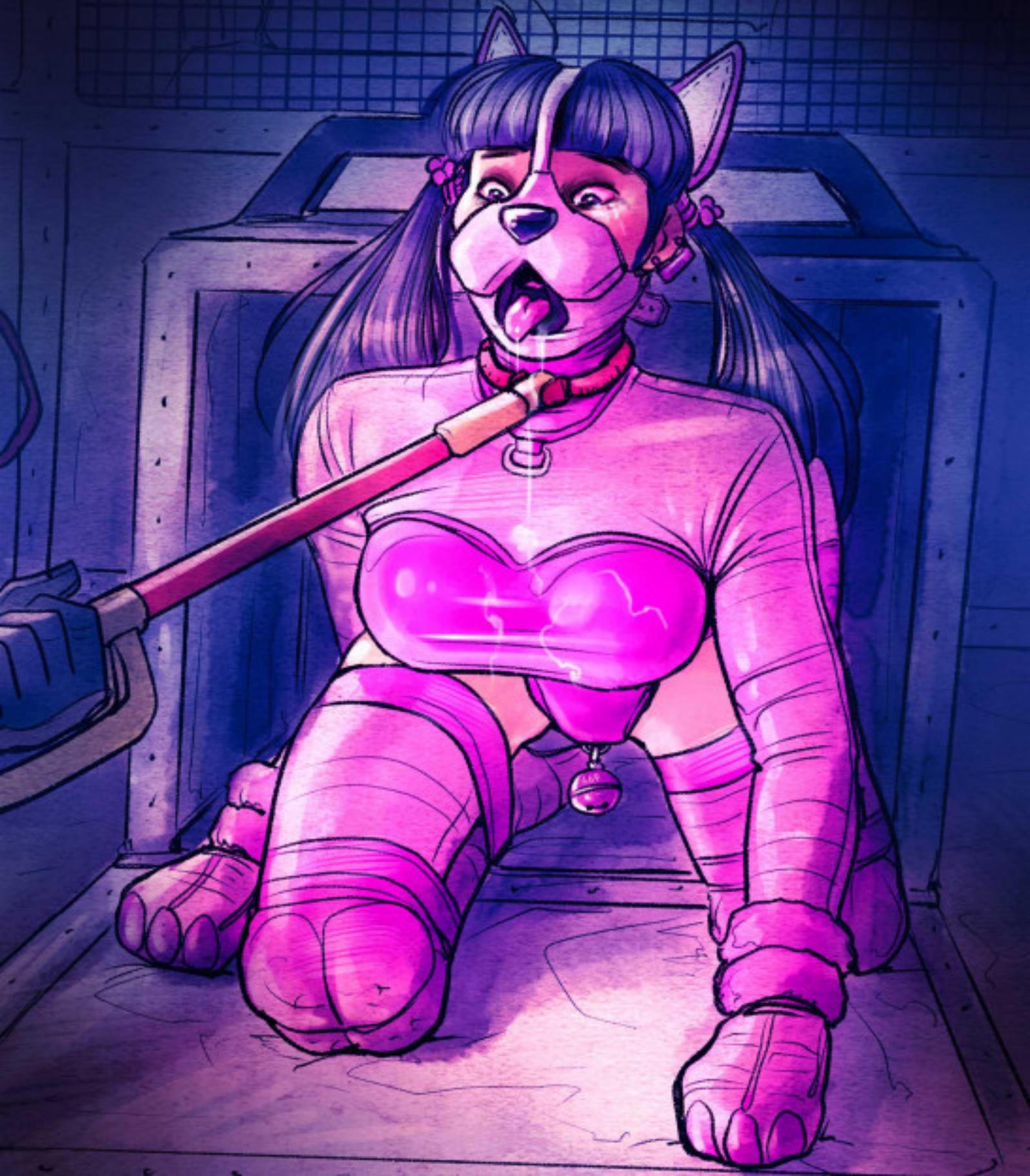


MELISSA DUVANT

# PETGIRL PLAYTIME



# **Petgirl Playtime**

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# **Acknowledgements**

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# Chapter 1: Picking up a Stray

Suki took a deep breath, staring at the screen, her vision wavering. Her hand was shaky and sweaty on the mouse, her heart racing in her chest, a soft wetness between her legs. She read over the options again – dog-cage pickup, self-delivery, or stray collection. Each had a icon by it that could be selected for further information: the first would have a cage delivered, which could then be picked up by the company. The second was a mundane drive to the destination and park there (and the notation of “limited parking” made it seem even more dull), while the third...

*Within a limited geographic areas, strays may be collected by our staff.*

She had entered her address, and stray collection had been indicated as an option.

*Please ensure that all documentation has been completed prior to requesting this option. The pet will present themselves at the requested location, along with an appropriate change of clothing for their discharge. Due to the specialist nature of this request, the minimum stay is two (2) weeks.*

Suki stroked her neck, feeling the leather collar there, warm around her neck, and softened by wear. If she moved her head too fast, then the leash-ring would chink against the collar, but she was used to that. It was a little too loose – she’d never been able to find one that was quite snug enough, without choking. As she read over the details, her other hand slid between her legs, touching against a thigh, before lightly touching elsewhere, easily sliding into herself.

She was hot and tight, her folds clenching around her finger. She didn’t want to climax yet, teasing herself, still reading.

*Please ensure that you have informed us of any dietary requirements or allergies. All pets will be fed enough to fulfill their needs – either wet or dry food is available, and pets that perform well may receive treats.*

*Our trained staff will examine all pets upon arrival, to determine physical health and any other needs. Our kennels are kept staffed 24 hours a day, training and caring for the pets in our care.*

*Should any issues arise, the pets can request a break, by using the alarm function on their collars. As well as kennels, our facility also has extensive grounds for training in.*

She kept teasing and stroking herself, awkwardly typing in her details with one hand, the other lodged within herself, not moving quite enough to get off from. She'd booked two weeks off, despite the complaints of her boss, but the reality of it hadn't quite hit. But the details in front of her went into intense detail, with a lot of options for what she consented to, just the words making her head hotter and fuzzier, more and more fantasies chasing each other through her head, before she was done.

And then she came, hot and wet, her juices staining the seat beneath her. She'd have to clean that later, but, for now, she couldn't bring herself to care, instead sagging backwards, naked and hot. Now she was done, she had both hands free, able to stroke her breasts, reveling in the soft firmness of her body.

It took a while, but she managed to shake herself out of her post-fuck daze, as her phone buzzed, several messages having come in while she had been out of it.

*Confirmation of pickup time: 23:00 PM. Attached are pictures of the pickup team, for your safety and security. As mentioned in the preparatory documentation, please ensure you have identification, a change of clothing, and any required e.g. medication.*

11? She glanced down at the clock in the corner of the screen. That was only half an hour away! She scrambled to her feet, dashing for the shower before thinking better of it – there wasn't enough time! Instead, she went to get her suitcase, opening it up and then throwing some clothing in. What would she need? Just something to leave the place in, so comfy clothing. She threw in a pair of jogging bottoms, and a hoodie.

And then a t-shirt, and some underwear. Would she need toiletries? No, those should all be provided. And it wasn't like she would need books or anything to do! What about her piercings – studs through her nipples and her clit, warm from her body. She didn't want them out for that long, and surely they'd be used to such things?

After thinking for another moment, she threw her phone charger in – she would need to charge up when she was finished. And maybe call for a taxi to get back as well! The suitcase looked pitifully empty, but she couldn't think of anything else to take. Although now she needed to get dressed herself! She could still feel the wetness between her legs, wiping it off with a t-shirt from the laundry, then tried to pick something.

She didn't want to wear anything that might get damaged – but showing up in tatty workout clothing didn't fit her fantasy! Her hand reached out, settling on her office-wear, a silk blouse that was a little worn, but still sleek and tight against her body. And then a tight little pencil-skirt, showing off her backside, with just a touch of a thigh-slit. There wasn't enough time to pull on stockings, even though they would fit the look, but she stroked her body through the clothing, feeling a heat within herself.

10:45! There wasn't much time! She slipped low heels on, before taking her case, glad that it was light, nice and easy to carry. And then she was out the door, locking it behind herself, out of her tiny, stupidly expensive flat, and into the dark, warm night, with her case in one hand and her phone in the other, holding it tightly. Her palm was sweaty, waiting for it to buzz, still not quite believing that this was happening, feeling her arousal starting to flow again.

It was a small dog-walking park, well-lit and kept open at all hours. Even at this time, she could see someone walking across the open space, a leash in their hand, a large dog trotting in front of them. Parked up on the road was a large van, a logo on the side, showing a spiked collar around a dog's paw.

She looked around, taking a deep breath, glad that the night was warm, suddenly realizing that she hadn't put any underwear on. With her sleek, tight office-lady outfit, she could easily imagine attracting admiring glances from others – although there was no-one else around.

Her phone rang, making her squeak in shock, before raising it to her ear and answering it. A female voice spoke.

‘Suki Suzuki? Are you ready to begin?’

She looked around, wondering if she was being watched as she entered the park.

‘As requested, you will be taken to the kennels.’

Suki took a deep breath, before nodding. ‘Yes. I’m ready.’

‘Good. Please don’t be too loud – this is a residential neighborhood, and most people are asleep.’

Suki kept walking, her heels clicking along the path. Ahead of her, the dogwalker had paused, grooming their dog.

Footsteps scuffed behind her, and she turned, seeing two people there. Both were wearing baggy jumpsuits, toolbelts around their waists, faces covered by masks. One was smaller than the other, with longer hair, their clothing just about showing off the curve of breasts and hips.

‘Miss Suzuki?’

Suki nodded, her tongue fat and dry, finding it hard to speak.

‘Good. You’re lucky - we got a late cancellation, otherwise we’d have been fully booked. Now, let’s get you prepped.’ She reached down to her belt, taking out a shaft and then twisting it, the thing extending to be about five feet long, longer than Suki was tall. It had a circular cord on one end, Suki watching absently as it raised up, before coming down, falling over her head. The cord tightened, pressing against the collar, and she blushed as she realized she hadn’t taken it off, the leather still around her.

The woman stepped backwards, pulling on the shaft. Suki had no choice but to step forward, yanked by her neck, the

cord snug but not choking.

‘It’s rare to provided your own collar, at least for someone not owned. But you’re going to be around for the show, maybe you’ll attract some attention there? You’re certainly attractive enough. Now, *down!*’

The shaft was pulled on again, angled downwards now, Suki stumbling and then dropping to her knees, dropping her case and her phone. She scraped her hands against the path, suddenly glad that she hadn’t worn stockings, not wanting to tear them. Her palms pressed against the ground, still warm from the day, and she crawled, on her hands and knees, the pressure firm around her neck.

‘Good girl! Let’s get you in the van. And you won’t need those clothes – although I’m digging the office-slut look. Michael, get her things.’

Suki’s blush got even more intense, her cheeks flaming pink, feeling grit stick to her palms and her knees. She kept crawling forward, feeling the heat between her legs, her skirt riding up. The other figure, burlier and more masculine, walked past her, picking up her case, then putting her phone into it. Then his hand touched her backside, and her vision fuzzed, the touch sending an electric ripple through her. Fingers slid between her thighs, pulling her skirt even higher up.

‘I think she’s in heat!’ The man’s fingers were strong and calloused, making her shiver, wanting more.

‘We could always do with another bitch. But get her muzzled, and then into the van.’

A hand slapped against her backside, before running up her thigh and finding the zipper of her skirt, pulling it down. In the silence of the night, the noise seemed loud, making Suki blush again, sure that everyone would be able to hear it. The material was pulled off her body, leaving her only half-dressed, her head bobbing as she panted.

Another spank, and Suki mewled, arching her back and biting her lip, the pleasure starting to melt her senses. A hand

grabbed her head, another moving in front of her face. Leather pressed against her jaw, rigid and stiff, a lump sliding into her mouth, her tongue tasting rubber. Straps went around her head, a pad pressing against her lips, tight and close, and she could see a metal frame poking in front of her face, her mouth and nose now sealed behind a muzzle. The weight was strange, a reminder of her position as she was pulled forward again, along the path.

All she was wearing was the blouse, her breasts hanging down against it, as she was pulled forward, made to crawl. Despite the shame of the position, she was desperately horny, panting into the muzzle, feeling how it affected her breathing. She was made to back out of the back, the man still walking behind her, carrying her things.

The back of the van was open now, a thick, musky scent of sweat and lust washing out. It was dark, but Suki could see large cages inside, the metal bars catching the light. Two of them were occupied – Suki could see a tall and leggy young woman inside one, curled up tightly, her flesh dimpling where it pressed against the bars. The other, she could just see a back, partially covered under a tatty old blanket.

‘You’re being captured as a stray, aren’t you? So do you want the full treatment?’

As her eyes adjusted, Suki could see things other than the cages – cuffs and crops, hanging off the walls of the van, and metal chains and collars. The intense heat between her legs made it hard to think, but she managed to gather her thoughts enough to speak.

With the lump in her mouth, she couldn’t talk properly, but nodded and grunted. ‘Yeppphh, eephhh!’

‘A polite bitch? That’s a rarity, most of you are gobby little brat-bitches these days. I think we’re going to get along just fine.’ The woman stepped backwards up into the van, still pulling on the shaft, Suki having to follow. The floor of the van was dirty, more grit sticking to her palms, cooler than the ground outside. The shaft clicked as it was folded down, before the woman pulled a bright red prod from her waist,

metal teeth on the end. She pressed a button and lightning sparked between the metal. The woman in the cage shivered, wrapping her arms around herself – as she moved, Suki could see that she was muzzled as well, with the same style of but hers was a flat leather panel, that sealed her mouth entirely.

The prod came forward, jabbing into Suki's shoulder, sliding beneath her blouse. The poke didn't hurt, but then there was a jolt of electricity, making her arm tense up, her fingers scraping along the floor.

'Strays aren't allowed clothing. Must have stolen it from somewhere! Let's get that off.' Another shock, this time to her spine, knocking the air from her lungs, making her tense up again. But she felt good, despite the pain, before a hand grabbed the collar of the blouse and ripped. She heard buttons tear, and then another yank, ripping it off completely, leaving her utterly naked. A hand slapped against her backside, the sound echoing around within the small space, and she moaned through her muzzle. The impact stoked the fire within her core, making her feel hotter and hotter, wanting more.

'For a first-timer, she's doing well.' Another spank, making her rock forward, feeling the stinging impact on her buttocks. The prod poked into the small of her back and then flared again, and she tensed up against it, her head spinning. She spread her legs, feeling the air slide against her wetness, wanting more, wanting to be filled!

'Not yet, you slutty stray. Let's get you to the kennels. And you need a nice new collar – that one's a bit tatty. Maybe you'll attract an owner? You're certainly attractive enough.' Hands parted her buttocks, exposing her butthole, making her moan in pleasure again. She wanted to stroke herself, to curl up and get herself off! Her buttocks were released, the hands grabbing at her ankle, bending her leg and pushing it against her calf. Duct-tape, sticky and wide, was wrapped around her ankle, then the top of her thigh, binding them together, forcing her onto just her knee. It looped around and around, forming a tight bind, her buttocks still stinging from the strikes.

This was repeated on the other side, as the prod scraped along her back, scratching her skin. She twisted and stretched

against it, wondering if it would flare again.

‘Seal her up – don’t want the bitch making a mess as we travel. And do her hands as well, she looks slutty enough she might try and get off.’

Suki took a deep breath, sucking air in through her nose, desperately horny. The man leaned over her from behind, the rough canvas of his clothing pressing against her back. She pushed herself back against him, shuffling her legs wide, wanting to get off, wanting to grind herself against him.

The prod flared, delivering a shock into her flank. ‘Strays in heat aren’t allowed that. You’ll need to be a good girl, understand?’

Suki whined, as her wrist was pulled upwards, bent against her shoulder, more tape wrapped around it. It kept winding, forcing her hand into a fist, sealed within a bundle of dull grey tape. When she tensed against it, she could make it flex, just a little, but the thickness of it made it impossible to break out, at least quickly, feeling the glue prickle against her skin, pulling on it as she moved.

The woman in the cage stirred, rolling over and opening her eyes, long blonde hair flicking aside. Although the cage forced her onto hands and knees, she wasn’t taped up – instead, her legs were sheathed in high boots, ending with a hoof-lump, while leather gloves ending with solid ball-lumps sealed her hands away. It seemed much more elegant than Suki’s own tape bindings! The woman looked at Suki, somehow seeming proud, despite being caged and bound, then closed her eyes and rolled over – was she falling asleep?

Both of Suki’s hands were now taped – all of her limbs were restrained, binding her onto all fours, her weight on her knees and elbows. She waggled her feet, toes twisting in the air. Fingers hooked around her collar, the woman pulling her forward, her elbows scraping over the rough floor of the van. Metal clanked and creaked, another cage getting opened up. The floor had a thin blanket on, the rough wool scratchy on her skin.

The hand let go of her collar, before shoving on her backside, pushing her into the cage. It was screwed into place, firmly attached to the wall of the van, the top just above her head. For anyone larger, they would be squashed right up against the bars, but she was small enough that she had space to turn around, just in time to see the cage swing shut, a padlock fastening it closed. With her hands bound, there was no way for her to escape, even if she wanted to.

‘Good girl! I always like it when a capture is obedient. I hope you’re as much fun to train. Now get some rest – you’re going to be worked hard!’ She reached through the bars, stroking a hand down Suki’s back, Suki leaning into it, feeling the warm, slender fingers. The heat continued to throb between her legs, but there was no way for her to touch herself, nothing that she could rub against to get off!

Both of them got out of the back of the van, the door shutting with a heavy *thud*, sealing Suki into darkness. The engine rumbled into life, vibrations rippling through her body, making the cage buzz against her. Both of the other captives mumbled, Suki unable to see them, as she felt the van start to drive, every corner making her body slide against the walls, wondering what the kennels would be like.

## Chapter 2: Anticipation and Arrival

Despite the thrumming of the van and the desperate heat within her body, Suki couldn't stop herself falling into a doze. She could hear the other two people, their breathing slow and regular, seemingly both asleep themselves. With her gag in place though, she couldn't talk to them at all, and they were both gagged as well. Were they fellow pets, then? Although the tall one had been in fancy leather restraints – maybe she was an *actual* pet, owned and possessed? The thought made Suki shiver, wondering what that would be like.

To be bound as a pet, kept in a cage – she'd spent far too long looking at pictures online, of bodies in harnesses, limbs kept bound, sun-lit cages, eating from bowls. Maybe she could find someone with similar tastes, to look after her, keep her as their pet? And maybe a collar of her own? It had been embarrassing having to go to the pet shop and buy her own, her body feeling hot and light throughout, her face so red the assistant had asked if she was OK! But the moment the leather had settled around her neck, snug and firm, she'd spent the rest of the day stroking and touching herself, losing herself in sweaty caresses, until the bedroom had reeked of her own scent.

And now she was being taken to a kennel! The pictures had looked sunny and bright, although the people, bound onto all fours, bodies wrapped in dark leather, faces hidden behind muzzles, or blurred for the pictures. The trainers had looked strict and dominant, with crops at the ready. The thought made her shiver, straining against her restraints, feeling the tape flex around her fingers. If she worked at it, she could probably get free, although she was still in the cage. But it felt good to be confined, like she was being hugged and embraced, although the tape was sticky and pulled on her skin.

How far away were the kennels? There had been a phone number but no address given, probably to keep it secure. The van was moving smoothly – they must be out of the city and onto a motorway, so they were probably going quite some way. Suki wriggled around inside the cage, feeling the metal

bars, warmed by her body. On one of the walls there was a metal pipe, the tip wet and sticky. She sniffed at it – it smelled slightly sweet. Was it some kind of food-paste? But she was muzzled, so couldn't get at it.

In the darkness, and muzzled and bound, time blurred. The other pets seemed to slumber as well, their breathing slow and regular. Then the van turned a corner, and started to bump up and down, moving along some rough road. Did that mean they were almost there? It was uncomfortable being jolted around inside the cage though, the metal bars chafing her skin, and Suki tried to tense up and brace herself. She could hear the other two now, making annoying grunts in time with the jolting movements.

She heard reverse-beeping, the vehicle moving slowly backwards, and then the clunk of doors opening. They must be there now? The backdoors of the van opened, cooler air sliding in, making Suki shiver, naked except for the restraints.

'Time for your inspections! New girl, the vet needs to give you a physical assessment.' The man stepped into the van, his body blocking out electric light from outside. 'You've been good so far – keep doing that, and this will be nice and smooth.'

From down in the cage, the man seemed even larger than before, looming over the cage, strong fingers fiddling with the padlock of the cage and pulling it open. He stepped back, and Suki crawled forward, exiting the cage, stretching herself out, at least as much as she could.

'This is your first time, so you'll need a full physical. A *human* physical. And then we can get some nicer restraints for you. I'm sure you'd like that, wouldn't you? So you can be a good girl!' He spoke like he was speaking to a real pet, in tones that should be patronizing but made her feel reassured and comfortable. All she could see of him was his legs, still wrapped in the blue overalls, before he bent over and clipped a leash onto her collar, and then walked away.

She had to crawl fast to keep up, feeling her backside sway about, the van floor rough against her elbows. It was hard

keeping her balance, and it was straining her body in ways she wasn't used to. A ramp had been put in place, leading down and out of the van, into a bare concrete hallway, reinforced metal doors on either side.

Suki looked around, equally nervous and interested. Each of the doors had a number stamped into it, and a small hinged panel at the bottom. It wasn't large enough to fit through – was it a food flap, like in prison? The thought made her flush with heat, feeling a wetness between her thighs, making her squirm. Then the leash tightened as the man walked on, forcing Suki to crawl to keep up.

At the end were doors, hinged to open either way, with circular windows at the top. The man pushed them open, and the scent of medicine and cleanliness wafted out. It was bright, making Suki wince, her mind reeling as she tried to take it all in.

A female voice spoke, from somewhere out of sight. 'This the new pup? Well, get her prepped, I'll be right out.'

'Sure thing, Doc.'

His hand stroked down her back, making her shiver and gasp, acutely aware of her own vulnerability. She pushed back against the touch, wanting more touches, especially between her legs. But, instead, he snipped through the tape with scissors, pulling on her skin as he pulled it away, tossing it into a bin. Her legs were freed first, her knees aching as she was able to bend them properly.

'Stand up.'

She had to breathe deeply and focus to manage it, her legs weak and wobbly. Being up again felt strange, and her face went bright red, greater awareness of her situation coming, her breath quickening. A hand stroked down her back again as her arms twitched, still bound, a whine coming from behind her muzzle. The female voice spoke again, bright and cherry.

'It can be a lot to take in, but don't worry – we'll take good care of you.' Latex snapped, as a white-coated woman stepped into view, copper-bright hair standing out against her white

latex outfit, the logo of the kennels on her breast. ‘Time for a physical, and then we can make you into a nice little bitch-pet.’ Her expression was hidden behind a surgical mask, long black gloves covering her arms fully. ‘Just to check that you can deal with everything. It’s important to know that the stock is of good material.’

The words made Suki’s head swim, and she staggered, a hand grabbing her shoulder from behind, keeping her up.

‘Thanks, Michael. I’ll take it from here.’ She held a black-wrapped finger up, moving it from side-to-side, staring into Suki’s eyes. ‘Good, you’re responsive. Some of the new bitches are a little overwhelmed.’

Suki’s other arm was cut free, dropping and dangling loose, and she could dimly hear Michael leaving behind her. The finger kept moving, Suki staring at it, struggling to form any thoughts, before there was a sharp finger-snap, helping to wake her up.

‘Now, I’m going to unmuzzle you and ask you a few questions. Just to make sure of everything.’ Her pocket buzzed and she pulled out a phone. ‘Oh good, they’ve just confirmed your ID. That’s a good start. So, Suki Araki? At least to start with, but we’ll have to come up with a new name for you.’

Her phone went back into a pocket, before she reached forward, sliding a hand along Suki’s cheek, finding the buckle for the muzzle and releasing it.

‘Head back! Try not to dribble.’

A gentle touch pushed Suki’s head backwards as the muzzle was pulled away from her face, and she swallowed the thick wad of spit.

‘Good girl. Pretty little thing, aren’t you? Small and cute – you’re not going to be suitable for some of the stamina courses, but you should be able to do the trick shows. And general training, of course.’ She stroked Suki’s breasts, pushing on the skin. ‘Good and healthy. Any medical problems?’

Suki shook her head, before remembering she could talk, her tongue thick and clumsy. ‘No.’

‘Allergies? Any medication or dietary needs?’

‘No. No.’

‘Good. You should be nice and easy to look after. How’s your general fitness?’ She held out Suki’s arms, squeezing at her biceps. ‘Let me guess – office job?’

‘Yes.’

‘Well, we’ll be sure to start you off gently, if you’re not used to cardio. I’m guessing you don’t want to bulk up, you’d like to stay cute and petite?’ The hands slid down her sides, lightly tickling against her skin, squeezing at her hips. ‘Nice and trim!’

‘Um, yes.’

‘Thought so. And it means I won’t have to use the specially reinforced cages. Some of you pets like to cause problems and try and break out! Bloody nuisance. Now, do you have any questions?’

Suki shook her head.

‘Let’s get you petted up then. If you could get onto the table, it’s easier on my back than bending over.’ She pointed at a medical table, thinly padded, and Suki mounted it, moving onto all fours. ‘You sure this is your first time? You’re nice and easy to work with.’

Fingers poked at her body, feeling her muscles, each touch taking her out of herself, making her gasp and sigh.

‘Good, firm muscles, although you could do with some toning. I’ll make a note. Now, legs first.’ The vet put one hand on a thigh, the other on an ankle, gently bending Suki’s leg backwards, before leather slapped and slithered, somewhere out of sight. ‘You’re a bit smaller than most of the pets, but this should fit. If it chafes too much, let someone know, and we’ll do what we can.’

Soft leather wrapped around her leg, cords and buckles tightening, pulling her leg into position. Something flapped

against her knee, before she was lifted on one side, a padded block going beneath her knee, and then getting tied into place. That left her unbalanced, her other knee not yet raised up.

Latex-gloved fingers slid between her legs, touching against her lips, making her sigh.

‘Don’t worry, we’ll get to that soon. Have to keep an eye on that clit-piercing, make sure it doesn’t snag or catch. Could be fun to leash though.’

Suki’s other leg was bound, forcing her onto her knees. The leather was warm and snug, pressing against her, but not too tightly enough to hurt.

‘Arms next, then your muzzle, and then your lovely new tail. Black, I think, to match your hair.’

Suki bent her arms back, putting her hands on her shoulders, before the doctor shook her head. ‘Arms out straight.’ She flicked out a long, shiny tube, with a lump at the end. ‘Let’s start with these.’ She took Suki’s right arm, and slid the tube over her skin. It was powdered on the inside, but tight enough to squish her skin. It was like a glove, except instead of a hand on the end, there was a flat-bottomed lump, forcing her hand over a curved, solid thing, tight enough to compress her fingers. With it on, she wouldn’t be able to lift anything, or do anything at all with her hands! But the bottom was padded, and when she pressed down with it, it took her weight easily.

Another paw-glove went onto her other arm, buckles tightening to hold them in place. She twisted her arms – she still had decent mobility, but she wouldn’t be able to use her hands at all!

‘I’ll give you a check in a few days, just in case. Now, open wide!’

Suki obeyed, watching as the doctor held up a more complex-looking muzzle – this one was shaped like an actual animal’s nose and mouth but with a metal ring inside, and with straps running on either side and from the top. It even had leather ears on the top, tall and perky, like a dog!

‘Say “ahhh”!’

Suki strained her jaw, stretching as open as possible, the metal ring sliding behind her teeth. It meant that she couldn't close her mouth properly, and then the leather muzzle was pulled snug against her face. She wriggled her nose, able to smell some polish or something that had been rubbed onto it. It came beneath her chin and had more straps that came around her head, a full harness, the doctor careful not to snag any hair.

‘I'll even plug it for you, so you don't dribble. Remember, you'll need to drink more than you're used to, as you're going to be losing a lot of fluids, from sweat and drool. Head up.’

Suki tilted her head, watching the doctor hold up a rubbery bulb – with practiced ease, she pushed it into Suki's mouth, the metal ring stopping it from sliding too far in, plugging Suki's mouth. She pushed it with her tongue, as the doctor fumbled about inside the mouth-piece.

‘It attaches on the inside. You can push it out if you want to, but remember that you'll need someone else to put it back.’

‘Uphh.’ She couldn't talk properly, but could make vague noises, still probing against the thing with her tongue. Suki wriggled, feeling her range of movement, and how limited it was, feeling warm and secure. Although she would have to be careful not to fall off! And her arousal was making her feel tired, of being so horny for so long without release.

The doctor moved around behind her, slapping at her backside, thumbs pulling her lips apart. ‘Nice and healthy down here, aren't you? I like that piercing as well.’ A finger slid into her, twisting around and making her vision swirl, and she would have panted if it hadn't been for the gag. She pushed her hips backwards, wanting more touches and stimulation, but the doctor chuckled and slid her finger out, wiping it against Suki's backside.

‘Maybe later! The studs are going to like you, I can tell. Let's get your tail in first.’

Hands pulled her buttocks apart, and then a pump squirted, making a liquid noise. She felt lube, cool and slippery, getting

smear over her asshole, before a finger slid into her, making her gasp again. It twisted around, spreading her open inside, scattering her thoughts before sliding out.

‘Nice and loose, that’s good!’

A fat lump was pushed against the knot of her asshole, and she forced herself to relax, glad of all the lube as it was forced into her. It hit some tipping point, the thing suddenly getting swallowed up into her. She could feel it inside her, shifting about if she moved her hips, pressing outwards against her inner walls.

‘You’re a bit tight, so I’m going to help you with that. And so you can take larger ones.’ The pressure inside of her suddenly increased, the thing increasing in size. It was squashing up inside her, compacting all her other organs. It increased in size again, and then again, and she dipped her head, glad of the pet-gear keeping her supported, otherwise she would have collapsed.

‘That should do for now – you’re only small, but a good bitch can take a nice large cock. And some of the studs are quite impressively endowed, so if you want to have fun with them, I need to be sure you can take it. Don’t want any injuries!’

Suki slowly managed to gather her thoughts, her every movement making her acutely aware of the fat lump in her ass, and some weight outside, dragging it around. She twisted, managing to see behind her – there was now a tail there, a thin, slender whip of black, jutting out from her asshole and curling upwards.

‘We can change the style later, if you want, but I think the sleekness suits you.’ Fingers brushed against her slit again, sliding against the piercing. She tried to push back against it, wanting more touches, but there was just a light spank against her backside. ‘Nope, not yet! You’ve requested the *special* training, so I’ll need to hook that up.’ A finger idly traced over her lips, stimulating her further before withdrawing. Suki heard the pop of plastic packaging getting opened up. ‘A nice

fresh unit! Just for you. Although this means you'll need a full body harness.'

Fingers massaged her lips again, and then something was pressed into her, her body eagerly swallowing it up, a small, squidgy lump. 'I want to stretch you out, so you can take the biggest studs. But that'll take a while.'

Suki wriggled her hips, wanting more stimulation, but the thing just sat inside of her, passive and inert, as sticky pads were attached to her body, on the insides of her thighs, wires pressed against her lower lips and taped into place. She could feel the metal, prickling slightly against her skin, making her twitch nervously. Something heavier was laid against her pack, taped securely into place, and then the doctor fetched a curving thing of leather and buckles, wrapping it around Suki's body. It was tight, pressing up on her belly, forcing her spine straight, and covering up all of the pads.

'Can't forget the nipples! You are nice and neat and small, aren't you? And pierced breasts as well – have you been dreaming about this for a while?' Her nipples were given small pinches, before more wires were taped into place, connected to beneath the support-corset.

'Just a few last things, and then you can go. I'll give you a few days with that, see how you adjust, and then it'll be the full bitchesuit. Some people need more spinal support, especially for longer wear, but you should be able to manage.' She reached up to a shelf and got a collar – sturdy leather, with a battery pack on the outside, and bulkier than any that Suki had seen before.

'Your own is a bit tatty, this one is much better. And if you shake your head fast, it'll call for help. It also monitors your pulse and things – just to keep you safe. Oh, and it can shock you if you're bad, but I'm sure a good girl like you wouldn't do anything like that.'

Lube was smeared over Suki's neck as her own collar was released, the newer one sliding around her neck, slightly cold. It was nice and tight though, with a weight on the back.

‘We’ll get you a name soon enough, I’m sure. Now, you’re fully prepared, so let’s get you down, and you can go meet your new kennel-mates.’

She wrapped her arms around Suki’s torso, before straining, and lifting her up. Suki was utterly powerless, caught in mid-air, only able to wriggle her arms, feeling like she was floating, before being put down on the ground, scrabbling to try and get her balance back, the ass-plug shifting about.

‘One more thing – I need to check you’re toilet-trained. It’ll be enemas for solids for the first few days, but you’re on liquid food, so afterwards we won’t need to worry about that. But I want you to go and piss in that bowl. And try and aim, please.’

Suki’s shame burst into furious heat, as she looked over at the shiny metal bowl. To piss, in front of someone? But she’d have to do it sooner or later, and she wanted to be a good pet... She crawled over, every step making her bowels feel full and stuffed, positioning herself above the bowl. The collar made it hard to move her neck to see, but she shuffled her legs inwards, feeling that it was beneath her, before relaxing her bladder.

Her piss streamed and splashed downwards, tinkling against the metal, making her sigh in relief that she hadn’t missed. The bowl soon started to fill, the sound getting more liquid.

Once she was done, she shook herself, a few more droplets splashing down, then felt a tissue wipe against her, her cheeks aflame with shame and desire.

‘Good girl. You’re going to be a lovely pet, I can feel it. Now, remember not to cause any trouble, and listen to the trainers. I’m going to hand you back to Michael, and he’ll take you to the kennels.’

Suki shuffled away from her piss, not liking the smell, getting used to being bound on all fours again, her heart racing. What would the kennels be like? And the other pets? Thoughts of burly, musclebound studs, the cocks at the ready,

surged in her mind. If she was a good girl, maybe she could be used by them?

She barely noticed as she was led by the leash out of the room, still focused on the feelings and sensations of the thing inside of her, and the leather sheathing her body.

## Chapter 3: The Kennels

Suki gulped nervously, moving slowly, the leash getting dragged tight and forcing her forward, Michael giving it a tug. What would the kennels be like? She felt hot and cold flush through her, arousal and uncertainty mingling together inside of her. The new collar was stiffer than her own one, and she could feel the weight of the battery on the back of her neck. That she was being monitored helped her relax, just a little, but it felt different to what she was used to. And the muzzle in front of her face was pressing against her, the only thing stopping her dribbling into it the plug in her mouth.

Another set of double-hinged doors was pushed open, and the scent changed, muskier and sweatier. Suki tensed her shoulders, looking forward – it was a larger, more open space, with cages all along the walls. A few were occupied, other pet-girls inside, laying on the floor or walking about within the small spaces. Each had two plastic cylinders on the outside, one filled with clear water, the other with a creamy paste. The sight of the water made her blush, remembering how she had just pissed herself in front of the doctor, and couldn't even clean herself off properly. And she'd have to have enemas now, what would those be like?

All the girls were muzzled, although in a variety of styles – some just had flat leather panels covering their mouths, but most had things shaped like dog- or cat-mouths, and with leather ears sticking up as well. One woman was fully hooded, her head sealed away behind leather, riveted panels over her eyes, thick lumps coverings her ears. Her whole body was sheathed in leather, dark and strong-looking – was she a special pet? Her collar was a deep, dark, blood-red color, with a large metal name-plate on the front, although Suki couldn't read it from here. Despite the thick leather, the woman was moving, twisting around within her cage, and growling softly.

Larger cages were at the far end – the women in these were muzzled, but with metal cages that just covered their mouths, their feeding-tubes having long metal pipes that let them suckle for food. The leather wrapped around them was pink or

white, and when one of them turned towards Suki she could see that they were wearing makeup, as mascara-rimmed eyes looked at her. Were they show-pets or something? They looked far too neat and pretty!

‘This will be your cage. Number 8, we’ve just had time to clean it out. The last occupant was a bit messy, but it’s all clean now.’

Even through the muzzle, Suki could smell bleach. The floor of the cage was covered with a thin, plastic mattress, a towel on top of it.

‘Hopefully you won’t be as messy as she was! Now, you’re just a small thing, aren’t you? Nice and easy to move around. Let’s get some food in you, test everything and then you can go play.’

He reached down, grabbing at her head and turning it to the side, reaching into her mouth and pulling on the plug, tucking it up into her “nose”, keeping it tidied away. Having fingers in her mouth made Suki squeal, although she could barely make any noise, as he withdrew his fingers.

‘Get in, and I’ll get your food. You’re not allowed to roam free in here – that’s the rule.’ He shoved at her with a foot, and she crawled away, into the cage. Although the gaps between the bars were over an inch wide, it still felt restrictive, just being inside of it, pressing in all around her, making her head swim. A hand came in front of her face, her world going dark, twisting at her muzzle-mask. The nose-piece slid off her face, leaving it uncovered, with just the ring-gag now, holding her mouth open.

The door clanged shut behind her, making her twitch, and then try to turn around, her elbows getting tangled up in each other. She swayed, then fell to the side, her body knocking against the wall, the cage shaking. She had to think to try and figure out how to move, getting herself back under control, managing to turn around to face the cage door. This was more complicated than she had thought! And the mattress compressed slightly beneath her weight, making it harder to keep her balance.

When she had managed to regain some level of control, the man was attaching feeding tubes to the outside of the cage. These didn't have a metal feeding pipe though – instead, there was a single rubbery-looking shaft coming towards her, with a button above it.

'You need stretching out. Your throat as well – Doctor's orders.' A finger reached through the bars, pointing at a button just above the shaft. 'Press that with your nose, and you get food. You're on a mix, food and water all at once. You'll be fed twice a day, and you have to eat it all, every time.'

'Mphh.' Suki nodded to show she understood.

'Good girl. Now try – and remember, every last drop.'

She crawled forward, craning her neck to reach the shaft, before it was moved down, clipped lower onto the outside of the cage to make it easier to reach. Suki pushed her mouth onto it, suckling on the shaft, glad that it tasted clean. She could feel that there was a hole in the tip, flicking her tongue over it. The thing was the right size to fit through the ring gag, swiftly filling her mouth, and then bumping against the top of her throat. Suki spluttered, holding it there – the button was still in front of her, but her nose wasn't touching it yet.

Suki sucked in air through her nose, then pushed forward, feeling the shaft penetrate her throat. It slid into the right, wet hole, making her ache, just a little, as she pushed further forward, forcing her body forward.

She felt plastic against her nose, holding the position, but it obviously wasn't enough pressure, and she had to force herself further forward, her throat aching as it was stretched wide. Her nose pressed harder against the button, and she heard a *click*, following by the whirring of a pump. She withdrew, her throat glad of the lack of pressure, and then creamy fluid spurted from the end, into her mouth. It was a fight to swallow it without choking, trying to get the paste into her belly, feeling it slide down her throat.

'About another three of those should do it.'

‘Mphh...’ Her throat was still sore from the first one, as she pushed herself forward again. It seemed easier this time, her throat loosened already, as she penetrated herself, hearing herself splutter. She shoved her head forward, managing to hit the button again, withdrawing swiftly, managing to swallow more easily this time.

‘Nice and neat, good girl.’

The praise made her ears tingle, pleasure spreading through her. She managed to repeat the action twice more, the last spurt noticeably smaller. She could feel the paste inside her belly, making her feel stuffed, especially with the fat ass-plug lodged inside of her as well! At least she’d only just pissed though, hopefully it would be a while before she needed to go again.

The thing inside her pussy suddenly twitched, buzzing into life, making her head whirl. When she recovered herself, the man was speaking.

‘...to earn more, if you’re good. But that takes time.’ There was another swift vibration, but nothing more, as the cage door was unlocked. ‘If a bitch is ever outside of her cage, she should be muzzled. Otherwise it’s the punishment block.’

She crawled out, still feeling stuffed and full, lifting her head to let the muzzle cover her face again, the leather straps being fastened tightly, before her leash was attached. The wetness trickled down between her thighs, her heartrate slowly returning to normal. She wanted more! She wanted that vibrator to be set to max, to let her cum, over and over again – but, bound as she was, she couldn’t even touch herself!

Suki crawled past the... show-bitches? One of them looked at her, blinking slowly, long lashes flickering, Suki resisting the urge to growl at them. Having them look so... *pretty* seemed offensive, what were they doing here? From the look of disdain on the bitch’s face, the feeling was entirely mutual. There was no time to do more though, as she was pulled forward, feeling the leash tighten around her neck.

The bitch yelped, Suki hearing a snap of electricity, smiling as much as she could behind her muzzle-mask and

with the gag. Served her right! But there was no more time as she was pulled forward by the leash. A few of the other pet-girls, bound on all fours, glanced at her, looking on with a little more interest. Trying to judge them was hard, their bodies wrapped and bound, on all fours, faces mostly hidden behind muzzles and gags.

‘Go through there.’ Michael stepped aside, pointing at a large doggy-door, a translucent flap with sunlight outside. Suki crawled forward, hearing as the leash dropped to the floor, having to drag it along the ground. The only way to get through was to use her head, butting up against it. It was stiff, needing her to push harder and harder, until it popped open, and fresh air flowed around her face. She stumbled forward, her hands knocking against the edge of the wall, her face falling down, against the ground.

‘Mphhh!’ She had to wriggle her front limbs around, getting them beneath herself again and pulling herself through the flap. It was a bright and sunny morning, with a large, grassy meadow in front of her. Two other bitch-suited women were already there, running forward, at least as much as they could on all fours. Another woman was yelling orders, dressed in tight jeans trousers and a high-necked, bright red top, her hands hidden by leather gloves, a crop held in one hand, a ball-scoop in the other. Both of the pet-girls were running towards a yellow tennis ball, currently rolling away from them across the grass.

‘This is Samantha, she’ll be in charge of your training. Be a good girl, and she won’t have to be harsh.’ The woman turned, then walked over. She was wearing knee-high leather boots, black and shiny, Suki able to see a mottled reflection of herself in them. ‘This is the new bitch. Hasn’t got a name yet, needs full training. She’s fully wired up, but don’t run her too hard, this is her first time.’

A boot came up, then pressed down onto Suki’s back, between her shoulder-blades. She struggled to stay up, not wanting to give in or show any weakness, the square heel pressing harder and harder before relenting.

‘Cute little thing. Sure she’s not one of the display-bitches?’

‘Nope. Full course, signed and sealed.’

‘Good. It’s always nice to break a bitch in. And those prissy dumb sluts need to be dragged on a good long walk, get them nice and muddy. Teach them not to be so uptight and vain!’ The crop flicked, striking against her backside, a sharp and stinging welt forming. Suki grunted into her gag, savoring the flare of pain.

‘Hmm, nice tight butt. Good muscle tone. Let’s see how she strong she is.’ Samantha stepped over her, one leg on either side, before tightening up. ‘Try and get free.’ The crop struck against her ass again, Suki squirming, her body pinned by the leather boots pressing against her. She dug her hands into the ground, trying to pull herself forward, pushing with her knees, feeling her backside smart from the crop-strikes.

The leather of the boots pressed just above her hips, her paw-hands scrabbling against grass, slippery with dew, her knees unable to get purchase. Being forced to tense up made the anal intruder throb inside of her, and she could feel the wetness between her thighs still. No matter how much she wriggled, she couldn’t break free, sagging in defeat.

‘That all you got? Well, you’re not a rottweiler, I suppose.’ Another stinging strike of the crop, making Suki gasp, her buttocks heating up from the hits. The boots pressed in for a moment, squashing the air from her before letting her go, and she sagged downwards. Long blades of grass tickled against her breasts, wet with dew, before she pulled herself up. ‘Bit of a weakling, but I can work with that.’ A hand grasped her tail and tugged on it, the fat bulb pulling on the inside of her asshole, too big to come out, making her whimper through her gag, her butt rising into the air.

‘Obedience is good. Sit!’ The barked order slammed into Suki, and she dropped her backside to the ground, ignoring the wetness on her welted backside, head coming up.

‘Good girl! That’s a nice basic command for you. If you disobey, then you will be punished.’ The crop slid down her

back, the leather striker flexing slightly as it pressed against her spine, before moving away, the woman stepping in front of her, leaning over to look into her muzzled face. The crop pushed between her legs, sliding against her pussy, the shaft feeling good as it touched her. ‘You’re in heat, aren’t you? Have to keep you away from the studs, don’t want you distracting them. We keep the bitches and studs separated, to prevent any accidents.’

Suki whined, the pressure in her belly increasing – she wanted more touches there! The crop suddenly flicked, striking against her pussy, making sparks flare in her vision.

‘The good bitches might be allowed some pleasure. But I find most respond better to harsher treatment.’ She reached down and squeezed a breast, pinching at a nipple-stud and pulling, stretching out the soft skin. Suki’s breath hitched, the pain making her body heat up, the tension in her core increasing. ‘You are going to be a good, obedient, breedable bitch, aren’t you? You’ll obey me, and do all the tricks I want you to, won’t you?’ She gave Suki’s breast a savage yank before letting go. ‘Run – over to that fence and back. I want to see you sweat, to see your tit-piercings shine.’

She shoved at Suki’s face, turning her to the side, Suki dropping to all fours. She slapped her palms down onto the ground, finding that they were slightly ridged, giving her some grip, although her knees were skidding around on the wet grass. The ground was bumpy and uneven, making it harder to keep moving in a straight line. If she put too much weight onto her knees, they threatened to skid out from beneath her! And the tail-plug was shaking around, making it hard to breath properly!

The fence-line was getting closer though – it looked sturdy, thick wooden posts with wire mesh between them, without any visible gaps. Around the edge, the grass was thinner, with muddy patches. Her hand splashed into a puddle, cold water splatting over the parts of her body not covered by leather, making her feel dirty.

She reached the fence, leaning against it for a moment, before squealing in pain. Electricity ran through her flank,

where her bare skin touched against the metal wires, making her twitch and shudder, slumping away, the shocks stopping.

Suki panted, feeling the jangling, forced contractions fading away, soreness down one side of her body. Her muscles felt sore, stretched out in ways she wasn't used to – it was making her torso move in unusual ways, and having to run-drag herself along with her arms was draining.

Another shock, this one slamming into her neck, her head coming up, jaw tightening around the metal ring.

‘Back!’ Samantha gestured with the crop, Suki trying to summon up her strength and start moving again. She twisted her hips, feeling the leather around her waist compress her body, wet and dirty water splashed onto her thighs. She had to fight the aftereffects of the shocks to fully control her body, but she was getting more used to the bindings now, swaying her hips in time with the movement of the tail, trying to reduce the effects of the lump inside her.

She could see the other two bitches now – one of them had picked the ball up in her mouth, the other one growling and trying to grab it. They squared off, bodies tense, Suki able to see their tails rise up, coming out of their assholes. One lunged, knocking her shoulder into the other and making them drop the ball, grabbing at it with her own mouth and darting off, Suki envying her speed. Would she be able to move like that soon?

By the time she got back to Samantha, she was panting and gasping, her body unused to the exertions. The leather harness and bindings, and the ring-gag, made it hard to breathe properly, stopping her filling her lungs! She skidded to a stop, rising up, feeling when her tail brushed against the ground, the other bitch returning and presenting the ball to Samantha.

‘Good girl, Sassy. Don't be afraid to fight for it.’ The pet-girl barked, settling back on her haunches and pressing herself against Suki, who flinched away, unsure how to react. ‘This is the new bitch – you can play with her, but not too roughly, she's only small.’

The bitch immediately twisted, throwing her body against Suki, pushing her over and flopping on top of her. Suki crumpled, limbs askew, unable to hold herself up. Wet grass tickled her belly, her face down on the ground.

‘Mrphhh!’ She tried to rise, but the bitch was too heavy, making happy-sounding noises from on top of her, wriggling around.

‘New bitch, this is Sassy Bronze Girl. You two play nice – while I go and drag Ocean back.’

Suki managed to turn her head, able to see that the other bitch was still a distance away, staring outwards, a white fluffy tail high in the air.

‘That one needs some focus training!’ She walked away, leaving Suki pinned in place. She whined, trying to raise up again, but unable to do so. The bitch twisted around on top of her, until Suki’s head was beneath her rear-end, and she could smell the sweat and musk of their body. Her crotch came down, pressing against Suki’s muzzle, filling her view – a neat and tidy pussy-slit, clean-shaven, the folds visibly damp.

This was ground against the muzzle, Sassy making satisfied noises as she humped Suki’s face, Suki powerless to resist, whining into her gag. Every inhalation made her more aware of the other woman’s arousal, and her own.

Then Sassy twisted again, and Suki felt a tug on her tail, the plug grinding against her walls. Was Sassy pulling at it somehow? It was trying to breach her body, but the ring of her anus was too tight, although she could feel it stretch.

‘Mphhh!’ She mumbled powerlessly into the ground, still unable to throw the woman off, pinned into place. Suki heard Samantha return, along with soft, whining protests. The anal lump slid back inside, before a muzzle ground against her own crotch, stirring up her excitement, making her want to hump the ground.

‘OK, that’s enough you two. Break it off, or I’ll get the hose!’

Sassy whined, but climbed off Suki, leaving her there on the ground.

‘Now, new bitch, get up and start moving. I said I want to see you sweat, and I meant it. Get moving, unless you want me to use your collar some more!’

Suki managed to pull herself up, her body weak from being squashed, more arousal flooding her crotch.

‘I don’t care if you’re in heat, get moving!’

She forced herself to run, or at least stagger, forward, wondering how long the training would go on for, and when she would be allowed some relief!

## Chapter 4: One-to-One Training

Suki's entire body felt hot, her sweat making her outfit cling and crag, digging more harshly into her skin. Her knees throbbed, unused to the motion, the padded blocks on her knees not enough to fully protect her from the impacts caused by movement. The other pet-girls made this look much easier, moving with easy grace, although their bodies were still starting to sweat and shine, as the sun rose higher.

A few other pet-girls emerged from the kennels, most looking drowsy as they stretched themselves off, wriggling their shoulders and legs. All of them looked bigger than Suki, making her feel nervous, in case one of them tried to pin her down again! A few of them gave her a curious look, but most seemed content to stretch themselves out and then play, pressing against each other and play-fighting, trying to avoid being pinned to the floor or wriggling free.

As they moved, Suki could see a variety of tail-plugs and head-masks, showing different styles – there was one full-face hood-mask, black and ominous, with a red scar-mark painted over one eye. As that one turned, Suki saw that her tail; a cropped-short stud of black poking out from between her buttocks, the rest of her skin sheathed in black latex, metal harness-rings gleaming brightly.

Sometime later, the show-pets were bought out – they looked immaculate, hair bright and glossy, walking as a group, their steps dainty and fastidious, avoiding the wettest patches of grass. Several of the other pets growled at them, but kept a distance, the groups not mingling.

Samantha's voice sounded out, loud enough to be heard over the sound of the pets wrestling, making them freeze mid-movement.

‘Listen up! Those of you that need stamina training are being taken on a walk down to the village, so line up by the gate. The rest of you can play – you know when feeding time is. And you lot...’ She gestured at the show-pets, still in their cluster of pink and white, far too pretty and neat. ‘...remember

there's the gala soon, so I want to see you put some effort in! And no getting in the way of the ponies this time! And we have a new girl today – she's a stray without a name, but I hope you'll make her welcome.' She pointed at Suki, who shuddered nervously, drawing her shoulders in on herself defensively, feeling as though everyone was looking at her.

'She's with me for today, so I can give her a good going over. I want all of you to be good bitches – otherwise I'll have to come up with more behavior training. You know where you can and can't go, and your collars will tell anyone that forgets.'

As she spoke, there was movement in the next field, humanoid shapes emerging from a large barn. The sunlight glimmered off shiny skin, legs moving in exaggeratedly high steps. Suki squinted, before realizing that they were pony-girls, their legs shod in hoof-boots, bodies wrapped in harnesses, bits between their teeth, and with long hair streaming out as they picked up speed, running about their field, managing impressive turns of speed. One of them was moving towards the fence, before skidding, unable to stop and slamming into it, emitting a pained bleat, the bit in her mouth preventing more coherent words.

Samantha cupped her hands over her mouth and yelled. 'Oi! Suzie! One of your lot has had an accident – go sort her out! Useless fucking pony-bitches. At least you bitches are well-behaved. Mostly.' She leaned down, scratching the head of a large, blonde pet-girl. 'Stray! Get over here!'

Suki started to trot over, feeling nervous as she walked towards the group of other pets, the group starting to fight and wrestle again, barking and yapping at each other. The one with the scar-mark stared at her, Suki seeing the dark shine of real eyes beneath the hood, making her shiver for a moment before pressing onwards.

Samantha reached down and grabbed at Suki's collar, dragging her forward, then waving her other arm at the pets. 'Go on then! Your masters are paying a lot for you to be here, go and play or something!' A small group of pets was forming at the far end, near a gate, another trainer attaching leashes to

them – if it hadn't been for the pets actually being human, then it would have looked just like any dog-walker getting their charges ready.

'So, new stray. You've had your physical and that all checks out, but now you need actual training. Some basic commands first, and you'll need to learn the consequences of not obeying.' She held up a small plastic thing with an aerial, looking a bit like a walkie-talkie, although Suki had to crane her neck to look up high enough to see it. Samantha twisted Suki's collar, making the metal contacts scrape at her neck. 'Collar 18, let's get that dialed in. Disobedient strays get punished – I'm sure you wouldn't like that.' She squatted down next to Suki, supporting herself using Suki's body, holding the device so that Suki could see it. A small LCD screen was displaying the number "18", along with a reception indicator (4 bars), while a wheel on one side could be turned, and was currently on 7. A big circular button was in the middle, Samantha's finger touching it.

'This controls your collar – I can send it to everyone close by, or just a few, or just one. When I press this button, then it activates.' She twisted the wheel, the number changing to "1", and then she pressed the button.

'Uhhh!' A shock bit into Suki's neck, a brief little flare, making her tense and twitch, a quick prick that soon faded.

'That's the weakest. The shocks go all the way up to 11, apparently it's an old movie thing? Little thing like you is probably going to start *really* feeling it around 5 or 6, and you won't be able to take much about maybe 8 or so. That's when even the big girls will normally start to listen, and there's a lot more of them to soak it up. And some of those pony-sluts can take the full 11! But you probably don't want that, do you?' Her finger flicked against the wheel, dialing it up to "4", and then pressing the button again.

This time the shocks came through to Suki's torso, the pads activating with a sudden flaring shock. Sparks danced in Suki's eyes, flashing across her vision, her breathing disrupted. With Samantha's arm and weight on her back, if it hadn't been

for the restraints then she would have sunken down to the floor!

‘See? I’m not a bitch though – I’ll use it to train you, but won’t just jam the button down and see what happens. A little neck-nip is the easiest way to get you lot to listen if you’re acting up.’ Her hand slid around Suki’s body, cupping a breast and squeezing, before feeling along her body. ‘Hmmm, you’re not going to be a racing hound, or a hunter. But you’re in good trim, for a stray.’ Samantha’s hand moved back between Suki’s legs, spreading her lips wide, Suki gasping through her muzzle at the rush of pleasure. ‘And in heat! Might let the studs have a sniff of you, keep them excited.’ She stood up. ‘But first, commands. SIT!’

The command slammed into Suki, her body obeying before she even fully realized it, her butt dropping to the floor, torso coming up. The motion made her butt-plug knock around, the inner lump spreading out her walls, dizzying her further.

‘Good. Sometimes I have to beat that into the new strays, but it seems you’re at least partially trained already. It’ll take your body a few days to adjust to the new diet, so we’ll be cleaning out your insides. If you need to piss, then find me and let me know – if you make a mess, then I’ll be rubbing your face in it!’

The sting of the shocks faded quickly, but there was a heat in her core that was growing, a tingling in her pussy she wanted to ignore, but couldn’t.

‘You get fed in your cages – don’t want you putting weight on, and a load of you are on special diets. Those show-bitches especially! And don’t try and steal anyone else’s food, especially not any of the pony-food – they burn so many calories it’s all special stuff to keep them going.’

Suki shifted her hips, the plug in her ass shifting as she did so, making her eyes bulge. Samantha pressed the controller, a shock biting into Suki’s neck, making her gasp.

‘When the “sit” command is given, that means “stay there” as well. No wriggling!’

Suki couldn't talk, but made a soft whine, nodding her head as much as the muzzle, hood and collar allowed.

'Down on your belly.'

Suki obeyed, letting herself flop forward, belly pressing against the ground, feeling the dewy grass beneath her. She couldn't see Samantha's face anymore, just her legs, starting to feel more cut-off from her own senses, except for the wetness against her belly.

'Tuck your legs in under yourself – try and be neat, rather than just splooting everywhere.'

She shuffled her knees up and pulled her arms in, still unable to turn her head enough to look up at Samantha, but she head a grunt of hopefully approval.

'You're going to need training in how to fetch, aren't you? Well, better to get it down now. Let's check your mouth first. Up.'

Pulling herself up was a surprising amount of effort, as Suki wriggled and twisted to get her knees beneath herself. Samantha's fingers shoved into her mouth, making her cough and choke, the leather gloves tasting slightly off, a blush coming over Suki as she realized she was tasting herself, her face heating up.

'That's it, good strong tongue.' The fingers curved around the ring-gag. 'With that in, you won't be able to pick much up in your mouth. But your muzzle-mouth has some grip and flex.' She withdrew her fingers, before tapping them against the leather mouth-piece strapped onto Suki's face. 'Should be about the right size for a ball.' Demonstrating, she made her hand into a fist and pushed against the muzzle – the leather resisted, before yielding, the fist sliding inside, held there by the leather.

'See?' She pulled her fist out, Suki tensing her neck up to prevent her head being dragged forward. 'Pick this up.' Samantha pulled out a bright yellow tennis ball from her pocket and dropped it onto the floor. Suki had to twist her body around to get her head above it, but could then drop onto

it, forcing her “mouth” over it until the leather flexed another, catching the ball inside.

‘That’s it – good girl! Some of the bitches have fancier muzzles, with a jaw mechanism, but let’s get you used to the basics first. Fetch.’ She tossed the ball away, just a short distance, the thing rolling around on the damp grass, Suki crawling towards it as fast as she could. How did the other pets manage their acceleration and turns? She was still having to get used to her legs being bound up and walking on her knees! And the grass was slightly skiddy, but not enough to stop her getting over the ball and dropping her head again. She could feel the mud on the ball smear against her lips, and she could feel the fuzziness of the ball tickling her as well, as she tried to pull her tongue back, not wanting to lick up any of the mud.

She crawled back to Samantha, trying to shake her head vigorously enough to make the ball drop down, feeling it knock back against her face, dirty and wet, and not falling out, until Samantha grabbed it.

‘Hmm, very obedient! Now, what about beg?’

Suki frowned, or at least as much as she could with the muzzle and ring-gag in place. What could she do for that? She dropped back onto her haunches, managing it without making the butt-plug twist around too much. From there, she lifted a paw-hand, feeling the extra weight of the lump holding her fingers spread, wafting it at Samantha. She made an imploring whine, the ring-gag pressing back within her mouth, the collar restricting the movement of her neck. Suki repeated the action, unable to read the expression on Samantha’s face.

‘I suppose it’s a start. Shake.’ She stretched out a hand, Suki reaching out her own wrapped-up arm and hand, patting her paw against Samantha’s palm, before glancing up. Suki tried to follow her vision, turning too much, the harness-straps resisting her, and she fell to the floor again, grunting in surprise. There was movement though, on the other side of the fence – the pony-girls were moving as a herd now, long legs coming up high for every stride, the sun gleaming off leather harnesses and sweaty skin, before a whip cracked and they all turned, in formation, changing direction. As they

turned away, Suki could see their tails, firmly lodged between buttocks, the strands jumping and jerking with every stride they took.

A booted toe poked into her ribs. ‘Get up, stray. I expect my girls to keep their balance, at least!’ A shock rippled into her collar, and she started the task of rearranging her limbs, still getting used to being on all fours. The shock-pads on her belly flared, making her grunt with pain, but feeling a warmth start to grow within her body, pleasure increasing along with the sharp little jolt-bites. ‘A good bitch stays focused and doesn’t get distracted! Don’t let that become a habit, unless you want blinkers. Those are good for making sure bitches stay focused. Now, fetch.’ Samantha picked up the ball and threw it with a quick flick of her wrist, sending it flying further this time.

Suki went after it, as fast as she could, feeling squelches of mud beneath her as she went downhill, onto wetter patches, feeling cold water splash up her legs, glad her arms were covered. The ball had landed in a puddle, the yellow fuzz now all wet, the water at least an inch deep. It was far enough from the edge that Suki couldn’t reach it, no matter how she stretched her neck forward.

‘Eugh!’ She grunted in pain as she was shocked, and then again when she tried to turn to look back at Samantha.

‘Fetch, bitch!’

Suki crawled forward, feeling cold water slop around her elbows, the puddle deeper than she had thought. And the mud beneath the surface was squidgy and thick, making her feel even more unbalanced! But another shock to her neck drove her forward, and she moved forward, trying to ignore the wetness, focusing instead on the shivering heat between her legs. She nudged the ball with her paws, trying to get it out of the puddle, making the thing roll a little, before she was shocked again, even more strongly than before.

‘Hurry up, bitch!’

She growled softly to herself, giving the ball another nudge, her movement disrupted by a shock, her arm made to

twitch. There was nothing for it but to drop her head over the ball, trying to force her muzzle-jaws over it. This meant dropping her head so low that her vision became completely obscured, her vision limited to just the surface of the water, her backside going upwards. The tail worked as a counterweight, stirring up her insides further, her vision blurring as she gulped in breath.

She didn't want the muddy ball near her mouth, but there was no other way to pick it up, feeling the resistance change as the muzzle shifted around it. Dirty, muddy water flowed off the ball, and Suki tried to keep her throat tense, unable to close her mouth. It was cold as well, and she could feel mud in it!

'Mphh.' The taste of the thing was in her throat now, making her wince, keeping her head angled forward to make the water flow away from her. And her legs were all wet and cold now! She turned around, splashing herself further, looking back at Samantha, who was now waiting with her hands on her hips, looking impatient. She moved, lifting up the remote control, Suki trying to move as fast as she could. She managed to get halfway back before a weak shock ran through her, making her gasp and swallow down some of the muddy water, coughing and spluttering, hating the taste of it.

Suki managed to make it back to Samantha, trying to shake her legs off, still soggy and damp.

'That wasn't very impressive, was it?' Her hand came down towards Suki's mouth, and she turned her head away, acting on a sudden reflex. Samantha's other hand grabbed Suki's head, holding it still, before the ball was pulled away. 'Bad girl! You fetch and return – nice and simple.' She tossed the ball away again, but kept hold of Suki's head, before there was a sudden hard impact against Suki's backside, a hand spanking against her buttocks.

The impact rippled all the way through her, her tongue lolling from her mouth, along with a shamefully loud whine. Despite the cold water on her legs and belly, the spank felt good, setting off small explosions of lust within her body, tingling down her spine. She pushed herself against Samantha,

pressing her body against Samantha's legs, feeling the leather trousers against her own body. She wanted more touches!

Samantha stumbled, Suki pressing against her harder, the grip on Suki's head loosening. She fell backwards, landing on her butt with a groan. Suki darted in, rubbing her face and shoulders against Samantha's shoulders, whining, wanting more touches. Samantha pushed her away, standing up and wiping off her trousers.

'A little too friendly there! Now go get the ball. Looks like I need to tire you out before moving on with more training. I know you're in heat, but that's no excuse!' She spanked Suki again, before taking out the remote control. Suki whined, before turning and racing for the ball, as fast as she could. If she was a good girl, would she be allowed more pleasure? And hopefully not too many shocks, although maybe some more spanks? Those seemed quite nice!

## Chapter 5: Into the Kennels

Hot, steamy air embraced Suki's body, although the tiled floor was hard on her body, even the padding on her limbs not enough to stop her knees and elbows from aching. Water splashed and trickled, another pet-girl getting hosed down, clean water turning muddy and then gurgling down a plughole. Two more were growling at each other, before another trainer turned a hose on them, their growls turning to splutters.

The scar-faced pet from earlier was there, only recognizable by her hood, the latex skin stripped off, her limbs beneath still held by pet-girl restraints. She was somehow even more intimidating like this, her muscles more obvious, radiating strength, the other pets giving her a wide berth. Her head turned towards Suki, eyes gleaming behind the hood, making Suki shiver. Was that the alpha-bitch?

'Let's get you stripped for a wash, but stay down on all fours – remember, you're a pet, not a person.'

Suki managed to focus through her tiredness – the other petgirls were all naked, actual flesh visible rather than leather or latex, although a few had their limb-restraints still in place. Samantha squatted down next to her, dragging her close in, Suki having no choice but to let herself be manhandled and dragged around. Skilled fingers moved over her body, releasing the straps and ties, her body feeling strange as it was allowed to resume a more natural shape. As the leg-straps were unwound, her lower legs flapped free, knees aching from the sudden freedom of movement.

'Don't get too used to it! Doc's busy, so I'll check you over, give you a wash, and then it's your enema and your cage for the night.' Fingers wrapped around her ankle, lifting her leg up and feeling along it, pinching at the muscle. It was like a very loose massage, the fingers fining the strains and knots within her limb, Samantha twisting and turning it.

'Hmmm, not bad. I've seen worse – for a stray, you're not bad.' Her leg was released, and then her thigh was groped, hands wrapping around it, tweaking and twisting. The leather-

wrapped hands were strong and slightly rough, vague pleasure mingling with tiredness. They touched her all over – patting her belly, her back, then along her spine and shoulders. As she was examined, Suki was able to slowly relax, starting to be able to think more.

She could feel her own enjoyment as a slowly building pleasure, deep within her body, having to stifle soft moans through the ring-gag as she was examined. Samantha was a lot more brusque than the doctor had been, working swiftly, pinching at both of Suki's breasts and making her gasp.

‘Hmmm, going to need some stamina training. There's nothing to you! Practically a lap-dog, you could be a cute little decoration. Butt down, paws up.’

Suki obeyed, raising her arms, feeling them shake, not entirely under her control, strained beyond endurance from the day's exercises. Samantha peeled the long gloves off, sweat making them stick, Suki wincing as they came off, taking sweat-softened skin with them. Her fingers flopped free, no longer bound within the paw-hands, stiff and sore, Samantha examining them.

‘Hmm, might need some cream on these tomorrow. But you're adjusting well, and no injuries yet. Over there. And remember to crawl!’

Without the bitch-suit on, Suki had more movement, but stayed on all fours, walking up to the tiled wall. The floor beneath her was slightly sloped, damp against her skin, and there was no warning before water splashed against her, Samantha hosing her down. At least it was warm though, and Suki twisted around, making sure she was getting fully washed, glad to have the sweat cleaned off herself.

After the water cut off, Suki shook herself, water droplets spraying off her, before padding back over to Samantha, who immediately started to wipe her down with a scratchy, rough towel. As it wiped over her breasts, it made her heart skip a beat, the stimulation greater than she had expected, her nipples hardening. Samantha chuckled, giving them a pinch, squeezing them hard, her other hand sliding between Suki's

thighs, tweaking the clit-piercing and producing a brief thrill of pleasure.

‘Horny little thing, aren’t you? But pets aren’t allowed to pleasure themselves.’

Suki softly whined through her ring-gag, pushing her backside against Samantha’s hand, before it withdrew and then slapped against her backside, a short, sharp spank.

‘Horny pets definitely don’t get treats!’ Another spank, Suki dropping her head in surrender. ‘Good girl. Restraints again, and then I can clean out your insides.’

Suki arranged her limbs to allow the full restraints to be applied again, feeling them slide back over her skin, feeling strangely natural, the harness settling easily onto her skin, her legs bent so that she was on her knees, a fresh pair paw-gloves going onto her arms.

‘This way.’ In one corner of the wash-room, away from the hoses, was a large metal tub. ‘Butt in the air.’ Samantha picked up a massive syringe, already filled up. ‘Get all your mess in the bowl!’

Suki whined, shoving her backside up in the air. Samantha grabbed the tail, making Suki grasp, before the air whooshed out of the bulb. It deflated fast, shrinking away inside of Suki, making her guts feel suddenly empty, before it was yanked out of her, forcing her asshole to spread. Then she felt the syringe-tip get shoved into her, seeming nice and thin after the bulb. Cold liquid was pushed into her, filling up her bowels, wet and loose.

She twisted around, lowering her backside, letting the fluid slide out of her, flowing into the bowl. Having Samantha watch her was embarrassing, but not as bad as not being able to control her own body! It did feel nice being empty though, without the fat, stiff pressure of the tail-plug lodged within her body. The action was repeated, another syringe of water pumped into her, washing her out completely, her bowels now as empty as her mind felt.

Leather-wrapped fingers pushed into her slit, hooking around the vibrator-bead and pulling it out, the sensation making Suki gasp, her pussy far too sensitive.

‘Piss as well. May as well, since you’re here.’

Suki cocked a leg, her cheeks starting to flame as her piss tinkled into the metal basin, a steady, constant stream. She squeezed her body, trying to empty herself as much as possible.

‘Good girl.’ Three fingers shoved into her, spreading her wide, her eyes bulging as she was stretched from the inside out, her lower lips getting parted. ‘And so wet! You’d make a lovely house-pet for someone, you seem nice and easy back here.’

‘Mrpphh!’ Suki tried to protest, but couldn’t form any words, and the fingers within her did feel good, twisting about before getting removed. Then hands grabbed her buttocks and spread them wide, the tail going back inside, sliding in without any resistance. A few puffs of air, and she was stuffed again, the plug a hard and fat lump.

‘Hmmm, I think it’ll be better to keep you nice and eager. I’ll set you up to be teased as you rest – should keep you nice and wet. If you want any release, then you’ll need to behave well.’ She started to attach a harness, a metal ring going over the tail, a leather panel going over her crotch, sealing the vibe into her, before her muzzle-mask was removed, leaving her with just the ring-gag in place.

‘Cage-time then!’ Samantha’s voice was forcefully perky, like she was talking to a child. She gave Suki a slap on the butt, pushing her forward, Suki obeying, trotting back towards the kennels.

More of them were occupied now, various yips, growls and grumbles filling the air, skin pressed up against cage-bars. The scent of perfume wafted from the show-pets, their harnesses bright and shiny, one of them looking at Suki with cool contempt, snorting from behind her muzzle. Suki tried to growl back, but the only sound she could manage was a weak

grumble, barely audible through her muzzle, before Samantha kicked her backside, pressing her forward.

Suki's own cage was already open, waiting for her, and she was glad to feel the soft padding beneath her.

'Turn around. One more job before I lock you in for the night.'

Suki whined in confusion as she twisted around, with just about enough room to do so without touching the sides. She could see Samantha's boots, the leather now dirty with mud, one toe inside the cage, leaving a dirty smear on the padding.

'Lick them clean.'

She couldn't see Samantha's face, the top of the cage in the way, but the boot moved towards her, leaving a larger smear of dirt beneath it.

She sucked in a forced breath, her collar jolting her, making her wince in pain. But she wanted to be a pet, didn't she? And a good pet. She dropped her head, sliding her tongue through the ring-gag, licking at the boot. She could taste the leather, and a slight grimy taste from the mud. Samantha made a satisfied noise from above her.

'That's it, good girl. Lean into it – you might be able to graduate from being a stray to finding a home if you keep this up.'

Suki kept licking the boot, running her tongue over the leather, feeling a pleasant warmth starting to develop in her crotch. She'd never been this submissive before, but it did feel *right* somehow, despite the dirty taste of the mud. The boot twisted around, letting her lick along the side, and then she had to clean the other one as well. It made her tongue feel rough and scratchy, the leather drying it out, forcing her to withdraw and try and moisten it again, before continuing.

When she was done, there were spit-smears over the boot, and a few traces of mud still, but Samantha withdrew, before ducking down and smiling, running her hand through Suki's hair.

‘Good girl! Nice and obedient, just what I like to work with!’ She reached down, squeezing at Suki’s breasts and squeezing them, Suki leaning into the touches, wanting more. ‘Now, remember to eat your food. I want to see it all gone, otherwise I’ll have to punish you, understand?’

Suki nodded, feeling cold when Samantha withdrew her hand, before stepping away and pushing the door shut, the lock clicking and sealing it. Suki sighed and turned to the cock-feeder, her throat already feeling sore at just the thought of using it.

The other cages were being filled, pets being put away by other trainers. She could hear all the other pets making themselves comfortable, stretching out within their cages, pushing against the bars, a few pained yelps and electrical zaps as collars were used.

She tensed up her body, feeling her muscles tighten around the tail-plug. If she moved too much, then it pushed up against the walls of the cage, making the plug shift around inside her. She’d never tried anal before, but it felt good, making her feel satisfied and full. But she wanted more, she wanted to get off! She dropped down, trying to reach between her legs with her paws, wanting to stroke her pussy.

Her hands ended in the padded paw-gloves though – all she could do was press against her slit, the leather harness in the way. She slapped at her crotch in irritation, even the feeling of the impact numbed by the glove and the harness, absorbing most of the force of it. What would she have to do to get off?

From within her own cage, she could see most of the way down the kennels, all the way down to the cages of the show-pets at the far end, as they preened themselves, their pinks looking bright against the dull backdrop.

The scar-faced woman, now back in her latex suit, was crawling along, her collar thick and spiked, with a leash firmly held by Samantha, another trainer close behind her with a crop in hand. The intimidating head turned to look at her, red scar-mark catching the light, sculpted teeth looking sharp. Despite

the cage in the way, Suki still flinched backwards, sensing the power the woman exuded – would the leash be enough to hold her? And, between her legs, a large cock bobbed up and down, swaying with each step.

Suki felt another tingle in her crotch, clenching her pussy around the vibrating bead, a rush of arousal flooding her. The thought of being taken like this, another pet above her... She licked her lips, tasting the mud again, her tongue sliding over the ring gag.

Samantha clapped her hands together, the sound loud enough to silence all the other pets. ‘Corporate Raider has been a good girl, so she’s earned a treat!’ She patted the woman on the head, the dog-woman leaning into the touch, body tense and alert. ‘And Ivory Diamond has improved her behavior as well.’ Metal creaked as one of the show-pet cages was opened, a long and elegant shape, hips shaped into an hour-glass by a tight harness, with a long ponytail of bleached-blond hair, was led out. All of her restraints were ivory-white, with bright brass metal clasps and locks, her mouth sealed behind a white panel bearing an elaborate metal pattern etched into the metal. Suki heard several growls, the other pets showing their opinions.

Despite that, Ivory Diamond held herself up straight, moving herself with calm deliberation, another trainer holding her leash. Her tail matched her hair, a white plume emerging from between her buttocks, her breasts swaying as she advanced.

As she got closer, Raider tensed up, spreading her knees into a wide stance, with most of her weight there, one of her hands coming slightly off the floor. As soon as Ivory was in reach, she lunged, the leash snapping out of Samantha’s hand, who swore and tried to grab it back, too slow. Raider grabbed at Ivory, using her paw-hands to force the woman’s shoulders down, before twisting with impressive speed, until she was behind Ivory.

Samantha had managed to grab the leash off the floor and pulled on it, but Raider dragged her forward. Raider’s elbows pushed down onto Ivory, pinning the other pet into place, as

she slowly buckled towards the floor. Suki could see the cock, already shiny with lube, as Raider positioned herself, fumbling forward with her hips, ignoring Samantha and the other trainers, spreading her legs to keep Ivory trapped.

‘Damn impetuous bitch!’

A strange gurgling noise came from behind Raider’s mask, and it took Suki a moment to realize that it was laughter. Ivory’s eyes went wide, a tremor passing through her body, Suki able to smell pussy-juice, or maybe that was just her imagination? Either way, Raider was now clamped onto Ivory, pinning the other bitch securely beneath her body, her hips thrusting away. Suki’s pussy throbbed again, and she licked at the cock-feeder, taking it into her mouth, running her tongue over the length, tilting her head so that she could see.

Ivory’s long lashes were fluttering now, a pleased gasp coming from behind her panel-gag, before she sank to the floor, pinned there by Raider. Her only movement was bucking her own hips in time with Raider’s thrusts, her tail bent and compressed by Raider.

All the other pets went silent, all of them staring from their cages. Suki started to deep-throat the cock, acting on reflex, tensing her hips up around the things shoved into her ass and pussy, taking more and more of the length of the cock into her mouth.

Ivory groaned in pleasure, her body writhing and twitching, eyes rolling back into her head, as she slumped completely to the ground, limbs splayed out. Raider thrust several more times, before withdrawing the cock, slapping it down against Ivory’s back, the thing slick with pussy juice.

Suki slammed her head forward, taking the whole length of the cock into her mouth, wanting something within her own pussy! The pump activated, and she withdrew just in time for it to shoot, spurting food-paste over her face, some of it going into her mouth. She could feel the sticky gunge there, slowly drying, as Raider was pulled off Ivory, this taking all three of the trainers to hold her there. Suki swallowed, the paste sliming down her throat, before she started to suck the cock

again, more slowly this time, pacing herself for another spurt, this time taking it in the mouth without making a mess.

Ivory managed to recover herself, although her eyes still looked glazed, her walking not quite so poised anymore, as she moved towards a larger cage, Raider getting put back down and following her in. She used her larger size to shove Ivory around, pushing the woman against one wall and then mounting her again, pushing the other woman to the floor.

Suki's crotch continued to pulse, sending a frustrating warmth through her – there was no way for her to get herself off! All she could do was suck at the cock, thrusting her head forward until she felt the button depress, and then getting a shot of the slimy paste into her mouth, each time violating her throat more, but it made her feel good. She could hear Raider making herself comfortable on top of Ivory, who was now squashed in place beneath, unable to move at all, her nostrils flaring as she sucked in air.

The room suddenly darkened, most of the lights clicking out, just a few weak strip-lights left on. A tingle flared in Suki's collar, making her gasp, hearing the sound echoed by every other pet, even Ivory stiffening up beneath Raider, before Samantha spoke.

‘Time for good pets to go to sleep! I don't want to have to come down here because any of you are back on your bullshit!’

Another shock, this one slightly stronger, making Suki choke and splutter on the cock.

‘And eat your food, or I'll force it into you!’

Suki heard wet gasps and grunts, and the sound of wet sucking, as the other pets sucked at their feeding-tubes and cocks, gulping down food. She bent her neck, taking several more shots herself, before curling up on the bedding as best she could, trying to make herself comfortable, feeling drowsy and warm in the darkness.

## Chapter 6: A New Day

Pain snapped into Suki's neck, her collar biting at her skin, making her grunt in pain. Her mouth tightened around the ring-gag, the metal pushing back, digging into the soft skin of her mouth.

‘Mphhh!’

It took her a moment to remember where she was, the bedding stuck to her body, her neck aching from having slept twisted up, the cage not big enough to let her stretch out properly, even with her limbs bound. But it felt strangely comfortable, the air warm, filled with the scent of herself and the other bitches. Everyone else was starting to rouse themselves as well, the other pet-girls waking up and stretching. Moans and gasps echoed around as the collars activated.

A few of the pets barely seemed to notice, their bodies twitching but without getting up. Raider didn't even do that, Suki having to squint at her to see the faint spark of the collar. Suki winced as she was shocked again, coming up onto all fours, stretching her back out, her butt pushing into the air. Her tail pushed against the top of the cage, making her gasp as it twisted within her ass.

Her stomach rumbled, and she pressed her mouth against the cock, suckling on it. She could taste her own dried spit, wincing slightly at the taste, and then having to strain her throat trying to take it in. She could feel her throat tightening around the shaft, making her splutter, and it took several attempts to get it down herself, before her nose bumped against the button.

She knew to withdraw now, pulling open and keeping her throat loose as it spewed the food-paste into her mouth, and then swallowing. Just the act of deep-throating in order to feed herself was making her feel arousal, her crotch and ass tensing up – she could feel the tail-plug even more, and a looseness in her pussy. She wanted more pressure down there, to be touched!

Each time she thrust her head forward, it was easier, her throat loosened up, more easily able to take the shaft, before withdrawing and sucking down the food-paste, without dribbling much down herself. The taste was still bland and unappealing, but it filled her belly, stopping her hunger.

Around her, the other pets were eating as well, sucking food and paste from their jobs. The show-pets in their larger cages seemed to be making a bit more of a show of it, having enough room to twist around, stretching themselves fully before taking small, delicate sips. Opposite, Raider was grinding her cock into the other woman, who was writhing beneath her, making a sound of satisfaction.

Suki could smell the pussy-juice, feeling another twitch of arousal through her body. After deep-throating herself again, the paste-supply ran dry, the final spurt only a small one. Could she rub herself against something to get off? She tried lifting one leg, wriggling into the back corner of her cage. No matter how she twisted though, she couldn't rub herself against the bars, her own body in the way. And even then, there was still the thing within her slit, passive and inert. But her desire was strong, and she kept trying, twisting around several times before whining in denied frustration.

Footsteps approached, loud on the concrete floor, the other pets all going quiet, Suki craning her neck and trying to see. The cage was in the way – she could make it movement, but nothing more, especially in the low light.

Samantha appeared, stopping in front of the cage, leaning over and looking down at Suki. She was wearing a leather jacket now, slightly wet, her hands still gloved.

‘Time for your morning walk, stray!’ She poked her fingers through a gap in the bars, Suki cautiously approaching and nuzzling them. Samantha made an appreciative noise, stroking them over Suki's head. ‘Good girl. And you've finished your food. That means time to clean you out – another few days, and you'll be nice and clean on the inside.’

She squatted down, putting herself on eye-level with Suki, pulling her hand back, then opening up the cage after

unlocking it.

‘Out.’

Suki obeyed, still twisting her limbs, easing off the aches and strains of sleep. She wanted to stand up properly, rather than being bound into the restraints! And moving made her even more aware of her own horniness, despite being unable to do anything about it.

She ducked her head, letting Samantha attach a leash.

‘Nice and obedient! Maybe you’ll earn a name soon – I wonder what it will be? Have to get you a nice collar as well. Now, onward – I’ve got a lot to do with you today.’ She ran her hand down Suki’s back, making her shiver from the leather-wrapped fingers, as they stroked over her spine. As she started to crawl forward, she became acutely aware of her bladder, hot and hard within her. Having to move like this made it feel even bigger, and she struggled to tighten herself up, not wanting to leak.

She was getting the hang of crawling through, moving with a regular rhythm, her hips and shoulders moving in sync to propel her forward. If she was careful, she could even move without jarring her knees and shoulders every time, the padding taking most of the impact.

Samantha led her into the shower-room, currently empty, some of the mud from yesterday still splattered on the walls, now dried. Suki crawled closer to the drain, the pressure in her body getting stronger and stronger. She wanted to relax and release the flow from her body, but didn’t want to get in trouble with Samantha.

‘Try and go in the drain! And I’ll get the enema kit.’

She crawled over the drain, then cocked a leg and relaxed her bladder. Piss flowed out of her, in a hot stream, and she tried to get as much of it as possible into the hole. Some of it splattered back onto her, making her wince when she felt the droplets strike her skin, even though it felt good to have it flowing out of her. She shook herself, trying to clean her crotch off as much as possible, feeling grimy and dirty.

Samantha approached her from behind, from out of sight and then her tail was grabbed, the parts inside of her deflating and shrinking. With that pressure gone, and the piss out of her body, she felt empty inside, her head seeming empty as well. The tail was pulled out, each bulb stretching her sphincter wide, allowing it to shrink for a moment and then spreading it wide again. She gasped, her head sagging, and it would have dropped further if it hadn't been for the collar. Sparks burst in her vision, a warm pleasure starting to grow in her crotch, and then all of the tail-lumps were outside of herself.

She sank down, at least as much as she could, sucking in a deep breath. Hands grabbed her buttocks and parted them, before a tube slid into her, and then cold fluid was pumped into her, making her bowels expand again. Her belly felt suddenly full, just moments after the release of being allowed to piss.

Samantha's hand pushed against her belly, feeling how tight it was, and making a pleased sound.

'Turn around, get your ass over the drain.'

Suki wriggled into position, and then the tube was pulled out. She didn't even try and resist the flow, letting the liquid flow out of her, splashing downwards. It sounded, and felt, mostly liquid, and it was nice to be empty again. A damp cloth wiped against her hole, penetrating slightly into her, and then the tail was pushed back in again, with what felt like more lube smeared over it. Or maybe she was just looser now, from having the tail in?

'Time to show you off to the studs – they like to see the new bitches. And if you're lucky, you might be allowed to choose one? It's certainly a more vivid experience than having Raider take you – she's already got quite the harem, that one. Although all her bitches seem satisfied with her, so I suppose she must be quite skilled.'

Fingers stroked between her legs, sliding into her pussy, hooking out the bead. Suki grunted, feeling a hot flush of pleasure, pushing her hips backwards, wanting the fingers deeper inside of her.

Samantha chuckled, before spanking Suki. ‘Not yet! You need to earn your pleasure.’ Her fingers did twist around, the surge of passion enough to make Suki’s head spin, a long, strangled grunt escaping her gagged lips, the ring-gag pushing against the soft tissue of her mouth.

‘Mphhh!’

‘You really are horny, aren’t you?’ The fingers twisted again, pushing deeper into her. After pissing and the enema, her insides felt empty, her bowels clamping around the tail-plug, her head spinning. She heard herself mewl, twisting backwards against the fingers, stoking her inner heat.

And then the fingers slid out of her, leaving her to make a disappointed whine. She wanted to get off! Samantha just spanked her ass again, before standing up, then pulling on the leash.

‘Come on, walk ahead of me. I want to see your posture. And you’ll want to put on a nice show for the studs, won’t you?’

Suki tried to carry herself properly, keeping her back straight, her shoulders even. It made her muscles ache a little, putting an unaccustomed strain onto her body. But the thought intrigued her – what would the studs be like? Her mind conjured up large and intimidating figures, wrapped in leather, with large, throbbing cocks, faces hidden behind muzzle-masks. She wanted to be fucked! The thought of being pressed down, pinned beneath a powerful figure, made her breath hitch, desire throbbing within her.

Having to maintain a steady pace, to keep in front of Samantha but with the leash getting too tight, was quite hard. If she slowed down, then Samantha would flick her ass with a crop, the impact stinging against Suki’s buttocks. If she went too fast, then the leash would tighten, making the collar press against her neck. Trying to maintain this pace kept most of her attention, distracting her from the sight of the other bitches in their cages, being looked after by other trainers.

At the far end of the room, the crop slapped against her right buttock, and she turned, now heading towards a heavy

metal door. As they approached, Samantha strode forward, the light shining off her tight trousers, her boots shiny and clean. She had to bend over and grab a handle on the bottom of the door, sliding it upwards. The motion made her trousers tighten even more over her backside, Suki trying not to stare.

The door rattled opened, Samantha pulling Suki through, before slamming it back down. And then she inhaled, her eyes going wide. The air here was ripe with masculine scents, sweaty and musky. Her whole body heated up, an instinctive flush going through her body, her pussy getting even wetter. She squirmed her hips, grunting in annoyance, unable to achieve any pleasure or release.

It was darker in here, just a few strip-lights dangling from the ceiling. The layout looked similar to the women's side, with cages laid out in lines, but most of them seemed larger. As she was led forward, she looked around, starting to see more shapes in the cages.

Compared to the bitches, they seemed hulking and powerful, even when in the cages. They were bound in a similar way to her, with their legs bent on themselves, and paw-gloves on their hands, with thick, metal collars around their necks. She passed a cage, a large figure rising up on all fours. The person's face was covered with a muzzle-mask, white leather with black patches, the front coming out into a long snout, eyes gleaming from behind it. Her eyes dropped down, and she saw his cock, semi-erect and dangling down.

She couldn't resist licking her lips, her lower lips wet with her own juices. It was hard to tell, but he looked quite large and strong – she could see his biceps, looking dense and hard. He moved, his cock swaying – was the tip moist? She could see that some kind of band was around the base, as Samantha squatted down, pulling Suki close.

The man's scent was even stronger now, as he came closer, tensing his body to show off his muscles, lifting his leg to display his cock.

'This is Orange Duke. I think he annoyed his mistress, to get stuck with that name.'

He made an annoyed grunt, but didn't stop posing.

'He's very popular. I'm sure you can see why.' With one hand, Samantha took hold of Suki's head, as she reached through the bars with the other, gripping his cock. He thrust his hips forward, moving even closer. All Suki could focus on was his cock – half-erect, Samantha squeezing and stroking it, making it swell even more. It ended up fat and hard, the tip gleaming, Suki licking her lips again, her mouth dry, her pussy wet.

She dropped her head lower, able to smell his cock. The other studs were rousing themselves as well, soft mumbles and groans and movements. Samantha's hand was tight on her head. 'She's a cutie, isn't she? Not got an owner, not even a name yet. Maybe once she's trained, I might let one of you have her. But only if you're good!' She was still stroking the cock, the tip now wet with precum. 'And you'd like that, wouldn't you, stray?'

Suki whined in agreement, nodding her head. She wanted to be fucked and get off! Samantha pulled on the cock, forcing the man to twist into a strange, contorted position, pressed up against the bars.

'Down girl.' Samantha pressed down on Suki's head, and she shuffled awkwardly backwards, moving her head close to the floor, and the clock. 'Tongue out.'

Suki stuck her tongue out, pushing it forward, the cock just a few inches away. Samantha pulled the man closer, his arms now wrapped around the bars to support himself. She managed to stretch her tongue out enough to lick the tip. The taste flooded her mouth, washing away the bland taste of the food-paste, as she flicked her tongue over the tip, able to feel the softness of the cock-crown.

He made an excited sound, thrusting forward, Suki able to take more of the length into her mouth. With the ring-gag in place, then she couldn't tighten her lips around it, but she could twist and flick her tongue around. He made excited yipping noises, as Samantha's hand moved off her head, coming around and pushing between her thighs. It slid into

her, easily pushing her lips apart, her body tensing up around the digit.

The touches made her head spark with pleasure, gasps escaping her lips as she caressed the cock with her tongue. It felt so hot, making her want more, and the finger teased and stroked inside of her.

‘He’s not allowed any release himself, but he’s fun to tease.’

By wriggling along the floor, Suki was able to twist herself closer, managing to get more of the length of the shaft into her mouth. It tasted far better than her feeding cock, even though it wasn’t yet pumping anything out.

‘Don’t get too excited! Damn horny bitch. You’re not getting off either! You’ll need a lot more training before I let you do that.’

The finger slid out of her, and she signed in disappointment, wagging her butt in the air, feeling her tail shift around. She wanted more!

‘Up!’

She gave the cock another suck, savoring the taste, letting it seep into her tongue, before slowly withdrawing. With the ring-gag, she couldn’t even give the cock a kiss, just sliding her tongue over it a final time, and then withdrawing. She felt slightly woozy, the taste and scent of the cock having oozed into her brain. She was so horny!

As she was led through the kennels, she saw more of the studs getting up. Their eyes seemed bright and sharp, and she tried to raise her backside high in the air, wanting to show off her wet pussy. Several of them had erections, turning as she walked forward. She enjoyed the sense of being looked at, of being admired and desired, the thought making her even hotter.

‘Damn, you’re desperate already, aren’t you? Well, only good girls get rewards. So behave, and you might be allowed some pleasure.’

Samantha suddenly stopped, shoving her fingers into Suki's slit, making her gasp as they twisted inside of her. She moaned, the sound echoing, a few of the studs yipping back. The fingers pushed deep before sliding out, Samantha then leaning over towards another cage. Suki could see that the fingers were wet with her pussy-juices, another of the studs coming forward and sniffing them. A tongue slid out from behind the muzzle-mask, Suki blushing deeply as it licked her pussy-juice off the fingers.

'He's got your scent now. I'm sure that'll keep him excited – he's been doing well on his own training, so might be allowed some time with you. If you'll take him, of course.'

On the far side of the kennels, after she'd been displayed to everybody, was a door to the outside. When Samantha pushed it open, the air was cold and wet, thin drizzle streaking down from the sky.

'You're not a show-pet, so you'll need to get used to this. Run over to the fence and back.'

Suki whined, looking at the thick, clinging mud and deep puddles, already feeling a chill, and whining.

'Get to it, stray. Unless you want some collar-shocks?'

Suki grunted, then started to move forward, wincing as soon as the rain struck her body, cooling her down. She wanted cuddles and fucking, not getting wet and cold!

## Chapter 7: Dirty Training

Suki pushed her paw down onto the edge of the puddle. It was thick with mud, impossible to see how deep it was, and she could feel the chill of it through the latex, although at least it couldn't seep through. The ground was squidgy and sticky, her paw coming up with the grit and mud stuck on, and she shook it to clean it off, at least a bit.

Rain was splatting from the sky, making her wet and cold, her outfit keeping her skin dry, but it was thin enough that her body was cold, making her start to shiver.

Samantha was watching from under an awning, not entirely protected from the rain herself, the remote control for the collar in her hand as she looked at Suki.

'Roll over.'

Suki pressed her paw-hand down into the mud again, whining in displeasure. It looked cold, thick and dirty, and she didn't want to roll into it.

She grunted with pain as her collar stung her, sharp and strong. 'Get moving, stray. Bad girls don't get treats.'

Suki tensed up, readying herself for another shock, backing away from the puddle. The ground was wet enough that it squelched beneath her hands and knees, water getting squeezed from the ground by even her slight weight. And it made moving even harder, never quite able to catch her balance before the ground shifted again.

'Eugh!' The collar shocked her again, making her squeal with pain.

'And you were doing so well! I know those prissy show-bitches don't like the weather, but they need an hour just to get ready to be shown. You should be more obedient. Get down.'

Suki glanced down – it was still wet and grimy beneath her, the rain pooling into the same pits and divots on the ground. Even with the latex bitch-suit on, she didn't want to get covered with mud!

Her vision blurred as she was shocked again, weakness flowing through her body as the shock-jangles receded. Her arms buckled, her face dipping down and she barely kept herself up, whining in frustration. Another shock, and this time she did drop, slumping to the side, just about managing to avoid her face falling into a puddle. The cold water, even though it couldn't touch her skin, still felt like it was seeping into her body, the chill oozing through the suit, the mud starting to stick onto her.

'You might not be big enough to be a working bitch, but you're not going to be allowed to be as picky as the show-bitches. You need to obey. Although this weather is a bit shit – may as well work on your stamina up at the manor. Up you get.'

Suki whined again, trying to make her body obey, slow and cold, having to wriggle around for traction, only slowly getting up. She could feel the mud slicked over half of her body, sticky and dirty.

'Come by.' Samantha pulled out the leash, clicking the clip, staring at Suki. With the rain pouring down, wherever Samantha was going to take her would probably be better than this! At least it would be less soggy. And so Suki padded and splatted over, letting herself be leashed. She rubbed herself Samantha's legs, glad to be leaving thick, muddy smears on Samantha's leather boots. If she had to endure the rain and mud, then Samantha could have some as well.

'Come on then. It'll be quicker to go around the outside, even if the weather is shit.'

Samantha walked fast, Suki struggling to keep up, the collar tightening around her back whenever she slacked off. In the next field, a few of the pony-girls were running, their feet sending up thick splashes of water from puddles, the harnesses tight on their bodies. Two trainers, both bundled up in thick coats, cracked whips to keep their charges moving, tips impacting against tender bodies.

It was a relief to get off the muddy field onto a tarmac road, sloping uphill, easier to get traction on. Up ahead, Suki

could see a small manor-house, the front covered with winding greenery, extended wings stretching around to enclose a graveled area, where a few cars were parked. She whined when she saw the gravel – that looked uncomfortable, would she be able to manage it? Samantha just kept dragging her forward though, still walking fast, her feet flicking water into Suki's face.

The gravel crunched beneath her paw-gloves as she moved onto it – she could feel the stuff spiking through the padding, just a little, but it didn't seem to hurt much, even if it made balancing a little harder, her limbs sinking down a little into the gravel. And a fleck of stone impacted onto her muzzle, flicked up by Samantha, making Suki wince, turning her head.

They approached a side-door, Samantha pushing it open and dragging Suki in, before descending on her with a towel, wiping her down. It felt good to be touched, Samantha's rough touches cleaning off mud. As her breasts were touched, it sent a warm ripple through her body, a deep glow starting within her belly. She wanted to get off! But there was nothing she could do except let herself be wiped down.

'We have a few rooms here for guests or when pets need to adjust back to being people again, but it's also where we keep the special training equipment.' She gave Suki a pat on the back, then looked down, seeing the mud on her own boots. 'Hmm, that's your fault, stray. Time to put that tongue to work – clean my boots.'

She grabbed Suki's head and pushed down, pulling the muzzle back with her other hand. Her grip was too strong to break away from, Suki's head being pushed against the leather boots. A pain buzzed through her neck, making her whine in protest, her tongue sliding from her mouth against the leather. The cold, dirty water tasted thick and gritty, making Suki wince, but she obeyed, running her tongue over the leather. Above her, grip still strong, Samantha kept her hand pushed down against Suki, not letting her up at all.

While Suki licked at Samantha's boot, Samantha's other hand stroked against Suki's back, before taking a grip of her tail. Suki tightened up her backside, feeling the lumps inside

of her shifting around, warming her up, steeling her against the chill shivers running through her body.

The leather was smooth against her tongue, and she could taste polish as well as the mud. After pulling on the tail, Samantha's hand slid further around, pushing between Suki's thighs, against her slit. Even a gentle touch made her body heat up with pleasure, wanting more touches, or even penetration. Would she be allowed to have some time with one of the studs? She wanted to get off!

'Come on then. If you don't want to get wet, then you're going to have to deal with harsher training.' Samantha took her coat off, hanging it up, then pulled on the leash again, pulling Suki behind her, out of the small room, and down a long, wood-paneled passageway. There were paintings and ornaments on the wall, but Suki couldn't twist her head enough to see them properly.

Rain pattered against glass, as she was led into a large conservatory. Near the door was a long couch, Ocean Pearl curled up there, blinking drowsily at Suki. Behind her were treadmills, just like at a gym, except with straps and other devices attached. On the wall were pictures of pet-girls and -boys, set up like dogs, cats and ponies, being awarded medals and trophies. Were there competitions for this? And between the pictures, were whips and paddles, looking worryingly non-ornamental, a few not quite stacked neatly, just put back after being used.

Suki was pulled onto one of the treadmills, climbing up onto the treadmill, settling into position. Further along the wall, there was a weight machine, with a male-pet pressing down on it with his paws, making the weights go up and down. Aside from his limb-restraints, he was only wearing a harness, leather straps and metal rings wrapped around his body, Suki able to smell his scent, feeling herself getting aroused again.

'Just for getting mud onto my boots, I'm going to make this harder for you! Bratty little pups need punishing.' She spanked her hand against Suki's backside, before reaching around her and squeezing Suki's breasts. Then metal bit into

her nipples, the latex doing nothing to protect her, a chain running between her breasts. When Samantha let go, Suki shook herself, trying to dislodge the clamps, but they stayed stuck in place, biting into her skin, attached by a chain. Samantha attached a weight, the thing sliding into the center of the chain, pulling out her breasts painfully. She tried to sag down, to let the weights rest on the ground and to relieve the pain, but Samantha pulled on the scruff of Suki's neck, keeping her up.

‘You’ve been naughty – and you need some stamina training anyway. If you do well, then I’ll remove the clamps. Or maybe you enjoy the pain?’ She spanked Suki, the impact rippling through her, making the tit-clamps sway again.

The leash was pulled up and tied around the top of the treadmill. It beeped as Samantha pressed buttons, and it started to roll beneath her, forcing her to start moving. Every time she moved, the breast-clamps pulled at her skin, making it impossible to get any rhythm, her breathing constantly getting interrupted by jangling pain.

The treadmill started to accelerate – what speed was it? Probably nothing for someone on two legs, but being bound onto all four made her a lot slower! She had to keep moving her hips, the motion making the tail-plug shift and twitch, her asshole getting stretched out from the weight of the tail.

‘That’s it. A good girl gets nice and tired, and then is a lot easier to train. I want you to get nice and sweaty! And if you slow down...’

Something impacted against her backside, a flat panel slapping against her. She moaned through her gag, feeling dribble spill over the edge, splashing onto the treadmill beneath her and then sliding away. ‘Keep going. Just because you’re not a racing bitch, doesn’t mean that you can’t be lean and trim. And you do have a nice body – petite, but not pudgy or flabby. I want to keep you like that, but just a bit firmer.’

Suki was starting to pant already, her body not used to this much strain. She always meant to go to the gym more, but there were always more entertaining things to do! With each

motion she made, the breast-weights swung, pain shifting from one nipple to the other and then back again, her sensitive breast-meat getting tormented and stretched.

She mewled into her gag, her chest tight, the latex feeling even tighter as her body got hot, sweat starting to form. It spread strangely, unable to wick off from her skin through the latex, some of it gathering in the divots of her body, or flowing down her arms and legs, pooling in her knees and on her hands. Having to squelch through her own sweat was unpleasant, her palm squishing against salty dampness.

Another paddle-slap impacted against her backside, making her head come up in a whimpering whine, a large splash of dribble flowing out. Not even having the control to not dribble made her feel more ashamed, but it was hard to think properly, between the tit-chain and another impact of the paddle.

‘That’s enough warm-up, let’s make this some proper training.’

‘Mrphh!?’

The treadmill whined beneath her, getting faster and faster, forcing her to move faster, desperately swinging her shoulders to keep her arms going, swaying her hips to try and keep her legs going. The sweat was now starting to pour from her body, sticky and hot, the chill of the rain fully dispelled.

Another spank, and Suki ducked her head down, trying to focus on her movements, wanting to make them as smooth and efficient as possible, wanting to keep the tit-chain stable, without much success.

She couldn’t tell how long she had been on the machine – her limbs were starting to wake, her elbows, knees and wrists aching from the repeated impacts against the treadmill. Her tail was tugged on, the fat lumps pulling against the inside of her asshole, and she froze, her mind fuzzing with sensations, making it impossible to control her body for a moment. She slid backwards, a terrifying moment as her knees rolled off the back of the treadmill, getting tossed off, stumbling onto the ground.

Samantha kept hold of the tail, forcing Suki to twist strangely, keeping her ass high in the high, her arms thudding to the floor as she rolled completely off the treadmill. The breast-weights swung, knocking against the treadmill and getting accelerated for a moment. The hot, angry pain was spreading through her nipples into her chest, and she reflexively dipped her chest down, putting the weights on the floor. She had to pant for air, glad of any break from the forced movement.

‘Well, you’ve definitely not got the stamina for a ponygirl. But you’d be tiny compared to most of them – you’d be lost in the herd! They’re pretty much all legs and thighs.’

Suki sagged down, glad of any chance for a break, desperately panting in air, slobber spilling out of her mouth. Samantha pulled on the tail again, forcing Suki to raise her ass high as the fat lumps pulled against her sphincter from the inside, her face touching against her own spit, smearing it onto the floor. Her muscles were sore and aching from the exercise, the post-exercise haze of pleasure forming. The paddle slapped against her backside again, her buttocks taut from having the tail pulled.

‘That should burn off some energy! Did you like it?’

Suki made a vague moaning sound – the spankings were making her pussy warm up, the desire for more pleasure growing within her. Her tail was let go, the weight of it dragging the plug around within Suki, Samantha walking away. The sound of the weight machine stopped, Suki slowly rousing herself, watching as Samantha came back with the male dog, pulling him by the collar. His body shone with sweat, showing off his muscles, clearly and brightly defined. His cock was bound into a cage, forced to be small, metal bands tight around the currently-small nub.

Samantha rolled him over onto his back, sitting on him, with her knees on either side of his head, her leather-wrapped crotch above his face. He spread his legs wide as Samantha fiddled with the cock-cage, unlocking it, his tiny cock flapping free. She gestured at Suki. ‘Come.’

Suki obeyed, uncertain what was happening, feeling the tit-chain drag and pull in painful ways, her mind too numb to properly think after the exercise.

‘Suck. Not exactly a protein shake, but you can have some refreshment.’ She flicked the cock, making the small nub twist about, the man making a small whine, the sound mostly swallowed by Samantha’s thighs.

Suki slowly extended her neck, still panting from the exertion. His crotch had been shaved, and she could smell his sweat even more strong now, seeing faint rub-marks where the cock-cage had chafed. She still had the ring-gag in so couldn’t use her lips, but was able to lick at his balls, tasting the salt tang of his sweat.

His body responded quickly, his cock stiffening, the tiny nub growing and expanding. As Suki moved her head, she could feel the tit-chain twisting and hurting her. She ran her tongue along the shaft, tasting the salt-sweat, feeling it stiffen under her attentions.

‘You’d certainly make a cute house-pet, wouldn’t you? Waiting for your master to come home? Or maybe a mistress, or a couple?’

Suki kept licking the shaft, making the shaft shiny with her spit. The scent of it was making her heat up in an entirely different way, her pussy getting wet, wanting more attention. She waggled her ass, making her tail shake around, the twisting stimulation building up into a tight knot of almost-pleasure, getting hotter and hotter within her.

With some wriggling she was able to position herself over the cock, dropping her head down onto it. It was erect at an awkward angle, so she could only get part of it into her mouth, but the man made a satisfied grunt, his own hips twitching. Samantha pushed a hand down onto his belly, keeping him down, as Suki rolled her tongue over his length. She could taste him fully now, her saliva flowing freely, spilling from her mouth and onto the man’s body.

All she could see was her belly, and Samantha’s crotch, the woman stroking herself lightly through her tight trousers. As

the man grunted and gasped, Samantha took hold of Suki's head and pulled her back, the cock slapping free, stiff enough to be fully supported. She took a firm grip of it, pumping it up and down. When Suki tried to push herself forward, Samantha pushed her back.

'Down, girl! Down!'

Suki whined, her body tense, but slowly backed down, her eyes focused on the cock-shaft, tensing up her asshole around the tail-plug, feeling the lump within her, the pleasure only slowly fading.

There was an explosive gasp, and the man came. Silvery-white cum shot onto Samantha's glove, streaking against the leather.

'Good boy. Good boy!'

She extended her hand towards Suki, the cum streaked across her palm. 'Lick.'

Suki leaned forward, wincing at the pain from her breasts, her tongue sliding out. There was the faint taste of leather, but then the strong and vivid taste of cum, flooding her mouth, her head spinning. Her arousal peaked, her own pussy wet, desperate for touches, her hands tensing up within the paw-gloves. She flicked her tongue over the palm, Samantha making pleased sounds.

'Good girl! Nice and obedient. Maybe you will be allowed to have some time with a stud.'

Once Suki had finished cleaning off the palm, Samantha patted her on the head, Suki making a pleased sound, wriggling happily against the pressure on her scalp.

'Now back on the treadmill, you need more exercise!'

Suki whined, but only gently, dipping her head down to lick at the now-flaccid cock, before managing to wriggle and turn, slowly shuffling towards the treadmill, mentally preparing herself for more exercise.

## Chapter 8: A Walk to the Village

Suki's body was sore, her limbs still aching, not yet recovered from the exercise, even after two days! She'd never been pushed that hard before – the last time a gym instructor had tried forcing her to “break her limits”, she'd excused herself, left and never gone back. She'd slept like the dead the night after, exhausted and drained, only awoken by the collar shocks. And then impaling her mouth on the cock again, before the morning enema.

At least it was nice weather today – the morning dew had mostly dried off already, the ground harder and less muddy and squishy, not leaving Suki feeling dirty and wet. The other bitches were all more active as well, playing amongst themselves. Raider growled at anyone that came to close, any scuffles getting rapidly relocated before she intervened. Even the show-bitches were playing, although keeping a safe distance from the few, small puddles left, making sure to keep themselves pristine.

Sudden growling and yipping drew Suki's attention, two of the show-bitches squaring up their shoulders, their fluff and lace rippling as they moved. Sassy Bronze Girl squared herself up, rising upwards, her arms straight, making herself as big as possible. All three of them stayed in position, the other show-bitches backing off, making space for them.

The show-bitches spread slightly apart, before Sassy lunged, a paw striking out, dislodging a bow from the shoulder of one of the show-bitches. Before Sassy could withdraw, the other one threw herself forward, both paws coming up, trying to pin Sassy down. All three of them started to brawl, bodies knocking together. Sassy's larger size and strength was telling, letting her knock the other bitches around, but they moved in synch, covering each other.

Suki moved away, not wanting to get caught in the rumble. She watched as Raider roused herself, charging and picking up momentum, skidding into the middle of the ruckus. Swift powerful strikes lashed out, paw-hands slapping against faces. She slapped down both of the show-bitches, pushing their

heads into the ground. They struggled, Raider moving around behind one and mounting them, using her weight to keep them pinned, then growling at Sassy.

‘Hey! Break it up, you lot!’ Water sprayed, one of the trainers now armed with a hose, playing it over all four of them. Sassy and the other show-bitch backed away, whimpering as the stream of water struck them, the pressure looking enough to sting. Raider didn’t seem concerned, staying in place, keeping the other bitch beneath her, as Samantha came over, fiddling with the controller.

Suki tensed up, just in time, as a shock bit into her, stinging her neck. Everyone was affected, whimpers and moans mingling together. Another shock, this one even stronger, Suki trying to move away, hoping to get out of range of the shocks.

‘Bloody bitches! Behave, all of you! Sassy, what’s gotten into you, you’re normally well-behaved? Are you upset that your master is delayed?’

Sassy whimpered, dipping her head.

‘That’s no excuse for getting into fights! What would he think! You’re going to have to go into solitary until you learn to behave. Bad girl! Bad!’

Sassy slumped downwards, turning herself into a dead-weight, Samantha poking at her with a foot.

‘Dammit.’ She adjusted the remote controller, and then Sassy whined in pain, her body tensing up. ‘You two, go put her in the time-out cage. And if she messes it up, then I’ll have to schedule some *special* training time. I’ve got some new toys I’ve been wanting to use.’ She shocked Sassy again, as two of the other trainers came over, bodily picking Sassy up and dragging her away.

‘Raider, thanks for breaking that up. Good girl.’

Raider made a pleased rumbling sound, grinding herself down onto her captive, keeping them squashed beneath her, their face red, straining to free themselves without success.

‘Try and keep the pack under control.’ She turned to address the rest of the bitches. ‘Time to stretch your legs! A walk to the village. And that includes you, stray. See how you do on real terrain, not the treadmill. Pearl, Ivory, stray – line up. Everyone else, be good, or at least don’t get into trouble.’

Suki moved towards Samantha, along with the other two named bitches. The village? It was a nice day, but she was still in her latex and restraints, done on all fours! Samantha patted her on the head, seeming distracted, before the clip snapped onto her leash, and then the other bitches were leashed as well.

‘Let’s go. Make the most of the nice weather!’

Suki had to scabble to keep up, Samantha walking away. The leash didn’t have much length to it, forcing her to stay close, her backside bumping against Pearl’s. The other woman turned her head, looking at her before making a questioning grunt. Suki swallowed nervously, not sure how to respond – she wanted to be friends, or at least not get into playfights, acutely aware of her own small size and lack of strength. She turned her shoulders inwards, hopefully appearing small and unthreatening, making a quiet whine back. Pearl nodded, pushing her head against Suki’s shoulder, hard enough to unbalance her for a moment before relenting. Was this asserting dominance? But at least, after that, Pearl didn’t trouble her again, trotting ahead of her, tail high in the air between her buttocks.

Samantha led the way out of the fenced paddock, onto a small track. Suki could see a track, winding down to a small village, very picturesque, all half-timbered houses and neat brickwork, with bright splashes of flowers, every brilliant and warm in the sunlight. But she was still dressed as a pet! She couldn’t stop, not without being punished for it, but wouldn’t the villagers think she was some strange pervert, all trussed up in latex and leather?

Her muscles felt heavy and leaden, still sore from all the time on the treadmill, but it was a lovely day, the sun pleasantly warm on her body, birdsong sounding out, the scent of flowers enough to overpower the scent of the muzzle. The ground beneath her hands and knees was a well-worn dirt

track, dry enough to be firm. They walked into a copse of trees, the branches shading them all from the sun. Some old stone walls poked up from amongst the undergrowth, covered with thick, verdant moss, a bright red ball sticking out, having rolled there somehow.

‘Stray – fetch. Go get the ball!’

Suki whined, forcing herself to move faster, still on the leash. As she went off the track, her paws sank into the ground, a twig snapping as she moved towards it. She could see dried leaves and mud on it, wincing at the thought of it near her mouth, but she dipped her head down, feeling the muzzle-jaws flex, until they closed over it.

She couldn’t close her mouth, but tried to keep her head down, not wanting any of the mud or grime in her mouth. She could still feel it against her face, mud clinging to her lips, a faint taste of dirt. When she trotted over to Samantha, the woman bent over, easily plucking the ball out.

‘Good, you’re nice and obedient. Sometimes you new bitches can be problematic. The show-pets especially! They’re not used to anything other than being pampered, as soon as they get a cage that’s not cushioned, or food that’s not just what they want, they start whining. Bloody nuisances, the lot of them! It’s nice to see Raider sort them out, when she’s here. A lot of them just need a few zaps to get them used to their state, but their masters are too soft. You seem a lot tougher though – you’re pretty enough you could be a show-bitch, but you’ve got a bit more grit to you.’

She had one hand on the leashes, the other tossing the ball up and down, catching it and then tossing it again.

‘It’s rare to get a new bitch without an owner though. Even these two – not sure who’d want to put up with them though!’ She chuckled, the bitches both whining in complaint. ‘Your masters must like you, to pay for you to come here. We’re not cheap! I’m impressed you could pay, stray. Uh, I probably shouldn’t say that, it breaks the fantasy a bit, doesn’t it?’

Suki nodded, both of the other pets making noises of agreement.

‘Well, I’ll give you all a spanking later on.’ She flicked the leashes, pushing them all forward, through the woods. It didn’t take long to come out the other side, on a steep track leading down into the village itself. From here, she could see there was everything she expected – a small church, a village green, houses clustered around a pub, parked-up cars shining brightly. It looked like something from a TV show, probably just before a murder happened! The sight of the cars made her feel nervous – would there be normal people here? How would they react to the sight of three women in full pet-harnesses?

Crawling off the track onto a pavement felt strange, the sheer normality of a road making Suki nervous. What if a car went past? The village was isolated, but people must drive through sometimes? The chime of a bicycle bell made her twitch, trying to twist her head to see where it came from. A bike whizzed past, a quick blur of lycra, sun-tanned skin and long, dark hair, before vanishing around a corner with another chiming sound.

Samantha pulled on the leash, making them go the same way. Now Suki could see a roundabout, brilliantly bright flowers arranged into attractive segments. The pub was on the other side of the road, a few other customers already sat at the benches.

‘Stop!’ The command cracked from Samantha. ‘Sit!’

Suki felt her backside settle against the floor, the tail-plug shifting inside of her body, before she even consciously realized it, the other bitches doing the same. A car whizzed past, a blur of speed, Suki barely able to realize it was a large people carrier. Samantha looked both ways, before flicking the leash. ‘Good girls. Now go.’

They rose, crossing the road as a group, and then into the beer garden. Suki felt herself flush, her body hot from the exercise, but also from shame, as she heard the chink of glasses and the low thrum of conversation. Samantha went over to an empty table and sat down, stretching her legs out. She pulled on the leashes, making all three of them crawl closer, the tying the leashes around the table. ‘Be good, and I’ll give you a treat. But first, you can clean my boots.’ She

reached out again, pulling off the muzzles to expose their mouths.

Ivory Diamond was the first to move in, Suki following her example, dropping her head and sliding her tongue over one of Samantha's boots. Ocean Pearl was the slowest, having to come all the way around to avoid having heads butt together. Occupying herself with the licking of the stiff leather helped take Suki's mind off what was going on, but she could still hear glasses chink and the nearby thrum of conversation, making her heat up in a full-body blush.

Samantha was making herself comfortable, crossing her legs at the ankle, forcing Suki to bump heads with the other two bitches to keep licking and cleaning the boots. Footsteps approached, Suki turning her head to see long, bare legs and a short leather skirt, with cuffs around the ankles, little metal links dancing up and down.

The woman squatted down, putting out bowls of water from a tray, and then a big bowl of food-pellets. Now she was lower down, Suki could see that she was wearing a tight black crop-top, with a metal band around her neck, more leather cuffs around her wrists. She reached out and patted Suki on the top of the head, her touch firm, ruffling her hair.

'You're a cutie, aren't you? Not seen you before.' Both of the other bitches made sounds of excited pleasure, happy yips and barks. The woman laughed, before stroking them both. 'I've only got two hands! Good to see you, Samantha. Phew, I'm on my break now.' She sighed, before sitting down next to Samantha. 'So busy this time of year! You busy up at the kennels?'

'Yup. The kennels are pretty full. Stray, here.'

Suki looked up from the boots, her tongue still extended. She padded closer to Samantha, her head still warm from the head-pats. 'This is a stray we got from the city. Seems quite obedient though.' Suki wriggled happily, glad of the praise, Samantha stroking her head. 'Not sure what to do with her though – she's not one of the show-bitches, and she's not big enough to be a working girl.'

Hands stroked down Suki's body, pressing in around her hips, before sliding around and squeezing her breasts. Her breath hitched in her throat, faint tremors going through her body. Desire spiked between her legs, but she was in public! Even as a pet, down on all fours, she still felt shame and uncertainty. The woman's fingers moved with swift certainty, squeezing and plumping her breasts, her nipples getting hard.

'She's a cutie though!' The fingers of one hand kept squeezing a breast, while the other pressed up against her belly, with enough pressure that she could feel the tail-plug more strongly. And then it moved, between her thighs, fingers pressing against her slit. She sucked in air, her head swimming for a moment. She closed her thighs, the hand trapped there, feeling the woman against her back, pressing down on her.

'Stray, be nice! Let Helen feel you – like a good pet should.'

Suki made herself relax, letting the hand press and grope between her thighs. It was making her heart flutter with excitement though, a wet pressure starting to build within her. The woman rose from her seat, taking up a position behind Suki, starting to squeeze her thighs and calves, fingers sliding all over her bundled-up body. 'Hmmm, not bad. You're working her hard, aren't you? She's firming up nicely. She's never going to be as strong as Raider or some of the studs, but she should have decent stamina. No owner though? Shame my Master doesn't have a kennel-space spare, it would be nice to have a pet.'

Fingers slid into Suki's slit, lightly penetrating into her body. She shivered in pleasure, head swimming again, her body wet and ready, as the fingers withdrew, and she whined.

'She's nice and keen! What's her name?'

'She's not got one yet – she's a stray. I'm not sure what to call her.'

'Hmmm... Ronin?'

Samantha groaned. 'Seems a bit... cliché? Little naff and trashy.'

‘I guess. Something color-based, then? She’s got nice dark eyes, and her hair is lovely and glossy. Isn’t that right, girl? Lovely and dark!’ Her tone changed, like she was talking to an actual dog, as she ruffled Suki’s hair. ‘Definitely deserving of a treat!’ From somewhere, Helen produced a small sweet, a bead of colored sugar, which she dropped into Suki’s mouth.

It started to melt, the taste sweet and overpowering. She rolled it around with her tongue, savoring it, the taste far better than that of the food paste.

‘Don’t spoil her!’ Samantha shifted her feet, pushing the other pets away. ‘Although I suppose she has done well. She’s on the cock-trainer for food. Can take the full thing.’

‘Impressive, with how small she is!’ Fingers slid into Suki again, and she made a strangled gasp, the sweet flicking against her teeth. She couldn’t resist pushing her backside up into their air, wanting the fingers to penetrate and slide deeper, feeling her juices flowing enough to moisten her thighs.

The finger slid out again, before a hand spanked her backside, making her whine in denied frustration as she was pushed away. ‘Go and enjoy some lunch. Oh, I’ve ordered burgers – that OK, Samantha?’

‘Sure.’

Hands gripped onto Suki’s hips before pushing her away, towards the water bowl. If she was good, would she be allowed more touches and strokes? She rubbed herself against Helen’s legs, wanting more contact, even if only touches. The woman laughed. ‘Good girl! Nice and friendly, aren’t you?’

Suki rolled back onto her butt, waggling her arms and spreading her thighs wide, making yipping sounds. If she was going to be a pet, she wanted to be a good one!

‘For a stray, she’s very eager. And no previous master? You’ll have to show her off, I’m sure she could find someone to look after her.’

‘I’d like to make sure she’s obedient to begin with! You know how bitches can be – sometimes, they seem sweet and nice, and then turn nasty.’

The other two pets were lapping at the water, making splashing noises.

‘True. But she’s keen and eager!’ Helen groped at Suki again, smiling at her, her own face close to Suki’s, before leaning in and kissing her, tongue sliding into Suki’s mouth. Fingers slid into her again, her crotch tightening up around the intruders. It felt so good! With the bright, warm sunshine on her, and the pleasing closeness of this woman, she felt, truly, like a good puppy-pet! Although it would be nice to actually get off – she could feel her juices flowing, even though she couldn’t do anything about it.

Helen withdrew her fingers, taking a seat by Samantha, the two of them starting to chat, leaving Suki dejected and empty, wanting more, but unable to do anything about it!

## Chapter 9: A Brief Break

‘If you’re going to loiter around, could you not make a mess? It’s hard enough keeping this place tidy – I was doing some of the show-pets yesterday, still not got all the makeup smears cleaned up. And one of them was whining during the anal inspection as well. I’ve given her a lighter tail to use, she was showing some soreness back there.’

Suki was done on the floor, only able to see the legs of Samantha and the doctor, with Samantha lent up against the side, bent over and fiddling with the equipment.

‘Hey, you have all the fun toys! I’m not allowed to play with the speculums.’

‘They’re not toys! And not really the sort of thing you should be using anyway, they’re for important medical inspections. Or some of the *special* visitors – there’s one booked in tomorrow, I’ve got the chair set up ready. If you want to dress up as a nurse, you could be my assistant?’

‘I’m a bit busy - I need to take some of the bitches on a long walk, and help with the ponies as well.’

‘Well, then put the speculum down! And make yourself useful – get her up on the table.’

Samantha sighed, before walking over to Suki, bending over, wrapping her arms around Suki’s waist and lifting her up. Being suspended in the air, all her limbs off the ground, made her utterly powerless, and she went limp, letting herself be carried across the room. Being up high – or at normal human height, for a change – felt strange, able to see into the medical cabinets, and the shiny metal curves of the speculum that Samantha had discarded. It was on the side next to an open cabinet, clearly having been removed.

Suki was put onto the examination table, glad to have something beneath her again, Samantha giving her a pat on the butt.

‘She’s been a good girl – especially for a stray. Some beg off after a few days, can’t hack it! But she’s been fairly

obedient, taken well to the training. Fetches, carries, knows how to beg, and she's gotten the hang of the cock-feeder. Isn't that right, girl?' She patted Suki on the head, Suki leaning into the contact, rubbing her head against the hand. 'I'm pretty sure she's in heat still as well – certainly feels hot and ready when I check!'

'Maybe take her on a tour of the studs?'

'Oh, I did! She enjoyed it, isn't that right? And they liked the look of her.' Fingers slid over Suki's backside, and then between her thighs. She spread her legs, wanting to be touched more. The doctor slapped at Samantha's hand, pushing it away, making Samantha hiss in pain.

'Let me do that! So, her behavior is fine, no other problems?'

'Little bit of chafing, but nothing too bad. I've not noticed any mobility issues either.'

'Hmmm.' The doctor pulled on surgical gloves and approached, leaning over to stare into Suki's face. 'Seems responsive, that's good.' She pushed her fingers into Suki's mouth, hard enough that they slid into Suki's throat. Thanks to the cock-training, she didn't cough or splutter, loosening her throat to let the fingers push into her. 'Nice and loose – that's an improvement.' The fingers pushed into her throat, deeper now, but not as fat as the feeding-cock was. Then they pulled back, and her tongue was squeezed instead, the wet muscle compressed between fingers.

'Everything seems fine here. Now for the other end. Head down, butt up, pup.' A spit-covered hand pushed down on her head, forcing it against the cold, hard surface of the examination table. She could hear the Doctor move around behind her, before fingers pulled her buttocks apart, slippery fingers touching her slit. She sighed, wriggling her backside around, her crotch heating up, fingers easily sliding into her.

'She's definitely frisky! Very eager.' They slid back and forth, making her feel dizzy with the waves of pleasure spreading through her, before her lips were parted, spreading her open.

‘Sure you don’t want this?’ It was hard to focus, but Suki turned her head to see Samantha holding up the speculum.

‘She doesn’t need anything that in-depth! Everything’s in working order back here. Now for the tail.’

Suki felt the air hiss out of the tail-bulbs, leaving her feeling deflated and empty as the tail was withdrawn, her asshole gaping wide. Two fingers plunged into her asshole, keeping it stretched out, spreading wide inside of her.

‘She is nice and loose back here!’

Suki pushed herself backwards, feeling the fingers slide deeper into her, her body slowly closing up around them. It felt nice, being stuffed this way, making her warm up from the inside.

‘Eager! Well, maybe she’s going to make an nice ass-slut. You’ll be popular with the studs, especially as you’re small enough that you can be pinned easily.’

That though made Suki shiver – one of the studs mounting her from above, their weight on top of her, hips thrusting away. She felt her nipples harden, pressing down against the table, her own hips swaying, the fingers pushing deeper into her, until she could feel the Doctor’s knuckles against her buttocks.

Another hand pushed between her thighs, teasing her slit, spreading her open there again. A single finger slid into her, making her gasp, the sensation mingling with that of the fingers in her ass. She could feel dribble oozing out of her mouth, her tongue limp and slack, out of her control.

‘She’s definitely eager! Do you want to be put onto the breeding blocks?’

Suki didn’t know what those were, but nodded enthusiastically. She wanted to get off, to be allowed a mind-scouring release!

‘Well, I’ll need to examine you fully first. I’ll have to remove your equipment. Samantha, get the inspection pole.’

The fingers slid out of Suki, making her gasp again, her body twitching from the sensations. She was only dimly aware of the clicking snaps of buckles and the slithering of straps, but could feel the tightness of her restraints lessen, her legs able to bend at the knees again, before a leg was lifted off and the restraints removed.

Her leg was pulled straight, fingers still smeary with pussy-juice and lube poking into the back of her joint. Having that level of movement felt strange, after being so long in the bitch-suit! The Doctor examined Suki's leg, feeling at the joint, stroking along the skin.

'Hmmm, a few pressure-sores, but that's to be expected. Skin is still supple and strong, and there don't appear to be any joint issues.' Suki's ankle was gently twisted and rotated, and she shivered when fingers ran over her sole. This process was repeated for her other leg, leaving her flopping off the end of the examination table. 'Do you have any complaints?' Fingers jabbed harder into Suki's sole.

She shook her head. 'Nphhh.'

'Good. It's nice to see such an enthusiastic bitch! Now, onto the examination pole.'

Metal clicked and clanked, Samantha setting up a post topped with a dildo, mounted on a wide metal base.

'Just so I can check you fully. Go on then.' She still spoke in soft tones, like to a pet, as Suki awkwardly stretched out her legs, tingling a little from the changing blood-flow. When she tried to walk, she stumbled, legs not used to carrying her weight, her arms still in the paw-gloves. Samantha adjusted the cock, lowering it to beneath Suki's crotch-level, giving her an encouraging smile. Just the sight of it was making her feel horny! Her legs were still weak though, and she had to concentrate on walking, hearing her feet slap against the floor, clumsy and awkward.

Samantha reached out for her, wrapping an arm around her waist and pulling her in close, Suki squeaking in surprise, the woman's clothing smooth against Suki's bare skin. Metal clicked and ratcheted, the dildo coming up and penetrating

into her. It pushed her upwards, forcing her onto her toes before Samantha let go and stepped away.

A sudden hot flush overcame her – being naked as a pet was one thing, but now she was more like a “person”, naked and exposed! She raised her hands to cover her chest as the Doctor approached, clicking her tongue and speaking softly.

‘Good girl, good girl! Just relax and let me examine you.’

Suki stroked her chest with a paw-hand, her fingers spread out within the glove, her pussy deeply penetrated by the cock, pinning her in place. The Doctor gently took her wrists and pulled her hands apart, passing them to Samantha who held them stretched out. Gloved fingers lightly stroked her breasts, cupping the small mounds, thumbs stroking the nipples. Suki moaned, feeling a deep and penetrating heat within her crotch, seeping throughout her entire body.

‘Still nice and sensitive, that’s good.’ The hands moved down, pressing against her belly, pressing in on it, probing at her skin, running over her hips. There was a sore point there, where something had chafed and rubbed, the Doctor tutting. ‘Hmm, I’ll get some cream for that.’

Suki tried to twist her hips, wanting the dildo to move within her, but she was already up on her toes, with barely any scope for movement. Being penetrated but not able to use that for full pleasure was frustrating!

The Doctor took Suki’s right arm, sliding the long glove off. Beneath it, her skin was pale, not exposed to the sun at all, and mottled and wrinkly with sweat. Her hand was even worse, damp and clammy, sweat having pooled around her fingers.

‘Twist your fingers.’

Suki obeyed, stretching them out and bending them, tensing them up and then releasing them.

‘Any joint issues?’

She shook her head, most of her attention on her own crotch still, trying to shake her hips, wanting to get off.

‘Heh, you really are eager! Well, let’s get through this first.’

Suki’s fingers were spread and examined, the Doctor checking them thoroughly, and then repeating this on the other hand.

‘Hmm, everything seems in order.’ She pressed one hand against Suki’s belly, the other pressing against Suki’s spine, squashing her body between her hands. This made the cock feel even bigger within her, fat and solid inside her body, her legs starting to tire from keeping her supported, up on her toes.

‘Well, that’s a full bill of health for you. Just need a name for my records – you had any thoughts, Samantha?’

‘I’ll talk to the other trainers. She seems quite skilled, so something a bit more special. She’s certainly got a natural aptitude for this, and deserves a nice collar. Isn’t that right, girl?’ Her hand patted Suki on the head, pushing her down, making her gasp from the extra impalement.

‘I think black leather would suit her. But she seems quite eager, so you can take her to the breeding blocks. I don’t think she’s ready for a stud just yet, but I’m sure you can make do. Use one of the big cocks, just to prepare her for the real thing.’

Her words sent a shiver through Suki, making the cock twitch within her, her head spinning, juices flowing down her thighs. Samantha’s hand spanked against her backside, making her twitch again, an agonizing desire growing within her. What were the breeding blocks? And if she was allowed to get off, did she care?

‘Just strap her down – give her a bit of a break from the bitch-suit before strapping her in again.’

‘Sure thing.’

Metal clicked, the dildo sliding out of Suki, leaving her feeling empty again. She whined around her gag, wanting the thing inside of her, wanting to get off. Instead, Samantha spanked her around and grabbed her collar-ring, using it to pull her forward. It still felt clumsy and awkward having to walk on

her feet rather than her knees, her back sore as she tried to adjust to being stood up rather than crawling.

‘If you have any aches or pains, then let me know – even small ones! It’s easier to treat you if you let me know early on. Now go and have some fun with Samantha.’

Suki nodded, her body hot and light, brain fluffy with desire, letting herself be pulled forward, still feeling awkward and clumsy, Samantha shoving a door open, her grip tight around Suki’s collar-ring.

She was led through a short passageway, and then into a large room, divided into stalls by wooden dividers. Squealing and grunting echoed off the walls, and she saw a pony-girl, bent over at the waist, restrained with straps and rope, her teeth clenched on a bit-gag. Behind her, a man in a dark leather pony-suit was mounting her, his own arms bound behind her back. A bored attendant was sat on a chair nearby, reading a book.

The mare’s eyes were fluttering, thick strings of drool splashing from her mouth. Suki could smell sweat and juices, and the scent of semen beneath it, making her head spin, entirely happy to be dragged along, if it meant getting off! The stallion grunted to a climax, sinking down onto his mare, who whinnied in pleasure.

Samantha didn’t pause, pulling her towards another stall. This one had low blocks, curved to accept limbs with leather straps ready to restrain someone. And with crops and strap-ons dangling on the wall. Suki moved into position, putting her arms onto the curved stone, then her legs. Being back down on all fours made her feel more comfortable, like it was natural! It only took a few moments for Samantha to strap her in, the leather coming over Suki’s arms and the backs of her legs. She tested them, finding that they were firmly bound, the straps wide enough not to hurt or ache.

She had her ass up in the air now, able to feel the air against her pussy. Suki waggled her hips, making a piteous mewl, hoping that Samantha would hurry up.

‘Eager bitch, aren’t you? Well, it’s been a pleasure training you. Just need to think of a damn name!’

She leaned over, kissing Suki on the mouth, her tongue sliding into Suki’s mouth. The woman tasted sweet, the taste lingering even after the tongue withdrew.

‘And I’m certainly not going to need to get you worked up, am I? You’re hot and ready to go now.’

Suki nodded, making an excited whine, feeling the ring-gag push back against the roof of her mouth. She waggled her backside, finding it strange not to have the feeling of the tail-plug shift within her, her ass feeling strangely empty. Samantha took a strap-on from the wall, looking down at Suki with a smile, as she strapped it around her waist. The shaft came close to Suki’s mouth, and she stretched forward, extending her tongue, just about able to lick along the thing.

Samantha pushed her hips forward, the cock sliding into Suki’s mouth. Her throat was soft and loose, the shaft easily pushing itself into Suki’s mouth, lodging itself firmly into place. Her stomach rumbled, expecting food, trained by the cock-feeder.

‘No food, but I’m sure you’ll enjoy this just as much.’ Samantha withdrew, before shoving the cock all the way in, her waist right in front of Suki’s face. It made her feel full and satisfied, the heat in her crotch now feverish hot, as Samantha withdrew, spit splashing to the floor.

She walked around behind Suki, who pushed her ass as high into the air as she could manage, wanting to be fucked. Suki wriggled her backside, making desperate yipping noises, not caring how she sounded. She felt Samantha’s hands grasp onto her hips, nice and firm and strong, and then the cock-tip pushed against her lower lips.

It slid into her easily, making her gasp, Samantha moving with slow movements, cruel and teasing. Suki tried to push herself onto the shaft, but Samantha’s grip was too strong, setting a slow and teasing pace, making Suki whine again. A hand spanked her backside, making it ache and throb.

‘No complaints, stray! You should be thankful for any treats!’

Suki grumbled, having to accept her position. But having the cock inside of her felt amazing, her whole body tightening up around it, the fat shaft stretching her out, the lumps on it something she could feel. Pleasure bubbled and seethed within her, growing fast.

And then Samantha withdrew, pulling out with a swift motion. Suki mumbled in confusion, trying to push her hips backwards, held in place, before just the tip entered her, ever so slightly, making gentle twitching movements. Her whining got louder, the feelings of pleasure bubbling away, slowly fading without more pressure. This wasn't fair! She wanted a good, hard fucking!

The hands gripped firmly into her hips, Suki able to feel Samantha's leather-gloved fingers, keeping her held back, even as she tried to push herself backwards, wanting to have the cock impale her more deeply. The cock withdrew, leaving her even emptier, before Samantha spanked Suki's backside, Suki feeling the impact of it, making her ass throb.

‘Don't be needy! Even if you're a good girl, then you still need to wait for your owner to let you feel good.’

One hand pushed against her backside, as the cock was guided into her, just the tip. With effort, she could make herself not move, although she wanted to be fucked and penetrated! And then Samantha thrust her hips forward, the cock sliding all the way into Suki. She heard a loud groan echo around, barely realizing it was her herself, starting to push herself back and forth, the pleasure rushing through her. She gurgled and moaned, drool flowing from her mouth, her pussy wet and loose, as Samantha withdrew the cock again, leaving her whining and desperate.

Each time she was close to coming, Samantha withdrew and spanked her, until her ass was throbbing from the impacts of the palm against her buttocks. She couldn't force herself over that edge, without Samantha pushing her there! All she

could do was endure, feeling weakened by the ongoing teasing, hoping for release.

When it came, it was a weak and pathetic release, before the cock was removed from her body. She sank down with another whimper, barely even noticing another spank.

‘I’ve got other work to do, so I’ll leave you here to cool down.’

Suki made a pathetic whimper, before Samantha slid a leather sack-hood over her head, blinding her, able to taste the leather and previous wearers.

## Chapter 10: Competition Training

Suki looked around with interest, straining at her outfit as she tried to bend her neck, taking in the training room. Large and open, with artificial grass, and laid out with training equipment that was like stuff from a real dog-show, except all scaled for humans. To one side there was a large tube that someone could run through, as well as balance-beams, see-saws, posts sticking up from the ground and other obstacles. There was even a winner's podium, with three tiers, and, behind that, a cabinet with trophies in, cups and plaques shining brightly, with sunlight coming in from high skylights.

‘Hmm, what to start you with? Not worth even trying strength trials, you're so small you'd just get dragged away.’ As if to prove the point, Samantha dragged on the leash, pulling Suki forward, her knees dragging on the fake grass. ‘At least you're less of a silly spoiled bitch than the show-pets though. They're useless for anything other than looking good! I think the balance beam first, see how you do on that. And then the agility course. You're not scared of the dark, are you?’

Suki shook her head, purring and pushing herself against Samantha's leg, enjoying the firm warmth of the knee-high boot, and the way that Samantha chuckled, reaching down to pet her head, fingers firm and strong.

‘Good. Can do tunnel-training as well. See how well you manage in that – you might be small, but that means you can get better acceleration, and should be able to handle yourself better on the slalom, with less mass to drag back and forth.’

Samantha kneeled down next to Suki, stroking her body, reaching down and lightly squeezing a breast, every touch sending shivers through her body. She could still feel the aftermath of the ruined orgasm, a disappointing aftermath coursing through her, as Samantha unclipped the leash and then inspected her body.

‘Hmm, definitely in need of more physical work. But you're mostly obedient, which is good. Let's get some blinkers

on you, that normally helps focus the mind.’ The sounds of leather, and then something was fastened around her head, solid panels on either side of her face, blocking her vision except for directly ahead of herself

Then Samantha reached around, slapping Suki’s backside before taking hold of the tail and tugging it around. ‘You’ve certainly adjusted to this well!’ She pulled on it, Suki grunting in response, feeling her asshole get stretched from the inside, the bulb currently too large to be removed, pulling against her internal walls.

‘You might be small, but I guess you’re quite good at stretching inside. Maybe I’ll get some of my personal toys and have fun with you – would you like that?’

Having the plug pulled on was distracting, making sensations ripple through her pelvis, Suki starting to rock her hips, her body wanting more. Instead, the ass-plug was pulled from side-to-side, and then she was spanked, a hand slapping against her backside.

‘Work first! We can play later... if you’re a good girl.’

Suki whined, but tried to compose herself. The ass-plug expanded, Samantha pumping more air into it, making her feel even more stuffed from the inside, her organs getting squashed and compressed.

‘Balance beam first, then. And I want to see good poise and posture, otherwise I’ll have to punish you!’

Suki let herself be led over towards the beams – white planks, about 6 inches wide, scuffed from past use, and angled quite steeply upwards. The flat part was at Samantha’s waist-height – far enough above Suki’s head to make her gulp nervously.

‘Up. You’re a good girl, aren’t you? I’m sure you can do it!’ Samantha’s tone was slightly patronizing, but Suki made herself advance, carefully putting a paw-hand on the wood, checking it for stability. Even with her small body, she had to move carefully, and being just a few feet off the floor felt terrifying high!

‘Nice straight back! Get that tail up!’

Hands pushed down on her from the top and bottom, squashing against her stomach and back. She gasped, the ass-bulb feeling even fatter now, before one hand slid down her belly and between her legs, tapping against her piercing. ‘Hmmm, I’ve got something for you. To help show you off better.’

Suki couldn’t twist enough to see Samantha, not without risking her balance, but she felt fingers slide into her, squeezing on her nub and twisting the piercing. She mewled into her gag, enjoying the feeling of loose warmth it spurred, before she heard a quiet metallic ringing, a small bell. More pulling on her clit, and then the fingers withdrew.

She grunted in surprise, a weight now attached to her pussy – only a slight one, but enough to both arouse her and make her pussy ache. There was now a slight metallic ringing sound every time she moved – she tried to lower her head to look between her legs, but she couldn’t twist enough, her collar too thick, and feeling herself wobble dangerously.

‘It’s just a small bell. Nothing major, but enough to try and keep you nice and slow and steady.’ She gave Suki’s breasts both a quick squeeze before moving away.

Suki gave her backside an experimental wriggle, feeling the movement conduct itself through her hips, the tail wagging and the bell chiming. She could feel the bell moving, pulling on her body, swinging between her thighs. Sudden vertigo overwhelmed her, her vision swimming even though she wasn’t that high up.

‘Look at me!’ The command was sharp and clear, Samantha walking into view, now holding a crop in hand as she moved to the end of the walkway, before beckoning at Suki.

Her breathing was scattered and uneven, but she could move forward, having to put her paw-hands closely in front of each other, carefully putting her knees onto the board. A fall from this height would hurt! But she stared at Samantha,

focusing on the woman's shiny black boots, trying not to think about anything other than moving.

She had to adjust a little when she reached the downwards slope, her body tilting forward, having to strain not to tumble forward, the boots getting closer and closer. Her body was sweaty and clammy now, and she let out a long sigh as soon as she touched against the ground again.

'Hmm. We'll say "needs improvement" for that one. You didn't fall, and your posture is adequate, but you were very slow. You will be judged for speed, grace and poise! And falling off is a big deduction, so don't do that. Seesaw next.'

It was directly ahead, angled in front of her, wobbling slightly when she moved onto it.

'Remember, get that tight little butt of yours up in the air!'

Suki obeyed, feeling the weight shift around inside of herself, the fat lump moving about, along with the chiming of the cunt-bell. The see-saw wobbled and was shakier than the balance-beam had been, her movements slower and more cautious.

A crop sliced through the air, the head impacting against her backside and making her move faster, despite the increasing aching of her slit. She'd never had a weight attached to her clit before! It was getting her aroused, her body heating up, making it harder to focus on keeping her balance, feeling the balance start to tilt and waver as she neared the middle.

'Faster! You might not be up to running over it yet, but you should be able to manage faster than that!' Another strike of the crop against her butt, her gloved hands cautiously reaching over the mid-point. She leaned forward, bracing herself as it started to tilt, the movement getting faster and faster, tipping her forward and making her tense up. It hit the ground, the jolt running up through her arms, the cunt-bell tinkling and swinging around before she could continue.

The crop slapped her backside again, three strikes in quick succession. 'A good bitch doesn't hesitate! You need to move

a lot faster!’

It was easy for her to say! She could move on her legs, rather than having to shuffle on her knees! And the angle downwards was steep, forcing Suki to scabble or else she’d fall into a roll.

‘Keep going! In a real run, you get penalized for every cane-strike.’ It flicked against her body, her buttocks throbbing with heat now, as she forced herself to move fast, or at least as fast as she could manage, digging her paws into the fake grass and pulling her knees forward.

‘Sway your hips more, it helps with balance. Move like a bitch, not a person! Remember your place and what you are.’

The rest of her body was heating up now, her breathing coming in fast, uneven pants. The dragging weight of the metal ball, sounding out with constant dry chimes, was building up, making it harder to focus. She was flicked with the cane again, steering her into a curve, and ahead of her was the tunnel, plastic hoops joined by blue plastic sheets. Suki was picking up speed now, despite the uneven rhythm of her movements, the impacts jarring her hips and shoulders! And then she was inside, swallowed up within it, only able to hear plastic crinkle and crunch as she moved forward.

It was harder keeping her grip in here, her paws and knees lacking grip, and she could feel the tunnel roll slightly as she moved. And it was long enough that it had its own curve, so she couldn’t even see the end! Being suddenly enclosed was a dizzying change, her vision even more restricted.

‘Hurry up, or I’ll send a stud in after you!’

The words sent a lusty thrill into Suki – maybe that wouldn’t be too bad? Being compressed beneath one of the strong, hard-bodied studs, their hips pinning her into place, firm cock thrusting away...

She was jerked back to the real world as her pussy-bell swung and dragged on her, making her ache with throbbing desire and pain, still moving forward. How long was this tunnel? Was Samantha somehow extending it as she moved

through it? But then the end came into view, a circle that still seemed very far away.

Part of the roof crinkled inwards. ‘Come on! Good girl, almost there!’

Suki was moving as fast as she could, feeling her muscles start to loosen and warm up, hitting her top speed, trying to ignore the pain-lust-ache from her pussy, hauling herself out of the tunnel. As soon as she was fully outside, the crop lashed against her buttocks again, adding more hot welts atop what she already had.

‘Keep moving! All the way around!’

Next up was a series of vertical posts in a line, each on a sprung base.

‘Weave through, full speed. And then you can have a break.’

Suki sucked in air, feeling her mouth dry out from being forced open, throwing herself left, then right, then left again, weaving between them. When she knocked against them, they flexed away from her, before flicking back and striking down her body, too fast for her to evade. Some of the gaps she was small enough to get through without triggering a strike, but having to move back and forth so fast was putting a lot of strain onto her joints, making her torso ache, her knees and ankles getting sore.

One struck her buttocks from the side, making her yelp, feeling dribble ooze out, before reaching the end of the slalom. Two orange cones had a piece of tape between them, and she aimed for that, pushing it aside with her muzzle, skidding to a stop.

‘Hmmm. Lots of work for improvement. But you’re obedient, and nice and light – better than some of the bigger, burlier bitches that keep falling over themselves.’

Suki dipped her head, panting for air – being in this position made it even harder to breathe, and the ass-plug felt *massive* now, firmly lodged within her bowels.

‘Up on the inspection table next.’ Samantha tapped Suki on the head, before reaching around her neck to clip the leash into place and using that to pull her forward, towards a table with a long ramp leading up onto it. At least it was firmly placed, not shaking as Suki moved up it, onto the table.

‘The judges like to check after each run – I think most just like groping sweaty bitches.’

Hands moved over her body, leather-wrapped hands feeling her flanks, poking just beneath her ribs, making her wince and twist.

‘A good bitch should be nice and still.’ She was spanked, the impact sharp and swift. ‘I still need to decide what category to enter you in – you’re not a show-pet, but not really a working one either.’ A hand ran over her spine, and she leaned into it, enjoying the touches, liking the attention as Samantha chuckled. ‘Good girl! You’re keen, at least. And I’ve not seen any strays with piercings before, most have to work up to that, and get them as a gift from their masters.’ Fingers pushed against her backside, squeezing it. The crop-welts flared with pain, but it felt strangely comforting, sending a surge of warmth through her body.

The tail-plug twisted within her, getting pulled backwards against her sphincter. Her head dropped forward, her vision whirling, and she felt dribble ooze from her mouth, splashing onto the table.

‘You need to work on that! The judges like tidy bitches, not wet, sloppy ones.’ The tail was pulled on again, Suki trying to tilt her head back, struggling to swallow, before the plug suddenly deflated, making her sigh, her guts no longer squashed. It slid out of her, the beads stretching out her asshole, whipped out in a single, swift motion.

‘Mrhmmmm!’

‘Did you like that?’ Her buttocks were slapped, then held apart. ‘The judges will check you fully.’ A finger slid into her pussy, knocking the bell. She was wet and ready, the finger penetrating into her. ‘You’ll get good marks for this! Nice and easy, makes you seem fertile.’ It twisted back and forth,

Samantha's knuckles pushing against her pussy-lips, the full length of the finger within her. She started to wriggle her hips, wanting it to move more, wanting more stimulation, before she was spanked.

'You're here to be inspected, not enjoy it! A good bitch should be nice and still.'

The finger twisted around inside of her, the other hand pressing on her back, and then sliding around down onto her belly and pressing upwards. Staying still was hard, with the finger inside of her, gulping in air as she fought the temptation to fuck herself against it.

'Not a bad body – I think you'd score well as a beginner. Not one of the working grades, obviously, but you're got good form. You'll need a lot of training on the course though! You're fortunate I'm such a nice trainer, otherwise I'd be attaching a leash to your cute little clit-ring. That would make you move fast, I bet!'

She twisted her finger inside of Suki, deliberately slow. Suki whined, arching her back and sighing again.

'I think some nice ornaments for your breasts. Maybe bells on them as well, make you do some sort of tune? I'll need to have a think.'

Another finger slid into her, spreading her wider. It was getting harder and harder to keep her focus, her cunt hot and wet.

'That's it! Resist your urges. Slutty pups get punished, but if you obey, I might let you have a real orgasm.' Her fingers started to slide back and forth, the leather glove adding extra stimulation compared to bare hands. Samantha's other hand slapped against Suki's buttocks, before a single finger found her butthole, easily penetrating.

'Mrhrrmmmmphhh!'

'Just imagine this, but with a whole audience. And all the handsome studs and pretty bitches being examined. Would you like that?'

Dozens, or hundreds of watching eyes? The thought melted Suki's mind, a fever-flush of lust and confusion. Would she like that? Being publicly examined and judged? Having hands slide over her body, penetrating into her most sensitive, most personal spaces, squeezing and groping. She gasped as Samantha's fingers twitched, firmly lodged into both of her holes.

'You seem to be enjoying this. And it's nice to have some new blood, rather than the same pets, again and again.'

Suki's head dropped down, all her senses focused on her cunt and asshole, her nipples painfully hard. She whimpered through her muzzle, only able to see the table beneath her.

'If you're a good girl, then I can spend more time training you. And get you ready for the show – there's not long, so I think you'll have to settle for non-sporting. You might be able to scrape in as a toy, but that's a lot of different skills. Would you like that?'

The fingers slid back and forth with increasing speed, Suki barely able to catch her breath, making a faint mewl of agreement.

'Was that a "yes"?''

She nodded, mewling again, twitching her hips, feeling Samantha's knuckles against her buttocks and pussy-lips, the bell still in place.

Sudden vigor and movement, the fingers writhing and twisting, and she was suddenly in the throes of pleasure, hearing herself moan, feeling dribble spill from her mouth.

'Just this once I'll forgive that. But you need to be a good girl if you want any more, and obey me.'

The orgasm was hot and full this time, Samantha fingering her to a satisfying climax, making her moan, and then sag down, her body weak and limp as the pleasure slammed into her, drowning everything else out. She slumped to the side, Samantha catching her and pushing her onto the table, making sure she was safe. The fingers stroked against her body, soft

and gentle, Samantha half-whistling underneath her breath,  
lulling Suki into a faint doze.

## Chapter 11: Pampered Pet

Suki twisted, feeling the restraints press in on her. She could feel where sweat had puddled against the leather straps and bindings, unable to flow away or evaporate. It was making her skin feel odd, soaking into her, and no matter how she twisted, it wouldn't go away. Wriggling around just made the restraints chafe, rubbing against her skin, making it feel sore.

A ball landed next to her, a bell inside tinkling. She grumbled, tipping her head to nudge it with her muzzle, feeling the corset around her waist dig into her body. Using her elbows, she was able to keep it moving, pushing it towards Samantha. Where her legs were twisted backwards, her ankles bumped against her ass, her knees feeling sore.

'Mphhh...' The metal ring was pressing against her mouth, the skin beneath it compressed, and she had to try and keep her mouth wide, to keep the pressure down. She moved the ball in front of Samantha, only able to see the woman's shiny boots, before she backed away slightly.

'Good girl!' A hand patted her on the head, and she pushed against it, enjoying the feel of the fingers against her head. It was nice to be petted, even if she couldn't talk! 'Your training is going well. You're a natural.' Another head-pat, and Suki felt herself warming up from the praise, although she still felt dirty and sweaty.

'Want to do some more?'

'Mprhh...' She wanted to have a rest, and maybe some sleep? Or to have a nice, fat cock inside of herself, penetrating deep, pushed into her! The tail-plug was distracting, the fat lump inside of her body, keeping her warm and loose feeling, even if it wasn't enough for her to get off from.

'Tired?'

'Mphh!' Suki nodded her head, at least the small amount she could.

'Well, you've done well. I suppose we can call it a day.'

‘Mph.’ Suki couldn’t sink to the floor, at least not without it being a problem getting up, but she relaxed, sagging down a bit, feeling herself becoming more supported by her harness-suit.

‘Would you like a treat?’

‘Mph?’ She tried to look up at Samantha, making her neck ache, still unable to see the woman’s face. Her pussy throbbed – would she be allowed some pleasure down there? She bobbed her head up and down, hoping it would be taken as a nod.

‘Good girl. Well, we can have some time together then – a trainer should know her pet well, after all. And I’m sure you would like to sleep outside of a cage for once! And I need to check you over, make sure there’s no damage.’

She squatted down, rubbing Suki’s head, making her purr with pleasure before a leash was clipped onto her collar. Samantha then rose and walked away, Suki trailing behind, making sure to walk fast enough to keep the leash loose, not wanting to get choked.

They were in the manor still, Suki happy to be led away from the training room. The whole place was set up to be accessible by pets – all of the steps were shallow enough she could make her way up them, even with her bound limbs, Samantha holding doors open for her. They moved from the training away into an older part of the building, the walls here stone. Through the doorways they passed, Suki could see areas that looked well-lived-in – a kitchen had dirty plates in the sink, a pot still on the stove, and newspaper on the ground beneath muddy wellies and boots. On the table were leather restraints, also on newspaper, along with a pot of varnish. There was also a big bag – the label showed a happy-looking woman, her body bound into a bitchesuit, a white fluffy tail curving up from her backside. The scent of the stuff made her stomach rumble, the dried food making her want to eat.

Samantha stopped, looking into the room as well. ‘Hmmm, maybe I should get you something nicer – if you’re going to be displayed, then I should make sure you look good. Some

nice red leather, maybe? That might work. I should get your hair done as well – you'd look good if it was brighter. Maybe a full dye – blue or pink or something? There's a bit of a fashion for that in show-pets these days, at least for some of them.'

'Mphh?' She'd never dyed her hair before! Going full blue or pink... That would certainly be a surprise for everyone else when she went back to the office. She'd have to carefully check herself to make sure that there weren't any marks left from the bitchesuit as well – she could feel it, pressing into her skin, rubbing and chafing. Showing up to work with the marks of it pressed into her skin... She shivered, a mixture of shame and desire running through her.

'Hmm, I'm going to have to carry you. Unless you want to try the staircase?' Samantha pointed ahead, where there was a cramped, narrow spiral staircase, winding upwards. The steps were well-worn and uneven, and steep enough that Suki wasn't sure if she'd be able to stretch herself enough to reach between the steps in her current form. Samantha bent over Suki, wrapping her arms around her and lifting her off the floor.

Being carried in such a way made Suki feel utterly powerless, her body held tight against Samantha's, arms strong around her. She pressed herself close, not wanting to be dropped, trying to tuck her head in. The narrow staircase was just about big enough for her, although her backside scraped against the walls a few times.

Samantha chuckled. 'Guess you're lucky to be this small! Most of you pets are too big to have up here. There's talk of getting a lift build, but the building's listed, and it would cost a packet to do. So you should think yourself privileged, I suppose. Although it's partially my fault for having my room up here – most of the trainers are downstairs. I like the views though, and there's more room for my stuff. Especially as I'm here most of the time – a load of them are just summer-time only. Bloody part-timers!'

Suki enjoyed the feeling of closeness, twisting around to make herself comfortable, happy to be held, snug and close, although she had to be careful not to smack her head against

the wall. The staircase went through multiple turns before Samantha stepped out, into a large, circular room and put Suki down.

She looked around in interest – the room was a mess! There were posters on the walls, a mixture of horseraces, and women in pet-gear; dogs, cats and horses, tacked up onto the stone walls. A bed was along one wall, not quite fitting properly along the curved wall, several battered chests all open, showing a mixture of clothing and fetish-tools. Several pairs of boots, all black and shiny, were neatly arrayed, while a basket held a heap of dirty clothing. The air was suffused with Samantha's scent, hanging in the air, thick and heavy.

‘Huh, you're the first pet I've had up here. But I guess you are *my* pet, so I need to look after you properly. Now, lets get the harness off so I can have a look at you properly.’

She pulled Suki into the middle of the room, an old sheepskin rug softer to move on than the bare stone floor. The sweat was still pressing against her body, trapped beneath the leather, but it was easy to relax in here – the air was warm, having soaked in the summer heat, pouring it back out.

Samantha's hands slid over her body, coming around to stroke her breasts. Her skin was soft and sensitive, Samantha's gloved fingers squeezing her already-hard nipples and making her sigh with pleasure.

‘You really are nice and desperate, aren't you? I should let the studs sniff you, get your scent. That always gets them nice and hard.’

The thought sent a strong flush of desire through Suki, her body clenching around the tail-plug. Metal clicked as harnesses started to get released, the pressures on Suki's body changing. The corset came off first, and she felt her spine and torso uncompress, no longer tightly bound. Where it had pressed against her, she could still feel, little lines of tightness, only slowly fading. And clammy skin beneath, sweat unable to wick away!

It was nice though, having Samantha's fingers press and probe against her, poking into her muscles, sliding over her

belly. She spread her legs, hoping to be touched there, but Samantha's hand just flicked against her backside, in a light spank. 'Maybe later! Naughty girl – you shouldn't be horny all the time! Although it is cute. And certainly makes you easy to train. I like your cute little cunt-piercing as well.'

Suki felt herself blush with pleasure at being praised. Samantha slid a finger along her spine, slow and teasing, and Suki shivered, leaning herself against Samantha.

'Affectionate little thing, aren't you? Make sure not to be too relaxed with the judges – they prefer a little more formality.' The hands moved over her shoulders, releasing the straps that held her arms into the paw-gloves, and then peeling them off. They were sticky with sweat, Suki wrinkling her nose in distaste.

It felt strange to have her fingers back, to be able to move and stretch them out properly, and to be able to feel, her fingers pressing into the sheepskin, feeling the leather beneath the fluffiness. And now she could properly move and stretch her elbows as well, without having to fight the latex, trying to pull her back into position! She twisted her shoulders, enjoying the relative freedom, as Samantha's hands starting to release Suki's legs as well.

Her knees ached as she moved them – it seemed forever since she had been allowed full mobility! And, as the bitch-suit came off, her own feeling of humanity returned, and her body sprang into a full-body blush, the full sense of her nudity rushing in.

'Want to take the plug out, or want me to do it?'

A long sigh escaped her lips, and dribble flowed from her muzzle-gag. She was in a woman's bedroom, with a fat, inflatable lump in her asshole! Suki dropped her head down, wanting to burrow into the ground to hide herself.

A hand slapped her backside again, before her buttocks were pulled apart. The thing inside of her suddenly shrank as Samantha deflated it, leaving Suki's insides feeling loose and empty, the tail-plug getting removed. She could feel her anus closing up, but only slowly! Leather-wrapped fingers pressed

against her slit, and made her head spin, just from the light pressure.

‘Now, stand up, and I can have a proper look at you. I’m your trainer, so I do need to know you fully, don’t I?’

Her limbs felt stiff and awkward, her face burning, but Suki slowly stood up, trying to remember to hold her shoulders back, wanting to show good posture, especially now she couldn’t rely on the bitchsuit to force her into position. Samantha was behind her, and grabbed her arms, pulling her shoulders further back. Her face was close to Suki’s ear, air puffing against Suki as she spoke. ‘I could get you an armbinder, if you like?’

‘Nphhh...’

The hands rubbed and probed against her shoulders, before feeling her body. A palm pressed against her belly, pushing it inwards, as her breasts were stroked with the other hand. Suki felt herself melting and fading, her heart racing, any hope of focus utterly gone. Samantha’s touches were dominating her senses, all she could sense, every little touch and stroke making her feel hotter and hotter.

When a finger ran along a line of soreness, where the suit had chafed her body, she gasped, pleasure and pain mingling together.

‘Hmmm, need some cream on that. And a snugger fit. Don’t want my pet getting any pressure-sores!’

Suki mewled through the gag, pressing herself back against Samantha, feeling the woman’s body and clothing, against her own skin. She wanted more touches, as a woman not a pet! Her tongue waggled against the gag, flicking through the air.

‘Oh? Does my pet want a treat?’

‘Yepphh!’ Suki managed to force the words through the ring-gag, feeling it press into the skin inside her mouth.

‘Hmm, you have been a good girl, so I suppose you deserve it.’

Hands stroked up Suki's body, before pulling on her hair, finding the gag-strap and releasing it. The metal ring dropped, falling to the floor, along with a splash of dribble.

'We can get nice and clean together, would you like that?' A hand moved between her legs, pressing against her slit, with enough force to make her head reel.

'Mmmmm...' Being able to actually close her mouth felt strange, but it was nice to relax against Samantha, who pushed her forward, through a small door, and into a small and pokey bathroom. Pipes have been bashed through the stone walls, a grimy shower hanging from a railing.

'Get it turned on, and you can wash while I strip off to join you.'

'Mmmm...' It took Suki a moment to realize she could actually talk. 'Yes...' Her speech was mushy and sloppy, her lips not quite moving right, tongue feeling fat and numb. Just walking again took focus and concentration, her hips having to adjust to being on two legs, rather than down on all fours. But she managed to step into the shower, feeling proud of herself, before turning it on.

Brutally cold water splashed over her, making her yelp with pain, before it started to heat up. When she turned around, she saw that Samantha was stripping off, tossing her clothing outside of the shower-room, the place not large enough to avoid splashes. Her eyes drank in the woman's naked body – her curves, the flow of her hips and breasts, and strong, firm limbs, flat belly, shaved slit.

The water stroked down over her body, washing away the dried-on sweat, starting to get hot enough to make her hiss. She couldn't take her eyes off Samantha, who smiled as she looked back. As Samantha approached, the height difference became obvious – Samantha looked down on her, pressing her body close against Suki's, easily pushing her backwards.

'A good owner builds a special rapport with her pet.' She tapped her fingers against Suki's neck, touching the collar, the only thing she was wearing. 'I think you're on track for a special one of these... Once I think of a name for you.' She

took hold of Suki's chin and tilted it upwards, kissing her on the lips. Suki felt herself melt, Samantha's tongue pushing into her own mouth, sliding over her own. She could taste the other woman, vivid and strong, letting herself be pushed back against the tiled wall.

Both their bodies were wet now, slippery skin sliding and stroking, the kiss draining away all of Suki's energy. The warmth of her body grew, Samantha running a hand down Suki's body, before letting it rest between her legs.

'Would you like a treat, my little pet?'

'Mrmmmm... Please...'

She felt a finger part her lips, sliding just slightly into her, making her gasp. Samantha was pushing her against the wall, easily overpowering her, keeping her pinned in place.

'I think you need to beg a little more, pet. Or maybe I should have you use that tongue of yours for something else?'

'Mrmmm... Mhmmm!'

'Heh, you're still being a pet, aren't are?' Samantha kissed her again, long and slow, the water pouring over both of them. 'Well, that's not a bad thing. Maybe that can be your pet-name? Cute little Mi-Mi?'

The finger pushed deeper into her, and she slumped backwards, now supported almost entirely by Samantha, all her focus between her legs, the water washing away her own juices. It twisted, just slightly, making her gasp. Samantha took a firm hold of her collar, holding her up, her finger moving back and forth with an agonizing slowness. Suki couldn't do anything but stare back at Samantha, losing herself in the woman's eyes, unable to even form words, hearing her desperate pants echo off the walls.

It withdrew, leaving her feeling suddenly empty, wanting the warmth inside of herself again. She stared at Samantha, her mouth hanging slack and open, unable to form any words, just more desperate pants.

'Does Mi-Mi want more?'

She nodded her head, feeling the hand on her throat comfortably tight. Fingers parted her lower lips, two fingers easily sliding into her, making her gasp and moan again. Samantha pushed in close, her breasts against Suki's shoulders, leaning in for another kiss, her presence overwhelming. Suki's mind fuzzed, feeling the fingers press deep inside of her, spreading her wide and open, as the water poured down, Samantha's body pressed tightly against her own.

All she could do was slump there, letting herself be fingered, loving the sensations within her body, pleasure tingling through her crotch, bright, warm lightning coursing up her spine. She could taste Samantha, managing to shift her hips forward, pulling the finger deeper into herself, writhing at the self-inflicted implement.

And then... the moment of release came. The sensation flooded over and through her, strong and powerful, impossible to ignore. She was pulled forward, flowing with the movement, falling onto Samantha's shoulder, an arm coming around her body, hugging her close. The fingers stayed within her, a smaller pleasure starting to build already, as Samantha kissed her.

'Good girl, good girl! I think I'll keep you like this for a bit. Get to know you. And you can help me pick out a nice collar.'

Suki gasped as the fingers twisted, her body slumped against Samantha's.

'And give you a nice wash! Can't have my pet being stinky.'

'Mmmm...' There was nothing else Suki could do except slump against Samantha, letting herself be held and supported, Samantha's body warm and strong.

## Chapter 12: Change of Terms

The warm air slid over Suki's skin, making her acutely aware of how exposed she was, but she couldn't cover herself up. Her arms were held up high, ropes connecting to wrist-cuffs, attaching her to a metal frame, itself securely bolted to the floor. Her legs were the same – cuffed and ropes, holding her in a standing spread-eagle position. Despite the position, the cuffs were well-padded and her feet were on the floor, letting her stand relatively comfortable, the ropes taking the weight on her arms. Her mouth was sealed, a leather panel-gag against her lips, with a rubbery lump inside her mouth, her hair tied back into girly pigtails. Her neck was bare, the lack of a collar feeling strange – she wanted something there, a comforting pressure against her throat!

‘Hmmm, maybe something in blue?’

Samantha approached, holding a book of material swatches, holding one up against Suki's body. Just that light contact made her skin flare, desire spiraling through her, which she fought to contain.

‘No, she's not got the colors for it.’ Another woman approached – tall and slender, wearing tight riding trousers and a red jacket, with long, blonde-dyed hair falling to her waist. She poked a finger into one of Suki's breasts. ‘You can either go classic, with black or red, or lean into the “girly” thing, and go pink. Maybe not super-bright neon, but if you're growing her hair out, then you could get some proper pigtails going, and work off that. Like some of the showpets have, but not quite that much.’

Suki winced. She didn't want to be dressed up like that! This whole place was like a workroom and showroom mixed together though – dummies dressed up in pet-wear outfits, white plastic bodies sheathed in shiny leather. Display boards held collars, ranging between small, thin leather straps, to thick and heavy curves of metal, that looked uncomfortable to wear. Whips and crops as well, and more normal leather clothing as well – tight trousers, vests and jackets.

The other woman pinched at a nipple, stretching it out, pulling on the metal stud. ‘It’s good that she’s already got these, one less thing to do. And no worries about puffing or swelling, she’s all healed up, must have had them a while. Her skin takes a nice color when you slap it as well – no ugly bruises, just nice and tidy welts!’ She gave the nipple a twist before slapping at Suki’s belly, leaving a reddish impact mark there.

‘I want her to stand out though! I think she puts me in a good place for a cup this year.’

‘She’s certainly got the looks for it. But blue? No.’ The woman took the swatches, flipping through them, latex squares slithering off each other. ‘Something like this, maybe?’ It was a bright and vivid crimson, flapping against her skin.

‘No, that’s a bit too... dominant. She’s more of a good-girl type? Isn’t that right, Mi-Mi?’ Samantha patted Suki on the head, Suki leaning into the contact, enjoying the feeling of nails on her head, scratching and scritchng her scalp. ‘Same for black – I know it’s a classic, and I suppose Mi-Mi has nice pale skin so it would show well, but it doesn’t really work for her personality.’

‘Hmm, what about this, then?’

Suki enjoyed Samantha’s touch as the swatches were flicked through, until a vivid pink one was found, bright and glossy.

‘That could work. I’m thinking torso-harness, paw-gloves and leg-binders – and for daywear as well as being displayed. I think that pets should be able to do just as well normally, when not being displayed. Cutouts for her cute little breasts, of course. And to show how breedable she is – I want her nice, wet cunt to be fully on display.’

‘Usual padding on the knees and hands? For rough terrain?’

‘Hmmm... Probably doesn’t need to be *that* rough. She’s not Raider or Orange Duke, she’s mostly going to be on grass

or inside. But enough she can manage without needing carrying all the time – I know she’s light, but it’s easier if she can move herself!’

Suki made a soft whine – she liked being carried! At least by Samantha. But there was no sign that Samantha heard her, despite the soft head-scratches continuing.

‘Well, we can do that. She’s certainly a cutie! Not like some of the bitches we get. I had Raider in here the other day – she’s a *big* lass, I had to reinforce her bitchesuit to make sure it wouldn’t break. And a lot of padding in there as well, so she doesn’t injure herself if she moves fast.’ She met Suki’s eyes for a moment, before smiling and looking away. ‘This little one should be a lot easier to work with. And you don’t really like ornaments, so no special decorations? I had to do crystal decorations for one of the show-bitches! Gluing those onto leather took *forever*. And she can’t ever wear it outside of being displayed, because they’ll fall off after a while.’

‘Yeah, keep it plain.’ Samantha moved around behind Suki, running her hands downwards. Suki shivered, happy to be touched and stroked, but wanting more, feeling to be touched between her legs, to have those mind-blanking waves of pleasure slam through her again. Instead, she felt hands part her buttocks, exposing her asshole. ‘A nice new tail as well. She can take a fat plug, I’ve been stretching her out quite a bit. I think she likes it.’

Suki blushed. It did feel strange not having a tail-plug inserted, to actually be empty for once! She’d have to get a butt-plug she could use herself, when she left here, just to keep that satisfying feeling of being full all the time, and to ensure she could take a tail again when she returned.

A finger brushed over the knot of her asshole, and she tensed up, her back arching, the ropes tightening. Samantha chuckled. ‘Sensitive little thing, aren’t you? But that’s quite cute, in its own way.’

‘This is a lot of work for a stray.’

‘Oh, she’s not a stray any more. Isn’t that right, Mi-Mi?’ The finger stroked her asshole again, making her head start to

fuzz, a deep blush coming over her features. Every time she was called that, it almost overwhelmed her, making her breathing draw short. ‘She’s signed up for another visit once this one is over.’ Being stroked by Samantha without being able to see her made the whole thing even more intense, one hand teasing her asshole, the other idly stroking her chest, her nipples almost painfully hard.

‘Repeat custom? That’s good. And it’ll be quieter then, so you can spend even more time with her. And break all the equipment in.’

‘Yes, I don’t want her being displayed in anything too fresh – I want it all nicely worn in and shaped to her body. And I want to make sure she’s done everything she agreed to do in my absence.’

The finger started pushing into her asshole, making Suki bite down onto the lump in her mouth. She couldn’t move away, or tense up enough to keep it out, as it twisted into her, forcing her wide! Samantha had given her an extensive list of tasks to complete before returning, making sure she would be in top condition. She wanted to be a good girl, but having to do exercises every day seemed like a lot of work!

‘Let me get her measured up then.’

Suki gasped as the finger was withdrawn from her body, sagging in her restraints and whining.

‘No complaining, Mi-Mi. Be a good little slut-bitch for me.’ A hand slapped against her backside, a brief spank making her tense up and writhe, pulling on the suddenly tense ropes. ‘Let the nice lady measure you up.’

Not that Suki had any choice! A tape measure was placed against her body, measuring her legs, then then distance from her ankle to her knee, her knee to her thigh. Having the woman’s face so close to her crotch, hair sliding over her bare legs, sent another stir of erotic desire through her, followed by a hot flush to her face, at the thought of how exposed she was. The woman’s face was right next to her slit – surely she could smell Suki’s arousal, even if she couldn’t see it? It made her want to be a pet again, down on all fours, so she didn’t have to

think about anything like that, or think at all. It was much easier just being obedient, doing what she was told and being rewarded with strokes and pleasurable touches.

Having the tape wrap around her waist was an even more intimate touch, and she could feel the woman breathing against her slit. She squirmed, trying to distract herself from the sensation, biting down on the lump in her mouth. Something cracked against her backside – it felt like the head of a crop, the leather slapping against her skin, making her grunt in pain.

‘A good pet should be nice and still. No wriggling!’

‘Mphh!’ Easy for Samantha to say, she wasn’t tied, exposed and desperately horny! And the woman was taking her sweet time, sliding the tape upwards and pulling it tightly around Suki’s waist, making a sound of approval.

‘Lovely figure! Won’t need much reinforcement to shape this properly. And I see what you mean about being breedable.’ The woman stood up, pressing one hand against Suki’s slit. ‘She’s certainly hot and ready! I’m sure the studs must love her scent.’

Suki’s cheeks were flaming hot now, before the crop slapped her buttocks again.

‘She is, yes. I think she’s found her natural place now. This is where she belongs, as a natural pet.’

‘Mhmmm...’ Suki couldn’t tell if she was groaning or agreeing, before the crop slapped her buttocks again, her backside starting to flare with impact-heat. The hand stayed pressed against her slit, and she felt her hips start to move, grinding herself against the palm, feeling her pleasure increase, even as her sense of shame grew.

The hand withdrew, making her sigh in frustration, before it slapped forward, an open palm striking her pussy. She felt the impact run through her, and sagged down in her restraints, head sinking.

‘I think you need to make her a little less eager, maybe?’

‘Oh no, I like a pet to be nice and edged and horny. It gives them something to aim for.’ The crop slid up her back, tickling over the lumps of her spine, and then across the top of her shoulders, lightly tracing over her exposed skin. ‘Isn’t that right, Mi-Mi? You know that to behave, you’ll need to be a good little pet.’ The words cut into Suki, making her bite down again, feeling her pleasure spiral upwards.

Having her measurements taken was even more distracting her – the circumference around her belly, size of her breasts, distance to her nipple, and even more, every touch sure and confident, the tape sticking slightly to the sweat of her skin. When it wrapped around her neck, a light but steady pressure against her throat, she let out a low mewl, before blushing and dropping her eyes. She wanted a collar again!

‘Your good at making sure your bitches follow their diet-plans, so at least I won’t need to have lots of flex. That makes things easier.’

She stepped back, starting to scribble all the numbers down. As soon as she did so, the crop slid off Suki’s skin. A moment later, it flicked upwards, between her legs, against her pussy. The pain speared deep into her, making her grunt and pull on her restraints, unable to do anything more than take the strike. Another hit, and then another, making her jerk and twist in the restraints, before the shaft of the crop came up, getting pulled through her pussy-lips and then tweaked back and forth. She could feel the smoothness of the shaft, rubbing against her folds, probably coming out slick with her pussy juice.

‘That’s certainly the right attitude to have! A nice horny pet-slut is *much* easier to train.’ It continued to slide back and forth, Samantha teasing her, Suki trying to draw her legs together, the ropes on her ankles preventing her from doing so. It wasn’t enough for her to get off from, but it felt *so good*, her body starting to twitch and twist in time with it, moving back and forth.

‘What type of tail did you say?’

‘Sleek. Long enough that when she moves, she’ll feel it. Inflatable plug as well – I want her asshole nice and stretched

– when I’m finished with her, she should be able to take even the largest studs. I do want to see her getting mounted by some of them, put her onto the blocks and let them have their fun.’

The thought of a stud on top of her, pressing her down, their cock slamming into her, again and again and again... She could imagine the sensation, and the hot, thick release of cum, shot straight into her body, their hips slapping against her backside, cock skewering her deep. She mumbled, her tongue sliding over the inside of the gag.

‘I’ve got one that should work. Nice and big, just like you want. It always surprises me when such a small thing can take such a massive shaft! But I guess she stretches out.’

The crop slid out from between her thighs, Samantha stepping back into view. She flicked her wrist, striking Suki’s pussy from the front, able to strike it dead-on. Her knees buckled, putting more weight onto her wrists. Another hit was just as strong, the pain transforming into pleasure, strong and bright. Each hit, each slap of leather on her sensitive skin, made her fall further into arousal, but without enough stimulation to get herself fully off. If it hadn’t been for the ropes, she would have fallen, all her weight now supported by her wrists, her legs not strong enough to hold her up.

‘And a collar. I saw a nice one – she’s not earned something properly customised yet, but it should fit the colour scheme. Can you put the shock-contacts and pack in it as well?’

‘Sure, you can put that on your tab. I’d forgotten I made that one, to be honest. Can’t see many other people going for it.’

Another slap to the pussy, as Samantha stared at her, pinning her in place with a stern gaze. ‘A nice new collar for you, Mi-Mi. I’m expecting you to live up to it though – and I’ll need to get it engraved. Oh, and schedule some piercings for Mi-Mi, so her name-tag can go in her ear.’

Several more crop-strikes, in quick succession, making Suki gasp, slumped down as low as she could go. Even as Samantha turned away, she could feel the aftereffects of the

strikes, her juices staining her thighs, the throbbing strikes making her body tingle. If she hadn't been gagged, she would have smiled in empty-headed bliss!

Samantha returned, now holding a two-inch high curve of pink-stained leather, a metal ring dangling from the bottom. She moved in close, tilting Suki's head back and brushing hair out of the way, before wrapping the collar around her neck. It was slightly cool, but still smooth against her skin, feeling *right* as it slid around her body, buckles clicking shut, sealing it into place. It forced her to keep her neck high and straight, limiting her ability to move her head.

'Good girl! I'll get the name-plate engraved soon. And maybe if you earn some trophies, those can be engraved as well.'

She reached forward, fingers sliding down Suki's belly, before teasing against her lower lips. Suki was still smarting down there from the crop-strikes, but the fingers felt good, spreading her wide. She looked up at Samantha, happy to be overpowered and restrained, enjoying the feeling of the collar around her neck. Suki's hips started to twitch again, pulling the finger inside of herself, pleasure blossoming as she was penetrated, the finger easily sliding into her.

Samantha pushed it deeper in, other fingers sliding over Suki's lips, as she writhed and twisted. She could feel it, getting closer and closer, the fuzz of release drawing close... and then Samantha pulled back, the finger sliding out of Suki. She ground against empty air, whining in frustration from behind her gag, feeling betrayed. She was a good girl! Who deserved to be touched and stroked! But Samantha just smiled at her, before patting her on the head again.

'Good girl. Remember that feeling, so that you know what you're working towards!'

'Mphh...'

All Suki could do was accept it, feeling her pleasure ebb away, grunting into her gag. She wanted to get off! But she'd had to prove herself to Samantha first, be a good little pet. The

thought thrilled her, despite her annoyance from the lack of orgasm!

## Chapter 13: Trials and Tests

‘Beg!’

Suki leaned back, her tail hitting the floor, making the plug twist within her, but she managed not to make any noise. She raised a paw-hand, bringing it down onto the trainer’s hand, before putting it back down. It was a relief to move back onto all fours afterwards, taking some of the pressure from her backside, the shifting of the plug easier to deal with than having it pushing deeper into her body.

‘Fetch!’

A ball was tossed through the air, landing on the ground and rolling away, a bell inside tinkling as it moved. Suki twisted around, trying to move as gracefully and swiftly as she could, although she could feel her tiredness growing, her torso shaking as she pulled herself forward using her hands, trying to shake her hips to increase her speed. The new tail was heavier than her previous one, twisting about with greater force, the plug bigger.

As she moved, she looked around, trying to see Samantha – they were inside the large training room, with several of the other bitches, all being put through their paces. Samantha was stood on the edge of the room, watching Suki, her expression impossible to read. Suki pushed herself harder, reaching the ball and then throwing her body around, pivoting as quickly as she could, then pushing her head down, feeling her muzzle-jaws spreading over the ball, holding it in front of her mouth.

With that done, she was able to start heading back. Dribble from her mouth fell onto the ball, a metal ring holding it open, but that felt normal now. It was a relief to be able to stop, trying to get her breath back, as she stretched her neck out, presenting the ball.

A stopwatch beeped, her time getting recorded. Hopefully she wasn’t being compared to any of the sportier bitches – she stood no chance against them! On the edge of her vision, she could see Ocean Pearl, a sleek and lean shape as she darted forward, moving with annoying and enviable grace. Other

bitches were being put through the paces as well, their pants and gasps sounding out, helping to distract Suki from the aches of her own body.

‘Hmm.’

That didn’t sound like a good noise! But she’d moved as fast as she could, it was just that her entire body felt hot and feverish, a throbbing heat between her thighs. If only Samantha didn’t keep teasing her, then she’d be better! But it was part of the training, apparently, to show her what she *might* have if she did well. It meant that Suki’s thoughts kept drifting away, fuzzy and ill-focused.

She snapped back to attention just in time, as the ball was flung again. With a sigh, Suki twisted, feeling the strain of the movement through her hips and spine, gripping the ground as best she could with her paw-gloves to pull herself forwards.

The ball had rolled towards another of the training areas, where a bitch she didn’t recognize was weaving through the vertical sticks, trying to move without knocking them over. It was right next to the course, Suki darting in and lowering her head, trying to pluck the ball from the ground.

She skidded on the astroturf and missed her mark, having to twist into the movement, just barely managing to avoid knocking into the vertical sticks. It took her a moment to get her wits together again and to rearrange her limbs, trying to get herself under control.

The sticks clattered, one behind her getting struck, and there was no time to turn to see before someone collided with her. They were bigger and heavier than she was, smashing straight into her, a shoulder knocking into her flank and smacking her to the side. She was knocked over, onto her side, desperately trying to wriggle to avoid further impacts, pulling herself away from the course. A paw-hand shoved down at her, pressing against her hips, squeezing more air out of her as she was clambered over, a bound knee smacking into her belly.

Her body was aching as she slowly managed to right herself, having to awkwardly twist and contort in order to get herself up, to get her legs back beneath her. Suki had to turn

fully around to get her bearings, knocked askew, before she cautiously reached out with a paw, hooking it around the ball and dragging it closer, then dropping her mouth to pick it up.

She had to semi-limp back to the trainer, her body aching and sore, the restraints rubbing against what felt like they would soon be bruises. The other woman had hit her, pretty much full-on! The shock of the impact was still running through her, adrenaline making her tense and wary, wanting to go and rest.

The stopwatch beeped again. ‘Mi-Mi, you need to be more careful. You should have avoided that impact.’

Suki grumbled, the muzzle-gag absorbing most of the sound. If the woman hadn’t thrown it near the training area, then this wouldn’t have happened! A moment later, a shock spiked into her neck, making her yelp in pain. She twisted to see Samantha, who smiled at her, holding up the controller. Suki grumbled again, but pulled herself up, despite the aching down one shoulder and along her ribs, trying to look as good as possible.

‘If that’s all it takes to knock you over, then you’re going to struggle with the next contest. I guess you’ll have to do the best you can. This way.’ The woman walked away, Suki following behind, trying to look obedient. The other bitches were all being led in the same direction, where some plastic fencing had been put up in a circle, with an inflatable beachball in the middle.

As they walked, the trainer explained the game. ‘You need to try and get the ball and drag it back to me. You’re only a small little thing, so I don’t expect you to do well, but it’s good for the bigger girls to work out their aggressions.’

Suki looked over at the competition – they all looked big and intimidating, even the ones she recognized. The beachball would be light, but trying to keep it under control while everyone else was trying to get it from her would be tough! And all the trainers started walking around the edge of the area, so she’d need to find them to win!

A whistle blew, and all the bitches dove forward, after first wriggling through the fence. Suki hung back, not wanting to get caught in the pile-up, as several of them slammed together. Two were both next to the ball, growling at each other, pushing at it from opposite ends, before it popped loose, shooting outwards, heading right for Suki.

She twisted, managing to tap it downwards with a hand, turning around to see where her trainer was. There – to her left. She batted the ball forward, trying to move fast, but another bitch knocked into her from the side, a head butting into her ribs. Not hard, but enough to wind her and send her reeling, as she hit the ball again. Paws pressed down onto her back, her body unable to take the weight, and she sank down to the floor, her legs spreading out. Someone was on top of her, squashing her down and making it hard to breath. No matter how she strained, she couldn't raise herself up again, their weight too much for her!

She wriggled, straining to lift herself, the weight not moving from on top of her. Who was it! She couldn't even manage to twist enough to see, another collar-shock biting into her skin. That wasn't fair – it wasn't like she could do anything about being pinned like this!

Another whistle sounded, someone having won, and then the weight moved. It still took her a while to recover herself, trying to regain her strength, only slowly able to get back up again, spurred on by a buzzing twitch in her neck. Having to crawl back through the fence-gaps was more of a struggle now, her body aching and sore.

As soon as she was outside, Samantha ducked down next to her, clipping a leash into place. Suki mewled, wanting a hug, or at least a comforting head-pat, but Samantha just walked away, forcing Suki to follow behind, before the leash went taut.

She was being led towards the judge's table, were another bitch was being examined. Hands grabbed and squeezed, feeling at soft flesh, gloved fingers sinking into a pussy, the bitch gasping and writhing. Suki took a deep breath, readying herself for the same, her body tingling. She made herself tense

up, ignoring the throbs of pain, tilting her head to glance up at Samantha. The woman looked down at her with a quick smile, the expression warming Suki up, as she waited to be led forward.

The bitch gasped, three fingers sinking into her slit. The judges were all expressionless, pausing only to make notes, and have brief, whispered conversations between themselves.

‘Do well and I’ll give you a treat.’

Suki barely heard the whisper from Samantha, but she tensed up, feeling her body tighten around the ass-plug. What would she get? Maybe some nice food, or some cuddles?

And then it was her tone. Beside her, Samantha stiffened up, walking with exaggerated neatness, Suki doing her best to match her. She trotted up the ramp towards the judges table, before Samantha leaned in and released the leash-clip, giving her a quick pat on the head, the contact sending a ripple of warmth through her body.

A hand slid beneath her, pressing up against her belly, and she stiffened for a moment before forcing herself to relax. It pushed up, squeezing her muscles, as more hands felt at her thighs, pressing strongly against her legs. She managed to not hiss in pain, the bruises now starting to form.

‘Hmmm... Mi-Mi? Beginner class.’ One of them came around, looking into her eyes, and it was a struggle to stare back and not look away. She could feel a full-body blush coming over her, warmth spreading through her whole body, awareness of how exposed and open she was, being probed and poked by the three judges. ‘Nice bright eyes, and shiny hair. She’s well-maintained.’ All of their hands were wrapped in blue surgical gloves, and two fingers speared into her mouth, spreading her muzzle-gag wide. She relaxed her throat as much as she could, feeling the fingers penetrate into her.

She grunted as they slid into her throat, able to feel every little twitch and shake of the fingers, gulping in breath through her nose, smelling the leather of the muzzle and her own sweat.

‘No protests or resistance – well-trained orally.’ The fingers withdrew, slobber joining them to Suki’s mouth for a moment. She could feel more hands, slippery-smooth from the gloves, sliding over her body, cupping her dangling breasts, and she had to fight the temptation to wriggle around.

Something dark and long was raised up – a dildo, with measuring-marks along the length. A hand grabbed her head, and then it was pushed in. She could taste the spit of the previous bitch on it, as she tried to keep her tongue out of the way. The rubbery shaft slid into place, filling her mouth before it starting to force her throat wide. She made herself relax as best she could, trying to think of Samantha, wanting to please the woman.

It kept pushing inwards, making it a struggle to keep her breathing even, especially as fingers pulled her pussy-lips apart. Her clit-ring was tweaked, sparks flashing in her head. Even just that stimulation, combined with the cock in her throat, was getting her wet! Fingers tickled against her folds, the stimulation building upwards, as the cock was pushed deeper in, sliding down into her throat.

‘Mphh...’ She couldn’t hold back entirely, feeling her throat tighten up around the impalement. There was another quick push, making her splutter again, and then it withdrew, coming out thick and slobbery. ‘8.6 inches.’

‘Not bad, for one in the petite class.’

Pleasure, pride and shame all mingled together as she swallowed down more spit, feeling fingers hold her lips apart.

‘Nice healthy colour back here. Seems young and fertile.’ A finger slid into her, a swift penetration pushing it into her body, and her back tightened up. She wanted to twist back against it, to use it to get herself off! But she would be docked points for that, so forced herself to stay still, even as another finger pushed it’s way inside of her.

‘Hot and ready – she wants some time with the studs, I think. Isn’t that right, girl?’ An affection flick to her backside made her moan, just a little bit, before managing to control

herself better. A third finger slid into her, stretching her out, and her vision blurred, her head starting to come up.

‘Nice and loose and wet! Certainly fully healthy.’

‘Time to check her other hole.’

The fingers slid out of her, making her whine in guilty pleasure – she wanted more! But, instead, they spread her buttocks apart, and then the inside of her tail-plug suddenly shrank it. It made her feel empty and deflated, wanting it back, before the tail was pulled it. Her ass was loose enough now that it slid out easily.

‘Good, firm anal grip.’

Lubed-fingers up, cool and slippery, slid into her, two of them, pushing her asshole wide. It sent shivers down her spine, the fingers wriggling around, forcing her wide to accept them. They started to pump back and force, Suki not even trying to resist.

‘What a well-behaved bitch she is! No complaints or struggles.’

As she was ass-fucked, hands squeezed her breasts, pinching at them and stretching out the skin.

‘Well-formed breasts – small, but that’s to be expected in this case. No sign of artificial enhancements, in accordance with the rules. We don’t want a repeat of what happened before!’

Suki was having to focus on keeping her head up and back straight, wanting nothing more than just to sag down and enjoy being fucked and groped. But she had to be a good pet and keep herself straight and tidy!

The fingers pulled out of her ass, her buttocks getting pulled more forcefully, exposing her even more.

‘Let’s test her capacity properly.’

She felt a tight bundle of fingers press against her loose hole, before they started to push into her, with a slow and steady pressure. Suki took a deep breath, feeling the fingers spread, getting wider and wider, stretching her hole open. This

wasn't like the usual bulbs, with a single, fat, point, before getting swallowed up, this was far bigger, and she could feel their knuckles, slight bumps on their fingers. And then those pushed in, her eyes starting to water. Was he going to try and put his *whole* hand into her?

After the knuckles, there came the rest of his hand, his fingers closing up inside of her. It was pushed inside of her body, and she could feel every movement of the fingers, the fist a tight, dense lump, filling her up. Dribble flowed from her mouth, against the inside of the muzzle, before overflowing that and falling onto the examination table, making wet splats there.

When he twisted his hand, his wrist stretching her anus massively wide, she couldn't control herself anymore, a low and desperate mewl escaping her lips, warped by the ring gag and the muzzle. More dribble splashed down, making sticky puddles beneath her face.

'Hmmm, some loss of control – perhaps some more discipline training might be needed?'

'She's only a petite, that's not really a surprise! And she's not been trained for that size yet. Some feedback for the trainer though – she could definitely take a larger plug.'

The hand was pulled out, the motion staggering Suki, her head reeling, all her focus on the spreading of her asshole, the thing only slowly closing up afterwards.

'Clean bill of health, then? I think we've seen everything we need to see.'

There was a general murmur of agreement, before a hand slapped against her buttocks, making her yelp again.

'Some more control-training as well – no-one likes a sloppy, dribbly bitch.'

Suki grumbled, but only slightly. If she hadn't been fisted, then it would have been fine! She'd never had anything that large inside of herself! Although it had felt satisfying, to be so utterly and entirely filled. A moment later, she felt the tail-plug get pushed back – it felt tiny compared to the fist, easily

sliding into her. Several pumps of air made it grow, getting harder and fatter inside of her, until it was back to its usual size.

‘Trainer Samantha, you may take Mi-Mi and await our decision.’

‘Yes, judges.’

Suki was just about able to lift her head, letting the leash be reattached, heading down the long ramp from the examination table. She tried shaking her hips, making the tail waggle around, wanting to recreate the feeling of that fist, of being so utterly filled! She let herself be led over to a small fenced-off area, where the other bitches were waiting, all on their best behaviour, some of them being stroked and petted by their trainers. Samantha gave her a pat on the head, and she pushed herself against the woman’s legs, before settling down onto her belly and making herself comfortable. This was a lot of work just to see what a real competition was like! But, at least for now, there was no audience. Another wave of pleasure-shame ran through her, the thought of being seen and admired by a crowd setting up conflicting interests within her, as she twisted herself against Samantha, enjoying the shaking of the ass-plug.

## Chapter 14: Pack Behavior

Suki stretched herself out, enjoying the feeling of the sun wherever her harnesses and straps didn't cover. The sun was bright, but not too hard, a light breeze wicking away her sweat, the scent of nature carried on the wind. From here, she could see the ponygirls in the next paddock, bodies sheathed in tight leather and metal, their legs rising up and down as they were trained, made to run up and down the field.

She yawned, stretching again, the grass tickling against her belly. How many more days would she have here? It couldn't be many more, but she didn't want to think about that, about going back to her normal, boring job! Or of having to get used to talking again, or going to the toilet normally, rather than cocking a leg to piss. Samantha had said that she'd need to slowly adjust back to solid food, to let her system get used to it again.

Suki grumbled, then rolled onto her back, wagging her bound legs in the air, enjoying the way that it made the straps and harnesses tighten around her body, pressing against her and holding her, snug and close. It was like being hugged and held, but all the time, reminding her of her training and her place. A shadow blocked out the sun, everything going dark.

'Mphh?' Her tongue wagged, sliding around, feeling the metal ring that held her mouth open. Another bitch was looking down at her, before two paw-hands pressed onto her chest, pinning her in place. She wriggled, but had no traction, unable to shift out from beneath them. Their face pressed close down, close enough that she could see the human eyes behind the muzzle-gag.

As she wriggled around, they dropped down, using their greater weight to simply pin Suki in place. Their belly pressed down against hers, squashing out of her. She twisted her legs, trying to knock her knees into them, but lacked enough range of movement to do so, before sagging and giving up. It wasn't even that uncomfortable – the woman was heavy enough to keep her squashed in place, but not so heavy that she felt crushed. After a bit of wriggling, she managed to make sure

that there weren't any buckles jabbing into her, the ground soft beneath her.

Trapped in place, she couldn't see anything other than the sky above, bright and blue, and the other wall of the kennel-building behind her. Well, this wasn't so bad! She twisted slightly, enjoying the feeling of the woman atop her, close and firm.

Something brushed against her inner thigh. She tried to close her legs, too late, feeling something hard there, covered with leather, able to feel the ridges and studs. It moved down, easily pushing her thighs aside, and then she felt leather brush against her crotch. It started to flex, opening wider, and she felt little puffs and pants of air, teasing and tickling her. Pleasure trickled through her, the woman above her shifting around and squashing her down, keeping her from breathing properly.

The leather muzzle pushed against her belly and thighs, scraping her slightly, the puffing getting more forceful. This must be one of the other bitches! It felt good, pleasure tingling through her, but she didn't want to get in any trouble. And the muzzle jaws were starting to ache a little, stretched wide and digging into her soft skin.

Then a tongue, hot and wet, slithered-stroked against her slit, just the tip, but even that enough to make her squeak and try to buck, despite her being firmly squashed down and held in place. It slid over her pussy, her eyelids fluttering, her desire suddenly surging. When she got home she was going to wank so many times! The tongue teased her, sliding over her lips, only just barely penetrating, moving in slow, teasing circles, leaving a trail of sticky spit behind it.

She tried to push her hips up, wanting more of the thing inside of herself, but was too stuck, the weight too much to shift. All she could do was grumble, and try and endure the teasing, despite the mind-melting pleasure of it, her brain fading and fuzzing, everything else hard to focus on. Her body went limp – maybe if she surrendered, showed her submissiveness, then whoever was doing this to her would let

her go all the way? Or one of the trainers would come over and help?

Suki moaned and squeaked, as the tongue slid around in another slow circle, up and down her lips, before sliding into her, deeper than before.

‘Mphhh!’ Her arms came down, wrapping around the bitch above her, Suki needing to vent her feelings somewhere, squeezing hard. Their only reaction was to shift their balance, pressing down on her even harder, making it even harder to breath.

The delicious torment was broken by the chiming of a bell, the bitch above her moving again. She slowly rose, Suki able to inhale properly, gasping in air. Now she could see that it was Ocean Pearl between her legs, face completely hidden by the muzzle, still teasing her. It felt so good! Suki didn’t move at all, happy to just lay back and let herself be pleased, even if it wasn’t enough to get off from, the tongue sliding and licking and teasing.

The other bitch was moving away, suddenly moving with slow and deliberate poise, head held high. What was going on? Before she could do anything, Suki’s thoughts were scrambled again by another movement of the tongue, flicking right against her nub. She moaned, her strength fading in the face of such constant pleasure.

‘Oi! Stop that!’ One of the trainer’s voices sounded out, footsteps running close. Suki could just about see their movement from the corner of her eye, the woman pulling out a spray-bottle. She squirted it at Pearl, bitterly cold water hitting Suki’s thighs as well. She moaned again, all the sensations mingling together, spreading her legs wide, hoping for Pearl’s tongue to slide deeper, slip around her clit and get her all the way off.

Instead, Pearl twisted her head, tongue sliding upwards to Suki’s navel, before withdrawing, lifting her head up, getting sprayed again. Suki sagged back from a moment, her head starting to clear. It still took several long moments before she

could get herself together, feeling the lust between her legs slowly fade away.

Flipping herself back onto her front took time, needing to roll onto her front and came up to a crawling position. Pearl was now getting spanked, a hand slapping against her buttocks, gasping and groaning with every impact, and then the whistle blew again. She still felt drowsy, between the pleasant doze and being tongue-teased, not sure what was happening. She didn't seem to be in trouble though, as the other bitches moved towards the same area, where several of the trainers had gathered as well. Suki looked, but couldn't see Samantha, but everyone seemed to be on their best behavior, all the bitches looking keen and attentive.

She moved into the middle of the group, trying to see through them. It was annoying being so small - even most of the show-pets were bigger than she was! And she was still half-dazed from the teasing, feeling a wetness between her legs, clenching herself around the anal plug. Could she fill herself with something, like when she'd been fisted? There must be a toy or something she could get!

A murmur went through the other bitches, Suki cranking her neck to try and see, hearing gagged murmurs of approval. There was movement, Suki ducking down, finding a clear line of sight. She could see shiny boots, twisting around to see it was Samantha, holding onto a leash connected to one of the studs from before, Orange Duke. Her mouth started to water, as she remembered the taste of his cock, the shaft fat and heavy in her mouth.

Samantha walked forward, boots catching the light, making Suki's mouth water even more, the taste of leather in the back of her throat. She could see Orange Duke's cock, currently small and shrunken, bobbing about as he walked, but just the thought of it made her sigh with anticipation. But he couldn't service all of them, surely? Although judging by what she could smell, she wasn't the only one getting aroused. One of the show-pets was in front of her, and Suki could see her pussy-lips, wet with desire.

Samantha stopped, Orange Duke squatting behind her, posing to show off the muscles of his chest, well-sculpted and toned.

‘We recently had an internal trial, to get those of you that are new used to it, and also so that we can judge you, and see what pets are appropriate to put forth into an actual competition. A few of you did particularly well – as did Orange Duke here.’ She patted him on the head, between the leather-sculpted ears poking up from his muzzle-mask. ‘As a reward, for both him and some of you, he will be allowed to mount some of you.’

Low, desperate whines merged together, Suki’s amongst them. She wanted a good, hard fucking! The scent of arousal sharpened, several of the bitches twisting their bodies, trying to tighten their thighs against each other.

‘Firstly, we have a newcomer who has done well. From being adopted as a stray to getting high marks in the grading, Mi-Mi! Come forward for your prize!’

Suki let out a deep breath, before starting to move herself forwards. Having everyone stare at her, being the center of attention, made her blush, but she wanted to be fucked! Despite some of the hard glares she could see, she wanted her prize! She could hear some soft growls, but kept her back straight, moving steadily forward, a path opening up for her. Orange Duke lifted himself up, and she could see his cock, bigger now, her tongue lolling from her mouth. She wanted that inside of her, slamming back and forth, filling her up!

Samantha smiled down at her. ‘Good girl, good Mi-Mi! Now get into breeding position.’

She stopped, just in front of Orange Duke, looking into his eyes, his face hidden behind his muzzle. He turned his head, dipping it down in a slight nod, before spreading his arms, paws looking huge and powerful. Suki turned around, now facing all the other bitches, dropping her head down, thrusting her backside upwards into the air. Just being able to hear his movements was erotic, getting her turned on even more. She

waggled her backside, feeling the tail shake about, wanting him inside of her as soon as possible!

The tail was grabbed, plug deflating and the thing being pulled out. Paws moved against the ground, one on either side of her, and she felt him above her, a heavy weight starting to push down onto her. His cock bumped against her backside, between her buttocks, thrusting forward, trying to find where to go.

He pressed down on her, squashing her into the ground, still thrusting with his hips, knocking against her slit several times before managing to slide his cock into place. The head entered her, spreading her lips wide, and her head sagged down, pressed into the ground. All she could do was push back against him, letting the cock slide deeper and deeper into her. It felt huge, spreading her wide, penetrating deep into her tightness. But the pleasure was swiftly overwhelming her, dribble flowing from her mouth.

His hips pushed forward, the cock sliding deeper and deeper, until it was fully buried within her body. She tightened around it, as he started to twist his hips, sliding it in and out. She was so drenched that he slid back and forth easily, and she was barely conscious of the soft whimpers she was making, trying to match herself to his rhythm. His hips slapped against her backside as she was taken, the cock deeply sheathed within her, a deep sense of satisfaction blossoming. It spread throughout her entire body, making her feel like she was glowing, radiant with heat and desire.

She was the first to come, feeling her pleasure hit a peak, her eyes closing, plunging her into a blissful darkness, all her other senses overwhelmed, leaving her feeling dazed, wanting to fall into slumber. The cock withdrew, and she whimpered, wanting it stay there, enjoying the sense of fullness. Then she felt it getting guided against her asshole, a hand around the shaft, letting it slide into her, forcing the tighter hole wide.

Being mounted and filled, fucked in the ass, made Suki feel even better. The cock was already slippery with her pussy-juice, easily sliding in and out – it wasn't as wide as the fist had been, but pushed deep into her. Orange Duke was fully

mounted on top of her now, and she couldn't escape even if she wanted to, pinned in place beneath him, his weight on her, paw-arms on either side of her body. She grunted in please, laying there and letting herself be fucked, eyes barely open.

And then he came, cum spurting into her. It filled her up, hot and wet, making her head swim even more. He sagged onto her, his own strength fading after his orgasm, her body weak from her own pleasures. Being here, being contained like this, fucked and squashed and used, filled her with a bliss she couldn't describe, her senses melting away.

When he started to lever himself upwards, sliding out of her, cum dribbling out of her asshole, she whined, wanting him to stay there, tightly inside of her body. A booted toe poked against her backside, Samantha sounding amused. 'You've done well, Mi-Mi, but don't get greedy!'

'Mmmm...' Easy for her to say, she could touch herself all she wanted! Or have fun with the studs herself, rather than having to be granted it by someone else. She was still so weak she couldn't move anyway, even with Orange Duke gone.

'Emerald Forest Jewel, get over here!'

One of the show-pets moved forward, the green leather wrapped around their body shining brightly, their skin tanned, bleached-blond hair rising from her head in a high plume. She approached with a proud gait, her large breasts swinging as she moved, tail wagging. Samantha leaned over her, dragging her around behind Suki.

'You can clean her out. I know how much you like the taste of cum, so this should be a treat for you.'

The other pet started to protest, before the sounds of spanking followed up, and then buckles were released. A moment later, a tongue slid over her backside, touching over her buttocks, and then between them, flicking over her asshole. As it brushed over the sensitive ring, she whimpered in pleasure again, her head spinning. The pressure was only light, but she could still feel the wet stickiness where cum had oozed out, her asshole still stretched and distended. The

tongue twisted and wriggled, Suki still too weak, almost drunk with pleasure, head vague and fussy.

When the tongue slid into her, she gasped with pleasure, the thing tiny compared to the cock, but wetter and hotter, the spittle mingling with the cum. She could feel the woman's lips against her backside, tightly pressed in, wriggling herself backwards a little, the tongue sliding deeper.

‘That’s it. Clean her out, get your tongue all the way in! You damn show-pets need to be good for something.’

If the show-pet was making any sound at all, Suki couldn't hear it, the sound absorbed by how close the woman was to Suki's buttocks, the tongue still moving within her. The slowly-fading waves of pleasure resumed, building up again, but more slowly this time. She focused on them, trying to will them into something greater, letting them build up and up.

Samantha said something, but Suki couldn't hear her, letting herself be pleased. She was vaguely aware of another bitch moving forward, getting into position, and then the sounds of fucking, hot and loose, as Orange Duke mounted another bitch.

The tongue-fucking continued, her asshole getting kissed, before the tongue withdrew and flicked over her asshole again, teasing at the sensitive ring. Another pulse of pleasure, weaker than when she had been fucked but still potent, slowly washed over her, and she sank into it, feeling like she was melting away, her consciousness fading.

## Chapter 15: Change of Scene

Suki staggered through the door, lungs burning, her legs starting to seize up now she wasn't running. Her t-shirt was sticking to her body, wet with her sweat, before she peeled it off, feeling how hot she was, glad of how brief her jogging shorts were. She'd not done much exercise before, and now she was paying for it!

She flicked her computer mouse, the screen turning on, opening up the right app, the light beneath her camera turning green as she kicked her trainers off. Her eyes darted to the clock – she was on time, wasn't she? It ticked over to 7:30 – just barely on time! The video window opened, letting her see herself, skin shiny with sweat, petite breasts now bare, her belly flat and smooth, still panting for air.

Samantha appeared on screen, looking calm and in control, Suki standing a little straighter, hoping her posture was correct. At least she wasn't blushing now – the first few times, having Samantha staring at her, even through the camera, being clothed while she was naked, had made her flush crimson, much to Samantha's amusement.

She didn't speak, waiting for a command, getting her breathing back under control.

'Time?'

'Twenty-four thirty-seven, mistress.'

'Hmm. Not quite a PB, but good. And you seem to have yourself under control. How do you feel?'

'Good, mistress. It's getting easier.'

'I want my pet to be in the best of shape, so that's good.' She squinted at the camera, scrutinizing Suki. 'Your body is looking better. Nice and trim. You should be able to compete at a higher level when you're back in again. Isn't that right, Mi-Mi?'

The use of her pet-name sent a shiver through her body, putting her on the edge of arousal already, despite the tiredness she felt.

‘Yes, Mistress.’

‘I like your obedience. But when you’re back at the kennels, then you’ll be a nice, gagged bitch again. I’m sure your tongue can be put to good use as well. But you need more training first. Arms up.’

Suki stretched her arms out on either side of herself, holding them horizontally, trying to keep them held evenly, not wanting to show any weakness. The heat was starting to grow within her, as the sense of her own exposure grew within her, pleasure growing and tingling.

‘Have you had any pleasure, Mi-Mi?’

Suki shook her head, feeling her hair stick to her sweaty back – it was longer now, reaching several inches past her shoulders..

‘No, Mistress.’ Although she wanted to! Every morning, she was so wet and horny, wanting nothing more than to reach between her legs and stroke herself, getting herself off, or get one of her dildos and fuck herself into a blissful daze. But she wanted to be obedient, managing to hold herself off from it. Showering was getting harder and harder though, her sensitivity growing more and more, just the warm water enough to make her feel dizzy and lustful.

‘It’s a shame I can’t monitor you, but I suppose I have to trust you. When you’re back here, I can give you a full physical. If you’re not desperately horny, then I’ll have to find some way to punish you!’ Her look was hard, but she smiled at Suki, still stood with her arms outstretched.

‘Stroke yourself.’

Suki moved one hand down to her crotch, pushing her shorts against herself – she could feel her wetness, more than just sweat. Even through the shorts, she could feel how wet she was, her pussy wanting attention, wanting to be filled and stuffed. She cupped her crotch, pushing the material of her shorts into herself, struggling to keep her breathing even.

‘Strip. Completely.’

She pulled her shorts off, letting them drop to her ankles then kicking them away, then hooking her thumbs through the waistband of her panties beneath, having to peel them away from her skin. There was a brief moment of shame that they weren't nice ones, just plain white panties, damp with her sweat, before she pulled them off, leaving herself naked except for her socks.

‘You’ve been keeping yourself shaved. It’s nice to see how obedient you are. Now, show me your pussy.’

Suki moved closer to the camera, before holding her lips spread, exposing her folds. She was acutely aware of every little shift and twitch of air, stirring up her senses, making her want to go and pleasure herself.

‘Nice and healthy – it’s always good to see a nice fertile bitch. Maybe you’ll be rewarded by getting mounted again? You seemed to enjoy that last time. Isn’t that right, Mi-Mi?’

Every time her name was mentioned, it made her flush, hot and bright, adding to the heat of her body. She could remember being a pet, down on all fours, being owned and used, the memories making her breath quicken, her arousal increasing more and more.

‘Yes, Mistress. It was pleasurable being... used like that.’

‘He might be back again at the same time as you. Or I’m sure some of the other studs will be happy to look after you, if you earn it. Finger yourself. Nice and slowly.’

Suki whimpered, hoping her body wouldn’t betray her, as she pushed a finger into herself. Her walls immediately tightened around it, her body wanting pleasure and release, and it took an effort of will to hold it there, rather than wriggling it back and forth. Her head was reeling, all her senses on the pleasure starting to throb between her legs.

‘Are you allowed to get off?’

‘No... No, Mistress.’ She wanted the order to take her finger out, so she could at least try and concentrate, but it was hard thinking through the hard fuzz of pleasure!

‘A pet should be obedient – that’s good. Did you get my package?’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

‘Go and get it.’

Suki sighed, starting to turn away, her finger still inside of herself.

‘You can take that out.’

Removing the finger from her pussy left her feeling empty for a moment, but it made it easier to think. The package was on the desk, easy to reach for.

‘May I open it?’ Samantha nodded, and Suki unpeeled the tape, opening the box up. ‘A gift for my pet. As a reward for your training thus far.’

Inside was a narrow curve of black leather, a collar, with metal on the inside. She picked it up and looked at it, seeing that there were metal letters on the inside, saying “Mi-Mi” but reversed, like mirror-writing.

‘I think that should be acceptable for you to wear normally. You deserve a day-collar at least. And those letters will press against your neck – when you return to me you’re going to have your name marked onto your neck. Maybe, if you agree to it, you might get a tattoo later on, but this will do for now.’

Suki stroked her fingers over the letters – they were only slightly raised up from the inside surface, but if she was wearing it all the time, then they would press into her skin, marking her. And once that happened, then she’d have to keep her neck covered all the time, otherwise it would be obvious that something was going on! But it was small enough and smart enough that she could get away with it at work. On the front, right in the center, a small metal loop dangled down, beneath a little silver cat-paw.

She lifted it up, wrapping it around her neck, feeling for the buckle, sealing it into place. Then she had to adjust it, making sure the loop was aligned over the hollow of her throat, nice and snug and tight. The metal pressed against her,

the feeling of pressure soon fading as she got used to it. How long would it take for it to impress itself onto her?

‘It looks good on you. Your new gear is all ready as well – so when you get here again, you can be a proper-looking pet.’

‘Mrhmmm...’ It was hard to form proper words, her head full of fuzz.

‘I want you to keep that collar on as much as possible. Take it off when you wash yourself, but I want you to keep it on the rest of the time. Send me pictures, just so I know that you’re keeping it on.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’

Such a public sign of her status! But it looked like just a choker, so it wasn’t as though anyone would know... would they? Maybe she could hide it behind a scarf, something to make it less obvious?

‘Have you got your plug? Time for anal training. Don’t want you losing any of your capacity.’

Suki picked up the plug – black rubber, attached to a pump-bulb. At the moment, it was deflated and shrunken, but she knew how large it could get, from past experience! A quick squirt of lube, which she smeared over the thing, before twisting around, presenting her ass to the web-camera. It was easy to spread her buttocks wide, before starting to push the bulb inside of herself. It slid in easily, her ass now used to being stuffed, her body swallowing it up.

It made her feel happy, nice and satisfied, even if it was only small at the moment. She wanted to puff it up, but had to wait for the order. Samantha smiled at her, looking calm and powerful, as Suki felt her heart race.

‘Give it a squeeze.’

Suki grabbed the bulb, puffing air inside of herself. She could feel the plug expand inside of her, stretching out her insides, the bulb enlarging, pushing against her inner walls.

‘Again.’

Each puff stiffened and enlarged the bulb, making Suki feel happy and full. Having to wash herself out with an enema every day was a nuisance, but it was worth it to be able to feel like this! Each squeeze of the bulb made the thing grow inside of her – it was impossible to see, but it *felt* massive, almost as big as the fist that had been inserted into her before.

Samantha nodded in approval. ‘Impressive! Such a small pet, but you can fit a lot inside. I look forward to having you back, so I can slide my arm into you.’

‘Mrphhh...’ Just the thought of that, being bent over and in her bitch-suit, with Samantha sliding her hand into place, stretching her out even more, scattered Suki’s thoughts even more. The collar felt red-hot now, the letters seeming to sear themselves into her skin, despite being heated only by her own body-heat.

‘It seems you like that idea?’

‘Mmmm, yes... I mean yes, Mistress.’

‘It’s nice to see that you’re still so obedient. You really are a good little bitch, aren’t you?’

‘I’m you’re bitch, Mistress Samantha.’

Samantha coughed, her own cheeks coloring, before she smiled through the camera at Suki. ‘I’m glad to hear that. Now bend over to show me your backside.’

Suki twisted around, facing away from the camera, spreading her buttocks, the tube running out of her ass and connecting to the bulb in her hand.

‘Spank yourself.’

The angle was awkward, but Suki let the bulb go before bringing her hand up and slapping it against her backside. She was still warm and sweaty from the jogging, her palm making a satisfying impact-sound, and she sighed in pleasure.

‘Again.’

Each spank made her pussy wetter, her thighs clenching on empty air, her body tightening around the bulb shoved inside

of herself. Her backside felt like it was glowing, bright and hot, her breathing getting faster and faster.

‘Stop.’

Suki sagged, stroking her fingers over tenderized skin. She’d feel that when she sat down at work!

‘I’ll need to give you a full physical, but you seem to be in fine health. Do you have anything else to say, Mi-Mi?’

‘No, Mistress. I’m... I’m looking forward to returning to the kennels.’

‘I’ve arranged the transport for you. Just a few more weeks now. And then maybe you’ll be allowed to come.’

Her cunt twitched in anticipation of pleasure.

‘Slap your pussy.’

Suki’s hand moved to obey before she was fully conscious of the order, her fingers flicking down against her slit. The impact cut through her, making her brain tingle, dipping backwards. For a moment she saw the ceiling, absently registering cobwebs around the lampshade, before the pleasure-pain rose up through her belly.

‘And again. Harder.’

She managed to force herself to obey, her fingers hitting her wet pussy, her mouth dangling open, seeing how open and exposed she was on the screen.

Samantha chuckled. ‘Such a good pet! It will be fun to have you back, so I can train you in person. But you need to get ready for work, don’t you? Go shower and dress up for it.’

Suki’s hand was resting on her pussy, even that light touch making her feel good.

‘I want to see you when you’re done. Especially with your collar on.’

She slid her hand up her body, feeling her warm, sweaty flesh, before touching the collar, the leather smooth, now warmed by her body. Then she saw the time and squeaked – she barely had enough time for a shower!

She bolted away from the camera, jumping into the shower. The hot water washed away the sweat, helping to clear her mind somewhat, the throbbing between her legs fading away, just a little. She deflated the plug, feeling sad and empty as it shrank away, but she couldn't wear that to work! Even just a normal plug might be too distracting, unfortunately.

Once that was done, she dressed herself and did her makeup, trying to get herself back under control. She was so damn horny – when would Samantha let her come? Probably only when she was back in the kennels, bound up in the bitch-suit again. Although she was looking forward to having a tail again, and to have the leather wrapped around her body, snug and tight.

She pulled her skirt up, zipping it tight, before adjusting her blouse. She looked smart and professional now, her hair sleekly combed into place, tied with a hairband, her lips an elegant red.

When she went back to the camera, Samantha was still there. She looked Suki up and down, nodding in approval. 'I prefer you as a pet, but you do make a good office-slut! We could do with someone to help with the admin here. Maybe I could cuff you to the desk.'

Suki growled – she didn't want to spend more time doing office stuff! She'd rather be a pet, stroked and cuddled, curled up at Samantha's feet, ready to be pleased and teased. Samantha looked slightly taken aback, before Suki remembered herself, turning to show off her body, her pencil-skirt tight around her backside.

'Just a few more weeks, Mistress.'

'I'm looking forward to it. I've got you booked into a show, Mi-Mi – I hope you won't let me down. And it'll be nice to get you into your new harness.'

'Mmmm... I've got the time booked off. A nice holiday!' The thought was getting her aroused again – she could feel her pussy starting to get wet, her panties beginning to cling to her body. She'd be distracted all day again!

‘I’ll send the dates through. And then you can be my nice pet-slut again.’

‘Yes, Mistress.’ She just about managed to calm herself down, trying to shift herself into working mode. But she could still feel the collar around her neck, a slight and constant pressure, and she wanted to stroke it. She really wasn’t going to get anything done today! Samantha smiled at her.

‘It’ll be nice to have my little bootlicker-bitch back again. I’ll be looking forward to it!’ The camera-feed blinked off, Samantha vanishing. Suki squeezed one of her breasts, feeling the piercing against her hand. She wanted to stroke and touch herself, but she wasn’t allowed... And she really needed to get to work! There was just enough time to slid her feet into heels, and then she was out the door, setting a brisk pace for the train.

## Chapter 16: Second Collection

The air was a comfortable temperature, the sun dipping beneath the horizon, shadows stretching long. The trees were just covered with red-gold leaves, shifting into their autumnal colors, Suki's heels clicking against the path. She'd been training in them, walking around her apartment to practice, with Samantha commenting through the camera. Her legs were much stronger now, her running having made her body lean and supple.

A wind blew, scattering dropped leaves, cutting through the air. It made her shiver, wrapping her arms around herself, wishing for a moment that she'd worn a jacket. But she didn't want to wear anything she wasn't OK with being sliced off her! Not that her current clothing was bad, even if it wasn't what she normally wore – she'd noticed a few men noticing her, their eyes looking her up and down. It was a tight black mini-dress, tight enough to show off all of her curves, ending just beneath her buttocks. Combined with 4-inch heels, she was dressed up a lot more than normal!

Being looked at like that, overt desire in their eyes, even a few jealous looks from girlfriends and wives, made her feel warm and excited. Her hand came up, stroking against the collar around her neck, feeling the warm leather. If she rubbed it too hard, then it made her neck ache, as the letters moved and pressed against a fresh part of her neck. The letters were stamped into her skin now, indelible while the thing was in place, but kept secret. Beneath the dress, all she was wearing was a thong, snug and tight against her crotch.

The park was a little busier than normal – a group of lads kicking a ball about between some piled up clothing being used as goals, a few couples scattered about having picnics, some dogwalkers leading, or being led by, their pets. This last made her heart skip, remembering what that had felt like, to be down on all fours, a leash in Samantha's hand. She wanted to be there again already, to feel owned, to be a pet again!

Although the park was still too busy for her to be "collected"! She'd already walked around once, trying to

pretend not to notice the parked-up van. If she walked around again, some of the lads would probably try and chat her up – flattering, but some annoying, especially right now! Her phone buzzed inside her clutch purse, and she pulled it out and unlocked it.

It was a message, giving instructions, with a picture of a quiet corner of the park, a fountain surrounded by high bushes. A rush of blood surged into her crotch, dizzying her for a moment, before she put the phone back and started walking towards the corner. She stood straight, swaying her hips as she moved, feeling the dress tighten against her buttocks. Her ass felt empty, and she wanted that plugged as well!

As she stepped into the fountain area, the background sound of other people faded away, replaced by the tinkling of water. There was a small gate on one side, leading to the street, and she could see the van just outside, engine running.

Footsteps sounded from behind her, and she turned to see Samantha, dressed in anonymously casual clothing, with a baseball cap and breathing mask covering most of her face.

‘It’s always nice to being a pet back for some training.’ Her voice was cold and flat, another ripple running through Suki’s heart – she wanted to drop to her knees already and start crawling! But the thought of being captured was enticing as well.

‘Are you going to be a good girl and come quietly?’ Around her waist was a toolbelt, and she pulled a long stick out, twisting it, the whole thing extending into a pole, with a catching ring at the end, able to slid around a neck and not release it. ‘And dressed up all nicely as well. Whoever you were going to meet is going to be disappointed. I like that dress – nice and slutty and tight! Not that you’ll be wearing it for long!’

She jabbed with the pole, the ring clicking open and then shut again. Suki’s mouth went dry, her tongue fat and heavy – she couldn’t talk even if she wanted to! Around Samantha’s waist she could see other restraint gear – zip-ties, cuffs, a gag, even a butt-plug dangling through a metal ring.

‘Down!’

The command struck into Suki, making her drop to her knees before she had even realized it. The pole shot forward, the end opening up, then gripping around her neck. She had to keep her head tilted back to not choke on it, but the pressure against her neck was nice and tight and comforting. She was pulled forward, dragging her onto all fours, feeling cool grass beneath her hands, a breeze kissing against her buttocks as the short dress rode up.

She had to crawl, checking in front of her just in case of litter or dog mess, trying to get used to being back on all fours. Her knees slid over the grass, and she was thankful she hadn’t worn stockings or tights – they’d just get laddered! She was pulled forward, across the ground, getting dragged towards the van. From down here, she couldn’t see Samantha’s face, but was aware of how exposed she was – from behind, anyone would be able to see her pussy!

Her hands slapped against the ground, suddenly encountering stone slabs, around the edge of the area. And then out onto the street, where the van was waiting, the back door open.

‘In you get – I hope you’re going to be a nice, obedient bitch. Be a shame to have to punish you already!’

A ramp had been laid, leading up upwards, Samantha twisting around so that she was behind Suki, pushing her forward. Suki could just about make out movement inside, and the scent of sweat, letting herself be guided, before anyone saw her.

It was dark, but she could hear soft, feminine moaning, as her eyes adjusted. Low light shone off the cages, her breath hitching. She wasn’t the only passenger – a leather-swaddled form was trapped in a cage to her side, strapped down with thick straps, curled up into a ball. A low growl emanated from within the bundle, eyes gleaming behind a muzzle-mask.

Samantha walked in behind her, kicking at the cage, the occupant just growling again, not even flinching away. Or perhaps she couldn’t, with all the restraints in place? ‘Down!’

Or I'll turn your collar on again – you didn't like that before, did you?'

'Grrrr...'

The metal rattled as it was kicked again, but the growling was quieter now.

'Don't know what she did, but her master wanted her transported in full restraints, and she's being a pissy bitch! Took both of us to wrestle her into the cage, and hitting her with shocks. If she doesn't start behaving by the time we hit the ring road, she's getting a chili enema, that'll give her something to think about.'

The pole shortened, Samantha using it to move Suki around. Her body bumped against the wall, things poking into her skin, before she was shoved forward. She choked and spluttered as the band tightened around her throat, struggling to crawl into the right position.

'I hope you're going to behave at least? Be a shame if Mi-Mi needed punishing before we'd even arrived! Let's get that slutty mouth of yours sealed.' A hand slapped her buttocks, making her shake with delight, trying to twist around in the cramped space, opening her mouth wide. Samantha's hand slid over her head, tilting it backwards, a metal ring getting pushed into place. It was cold, forcing her to keep her mouth open as it slid behind her teeth, before getting buckled into place. She ran her tongue over it, feeling lust-heat start to surge up through her, aware of how exposed her ass and pussy were.

'You get to test something new, Mi-Mi – one of our new two-person crates. We're calling it the "get-along box", for bitches that are too mean to play nice. Not that you're one of them – you're a good girl, aren't you?'

Suki grunted in acknowledgement, although she didn't like the idea of having to share! She'd been looking forward to curling up in a cage for several hours, and letting the engine lull her to sleep.

She was jerked to her feet, yanked up by the rod, pain shooting through her neck before it was released and hung on

the wall. Samantha stepped in close and kissed her, tongue pressing into Suki's mouth, sliding around, hot and wet. Suki relaxed into the kiss, as a hand slid around her buttock and squeezed, pulling her closer in. She inhaled Samantha's scent, her thoughts fuzzing as strong fingers dug into her bare backside.

'Time to get you restrained! Hands behind your back.' The fingers tightened, squeezing harder into her buttocks, making her gasp in delight. Padded cuffs were pulled around her wrists, a short chain between them. 'And bitches don't need to wear clothing. Although I do like you dressed up like this!' She kissed Suki again, Samantha's hand now between Suki's legs, pressing against her crotch. Heat surged, Suki pressing her hips forward, wanting more touching down there, barely hearing an annoyed grunt from the cage.

Her dress was pulled upwards, sliding over her butt, before Samantha grabbed it in both hands and tore, the fabric ripping. It sheared itself in two, getting pulled apart to bare her back; another yank and it was completely torn apart, Samantha yanking forward, pulling it from Suki's body. Suki let out a sigh, a ripple running through her, her mind fuzzing and melting, wanting to drop to all fours again. Her head dropped forward, wanting to be kissed again.

Pain, sharp and sweet, jangled into her pussy as Samantha slapped her there.

'Mhrmmm...'

'Hmmm, you look even better in person! Always nice to see a well-trained pet.' Another slap, Suki's jaw clamping around the ring-gag, tight enough that it hurt. Another slap, Samantha then pressing her hand forward, rubbing at Suki's slit through her thong, the lace teasing her. 'And with all the piercings still!' A finger probed through the lace, pressing into her, touching against the piercing down there, forcing the lace into her body.

Suki was panting for air already, the back of the van stiflingly hot, sweat starting to prickle her skin. The chain

between her wrists clicked, as it stretched fully taut, her fingers twitching and wriggling.

The finger probed deeper, easily sliding into her, and she tensed around it, her eyes barely open, starting to fall into the soft, seductive darkness inside of herself. A hand grabbed around her neck and squeezed, dragging her back out, her eyes slowly opening.

‘Such a sweet little pet! But there’s no playtime until we arrive.’

Suki whimpered through her gag as her neck was released, a gentle slap to her cheek making her grumble a soft complaint. She was so damn wet! She wanted Samantha to push her all the way, to let her have a release, to get her off! But she couldn’t even talk like this, just make quiet mumbles and groans, feeling the desperate tightness within her body. Having Samantha be so close was making it hard to think, and the force Samantha was using was getting her going, her body and mind both spiraling towards pleasure, even if she couldn’t get off herself!

Samantha used Suki’s neck as a grip again, steering her towards a tall metal crate in the back corner of the van, like a locker. It was cold against Suki’s back, making a hollow noise when she knocked against it, before being pulled forward, letting Samantha reach around her to open it up.

The air from inside reeked of sweat and sex, a faint whine sounding out. Suki was spun around, trying to keep her balance in her heels, glad of Samantha’s hand on her neck to keep her supported.

She was twisted around enough to see inside the locker-crate – another woman was already in place, one of the show-bitches, with her hair styled into elaborate ringlets, curling around what had been an immaculately-made-up face. Tears and sweat had made all her makeup a mess though, with black lines running down from her eyes, her mouth forced wide with a ring-gag. She was wearing the tatters of an expensive-looking dress herself, remnants of red silk clinging to her curves, clamps on her large breasts. Her panties had been

pushed to one side, a horizontal bar holding a dildo, shoved deep into her slit, visibly wet with her juices. She was held securely in place, padded metal restraints locked around her arms, ankles and waist, keeping her locked in completely.

‘Mphhh!’ She grunted at Suki, who mewled back. She wanted to spend more time with Samantha! But she couldn’t resist, Samantha too strong and powerful, pushing her into the box, opposite the other woman. Suki didn’t resist, letting Samantha reach past her and pull on metal cuffs and bars, bits unfolding and getting pulled around Suki’s body.

‘Let me know if anything pinches – you’re going to be in here a while, and I don’t want you starting off with damage!’

‘Mphh.’ Suki nodded, twisting around to try and make it easier for Samantha to apply the restraints. There was barely any room through, especially with the show-bitch in there as well. Their bodies weren’t quite touching, but they were so close that she could feel the other woman’s breathing, and the scent and taste of their body. She could even make out harness-marks on them, where straps had chafed against their skin, faint marks where her tan was lighter.

Padded bands clicked around her upper arms, forcing her to stand up straight, pulling her shoulders back. She tried twisting against them, but they were utterly immovable, the metal far too strong to pull out of. Another set went around her wrists, and then a wider band around her waist, just beneath her navel. The tightness of it was soothing, making her feel held and hugged.

When Samantha ducked down and slid fingers down Suki’s legs, she shivered, feeling dribble splash from her mouth and fall down her between breasts. She was barely in control of herself anymore, the feeling intoxicating and pleasurable. Her shoes were removed, letting her stand flat on the floor, before padding locked itself into place, restricting her movements completely.

‘That should keep you under control!’

‘Mphhh...’ She wasn’t out of control! She just liked being treated like this!

‘Now let’s get that hot cunt of yours filled. I know that’s what you like.’

Suki’s neck was about the only part of her that she could move, just enough to look down and see Samantha reach between her legs, just the touch there making her gasp and dribble again. Her thong was pulled aside, her lips parted, a dildo sliding into her. Some gel coated it, cool and numbing, doing a little to cool her off, but it still felt good to be stuffed, feeling it slide into her, satisfyingly deep.

She sighed, long and loud, the sound echoing around the cramped space. Her belly was wet with her own dribble, more of it splashing down from her mouth, more than she could swallow. The other woman made an annoyed grunt, before Samantha slapped her belly to silence her.

‘Be a good girl, or I’ll have to punish you when we get back!’

Suki moaned, feeling herself get stretched out, her body greedily accepting the cock-shaft, feeling every bump of the dildo, stretching her out in the best ways. Even though she was locked in so tightly she couldn’t move herself, just having something inside of herself was a dizzying sensation, making it hard to focus on anything else!

‘Just some more toys I want to try out on both of you!’

Suki whined – she wanted to be alone with Samantha, not stuck in here with a show-bitch! But she couldn’t talk, let alone move, so had to accept it – and the show-bitch didn’t seem very happy either, staring coldly at her.

Suki tried to make herself as comfortable as possible, Samantha moving away before returning with a double-ended dildo. One end went into the show-bitch’s mouth, getting shoved in far enough to make her throat bulge, before the other end was pushed into Suki’s mouth. Her tongue slid over the shaft, instinctively licking and stroking it. But with that in place, it was even harder to keep herself from dribbling, staining herself with stickiness. The show-bitch was the same, except her smooth, flat belly was already shiny with dribble, an indignant look in her eyes.

‘One last thing!’ Samantha was sounding bright and perky, Suki just about able to see her smile. She unclipped a clamp from the bitch’s breast, Suki hearing a gasp of pain, before stretching it over towards Suki. This stretched the woman’s breast out, and then the teeth bit into Suki’s nipple. Pain flared before settling into crushed, dull numbness – although that wasn’t as bad as her breast now being stretched out, the skin taut and painful. She got another clamp and repeated the process on the other breast, chaining her to the show-bitch.

‘That should be enough to keep the two of you entertained!’

‘Mphhh!’ Both of them protested, but couldn’t actually say anything, before the door slammed shut, locking them into darkness. A few moments later, the van motor thrummed into life, sending vibrations up through the floor, causing the cock to twitch and shake within Suki. It wasn’t enough for her to get off, but just enough to tease her, her brain melting, all her focus on the throbbing, desperate wetness between her legs.

As the van turned a corner, the motion made the tit-chain shift, stretching out her skin again. It hurt, but in a good way, Suki’s thoughts vague and scattered. How long would the journey be? Hours like this, at least! All she could do was try and sink into the feeling, hoping to let the pleasure eat the time away...

## Chapter 17: Training Starts (Again)

Her shoulders hurt, suspended from the ceiling, all her weight on her wrists, her body dragging her down. If she stretched her toes, she could just about touch a post beneath herself, but that just made her toes ache. It was obviously not designed for someone as short as she was! Her chest was now covered with sticky dribble as well, her mouth forced wide open by the ring-gag, the stuff flowing out of her mouth,

She was in the medical room, naked except for her thong, having to watch as the show-bitch was processed – the woman was currently in a medical chair, her legs spread, the doctor probing her genitals with a speculum. From the faint whines and groans the bitch was making, she wasn't too happy about it, her insides being probed and examined. Samantha leaned over them, jabbing a plastic wand into a large breast, before there was an electrical spark and the bitch groaned in pain, her body twitching.

‘Could you at least wait until I'm done? Although she seems healthy enough – let me check her asshole and then you can go put her into her cage.’

‘Apparently she's been naughty, so she's been signed up for some discipline lessons. Seems a good time to start getting her used to a little pain.’

‘Mphhh!’

The bitch couldn't speak, not with her muzzle-gag in place, but she still whined, as Samantha shocked her again. As she did so, she looked up at Suki, meeting her eyes and then slowly and deliberately licking her lips, her expression sending a shiver of anticipation through Suki.

From her position, she could see the doctor lubing up her fingers, before shoving them into the tight asshole, forcing it wide with a two-fingered insertion. Seeing it done made Suki tense up her own backside, wanting to be plugged and filled herself. And after being suspended like this, even from padded cuffs, was still making her arms ache, enough that she was looking forward to being strapped onto all fours again!

‘Hmm, she’s lost some looseness down here. I think she’s been allowed to go without a plug. You’ll need to start her out a bit smaller than usual, and work up to the larger ones.’

‘Mphh!’ There was a pained grunt as the fingers were wriggled back-and-forth, before sliding out, lube getting rubbed onto a bare thigh.

‘Well, other than that, I think she’s all good. Joints are still nice and flexible, and she’s been looked after – except for her backside, she’s fine.’

‘I’ll go get her setup then be back!’

Metal clicked and clacked, the chair releasing the show-bitch, Samantha throwing her over a shoulder, moving swiftly. As soon as she was gone, the doctor moved over towards Suki, smiling at her.

‘She’s been looking forward to you coming back! I suppose I should clean you up – from all the training she’s been putting you through, there’s not much need to check you over.’ She peeled her blue surgical gloves off, discarding them into a bin before getting a fresh pair and stretching them over her hands.

‘I’m sure this works, doesn’t it?’ She grabbed Suki’s crotch, sending a treacherous surge of desire through her. ‘Horny little thing, aren’t you? Can see that you’ve been working out though.’ She quickly ran her hands over Suki’s body, squeezing at her limbs. ‘Samantha knows what she’s doing, so I’ll skip the full check-up. Head back.’ She grabbed at Suki’s hair and pulled before she could obey, Suki’s vision swiveling upwards to look at the ceiling. Fingers pushed into her mouth, just for a moment, before withdrawing, and something was pushed into place – a fat cock-plug. It started to expand, until it filled her mouth, sealing it shut.

‘That should keep you clean. Don’t want you messing yourself while I’m cleaning you!’

A paper towel wiped over her chest, cleaning off some of the crusted spit. She tried to lean into it, wanting to look as clean as possible for when Samantha returned. She wanted to

be nice and clean for when Samantha got back! Although having been driven all the way here with a cock shoved into her meant she was coated with sweat, her whole body jangling with tension, the cock never having quite given her enough of a sensation to get off from. And her nipples were sore and bruised from the clamps still, the pain throbbing in time with her heartbeat. Medical-scented tissues were rubbed against her, cleaning her more deeply, leaving her body slightly shiny

‘It’ll be good to have you back again, Mi-Mi. Maybe now Samantha will actually pay attention again, instead of being all dreamy-eyed and distant all the time! Although I probably shouldn’t tell you that – you’ve got a lot to do. She’s drawn up a whole plan, to get you fully trained and ready.’ She fingered Suki again, a single finger sliding in, making Suki gasp and writhe, despite the pain in her arms. ‘And maybe you’ll earn something more? I’m told you’re quite a good girl – I’m sure if you do well, you’ll be rewarded.’

The doctor wiped off Suki’s breast next, making the skin throb again. ‘If you’re naughty, she won’t be happy! She’s been excited about this for weeks, has barely shut up about you. Not seen her get this attached to one of you bitches before.’

Suki felt herself smile, at least as much as she could with the gag in place. Although she wanted Samantha to be back again, rather than being off dealing with that other bitch! She squirmed, trying to make herself as comfortable as possible, unable to relax without causing herself more pain.

The doors opened again, Suki trying to twist to see it, unable to move herself enough. A hand touched against her back, a palm wrapped in leather sliding downwards, before spanking against her backside. The impact made her body tingle, her feet still scrabbling for purchase.

‘She looks good to go. You’re certainly having quite an effect on her!’

‘She’s a good bitch. Nice and obedient.’ Another spank, before a hand wrapped around her throat from behind, tilting her head backwards. Suki purred, the plug in her mouth

vibrating. ‘Just have to see if it sticks. Don’t want her embarrassing me in front of the judges!’ The fingers squeezed around her throat, comfortably tight, before something else impacted against her backside, a flat wooden paddle hitting her. It struck with swift impacts, making her buttocks ache with a shining warmth, spreading up her spine.

Each strike felt better and better, her body going limp, despite the pain this caused her. Having Samantha so close, but out of sight, her movements causing the steady, throbbing pain, was intoxicating, the sensation starting to overwhelm her.

‘Your new outfit is ready. Just for you! And then you be a pet again.’

‘Mrhmrrmm!’ Suki tried to purr, the sound interrupted by the spanking. ‘So let’s get this off, to start with.’ The paddle was put aside, the hand releasing her throat, and then fingers tore away her thong. It pulled against her crotch, sending another thrill of excitement through her. She wanted to be held and used, and to be back on all fours, serving as a pet!

The hands moved around the back of her neck, before unbuckling the collar. She mewled as she felt it loosen on her skin, a faint peeling sensation as the letters were pulled off her skin. The doctor chuckled.

‘That’s adorable!’ When a finger pushed against it, she could feel a faint soreness there. ‘A shame it’ll be hidden, but good for letting her know her place. Isn’t that right, Mi-Mi?’

Not having the collar on made her feel exposed – the leather band had been on her for so long that it felt strange not having it!

‘Don’t worry, my pet. I’ve got a nice new collar for you. And it’s even equipped to shock you, if you’re naughty.’ Suki heard something get opened up, and then leather, crisp and new, wrapped around her neck. It was a lot higher than the day-collar, pushing her head up, snug against her skin. Samantha twisted it into position, before reaching around Suki and squeezing her breasts. Another surge of jangling pain, the aftermath of the clamps, and then an arm wrapped around her waist, Samantha supporting her from behind.

It felt good being supported by her, Samantha's body warm and strong against her own, clothing against naked skin. She tried to shake herself, wanting to rub against Samantha, although that made her wrists ache.

The doctor reached up, releasing her cuffs. She dropped down, fully supported by Samantha know, burrowing into the woman's grip.

'Mrhhmm!'

'Happy noises, Mi-Mi?'

'Mrhhm!' Suki tried to make sounds of agreement, as she was carried over towards the examination table. As soon as she was put onto it, she moved onto all fours, wriggling her buttocks, still warm from the impacts, at Samantha.

'Let's do your legs first.'

'Mphh! Yphhh!'

'Left leg first. Up!'

Suki obeyed, lifting her leg up, pressing her ankle against her butt. Leather wrapped up her leg, binding it into the bent position, a padded block folding over her knee, getting buckled into position. Her foot was pushed into some kind of boot, holding it at a stuff angle, and she started to relax, enjoying the sensations of the leather wrapping around her. She put her leg back down, unbalanced by having the padding on her knee, before raising her other leg, glad to have that tended to, evening her up.

'Good girl! And I like your hair. Now, arms next – let's get you into the bodysuit and get your paws on!'

Samantha moved into sight, holding a pink bitch-suit in her hands. It was garishly bright, and had holes for Suki's breasts and pussy. She raised her arms, letting it be slid over her body, a snug fit, pressing against her, flattening down her belly, helping to support her spine. It felt good and natural to be back in it, especially one that was made just for her! She purred again, rubbing her head against Samantha, who was pulling the outfit into place.

‘Good girl! But let’s get you ready before you start wriggling around too much.’

The shoulders of the bitch-suit forced her into the correct posture, a comforting ache of her body, the arms coming down to her wrists. Next were the paw-gloves, coming over her hands, forcing them into fists, more padding wrapping into place.

‘Your tail next! And then I have a special gift for you.’

Suki mewled, Samantha walking behind her, before parting Suki’s buttocks. Cool lube, and then the familiar feeling of a plug being inserted. It felt larger than before, and then it started to expand within her, sealed securely behind her asshole.

‘Such a nice, loose asshole!’ The hand slid between her legs, fondling her pussy through the slit in her clothing. Suki rubbed herself back against it, keenly aware of how wet she was, glad of Samantha’s finger moving into her.

‘Eager little bitch, aren’t you, Mi-Mi? If you’re good, then I’ll let you have some fun with the studs.’ The finger found her piercing, pushing against it, making it twist around against Suki’s pussy. She could smell herself, the arousal spiralling her lust, her backside getting spanked, the earlier paddle-strikes flaring up again. Samantha’s fingers started to slide back and forth, firm and regular, Suki’s back arching, moving in time with the finger-fucking.

‘Mrphhh!’

‘Good slut! Nice and obedient, aren’t you? Which is why I’m going to be strict with you – I want you to be fully trained.’

She felt fingers squeeze at the piercing, releasing it, removing it from her body. There was a metallic sound, a light tinkling, before the fingers pushed into her again, parting her lips. Metal, slightly chill, slid through the hole, before a weight dragged her down, metal clinking against the examination table.

‘So I can hear you moving around!’

Suki tried lifting her hips up, and she felt the weight of something dragging on her pussy, along with a quiet metallic noise. Samantha tapped a finger against whatever-it-was, the thing swinging around, making her try and move to reduce dragging against her. She didn't want her sensitive parts stretched out! Although it did feel good, in a strange way, a constant, throbbing, stimulation, even if it wasn't enough to ever get off from.

Even when Samantha's fingers slid into her again, spreading her wide, it wasn't enough to let her come. She tried shoving her butt backwards, wanting the fingers deeper within her, or to have more of them inside of herself, but Samantha moved them to deny Suki that release.

'Naughty puppy! Don't be greedy, my little Mi-Mi.'

The mention of her name made Suki blush, although she still wanted more!

'Off the table, then.' The fingers slid out, and then arms wrapped around her, picking her up. Being moved off the table meant the chiming thing was dangling down, dragging on her body. She tried to twist to see what it was, craning and twisting her neck, but couldn't angle her body enough.

'Squirmy little thing, aren't you? At least you're light though, so there's no danger of dropping you.'

'Mrphh!' Suki wanted to know what had been stuck into her body! She could hear it chiming and tinkling, and feel the metal dragging at her, but still had no idea what it actually was!

She was put down onto the floor, settling her haunches comfortably, now able to look beneath herself – there was a golden metal bell-ball hanging between her thighs, rocking back and forth, sounding out every time she moved. She dropped her backside down, letting it rest on the floor, taking the pressure of her cunt.

'It's nice to have you back, Mi-Mi.'

Suki's face was now on level with Samantha's boots, the leather slightly muddy and dirty. She dipped her head,

stretching her tongue out, the plug still in the way.

‘You really are an obedient little thing, aren’t you? Let’s get that out, and then you can use your tongue.’

Samantha leaned over, deflating the plug-gag and pulling it out. Dribble oozed onto the floor, Suki pulling herself forward and licking at one of the boots, not needing to be commanded. Her tongue slid over the leather, even though it was already clean from earlier, Samantha making a pleased sound from above. Whenever she leaned forward, she could feel the weight of the tail shifting the plug around within herself, and the bell would rise up off the floor, putting a pleasing weight onto her crotch.

‘Let’s get this out as well.’

Suki couldn’t see, but she could feel as Samantha leaned over her, pulling on the tail. The lump of it was still inflated inside of her, pulling on her sphincter from the inside, making her gasp, moan and dribble.

‘Try not to make a mess – unless you want to be punished?’

Suki whined, licking up her own spit, the stuff warm and gross as she swallowed it back down. Samantha kept playing with the ass-plug, Suki feeling her asshole getting stretched, but not enough to allow it the thing to get out. It made her feel tingly, the sensation pleasant, but very distracting.

‘What a good girl! Who’s a good girl?’ Fingers tickled up her back, making Suki wriggle in pleasure. Then the ass-plug suddenly deflated, and she gasped, her butt feeling empty and vacant.

‘And you used to be so tight! Now you’re nice and loose – it’s so easy to get things into you – I bet you can take even the biggest stud now. Perhaps I should get one of the massive dildos, and see if you can take the full length?’

Samantha started to pull the plug back and forth – even after it was deflated, Suki could still feel the fat lump widening out her asshole as it was pulled around, even if it was smaller than it had been. Her asshole stretched around it,

Samantha holding it there, Suki whimpering into Samantha's boot. When Samantha let go of it, the thing slid back into her body, making her gasp again.

‘What a lovely pet you are. Now, little Mi-Mi, you’re going to be obedient, aren’t you?’

Suki purred against Samantha's foot, kissing the leather, pressing her lips against it. Having her ass played with, the oversized lump pulled in and out, violating her tight hole, should make her feel ashamed, but it was instead filling her head with a pleasant fuzz, nice and empty and numb. Within the paw-gloves, her hands tensed up, compressing the stiff foam inside, Samantha still pulling the plug in and out.

With a sudden motion, she yanked it all the way out, Suki feeling her asshole gaping wide, only slowly closing up, squeaking onto shiny leather.

‘When you’re done down there, I’ve got a cage waiting for you.’ Samantha moved her foot, letting Suki lick down the side. When she pressed against it, she could feel Samantha beneath the stiff leather, the curve of her ankle and leg. She wanted to kiss and lick Samantha herself, not just her boot! But this would have to do for now.

A finger suddenly penetrated her asshole, making her squeak again, a single motion thrusting it all the way in. Although this was smaller, it was moving, Samantha's finger twisting around inside of her. ‘That’s it. Such a good girl, letting me play with her! I think you’re going to be my favourite pet!’ She kept teasing Suki's asshole, another finger sliding in, Suki purring in pleasure, enjoying how stretched out she felt.

## Chapter 18: Showtime!

‘I want you on your best behavior.’

Suki’s eyes drank in Samantha’s form – trousers tight enough that they kissed close enough to her skin to make Suki jealous, shiny black leather boots coming to her knees, and a tight, smart blouse, beneath a red jacket. Just the sight of her was making Suki aroused, feeling the plug lodged deep within her body, and the warm wetness between her legs.

‘You’re here to perform and show off – I know this is your first time at a real show, but you need to remember your training.’

Suki nodded, feeling how her collar restricted her movement. Her pink outfit had been cleaned and polished, twisted into place until it was snug against her skin, making her feel sleek and sexy, trying to hold herself straight and tidy within her cage. Through the open door of the van she could see a narrow slice of what was outside – a large green area, with various obstacles set into place, and with people milling about. *Lots* of people! She swallowed nervously, feeling herself start to sweat beneath her restraints.

‘Mhrhmm.’

‘I’m sure you will be a good girl, but I don’t want any upsets! So remember all your training – unless you want me to be upset.’

‘Mrhhphh!’ Suki tried to agree, her mouth tightening around the ring within her mouth.

‘You did well at the trial show, so I expect the same here. Now, let’s get you out.’

She opened up the cage, reaching in and clipping a leash onto Suki’s neck. Suki leaned into it, enjoying the feeling of Samantha’s fingers against her, nuzzling her face against the light contact. She wanted more touches and strokes and cuddles! But there was no time, as Samantha stepped away, the leash pulling tight, Suki having to crawl forward.

She came to the edge of the van, looking down at the drop, Samantha easily dropping down herself, narrowly avoiding a grassy puddle. Suki couldn't deal with that herself! Samantha turned around and picked her up, Suki happy to go limp, letting herself be picked up and carried. Samantha's scent relaxed her, as she was carried forward and put down again, getting her balance back.

'Try and stay smart and clean! Don't want you getting marked down for being dirty.'

The ground was mostly dry, although there were wet and muddy patches. She could see other pets being walked about as well – a trio of ponygirls were leashed together, their legs moving up and down in unison, the sunlight shining off their leathers. The two at the back were both blindfolded, their leader setting a regular pace. A cart, pulled by a ponyboy, rumbled past, the driver flicking him with a whip to control his speed. The sheer amount of movement and activity was almost overwhelming – even from down on the ground, there was so much she could see and hear that she needed a moment just to process it!

Stalls of whips, crops and restraints, racked up stacks of cages, with trainers pulling on the wire walls, testing their strength. Trainers talking to each other, voices blending together into a steady thrum, the details impossible to pick out. The judging circle itself – fenced off, with all the obstacles laid out, ready and waiting, and the judge's table at the far end. And more mundane things – she could see several food carts, serving up beers and burgers, the scent making her mouth water.

She lost herself in trying to take everything in, happy to be pulled by the leash, trailing along behind Samantha, her head constantly moving. And all the other pets as well! Whenever ponies passed close by, she drew close to Samantha, not wanting to get caught up in their hooves, to be accidentally stepped on or kicked. They all seemed tall and lean, their hoof-boots pushing them higher and giving them taut, tight buttocks, tails swaying as they moved. A lot of them had

elaborate head-gear on, Suki unsure how many of the plumes were styled hair, and how many were artificial.

‘Let’s go this way. It’ll do you good to see the studs – get you a little excited.’

Samantha turned, Suki twisting to stay close, wanting to show obedience, and now wanting the leash to tighten and choke her. How many people were here? At the kennels, there had never been more than a few trainers, but this place seemed crowded and busy, and that was before taking all the pets into account! So many of them, bound onto all fours, shiny leather or latex keeping them in place. Some were fully wrapped, with no skin at all visible, while others were more selectively bound, with skin of various tints visible from beneath bands and straps.

She passed close to one – large and male, able to see his cock flapping between his legs. The thought of being mounted, of being squashed comfortably beneath him, pinned into place as his hips rose and bucked, slamming into her, again and again... Her thoughts fuzzed, her cunt getting wet, as she trotted behind Samantha.

They passed into an avenue, formed by cages on either side. Most of the occupants were up, prowling around within the narrow spaces, showing themselves off. A few growled at their neighbors, pushing against the walls between them. The scent of masculine sweat roiled through the air, several of the hounds turning to stare at Suki.

‘Maybe, if you do well, then you can have some fun with one or two of them.’

She could see them looking at her, and see their cocks swelling, growing fat and hard. Suki raised her butt into the air, wriggling it more as she moved forward, letting them see her wet, juicy cunt. Low growls and murmurs vibrated through her, and she moved forward, ahead of Samantha, showing herself off.

‘Good girl. Nice and proud – and you should be!’

One of the studs raised himself up, thrusting his cock through the cage bars and holding it though, letting Suki see the erect shaft. Her mouth watered, and she wanted to suck it, feel it slide into her throat, but her muzzle-mask covered her face, and Samantha was pulling on the leash again.

‘Only if you win! And only with a winner – I don’t want my Mi-Mi fucking just anyone, you deserve someone talented.’

‘Mrhmm...’ At the moment, she’d take anyone – having the tail-plug swaying within her, twitching with every movement, was turning her on, even more than the sight of all of the studs, heavy and erect. She was just about ready to melt, keen and desperate for a fucking!

Samantha’s watch beeped, and she swore, before pulling at Suki with greater force. ‘You’re one of the first to be judged, we need to get moving!’ Suki had to struggle to keep up, moving as fast as she could, away from the alleyway of cages, back towards the judging circle. Another bitch was being put through her paces, running around the course, weaving through the obstacles, moving with a light and easy gait that Suki envied.

Suki was led towards the judging table, struggling to keep up with Samantha’s pace, feeling herself start to heat up from the effort. She wanted to be cool and collected when she was judged!

But there was no time, as she crawled up the ramp towards the table. Her heart felt tight in her chest, nervousness increasing. Ahead of her, she could see the rump of another bitch, getting touched and groped by the judges. She froze, her body tensing up, refusing to obey, white static flaring through her mind.

Samantha patted her on the head, stroking her fingers through Suki’s hair, making a soft and soothing murmuring noise. ‘Just be a good girl, Mi-Mi. I’m sure they’ll be able to see what a good little bitch you are – but no disobedience! And then you can have a nice treat. I’m sure you’d like that, wouldn’t you? A nice fat cock in your tight, wet little pussy?’

Her words helped break through Suki's paralysis, letting her relax, taking a deep breath through her muzzle, and starting to crawl forward again. She had to wait for the judging to finish, watching as finger pushed into the bitches holes, her tail being pulled out, asshole spread wide for inspection. She could hear the bitch's faint mewls of protest, watching as her buttocks were spanked to stop her wriggling around. Had she been trained at all? She seemed *very* ill-disciplined, and even her owner was looking embarrassed - a tall, leggy woman, dressed for countryside walks, in comfortable walking boots and worn jeans.

And then, after what seemed like forever, it was Suki's turn. Samantha unclipped her leash and gave her a light swat on her backside, and she crawled forward, keeping her head high, presenting herself to the judges. A strong heat was inside of her, the bitch-suit fitting like a second skin, snug and perfectly fitted to her body. A hand flicked through her hair.

'Hmm, nice, strong color. No sign of dyes.' It yanked on her hair, hard enough to make her eyes water, dragging her head up. 'Strong roots as well.'

She felt fingers on her thighs, and spread her legs, presenting herself for inspection. The now-familiar gloved fingers squeezed her legs, patting her through the bitch-suit, before cupping her crotch. It was impossible not to sigh, just the light touch a strong stimulant, taking an effort of will not to move.

One of the judges was examining her head, staring into her eyes, moving a finger back and forth, Suki's eyes moving to track it. It was hard to focus when a finger slid into her pussy though, curving inside of her. She heard herself whine, trying to keep herself still, despite how desperately she wanted to grind herself back and forth on it. She wanted to come, to get herself off! But the thought of Samantha steadied her, despite the probing finger.

'She's certainly aroused! Good scent – fresh and fertile.'

'Keeps her awareness as well.' Her head was twisted upwards, her neck bending painfully far, the range of her

motion tested. She let herself go limp, letting her head get dragged around, trying to control her breathing as she was fingered.

‘Nice and tight, but she stretches well.’ Two more fingers slid into her, spreading her pussy wide. ‘Despite her small size, she could manage even the larger studs I think. Why don’t you come and look?’

Her head was held in place, a hand squeezing her breasts, pulling on her nipple-piercings. The third judge moved closer to her backside, and she felt them grope her, another finger sliding into her. Her pussy was getting stretched now, but the penetration was making her feel good, a hot and heavy delirium spreading up from her pussy, into her belly.

‘She’s very well disciplined! Although she’s from a good kennel, so that’s not much of a surprise. And this is her first showing?’

In her lust, it was quite hard to tell the judges apart – two women and one man, but their voices blurred, the fingers slowly probing and twisting.

‘No previous events, no. She’s been owned for less than a year now – the trainer must have worked hard! Good foundation material though – good muscle tone.’ After another breast squeeze, the hand pressed up against her belly, pushing her bitch-suit into her. Another hand grabbed her shoulder, fingers digging in, making her tense up against it. ‘Definitely petite, but good strength. Not a working dog, but more useful than a pure show-bitch.’

Her tail was tugged, her vision blurring, the plug pulling on the insides of her ass, before deflating and sliding out. There was no time to relax before three fingers pushed into her asshole, not even letting it close up before she was penetrated again. She felt fully stuffed now, both her holes filled with probing and gloved fingers, able to feel every twitch and shift they made. Her breathing was hot and fast, dribble starting to flow from her mouth into the muzzle-mask – she tried to suck it back down, not wanting to get in trouble for making a mess!

It felt so good though, that she felt her posture slipping, more of her body supported by the bitch-suit rather than her own efforts. The sounds of the judges were those of polite interest, as they fingered her, stretching her asshole and pussy out, her core now a wet, hot mess.

‘She seems a little tense.’

‘Mi-Mi hasn’t been shown before.’ Samantha’s voice helped steady Suki, even if she couldn’t see her. ‘But I hope you can see how well-trained she is.’

‘She certainly has an impressive capacity, especially for one so small. And no prior training?’

‘No. She was a stray – only recently named. I think she’ll be a nice house pet – she doesn’t have an owner yet.’

‘Well, you seem to have done an impressive job. Although we’ll have to see how she does on the course, of course.’

The fingers stayed inside of her, and Suki could feel her walls cramping up around them, trying to get herself off, even as she tried to keep herself from falling into pleasure. Would she be able to move after this? She was just barely staying together as it was!

‘We decided to change the judging order this time – a basic examination first, and then checking how each bitch is after the course.’

One of the judges moved in front of her face, looking into her eyes, before pushing her hand into Suki’s mouth, squeezing her tongue.

‘She’s nice and loose here as well. She seems she would be good at entertaining the studs.’

‘I’ve had her on the breeding blocks a few times, and she’s enjoyed it. And she can use her mouth as well.’

She flicked her tongue over the probing fingers, hoping that would show enthusiasm. The thought of being pushed beneath someone’s weight though, fucked and used... Her thoughts sparked and burst again, distracting her from

whatever was being said. Trying to think when so many fingers were pushed into her was quite hard!

Her ass was emptied, and she could feel her asshole starting to slowly contract. It made her feel empty, wanting *something* in there, whining in relief when her tail-plug was re-inserted. It was inflated inside of her, stiffening and expanding, giving her an internal strength again. Her pussy-lips were pinched, spread wide, the judge's faces close enough she could feel their breathing against herself.

‘Certainly an eager bitch! It’s always nice to see. And what a lovely scent – nice and fresh and fertile. And she’s obviously had the piercing long enough for it to fully heal as well. A nice place to tether a leash.’

All four fingers were pushed into her, spreading her painfully wide, just for a moment, before her body adjusted, pleasure blossoming and flowing. And then it withdrew, leaving her pussy empty, lips still held wide.

After that, the hands roamed over the rest of her body, squeezing and stroking, feeling her muscles, patting her down. She had to roll over, exposing her belly, squinting up into the sun, her breasts getting squeezed, the nipples pinched and drawn out. Throughout, she could feel her desperate desire, but no fingers strayed towards her cunt, leaving her delirious, without any release.

Eventually, they were done, and she was rolled over, back onto her hands and knees. Although she hadn’t moved much, she was still panting, the bitch-suit so tight that it made her have to force her lungs into anything other than shallow pants. Samantha leaned in and gave her a kiss on the head, her scent and touch helping to calm Suki down.

‘Remember - if you do well, you get a treat!’

Suki wriggled back against her, happy for the touches, before a hand slapped her backside. Her tail jiggled, the bulb shifting inside of her body, and she managed to force herself to move, her arms shaky and weak. Making her do the obstacle course after that, when she was drenched between her thighs, seemed mean! She could barely think, her movements just

teasing her further, as she moved away from the judges, down another ramp, towards the course, trying to prepare herself for it.

## Chapter 19: To the Victor...

Suki felt exhausted, her limbs shaking with tiredness, trying to gasp in enough air into her lungs. Her bitch-suit was pinching and chafing, digging into her sweat-softened skin, the sweat unable to evaporate, sealed beneath it. She was bound onto raised blocks, straps pinching into the backs of her knees, her wrists cuffed into place, with a large, not-very-soft block pushing into her belly. It was clearly made for someone bigger, making her back ache – why was everything built for bigger people? There must be other pets her size! Although, admittedly, she hadn't seen any – even the dainty show-pets were taller than her.

She wriggled herself, trying to make herself comfortable, despite the block shoving up into her belly, her backside thrust high into the air. Samantha was stood close by, a possessive hand resting on her butt, lightly kneading her skin. It was nice to be touched like that, making her feel relaxed and owned, enjoying the touches of Samantha's fingers.

From here, she could see the course – other bitches weaving through the obstacles, getting scored as they did so, little number-cards getting held up. It was a tough course, with lots of sharp turns and balancing needed, making Suki shiver at the memory of having had to do it. But she'd managed a good score! Or at least it seemed good – a few of the other bitches had managed similar, but none massively better. A few had done really badly, their owners looking annoyed and angry, their expressions promising some form of punishment later.

Samantha's hand sliding constantly over Suki's backside, groping her up, was making her feel giddy. She wanted more, to have those fingers lodged deep inside her pussy! Or maybe even a real cock! But, restrained on the block, she couldn't actually move much, and still felt tired and weak.

'That's the last one. So they'll add the scores from the hands-on examination and then announce the winners. It looks like we'll be quite well placed.' Her hand tightened on Suki's buttocks, digging more deeply in, Suki wriggling against the

pressure, enjoying the touching. ‘You were nice and obedient, and they like to see that. Along with being horny! A good, wet bitch always scores well.’

Suki mewled from behind her ring-gag. Having to be mounted up on the blocks, with her pussy and ass exposed, was keeping her aroused, a light breeze licking against her slit. Samantha’s hand slid over the curve of her buttocks, a finger resting on her slit, lightly pushing into her, making her woozy with desire again.

The judges were now conferring, the crowd all going silent, waiting for the announcement. From somewhere out of sight, Suki heard the crack of a whip, and the whinny of a ponygirl – they must be getting judged as well. Maybe she could ask Samantha to let her see? Coming as a person, rather than as a pet, might be interesting – she could see a few stalls selling collars, harnesses and other equipment, which looked interesting. But, bound down on all fours, she couldn’t see them properly, and certainly couldn’t buy them at all!

An ear-splitting whine came through the PA system, Suki wincing and tensing up against her restraints, her ears aching.

‘All competitors have now finished! It’s been a good show, with lots of strong competitors, especially as this is for first-time bitches. And a special thanks to our sponsors – Bitch-Bites, for all the nutrients your pet needs! So, in reverse order, the top three! Coming in third, we have Blacksky Delight, trained by Marina Southers, with eighty-seven point five points. In second, we have Mi-Mi, trained by Samantha Jennings. And in first place, Fluffbutt Snugglekins, trained by Patrick McKemp!’

Samantha slapped her hand against Suki’s backside, a hard slap that made her grunt from the impact.

‘Yes! Good girl, good girl!’ Another spank, before teasing against her slit. She squirmed in pleasure, smiling as much as the gag allowed. ‘Now, would you like your reward?’

‘Mphh!’ She tried nodding, at least as much as she could with her movement restrained.

‘I’ve arranged for a few studs for you. You deserve it, for being such a good girl!’ She withdrew her fingers, before moving around in front of Suki, leaning down so that their eyes were on level. She moved in close, sliding Suki’s muzzle aside, and kissing Suki, her tongue sliding into her mouth. It was long and hot, Samantha sucking away all of Suki’s air. Her head was dizzy and fuzzy, her tongue barely moving as Samantha’s tongue penetrated her mouth, the taste of the other woman hot and thick.

She withdrew, Suki making a disappointed whine, wanting more.

‘Let’s get you somewhere a little more private! And then you can have your reward... and the studs can have theirs.’

She tapped her foot against the wheels of the platform beneath the blocks and then gave it a shove, moving it easily. Her breasts were right in front of Suki’s face, large and soft, Suki dipping her head to nuzzle against them. Samantha laughed, butting her head lightly against Suki’s as she pushed her around.

‘You’ve earned this! And then maybe we can arrange some more training? You certainly seem to be turning into a good bitch!’

‘Mhrrmmm!’

‘You’ve got several studs to see first. They’re going to be very excited! Think you can deal with them?’

Suki nodded her head, butting Samantha in the breasts. She’d done well, now she wanted her well-deserved reward! And she was tired, so being mounted and fucked would be nice – she wouldn’t have to put any work in herself.

She got wheeled away from the audience paddock, into an area of cages, the masculine scent turning her on even more. Several of them groaned at her, their eyes bright as she was pushed past, the half-glimpsed cocks arousing and enticing. And beneath the scents of sweat and leather, was that... cum? Facing towards Samantha, it was hard to see, but she saw some kind of suction machine, a dog-boy strapped above it, a

plastic sheathe on his cock, sucking away. Were they being milked of their semen? The man grunted, his hips shaking, a brief white spurt appearing inside the sheathe, before getting sucked away.

There was definitely the scent of semen in the air, making Suki's mouth water, her pussy loosening in preparation. She was wheeled into place, and then spun around – now she was facing a cage, a pony-boy torso in front of her. Leather straps and metal buckles adorned a toned and sculpted torso, skin tanned an even brown. A blindfold was strapped over his face, but a half-erect cock was dangling there, just a few inches from her face, the visible parts of his skin shiny with sweat.

She whined, stretching her tongue out, sliding it over the metal bars of the cage. She wanted that cock in her mouth! He stirred, obviously able to hear her, shifting around, making his cock swing.

Suki grunted as Samantha's hand slapped her backside again, before parting her buttocks, then deflating her tail and sliding it out. 'I'll let the studs decide which hole to use. After all, you're nice and loose in both, aren't you?'

The cock was getting close, Suki craning her neck, annoyed at the bars in the way. But it was closer now, close enough that she could stretch her tongue out and lick along the top. It began to stiffen, pointing upwards, getting easier to reach, and she licked it more. She could taste his sweat, rolling her tongue over the cock-tip, feeling Samantha squirt lube into her ass, some dribbling out.

'Hunter's Fang first! You'll like him – nice and big. And it looks like you've found someone else to play with.'

The cage meant that she couldn't properly suck the pony-boy off, couldn't get her lips around his cock. But, if she strained her neck, she could press her mouth close against the wires, getting more of her tongue through, sliding up and down the cock-shaft. He made a sound of pleasure, buckles clinking as she moved, turning more towards her, carefully trying to find a hole in the wires to push his cock through.

A weight pressed down onto her from above, paws appearing on either side of her body. She pressed herself upwards, feeling the comforting pressure of a heavy body above her, a stud grinding his hips down. An erect cock slapped against her buttocks, satisfyingly full and heavy, as she dipped her head towards the pony-boy cock, managing to take it between her lips.

Suki started to rock her head backwards and forwards, taking the shaft into her mouth. Although it was sweaty, it tasted good, her mouth watering as she took more of the length into herself, the metal ring meaning she didn't have to be careful about biting or applying too much pressure.

Behind her, the cock shifted about, striking against her buttocks several times, the stud trying to find her slit. In the end, a hand grasped the cock, knocking against her backside, another putting her lips, as the cock was guided forward.

She exhaled as it slid into her, before breathing in a deep draught of the sweat- and cock-scent of the pony-boy, feeling it soaking into her brain, her arousal surging. The man above her settled his weight comfortably onto her, pushing her down, slowly squashing the air from her lungs. She had to push back to be able to breath, enjoying the sensation, feeling compressed, but in a good way, like a long and loving hug. His arms were tight on either side of her, pressing against her body from the side, and she could hear his pants from above her, the air ruffling her hair.

Having the cock push into her, parting her lips, sliding easily into place, made her push her hips back, at least the small amount she could when squashed beneath his weight. It was making it a struggle to breath, having to force the air in and out of her body, especially with another cock in her mouth. It was bumping against the back of her throat now, and she let herself relax, the thing sliding even deeper.

He was rocking his hips, making the cage-walls shake and rattle, the metal tapping against her face. Being held like this, with a stud on top of her and a cock in her mouth, was sending strong and desperate heat through her own body. Her pussy tightened, her hips managing to push backwards, drawing the

cock deeper into herself, until it felt like it was filling her entire belly, and then he started to slam back and forth, his hips slapping against her buttocks.

She could hear the pony-boy's grunts and gasped, as she licked and kissed his cock, letting it fill her throat, denying herself air in exchange for stuff more of it into her throat. She wanted to stay like this, getting fucked raw and reamed!

As she was building up speed, the cock slamming into her, she felt the man on top of her tense up and gasp, his arms tightening against her, and then hot, sticky cum shot into her. She whined around the cock in her mouth, thrusting with her hips, feeling him sag onto her, strength spent. She hadn't cum yet, this wasn't fair! And now his shaft was already softening and shrinking, leaving her unfulfilled.

'Don't worry, there's a lot of studs that have been promised rewards. And you're happy enough to provide, aren't you? Sweet, slutty Mi-Mi.'

The flaccid cock slid out of her, cum oozing from her pussy and dribbling out. With a grunt of effort, Samantha managed to pull him off, the weight vanishing from off her body, cooler air licking and sliding over her body. She still had the cock in her mouth though, which she felt stretching her throat out.

A few moments later, another stud mounted her. This one felt even heavier, letting his weight press down onto her, heavy enough that sparks danced in her eyes, the edges of the supporting block pressing painfully into her belly. But as soon as his cock was guided into her pussy, now slippery with cum, the delight pushed aside any other sensation. She squirmed backwards, desperately twisting against it, tightening her pussy around it, trying to draw as much sensation from it as possible. Some stray strap or buckle was digging into her backside, but she barely noticed, fighting for air and trying to get herself off as fast as possible. She didn't want to be disappointed by another pet coming too fast, shooting his load before she'd had her enjoyment!

Her pleasure was growing, her breathing hot and ragged. The cock in her mouth twitched, and the taste of cum was suddenly slick and salty on her tongue, the stuff filling her mouth. She withdrew, needing to cough to clear her throat, then swallowing the stuff down, feeling it slide down her throat and into her stomach.

She needed more! The man's weight was now pressing her down, keeping her completely squashed, unable to even move her own hips. But at least he was fucking her roughly, his head close enough to her back that she could feel his breath, hot and wet as it rasped against her neck, just above her collar. Just a little more, she was almost there... She had to stay in place, entirely passive, letting herself be fucked, as the cock withdrew from her mouth. Suki's tongue slid out, licking over the smooth skin, tasting more sweat and cum.

And then her climax came. It was swift and vast, cutting through all of her senses as it rose up from her cunt, washing up through her body, swallowing up all her other senses. She went utterly limp, that causing the man to crush her even more, making it even harder to breath. Her pussy was numb, insensate to his cock still pumping back and forth, her mind fuzzing into a comfortable darkness.

Even when he climaxed, she could barely feel it, just about hearing his grunts and gasps. More cum trickled out of her pussy as he withdrew, the weight lifting of her, letting her suck in a deep and convulsive breath.

'Happy little bitch, aren't you?'

Suki could only utter a low whine, wriggling her backside around, slowly lifting herself off the block, able to breathe properly again. There was only a brief pause and then another stud mounted her. This one came in at a higher angle, his cock sliding between her buttocks, before being guided into her asshole. It felt fat and huge, and she enjoyed the sensation of being stuffed, as paws pressed down against her back, the pads gritty with dried mud. At least she was less squished now though, able to better appreciate the orgasm still rippling through her, as her ass was pounded.

Samantha's hand patted against her head, before stroking along her scalp. With the taste of cum still heavy on her lips, she purred, feeling her body vibrate as she made the sound. The cock in her ass felt like it was filling her stomach entirely, as though her belly should be bulging outwards from the sheer size of the thing shoved into her! But it felt so *good*, any pain swallowed up and melted by the liquid warmth rolling through her, a deep and intense bliss. Her head sagged down, as she gave herself over to it, her eyes fluttering closed. All she could do was focus on the cock shoved between her buttocks, forcing her asshole wide, and Samantha's soft head-pats, making her feel warm and loved, as cum dribbled from her pussy.

## Postscript: Winner's Reward

The low thrum of polite conversation was a backing thrum in the dining room, thick red curtains covering the windows. Crystal-studded chandeliers hung from the ceiling, light refracting and shining through the glass. She tried to make herself relax, but she wasn't used to such expensive places, and it felt like everyone was staring at her! And every time she moved, she could feel the fat metal plug in her ass – it felt nice to be filled, but the silk dress that sheathed her body was tight around her hips, and she hoped no-one could see the lump poking out from between her buttocks. All she was wearing beneath the dress was a thong, her crotch slightly damp with her own lust already.

She followed the waiter, trying to move as smoothly and elegantly as possible, letting her hips sway, high heels clicking on the floor. Everyone here looked so fancy – expensive jewelry dripped from wrists and necks, everyone in suits or dresses. She was well-paid, but this dress had been *painful* to buy! She reaching up to her neck, stroking fingers along her collar, taking comfort in the thin leather strip, pressing it against her neck.

The waiter led her to a private booth along the wall, veiled from the rest of the place behind curtains. Suki pulled them aside and entered, the space soft and warm, lit only by flickering candles. And then she smiled, her eyes adjusting to see Samantha, sat down already, fingers tapping against the cutlery. She was dressed like usual – sleek and tight black trousers, and a silk blouse, although now with a golden necklace as well, and there was a box on the table, Suki not able to see the contents.

‘Ring the bell when you wish to order.’ The waiter gestured at a small bell in the center of the table, before he withdrew.

Samantha smiled back at her. ‘Show me, little Mi-Mi.’

Suki's mouth went dry, but she obeyed – turning around and pulling up the back of her dress, feeling the air slide and

kiss over her bare legs, until her buttocks were exposed. Just on the other side of the curtain, she could hear the other guests, low conversation and the clink of cutlery, as she exposed her backside to her owner.

A hand touched against her buttocks, and she twitched, gulping nervously, before the plug was grabbed and tweaked. It twisted around in front of her, well-lubricated, slipping around, getting pulled partially outwards, stretching out her asshole.

‘Good girl. I like that dress as well – not as much as your bitch-suit, but you do look good.’ She tweaked the plug again, before letting it slide back into place, nestling into Suki’s body again. ‘And you wear your collar every day?’

‘Of course!’ Suki stroked the leather again, trying to control her furious blushing. Being a pet was one thing, but this, in public was something entirely different! And it was making it really hard to think, with a heat starting to pound into her spine, up from her crotch, her skirt dress hitched up.

‘Take it off. I want to see the imprint.’c

Suki stroked the leather again, before dipping her head forward and finding the buckle, unclasping it. She had to pull it away from her skin, the raised-up letters sticking slightly, but then she held her head high, turning her head so that Samantha could see. She knew from looking in the mirror how clear the letters were – months of wearing the collar had embedded them firmly into her skin, her pet-name marked into her skin. Samantha reached out, gently stroking her fingers along Suki’s neck, feeling the indents.

‘A lovely mark! I have a gift for you though. Sit down.’

Suki had to resist the urge to kneel on the ground, having to remember to behave like a person, rather than a pet, pulling a chair out and sitting down. Samantha moved behind her, out of sight, making Suki’s heart skip a beat.

‘Sweet little Mi-Mi – so soft and obedient. And now a prize-winning pet! Second place, but still impressive. I’ll just

need to train you even more for the next one. Because you do want to win, don't you?'

Suki tilted her head, rubbing her cheek against Samantha's hand, enjoying the simple contact. Her neck felt strange though, without anything wrapped around it, slightly aching where the letters had been embedded into her skin. And sitting down made the plug sink even more deeply into her body, making her wriggle on the seat!

Samantha grabbed her hair and tilted her head all the way backwards, before kissing her on the lips. There was the faint taste of wine there, Samantha's tongue sliding into Suki's mouth, Suki letting herself melt away, dominated, feeling owned and possessed, before Samantha withdrew.

'And you haven't touched yourself?'

'No. Although I would like to...' Suki trailed off, resisting the temptation to squirm her thighs together. 'Please?'

'Here? You really are desperate! But maybe later – when you take me back to yours. I'm looking forward to visiting in person – you can show me around. And I want to see what clothing you have, so I can set some options for that. I hope you have some nice, slutty options! I want to be able to display you as a person as well as a pet, take you out to some clubs.'

Her hand wrapped around Suki's neck, grasping it possessively, Suki groaning in denied pleasure. And the thought of having her clothing commanded for her... She could feel her nipples harden, pushing against her dress, stroking herself through the thin silk.

'But for now, you can have this.' Samantha's hand withdrew, before metal pressed against Suki's neck, already warmed by Samantha's hand. 'I had it custom made, just for you, so it'll be a nice, tight fit. But I'll need to monitor your diet, make sure you don't change shape.'

She could feel the weight of it, the band thick and chunky, settling against her collarbone and shoulders. When she felt it with her hands, she got more of a sense of the size of it – over an inch high, and slightly less thick than her finger, with a ring

dangling down. She couldn't feel any keyhole, and even the hinge where it sealed shut was no more than a hairline-gap, taking her several tries to find. And it was heavy! A constant, heavy pressure down onto her body, a constant reminder of her status.

Samantha played with Suki's hair, making sure none of it was caught in the metal. 'Good girl. Want to see what it looks like?'

'Mmm... Yes, Mistress. Yes please.'

Samantha's hand appeared in front of her, now holding a phone. Suki could see herself in the screen, her face made up, but with a shining metal band around her neck. It was bright steel, slightly curved, and with a name engraved onto it – "Mi-Mi". A fierce blush rose up from her chest, her cheeks flaming red. It was obviously and clear a collar, not something that could be passed off as a choker or an ornament. There was another piece of text next to the name: "Property of Samantha Jennings."

'Whenever I'm visiting, you're going to be wearing that. I don't want anyone thinking you don't belong to me!'

Suki twisted the collar, feeling how it pressed tightly against her neck – it was a snug fit, with just enough clearance that she could turn it, but it was most comfortable when it was properly front-facing, with the ring dangling down. But it was so overt and obvious, that anyone seeing it would know she was collared! And who owned her, and her pet-name...

'You see? A shame you can't wear it all the time, but this will do. And is something nice you can show off to the other pets. So that they know you belong to me as well.'

Suki couldn't do anything but stare at herself in the camera, sliding her fingers over the collar, feeling the solidity of the thing.

'And there's no key either – it uses a special magnetic thingie to lock and unlock. So you can't get out of it without me.'

With effort, Suki was able to find the hairline-crack again, but there was no way to release it! There was a sudden rush of claustrophobia, before a sense of comfort and warmth crept through her, steadily growing and blossoming.

Samantha put the phone down, before groping one of Suki's breasts, squeezing it through the dress. 'You're already pierced, so I won't have to get those done! But maybe you could get a tattoo. You have nice pale skin, so it would stand out. But we'll have plenty of time to discuss that.'

Her fingers kept squeezing at Suki's breast, twisting and probing her skin. Her breathing was fast and rapid, the plug fat and heavy within her.

'Mmmm... Yes...' Even within the closed confines of the booth, being this exposed was making her nervous, but also aroused. And Samantha would be coming back to hers! It was good that she'd purchased a fat gag to be used, to try and keep things quiet, so the neighbours wouldn't complain!

'I've got another gift for you as well. Something to keep me entertained.' She reached over the table, pulling the box over. She pulled out an egg-shaped vibrator, attached to a small power-pack.

'Put this into yourself. I'm sure you're wet enough to get it in, aren't you?'

Suki spread her legs, having to pull her dress up, twisting around to let Samantha see. She was visibly wet, her thong sticking to her crotch as she twisted it aside.

'Horny little pet! Always nice to see – I'm sure that the studs will enjoy your next visit.'

'Can I... go onto the breeding blocks again? It's nice to be used like that...'

'That's for me to decide, not you! But you're so obedient, I can probably arrange for that to happen.'

Suki parted her lower lips, pushing the vibrator-bead into herself, her body greedily consuming it. She would prefer something larger, but it was nice to be filled, at least partially.

The powerpack came with a stretchy band, which she pulled up over her leg, feeling it snap into place.

And then it buzzed into life, stirring her up from the inside out. Her head sagged back, vision dimming, before the vibration stopped.

‘Something to keep us both entertained!’ Samantha held up her phone again, now showing some app. As she slid her finger over the screen, the thing inside of her twitched and buzzed, the sound of the thing muted by being inside her body. Her breathing was getting fast and uneven though, pleasure shooting through her, before it stopped again, making her groan.

‘Don’t get too distracted! The food here is meant to be really good.’

‘Mrhmmm... Mistress...’

‘You can have your treat after dessert. But ring the bell – I’ve already chosen what to order. I know what you like. Other than being a fuck-pet!’

Forcing her body to was hard, her limbs weak and floppy, but she managed to make herself pick up the bell and ring it. All her focus was on the thing inside of her, wanting it to buzz into life again, to pleasure her! Even though she wasn’t sure if she’d be able to keep herself quiet, she wanted to cum, and loose herself in the pleasure!

A few seconds later, the waiter reappeared. Suki’s face was burning red, the mere presence of someone else making her feel a deep, hot shame, almost enough to overwhelm the growing pleasure. She tried to make herself small, hoping that he would somehow fail to notice the collar around her neck, the metal suddenly feeling very heavy, pressing in on her, weighing her down. His eyes flicked towards it, and she had to resist the urge to cover it with a hand. But Samantha was here, and would protect her, if anything happened. Although she still had the plug in her ass and the vibrator inside of her, threatening to force pleasure onto her at any moment.

As if Samantha could hear her thoughts, the thing twitched inside of her, just for a moment, enough to make her audibly gasp, before melting downwards, in shame and desire. Her cheeks felt like they were on fire! She didn't even hear what Samantha ordered, her thoughts all focused on trying to stop herself from coming, right then and there.

When the waiter left, she sagged further, before Samantha cleared her throat, and she managed to make herself sit up straight, trying to maintain good posture.

'Do behave yourself, Mi-Mi! I wouldn't want to have to put you over my knee and give you a spanking. Or maybe I should do that – discipline you as a person as well as a pet. After all, you are mine now, aren't you?'

The collar seemed to bear a heat within itself, pressing in against her, the vibrator thrumming back to life. Suki's mouth hung open, and she had to suck back spit, or risk it staining down her dress.

'If I asked you to, you'd probably suck that waiter off, wouldn't you? Or let him fuck you, bent over the table?'

Suki nodded, straining to lift her head up again, loosing herself in Samantha's eyes. 'Mmmm... Yes, Mistress.'

'Well, tonight you're mine – and *just* mine. I might let others have fun with you later on, but not until I've had mine!'

The thought of being pushed over the table, her dress pulled up and then being taken, rough and raw, was a distracting one, Suki trying to steady herself, barely able to keep herself upright.

'Once we're done here, then you're taking me back to yours – I've got some toys to use on you. And I want to get a cage put in – a pet like you shouldn't be sleeping in a bed, unless it's with me. But I've got another gift for you first. I've collected some donations, from the studs.' She reached into the box again, this time pulling out a small flask. She twisted it open, before pouring the contents into a champagne glass.

Cum, thick and sticky, flowed into the glass, smearing down the side. The scent wafted towards Suki, addling her

thoughts even further. Samantha gave the flask a tap, more droplets splashing out, before she took the flask away.

‘Drink up, Mi-Mi. A toast to your new place, as my lovely collared pet.’

The scent was overwhelming, increasing her arousal even more, as she reached out and took the glass. How many studs had been drained to get all this cum? The stuff was a thick and sticky goop, taking time to flow, as she raised it to her lips, waiting for it to reach her mouth. Having to hold it there meant she got an even stronger scent, and her embarrassment kept growing – what would happen if she were to be seen like this?

Samantha’s phone clicked as she took a photo, Suki whimpering into the glass. She extended her tongue, licking it over the glass, lapping at the cum, then letting it roll over her tongue, savouring the taste. She lost awareness of everything else, more and more of the stuff filling her mouth, flowing over her tongue, before she swallowed it down.

‘Such a good little cum-slut! You’re going to be pleasing a lot of studs – maybe I should hire you out for that? Some of them need a cute little bitch to help them de-stress, when they’ve been worked too hard.’

Suki twisted her tongue, trying to lick out as much of the cum as possible, desperately lapping at the sticky gunk, stretching her tongue out enough that it ached. She wanted it, the taste on her tongue, to feel it sliding down her throat and into her belly!

‘Don’t worry, I’ve got more. You can have it alongside your meal.’

A throb of humiliation mingled with pleasure, the vibrator kicking up a notch. Suki let her mind fade away, unable to think, or do anything except feel pleasure, and the taste of the cum, her body feverishly hot, as Samantha played with the vibrator controls. Maybe, if she was good, she would be allowed pleasure herself?

When the waiter returned, now bearing food, she flinched – surely he would be able to smell the semen? But he didn’t

react, as plates were placed in front of Samantha, and a bowl in front of Suki, some thick and flavoursome soup. As soon as he was gone, more cum was poured into the soup, Samantha giving it a swirl.

‘Dig in, Mi-Mi. Time to prove your obedience, and then show me what else you can do with your tongue. I’m going to keep you nice and edged, and then see if you can get me off.’

The vibrator continued to twitch and buzz, leaving Suki barely coherent, her hand shaking as she tried to spoon up the soup, able to see globs of cum mixed in. If she was a good girl, then Samantha would let her cum, surely... But the new collar, thick and heavy around her neck, reassured her, letting her feel comforted and owned, as she began to eat, letting the pleasure flow through her.

**THE END**

## **Ponygirl Playtime Chapter One: Making a Pony**

Susannah parked up, looking through the tinted windows at the farm – it didn't seem to have changed much, with the same, slightly rickety, stables, corrugated iron roofs and dark brick walls. A large paddock held horses, munching on grass, tails flicking to keep the flies away. When she opened up the door, the heat hit like a hammer, pushing away the air-conditioned coolness, and she fanned herself with a hand.

Her smart black boots crunched on the gravel as she looked around, smiling at the youthful memories. And then she heard hoofbeats slamming on the ground, turning to see a large roan horse running towards her, hooves kicking up a trail of dust. Riding on the horse's back was a young woman, blonde hair streaming out, skin tanned, wearing a loose shirt, tied to show her lean and bare belly, and work jeans. The horse approached, before coming to a stop, the woman dismounting with an easy movement, jumping to the floor and then embracing Susannah. She smelled of horse-flesh and the sweat of work, a stark contrast with Susannah's carefully maintained blouse and stylish jeans. Her face was partially shaded by her hat, keeping the sun from her eyes.

'You came!'

Susannah could feel the rough callouses on the woman's hands, gasping slightly from the skin-stingingly friendly back-slap, taking a moment to collect herself. The other woman hugged her, Susannah hugging her back, before they separated.

'Well, I thought it would be nice to see the old place again. And you, of course – how long has it been, Kathleen?'

'Just "Kath" is fine! And it must be... four, five years? When you suddenly left...'

'Yeah, well, stuff happened...' Being caught fooling around with Kath had gotten her in trouble – apparently having fun with your half-sister wasn't allowed! 'But it's good to be back.'

Kath turned away, towards the horse, patting its bulky flank, before starting to unstrap the saddle, fingers sliding along the smooth leather, making softly soothing noises to reassure it.

‘So, what’s it like being in charge? This is all yours now, isn’t it?’ Susannah managed to keep the note of jealousy from her voice, but it should be hers – she was the oldest, after all! And had grown up here, just the same as Kath had.

‘There’s been a lot to take in. But I think I’m on top of it now.’ She sighed, patting the horse again, the saddle now over her shoulder. ‘Some times I think it would be easier to be one of the horses – get saddled up and ridden, get fed and looked after. All nice and easy!’

Susannah leaned in, pressing herself closely against Kath again, kissing her on the lips, lightly stroking one breast, feeling the small mound through the shirt, enjoying Kath’s shiver as she held the kiss.

‘It’s been a while, but we could always carry on where we left off.’ She slid a hand around Kath’s waist, pulling her close in, the saddle bumping between them, staring into Kath’s eyes, feeling the warmth of the other woman’s tanned body. ‘I’ve even bought a few special toys with me. Things that might let you try being a horse, just for a little while. I’ll even look after the farm while you’re... otherwise engaged.’

She felt Kath tense up, but the woman didn’t pull away, looking up at her, hat covering part of her face.

‘Oh? What do you mean?’

Susannah took the saddle from Kath, the leather warm beneath her hands, putting it atop a fence, making sure it was stable, then walking around to the boot of her car and gesturing at Kath.

‘Come.’

She smiled as Kath obediently obeyed, standing next to her as she opened up the boot. Next to her suitcase were stacks of latex and leather, with lots of buckles and straps, glinting in the light.

‘I thought you might need a break, so got some recreational items for us to use. A bit better than fumbling around the back of the barn and hoping not to get caught!’ She picked up a strap, a bit dangling downwards, before pushing it lightly against Kath’s lips. Her mouth opened, letting her push the leather-wrapped bar into place, teeth biting down. ‘See? You’d make such a good little pony. And it looks like you could do with a break – you’re looking a bit tired.’ She patted Kath on the head, pulling off the cowboy hat and putting it on herself. Kath twisted her head, pushing the bit out of her mouth, Susannah wiping it clean.

‘So, uh... what is all of this? Is this what they do in the big city?’

‘Sometimes. Although there’s not much space for it here!’ She took in a deep breath, enjoying the sweet, clean air – after the grimy, smog-filled city air, it was delicious. ‘So, do you want to relax a little? Be a good little pony-girl?’

Indecision wavered over the smaller woman’s face, her shoulders tensing up, before relaxing, and she nodded. ‘Uh, OK... So, what do I need to do?’

Susannah kissed her again, leaning into it, tasting her half-sister’s lips, tongues sliding together before they parted. ‘You’ll need to be naked first. And then I can prepare you.’

A flush came over Kath’s face, tanned cheeks tinting pink, hands coming up to cover her breasts, as she looked away from Susannah in shame.

‘It’s nothing I haven’t seen before. Although I am looking forward to seeing how you’ve changed since I’ve left.’ She put the bit down, before picking up a latex bodysuit and shaking it out, the slippery material flapping out, a hollow and empty human shape. ‘Now get to it!’

Kath’s hands moved, slowly, unbuttoning her shirt, keeping her shoulders hunched, the shirt hanging open to reveal more soft, brown skin, an uneven tan-line around her breasts.

‘Do I... do I have to...?’

Susannah put the suit down, careful to keep it in the boot, not wanting to get it dirty on the ground, turning back to Kath and taking her in an embrace. She pushed her leg between Kath's, keeping her half-sister's legs parted, pushing her slightly off balance, using one arm to keep her up, pulling at the shirt with the other, tugging it away from Kath's body. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath, her petite breasts firm and soft, without needing any support.

Kath made a gentle whimpering sound, but didn't protest or resist, as Susannah leaned in and kissed one nipple, soft and slow, rolling her tongue around the nub, lightly biting it, then releasing it.

'I'm a lot more experienced than before, so we can have a lot more fun together.' She kissed Kath, hard now, on the side of the neck, feeling the blood pumping in her neck, as her breathing increased. 'So just be a good little girl, and obey me.'

She pushed Kath away, leaning back against the car, watching as Kath gasped, not meeting Susannah's eyes, hands slowly moving towards her jeans, unbuckling the belt. Her breathing was fast now, chest heaving in rapid pants.

'I want to see, so don't turn away!'

Kath slowly turned to face her, pulling her jeans down, slowly revealing slightly sweaty panties, snug against her body. She had to bend awkwardly to tug her boots off, her movements restrained by having her jeans around her knees, the stiff leather getting put aside, then her socks, before she could actually get her jeans off.

'And your panties. A horse doesn't wear clothes, do they?'

Kath took a deep breath, hooking her thumbs into the waistband and slowly pulling them down, revealing a slight dusting of blonde pubic hair around her slit, standing awkwardly on one leg for a moment, before peeling them off. She stood there, utterly naked, face now burning red, visible even through the tan, one hand covering her breasts, the other moving over her crotch, slightly hunched over.

Susannah stepped in close, tapping the woman's chin with her finger, forcing her to look up, and kissing her on the lips again, before stroking at Kath's body. It was even hotter now, the woman's breathing coming in rapid, strained pants, her whole body flushed.

'Oh? If you want to be a horse, then you should be used to being naked. Now, let's get you hosed down. Open wide for your bridle.'

Before Kath could protest, Susannah had pushed the leather-wrapped bar against her mouth, behind the teeth, then strapping it into place, with reins dangling down.

'Mphhh!' A grunt came from behind the bit, Kath's teeth biting down onto the bar. Susannah pulled on the reins, forcing Kath to move as well, pulling her towards the fence, near the water-trough, then tying the reins around the wood.

'Mphhh? Mphhh!' Susannah was still trying to cover herself with just her hands,

'I hope you won't be a naughty horse! Otherwise you might need more training.'

'Mphhh?'

Susannah picked up the hose and used it to spray Kath down, blasting the water over her body, cleaning off any sweat and grime. It was cold, Kath protesting more through the bit-gag, twisting her body to try and protect herself. Susannah targeted Kath's hands, forcing them away from her breasts and crotch, then targeting the now-exposed areas, until she was satisfied that Kath was clean, stopping the water.

There was an old towel draped over the fence – Susannah made soothing noises as she picked it up and approached Kath, drying the woman off, using her hands to stop Kath from shielding herself.

'Shhh, shhh. Let me look after you – just be a good little horsey.' She rubbed the towel over Kath's breasts, wiping them dry, then moving it between Kath's legs, making the woman shiver and twitch. Her body was so deliciously soft and warm! 'Now, your new skin first, now you're nice and

clean.’ She gave Kath’s body another wipe-down, before getting the latex bodysuit. ‘This will make you nice and shiny. And then the harnesses. Left leg first!’

She opened the body up, stretching it out, holding it up so that Kath could push one leg into place, her own skin getting swallowed up and consumed within the slick darkness.

‘This will give you a nice, glossy hide! And help keep your own skin nice and protected.’ She pulled the other leg on, glad that the inside was already powdered, making it easy to pull on over Kath’s body.

As Kath protested again, mumbling into her bit-gag, unable to form words, Susannah stroked and comforted her, sliding her own hand over Kath’s suntanned belly, feeling the muscles there, honed from countless hours of horseback riding.

The suit had gaps for the crotch and ass, and Kath stopped wriggling as Susannah drew it up over her hips, the material flatteringly tight, giving Kath a perfect, shiny skin, with buckles on the shoulders and wrists. It compressed in against the natural curve of her waist and hips, as it enveloped her body. As it moved over her breasts, Susannah moved closer in, gently puffing on Kath’s ear, enjoying the sensuous shiver she provoked, Kath’s scent erotic and powerful, as she squirmed, slowly getting sealed into her new skin. As it came up over Kath’s breasts, she wriggled again, Susannah giving her backside a swift spank, the taut flesh tensing up beneath her fingers.

‘Shh, shhh. Just be a good pony-girl.’ Susannah kept stroking at Kath’s body, calming her as she kept pulling the suit on, enjoying the play of muscles beneath her hands, Kath tense but not resisting, as her arms were fed into the sleeves. Once it was on, then Susannah zipped up the back, sealing it around Kath’s neck.

‘Now, horses don’t have hands. And I don’t want you trying to get free! So let’s get a nice little harness on you. Nice and snug and tight.’ She went back to the boot and got the harness, leather straps and metal rings jangling slightly, as well

as the other items she needed, filling her arms. Kath was moving slightly, finding how the suit resisted her, twisting her shoulders around. Her eyes went wide as she saw the harness, and she backed away slightly, looking fearful, the reins tightening, as far as it could go.

Susannah moved in close again, putting everything except the harness on the ground, shaking it loose, getting it the right way round. 'This will suit you perfectly. I had it made just for you – it doesn't look like you've gained any weight.' She stepped around, moving behind Kath, pulling the harness around her waist and buckling it tightly, the straps tight enough to dig into the latex. More straps ran around Kath's breasts, above and below, snug and firm, more buckles tightening into place around Kath's back.

She wriggled, gently tensing up beneath the extra restraints, testing her movement, Susannah smiling, enjoying the feeling underneath her fingertips, firm muscles sheathed in latex. More straps went between Kath's legs, cinching tightly between her thighs, pushing against her skin, exposing her pussy. Susannah stroked her palm against Kath's crotch, feeling the short fuzz of pubic hair, teasing her finger over the slit, now starting to heat up.

'Your hands aren't right. A horse can't pick things up!'

There was a metal ring in the middle of Kath's back, and Susannah fed a leather cord through it, tying it tightly onto the rings on each shoulder, forcing them to be tucked in tightly.

'That's a good start, but not quite. Let me just deal with your hands properly.' She picked up a leather sack, and then grabbed one of Kath's hands, shoving it in, feeling Kath's hand bundle into a fist. She hooked it over the wrist-buckle, more cords letting her tie it, making it tight and secure, making sure there was as little slack as possible. 'Now the other one.'

Kath tried to shift away, but couldn't move very fast, Susannah easily grabbing the other hand and bundling it into the sack-glove, turning it into a useless lump. With her shoulders bound behind her back, all she could do was move her arms a little, unable to even reach her face anymore.

‘That should stop you taking your bridle off, or causing any other problems. Although let me just restrict you a little more...’ She dragged Kath in close, running another strap through the harness ring on the woman’s belly, tethering it against both wrists, limiting her range of movement even more.

‘Now, what next? Oh yes, a pony has hooves, not feet, don’t they?’

She stroked her hand between Kath’s legs, feeling a growing heat there, along with a faint warmth.

‘Are you in heat?’

Kath made a strange, throaty noise from behind her gag, her eyes wide, head rising and falling in time with her panting. Susannah smiled, kissing Kath on the forehead, before leaning over to pick up one of the hoof-boots – knee-high black leather, bent so that the wearer had to walk on their toes, with a large lump under the sole of the foot.

‘Leg up.’

Kath whimpered but obeyed, lifting her leg up, leaning against the fence for support, Susannah guiding the woman’s leg into the boot, then tightening them up, pulling on the laces to make them nice and snug. She gave them a tug, making sure that they wouldn’t slip loose, carefully putting Kath’s foot, or at least her toes, back into contact with the ground.

Her balance was wobbly now, as she leaned more heavily on the fence, struggling to lift her other foot properly.

‘You’re going to need to work on your balance more. A good pony shouldn’t wobble around!’

The other boot slid into place, fitting snugly along Kath’s calf, the leather smooth and tight, then getting laced tightly into place.

‘That should stay in place. Now, what next? Oh yes – a pony has a tail, doesn’t it?’ Staring at Kath, she picked up a buttplug, fat rubbery balls with a horse’s tail on the other end.

Kath's eyes went wide. 'Mpphh?!' She shook her head, raising her restrained hands, trying to pull on her gag, but unable to even reach.

'Don't worry, I'll lube it up. I suppose we never got to experiment with that hole, did we? I'll be gentle. And you can be a cute little pony.'

Kath's panting got even more intense, the reins taut, but the cords were strong enough to resist her, her arms still twisting in their restraints. Susannah picked up a bottle of lube, holding up the plug so that Susannah could see it and squirting lube down on it, shiny and slippery. She massaged it over the lumps, coating the plug with a thick layer of it, before approaching the panting and shivering Kath. She shrank away, eyes fixated on the plug, thighs tight.

Susannah spun Kath around, the hoof-boots making her easy to unbalance. The plug she shoved against Kath's asshole, feeling the muscular ring resist it, but the lube made it slippery, and she slowly pushed it inside, ignoring Kath's whining and gasping. The first ball slipped inside, going past its widest point, Kath's body swallowing up the rest of it.

'Shhh, don't worry. Just relax, and soon you'll have a nice tail.' She tightened her grip around Kath's waist, continuing to shove the plug into her. The next ball went inside, Susannah holding it partway-in, enjoying the whimpers that Kath was making, before letting it slide deeper in. 'Just a few more, and then it'll be all the way in. You'll enjoy that, won't you?' She gave it a twist, one of the boots rising up and then stamping down onto the ground, Susannah able to feel the impact through her own body.

'Just a little more!' A third ball went inside, Kath's body eagerly swallowing it up, and then another. The tail was now close to Kath's backside, just one more ball to go. Susannah brushed Kath's hair aside, planting a kiss on the top of her spine. 'I'll have to tie this up as well, give you a nice ponytail. That would be appropriate, wouldn't it?' She pulled on the plug, sliding a ball out, feeling the resistance as it passed the tipping point, and then shoving it and then the final ball in, leaving just the tail poking out, like a brush.

‘There we go. Just the blinkers, and then I can take you for a walk.’ She reached around Kath, sliding her hands over the smooth body, cupping the pert breasts, enjoying the sensation of Kath’s rapid panting. ‘A good pony should be proud of her tail, shouldn’t she? But a pony might see things that panic her, so should have her vision limited.’

She had to grab Kath’s hair to stop her shaking her head around, taking a firm grip, feeling Kath straining beneath her hand. Getting the blinkers into place with just one hand was a struggle, the leather pads needing readjusting several times before she managed to get their position right, buckling them behind Kath’s head.

‘There we go! Now, time for my pony’s first walk. And if she obeys, she might get a reward.’ She reached through Kath’s thighs, twisting her fingers to feel at the woman’s pussy, finding it hot and ready. ‘She’s definitely in heat! I don’t think I’ll let a stallion have her though – I’ll keep her for myself.’ She teased Kath a little more, enjoying the yielding, slick tightness of Kath’s slit, and the faint whimper as she withdrew the finger, before untying the reins.

‘A nice easy walk to start with. I want to see your knees nice and high.’

She pulled Kath away from the post, turning around and walking backwards. Kath’s balance was wobbly, unused to the hoof-boots, trying to stay upright. But she obeyed, lifting her knee high before bringing it down, managing her first step.

‘Good girl, good girl! Now, let’s keep going.’ Susannah pulled on the reins, pulling Kath forward, enjoying the sight of the tail swishing with every step, Kath’s body lean and sexy, swathed in the latex and the harness.

## **About the Author and Artist**

Melissa DuVant writes a variety of BDSM-inspired stories, such as *Digital Slave* and is one of the co-writers of the *St Michael's University* setting. When not writing, she is generally planning RPG campaigns, reading or cooking. Her writing can be found at [www.deviantart.com/mduvant](http://www.deviantart.com/mduvant).

The cover was created by Formant. He is a web artist, specializing in the harsher side of fetish and kink, and their works can be seen at [www.deviantart.com/0formant0](http://www.deviantart.com/0formant0).

## Connect with the Writer and the Artist

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