruff. Wruff-wruff."

"Again," she said, only now he could hear the glee in her voice. Oh yes, she was having so much fun playing with her puppy. He was a strong man, reduced to the state of a pet. She loved demoting him, taking away everything that made him a powerful individual and turning him into a plaything.

Those thoughts got her wet, and it took a lot of self-control for her not to reach down and start stroking her pussy.

But she was the owner, of course, so she needed to maintain a certain air of dignity.

"Wruff! Wruff-wruff!"

This time, she was much more impressed, so she hopped up and down, clapping for her boy. Yes, she really did believe that it was important to give him some positive feedback. "That's my good boy. Yes, you are such a good boy," and she knelt down, running her hands over his body once again.

For just a second, Devon considered trying to bite her. It would've shown her that he was still resilient, still able to cling to who he really was.

But a bite? That would have made him feel even more like a dog, so he kept his mouth shut, and he tried to ignore the pleasure of her petting.

He couldn't.

As hard as Devon tried to block out the sensations, he just couldn't do it. Her every touch and caress made him want to close his eyes and relax. It felt so incredibly good. Maybe it was the fact that he hadn't had a girlfriend in quite some time. Or maybe getting touched by this beautiful girl just triggered some natural instinct he never knew about.

Either way, he whimpered unintentionally when she pulled her hand back and stood up. Mia smirked at him, clearly noticing that little sound of distress.

"Don't worry, boy. If you behave yourself, I'm sure you're going to get lots of petting and the future."

Not likely, he promised himself.

Erica walked over to the doorway, and she motioned for him to follow.

Biting down into his lower lip, he considered staying right where he was. But of course, he was very thirsty, and she wanted to get the taste of his seed out of his mouth. That meant he needed to drink something.

With a sigh of exasperation, Devon scampered from the room. He followed after his owner, doing his best to keep up. While he'd been hypnotized, he had been able to crawl with great dexterity and ease. Now, it seemed much harder.

Not only that, his vantage of the world changed dramatically. He was down, just a foot or two off of the floor, which made him feel so much smaller.

For her part, Mia glanced back at Devon once or twice, wondering if he would ever be allowed to walk upright again. If she had anything to say about it, he was going to be like this forever.

"Go ahead, boy. Have some water," she said, and she motioned down to the red doggie bowl in front of the fridge.

Devon looked down at it for several seconds, uncertain how he should respond. He couldn't tear his gaze away from the bowl, especially because he knew he had already drunk from it once before.

Back then, he'd been hypnotized, utterly under her thumb. Could he do it again? Could he drink from a bowl again, knowing full well that he was a man?

"I'm going to give you just a few seconds..." Mia promised, her tone turning threatening. Considering how little it would take for her to put a leash on him and drag him back into his cage, Devon gave in all over again.

Just like she knew he would, Devon dipped his head low, and he started to sip from the water.

She smacked his backside. His face dipped down beneath the surface for a moment, and he nearly inhaled some water.

He pulled his face back and he turned around, his nose, chin, and lips wet. "Do puppies sip?"

"What are you talking about?" Devon demanded, doing his best to sound outraged.

Mia smacked his bottom again, punishing him for speaking like a human. "Puppies don't talk, and puppies definitely don't sip. They don't have lips, so they lap up the water with their tongues."

His eyes bulged wide, but then she put her hand on the back of his head, pushing his face back down toward the surface.

Surrendering again to this woman, he stuck out his tongue, and he started to lap up the water. This didn't feel nearly as efficient as simply sipping, but it was the best he could do. Besides, his ass still stung, so he couldn't risk another punishment.

Mia watched him for several seconds. When he was done, she crouched in front of him. "There. That wasn't so bad, was it?"

This was just one more way to tease him. If he dared speak, Devon was absolutely certain that she was going to spank him again. Refusing to give her any pretext, he kept his mouth shut.

"No, that wasn't so bad. So, let me get you back to your cage."

Devon exhaled, sighing with frustration, but Erica didn't seem to mind this very human declaration. Sure, it was something a man would do, but she enjoyed knowing just how helpless he felt.

She tapped her puppy on his behind, prompting him to head toward the guest room where

she kept his dog supplies.

This time, he was able to scamper a little bit more quickly. He moved on his elbows and knees, pitter-pattering down the hall.

She shut the door behind him, effectively trapping him in the room. Then she pointed to the cage.

Devon shook his head from side to side, swaying with his whole body. "Mia, I don't need to sleep in the cage. I can be a good dog out here." Honestly, he didn't know where those words came from, and he knew that she might try to spank him again for speaking, but this time she seemed more amused by the fact that he was trying to negotiate with her.

"Get in your cage right now," she said, making up her mind.

Devon should have recognized the shift in her voice. She was not going to tolerate any more delays. After all, she needed to get to sleep.

Braced down on his elbows and knees, he shook his head, making his whole body shift from side to side. "No. I'm not going to sleep in a kennel!"

A puff of aggravation left Mia's lips. She put her hands on her hips, deciding exactly how she should punish this boy. Then she noticed it.

Although he is only climaxed a little while before, his cock hardened again. Maybe that last orgasm hasn't been good enough.

"You're right. You're not ready to go back into your cage, not yet."

Mia turned back to the closet, she opened one of the drawers within, and when she came back, she had a tube connected to various straps.

"Puppy, I want you on your back right now."

Devon didn't understand what was going on, so he shook his head. He may not have been able to comprehend what she had planned for him, but he was smart enough to feel nervous. He started to back up, still turning his head from side to side.

"Mia, what are you doing?" As he questioned her, a tremor of nervousness sprang into his voice.

"This is a little chastity device, something to make sure you can't make any more messes in your cage." She was upfront with him, grinning. Of course, she loved the way the color drained away from his cheeks.

She planned on taking away the last vestiges of manhood he possessed. This way, she would be able to control his cock. So many boys got upset and arrogant because of their penises. This way, she would be able to tighten her psychological control over this boy.

"On your back right now."

He refused to obey.

Mia switched tactics. "Roll over, puppy. Roll over like a good dog."

Roll over. Those three syllables sent another rush of pleasure streaming down his back. It swirled in the stomach, almost making him feel like he was in love. The urge to obey blasted through him, and he couldn't defy it.

He rolled over onto his back, exactly as she said...just like a good boy.

"Mia, you don't have to do that. You don't have to put that thing on me. I can just promise not to make any more messes," he said, loathing her euphemism. Still, he employed it, hoping to win some goodwill from this woman. Perhaps she controlled him, yet she still had to listen to reason, right?

Mia slapped his thigh, and the jolt of pain was enough to soften his erection, at least for the moment. She pulled the tube over his penis, and she started to strap it around him. When she

was done, she connected two small locks, each one more than capable of holding the chastity device in place.

Of course, those precautions really weren't necessary, not when he couldn't use his hands. While he had those pads on, binding his arms, Devon never would've had a chance to get this thing off.

"Perfect." Mia got back up onto her feet, and she nodded to herself, very satisfied with his progress. "Now, it's time to get back in your kennel. Do it right now, or I'm going to have to give you some other punishments. You don't want that, to you? No, of course you don't. You want to be a good boy for me."

Her little speech may not have been part of any actual hypnosis or brainwashing, but every little reminder helped Devon understand his place. Constant repetition would teach him to be a good boy. Already, she could see the signs of his surrender and ultimate submission.

Devon kept his eyes pinned to her beautiful face for several more seconds. He kept hoping she would waver, that somehow, Mia would decide she couldn't do this anymore.

That didn't happen. She pointed toward the kennel, and he had no choice. With his cock now firmly imprisoned under her touch, he crawled back into the small cage. She pulled the front gate in the place and she latched it, trapping her puppy back in.

"Sweet dreams, puppy boy," she said to him.

Mia went back to her bedroom. Crawling under the sheets, she spread her legs, closed her eyes, and she slipped her hand down past the waistband of her sweats and into the silky confines of her panties.

She was already so wet by the time her fingertips caressed her opening. "There is my good boy," she mouthed, thinking of that look of chagrin on his face.

Devon always struck her as kind of an average guy, someone plain and boring. But now, he was going to make such an adorable pet, and she knew that she was going to have some more fun with him. She started to think of her plans for him for the next day, the next week, and the next month.

Little by little, she would wear down his resistance until he started to accept his place at her feet. He wouldn't think of his collar as something strange or unusual anymore. No, it would start to feel natural, like something he absolutely needed.

A little moan escaped her lips as she plunged one finger down into her pussy. She started to tease her clit, tracing circles around that sensitive bundle of nerves. All the while, she thought of Devon as he tried to plead and negotiate with her, the way he sounded so desperate.

But she was in control. She was the one who had the power. In their relationship, the lines were very clear. He was the pet, the property, and she was the owner. Nothing else had to be said.

But she enjoyed saying it nonetheless.

She recalled exactly how it felt when he jumped forward each and every time she spanked his naughty bottom. There were other punishments she could've employed, yet she savored that simple intimacy of getting to inflict that kind of humiliating pain on him.

Mia touched herself, fingering her pussy until every muscle in her body started to tighten up delicious way.

A different image came to mind, a fantasy she had not yet explored. Once he was thoroughly trained, he was going to become her little clit-licker. That's right. Although he was a pet, he still going to have to earn his keep. Considering how adroit his tongue would eventually

become, Mia had no trouble picturing so many uses.

Besides, puppies liked licking crotches, so she would just pull down her panties and let him eat her out. Then of course, there is the thought of his chastity device, that little bit of plastic making it impossible for him to come. If he was going to get any pleasure at all, he was going to have to prove himself to her.

So many different realities, so many different truths for her to play with.

Mia touched herself again, the orgasm spiked her body, and when she eventually fell asleep, she was quite content.

While Mia was cuddled under her sheets, Devon found himself trapped on his elbows and knees. Yes, he did drop onto his side, but that wasn't much better.

Even with his eyes closed, he couldn't get images of that beautiful scientist out of his head. For such a long time, he'd gone to sleep, thinking about her. He always fantasized about the way it would feel to touch her, to caress her soft skin, to hear her voice say his name...

And there he was, at her house, only he never imagined she would want to do something like this.

Each and every time he thought about her, his cock twitched, trying to harden, yet it couldn't overcome the plastic boundaries she had put on him. The chastity device kept his cock from ever getting completely hard.

Oh no, he wasn't going to be able to climax, not without her permission. She would have to unlock him. She would have to grant him the privilege of an orgasm.

Eventually, Devon was able to fall asleep.

When he woke up, Erica was standing over him.

"Hey there, puppy. Are you ready to play today? Are you ready to have some fun?"

Right away, everything came back, so he didn't say a word. He needed to marshal his strength, to regain some kind of composure.

"I bet you're being quiet because you're a hungry boy. Let's get you fed."

Mia unlocked his cage, swinging the door outward. He crawled out, surprisingly limber considering how he'd been forced to sleep. She walked back toward the kitchen, and he saw no alternative but to follow.

Even had he been able to get out through the front door, Devon didn't know where he would go. He was naked, collared, and trapped in those pads. No one would take him seriously. No one would believe anything he had to say.

When he made it out into the kitchen, Mia had already put his doggy bowls out. He found water and some kind of dried food. "Go ahead and eat," she said.

Devon ran his tongue along his teeth, contemplating if he should do it. Slowly, he lowered his head down, first to avoid punishment, and second because he needed to keep up his strength. If he wanted to get out of this situation, then he had to be strong. He couldn't possibly predict when his opportunity might arrive.

He had to be ready.

Taking a bite of the dog food, Devon chewed and swallowed. Right away, he could tell this hadn't been designed for a human, so he could only hope that it would give him the nutrition he needed.

Mia seemed able to guess his thoughts. "Don't worry. That food is perfect for a dog like you. It's going to keep you nice and healthy or a long, long time." From there, she tapped the top of his head, patronizing him all over again. "Now, be sure to clean out your bowl. I want you to

pick out every crumb. Don't worry. I'm going to make sure you get to burn off all of that energy."

Devon growled back in her direction for just a moment. Somehow, that didn't frighten her. If anything, it just made her laugh. Yes, he was a very cute boy. Yes, he was an adorable puppy, whether he liked to think about it or not.

Mia made herself some coffee, pancakes, and bacon. It smelled incredible, which only made his dry, flavorless meal that much more difficult to swallow down. But he did it, taking one bite after another.

Doing his best not to glance in her direction, Devon didn't want Mia to understand exactly how helpless she could make him feel. Somehow, she had no trouble guessing anyway.

After a little while, he couldn't take it anymore. Mia was seated on the dining room table, so he crawled over toward her. He got up on his haunches, and he looked at her with big, pleading eyes. Devon honestly believed that these decisions were all his. He couldn't know about how she had programmed a protocol almost exactly like this into his hypnotic training.

Mia decided to encourage his puppy-like behavior.

She picked up a piece of the bacon and held it up, out of reach.

Devon started to get hopeful. He started to think that she would give it to him.

Oh no. She plopped that piece of succulent meat down into her mouth. She chewed slowly, letting him watch. Then she swallowed it down, and she picked up another piece.

"You want some of this?" Mia asked, like she didn't already know.

Devon only looked at her, his eyes wide and eager. She enjoyed the power she held over him, both literally and figuratively.

Slowly, she dipped her hand down, bringing the piece of bacon closer and closer to his mouth. Then, at the last second, she pulled back, just before he would have been able to take a bite.

He let out a groan of frustration, and she smiled down at him.

"Today, I want you to be a very good puppy. If you can be a good puppy for me, you have to bark right now. Bark, boy. Bark like a good little puppy." Her voice dripped with disdain, but Devon found that he was truly tempted.

Humiliation burned through his skin, especially when he straightened his back and made those sounds.

He barked. He barked like a dog, obeying his owner.

And true to her word, Mia gave him his reward. She tossed the piece of bacon down onto the floor. A mixture of longing and disgust flared through him. He could feel those diametrically opposed emotions battle for control within his chest.

Then one side emerged victorious. He crawled over to the discarded piece of bacon, and he lowered his lips towards the floor. He bit into the meat, chewing and swallowing gratefully.

He crawled back over to his owner's side. He wanted more food. He longed to eat something real. The dried dog food she'd already given him may have been chemically satisfying. Perhaps it met all of his nutritional requirements, yet Devon needed something real.

"You want some more?" Mia inquired. Mia literally picked up a piece of bacon and touched it to her lips, almost like she needed to consider this. "Well, I suppose I could give you something, but only if you are really willing to earn it. You want to earn some bacon, boy?"

Devon nodded his head down and up again. He kept telling himself that he needed to keep up his strength, yet his mouth watered at the prospect of getting another strip.

While he watched, Mia pulled down her sweats. Next, she took down her panties, and she spread her legs. Seated at the dining room table, she scooted forward to the edge of her seat.

Then she spread her knees, exposing her pussy.

Despite fantasizing about seeing her naked body many times before, Devon never imagined he would be in a subservient position. When he imagined Mia naked, he always pictured her on her back, looking at him, her eyes sultry and filled with lust.

Now, she stared down at him, yet her haughty expression radiated a mixture of disdain and anticipation. She looked at him, and then she pointed down to that spot between her legs. "Go ahead. Lick me like a dog."

Devon honestly didn't know if he could force himself to do it. He never pictured himself going down on her. He never imagined using his tongue to give her this kind of pleasure. In his fantasies, she was always on her knees, sucking his cock.

Of course, getting to see her naked like this made his cock twitch, but it couldn't do anything while trapped within the confines of its plastic cage.

Her tolerance for his hesitation quickly ran out, so she braced her hand on the back of his head, and she pulled him forward. Before he knew it, his mouth was pressed right against her pussy lips.

"Start licking," she said. "Oh, Devon, if you do a bad job, I'm going to put you on a leash, and I'm going to drag you back out onto the street. I'm going to let everyone see you just like this." With those words reverberating in his ears, he stuck out his tongue, and he penetrated her for the first time. At first, his movements were tentative, but they satisfied her, for now.

Mia enjoyed her position of control over her helpless puppy. He could struggle and resist all he wished, but it wasn't going to make any difference. No, this was exactly where he belonged. Knowing that, she could feel the arousal pound through her body. Only half of it came from his dexterous tongue.

The rest of her enjoyment emanated from the simple fact of ownership. Here, she was in charge. Here, she could do whatever she wished. Here, she could play with this boy, and there was nothing he could do to stop her.

For his part, Devon needed to get this over with as soon as possible. He swiped his tongue down and up, from left to right, and in neat little circles. He tried to give her as much pleasure as he possibly could with his first couple of seconds, hoping that she would climax and that this would all be over.

Unfortunately for him, she did climax, but Mia didn't release his head. Oh no, she kept her palm wedged firmly against the back of his neck, just above his collar.

When he tried to pull back, she shook her head and said, "Devon, stay right where you are. Keep licking me, puppy. This is what makes you happy, isn't it? Dogs love to lick."

Devon whimpered and growled, groaning out his incoherent protest. He didn't want her to think of him as a pet, a dog to be taken and used whenever she desired. But at the moment, there is nothing he could do to make this stop.

"Faster," she commanded, and he tried to oblige. In the next few seconds, he moved his tongue with extra alacrity.

She brought her hips together, squeezing her inner thighs against his cheeks. Her skin radiated heat against his body, but he didn't try to withdraw or retreat. If he did so, Devon already knew he was going to be punished. At the Devone time, an orgasm raced through her skin, she threw her head back, and she cried out, voicing every delicious pulse of pleasure.

If he thought an orgasm would bring this humiliation to an end, Devon was sorely disappointed.

She kept her grip tight against the back of his head, and he licked her harder and faster,

swinging his tongue around her inner crevice. He worked her clitoris, teasing it with as much speed as he could manage. He moved his entire head, eagerly lapping up at her pussy like she was a pool of sweet nectar.

"Yes, just like that, puppy. Yes, be a good puppy. Do as you're told and service your owner. Yes, give me everything I want. Just like that. Just like that! Yes! Good boy!" Her words slid down against his psyche, each one filling him with something he never could have anticipated.

Pleasure. Satisfaction.

As he worked harder, Devon started to understand that this really did feel good, for Mia, but for him as well. He couldn't explain it, yet some part of his mind or body needed to do this. Yes, his penis still strained against the cock lock; it was a futile struggle which he could never win, but he loved every compliment she gave him.

Every reassurance that he was a good boy made it easier for Devon to continue.

On and on, he licked her pussy, eating her out just the way she wished. Before, Erica had been with several different men, yet none of them had Devon's dedication and loyalty.

Yes, a dog was definitely a girl's best friend.

Another orgasm washed over her, a cascading wave of satisfied pleasure.

She pushed him back this time, panting.

Devon fell down onto his side, and he looked up at her with big, eager eyes. Of course, his cock was very hard, but that only made his owner giggle. He wasn't going to get a treat, not like that.

Instead, Erica pulled her panties back in the place. Next, she corrected her sweats. Then she picked up a piece of bacon, and she tossed it on the floor.

That was his reward.

After breakfast, Devon really didn't know what to expect. What was she going to do with him next?

Although it was the weekend, she attached a collar to the end of his leash, and then she opened the back door. At first, Devon shook his head, absolutely refusing to go out into the fresh air.

"Come on, puppy. You're not just a house dog," she said to him. She slapped her thigh, making it abundantly clear that if he decided to be terribly stubborn, then he was going to get punished.

"Be a good boy. Come on, heel."

He heard the command, and the subliminal programming washed his body with pleasure. Every time she gave him an order, he felt a little more of his willpower erode away. How long would it be until there was nothing left?

Yes, Devon had coherent thoughts again. He wasn't just a mindless animal, yet he still felt compelled by the pleasure which her voice seemed to summon with every command.

He crawled forward, back outside, and she was relieved to see that she had a very high fences. Unless someone, one of her neighbors, really tried to climb over it, no one would see him like this.

Mia pulled on his leash, guiding Devon back out into the middle of the lawn. Then he spotted something, a wooden stake dug down into the ground.

She tied the end of his leash to it, and Devon realized something. She started walking away!

"Where are you going?" Devon called out, terrified that he was going to leave him there. Despite his desperate tone, Erica only chose to respond when she got back to the sliding glass door.

"I have some work to do, so I'm going back to the office. Don't worry. There is a ball and water bowl out for you. Oh, and there's plenty of shade." With those words, she blew him a kiss and said, "Bye, puppy. Have a good day chasing butterflies!"

Devon howled at her not to go, but she shut the door, and then she could no longer hear him. Right away, he tried to chase after her, sprinting for the door as fast as he could on his elbows and knees.

Within the span of just a few heartbeats, he ran out of slack, and his leash yanked hard on his collar. Choked for just a moment, he could go no farther.

He turned around, staring at the stake. He tried to think of some way to get free from his bonds, but he couldn't do it. For the next several minutes, he tried to wiggle out of the arm and leg pads. That failed. Then, he thought maybe he would be able to chew his way out of the leash. He looked so silly, gnawing on that strip of vinyl, yet it didn't make any difference.

He was stuck.

In the first hour, Devon was utterly restless. He kept staring back at the glass door, hoping it would miraculously slide back open. Mia could saunter back out, ready to tell him that she was just teasing.

It didn't happen. One minute tumbled to the next, yet he was still trapped in the backyard, like a common dog. He chewed on the inside of his mouth as the impatience burbled in his chest. There had to be something he could do. He wasn't a pet!

And yet, he stayed out there.

Eventually, he crawled under the awning, and then he dropped down onto his side. He closed his eyes and dozed for a little while.

Although he didn't wish to admit it to anyone, least of all Mia, he enjoyed having a little bit of time to relax. Once he let go of the need to escape, he found himself almost reveling in his freedom from responsibilities.

But then he got hungry, so he got up and trotted around the yard. Eventually, he found the two promised bowls.

Although Erica wasn't around to discipline him, he found it was easier to lap up the water, slaking his thirst. Next, he looked at the bowl of dry dog food, and he didn't want to eat it, not really, but his stomach rumbled. He really hadn't been treated with enough bacon, so tried to ignore the scent and flavor and texture and started to eat again.

He only consumed about a quarter of the dog food in his bowl, but he decided it was enough.

With nothing else to do, he explored the circumference of his captivity. He crawled around, wondering exactly when his owner was going to return.

The sun moved across the sky slowly, and he spent some time just daydreaming. He tried to remember what it was like to be a man with money and responsibilities, the privilege to make his own decisions.

Although only a few hours had passed, but it was getting harder and harder to remember how it felt to be a person.

Then he spotted a butterfly, and he decided to chase after it.

Mia spent her day at work, fixating on various numbers and data sets.

All the while, she kept musing on poor Devon.

Granted, he never would have chosen his life of puppy subservience, but that hardly seemed relevant to the scientist. She was a woman of curiosity and ingenuity. Really, she just wanted to understand what it would take to transform a man into a human dog.

So far, the experiment had gone perfectly.

In fact, when Mia was alone, she decided to take a little bit of private time. She went back to her desk, she sat back in her chair, spread her legs, and she pressed her fingers down against her slit. It only took a couple of pulses of pressure before an orgasm ran through her.

It was so easy, especially when she thought about Devon at her house, all tethered up out in the backyard. She was really getting away with this, treating him like an animal, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Once the orgasm started to fade, Mia considered what she would do with him next.

Someone knocked on Mia's door. By this point, the scientist was put together again, so she invited her to visitor in.

Another woman stepped into the office. "What's going on?" Trisha said as a way of greeting. Like Mia, she had on a lab coat. Unlike her friend, Trisha had dark red hair and vivid green eyes. She was a little bit taller than Mia with impressive cleavage and a slightly larger frame.

Trisha always struck Mia as something of an Amazon, the kind of woman who could take a big guy and bring her back to his place, only to throw him down on the bed, taking whatever she wished from him.

Not only that, she had a very unique talent for her specialization.

"Now that you bring it up, I've got a very good idea. Are you free for the next couple of hours?" As she spoke, Mia couldn't keep the grin from her face.

Devon heard something.

Throughout the day, he had been disappointed by the sounds of cars passing on the opposite side of the house. Each time, his ears picked up, and he hoped that Mia would come back.

At first, he tried to convince himself that he only needed the scientist to return so that she might untether him. Then he had all of these elaborate fantasies of somehow pouncing on her or tackling her. Perhaps he would be able to throw his weight down against her body, and then he would keep her like that until she agreed to release him.

As the hours drifted by, Devon had to face the truth.

Actually, he just missed her.

It didn't make any sense, but his fantasies of her return started to change.

He pictured himself inside the house, waiting by the front door, a pair of fuzzy pink slippers pinched between his teeth. It was like he wanted to please her, like he wanted her to come home and play with her puppy.

No, he couldn't let those fantasies take over.

A little bit later, he had another daydream. Devon curled up in the shade, closed his eyes and tried to think of some super model or actress. There were so many, yet he couldn't remember even a single one.

Each time he tried, his mind automatically went back to Mia. He recalled that look of ecstasy on her face when she put her hand on the back of his head and forced him to go down on her.

Devon shook his head, he backed up, and he tried to distract himself. He ran around the yard, finding another butterfly to chase. Somehow, that really did entertain him. It made him forget about the rest of the world as he pursued those little bugs.

Then he heard it, a different sound.

There was the noise of tires grinding against pavement.

It sounded closer. It sounded like it was coming from the side of the house!

Right away, Devon darted for the glass door, forgetting about his collar and leash. When he ran out of slack, he felt the choking sensation against his throat. He whimpered like a sad little puppy, and then he shook his head, trying to disperse whatever conditioning or control Mia seemed to have implanted within him.

He heard car doors open and shut.

Could it be Mia? He could only hope.

Without even thinking about it—without even noticing it—Devon began to shake his backside. He was an eager puppy, and he needed to see his owner, not that he could acknowledge such a fact.

Then he spotted movement inside the house, and the beautiful scientist stepped out into the yard.

"Hi there, puppy," she said to him.

Devon didn't know how to react. He actually felt very stunned. Despite all of those daydreams of pouncing on her, he couldn't bring herself to do it. Right then, he tried to convince himself that it was because she stood beyond his circumference of freedom. He could have run at her, yet he would have only tested the strength of his leash again.

"When are you going to let me go?"

"Not yet," she said. "You know, I've been thinking about your behavior. You keep insisting that you're not a puppy, and you keep trying to speak like a man, but that's not appropriate. No, it's not. So today, I found a way to really make sure you behave yourself."

"You're going to hypnotize me again?" Devon asked, his voice rippling with disdain.

It didn't seem fair that she could use that sort of technology to rewrite his personality. He didn't want to be hypnotized again, yet promised himself he would put on a brave face.

Mia strolled closer, and now he could have approached her, yet he stayed there, braced on his elbows and knees. A growl simmered at the base of his throat. It was such a primal, animalistic sound, yet he tried to keep the volume low. He didn't want to come off like a dog.

The scientist took several steps closer. Then she knelt down in front of him, looking right into his eyes. "Devon, I don't want to hypnotize you into being a dog. Maybe that was my plan when I first started, I like the idea of knowing that you choose to be my pet, that somewhere behind your eyes, there is still the personality of a man, a man who knows that he is been thoroughly broken and domesticated."

Devon looked into her eyes, and he only found amusement and determination. This was a battle of wills, and he didn't know if he could win.

"Now, I need you to prove yourself to me."

"Prove myself?" He didn't understand what she meant. He wasn't sure he wished to.

"That's right. Right now, I want you to demonstrate your obedience. I want you to show me you can be a very good dog."

Devon blinked several times, unable to believe what he was hearing. She couldn't be serious about this.

"I'm not a dog. And I'm not going to pretend for you."

"Devon, you are dog. You are my puppy, you are now my pet. You're not going to be able to get out of here, so you might as well accept it. Now, unless you want me to talk about punishing you, you are going to do as you're told."

Standing back up, Mia sauntered over to the table beneath the awning. On it, there was the Devone tennis ball he chased while he had been hypnotized. The beautiful researcher picked it up, and she threw it into the air, catching it a moment later.

"Devon, show me you can be a good boy," Mia commanded. She threw the ball, letting it bounce off of the side fence. It rolled along, back into the range of his leash.

This time, Devon growled. This sound vibrated from deep within his throat, and he showed her his teeth, feeling very much like a wild animal.

Of course, this only meant that he had forgotten all about the collar around his neck.

This pretty girl had captured him, and now she was going to train him, whether he liked it or not. "Fetch," she commanded. "Fetch the ball, boy. Go be a good dog. Fetch like a good dog." Her voice took on the singsong quality of taunting, and Devon felt those Devone telltale surges of pleasure whenever she talked down to him.

Fetch. Boy. Dog.

Those three words sent ripples of desire coursing through his body, and his cock strained against his chastity device.

"Go ahead, doggie. Go get the ball. Get it, boy!"

Devon tried to hold out.

He attempted to fight back against the programming etched deep within his psyche, and he failed miserably. Before he knew it, he scampered across the ground, and he saw the tennis ball right there. Shaking with defiance, he attempted to defeat those instincts within his body.

But like a puppy who didn't understand the need to please his owner, Devon bowed his head down, and he wrapped his lips around the ball. He picked it up, spun about, and then he trotted back over to his owner.

He dropped the tennis ball down into her waiting hand.

"Good. It's nice to know you can fetch like a good puppy," Erica said to him. "You see, it is so much easier when you just do as you're told. Every day, you can have an owner who will see you and take you out. I will play with you, and you are going to be such a happy little dog. Isn't that what you want?"

"I want my life back," Devon sneered.

"No, you don't," she said. Then she walked around him, and she smacked his ass. The blow came down fast, completely catching him off guard.

Disappointment blasted through him. There was a mix of guilt as well, which didn't make any sense to him. He shouldn't have felt bad about defying her or telling her that she was wrong.

Except he did.

Devon didn't like contradicting her. It didn't feel good, even if he tried to cling to the reality that he was a man and not a dog.

"Face it. I can see it in the way you look at me. This is what you really want. This is what you really need. Just look at your life, Devon. Before I found you, you weren't happy. You were working at some dead-end job, and that was it. That was the extent of your life. But now, you can be my good little boy, a happy puppy prancing around every day while you wait for me to come home. Wouldn't you like that?"

"I..." Devon started to say, only to halt himself at the last moment. He shook his head, defiant. "No, I'm not a dog!" He kept calling out those words, every note insistence, yet his

resolve began to buckle, not that he would ever show Mia.

"Maybe a few tricks will make you feel better."

Tricks?

"Beg, puppy. Beg, boy. Beg like an eager little doggy who needs to please his owner. Do it. You know you want to. You know it will feel so good when you please me."

At first, Devon simply jerked his head from side to side. Those movements kept him focused. They helped him concentrate on who he really wished to be.

"Beg, boy. Do it. Do it now for me, puppy."

Beg. Boy. Puppy.

Those three words ground against his psyche, each one another incentive and promise of how good it would feel if only he could surrender to this woman.

Just like before, he started after the ball without even realizing it, Devon got up on his haunches, and he raised his elbows, showing off his puppy pads. Then he started to whimper, clearly requesting something, though even he couldn't name what it was.

"There! Doesn't that feel better? Don't you like begging? Yes, you're just a little doggy, so this is how you get your treat. You beg for them, and if you really please me, then I will give you a reward. Like right now, I can see that you are getting to be a horny little dog."

Devon wished he could disagree with her, yet Mia came up to him. Somehow, he couldn't bring himself to move. He couldn't shift his position, not even when the researcher reached down. She touched the tip of his penis. It struggled to get hard, but it couldn't, not while it remained confined within the plastic chastity device.

The tip of his cock was wet with excitement, though.

Mia smeared his juices along the back of her hand. She touched him gently, gingerly, and he closed his eyes, savoring that little bit of attention.

His tongue fell back between his lips, and he started to pant, just like any other canine. Too late, he realized just how he was behaving. Although he sucked his tongue back behind his lips, it was too late. The damage was done, and Mia smirked at him.

Then she did something worse, to demonstrate his true position in life. She held her now-wet hand up against his mouth. "Lick," she said.

Devon refused, hopeful that he might be able to defy her this time. Yes, he resisted the inevitable, but he needed to show her that he would not be tamed, nor would he be domesticated. It seemed like his only hope.

"Lick, boy. Lick like a good puppy," she commanded. She didn't sound impatient or annoyed.

Lick. Boy. Puppy.

Again, there were three words, each one another pulse of desire lit at the back of his mind. Devon shook his head again, but it was no good. He couldn't resist or fight those sounds. They did something to him, something ineffable.

Only seconds later, he lapped at the back of her hand, eagerly licking away those droplets of his own excitement. They were salty and sticky, so he swallowed back as quickly as he could, wishing he hadn't done that.

"One last test," she said to him.

Devon had already failed the first two. He could feel his resistance and defiance erode away into nothing. Before long, days or weeks—it really wouldn't matter to his mistress—he would become a dog, her pet be used and teased and humiliated on her whims.

"No. I'm not going to do it. I won't. I refuse."

Eyes glittering, Mia looked down at her naughty puppy. "Roll over, boy. Roll over like a good dog. Do it right now. Your owner wants you to roll over."

Roll over. Boy. Dog. Puppy.

A flurry of desire lanced through his body, her every syllable another reminder of what he needed to do. But Devon tried to cling to the reality of his personality, the person he really wished to be.

No, he couldn't yield again. He couldn't surrender. If he did, Mia would always know that she could control him with just a few words. She could basically snap her fingers and he would obey, just like a well-trained pet.

Nostrils puffed out, he shook his head, shut his eyes, and stayed right where he was at her feet. He didn't drop down onto his back, and he certainly didn't do any tricks for her, not this time.

Her lips hardened, and she was getting annoyed. Now, he actually demonstrated the ability to resist. It wasn't good. That wasn't good at all, not for him.

Mia was just about to say something else when they both heard another car pull up on the opposite side of the house.

"That's my guest," Mia said, thinking of Trisha.

Guest?

Devon felt his eyes go wide, and his heart started to beat more quickly. There was a staccato rhythm in his chest, and he tried to chase after his owner, but he obviously ran out of slack. She had never taken him off of the tether, so he was still trapped there in the backyard, on display for anyone who cared to look over the fence or through the glass door back into Mia's yard.

For her part, Mia headed back inside. She heard the doorbell ring, and she answered it.

There was her friend. Oh yes, this was going to be good. Owning a pet was great. Getting to show him off would be even better.

Trisha still had on her lab coat, only now she had released her hair from the ponytail. Her dark red dresses fell down along her shoulders. The two women hugged briefly. "So what is it that you want to show me?"

"I've done it. I trained a man to be my dog," Mia said.

"Really?" Trisha narrowed her eyes, just a little bit skeptical. Of course, both women had discussed their tastes in men, subservient man who understood how to behave. So of course, Trisha wanted to see this, yet some part of her couldn't quite believe it.

She was a scientist. Skepticism could be healthy, after all.

"Absolutely. He's outside. And that reminds me. I need a little consultation. I'm thinking about having him fixed." At that point, they came back to the glass doors leading into the backyard. Mia opened them for her friend, and Trisha stepped outside, her eyes going wide when she looked down the naked man on his knees, collared and leashed to a stake in the middle of the yard.

"You weren't kidding," Trisha said slowly. Then, she started to think about this and what it would really mean. If Mia had truly found a way to subjugate a man so completely, then this could change everything.

A million different possibilities unfurled before both women. This could be huge.

"For the most part, I have him thoroughly trained. I'm still recording everything, but right now I want him really broken. So I've come up with a solution," Mia said talking about her puppy while he was in earshot.

Devon glanced up at the newcomer, and he didn't know exactly who she was or what she wanted. Maybe he had seen her around work, but there is something about her that made him nervous, something that made his entire body tremble.

When Trisha glanced at him, her gaze was filled with nothing but derision. Mia glanced over at her puppy, and there was some affection in her expression. She wanted a pet, someone she could take care of and play with.

"What's the solution?" Just like Mia, Trisha didn't like the idea of simply brainwashing the puppy. No, this would be so much more fun if they could truly break him and teach him to obey all on his own.

"Well, you are the solution. Unless you can show me that he can be absolutely obedient right now, I'm going to put him back in his cage, I'm going to take him back to work, and I'm going to ask you to fix him."

"Fix him?" Trisha repeated slowly, almost like she needed to taste the words.

"Well, if he's being a bad puppy, maybe it's because he has too much energy. Maybe we need to take away some of his virility."

Devon looked up at her, his eyes desperate pleading as he slowly started to understand what these women were talking about.

Without any hesitation at all, Trisha came over to the puppy, and she reached down. She cupped his naked balls, squeezing them until a shot of agony ran through his body. Then she took a hold of his cock, still in its cage, and she turned it from side to side. "Yes, I can definitely fix them. Of course, once I'm done, you might as well just have me chop off his balls too."

Mia looked down at Devon. "You want to try that again? Do you want to roll over for me?"

Devon dropped down onto his side without any hesitation or doubt, and he rolled over, exposing his tummy for these women.

Mia got down on her knees, and she started to pet him. "You know what? I think he can be a good boy."

"So you're not going to fix me?" Devon asked, his tone hopeful.

"As long as you are a good boy, I'm going to let you keep your balls," she promised. "But Trisha here is definitely going to give you a little snip."

Devon opened his mouth, ready to complain. Then he understood something. This was a test for him. If he argued with her, if he complained, if he did anything other than behave himself, then Mia would have her friend do it.

He closed his mouth, resolving to be a good puppy. From now on, he was going to do whatever his owner demanded. He no longer had a choice...

Mia and Trisha smiled down, each woman eager to play with the new puppy. After all, he wasn't going to be rebellious at all anymore. His obedience training was complete. And to think, it only took one little promise of punishment to tame him so thoroughly.

This was his life.

Devon made a good doggy, all entranced and helpless. And to think, it just took a little bit of psychological manipulation to turn him into an ideal pet. Maybe she'd get him a friend...

The End