



**CLASSICAL
CONDITIONING**



**A TF STORY
BY ANGRBODA
AND ABE E SEEDY**





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Nicole's head hurt.

She was aware of that before anything else. There was a dull, insistent throb that sat in her head like a stone, dragging her out of her sleep with its unrelenting persistence. Her eyes opened slowly as she drifted back into wakefulness, but when she saw the blankets that she was somehow tucked carefully into they snapped wide instantly in confusion.

“Oh! You're awake.”

A female voice emerged from by her feet. By the foot of the bed, her mind interpreted groggily. Someone was watching her sleep? Nicole struggled to lift herself onto her elbows, but when the rock in her head threatened to push itself through her skull at the sudden movement she settled for angling her head down slightly in an attempt to get a look. There was indeed someone there.

“Sorry”, she said, “I hope I didn't frighten you. I think you've had enough of that for a while.”

She was tall, that was the first thing about her. Her long, straight black hair draped elegantly down her shoulders, and she was wearing a simple but flattering black coat. She was swept-back and stylish. The effect was disconcerting, like waking up in hospital to find yourself being looked after by a high-powered executive. After a moment, Nicole realised that this might more or less be the case.



“Hrkm?” Nicole tried, the words escaping her dry throat in little more than a congealed croak.

The woman turned to the side in response, and came back holding a glass of water. She put it delicately to Nicole’s lips, and with her help Nicole gratefully took several sips. When she was done, Nicole tried again.

“How am I... here?”, she managed.

“That’s my fault I’m afraid.” The woman spoke with a smile, her words oddly lilting. She had an accent of some kind, but for the life of her Nicole couldn’t manage to place it. She seemed somehow simply from somewhere else, even if Nicole couldn’t get any idea of exactly where. “I normally take it upon myself to make sure the road out in front of my house is clear, as it can so easily get treacherous up here this time of year, but I’m afraid I didn’t do a good enough job last night. You must have lost control on the corner and crashed into the trees at the edge of my property, unfortunately.”

Nicole jerked herself upwards at that - she really had been in a crash! - but the woman raised her hand to calm her as she started looking over herself desperately.

“You’re fine, don’t worry. Near as I can tell, at least. You’ll be sore for a while, but I couldn’t find anything worse than just bruises. I’m amazed it took you this long to wake up - you slept through the night entirely.”

Nicole sagged back down guiltily. “I - I guess I was pretty tired already”, she said quietly. Damn it, if she hadn’t pushed herself to drive back from the conference that night instead of staying over she would have been alert enough to avoid all this entirely. “Thanks”, she added.

“You’re welcome, really” the woman said, appearing to genuinely mean it. “I can at least tell you that even though you seemed to come through okay, your car wasn’t so lucky. It looks quite undriveable, I’m afraid. And I can tell you for a fact that the only mechanic with a tow truck that comes out this far doesn’t work on weekends.” Nicole looked crestfallen, but the woman continued before she could say anything. “So!” she said brightly, “I insist you stay here for the two days until Monday to recover, and then after that I’ll pay for your tow and the repairs.”

Nicole’s mouth dropped open. “Sorry?”

“It’s the least I can do”, the woman replied with a nonchalant shrug. “It was my fault the accident happened, after all.”

Nicole went to reply, but stopped herself just before she did. It would certainly be a big help her doing that, after all. And maybe it was this woman’s fault more than her own - she knew the area, after all. Who was she to argue?

Eventually Nicole managed to say, “Well... thank you. That’s very kind. I’ve just realised I don’t even know your name.” She forced herself to grin slightly to avoid thinking about the fact that she was in the bed of a woman she didn’t know in the least, even if she did seem to be a genuinely nice one.

“Oh, of course! So sorry.” She leaned forward, offering her hand. Nicole was still fairly well ensconced in the blankets however, and to prevent them having to wait while she worked her arm free and gathered the strength to lift it, the woman turned the movement into a sort of a polite but affectionate pat on the head. “I’m Teresa” she said. “Pleased to meet you. Now, please, relax and make yourself at home.”

Not wanting to overtax Nicole while she was still fairly shaken up from the accident, Teresa kept the conversation brief after that. She apologised for the fact that she had to leave for work, but reiterated that as her guest, Nicole was absolutely to make herself at home in the house while she recovered. There was only one exception to her freedom: “There’s a small shed in the garden”, she said, “and I’d ask that you not go in there please. The door’s locked anyway, but still, just to be sure. Anywhere and anything else you’re absolutely welcome to.” She turned to retrieve a steaming bowl of soup she’d left behind her for the conversation, moving to put it on the bedside table right next to Nicole.

As she did so, Nicole noticed that she had to move aside a dog’s collar to make room for it. “You have a dog, do you?” Nicole asked. Somehow she felt like she was more able to relax and trust somehow who had at least a pet, and therefore didn’t live all the way up in these lonely mountains entirely alone.

“Oh”, Teresa replied, seeming to deflate a little as her eyes dropped to the collar. “No... I’m afraid I’m... I’m looking for her, at the moment. Only recently, but still. My dear Pavlov.”

Something nagged at Nicole. “Pavlov? Isn’t that an odd name for a female dog?”

The woman smiled, looking away almost bashfully. “Yes. It was a bit of a joke name, really. She loves this collar with bells on it you see; always going crazy at the sound of it, so. Sorry, dumb joke I know.”

Nicole blinked. “Makes... sense?”, she tried.

Teresa looked back up at her in response, her eyes seeming to focus again as she came back from wherever she’d drifted off to. “Anyway! You rest up, and I’ll see you this evening.” She turned and walked towards the door, adding “feel better!” with a brief wave as she slipped outside.

When Teresa was gone, Nicole exhaled. She hadn’t even realised she’d been holding her breath, but something about Teresa being gone made it seem as though she could finally relax and go back to normal, as opposed to however she’d been when she was around.

After simply lying in the startlingly comfortable bed for some time - doctor’s orders to relax, after all - Nicole’s hunger finally got the better of her and she started an attempt on the soup. However, she found herself surprisingly unable to effectively hold the spoon. Every time she managed to wrap her fingers around it, it quickly dropped out of her grasp. Her hands were still slightly shaking, so it must be some lingering effect of the crash. It was perfectly reasonable for her to still be somewhat in shock, just as Teresa had said. That made sense. Still, knowing that didn’t help her get fed. Eventually she simply shrugged and, looking around out of habit to make absolutely sure she was alone, grabbed the bowl with both hands and raised it to her lips, slurping noisily at the contents within. It was good; lightly spiced and pleasant, the rich aroma filling her nostrils as

she drank hungrily. It was hardly ladylike, but Nicole figured she could be allowed this small lapse given the circumstances.

The bowl was barely half empty by the time Nicole had drunk her fill, and after about an hour or so of simply lying back and digesting she eventually decided she ought to get up, if for no other reason than to find somewhere to clean and put away the bowl. Besides, she'd always been an early riser, and with her headache gone she couldn't see any reason to stay in bed any longer.

Walking around would doubtless do her good.

The house itself was certainly old fashioned - a classically styled wooden affair around the size of a small manor. The door to her bedroom opened onto a corridor that ran along the length of a central hall, with a great double-sided staircase running from the middle down to the grand front door. Nicole took all this in with one sweep as she stepped outside her room - she was in the far corner, and could count about another eight doors on this floor alone. Surely it couldn't just be one person living here, but then again Teresa had never mentioned anyone else.

Except for Pavlov, of course.

At that thought, she looked back towards the collar sitting on a small end table near her bed. Drifting back over towards it, Nicole picked it up and examined it curiously. It was a simple little thing; red leather with the name "Pavlov" on a dangling silver tag. The only embellishment were the three small, golden bells worked into the design, which tinkled lightly even as Nicole picked it up. Shaking the collar deliberately made the noise grow accordingly louder, but still no less pleasant. It was nice; a sort of pleasing chiming sound emerging no matter how tunelessly she shook it.

As Nicole waved it about aimlessly she had a sudden realisation for what she should do to fill her time for the day. Rather than simply loafing about and poking at the furniture, she should make herself useful and set out to track down Pavlov. It was the least she could do after all - the accident really had been her fault for driving so tired in the first place, no matter how nice Teresa was being about it. Now that was a worthy goal, Nicole figured, and it dovetailed nicely with both stretching her legs and exploring the house.

And so, periodically shaking the collar in front of herself and calling "Pavlov!" in a way she hoped was as enticing as the sound of the bells, she set off.

The rest of the house was on the whole unremarkable, or at least as unremarkable as a remote wooden lodge up in the mountains could be. Nicole had begun to assume that it must be a summer home; presumably the views of the scenery in the summer would be fantastic, although in fairness the place was much more warm and cozy than she would have expected an old house in an exposed location in the winter to be.

Still, it made sense for this to be a holiday home, which would make Teresa its caretaker, or simply a house sitter or something. But as she made her way back up the stairs from the ground floor she saw something that put paid to that. It was a grand portrait, hanging in pride of place in the centre of the hall, which she'd somehow missed on her way past initially. But now, looking up at it, the effect was striking - in the sense that she felt as though she had been physically struck.



It was Teresa, literally larger than life, standing imperiously tall in a great flowing black dress. She looked down commandingly, but there was no malice behind her stare, simply... assurance? Nicole couldn't quite place the effect of the composition, but it very definitely had one. She found herself fighting the urge to curtsy.

Still, all things considered, Nicole reflected that it was certainly an excellent painting.

Across the hall a grandfather clock bonged, the sound of it snapping Nicole out of her reverie. It was - goodness, 5 o'clock? She must have been exploring the house for longer than she thought, although come to think of it she could have sworn the shadows through the windows had gotten considerably longer since she'd last looked. It must just be winter in the mountains, she thought, the sun probably sets quicker here.

Still, in the whole day she hadn't seen or heard anything of Pavlov, disappointingly. She would have to look harder tomorrow, but for now she was starting to feel rather drained. It was time to head back to her room, clearly.

On slipping back inside the door she saw the bowl of soup still sitting on the bedside table. She'd completely forgotten about cleaning it up, in the end. She went to do so now, but as she got close the smell of it hit her again, and she found her mouth watering. Somehow it seemed just as good as it did when it was still hot, and Nicole suddenly realised that she hadn't eaten anything at all since the morning and she was now desperately hungry. Pausing only to set Pavlov's collar down beside it on the table she lifted the bowl again in her hands and started drinking eagerly. She even found herself licking the bowl clean once she was done, something she couldn't ever remember herself doing before. But the soup tasted so good, she just didn't even think about it till she was halfway through, and even though she blushed at the realisation she decided she might as well keep at it.

It would be a shame to let any soup this good go to waste, after all.

Teresa came in to check on her again not long afterwards, by which point Nicole had slipped herself back into bed, feeling startlingly exhausted. "How are you feeling?", she asked, the genuine concern in her voice surprisingly touching. It was nice that people still cared enough to be this generous, Nicole reflected, and she found herself feeling warmly towards Teresa as a result. She was nice, looking after her so.

That said, in all Teresa didn't stay for very long. She could clearly see that Nicole was tired, so she checked her temperature quickly to make sure she hadn't gotten an infection in the crash. Nicole blushed at the feeling of her fingers against her forehead, especially when Teresa finished by tousling her hair playfully.

"You seem like you're doing okay", she added with a pleasant smile, which Nicole answered immediately with one of her own. "You feeling okay?"

I am, Nicole thought, but she somehow couldn't quite get her tongue around a detailed response. It was like she was caught off-guard by simply being asked to contribute to the conversation instead of just sit there and wordlessly agree. "Yep!", she managed eventually, nodding her head enthusiastically.

That was good enough for now, and Teresa seemed satisfied by the response, which was the important thing. She wanted to talk to her about the grounds, the building and that portrait, but that conversation didn't seem overly important right now.

As Teresa stood back up and said a delicate goodnight, Nicole smiled again as she sunk herself deeper into the comfortable bed. Everything else could wait till the morning - Teresa was turning off the light so now was clearly time to sleep.



Nicole woke up with the smell of food pulling at her nose. It was the first thing she noticed, that same strong scent of spicy soup hoisting her out of her sleep. Her eyes snapped open and she just about jolted bodily out of bed towards the source of it. Her body tensed for the movement automatically, but despite the urge she managed to simply sit up quietly. Teresa had entered without waking her, and was just now setting a fresh bowl of soup down on the bedside table, opening the conversation brightly with “good morning!”

Nicole yawned and stretched emphatically. It *was* a good morning. She already felt immeasurably better; not just recovered from the aches and pains of the accident, but really rested and relaxed for the first time in what felt like years. She realised belatedly that input from her was required in the conversation, it had already been a few seconds longer than is normally acceptable to wait for a response. “Morning!”, she mumbled hastily.

For her part, Teresa appeared not to notice, simply moving swiftly onwards to the next topic. Which was, as ever, asking after Nicole's health. “How are you doing?”

Halfway through taking a deep breath of the hot, rich aroma of the soup next to her, Nicole had to force herself to stop and respond again. “Good, good”, she said quickly, nodding rapidly for emphasis. For some reason she found herself enjoying Teresa's company immensely, but more or less completely unable to sustain any real conversation with her. She just wanted to like, smile and nod all the time, letting her do all of the talking.

Perhaps it was the accent. She did sound *very* nice.

Again, Teresa didn't stay for very long. She must have some important job to keep leaving so early on the weekends, but it occurred to Nicole that she'd never actually found out what that was. She resolved to ask her when she next saw her tonight. Not that it mattered of course, but she would like to know more about her.

For now though Nicole turned her attention to the bowl steaming quietly beside her, taking another long draught of the smell of it and enjoying the feeling of it reaching in and clearing her sinuses. It was like the steam was seeping into the very flesh of her nose, making it come alive with the rich and wonderful scent. It felt - it certainly felt pretty good. It felt like a shame that she should have to be injured to enjoy something like this.

All of a sudden she realised how hungry she was, it was like her stomach had been waiting patiently for her nose to be finished before it made its complaints known, but now it was coming forward with force. As soon as that switch was flipped she found she was desperately hungry, and dismissing the spoon as too slow she simply grabbed the bowl in both hands again and drank from it directly. She drank for some time, just feeling a constant, warming pleasure as it swept down her throat and into her stomach, filling her up as her whole body seemed to fizz from the heat of it all. Before she knew it, the flow was tapering off until she was again licking the bowl clean, dragging her long tongue slowly and deliberately across the entire interior of the bowl so as to get absolutely every last part of it all.



When she was finally done, she put the bowl down and exhaled, stretching her arms back behind herself as she relaxed into the sensation of pleasant fullness. She felt like the joints on her elbows and fingers were cracking and popping slightly, which wasn't something that normally happened to her, but it seemed somehow appropriate in the circumstances. As she brought her head back down from leaning into the stretch her eyes fell upon the collar on the bedside table, and it occurred to her what she *should* be doing.

Nicole stepped out the front door of the house, collar in hand. She'd checked around everywhere inside yesterday, so the grounds of this place were next on the list. She was sure she'd find Pavlov cowering in some bush somewhere or something, just too scared or too ashamed of running away to come back inside. It was just a matter of tracking her down, and then she could present her back to Teresa for her congratulations and approval.

She set off from the house, trudging through the surprisingly thick snow. She mustn't have noticed how heavily it was snowing yesterday, being too invested in poking about the inside of the house to really tell what was going on outside. It wasn't snowing at the moment fortunately, but it was still pretty cold given the amount of the stuff that had lingered. Despite not being really dressed for it - her plan had been to be out of the mountains and back home by this point, after all - Nicole found herself not really minding.

The air felt crisp and fresh, and even the wind didn't seem to sting her as it blew past. She felt the cold on her hands and her face, but the rest of her felt surprisingly warm. It must be the soup, she figured - the heat of that must still be helping her along.

Despite spending quite some time trudging about in the snow, shaking the collar deliberately every few feet, Nicole once again failed to find any sign of Pavlov. She sat down in a heap, momentarily defeated. CSI, she was not. A frustrated sigh escaped her throat; high-pitched, almost a whine. She shook the collar a few times simply because she couldn't think of anything else to do. Surprisingly, that actually helped. It was comforting, somehow, just the pleasant little sound of its chiming bells. It made her feel like things were going to be okay, that things would work out.

After all, how could Pavlov stay away from all this?

Going back inside, Nicole shook herself in the doorway till the snow she'd accumulated from poking around had slid off her clothes. Starting back up the stairs towards her room, she was again struck by that portrait, the one of Teresa standing and looking so proud and impressive. It looked - god, it looked really good. There was just something about the way she was standing, looking down imperiously and... dominantly, it was... it was really hot, actually.

The realisation stole over Nicole as something of a shock - it'd never occurred to her to consider it in that way before, but now that the thought had crossed her mind she couldn't stop thinking it.

She walked up a few more stairs, the bells on the collar chiming with each step, until she was almost right in front of it, staring upwards helplessly.

She suddenly realised something she hadn't taken conscious notice of before - Teresa's right hand was outside the frame, but her stance made it clear she was leaning on something with that hand, even though what it was she was leaning on couldn't be seen. When Nicole stood to the side of the picture, she was in the perfect place for Teresa's hand to be resting on her head, and that realisation felt *really* good.

She fell back slowly against the wall, her hands shaking a little as she found herself panting somehow - she was suddenly so restlessly hot! - but all the while the bells on the collar rang comfortingly, and everything just felt very... right. She looked back up at the painting, and from here it was like Teresa was looking straight at her; not disdainfully, but commandingly, and suddenly Nicole heard herself whimper quietly as her knees buckled. She, god, it felt like her free hand moved *itself* inside her pants, unable to resist the implied command, while her other hand simply clutched the collar ever tighter.

She threw her head back against the wall - every time she managed to open her eyes again she found her head drifting forwards to look back up at Teresa, and that just made the urgency even worse. Her padded fingers moved automatically, weaving down inside her pants until they were circling lazily around her sensitive area. It felt... right to be being stroked like this - with the way her hand was moving it was almost as though it wasn't *her* hand at all, like she was being petted by someone else in this most perfect place.

With a gasp she made contact with her clit directly, rubbing her finger across it while taking care not to catch herself on her pointed nails. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth as she sank to her knees, shrugging off her shirt as her back slid down the stone wall. It felt wrong to move away from her position at Teresa's side, but her legs just couldn't seem to bear the weight of her any more, and she needed to feel this all as much as possible as this amazingly powerful lust rolled over her. The shock of hitting the ground caused the collar to give out a single definitive ring, and at that she came, shuddering desperately as she felt the warm pleasure of her orgasm flood through her trembling body, even as her insistent hand kept quietly massaging herself in approval.







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Nicole sat there for some time afterwards, panting enjoyably through the afterglow as her head rolled around deliriously against the wall. It felt - everything felt - good. Everything was good. She was so flattered that Teresa was being so nice to her, so happy that she could be here and enjoy this. Eventually she managed to make herself stand up, noting absently as she did that the seat of her pants seemed to be sitting uncomfortably for some reason. She hiked them around with the same hand that still held the collar, smiling at the pleasant sounds it made while she did so, until eventually she felt the stiffness behind her release itself pleasantly.

There, that felt much better.

Just as she turned to leave she caught sight of her other hand, still lightly wet with the results of her activity. Without a second thought she brought it up to her mouth, her long tongue sweeping over the tip of her finger to lick it clean, her tail wagging behind her happily as she did so.

It wouldn't do to leave a mess, after all.

When she was done, a satisfied grin on her face as she dropped her hands back to her sides, she suddenly noticed that the shadows through the windows were again getting longer. She - wow, she genuinely had no idea where the time had gone; she could have sworn what she'd done today wouldn't have been more than a few hours, but apparently not. Clearly it was time to go back to her room so that Teresa would come and see her again.

She slipped back into the bed and curled up on her side, enjoying the pleasant sounds of the collar as she did so, the thought of letting it go not even occurring to her. By the time Teresa arrived Nicole did little more than smile widely at her presence. She wanted to do more, of course, but she was so tired now, and it was nice to just be around her again. She didn't need to say any words for that. For her part Teresa seemed to understand that, preferring to simply make statements than to ask questions that needed answers.

"You look like you're doing a lot better, don't you?", she said softly, and Nicole stretched pleasantly as Teresa sat down on the bed next to her. "Oh yes", she continued, "you're definitely doing well."

She reached up and scratched Nicole delicately behind her long ears, causing her to twitch happily at the sensation. "Good girl", she whispered as Nicole dropped blissfully off to sleep. "What a good girl."



The next morning, Nicole woke at the sound of the bedroom door closing. Her eyes opened instantly - Teresa was back! - and she practically jumped out of the bed to greet her. Teresa took the sudden rush in good humour, laughing lightly at Nicole's enthusiasm as she ran up and all but bounced around her in joy.

"Yes, yes", she laughed, patting Nicole affectionately on the head, "good morning to you, too."

For her part Nicole calmed down at her touch, simply leaning in to the pleasant pressure of her hand against her scalp. After Teresa finished by tousling her hair, Nicole gave her a kiss on the cheek, licking her tongue happily across her skin. Teresa laughed again at that, but then directed her to sit back down on the bed with a nod of her head as she brought today's soup forward and onto the bedside table.

Nicole sat obediently, her legs folding automatically beneath her at the command. She watched passively as Teresa put down the bowl then, after turning back to Teresa until she gave a small nod of approval, launched herself eagerly at it, lapping up the hot soup with her long and dexterous tongue. While she was preoccupied, Teresa spoke.

"Well, the mechanic's place will be open again today, so I'll give them a call. They should be able to get here by about 10. I'll be sad to see you go, it's been lovely to have you here, even if we haven't been able to spend much time together."

Nicole's ears pricked up at that, stopping her in her tracks. Right. Going.

She was supposed to be going today.

The thought felt odd, uncomfortable, like it didn't quite fit in her head. It seemed... wrong, the concept of it hard to process. But she had to, right? She turned back to look at Teresa, absently licking her lips clean as she did so, and stared at her imploringly. There were... there were words she should be saying here; something that should express how she felt, but she just couldn't seem to figure out what those words were and how to say them. In the end she simply whimpered quietly, nuzzling her wet nose against Teresa's arm.

Teresa laughed again at the sensation, the noise sounding like... bells, somehow - some delightful pattern of chiming bells. "I'm sorry girl," she said, "even I can't make the tow truck come any faster than that."

Nicole looked up at her again, unable to discern if she was being misinterpreted deliberately or not, but in either case the implication was clear, and she couldn't see any way around it. If Teresa said she had to go, she had to go, even if the thought made her tail sink between her legs in despair.

They didn't talk much after that - Nicole didn't really like thinking about having to leave Teresa so was almost glad when she said she had to slip out and take care of something for the morning, although she did promise she'd see Nicole off when the tow truck arrived.

With one last scratch behind her shaggy ears she left Nicole to enjoy the rest of her food, which she did with gusto once she remembered it was there. When the bowl was once again thoroughly cleaned she sat for a few moments pondering what to do next, until she dropped her head down and caught sight of the collar still clutched in her hand.

Oh yeah! She still needed to find Pavlov! And if she could do that, maybe... maybe things would work out somehow.

She jumped to her feet when that thought hit her, running out the door of the room in a loping sprint due to her sheer eagerness to get started. It was only when she'd made it all the way out the front door of the house that she realised she had absolutely no idea where to look next. She stood for a few moments in the soft snow, panting rapidly at her sudden exertion, until it occurred to her to check around the back of the house, which she wasn't sure if she'd done yesterday.





Taking off again at a run she rounded the corner of the building, soon finding herself in the small space at the back of the property. The ground in front of her dropped away - the place seemed to have been built to maximize the views from the windows, which it certainly did, but that left little space for a back yard. There wasn't anywhere here that Pavlov could conceivably be hiding, Nicole thought, until suddenly she caught sight of a small shed across the length of the house from her, tucked in at the other side of the rear.

It was just a simple wooden affair, similar to the rest of the house but much less elaborate, looking like it was built just to perform some necessary function without detracting too much from the view of the place. If she'd seen it before while she was looking around she must have looked right past it, because she knew instinctively it was the one place that Teresa had forbidden her from going.

But there was nowhere left that Pavlov could be, without simply being outright gone. She had to be here then, because she couldn't be gone, and she had to find her before it was too late, and - and even though it was naughty she had to.

Nicole sidled up to it slowly, as though if she padded over cautiously enough the world wouldn't notice her and it would be okay. Even so, all too soon she was standing in front of it, the big wooden door solidly closed as she pressed her hand against it experimentally. But, looking down she saw that there was a sizeable doggy door further down, and from the way it moved back and forth in the stiff breeze that still appeared to be unlocked.

She could... she could fit through that. She had to. Pavlov had to be in there; it made sense, it was a warm, safe place to be hiding in, and maybe now she couldn't get out, or something. The important thing was that all she had to do was go in there and find her, and then everything would be okay.

She dropped to all fours easily, sizing up the flap in front of her, but before she could move forwards she realised that the collar was still clenched in her fist, and she couldn't walk with her fingers balled up like that. She could have left it behind but that... didn't feel right. She'd need it for Pavlov, and besides, it felt weird to be parted with it, even if just to set it down for a few moments. It took a few moments of staring at it before she finally arrived at a solution: it was a collar, right? Fumbling a little with the small catch with her thick fingers she managed to get it open, and then snap it around her neck. The bells jingled approvingly, causing her tail to wag happily in response.

And then with that, she went inside.

Nicole couldn't see anything as she went through, lifting the flap open with her head bowed low. Surprisingly it felt like it took more than a few steps to get all the way through, but it seemed like every step she took was easier than the one before it. She'd started off on her hands and knees, but as she progressed it felt like she found a way to hold herself where she could stand on her feet instead, and somehow that was simpler and more comfortable.



With all of that distracting her it was only once she was fully inside and she felt the flap fall shut behind her that she remembered to look up and take in everything that was inside. Teresa was there - Nicole's heart leapt into her mouth both in fear at being caught out and in joy at simply seeing her again. She was sitting in the centre of the room on a bare wicker chair, a single light bulb casting a dramatic spotlight on her from above while leaving the rest of the space shadowy and indistinct.

She'd changed too; she was wearing a long, flowing black dress - the same as the one in the painting, Nicole realised with a start. Her whole demeanor was different from the last time Nicole had seen her, she was sitting back with an aura of confident power, lounging majestically as though she was a queen entertaining her grovelling subjects. What most caught Nicole's attention though was the fact that her pose was different too, her legs splayed open to allow her dress to fall just so, revealing her to be wearing absolutely nothing underneath, her body all but glowing in the shining light.

There were no words. Nicole's mouth simply fell open, her tail rising involuntarily to be standing stiffly up behind her.

Mercifully, Teresa broke the silence, forgiving Nicole her complete inability to do so. "Oh, Pavlov dear, you're here!" She spoke happily, her voice losing none of her wonderful lilt and cadence, but somehow still carrying some new entrancing undercurrent of command and control.

Still, despite that, Nicole shook her head in confusion. What... what was she saying, exactly? Before she could think anything further, Teresa continued. "Although... something seems a little off with you still. Come here girl!"

Nicole trotted over immediately, not even thinking about it until she was already sitting at Teresa's feet, panting obediently. "You're looking much better, girl, but you're still missing something. Ah, I know..." She turned to reach into the darkness behind her, coming back with a leash which she attached smoothly to the loop on Pavlov's collar. And then, gently but insistently, she pulled.

The collar rang out, some combination of the motion and the mechanics of it combined with the leash causing it to give forth a sound with the bells that Nicole had never heard before, one that was just... perfect, that simply reached right up inside and triggered her.

She came, helplessly, her tongue lolling from her mouth as she became so enthusiastically entranced by this one perfect thing. Shuddering, Nicole's eyes drifted back open and fixed on the figure of Teresa, seated in front of her. The scent of her was intoxicating; she smelled sweet, wonderful and enticing--

Nicole found herself drifting forwards towards her flesh without any real conscious thought in her head beyond the quietly overpowering sense of growing lust.

Suddenly, just before she made contact she felt Teresa's hand press down on her head, the touch still delicate despite the commanding force behind it. But regardless of the command she couldn't stop, she knew that she had to, but she couldn't - she needed to taste her and to pleasure her and to service her.



Even so, she couldn't push against Teresa's hand, and so couldn't reach her despite being so achingly close. Her tongue stretched outwards desperately, and slowly she felt herself getting closer, her nose sliding into a muzzle as her very body strained to close the distance, to be correct and complete.

Finally, finally she made contact, her tongue lapping eagerly at Teresa's warm flesh, revelling in the sensation of bringing her pleasure.

Teresa moaned appreciatively above her, Nicole's tongue expertly sweeping itself across her most pleasurable points somehow by instinct. She slipped delicately inside her, her tongue long and nimble enough to reach in and back out before looping lightly around her clit. Shifting slightly she began to run her slick tongue along the entire length of Teresa's slit, enjoying the way she shuddered softly as she drew across each separate part of her, but soon she abandoned even this level of teasing, simply focussing on tracing around Teresa's clit, causing Teresa's knees to buckle slightly at the wonderful sensation. Eventually she felt Teresa begin to tense up, redoubling her efforts by lapping rapidly at her clit alone, until finally she reached down with her strong hands and pulled her in desperately, virtually her whole long snout plunging deep into her as Teresa came.

In response Teresa twitched appreciatively on her leash, causing Nicole to roll back as an orgasm of her own washed over her at the sound of those bells. She pawed at the ground in bliss as she licked her snout clean of her Mistress' juices, happy to just let herself obediently feel so, so good.

"Oh Pavlov" Teresa said appreciatively, "I'm so glad you've finally found me. I've been waiting for you to come along for far too long."

And... and she was glad too. It had been scary and terrible when she couldn't find her way here, but she was better now and here with her Mistress, so everything would be okay. Pavlov looked up at her adoringly, licking at her hand to ask for forgiveness for taking so long. And now finally, now that she was completely better and knew that she could be with her Mistress, Pavlov felt her tongue unlock itself from the hesitation that had been plaguing her.

"Please Mistress", she whined, rolling over onto her back, tracing around her needy slit with one claw. "Please can you fuck me Mistress? I need it so badly!"

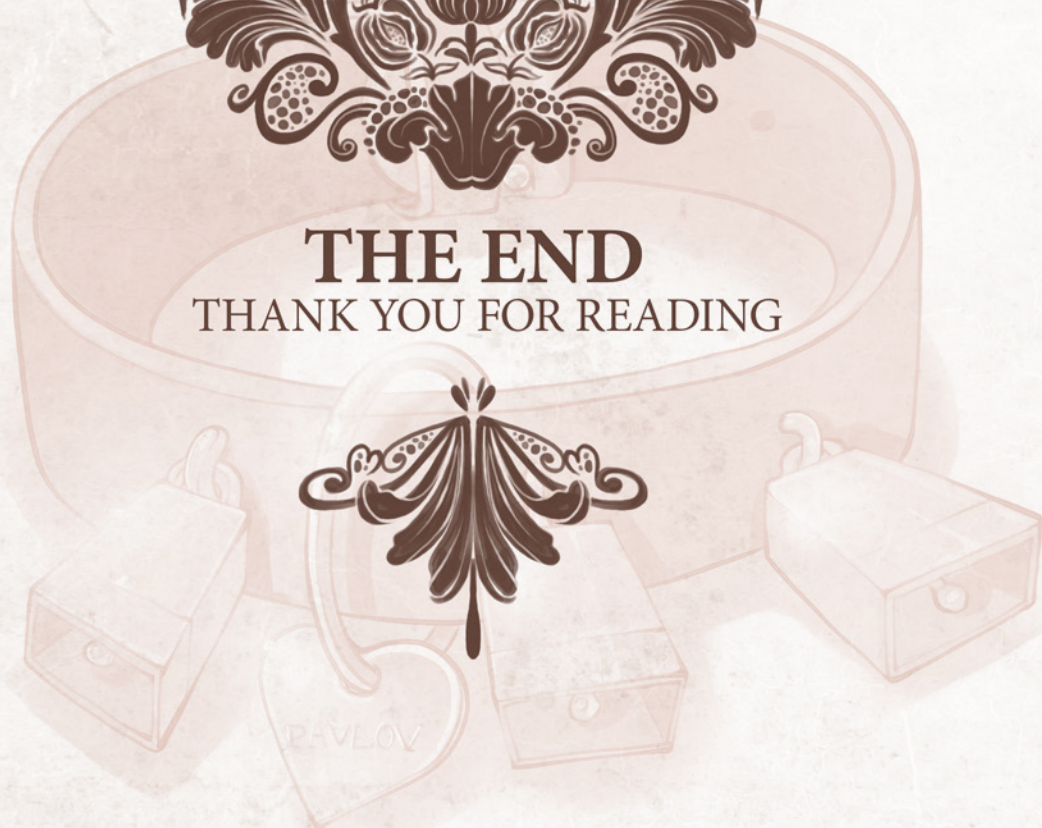
Teresa laughed, the bells playing again in Pavlov's head. "Oh yes girl", she said happily, "what else do you think we'll be doing all day?"

And Pavlov laughed too, the bells in her collar ringing out in response as she made her way towards her Mistress. It all sounded, quite simply, perfect.





THE END
THANK YOU FOR READING



RAVLOV