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**Emma's Dog Trap**

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**First Edition**

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## Emma's Dog Trap

Here's the thing about those really, spectacularly beautiful women. And for the record, I'm not talking about models, actresses, or singers. I'm not talking about those celebrities you will only see on screens or billboards. I'm talking about that girl you spot at the supermarket and you can't quite turn away from. I'm talking about the woman at work or the girl across the classroom, the one who is right there and who locks in your attention.

I've seen a couple of girls like that, young women who just pulled me in. They didn't have to try; they didn't have to put any special effort into being gorgeous, sexy, or hot, yet it happened anyway.

That was how it happened with Emma.

I was at work, typing up data and getting a report ready. I remember the distinct moment because I was trying to reformat a table of orderly results, and the stupid graph didn't want to expand to neatly fit the page. It was either too big or too small.

Just as I was about to punch my computer monitor, I heard her voice. "Excuse me," she said. "Are you Jacob?"

I glanced up, and that's when I saw her for the first time. Officially, her outfit was completely appropriate. She had on tights, black boots that shined, a pleated dark gray skirt, and a lavender top. Even so, everything seemed to hug her curves in all the right ways. Professional and appropriate, yes, but also incredibly alluring. Her dark glasses framed her eyes, and her dark brown hair seemed gorgeously shiny and stretched down the length of her neck to disappear behind her back.

Like an idiot, I stared for just a couple of seconds. I brain froze, but at least my mouth remembered to move, "Yeah, that's me."

"Hi, Jacob," she said. "I'm from the marketing department, and I'm having some trouble with our projected numbers. You can talk about them?"

"Yeah," I said, "But we usually do that sort of stuff in the company chat log."

"What can I say?" Emma asked with a bright smile, "I prefer face-to-face conversations. Would you like to go for a walk?"

“Yes, please,” I said. Then I blinked and felt like an idiot because I wasn’t supposed to be so eager.

“Come on,” she said. Without waiting to see if I would follow, she turned around and strolled away.

Scurrying to follow, I jumped out of my seat, shoved my chair under my desk, and practically jogged after her.

She had a quick stride and quickly disappeared from between the rows of cubicles. Within moments, she disappeared into the floor’s lobby and stood in front of the elevators.

“So what can I help you with?” I asked.

We talked for a little while, rode the elevators down, and stepped out into the fresh air. It was a lot nicer than the air-conditioned atmosphere inside, especially since the sun was high overhead, a cool breeze brushed along our faces, and we could stroll beneath the trees.

Although most of the employees never used the green spaces around our building, the company office was essentially built in the center of a park. We could walk underneath huge trees, sit down on benches, or even admire the stream that encircled the structure.

“Okay,” she said, “I think I have everything I need.”

Like an idiot, I asked, “So you think we should go back inside?”

“I think a break is a good idea,” she said. “What about you?”

“Yeah,” I said. I kept sneaking glances at her. I told myself not to be rude or creepy, but I wanted to admire the smooth lines of her hair, the perfect contours of her cheeks, and the way she smiled.

“Tell me about yourself.”

“There isn’t much to tell. I went to high school, college, graduated, and got a job here.”

“You want to go the executive management route?”

“I thought I did. But now? Not so sure.”

“I don’t think you would be happy as a manager,” she said.

“What makes you say that?”

She looked at me and said, “I just have a feeling.”

Because I wanted to flirt, I had to ask, “Will kind of feeling?”

“You sure you want to know?” Before I could answer, Emma asked, “are you sure you can handle it?”

“Why wouldn’t I be able to handle it?”

“Because you’re a boy,” she spoke with the haughty authority of a high school girl. “And boys can be fragile.”

“Try me,” I said.

“Okay,” Emma said simply. “I have a theory about people. I think every personality type is analogous to some kind of animal. I mean, this isn’t new. You hear about certain professions, and they get associated with animals all the time. Like if I say lawyer, what do you think?”

“Shark,” I said right away.

Emma snapped her fingers. “Exactly. And certain animal types are obviously going to be better suited for different kinds of work. If you want to manage, you need to be aggressive. You need to be able to take control and intimidate other people.”

“And you think I’m a specific kind of animal?”

Her eyes twinkled. “I think you’re a puppy.”

My brows creased. “A puppy? Really? I don’t know if you can tell, but I’m a fully matured adult.”

“Outside, sure. Deep down? Not so much.”

“What about you?”

“I don’t know yet,” she said. “To be honest, I’m a lot more interested in the puppy here.”

“I’m not a puppy,” I said, only the pitch of my voice shifted. I didn’t sound offended or affronted. If anything, I sounded playful? But then I just told myself we were flirting and this was a game.

“You know,” Emma said. “I’ve always wanted a puppy.”

“We should get one,” I said. “I hear the local shelters are doing an adoption sale this weekend.”

“I’m not interested in the four-legged variety,” Emma told me. From her dark hair to her matching eyes, the lines of her neck and the contours of her shoulders and chest, she held my attention. She entranced me. Even if I tried to keep my outward appearance near neutral and diplomatic, there was something so amazing about her.

Just being close to her made my stomach tighten as the adrenaline rushed through my body.

“I should get back to work,” Emma said, snapping me from my reverie. “If you want, you could come over tonight.”

She reached down into her small pocket and pulled out a neatly folded piece of paper. She held it out, and I immediately took it from her. I started to unfold it and glanced down. Sure enough, there was her address and a time written: seven o'clock.

"If you're interested in being my puppy dog, you should come over."

For the rest of the afternoon, those words kept reverberating inside of my head, "If you're interested in being my puppy dog, you should come over." At one point, I even wrote them down, as though seeing the text on a piece of paper in front of me might help me discern their meaning.

She was flirting with me, right? Joking? Yeah, that had to be it. There was no way this girl would mean anything else.

Obviously, I was reading way too much into it. Perhaps she wanted to mess around. Maybe she just wanted someone to hang out with that night. For all I knew, she thought we were going to be really good friends.

Again and again, I tried to concentrate on my work, but my eyes kept drifting down to the clock at the corner right of my computer screen. The numbers twitched by slowly, shifting one digit at a time.

Normally, I could be incredibly patient, block out time, and focus on one task.

But I kept thinking of Emma.

Then another thought made me burst out laughing.

Was I really going to show up at a strange girl's apartment? If our genders had been reversed, I would be a complete moron. And yet, I wanted to see her again. We hadn't touched, but her voice had been practically hypnotic. Not only that, I wanted to get to know this girl. I wanted to be close to her.

Finally, the clock hit five o'clock.

I rushed home.

I spent the next hour trying to figure out what her message might mean and what I should wear.

I finally settled on a collared shirt, black pants, a nice belt, and my normal shoes. I looked a little bit nicer but still relaxed. Yeah, this

could work. Getting dressed didn't take that long, so I had to pace back and forth and wonder if I had misread this entire situation. Or worse, what if this was some sort of prank.

I gave myself plenty of time to get to her apartment complex.

But it wasn't an apartment complex. I expected sprawling acres covered with hundreds of units. Instead, when I got to her address, I looked up the length of a skyscraper, and my chest seemed to constrict as my heart kicked faster.

Yeah, I had seen this building before, but I didn't realize regular people actually lived here.

I found a guest parking spot, did my best to feel normal despite the fact that the other cars were worth nine or ten times what I paid for mine, and I headed inside. A guard eyed me and asked me who I was here to see. I said my name, her name, and I gave her apartment number.

All at once, the guard relaxed. "Just take the private elevator," he said, pointing toward a discrete alcove.

Private elevator?

I was too stunned to ask what he meant by that, so I just followed the directions. When I got there, I wondered if maybe I had misspoken. Maybe there was another Emma who lived in this building? And yet, the guard seemed to know what he was talking about. More than that, I gave my name and Emma's. What were the chances that another Emma was expecting another Jacob tonight?

Oh, this could be really embarrassing, I thought.

Still, I pushed the button, rode the elevator up through the building, and felt this weird mix of boredom and impatience. For one, the elevator kept going higher and higher. It zoomed up through the inside of the structure until the doors opened silently.

"Hello?" I called out without saying anything.

Emma appeared.

At work, she had on those black boots, the dark skirt, and the lavender top.

Now she just wore a yellow sundress. Barefoot, she smiled at me with her hair pulled back into a ponytail. She wore the same glasses, and her eyes seemed to twinkle behind those lenses.

“I have something for you,” she said, holding her hands behind her back. “But first, you have to close your eyes.”

“Okay...” I said.

I shut my eyes just as I stepped out of the elevator, and now she came close, so incredibly close. I was tempted to lift my eyelids and look right at her, but I could feel the heat of her body radiating off of me. Not only that, I could have sworn that her chest brushed against mine.

Oh yes. I kept thinking about how incredible it would be to push my hands down against her breasts, to touch her, stroke her and tease her. For just a moment, I started to imagine Emma naked underneath me.

Only then I felt something strange wrap around my neck.

My eyes started to flutter open, but she teased, “No. I’m not done yet.”

Then I heard it, the click.

I swallowed, she stepped back and said, “Okay. Now you can open your eyes.”

I obeyed, but I obviously couldn’t see anything. Then my hands flew up to my neck, and that’s when I felt the collar around my neck.

“Is this a collar?” I had to ask.

“It is,” she said. She stepped forward again, and just as she invaded my personal space, she smiled at me again. “Jacob, I have a special request for you.” Her voice slowed, and she reached up. She stroked my cheek, and her touch seemed to leave this electric tingling before she wrapped her fingers around the collar and tugged.

The next thing I knew, she was leading me along like a dog on a leash, only she had my collar locked beneath the curves of her fingers.

She walked me into the living room. It was enormous, surrounded by windows, and this incredible view of the whole city. Skyscrapers, office buildings, and houses off in the distance surrounded us. It was getting dark, and the first lights had started to come on like fireflies.

“What’re you doing?” I asked with a nervous laugh.

“Kneel on the floor,” she commanded. She didn’t sound cruel or vicious, but there was something so certain in her tone that I just had to obey. I got down on the floor as she sat and crossed her legs. Very demurely, she rested her hands below her knees and looked down at me.

“Very good,” she said.

When she said that, I actually straightened my back and started to smile before I realized I was being complemented for my canine-like behavior.

“Okay, Jacob. You passed the first test. Now you and I are going to have a little conversation. If you don’t like what I have to say, you can leave.”

My chest tightened again.

I was with this gorgeous girl, and I hated the idea of leaving. Back in college, I saw those guys who had the confidence to hit on every girl and succeed most of the time. They had lots of girlfriends, dated, fooled around, and I could only look on with envy.

But now, I kneeled in this girl’s penthouse apartment. When I woke up that morning, I never imagined something like this could happen, so I didn’t want to mess it up.

“Like I said back at work, I think there are different kinds of people. There are sharks, dogs, cats, turtles, whatever. You, sweet boy, are a dog. More specifically, I think you have the personality of a puppy. You seem like the kind of boy who secretly wants to obey and please. You’re playful, and I think I could have a lot of fun with you.”

“You’re kidding,” I said. Down on my knees, it was difficult to look up at her. There was something about this arrangement that made it hard to speak up or contradict her.

“I’m not. You see, I’ve always wanted to train a boy puppy, and I think we could have a lot of fun. What do you think? I mean, you’re already wearing a collar.”

“You tricked me?” I said without any real certainty in my voice.

“No,” she corrected me, “I just told you to close your eyes, and you obeyed. You hardly know me, but you’re willing to do whatever I say. That’s some very puppy-like behavior right there. It’s in your DNA, Jacob. You want to find an owner and obey her.”

“I, I don’t think that’s true.”

“It is,” she dismissed my opinion so easily. “Just think about it, you could be my beloved little pet. You could scurry around on the floor, and I would play with you. You would like that, wouldn’t you?”

“When you invited me over here, I thought...”

“What? Did you think that I wanted to date you? Sorry, Jacob, but you aren’t my type, not for dating. But if you would like to stay, I would be happy to own you.”

I looked up at her.

“Strip,” she said.

My eyes widened.

For those first few seconds, I had assumed she would let me think about her offer, but now she threw me off balance again.

“Go on,” she encouraged me, “You can do it.” She made it sound like this might be a challenge or that I was intimidated by the prospect.

Finally, she made sure I would obey her, “If you can’t strip, you can definitely leave. Just take off the collar and walk away.”

No!

For some reason, the idea of pulling the collar off scared me. I didn’t want to lose it!

Was that how dogs actually felt about those bands around their necks? I had always assumed that actual canines never thought of the collar or what it might mean, the dog tags or the names on them. They were just dumb animals, right?

But now, I worked the buttons of my shirt. I just blinked, and I saw my hands were already halfway down the length of my torso. It was so easy to yank off my shirt, pull away the T-shirt, and get half naked in front of her.

Then I glanced up, and Emma grinned. Her lips pulled back so I could see her teeth, sharp and white. She definitely seemed like some sleek, predatory beast as she coaxed me, “Good boy. That’s right. You just want to strip for you me. Take it off. You know you can.”

Nervously, I swallowed. My fingers went down to the belt around my waist.

I glanced up at her again. She seemed very patient even as her eyes twinkled with the light because she knew I would do it.

Biting down, I closed my eyes, slipped the belt free, and yanked down my boxers and pants at the same time.

This had to be crazy, but I couldn't help myself.

Soon, I was naked, stripped of my shoes, socks, pants, boxers, even my T-shirt and collared shirt.

Then I was naked in front of her, my shaft hard.

At the last moment, I realized I should cover myself up. I brought my hands between my legs, but then she slid off of her leather couch, and she sauntered over to me. Her heels clicked against the hardwood floor until she stood in front of me, leaned down, and touched two fingers to the underside of my chin.

"Good boy. Now, you're going to be my dog."

"I don't understand."

"That's okay," she said. "You're a pet. You don't need to understand. Just follow me."

She started to walk away, so I began to stand. She glanced over her shoulder and chided me, "Do dogs walk?"

Emma expected me to crawl.

At this point, I should have been able to think for myself and make my own decision. However, one glance from this beautiful girl seemed to melt whatever resolve I possessed, so I stayed down on my hands and knees, and I started to crawl.

She clapped her hands together and called out, "Good boy!" As she said those words, this strange sensation coursed through my body. Yes, it was embarrassing to have a girl address me as her pet, yet it felt right somehow? I had only been in her apartment for a few minutes, but it felt as though she had some sort of spell over me.

I enjoyed this feeling, the warm glow of having pleased her, and I didn't want it to go away. Maybe I couldn't admit it, it hardly mattered because Emma got what she wanted.

Like an eager puppy, I followed after this beautiful girl. We went into the kitchen, and that's when I heard her turn on the water.

Down on my knees, I couldn't see precisely what she was doing.

Besides, I was still so embarrassed since I was naked in front of her. Not just naked, aroused.

Then Emma set something down in front of me.

When I looked up and saw the dog bowl, my eyes widened, I lifted my head, and I stared at her for several long seconds.

“This is going to be your water bowl, boy.”

Boy? She was talking down to me because she didn't view me as a person, I quickly realized. “Go on,” she said. “Drink.”

I dipped my head down a little bit, only to stretch out my hands, like I thought I would pick the bowl and gently sip it.

Emma clucked her tongue, “No, that's not how you do it.” A note of irritation crept into her voice.

Before I could stop myself, I whimpered.

Yes, I already started whimpering like a little dog. Somehow, I really felt as though I belonged to her; I felt like she should be able to order me around and do whatever she wanted with me.

Before stepping foot in her wildly expensive penthouse, I never imagined something like this could happen. Maybe it was my surroundings, or maybe there was just something about Emma herself. Either way, I reconsidered, lowered my head, and puckered my lips. For a second, I thought I was going to sip again.

Then I stopped and slid my tongue across the surface of the water.

Emma clapped her hands together, “Good boy!”

I lapped at the water several times, and then Emma leaned down, and she started touching me. Hot excitement coursed through my body as her fingers slid along my sides, up my back, around the collar, and even through my hair.

Because I didn't want this to stop, I kept looking at the water, bringing little droplets up into my mouth and swallowing them back.

“Good boy. This is how you're going to be drinking from now on. Yes, it is.”

From now on?

I mostly ignored that notion because it had to be hyperbole or just a figure of speech.

Then Emma moved her fingers down to my sides, along my buttocks, and gently over my legs. Her touch was addictive, allowing me to relax in a way I never had before. Yes, I remained hard, but there was something about hearing her talk down to me that just made the world feel right.

“Good boy. That’s right. Keep drinking. Keep drinking for your owner. Yes, I own you now. Yes, I do.”

I loved the way she talked to me, the sound of her voice and her every word.

But then she grabbed me by my collar, gently tugged it, and pulled my face from the water.

A couple of droplets ran down my chin, but that just made her giggle.

“Let’s go back to the living room. I want to see if you can do tricks!

When she got up onto her feet and sauntered off, I turned and watched her. My eyes moved along the lines of her body and the way the light played down her hair.

Halfway out of the kitchen, she glanced back at me and slapped the side of her leg, “C’mon, boy!”

Obediently, I crawled after her.

Once we were in the living room, I found she had already sat down, and now she crossed one leg over the other. Leaning forward with this imperious air of a Princess ready to play with one of her servants, she watched me for several seconds.

Just the weight of her gaze was enough to trap me there on the floor.

“Roll over,” she ordered.

I glanced down at the floor, and I wondered if I could really do this.

“Oh? Is the puppy dog having second thoughts?”

I glanced up at her and shook my head.

“Good,” she said before commanding me again, “Roll over.”

A nervous swallow ran down my throat, but I threw myself to the right, rolled along my torso, and popped back up on my knees.

When I looked at her again, I was rewarded with that bright, beaming smile. She looked so good, so beautiful and happy as she saw me perform for her.

“Good boy. Very, very good boy.” Her voice became somehow more sultry and breathy. All at once, I realized something. A gentle pink had colored her cheeks because she was becoming aroused.

I glanced down toward her crotch, and I imagined myself as a dog, scurrying forward, pushing my face between her legs, and eagerly looking at her.

“I think you are definitely a puppy dog. You were never meant to be a man. You’re a pet. You just needed to find your owner,” she said with another radiant smile.

“I don’t...” I started to say.

She lifted a finger and wagged it from side to side, cutting me off with, “No. That’s not how puppies talk. How do puppies talk?”

I gulped and instantly realized what she wanted from me.

“If you want, I can go get a muzzle.”

My insides tightened at the prospect.

“Yes, Jacob, I have lots and lots of equipment for a boy like you. In fact, I have an entire room ready for you.”

Ready for me? What did that mean?

I knew I should have been scared of this girl, especially because I didn’t know her, not really. Yes, she was beautiful and rich and smart and I loved the sound of her voice and the way the light played across her skin and down the perfect contours of her body. Despite her allure, could I trust her?

“Speak, boy,” she said, interrupting all of those important questions.

For a moment, I didn’t want to do it. Reluctance blasted through my body, and I could feel this psychological gate slam down.

I hesitated.

I glanced up at her again, I saw a flash of anger, but she remained poised there on the edge of her couch with her legs crossed. As she watched me, I knew I had to give in and just do it.

It wasn’t a big deal. It was just a sound.

Besides, I was only doing it for her.

I wanted to be close to her, and the memories of getting stroked and caressed by this beautiful girl broke those defenses.

My resolve cracked, and I barked for her, “Rrrruf! Ruff, ruff!”

She clapped her hands together again, “Oh, that was perfect. Who’s my big strong boy? Who’s my big strong defender?”

Me!

That's when she slapped her thigh again, and she said, "Up! Up, boy!"

At first, I thought she wanted me to beg, so I dipped my chin down, considered what this might look like, and I did my best. I rose onto my back, held my elbows at my sides, and I raised my knuckles with my wrists relaxed.

"No, silly," she teased. "Come get across my lap like a good puppy. I think someone deserves a petting."

Yes!

I scurried forward, crawling as fast as I could. The distance between us disappeared as I launched myself up onto the couch. The leather cushions squished beneath my knuckles and knees, but then she grabbed me and pulled me back down across her lap. Then she started touching me again.

As the petting commenced, my heart kicked faster and faster because this felt so exquisite.

Emma grinned down at me, "This is what my boy wants, isn't it? This is your favorite treat in the whole wide world, isn't it?"

"Ruff!" I barked in the affirmative.

"Good boy," she said. "Very good boy."

At first, her fingers just moved along my neck, down my shoulders, along my biceps, and over my chest. It felt so good as she touched and explored, but then her right hand shifted down toward my exposed genitals.

I didn't realize what was going to happen at first.

Somehow, over just the course of a few minutes, maybe half an hour, I had forgotten about my own nakedness. She told me I was a pet, her dog. I believed her. Dogs didn't need to wear clothing, so I didn't need to wear clothing. It all seemed so natural; it all seemed to fit together.

Only now her fingers brushed along my shaft. She just barely touched me.

Before I realized it, I started panting.

"How do puppies pant?" Emma asked me.

Again, she didn't expect an intelligent or coherent answer. No, this beautiful girl had something else in mind.

Obediently, I stuck my tongue out, and I panted just like a hot canine. To reward me, her fingers brushed along my shaft again, only now she gently stroked me, pressed down, and I closed my eyes as I embraced those sensations. Oh, that was perfect. No girl had ever touched me like that before. Then again, no girl had the confidence to put a collar on me, not like this.

With the excitement pulsating through my body, I wiggled my hips and hoped for more.

“Does my dog want to wag? Is that it, Jacob?”

I barked again: yes! Yes, I would wag, pant, crawl, do anything for her!

“I love you, Jacob. I love knowing that you belong to me now. Yes, you do. I mean, I guess I could let you up and walk away, but why would I do that when you’re such a cute little puppy dog?”

She said those words, yet I hardly heard her because her fingers kept teasing me.

Wait a second. She said I belonged to her?

She was just talking about this like a game or something, right? She didn’t mean this would be serious or permanent, did she?

But then, she used both of her hands. With one, she gently touched my balls. Her fingers moved along my skin, sending little pulses of pleasure running between my nerves. I arched my back, moaned, and hoped for more.

“I think my puppy dog wants the chance to hump my leg,” she said, chuckling. “But if he’s a very good dog, I can give him something even better than that.”

Better? Really?

But what would that entail?

My imagination ran in a dozen different directions at once, but I couldn’t formulate any coherent idea. I didn’t know exactly what to expect or what this girl might be offering me.

But then she looked down into my eyes, all while she kept touching me. Then she said, “Just be a good boy and relax. You don’t have to think. You don’t have to worry at all.”

Those words were hypnotic.

But even though I wanted to believe her, I knew I would have to get back to my regular life at some point. I would have to go back

to the office and do real work.

“Just relax, puppy boy. Just relax and enjoy this. That’s right. You know you’re just a dumb, horny dog. You’re a pet, and you only have one goal. What’s your goal?”

I was about to squeak out an answer, only she squeezed my shaft again, which provoked another moan of pleasure from deep within my chest.

“You want to please your owner! You want to make me happy! Nothing else is important to a little dog like you.”

I barked because I would agree with anything she said.

But then she pulled her hands away, and I started panting even faster now. What? Why did she stop? The panic fluttered my chest; had I done something wrong?

“Down on the floor, puppy,” she said instead of using my name.

I rolled off onto the floor, and she said, “From now on, your name is going to be Skip. I think that’s a better name for a puppy.”

Skip? Really? It sounded silly and demeaning.

But it somehow fit. Because this girl gave the name to me, it felt right.

For a moment, I could almost believe that was my name now.

But then she uncrossed her legs, pulled back her skirt, and I saw that she wasn’t wearing panties!

“Puppies love to lick,” she said. “Would you like to lick?”

I wagged my hips from side to side and looked up at her shyly. Was she really offering what I thought she was offering?

“Come here, puppy boy,” she ordered. She stretched out her arms and wiggled her fingers.

Tentative and timid, I crawled forward like a shy puppy, and that’s when she grabbed me by my collar. She pulled me closer with one hand. Then she slipped her fingers out from the band around my neck. With her other hand, she ran her fingers through my hair and grabbed my scalp. “Go on,” she coaxed.

I couldn’t resist.

In the next moment, the tip of my nose and my lips pressed up against her sex. With hot excitement running through my body, I started licking.

Yes! Yes, yes, please! I wanted to serve her! I wanted to make her feel good!

“You know, there aren’t many boys like you,” she said. “I think you’re something special. Sure, lots of boys could stand to be trained, but just look at you, Skip. In barely any time at all, you’ve embraced your life as a puppy dog.”

I still didn’t understand, but I didn’t care. With the arousal pounding through my body, especially between my legs, I just wanted to make her feel good.

And yes, it would be embarrassing to hump her leg, but I didn’t even care.

I licked eagerly, desperate to please her. My tongue slid up and down, I swirled it in circles, and I bobbed my head, hoping that this might give her the extra friction to really make her enjoy my oral servitude.

“Every boy should be a dog,” she said. “The world be better place if you all wore collars and understood how the world really works. Women are in charge, and boys are pets.”

I couldn’t bark, but I kept licking.

“Oh, that feels so good, Skip. You’re going to be such a good boy. I can’t wait to play fetch with you and show you off to my friends.”

Friends?

“They’re going to think you’re so cute! We are going to fawn over you because you’re such a sweet little dog!”

Part of me hated the idea; part of me loved it.

“You’re such a good boy! This is so perfect for me! I can’t wait to show you your cage!”

My cage?

Again, that prickle of fear shot through my head, but I didn’t really worry about it. This was still just a game.

Then she grabbed me by the back of my hair, and she looked down into my eyes. “Do you want something really special, Skip?”

I barked like a good boy.

“Good,” she said. She got up, and for one terrifying moment, I worried she might just walk away. Maybe she was done with me. But

instead, she stepped in front of me, got down on her knees, and then she bent forward. "Go on, puppy."

She spread her legs, and I instantly understood, but part of me still couldn't believe it.

"Come on," she said.

Like a horny dog, I crawled forward, nuzzled her with the tip of my nose, and pushed forward. I positioned myself behind her, raised my shaft, and I slid forward, thinking that she might stop me at some moment. Instead, she reached back, grabbed my member, and slid my manhood right between her legs. She was so hot, so tight and wet, slick and amazing! I had never experienced sex like this before, but it was perfect!

I closed my eyes, pumped hard, and was soon panting just like the dog she wanted me to be.

I stopped thinking, but I could hear her voice as she called out, "That's right! Give me all you've got! I want you exhausted by the time you're done. Keep going. Keep going, boy!"

I pumped frantically, thrusting into her. The friction of our bodies felt so amazing. Then, before I could even realize what I was doing, I started barking for her. It just felt like the right thing to do as I made that noise. "Ruff! Ruff-ruff-ruff!" I barked like an obedient pet as I pumped into her.

Beneath me, she moaned, and that's when she called out, "You never getting out of that collar!"

I didn't really understand, but it didn't matter because I was right there on the verge of ecstasy. In the next moment, my shaft pulsed and throbbed. I lost control, came hard, and grunted as the exhaustion swept through me.

Utterly drained, I collapsed behind her.

I was on my side now, curled up, smiling and content.

"Close your eyes," she said, whispering into my ear.

I obeyed.

Then I felt it, the prick of a needle as she injected something into my arm.

My eyes shot open, but I was getting drowsy almost immediately. No, not drowsy. Distant. Everything felt like it was coming from far away, and the world became hazy. "You're my pet

now,” she said. “A couple injections a day will make sure you stay nice and obedient for me. You won’t have to think or worry about anything. Don’t worry, Skip. I’m rich enough to make sure the rest of your life just disappears. That was the illusion. You’re a puppy now. You’re my obedient little puppy dog. Now, I know you’re really tired, but you want to follow me, don’t you?”

She told me I wanted to follow her, so I wanted to follow her.

Emma rose to her feet, and the hem of her yellow sundress fluttered around her beautiful eyes.

It took extra effort, but I climbed up onto my knuckles and knees. I crawled after her. Part of me wondered if I could just walk, but I already knew I couldn’t. There was this strange, heavy weight in my muscles, as though I had forgotten how to stand upright.

The drugs.

She injected me with something, something that made me feel more like a pet.

It didn’t bother me, however. Even when she opened the door and I crawled across the threshold, I saw the dog cage in the middle of the room. “Get in,” she ordered.

This woman owned me. She was my owner. I had to do what she said. I loved her.

So I crawled into the cage like a good boy, and she clanged the gate shut behind me. Just as it locked, I turned around, and she crouched down to look into my eyes. “Don’t worry. The cage is only going to be necessary for a little while or when you’re a bad boy. Right now, I just want to make sure the drugs have time to soak into that cute head of yours. I’ll be back in a couple of hours with some dog food, a nice bowl of water, and another shot. Okay?”

I didn’t really understand.

Emma chuckled, “It’s okay. Just go to sleep and relax. Let it happen because you’re a dog now, and it’s not like you have any choice.”

Those words sounded warm and wise, so I let her win. I dropped down, closed my eyes, and relaxed into a warm sleep as I surrendered to my new life.

**The End**