

Dog Lessons

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Obedience School

At twenty-seven, Adam was ready to finish his fifth year of teaching college level courses. At this point, he was comfortable in front of the classroom. From quarter to quarter, he knew what he wanted to cover and how to deal with different kinds of students. When he first started, he had been diligent, memorizing names and working hard to get to know everyone.

But now, he understood that they had obligations, and then either met them or didn't. That was fine with him. He wasn't there to change lives. He was there to teach various introductory courses of mathematics. Sometimes students did an amazing job. Sometimes they disappointed him. Some of them were idiots, and some of them were brilliant. That was fine with him.

He had his own theorems and projects to work on, so teaching became a day job.

But then, he did get the occasional surprise. Sometimes a student might suggest a novel approach, and he would need to think it through.

Victoria fell into this category a lot, although he didn't think about her much.

On the first day of class, he may have noticed that she was gorgeous. With her long, straight black hair that seemed to reach down for the small of her back, she carried herself with a regal kind of pride. Unlike many of the other students, she moved to different desks, sitting in different spots. She almost never volunteered, but she clearly knew the material. Whenever he called on her, she had no problem offering up the correct answer.

But now, she had arrived at his office hours during finals week.

"This isn't fair," she said to him. "I couldn't submit the final project because the entire course website was down. That's not my fault."

“You could have turned in a hard copy,” Adam said. “That was an option.”

“Please, you have to reconsider,” she said.

At this point, Adam was seated at his desk. Almost all of his attention was still on the problem he was attempting to solve. Sure, he had turned his chair away from the screen, but he didn't really pay much attention to her. After all, her score didn't affect him.

“Look, you are smart girl and everything, but sometimes you have to take responsibility for your actions. You could have printed your materials and turned them in last week. You chose not to do that. Now please, I have some more work I need to do.”

“Are you sure? Are you sure you can't reconsider?” Victoria asked.

There was something in her voice that almost sounded like a threat, but Adam hardly noticed it.

“I'm sure,” he said, hoping that she would take the hint, get up, and leave.

Finally, she got up, grabbed her bag, and headed toward the doorway. “Professor, I think you should reconsider.”

“No,” he said. But by this point, he had already turned back to his computer screen. With his eyes locked on the different numbers, he considered the advanced implications of different mathematical formulae and theories.

That's why he didn't notice this beautiful girl as she unzipped her backpack, reached in, and pulled out the metal band. Framed as a circle, it included some rather advanced pieces of technology, items Victoria had developed on her own. Much of the information had come from various dark websites, but she had put it together, and now she was confident it would work.

Victoria must've known that this was going to be a brash move. After all, her device likely broke a variety of laws, but she didn't care.

She could hardly believe that this teacher wanted to punish her for something that wasn't her fault.

Maybe Victoria had always been a fan of fairness, so she believed that he deserved this.

In any case, she took several quiet, careful steps through his small office. She came closer and closer to him. With every moment, she expected him to spin around, grab her, and demand know what she was doing.

But Victoria had always been brave, so she didn't back down. Besides, she just had to get it around his neck.

Standing above him, she savored this moment. She held her breath, enjoying the prospect of slipping the device on him.

This was it. She would see whether or not the device actually worked.

She pushed it down, opening it at the hinge, then pressing it down near the nape of his neck. She snapped it forward. "Collar, lock."

The small microphones built into the collar immediately registered and recognized her voice. The device responded, snapping into place. She even heard the quiet hums of the servos and magnets as the collar tightened around his throat.

"What the hell?" Adam immediately demanded.

His hands reached up for the cold metal near his throat, and he tried to pull it off.

For her part, Victoria sauntered back over to his office door. She closed and locked it.

By the time she turned around again, she saw Adam was on his feet. Glaring at her, he demanded to know, "What the hell is this? What's going on?"

Victoria tilted her head to the side, letting her dark, lustrous bangs fall along her face. "Professor, there's something you should know."

"What? What should I know? What is this?"

"To be completely honest, I haven't decided what I'm going to name it yet. Right now, I've been using the term, Training Collar. It might be a little bit too generic though. Something a little bit more interesting or impressive would probably be a good idea." She shrugged her shoulders. "But anyway, the important part is this. As long as you wear that, you will be mine."

“What is this, some kind of joke? Are you filming this?” Of course, that was a stupid question considering they were in his office. Still, maybe she wore some kind of miniature camera or something. Sometimes students liked to pull pranks and put them online. They always thought they were so clever.

“No joke,” she said.

“Victoria, if you don’t take this thing off of me right now, I’m going to make sure that you are punished severely.” He straightened his back, rolled his shoulders down and glared at her for everything he was worth. Adam may have been one of the younger teachers, but he was still reasonably imposing. More importantly, he was older than her by several years.

She should have wilted. Instead, she strolled up to him and reached out. He watched, studying the red glint of her nail polish until she stroked at the underside of his chin. “No. You’re not going to do anything, not without my permission.”

“You’re crazy. I’m going to go talk to the administrators right now,” he said. He strode forward. Sure, the device around his neck would probably be a little bit embarrassing, but this girl was about to get kicked out of the University. He hardly cared about his appearance.

He took one step, then two and three toward the door. Just as he reached out for the knob, he heard her voice. “Collar, don’t move.”

Suddenly, his feet planted themselves against the floor, his arms dropped to his sides, and Adam couldn’t move. Yes, he continued to breathe, and he could blink, but that was all. Every other form of movement had been stripped away from him.

Adam didn’t understand. How was something like this even possible?

Then she walked up in front of him, reached out and took his hand. She brushed his palm with her nails, gently scratching at him. “I bet you’re wondering what’s going on right now. I bet you are wondering how something like this could even be possible. I mean, you’re always in control of yourself, aren’t you, Adam?”

With his lips tensed, he couldn't utter a word. He tried to, however. He wanted to say something like, "What're you doing? What's going on?" By this point, panic probably would have seeped into his voice, yet he stood there, motionless like a mannequin.

Victoria circled him. She felt so predatory, and she loved every second of this. After all, she had spent countless hours working on her Training Collar, and to see it working was amazing, especially on a man with a strong will like Adam.

"I'm going to be nice, and I'll tell you some basics about how this device works. You see, the human body is basically one giant electrical system. When you want to perform an action, a signal jumps from your brain down into the relevant portion of your body. So if something was capable of interrupting some of the signals, then it could keep you from acting. Or, if it had the right kind of map, then it could even start duplicating some of those signals, altering the way your body behaves."

Adam followed some of what she said, but he still didn't believe this was really happening.

"Let me demonstrate," she said. "Collar, sit."

The voice recognition software once again, the device understood what she wanted. Signals were inputted into his body. Small electrodes touched his skin, interfacing with his nervous system.

Now the device activated, sending those little jolts of electricity. They weren't actually perceptible for Adam, but that hardly mattered.

The collar knew what to do because she had programmed it, so his knees were forced to bend. He fell forward, hitting the floor. Soon, he was on his knees in front of this girl.

"Very nice," she said.

Then, without saying anything else, she lowered herself down onto her knees as well. "Adam, I have big plans for you. Obviously, now that I know my device works, I don't really need to worry about finishing the rest of my education."

Adam tried to speak, but the word still wouldn't come. It felt as though he had forgotten how to use his throat, lips, tongue. Of

course, they had moved just a few seconds ago.

She reached up and stroked his cheek. He could still feel everything, but he could control nothing.

“Still, I should be sure. Let’s play a couple of games. Do you like games?”

He didn’t answer. He couldn’t.

With a wicked smirk on her lips, she reached up for his tie. Loosening it, she untied it and then pulled it free. She tossed it onto the floor, like it didn’t make the slightest difference. Next, she started to unbutton his shirt. What? What was she doing now?

“Collar, allow for speech, but no shouting, screaming, or sounds above twenty decibels.” That would allow him to speak quietly, just like a good boy.

Good boy. She enjoyed the thought. It made her smirk, especially when she considered the implications of the very first command she had given him. The thought made her body tremble slightly with excitement. After all, fantasies were one thing, but now she could actually have him exactly the way she wanted.

For several seconds, Adam didn’t understand what her command meant. But when he tried to speak again, he found that he actually could talk. “Get this thing off of me right now,” he demanded.

“No,” she said.

Standing up straight, she towered over him now.

“Victoria, if you don’t take this thing off of me right now, I’m going to make sure you are expelled! Hell, you might even go to jail for this!”

“Collar, make him can tell me that he is going to be a good boy.” She had spent a lot of time working on the vocal interface, which meant the device was very flexible with how she phrased her orders.

“I’m going to be a good boy,” Adam said a few seconds later. His lips began to move, and he wanted to look frustrated, but he couldn’t. Instead, he uttered each sound just the way she wanted.

“I’m glad to hear it,” Victoria said as she looked down into his eyes. She seemed serious for the next few heartbeats, but then she burst out laughing.

“This can’t be happening,” he said.

“Adam, it is definitely happening. What you need to understand is that you belong to me now. As long as you’re wearing that collar, you’ll do whatever I say.”

“No, that’s not true,” he insisted.

“Collar, strip.”

At once, his hands rose up, and he started to loosen the buttons on his shirt. He shrugged off one layer of clothing after another. Soon, he was down to his pants and boxers. He took off his shoes. He slid off his socks. With every second, Adam tried to stop. “No. Don’t. Please, don’t make me do this,” he said.

“Make you? I thought I couldn’t make you do anything?” Victoria said, smirking down at her new property.

Adam didn’t say anything. Instead, he focused on resisting the Training Collar. He may have imagined it, but his fingers seemed to hesitate over his belt for another couple of seconds. But then he unclasped it, slid the leather free, and tossed it aside with the rest of his clothing. Then he pulled down his boxers and pants all at once.

Now he was naked.

“Collar, assume the inspection position.”

What was that supposed to mean?

Unfortunately, Adam found out just a couple of seconds later. He got up on his hands and knees.

This was supposed to be his office, the place where he felt as though he were truly in charge. But now, he was naked and positioned like some kind of show dog. With his chin raised, he stared straight ahead. He kept his back straight and his haunches wide.

Victoria kneeled down. She smiled as she began to touch him, running her fingers along his body.

Within seconds, an autonomic response took over, and he started to get hard. He could feel his erection right between his legs.

“Look at that. Such a virile dog.”

“I’m not a dog.”

“Actually, you are. Collar, bark.”

“Wruff! Wruff-wruff!” he called out, but he still couldn’t raise his voice enough to attract attention from anyone else in the math department.

“You see, puppy. You’re a nice little puppy now. I put you in a collar, and I can make you do whatever I want. Think of this as your obedience training.”

“This can’t be happening,” he said again.

“I could make you do tricks. Would you like to see?”

“No!”

Victoria hopped back up onto her feet. He glanced in her direction. That was a mistake because seeing her definitely contributed fuel to the arousal already simmering within his body. Adam just couldn’t help himself, not when she was so gorgeous. She had on a dark blue, pleated skirt with a tartan pattern. Her tight, white blouse added to the effect, making her look more like a schoolgirl than a college student with advanced training. Finally, the black, leather boots made it clear that she was definitely an adult, a powerful young woman who could take whatever she wanted.

Including him.

No...Adam couldn’t allow himself to think that way.

Her fingers continued to move along his body. She pinched his ass and seemed to coo with amusement. “Nice and firm,” she said. “I think you’re going to be a very good boy for me. Yes, you are.” Then she stroked his chest, her nails gliding over his vulnerable body.

All the while, he desperately hoped that she would not touch him between his legs.

Victoria dashed those hopes only a few seconds later. She touched his chest, then his stomach. Then she wrapped her fingers around his shaft and caressed him gently. Heat gathered within his frame, percolating and bubbling. He wanted more of this, he knew, not that he would ever admit it.

“You like it when your owner touches you?”

“You’re not my owner,” he insisted.

“Actually, I am. You’re a little dog, and I put a collar on you, and that means you belong to me now.”

“No, that’s not true,” he insisted.

“Collar, tell me that you belong to me.”

“I belong to you,” he said automatically, the words pulled from his lips.

“There’s a good boy,” she said, pulling her hand away from his shaft so that she could run her fingers through his soft hair. “Oh, I like touching your head. This is a lot of fun. You’re so soft. You’re a good boy. Yes, you are!”

“You’re not going to get away with this. I don’t know how you’re doing this, but I’m going to get this collar off!”

“Puppy boy, it’s locked on,” she answered. “You could spend hours trying to tear it away, and you wouldn’t succeed. No. Sorry. I made sure that the device is completely durable.”

“I don’t care. I’ll find a way!”

“Collar, don’t touch your collar ever. Do not attempt to remove the Training Collar.”

He heard those words, and disbelief shot through him.

“What? You don’t believe me?” Victoria asked. After another second, she smiled to herself. “Collar, freedom.”

Adam really didn’t understand what that meant, but then he tried to make his fingers into a fist, and he succeeded. Instinctively, he tried to move, and his body started to obey him again.

Rather than remain on his hands and knees, he crouched down. He wanted to cover himself, especially his erection. He hated the idea that some part of him seemed to like this, that some part of him seemed to accept her authority.

For the next couple of seconds, he tried to figure out how to proceed. But he really just wanted to demonstrate that he could act on his own, so he reached up for the collar. His fingers stopped just an inch away from the device. He swallowed, he could feel the metal and leather along his skin, but he still couldn’t get the stupid thing off! He couldn’t touch it with his fingertips or the palms of his hands. He couldn’t grasp it!

“Oh, what’s wrong, puppy boy?”

“Stop calling me that.”

“But that’s what you are now. You’re my little doggie. I’m going to take you home and train you. I’m going to put you through obedience school.”

“No, you are not! I am in charge here!”

Victoria threw her head back and laughed at her helpless boy. It was adorable that he still didn’t understand how this worked or what kind of power she actually had over him now.

“You’re cute when you’re wrong.” Victoria touched a finger to her lips. He kept trying to get the collar off, but that proved to be impossible since he couldn’t actually touch it. After all, the device registered his proximity, and it stopped him by interrupting the electrical signals going from his brain to his hands.

The technology was remarkable, she thought, very much impressed with her own abilities.

“Okay, I guess that’s enough of watching you try and fail. It’s time for you to get ready to come home with me.”

“What, what does that mean?” Adam tried not to stutter. He tried and failed.

Victoria lifted up her skirt, and she tugged down on her panties, pulling them down and past her boots.

Then she sat in his seat, spun his chair, perched herself on the edge. Spreading her legs, she looked down at him and beckoned with a finger.

“You know what puppies love to do? They love to lick, especially their owners. So come over here and lick me, little dog.”

“I’m not a little dog, and I’m definitely not doing that!”

“Collar,” she said. He heard that word, and he immediately thought that he should bring his hands up to his ears, but he wasn’t the one who needed to hear those special syllables. It was the device locked near the base of his throat.

Unfortunately, he didn’t know where the microphone was positioned, so he couldn’t block out the sounds of her voice.

Victoria continued, “Come here and lick me. Serve me.”

At once, he dropped back down onto his hands and knees. He crawled along the floor. Dust accumulated over his legs, but he didn’t stop. Moments later, he slipped his head underneath her skirt.

Already, he could feel the heat of her thighs.

Then, without even pausing, he slid his tongue up along her crevice. He tasted her excitement, and the flavor seemed to simmer over his tongue.

Adam was really doing this.

Perhaps he had fantasized about being with a girl like Victoria before. Maybe he had even snuck glances in her direction over the course of the quarter, but he never imagined he would be in a position like this. Besides, all of his fantasies centered with her begging him for a grade change or pleading to get an extension on a paper or something. And along the way, she'd offer to do anything for him. Anything.

In fact, he'd pictured Victoria on her knees, her expression haughty as she got ready to service him. She would lick her lips, and they would shine right before she leaned her mouth around his cock. She might be a little bit humiliated, knowing that she wasn't smart enough to earn her grade on her own. But she would understand that this was the best way for a pretty girl to get a good score. It would feel so good. He would sit there, placed above her. She would be on her knees, totally subjugated...

Instead, Adam found himself in that position. He licked, sliding his tongue up and down her crevice.

At first, she just let out a little, appreciative moaning sounds. But then, she wanted more. She placed her hand on the back of his head, taking even more control from her teacher. He licked, sliding his tongue up and down, all with the goal of pleasing this girl.

"Good boy. That's a good little puppy. Good boy. I'm very proud of you." She said, teasing him with every complementary breath.

Adam hated every second of it, and that's why she did it!

"Puppies need to know how to lick. They need to know how to please their owners. And make no mistake, Adam. You're my possession. That makes me your Master."

Master. Not mistress. She was the owner, so she would be in charge. He was the pet, so he would obey. As those thoughts seem to permeate his consciousness, he continued to lick, sliding his

tongue up and down, up and down. He worshiped her, going as fast as he could.

“Slow down,” she ordered.

Reluctantly, he obeyed. He wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible, yet Victoria seemed determined to take her time.

“That’s right. There we go. We aren’t in a rush. It’s not like you have other classes you need to get to,” she said. “And that reminds me...” Victoria reached over and grabbed his laptop. Twisting at the waist, she made sure that she didn’t take away its ability to lick, but she also opened the computer and started to type.

“Tell me your password.”

He couldn’t do it, not while the device compelled him to serve her.

“Collar, tell me the password.”

Adam pulled away just long enough to say the correct letters and numbers. He tried to stop himself. He fought with everything he possessed, but it still wasn’t enough! This girl played with him, and she always won. Not only that, it wasn’t even a challenge to defeat him. All of his achievements and education meant nothing when compared to what this girl could do to him.

She started typing, but the collar went back to the previous command, so he started servicing her again. As she typed at his desk, he heard the click-clack of the keyboard, but he still didn’t understand what she was doing.

“Look at that. Someone just wrote his letter of resignation. I’m sure your boss will be confused, but I doubt you were all that popular. It’s okay. They won’t miss you. Besides, you’re going to have a new home now.”

She quickly hit send, but he couldn’t see it. Only he figured out what had happened at the moment she started to run her fingers through his hair. She pushed down on his face, plunging his tongue deeper and deeper into her opening. He worshiped her clitoris, he served her, moving his tongue left to right, up and down. He did everything he could to satisfy this young woman...his Master.

“That’s good. That’s good. That’s so, so good!” She started panting. She became incoherent as the pleasure coursed through

her body, spinning hotter and faster until she couldn't take it anymore. Finally, she surrendered to the climax, letting an orgasm run through her body. It simmered just beneath her skin, violent and delicious all at the same time.

Grabbing his hair, she pulled his head back.
"Collar, Take Home Protocol."

The Take Home Protocol. Victoria had spent a little while perfecting this particular part of the devices programming. After all, she didn't want there to be any mistakes for when she took her new puppy home.

Adam immediately started to get dressed. His movements were mechanical, but that was fine with her. She figured out some of her future customers would enjoy seeing those robotic movements, if only to demonstrate that the wearer had truly lost all control.

After he was dressed, he stood there.

Victoria reached into his pockets and pulled out his wallet and keys and phone. She slipped those into her backpack, and then she left his office. She walked down the hallway. Without even looking, she could tell that her teacher had started to follow her.

Trapped as a prisoner within his own body, he saw a couple of colleagues pass by, but Adam couldn't say anything. He couldn't cry out for help.

He was a good boy, and he had the collar around his neck. If anyone noticed, whether it was another teacher or student, no one said anything. Even if they had, the Training Collar would have forced him to give some lame explanation about how he had lost a bet. Then he would walk away, and everyone would assume that he was doing something silly because he worked at a college.

Because of the protocol, he had no choice but to walk behind this girl. He followed her diligently, weaving between other people. He kept his eyes fixed on that point between her shoulder blades.

Pretty soon, they came to her car. It was in the student parking lot, set far away from any of the other vehicles. Since it was finals week, there was a lot more room. She opened the trunk and motioned for him to get inside.

“Collar, get in.”

Adam had no choice. Electrical signals from his brain to his body were scrambled and modified, making him do exactly what she wanted. He climbed into the trunk, and she slammed it shut just a second later. He was trapped, alone in the dark.

Victoria actually did very well for herself. Despite the traditional cliché of the impoverished college student, she made a decent amount of money as an electrical engineer. She took side gigs, working for various corporations in the city. They liked her because she didn't want a full-time job, and she could handle plenty of problems. She liked them because they didn't ask any questions, not even when she snuck in to use some of their more expensive pieces of equipment after hours.

So rather than living in a dorm room or some crappy little apartment, she had a small house all to herself. It wasn't especially elaborate, but it served her purposes. Besides, she enjoyed the privacy.

When she pulled up in front of her house, she wasn't surprised to see that the cul-de-sac where she lived was pretty much empty. She opened the trunk, and her teacher turned dog looked up at her.

Because of her previous command, he still couldn't raise his voice. “What are you going to do?”

“I'm going to put you through obedience school,” she said, winking at him.

Adam didn't like the sound of that.

Apparently, the former protocol was still in effect as well because she started to walk away from the car, and he clambered out. He chased after her, feeling very much like a puppy who had noticed a pretty girl.

Taking out her keys, she opened the front door.

With every step, Adam attempted to stop himself. He knew that if he disappeared inside of her home, there would be no telling what she might inflict on him.

“Come on, little dog,” she said, talking down to him. “I bet you’re hungry after the ride home.”

His eyes narrowed, he stared at her, but he continued to follow her. She closed the front door once he passed the threshold.

“Follow,” she said unnecessarily.

When Adam took a couple more steps, she glanced over her shoulder, “Collar, crawl.”

The device registered the order, so he immediately dropped to his hands and knees. He scurried after her, exactly as a dog would have done.

“There’s a good boy.” She took him to the kitchen, and that’s where he saw the two dog bowls waiting for him.

“No. Please, don’t. Don’t do this,” he said, but Victoria opened the fridge door, and she pulled out some scraps. She popped open a plastic container and dumped the leftovers into one bowl. Then she picked up the other and filled it with tap water. Setting it down next to the other bowl, she looked at him.

“We both know you’re going to do it. You might as well get started now.”

“I’m not a dog. I don’t need to eat off of the floor!”

“Cute,” she said. As she grinned at him, she waited for him to succumb to the inevitable. After all, he had to understand that he wasn’t going to be able to stop himself.

Once he exhausted her patience, she said, “Collar, eat.”

He turned around, faced the dog bowl, and then he bowed his head down, exactly as she expected. Waves of frustration shot through his body, but he still opened his mouth and bent down.

With her arms crossed over her chest, she enjoyed the show. Oh yes, this was a lot of fun.

While he ate, she decided to give him a little lesson, “I know this is difficult for you to understand, but you are a puppy now, and that means you do whatever your owner says. That’s me. I’m your owner. I own you, so you belong to me and you obey. There is nothing more important to a puppy than obeying his Master.”

“I’m not going to be a puppy. I’m not a dog,” he started to say, only to have the words cut off as he bit into the leftovers. It felt like

pot roast or something, but it was cold against his tongue. He chewed and swallowed, all because of the damned Training Collar.

Poised above him, she enjoyed his demonstration of obedience. Sure, he didn't make this choice on his own, but she hardly cared. His compliance with the only thing that mattered.

Crouching down, she watched as he continued to eat, compelled by her technology.

That was a heady thought.

Victoria had built this all on her own. Sure, she had done a lot of research, and some of her teachers helped her with certain aspects of the device, all without knowing precisely what she intended.

Considering what this thing can do, she knew that she would be a very, very wealthy woman.

"You're helping me," she said. "I want you to know that."

Still held by the device, he ate, chewing and swallowing without using his hands. He pressed his face down into the dog bowl, pulling more of the slop between his teeth. He glanced over at her for a second, yet he still couldn't stop the activity.

"I'm going to need someone to show off. I'm going to tie you down, let you snarl and argue and fight me, and then I'm going to put this collar back on you, and all of my investors will see just how obedient you become. Doesn't that sound nice? You're going to be so helpful!" To accentuate the point, she reached down and stroked the back of his head.

"You like that, don't you?"

"No," he grumbled between bites of his dog food.

"Yeah, you do," she said, breezily contradicting him. "You love being petted because you are an animal now. You just my little doggie boy. Yes, you are." He hated the singsong tone she used with him, as though he couldn't really comprehend anything she said despite the fact that he kept arguing.

That's when he realized that she could do this: his arguments didn't matter. His positions were completely irrelevant to her. He could say or do whatever he wanted, yet she would still force him to become obedient for her whims.

“Good boy. I think I know what you need now. You need a reward.” He had mostly cleaned out his dog bowl, so he settled back. That’s when she positioned herself right next to him. She reached down. And she slid her hand into his pants. She found his shaft, and she gripped it slightly.

He started to move, to pull away, but she just said, “Collar, sit still.”

Just like that, she stole his ability to move. This girl fondled and teased him, her hand moving up and down his erection, but he couldn’t stop her.

Adam seriously thought about trying to beg her, but that would only reinforce the notion that she had absolute power over him. He wasn’t going to give her that satisfaction. He wouldn’t give her any more reason to believe that he could be broken or tamed.

And yet, it still felt incredible.

No girl had ever touched him like this before. Sure, some of his ex-girlfriends had stroked him once or twice, but they didn’t have her sensuous grip or the understanding of what it really took to turn a man on. Just as importantly, none of them were as gorgeous as Victoria.

His heart beat wildly in his chest, and he tried to resist the pull of her body, but she was just so sexy. He loved the swell of her breasts, the scent of her perfume, and the shine of her hair. Even when she looked down at him, he knew that he wanted to be close to her. He just couldn’t help himself!

“Are you going to drink from your dog bowl like a good boy?”

“No. I won’t. I can’t,” he said, panting and growling at the same time.

For her part, she just threw her head back and laughed again. “Oh, you silly puppy. You don’t really understand how this works. Don’t worry. I’m here to teach you. Just think of this as your own private Obedience School.”

He twitched even as she brought him to the cusp of an orgasm.

Then her fingers spread apart, and she pulled her hand from his pants.

“Collar, strip. Get completely naked.”

The Training Collar didn't actually need to acknowledge her command. Instead, it overrode his conscious desires and instincts. He started to loosen his pants and pull off his shirt once again.

“No one's going to see you. We don't have to pretend that you are a person,” she said.

Soon, he was naked, and she ordered him into the show dog position again.

“Please, just let me go. Please, I don't want to be your pet!”

“Are you sure about that?”

Gingerly but with the kind of confidence an owner can possess, she reached back between his legs. She cupped his scrotum in her hand. As her fingers started along the base of his shaft, he tried not to harden. He tried to keep the heat from spreading through his body, only he failed terribly.

“See that? You're getting all excited. You love being my little doggie.”

“I don't!”

“If you want me to keep going, tell me you love being my dog.” As she gave the instructions, she gripped his shaft again.

She started to squeeze him and stroke him, moving her hand up and down along his member. She gently tugged at his tip. She squeezed his base. She made sure that he moaned with frustration.

“You can tell me the truth, Adam,” she said. “I've caught you glancing at me in class. I know that you're attracted to me. I know that you enjoy this kind of attention.”

He gritted his teeth for several more seconds before grunting, “I don't. That's not true!”

“Puppy shouldn't lie,” she replied.

Much to his surprise, Victoria continued to stimulate him. With every stroke and caress, she brought him closer and closer to an orgasm. It felt like he might climax at any second, and that's when she pulled away.

“Tell me you're going to be a good boy.”

“I'm going to be a good boy,” he replied quickly. He did it without thinking. Maybe, on some level, he assumed that the collar

was going to take over, so he might as well obey. Maybe he couldn't tell the difference anymore.

No. He was smart. He was a freaking college professor who specialized in advanced mathematics, so he could handle anything. Or so he needed to believe.

"That's right! You're going to be a good boy! We just need to train you. Okay. Go ahead and drink from your water bowl."

A wave of hot humiliation washed through his body. He could feel it spread from his toes up into his arms and hands. Had he really given up so easily?

Refusing to surrender again, he remained on his knuckles and knees, but he didn't bow his head down, nor did he began to lick at the water as she hoped he might.

"I guess someone needs some more stimulation," she said.

She brought her hand back up between his legs, and he tried to resist the pleasure, but something happened. She leaned in, and she whispered something. He couldn't understand the words, but he could feel fresh electricity run through his body. It didn't hurt. It didn't feel like electrocution. On the contrary, it was actually kind of nice.

Within a few seconds, he understood what the collar was now doing to him. Somehow, it made his body even more sensitive, even more reactive, even more vulnerable to her touch.

"My horny puppy is going to do anything for the chance to get off. Yes, he will. You know why? Because this Training Collar is good enough to keep you from coming without my permission."

"No. That's not possible!"

"Do you really want me to show you the truth?" Victoria asked, although there was this teasing lilt in her voice.

"It's not possible," he stated again because he needed to cling to that idea.

She rolled her shoulders back, chuckled, and then she said, "Collar, freedom load."

He was naked with a band of metal and leather around his throat, but he suddenly realized that he could flex his fingers, move his arms, and even stand up if he wished. He had control over his body again, although she could take that away with just a breath.

He thought about trying to escape, but he already knew that this girl could stop him easily. That's why he glanced over at her.
"What is this?"

"Go ahead and masturbate. See if you can get off without my permission."

"No!"

"If you don't, I will get you locked into a chastity belt, and I will throw away the key." She grinned at him.

Adam didn't want to believe it. He didn't want to imagine something like that could be possible, only he had already experienced what this girl was capable of. Did he really want to test her?

Realizing that she could intimidate him, he spread his legs, sat down, and he reached down for his member. He told himself that he was only doing this because he knew it would feel good. More than that, she had brought him to the brink several times. His body practically ached for an orgasm, so he touched himself. He did this at first with his eyes closed, like he could pretend that Victoria wasn't even there.

"That's right. Show me you can be a good boy. Show me you can be obedient," she teased.

Strangely enough, her mockery only added to his arousal. He heard her voice, and he loved those dulcet notes. She practically sang through every syllable.

I accept the fact that I was going to come in front of a girl who was supposed to be my student but somehow became my owner. I gripped my shaft, stroked myself, and worked until I knew that I would climax.

Only it didn't happen.

My eyes opened, and I looked up at her. She clearly enjoyed to the look of confusion on my face.

"Nope. Sorry. I control your body now, Adam. That means you're going to be a good boy for me. If you want to get off, you have to serve me."

Something inside of me broke, but I couldn't believe it. I couldn't accept this. Sheer stubbornness kept me from quitting. I

continued to touch myself, hoping that if I masturbated enough or found the right psychological button, I might be able to feel an explosion of relief. Instead, I just stimulated myself into a frenzy. I jumped up onto my feet, and that's when she stopped me.

"Collar, sit still."

I fell back down onto my knees, just the way she liked. She strolled over to me.

Paralyzed but very much aware of what was going on, I had to endure her proximity. She smelled so good, and I stared at her short skirt and her legs.

"I think you will drink from your bowl now," she said. Almost as an afterthought, Victoria uttered, "Collar, freedom."

She wouldn't force me to do it, which was so much worse. If I had been compelled by her technology, then I would have had an excuse.

Instead, I turned around and dropped my head down toward the dog bowl. I started to lick at the water, just as a canine would have done.

She started to pet me again, her fingers brushing through my hair. "Good boy. There's a very good boy!"

"I hate this," I said after a few more licks at the water.

"Oh, I know you do," she replied. "But that's okay. You don't need to enjoy this. You just have to obey. That's why this is Obedience School!"

For the next minute or so, Victoria simply watched as her human dog licked at the water. He didn't know it yet, but every time he surrendered, he gave up another piece of himself. Pretty soon, he would be eager as her dog.

She looked forward to seeing that look of defeat on his face when he realized what had happened and how she had conquered him.

"Let's work on tricks," she said.

"I won't do tricks," Adam insisted.

Victoria laughed at him again. Every time he tried to defy her, it just amused Victoria. "Collar, sit."

He fell onto his haunches.

“What, resisting again? Was it something about how you are going to prove yourself?”

This time, Adam didn't say anything. Every time he spoke against this girl, she proved him wrong; she demonstrated her authority. He just had to get the collar off, he told himself. But she had already instructed him never to remove it. So what could he do?

Adam didn't know.

“Roll over,” she ordered next.

Almost immediately, he felt his control return, but that wasn't good enough. Adam doubled his bottom lip as he stared straight ahead. He struggled to remain utterly stoic, as though this didn't affect him.

“Is that how you want to behave? Is that how you are going to act?” Victoria teased.

He inhaled, filling his lungs. He thought that he might be able to attack her or something, but she smirked. “If you behave, I might let you have that orgasm.”

Adam growled like a beast. That didn't scare her. On the contrary, she laughed at him. Victoria made it worse when she raised her hand, like she wanted to cover her mouth to keep him from seeing what she was doing. But really, it was obvious. She thought he was cute, an adorable little dog.

“You might get that orgasm,” she said again, making it sound so enticing.

He bit down on his lower lip again, and then he threw himself to the side, rolling around on the floor in front of her.

“Good boy!”

When he was on his back, she came up to him, and she started to touch him. Her fingers brushed over his chest, down his stomach, over his flanks, and then to his shaft. That's right. She started to tease him and touch him again, making him twitch with anticipation.

But she didn't free him from the collar's influence.

“Please,” he said, his voice straining. Adam didn't know how much more of this he could take!

“Oh, you’re such a funny little puppy. Yes, you are!” She wrapped her hand around his member, squeezed, relaxed, and then tensed up again.

Each time, it felt like he would climax. He had never been this aroused before; he had never experienced this kind of tormenting stimulation.

“Tell me you want to be my doggie.”

“I, I want to be your doggie!”

“Tell me that you want to hump my leg.”

“What?” Adam asked.

She relaxed her hold on his genitals.

Gasping and panting, he managed to get his thoughts back together. “No. I, I want to do it.”

“Collar, begging position.”

Immediately, he rolled up onto his haunches again, only now he pressed his elbows to his sides, and he raised his hands up. His wrists relaxed, and his fingers pushed down into his palms, making an adorable little set of paws.

“Look at that. You can assume the position with hardly any effort. Now, I’m going to give you the chance to beg to hump my leg. Show me you can be a good dog.” After that, she returned his freedom, but Adam didn’t know what to do.

His entire body ached for orgasm. It felt like an addiction that suffused every molecule and nerve he possessed. He wanted to jump at her, but he already knew it would be ineffective. This girl was smarter than him and stronger than him. She had already won.

Logically, he needed to succumb except for the fact that he was now her pet because he was never going to get away.

“There it is! That’s the look!”

Maintaining his begging position, he looked up at her. “Please, may I please hump your leg?”

“Bark.”

“Wruff, wruff!” he called out, making those animal noises for her amusement.

“Roll over!”

He did that too.

By this point, she started to suspect that she could really tame him.

“Good boy. You’ve already licked me, so come here for your reward.” He strolled back over toward her couch, and then she beckoned him. This time, he didn’t try to stand up. He was just a dog, so he had to remain on all fours. Moving on his knees and knuckles, he scampered over to her, and then she reached out, grabbed his collar and pulled him forward. The next thing he knew, his shaft pressed up against her leg.

“There we go. There’s my horny little puppy play.”

Adam hated every second of this, yet it still felt so good. Intellectually, he could think of himself as a man, but he felt more like a canine.

That morning, he had woken up as a college instructor, but now he pumped his hips against this girl.

“Collar, enable orgasm.”

Almost immediately, his shaft began to pulsate and sputter. He could feel it as he shot his load against her skirt. He grunted and growled, just like an animal. And then he finished, only to feel weak and exhausted. She put her hand on his shoulder and nudged down to the floor.

“There’s a good boy.” With a grin on her face, she stood over him. He saw the wet spot on her skirt.

“Lick my hand,” she commanded, holding her palm out.

Immediately, he understood what this meant. She didn’t use the device. She wouldn’t need to, not when she had already shown him that he couldn’t possibly win. That’s why he leaned in and started to lick her hand to acknowledge her supremacy. She became his owner—his Master.

The End

The Puppy Deal

I worked hard to keep the smirk off of my lips even as I reached across the table to shake her hand. Alexandra couldn't maintain the same professional veneer. She seemed angry and disgusted, but that didn't matter, not so long as I could make the numbers work. Oh, and I had.

By exploiting certain tax loopholes and new government policies, I made sure the deal would be completely irresistible. When I first made a few overtures, Alexandra had been repulsed. She didn't want my corporation to get these assets, but she knew she had to work toward "shareholder value". That's always a nice euphemism to describe how companies can do whatever they want, so long as it makes a profit.

Customers and employees don't matter—as though they ever did.

We shook hands, and then I allowed myself a diplomatic smile, "Thank you very much. I think we have agreed to all of the main terms. I'll have my people send over some paperwork, and we can sign the documents tomorrow."

"Yes," she replied before she walked out of the door, her back is stiff and her shoulders straight.

Alexandra was hot. I admired the way her black skirt clung to her ass. In fact, I decided to treat myself as a celebration. After all, once this deal went through, I would make myself several million dollars. Even with the absurd taxes charged on the rich, I could retire on this deal alone. Obviously, I wouldn't. I loved watching the numbers increase in my bank account even if I couldn't possibly spend it all.

Go me.

As I rode the elevator down, I pulled my phone up to my ear and waited for the ring tone. With pretty much anyone else, I

would've simply sent an email or text message, but I wanted to hear her voice.

I understood perfectly well that this was going to be nothing but a commercial arrangement, which worked fine for me. After all, I enjoyed keeping that boundary between us. No matter what sorts of games we played, I was the employer, and she was the employee. She had to do what I wanted. She had to obey me.

Ironic, considering my tastes.

At work, with partners, clients, and competitors, I was always diligent, logical, and completely relentless. No matter what it took, I would make sure I got the best terms of every arrangement. I wouldn't back down, even if it meant going one, two, or three nights without sleep. I pushed my people hard. Sure, they hated me, especially because I didn't see any particular reason to share the bounty of every success, but they wanted to work, so they followed along.

"Hello, Michael," she said, practically purring into the phone.

A smile dashed my lips.

Once the game started, I would behave very differently, but I wasn't in her apartment or her "work space" so I could speak to her however I liked. "Are you free?"

"I'm supposed to have an appointment in a few minutes," she told me.

Jennifer Kyles. I researched her thoroughly before engaging her services. Beautiful with her long, straight brown hair, bright blue eyes, and vulpine features. She's gorgeous, the kind of woman who can look both maturely severe or adorably innocent whenever she likes. Of course, the rest of her body is fantastic. She has these full breasts, that small waist, the rounded hips, and long legs. I've seen her in schoolgirl uniforms, corsets, cheerleading outfits, and more.

I got hard just thinking about her even as the elevator continued to ride down. At any moment, the doors could have pinged open, and some other employee could have walked inside.

I didn't care.

Those people didn't work for me, so they could think whatever they like. Hell, even my own employees could think whatever they

wanted so long as they obeyed and ultimately made me money.

“Cancel it,” I told her.

On the other end of the line, she probably raised an eyebrow. “That’s not how this works, Michael,” she said.

“It is today. I’ll pay you ten times your normal rate.”

Silence.

Like me, Jennifer had to know how to maintain her composure even under extreme circumstances. While I dealt with corporate negotiations, moving millions or billions of dollars around, she worked in more esoteric situations.

“What’s going on?”

“I just had a very good day,” I told her. “And I want to celebrate.”

“You know, if we do this, I’m going to be very, very annoyed with you,” she said, turning those words into a promise.

I was definitely turned on by this point. Simply hearing her voice was enough to excite me, especially because the rest of my body knew what this all meant.

“Please,” I said, uttering a word I never would have used with anyone else.

“Get on your knees and beg.”

“But you can’t even see me,” I told her, doing my best to sound polite.

“Michael, if you want this to happen, you’ll be a good boy for me, starting right now. I have no interest in working with the disobedient dog.”

Silence hung on the air again. I couldn’t hear anything except for the sounds of the elevator sliding down toward the bottom floor. I only had a few more seconds before the door would open. She must have figured something like this out, so I lowered myself down onto my knees. Did I have to? Yes. She couldn’t see me, but this girl was very, very adept at reading people, including their vocal patterns.

I started whimpering into the phone, making incomprehensible little puppy sounds.

“There’s a good boy,” she said. “You’re going to pay me twenty times my normal rate, and I’m going to be harsh with you.”

Understand?”

“Yes. Please. I understand,” I said, letting some of the relief flood into my voice.

“Michael?”

“Yes, Mistress?” I asked.

“Are you sure you want to do this? Because if you do, I’m pretty sure you’re going to regret it.”

Part of me wanted to glibly ask her if that was a promise, but I held my tongue. “Yes, please. Please, can we do this?”

“Remember. I tried to warn you.”

The deal was done, and I couldn’t wait to celebrate. In my luxury sedan, I drove down the freeway hard. I wove between different vehicles, all because I knew that this was a great day for me, and nothing could go wrong.

I was practically laughing as I parked outside of her building.

To the rest of the world, this facility probably just looked like one more office for some professionals. She didn’t even have a name plate on the door, but I had been here plenty of times.

I glanced up the steps, thinking of how I had been trained within those walls.

My cock remained hard through the entire ride over here.

Hoping to delay my gratification for just a little bit longer to make it that much sweeter, I leaned back against the driver’s seat. I started calculating how much I was going to make off of my involvement with this latest acquisition. Simply by skimming a little bit off the top, I could make myself a fabulously wealthy man.

Breathing out slowly, I grabbed the door. Decisive, I stepped out onto the pavement, marched my way up to her front door, and then I knocked.

The first time I met with Jennifer, she had me fill out an elaborate questionnaire. That actually impressed me quite a bit. She understood that this kind of game required more than toys or a sharp attitude. She needed to understand psychology and how people would react.

When the door opened, she stood there in black pants and a white, collared shirt. Her dark blue vest shimmered slightly with some embroidered pattern that I couldn't make out.

"You're not a cheerleader today," I told her with a smile.

"No, I'm not," she said. Then she stepped back and beckoned me forward with the curve of her finger.

When I hesitated, Jennifer just smiled. She had her shimmering hair tied back into an elaborate French braid. My eyes traced little lines along the curves of her head and down her neck. Damn. She really was gorgeous. Sometimes, I had wondered why she decided to go into this kind of work rather than simply become a model or something.

Probably because she enjoyed control.

There are very few jobs where a woman can assume this kind of authority and make this kind of money.

With another breath, I stepped in, and that's when she grabbed me. She put her hand on the back of my neck and pinched down. She pushed me through the entryway and down a hall.

"Where're we going?"

"I need to get you dressed up," she said. "You've been a very, very bad little dog."

"I don't need the full gear," I told her truthfully. In fact, my voice shifted slightly. My pitch rose, making me sound somehow subservient. None of my employees would have recognized that note in my words.

"Too bad," she said. She opened another door. For the most part, it was pretty empty, just dark green carpeting, a closet, and several dressers. Of course, I had a good idea of what she stored in here.

"Strip. Now," she said. She didn't raise her voice; Jennifer didn't need to.

I unbuttoned my shirt and shrugged it off along with my coat. Next, I removed my undershirt. Instinctively, I held my breath as she glanced at me and smiled slightly.

Jennifer probably worked with a bunch of different kinds of men, but she seemed to enjoy the way I looked. In spite of the fact

that I was her employer and she was my employee, I still liked knowing that I could impress her.

“Lose the pants,” she said. “I won’t ask again.”

My eyes narrowed slightly, which was a mistake because she grabbed me by my arm, twisted it behind my back, and then she shoved me to the floor. She had done this to me previously, but I still didn’t expect it, especially when the air got knocked from my lungs.

“I’m not messing around, Michael. You’re going to be a good little doggie for me. I’m sick of you are BS. So you had better obey. Bark if you understand.”

“|—”

“That didn’t sound like a bark,” she growled down to me as she twisted my arm again. A spasm of pain raced up my limb.

“Wruff!” I wheezed out, just the way she wanted. Next she slipped away from me. Standing up on her feet, she smiled down at me.

While I was on my stomach, I turned my head enough to see her. Jennifer seemed so much taller and more powerful now. This was probably the only place where I could surrender completely because it felt as though I had no choice.

I started to lose myself to fantasy. I rolled over onto my back as she loosened my belt and undid my slacks. She pulled them down along the length of my legs, taking my boxers with them. Simultaneously, I slipped out of my black, leather shoes.

Just like that, I was naked with this woman.

“There’s a good boy. There’s a very, very good boy,” she said. “But wait. You came in here, bragging, defiant, questioning me. That’s unacceptable, Michael. I think you’re going to need to be retrained. Thoroughly. Harshly.” Her voice took on a singsong cadence, and I looked up at her with big, nervous eyes. I kept wondering if I should ask her to posit or something, but I was so arrogant.

She walked over to me, raised her foot and rested it gently on my chest. She pressed to down on me. “Bark again.”

I made that same animalistic sound, “Wruff!” A warm smile crossed her lips, and then she pulled her leg away.

“Maybe you can impress me,” she said. “Roll over, boy.”
Boy.

I heard that word, and I felt myself slip into that state of frustrated helplessness. But there was more. As I pushed myself up onto my hands and knees and raised my chin to look up the woman who would become my owner, I felt a different sense of relief and excitement. My shaft was desperately hard at this point, but I knew I was going to have to work hard to please her.

“Again,” she commanded.

I threw myself to the side more energetically this time. My shoulder slipped on the carpet until I found myself on my back. Before I could get onto my knuckles and knees again, she placed her foot right there at the center of my chest, stopping me.

“Are you a happy boy?”

“Wruff, wruff!” I confirmed, holding up my hands and making a pair of paws with my tentative fingertips. I left my tongue hanging from my lips as I panted for her.

“Good boy. There’s a good boy,” she said. “And look at that shaft of yours. You’re a very happy boy, aren’t you?”

I barked again as she slipped her foot out of her high heel. I could now feel the curves of her toes, all wrapped in her sheer stocking, as she dragged her foot down along my chest to my stomach, closer and closer to my erection.

“The puppy wants to be touched, doesn’t he?” Jennifer asked with a teasing smile.

Still caressing her foot along my body, she pivoted to the left, sliding her toes down my thigh. Then she moved her foot back up, closer and closer to my crotch.

She didn’t touch me, however, not the way I wanted. Hot anticipation surged through me.

“There’s a good boy. But look at that. You’re naked. You’re completely naked. My puppy shouldn’t be some naked,” she told me.

I barked, confused, at least until she turned back around and strolled away. Gracefully, she slipped her other foot free from her high heels. She didn’t need to look tall, not anymore, not when I’d be on the floor like her dog.

Remaining on my back, I kept my knees up, almost near my chest. Breathing in and out, I did my best to remain calm and focused. But at moments like this, it was always so easy to lose myself in the sensations. Everywhere else in the world, I was a powerful man. But here, one beautiful girl with a smile could reduce me to the status of the canine pet.

That something so many women fail to understand. They don't recognize exactly how powerful their beauty can be. They don't understand it at the right smile, a little laugh, maybe some attention, all of this can warp a man into whatever shape she desires.

Or maybe this was my own weakness.

I didn't know then, and I still don't know now.

But then she came back, and she held up something for me to see: a dog collar.

Blue and decorated with a yellow ring at the front, it also came adorned with tiny, cartoonish bones along the sides.

She dropped down to her knees. Even poised to that kneeling position, she seemed taller and more powerful than I could ever be. I raised my head slightly, making it easy for her to slide the collar around my neck.

"Good boy. There's a very good boy," she said. And then she touched me again. I looked up into her gorgeous face, and it was hard to think of anything else. All of the numbers I usually imagined every day disappeared, fluttering into oblivion because this girl owned me.

It's what I want to believe. It's what I want to feel through every inch of my body, and then she touched me with one hand. Almost absentmindedly, like she was just petting an animal, she stroked my leg, my knees, my thigh. Her fingers barely touched me, yet those electric sensations coursed through my skin.

"Is this what you want?"

I barked. I barked again. I barked and practically purred. I was on the verge of whimpering, just the way she liked.

"Not yet," she said. She pushed herself back up onto her feet and stood over me.

I started to roll over, thinking that maybe she wanted me to follow her. But instead, Jennifer glanced over her shoulder and smiled down at me. “Stay.”

Without one word, I froze, knowing I had to be an obedient dog for her.

Another smile graced her lips as she returned to the closet. She opened it and took something out: a leash.

“Should I leave you just naked, puppy boy?”

Puppy boy.

That was another euphemism, both endearing and insulting at the same time. Maybe that was what I really craved. I needed to feel loved and owned, humiliated and powerless all at the same time.

She made it happen.

My owner kneeled down again, right above me. She let the leash sway back and forth, a pendulum above my eyes. “Should I put you on a leash and take you for a walk through the house? Or maybe we need to go outside?”

My eyes got big. No, not outside!

Jennifer knew that I worked in the financial industry, that I engineered to different companies in different configurations. Sometimes this made them more efficient. Sometimes I simply wanted to extract every dollar of value. But either way, I made sure that my firm made money.

So much of my job dependent on my reputation.

She let the leash sway back and forth. Then she grabbed the tip, locked around my collar, and grinned again. “There we go. You’re a boy. You belong on a leash. That’s right. Now bark to thank your owner.”

“Wruff! Wruff, wruff!” I called out for her. When I made those sounds, I meant it. I was telling her thank you.

She stood, tugged on my leash, and then she walked out of the room without telling me our destination. She moved fast, so I had to throw myself to my side. I scrambled back up onto my knuckles and knees as I followed her out of the bedroom and into the hallway.

We made our way into the kitchen, and that’s when I saw the bowls.

Water. Food.

“I bet my boy is hungry,” she said, tugging on the leash. “Come on. Have something to drink. Have something to eat,” she said, her tone making it clear that I was herpetetic, and I didn’t get to decide when I might be hungry or thirsty. With another tug on the leash, she dragged me closer to her feet.

I looked up at her with big eyes, especially when I saw the dried food. I didn’t know if it had actually been designed for a human or a dog. Either way, she raised up her foot and put it on the back of my head. She forced my face closer and closer to the meal on the floor.

“Eat,” she said.

“I can’t,” I told her. “I won’t!”

I never knew exactly where those bursts of defiance came from, but she responded with a quick punishment. Her hand flew down, striking hard into my backside. The momentum nearly shoved my face down into the dog food. The stinging quickly lashed along my nerves, flashing from my posterior into the rest of my body. But that slap was the first one, not the last. She spanked me hard, he her hand down over and over again because she knew that I was a bad dog you had to be trained.

Placing her foot on the back of my head again, she pushed my face down into the dog food. “Eat.”

Between the pressure on my head and the stinging in my backside, I obeyed her. I opened my mouth and scooped some of the dog food between my teeth. I chewed and swallowed it, just the way she wanted.

One bite wasn’t going to be enough to satisfy my owner. She wanted to make sure that I had a complete meal.

“Keep eating,” she commanded.

Bristling, I tried to push my head back and away from the food. I wanted to say something, but she stretched her arms down and stroked my backside, her nails grazing my skin. The message was clear; I didn’t get a choice. This was going to happen, and I had to obey.

“Keep eating,” she repeated as I swallowed my third bite.

I ate from the dog bowl, just the way she wished. I chewed and swallowed, feeling the dry, gritty food.

As I did so, the shame raced through my body. I hated every second of this even as it kept me hard and made me crave more. Intellectually, I knew that this was absurd. I wasn't going to be her pet for her dog. I was her employer, and I could retake control at any moment. But then I swallowed, and I felt the tension of my collar around my neck, and it was impossible to really believe I had any kind of say in what happened.

"Drink," she ordered several minutes later. I had eaten most of the dog food justice she expected.

I raised my head and looked up at her. Her eyes met, but her expression softened after a few more seconds. She smiled at me, which was somehow worse.

It was her authority and confidence, the fact that she was perfectly sure I would obey her. And if I didn't—she could make me.

After a few more seconds, my resolve fractured and broke. I lowered my head down, this time without the benefit of her foot on my skull. I lapped up the water, just to she had taught me. I slid my tongue over the surface, dragging droplets in a few at a time. Sitting would have been way more efficient, but this wasn't about speed.

It was training.

She was teaching me to be her dog.

"Don't stop," she ordered as she positioned herself behind me.

I closed my eyes even as I felt the tepid water move along my tongue. Droplets slipped down my throat even as she brought her fingers up. First, she cupped my balls in the palm of her hand. She started to squeeze me, lightly at first. She just wanted me to know that I belonged to her.

There's nothing like having a woman hold you by such a sensitive spot to recognize your own helplessness.

My fingers pushed down into the palms of my hands as I tensed up, only then she moved her digits higher. She stroked my shaft, petting me. She didn't squeeze my erection. Instead, I could only enjoy those tantalizing strokes.

“You’re so obedient,” she told me. “You know, I think every girl should have a boy dog just like you. I mean, it would make the world a better place, don’t you think?”

I started to pull my head away from the water. Maybe I actually wanted to respond and say something like a man. Jennifer stopped me by placing her free hand on the back of my head in pushing my lips down toward the water again. My mouth and nose got wet, but she didn’t stop touching me.

“Keep going, boy,” she commanded.

Because I didn’t want her to stop, I kept drinking, slapping my tongue along the water exactly as she desired.

“What was I saying again? Oh, that’s right. Every girl should own a puppy just like you. I mean, women have put up with so much sexual harassment and garbage from egocentric man for so long. It makes sense that you should have to be pets for a little while. You could be totally obedient. You could learn how to please us. Isn’t that sound nice?”

A growl vibrated from deep within my throat.

“Oh, you disagree?” Jennifer chuckled. She wrapped her fingers around my shaft and held me tight. Obviously, it felt wonderful, but she sent me a message as well. “Too bad.” She literally held the most sensitive part of my body in her hand. Then she moved her fingers up and down. “Don’t make a mess.”

It was getting to be harder and harder to remain calm. My next move faster as I kept lighting my tongue over the surface of the water.

“You’re a good boy, Michael. You know how to behave. You know how to obey and do whatever I want. You recognize your status here, don’t you?”

She squeezed a little bit more, and I nearly climaxed right there. It would have been so easy.

“Don’t make a mess,” she repeated.

This wasn’t fair! She was teasing me, working me up.

Then she pulled her hand away.

“Bark.”

I obeyed, making those animal sounds for her. I barked again and again, just the way she liked.

She laughed at me for my efforts, giggling like some girl eager to play with and adorable little pet. I may as well have been a literal, actual dog.

“Beg,” she ordered.

I took this as permission to pull away from the table. Spinning around, I got up on my knees, and I looked into her eyes. I tried to look as adorable and pathetic as I could. Tilting my head to the side, I raised my palms up and pushed my fingers downward, keeping my knuckles as flat as possible. I made adorable paws, just as she had taught me. Then I started whimpering.

I made those high-pitched sounds for her amusement.

All the while, she leaned down, and she started to stroke my balls again. Braced on my knees with my back straight, I kept my legs spread, getting her easy access to me.

She touched me, teasing me, it made me crave release so badly!

“There’s my boy. But you’re not allowed to make a mess. Don’t make a mess.”

It wasn’t fair.

She kept touching and teasing me. Every second sent another wave of need through my skin. If she really didn’t want me to get this excited, then she shouldn’t have taken me back into the bedroom!

I whimpered eagerly, hoping she might change your mind at some point. I kept thinking that this was just her sadistic streak. Any moment, she would finally relented and allowed me the climax I needed. My face was flushed, my skin red. My lungs kept pumping, but it was hard to maintain any kind of focus.

“I love having you as my dog, Michael. You’re such a good little pet. Yes, you are. I love knowing I can snap my fingers and you’ll obey. You love following your owner’s commands, don’t you? Yes, of course you do. You just can’t help yourself. There’s a good boy. Who’s a good boy?”

Panting, I still managed to bark for her. Me! I was a good boy! I was herpetetic, and I would serve her however I could. I'd be loyal and obedient, following all of her commands.

She squeezed me again, and I lost control. It just happened. At one moment, I thought I could do it. In the next, I surrendered. She looked at down, watching as my shaft began to spurt.

"Oh well," she said with a smile. Then she rubbed me harder, squeezing, forcing me to come so hard! The pleasure coursed through my body, running along my arms and legs. Bending forward, I shut my eyes and surrendered to the sensations. Hot, delicious ecstasy roamed through my body, taking away every iota of self-control I possessed.

Once she knew I was completely spent, she pulled her hand away. "Look at that. You got some of your excitement on me," she said.

Oh no.

That happened once before. I hated it, but I knew I had no choice. She lifted her palm up to my mouth. "Lick me clean, puppy boy."

Puppy boy. Whenever she said those words, it felt as though I had no choice. I had to obey.

My mouth wrinkled into an aggressive pout. Part of me wanted to stand up, tell her we were done, and leave her establishment. It would have been easy to do, but then she tugged at my leash, and I felt her authority. Despite my orgasm, her power seemed to radiate through my body, spreading into my chest.

I leaned down and looked at the palm of her hand, exactly as she wanted. Discussed roiled through me, but I obeyed, and not pleased her. She smiled at me. With her free hand, she brushed her fingers through my hair. Her touch was so soft, so alluring and pleasant.

I loved it when she touched me like this.

"Good boy. There's a good boy," she said.

By this point, her hand was completely clean, but she kept her Palm spread out in front of me, so I licked her.

“Such a good boy. You know, I love that hung of yours. After the next part, I think I’m going to have you serve me.”

I settled back on my haunches and looked up at her.

Next part?

Before I knew what was happening, she grabbed onto the hair along the back of my skull, and she shoved my face down to the floor. She moved with expert precision, making sure I didn’t bang my nose, but I still felt the hot, sticky to ejaculate.

For a breath, I didn’t understand what was happening. My brain turned blank, and I couldn’t put the pieces together. But then it finally occurred to me. My senses caught up, and I understood that she was rubbing my nose in the globules of come spread out along the floor.

“No!” I started to call out. I meant to say more, only Jennifer reached down and smacked my ass again. She struck hard enough to make my skin sting, which prompted me to obey. I stopped talking. Instead, I whimpered like a good little dog. That was the only protest I could manage.

After nearly a minute of wiping my face to the left and right along the floor and through the ejaculate, she finally released me.

“You want to go drink something?” Jennifer asked.

I nodded my head down and up.

“Go ahead,” she said magnanimously.

A ripple of dismay ran through my body, but I gave her what she desired. I crawled back to the kitchen and dipped my head down against of the water. I rinsed off as much as I could.

Glancing down at the water again, I tried to tell myself how this wasn’t a big deal. Only then she grabbed onto my leash again, tugged, and I suddenly found myself looking up at this woman again.

“It’s time for another orgasm,” she said. Turning around, she wrapped the leash around her wrists before striding away. A little yelp escaped my throat, so I had to scamper along to keep up. Theoretically, I could have jumped up onto my feet and strode after her, but I knew that would only get into more trouble.

We went back into her bedroom where she raised her skirt and pulled down her panties. I watched her income off and threw

them to the floor.

She was already on the bed with her hips please toward the air. She peeled back her skirt and reached down for her crotch.

Then she turned her head to the side so that she could match my gaze. “Hey there, little puppy boy. Do you want to get on the bed?”

I let out a yipping bark and waited for her permission.

She didn't give it to me.

“No,” she said. “Not yet.”

I didn't really understand what she meant or intended, only then she stretched her hand down, her fingers reaching toward me. Straining on my knees, I arched my back and lifted my chin. A moment later, I looked at her fingertips. Once they glistened, she pulled her head back, and she started to touch herself.

“Michael, you're such a good little puppy boy. I love how obedient you are. I love that you do whatever I say. Sure, you have to be punished sometimes, but that's not so bad. Lots of boys forget how to behave. They don't understand what it means to be owned. But you understand your place, don't you?”

As she spoke, she masturbated, sliding her fingers in and out of her crevice. She teased herself, working her senses up into overdrive.

I barked my acquiescence, just the way she expected.

“You love being my puppy, don't you?” By this point, her breathing turned ragged, yet Jennifer kept going. “You love chasing balls, eating out of bowls, and doing as you're told.”

She tossed another glimpse in my direction.

“I really wonder if this is who you actually are. I know you have the rest of your life, but maybe you were meant to be a dog. Maybe this is your actual life. This is who you are supposed to be.”

I pouted my lips together and shook my head. No way!

Still holding onto my leash, she gave it a target before she laughed at me. “It's okay if you're just a little dog. Don't worry. There are lots of net out the world who don't have what it takes to handle their lives. They push too hard or reached too far, and then they end up in a crate.”

Crate training.

The idea shouldn't have scared me, but it did. I imagined myself genuinely trapped behind thin, metal bars, locked away.

Other guys might have been naïve enough to believe that they would just smash their way out. But those crates be very strong, despite all appearances to the contrary.

“What’s wrong, puppy boy? Does that scare you? Do you get nervous when I consider the possibility just locking you up? I could put you in a little cage. You’d get so bored and anxious, but that’s okay because it would help to learn your place. And that’s so very, very important for a dog like you. You need to learn how to behave. You have to learn how to obey.”

I wanted to say something like, “But I already know how to obey!” In fact, my lips parted, and the words hovered there on the tip of my tongue. But if I had dared to say a single one of them, but I really would have gotten myself into a lot of trouble.

I whimpered again, just like a little dog. That was as close to protesting as I could get.

She continued to masturbate, sliding her fingers along her crevice as she enjoyed her position above me. She touched herself until she must’ve been close to coming. Then she smiled.

“Beg.”

Jennifer didn't have to tell me what I was requesting. I got up on my knees again, made of the paws with my hands and whimpered. I made those high-pitched little sounds over and over for her amusement until she shivered, shook, and gasped.

She came right there in front of me. And yet, this was only the beginning.

“You know what I love about having a dog?” Jennifer asked me. After another second and a big smile she said, “I can have as many orgasms as I want, and I don't have to worry about how you feel. No, I don't.”

Considering that she had punished me by literally rubbing my nose in my own ejaculate, I had to agree.

She tugged on the leash, and then she grinned, “Get up here, puppy boy. Get up on the bed.”

I climbed up to the mattress, and then she set her hand on the back of my head. She pushed my face down against her slit, so I started to lick. I swiped my tongue up and down along her crevice. I tasted her. The heat of her body soaked into my cheeks even as my tongue started to dart and danced up and down, left and right, in circles and spirals, all for her satisfaction.

Because I was so diligent, she climaxed almost immediately.

I started to retreat back, only she tightened her grip on my hair.

“Where does the dog think he’s going?” Jennifer asked. “I didn’t give you permission to go anywhere.”

It was true. She hadn’t.

Taking her grip on my hair, she pushed my face deeper against her opening. Like a good boy, I kept licking, sliding my tongue along her length. I plowed down and curled my tongue up at the same time. I worshipped her clitoris with enough care that any other woman who had known about this would be desperately jealous.

“Oh, this feel so good. Keep going. Yes, you’re doing a good job, puppy boy. But you can’t help yourself, can you? You’re pet, and you know your place. You know that you belong right there between my legs with your tongue busy. You aren’t supposed to talk to people. You aren’t supposed to try to think for yourself. You’re a dog. You’re obedient and loyal, but you aren’t smart.”

My face flushed a little bit as I heard those words, but she was right about one thing. I became completely and totally focused on her pleasure. Nothing but Jennifer’s satisfaction mattered to me.

So I delved down deep again, my tongue sliding along the walls of her opening. Her juices hit my taste buds, and I enjoy every second of this. I couldn’t help it.

And as I licked, I could sense my own excitement return, building up moment by moment, yet I still remained entirely focused on her pleasure and satisfaction.

Honestly, I could never be this selfless at any other place or any other time.

I kept licking as her pubic hair rubbed against my nose. All the while, she kept her hand on the back of my head. She guided me, setting the rhythm.

I wasn't not in charge, not at all. My opinion didn't matter because I was just a pet. I'd do whatever I could to satisfy her.

Yes, I became just a dog...her puppy boy!

That thought seemed to explode in my head just as she tenses up, twitching, bringing her knees higher squeezing at my cheeks with her inner thighs. "Back," she gasped.

Obediently, I retreated to a spot further between her ankles. Braced on my knees and elbows, I looked up at her.

Jennifer stretched her arms over her head. She lifted her chin and our eyes met again. What was she going to tell me to do?

In my position, she couldn't actually see my erection, yet she still said, "I know you're turned on right now, and that's good, so I want you to come over here and cuddle up with your owner."

My expression shifted slightly, my rows wrinkling. Honestly, I didn't know what to make of this. Cuddle?

Part of me really, really wanted to come up close to her, but then I thought about how she was supposed to be nothing but an employee. That she beckoned me again, gently tapping her hand against her thigh. By this point, she had donned her skirt when I was looking.

It seemed strange. With her skirt hiding her slit, she seemed completely dressed put together. Meanwhile, I remained naked except for the collar and leash.

"Come on," she said. It would have been easy enough for her to think on the leash, but Jennifer chose to wait. She wanted me to do this on my own. She wanted me to crawl up to her like a good little dog.

I obeyed. Of course, I obeyed.

As she trained me, it felt harder and harder to resist. But it also felt so good. Surrender left me helpless yet complete.

A different kind of contentment swept through me, and it only became more powerful as I crawled up to her. At first, I didn't know what kind of position I should assume, but Jennifer was still in

charge, so she nudged my cheek down against her chest, just below her breast. From there, she ran her fingers through my hair. She could've grabbed a hold whenever she wanted. Instead, she simply massaged my scalp, lightly touching me.

"You're a very good little doggie," she said.

"What's—" I started to ask, only she reached to down and gave my behind the gentle swat. It made me tense up.

Worse, I realized she didn't want me to speak because I was still her pet, so I had to stay silent. I was only allowed to crawl up to her, naked hard, because she didn't see me as a man.

I shivered at the thought, both comforted and a little bit frightened.

"Michael, you're very good little doggie," she said. "Of course, I might have to do something about your name."

My shoulders stiffened. "Oh, don't worry about it. Lots of puppies have very silly names. I could call you something like Fetch or Chase. Would you like that? I think Chase would be a great name for you."

I couldn't speak, but I have allowed myself an angry little growl.

"Don't worry. If I need you Chase, you'll get used to it. I'll call that name out, and you'll know you have to come running. Because if you don't, you'll be in trouble." She giggled to herself.

I wiggled, doing my best to protest, but she put her hand on the back of my neck and nudged me down again. "Settle down," she said. "I know you're an energetic little puppy, but your Master wants to relax right now."

My Master?

I never thought of her with that term before. It was strange.

"Just relax," she said. That's when she ran her hand down along the back of my head to my neck, and then along my shoulder. With her other hand, she furtively stroked my balls shaft. She teased my genitals, making sure that I was hard.

There was a good chance she'd make me lick my juices off of her palm again, but I still enjoyed this. The pleasure rolled through

me, turning me on more and more. I start to wiggle, but she gave my behind another tap. "Settle down," she repeated.

Whimpering, I did my best to obey her. She was my owner, after all.

Then the other phrase popped into my head, and I wanted to shake it out, only I couldn't.

My Master.

Telling myself that I wasn't really her dog, I wondered if I should try to just end the session right to then there. It would have been easy enough for me to get up, raised my hands, and loosen the collar.

Before I could make up my mind, she wrapped her fingers around my member. She gave me another gentle, tantalizing squeeze. Fresh pleasure pulsed through me, it felt like I might climax at any moment. But right before I could get off, she loosened her grip and pulled her hand away.

"Nope," she said, letting the sound pop from her lips.

I tensed up again, wishing that I could have more. That's why I wiggled, turning my hips just a little bit.

"Oh, I have horny boy," she said, smiling at me. But then she wrapped her arms around my torso and told me to settle down again. It was difficult, but I concentrated on my breathing, and soon I just felt the heat of her body, the soft fabric of her blouse, and her proximity.

As the arousal began to fade, I stayed hard, but I began to think about something else. Simply being this close to this woman felt amazing. I didn't understand it. It almost made me angry, like I had to get up because I couldn't rely on her. And yet, I was a puppy dog in a collar, so I wanted to stay close to my owner.

If anyone had walked in at that moment, I probably looked utterly content despite the maelstrom of conflicting impulses. At one moment, I thought of myself as an entrepreneur and businessman, the kind of financial engineer who could strip a company down to its bare essentials. But then, I was also just a puppy dog, ready to chase my owner. She could have been the schoolgirl walking home,

and I would prance along behind her, hoping for a treat or any kind of affection.

For a second, I locked my job down tight as I considered one truth of my life I didn't have anyone I was close to. Sure, I had employees and colleagues, competitors and professional allies, but friends? Actual lover?

No.

Even when I dated, I could never let any girls know me as well as Jennifer did. It was her job; professional decorum required her discretion, so I could trust her.

I couldn't trust anyone else.

"Just relax, little puppy," she said. She stroked my thigh, the curves of my buttocks, and my back. She gently and gingerly touched me.

Slowly, the worries and anxieties began to fade away. They relaxed into the comforting dark behind my eyelids because I knew that I was with my owner, she would take care of me.

Of course, all of this relaxation rested on the simple fact that I was still my own man. I could still sit up whenever I wanted.

"You're a good puppy," she told me. I started to smile. I wagged my hips. Strangely enough, this wasn't some affectation. Instead, it just felt right, like I needed to do this for her.

"Such a good boy," she said, and I could hear that smiling her voice.

She continued to hold me to down at me for a little while. I nearly fell asleep, but I was close to losing consciousness. Instead, I just relaxed, drifting in the soft warmth of her body in a gentle fabric of her top.

"Okay, little puppy boy. It's time for you to get up. I want to inspect you."

My eyelids flew open. Strangely enough, I wasn't drowsy. On the contrary, I felt completely energetic, which was why I leapt up onto my knuckles and knees. Poised with my back straight, I raised my chin into that perfect pose.

Staring straight ahead, I worked hard to make sure that I could have been inspected by any judge at any dog show. Of course,

sometimes that would never happen, yet I still wanted to impress my owner.

Jennifer languidly rose to her knees. I was braced on all fours, I still felt smaller than her.

“There’s my good puppy boy,” she said. “Oh...and look at that. You’re still very excited, aren’t you? You’re a very excited boy.”

It was true, and we both knew it, but she still enjoyed pointing it out. Her fingers moved along my stomach and down to my erect shaft. With my back straight and my chin raised, I stared straight ahead, yet I still yearned to glance down. I wanted to see what she was going to do.

Would she touch me?

I hoped so.

For a second, there was a flicker of sensation as her fingertips glided along the edge of my scrotum. But then the sensation vanished. A moment later, she ran her palm along the underside of my cock. Hot excitement surged through me, making it harder and harder for me to think.

That’s why I stayed in position. I kept my muscles tensed and rigid like a good dog.

“Such a good boy,” she said and used both of her hands to stimulate me.

One finger darted along that sensitive underside of my balls. She touched and teased me, working me up. The excitement mounted, moment by moment, simmering into a hot boiled deep within my body.

“Such a good boy,” she said, her other hand gliding up and down my shaft. I felt like I might come hard at any moment. The excitement surged through me, and I wanted to yield to it. I wanted to feel that burst. I wanted her to squeeze me until my muscles tightened and shake.

Instead, she kept me there on the edge.

“You’re a good little puppy, but I think that means you also belong in your gear.”

I blinked.

Resisting the temptation, I didn't turn my head to look at her for fear that disobedience might mean she would stop. At the same time, I still gulped nervously.

"Bark if you want to go into your puppy gear."

I struggled to stay silent and fight the temptation, yet I understood what this woman demanded from me. More importantly, I comprehended what the reward might be.

I barked again and again, making those adorable little yipping sounds she enjoyed so much. And that's why she told me to stay.

Sauntering back over to the closet, she pulled out the mask first.

When I saw it, my insides turned cold. She knew how I feared a lot of this stuff, and for good reason. The dog collar came from a pet store. It wasn't a big deal. These pieces didn't. These weren't just exotic toys.

And the mask?

The series of elaborate straps would slide along my cheeks, up along the ridge of my nose and over the top of my head. It would give me a canine silhouette, but it also had a built-in gag, which will make it impossible for me to speak. For the moment, I only barked because I wanted to please this woman.

In the mask, I'd have no choice. Human speech would be pulled from my reach.

"Open your mouth," she ordered.

To put the mask on properly, she had to fit a bone shaped bit/gag into my mouth. It would be pulled tight against the sides of my mouth, and I wouldn't be able to spit it out.

For a second, I didn't do anything. She reached down, grabbed my behind, and pinched.

"You know, I don't have to put a tail on you, but I will if you misbehave," she promised.

For the first time, I reacted, pulling my head down just a little bit. This pulled me out of the presentation pose that she expected, yet she still just laughed at me.

"That's right. You don't want the puppy tail, do you?"

I barked. No! I really didn't!

Jennifer knew this perfectly well, so she watched as I opened my mouth. She slipped the mask up and over my head. A moment later, I felt and tasted the rubber bit in my mouth. From there, she started to strap the mask into place. A series of genius buckles worked together near the back of my head. The mask was surprisingly comfortable, but once she locked it on, it would be impossible for me to get off. Even came with a restraint under my chin.

She worked silently and efficiently.

The entire process took less than a minute, but once she was done, she slipped the padlock into place.

Click.

I heard that sound, I tensed up.

I opened my eyes again, to see that my vision had now been reduced. As a consequence of wearing the mask, my peripheral vision was pretty much removed.

She wasn't done, however.

After she patted me on the head and told me I was a good boy, Jennifer got up and strolled over to the closet again. When she came back, she held onto a black tote bag. She dropped it down beside me. I could hear the articles clank against one another.

"Let's start with your paws," she said.

She pulled out a set of gloves.

Of course, these weren't actually gloves. Sure, they went over my hands, but they were rigid, they forced my fingers down into fists, and they had adorable puppy paws on the front. The black leather shine, and she pulled the straps tight around my wrists. Once I bore the right one, I wouldn't be able to use my hand. The same went for my left.

"Good boy," she said, looking right at me. When her eyes met, I tried to communicate something, but she just laughed at me.

Once my hands were in the puppy paws, she pulled out the sleeves for my legs. She grabbed my right knee first, lifted up and slipped it into the leather restraint. She did the same thing with my other leg. Now, it would be impossible for me to straighten my extremities or stand. Another set of sleeves went over my elbows,

making sure that I would be reduced to crawling on my elbows and knees.

“How does that feel? Nice and tight?”

I worked to say something, only my words were turned into complete gibberish by the mask.

“It’s okay, little puppy boy. This is good for you. You need to remember that your own. You belong to me, seeing as you’re told. Right now, I’m telling you to stay in this pose so I can finish harnessing you in.”

What? The harness? No!

I shook my head from side to side, but she just chuckled. “It’s okay, puppy. Once your harness, you’ll be nice and secure.”

At that moment, it felt like I might be able to somehow wiggle or squirm out of the restraints around my limbs. May I could wiggle and be flexible enough, forcing them off a tenth of an inch at a time.

But once she strapped everything together, the different pieces would be interconnected and impossible to remove on my own.

My breath quivered in my chest, and I told myself that I should try to stop her. But what could I even say? Without the use of any words, it wasn’t like I could communicate the truth of my situation. Besides, she already had the straps out, so she started to secure them, one at a time.

Reminding myself of how I was still in charge, I relaxed a tiny bit.

But once she was done, she put her foot on my shoulder and pushed me onto my back. Then she smiled down at me. She connected another set of straps together, making sure I had zero chance of ever getting out of this equipment on my own.

“Good boy. Who’s a good little puppy boy? You are! Yes, you are!”

Since I was on my back, she decided to reward me again.

She reached down and touched my shaft, brushing her finger along with the tip of my member down to my base.

I remained incredibly hard all while she touched me.

“You like that, don’t you? You love being a good puppy for me, don’t you?”

Without even thinking about it, I barked for her.

“That’s right,” she said. “You want to be a good boy for me. You want to do everything you can to please me. Yes, you do. I’m very proud of you, Michael. And that’s why I’m going to train you so thoroughly.”

At this point, she was supposed to touch me, to bring me to completion. I needed her to squeeze my shaft and make me climax! And yet, she kept brushing her fingers over my member. The delayed gratification enticed me, but I needed this!

“I bet you want to go outside now, don’t you? I bet you want to play fetch!”

I whimpered, growled, and grunted. No! I didn’t want to play some stupid game! I needed to get off!

“Don’t worry, little puppy boy. If you wait long enough, I might decide to fuck you,” she said, keeping her voice low. In fact, I blinked behind the confines of my mask, confused. But then she stood up, and she held my leash in her hand. She tugged on it.

I had to roll over quickly. Then I scampered behind her, heading down the hallway and out toward the back door.

She wasn’t really going to take me outside, was she?

She opened the door, stepped out into the fresh air, and then she pulled again.

It was mostly dark by this point, yet I still didn’t think that she was going to do this. At the last moment, she was supposed to tell me to stop.

Jennifer kept going. Worse, she pulled on my leash over and over. Every time she did so, I knew that I would be punished if I really disobeyed. I tried to talk to her, to reason with her, yet the mask turned everything I tried to say to incomprehensible malaise.

So I soon found myself out under the moonlight.

“I might allow you to have an orgasm, little puppy, but only if you can fetch like a good boy.”

We had played this game so many times before, yet I didn’t know what I was supposed to do. Out in the dark, it felt wild.

She raised her hand up. At some point, she had grabbed a ball. But now, she reached down and up to the leash from my collar. This didn't make me feel free, not wireless trapped on the grass in front of her feet. She threw the ball, and it sailed away, landing against the grass and rolling off under a bush.

“Go get it, puppy.”

I remained right where I was for another couple of seconds, at least until she leaned down and grabbed my hair. She turned my head to the side. “Be a good puppy and go get it. Because if you aren't, you're definitely going to get the tail.”

Behind the mask, my eyes got big, and I quickly turned around. I scurried on my elbows and knees, rushing as fast as I could.

I soon found the ball underneath a bush, a bit down into it as much as I could. The bit allowed me a little bit of leverage, just enough to get the pressure I needed around the sphere. Careful not to drop it from my mouth, I turned around and raced back toward my owner.

Jennifer held out the palm of her hand. As she did so, she smiled down at me. “You see, you want to be a good puppy. You don't want anything else.”

What was that supposed to mean?

Before I could try to figure this out, she cocked her arm back and threw the ball again, farther this time.

Rather than wait for the order, I darted off to grab it.

The ball must have ruled under a different bush or tree. Maybe it was in one of the deep shadows.

I searched around, swinging my gaze in different directions.

“If you take too long, you're going to get a spanking,” she said. “I don't want my puppy to take these games for granted.”

If she spanked me, she'd make sure it stung.

Knowing this, I scrambled to get the ball back to her. I was practically running on my elbows and knees. Or at least, I moved as fast as my body would allow.

Moments later, I dropped the ball into the palm of her hand again, just the way she wanted. “This time, you only get ten seconds.”

If you take longer than that, I'm going to spank you."

Her voice was firm and determined. She wasn't about to change her mind, not about this.

Breathing out slowly, I nodded my head, and she chucked the ball back through the air. It sailed above me. Before he could even land, I spun around like an eager dog and chased after it. The ball rolled along the ground, bounced against the fence, and came to a stop. I scrambled as fast as I could even as I could hear her counting.

One.

Two.

Three.

Four.

I got to the ball. It slipped out of my mouth, falling.

Stupid!

I had to get it! I had to bring it back to my Master!

Internally, I flinched at her title, but then I told myself to calm down and focus.

Six.

Seven.

I grabbed the ball against my teeth, pressed my lips into the rubber, and then I raced toward her as fast as I could.

Getting back to her would've been easy if I had been on my feet. But instead, the puppeteer kept me beneath her, right where she wanted me. I rushed, panting through my mouth and nose at the same time. I raced toward her, running hard.

Ten.

Eleven.

Twelve.

Finally, I dropped the ball back into her hand.

She crouched in front of me. I was panting, gasping to catch my breath. "Oh, you tried so hard, you poor little puppy boy."

I nodded my head down and up. At the same time, I really wanted to tell her that she couldn't keep me like this. It was time for the game to end. I kept waiting for her to touch me again, but the

exercise and aerobics had made it hard for me to focus on my arousal.

“Too bad trying isn’t good enough. When your owner tells you to do something, you have to obey. Anything less is disobedience, and disobedience needs to be punished. Yes, it does.”

A pathetic little whimper escaped my lips, but she had already made up her mind. She reached back, slapped my backside, and I couldn’t stop her. I tried to retreat away, she grabbed onto my collar, and the spanking continued. Her hand flashed down again and again, striking into my vulnerable flesh.

I whined again, desperate make her stop. This wasn’t fair! She wasn’t supposed to be able to discipline me like this! I grunted and growled.

In fact, I let the anger surged through me. This wasn’t a gain anymore!

Shoving against of the leather bonds around my arms and legs, I tried to rip myself free.

It couldn’t do any good.

While this girl held onto my collar, she didn’t have to let me go. I tried to scramble away, but my elbows and knees couldn’t get any real purchase.

She struck over and over, going for the same spot. The sensations seemed to drill down into my psyche.

“Such a disobedient boy. Don’t worry,” she said, making the sound like she was somehow helping me. “I’m going to train you. I’m going to make sure that you understand what it means to obey.”

The spanking persisted, going on and on. Hot pain flashed through my body, nearing the pleasure I had felt before when she touched me. But now, I just wanted this to end! My eyes watered, but I refused to cry out.

I may have grunted and growled or even whimpered like a chastised puppy, but I told myself I could handle this. I could take whatever she dished out!

The spanking kept going and going. Then it came to a stop.

I was panting again, only this time it had nothing to do with running or crawling.

“Go get the ball,” she said.

Unable to help myself, I turned around and raced after it. I dashed as far as I could, moving with all of the speed I possessed. A couple moments later, I dipped my head down, I snatched up the ball, and then I raced toward her again.

She took the ball from the, patted my head, petted me, and told me I was a good boy.

“You see? Less than ten seconds!” She chirped out those words like I was supposed to be truly proud of myself for this accomplishment.

Next she pulled her arm back, and I tried to call out, “No!”

No. Such a simple word. She should have been able to understand me. She probably did, but she still tossed the ball away.

Braced on my elbows and knees, I glared up at her. When she looked down at me, she must have been able to see the expression on my face. Too bad it. It didn’t matter. The ball was already gone, and she would punish me if I didn’t deliver it back to her hand.

“Go on,” she said. “Unless you want the tail.”

The tail.

My breath got stuck in my throat. When we first started playing, she had showed it to me, and I told her that would never happen. Of course, she just smiled a coquettish leap back at me, like this was all a game, and I couldn’t quite understand the rules, but that was okay because she could teach me.

I turned around and rushed after the ball again. I didn’t go quite as fast this time, but I still did my best. I soon found myself in front of the ball. I dipped my head down, grabbed it between my lips, and pulled it up.

I turned around, I froze.

I was braced probably twenty feet away, right there in the middle of the grass. And there was this girl, standing there in front of the light. At first, I could only make out her silhouette, only then my eyes started to adjust.

No. Oh no.

I spotted the camera in her hands. She had her phone outstretched, the lens pointed right at me. A second later, my worst suspicions were confirmed as she snapped the picture of my mostly naked body.

“Don’t worry,” she called out, laughing. “You’re in a puppy mask, remember! No one’s going to be able to recognize you!”

I needed to growl back at her, to tell her how that wasn’t the point. Instead, I gripped the ball tightly between my teeth, and I forced myself to crawl back over to her, just like a well-trained dog.

“This is what I love about owning a boy. No matter how you tease him or play with him or humiliate him, he’s always going to be so loyal and obedient. Yes, he is!”

That’s when she dropped to down again. She took the ball from my mouth and dropped it to the grass so that it rolled an inch or two. Then she put her hands on my back, and she stroked me. She touched me, rolling me over onto my side. Interesting to me, I spread my legs, and she started to touch me again.

“Did you like that, puppy boy? Did you like playing fetch?”

At first, I didn’t answer, only then I started panting for her. “There we go. That’s right. You love getting touched, don’t you? That’s all any puppy really wants. He wants with love and affection. He wants to know that he is cherished by his Master.”

Her hands roamed along my body, teasing and stimulating me.

Yes. Finally!

After this next orgasm, she would let me out of the mask, and then it would be time for me to return to my regular life. The next day, I would sign the papers for my latest acquisition, and my personal bank account would add a couple of new zeros.

“Bark if you want to come,” she commanded. “Bark!”

I made the requisite sounds. Again and again, I barked for her.

If anyone else saw me like this, they would have laughed. They would have remarked on how amazing Jennifer could really be. After all, she had taken a brash, arrogant businessman like me and turned me into a dog.

“That’s very good,” she said. “But you still aren’t allowed to have your orgasm quite yet. No, you aren’t.”

What? But I had done everything she wanted!

Her hands continued to move along my body, and I knew that I could climax at any moment. But for some reason, I opted to obey her. It must’ve been the spanking. It reminded me of my place and how I had to obey this girl.

Only then, I immediately regretted my decision because she pulled her hands away from my genitals. Whimpering, I watched as she got up, grabbed the leash, and reattached it to my collar.

“That’s enough playing for right now,” she said, only I needed to believe she referred to the game of fetch, not my orgasm!

She stood, pulled on the leash, and guided me out of the yard and to the back door. We went inside again.

“Such a cute picture,” she said. In one hand, she had my leash. In the other, she gripped her phone as she examined her screen.

Jennifer held the screen in front of my face. “I know this doesn’t mean anything to you, puppy boy. I mean, you’re just a dog! You don’t care about pictures, do you?”

I didn’t understand what she meant, not even when she walked over to the couch and sat down. That’s when she raised herself up for another moment and peeled back her skirt.

“You’re such a good little doggie. You know, I’m getting to be really proud of you. Maybe I should show all my friends your picture. Would you like that?”

“No!” I shouted, but that it prevented me from really articulating myself.

“Do you want me to? Do you want me to send this picture out of every single one of my friends? Do you want all of those pretty girls to be laughing at you when they see you?” Her questions punched into me.

Right then, I started talking. Of course, I knew she couldn’t really understand most of what I said. My words morphed, getting misshapen and twisted by the gag in my mouth, yet I still had to try.

“No, Jennifer, you can’t do it!” I tried to cry out. “Don’t send that picture off to anyone, not ever! You can’t! I won’t allow it!”

Of course, every word was absurd for one simple reason. Not only was it impossible for her to really understand me, I couldn’t enforce my will even if I tried. My hands were stuck in those faux paws, my legs remained bent along with my arms, and she still had me on a leash.

“I’m going to send it to Amanda and Mindy, Jessica and Tiffany. I’m going to make sure that Amelia and Daniela all get to see you!”

She tapped and swiped her finger along the screen.

I had to tell myself she was just messing with me. There was no way she would actually send those pictures out into the universe. Because once they were online or transferred digitally, it would be impossible for anyone, even Jennifer, to control where they might go next.

Only one of those girls had to upload the photo somewhere else, and it could be copied, shared, and reproduced countless times.

It could destroy my reputation! What if someone recognized me? Even with the math, it was possible. I was naked. Someone might notice a birthmark. It could be an ex-girlfriend...

“Sent and sent,” she said, taking on this rhythmic, singsong tone.

I hated each and every sound she made it, but there was nothing for me to do.

Finally, I threw myself at her. I climbed up on to my haunches and braced my elbows on the couch. At the same time, I nuzzled at her phone with the tip of my mask.

“Oh, does my puppy want some attention? Maybe he wants to lick me some more?”

I shook my head from side to side.

“Too bad,” she replied, bracing her hands against my cheeks. I loved her touch, but then she put her hand on the back of my head and pushed my face down between her legs.

Because this wasn’t a game to me, I refused to lick her.

“Oh, I don’t think you really want to piss me off, Michael. I think you want to be a good boy. Bad puppies get punished, after all, if you don’t want to be punished, do you?” Those words rang out on the air, but I still didn’t do anything. It would’ve been easy enough to slide my tongue along the curves of the bit and to lick her. But I refused. I wasn’t going to do it! I simply wouldn’t!

My heart started to pound faster, especially because I knew I was risking her wrath. This girl had already spanked me, but I held out. If she started sending out pictures, then my entire enterprise could come under threat.

“Okay,” she said. She pushed my face back, reached for the release on the gag, and then she pulled it back. “I think you and I should have a little conversation.”

She pulled the bit free, allowing me to speak again.

Finally!

The words leapt from my mouth as I growled out one command after another, “You’re going to touch me, get me off, and then you’re going to let me out of this ridiculous rig. I’m not an actual dog, and you can’t control me!”

Throughout my rant, she watched and waited for me to finish.

Once I was done, she peeked down into my eyes and said, “Are you sure about that?”

Panting, I didn’t know what she meant. My face was flushed again, and I needed the relief of an orgasm. My shaft was so hard. Rigid, it strained even as I waited for her to do something.

“Michael, Michael, Michael, you’re an obedient boy most of the time, they still need to be trained. You need to understand that I can do whatever I want with you now because I’m the Master, and you’re the pet.”

“I’m not a pet!” I protested.

“Yeah, you are. And I’m going to train you one way or another.”

“Orgasm, and then we are done,” I snarled at her.

“Or what?”

“I don’t have to come back,” I said.

“And I don’t have to let you out of your gear,” she replied just as easily.

The moisture drained away from my lips, and I wasn’t sure whether or not I could actually believe her. Was I supposed to listen to this? She couldn’t really keep me captive...could she?

I glanced to my left, then my right. She slid her hand beneath her skirt and touched herself. She smiled at me as she waited for me to come to a conclusion.

“Lick,” she finally commanded.

She pulled on my leash, guiding my face back between her legs.

Something inside of me broke. It had to be her perfect, unwavering confidence. She knew she could get whatever she wanted from me, so she watched as I slid my tongue out and began to slap at her pussy once again. I hated myself for doing this. I thought I was supposed to be better than this. I was a powerful businessman!

Throughout the city and country, there were other managers and executives who heard my name and got nervous. And yet, I was still doing this. I moved my tongue up and down, licking her despite the fact that I had given her real orders.

She put her hands on the back of my head, making sure I couldn’t withdraw or pull away.

“Michael, there’s something else you need to know. I sent those pictures. I sent them to all of my friends, and they’re probably opening up the messages right now. Don’t worry. They probably won’t be able to tell it to you.”

Grimacing, I yearned to pull back, but I didn’t. I kept sliding my tongue into her, worshiping her, looking at the walls of her pussy, doing everything in my power to please and satisfy her, just as I had done before.

But after this, she would get me off and let me out. Then, maybe I would need to hunt down those recipients and get them to sign nondisclosure agreements or something.

I didn’t know what I would do or what I could do.

“That’s right. Keep licking, puppy boy. Keep licking. Get me off. Give me a nice, big orgasm.” She ran her fingers through my hair, touching and teasing me. I didn’t want to enjoy any of this, but I couldn’t help myself.

She had carved away something important, vital, and powerful from my psyche. She really was training me, I realized. This revelation didn’t help, however.

“I can do whatever I want with you, puppy boy. Yes, I can!” At this point, I brought her close to an orgasm, so she pushed my face deeper against her split. My tongue darted along her clit, exactly as she wanted.

At once she orgasms, she finally pushed my face away.

I licked at my lips and looked up at her from behind the leather bonds of my mask.

“Say thank you,” she ordered.

“I’m not going to thank you,” I said, unable to hide my temper.

“I guess you really haven’t learned very much, have you?”

She clicked her tongue and grabbed the leash. She brought me out of the living room and down the hall to the other training space. Once there, she tied my leash to one of the bookshelves.

After that, she strolled over to one of the closets and went through the different containers until she found what she wanted.

“Are you familiar with shock collars?”

“What?” I asked.

“Shock collars. I mean, that’s the less popular term for the device. I think most manufacturers call them ‘anti-bark collars,’ but the functionality is the same.”

On my elbows and knees, I raised my head and glimpsed her beautiful body. I had to strain my neck because she was close now, and she held onto something black, leather, long and narrow. It dangled from her hand, but I tried not to look at it. She lowered it down right into my line of sight, so there was no denying the truth of what she held in her grip.

“This is what you’re going to wear, puppy,” she promised.

The moment she unlocked my regular collar, I turned around and tried to dart away.

On some level, I realized exactly what this new band would mean. I needed to think that this was only some kind of game, but I couldn't be sure, not anymore. Something in her expression had changed, becoming more domineering, more possessive.

As the worry mounted, I crawled toward the exit. But where was I going to go? It was late, and she didn't need to release me at all.

It didn't matter. I didn't even make it to the door. Jennifer came right up to me, grabbed my hair in one hand and brought the collar up around my throat with the other.

Just a second later, I sensed the added pressure as she tightened the collar around my neck. Not only that, I felt the cold, metallic electrodes.

"Very nice," she said once she secured the shock collar. "Now I want to show you something. I have this nice app on my phone. Whenever I push a button, you're going to get an electric shock. It can be relatively gentle like this," she promised, tapping the screen.

A buzz snapped through my body, quick and mildly painful.

"Get the stupid thing off of me," I growled at her, doing my best to reach up with my hands. Because of the leather sleeves wrapped around my forearms and biceps, I didn't stand a chance. To make matters worse, I couldn't even use my fingers!

"Down, boy," she said.

As I continue to struggle, I distantly heard her click her tongue with mild disappointment. Then she swiped her finger along the phone. At first, I thought that this would deliver another shock, so I braced myself for the next snap of electricity. It didn't come, but that was only because she didn't mean to shock me yet. She was just adjusting the force.

"I said down," she reiterated.

As I continued to wiggle and fight against my bonds, she shook her head again, rolling her eyes like she couldn't believe just how badly I was behaving. Then she pushed her finger against the screen.

A sharper jolt of electricity slammed into me. It made my eyes water, and it cuts off the oxygen from my lungs. My entire body froze

for a second. The next thing I knew, I was down on my side.

She crouched in front of me, bending her knees and bracing herself on the balls of her feet. “Michael, tell me you’re going to be a good boy.”

“Screw you!”

Slowly and almost theatrically, she raised the phone. She turned the screen so that I could see the menu of different options. In the upper half of the device, a big red button glowed for her attention. Still making sure I could see, Jennifer pushed to the button one, two, three, four more times.

A barrage electricity slammed into me, jolting from the electrodes now pressed up against my neck.

“Don’t worry. According to the inventor, this device has been precisely calibrated, so it won’t cause any permanent damage. It’s going to hurt a lot,” she said, “but it won’t cause any nerve damage.”

Gritting my teeth, I glared at her hard.

“I don’t care about nerve damage! Just get me out of this thing right now!” I kept trying to reach for the collar, to somehow get it off.

“Down, boy,” she commanded again, letting a positive linger between those two words. From there, she watched me, studying to me. I felt like an insect, but there was still nothing I could do.

When I didn’t obey her command, she hit the screen again, three times in quick succession.

Another barrage landed, striking and cutting into me. The pain through me to my side once again. I was panting. The next thing I knew, I was on my back, staring up at the ceiling.

Jennifer stepped into my field of vision and looked down at me. “You think you’re smart, right? Well, then you need to figure this out. Obviously, you can’t get out of your puppy gear, so why try?” As much as I hated to admit it, even to myself, she was right.

“Now get up, tell me you’re going to be a good puppy, and kiss my feet.”

My eyes narrowed behind the mask, which only made her giggle. In some ways, Jennifer reminded me of a sadistic little girl. During previous sessions, that turned me on. But now, I didn’t know what to do or say.

“If you don’t get me out of this stuff right now, I will press charges.”

“How? You’re a puppy. You’re only talking like a human right now because I like you.”

Damn it. She was right.

I did my best to maintain a cool, detached façade as though this woman couldn’t keep me captive.

She touched her finger to the screen again, but there wasn’t another electrical jolt. Instead, she slid her digit over the bar. That’s why the next jolt would be even more painful.

“Well?” Jennifer asked.

At first, I told myself that I didn’t care and I could take anything she did to me. And yet, I bit down all over, rolled onto my elbows and knees like a dog, and then I crawled over to her. Keeping my head down, I started to kiss her leather flats.

My tongue touched the smooth material. I could taste and smell the leather at the same time. Then I felt the cold metal of her buckles, first on her right shoe, then her left.

“That’s right. That’s a nice puppy kiss,” she said with a smile.

“Please, just let me go. I can pay you.”

“Really? How much?”

“One thousand,” I told her.

“A thousand? Someone is an awfully stingy boy,” she replied. “I know all about you, Michael. You’re very wealthy man. As in dollars doesn’t mean anything to you,” she said. “Why don’t we try three million?”

...Three...three million?

Theoretically, I could have done it. That was almost exactly how much I had in my bank account.

But still, something inside of me froze up. I had worked so hard, negotiated so many deals, filled out so much paperwork, and concentrated so hard for so long to save all of that money. It was the score I used to judge whether or not I succeeded, and now this girl wanted all of it?

“Screw you!”

She tapped the screen to deliver another electrical jolt.

“Puppy,” she said, letting the syllables popped out onto the air. “Silly, silly puppy.” Placing her foot on the back of my neck, she explained, “You can’t get out of your gear. You know that. So why provoke me? Wouldn’t you rather just be a good boy?”

“I’m not a puppy, and I’m not going to give you my entire fortune!”

“But I don’t have to let you go.”

“This is false imprisonment!” I growled back at her, hoping that the legal term might intimidate her.

It wasn’t going to work, not with an intelligent woman like Jennifer. She knew precisely what she was doing, just as she understood she could probably get away with it.

“And who would notice?” asked the Master. “Your friends? Your colleagues? I have your phone. It’ll be easy enough for me to fake your absence. I just need to tell everyone you work with that they’re all idiots, that they’re fired, that you don’t trust them. I’m sure you’re the kind of boss who goes on rants all the time because you don’t think you’re beholden to the standards of common decency.”

It sounded like a speech she had prepared and run through countless times within her mind.

“Please,” I finally said, almost acknowledging the truth of her comment. She was right. If I texted my employees and told them that I wasn’t coming in, they would believe me. If I told them to get lost, they wouldn’t really care. Sure, they might lament the loss of a job, but they wouldn’t wonder what had happened to me...

“Three million,” she repeated.

“Fine.”

“Great!” Jennifer clapped her hands together, reattached at the leash to my new collar, and then she tugged on it, pulling me out of the room and back into a smaller space across the hall. I had never been in this room; it was just an office.

There was the desk, a computer, and the monitor, nothing special.

But Jennifer logged into her bank account, and then she looked down at me.

“Give me all of your financial information right now,” she ordered.

“You know, this won’t work. If you try to transfer that much money, it’ll take weeks.” I only told her this because I wanted her to understand it wasn’t really viable; her scheme couldn’t actually work.

“Will it now?” Jennifer asked. “I guess then, if you really want me to let you go before the money clears, then you had better prove you’re trustworthy. Can you do that, puppy?”

I tensed, flinching even as the words had my eardrums.

“Yes. I can prove it.”

“So tell me the name of your bank.”

I obeyed.

“And your account number?”

I told her that too, the numbers one by one. With each digit, I tried to come up with some clever solution to alert the authorities of my plight. Unfortunately, nothing occurred to me. There wasn’t some magic button I could convince her to press that would tell the cops to come rescue me.

“And the password?”

I gulped, hesitating.

“You know, I can make your time as a puppy very pleasurable or incredibly uncomfortable. There’s still the option of giving you the tail.”

“No!” I said, my voice tight with vehemence.

She laughed at me.

“Well?”

I supplied her with my password, each letter and digit and special character.

“And now you get to give me some of these security questions,” she continued having already entered in all of the relevant data. “What was the name of your college crush?”

Locking my jaw, I didn’t want to say anything. I knew that if I gave her this information, it would be the last and final step. She really would be able to empty my account, stripping me of most of my wealth. Sure, I had a little bit of money hidden away in other accounts designed for retirement or whatever, but those three million

represented the vast majority of my wealth. I didn't even my own place. I had always preferred to rent so that I didn't have to deal with the maintenance.

"Alexandra," I said.

"Pretty," she said, typing in the name.

And just like that, my account appeared along with a variety of different options: "I" could transfer money, request statements, or track my automatic bill payments.

Jennifer didn't waste any time. Trapped in my puppy gear, I could only watch as she entered in her own information and initiated the transfer. Sure enough, a warning bubble appeared in the right-hand corner of the screen. It informed "me" that the transfer could take several weeks as the bank cleared various financial and regulatory hurdles.

"Look, you can let me go. I promise, I won't report this."

"How can I trust you?"

"You have pictures of me," I said. "Right now, you've only taken money." I didn't say anything about the other photos she may or may not have sent. Instead, I inhaled, puffed out my chest, and tried again. "I can make the money again, but if you want, you can blackmail me with all of your pictures. You took quite a few over the course of our sessions together, haven't you?"

She wobbled her head from side to side, but there was that flirtatious smile on her face. We both knew the truth, but she didn't want to admit it because she enjoyed playing with me.

"That's all very true, but I think I want better pictures."

"What?"

"You know, I want some pictures, some video, lots of evidence that I can use to blackmail you. We're talking about a lot of money, after all."

Three million might be a lot to her, but it wasn't a lot to me. Sure, it is the total sum of what I have been able to earn busbar, but I know that I'm getting better as an entrepreneur and business man. When I negotiate, people listen. More than that, I've become adept at scalping every cent possible from every deal.

"Fine," I said, spitting out the word.

“Get ready to do some tricks for me,” she said with a laugh.

Holding onto my leash, she pulled me back through the house and out into the living room. Once there, she smiled brightly and raised her phone again. For a moment, I tensed up, thinking that maybe she was going to shock me.

“Don’t be scared. I only punish you when you need it,” Jennifer reassured me, yet those words only reminded me of the simple fact that she could punish me whenever she liked, and I couldn’t stop her...

“What do you want from me?”

With a sultry smile, she kept her phone poised my direction and said, “Pose.”

I flinched when I heard that one, very simple word.

Of course, we had played this game many times before, but never anticipated she would collect information to blackmail me in the future. At the same time, I didn’t think that I would somehow cooperate.

“Let’s start with something simple. Play dead.”

Still wearing a mask, I thought about telling her she could to screw herself, but then I remembered the computer. It was such a simple image burned onto my retina, just to screen, like so many others I had looked at before. Only I had helped this girl use the device to steal from me.

I dropped myself before Jennifer again. On my back, I lifted my legs and my faux paws toward the ceiling. Then I stuck out my tongue, like some overly dramatic cartoon dog.

“There we go! That’s what I like to see!” She took several pictures.

“Now, roll over.”

When I glanced over at her again, I saw that she still had the camera lens pointed at me, which meant she wants to record this. Maybe she would turn it into a GIF or something.

I rolled over several times.

“Oh, puppy boy, you can’t look like that.”

“Like what?” I growled, knowing that every second would only strengthen her control over me.

I only had one reassuring thought; Jennifer had already stolen pretty much all of my money, which meant she couldn't keep coming back. That was probably the most damaging part of any blackmail, I thought. Small requests soon ballooned into large demands.

"Like you're not enjoying yourself. Smile for me," she commanded.

I could only hope that the puppy mask up scared most of my face, yet I knew the truth. When she put on me for the very first time, Jennifer had tugged on my leash and paraded me in front of several mirrors. She wanted to see me in my new form; she wanted me to see myself as her pet.

Back then, it had only been a game. Back then, I thought that I was in control.

But even as I forced a fake smile onto my mouth, I held onto one really good point: I could get her back.

If I could find her files and destroy them, retrieve my money, and show Jennifer that she messed with the wrong guy, then I could get my life back to what it was supposed to be. I didn't know how to make any of those things happen, but I clung to the fact that all of this was at least theoretically possible.

"Very nice. Now, beg."

I climbed up onto my knees just as I had done before. I balanced myself precariously, lifted my paws and whimpered for her.

I made this pathetic little sounds, just as she had trained me to do. But somehow, that didn't satisfy her, not this time. "Oh, that's really cute, but you aren't gagged, honey. So you can do better."

"What do you want?"

"I already told you. Beg."

At first, I didn't realize what she wanted, but then I could feel the heat color leach away from my body. It felt as though my heart somehow slowed down as I stared up at the device.

She wanted me to beg, but not like a dog. Instead, she expected me to use my words.

"What am I supposed to say?"

Like some disinterested director, she fluttered her hand on the air, letting it spiral away. "Oh, I don't know. Say whatever you want."

Just be a pathetic, adorable boy. Tell me how much you love being owned by me. Oh, that'd be nice. Why don't you beg for the chance to be my puppy boy?"

"You promise you're not going to show this to anyone?" Even as the words left my lips, I felt like a fool since I obviously couldn't trust this woman.

"I promise," she said with a little too much sincerity.

Still holding onto my leash with one hand, she looked down at me. She studied me both with the screen and her own eyes.

Pulling in a long, slow breath, I began, "Please, Jennifer, would you be my owner? I want to be a puppy dog for you."

After that, I stopped as though I could no longer think of any other words, phrases, or sentences that might please her.

One side of her mouth puckered up as though she just ate something bad. "Come on, dog. You can do better than that. I've trained you. I've seen just how sweet and adorable you can be. Let go, Michael. Show me that you want to be my pet from now on."

I tensed at those words, but I really believed she would let me go after this. She didn't actually want to keep a prisoner. After this, she would have her money and her security, so she could just release me.

Besides, it wasn't even like I would have to start from scratch. I still had my business connections, my associates, and my reputation...as long as she didn't ruin me for fun.

"Hurry up, or am I decide to start chatting with some friends."

"No!"

"That's the fear I like to hear," she told me with a giggle.

Realizing I was out of time, I peeked up at her. Straining my back and neck, I began, "Please, can I become your puppy boy?" The words may have been similar, but my time shifted, stretching, rising into desperation. "Please, I know that I don't have what it takes to be a real man. I'm not a person. I'm a pet. I need someone to train me. Please, train me, Jennifer!"

"Maybe," she said, practically purring through the word.

When she didn't add anything else, I took that as permission to proceed. "I'm just a helpless little puppy. I belong on a leash, on

my hands and knees. I should be at the feet of a beautiful girl like you. I know I make mistakes. I'm not as smart as you, and you're so beautiful. Please, may I be your pet? Please, please let me be your dog! I will bark for you, such her slippers, and lick your feet. I will always be loyal and obedient. I just need an owner to train me."

"Do you need a Master?" Jennifer asked, her voice sly and dangerous. She reminded me of some high school mean girl.

"Yes," I said slowly and uncertainly. "I need a Master."

"You need to be mastered?"

"Yes, I need to be mastered!"

"You're housebroken?"

"I, I don't understand."

She tapped her screen, presumably pausing the video. Then she glanced down at me. "Stay."

I really didn't understand what any of this meant, but I wasn't going to risk defying her, not when she could still decide to do whatever she liked.

Jennifer turned around and strolled away. I watched her hair bounced lightly against her shoulders and down her neck along with every stride. Then she came back a little while later, and she had something blue and white in her hand. The blue edging looked pale and soft. The white seemed more like cotton, yet it was very flat. She unfolded the item, spreading it out in front of me.

I wanted to ask what she was doing, what this was supposed to accomplish, but Jennifer just proceeded on her own. Then she stood again, and she started recording.

"This is a puppy pad. Owners use it to housebreak dogs," she said.

The color began to train away from my face.

"Puppy, would you like to hump the puppy pad?"

"What?" I wanted to ask, only that wouldn't be the properly obedient, deferential answer she would expect. So instead, I gulped, and then I stared down at the newly unfolded, flat pad in front of me.

More than anything, I itched to jerk my head up and to snarl about how she was completely crazy. No. There was absolutely no

way I would give her the satisfaction of seeing me pump sump had on the floor like an animal!

Instead, I pressed my arms and legs up against of the confines of their leather sleeves. I kept hoping that I would get a miracle and that those restraints would miraculously pop off.

They didn't.

Tensing my muscles, I tried to furtively slip my way free.

I couldn't.

Crouching down in front of me, she aimed the lens at my face. "Michael, do it. If you want, I can tell you that you're a good boy. I can talk about how much I love having you at my feet. I can tell you that keeping you like this makes me wet and excited all the time."

Despite those words, I had to believe that she was only teasing me. That's why I lowered myself down onto my stomach. With my elbows forcibly bent and my knees trapped, it was difficult, but Jennifer allowed me the time I needed to get into position. I soon found myself on the floor in front of her.

I started to rub myself against the pad.

"Good boy," she teased.

I wanted to beg her to be quiet. I wanted to clench my eyes shut and to forget that I was actually trapped in puppy equipment, only she continued, "You know, you're very good little puppy dog. I'm going to train you. I'm going to make sure that your housebroken, that you do as you're told, that you hear my voice and you always come running because you know your mind. And don't worry. I'm going to pick you when you deserve it. You're going to get so many rewards. I don't think you can be very stubborn, Michael. You just don't have it in you, do you?"

She trained me with repetition. She wanted to wear me down with the same ideas over and over...and it was working...

"No," I said.

"No, what?" She had a title in mind.

"No, Master," I said it, grinding against the pad beneath my pelvis.

I rubbed myself into that pad, exactly as she wanted. Yes, it felt good, but hot tendrils of horror and humiliation seemed to spread

through my body. I wanted to clench my eyes shut, but I kept glancing up toward Jennifer and her camera. Why? Why did I do that?

It was instinctive. She was beautiful, and I wished to see her. Or maybe it was something else. I didn't really know what was going through my head it, but I got closer and closer to an orgasm.

"This is what you get for being you," she said.

What?

I didn't really understand, but it was too late for me to try to think clearly. My thoughts fractured, breaking apart into a million different pieces, all of which sparkled with pleasure. The desires coalesced, coming together as I began to pulsate. I could feel it as I shot my load against the pad. From one moment into the next, one heartbeat into the next, I came hard to, pumping out until I felt completely spent.

The pleasure began to fade away, replaced by one sensation: regret.

I just came on a puppy pad like some kind of untrained dog.

"That's right. You're a good boy," she said. "Now, let's talk about your future."

Picking up the leash, she escorted me back into the living room. She sat down on the couch, leaned forward, and she looked into my eyes. "I want you to know something, Michael. I have everything I need to blackmail you. I can destroy your reputation with the snap of a finger. Or rather, the tap on my phone."

"I know."

"No. You really don't. You think you understand what's going on, but you really don't. You see, you're my dog now."

I stared back at her, unable to speak at first. Then I found my voice, "No. You said you would let me go."

"Did I? Well, why don't you try to make a break for it?"

I didn't understand what she meant, but I had to get out of there. If she was seriously considering keeping me as her pet, I couldn't allow that!

Jennifer reached to down and took the leash off of my collar. My eyes widened, but I didn't question this. If this girl had gone

temporarily insane or something, I was still going to take advantage. I turned around, spinning as fast as I could in the leather sleeves. Starting forward, I rushed toward the front door.

When I got there, I tried to raise my elbow up to work the knob.

It was such a simple thing, yet I couldn't get the grip I needed!

Panic surged through me. I tried and tried again. On my third, fourth, and fifth attempts, I continued to fail.

All the while, Jennifer remained on the couch, her legs crossed as she watched me.

"Cute little puppy. You want outside?"

I barked.

Right after, I froze, flinching. I didn't know why I made those sounds for her, but it amused her enough to prompt Jennifer to rise onto her feet. She strolled over to the front door, and then she did something I didn't expect.

She opened the front door for me.

I looked out onto the porch. The street was empty. Lights that glowed in front of the houses.

When I raised my head and stared at her, I waited for some kind of explanation. Was this part of her game? Was she just going to release me out into the wild? It would have made sense, at least insofar as she wished to tease me. In less she released me from the mask and sleeves, I would need to find someone to free me. And of course, that would be a particularly embarrassing conversation.

"Go on," she said.

I still didn't get it, but I raced out onto the porch. I started to crawl down the stairs. Just as I made it halfway toward the first one, I felt it, a blossom of electricity.

It was a storm. At one moment, I was focused on maintaining my balance and getting down the steps. In the next second, hot agony exploded through my body. It was a supernova, bright, white, hot and indecipherable. I cried out, tactically shouting. In fact, my voice echoed down the street.

"Oh, look at that. It looks like you can't get out of here," she said.

At some point, operating on instinct alone, I must have scurried back to the middle of the porch. When I glanced up again, I was on my back and Jennifer towered over me.

She smiled with too much cheer, “Do you think there’s an invisible fence around my entire property? Do you think your shock collar will activate if you ever leave without me turning it off?”

“You tricked me!”

“You didn’t ask,” she said, making the sound as though it were somehow my fault.

“That’s, that’s not fair!” I cried out.

“No, it probably isn’t,” she said. “But that’s the fun part about being an owner. You don’t need to worry about something as pedestrian as fairness.” She smirked at me. “Michael, you’re going to be my pet now. I’m going to take you inside, put you in your crate, and let you sleep through the rest of the night. You’re going to think about your new status in this household, and then, when you wake up, you’re going to be a good boy for me. Because if you aren’t, we were going to have to have another training session.”

Reattaching my leash, she tugged on it, guiding me through the house into the garage. When she opened the door, I didn’t know what to expect, only then I saw it, a black, metal cage made of steel wires. She opened it up and told me to back into it.

“Please, don’t communicate. Please, I’m begging you!”

“Begging is a good trick. You’re good at it, but that’s not what I want right now. I still have to negotiate a deal tonight.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Oh, silly me,” Jennifer said, crouching down in front of me. I stared at her, still bewildered by all of this. Part of me didn’t know how to accept or process anything that had transpired, which made it easier for Jennifer to shove it back into my mouth. She strapped it in place, taking away my ability to talk all over again. Before she could lock up the gag down, I tried to spit it out, but it was too late. This girl knew exactly what she was doing.

She effectively muzzled me, and then she lifted her phone again.

I backed into the dog cage, and she slammed the door down in front of me. I flinched again, terrified. I whimpered, hoping to get her to change her mind, but she secured another padlock over the front of the cage and waved at me before she stepped back into the house.

I didn't want to sleep. I didn't want to believe that I could drift off into less intense consciousness while trapped in a cage, but that's exactly what happened. The seconds ticked by, mounting up into minutes. After everything, I was spent and exhausted. I felt my side, and even though I couldn't really get into a truly comfortable position, it didn't matter. The exhaustion took me.

An aroma woke me.

My mouth started to water, so I wanted to throw back the expensive coverlet and silk sheets I had purchased for myself. But when I reached for my blankets, I couldn't actually move my arms. My limb remained trapped, my elbow bent. Then my eyes fluttered open, and I glanced down at my hands, but I didn't see human digits. Instead, there was just black, shiny leather and the shape of dog paws.

Oh no.

At first, I told myself this had been some kind of terrible dream, but that instinctive reflex was just wrong.

The aroma of bacon filled my nostrils and made my mouth water. I stared straight ahead. By this point, sunlight had started to stream through the windows, which made me immediately remember my meeting.

Somewhere inside of her house, my phone probably buzzed for my attention, either because my subordinates needed to contact me or because the alarm had gone off.

I shoved my leather mitts against of the gate before me, and it banged, but nothing else happened. I couldn't get out of this cage, not until someone like me out.

I bit down into the gag, feeling the silhouette of a rubber bone between my teeth. Hot frustration surged through me again. I didn't

want this to turn me on or aroused me, but it did. That wasn't fair!

How could my body betray me at the moment like this?

Then, before I knew what I was doing, I started to whimper, making pathetic little mewling noises. All the while, I hoped Jennifer would reappear.

"Come on," I breathed out, do my best to speak despite of the gag. "Come on!" I tried to bark for her attention next, calling out like some dog. But for all I knew, she was back in her master bedroom, asleep and relaxed. Since I was in the garage, the chance of her hearing were pretty slim.

My muscles were stiff and ached with every second. I needed to reposition myself, but there weren't very many options, not for a dog in his cage.

I shouted again, as loud as I could.

And this time, like magic, the door opened, and Jennifer sauntered into the room.

She had on a simple black dress, one that showed off her cleavage, clung to her waist, and had a hemline that wafted along with her every step. Her legs were on display.

I didn't want to get turned on or aroused, but I couldn't help myself.

"There's the horny little puppy," she said.

Jennifer held her hand behind her back. I didn't understand why, not at first, but then she crouched down in front of the cage. "Do you want out?"

If I had been stronger, then I would have managed some kind of stoicism. I would have stared back at her with colder, angry eyes. Unfortunately for me, that wasn't going to work, not if I needed her help. So I bobbed my head down and up, just like an eager dog.

"Speak, boy."

"Wruff!" I barked out for her amusement. She smirked.

"Are you a good puppy?"

I barked again. Apparently, that counted as an affirmative.

"And you belong to me?"

Another bark of surrender.

“Is that because you don’t have any money? Do you belong to me because you’re a poor little puppy?”

I growled for a second before reluctantly forcing myself to bark. As I did so, she laughed again, the sounds bouncing off the walls.

“Okay, little puppy. I’m going to let you out.” She stood, unlocked the gate, and stepped back.

Pressing the tip of my mask against the metal bars, I shoved it outward.

Once I crawled out on my elbows and knees, I looked around. I felt the confines of my leather sleeves. These restrictions made it impossible for me to feel truly “free”. Instead, I may as well have been in a cage, a point Jennifer reinforced by crouching down and reconnecting my leash.

“There we go,” she said happily, almost chirping the words.

I attempted to say something, to get her to talk to me, but she just cocked her head to the side as though she couldn’t possibly understand what I wanted. It was obvious; it was clear. I wanted her to take the bit out of my mouth so that we could talk like equals.

“See what I have for you?” Jennifer said instead.

She pulled out the puppy tail.

When I saw the rubber implement, my eyes widened.

I started to shake my head and to retreat back. I bumped up against the cage.

“Oh, you silly little puppy. Seriously, did you think I was just going to let you out of your cage? No. It’s time for you to get used to wearing her tail. You’re dog, after all. I want to see you wag. I want to see that cute little tail of yours swing from side to side!” To emphasize her point, she clapped her hands together as she walked closer and closer. Maneuvering around in the cage, I attempted to get more distance between us, only she wrapped the leash around her wrists, shortening the length. In doing so, she reduced my freedom one inch at a time.

Suddenly, I couldn’t get away.

There was nowhere for me to go!

“Don’t make me punish you,” she said, only it was too late. Jennifer pulled out her phone. Apparently, she already had the right app ready to go. She tapped the device, and a surge of electricity shot into my body. I whimpered, nearly howling out, although most of the sound was absorbed by the rubber bone in my mouth.

“You see? You don’t want to misbehave. You just need to relax and let me stuff this cute little tail into your butt.”

“No. Please, don’t,” I said, attempting to speak despite the obvious futility. “Please, please don’t make me wear a tail! I don’t want that in there!” I couldn’t bring myself to try to say anything else, but she held up the bottle of lubricant, squirted some of it onto her fingertips, and then she came up behind me. With the leash still wrapped around her wrist, she made sure I couldn’t escape.

She set down the phone, and then she arched an eyebrow, making it clear it would be easy for her to tap the device at any point.

And when that happened, it would be agonizing. There would be another blazing streak of pain throughout my body. It would start with my neck and flash along every single nerve I possessed.

That’s why I relaxed. Bowing my head down, I hated myself for this.

“What? Are you worried about wearing a tail? Maybe you just need to be taught a lesson first.”

Gingerly, she placed the tail on the top of the dog cage.

Confused, I looked up at her as she loosened her hold on my leash, ultimately tying the cord to the cage.

Where was she going?

I didn’t really understand what she had in mind, but she walked back out of the garage. Turning back toward the cage, I considered my predicament. Part of me wanted to believe that I could get out of there if I really wanted to. But honestly, that wasn’t true. I couldn’t hold onto those false hopes.

Crawling over to the corner of the cage, I tugged on it, feeling the smugness of my shock collar.

My eyes watered at the prospect of getting punished again. I didn’t want to be a bad dog.

Shaking my head, I told myself not to let her seduce me. I couldn't allow myself to think of this as anything less than captivity.

I didn't want to be a pet!

Holding that idea as tightly as I could between my ears, I looked around the garage and hope to that I might be able to see some escape.

No. There was nothing.

Then I flinched again, silently reconsidering the invisible fence around her property. Lots of dogs are kept within certain boundaries by this technology. It's humiliating to think that it could work on me.

Jennifer came back, and she raised up something. It appeared to be some sort of harness, almost panties, only they had this opening right at the center. Then she lifted something else up for me to see. It was clearly a small, thin dildo.

"You know what a good way to train a puppy is? Show him who's boss. Make him understand that he's a beta. That's what you are now, Michael. You're just a little pet puppy, so you don't get to try to be a wild animal or a strong beast." She shook her head, smiling at this latest prospect.

Raising her skirt, she slid the harness up along her legs and over her crotch. From there, she grabbed a dildo and slipped it into the opening. She squirted some lubricant onto her hand and then spread it over the phallus.

As I watched, my eyes got big. I started shaking my head frantically from side to side. I whimpered, trying hard to beg her to change her mind.

She wouldn't be swayed or deterred, however.

Jennifer smiled as she came around me. She grabbed onto my leash, pulled, and then she positioned herself right behind me.

"Are you ready? Are you ready to be an owned puppy?"

At this moment, I would have admitted to anything. I would have told her that she already owned me, that she was already my Master...that she really didn't need to do this! All of those frantic words were swallowed however.

She grabbed my hips, pushed forward, and dressed down right into me. I felt the curved tip as she slid the fake member

between the walls of my opening.

“You like that, don’t you, little puppy? Yeah, you do. You just can’t help yourself. This is what you want.”

I tried to grunt or growl back at her, but then she pulled harder on the leash, so the collar dug down into the base of my throat. I felt as though I was getting choked, but she still didn’t stop. I couldn’t breathe!

Stars began to appear along my peripheral vision.

Just as it felt like I might pass out, she loosened her hold on my leash. I inhaled quickly, filling my lungs. The stars receded, and I took another breath quickly.

She pushed it down, sliding into me. Of course, I tried to block her. I fought hard to clench, to keep the invasion from going any farther, only she penetrated the easily. She pushed to the dildo down with her hips, pumping into me.

“My little puppy boy needs to be pegged it,” she said. “This way, you’ll never think you could be top dog. You’re just a pet. Say it.”

I mumbled, murmuring to the gag, “I’m just a pet!” I would have said anything to get her to stop, but she continued to slide into me, working the member forward, then back, almost withdrawing altogether.

“You like that, don’t you, puppy?”

I tried to shake my head, but she tugged on the collar again, tightening it right there against my windpipe.

“Bark because you love it,” she said.

I barked for her. I made this insipid little sounds, all for her amusement, and it worked. She started laughing at me, every sound like a ringing bell.

“Good boy. There’s a good boy,” she said. Despite her precarious position, she reached for me, stroking the top of my head with her free hand. Then she plunged down again.

“It’s okay if you want to have an orgasm,” she taunted.

Those words sounded unnecessarily clinical, but she started to move faster, bucking her hips forward and back as she pumped into me. And sure enough, something within me needed this. No,

something within me *loved* this. I tried to fight back, but it felt so good. I didn't want to be screwed like this, only my owner knew exactly what to do. Even if I didn't realize it, she understood how powerful these impulses could be.

She pushed it down again, thrusting into me hard.

I bit down, almost hard enough to rip through the leather in my mouth.

No, no, no, I told myself. I tried to resist the temptation, to keep my body from reacting in responding the way she wanted.

But after nearly a minute of her onslaught, I lost control. I only slipped for a moment, but then I came hard, my shaft pulsating as my ejaculate splashed down beneath me.

"Look at that," she said with an amused chuckle.

She slid the tip of her artificial cock free, only she didn't let go of my leash. She made sure I stayed braced and there on the floor, and then she picked up in the lubricated puppy tail. She slipped it down, replacing the dildo with that tail. I felt it penetrate me.

She pushed it down deep, making sure it wouldn't be able to slip out, especially with my muscles tightened around of the bulbous tip.

Satisfied with her work, she stepped back, crossed her arms, and leaned down to smile at me. "What do you think of that, puppy boy?"

Raising my head, I glared at her. Even with my mask on, I made my feelings clear, but she didn't care. Instead, she started laughing at me. "Oh, you look so cute like this!" She raised up in the camera on her phone again, slipping it from a pocket at the side of her shirt. She pointed down, started recording, and then she said, "Speak!"

She had kept me in a cage all night, so something inside of me felt bizarrely malleable. If I had been forced to guess, I would have said that I wouldn't cooperate with her, but I found myself barking for her amusement.

"Are you a happy puppy?"

I shook my head from side to side.

“Oh, that’s sad. Would you be a happy puppy if I decided to touch you?”

Because she had trained me for this, I started wagging my hips from side to side. The tail followed, swaying and bouncing as I moved.

Worse, it stimulated me. As the tail slid around, I could feel another erection tightening between my legs. No, no, I tried to tell myself, but it was no use.

“Such a cute puppy dog. You’re adorable. Do some tricks for me.”

Only one occurred to me.

I raised myself up onto my knees, held my elbows against my sides, and raised my paws. Next, I began to whimper, just the way she liked. I made those adorably helpless sounds, so Jennifer cooed as she continued to record this.

“Damn. That’s amazing. You’re such a good little dog! Just think, you’ve been so obedient so far. Imagine how you’ll feel after a couple more days, a couple more weeks!”

“No!” I tried to shout, but Jennifer wasn’t having any of it.

“You’re a cute puppy dog, you’re going to be mine. So come on. Let’s get you fed.”

Reconnecting my leash to the shock collar around my neck, she tugged, pulling in guiding me out of the garage and back into the house. The past of the living room and went right back into the kitchen. My dog bowls had been refilled.

Crouching down in front of me, she touched my hair and stroked my back. Then she reached between my legs and fondled my scrotum and cock. She teased me, stroking the enough to make sure I stayed hard.

“Feel this? This is what got you into so much trouble in the first place. Remember, puppy, you’re just a dog now, so you don’t get to control yourself anymore. You belong to me now.”

I tried to communicate: no. I swung my head back and forth.

“Now, I’m going to prove it to you. I’m going to turn on the anti-bark control on your shock collar. This means that if you make

any sounds, and if your throat vibrates, you're going to get a very unpleasant shock. You don't want that, do you?"

This time, Jennifer actually expected an answer. She waited. Finally, I shook my head from side to side.

"That's right. You don't want to be shocked. You want to be a good puppy for your owner. You want to do whatever I want."

She pulled the bit from between my teeth, loosening that little bone so that I could talk again.

Instantly, I inhaled, filling my lungs.

"This is a test," she told me.

And that's when I really understood.

To be honest, my thoughts felt foggy and disconnected after my night in a cage. I didn't sleep well. More importantly, spending so much time in captivity was doing something to me. While we had played, Jennifer had been in control, yet it always felt like a game. No matter what, I had always been in control because I was the one who had the money and issued payments.

But now this woman grinned down at me, and her bright eyes blazed with absolute power and total control.

Then she tugged on my leash, guided me to the bowls, and she did my head down toward the dry dog food.

No, not this, not again, I thought silently.

I tried to pull my head back, but she just chuckled. "You need to be punished, puppy?"

She pushed harder on the back of my head, forcing my face and mouth into the dried food. I could feel the pellets rubbed against my nose and chin.

"Just remember, you're my canine now. You're a dog, so you eat what I give you."

When I inhaled again, the fresh aroma of bacon wafted along my nostrils once more. I lifted my head and looked over towards the stove.

"Maybe later," she said. "But really, that's a human breakfast for a human. That's not you. You're my little puppy."

Ruffling my hair, she stood up and watched.

Then she pulled out her phone again. I couldn't tell if she was just online, playing around or texting with her friends. Just as easily, she may have been recalibrating the application needed to deliver a painful electrical jolt straight into my body.

With that thought, I started eating. I chomped through the dog food, exactly as she wanted. And when I was done, I whimpered and looked up at her. Then I bowed my head toward the pool of water.

"Go ahead," she said magnanimously. "You can drink without asking for permission."

I bristled and blush the same time. This made her laugh all over again.

My mouth was dry and tasted terrible with the lingering chunks of dog food caught between my teeth. That's why I didn't my head down and started lapping at the water, just as she had trained me.

Then I glimpsed her after another minute or so. I raised my paws, and I started begging again, whimpering for her to turn off the shock collar.

"No, I don't think so," she said.

I practically hopped up and down. The frustration mounted inside of my chest because this wasn't fair. She wasn't supposed to be able to do this to me. We had a deal!

She tugged on my leash and led me back into the living room where she sat down, pulled off her panties, and spread her legs.

"You know what I love about having a trained puppy boy?" Obviously, I couldn't answer her question, so she let the silence stretch out to prove this point before she continued, "I get oral service whenever I want. Puppies love licking, so *you* love licking. Get over here," she said.

I held myself back and refused to obey. For a second, I managed to rebuild some defiance behind my eyes, only she yanked on my leash, I felt the electrodes along the inside of my collar. Suddenly, I was crawling toward her again, she put her hand on the back of my head, pushing the closer and closer to her slit.

"Lick, little dog," she ordered.

When I didn't obey right away, she tapped the back of my head, which was enough.

Just like that, with a minimal amount of effort, she broke my resistance. She forced me to start licking. Or rather, I chose to obey because this girl had become my Master.

No!

Holding onto a wobbly sense of self, I kept trying to come up with some brilliant solution. She had stripped me of my mobility, my ability to talk, my money, and my reputation. So what did I have left?

Nothing.

The answer struck me as glaringly obvious.

If I didn't have anything left, did that mean I really had become her human puppy? Was I going to be trapped like this forever?

No! I could make deals, argue, and win! At some point, she'd make a mistake.

But so what? I was locked in by an invisible fence, my hands were useless, and I couldn't even stand upright! This woman had me. As much as I hated to admit any of this, it was all true, so I started licking. But even as I obeyed and pleased her with my lips and tongue, I kept searching for something. I wasn't going to be deterred.

"That's right. Show me that you're nothing but a silly little dog boy now," she teased. "Just think about all of the deals you've made and the deal you made with me."

I hated those words!

"Think of it as your best to deal," Jennifer continued. "The Puppy Deal!" She chuckled, enjoying that stupid joke. "You used to negotiate for money, but now you beg for headings and treats. Hey, maybe if you do a good job right now, I will let you beg for some bacon. Would you like that, puppy boy? Would you like to beg for some bacon?"

Inside of the sleeves, my toes curled with anger even as my mouth watered, all while my tongue continued to glide up and down her crevice.

After a few more seconds, she grabbed my hair, pumped my face against her slit, using me like I was nothing but a sex toy. All the

while, I stayed hard! It wasn't fair. I didn't want to enjoy this, but my movements caused in the tail wedged between my buttocks to glide up and down as well. I was getting stimulated from the wrong end.

"Good boy. That's right. You're good puppy. You're a good dog. You don't need to think for yourself."

Her words permeated me, each one absorbed into my ears.

"Good boy. There's a good dog." Then she stopped teasing me for a few seconds, perhaps a minute before she finally called out, "Yes!"

She screamed to the solitary word, and then she pushed me back.

"You know, for that kind of hard work, I think you deserve up scrap of bacon."

She got up, and she started walking toward the kitchen. Glancing over her shoulder, she brushed her fingers through her long, soft hair.

"Michael, are you getting ready to beg for your bacon?"

She picked up a piece, and she walked over to me. The smell was so tantalizing.

This shouldn't have been possible, but I desperately wanted to taste human food again. I got up and I started whimpering, exactly as she liked. She was starting to lower the strip toward my mouth, but something happened.

Someone rang the doorbell.

The chimes vibrated between the walls, and Jennifer grabbed my leash.

What the hell was she doing? I wanted to scurry off and scamper out of sight. No one could see me like this!

As I tried to crawl away, she tightened her hold on my leash, making sure I couldn't actually escape. I thought to break her hold, but the leash was just too strong. Before I knew it, she was in front of the door, and I was only a foot away or so.

Just like that, she opened the door.

"Hello, Jennifer. It's very nice to see you again," came a familiar voice.

I froze in place, unsure of what to do. It was definitely a woman's voice, but I couldn't belong to the person I thought, could it?

"And what do you have here?" The young woman continued to talk. I was becoming more and more certain, yet as that happened, this yawning maw of dread opened up inside of my chest.

No, not her. Anyone but her!

"Michael, don't be rude," Jennifer said to me. "Turn around and face my friend."

Because my Master gave me an order, I felt as though I was moving on autopilot. I turned around, raised my head, and that's when I saw Alexandra.

The last time we met, she had been on the other side of the table, ready to give me everything I demanded. But now, I was in a stupid dog mask, and I hope my mouth, getting ready to speak.

I should have stopped myself, but I couldn't!

"No!"

That's as far as I got before the shock collar activated.

ZZZT!

Electricity blast through me, making me whimper.

"Oh, he's a silly dog, isn't he?" Alexandra asked.

"Very silly," Jennifer agreed. "I swear, he still thinks he's people!" The two girls laughed before Jennifer invited her guest to sit on the couch. Of course, I had to crawl.

"I just wanted you to see that the terms of our arrangement have been fulfilled. Michael here is never, ever going to give you any trouble again. In fact, he doesn't have the ability to talk, walk, or spend money, not while he's in his adorable puppy gear," Jennifer said.

"Are you sure? You don't mind keeping him this way?" Alexandra wanted to know.

"Absolutely. It's so much fun! I mean, he gets out of line from time to time, but if you just peg him, he remembers his place. He needs to understand that he's always a beta dog because he's a pet. He's never going to get to be in charge again."

The two women tittered and laughed over this.

All the while, I kept looking up at Alexandra, thinking that there had to be something I could do to convince her to release me. Obviously, Jennifer wanted me as her dog, but Alexandra?

Yes, she wanted to keep me in this position as well. That revelation slowly sank in as the two young women enjoyed basking in my captivity.

“You mentioned pegging him?” Alexandra said.

Oh no.

“Yeah, it’s a very special kind of activity, something that helps a dog understand his place.”

“What does it entail?”

I gulped and stared up at Jennifer with big, desperate eyes. Silently, I attempted to communicate to her. I needed her to change her mind, to somehow change the conversation. I was already in a puppy mask in front of the woman I should have been able to defeat.

Wasn’t that enough?

“Basically, you wear a special kind of harness, and then you fuck his ass with a dildo. It’s a lot of fun!”

For a second, Alexandra just looked at her hostess, and then the two women burst into laughter at the same time.

“Oh, that sounds amazing!”

“It is,” Jennifer promised. But then a mischievous look spread along her beautiful face. “Want to try it?”

“Are you serious?”

“I am.”

“But isn’t he wild or something?”

“Nah,” Jennifer replied. “Deep down, he’s nothing but a puppy anyway. All this time, he’s just been pretending.”

“Is that true?” Alexandra asked, smirking down at me. “Have you just then pretending all this time?”

Obviously, I couldn’t answer her, but that just made her smile before she turned back to Jennifer. “Yeah. Let’s do it!”

Before I realized what was happening, Jennifer led me by the leash back into the guest room. It was there that she pulled out the harness and gave it to Alexandra.

“Please, don’t—” I tried to say, but the shock collar cut me off. The world turned to a white haze of pain. Even if it only lasted for a moment, I knew better than to try to speak again.

As my thoughts cleared, the girls worked to get Alexandra prepared. She had worn a pair of dark slacks, so she pulled them off, revealing her red, silk panties underneath. She didn’t seem to mind. She raised in the harness up along her toned legs before she watched my owner take the tail from my behind.

I kept glancing around, hoping that I might think of something. But my captivity was about to become complete. If Jennifer could let another girl ride me, then she could do whatever she liked.

Alexandra picked up my leash, pulled me close, and then she slipped in the tip of the dildo down against my buttocks.

I inhaled, thinking that I would have another seconded to try to convince her. Maybe I could get one syllable out before the collar punished me.

Too late.

Alexandra pushed it down, thrusting into me. At the same time, she yanked on my leash, pulling my head back.

“This is what you get, Michael. This is what you get for being such a brat. You always acted like a dog, thinking everything had to be a junkyard fight.” She said those words as she pushed down, thrusting the bulbous tip of her dildo into me. I felt the slick penetration, and my cock hardened again as my cheeks burned.

“Are you going to make him come?” Jennifer asked from the side.

Alexandra giggled, “I don’t know. Should I?”

“He’s had a hard day. I bet he’d like it.”

“I’m sure he would,” Alexandra answered as she pulled back. I hope that she might withdraw because she had already gotten bored with my subservience. But now, she pushed down again.

“Damn, this feels good.” She purred through those words. Clearly, Alexandra was discovering a new side of herself.

She pumped me, working slowly, then faster and faster. Pretty soon, we were both panting. At the same time, I wanted to lose

control, to just climax hard. I wanted to feel the throbbing right between my legs, but the girls were watching.

Because I was owned and trained, I didn't allow myself to lose control.

I wouldn't cross that line, or so I thought.

But then, Jennifer crouched right next to me, and she reached for my cock.

Our eyes met, and I gave a quick, desperate shake of my head, only it was too late. She wanted to convey something that could be captured in words, so she wrapped her fingers around my cock, and she rubbed me, held me, gripped and teased me.

I tried to shake my head, to insist that I wouldn't lose control. But I couldn't fight her. I couldn't fight either of them! These girls were too strong, too powerful.

I made the wrong deal, became a pet, and that's why I came when my rival pumped into me, thrusting hard. Jennifer touched me and teased me, squeezing, forcing the orgasm to run through my body. I lowered my head, panted, and surrendered.

Coming hard, I pumped out my load right as Alexandra finished. She cried out, perhaps enjoying her own orgasm before she withdrew. And then the girls were talking again, but I just fell onto my side.

"Does the puppy want some bacon?" Jennifer finally asked.

Like a good boy, I got onto my hunches and I started begging. Yes, I wanted bacon. I whimpered, hoping that one of these girls would decide to be nice to the puppy boy—to me.

The End

Eager Puppy

This is it, finally. She has called and I can't help myself, I've got the radio playing, and I tap my fingers against the steering wheel. Even that isn't enough. Pretty soon, I'm practically jumping up and down in my seat.

I need to get there.

I had to sit through work, all day in front of the computer, typing in stupid numbers and responding to dummy emails. But the office drudgery is done for now, and I want to go see her.

Because this is it. Finally, I'm going to get to see her again, and it's going to be private, and I'm actually driving to her apartment!

I come to another red light, and I reluctantly hit the brakes. As I grip the steering wheel, my knuckles turn white. It feels good to hold on tight. At the same time, there's something else, that nervous anticipation scratching at the back of every thought.

I think about our last conversation. She touched her fingers to my lips, silencing me. She shook her head. We were alone together, in the copy room. Just that proximity was enough to arouse me. There's something about this girl, like she is magnetic. I come close to her, and my senses light up.

It's not just the sheen of her hair, or the flash of her eyes. It's not the way she smiles and reveals her rows of white teeth. It's not the perfect curves of her breasts or her legs or her slim physique. It's not just the shape of her face. It's all of it together. She's this perfectly constructed puzzle.

"If you really want to do this, come over on Friday night. I'm going to give you the weekend. If I can train you to my satisfaction, then maybe I will keep you. Think of it as a tryout, James."

With that, she patted me on the head, and she walked away.

Yes, she patted me on the head. She didn't squeeze my hand or kiss me. Instead, that one gesture was far more appropriate because I knew exactly what she wanted from me.

She wanted me to be her puppy.

The red light in front of me seems to glow with malevolent intent. I know that I'm not going to be late or anything, but I still want to get there! I want to see her apartment, her bedroom, and so much more.

To be honest, I don't know when the flirting started, not exactly. To be honest, I never even tried, not with a girl like this. Alyssa is so far out of my league that I never thought I would even get to try out for the team.

And yet, the flirting started anyway. Maybe I would have to drop something off at her desk, or maybe it was that other time.

I was walking by, and she cleared her throat. "You need something?" I asked, doing my best to be nonchalant. I didn't want this young woman to understand exactly how much power she had over me. Because yeah, that's the really scary part about beautiful girls like Alyssa. They might someday figure out that they could just snap their fingers or smile or twirl their hair around one finger, and suddenly the boys around them would be willing to do anything to please them.

"Actually, yes. You think you could go down to the storage closet and get me some fresh staples?" She held up her stapler and clicked it uselessly.

"Sure thing," I said even though it wasn't anywhere near my destination or in my job duties.

As far as I was concerned, I was just being a nice guy. So I scurried through the office, and I grabbed her some staples. As I did so, I felt bizarrely excited and proud of myself. I brought them back, and I deposited them on her desktop. "Here you go."

"Thank you. I appreciate you fetching them for me."

Something must've happened. Maybe my cheeks flushed. Maybe my eyes widened. Either way, she must've noticed something. She decided to push ahead. "You're a good boy."

You're a good boy. Those words kicked into my chest with a rush of pleasure. I gulped, nervous, and I knew that I needed to walk away. "It's almost like you're an eager puppy," she said. I froze.

So many other guys would have been insulted at those words. They would have said that they weren't so interested in pleasing someone else. But I was. This was Alyssa, after all. She was gorgeous and perfect and lovely and sexy and smart. My mouth went dry, and I didn't know what to say.

Like an idiot, I just walked away. I could hear her giggling. At least she wasn't offended. But then I got back to my computer, and there was an email waiting for me.

James, I think you and I might have something in common. If you're interested in becoming my puppy boy, come to my apartment right after work on Friday. Let's see if you come running when I call. Right below those words, there was her address.

Was she messing with me?

Yes, obviously. She was messing with me because she wanted me to be trained. Or more specifically, she was the one who wanted to do it. My fingers clenched as I read those words, scanning them again and again.

At this point, I actually stood up from my chair, I jumped, and I punched the air. Oh yeah!

After that, I just had to wait through the next three, agonizing days. I had to go to work, I had to pretend I cared about my job, and I had to do my best to focus on something other than thoughts of Alyssa.

But the time is finally here, so that's all that counts.

Up ahead, I see her apartment complex. I pull into one of the empty spaces, and I jump out of the car. I walk quickly, mostly because the excitement is sending nervous energy flooding through me, threatening to drown me.

What if I mess this up? What if this is real? What if I just imagined the whole thing?

Those oh-so-unhelpful thoughts kept assailing me.

But I'm not going to give up. I find her front door, and I exhale. It's hard to breathe. My heart keeps pounding, like I ran a marathon or something. Or maybe this is just my fight or flight response. Instinctively, my body knows that things can't be this good, so it's telling me to get my ass out of here.

No way.

Exhaling, I lift my arm and I knock on the door, and then I have to wait. This is even more excruciating. I keep wondering if maybe this was some kind of trick, like an old lady is going to open the door or something.

If this is the case, then I could just turn around and walk away.

The handle turns, and the door opens. And there she is, Alyssa.

"Right on time," she says. "Good boy." Alyssa steps aside, so I cross the threshold into a small entryway.

Without another word, she saunters off, and she walks back into the living room. As she does so, something occurs to me. She's wearing pale pink sweats and a white T-shirt. She looks like she's about to go to bed.

Even so, she still looks really good.

I watch as her hair shimmers with each step. Then she turns around and sits down on her couch. She tilts her head to the side.

"Let's have a conversation."

Nodding my head, I'm about to sit on the couch beside her, but she giggles and points to the floor. "No. Down there, boy."

Boy. That's how she addresses me. That's the label I get.

Reluctantly, I look down at the carpet, and I lower myself down onto my knees. "Let's discuss how this is going to work," she says.

"I do have a couple of questions," I reply.

"That's cute. But this is how it's going to work. I'm going to talk, and you're going to listen. If you don't like the terms of this arrangement, you can leave. Understand?"

I suck on my bottom lip, nervous. I nod my head, and that seems to satisfy her.

"Tonight, I'm going to give you the opportunity to try out to be my puppy. I'm interested in a human dog, a boy who can be thoroughly trained. I want to see what you've got. I will strip you, put you in the appropriate gear, and tell you what to do. Don't worry. I expect you to get it wrong from time to time, and that's okay. If you mess up, I'll be happy to punish you and correct you. If you don't like

this, you can leave whenever you want. Of course, once I've got you in your gear, that might be a little bit more difficult, but that will be your concern."

I don't know if I'm supposed to speak, but I hear those words, and I'm hard. I can't help myself.

It's strange, but it reminds me a lot of high school. When I was a sophomore, a couple of senior girls got it in their head that they would like to give me a makeover. They wanted to play dress-up with me, so they took me to the mall, and they picked out a couple of new outfits for me. They gushed over me and paid all of this attention to me, and it was a lot of fun.

"Oh, that reminds me. You're not going to be my boyfriend, so don't even think about that. I'm going to play with you, and I'm sure I'm going to get wet teasing you, but this isn't going to be romantic. It's going to be about a girl and her dog. That's a very different kind of relationship, wouldn't you say?"

I nod my head again yes. She's right.

"You seem very obedient. I like that, James. But you know, that's not a good name for a puppy. So let's try something else." She touches one finger to her chin as she looks me up and down.

Instinctively, I straighten my back and roll my shoulders downward. I lift my chin as much as I can, and she smirks, apparently noticing the extra effort. Then she smiles. "I'm going to name you Lucky."

The reason is obvious.

"You like your new name, Lucky?"

I nod my head down and up.

"Bark for me if you like your new name."

I press my lips together, wrinkling them. At the same time, I swallow back my trepidation. I'm not exactly sure how to bark. Just as she begins to frown, I let loose the first noise that comes to mind, "Arf!"

Right away, I know that I sound like a silly little lapdog, but that's the best I could do.

Immediately, Alyssa starts laughing. "Oh, that was great!" She claps her hands together. "Okay, Lucky. Strip for me. Puppies don't

wear clothing."

She wants me naked.

I'm sure that lots of other guys have fantasized about having Alyssa say something like that to them. But I could be the one that hears it, though for a very different reason. I pull off my T-shirt, and I slide off my shoes. I take off my socks and I loosen my belt. Next, I tug down my pants, all while she watches. I try to focus on what I'm doing, like I'm being professional or something.

But this isn't office appropriate. This is something else entirely.

It's easier when I look away from Alyssa. Of course, she's still completely dressed in her sweats and her T-shirt. She's comfortable, probably because she doesn't need to get fancy for her pet.

That's exactly what I'm hoping for.

Soon, I'm down to just my boxers breathing out slowly, I pull them off. I drop them onto the pile with the rest of my clothing. Now I'm naked in front of her.

"Good boy," she says. "I like to see that my doggie can be nice and obedient. Fast too." Still leaning back on the couch, she commands, "Go ahead and get on your hands and knees."

I obey, pushing my weight onto my knuckles and my knees. I keep my back straight, and I hang my head down because I still can't bring myself to look over at her.

Taking her time, Alyssa slides off of the couch, and she kneels beside me. Back straight, she seems taller than me as she starts to touch me. First, she runs her fingers through my hair. "Soft. I like this," she says. Then she strokes my back, lightly caressing my skin. I shiver. She grabs my ass. "Lovely." Next, she pinches at my biceps and my thighs. "Very nice."

Then it occurs to me. She's inspecting me, like I'm a show dog.

"I want my dog to be healthy. More importantly, I want him to be impressive. If I decide to keep you, you're going to have to start working out for me. You think you can do that, Lucky?"

"Arf!" I bark back at her, and I hope that my meaning is clear. I want her to know that I would be willing to do anything for her. I want

to be a good dog. I want her to be impressed with me and proud of me.

"Good boy," she says, bringing her fingers back up to my neck. She strokes my chest and caresses my throat. It feels wonderful. Then she gets to my chin, and she nudges me up. "Keep your head up like a good boy," she commands.

At once, I comply. I raise my chin, and I try to keep my back straight. This position doesn't require a lot of effort, but as the seconds tick by, it becomes more difficult to maintain.

Alyssa continues to examine me, probing me, poking and prodding at me. She pinches whatever she likes. At one point, she strokes the arch of my right foot, and she watches as my cheeks fill up. I'm ticklish, and she knows it now.

Then she goes for that spot between my legs. I've been hard this whole time, and it gets worse when she places her palm up against my erect cock. "Someone is an excited boy. That's okay. It just means that you love your owner. Just remember, you aren't allowed to hump my leg. Try to do something like that, and there will be very severe consequences," she promises.

This time, I don't bark.

Alyssa nods to herself. "Okay. I think I can work with this for now."

That's not a guarantee or a promise, but her approval still sends this suffused warmth running through me. "Stay," she commands, and I freeze up even as she walks out of the room.

At first, I assume that she's only going to be gone for a few seconds. But no, the seconds clump into minutes, and I'm still here, still on my hands and knees, my head up, staring straight ahead like a show dog who is waiting for the judges to examine him.

I'm not going to disappoint her.

Viewing this as some sort of test, I maintain my pose up until the point when she finally comes back. She's carrying a tote bag, and she drops it down next to me. "You can relax, puppy. In fact, get down on your back like a good boy."

I obey at once, rolling over. I hold my arms at my sides, my elbows bent. I spread my legs, and she looks down at me, grinning.

Her eyes are damp with amusement. "Oh, are you hoping that I might touch you again? Is that what my little puppy boy wants?"

I bark and nod my head. Maybe this is presumptuous or overly ambitious, but then she rewards me and it feels so good. Alyssa glides her fingers from the base of my shaft up to the tip of my cock.

Alyssa is touching me, and it feels so incredible. The desires spin through my skin, and I want more. I want to get her to touch me like this all the time.

Inevitably, she pulls her hand away, and I start whimpering. That makes her laugh. "Oh, I think you might be the perfect puppy for me. I do like hearing you whimper."

That might not be a good thing, I realize.

Alyssa opens up the tote bag, and she pulls out one piece after another. Each one is black leather. There are eight items in total, and I'm not exactly sure what they are all for.

The puppy mask looks fairly straightforward. It would fit over my face with a set of straps that would go between my eyes and over my cheeks. It's not exactly a mask. It doesn't have fine details, but it would give my head the silhouette of a canine.

"Stay on your back," she commands.

Then she starts to put the gear on me. She starts with my legs. She holds up something that looks like a triangle, only it slides over my left leg, forcing my calf down against the back of my thigh. Once she zips it on, I realize the purpose. It makes it impossible for me to open my leg. She puts another binder on me, so now I can't stand up.

Alyssa uses another set of sleeves for my arms. They zip up in the exact same way. And once they are on, I'm going to be forced to crawl.

"There's a good boy," she says as she finishes. Next, she slides the straps over my face. There is a built-in gag. It isn't enough to keep my mouth shut or anything, but it will make it impossible for me to speak. I'm only going to be able to bark and to whimper, just the way she likes.

"And of course, here's the best part," Alyssa announces, reaching into the tote bag again. This time, she pulls out a blue, fabric collar.

I'm sure it came from a pet store.

"Let's just slide this around your neck," she says.

She touches it to my skin, and it feels surprisingly cold along the inside. It almost feels like there are bits of metal. But that doesn't make sense, at least not to me.

I try to ask what's going on, but Alyssa can't understand me, so she just taps me on the head. The affection is addictive.

"Very cute. Now, get back up on all fours like a good boy."

Moving is much more difficult now. I throw my weight to the side, and I get on my elbows and knees. At the same time, I need to maintain my balance.

Alyssa crosses her legs as she watches me. But soon, I'm on all fours again. "Good boy. Now, I want you to thank me."

I start barking, making those sounds she seems to enjoy.

That does make her laugh, but she shakes her head. "No. I want you to thank me by licking my palm. Come over here and lick my palm, puppy." She extends her hand, her fingers flat.

I bow my head down, and I touch my lips to her skin. Then I start licking, slipping my tongue past the gag.

I flick my tongue over the palm of her hand several times, and she starts laughing. "There we go. There's a good puppy!"

She's apparently pleased. That's the only thing that matters to me.

"Back up," she commands.

Reluctantly, I crawl back a foot or two.

Alyssa wants to see what I can do. "Okay, so now you are going to roll over for me. Roll over like a good little doggie."

I nod my head down and up. Then I throw my weight to the side again. Getting on my back is easy. Getting all the way over onto my elbows and knees again is way more challenging. Once I'm on my back, I feel like a turtle. That's not what Alyssa wants. I hear her click her tongue disapprovingly.

It takes one, two, three more tries. But then I'm back up on my elbows and knees.

"Let's try that again. Do a better job this time," she commands.

Exhaling slowly through my nostrils, I try. I throw myself to the side, and I roll over onto my back. The momentum carries me, and I manage to get up onto my left knee and my left elbow for just a moment before I roll back and fall down. I'm on my back again, looking up at the ceiling.

"Keep trying," she chides.

I do as she commands, an eager puppy desperate to please. She's my owner, and I must do a good job for her!

This time, it only takes me one more attempt to get back on my elbows and knees.

"Not bad. Probably something we're going to have to work on some more. Let's try something else. Sit up."

I suck on my bottom lip again, pressing my teeth downward. Then, I do my best. I climb up onto my knees, and I lift my elbows. I wobble for a few seconds, and dread spreads through me. My heart pounds faster. Strangely enough, this almost feels like yoga as I get upward.

I'm on my knees now, and Alyssa tilts her head to the side. "That looks like it's pretty hard. Is it pretty hard for the puppy?" I bark in the affirmative. Yes, this is very, very challenging. I'm worried that I might lose my balance and fall at any moment.

"Let's see if you're up for a real challenge," she says. She comes back up to me, and she reaches between my legs. She takes my balls in her hands. At the same time, she keeps her eyes on mine. She's savoring this, the power of ownership.

This isn't just about having a pet. It's about turning a human man into a puppy. Me.

Alyssa strokes my balls, teasing me. She watches as my lips tremble. She studies me, savoring the flush on my cheeks, the fact that my shoulders begin to shake. "Oh, poor puppy. Are you feeling distracted? Don't get distracted. You don't want to make a mistake in front of your owner."

She's right about that; I don't.

And yet, she continues to tease me, stroking me, playing with me. Those delicious sensations run through my nervous system, singing along my skin as electrical impulses.

Then she takes her hand away. "Okay. You can relax," she says, and I immediately drop back down onto all fours.

In this position, I keep my head down as I pant.

"How are you feeling, puppy?"

Obviously, I can't respond, so I just kind of shrug. "You're feeling energetic? You feel like you want to play?"

At this point, I don't see any other alternative, so I crawl over to her. I nuzzle her leg with the tip of my mask. She seems to like it. Then I lick her, and she grabs me by my collar and pulls me back. "No. You don't get to lick without permission," she commands.

I understand, so I whimper like an eager pet.

"One more toy," she says, reaching into the tote bag. She pulls out a red ball. She tosses it into the air, and she catches it again. Then she throws it across the room. "Go, puppy. Go fetch for your owner."

I bark eagerly, only to spin around and rush after the ball. I spot it up ahead, and it becomes the focus of my entire existence. I grab it in my teeth. It's awkward, especially with the gag pressing down against my tongue, but I still make it work. I lift the ball up, and I come right back to her. I drop the ball into her hand.

"Good boy!" She strokes the back of my neck, just above and below my collar. She pats me on the head with her free hand, and I start wagging, swinging my hips from side to side.

"Good boy! You're such a good puppy!" Yes! I'm pleasing her! If I can keep this up, then she really will keep me as her pet dog.

"Let's do that again," she continues. And just like that, she pulls her hands away from me, and she throws the ball again. I hear it land against the carpet.

I spin around and race after it.

I chase it as it bounces against the wall and rolls off into the kitchen. I crawl along the linoleum floor until I spot it up ahead. I

scurry forward, moving on my elbows and knees. I'm getting used to this form of ambulation. It's slower, but I'm getting faster.

I taste the rubber as I pick it up in my mouth, and then I spin around and rush back to my owner.

There she is, seated on the couch, and she's so lovely. She holds out her hand, and I drop the ball into her fingers.

She scratches me behind my ear.

"Such a good puppy. At this rate, maybe I will keep you. Would you like that, Lucky? Would you like to become my little puppy boy?"

I bark for her. "Yes, I think you would. You love the idea of living here in my apartment, don't you? I could feed you and train you and make sure that you are completely obedient. I could wash you and have so much fun. I'd have to go to work, but you could wait here, maybe sleeping in a sunbeam or something. I'm sure you would find ways to distract yourself."

Wait a second. It sounds like she's talking about making this a permanent, full-time arrangement.

I look up at her, confused.

"What's wrong, Lucky? Did you think that this was only going to be a game?" Her eyes narrow slightly, and I gulp back a sudden surge of nervousness.

Unsure of how to respond, I nod my head. Yes, isn't this just a game?

"Oh, silly puppy. Don't you remember how eager you were to belong to me? You can't be a puppy part-time! That would be silly! How would you remember that you're really a puppy if you had to go to work and pretend that you are a real person?"

Then she does something that surprises me. She reaches out, and I'm too stunned to move, so she unclasps the mask. She slides it off the top of my head even as she uses her other hand to take out her phone.

"Smile for your owner," she orders.

I don't obey right away. Instead, I'm looking at her, my eyes big and full of worry.

"Silly puppy," she says, like my expression doesn't matter. Then she has both of her hands on her phone, and she aims of the camera lens at me. "You're going to look so cute online! I'm sure lots and lots of people are going to enjoy seeing you!"

"No!" I call out that word, and Alyssa ignores me. She taps a button on her screen, and I hear the simulated click.

She just took my picture. She took my picture, and I have the stupid sleeves on and I am mostly naked and there's a collar around my neck.

"There we go. You look so cute!" She flips the phone around, letting me see the screen. And there I am, on display. My face is visible.

"Not only that, I'm hard. My erection is on full display, and I don't know what to do about it.

I take a second; I breathe. Marshaling my thoughts, I look back at Alyssa as she starts playing with the picture. "Please, you can't be serious. You don't mean that I'm going to have to stay here as your dog, forever, right?" It feels like I'm babbling because I can't possibly be right about any of that.

Alyssa lowers her phone. She smiles at me. That image is just as intoxicating as it was before. Damn. What is it about this girl? How can she be so enticing?

"Lucky, I'm going to keep you. And yes, this is going to be permanent because I really like having you as my puppy. Now, I don't want to have to punish you, but you should understand that you are mine. You do understand that, boy? You realize that you aren't going to be a person or a man anymore?"

She says those words, and I expect my erection to wilt, but it doesn't. If anything, the adrenaline splashes through me, racing to every corner of my body.

"I can't be your puppy full-time," I say.

Alyssa lifts up her phone, and she's smiling. She ignores me, like I'm still barking. But no, I'm serious, and I can't let her do this to me.

Under normal circumstances, I would just walk out of here. But I look at the sleeves on my arms and my legs. My hands are

trapped near my shoulders. It doesn't matter how I rotate or try to move around. I can't get my fingers onto the zipper tabs.

The situation with my legs is just as bad. I fall onto my back as I squirm, struggling against the leather that holds me to the floor like an animal.

"Settle down," she says, her eyes still on her screen.

After a few more minutes, I decide that I need to get her attention. I push myself up onto my knees, and I swipe at her phone with the tip of my elbow.

This catches her off guard. I knock the device from her grip, and it lands on the carpeted floor.

"That was a mistake. Fetch," she says, pointing to the device. It's within easy reach, but she wants to prove a point.

"Alyssa, I'm serious. I really like this, and I want to be your pet, but it can only be a game. You understand that, right?" I ask, my voice strained and pleading.

"Fetch," she orders.

Because I still can't use my hands, I lean down and pick up the phone up in my mouth. I push my lips down firmly, holding it. Then I bring it back up, and she takes it from me.

Just as I'm going to try to convince her to let me out of this gear, Alyssa starts talking. "You know what I really like about your collar? It's special. Yes, I had it made just for you, but it's more than a symbol of your status in this house as my dog. You know what that collar really does well? It's a training collar."

I stare back at her, uncertain, confused.

"This training collar has built-in batteries and several electrodes. Maybe you felt them. Maybe you didn't," she says with a shrug. "Either way, you're going to learn that a good puppy does as he's told. And that means you don't try to knock my phone out of my hands, and you don't tell me what our relationship is going to be. You wanted to be my puppy, remember? You were so cute and eager. That's how you're always going to be for me because you belong to me. You are not my boyfriend or my friend. You're my pet. You're property, Lucky."

"No, that's not true," I begin to say, only she taps a button on her screen.

The signal jumps from that device to my collar, and I have no idea what's about to happen.

The electrodes come to life, shooting electricity straight into my skin it. Hot pain zigzags through my body, jagged and all-consuming. Everything disappears into that agony.

I'm dropped to my side. Panting, I try to get a hold of myself, but it's nearly impossible.

Seconds tick by, and I look up to see Alyssa smiling down at me. "There. Now do you understand? Training collar."

"You can't be serious. There's no way you're going to," I start to say, but she taps the button again. Another barrage of electricity slices into me, burning along my skin. It's quick, one sharp snap, but it seems to last forever. I'm down on my side again, twitching. The pain lingers, echoing.

"Lucky, I want you to get up on your hands and knees, and I want you to tell me that you understand your place in this house. Then I'm going to put the mask back on you, and you aren't going to have any more doubts about your status."

She holds up the phone, her thumb poised. She just has to bring it down, less than an inch, and I'm going to feel another zap.

I, I can't to do it. My body shakes. Adrenaline rushes through me, prompted by nearly intoxicating fear. This girl is gorgeous, but she's also controlling. She's powerful, and she's planned for this. I thought we were just playing. I had no idea that she was really going to train me to be her human puppy.

Without even thinking about it, I climb back up onto my knees. I lower myself to my elbows, and I raise my head. "I understand my place. I'm your puppy," I say just as she picks up the headpiece. She brings the mask down along my face, and the aroma of leather fills my nostrils. She clasps it shut near the back of my skull. The bit is pressed against my tongue. I can no longer speak.

"Good puppy. Now, since you're being such a good puppy, I bet you would like something to eat."

Worry fills me, so I'm not particularly hungry, but she snaps her fingers as she jumps to her feet. Alyssa saunters back into the kitchen, and I can tell she wants me to follow. I crawl along on my elbows and knees, wondering exactly what she has in mind.

Once we're in the kitchen, she lowers something down onto the floor right in front of me.

It's a dog bowl.

"I'll get you another one, personalized later," she promises. She gets up, only to grab another bowl and a lower it carefully to the linoleum floor.

This one has water.

"Go ahead, Lucky. Eat."

Now that I know she wants this to be permanent, I'm not sure if I should cooperate with her. And yet, I know that she's still holding onto her phone. One tap of the screen, and she can turn my world into a rush of pain.

So I bow my head down, and I hear her chuckle. "That's right. You're a good little puppy, aren't you? You know who your owner is."

I do.

Through all of this, my erection persists, and I am very, very horny. Fear and frustration and arousal shouldn't go together, yet they somehow do.

"Eat from your bowl," she orders. I lower my face toward the dog food. And yes, it does look like it's some sort of actual dog food. The aroma is bizarre, almost meat even though this stuff is clearly dried like kibble.

"Eat," she says, only to lift her foot and press it down against the back of my head. She pushes me down so my lips are now touching the dog food. I bring some of it between my teeth, and I start chewing. I swallow. She hears that sound, and she giggles again. "That's right. You see, you like being a good boy, don't you?"

I eat, chewing and swallowing, hoping each time that Alyssa will be satisfied.

On and on I go, and eventually I have to wonder if she's going to make me eat every bit of this stuff. It gets stuck in my teeth. It's gross!

Finally, she pulls her foot away, so I go to the other bowl. I start licking at the water, lapping it up. It's the only thing I can do with the gag pressing into my teeth.

The water might be tepid, but it feels good and gives me time to think. With the gag in my mouth, I can't speak, which also means I can't negotiate. It's not like I can offer her money or even threaten her.

This is false imprisonment, right? Kidnapping? Sure, I came here of my own volition, but I don't want to remain here as her dog!

Silent, I continue to lick up the water like a good puppy.

She crouches down beside me, and she starts petting the back of my head. She runs her fingers along my hair. Her nails scratch along my scalp, and I lean back, savoring her touch.

This is exactly what Alyssa wants from me. "Good boy. There's a good boy. You see, you don't want to be punished, do you? No, you want to be a good puppy for your owner. You want to make me happy."

She says those words, and they're almost hypnotic, like I start to believe them.

Then I swallow, and I look over at her.

"It looks like someone is still really excited. Maybe if you do a few more tricks for me, I will give you some relief. Would you like that, Lucky? Would you like a treat?"

Treat? What does that mean?

"Speak if you want to treat."

Gulping back the last remnants of the kibble, I bark for her. Because yes, I do want to treat. Even if I need to believe that I'm going to get out of here, I imagine what she might intend. Different fantasies run through my mind, and I stop thinking about the fact that this girl wants to train me for permanent position as her pet.

"Arf!"

"Again!"

"Arf, arf, arf!" I call out for her, and she reaches down, grabbing onto the back of my collar. She pulls me out of the kitchen, and I scramble along on my elbows and knees to keep up.

She brings me right back over to the couch, and she smiles down at me. "Beg. Beg like a good little doggie."

On some level, I know that I shouldn't do this, but maybe Alyssa is right about me because it's easy to get up onto my knees and to bring my elbows together. Then, I look up at her, and I widen my eyes. I let them shine with pathetic, K-9 desperation.

Last, I start to whimper. I whimper like a helpless little doggie, and it definitely pleases my owner. She claps her hands together, giggling all the while. For her, this is just a confirmation of everything she already believes. She deserves to be in charge. Smart, beautiful and seductive, why wouldn't she have a human puppy?

She sees a pathetic guy, someone who would have a crush on her, and she takes advantage. All of this is obvious to me, but it's too late because I'm already trapped in stupid, leather sleeves. Unless she makes the mistake of taking them off, I'm going to be trapped like this.

I must figure something out!

Those thoughts bubble at the back of my consciousness even as she tells me to do it again.

I whimper some more for her, and I know just how silly and desperate and pathetic I must sound. When she looks at me, she doesn't see a man or a colleague. No, I'm just a puppy. I'm a cute little animal, a plaything to be owned.

"Good boy. I'm very proud of you. You beg so prettily," she says.

To reward me, she starts petting me, her hands going along my neck, up behind my ears, and over the back of my head. It feels good, and I start to relax despite everything that's happening.

"You like this, don't you? Yeah, of course you do. You can't help yourself. You're just an eager little puppy. Bark for me. Tell me you're eager little puppy!"

"Arf! Arf!"

"Very good! I'm so proud of you!"

She stands up, and I think that I'm supposed to do some kind of trick or something, but I don't know what she intends.

Then she hooks her thumbs into the elastic of her waistband, and Alyssa pulls her pants down. She is already barefoot, so now I see her in her panties. White and cotton, they look simple but sexy on this girl. There's something about the lines of the fabric clinging to her skin that holds my attention, locking it down.

"Does my puppy like seeing me this way? I bet you do!"

There's nothing for me to say.

Then she does the impossible. Alyssa grabs onto the sides of her underwear, and she pulls them down, letting them fall and pool around her ankles. She steps away, seating herself back on the couch.

"Get back into your begging pose," she orders, and I comply at once.

I lift myself back up onto my knees, and I straighten my back and bring my elbows together. I don't whimper, if only because she hasn't told me to.

Our eyes lock against one another, and I'm not trying to resist her. At this moment, I really do know my place. I'm not supposed to be a man. I'm not supposed to be her colleague or competitor. I'm a little puppy, so I just stay where she wants me because she is my owner, and I must please her!

That's the real job of a pet, isn't it?

Alyssa brings her hand up, and she licks her fingertips. Then she reaches down, and she glides her pinky along her inner thigh. She strokes herself, and I watch, desperate to move, but her command holds me in place.

Defiance seems impossible, like a brick wall built into my psyche. There is no way for me to go down or go through it or around it or above or below it. I'm trapped in this little box of obedience, and Alyssa knows it. That's why she's wet.

The arousal spreads through her body, and then she takes her damp fingers, and she starts to touch herself, all while I watch. She doesn't try to hide anything. Why would she? I'm just a dog. It's not like she needs to feel modest in front of me.

My cock is stiff, and it feels like I might come at any time, though I know that's impossible. I can't touch myself, not while I'm

wearing the sleeves.

"There's a good boy. You're holding position like a good boy. I told you to stay, so you aren't moving. I'm very, very proud of you," she says as she caresses her pussy with one finger, then two, then three. Soon, she massages her clitoris, and I have a front row seat to watch the whole thing!

Before I know it, I'm whimpering. Without even knowing why, I'm begging for something, something I can't articulate.

"Oh, do you want to be helpful puppy? Is that what you're saying?" Of course, Alyssa could take the mask off of me at any time. She could grant me the ability to speak, but she doesn't and she won't.

I nod my head down and up: yes, I want to help!

"Crawl over here and start licking," she orders. She motions to me with the curl of one finger, and I crawl toward her.

Just as I get close enough, she grabs onto my collar and she pulls my head between her legs.

"Lick. Lick like a good boy. Show me just how eager you are."

And I obey. Working my tongue around of the ball built into the mask, I sweep my tongue over her pussy. She is already wet. I taste her juices and her excitement. She begins to shiver. I can hear that sharp hitch of breath as she experiences those sensations coursing through her body.

What is she enjoying more, the pleasure of my tongue or the fact that she owns me?

Somehow, I think that owning me is the best part of all of this for her. She has absolute control, but it's more than that.

My tongue moves up and down, sliding over her pussy. I lick her eagerly until I start working on her clitoris. I swirl the tip of my tongue around that small point. I worship her body, and I close my eyes. For a few seconds, I feel this rush of contentment. Even as I work hard, I know that I'm doing a good job for my owner. What could be more important than that?

Being a puppy makes my life simple. I don't need to worry about keeping my job or paying taxes or worrying about my landlord. Instead, there is just this, me on my elbows and knees, positioned

between her legs, licking eagerly and thoroughly because it will make her feel good. Nothing else is relevant. Nothing else feels important.

But then, her voice cuts through that near meditative state. "Oh, you feel so good. I love having you down there, Lucky. You're going to be such a good boy for me. I'm not going to have to worry about you breaking up with me or cheating on me, am I? No, you can't even talk back to me because you're such a good boy. And I'm going to keep that shock collar locked around your cute little neck, so you're always going to behave yourself. You aren't going to try to fight me or think for yourself. You're too well trained for that, aren't you? You just want to do tricks and please me," she says.

Those words pound into me, so I lick faster, seriously worshipping her until she can't take anymore. Her grip tightens on my hair, and then she starts to moan. The pleasure cascades through her skin until she finally pulls me back.

"That was a good start, but I think I want to feel your cock."

My eyes widen when I hear those words. "Go ahead, puppy. Start begging. Do a good job, and maybe I will give you a really, really special treat."

To be honest, I thought the privilege of tasting her pussy would be my reward. Apparently, there's something else that she might allow me. Realizing this, I get back on my knees, and I tighten the muscles along my back, and I start whimpering.

I do this for half a minute, a minute, two minutes.

I never stop until she makes her decision.

Then she gets up, and I don't even know what she's doing, not until she lowers herself down onto her knees, then she bends forward. She lowers herself down, her legs spread, her pussy exposed.

This must be some sort of test.

I don't move, not until she gives me permission.

"Okay, horny puppy. Come over here. Show me why you deserve a name like Lucky."

At once, I scurry forward, and I position myself right behind her. It's difficult getting the exact angle right, but I take my time and I

focus. I can't mess this up. If Alyssa gets impatient, she might decide to stop. Maybe she will decide simply masturbate.

But then I thrust forward, and I'm rewarded with her body. I feel the walls of her pussy around my shaft. I bury myself in her, and it feels incredible. Fresh sensations cascade through my body, making my nerves sing.

I close my eyes, and once I'm positioned correctly, I wait for her. I'm whimpering, my breath coming in quick, fast gasps, but I don't do anything else because she's in charge. She's the owner, and I'm the pet. I had better act like it.

With her head bowed forward, she starts to moan. "Go ahead, Lucky. Show me what you can do."

Swallowing, I start to push forward, thrusting into her. Then I pull back, slowly, almost withdrawing entirely. I start forward again, wondering exactly what will please her the most.

My heart races, my skin is hot and damp, and I can hardly believe that this is happening. So I let go of every thought.

Right now, I'm not a man. I'm just a horny dog, and I'm grateful for this treatment that my owner has decided to give me. I pump into her, working my hips forward and back, my pelvis flying with each second.

She loves it. She loves the tension of my body against hers, the friction of flesh against flesh.

I start whimpering again, wondering if she will allow me the ultimate treat that I need because I know I won't be able to hold out for much longer. I'm a horny, horny puppy!

"Go ahead," she says, answering my whimpers. She can barely keep her voice even and level. She's enjoying this. "Come for me. Come for me, Lucky!"

And just like that, I lose control. My shaft pulsates, and I come hard. Everything disappears. My vision turns to a haze of rainbow colors. And then I'm done, and I pull out, and I collapse onto my side.

For her part, Alyssa just put her panties back on, followed by her sweat pants. Then she kneels beside me, and she starts rubbing my tummy. She giggles again, like this was all just some sort of

game. "I'm very proud of you, Lucky. Bark if you're going to be my good puppy forever endeavor."

There could only be one answer.

"Arf!"

The End

(If you enjoyed this story—and I very much hope that you did—please check out my first novel, *Boys Must Obey*.)