



Training With Wolfie.

By

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Chapter 01.

Rosa Murphy sat on her back porch swing and watched her dog playing in the backyard. Wolf, or Wolfie as she usually called him, was a big dog, a cross between a German shepherd and a husky. The resulting combination giving him a distinctly wolf-like appearance that frightened more than a few. And indeed, Wolf was good protection – very good! Not only was Wolf overly devoted to her and wouldn't let anyone harm her, but he was protection for her whole house. More than a few guests had been frightened away from her front door by his aggressive behavior when they knocked. Rosa secretly pitied anyone who was foolish enough to break into her house or even enter the backyard uninvited. Her whole property was Wolf's territory, and he guarded it rigorously.

But the truth was, that Wolf was something of a pussycat when he was among friends. His frightening demeanor was replaced by a loving and playful animal that was more reminiscent of a cute puppy than the big dog he had become. He loved to snuggle and be petted. And with those who were willing, he loved to run and play – the rougher the better.

Movement at the far edge of her vision caught Rosa's attention. Her backyard was big and was completely surrounded by a four-foot chain link fence, but she could just see her neighbor, and tenant, coming out of his house next-door and entering his backyard. He opened his trashcan and deposited a large plastic bag inside, then he closed it up again. The movement caught Wolf's attention too. The big dog barked enthusiastically and ran directly to the fence dividing the properties and nearly jumped over it.

She watched as her tenant walked over to the fence, talking to Wolf the whole time. He was one of the ones who knew Wolfie well and was willing to sometimes play with the dog. He walked right up to Wolf, who was now leaning with his front paws over the fence, and ruffled the thick fur around his neck. He waved at her.

“Hi Mrs. Murphy,” he called.

“Hi Brain,” she returned.

Brian continued to stroke the big dog's fur for a few moments. Then he looked back up at her. “Do you mind if I come in and play with him for a bit?”

“I wish you would! He needs the exercise! He's been driving me crazy all day!”

Brian laughed and made his way around the fence to the gate on the side. Wolf enthusiastically followed him the whole way. The big dog nearly knocked him over as he opened the gate to come into the yard, but Brian had been through this many times before and was prepared for it. He pushed the dog off of him and closed the gate again. The minute the gate was closed, Wolf was pouncing back and forth, anxious to play. Brian took off at a run straight into the heart of the huge backyard. Wolf ran next to him, glad for someone to play with.

Rosa watched as Brian ran with her dog, and threw things for him to chase, and just roughoused with him. Brian wasn't a big guy, in fact he was somewhat small. And he was

fairly young – less than a year out of college now. But he seemed to enjoy playing with Wolf and wasn't the least bit afraid of him. And the dog certainly loved playing with him.

Eventually their play slowed down – or rather, Brian slowed down, Wolf was still full of energy. Brian gradually walked from the yard up to her porch, Wolf dogging his steps all the way, trying to get him to continue playing.

“Hi Mrs. Murphy,” he said as he climbed up the steps.

“How are you Brian?” she asked.

He shrugged. “Okay, I guess.”

“Kids still giving you trouble?” she asked. Brian had graduated last year with a teaching degree, but the only job he had been able to find so far was substitute teaching.

He rolled his eyes. “The kids are monsters! You wouldn't believe how they behave.” He sighed. “I know I could teach them something, and do it well, but they never give me the chance. I spend all day long just trying to get them to behave – which they never seem to do. I feel like nothing but a babysitter.”

“That's because you're too weak!” Rosa replied. “They don't respect you. I've said it before and I'll say it again...Brian, you're a wimp! And the kids know it!”

“I am not!”

“Yes you are!”

“I am not!”

She laughed a bit. “One of these days, I'm going to prove it to you, and you'll never doubt my word again.” His only reaction was to laugh a bit, but only for a moment as Wolf tried to get him to play again. “Have a seat and rest for a few minutes,” she said. “Would you like some iced-tea?”

He nodded. “Yeah, I'd like that,” he replied. He sat down on the chair in the corner of the porch while she got up to get them some drinks. Wolf immediately went over to him and put his big head in Brian's lap, wanting more attention.

In her kitchen, Rosa poured them each tall drinks of tea over lots of ice. Despite the fact that it was only mid-April, the weather was sunny and warm. A really cold drink would be perfect. As she carried the drinks back outside, she heard Wolf barking, then she heard Brian's voice.

“Woof!” Brian said mockingly at the dog as he stared straight into Wolf's eyes. Wolf hesitated, then barked back at him. “Woof!” Brian said again, louder than before.

“You even bark like a wimp,” Rosa noted as she handed him his drink.

“I wasn't barking,” he replied.

“I know. Just saying 'woof' certainly doesn't sound anything at all like a dog barking.”

“I was just playing with him,” Brian replied, before taking a quick sip from his drink.

"I know," Rosa admitted. "I was just pointing out that you're too much of a wimp to even bark at him for real."

"I am not!"

Rosa shook her head. "Brian, you're a wimp in everything you do. Tell me, did you ever get that problem straightened out with your car?"

"You mean with the mechanic?"

"Yes, when you had to have it fixed."

He looked down sheepishly. "No."

"See! That's what I'm talking about! The man ripped you off and you just let him do it."

"Well, what am I supposed to do?"

"You could at least argue with him about it. Ask him to make good on it. Fix it right!"

Brian looked back down at the floor. "Well...it's not that easy."

"Because you're a wimp!" she laughed.

"No I'm not." But the conviction wasn't as much as his earlier statements.

"Did you ask your mother or father for help with it?" she asked.

"No. I don't have a mother or father. I grew up in a series of foster homes."

Rosa immediately was sorry she asked. "Oh, I'm sorry."

He shrugged. "It's okay. I'm used to it."

Rosa took another long sip from her drink while she watched him petting Wolf with one hand and drinking his tea with the other.

"How about with the schools?" she asked. "Any luck finding a permanent job yet?"

He shook his head. "Not yet."

"What are you going to do for the summer? Do they have substitute teachers for summer school?"

He shrugged, "Not many. Not enough to earn much of a living."

"So what are you going to do? You've still got rent to pay me, don't you dare forget that! As it is, you're late way too often!"

"I know. I just don't know what I'm going to do yet."

Rosa just nodded and watched him petting her dog. When his drink was finished, he thanked her and got up and went back home. Rosa had no doubt that his main problem with finding a decent job was his sheepish personality. Like it or not, Brian was a wimp!

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The next afternoon, Rosa went out to check her mailbox. As she pulled everything out of the box, she saw Brian's car pull into his driveway. As she often did, she stood where she was and looked through the mail to see what was there – a magazine, several bills, and an assortment of junk mail. By the time she finished, she saw Brian walking back up his own driveway toward his mailbox. He opened it, looked inside, then closed it again. No mail. He waved slightly to her, and she waved back. Then he trudged back toward his house again. Something in his manner told her that he wasn't really happy just then. To her, he seemed to be a bit...depressed.

A while later, she was again seated in the swing on her back porch while she watched Wolfie running around the backyard. She saw Brian come out of his house again into his backyard. Wolf saw him too and again ran to the fence to bark at him playfully.

Brian walked over to the big dog and rubbed the fur on his neck. He looked up at Rosa and waved. "Can I play with him again?"

"Please do!" Rosa called. She noticed that he still seemed a bit down. She watched as he came into the backyard and Wolf jumped playfully all over him. With Wolf at his heels, he ran to the middle of the yard to play like they had yesterday. And like yesterday, eventually Brian tired before Wolf did. He started for the gate with another wave toward Rosa, but she called out to him. "Would you like another drink?" He stopped, then headed toward her back porch. Rosa got up to get them both an iced-tea to drink.

When she came back from the kitchen, she found him in the same corner chair, again rubbing Wolf's furry neck. She handed him his glass. "How are you today?" she asked.

"Okay," he replied, but she didn't really get that impression.

"Really? Because it looks like something's got you down."

He sighed. "Maybe. It's just the kids!" he suddenly blurted. "I don't know what to do with them! And then there's the job problem. I don't know what to do about that either. It's all so frustrating."

"I'm sure it is," she replied. "Pardon me for saying, but I don't think you're going to get anywhere until you grow some balls!"

He looked at her, totally shocked by her words.

"You're too much of a pushover!" she continued. "Look at the way even the youngest of the kids treat you. You yourself keep telling me that they walk all over you. They've got no respect for you and they're not going to show any until you stop acting like such a wimp!"

"I'm not a wimp!" he protested.

"Yes you are!"

"No I'm not." he replied, but again, there was very little conviction in his voice.

"I'll bet that you'd do absolutely anything that anyone tells you to – no matter what. I doubt you've got the balls to stand up for yourself in any way at all!"

“That’s not true.” he replied softly, but his head was hung as if he didn’t really believe it himself.

“Yes it is, and you know it! You’ve got no backbone at all. From everything I’ve ever seen, you never stand up for yourself, ever!”

“Sure I do,” he replied, but again, there was no conviction at all behind his words.

“When?”

But he couldn’t answer.

“Like I said, you’re too much of a wimp.”

“No I’m not,” he repeated again, but now his voice held a lot of hurt.

She shook her head. “One of these days I’m going to have to prove it to you.”

“I’m not a wimp,” he repeated again, but quieter.

She backed off, noticing how hurt he appeared to be over it. The boy just didn’t get it. He was too stupid to see that he just wasn’t cut out for that line of work. Maybe most lines of work. He had no backbone at all, and somehow, she’d have to get that point across to him.

Wolfie saw his sadness and put his big head back in Brian’s lap. The dog let out a bit of a whine. Brian reached out and pet the dog’s head again, playfully whining back the same way Wolf had. “You’re just a big ol’ baby,” he said to the dog. “I’ll bet you would behave better than those kids.”

“I doubt it,” Rosa said. “Given the chance, he’d probably boss you all over the place too.”

Brian let out a tiny chuckle. “Would you do that?” he asked the big dog. “No. No way.”

Rosa chuckled. “Oh yes he would. Given the chance, I have no doubt that he’d show you real fast just who’s the boss.”

Still petting and talking to the dog, Brian said, “No way. No you wouldn’t. You’re nothing but a big ol’ baby who just wants someone to play with him.”

Wolf, hearing Brian talking to him and seeing that all of his attention was on him again, suddenly barked, trying to get Brian to go play with him again.

“Woof!” Brian said back at the dog, staring him straight in the eyes. The dog backed off excitedly and pounced one way, then back the other, trying to get Brian to get up and play. He barked again, trying to urge Brian on. “Woof,” Brian repeated back at the dog.

“Oh, how pathetic!” Rosa commented. “Woof? Is that the best you can do?”

He shrugged. “What else is there?”

She rolled her eyes. “Bark! Bark like a real dog! Put some effort into it!”

“Why?”

“Because he’s barking at you...and because I said so! Just do it!”

“But...”

“Do it! Bark like a dog!”

“But...”

“Bark!”

Brian wasn't sure if it was from fear or just not knowing what was going on, but feeling pressured, he let out a tiny little attempt at a bark.

“That stunk!” Rosa criticized. “I wouldn't even call that an effort. Now do it again. Bark!”

“But...”

“Bark! Now!”

Confused, Brian tried barking again and managed a slightly better bark, but not by much.

“Not much better. You can do much better than that! Now sit up straight and put some effort into it. Make it loud, like Wolfie.”

Still confused, Brian sat up a little straighter and tried to bark again, this time louder.

“You're starting to get there,” Rosa said. She suddenly got to her feet. “Keep practicing. I'll be right back.” She headed for the door, but turned around again before she got there. “I don't hear you barking.”

“But why should I?”

“Because I said so!” she ordered sternly. “Bark at Wolfie! And keep barking.” She stood there until Brian again turned his attention toward Wolf and barked at him. The big dog playfully barked back – twice. Brian barked twice at the dog. Rosa went into the kitchen.

When she returned, she had a box of dog treats in her hand. She sat back on her swing with the box. Wolf noticed the treats and quickly began nuzzling her hand, trying to get her to give him one, but she held them out of the way. Unfortunately, Wolf wasn't where she wanted him to be so she had to get up again and walk over to stand next to Brian, Wolf followed. She grabbed Wolf's collar and led him around to the position she wanted him, right next to Brian's chair. She pointed her finger at the dog. “Sit!” she commanded. But Wolf wasn't interested in sitting. He was more interested in the treats she was holding. “Sit!” Rosa ordered again as she pointed at the floor. This time, the semi-trained dog did as told, never taking his eyes off the box of treats in her hand. On a whim, she pointed the same way at Brian. “Sit!”

Brian giggled. “I am sitting,” he replied.

Rosa reached into her box of treats. She looked at Wolf. “Speak!” The dog barked loudly, twice because he really wanted the treats. She held her hand containing two small liver treats up to the dog's mouth and he quickly gobbled them up. Rosa looked directly at Brian. “Speak!” she commanded as she reached back into the box. Brian, playing along with the game now, barked. Rosa held two liver treats up to his mouth. But Brian turned his head away.

“No thank you,” he said.

“Eat them! They won’t kill you!” she said as she continued to press the treats toward his mouth. Brian reached up with his hand toward the treats but she knocked his hand away. “Just eat them!” she said as she pressed the treats up against his closed lips.

Almost fearfully, Brian opened his mouth enough to let her push the small bits of liver inside. Yuck! Dog treats! And he was eating them! They tasted very strong, but then he had never liked liver at all. They were hard and difficult to chew, but he forced himself to chew them up and swallow them – all under Rosa’s all too stern gaze.

Rosa finally nodded her satisfaction as she saw him swallow the treats. “Good,” was all she said about it. Then she turned back to Wolf. “Speak!” she commanded again. And again the big dog barked loudly. She fed him another treat. She turned back to Brian. “Speak!” she commanded. Brian didn’t really want another liver treat, not at all, but somehow under her authoritative voice, the bark still came out of him. And once again, she held the liver treats up to his mouth for him to eat. And once again, he ate them.

She put the box of treats down on the chair next to her. “Now you two go back out into the yard and play again.” She looked at Brian, “And this time, I want to hear you barking properly. Try putting some effort into it. Make it more forceful. Make it sound like Wolf’s!”

“But I don’t...”

“Go play!” Rosa ordered as she pointed out into the backyard.

Not knowing exactly why, Brian got up and went down the steps toward the yard. Wolf bounded down right beside him. Again Brian played with the big dog.

“I don’t hear you barking!” Rosa called from the porch swing.

Brian barked at Wolf as they played and Wolf barked back.

“I can’t hear you!” Rosa yelled. “I can hear Wolf real well, but I still can’t hear you!”

Brian barked again, louder, which sent Wolf into a playful fit of barking which went on for a few moments. When it ended, Brian kept playing with the dog, but he didn’t bark back.

“I don’t hear you barking!” Rosa called again.

Brian couldn’t for the life of him figure out why she wanted to hear him barking. Besides the barking was annoying. But he barked anyway, several times.

A loud piercing whistle from the porch sent Wolf racing toward Rosa. Brian slowly followed behind.

“When I whistle, you’d better come running!” Rosa yelled.

“Why?” Brian asked. “I’m tired!”

“Run you spineless wimp!”

Brian rolled his eyes and ran the last of the short distance up to the porch.

Rosa pointed at Wolf. “Sit!” The dog sat right where he was, right at the top of the steps. She pointed at Brian. “Sit!” Brian sat back in his chair again. She looked at Wolf. “Speak!” Wolf barked. She reached into her box and pulled out two more dog treats which she gave to him. She looked at Brian. “Speak!” But Brian just shook his head tiredly. “I said Speak!” she yelled forcefully. “Now! Speak!” Her yelling scared him and he immediately barked. She reached back into her box and pulled out two more dog treats which she held up to his mouth.

He didn’t want them, not at all, but she continued to press them against his mouth until he opened it and accepted them. Dog treats! Yuck! He saw that she was continuing to watch him closely until he finally swallowed them. “Can I go now?” he asked. He had had enough of her dog games.

“Of course. We’ll see you tomorrow Brian. I think Wolf is enjoying the exercise you’re giving him.”

Brian shuddered involuntarily. He usually liked playing with Wolf. He wasn’t so certain anymore.

Chapter 02.

Brian stared at his phone. No calls...which meant no work. Of course, he wasn't really sure he wanted to go to work. The kids were always vicious toward substitute teachers, or at least they were to him. Other substitutes said the kids were sometimes a little problem, but for him, they were always a major problem. But no work, meant no money. And he had to live. Unfortunately, all too often, his phone didn't ring in the mornings, so despite how awful the kids always were for him, he needed his phone to ring.

He checked the clock one more time. School had started twenty minutes ago. His phone wasn't going to ring. He was going to be faced with another day where he didn't know what to do. He sometimes got to talk with other substitute teachers. They all seemed to work more than he did. Why? But at the same time, he wondered how they could stand it. Did the kids behave any better for them? It always sounded like it. They talked about lesson plans and teaching. He talked about what monsters the kids always were. Of course, the older kids were always worse than the younger ones. The older kids often frightened him.

He turned away from staring at his phone and glanced out his front window. He saw his neighbor and landlord, Mrs. Murphy, walking up her driveway toward her mailbox. He watched as she opened it and put her mail inside. She raised the red flag so the mailman would know to stop and pick up her letters, then she walked back to her house again. He rarely got any mail, not even very many bills. And of course, never a friendly letter. He sighed and headed back toward his couch where he turned on his small ancient TV set.

Later in the morning, he wandered outside to walk around his little rental house in the bright spring sunshine. As he turned the corner from the side of the house up to the front, he saw Mrs. Murphy out front talking to a man in overalls. He saw the pickup truck in her driveway. One of her repair men he guessed. She owned quite a few rental houses around the area and hired several men to keep them all running properly. With a nod of his head, the man turned and walked back to his truck. She turned back toward her house, but she stopped when she spotted him in his front yard. "Not working today?" she called.

"No," he called back. "Not today."

She walked over toward his house where she could talk to him easier. As she turned off of the sidewalk and got out of sight of the front window, she could hear Wolfie inside starting to bark. The stupid dog didn't like letting her out of his sight. She had only come outside in the first place because it was easier to talk business without the stupid dog causing problems. She knew he needed a bit more training, but she never seemed to get around to it.

Brian saw her walking towards him. He hesitated to walk closer to her after yesterday, but since she seemed to be acting friendly, he approached her too. He met her at the property line.

"I think substitute teaching must be a terrible way to make a living," Rosa said. "You seem to have way too many days off."

"I know," replied Brian dejectedly. "I don't get called for nearly as many jobs as I'd like."

“How about other substitute teachers, do you know how often they get called?”

He shrugged. “From what I can tell, more than me.”

She nodded. “That’s because the kids walk all over you too much, and the schools know it.” He just shrugged his shoulders instead of replying. “So what do you do all day when you’re not working?”

“Not much,” he replied. “There isn’t much to do.”

She nodded knowingly. “Why don’t you come over in a little while and play with Wolfie again. I know he’d like it.”

He thought about it for a moment. He enjoyed playing with the big dog, but after yesterday... “I don’t think so,” he replied. “Not today.”

“Look!” she said a bit more forcefully. “You’re not doing anything today, and Wolf needs a playmate. You meet him out back in half an hour. Got that?”

“I don’t know,” he replied hesitantly.

“Just be there!” she ordered more forcefully. Then she turned and walked off, leaving him right where he was. She had thought quite a bit about what had happened yesterday with Brian, and somehow, it had interested her. But in view of her former, or mostly retired profession, she guessed that it was only natural. She didn’t know it until that moment, but she just then got the idea in her head that she was going to push the boundaries with him a bit...just as an experiment. Then she guessed that they both would see if he had any backbone in him at all.

Half an hour later, she let Wolf out into the big backyard again. She looked around but didn’t see Brian. She waited another fifteen minutes. Still no Brian. She left Wolf outside and went into the house and phoned him. “Wolf and I are waiting,” she said in her no-nonsense voice. “Get over here and play!”

“But...”

“But what? Did you get a call to go to work today?”

“No. But...”

“Then there are no other buts! You’ve got nothing better to do and Wolf needs a playmate. Now hurry up!”

Brian didn’t know what to do. She was actually frightening him. “Can...can I change my clothes first?” he finally asked.

“Hurry up!” she replied before slamming down the phone. She smiled. He was coming. Let the games begin. But then she corrected herself...the games began yesterday.

Brian hurried to change his clothes, although he didn’t know why he hurried. He finally forced himself to slow down before he left through his back door. Play with Wolf! He usually enjoyed playing with Wolf. But after yesterday.... Yesterday had been a bit embarrassing. He could still almost taste the liver treats she had made him eat.

Wolf caught sight of him and again ran to the fence barking while Brian slowly walked toward the gate to let himself in. He was having trouble finding the enthusiasm for playing that he had felt before, but as soon as the gate was closed. Wolf's enthusiasm lifted his spirits somewhat and he ran into the backyard with the big dog.

Rose sat on the porch and just watched them play for a while. She knew she had to take it slow and easy with him, especially right now. She didn't want to scare him off completely – at least not yet. Her phone rang, more business. She hurried inside to answer it, but when she came back out again, she brought the box of dog treats with her.

She sat and watched Brian and Wolf chasing each other for a few more minutes. But Brian couldn't run as much as Wolf could and shortly she saw him begin to tire. It was time for a refresher course! "Brian! Wolfie!" she called. The two heard her and started toward the porch, Wolf at an enthusiastic dead run that would have frightened anyone else.

Rosa was afraid that Wolf was going to jump on her again, but fortunately, he didn't. He just ran back and forth across the porch until Brian got there. Brian climbed the steps and once again sat in the corner chair across from her. He looked a bit winded, but otherwise a lot happier than he had looked earlier. "I think you like playing with Wolf," she observed.

He smiled. "Yeah. He's a lot of fun."

"He's a big dog with a lot of energy. I appreciate you giving him the exercise. And I can certainly see that he likes you."

Brian laughed and rubbed the fur around Wolf's neck again as he dog came back over to him. "He's a great dog," Brian replied.

"Humph!" Rosa grunted. "Sometimes, anyway. I'm afraid he still needs a lot more training. There are times he nearly drives me crazy." She paused for a moment. "Speaking of which..." She picked up the box of treats. "Let's see what you both remember from yesterday."

"But..." Brian started to protest.

Rosa cut him off before he could get any further. "No buts! Think of this as you helping him with his training."

Brian wasn't too sure about that, but mostly, it was just something in the tone of her voice that forced him to do as she wanted.

Rosa pointed at Wolf. "Sit!" she commanded. The big dog sat. "Good boy," she praised, happy that for once he had actually complied the first time she asked. She pointed at Brian. "Sit!"

He laughed this time. "I am sitting."

She smiled at him. "Good boy." She looked directly at Wolf. "Speak!" The big dog barked. She pulled a treat out of the box and held it to his mouth. Wolf eagerly swallowed it whole. She looked directly at Brian as she put her hand back into the box. "Speak!" she commanded. Laughingly, Brian barked too. She pulled out another treat and held it up to his mouth.

Brian turned his head away. “No thanks.”

“Take it!” Rosa ordered.

He looked up at her worriedly. “Do I have to?”

Rosa nearly laughed inside. The boy didn’t have the guts to really refuse at all. “Yes! Now eat it!” she ordered as she again pressed the treat to his mouth.

Reluctantly, Brain took the dog treat into his mouth and chewed it, then finally swallowed it. Yuck!

Rosa didn’t stop watching him until she saw him finish it. “Good boy,” she praised. “Now go back out and play for a bit more. I’ll make you a sandwich for lunch, would you like that?”

She had surprised him with her kind offer. “Sure!” he replied enthusiastically. “Thanks!”

Rosa watched them playing for a few moments before she went inside to make them both some lunch. When she was ready, she called them inside.

Brain walked into her kitchen, a place he had never been in her house before. She had set a plate with a simple sandwich on it and a glass of tea on the table for him. Another place at the table held a plate with a small salad on it. He sat down in front of the sandwich.

Rosa said nothing while he sat down. But Wolf was now pacing expectantly around her. If she didn’t give him something to eat when she ate, then the darn dog could sometimes be a problem through her whole meal. She pulled a package of a different kind of treat out of her cabinet. Wolf saw it and began running around in a small circle until she held one out for him to take. She looked up at Brain. “Would you like one too?” she asked.

Brain’s eyes went wide. He knew she was only joking, but still... “No thanks!” he replied.

Rosa smiled as she put the box of treats away. With what she was planning on doing, if the boy didn’t start showing some backbone, then very soon he would probably be eating those treats too.

As soon as lunch was over, Rosa led them back out to the porch again. But before they could get off of the porch, she pointed at Wolf. “Sit!” she ordered. Wolf sat immediately, right where he was. She turned and pointed at Brian. “Sit!” she ordered. Brain again went over to his usual chair to sit down. Rosa scowled, but said nothing. She picked up the box of treats from the swing where she had left it earlier. She looked at Wolf. “Speak!” she commanded. The big dog barked. She fed him one of the treats. She looked at Brain. “Speak!” she commanded. Brain barked too. She pulled a treat out of the box and held it up to his mouth. There was no hesitation this time as he took it and ate it. “Your barking still needs some improvement,” she said as she watched him eating it. “I think you need to try to make it more forceful.” Brian said nothing.

She walked back over to Wolf and knelt down in front of him. Wolf continued to sit where he was, but his nose instantly went closer to the box of treats in her hand. “Shake!” she commanded as she held out her hand. Wolf hesitated, but he finally put his paw into her hand and she shook it up and down. Then she dropped it and gave the dog a treat. She

looked at Brain, then got to her feet. She knelt in front of him. “Shake!” she commanded as she held out her hand the same way.

Brian looked at her like she was crazy. “What?”

“I said shake!” Rosa repeated in a much firmer tone of voice.

Brian hesitantly held out his hand out toward her, but he held it out more like a man would to shake hands with another person. She grabbed his hand and turned it palm down, then she shook it up and down a few times before dropping it. Then she reached into the box and pulled out another liver treat for him which he ate unhesitatingly. Rosa was smiling inside. Progress! Whether he knew it or not. “Okay, you two, go play!” she ordered.

She again sat on her swing while the two of them went back out into the yard to play. But it wasn't long until her phone rang again and she had to go back inside to answer it. “Hello?” she spoke into the phone.

“Rosa!” her friend's voice came over the line. “What are you doing?”

“Connie!” Rosa replied delightedly. “What am I doing? That's a good question. In fact I'm almost afraid to answer.”

Connie laughed. “That doesn't sound like you at all!”

“Well then, why don't you come over and you can tell me how crazy I am to my face.”

“That bad? Honey, I was going to see if you wanted to do some shopping, but this sounds much juicier! I'll be right there!”

Rosa nearly laughed when she hung up the phone. Unlike herself, Connie was still very much active as a dominatrix, a profession that Rose herself used to enjoy. But nowadays, now that she was older, she was nothing more than a businesswoman who collected rent from her various properties. She had left all the really “fun” stuff behind her...mostly.

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It was about twenty minutes later when she heard her door bell ringing. Wolf, with his keen hearing heard it too and made a mad dash toward the porch, barking ferociously all the way. “No Wolf! No!” she shouted sternly. “Stay!” she ordered while she cautiously opened her back door only wide enough to allow her to get through. She quickly closed the door again keeping Wolf outside. The big dog began barking ferociously again. Rosa quickly walked through to her front door and let her friend inside.

“Where's the monster?” Connie asked, glancing around nervously. “I hear him somewhere.”

Rosa smiled. “Out back. Let's go see him.”

Connie knew Wolf very well, but she still preferred staying away from him. “Can't we just stay in here?”

“Not if you want to know what I’m up to,” Rosa replied with a hint of amusement. She led the way to her back door and opened it cautiously. “Stay!” she ordered Wolf. “And be quiet!” Wolf settled down, but not by much.

Connie cautiously came through the door. “Stay down!” she ordered the big dog, remembering very well the way he used to jump all over her. But Wolf didn’t jump on her at all. Once he had sniffed her and knew who she was, he mostly ignored her.

Rosa sat back on her swing and invited Connie to sit with her. As they did so, Brian was just walking up the back steps. Connie sat down next to Rosa, but her eyes were on Brian all the way.

Connie, this is Brian. He’s my tenant who lives next door.

“Hi Brian,” Connie said politely, wondering if he was Rosa’s new interest.

“Go play again,” Rosa said to Brian. “Get Wolfie out of here so we can talk.”

Brian turned around and ran down the steps which attracted Wolf’s attention. “Come on boy, let’s go. He took off at a run back out into the yard, and naturally, Wolf followed.

“So what’s going on?” Connie asked. “I suspect it has something to do with him?”

“You suspect right!” Rosa replied. She then spent a few minutes explaining how spineless her young tenant was and what she had in mind to do with him. “So basically, my plan is to slowly push him more and more to see if he ever develops a backbone and stands up for himself.”

“And if he doesn’t?” Connie asked.

“Then he’s in for a very unusual summer!”

“And how far have you gotten with him?”

“I’ve just barely started, but I’ll show you.” She looked out into the yard. “Brian! Wolf! Come!” She watched as the two stopped their playing and Wolf made a mad dash toward the porch. Brian came, but much, much slower. “Sit!” she ordered Wolf as soon as he reached the porch. She was happy to see him sit right where he was. As soon as Brian reached the top of the steps, she ordered him to sit too. Brian walked over to his usual seat and sat down.

Rosa pulled a treat out of her box. “Speak!” she commanded to Wolf. The big dog barked loudly and she gave him a treat. She walked over to stand in front of Brian.

Brian was suddenly very uncomfortable. They weren’t alone anymore. This strange woman was there. And yet, it still looked like she was going to order him to bark like a dog again – right in front of her!

Rosa sensed his hesitation, but knew that this was just going to have to be another part of Brian’s training. “Speak!” she commanded, looking him squarely in the eyes as if daring him not to do as she commanded.

Brian cowered under her intense gaze. He absolutely couldn’t believe she would ask him to do this.

“Speak!” Rosa ordered again, more firmly this time.

More than a bit fearful of her, Brian finally let out a small bark. He immediately looked shyly over at the other woman. But she was just smiling and watching as if everything was perfectly normal for her.

“That was a rather poor effort!” Rosa complained. “I would hardly call that a bark at all! Now do it right! Speak!”

Brain tried it again, a little louder. But mostly, he was still bothered by the strange woman with them.

“Not good enough!” Rosa said sternly. “Stop looking at her and pay attention to me! Now do it better. Put more force into it! Speak!”

Brain turned his eyes back to only Rosa and again attempted a better bark.

“I want better!” Rosa complained. “More force! Now...speak!”

Rosa’s continuing dominance over him felt like a huge increasing pressure against his brain that Brian couldn’t ignore. He finally let out a louder more forceful bark, sounding much more like a real dog this time.

Rosa was finally pleased. “Better,” she replied as she dug into her box and pulled out a dog treat. She pressed it up against his mouth and was pleased to see him eat it immediately. She never took her eyes off of him though until he had finished it.

Connie sat on the swing and just watched, fascinated by the whole process. But she was too much of a professional to make any comment or even show any outward signs of anything she was thinking.

Rosa walked back over to Wolf. She knelt down in front of him. “Shake,” she said as she held out her hand. Wolf immediately raised his paw and she shook it. Then she dropped it and gave him a treat. She walked back over to Brian and knelt down in front of him too. “Shake,” she said. It was hesitant, but Brian finally extended his hand. She pumped it up and down a few times, then she gave him a treat and watched until he had finished it. She stood back up. “Now go play again,” she said as she sat back on her swing. Neither Rosa nor Connie said anything until the two were once again back out into the yard.

“You know you’re crazy,” Connie finally said.

“I know,” Rosa replied. “But I just got this idea into my head and I can’t get it out. You know how it is.”

“Yeah,” Connie admitted. “I know. So exactly what do you have planned for him for the future?”

“I don’t really know,” Rosa admitted. “I’ll just keep plugging along, turning him more and more into a dog, and we’ll just have to see where it goes.”

The two women talked for a while as they watched Brian and Wolf playing. Finally, they saw Brian sit down and Wolf laid down with his head in Brian’s lap. Brian rubbed the dog’s thick fur. “I think they’re both ready for a drink,” Rosa decided. “Want to give me a hand?”

“Sure,” Connie replied as she got up from the swing.

Rosa led the way into her kitchen where she got three glasses and filled them with tea. Then she picked up Wolf’s water bowl from the corner of her kitchen and filled it with water. She turned to Connie. “Why don’t you get our drinks while I carry this out.”

Connie grabbed all three glasses and followed Rosa back out to the porch where Rosa set Wolf’s water bowl down not far from the top of the steps. Then Rosa grabbed one of the glasses from Connie. “Wolfie! Brian!” Rosa called. “Come get a drink.”

Wolf got up from Brian’s lap and headed toward her at a trot, but once he reached the steps, he bounded straight up to the top and quickly dunked most of his head into the deep water bowl as he drank greedily. Brian, of course, was much slower. Wolf was finally finished drinking by the time Brian got to the bottom of the steps. “Sit!” Rosa ordered as she pointed at Wolf, and watched as the big dog sat right where he was like he was supposed to. She waited until Brian reached the top of the steps. “Sit!” she ordered as she again pointed with her finger. As usual, Brian headed for his usual chair. “Stop right there!” Rosa ordered. Brian turned around, totally clueless. “I said sit! When I tell you to sit, you better learn to do it immediately, right where I want you to. Now sit!”

“But...” Brian started to protest.

But Rosa wasn’t about to let him complain or even question her orders – not unless he really did develop the backbone to stop her. “I didn’t tell you to ask any questions!” she yelled. “When I tell you to do something, you just do it! And fast!” She pointed her finger at the floor. Her voice dropped in intensity. “Now it would really help with Wolf’s training if you were down at his level when we do this. So...sit!”

Brian gulped. He couldn’t take his eyes off of Rosa and her commanding ways. What was going on? Why was she making him do this? And in front of her guest no less! He didn’t really understand her logic about being down at Wolf’s level. What did that have to do with Wolf’s training? But she obviously wasn’t taking no for an answer, so he sat down on the porch floor, where her finger was still pointing. Besides, she still frightened him a bit...in fact, now more than ever.

Rosa smiled at him. “That’s better. Good boy.” She actually reached out and patted his head for a moment.” Brian felt more awkward and embarrassed than ever as she did it. Rosa was still looking at him. “Now...shake,” she commanded as she held out her hand.

Hesitantly again, Brian extended his hand and let her pump it up and down a few times.

“Good boy,” Rosa crooned. Then she handed him his glass of iced-tea. Rosa sat down on the swing again next to her friend to enjoy her own drink. Since Brian was really thirsty from playing with Wolf, and was also anxious to get away, he drank much faster than the women.

“I hear you do substitute teaching,” Connie said to Brian as she enjoyed her drink.

“Yeah, I do,” Brian replied between sips of cool liquid.

“What grades do you like to work with the most?”

Brain shrugged. “Anything I can get! But I really prefer the younger kids. The younger the better! The older kids can be really awful.”

“I’ll bet,” Connie replied.

Brian finished his drink and started to get up. “Just stay there,” Rosa ordered. “I’ll get your glass.” She got up from the swing and took his glass from him. Wolf was lying down and appeared to be asleep. “Wolfie is napping. Why don’t you go over next to him and take a little nap too.”

“But...” Brian started to protest again.

“Did I ask for your opinion?” Rosa snapped. “Now go lay down!”

Still bewildered about what was going on, Brian got up and went over by Wolf where he laid down next to the big dog. Wolf half-woke up and looked over at him briefly before laying his big head back down on the porch and closing his eyes again. Brian stared at the porch ceiling. He was tired, but he wasn’t about to take a nap!

Rosa and Connie continued to talk quietly, mostly about Connie’s house, but they never once mentioned what was going on with Brian.

A little while later, Brian realized he had a small problem. He had to pee. He started to get up from where he was laying next to Wolf. “Mrs. Murphy,” he said. “I’ve got to go home for a few minutes.”

“What for Brian?” Rosa asked.

Brian was a bit embarrassed about telling her, but he didn’t have much choice. “Um... I’ve really got to go to the bathroom.”

“No problem,” Rosa replied. “In fact, why don’t you just use the bathroom in my house? That way you don’t have to go all the way back home again.”

Actually, Brian was more than ready to go home and just stay there, but he reluctantly agreed to Rosa’s suggestion.

While he was inside, Connie commented, “I’m surprised you didn’t just make him go outside in the yard like Wolf does.”

Rosa smiled. “Give it a few days. He’s not ready for that yet. But very soon.”

When Brian came back out again, he started to head for his usual corner chair. “Ah-ah! Brian,” Rosa said, stopping him in his tracks. She pointed back toward Wolf, and Brian immediately went back over to lay down next to him again, still wondering why.

Brian almost fell asleep as he listened to Wolf breathing heavily on one side of him while the two women talked aimlessly about this and that on his other side. But suddenly, Wolf woke up and Brian’s face got very wet as the big dog started licking him. Brian could only laugh. “Stop wolf! Stop!” he complained lightheartedly as Wolf continued to lick him. He pushed the dog away, but Wolf continued to pester him.

Seeing the two of them awake again, Rosa grabbed her box of treats and went over to them. She pointed at Wolf. “Sit!” and watched as the big dog sat. She pointed at Brian.

“Sit!” Brian pulled his body from a laying position to a sitting one on the floor. “Good boys,” Rosa crooned approvingly. She looked at Wolf as she raised her box of treats. “Speak!” The big dog barked. “Shake,” she continued, still looking only at Wolf. The dog raised his paw and she shook it. Finally, she reached into her box and brought out a dog treat which the dog gobbled very quickly.

She looked over at Brian. “Speak!”

Brian, knowing what was coming, barked – fairly well.

“Shake,” Rosa continued as she held out her hand.

Brian put his hand out, palm down for her and let her shake it up and down a few times. Then he accepted the dog treat she held out for him. This time, she only watched him chewing on it a few moments before she got back up and went to her seat on the swing. “Good boys,” she crooned as she sat back down and saw both Wolf and Brian watching her intently. “Now go back out and play for a bit.”

Brian got back to his feet and gratefully left the porch, thinking all the way about how “odd” she was being toward him today.

“I noticed you’re not telling him what’s going on,” Connie commented as Brian and Wolf walked slowly out to the backyard.

“No. He’ll figure it out soon enough,” Rosa replied. “I don’t want to scare him off too soon.”

Rosa let Brian and Wolf play for a while more together. She called them both up to the porch one more time and made them each sit on the floor, speak, and shake hands. Then she finally told Brian that he could go home again – if he wanted to.

Brian gratefully accepted. He was tired of playing with Wolf now.

“I’ll see you again tomorrow,” Rosa replied. “And let me know if you don’t have any classes again.”

Brian fervently hoped that he would get called to teach again. Now more than ever!

Chapter 03.

Brian got lucky the next day, he got called to substitute for a teacher in the fourth grade. In some ways, Brian considered the fourth grade to be the worst! Unless, of course you were talking about any of the grades higher than that, especially the classes in the high school. So overall, fourth grade wasn't really too bad at all...although it wasn't very good either.

As so often happened, the class started off okay, but the longer the day continued, the worse things seemed to get, until by afternoon, he was doing nothing but trying to keep the kids in their seats and trying to make them behave. He kept glancing at the clock wishing time would go faster so he could get out of there. Even putting up with the silly way that Mrs. Murphy was treating him lately would be better than the way these kids were acting. No respect! Mrs. Murphy was certainly right about that. But it wasn't his fault. He blamed it solely on their parents – all of them!

He was actually glad to get back home again after school. After parking his car, he walked back up to his mailbox to check for mail. He was pleased to pull out several pieces of junk mail...at least it was something.

His phone rang shortly after he got back into his house.

"I see you're back," Rosa's voice came over the line. "How was school?"

"Ugh! Don't ask!" Brian complained.

"The kids were nasty again?"

"What do you think? They're always nasty. They laugh at me, and they're mean, and..."

"I told you before, you just let them walk all over you."

"No I don't!" Brian replied. "It's their parents! They don't teach the kids anything at all about respect! None of them!"

"I seriously doubt it's the parents if the problem is with all of them," Rosa said. Then she changed the subject. "Wolfie is waiting for you to play again, Brian. Hurry up!"

Before Brian could say another word, the phone line went dead. More playing with Wolf. That was good.... And lately, that was very bad.

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Rosa was in her swing and Wolf was wandering around the big backyard by the time Brian finally came out. It had rained earlier in the day and the ground was still wet. The clouds in the sky threatened to bring more rain at any time. The grass was becoming longer and thicker from the rain and the warmer spring weather. Brian let himself into the backyard while Wolf jumped playfully all over him. He waved briefly at Rosa on the porch and ran through the wet yard toward the big tree they often played around. Rosa let them play for

a while before calling them both back to the porch. Wolf, as usual, got there very fast. “Sit!” she ordered her big dog the minute he reached the top of the steps. Brian was far behind, but she gave the same command to him too the moment he too reached the top of the steps. Brian was kind of expecting it, and he sat down on the porch floor right where she pointed.

Rosa smiled, he had already learned something. “Good boy,” she crooned happily.

After the long miserable day with the kids, something in Brian actually allowed itself to feel pleased that he had managed to do something right. The way he felt right then, any kind words were welcome.

Rosa knelt down in front of Wolf. “Shake,” she said as she held up her hand. Wolf put his big paw up and she shook it up and down a few times before dropping it again. “Speak!” she ordered. And the big dog barked. “Good boy,” she crooned as she fed him a treat.

Then she moved over in front of Brian. “Shake,” she repeated as she had done with Wolf. Brian put his hand out the way she wanted him to and let her shake it up and down. “Speak!” she commanded. He barked almost automatically. He didn’t even think about refusing the treat that she put into his mouth. “Good boy,” she crooned again. And again Brian felt fairly pleased.

“Now go play again,” she ordered. But as Brian started to get up, she stopped him. “Brian, she said suddenly. He looked up at her. “While you’re out there today, please limit yourself to only sounds a dog would make. I don’t want to hear you talking like a human anymore today.”

Brian was totally surprised. “But why?”

“Because I said so...and because starting right now, every time I hear you make any kind of noise that Wolfie can’t, I’m going to punish you.”

Brian was shocked! “Punish me! How? Why?”

Rosa’s face immediately looked stern. “Those are not sounds a dog would make!” she replied angrily. “Now you wait right there!”

Quickly, she headed into the house. She had intended on finding one of the riding crops she used to use when she had been a professional dominatrix, but as she passed through the kitchen, her eyes fell instead on the newspaper she had been reading earlier. She stopped and stared at it for a moment. That was what she had used to punish and train Wolf when he was just a puppy. That was what she had always heard you should use on a puppy. The paper wouldn’t hurt him, but the noise it made would scare him more than anything else. She grabbed a section of the newspaper and was rolling it into a tight tube as she quickly went back out to the porch. Fortunately, Brian was still sitting right where he was. Without pausing in the least, she went right up to him and brought the rolled up newspaper down on his shoulders. “No more talking like a human,” she intoned angrily as she brought the paper down on his cowering form over and over again. “Dog sounds only!”

Brian didn't know what was going on. But he certainly didn't like getting hit with her newspaper. It hurt...sort of. But mostly, she was scaring him. "Why?" he asked as her newspaper continued to attack him.

"Why, is not a noise a dog can make," Rosa replied angrily as she continued to hit him. Rosa could see that what she was doing was having the desired effect. "Remember, only dog sounds!" she ordered again as she reigned a few more swats at his body. Then she started hitting his side. "Now go out and play!" Her newspaper drove him in the direction of the stairs.

Brian hurried down the steps to get away from her as quickly as possible. Wolf was right there, watching them both carefully. The big dog barked repeatedly, but he didn't know if he should be barking at Brian, or at Rosa for hitting him, so he just mostly barked repeatedly and tried to figure out what was going on. Brian too was trying to figure out what was going on. Only dog sounds? No human sounds? Why? It made no sense! But one thing he knew for sure, he was now more afraid of his landlord than ever!

Not making any human sounds was actually easy. He didn't say anything at all as he ran and roughoused with Wolf! But before long, the skies suddenly opened up and the rain began pouring down. Wolf barely seemed to notice, but Brian started running for the porch and as usual, Wolf followed.

"Whew! It's really coming down," Rosa noted as he quickly ran up the steps.

"Yeah!" Brian agreed, slightly out of breath as he reached the top of the stairs. But before he knew it, she was on him, swatting him with her newspaper again.

"Only dog sound! I told you that before! Obviously you still haven't learned!" She swatted him twice more, then finally stopped.

Brian crumbled to the floor, cowering in fear and confusion. Now what was he supposed to do? It was raining. He couldn't play with Wolf very well. And he really just wanted to go home.

Rosa looked out at the rain with disappointment. She had wanted to continue to work with Brian just a little bit more today, but the rain was spoiling things. She could always bring him into the house for a while, but she was afraid that it would quickly lead to things she didn't quite want to get into with him yet. Unfortunately, she finally realized that her best bet would be to end their play...and his training for the day. She turned to him. "You might as well go home now," she told him. "It looks like this rain is going to last for the rest of the day."

Brian gratefully got to his feet again and said nothing.

"Tomorrow is Saturday," Rosa said. "No school. I'll call you in the morning to come play with Wolf again. Be ready early."

Brian chanced his question one more time, and it was asked rather mournfully. "Why?"

But Rosa had been ready for just such a response from him. Very quickly again, she began swatting him with her newspaper. "You just don't learn, do you! No more human noises.

Dog sounds only! Now get out of here until tomorrow. We'll continue with more then." She stopped hitting him and watched as he ran like a scared jackrabbit toward the gate. Wolf, not sure what was going on, barked at him until he was out of sight.

At home, Brian tried his best to sort it all out...and failed. More tomorrow? After being hit by her so much today, he wasn't looking forward to it!

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The next day started out very cloudy, but the weather forecast didn't call for any more rain. It had however rained most of the night, leaving everything very soaked. It was only nine o'clock when Brian's phone rang. He was just finishing his breakfast cereal.

"Wolfie's waiting," Rosa's voice said the moment he picked his phone up.

Brian immediately went into a small panic. "But..."

Don't give me any excuses. "I'll see you here immediately!" Rosa quickly hung up the phone. In cases like this, it was always better to not give them any chance to argue.

Brian hung up his phone and took a deep breath. He really didn't want to do it, but he was too afraid of her. He slowly made his way out his back door and into her backyard. She was just coming out with Wolf as he went slowly through her gate. The big dog started barking and ran to him the moment he saw him. Instead of running into the backyard like he usually did, Brian walked.

Rosa watched as he started across the yard, Wolfie bounding around his feet. "Brian," she called. "Come here a minute."

Brian wasn't exactly in the mood for another dog treat, or for barking or having his "paw" shaken, but he also never once thought about not doing as he was told. So he headed for her porch. He didn't have to climb it though as she started talking as soon as he got close.

"Don't forget what we discussed just before you left yesterday," Rosa cautioned in a no-nonsense voice as if she was giving him a stern warning. But then, her words were meant as a warning.

Brian was shocked. "You mean, no talking?"

Rosa had her rolled up newspaper close by for just such an occurrence. In a flash, she was hurrying down the steps right at him. Before he knew what was happening, she was hitting him with it and yelling at him. "I told you, only dog sounds from now on...and that's all I ever want to hear out of you!" She hit him one more time for good measure, then stopped. "I can see we're going to have to work on just that today!" Then, before he could react, she turned around and walked back up the steps away from him.

Brian couldn't believe it, she actually wanted him to keep making only dog sounds...whatever than meant. And was it for all day today? Or was it only for just a little

while? And what did that have to do with training Wolf? So far, it was more like she was training him!

Rosa sat in her swing and watched them playing for a bit, but her mind was really on what she could do to enforce the concept in him to only use dog sounds. She needed to come up with some kind of exercises for him. But what? Then her phone rang again and she had to go inside to answer it.

“Good morning, Rosa,” Connie’s voice came over the line.

“Connie,” Rosa returned. “How are you?”

“Just wondering how your little ‘project’ is coming along.”

“Why don’t you stop by today and see for yourself?”

“You mean you’re still at it? He hasn’t stopped it yet?”

“Not yet. He still hasn’t figured out how. And from what I’m seeing, it looks like he never will!”

“You’re kidding! No sign of him protesting yet?”

“Very little. And when he does, it takes very little effort on my part to squash him.”

“I don’t know if I should feel sorry for the little guy or if he’s just getting what he deserves!”

“Maybe a little of both,” Rosa suggested. “So, will I see you later?”

“How about just before lunch. Will that be okay?”

“Perfect!” Rosa declared.

Rosa watched Brian and Wolf in the backyard for a little while more before calling them both back up to the porch. Wolf, as usual, got there way ahead of Brian. “Sit!” she ordered the big dog and she watched as Wolf parked himself right where she wanted him. “Sit!” she commanded Brian as she pointed to another spot across from Wolf where the two could see each other. Brian sat down on the floor where she pointed. “I don’t hear you making any noises,” she said to Brian. Brian just shrugged his shoulders, afraid to make any kind of human noise at all. Rosa was actually glad because otherwise she would have to hit him again, and she had other things on her mind just then.

She knelt down on the porch floor between the two where they both could see her. Her box of dog treats was close at hand. She looked at Wolf. “Speak!” she commanded. The big dog barked. “Shake,” she said kindly. Wolfie held up his paw and she shook it a few times. Then she reached into her treat box and gave him one, which the dog loved!

Then it was Brian’s turn. “Speak!” she commanded. Feeling foolish, but having been through this many times already, Brian barked like a dog. “Shake,” Rosa said in a kinder voice, and Brian held out his “paw” which she shook a few times. Then she reached into her treat box and brought one out. But instead of putting it into his mouth like she usually did, she held it in her open palm in front of his head. She waited for him to take it, but he made no movement. He only looked confused. “Take it!” she ordered.

Brian hesitated. Take it? But she usually gave it to him! She usually put it into his mouth for him!

“Take it...” she coaxed again, her voice still kind, but with a touch of sternness.

Brian started to reach up with his hand toward it, but Rosa immediately saw what he was doing and let out a short angry hiss. He moved his hand away quickly. She was still staring at him...still holding out the treat for him to take. Feeling more foolish than ever, he lowered his head to her hand and used only his mouth to take the treat from her.

“Good dog,” she crooned happily, and actually pet his head for a moment.

While Brian liked being praised, he wasn't too sure about it this time.

Rosa moved back away from Brian to where she had been, between both Wolf and Brian again. She looked directly at Wolf and held her hand out flat, palm down. “Down...” she commanded, dragging the word out just a little as she lowered her hand toward the floor. Wolf did nothing but sit and stare at her. She looked over toward Brian. “I've always had trouble getting him to do this one,” she commented briefly before turning back toward her dog. She again repeated the command along with lowering her outstretched hand. But again, Wolf just sat there. “Wolfie!” she said sternly. Then in a much nicer, but firm voice, she repeated. “Down...” again drawing the word out while lowering her hand. Finally Wolf laid down and put his head down on his front legs. “Good boy,” she crooned happily. She went over and pet Wolf and scratched behind his ears. Then she fed him another treat. The minute Wolf got his treat though, he started to get up. “No!” she commanded sharply. “Stay!” Wolf sunk back down to his lying down position. “Good boy,” Rosa said.

Then she turned to Brian. “Okay, let's show him how this is done. Down...” she said to Brian as she lowered her hand like she had down for Wolf. Confused, Brian tried to figure out exactly what he was supposed to do. And how was he supposed to ask if she wouldn't let him? So he tried just laying down on his stomach. “Good boy,” Rosa praised. But then she moved over to him and grabbed both of his arms and pulled them out straight and brought them next to each other. “Front legs go this way,” she explained. “That way, you can put your head down on top of them too if you want. Like Wolfie over there.” Brian looked and saw Wolf still had his head down on his front legs, but he was looking straight at them. He tried it. He lowered his chin to rest on his arms. But not being built like a dog, his head sank partially between his arms.

“Close enough,” Rosa commented. “Good boy,” she praised. Then she reached into her box and pulled out another treat which she held up out in front of him again. Brian had to lift his head up and stretch his neck to get the treat. “Good boy,” she repeated. Then she turned back to Wolf. “Sit!” she commanded. Wolf got all the way to his feet, stretched for a moment, then settled back into a sitting position. “Good enough,” she commented. She looked over at Brian, “Sit!” she commanded. This one was easier and Brian levered his body up to a sitting position.

Rosa looked at him. “We'll work more on that position later. You look awful sitting like that.”

Brian didn't know what she wanted him to do, but he did know he wasn't looking forward to finding out.

Rosa turned back to Wolf and repeated the down exercise. Again, the big dog was reluctant, but after the second repetition of the command, he again laid down. Then it was Brian's turn. "Down..." she repeated like she had done before. This time, Brian knew what she wanted and immediately got into position. "See," Rosa said to Wolf as she moved over to Brian and started petting his head. "That's how it's supposed to be done!" Rosa gave Brian another treat before moving away from them both and standing up. "Good boys," she crooned happily. "Now go play again."

As Brian got to his feet, he thought he was starting to understand. Rosa was trying to use him as an example to show Wolf how to do things. Even though so far, he was the one who was learning from Wolf. At least, he hoped that was what was going on.

Rosa's phone rang a few times after that with business calls, and as she was hanging up from talking to one caller, her doorbell rang. She immediately heard Wolf barking loudly from the back yard, and by the sound of things, he was running toward the house...as usual. She opened her door and let Connie in.

"I hear Wolf outback," Connie said the moment she was in the house. "I guess you've got them playing again?"

"You guess right," Rosa replied as she led the way out to the back porch.

"Stay down!" Connie commanded Wolf the moment she walked through the back door. Wolf rubbed against her, but made no sign that he was going to jump up on her like he used to.

Rosa pointed at Wolf. "Sit!" she commanded. Since there was a new visitor there, she had to repeat the command before Wolf actually sat. By that time, Brian was just getting to the steps.

Brian saw the same woman who had been there a few days earlier. He wanted to leave again and actually stopped at the bottom of the steps.

Rosa saw Brian stopping without coming up to the porch. "Get up here," she ordered sternly.

Without a thought of protesting, Brian reluctantly mounted the steps.

"Sit!" Rosa immediately commanded the moment he reached the porch floor. Brian, as he had done many times now, sat down on the floor right where she pointed. She looked at Wolf. "Speak!" she commanded. The big dog let out a loud bark. She looked over at Brian. "Speak!" she commanded again. Brian barked, but not nearly as loudly as Wolf had or even as loud as he had been doing it. Rosa moved closer to Brian. "Shake," she prompted. Brian held out his hand and she pumped it a few times. Then she walked over to Wolf. "Shake," she commanded. And Wolf held out his paw. Rosa retrieved her box of treats and gave one to Wolf, then she brought the box over to Brian and got one out. As she had done

all day now, she held it in her open palm and Brian had to take it with just his mouth. “Good boy,” she crooned and pet him on the head. Then she moved away from both of them. Looking at Brian she held her hand out straight with her palm facing down. “Down...” she coaxed, softly but firmly.

Hating doing it, Brian lowered his body into the position she had shown him earlier. “Good boy,” Rosa crooned. Then she turned to Wolf. “I hope you were watching Wolfie. Down...” she coaxed. And for once, Wolf actually laid down the first time. “Good boy,” Rosa praised almost excitedly. She immediately gave the dog a treat. And since she had given Wolf one, she gave another one to Brian too.

She backed away again and looked back and forth from one to the other. “Sit!” she commanded. Both Brian and Wolf got to a sitting position. “Good boys,” Rosa crooned happily. “Good boys. Now go play again. Go!”

As soon as Wolf and Brian were out of earshot, Connie finally spoke. “Which one are you training?”

Rosa laughed. “Both, I think. But I do believe Brian is starting to come along nicely.”

“Yeah. I can see you’ve made some big progress. I still don’t know why you don’t just lower the boom on him and force him to go all the way.”

“No,” Rosa replied. “I like it better this way. A little bit at a time. Besides, it continues to give him a way out...if he ever decides to stick up for himself.”

Connie almost laughed. “From what I’m seeing, I doubt he’s ever going to do it!”

Rosa shook her head. “Unfortunately, I’m getting more and more convinced that you’re right!” She changed the subject. “So what’s new from that decorator you hired? Are you having just your kitchen redone, or the entire house?”

“I’ve decided to go with most of the downstairs. The kitchen, dining room, bathroom, and living room. They’re also going to put a bigger deck out back.

“That’s a lot of work,” Rosa commented.

“Yeah, I’m afraid it’s going to be. Especially since it looks like they’re going to have to gut everything before they start.”

“You bought the old house. You knew it would take some work. You knew this was coming.”

“And it looks like I was right! The big problem now is...should I try to keep living there while they work on it, or should I move out for a while?”

“Move out!” Rosa said with no uncertainty. “Trust me, you don’t want to even try living there while they’re working on it.”

“Yeah, that’s kind of what I was afraid of,” Connie replied unhappily. “You wouldn’t happen to have a cheap place available, would you?”

“Not right now,” Rosa replied. But as she watched Brian she added. “But you never know, something might just open up. In fact, I wouldn’t be the least bit surprised.”

“Well, let me know if it does. I’m not sure when they’re supposed to start, but the construction company said it probably wouldn’t be for another month yet, so I’ve still got a little time to find something.”

“Don’t worry about it too much,” Rosa replied. “I’ve got a lot of properties that I rent out. Let’s wait and see if anything comes open.”

Brian had been playing with Wolf all morning and was getting tired. But more than that, he now had to pee. But how was he supposed to tell that to Mrs. Murphy if he couldn’t actually talk to her. He finally decided that his best course of action was to just go home. He began hurrying toward the gate with Wolf naturally at his side.

“Where are you going?” Rosa suddenly called from the porch.

Brian knew that she didn’t want him talking...at least not around Wolf. Why he didn’t know. But this time, he was heading home. “I’ve got to pee!” he called back.

Rosa only paused for a moment. “Then do it here!” she replied, but her voice held more than a hint of anger.

Brian wasn’t happy. He really just wanted to get away for a while. But as before, he did as he was told and headed for her porch.

Rosa got her rolled up newspaper ready but kept it out of sight. The moment Brian reached the top of the steps, she started hitting him with it. “What did I tell you about talking like a human? No more!” She hit him once again before she told him to go in to her bathroom, and to hurry up!

Connie started laughing. “A newspaper? You hit him with a newspaper? How’s that supposed to hurt him?”

But Rosa just smiled. “That’s what I always heard you should use for training puppies. It doesn’t hurt them, but it does scare them. And I can tell you this, it’s working! So far, all I’ve needed to enforce anything is nothing more than my voice...and this bit of newspaper.”

Connie laughed again. “So are you planning on ever making him pee like a dog too?”

Rosa smiled. “Oh yes. Not today, but very soon.”

“I can’t wait to see that one!”

“Oh, don’t worry. More than likely, the way things are going, I’m sure you will.”

The minute Brian came back out of the house, Rosa stopped him again. “I seem to have neglected to give you a way to communicate when you’ve got to pee. So from now on, you can come to me and bark three times. You may have to do it a few times so that I know exactly what you’re trying to tell me. But that should work just fine. So until I tell you otherwise, you come to me and bark three times when you have to go to the bathroom. Now go play again, and I’ll make us all some lunch.”

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Before going in the house, Rosa grabbed her rolled up newspaper. Then she turned to Connie. “Will you grab that box of treats for me. I once left them unguarded and Wolf got into the whole box. I wouldn’t want him to give Brian any ideas.”

Connie giggled as she grabbed the box. “Does Brian really like these things?”

“I’m pretty sure he doesn’t,” Rosa replied. “But at least he’s no longer hesitating when I try to give him one.”

Brian wasn’t sure if he was glad or not when Rosa called him in for lunch. He was fairly sure that despite being able to sit down to eat nicely, that he wouldn’t be allowed to really say anything recognizable. And how could he enjoy eating if he wasn’t allowed to talk?

When he got inside, he saw the table set for three, but all three places looked the same with only a bare plate and an empty glass. Since her friend was still there, he wasn’t sure where he was supposed to sit, so he just stood and waited to be told where he should go. He stood back and watched as Connie poured three glasses of tea, while Rosa set a large bowl of chicken salad in the middle of the table. Connie took one seat, and Brian chanced sitting in the seat that Rosa hadn’t occupied yesterday. Nobody said anything to him about it and he finally relaxed a bit. Rosa took out another of the larger treats she often gave to Wolfie and the big dog took it greedily. Finally Rosa sat down and she and Connie each took a helping of the salad before he took some for himself.

“He seems so polite,” Connie said to Rosa as they started eating.

“Oh, he is,” Rosa replied. “He’s always been very nice.”

Brian was pleased by the compliment.

Connie turned toward him. “How is teaching going?” she asked.

Brian, afraid to answer, looked up at Rosa questioningly.

“You’d better answer her,” Rosa said. “Don’t even think about not answering!”

“It’s difficult...” Brian started to say. But the moment the words left his mouth, Rosa was up and coming at him with her newspaper again. “What did I tell you about using human sounds?” she yelled as she brought the paper down on his shoulders and back. “Dog sounds only!” she yelled as she hit him one more time.

“But how...”

Brian got no further with his question about how he was supposed to answer before she started yelling and hitting him again. “What did I just say? Dog sounds only!” She stopped hitting and yelling but hovered over him. Brian was cringing and really wanted to get away from her. “Now answer her question,” Rosa ordered.

Brian didn’t know what to do. Answer her? How? So he said nothing.

“I said answer her!” Rosa repeated even more threateningly. “Use doggie sounds!”

Dog sounds to answer her question? It was the most stupid thing Brian had ever heard of. How was he supposed to do that? But as he saw Rosa starting to raise the rolled-up newspaper in her hands again, he quickly looked at Connie and barked softly.

“Oh how interesting,” Connie said, stifling a small giggle before she stuck another forkful of the chicken salad into her mouth. “Can you tell me more?”

Brian couldn't believe it, she wanted him to keep answering. So he barked again, twice.

“Oh, I believe it,” Connie replied as if she understood exactly what he was talking about – when he wasn't saying anything!

Rosa finally sat down, now that she was sure that Brian understood what was expected of him. “You know, Brian, dogs are capable of making other sounds too,” she mentioned. “So you don't have to limit yourself to just barks. Dogs can be very expressive when they want to. Just something for you to think about, that's all.”

But Brian didn't want to think about it. He just wanted to go home and get away from these two crazy women. He just didn't have the nerve to actually do it.

All through lunch, the two women would occasionally ask him something, and each time they expected an answer...except that each time they expected him to answer with dog sounds. He usually barked once or twice and they both seemed satisfied with that. Brian was very glad when lunch was over and Rosa said that he and Wolfie could go back outside again.

Neither he nor Wolf seemed to feel like playing much after lunch, so Brian just went out by one of the big trees they often played around and sat with his back up against it. Wolf trotted around a bit, went out to the back corner of the yard to make his mess, then came back to him again and laid down with his head in Brian's lap. Brian pet the big dog lovingly – while he sat there and rested...and tried to figure out what was going on.

Rosa saw the two of them resting together under the trees through her kitchen window and let them alone while she cleaned up the kitchen and talked with Connie for a bit. But eventually, she decided that it was time for more training. Before going outside again, she stopped and looked through Wolfie's toy box and finally selected a rubber pull toy that had two loops of hard rubber, one smaller one made for a human's hand attached to a larger loop intended for the dog. She rarely ever played with Wolfie with it because the big dog had way too much pulling power for her – the husky in him she always assumed.

“Brian! Wolfie!” she called as soon as she and Connie got back outside. She held the toy up so that they could see it from where they were. Wolf, as usual, came at a run, but Brian had to get up from where he was sitting and walked fairly slowly back to the porch. Rosa looked at him sternly. “When I call you, I expect you to come running, like Wolfie does!” she said sternly. But she didn't raise her newspaper or make any other sign that she was going to punish him.

When Brian reached the top of the steps she handed him the toy. Wolf saw it and immediately started jumping for it. “I thought you two might enjoy something to play with,” she explained before she sat back on the swing with Connie.

Wolf had already managed to grab the toy in his teeth and was trying to pull Brian across the porch deck. Brian had to hold on with both hands and brace his feet to pull back at all. Wolf, loving pulling, growled playfully as he played and braced his feet too, making a big tug of war out of the game. To counter Wolf's strength, Brian finally started pulling the toy up higher, finally managing to pull Wolf off of his front feet. The dog held on bravely, but he couldn't gain any more ground. Brian couldn't hold him there though and wound up changing the direction of the pull over and over again, pulling this way, then quickly changing direction and pulling a different way. And finally, he came across one combination that surprised Wolf and made him release his grip. Brian nearly fell over backwards. But Wolf was on him immediately, once again going for the toy and gaining another grip on it. This time, biting down on the same portion that Brian was holding. Fearing for his hand so close to Wolf's powerful teeth, Brian grabbed the larger portion of the toy and the tug of war was back, on.

Again, Brian's only real chance against the powerful dog was to pull it straight up.

Rosa looked over at Connie and winked before turning her attention back to Brian and Wolf. "Brian," she said, barely interrupting their play. "I think it would help matters if you got down to his level and stayed there."

Brian almost asked what she meant, but the first word died just as he started to say it. Wolf took his moment of distraction and pulled extra hard for a moment. Brian was surprised by the sudden pull and actually fell to his knees. He had to let go of the toy as he fell to avoid injuring himself.

"Much better," Rosa declared happily. "Now stay down there while you play."

Brian was shocked. Stay down? Exactly what did she mean by that? He looked over at her, wondering how he could ask.

"Get the toy!" Rosa commanded, seeing that Brian had stopped playing.

Brian looked back and forth between Rosa and Wolf, who was now laying down a short distance away, chewing on it. Get the toy?

"Get to it!" Rosa commanded forcefully.

Brian let out a silent but frustrated sigh and slid across the deck floor on his knees to where Wolf was. He grabbed the toy again and pulled. Wolf, still laying down, refused to give up any ground though. Brian pulled back hard. He started to get to his feet to brace himself better.

"Ah! Ah!" Rosa's stern voice lashed out behind him. "Down! Stay down!"

Not really understanding, Brian remained on his knees. He thought he heard Connie giggling behind him, but all his attention was focused on Wolf...and the toy.

Brian and Wolf played with the toy for only a little while longer before Brian had to quit. His hands were too tired. He started to get to his feet, but again Rosa's voice made him stop. "From now on," she commanded, "you stay down...like Wolfie. You stay at his level."

Stay down? But they were done playing!

“Now go out into the yard again. Wolfie probably has to pee anyway.

Not sure how or what he was supposed to do, Brian crawled toward the steps. He looked up at Rosa to see if that was what she wanted of him. He was shocked to see her smiling and nodding her head at him.

“Good boy,” she said softly. “You stay down just like that from now on.”

From now on? Brian had more questions than he knew what to do with. And he had no way of asking without getting a beating. And it seemed that even when he did chance asking, she didn't give him an answer. The only thing he knew for sure though, was that every day he seemed to grow more frightened of her...and her yelling at him...and her swatting him with her rolled up newspaper!

Brian had a lot of difficulty figuring out how to get down the steps on his hands and knees, but he made it.

“Don't worry, it'll get easier with practice,” Rosa called behind him.

With practice? Brian wasn't happy to hear her say that at all. He slowly made his way out toward the usual tree again. Wolf eventually went down off of the deck and out into the yard too. Brian sat up against the tree to rest again, while Wolf sniffed around the yard and finally peed, before coming over to lay down nearby, where he soon fell asleep.

Brain tried to make sense of things but was totally unsuccessful. Mostly, he wound up sitting there numbly...without thinking at all. But with time, and lunch in his system, and especially since it had been a while, he eventually realized that he had to pee, and the feeling was growing worse. He wanted to go home, but he had a feeling that she wouldn't let him. He realized that he was going to have no choice in the matter if he didn't want to wet himself. He slowly crawled all the way back from the tree, up the steps and right up to Mrs. Murphy who was watching him very closely along with her friend. Like a dog, he barked three times, just the way she had told him to earlier.

“Do you need the bathroom?” Rosa asked.

Brian, afraid to actually say anything, nodded his head. But Rosa just kept looking at him like she still didn't understand what he wanted. Finally, she turned her head away from him and went back to talking with her friend about kitchens and decorating, ignoring him completely. Brian was outraged, but there wasn't much he could do about it. Having little choice, he barked three times again.

Rosa looked down at him. “Do you need the bathroom?” she asked again.

This time Brian barked three times again.

“Well,” Rosa replied. “I guess we better take care of that right away.” She got up from her seat and walked into her house.

Brian crawled along behind her, feeling more like a pet dog than ever.

Rosa stood right outside the bathroom door. “Go on in,” she said. “I guess you’ll probably have to stand to do your business, although I’d rather you sat. But when you open the door to come out, I expect you to be on all fours once again.”

Brian said nothing, her meaning was perfectly clear. He crawled inside. She actually closed the door for him the minute he was far enough in. He knew she was waiting for him just outside the door. He finally got to his feet, breathing a sigh of relief. Knowing that she was standing right outside the door waiting for him to finish, he quickly relieved himself. Just to give himself a few more moments standing up, he washed his hands – thoroughly. Then having nothing more to occupy himself with there, he got back down on his knees and opened the door.

“Took you long enough,” Rosa commented as she started walking back toward her kitchen and the back door. Brian only followed along behind her...once again feeling like her pet dog.

Rosa left Brian and Wolf alone for a bit while she talked with Connie. When her friend finally went home, Brian and Wolf were still out under the tree. She let them stay there together while she worked in the house for a while. Finally she came back out again and grabbed her newspaper and her box of treats. She walked out to where they were. Brian looked up from where he was sitting with his back against the tree. Wolf finally stirred and woke up.

Rosa looked at Brian. “Sit!” she commanded pointing her finger at him. But Brian was sitting. He was sitting with his back against the tree. “Sit!” she commanded again. Brian didn’t know what to do, so all he did was to sit up straighter, pulling his back away from the tree. Rosa smiled.

She looked at Wolf. “Sit!” she commanded. “Wolf tiredly climbed to his feet, then sat down properly. “Good boy,” she crooned. She went over to Wolf. “Shake,” she said. Wolf held out his paw and she shook it. She went over to Brian. “Shake,” she repeated. Halfheartedly, Brian held up his hand and waited while Rosa shook it too. “Good boy,” she repeated. Brian usually liked the compliment, but just then, he didn’t really care.

Rosa backed away from them. “Speak!” she commanded to Wolf and the big dog barked loudly. “Speak!” she commanded to Brian. Brian barked, but like his handshake, it too was halfhearted. Rosa looked at him sternly. “Speak!” she commanded, angrier than before. “Brian again barked, but it had only a little more strength behind it. Rosa was on him with his newspaper in a flash, hitting him over and over again while he cringed against the tree. “When I tell you to speak, I expect you to bark as loudly and as forcefully as Wolf. Don’t you dare give me any of this half-hearted business!”

She finally stopped hitting him and backed away again. Brian was scared and ready to cry. “Speak!” she commanded again. Brian had to hesitate a moment to find the strength, but he finally barked loudly and forcefully again. But all Rosa did was to smile and say, “Good boy.”

She turned to Wolf. “Down...” she said as she held her hand out and lowered it. As she hoped, the big dog settled into a laying down position. “Good boy,” she crooned happily.

“Very good boy.” She turned to Brian. “Down...” she repeated, using the same hand gesture. Brian, too afraid of her to not do what she wanted, lowered himself down onto the ground with his arms together out in front of him. “Good boy,” she crooned again. She backed away from both of them and looked back and forth between them. “Sit!” she commanded. Both Brian and Wolf came to a sitting position. “Good boys,” she repeated again. “Good boys.”

She went over to Wolf and pet his head for a moment, then she gave him two treats. She went over to Brian and ran her fingers through his hair like she was petting him too, then she pulled two more treats out of her box and held them out in her open palm for him to take. Brian never hesitated. “Good boy,” she said again as she pet his head one more time.

“Go home now, Brian. It’s getting late. But don’t even think about not coming back again tomorrow morning. We’ll continue again then. I think we’re making great progress here, so I’ll see you about nine tomorrow. Don’t be late!”

Brian started to get to his feet, but her newspaper was suddenly hitting him again. “No more walking like a human. From now on, you stay down like Wolfie! I don’t ever want to hear you talking like a man or see you walking like a man again!” With one final swat, she stood back out of the way. “Now go home,” she commanded.

Brian, crawled from the tree to the gate as quickly as he could. He opened the gate and went through, and closed it again, all from his knees. He wondered if he could finally walk again, but she was still standing right where she had been, watching him all the way. So he crawled as fast as he could again to his back steps...where he finally chanced standing up. He ran quickly into his own house.

Chapter 04.

It was Sunday. Brian woke up late after sleeping fitfully all night. He glanced at the clock – nearly eight thirty. She had demanded that he be back in her yard again at nine. But he really didn't want to go. He was afraid to go, but he was also afraid to not go. What should he do? If he stayed home, would she come after him and beat him? In his mind, he kept seeing her raise that rolled up newspaper of hers and hitting him over and over again. Fearing her, he jumped out of bed and quickly shaved the slight faint stubble that had accumulated over the last few days. He grabbed the clothes he had worn yesterday. The knees of his pants were badly grass stained from yesterday, but he put them on anyway because he figured they were only going to get worse. He quickly grabbed himself a bowl of cereal for breakfast. He was ready and it was nearly nine o'clock, but fear rooted him in place. He couldn't walk out his door.

Three minutes later, his phone rang. There was no way he could not answer it. "Hello?" he said tentatively.

"I don't see you outside!" Rosa's voice came angrily over the line. "What are you still doing in your house? Wolf is waiting...and so am I!"

"I... I..." he stammered.

"Get over here! Now!" Rosa ordered.

He cringed inside. She was making him go again. "Do I have to crawl all the way there?" he asked, unsure he should even ask the question.

"Only from the moment you hit my property!" she replied in her no-nonsense voice.

He took a big breath. She was letting him talk for once, so he took a chance. "What's going on?" he asked. "What are you doing with me?"

"We're training!" Rosa replied quickly. "Now get over here!" Then she slammed the phone down before he could ask anything else. She smiled. Was he starting to think a little? She hoped so, because it would mean that he might finally figure things out and get the confidence he needed to stand up for himself and break out of this? The smile left her face. And if he didn't, which still seemed all too likely, then he would soon be beyond the point of no return. Getting out of it would no longer be an option for a while. But that too held a certain interest for her, one that she hated to admit, but it fascinated her to no end – that is, in light of her former profession.

Brian set his phone down. His body automatically seemed to move toward his back door, even though his mind didn't really want to. Training? Training for what? It all seemed so confusing. His body went outside, all the way to her fence. Then, fearing what she might do if he didn't, he dropped to his knees and crawled toward her gate. Wolf was already there on the other side, waiting anxiously to play with him. The big dog seemed even bigger from his knees today.

He opened the gate and had to fight with Wolf to just get through it and to close it again. As he crawled toward the middle of the yard, Wolf kept jumping on him and running ahead, trying to get him to get up and run like he usually did. But Brian couldn't run today, not as long as Mrs. Murphy kept him on his knees. No walking...no talking. She had set the rules and she was all too quick to enforce them. And Brian didn't enjoy being yelled at by her...not one little bit! She scared him way too much!

Once he reached their favorite tree, he didn't know how to play with Wolf. Not from his knees. While the big dog tried to roughhouse with him, all he could basically do was to wrestle with him a bit and rub his furry neck. But fortunately, Wolf seemed to enjoy it anyway.

Rosa let them play together for a little while before calling them both up to the porch. As usual, Wolf got there quickly. But Brian, confined to his knees, took much longer than usual. Rosa said nothing about that at all, it was totally understandable and she was just glad to see him following her orders.

"Practice time," she said as Brian was still crawling up the steps. She looked over at Wolf who was laying down and chewing on the hard rubber toy that she had brought out to the deck yesterday. "Wolfie! Sit!" she commanded. But the big dog was too intent on chewing on his toy to bother listening to her. She reached out and quickly snatched the toy away from him. The fact that she was successful surprised both of them – she had gotten lucky. "Sit!" she commanded again. With a groan, Wolf got his body up into a sloppy sitting position, then he yawned. Rosa just shook her head. It was looking like today wasn't going to go real well as far as Wolf was concerned.

She looked over at Brian who had finally gotten up onto the porch. "Sit!" she commanded. But Brian was already sitting, just not in any way that she was really happy with. She shook her head. "We might as well fix this problem right now," she muttered. "Brian, front legs go in the front, paws on the ground. Sit up straight!"

Brian was shocked, although he knew he shouldn't have been. Front legs? Paws? But he knew what she wanted. Reluctantly, he put his hands down on the floor next to each other.

But Rosa still wasn't happy. It was the rest of his body that was all wrong. "Move your hind legs so you're sitting between them. Like Wolfie is over there." She glanced over at Wolf, but Wolf was again laying down again instead of sitting up. "Wolfie! Sit!" She had to wait while Wolf once again pulled his big body into a sitting position, grumbling a bit as he did so. She heard Brian giggle a little as he watched. "See where his legs are," she said. "Now you put yours that way."

Brian did his best to copy the position that Wolf was sitting in, but his legs just weren't built that way. Still, he tried.

Rosa was a bit frustrated to realize that what she was trying to make him do wasn't going to work at all. But that didn't mean she couldn't try to work out something else. "Forget it," she finally said. "Let's try to get at this differently. Stand!" she commanded. Brian started

to get to his feet, but she was immediately at him. “No! No! No! When you stand from now on, it’s on all fours. Not like a human!”

Brian felt like grumbling a bit himself, like Wolf had done. But with Rosa hovering right over him, not really allowing him to do anything but what she wanted, he was too intimidated to do anything but get up on all fours again.

“Okay,” she said, “Now, just set your backside down and bring your front legs back where they belong.”

Brian tried it, and wound up in a kneeling position with his hands still down on the floor in front of him.

“Try spreading your hind legs a bit and see if you can get your bottom all the way down.”

Brian tried it, but while his backside did go down a bit, it didn’t go all the way. And it put a lot of strain on his legs that he wasn’t too happy about. Before Rosa could say anything else, he quickly got back up to where he was squatting on his knees again. The other way was just too uncomfortable.

“Ugh!” Rosa said softly. “I guess it will have to do...for now. At least it’s a lot better than what you were doing.” She turned back to Wolf, who was again lying down.

“Wolfie! Sit!” Once again the big dog grumbled a bit as he lumbered into a sitting position. “Wolfie! Speak!” The big dog barked. “Wolfie... Shake.” Wolf held out his paw and Rosa shook it up and down then dropped it. She held her hand out flat, palm down. “Wolfie, down...” Down was the position that Wolf had wanted to be in all along, so for once, he settled quickly into position...where he promptly rolled over onto his side. “Ugh!” Rosa grunted. “You’re not going to make this easy for me today are you?”

She turned to Brian. “Okay, your turn. “Speak!” Brian hated doing it, but he too barked. “Shake,” Rosa commanded, and Brian held out his hand for her to shake up and down a few times. “Down...” she commanded. Since this time, Brian was sitting on his knees, getting into the position she wanted was like a whole new exercise. But he managed to stretch himself out and get there with no real trouble. “Good boy,” Rosa crooned happily as she reached over to pet his head. She got up and found her box of dog treats and pulled one out. She held it in her open palm and he took it with no problems. “Good boy,” she said again. She looked over at Wolf who was still lying on his side, but was watching them. “None for you, you silly monster.” Rosa got back to her feet. “Okay you two, go play for a while again. We’ll do more later.”

Brian was about to start crawling down the steps, but he noticed Wolf still lying right where he was. Feeling no particular need to really go down the steps again, he crawled over to Wolf and laid down next to him. It was certainly a lot easier than crawling down the steps and all the way out into the yard.

Rosa let them be while she went back inside for a while. Since Brian seemed to be behaving “properly” she felt no real need to hover over him constantly and make sure. At least she figured he’d better behave, or she’d really have at him – even if it was just with her rolled up newspaper.

Brian laid on his back near Wolf and watched the big dog just lying there for a few minutes. Wolf wasn't sleeping, he was just lying on his side. He saw Wolf move his head up and down while still keeping it on the floor. The dog's eyes locked onto the pull toy that Rosa had taken away from him earlier. She had thrown it out of his reach from where he was laying down. Brian saw him start to get up to go after it, but then Wolfie changed his mind and laid back down, obviously not wanting to be bothered to get up to get it.

Brian got back to his knees and got the toy and brought it back to Wolf. Wolf immediately bit down on the part that Brian held out toward him. Brian pulled back, but Wolf had it clamped strongly between his teeth and wasn't about to let go anytime soon. Wolf never got up from his laying down position, but he continued with the tug-of-war anyway, growling playfully as Brian pulled the toy back and forth, trying to get Wolf to let it loose. With no one around to hear him, Brian softly but playfully, growled right back at the dog.

Rosa purposely stayed away from them for a while, only checking on them occasionally by peeking at them through the door or through her kitchen window. Brian was still on the floor and both of them had never left the deck. She saw them playing with the toy together for a while, then Wolf got up and went out into the yard briefly to pee. But he was back quickly. But instead of playing with Brian, he once again laid down and took a nap. She saw Brian lay down next to him, although she was sure he wasn't sleeping.

Her phone rang, interrupting her unseen watching. "Hi Rosa," Connie's voice came cheerfully over the line.

Rosa wondered for a moment if her friend's voice didn't sound a bit too cheerful. "Hi Connie," she replied cautiously.

"I was just wondering if I could buy you lunch today?"

"Lunch? Why?"

"Just to be nice...and because you're such a good friend."

"Uh huh," Rosa replied, clearly not believing her.

"Okay! I'm trying to bribe you! But at least I'm trying to be nice about it!"

Rosa laughed. "Okay, out with it! What do you want?"

"I just want to get further into your good graces to help me find a place to live for a while. That's all."

Rosa had been fairly certain it would be something like that. She laughed a bit again. "Don't worry, you're already very much on my mind." She thought about Brian and her little project with him. "And lately, you've been even more on my mind."

"So that's good?" Connie asked.

"Tell you what. You bring something over here for lunch and we'll discuss it again later this afternoon. Deal?"

"Deal!" Connie replied enthusiastically.

“Oh! Connie,” Rosa replied as she quickly thought of something. “Um...Brian is here and he'll be having lunch with us too. But...well...maybe you should bring something for him that can be cut up into small pieces if necessary.”

“Small pieces? Why?”

“Well, if all goes the way I think it will...which I have no doubt it will, then... Well...we'll both have to see when you get here.”

With a slight giggle, Connie agreed.

See you for lunch then,” Rosa said.

“Yeah, in a little while.”

Rosa checked on Wolf and Brian again. After talking with Connie, she was more anxious than ever to move on with Brian...if she could. But when she checked on them,

She saw that Wolf was now sleeping. She decided to wait a while until the big dog woke up.

A little while later, she caught the faint sounds of them playing on the deck again. She looked out through the door and saw them once again playing tug of war with Wolf's pull toy. From his knees, the contest seemed a lot more fair than when Brian had been able to stand up. In fact, in some ways the game looked almost equal at times. She let them play for a few moments while she took the time to grab one more item for Brian that she had planned on...the one item that would precipitate many more big changes for him – like it or not! She opened her porch door and went back outside. The item she set down on an end table next to her swing. She doubted that Brian had seen it.

“You two are really enjoying that,” she noted. Brian looked up at her. She could see that he was about to answer in human talk, and she immediately put a warning look on her face. Fortunately, he backed off quickly and just went back to his game with Wolf. “Sorry boys,” she said as they played, “but I've got something I need to do with Brian now.”

Brian looked up at her. Do with him? He desperately wanted to ask what it was.

“Let him have his toy for a minute,” Rosa said to him. “You can go back to playing with it when we're done.”

Brian let go of the toy. All his attention was on her, but he was growing more apprehensive by the minute. First she had ordered him not to talk anymore, then she had told him he was no longer allowed to walk. Then this morning she wanted him to sit differently – kneeling actually. Now what did she want?

Rosa knelt down on the deck floor in front of her swing. “Brian, come here,” she ordered. Feeling more apprehensive than ever, Brian crawled over to her. “Good boy,” she crooned happily. “Stay!” she ordered. Brian stopped. Not knowing what else to do, he started dropping into his new sitting position. “No. Stay up like you were,” Rosa told him. Brian went back to all fours again.

“Take your fingers and curl them under,” Rosa told him. Brian was very unsure about what she wanted and hesitated. “Here, give me your paw,” she said, holding out her hand in front of his right hand. Without thinking about it, Brian raised his hand and she grabbed it. Then she gently curled his fingers underneath and pressed his thumb up against the resulting side of his hand. “Now keep it that way,” she said as she helped guide his hand back down into place.

Brian let his weight back down onto his closed over hand. It wasn't too bad. But she wanted him to keep it that way? He started to relax his hand position a bit, loosen his fingers. “No!” her sharp voice cut at him. “Keep those fingers tightly in place!” The instant icy fear from the sound of her voice made him tighten his hand once again. “Now the other hand,” she ordered. She watched closely while Brian curled his left hand into the same position his right hand was in. “Good,” she said as she got to her feet again.

She walked backwards to the end of the deck. “Now come,” she commanded, “and keep your hands like I want them.” Brian crawled forward, trying to keep his hands tightly knotted up the way she wanted them. But when he reached her, she was moving past him, going back the other way. He turned around and followed her. But she was faster than he was and by the time he got close, she was again kneeling down on the deck in front of him. He stopped.

He saw her reach for something that was on her swing seat – it was her rolled up newspaper. She set it on the floor right next to her. He felt an instant wave of panic rush through him. He had done everything she had asked. She wasn't going to hit him again, was she? So far, she wasn't yelling. Fearful and confused, he saw her reach up onto the end table for something else. It took him a moment to fully realize what it was that she had picked up...and what it was that she was about to do. Fear, shock, surprise, and outrage boiled all through him.

He saw her take a roll of wide duct tape and pull part of it out, then place it carefully down on the floor in front of him. “Keep your paws just like that,” she ordered. He could hear the increased sternness in her voice, letting him know that she wasn't about to take no for an answer. He glanced at the rolled up newspaper by her side, ready for her to grab and use on him in an instant. “Now place your paw flat down on the tape.” The fear doubled in his body. She was taking away the use of his hands! What would he do? He didn't want to do it, but she was making him! He felt his body starting to shake with fear.

He saw her slowly start to reach for her newspaper. She wasn't going to let him not do this! Fearing her wrath, he slowly raised his hand, carefully keeping it in the odd position she wanted. Her hand stopped its reach for the newspaper, but she didn't bring it back either, she was waiting. Just as slowly, he set his curled up hand lightly down on top of the tape. He knew it was sticky from the moment he touched it. “Put your weight down on it,” she ordered. Just as slowly, he increased his weight on that hand until he was once again balanced between both front hands. All he could do was watch as she brought the end of the tape tightly over the back of his hand and stuck it down into place. Then she grabbed his hand and picked it up. Pulling tightly, she wrapped the tape all the way around twice more, finally ripping it off and sticking the remaining end in place.

Before he set his hand back down, he tried to open his hand or move his fingers. Impossible! He looked up at her feeling nothing but fear and confusion. And she was smiling at him...but was it an evil smile? He was very sure there was more than a bit of satisfaction on her face.

“Now let’s fix your other paw.” Rosa pulled open another length of tape and set it down on the floor in front of his other hand, sticky side up. She could see the fear and hesitation in him. She had no doubt he would be feeling plenty of fear. But this was a major step...and a necessary one. But would he finally get up enough courage now to balk hard enough and demand that she stop? She glanced at her newspaper again, and with that single glance, she saw him slowly lift his other hand. She didn’t know whether to be glad or not...she felt satisfied, but she would have felt even more satisfied if he had finally fought back. Slowly, she watched as he carefully set his curled up hand down on the tape, then with one quick effort, set his weight fully on it. Quickly, she pulled the end of the tape up over the back of his hand. Then she picked up the hand and wrapped the tape tightly around it several times before ripping it off and sticking it in place as she had done with his first hand.

Rosa felt a moment of triumph and satisfaction. Both of his hands were now totally useless to him. She had effectually turned them into nothing but paws. Not surprisingly, she felt a stirring in her sexual regions – enough to let her know that she was moister than usual down there. It was just a taste of the feelings and enjoyment she used to get from being a professional dominatrix...when she used to dominate men and do far worse to them than what she had just done to Brian. Her mind briefly considered teaching Brian to do something a little more interesting and directly related to that sexual itch, but she quickly dashed that thought. Brian wasn’t ready for anything like that...yet. And most likely it would be a while.

She got to her feet as Brian was still holding up his latest “paw” and was just staring at it. He looked up at her. She could see the confusion and...hurt...on his face. Yet he hadn’t done one thing to stick up for himself. Not one thing to complain or fight back. The way things were going, Connie was going to get her rental house with very little trouble at all. “Now go play again,” she ordered. Then she walked off purposely, as if he were something so inferior he hardly mattered to her at all. Old habits die hard, she realized as she did it. The little ways of her old life still came back out of habit sometimes.

Still bewildered, Brian crawled toward Wolf again. But now his hands had been rendered into useless lumps...paws...good for nothing...except perhaps walking on. What was he going to do? She was turning him into a damn dog! And there was nothing he could do to stop her. She didn’t seem to care about him or what he thought one little bit. How could she be so callous? Oh, at times, she seemed very nice. He even sort of enjoyed it when she pet his head – like a dog, or even when she seemed to praise him for something – even though it was always for doing something like a dog. But still...how could she do this to him? And why was she doing this to him?

The tape around his hands felt strange – all around. It felt tight and confining. It did help to cushion the floor under his hands – adding a layer of protection to his skin, but that was such a small thing. The need to open his hands again seemed to grow stronger and stronger by the second. He continually kept trying to fight against the tape and open his fingers, but

it was always a useless exercise. He knew without a doubt that there was no way he could do it, yet his body kept trying.

He had no doubt about it at all anymore. She was turning him into a stupid dog. Like Wolf...sort of. He wasn't even sure about his thinking that it was all to help with Wolf's training. Why was she doing this to him? And...what could he do about it? The only answer he could see to his last question was – nothing! Every time he even thought of protesting, she yelled at him. And her voice was so...overbearing! And being hit with her newspaper.... While it never really hurt him too much, it scared him to death! She was just so...so...dominating! It was the only word he could think of that fit. Or maybe, overbearing! Both really. All he knew for sure was that she was impossible to fight against.

Feeling sorry for himself, he sat, as humanly as possible, next to Wolf. But Wolf didn't stay where he had been. Wolf immediately got up and went down into the backyard. Brian watched him for a few moments, not seeing any reason to follow. He was too self-absorbed with his new-found fate. He watched as Wolf sniffed around the garden for a few moments, then lifted his leg and peed against a bush. When Wolf had finished, he went back and carefully sniffed where he had just wet. His actions made Brian realize that he too needed to pee. But Rosa wasn't outside just then, and to tell the truth, he didn't want any part of seeing her for a while. Fortunately, it was a small problem just then, and one that could be ignored for a bit.

A minute later, Brian saw Wolf dive between some of the bushes and come back again with an old tennis ball. Wolf trotted around with the ball in his mouth for a few minutes, then with a quick toss of his head, he threw the ball off to the side. Immediately, he chased it and pounced on it. Brian, feeling sorry for himself, could only think that if he still had the use of his hands, he would have enjoyed throwing the ball for Wolf. But how could he do that now?

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Rosa's doorbell rang and she went to answer it. She could immediately hear Wolfie barking outside at the back door. She ignored him and opened her front door. Connie was there with a large bag in her hand. "I brought some rotisserie chicken," Connie said as she held the bag up. I figured it would be good and also easy to cut up if you needed to.

Rosa smiled. "Sounds perfect," she declared as she let her friend in. She could still hear Wolfie barking out back. She led the way to the kitchen where Connie simply set the bag down on the counter while Rosa went to her back door and yelled at Wolf to stop. The dog did stop barking, but not without a few extra ones to show that he was still upset.

Connie poked her head around Rosa's back to look through her back door. She saw Brian sitting on the back deck. "How's Brian doing?" she asked.

Instead of answering, Rosa opened the door and went outside. Connie followed. Wolf immediately came up to her and sniffed her carefully before finally wandering off.

As soon as Wolf was gone, Connie noticed the look on Brian's face. He looked troubled, or angry, or something. Not his usual self. Then she noticed the tape wrapped around his hands. She desperately wanted to say something about it, but she stopped herself. Still.... "I see you've been busy with him again," she noted.

"I just did that a few minutes ago," Rosa replied. "I don't think the shock has worn off yet."

"No, not yet," Connie agreed. Connie wanted to ask more questions, but she knew they were not questions she could ask directly in front of Brian.

"Shall we go in and start putting lunch together?" Rosa suggested.

"Yeah, good idea," Connie replied, anxious to talk to her friend privately about Brian.

Brian saw them heading toward the door, and realized that he still needed to pee. He didn't want to have to wait too long. He wasn't even sure how he was going to manage it with his hands all taped up. The two women were going through the back door. Quickly he let out three loud barks. Rosa stopped in her tracks and looked back at him. He barked three times again.

Rosa stuck her head back out through the door. "Do you need to pee?" she asked him. Again Brian barked three times. He did see her smile though.

Rosa stuck her head back inside for a moment. "You might want to watch this, she said to Connie. Since he doesn't have hands anymore, he's about to be in for yet another little surprise. Maybe a big one."

Connie followed Rosa back outside. Brian was just crawling up to her. But as soon as Connie came out again, she closed the door to the house.

"Sit!" Rosa ordered as she stood over him.

Hating having to do it, Brian settled back to his odd kneeling position again and looked up at her, waiting for her to let him inside.

"Since you don't have hands anymore," Rosa said to him, "then I'm sure you realize that using the bathroom will be pretty much impossible for you. Just think, how would you even unzip your pants? So I'm afraid we're going to have to make another little adjustment here to help you out.

Brian was instantly afraid again. He still hadn't fully registered what she had just done to his hands. Now she was going to do something else?

"Stand!" Rosa ordered. She waited until he was once again on all fours. Then she moved around behind him.

Still fearful and totally bewildered, Brian suddenly felt her straddling over top of him. Then, before he knew it, her arms were going under him at his waist. She was unbuckling his belt. It certainly wasn't a dog sound that escaped his throat. "Ahhhh!" he moaned loudly in protest. She was instantly off of him. Faster than he could react, he saw her grab her rolled-

up newspaper. Then suddenly she was all over him, hitting his back, his shoulders, and his backside – over and over again.

“What did I tell you? Dog sounds only!” Rosa yelled. “Dog sounds only!”

Brian was crying before she finished hitting him. He knew the sounds of his crying weren't exactly dog sounds, but he couldn't help himself from making them. Fortunately, Rosa seemed to be ignoring them as she set her newspaper down next to her. Then she was back, standing over top of him again. Her hands went back under him and he felt her unbuckling his belt. He did nothing at all to stop her this time. He felt her unfastening his pants, pulling the zipper apart. Then she was at his feet, pulling his shoes and socks off. He knew what she was doing to him, yet he was helpless to stop her. Hating and dreading it, he felt her roughly grab his pants and pull them off of him. His underwear quickly followed, leaving him totally exposed...and right in front of her friend! Then, she was pulling at his shirt, pulling that up and over his head, leaving him completely naked with no clothes on at all. He shivered in the spring weather as the breeze suddenly washed over his naked body.

“There! That's much better,” Rosa declared. “Now those nasty clothes won't be in your way anymore. Now you can just go down into the yard and go like Wolfie does.”

Brian was too shocked to move. Go like Wolfie? He couldn't!

“I know you have to go,” Rosa said. “Get to it!”

But Brian was still afraid to do it. Not like she wanted.

“Go!” she ordered.

Fearing her, Brian slowly crawled toward the steps. He carefully made his way down them and out into the yard. Go? Like Wolf? He looked around. Where was he supposed to do it? He looked back up to the porch to see both Rosa and Connie watching him carefully. He looked around for someplace that would be more private, where they couldn't see him – but there was no place safe anywhere around.

Wolf was suddenly there, next to him, jumping on him, trying to play with him. But he still had to pee, and Rosa and her friend were still watching him.

“Don't forget to lift your leg like Wolfie does,” Rosa called down from the porch. Seeing he was still hesitating, she added, “Maybe you can try using some of the same things to pee against that he uses. Maybe that will help you.” She heard Connie start giggling uncontrollably next to her.

Brian couldn't believe it. She wanted him to do this exactly the way Wolf did it. Having little choice in the matter, he finally went over next to some of the bushes up against the porch. He lifted his leg, but as he did so, he realized that he was probably giving the women a perfect view of his private parts underneath. He set his leg back down again. But where was he supposed to go? Of course there were all the other trees in the yard that Wolf peed against regularly.

But now Wolf was not only trying to play with him, Wolf was sniffing all too closely at his private parts too. He wanted to tell the dog to go away, but how could he if he wasn't

allowed to talk? “We’re waiting,” Rosa’s voice came from the porch above him. The women were waiting to see him humiliate himself in front of them...and Wolf was still sniffing all too closely at him. He needed Wolf to get out of the way. In desperation, he whined a bit at the big dog. Wolf picked his head up, but did little else. Having no other options now, Brian finally lifted his leg again...somewhat, and let loose his pee. Wolf was instantly under him, sniffing at it while he was doing it. He heard the women laughing at him from above. He really hated himself just then.

The second that he finished, he lowered his leg again and crawled away as fast as he could. Wolf followed right with him. The moment he stopped, he felt Wolf under him again, sniffing at him. Suddenly, Wolf’s rough tongue started licking him right where it shouldn’t. He crawled away again, trying to get away from Wolf, but it was impossible. Every time he moved, the big dog moved with him and of course, Wolf was much faster and much more agile than he was. Again and again, Wolf’s tongue licked at his private parts. Why wouldn’t the dog stop? Finally, having no place to go, he stood still. Wolf again licked him thoroughly, then finally stopped. Brian felt totally humiliated, and for the first time in a few minutes, he remembered his problem with his hands. He picked one up and tried to open it again – useless!

Wolf was on him again, this time, jumping on his back, trying to get him to play again. How could he? He crawled this way and that, trying to get away from Wolf, but the big dog just thought it was all part of the game and jumped on him each time. Brian looked back up to the deck for the women in hopes that maybe one of them could help him...as if they would, and saw that they were both gone. He was on his own now, playing this strange new game with Wolf.

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“Now that was priceless!” Connie declared the moment they were inside again. She was still chuckling over it.

Rosa pulled the chicken out of the bag that Connie had brought when she arrived. It was a whole rotisserie chicken. She grabbed a knife to cut it up with. “I’m afraid that that’s just one of the little changes he’s in store for now. Without the use of his hands, there’s all kinds of things he won’t be able to do.

Connie glanced at the table. “Like eating at the table?” she asked, trying to stifle more giggling.

“Exactly!” Rosa declared. “He won’t be able to do it.” She sighed, but it was a mock sigh. “I’m afraid we’re just going to have to set a plate out on the floor for him.”

Connie giggled yet again as she grabbed some plates out of Rosa’s cabinet. “And that’s why you wanted to make sure I brought something that could be cut up!” Connie replied.

Rosa just looked at her and smiled. Connie set two of the plates on the table and the third one on the counter. Then she reached for some glasses. She pulled two out and reached for a third, then stopped herself. “How about to drink?” she asked. “Do I get him a glass?”

“Of course not,” Rosa replied, never looking up from the chicken she was cutting. “How would he grab it?”

“So what do I get him?” Connie asked.

Rosa reached into another cupboard and brought out a large bowl. “Here, fill this with water for him.” Connie took the bowl with another giggle.

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It wasn't bad enough that Wolf kept jumping all over him to play with him. Actually, Brian had seen dogs do that together when they played all the time. The problem now was that he was fairly certain that Wolf was occasionally trying to “hump” him. So when Rosa whistled from the porch, calling them in, he wasn't just glad, he was relieved. Especially when Wolf left him and took off like a shot for the porch. Brian simply did his best to hurry along behind. “Lunch time,” Rosa called.

Wolf was there quickly and Rosa let him into the house. By the time Brian got there, only Connie was at the door. She let him inside. Would she finally untape his hands so he could eat? He hoped so! He crawled up to the table, waiting for her to give him the go-ahead that he could sit down and eat. Even naked and embarrassed as he was about it, he expected her to do that.

Rosa finally gave Wolf his usual large treat which the big dog took greedily. Brian was still waiting next to the chair he usually used. But then he saw her putting down a plate full of chicken on the floor.

“This one's for you, Brian. I'm sure you'll agree that eating at the table is now quite impossible for you, just like many other things.” She looked over at Wolf who had spotted the plate and was sniffing the air all too actively. “I suggest you eat this quickly, before Wolf gets it, because there won't be any more.”

Rosa sat down and Brian slumped back on his feet in shock. Eat from the floor? Like a dog? But wasn't that exactly what she seemed to be turning him into? This was just one more example. He saw Wolf suddenly get up and head for the plate of chicken she had put out for him.

“You better move him off,” Rosa commented, now seated at the table, because like I said, there won't be any more.

But Brian wasn't about to go through this indignity too. He crawled away from the table, and away from Wolf, back toward the porch door, where he laid down on the floor out of the way.

“Suit yourself,” Rosa said as her last comment, while Wolf quickly gobbled down Brian’s lunch.

After lunch Rosa let Brian and Wolf stay in the house for a while. Wolf took another of his many naps, and Brian simply laid quietly while he sulked and felt sorry for himself. Rosa and her friend spent a long time talking during lunch about remodeling her house, then after lunch, they went into the living room to talk while Brian and Wolf “slept” lunch off in the kitchen.

In the living room, Connie talked quietly with Rosa. “So are you going to keep taping his hands up like that?” Connie asked.

“For now,” Rosa replied. “Actually, I was considering calling on the talents of Mr. Tolliver. That is, if Brian still hasn’t gotten up enough nerve to fight back by tomorrow.”

“You mean Edward Tolliver?”

“You know him?”

“Oh, he does beautiful work. I have several leather corsets that he made. The man is a genius!”

“That’s why I’m thinking of calling on him. And I think I’ve still got one or two things that he made for me long ago lying around here somewhere too.”

Connie giggled. “You should get something for yourself while you’re at it.”

Rosa shook her head. “Not this time. But I’m sure that I’ll wind up paying him plenty for his services.”

“He’s worth it though.”

Rosa nodded. “He always has been in the past.”

Connie paused before saying anything else. “You said we could talk a bit more about a temporary house for me?”

Rosa smiled. She nodded her head towards the kitchen where Brian and Wolf were sleeping. “His place...right next door.”

“His place? But how about him? Is he leaving?”

Rosa smiled to herself. “Yes, and no.” She shook her head. “He’s been late more times with his rent than he’s been on time. And lately, I haven’t seen him going to work as much as he used to. Plus, with the way things are going right now with him, I’m probably going to be moving him in here with me for a while.”

“In with you? When he can’t pay rent?”

Rosa nodded, then put a wicked smile on her face. Of course, he’ll be living here permanently during that time as a dog. But then, since he can’t pay his bills and he can’t find another job either, then maybe it will be for the best.”

Connie was amazed. “You actually intend on doing this?”

Rosa nodded. “Yep! If he doesn’t get up enough backbone to fight back pretty soon.”

“And how soon before you know for sure?”

Rosa shook her head. “It’s hard to say, but the way things are going, it’s looking like he has less and less of a chance. I’d say that the absolute deadline will be by the time Mr. Tolliver comes up with something for me. After that, it’s all over for him.”

“Or maybe just beginning.”

“Most likely,” Rosa agreed.

“And how about me?” Connie asked.

“Don’t worry. If Brian’s house doesn’t open up, I’ve still got another one that my people are working on right now that will be available by then. I’ll hold it for you. But his place is definitely better.”

Connie smiled. “Thanks Rosa, you’re the best! I really appreciate it.”

“Don’t mention it. What are friends for? Besides, you’re in the business. Maybe with you living next door for a while, you can help out with Brian occasionally.”

Connie smiled knowingly. “Sounds like fun!”

Connie left soon afterwards and the door opening awakened Wolf who immediately started barking again.

“Quiet Wolf!” Rosa yelled from the front door as she watched Connie walking back out towards her car. She closed the door and headed back toward the kitchen. Wolf was just coming out towards her...and the front door. “If there’s one thing I hope we can achieve this summer,” she said to her big dog, “it’s to get you under control! You’re a pest!”

Wolf, not really knowing, or caring, if she was yelling at him or just talking to him, went up and sat right down in front of her. She reached down and scratched behind the big dog’s ears. “You crazy monster,” she said affectionately. Wolf simply loved the attention.

In the kitchen, Brian had heard Rosa complaining about Wolf’s behavior and her desire to get Wolf better trained. Was she really using him to try to train Wolf better? It certainly didn’t seem like it. Lately, everything she seemed to be doing was aimed solely at him. He looked up as she entered the kitchen.

“Training time again, boys,” she announced as she went to her counter and grabbed her box of dog treats.

Brian wasn’t happy to hear that. He was still sulking over being naked, and not having the use of his hands, and in general – her trying to treat him like a stupid dog! He was especially feeling weird about being naked – and in front of her and her friend too! At least her friend had left now.

As she had done outside many times, Rosa put Wolf and Brian through all the commands they had learned so far, making sure that both of them did everything exactly right. She didn’t give out any treats though until she was finished, then both Brian and Wolf got two.

She looked at Wolfie. “Do you need to go outside again?” she asked. Wolf lazily got up from his sitting position and headed for the door. Rosa turned to Brian. “And how about you too?” Brian didn’t really want to go outside again, especially since he was totally naked. Since he couldn’t really answer her very well with just barking, he laid down on the floor instead. Rosa opened the door and let Wolf out. “You too, Brian. Outside!” she ordered.

Brian didn’t want to go, but she was standing there holding the door open for him. “Go!” she ordered again. Reluctantly, Brian got to his hands and knees again and crawled after Wolf. He wasn’t happy in the least to hear the door closing behind him. He was outside again, naked, without the use of his hands, restricted to having to crawl on his hands and knees everywhere, and restricted from using any kind of human speech. There was no way his life could get more miserable than this.

The cool spring air again washed over his body as he carefully descended the steps in his crawling position. Wolf had gone out by one of the trees in the yard and peed up against it. Brian didn’t yet feel the need for that call of nature. He simply crawled out toward one of the trees again.

But Wolf had now napped a few times that day and was full of energy. Once again, Brian found himself wrestling with Wolf who was having a good time jumping all over him, especially now that Brian was down to his level. Despite his odd predicament, and despite the fact that he only wanted to sulk over his new problems, Brian found himself enjoying the contact with the big dog. Wolf’s fur felt nice up against his naked body, and it was warm too. And the intimate contact with the dog was not only fun and playful, Brian almost felt a measure of love there too. At least, his brain tried to pull that much out of it. It was really all he had.

All through the afternoon, Rosa let them play, calling them both back to the porch occasionally for “training sessions.” Between them, Brian and Wolf either played together, or napped together. And when the call of nature hit him again, Brian found a decent spot in the yard where he wasn’t likely to be crawling through it, and simply let go. He didn’t lift his leg like Wolf did. It was easier to simply squat a bit and let loose.

As the afternoon wore on, Brian began to think more and more about going home again. It was certainly getting later in the day. And besides, his stomach had started rumbling from being hungry. The few dog treats she was giving him certainly didn’t do anything except to make his hunger grow worse. He also wanted his hands free...not to mention to get some clothes back on his body again. But the afternoon seemed to be wearing on longer and longer. Of course, he had no way of actually telling what time it was, but he could tell by the angle of the sun that it had to be getting fairly late.

Finally, Rosa whistled from the porch again. Brian hoped more than ever that this time she would release him and let him go home. But unfortunately, it was only to put them through yet another of her training sessions. The routine had become all too familiar now, and both Brian and Wolf hardly gave the tired old commands any thought anymore. But this time, when she was done, Rosa held the door open and ushered both Wolf and Brian inside the house again.

Brian entered the kitchen and could smell dinner cooking. Was she going to let him go now? She always let him go before dinner time! His stomach growled. Since he had missed lunch, he was hungry. Wolf was wandering around over by the corner cupboards. He kept pacing and looking up at one of the cabinets expectantly.

“All right! All right!” Rosa exclaimed to the impatient dog. “I’ll get you one.” She opened the cabinet and pulled out the larger size treats that she gave him when she ate lunch. She threw one of them towards Wolf and he snatched it neatly out of the air. He carried it over to an out of the way area of the kitchen where he laid down and held it between his paws while he started gnawing on it. Rosa looked at Brian. Then she pulled another treat out and held it up. “Wolfie won’t let me alone while I’m eating unless he gets one of these,” she declared. Then she tossed the second treat at Brian. Even though he ducked, the treat still hit him in the shoulder and landed on the floor in front of him. “You might as well start working on that while I’m eating,” she said as she put the rest of the treats away.

Brian stared at the treat. He didn’t want it. He didn’t want it at all. He wanted whatever she was having for dinner, because whatever it was, it smelled awfully good! Especially since he was so hungry. Instead of touching it, he crawled away from the treat and started to lie down to sulk again.

“You better start eating that thing,” Rosa cautioned as she started heading for the table. “Because you don’t get any dinner until it’s done. And I’ll bet you’re getting hungry already.”

Brian was getting hungry, very hungry. But eat the dog treat? It didn’t look very appetizing at all. He didn’t like the liver treats she gave him all through the day, and he was sure that this one would probably taste even worse. But she usually didn’t feed him dinner anyway. He was planning on fixing something for himself as soon as he got home. So he declined to go back to the treat and ignored it.

“I’m not letting you go home until you have dinner tonight,” she added when she saw him still not touching it. “So if you want to spend all night here, hungry, then I just want you to know that I have no problem with it.”

She wasn’t going to let him off. He wanted to complain about how unfair she was being. He wanted to tell her lots of nasty things. But with no way to adequately express those thoughts, what was the point?

Once again trapped with no way out, he crawled back over to the treat. Wolfie held his between his paws while he ate it. Brian laid down in front of it and tried to pick it up with his taped up hands. The treat was nothing but a long round cylinder. And it was fairly hard. Just getting the thing to move was nearly impossible. Through sheer perseverance, he finally got it up between his own “paws.” He bit down on it. It was hard, but not too hard. Kind of like beef jerky. He thought it tasted a bit like beef jerky too. Holding the thing between his paws while trying to bite off a piece of it proved to be very difficult. He had better luck chewing it a bit with his back teeth to weaken it until he could manage to break some of it off. Then of course, he had to chew up the piece he now had in his mouth. The whole exercise was a lot of work – for very little reward. Bit by bit, he finally managed to eat the whole thing.

When he was done, he looked up. Rosa was still at the table, watching him intently while she drank her coffee.

“Good boy,” she praised. “You ate it all.” She finally got up from the table, which signaled Wolf to get up from the floor too and once again start pacing back and forth expectantly. Brian watched as she pulled a can of dog food out of her cabinet. Then she picked up Wolf’s food bowl and with the aid of a spoon, dumped the contents of the can into the bowl. She used the spoon to break it up a bit before she set the bowl down on the floor for Wolf to eat. Wolf went at it in his usual greedy fashion.

Rosa then turned to the counter and picked up a plate full of food that she had fixed for Brian earlier – mashed potatoes, chopped beef, green beans, and a tiny taste of apple pie. She set the plate down on the floor for him, right next to the bowl of water that Connie had put out for him at lunch time.

Wolf saw her putting the plate down on the floor and stopped eating his own dinner. Real food scraps were much better to eat.

Rosa saw Wolfie eyeing Brian’s dinner. “You better gobble that all down fast before Wolf gets it,” she suggested to Brian. “Because that’s all there is for dinner. And don’t forget, you don’t get to go home until you’ve had dinner.”

Brian didn’t really want to eat from the floor without the use of his hands. But she was making sure that he had no choice in the matter. He lowered his face to the plate as Rosa moved away from him. But the moment Rosa moved away, Wolf moved closer. Brian came up for air just as Wolf lowered his head near the plate. Brian’s face was covered with mashed potatoes, but he had a mouthful of food that he gratefully chewed. But as his head came up, Wolf’s head went down. All too quickly, Wolf began gobbling up Brian’s dinner.

“Uh!” Brian grunted in protest, knowing that he wasn’t supposed to talk.

But his short little exclamation wasn’t any kind sound a dog would make and Rosa realized that quickly. She glanced around for the newspaper she usually used on him and realized it was still out on the porch. She grabbed the first thing she could think of instead – her dish towel. She folded it in half and began beating Brian’s back with it. “You still haven’t learned, have you! No human sounds! Only dog sounds!” The minute she had started yelling at him, Wolf sensed her anger and ran off, leaving Brian alone to take the punishment.

Her dish towel hurt a lot more than the newspaper ever had. He actually cried out at the beginning of her beating, which only made her yell at him and beat him more for that offense too. Her tirade didn’t last long, but Brian was still near tears when she stopped.

His face smeared with food, and now feeling even more miserable after her last beating, he watched as she moved back to stand against the counter to watch him finish eating. He looked down at the plate. Wolf had already gotten a good bit of the food that had been there. He lowered his face back into the dish and worked to get another mouthful of food. But as he came up again, Wolf came back. Still chewing, he quickly lowered his head back over the plate again to try to block Wolf’s big head from getting at it. But Wolf’s long snout and especially his tongue were still managing to get all too much of his dinner. Brian tried

to push Wolf's head away with his own head, but that only earned him a warning growl from Wolf. Brian tried desperately to protect what was left of his food with his face, but it was too difficult. While he had to chew his food, Wolf seemed to just swallow whole every little bit that he got. Brian picked his head up a bit to try to figure out some way to get rid of the big dog, but the moment he did, Wolf moved in completely. Brian could no longer even get at his dinner. His face covered in even more of the food now, he looked up at Rosa, wanting to ask, what should he do now? Had he eaten enough that she would finally let him go home?

Rosa wanted to laugh, but she held a stern look on her face instead. This was not the time to go lightly. Wolf gobbled the last of the food from the plate, then began licking the plate as clean as he could get it with his tongue. "You didn't get enough to even call dinner," she said to Brian. "You've got to eat." She glanced over at Wolf's unfinished dog food. She was very doubtful that after eating Brian's dinner that Wolf would go back for it. Besides, Wolf was now licking the plate clean, and since she had seen him do that frequently, she knew that he would be at it for quite a while. "Since you didn't get enough from your plate, I suggest you eat Wolf's instead. Because you're not going home until it's finished."

Brian's stomach turned at just the thought of eating the dog food. Especially after Wolf had already been eating from it. He actually let out a doggie whimper looking for some sympathy from her.

Rosa wanted to laugh. It was probably the first non-barking dog sound that she had heard him make. But that didn't mean that she was going to back off. "No!" she said as if she was telling Wolf not to do something. She pointed at Wolf's dog bowl. "Eat it!" she commanded. Then she folded her arms while still leaning back against her counter. She was going to make sure that he did as she wanted before he went home tonight. Besides, she had one more important thing to do with him before she let him go home. And she knew that in many ways, it was going to be far worse for him than just eating a little dog food.

Feeling sicker and sicker as he crawled closer to the bowl. Brian finally reached the bowl and stared at the contents. It looked terrible...and smelled even worse! Since she had chopped it all up, it was hard to tell exactly how much of the can Wolf had already eaten. But either way, there was still way too much left. He looked up at her one more time, his eyes pleading for her to reconsider, but she seemed to remain just as impassive and determined as ever. He looked over at Wolf, hoping that the big dog would come back again to reclaim his own dinner. But Wolf was now licking the plate so hard that it was sliding all over the hard kitchen floor.

He stared back into the bowl and let out a small whimper again. Bracing himself, he lowered his head and opened his mouth. He bit into the mush in the bowl and started chewing. Yuck! It was all he could do to keep it in his mouth. But he bravely chewed away, and actually managed to swallow it. He wanted a drink so badly to wash the taste away, but what would be the use, there was still too much of the food left. Again and again he lowered his head, grabbed a mouthful of the dog food, chewed the mush a little, then swallowed. His stomach was turning from just thinking about what he was doing.

“There’s water next to you if you need it,” Rosa said from her never moving position against the counter. Brian looked at Wolf’s water bowl. He was more than ready for a drink. Hating doing it, he moved his head over to the water and stuck his messy face close. He tried to just sip at the water by sticking his lips out and sucking on it. But he started choking as the water he managed to get in went back too far and tried to get into his lungs. He coughed reflexively, hoping all the while that she wouldn’t beat him again for making non-dog sounds. But fortunately she remained back against the counter. “You’re going to have to learn to use your tongue, like Wolfie does,” she told him.

Brian tried licking the water up with his tongue, but he got very little water from it. His tongue wasn’t as long as Wolf’s was. He finally gave up and lowered his head back into the bowl of dog food again and continued eating until he could get no more. He looked up at Rosa and backed away from the bowl.

“Good boy,” she praised as she finally put a smile on her face. She shook her head. “My but your face is a mess. But it can stay there. It’s just something else I guess you’ll have to get used to dealing with.”

Brian knew his face was a mess. He wanted badly to rub the food off with his hands, but his hands were all taped up and useless. He had finally eaten everything he could. Would she let him go home now?

Rosa glanced over at Wolf, who was ignoring Brian completely and was sniffing instead around the kitchen door. He would probably want to go out soon. He would have to wait a few minutes, she had something else to do with Brian first.

She stared down at Brian. “Sit!” she commanded softly.

Brian sat, automatically. He had done it often enough now that he didn’t need to think about it. She was still looking down at him. Was she going to make him bark now too, like she usually did?

Rosa continued to stare at him for a moment, keeping him on edge. Making him wait...and wonder. “I know you’re probably wondering what I’m doing with you,” she finally began.

Brain was surprised by her words, which were an understatement if he ever heard one.

“I’m also sure that by now you realize that I’m making you act more and more like a dog,” she continued.

A fact that Brian wasn’t happy about at all!

“I’m afraid that for now, I’m not going to tell you why I’m doing this. I’m sorry, but that’s just the way it’s going to be. But let me tell you instead a tiny bit of what’s in your immediate future.”

Brian didn’t have time to react to the fact that she wasn’t going to tell him why she was doing it. He was suddenly too concerned with what she was about to say next.

“From now on,” she said, “whenever you’re not working, I expect you to be over here, learning how to be a dog!”

Her statement sent an immediate feeling like he suddenly had lead in his stomach...or maybe it was the dog food he had just eaten.

“For now, you’ll be going home at night so you can be ready in case they call you for work the next day. But there are going to be times when you’ll be staying here for the night too.”

The first part of that was good news to Brian, but the last part was troubling.

“Don’t even think about not coming over, or even delaying getting here, because I’ll be watching for your car every day. If I don’t see you going to work, then I expect you to be here right away. If you do go to work, then as soon as you get home I expect you back here again as fast as possible. As I said before, don’t even think about not coming, because believe me, I’m very, very good at hurting men. It used to be my profession, and I have lots of nasty ways to punish you for not following my orders.”

Her profession? What kind of profession could she have had that she hurt men for a living? But knowing the way that she was, something about her made him believe it. And not only did he believe it, but it scared him more than a bit too.

“So from now on, I expect you to be here promptly, every day. You will of course be totally naked. Dogs have no need of clothes. You will act like a dog from the time you arrive until the time you leave. And trust me, I’m going to make sure that you do!”

Rosa leaned over toward him. Her voice dropped just a hair. “And now here’s the kicker. There is a way out of this for you...there always has been. But I’m not going to tell you what it is. If you find it, then I’ll actually be very glad for you. But if not? Well, I’ve already told you a little of what’s in store for you.” She stood up straight again. “And unfortunately, I’ve decided that there will now be a time limit on your way out!”

Brian had no idea what she was talking about. A way out of it? It seemed too good to be true! But he had no idea what it could possibly be. She had left him with a puzzle to solve. But not one clue to solve it with.

Rosa glanced again at Wolf who was now sitting next to the door. He had to go out for sure. It was time for Brian to go out too...and then home. She walked over to the door and flipped the light switch that would turn on the flood lights for her porch and back yard. She opened the door and Wolf almost forced his way out past her. “Let’s go,” she said to Brian. “You can go home just as soon as you and Wolfie finish your business out back.”

Brian crawled out onto the porch. His head was swimming over everything she had just told him. She was going to keep making him act like a dog? For how long? And what was his way out of it? And why, why, why was she doing this to him? He had no answers, and unfortunately, no options either. He followed Wolf down the steps and out into the yard in a semi-daze, still trying to comprehend it all. She hurt men for a living? Professionally? Yet, he believed that one all too much. The rest of it was still all too hard to accept.

He finally glanced up. Wolf was way in the back of the lot, doing more than just wetting something. He felt no need, fortunately, to do what Wolf was, but he did have a slight urge to pee. He glanced back at the porch. She was watching. This afternoon he had just squatted

and peed on the grass. He had a feeling she wouldn't let him get by with doing it that way if she saw him. So he crawled over to one of the trees and raised his leg a little bit to pee. The fact that he wasn't hitting the tree at all didn't even bother him. When he was done, he crawled back toward the porch.

Wolf had finished his business by then and bounded up to him, jumping on him and trying to play, but Brian didn't feel much like playing just then.

"Are you ready to go home now?" Rosa asked, knowing that he couldn't answer her. She grabbed the clothes he had worn that morning and carried them down the steps and all the way to her gate where she laid them over the fence between their properties. Brian crawled along behind her with Wolf running around both of them. She finally knelt down and removed the tape from Brian's hands. He started to open his fingers. "No!" she ordered quickly. "Not until you're home!" Brian immediately put his hands back down and left them curled up. He would be away from her soon...he hoped.

She pointed at Wolf. "Stay," she ordered. Wolf stopped short, unsure of what was going on. Rosa opened the gate and let Brian crawl through, then she shut it again. "See you tomorrow," she said to him.

Brian crawled all the way up to his clothes. Then, almost fearing her wrath, he quickly got to his feet. He grabbed the clothes and made a mad dash into his house where he closed and locked the door behind him. He showered, then took a long hot bath to soak away his aches and pains.

Then, because he had eaten mostly dog food for dinner, he opened his refrigerator to get something decent to eat. But just the thought of eating suddenly turned his stomach and he closed his refrigerator again.

He went to bed that night, praying for his phone to ring in the morning with a teaching job.

Chapter 05.

Rosa watched out her window the next morning and was pleased to see Brian hurrying to his car and driving away. He had been called for another substitute teaching job. She knew that those jobs had been getting fewer and fewer for him.

She spent the morning handling the business of her rental properties – what few things she could handle. It seemed that being a landlord, especially one with many properties, was a twenty-four hour a day job. She often got calls from tenants at the oddest hours – usually with things that she passed on to one of her maintenance men. Men who were nothing at all like Brian.

Later in the morning, while a landscaping crew was cutting her lawn as well as Brian's lawn, she stopped by and personally checked on the progress of one of her newest properties. There was a crew of workers there. By the looks of things, the house didn't look like it would be fit to live in for another few months – at least. But she had been through this many times before now. In just a few weeks, the place would be spotless and ready for whoever was willing to pay her fees. It was still possible that Connie would be renting this house for a few months, but it was something she seriously doubted.

Before going home, she went shopping for some groceries – she was running out of dog treats faster than she had planned on. No question as to why. She also made a quick stop at the pet supply store before going home.

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Brian, as usual, wasn't having a great day with the kids. It seemed like they were adamant about being worse for him than ever. Third-graders! Ugh! Why couldn't it have been kindergarteners? Twice during the day, he got hit by little pieces of paper thrown by the kids – and he never once saw who had done it. By the end of the day, he was just grateful to get out of there! But going home held worse horrors.

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Rosa was vacuuming the middle of her living room when she saw his car pull into his driveway through her front window. She saw him get out and look at her house for several moments before he lowered his head and slowly headed into his house, never looking up from the ground the entire way. She could tell that he was troubled again, and she had a feeling that it was more than just what she was doing to him that was causing it. Since he was coming back from school, then more than likely he had once again had a bad day with the kids.

Well, she would go easier on him today than yesterday. Yesterday had been a groundbreaking day. If she was going to move forward with her plans, then yesterday had to happen. She grabbed her roll of tape and the bag from the pet store and went out to her back porch. She waited for him.

If Brian hadn't been so afraid of her, he wouldn't have even considered going. But he was afraid. She hurt men! Professionally? There was just something about her that made him believe that completely. What would she do to him if he didn't go? Very few real possibilities actually came to mind, but they were all possibilities that he quickly shut away. He didn't want to think about what she really might do to him. And whatever it was, he was sure that it would be a lot worse than what she was doing to him now.

Too afraid not to go, he removed the clothes he had worn to school and didn't replace them with anything at all. Feeling totally embarrassed about being naked, even alone in his own house, he headed slowly for his back door, trying all the way to come up with the courage to keep going. She hurt men! Professionally?

Rosa didn't see him open his door to come outside until she was just about ready to phone him. She saw him looking around carefully with his door only slightly open. Then, totally naked, he slipped through it and made a mad dash for the fence. She smiled. The minute he reached the fence, he was down on his hands and knees, crawling as fast as he could for her gate. He was obviously afraid of being seen naked. Well, that was something she would eventually have to train out of him.

His running and furious crawling quickly attracted Wolf's attention and the dog ran over towards Brian, barking excitedly.

"Quiet, Wolf!" Rosa commanded as she headed toward the gate. Brian was already opening it, and fighting his way past Wolf to get through. Rosa helped him by closing the gate behind him. Since he was again down on his hands and knees, Wolf was jumping all over him, mostly on top of him. "Wolf, move!" Rosa commanded. The big dog backed off, but not without a few more welcoming licks to Brian's face.

Rosa pulled out a length of tape and knelt down in front of him right where he was. She set the tape on the ground in front of his hand. "Paws!" she ordered.

If Brian hadn't been so afraid of her, he wouldn't have even come out of his house. Having little choice in the matter, he closed his hand up into the required position and set it firmly down on top of the tape. Rosa quickly wrapped his hand up tightly. A minute later, both hands were useless to him once again. She stood up. "Come on up to the porch," she told him. "I've got something else for you there."

Brian was fairly sure he didn't want to know what she was talking about, but then, there wasn't much else he figured she could do to him? He crawled along behind her towards the porch, and up the stairs. She pulled something out of a plastic bag and held it up for him to see. A dog collar! Even knowing what she was doing to him, the sight of it turned his stomach. It was all leather, solid red, and looked to be heavy enough for Wolf. His body shuddered involuntarily the moment she pulled it up around his neck and buckled it in place, fortunately not too tightly. He felt her inserting two of her fingers between the collar and

his neck to make sure he had plenty of room. But he had no doubt that there was no way it would ever simply slip over his head and off again.

“There,” she exclaimed with great satisfaction. “Much better!”

Brian didn't think so at all. He shook his head slightly to get the feel of the thing. It didn't really seem to move at all but he could feel the weight of it around his neck.

Before she let Brian go off and play with Wolf, she put both of her “dogs” through the few things they had already learned. Brian felt more like a dog than ever with the collar around his neck...especially when she made him bark.

When she was done, Rosa shooed them both off of the porch and out into the yard for a while. She went inside and looked up a phone number she hadn't called in a long while. Since Brian had accepted the taping of his hands and the collar so easily today, she had no doubts at all about her next step. “Hello, Mr. Tolliver?”

“Edward Tolliver here,” the slight English accent on the other end replied.

“I don't know if you'll remember me, but this is Rosa Murphy.”

“Aaahh,” the voice on the other end crooned. “Madam Rosa. I haven't heard from you in a long while.” His voice dropped just a little bit in volume. “Please forgive me, but didn't I hear that you retired?”

“Yes,” Rosa replied, “I'm no longer in the business. I rent houses now instead.”

“Ah, such a pity.” He paused for a moment. “Let me see...if I remember correctly, your last order was for two red leather corsets. One of them locking.”

“You have an awfully good memory. Yes. In fact, I still have one of them.”

“Ah! But what happened to the other, if I may ask?”

Rosa chuckled. “At the time, I had a sub that I wasn't too happy with. I kept him in it for about three month, constantly tightening the corset until it was as tight as it would go...and his figure closely matched mine. Then I inserted several very nasty locks and told him I never wanted to see him again.”

“Ah, Madam Rosa. It's such a pity you retired. But what can I do for you now?”

“Well,” Rosa began. “I have kind of an odd request. I need you to make something for me, but...”

“You know it would be a pleasure for me to make you anything at all dear Madam.”

“Well, it's not exactly for me. And this is very much out of the ordinary. In fact, I'm afraid it may even be a bit of a challenge for you.”

“Aha! A challenge! Now you've got me intrigued!”

“Tell you what, Mr. Tolliver, can you come by here one evening and let me show you what I'm interested in?”

“You can't come to my shop?”

“That wouldn’t be a very good idea,” Rosa replied. “Not this time.”

“Hmmm. You must be doing something interesting then. You did say it wasn’t for you, so I assume it’s for somebody else?”

“That is correct.”

“And I thought you were retired!”

“I am. This is just...something that came up.”

Tolliver laughed. “My dear Madam Rosa, how about tomorrow evening. Will that be soon enough?”

“Perfect, Edward! I look forward to seeing you.”

Rosa hung up her phone. Another major step was in the process now. If Brian didn’t start fighting back soon, then his chances of ever getting out of it were going to be non-existent!

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At dinner time that night, Rosa again brought Brian and Wolf into the kitchen as she had done the night before. And once again, Brian had to go through the indignity of having to finish one of Wolf’s large dog treats while Rosa sat at the table by herself and finished her own dinner. And like the evening before, as soon as she was done, she put a can of dog food out for Wolf to eat. But this time, when she served Brian his dinner, she took a brand new dog bowl down off of her counter.

Brian was a bit shocked to see the bowl, but at least he was happy to note that it contained normal “human” food. Before he tried to eat any of it, he glanced over at Wolf who had been eating his own food with his usual gusto. Wolf picked up his head and began sniffing the air as he looked over toward Brian. The moment that Wolf left his own dish to head toward Brian, Brian quickly stuck his head into his own bowl and began trying to eat as fast as he could. He felt Wolf’s head trying to poke its way between the sides of the bowl and his head, but Brian stoutly refused to bring his own head up out of the bowl. In the narrow space between Brian’s head and the sides of the bowl, Wolf couldn’t get his snout far enough into it to really get at much of the food. His tongue actually got most of what he was able to get.

Then, to try to keep Wolf further away, Brian started moving around to the side while still keeping his head in the bowl. He wound up pushing Wolf around too. The movement made it even more difficult for Wolf to get at the human food in the bowl, and eventually, Brian heard Wolf grumble a bit and move his head away. Success! Brian dared not lift his head out of the bowl for even a second, even when he knew that Wolf had moved away from him. And before he knew it, Brian had actually finished his own dinner and Wolf had gotten very little of it at all. He lifted his head and saw Rosa staring at him from her spot, leaning against the counter.

“Very good,” she praised him. “You managed that very well. Don’t forget to drink some of your water before you finish. I’m sure you must be thirsty after eating like that. And be sure to drink plenty of it.”

Water? Until she said it, Brian hadn’t realized that he was thirsty. But now he was faced with trying to drink out of the water bowl next to his food bowl again. He remembered how difficult it had been last night. He stuck his face down by the water, and stuck his tongue into it. Over and over again, he tried to lap up some water, but he got very little for his efforts each time. Still, he was getting some water. He heard Wolf licking his own food bowl clean and he looked up to watch. Wolf moved his head away from his food bowl and over to his own water bowl. Then he stuck his head halfway under the water, splashing some of it onto the floor before he pulled his head back and began lapping greedily at it. His action gave Brian an idea. He too stuck his face down into the water, but while he was down there, he tried to lap more water up with his tongue. It worked, but not really so well. He still had to pull his head back up to breath. And when he did, he saw that much of the food that had been smeared all over his face was now down in his water, making it very unappetizing. He heard Rosa chuckle a bit at him before she walked away.

It wasn’t until much later in the evening when Rosa finally allowed him to go home, removing his collar and the tape from his hands just before she opened the gate for him. This time, he had no clothes to grab off of the fence. But he still jumped quickly to his feet and ran back to his house just as soon as he was able.

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The next morning, Brian stared at his phone, willing it to ring. But it remained all too silent. If his phone didn’t ring soon, then he would be faced with spending the entire day next door...as a dog! Desperately, he wanted it to ring, but only silence filled the air. And eventually, he knew that time had run out. He wasn’t going to get called for a substitute teaching job today...or any other job either.

He stared at the disappointing phone in a fog. And when it did finally ring, it startled him. “Hello?” he said excitedly, hoping against hope that it would be someone wanting him to teach.

“Brian?” Rosa’s voice came over the line. “I see you’re not teaching today. What’s keeping you?”

“I’ll be there soon,” Brian replied sorrowfully.

“Brian!” Rosa’s voice cut through the line before he could hang up the phone.

“Yes?”

“Are you going to be able to pay your rent for next month?” Rosa asked, not very kindly. Next weekend would mark the start of May. She would be busy getting money from a lot of people all next week.

“Um... Um...” Brian was afraid he knew the answer to that one already, but it was hard to admit. “I don’t know,” he finally replied.

“Which means no!” Rosa interpreted.

“I haven’t gotten my check yet,” Brian countered. There’s still this week and besides, I’ve still got to the tenth.”

“Yes, but after the fifth, there’s a penalty fee. Don’t forget that.”

“I know,” Brian admitted sadly.

“I know you know,” Rosa replied. “You pay it so often that it’s more like your normal rent fee now!”

“I know,” Brian replied dejectedly.

“Since you’re not working, then get over here! I know you’ve got nothing better to do anyway.”

Brain hung up his phone. She was actually right, he didn’t really have anything better to do. But was being her dog better than doing nothing? Somehow, he didn’t think so. Not as far as he was concerned anyway.

A short while later, Brian was again naked, collared, on all fours, his hands bound into uselessness, and was rolling around on the ground with Wolf. Rosa let them play for a while to help get the restlessness out of Wolf’s system. Then, as she frequently did, she called them both up to the porch and put them again through their usual training routine. She had plans to add to the routine, but not yet. The result was that both Brian and Wolf performed everything reflexively – without hardly thinking about it.

Before she released them to go back out into the yard, she spotted Wolf’s pull toy that had been left out on the porch for the last few days. She picked it up and threw it at Brian. Brian tried to catch it in his “paws.” “Your mouth, Brian,” she said. “Catch it with your mouth!” Brian didn’t even want to consider trying that one. But Wolf had seen her throwing the toy and it immediately attracted his attention. He pounced on the pull toy quickly and carried it triumphantly around in his mouth as he pranced around the porch with it. “Well go get it!” Rosa said to Brain seeing him not moving yet. “Go play!”

Brian scurried after Wolf, who simply ran off past him to the other side of the porch. Brian chased him as fast as he could, but it was really no contest. With no hands, Brian couldn’t even grab the toy as Wolf ran past him. But Wolf was certainly loving the game and being chased.

Rosa was going to go back into the house to work a bit, but she was enjoying watching the two of them playing together. Of course, it was really no contest since Brian couldn’t move very fast and also couldn’t use his mouth the way that Wolf did – yet. But she decided to sit for a few minutes and watch them play for a while anyway.

Eventually, Wolf jumped down the steps out into the yard and Brian had to follow him. Again and again, Wolf kept taunting Brian with the toy, carrying it close to him, but never close enough. But finally, Brian actually managed to get one of his “paws” hooked through

the larger end of the toy. Instantly, the tug of war was on! Wolf growled and pulled back one way, while Brian, his wrist hooked through the toy and his other “paw” trying to hold it there, pulled back the other way. But Wolf’s pulling power was too great for Brian, pulling him down onto his stomach. To counter the big dog’s power, Brian rolled over onto his back, extended his legs, and dug the heels of his feet into the ground, leaning back and pulling as hard as he could. With his feet now braced, Wolf was no longer gaining ground on him.

Something about what Brian was doing bothered Rosa. She got up from her seat. “Brian, she called. “Stop using your feet!”

Brian looked up at her, confused. What was she talking about? He wasn’t using his feet. Not really. But he rolled back to his knees again. Wolf gave another huge pull and Brian was forced to let go of the toy before the big dog broke his arm. Wolf trotted away with the toy triumphantly.

But of course, Wolf thought that this was a great game, so he began taunting Brian with the toy yet again, trying to get Brian to chase him and try to get it. It took a while, but Brian was finally able to hook his “paw” through the loop in the toy again, and again the two of them went back to pulling against each other. And again, to counter Wolf’s strength, Brian stretched his legs out and dug his heels into the ground.

“Brian!” Rosa’s voice cut across the yard. “What did I tell you about using your feet? Forget you have feet!”

Feeling silly about it, Brian again rolled over onto his knees and immediately let loose of the toy before Wolf could hurt him.

Wolf ran off with the toy and laid down to chew on it for a minute, but then he was back with it again, trying to get Brian to chase him and play. Brian was getting tired, but he bravely tried catching the toy again. Having no hands to hold onto the thing made the task nearly impossible, but he kept at it and eventually, Wolf allowed him to get close enough to slip his “paw” through the loop one more time. Again, the two of them went into their tug-of-war game. And again, Wolf was winning. It was only out of desperation that Brian had to roll onto his back, extend his legs, and dig his heels in as he had done before. But the moment he did....

“Brian! What did I tell you about your feet? Stop it!” Knowing she had to find a better solution to what was going on, Rosa went back into the house. She went straight to her old “toy” box in the basement where she kept many things from her former occupation. Quickly finding two nylon straps, she brought them back outside.

She whistled for Brian and Wolf to come back up to the porch where she once again put them through their “training exercises.” Both of them seemed to be getting bored with the routine now – even Wolf. But as long as the way they responded was becoming more and more automatic...more and more thoughtless, she was happy to continue repeating it. When she was done, both Brian and Wolf got two dog treats. She wondered how much Brian even tasted them or cared about what he was eating anymore.

As soon as Brian had finished his treats she told him to stand – on all fours of course, which Brian did. Then she grabbed her straps.

Brian immediately felt a bit scared the minute he saw the black nylon straps in her hand. He wondered what she was going to do with them.

Rosa knelt down next to him and grabbed his ankle. She bent his leg back at the knee and wrapped the strap around his ankle and leg, pulling it tighter and tighter until the heel of his foot was firmly strapped to his leg. Then she did the same with his other leg. Now it would be as if he didn't even have the lower extensions of his legs.

She stood up feeling very satisfied again. This was something she hadn't planned on, but she found she rather liked the idea. "Okay," she said. "You two can go play again." Then she simply turned her back and went straight into the house. Unknown to Brian, she immediately went into the kitchen to watch him from her window where he couldn't see her.

Brian stayed right where he was for a few minutes, trying to figure out what to do about what she had done to him now. He tried to move forward and learned that his movements felt strange and were slightly hampered by the straps she had put on him. He turned his body to try to look at the straps, which was difficult. Trying to undo them was as useless as trying to undo his collar. He had no hands – it was impossible!

He could still move, it just felt a bit strange. And since he was now confined to moving on his kneecaps, he quickly realized how much more tender they were than the way he had crawled about before. She had taken away his talking, his walking, his clothes, his hands, and now had reduced his legs to half of what they were before. How much more could she possibly do to him? He wanted to scream in frustration, but making any kind of sound that wasn't a dog sound would quickly bring a beating – something he really didn't want! Since she wasn't around, he was tempted to scream anyway. But in the end, he opted to forgo the human wail of anguish.

Wolf was laying down on the deck, his head flat on the floor. But his eyes were wide open, watching him. Brian crawled over to him and laid down too. He couldn't straighten out his legs to get comfortable the way he wanted to. He tried turning over on his back, but with his legs bent backwards, it felt very awkward. It was now more comfortable lying on his side, like Wolfie was. Damn her! He felt more like a stupid dog than ever!

Rosa chuckled as she saw him trying to get comfortable lying down. She hadn't even thought about him being unable to lay comfortably on his back until she saw him trying it. She wondered what he must think about everything, but quickly decided that it was probably better if she didn't know. She could pretty well imagine it anyway.

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At lunchtime, Rosa called the two of them into the kitchen and gave them each one of the usual treats she gave Wolf whenever she ate. Brian again chewed his with a great deal of difficulty. When he saw that she was finished eating, he expected her to feed him. But instead, she seemed to ignore both him and Wolf and she simply left the kitchen and went into her living room where she had a desk set up. Brian crawled after her, wondering what she was going to do about feeding him. But all he saw her doing was making phone call after phone call, handling her landlord business. She had forgotten him!

Having nothing else to do, he laid down on the soft living room carpet to rest. Wolf was sleeping on the hard kitchen floor. Brian quickly realized that her carpeting felt much better on his body – especially his aching knees.

Brian stayed right where he was, on the carpet, ignored by her. Wolf slept in the kitchen, then moved to the living room, then back to the kitchen. Every little while he had to find someplace different to sleep. At one point, Brian watched as Wolf pulled one of his toys out of a box that was partially hidden under an end table. The box seemed to be full of them. Wolf laid on the carpet and chewed on the toy for a few minutes before getting bored with it and wandering off to someplace else. A little while later, Rosa was walking by the toy, spotted it and picked it up. She started to throw it back into the toy box, but she spotted Brian instead. She threw it at him. “Here,” she said. “Something to chew on.” Brian ignored the toy. He certainly wasn’t going to put that dirty, disgusting looking thing anywhere near his mouth!

Later in the afternoon, Rosa again shooed both of her dogs outside to play again for a while. Brian and Wolf wrestled a bit – even though Wolf now won much more easily since Brian wasn’t used to having only part of his legs to work with. Still, it was a lot of fun wrestling around with the big dog, and his fur still felt nice against Brian’s naked body.

While they were outside, Rosa called them back to the porch twice for more training practice. The routine was starting to mean less and less to Brian, other than it was sometimes a welcome break from the tiring play he and Wolf often engaged in.

At dinner time, Brian again kept his head firmly in his dog bowl to keep Wolf away. Wolf again tried to get at his food, but soon gave up and Brian was able to relax and eat a bit easier than the night before. After dinner, Rosa left the “dogs” in the house for a little while, mostly ignoring them, but before too long, she shooed both of them back outside again.

Back in the yard, Wolf wandered out to the back corner to relieve himself both ways. Brian simply squatted somewhere out of the way again.

The loud angry sound of a motorcycle coming into the driveway caught both Brian’s and Wolf’s attention. Wolf immediately started barking ferociously as he ran back and forth between the gates on both sides of the yard, trying desperately to get at whoever had pulled into the driveway. Brian, knowing that Rosa now had a visitor, crawled up close to the bushes by the deck in hopes that he would be less visible there.

Rosa heard the motorcycle approaching and had her door open by the time Edward Tolliver got his helmet off and was walking up the front steps. “You’re right on time, Edward,” Rosa said warmly. “It’s good to see you again.”

“And you too, Madam Rosa,” Edward replied, his British accent very evident. Although Edward’s speech and mannerisms were polished and proper, his appearance was always in direct contrast. Edward Tolliver was a huge man, probably close to three hundred pounds. He was usually dressed in leather from head to toe, resembling the typical motorcycle gang members that you often saw in the movies.

In the living room, over top of Wolf’s barking out back, Rosa filled Edward in on exactly what it was that she was doing, and what she wanted him to create. Wolf’s barking outside went on for quite a while before it eventually slowed down and finally stopped.

When Rosa had explained everything, Edward pursed his lips in thought. “You said he’d be wearing them for a long time, without them being removed? How long?”

Rosa shrugged. “A few months for certain. Quite possibly...longer.”

Edward only nodded. The long time factor was where the real problems occurred. It would give him much to think about. “Can I see him?” he finally asked.

Rosa smiled. “He’s out back with Wolfie. I’ll call him in.” But before she left the room she turned back to Edward. “Um...if possible, I’d like for him not to know what it is that you’re going to be doing for me...or him. I’d prefer to keep him as much in the dark about it as possible.”

Edward only smiled. “I think we can manage that,” he replied. “At least, for now.”

While Tolliver stayed in the living room, Rosa went to her back door. The minute she started to open it though, she had to fight against Wolf to keep the big dog from getting in. “No Wolf! No! Stay!” But Wolf knew there was someone else in his house and was frantic to get at him. “No Wolf!” In desperation, she went all the way out onto the porch and closed the door behind her. “Wolf! Sit!” she finally ordered. Surprisingly, Wolfie sat like he was supposed to. “Good dog,” Rosa crooned, amazed that Wolf had actually done it. Wolf barked a few more times, then was finally quiet.

Rosa looked around for Brian and just spotted his back semi-hidden by the bushes. “Brian! Get up here. Now!” Brian poked his head up to look. He hadn’t heard the motorcycle leaving, which meant that her guest was still in the house. But he only saw her on the porch and no one else. Cautiously, he crawled away from the bushes and toward the steps. Climbing the steps with his legs strapped up was harder than ever, but he had done it a few times now and was getting more and more proficient at it. “Hurry up!” Rosa commanded as she waited, not so patiently.

As soon as Brian got to the top of the steps, Rosa opened the door again. Wolf started to get up to head for the door. “Stay!” she yelled at the big dog. She was pleased to see him sit back down where he was. “Come on in the house, Brian” she said as she held the door open and watched to make sure that Wolf was going to remain out of the way. But Brian knew that she had company there, and he was fairly sure it wasn’t her friend Connie who

had seen him several times before. Brian sat down instead, like a dog because it was now the best way for him to sit.

Rosa saw Brian balk at coming into the house. “Come, Brian. Come!” she ordered. But Brian was too scared. He didn’t want anyone else to see him the way he was. Rosa quickly went over to him and grabbed him roughly by his collar and pulled. Brian was forced to follow her as she dragged him through the door and into the house. She was only glad that Wolf was staying out of her way for once. “When I tell you to do something, you better do it!” she muttered angrily as she closed the door behind them.

Still holding onto his collar, she reached up and grabbed Wolf’s leash that she kept hung by the back door. As she leaned down and clipped it to his collar she whispered threateningly, “I suggest you be on your best behavior...or you’re going to be one sorry puppy!”

Brian was scared to his bones. Especially when she stood up and he still felt her pulling hard on his collar. No, she was pulling on the leash, which was attached to his collar, but it amounted to the same thing. As she walked slowly through the kitchen, keeping the leash pulled up tightly all the way, Brian was forced to follow wherever she went. All the way into the living room where he immediately saw one of the biggest men he had ever seen in his life. Scary looking too!

“Here, he is,” Rosa said as she led Brian into the living room. “Sorry it took so long. Wolfie can be a real handful.”

Edward looked down at Brian. From the barking I’ve been hearing, I take it that this is not Wolfie.”

“Not even close!” Rosa replied, then added, “But we are making progress.”

Rosa continued to hold the leash tightly while Edward looked Brian over carefully. Brian was nearly shaking with fright and embarrassment, but since Rosa was pulling so tightly on his collar – with her leash, he had little choice but to remain where he was, and silent.

Edward finally bent down and grabbed Brian’s feet, both of them at the same time. He twisted them inward toward each other and finally grabbed them both with one hand and held them that way. “Hmm,” he mused as his brain raced through ideas.

Brian wanted to scream, but he forced himself to remain silent. He didn’t want to face whatever Rosa might do to him.

Rosa wanted to tell Edward that she had only just strapped his legs up like that to make a point with Brian today...that he didn’t need to worry about it. But if she said anything now, it would let Brian know too much that she didn’t want him to know...yet.

Edward finally let go of Brian’s feet and Brian immediately felt a wave of relief. “Let me see his hands,” Edward asked as he moved around in front of Brian and knelt down.

“Sit!” Rosa commanded and pulled up a bit harder on the leash. Brian immediately went into his sitting position.

Edward picked up one of Brian's taped up hands and examined it carefully, then the other one. Then he stood up again.

"Let me get back to you in a day or two," he said to Rosa. "I'm going to have to think about this a bit."

"But are you going to be able to do something?" Rosa asked.

"Oh yes," he looked down at Brian to signify that he didn't want to say too much in front of him. "There are just some pesky little problems that are going to need to be considered. That's all."

Rosa smiled. "Thank you, Edward. I look forward to hearing from you then."

Edward smiled down at Brian. "Don't bother to show me out," he said. "I can see that you've got your hands full right now. Until later, dear Madam," he said. Then he left.

Rosa kept Brian's leash tight the whole time. She didn't release it until Edward had closed the door behind him. "You did very well," she said in her no-nonsense voice. Then she leaned down and unclipped the leash from his collar. The moment she did, Edward's motorcycle roared to life out in the driveway, and Wolf's barking roared to life on the back deck.

Later that night, Rosa spent a few minutes considering the fact that Edward Tolliver had spent so much time looking at Brian's legs. She could easily call him, probably right now in fact, and tell him to not worry about them, that it was just his hands that she was mostly interested in. But as she considered it, she had to consider just what it was that she was doing with Brian. Turning him into a dog, of course. But more than that, she was trying to make a point with him. And of course, in doing so, she was trying to strip him of as much humanity as she possibly could. And of course, the lower extremities of his legs could certainly be a part of that process. Maybe even a big part of it. In the end, she decided that even though Tolliver was going to charge her an even bigger arm and a leg for what she would get, she would go ahead and gladly pay for it. Tolliver did come up with some amazing things. It would probably be worth it in the long run.

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That night, Edward Tolliver stayed up late drawing. Rosa had indeed presented him with a challenge. Similar things to what she wanted could be easily purchased over the internet, or he could make them for her. But none of them would really meet the problems that had to be overcome. He was going to have to be creative. And as long as he was being creative....

Chapter 06.

Once again Brian stared desperately at his telephone, and once again he watched as the minutes ticked by without a call. His spirits sank lower than ever as the clock moved past the point where he knew the phone wouldn't be ringing. So when it did ring, his excitement suddenly soared. He grabbed it quickly, and desperately said, "Hello?"

"Brian! Why aren't you here yet?" Rosa's voice lashed out over the phone.

He was actually shocked to hear her – already. "I... I'll be there...soon," Brian replied hesitantly.

"It better be soon!" Rosa replied, her voice full of steel.

In a depressed fog, Brian went into his bedroom and removed his clothes. He replaced them with...nothing. Stark naked, he opened his back door and glanced around uncertainly. But the only person he noticed was Mrs. Murphy, already out on her back porch, waiting for him impatiently. Embarrassed as ever, he slipped out his door and ran to the fence where he dropped to his knees and crawled quickly toward her gate. He just wanted to get into her backyard as fast as possible where there would be less chance of anyone seeing him. He barely released the latch on the gate though when she was there, opening it for him and closing it again after him. He started to crawl off toward the trees further back in her yard.

"Stay!" her voice ordered quickly.

He stopped right where he was and turned his head toward her, afraid that he knew why she had stopped him. The sight of the tape in her hands let him know he was right. With his heart hammering, he once again allowed her to tape his hands into uselessness...into...paws. And once that was done, she again pulled the collar around his neck and buckled that in place as well. While the collar wasn't much, it served as a huge reminder to him of just what she was doing to him...turning him into a dog. A damn dog! And while she had specifically told him that there was a way out for him, he certainly couldn't see it. Especially since she had told him that she used to hurt men...professionally. What kind of job would require her to do that? Something for the CIA? And then there was that friend of hers from last night. That big guy...no...huge! He was more than a bit frightening too. A way out? What way out? It looked like she had the muscle to enforce whatever she wanted to do! This was a nightmare there would be no waking up from.

Rosa let her two "dogs" play together while she went into the house to handle the many little pieces of business her rental properties demanded. There was always a list of repairs for her men to take care of and today was no exception. And that didn't even count her new property that was still being remodeled. And of course, many of her tenants always waited respectfully until this time of day to call her with new problems. She had enough business that she let the dogs be by themselves for most of the morning while she simply looked out the window once in a while to make sure "they" were behaving properly.

Rosa's phone didn't seem to want to stop ringing all morning, and all of it was business. Well, some days were like that, unfortunately. It wasn't until nearly lunchtime when she had

a chance to go out and put Brian and Wolfie through their training exercises. When she did, she noticed that Brian did absolutely everything...satisfactorily, but that he was doing everything with an air of depression...resignation. Well, that was fine. She knew that he would be going through many different moods and reactions before this would be over. But the one single reaction she wanted to see from him – rebellion enough to stand up to her – that one right now appeared to be the least likely thing she would ever see.

At lunchtime, she let Brian and Wolf back into the house where she threw them each one of the large dog treats. She was interested to note that this time, Brian didn't walk away from it. He definitely wasn't happy about it, but he eventually managed to get it between his "paws" and started gnawing at it. It's a good thing he did, because he had to learn that dogs didn't get fed three meals a day. This would be all he would get for lunch today.

When lunch was over, she put both dogs through the few exercises she had been doing and finally shooed them both back out into the yard again.

Brian was hungry! He had expected her to feed him something for lunch – other than the big dog treat. But she hadn't. And now he was back out in the yard again. What had happened? More depressed than ever, he crawled out toward one of the trees he and Wolf had been playing around earlier. Halfway there, he realized he needed to pee. Without bothering to find something to lift his leg against, he simply let go right where he was. Heck, it was just grass under him anyway. But he felt a tiny bit of splatter against his naked legs as he did so. To compensate, he spread his legs a bit wider and tried to push his back end down more toward the ground. Much better! He knew that Mrs. Murphy probably wouldn't like that he didn't lift his leg like he was supposed to, but she wasn't around just then. So tough!

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Edward Tolliver crawled all over the dirty floor of his workshop. He was totally engrossed in grabbing different rulers, and taking measurements, and recording notes. He had tried to tie his ankles up to his massive thighs but his legs were so bulky he simply couldn't do it. He was wearing kneepads though because his knees couldn't stand the strain of his weight against the hard floor.

He was trying to measure the height difference between his backside and his shoulders. He decided he needed a different ruler. He quickly shifted his weight around toward the pile of implements on the floor behind him. But as he did so, he noticed something different, something odd. Something he hadn't thought about before. His hands. They were not in the position that he had planned on keeping Brian's hands – a position he wasn't totally satisfied with because it presented one big problem for long term use. This time, his hands were cupped and he was moving about on the pads at the ends of his fingers instead. He stared at the position. He moved his fingers in a bit more so they were closer together. Instantly he saw the solution to his one major problem. It was something new, something better! It would certainly take a bit more work, but that didn't bother him in the least. It was...innovative! And that excited him more than anything else!

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Rosa pointed at the ground out in her yard. “Sit!” Brian sat. She looked at Wolfie to give him the same command, but the big dog was already sitting. Good enough! She continued to put them through their paces. But when she got to the part about “down,” Wolfie was once again being stubborn. She finally had to go over and pull his front legs out to get him into position. Damn dog! Brian got two treats for doing it right while Wolf got none!

Rosa held her hand up. “Stay...” she said to Brian. “Stay...” she repeated to Wolf. Then she backed away. Brian stayed, which she expected, and so did Wolf, except that Wolf rolled over onto his side and started to ignore her. The darn dog could be so frustrating! She really needed help with him – from someone who knew what he was doing! But unfortunately, she had entered Brian into the mix now.

She pulled a treat out of her box and threw it down in front of Brian. She watched him look at it, totally surprised. “I expect you to eat that!” she told him. “Immediately!”

Fearing her, Brian was forced to bend his neck down and retrieve the treat from the ground with his mouth...and eat it.

Rosa nodded satisfied. She looked at Wolf. “None for you this time. You don’t deserve it!” She turned and walked back to the house, but she could hear Wolfie let out a small grumble behind her. The darn dog just didn’t want to cooperate sometimes!

As she opened the door to go into her house, she heard her phone ringing again. She had to hurry to answer it before it stopped ringing. “Hello...” she said breathlessly.

“Hi Rosa,” Connie’s voice came over the line. “I hope I didn’t interrupt something.”

“No, no. I was just coming in from putting the dogs through their paces.”

Connie giggled. “So Brian still hasn’t decided to fight back?”

“What do you think?” Rosa replied sarcastically.

“I was wondering if you wanted to come over this afternoon so I can show you what they’re going to be working on.”

“Oh Connie,” Rosa sighed. “I’d love to. But this is one of those days where the phone hasn’t stopped ringing hardly at all. Nothing but problems that I need to stay on top of. If you’re just looking for a bit of company, you can come over here instead.”

Connie considered that. “I just might. See you later?”

“See you later,” Rosa repeated. She had barely hung up her phone when it rang again. More problems!

A little while later, she heard Wolfie barking like crazy outside, alerting her that someone had just driven into the driveway. She opened her front door and saw Connie just getting

out of her car. She held the door open for her friend. The two spent a little while chatting in her living room – amid one or two phone interruptions. Finally, Rosa invited Connie out to the porch for a few minutes. “I really need to put them through their exercise again. This morning was mostly a disaster!”

“Why?” Connie asked. “Is Brian giving you any trouble?”

“Brian? Not one bit. But Wolf is the most stubborn lazy dog I’ve ever seen!”

Connie just laughed. She wasn’t laughing though when she slipped out of the back door and had to push Wolf away a bit to keep him from jumping on her.

“I just don’t know what I’m going to do with that dog,” Rosa complained. “I think I need help! Professional help!”

While Connie sat on the swing, Rosa again put both of her “dogs” through all the commands she had taught them so far. And once again, Wolf was reluctant to lay down without being yelled at. And just like before, as soon as Rosa said, “Stay...” he rolled over onto his side again. “Darn dog!” Rosa muttered. And once again, she threw a dog treat to Brian – and made sure he ate it, but Wolf got nothing.

She finally shooed them both off the deck again so she and Connie could talk a bit more.

“I see what you mean about Wolf,” Connie said as Rosa sat down next to her. “He’s not really being bad, he just doesn’t seem to care about paying attention as much.”

“That’s pretty much it,” Rosa admitted. “But there are other things too. His insane barking when someone comes to the door can be a major problem. I’ve been keeping them both outside all day just in case one of my workers needs to stop by.”

“So are you going to finally enter him into an obedience class somewhere?” Connie asked. “I think he needs it.”

“Isn’t that the truth!” Rosa agreed. “But I have Brian here now and he’s training too.”

“So just take Wolf. What you learn in class you can repeat at home with Brian.”

Rosa thought about it. “No. If this goes on much longer, then I want Brian to get treated exactly like Wolf. All the time.” She paused to consider something. “I think it would be interesting...and would really mess with his mind if he had to go through a dog obedience class the same way Wolf would.”

Connie giggled. “That I’d love to see. But where?”

“I have no idea. I seriously doubt I could do any such thing.”

“Maybe you could hire a personal trainer. At least then Wolf and Brian would get the same training.”

Rosa thought about that. She looked over at her friend. “I actually like that idea...if we could find someone willing to take on a dog like Brian.”

“True enough,” Connie replied. “It was just a thought.”

The two of them watched as Brian and Wolf played out under one of the trees together. Mostly, Wolf was all over Brian who wasn't nearly as strong or nimble as the big dog.

“Oh my God!” Connie suddenly exclaimed. “Is Wolf trying too...”

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Brian tried crawling away, but every direction he tried to go, Wolf stayed right with him...and right on his back. And then Brian suddenly felt something of Wolf's trying to poke at his backside – again and again! He wanted to yell at Wolf to stop, but instead, in his horror, he crawled forward again. But Wolf was straddled over top of him and easily moved with him. To get away, Brian finally rolled over on the ground, belly up! Whew! What was Wolf thinking? He wasn't a dog! Well, not really.

But Wolf was still in a playful mood and he now laid his big body down right on top of Brian's naked stomach. While Wolf felt nice and warm and his fur coat felt great against Brian's skin, Wolf's weight was a bit uncomfortable that way. Wolf started licking Brian's face playfully. Brian tried to fight him off by turning his head to his side and putting his arms in the way, but Wolf always managed to find a way around his arms and the dog's big tongue kept finding places on Brian's face to lick.

To get away, Brian rolled over again. It wasn't easy with Wolf's weight on top of him, but he managed it. But Wolf stayed right on top of him, and now that Brian's backside was accessible again, moved himself back to where he could poke at Brian's hind end with his sex tool. To get away, Brian had to lift Wolf's weight and his, then try to crawl desperately away, which of course didn't work. Especially since Brian was now in the position that Wolf wanted him in. Again and again Wolf tried to enter Brian sexually. He almost succeeded when Brian suddenly went down to the ground again and rolled over. But the big dog was fixated now and wasn't about to give up.

Rosa and Connie both stood at the deck railing, watching raptly as Brian and Wolf moved around the yard – together. “Did he actually get him that time?” Connie asked.

“I couldn't tell,” Rosa replied.

“Has he done that before?”

“Not that I've seen. With Brian anyway. I sometimes have a problem with Wolfie trying to hump my leg when I'm sitting in the house.”

“All male dogs do that!” Connie said with some certainty.

“I know...all too well.” Rosa replied. “I think I better put a stop to this. Brian isn't ready for this kind of thing.” She walked over to the steps. “Wolf! Brian!” Then she put her fingers to her mouth and let out a sharp whistle. But Wolf was more intent on getting to Brian than he was interested in heeding Rosa's call. Rosa had to whistle again before the big dog finally gave up and trotted toward the porch steps.

This time, Rosa grabbed her box of treats and went down into the yard to work with Brian and Wolf. “Sit!” she said to Wolf as she pointed at him. She was glad to see that he sat, but Wolf’s eyes never left the box of treats in her hand. It took a while for Brian to reach them. He looked more than a bit frazzled. Well, she could understand that. “Sit!” she said to Brian. For once, Wolf was a bit more cooperative as she had them each do the same old tired exercises. This time Wolf got the same number of treats that Brian did.

When she was done, Rosa went back to the swing to sit down and Wolf climbed up onto the deck and laid down. Brian followed, but he hesitated about going anywhere near Wolf and started to head toward the opposite side of the deck.

“Brian,” Rosa suddenly said. “Go lay down with Wolf!”

Brian went, but he wasn’t happy about it. At least Wolf wasn’t trying to mount him anymore – as if he were another dog – a female dog.

“That was better that time,” Connie said, referring to the training.

“Fortunately,” Rosa replied.

The two sat for a moment, mostly watching the two “dogs” laying next to each other on the deck. “You know,” Connie said softly. “I’m not all that crazy about the name Brian for a dog.”

Rosa thought about that. “Yeah. I really need to change it I guess. It wasn’t time before, but we may have reached that point now.”

“So what are you going to call him?”

“I have no idea. Somehow Fido doesn’t quite suit him.”

“I don’t know. It would defiantly be a dog name.”

“True, but it’s just not him.”

“He’s not really a dog though,” Connie started to say.

Rosa tried to stop Connie’s line of thought quickly. “But...”

“I know. I know!” Connie replied. “Hear me out. What I was trying to say is that he’s more like a...I don’t know...maybe a parody of a dog.”

“A what?”

“Maybe more like...a clown. You know?”

“A clown? Or a clown dog?”

“Yeah.”

“So?”

“So how about more of a clown name?”

“Like Bozo?” Rosa considered that. “That’s actually not too bad. I almost like it.”

Connie considered it too. “Yeah, or maybe instead of exactly Bozo, you could change it a bit like... Bobo or something.”

“Bobo?” Rosa thought about that one. “Bobo... It’s defiantly not a human name – that’s for sure! And it does sort of sound a bit clownish. I like it!” she suddenly declared. She looked over at Brian. “Bobo it is! Here that...Bobo?”

Wolf was sound asleep, but Brian had heard the entire conversation between Connie and Mrs. Murphy. Bobo? She was planning on calling him Bobo? Talk about demeaning! And as usual, he had no way to protest. Not one way at all! Bobo?

“You know,” Connie said to Rosa. “You should bring him to the club one night.”

“To the club?”

“Yeah! And do it soon. Kind of like, this is the before state of my project. And then a few months from now – if he doesn’t figure out how to get out of this, bring him back again, as a finished state. I’m sure everyone would be interested.”

Rosa considered it. “I’m sure they would. But I haven’t been there in years now. My membership lapsed a long time ago.”

“You know they’d let you in, in a heartbeat! Besides, if they don’t then you can come as my guest!”

“I don’t know...” Rosa replied.

“Oh come on. You know you miss it! Wouldn’t it be fun to go and enjoy yourself again?”

“I’m not in that business anymore.”

“What does that matter? Most everybody still remembers you.”

“You think so?”

“I know so! Besides, I’ll bet that...Bobo over there, would find it most instructional!”

Rosa thought about that fact. “He certainly would! But do I really need it?”

“Just go for some fun!”

Rosa nodded. “Maybe!”

Connie giggled. “Saturday night!”

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By the time Rosa finally let both dogs come in the house again, Brian was more than ready, if only because as evening started to descend, so did the temperatures. With no fur coat like Wolf had, he was getting cold! Not to mention that he was really hungry too. No lunch!

He was forced to endure eating another of the big dog treats while Mrs. Murphy ate her dinner. His jaws were tired from chewing by the time he was done. And fortunately, when his dog bowl of food was put down for him, it contained what appeared to be the same dinner that she had eaten, mashed up a bit of course. Wolf came over again to see if he could steal some, but Brian kept his head firmly in the bowl and moved his body around to block Wolf before the big dog could even try. He was amazed when Wolf got the message and gave up so quickly. He ate the rest of his dinner much more leisurely, even allowing himself to grab a quick few licks from his water bowl before he had finished his food.

It was late when Rosa finally led him over to the gate and untapped his hands. He crawled through the gate as fast as he could. All he wanted was to get home and get some clothes on – and be normal again! And he prayed hard for his phone to ring tomorrow morning!

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Thursday morning, Brian's phone did ring, but not until it was past time to get a call for a job. And of course, it was Mrs. Murphy telling him to get over there. Once again he was faced with spending another entire day living as a dog! Ugh! And as far as he could see, there was no way for him to get out of it, despite what she had told him. He had now figured out that she must have done something for the CIA where she hurt men professionally. Did she torture captured enemy spies or something?

For Brian, the entire day was pretty much a copy of the day before. For Rosa, it was much quieter. Her phone didn't ring with quite so many problems, and Connie didn't call to talk either. Since the weather was cooler, she let both Wolf and Brian spend more time inside. Wolf, as usual, wandered continually around the house from spot to spot, finding a different place to lay down. For some reason, Brian found an out of the way cubbyhole between one of her chairs and the wall where he seemed to spend all of his time – like a frightened rabbit in a hole. Rosa wondered if he thought the chair would provide him some kind of cover?

The only thing all day that stood out was the phone call Rosa got from Edward Tolliver.

“Madam Rosa?”

“Oh, Hello Mr. Tolliver. How are you?”

“Just fine, Madam. I was wondering if you could find the time to come to my shop to look over some drawing's I've done as a proposal for your...little project.”

“Oh, already?”

“I'm afraid you presented me with a bit of a challenge and I wound up having a bit of fun. I did come up with one or two very interesting things though. I think you'll be pleased.”

Rosa could practically hear the pride and excitement dripping from his voice. “Now you've got me interested,” she replied. She looked at her clock. “It's getting late in the

afternoon though. Would tomorrow morning be alright? I can stop by while I'm running some other errands."

"That would be perfect!" Tolliver replied. "See you then."

Rosa was curious. What had Tolliver come up with now that could be so different? She knew how good he was at his craft, so now her interest was thoroughly peaked. Well, tomorrow she would find out. She had no doubt she'd be committing an overly abundant amount of money for his services, but she also had no doubt that it would be worth it!

Chapter 07.

Friday morning, Brian literally prayed over his telephone for it to ring. But the gods of phone calls once again didn't shine on him. So when it did finally ring, he already knew who was calling before he answered.

"Brian! Why aren't you here yet?" Rosa's voice cut over the line the moment he picked it up. "Wolfie and I are waiting for you!"

Brian tried to answer, but she had already hung up. Dejectedly, he put the phone down again and headed for his room to change...or rather undress...completely.

Totally naked once again, he peeked out his back door to make sure the coast was clear, then he dashed for her fence where he got down on all fours. Wolf was already barking at him excitedly as he made a mad scramble for her gate before anyone could see him. He didn't have to open it this time since she was already there, waiting for him. He only had to crawl through...and wait as she closed it behind him – as if locking him in her yard.

"Stay!" Rosa commanded the minute the gate was closed, preventing him from going any further. Totally ashamed of himself, Brian once again allowed her to tape his hands into uselessness...into paws. More shame filled him as he stood there on all fours letting her fasten the dog collar around his neck. "Good boy, Bobo," she said as she ran her fingers lightly through the hair on his head. She stood up again and walked off. He was Bobo...the dog...again.

It was only then, after he had been turned again into Bobo, that his brain was able to notice how cool the morning still was. With Wolf licking at his face, he forced himself to crawl forward, toward the trees they usually played under. Wolf licked at him and rubbed his big furry body against him again and again, trying to get him to play. But Brian was too depressed to play. And the longer he was out there, the colder he was getting. Mrs. Murphy had disappeared into her house. He and wolf were alone.

Once he reached the trees, he stopped and sat down, leaning against one of the trees. Wolf, sensing his mood, sat next to him. Then the big dog leaned over him and nuzzled his face, licking him again and again. Brian wrapped his arms around the big dog. Wolf felt warm and soft. He held Wolfie there for a long time and rubbed his bound up hands over Wolf's fur as the dog occasionally licked at him.

He was Bobo, the dog! And he had never felt more ashamed of himself than he did just then. She had said there was a way out. But for the life of him he couldn't see it. No way at all. He was sure now that she used to work for the CIA, torturing spies most likely. She used to hurt men – professionally! Of that he had no doubt at all! No, there was no way out. Not unless his telephone rang early enough in the morning to rescue him by sending him to...another kind of torture. No way out at all.

Between phone calls, Rosa occasionally glanced out her window at Brian and Wolfie. They were still right where they had been since Brian arrived, except now Wolf was laying down across Brian's lap. Brian's position wasn't exactly like any dog position, but she wasn't

about to change that right now. Besides, it was still cool out and she had no doubt that he was relying on Wolf's fur coat to keep him warm. Well, the weather would be warming up very soon and this was just another something he would have to learn to deal with.

With most of her morning business finally taken care of, she grabbed her box of treats and went down into the back yard. Wolf came bounding at her excitedly, but while Brian followed, he crawled at what she would have called a lackadaisical pace. "Bobo! Get a move on!" She was rewarded to see him crawling a little faster.

She put them both through all the tired old commands she had done with them every day now. They both performed mostly flawlessly, except for Wolf who hadn't been interested in the down command until she threatened him. When she was done, she threw two treats towards both of them and went back into the house. Five minutes later, she left again – through the front door, locking it behind her.

Brian had just barely sat back against the tree when Wolf suddenly turned his head toward the house as if he had heard something and started barking furiously. Then he took off for the house at a dead run. Afraid that she had another visitor, Brian scrambled further back in the yard and tried to hide himself behind another tree, which didn't offer him much protection at all since the trunk was way too thin.

But Wolf was back again two minutes later wanting to play. Did she have a visitor? Maybe somebody just stopped by to give her something and then left again. It was almost the first of the month. Rent would be due...tomorrow! Maybe someone had just stopped by to pay her early. Thoughts about rent made him worry about his own rent. Of course, he hadn't gotten paid yet from the school week. That money wouldn't be in his account until Monday. He prayed it would be enough. Once again he hadn't worked all that much.

Wolf's infectious energy finally sank in. Playfully, he pushed back at Wolf with his bound up hands. Wolf was back jumping on him. The two of them wrestled in the morning air, undisturbed by anyone or anything...for a very long time.

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Rosa felt a bit guilty about leaving the house the way she did. But if she was going to treat Brian exactly like a dog, then this was another thing that he would have to get used to. She corrected herself...another thing they would both have to get used to, because she would have to get used to too. She worried that he would do something that he shouldn't, but if he did, there was nothing she could do about it.

She had several errands to run, most of which lasted only a few minutes at each stop. Finally, she turned into the parking lot of an old run-down strip mall, the home of Edward Tolliver's store and workshop. The sign out front boasted custom leather goods, but Rosa knew from long experience that he often worked with many things other than just leather. A bell jingled as she pushed the door opened. It jingled again as the door closed behind her. Her nose was assaulted by the smell of leather that permeated the air.

The jingling bell brought Edward out of his back room workshop to see who had entered his shop. “Madam Rosa!” he exclaimed with delight.

“Good morning Edward,” Rosa returned with a smile. He was, as usual, dressed in leather from head to toe. The incongruity that caught her attention was the magnifying goggles perched on top of his head.

“Right this way,” he said as he held open a low wooden door that led to behind his counter so she could follow him back to his workroom.

Rosa had never seen the workroom before. Her first impression was that it was a horrible cluttered mess. Her second impression was that it was huge!

Edward pulled the goggles off of his head and set them down on top of a bunch of junk on his workbench. Then he picked up a large drawing pad from further down on his bench. “I think you’re going to love what I’ve dreamed up!” he exclaimed excitedly.

There were a lot of drawings sticking loosely out from between the pages of his pad. He flipped open the top blank page and pulled out two drawings and laid them on top of the bench so Rosa could study them. The first was a pencil drawing of a dog – very basically done. The second...while it wasn’t Brian for sure, it showed Edward’s impression of what he had come up with for Brian. It was a man, obviously on all fours, but from the side view of the drawing, the lower part of the man’s legs didn’t show much except that they looked a bit thicker in the thighs than they should. And coming out from the man’s back was a long tail. As she looked close, the drawing of the man certainly didn’t show him as having any hands. Instead, Edward had penciled in paws...she thought.

“You can’t see much from this picture,” Edward said, but I wanted to show it to you for reference. As you can see, the biggest problem we face is in the hind legs. That’s where the dog gets his power from as he moves. Since a human’s legs are not built the same way and to the same scale, there are no usable joints there that I could work with. I’m afraid that is the one obstacle I wasn’t able to satisfactorily overcome. But...I think that the rest of this more than makes up for that little shortcoming.”

Rosa hadn’t been able to tell much from the picture he had drawn. There were very few details in it. She didn’t know why he seemed so insistent that this was something new and different. She shook her head. “But I don’t see...”

“Aha!” Edward pounced before she could go any further. That picture is just for reference! Don’t judge me yet!” He had a distinct air of delight in his voice that Rosa couldn’t ignore. “Now, let’s start with his hands...or rather, his front paws.”

Rosa watched as Edward pulled another picture out from the stack in his drawing pad and laid it down next to the picture of the man. And she saw...what? She stared harder. It sort of looked like a dog’s paw, only...different. “Um... I’m confused,” she said. “What am I looking at?”

But Edward only smiled. “You are looking at the finished product,” he said. He stuck two more pages of drawings down next to it. “And here is what I am going to build you inside of that...the part you can’t see.”

Edward picked up his pencil and pointed at the picture that dominated the first half of the first drawing. Rosa saw a man's hand with the fingers pressing down on top of a round disk. There was definitely something inside of that hand, but she couldn't tell what it was.

"As you can see," Edward began, the hand position is somewhat unique from other things that anyone has done before. The weight of the individual is supported by the entire hand."

"How?" Rosa asked, not seeing anything more than just the fingers pressing down.

Edward pointed to the material inside of the hand. "Molded rubber padding," he said. "Shaped exactly to the hand. All parts of the palm and fingers are now involved with supporting his weight. And the fingers are all held firmly by adjustable leather straps so they are pulled in tightly to the padding and can't move. His fingers become a solid part of the whole package – not separate pieces at all."

Rosa was wondering if he was looking for some kind of comment. Basically, she still didn't quite know what to make of his device. But fortunately, she didn't have to say anything as he moved over to the drawing on the other side of the page.

"Here I have drawn the mechanism inside of the paw. As you can see, each of the finger straps come through and are wound around this central spindle. A simple turn pulls the straps tighter and the ratchet locks it in place."

The drawing was complex. Rosa could only take his word for what obviously he could see in it.

Edward moved on to the next page. "And here," he said with an air of excitement, is the best part!"

The drawing showed the same picture of the hand as the first picture had shown, but now there were new elements added.

"The bottom slides into the tracks here," he pointed at a spot with his pencil, "and the cover gets pulled over his hands and wrists and is laced tightly. The ends of the laces and the cover flap are tucked into the inside of the paw and the bottom is slid fully into place. Two set screws, one on each side, secure it so it won't come loose. And viola! A paw!" He pointed at another small picture. "And as you can see, it even has a rubber pad on the bottom that will leave a perfect dog print in the mud."

It was only then that the entire concept of the thing fully registered in Rosa's brain. Edward was right, it was certainly different. "But why so elaborate?" she asked.

"Aha!" he exclaimed with delight. "You said he would have to wear it for months...at least! His fingernails, Madam, his fingernails!" He pointed to the drawing again. "As you can see, his fingernails protrude from tiny slits at the end of each finger, just like the nails that a real dog would have. Of course you may want to cut them...or shape them more like a real dog's nails, but the opportunity to do whatever you like is there. And his hand can stay encased in this for a very long time."

Now Rosa was shocked. And now she saw the light. The thing was padded on the inside. His fingers would be strapped tightly into the padding and would be totally useless to him.

The bottom was rubber shaped exactly like a dog's paw. And when the whole thing was in place, it did make his hand look more...canine. She couldn't help saying it. "It's brilliant!"

Edward was beaming with pleasure. "I knew you'd approve! But that's only part of the story." He picked all the drawings up and placed them in a pile off to the side. "Now for his back end," he said as he started laying out more pictures.

The first drawing Rosa saw was a close up of one of the back legs with the lower extremity pulled up tightly to the man's thigh.

"As you can see, Edward began, I started with the basic arrangement we have here. The best part of this is under his knees. The same molded padding system that will support his hands is under his knees to cushion them. I've also raised it a bit to compensate for the height of his front legs with the arrangement I have there." He pointed at another detail on the picture. "And here I decided on a large rounded pad of rubber to go over the bottom under all of it." He held up his hand. "No, I decided against putting another paw there. His legs simply aren't built that way and the rubber strip going under the entire bottom of the back leg will allow him to move easier and will protect the leg system better."

Rosa nodded. From the picture, she could see what he meant. She didn't get to dwell on that information long though as Edward placed another picture in front of her. This picture included...the tail!

"Of everything I came up with," Edward said, "this one was the most fun. See how I've pulled his feet in toward each other and encased them both so they can't be seen?" He turned to another picture. "This is what's inside of that casing. As you can see, instead of simply overlapping his toes or keeping them separate, the feet are drawn inwards towards each other, but are still up at an angle that will be less of a strain on him. The tail mechanism protrudes right between his toes so that it's up out of the way and anatomically looks like it would be coming out of his backbone like it should.

Rosa giggled again as she tried to picture it. Before she could comment though, Edward placed a larger picture of just the tail in front of her.

"As you can see, this is the tail," he said. "This metal protrusion fits through the socket attached to his feet and will be locked in place so it can't be pulled out. It can only rotate in the socket. The rest of the tail will be made up of three fairly strong springs. The springs should give the tail plenty of motion that I hope will be quite lifelike." He pointed toward one of the springs. "As you can see, the heaviest one will be attached to the socket and will extend straight out about three or four inches from his backside. That way, when he sits down, the tail will have no problem flexing into just the right position. Also, when he has to...um...defecate, as he bends his backside down, the tail will remain far enough out of the way so it won't get...messy."

Rosa was actually surprised by that little bit of detail.

"The rest of the tail will be shaped as you see, mostly like a modified 'S'. If you pull it straight down, it will not quite reach the ground when he is standing, but its normal shape

will keep the end of it more horizontal to the ground. And if we cover it in the right fur, then I would think it should make for a very nice tail indeed.”

Rosa stared at the drawings. She was beside herself inside as she fully came to grips with Edward’s concepts. As she had specified to him a few days before, she wanted no odd looking nose or other head gear for him. Not even any strange ears. He had to be as naked as possible and obviously a man reduced to a dog. And everything Edward had come up with was...unique! “It’s perfect!” she declared. “I love it all!”

Edward smiled broadly. He was obviously proud of himself. “And if we pick just the right leather for everything, he should look wonderful!” he exclaimed.

Rosa nodded her head. She was still coming to grips with the things he had created. Then one little pesky detail slipped its way into her mind. “And how much is all this going to cost me?” she asked.

Edward’s smile slipped momentarily. He pulled a clipboard from the shelf over his workbench. “Not as much as it should, dear Madam. Since this is such an interesting concept, I’m not charging near what I should. Besides, if it works out, who knows, I may get rich from it.” He placed the clipboard in front of her.

Rosa looked at the page. There were long series of numbers, most of which she ignored. Her eyes instead sought out the final amount at the bottom of the page. She gasped. It was a lot! But then, she knew it would be. “Um...” she said as she stared at the figure. Her eyes went back and forth from the final price, to the drawings. She picked the drawings up and started leafing through them for another look, but her mind was mostly on other things. What if Brian did finally get up the courage to fight back? What then? She would be stuck with this stuff and never use it. Of course, she was sure that she could always work out some kind of arrangement with Brian where he would be her dog for a short while...maybe...and that was a big maybe. But the most likely scenario as she could see it, was that Brian would never fight back. “And how long would it take you to make all this?” she asked.

“Most likely, about two or three weeks I’m afraid.”

Two or three weeks. Just about the time before Connie would have to move. She stared at the final price for a moment. She stared at the final picture of the tail. “What the heck!” she finally exclaimed. “One way or another, it’s not going to be permanent anyway. Let’s do it!”

“Excellent!” Edward exclaimed excitedly. “I can assure you that you’re going to love it when I’m done.”

“Edward, I’ve always loved everything you make. Now, can we look at some material for the coverings? And of course for the tail.”

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Brian was getting awfully hungry. He was even starting to think about some of the dog treats she constantly gave him. He figured he had to be desperate indeed if that's what his mind was focusing on. The oddest part was though, that she had left him and Wolf alone all morning...well, at least since she had come out that one time. He had seen no other sign of her since. She had reduced him to the status of...a dog, and now she was ignoring him...like a dog. Out of sight, out of mind. It was particularly noticeable because she had always been so attentive in the past.

He watched as Wolf sniffed carefully around the base of one of the nearby trees. Then he lifted his leg and peed against it. Then of course he had to sniff at what he had just done again. Ugh! The few times Brian had needed to pee, he had simply crawled to a spot where he didn't think he'd be crawling through anytime soon and squatted his body down a bit and let loose on the grass. Forget lifting his leg like he was supposed to. As long as nobody yelled at him for it, it was a lot easier.

Wolf suddenly lifted his head and looked toward the house again. Brian looked too. Was she coming out? But he didn't see her yet. Wolf suddenly started barking and running toward the gate on the driveway side. Brian just figured it was someone else wanting to pay rent, or perhaps one of her workers. But as he watched Wolf, he realized that Wolf was acting different, he seemed excited...happy! It had to be someone he knew!

Brian tried to figure out what he should do so it would be less likely for him to be spotted. But before he could move, he saw the back door open and Mrs. Murphy finally came outside. Knowing she would call right away, he started crawling for the porch before she bothered. Wolf, however, nearly knocked Rosa down as he excitedly jumped all over her.

"Down Wolf! Down!" she yelled at her big dog. Wolf stopped jumping on her, but he was still looking for her attention and ran around in a circle until she bent down and rubbed the thick fur around his head and neck. "Did you boys miss me?" she asked as soon as Brian was fairly close. "I wasn't gone all that long."

Brian stopped in his tracks. She had been gone? He should have realized it before.

Rosa walked up to him. She bent down and rubbed the top of his head too. "And how about you? Were you a good boy while I was gone too?"

Unable to answer her in any meaningful way, Brian simply sat...like a dog.

As usual, Rosa put the two of them through their old exercises, but this time she wondered if Brian was more focused than usual on the little liver treats she handed out. When she was done, she let the two of them into the house.

Brian expected her to feed him something for lunch, but once in the house, she walked right through the kitchen as if lunch was the furthest thing from her mind. He followed her into the living room where she pulled something out of a bag from a store. From his position on the floor, he couldn't tell what it was as she pulled it out of the packaging.

Rosa turned and saw Brian...now Bobo, watching her. Wolf was over in the other side of the room laying on the floor chewing on one of his stuffed toys. "Just stay there," she said to Bobo. "I'll be right back." She left him and went to her bedroom where she found

what she needed, then headed right back to the living room again where she picked up the items she had just purchased. She turned to Bobo. “Stay!” she commanded. Then she bent down to go to work.

Frightened by whatever she might have in mind, Brian dared not move as she came around behind him. He felt her picking up his left foot and pull something over it, then up his leg. Then she picked up his entire leg and began pulling whatever it was up even higher. It was fairly tight, whatever it was. As soon as she had it where it was covering his entire knee, she dropped his leg. Brian expected a nasty bump as his knee hit the floor, but instead, he was surprised by no pain at all. Padding! She had pulled some kind of knee pad up his leg! If he had a way to talk, he would have thanked her. A minute later, the second pad was on his other knee. Delightedly, he crawled around in a circle. Much better!

Rosa watched Brian’s movements. She could tell he liked the pads she had bought him. She had only gotten them because of some of the things she and Mr. Tolliver had discussed while they were looking at different leathers. Things that she should have thought about earlier. Well, Brian, or Bobo, might like the pads, but he certainly wasn’t going to like what came with them.

“Bobo,” she called. “Come!” As soon as he had come back to her, she said, “Stay!” Then she picked up the two straps she had used on his legs once before – the day that Tolliver had first seen Brian. Within minutes, his legs were pulled up again, forcing him to now move only on his kneecaps. As she and Tolliver had discussed. It would probably be best if she started getting him used to having his legs in that position, a little at first, then in ever increasing lengths of time. So that by the time Tolliver had all of his things ready for Brian, he would be much more used to it.

Brian was a bit shocked as he moved tentatively around the room trying to get used to his legs being this way again. He was grateful for the padding under his knees, that made things much easier, but he still hated being bound like this. And there was absolutely nothing he could do about it – especially since his hands were bound up into paws too. Feeling nothing but sorry for himself again, he found the little spot between the chairs that he had used previously, where he felt a bit more hidden from the world...where he would be less likely to be seen in his present state. He laid down on his stomach in the cramped little space. From there, he worked his way to his side. The space had just enough room for his bound up legs so he could be comfortable. But before he could try to take a nap, something hit his arm and head, startling him. He looked up and saw one of Wolf’s stuffed dog toys lying next to his head.

“Something for you to play with,” Rosa said before she walked off.

Brian ignored the toy completely and laid his head on his arm. He hated having his legs bound up that way. For that matter, he hated having his hands bound up too. Not to mention that he hated all of this. But what could he do? She hurt men...probably tortured spies for the CIA...professionally!

Rosa kept Brian's legs bound up for most of the afternoon, even when she shooed both her "dogs" outside to play again. But when she finally let his legs loose, she also removed the knee pads she had put of him.

While Brian was glad to have his legs loose again, he would have rather kept the knee pads. But since they were outside anyway, it didn't really matter that much. What he really wanted more right now was something to eat. He was hungry! Fortunately, she called them in for dinner not long afterwards. Once again, he ate his dinner from a dog bowl on her kitchen floor. And fortunately, this time, Wolfie didn't even try to get any.

After dinner, Rosa kept her dogs in the house for a little while before sending them out again. But she didn't leave them out very long before bringing them back into the house. As the evening wore on, Brian laid on her living room carpet and tried to watch TV with Rosa while Wolf moved from spot to spot to take his never ending naps. At one point, Wolf jumped up onto the couch with Rosa and laid his head in her lap. Brian watched as Rosa pet her big dog's head endlessly as she sat watching TV. And Wolf obviously loved it.

Late in the evening, Rosa sent both her dogs back out into the yard again to do their business. Brian peed quickly, hoping that the sooner he got it over with, the sooner she would release him and send him home.

"You're supposed to lift your leg when you pee!" Rosa yelled at him as he was "watering" the grass under him. "Like Wolfie!"

But Brian said nothing in return, not because he couldn't say anything, but because this time he considered it his little way to spite her. He started crawling closer to the gate instead where she could untape his hands so he could go home.

Rosa saw where Brian was heading. "Sorry, Bobo," she said. "You're not going home tonight. Not until Sunday night. Since you don't have to worry about being called for school, then there's no reason you can't stay here with Wolfie and me."

Brian felt both horrified and crushed. All weekend? He would have to be a damn dog – all weekend? That was...forever! Reluctantly, he followed Rosa and Wolf back into the house for the night.

When she went to bed, he started the night sleeping on the floor of her bedroom with Wolf. But in the middle of the night, when he had woken up and realized that she was sound asleep, he moved quietly into the living room, where he climbed up onto her sofa and stretched out. Much better!

Chapter 08.

It was still very early in the morning when Rosa awoke, only because she felt the urge to pee. As she got out of bed, she automatically scanned the barely lit room to see where Wolf was. She quickly found him in his usual spot near the side of her bed where she sometimes stepped on him if she wasn't careful. But as she looked further, she couldn't see...Bobo. Where was he? As she headed quietly toward her bathroom, she continued looking around, but she didn't see him. "Bobo?" she called softly. "Bobo?" Still no sign of him.

Coming more awake now, she continued searching for him as she went into the bathroom to relieve herself. But once she was done, she again took up her search. Where was that damn dog? Had Brian finally gotten the courage to do something to fight back? Had he somehow left her house without her knowing about it? But the minute she reached the living room, she heard the heavy breathing of someone sound asleep. She turned on the hallway light instead of the living room light so the brightness wouldn't wake him. She expected to find him on the floor, but instead he was stretched out on her couch – looking all too human. No, no, no! She didn't really mind that he was on the couch. What she minded was that he looked so human in the way he was laying there.

As quietly as possible, she went out to her kitchen where she had to search a bit to find the rolled up newspaper she used on him – but hadn't needed in a while now. Just as quietly, she went back to the living room where he was sleeping. She reached for the light on the end table next to the sofa and turned it on. The next second she was hitting him over and over again with her newspaper. "Bad dog! Bad dog! Bad, bad, bad! Get off that couch and down on the floor where you belong!"

Brian had been sleeping blissfully when suddenly he was being attacked ferociously. It took his sleepy brain a moment to realize what was going on and that she was hitting him with her newspaper again. Totally frightened and panicked, he rolled off of the couch and tried to crawl away from her. But she grabbed his collar and delivered three more blows to his backside, each time telling him he was a bad dog!

Rosa let him cower down by her feet for a few moments. The fool still wasn't fighting back in any way at all. She was starting to really think he deserved the treatment she was giving him. "Back to the bedroom...now!" she ordered, landing one more half-hearted swat to his back.

She noticed now that Wolf had finally woken up and was watching everything intently...probably making sure nobody was harming her. She turned the living room light off again as Brian was halfway across the room. The hallway light followed soon after. "Now you stay in this room until it's time to get up!" she ordered. She got back in bed, but it was a long time before she could get back to sleep again, and even then, she didn't sleep soundly. Damn dog!

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She was out of bed again earlier than usual, mostly because she never did get fully back to sleep. As she wrapped her robe around her, Wolfie hauled himself sleepily to his feet. “Let’s go boys,” she said as she headed out toward her kitchen.

Brian followed, but since she had punished him earlier, he lagged way behind.

Rosa went straight out to her back door where she opened it and let Wolf outside. “Hurry up, Bobo!” she called, trying to get Brian to move a bit faster.

Brian crawled faster and was quickly outside again – where he soon realized how cold it was. He saw wolf already down on the grass sniffing around. Wolf didn’t seem to even notice the colder temperature, but then Wolf had a wonderfully thick fur coat. Brian had nothing. He heard the door closing behind him. He was stuck outside in the cold. Put out – like a dog. Carefully, he started down the steps and out into the yard. His body shivered a bit by the time he reached the grass. He crawled over to one of the spots he often used to relieve himself – a place where he didn’t usually crawl through at any other time. Instead of lifting his leg like Wolf did, he spread his legs and squatted his backside down a bit and let loose straight onto the grass. So what if she had yelled at him for doing it that way yesterday. She wasn’t outside right now.

From inside her kitchen, Rosa watched her two “dogs” out in the backyard. She saw the way Brian relieved himself and pursed her lips over it. He was obviously trying to get away with as much as he could now. Well, she would have to watch him more closely for a while. One way or another, she would train all that rebellion out of him – unless he really did get up the nerve to rebel. But if he did, then he better do it soon, because in a few more weeks, he would never get the opportunity again!

She left her dogs out in the yard while she pulled a package of bacon out of the refrigerator and put a frying pan on her stove. A short while later, the first part of that package was sizzling away in the pan, infusing the entire kitchen with the wonderful aroma of bacon. It wasn’t until she put the last of the package on to fry that she let her two dogs back into the house again.

Wolf ran into the kitchen sniffing around, he jumped up on the counter to see if he could get at any of the bacon, but she had put it too far back on the counter for him to reach. “Wolfie! Get down!” Rosa yelled as she continued to hold the door open until Brian could get through it. Brian was always so much slower, but then, she had to expect that. He too crawled eagerly into the kitchen – obviously wanting some breakfast. Well, he was the reason she had cooked the entire package instead of just a few pieces for herself and Wolfie.

When the bacon was ready, she pulled it out of the pan and added it to the plate with the rest of the bacon. Both her dogs were waiting anxiously. Both fully alert. But they were going to have to wait. They both had to learn that she came first – always! She took the time to poach herself an egg, then she sat down and ate her breakfast while the dogs looked on hungrily. She noticed that Brian looked almost desperate for some of what she was eating. That was good because his reaction was almost just like Wolf’s. But like Wolfie, he was going to have to wait.

Only when she was completely finished with her own breakfast did she take the remainder of the bacon and divide it equally into each of their dog bowls. She set Wolf's down first, then she set Brian's down. Both dogs eagerly attacked the food in their bowls.

Wolf didn't chew his bacon up nearly as much as Brian did. The result was that Wolf was almost done with his by the time she had set Brian's bowl on the floor. Seeing that Brian still had bacon, he nosed over to try to get some. Brian had to fight the big dog off again by keeping his face firmly in his bowl and moving his body around to keep Wolf away. He also tried to chew less and swallow faster so Wolf wouldn't have time to get any. By the time that Wolf finally backed off, Brian had finished all of his bacon – never really having the chance to enjoy it. But now that he had eaten a little, he was hungrier than ever. The bacon had only whetted his appetite. Unfortunately, it didn't look like Mrs. Murphy was going to give him anything else. But at least he had eaten a little. To help ease his hunger, he drank deeply from his water bowl.

Rosa went to her bedroom and got dressed. When she was finished, she grabbed Brian's knee pads and straps and once again bound his legs up. Then, since the dogs had eaten a little while ago, she let them back out into the yard again to play for a while.

Brian shivered again in the cool air, but at least he could tell that it wasn't nearly as cold as it had been earlier. And now that the morning was a bit later, he thought that it would probably warm up considerably by the afternoon. But that didn't help him much now. While Wolf again sniffed around the bushes and peed on them. He laid down on the porch where he wouldn't have to get out into the still dew-damp lawn.

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While the dogs were outside, Rosa stood in front of her bedroom closet with a problem. She had promised Connie that she would go to the club that night, but she had nothing to wear. It had been a few years now since she had been a member...a few years since she had retired from her former profession. And in that time, she had gained a lot more weight than she was happy with. It normally wouldn't bother her so much, but at the club, she wanted to look like the sexy dominatrix she used to be. But she had nothing to wear!

She quickly sorted through outfit after outfit, but nothing seemed appropriate...at least nothing that would fit anymore. She still had a few of her old outfits left, but there was no way she could even think about getting into any of them now. With a frustrated sigh, she decided that it would be better if she didn't go.

Hating that she had gotten so flabby, she picked up her phone and called Connie. "I can't go!" she said as soon as her friend had answered.

"Rosa?" Connie replied, trying to make sure of who she was talking to.

"Who else," Rosa replied with the same frustration. "It's off! I'm not going!"

"To the club tonight?"

“Tonight or any other night!”

“Why not?”

“Because I’ve gotten old and flabby...and fat!”

“What?”

“I don’t have anything I can wear! Nothing! I’m too flabby, too fat...and too old!”

“Nonsense! Stop talking like that.”

“You’d talk like this too if it was you!”

“Stop it Rosa. Tell you what, I’ll stop by later and we can look at what you’ve got together. We’ll find something. I’m sure of it.”

“Don’t bet on it! But you’re more than welcome to come. You know that.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll be there. And we’ll fix it!”

Rosa didn’t believe they’d fix anything. Not for a minute!

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At lunchtime, she ate her lunch while each of her dogs ate one of the large dog chews. Since Bobo seemed to accept it so readily, she wondered if he was actually becoming more used to the routine now...or was he just that hungry...or both? Not that it mattered. She was bound and determined to turn him into as much of a dog as possible – unless of course he finally decided to fight back. What was wrong with him? She knew for a fact that he didn’t like being treated this way!

She had taken the straps off his legs again just before lunch. But as she watched him working on his dog treat, she decided that she preferred the straps holding his legs up. There were so many subtle little things that he was forced to do more like a dog with them up. Things like the way he moved, or when he sat, or even just when he laid down on the floor to rest. With the straps, he didn’t lay around with his legs extended in any way at all – which made him seem a little “less” human.

Connie stopped by a little while later – to the clamor of Wolf trying to break down the front door to get at whoever was on the other side. Rosa had to fight with him just to open the door to see who was out there – and even then Wolf refused to stop barking.

Connie had retreated way back from the door the moment she heard Wolf raising such a fuss inside. She was definitely scared of that dog! “Is it safe to come in?” she asked as soon as Rosa had opened the door – slightly – to make sure that Wolf couldn’t get out.

“It’s safe,” Rosa confirmed. “It just doesn’t sound like it. I really need to get some help with him. He’s impossible!”

Connie could only agree as she tentatively tried to enter. The moment her leg got through the thin opening between the door and the frame, Wolf started sniffing at her. A moment

later, he stopped barking and retreated back to the other side of the room. He knew who Connie was. She was no threat to any of his territory.

“Whew!” Connie exclaimed as she finally got inside. “My heart is still pounding! I like it better when he’s out in the backyard.”

“Yeah,” Rosa agreed. “Sorry about that. I didn’t know when you were coming.”

“It’s okay...just as long as he doesn’t eat me!”

Rosa laughed a little at Connie’s attempt at a joke. But the truth was, it was less joke than reality.

Connie looked around the room. “Where’s...”

“Bobo?” Connie nodded. “I think he ran for cover the moment you knocked at the door.”

“So he’s still here?”

“He has been since yesterday. I didn’t let him go home last night and he’s not going home tonight either. Not until tomorrow night, and that’s only because he could get a call to go to work Monday morning.”

“So where is he?”

They didn’t find him until they got all the way back to Rosa’s bedroom – which was where they needed to go anyway. Bobo was hiding on the far side of the bed.

Connie laughed a bit when she saw him. “I guess he’s a little shy.”

“Yeah,” Rosa agreed. “That’s one more thing I’m going to have to train out of him.”

“He’ll get a little practice tonight.”

“Not unless I can find something decent to wear!”

Connie only laughed again as together they started going through not only Rosa’s closet, but her chest containing her old dominatrix equipment.

Since it was only Connie who was visiting, Brian stayed in the same room with them. But he also stayed near the bed, close to where he had been. Wolf came over and laid down next to him to take another of his endless naps. But while Brian also laid down, he was too intent on listening to the two women in the room talking. What was going on tonight? Something that involved him – of that he was sure. And whatever it was, it scared him.

Connie pounced on a large white peasant blouse that she found toward the back of the closet. “Here, this should be perfect!” she declared. “You can wear it with your red jeans.”

“That old thing? It’s about as shapeless as you can get!”

“Not if you wear your red corset over top of it.”

Rosa shook her head. “I couldn’t get back into that corset again in a million years!”

“Oh come on! Try it! Just loosen the laces all the way first and I’ll tighten them for you.”

“Are you serious?”

“Do it, Missy!” Connie ordered like she was talking to one of her underlings.

Rosa didn't know if she should laugh or be offended. She finally chuckled a bit as she started undressing. “You'll see!”

Brian couldn't believe it. He was right there in the room with her, and she was undressing like he wasn't even there! First her shirt, then her pants, then her bra! Right down to her panties! He could see everything! And she didn't act like he even existed! But as shy as he was, there was also no way he could not watch.

Rosa knew Brian was in the room and that he was watching her. But she was bound and determined to turn him into a dog...which also meant that she had to learn to think of him as a dog...and nothing but a dog. So she did her best to totally ignore him. And she found that even while she was busy with Connie, the thought of what she was doing with Brian was turning her on – more than a bit.

The baggy blouse had always been comfortable – and was still fairly pretty. The red jeans were so tight they were horrible – but she did get them on and she did fasten them. But they were so tight! They did look fairly sexy on her though – or so Connie told her. But now it was time for the damn corset. One that Tolliver had made for her once upon a time. It was beautifully made – for a smaller body.

She watched as Connie untied the laces and stretched everything as wide as it would go. Then she stepped into it and worked it all the way up into place.

“Ready for me to tighten it now?”

“You mean it's not tight enough already?” Rosa asked jokingly.

“Just hold still girl and grab the bedpost. You're going to look like a million bucks by the time I'm done!”

Brian's eyes' bulged almost as much as Rosa's breasts as he watched Connie tightening the laces more and more, compressing Rosa's figure more and more.

“Enough!” Rosa finally shouted. “I can barely stand it like it is. In fact it may be too tight now!”

Connie tied the strings off and stood back to see what she had accomplished. Rosa, almost sheepishly, turned around. “What do you think?” Rosa asked.

Connie's face lit up into a very wolfish grin. “See for yourself,” she replied as she gestured toward the mirror.

Rosa walked over to her mirror. “Geez! I may not be what I once was, but maybe I don't look too bad.”

“Don't look too bad!” Connie exclaimed. “You look great! Now, where's those red boots of yours?” She didn't bother waiting for an answer. Instead she went back to the bottom of the closet and hunted until she found them.

“You’re trying to kill me,” Rosa exclaimed when she saw the stiletto heeled boots in Connie’s hand.

Connie just giggled and said. “Sit back on the bed.”

Rosa sat on the bed and let Rosa work the boots onto her feet. Zipping them up was another chore since her legs weren’t as skinny as they used to be either. But the boots did go on...even if they were two sizes too small now.

Rosa got back to her feet. It took her a moment to re-acustom herself to the very high thin heels. Then she walked back to her mirror to survey – the damage.

“Wait a minute,” Connie exclaimed before Rosa could get a good look at herself. She ran over to Rosa’s toy chest and hunted around for a moment. She finally pulled out one of Rosa’s longer whips. She handed it to the older woman and watched as Rosa again surveyed her reflection in the mirror. “Welcome back, Madame Rosa,” she said quietly. “Welcome back.”

Rosa said nothing for a few moments. She was too startled over the transformation the corset and boots had made. Once again, she praised the craftsmanship of Edward Tolliver. “I guess I don’t look too bad,” she admitted. “But I’m not sure I can go that long with this corset so tight! I’m going to get very irritable if I have to wear it all evening!”

“Then take it out on your customers!”

“Don’t think I won’t!” Rosa shot back. She looked at herself for a few moments more. No, she didn’t look at all like she used to look. But still...not too bad. “Now get this damn corset off me before I faint!”

Brian’s brain was on overload. Seeing her all dressed...he could just picture her standing over some spy tied to a chair, her whip in her hand, ordering the spy to talk. He could just as easily see her using that whip to beat the spy into a bloody senseless pulp. It was more than a bit frightening. He was actually glad when Connie finally untied the corset and Rosa got fully undressed again – right in front of him.

“I’ll help you get ready tonight,” Connie offered.

“That’s good,” Rosa replied. She glanced briefly at Brian. “Besides, I could use your support with some other things too.”

Connie only laughed. “No problem!”

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Rosa didn’t bind Brian’s legs up at all during the afternoon, but she did send both dogs out into the yard to get some fresh air. She went out twice during the afternoon to practice the same old tired commands with them, noting as she did so that Brian was doing better than Wolf with some of them – particularly with laying down. Wolf was still all too prone to being lazy and uninterested in anything except more treats.

Late in the afternoon though, she brought her dogs back in the house and started running the water in her bathtub. Wolf promptly disappeared as soon as the tub water started. Since she was obviously going to take a bath, Brian went out to the kitchen with Wolf. But he was surprised a short while later when Rosa came out to the kitchen – totally stark naked! Not even wearing the panties she had worn earlier. Nothing at all!

“Come Bobo,” she called pleasantly, as if she were going to give him some kind of big treat.

Since she sounded so happy, Brian got up and crawled to her...only to have her grab his collar. “It’s bath time, puppy,” she said as she pulled him toward her waiting tub.

Bath time? Brian crawled along beside her, but her grip on his collar never loosened so she was partially dragging him. Once in the bathroom she pulled him right into the tub while she stayed dry on the outside.

“That was a whole lot easier to do with you than when I have to fight with Wolf,” she declared as she picked up a bottle from the side of the tub.

The water was warm, but not hot. Comfortable really. But all of a sudden, he felt something cold being poured on his back as whatever was in the bottle got dumped out onto him. A minute later, she was lathering up his entire body with the suds from the dog cleaning soap she had poured out onto him. He was totally shocked at this new outrage from the way she was touching him – all over. She acted like she didn’t care at all about anything of his that she was – touching...scrubbing really. But it was outrageous just the same! And once again he realized that she was only treating him like...a dog. Just like a dog. As if...he really was a dog. It was so...demeaning! So horribly demeaning! All of it!

Once she had cleaned him and dried him off a bit too thoroughly, she wrapped a robe around herself and let both dogs back outside again. “Hurry up and do your business,” she told him. “And try not to get too dirty now.”

Do his business? But he realized that after his bath, he did need to pee. He crawled down off of the deck and worked his way over to one of his usual places. He spread his legs and started to hunch his back down.

“No, no, no!” Rosa yelled. “What do you think you’re doing? You know better than to do that!”

Brian quickly stopped himself from peeing and crawled as fast as he could for the nearest tree, where he lifted his leg to let loose – dog style. First the demeaning bath, now this! And there was no way out! Not any way that he could see – even though she had said there was a way. And now that he had seen her as she used to torture spies, he was more scared of her than ever!

As soon as both he and Wolf were finished, Rosa called both dogs back in the house again – mostly so that Brian wouldn’t get too dirty before they went out later.

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Diner was great! Well, it tasted good anyway, even if he did have to eat it like a dog...from his dog dish. Chicken! And it was mixed with string beans and mashed potatoes. Yum, yum! Even if he did have to eat it like a dog. Of course, he was so hungry that almost anything would have tasted great.

After dinner, he and Wolf got let back out to “do their business” again. Then they were brought back into the house almost immediately. And right after that, Brian watched as she again undressed completely – right in front of him, before she went in and took her own bath.

Rosa’s phone rang a little after seven o’clock. “Am I going to be able to get in this time?” Connie’s voice asked. “I’m almost there.”

“I’ll put the dogs out back until you get in,” Rosa replied. As soon as she hung up the phone, she shoed both dogs back out into the yard – where Wolf started barking frantically the moment he heard Connie’s car pull into the driveway.

“I still feel like he wants to eat me,” Connie said as she entered the house. “Overall, I think I like Bobo better. He at least doesn’t scare me.”

“Yeah, that’s the trouble with those two. One is too aggressive, and the other doesn’t have the nerve of a chicken! Sometimes I wish I could knock the two of them together and create one perfect...something!”

Connie nodded. “Something in the middle would be better for both of them. Ready to get dressed?”

“Can you help me move something up from the basement first? It’s a bit heavy.”

“Sure,” Connie replied. “No problem.”

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Brian had expected to get let back into the house fairly soon, but it seemed like she was going to keep him and Wolf outside for a while again. Wolf was laying down on the porch, so he did the same, staying close to the big dog’s fur coat. It was a while before the back door finally opened and he and Wolf got let back into the house. Wolf hurried in anxiously, knowing that someone was there. Brian followed much more slowly. He knew who the visitor was. Or so he hoped.

He saw Rosa dressed in her spy torturing outfit again. Only her whip was missing. She looked – strange. And dare he think it...kind of sexy. But then, who was he to judge what was sexy and what wasn’t. He had barely dated any girls in his life. Getting to see her naked earlier was something he had never in his life seen before – a naked woman!

He noticed now that Connie was dressed similar to Mrs. Murphy, except that Connie was dressed mostly in black and red leather. Did she torture spies too? Were there that many spies around?

The moment that Wolf finally accepted that it was Connie in the house and left her alone, Rosa grabbed Brian's knee pads and straps and once again bound up his legs.

"All ready?" Connie asked.

"Just one other thing," Rosa replied. She went to the back door and grabbed Wolf's leash from where she kept it hung on a hook. Before Brian knew what was happening, that leash was again firmly attached to his collar. "Now we're ready," Rosa said as she started pulling Brian toward the door.

Brian realized they were leaving – with him! He tried to hold back, to not go, but she was pulling so hard, choking him...and she scared him so much...they both scared him so much! Little by little, they dragged him right out through the front door – total naked except for his knee pads. They dragged him down the steps and over to Rosa's small SUV. Connie opened the back door and Brian did his best to hurry into the car – where he would at least be out of sight. Getting into the car wasn't easy with his legs bound up, but he was so scared of being outside like he was that he was very motivated to get inside – where he huddled on the floor, totally miserable, totally scared. Rosa threw her end of the leash in with him and Connie closed the door. All Brian could think about was what was going to happen when they got to wherever they were going...wherever that was.

"You may as well climb up on the seat and get comfortable, Bobo," Rosa called to him as she pulled out of her driveway. "We have a long way to go."

But Brian was too scared to climb up onto the back seat. There was too much chance that someone might see him there.

All the way to the club, Rosa and Connie talked about this and that, but the primary thing on Rosa's mind was whether or not this experience would bring out the courage in Brian to fight back. Because if this didn't do it, she didn't know what would. And despite the money she had already committed to Tolliver's little creations, she would still rather see Brian get a bit of backbone. If he didn't, it wouldn't be backbone that he would get...but some kind of a dog bone to chew on instead.

Their conversation lagged as they finally got to the club and started driving around the crowded parking lot nearby. "There's a space!" Connie exclaimed as she finally spotted an opening between cars. Rosa carefully pulled her small SUV in and turned off her engine. In the back seat, Brian was more scared than ever. What would happen now?

Rosa opened the back door and saw Brian still on the floor of the car, still in the same position he had been in when they left her house. He was obviously scared. Well, that was probably a good thing. She grabbed the end of his leash and pulled. "Come on, Bobo. We're here. Time to get out."

But Brian didn't want to get out. He was too scared. He felt her pulling on his leash, choking him. The pressure made him back up a little, but he still didn't want to get out.

“Bobo!” Rosa yelled. “Out! Now! Don’t make me have to beat you again!”

Beat him? Yes, she would. Horribly. He could just picture it in his mind...the same way she tortured spies. He turned his head to look back at her and felt her pulling harder on his leash.

“Do you want me to open the other door?” Connie asked. “Then you can just push him out while I pull.”

Brian realized he wasn’t going to have a choice about getting out – like it or not. He looked back one more time, then moved backwards, a bit.

“No,” Rosa replied. “I think he’s coming now.”

Slowly, Brian backed up more. Getting out of the car backwards was harder than getting into it. But as his back leg was trying to find the ground, he felt her grab his body and pull him. A moment later, he was outside...somewhere...somewhere where there were a lot of cars. And he was totally naked. And he was...behaving like...a dog. In public! He couldn’t help it, he let out a small whimper.

Holding his leash up tightly, Rosa locked the car the moment Connie closed the rear door for her. “This way, Bobo,” she said as soon as she had put her keys back into her purse.

“Where are you going?” Connie asked, seeing the direction Rosa was heading. “The club’s the other way.”

“There’s some grass up here at the edge of the parking lot,” Rosa replied. “After that car ride, I figure I better walk him a bit before we go inside.”

Connie giggled and joined her as they entered the grass patch.

“Okay, Bobo,” Rosa said as they walked slowly along the narrow strip of green, “do your thing. I don’t want to have to take you out later while we’re in there.”

Brian was shocked beyond belief! She actually wanted him to.... Out here? Out by the road where there were cars driving by? If it wasn’t for the leash pulling tightly on his neck, he would have crawled back to the car already! But the darn leash didn’t let him go anywhere she didn’t want him to. And with no hands and only half of his legs, there was little he could do but go wherever she wanted. But this? Pee like a dog where everyone could see him?

“There Bobo,” Rosa said. “There’s a nice bench up ahead. Try sniffing that and see if it’s a good place for you to go.”

Connie giggled again. “Looks like a perfect place to me.”

Brian looked. There was an old bench up ahead bordering the sidewalk. Maybe he could hide behind it so the cars that drove by occasionally couldn’t see him. As they approached, he pulled harder on his leash so that he could get all the way behind it and out of sight – relatively. But they barely got to the bench when she pulled back hard and he was stopped right at the edge of it.

“Try sniffing there, Bobo,” Rosa said. “See if it’s a good place for you to go.”

Sniff it? He didn't want to sniff the leg of some old dirty bench. But she wasn't letting him go any further to get out of sight, so he lowered his head and sniffed the leg a little. Yuck! It smelled horrible. Like other dogs had peed on it before. He pulled his head away and tried to pull on his leash again.

"No good?" Rosa asked. "Okay, we'll try the other side." She let him crawl forward toward the other end of the bench. But when he got to the middle, he stopped as if he didn't want to go any further. No, she wasn't going to let him hide here behind the bench. Sometimes a leash can be the perfect tool. All she had to do was pull on it and he was forced to follow her to the far end of the bench. "Try sniffing that leg instead," Rosa suggested.

Brian sniffed it. It smelled exactly like the first one he had smelled – awful! He lifted his head and looked at her. At least from where he was he was still hidden from view by the bench. Could he stay here?

"I think he's shy about it," Connie suggested.

Rosa looked at her. "I think you're right!" She looked around and spotted...perfect! She pulled on the leash again. "This way Bobo."

Brian was dragged along with her – like it or not. Out from behind the bench, out to the sidewalk in front of the bench, out to the edge of the road! She stopped right next to a road sign sticking out of the concrete next to the curb. "I think this is the perfect place, Bobo. You had your chances back there, so now we'll just wait here until you pee against that sign."

Brian couldn't believe it. He noticed now that several of the cars that drove by were slowing down so they could see him better. She had absolutely no heart! She was merciless! But then, she also used to torture spies for a living!

"The longer you take, the longer we're going to be here," Rosa added. "I suggest you start sniffing again. Hopefully, it will inspire you." She heard Connie giggling again at her words.

Once again, Brian had no choice. He lowered his head and sniffed the sign post. He couldn't tell what he smelled. Nothing he had ever smelled before, that was for sure.

"Now lift your leg and do your business," Rosa prompted.

Hating himself...hating her...hating life, Brian crawled a bit further forward and somehow managed to lift his leg. A car driving by on the other side of the road pulled almost to a stop. Peeing wasn't easy, but somehow, he forced it out. Another car coming from the other direction stopped too. Brian was so embarrassed. He finally lowered his leg.

"See now, that wasn't so bad, was it?" Rosa said as she turned back in the direction of the club. "Next time it will be that much easier for you."

Brian seriously hoped there would never be a next time.

"If you need to do anything else, Bobo," Rosa said as they walked back along the small patch of grass, "Now's the time to do it." Brian just kept crawling forward – back toward the cars. Unfortunately, they weren't going back to the car.

With Rosa on one side of him firmly holding his leash, and Connie bordering his other side, Brian crawled along the sidewalk toward the lighted entrance ahead. When they reached the steps, they turned and made their way up them. Connie held the door open and Rosa led Bobo inside.

“Madame Rosa!” the man behind the desk exclaimed as they entered the small entrance foyer. “I heard you would be here tonight. It’s good to see you again.”

“Hi Henry,” Rosa replied to the rock of a man who guarded the club’s entrance. “It’s good to be back again.”

“Please sign our guest register,” Henry said.

Still holding Bobo’s leash, Rosa grabbed the pen and signed her name.

“And your slave?” Henry prompted. Everyone had to be signed in and accounted for.

“He’s not my slave,” Rosa replied. “He’s my dog.”

Henry wasn’t phased in the least. He had seen it all...many times. “Then would you also please sign your dog in as well.”

Rosa only smiled as she put “Bobo” down on the register. Connie signed in right after her and Henry wished them all a good time.

“What would you like first?” Connie asked as they entered the club proper.

“A good stiff drink!” Rosa replied. “Something to dull the pain from this corset!”

Brian stared wide-eyed around him as they headed through the crowded bar. There were all kinds of...weird people there. So many of them dressed in leather. So many of them dressed – just plain strange. Some were even naked! And yes, he was sure of it...he wasn’t the only one here wearing a collar...or a leash for that matter. But as far as he could see, he was the only one who had to behave like a stupid dog.

Rosa and Connie each ordered their drinks while Bobo sat silently beside them, still feeling totally embarrassed about being naked and acting like a dog – in public. When their drinks arrived, Rosa asked the bartender, “Is there any way I can have a small bowl of water for my dog? He’s very thirsty.” It wasn’t the first time the bartender had received a request like that. He simply nodded and a few minutes later handed over a small metal bowl full of water.

With the leash looped over her wrist, Rosa let Connie lead the way to one of the few empty tables. As she set the bowl of water on the floor for Bobo, she leaned in close to his head and whispered, although her voice sounded more like hissing! “I suggest you be a very good dog tonight. Don’t let me catch you even coming close to doing anything not like a dog! No matter what happens!” Then she stood up again and took her seat at the table.

Brian was still in shock over his entire strange situation. And now she had just threatened him...again. Nervously, he decided to do his best to behave just like she wanted. She used to torture spies...professionally! Fortunately, and strangely, the people in this oddball place didn’t act like he was that much of a big deal. Yes, most of them were staring at him...more

than a few unbelievably. But nobody had yet to say anything at all about the way she was treating him. Not wanting any water, he sat...like a dog, while Rosa and Connie seemed to ignore him...like a dog.

“Rosa! It’s good to see you again,” a man said as he walked up to the table. “And Connie, you’re looking as wonderful as ever!”

“Ah, George! A face I finally know! How are you?” Rosa replied.

As the people talked at the table above him, Brian took the time to check the guy out. He was dressed rather – normally! In fact, the only strange thing about him, wasn’t exactly him. It was the woman who stood silently behind him, staring at the floor and occasionally sending small glances in his direction. And she was wearing a collar too!

“You’ll forgive me for saying this,” George said to Rosa, “but I’m surprised to see you here. I heard you had retired – completely. And now you’re back, and with a new slave I see”

Rosa shook her head. “He’s not my slave. He’s my dog! George, this is Bobo. Go ahead and pet him. He doesn’t bite...yet.”

“Your dog? How...interesting,” George replied as he stared at Brian. He leaned down and pet Brian’s head for a moment. Then he turned to the silent woman behind him. He pointed at the floor. “Down!” he ordered. “You can keep the dog company while we talk.”

Very quickly, Brian found himself no longer alone on the floor. But now he was sitting there naked, while this beautiful woman was sitting right next to him. And he wasn’t sure what to make of it!

“Go ahead and pet him if you like,” Rosa said to the woman on the floor. “And talk to him too. I’m sure he’ll appreciate the attention.” She quickly looked up at George. “That is, if you don’t mind.”

George only shrugged as if he didn’t care. “As long as she doesn’t bother us,” he replied as he pulled out another chair and sat down.

Brian soon felt the woman’s soft feminine fingers running through his hair, over and over again. Then her hands wandered further down his back, rubbing him ever so gently. Further and further down...almost to his backside that he was sitting on. Despite the situation, he couldn’t help but be turned on by her attention.

“So you’re supposed to be a dog?” she whispered so softly he could barely hear her.

Did she expect him to answer? Was he supposed to answer? Mrs. Murphy had warned him in no uncertain terms that he couldn’t do anything at all not like a dog. And he had no doubt he would get seriously hurt if he did, so he remained silent as she continued to stroke him. Unfortunately, the more she touched him, the more his embarrassing situation got even more embarrassing as his naked penis started to grow. And no matter how he willed it not to, it seemed to have a life of its own.

“Did you hear me?” the woman whispered just a little bit louder. “So you’re a dog tonight? Do you like being a dog?”

Brian's mind was torn between her question and his "growing embarrassment." And he had no way to reply to the woman's question. Maybe he should lay down instead of sitting up. That would at least hide what was happening to his penis. He started to move his legs forward so he could lay on his stomach, but he didn't get far before he heard Rosa's stern voice.

"Answer her, Bobo," she said. She turned to the girl on the floor. "He's really very smart. "Speak, Bobo!"

But Brian couldn't find the courage to do what she wanted. Not here, not in public!

"Bobo! Speak!" Rosa commanded more sternly.

And before he knew he had done it, Brian barked like he usually did in their training sessions.

"Good boy, Bobo," Rosa praised. She held out her hand. "Shake..." Brian raised his paw and let her shake it up and down a few times. Rosa held her hand out flat. "Bobo...down," she said, drawing the word out a little like she usually did. Brian let himself down onto his stomach – which was the position he was trying to get into earlier to hide what was happening from the woman's touch. "Good boy," Rosa praised again. "Bobo, sit!" As much as Brian hated doing it, he forced himself back to his dog sitting position – where his embarrassing situation could be more clearly seen. Rosa ruffled the hair on his head. "See, he's a smart one. Good dog, Bobo."

Brian was glad for the praise...sort of. But he was more worried about what to do about his still mostly stiff penis. But at least her little trick demonstration had made it go down...a little bit. Now if it would just disappear altogether. He wished he, himself, could disappear as well. Unfortunately, he was still tethered to the leash in her hand.

Brian saw the woman next to him looking up at the man. Then she started pointing at his still erect penis.

"Yes, I see it," the man said. "He turned to Rosa. "You're...um...dog seems to be rather, enjoying this situation in an unexpected way."

Rosa looked back down at Bobo. "Yes he is. Sorry about that, but you know how these male dogs can be sometimes. They get all hard at the worst times!"

George nodded at the woman on the floor. "If you like, she can take care of that little problem for you."

Take care of it? Brian was suddenly nervous, mostly now because his embarrassment had become the topic of their conversation. And he couldn't even hide it!

Rosa looked down at the two of them while she considered the question. "That depends," she replied. "Does she mind sucking off a dog?"

"That isn't her decision," George replied. "If I tell her to do it, she'll do it. But I think in this case especially, she'll have no problem at all."

Rosa considered that. “Very well.” She turned to Brian. “Bobo, lay down...on your side.” She looked up at George. “He can’t lay on his back as well, so this position will have to do.”

George didn’t reply to Rosa, instead he turned to the woman. “Go ahead, enjoy yourself.”

Before Brian knew what was happening, the woman had her head stuck not only into his crotch, but her mouth was engulfing his entire swollen penis. And her tongue.... It was like nothing he had ever felt in his life! He wanted to scream, he wanted to shout, but his wide eyes were locked onto the look that Mrs. Murphy was leveling at him, and even in this situation, he knew she wasn’t going to let him behave like anything but a dog! But oh man...heaven!!!

“Don’t let him cum dear,” Rosa suddenly said. “I’d like you to stop just before that.”

Brian, his penis still buried deep in the woman’s mouth, felt her stop and nod her head a little, then she went right back to doing what she was doing. He quickly felt his orgasm building, closer and closer, faster and faster and...and she was suddenly gone. Her mouth totally removed. She wasn’t even touching him. He wanted so badly to howl in frustration...like a dog. But he stayed silent...and shocked.

“If he’s a good dog all night, then maybe later you can finish what you started,” Rosa told the woman.

The woman just smiled and looked back at the floor.

“Don’t forget your water,” Rosa said to Bobo. “You may be grateful for that little drink later.”

Hating life and everything in it, Brian rolled over on his stomach, on top of his raging penis, and started licking at the bowl of water in front of him. The woman again sat petting his head as he drank.

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The staircase down to the “dungeon” was long and steep, but fortunately Rosa kept a tight hold on his leash and didn’t push him to go any faster than he was able. Just the word dungeon brought up so many frightening images to Brian’s mind, images that all seemed tame by the time they actually got there and looked around. The sound of painful screaming had reached his ears at the top of the staircase. The occasional loud sharp cracking sounds reached him a few steps later.

Brian couldn’t believe what he was seeing, there were men...and women too, chained and bound to the most hellish looking torture equipment he could imagine. And it looked like there were more than he would have imagined.

Crack! The sound turned his head quickly. He saw a man wielding a...whip of some sort against the back of some poor naked woman. Her cries of anguish sent fear all through Brian's own body. He tried to hold back, but Rosa kept moving, kept forcing him to follow her.

"Rosa! There you are!"

"Ella!" Rosa replied happily. "I was hoping I would see you here."

"I heard you were going to be here tonight," Ella replied. "I'm so glad to see you!" She turned to the man who was stretched out, chained to a giant "X" made of heavy looking wood. "I've been saving this one – just for you. Kind of a welcome back present." She looked down. "But I see you've already got your own slave."

Once again, Rosa had to explain. "He's not my slave. He's my dog. This is Bobo."

Brian didn't know whether to sit or try to run under the woman's scrutiny. "How delightful. And you said you retired. I knew it wasn't true!"

"It is true. This just...came along."

"So my little welcome back present won't be going to waste?" Ella asked.

"To be honest," Rosa replied, "this corset is so uncomfortably tight, that I'd really like to take my frustrations out somewhere."

Ella laughed and just pointed at the man chained to the large "X." "Enjoy yourself dear. And don't be afraid. That one really needs a good beating!"

Brian was forced to follow Rosa over to a wall that was covered with all too many things he didn't recognize – and didn't want to recognize. Implements of torture was the only way his mind could categorize them. There appeared to be more on some shelves nearby. They were ugly things – all of them. He watched as she selected something long from the wall, swung it a few times, then put it back and selected something else. Eventually, she seemed happy with what she had chosen.

She started back toward the chained man, then stopped and turned around again. She hung the leash over a hook on the wall with some coats...and walked off again. Brian started to follow her, but he was immediately brought up short by his leash. It was hung on the hook where he couldn't reach it...as if he had hands anymore. He was forced to stay right where he was and just watch. He found that he could just lay down if he wanted to, but the leash was hooked high enough that it pulled a little too tightly on his collar. His best position was to sit – as usual, like a dog.

He watched as she talked briefly to the man attached to the big "X". Then she seemed to yell at him. And all too suddenly she swung at him with whatever it was that she was holding...some kind of a whip, he guessed. Brian actually let out a little yip of terror as the man on the cross screamed in pain and a large red welt appeared on his back. And then she hit him again! Torture indeed! He saw her talking to the man again...perhaps asking him to spill whatever information he knew? But somehow, he knew that this man wasn't a spy.

None of them were. This place was...something else. Something weird. Something...mad! Something...deranged!

He looked around the room and finally realized that all the people being tortured were doing it willingly – he thought. Talk about weird! Why would anyone do such a thing? But spies or not, one thing was perfectly clear to him – she did hurt men! In fact, it looked like she liked to hurt men. And...she seemed all too good at it. And now that he was seeing it for himself, the reality of it became all that much clearer. The simple beatings she had given him in the past were nothing compared to what she was capable of doing...compared to what she probably usually did. And his fear of her grew that much more.

Leashed to the wall...just as much as all those other people were chained or tied to other things, he was forced to sit and watch everything that went on in that room...that dungeon. And they were all frightening things. Distressing things. Horrible things. Things he wanted no part of. Yet he was there, trapped whether he liked it or not.

He saw so much bleeding. He saw so much pain. He heard so many screams. He heard so much crying. And he witnessed so much cruelty. All of it made his own plight look almost easy. He didn't want to imagine what the others were going through.

Their stay in the dungeon seemed to go on forever. He watched his landlord whip another man after Connie had tortured two. And finally, she came back and picked up his leash again. She pet his head. "You've been such a good boy, Bobo," she praised. Then she led the way back up the stairs – finally. And back into the bar again where she and Connie ordered another drink.

As he sat on the floor next to her, his eyes kept scanning the room for any sight of that strange woman. Mrs. Murphy had said that if he was a good dog she would let her finish what she had started earlier. He wasn't sure if he should want that or not after what he had just witnessed, but he did. It had been the most amazing feeling ever! But the two women finished their drinks and got up from the table, and his leash made him follow them out the door. The naked woman had never shown up again.

Once again, Rosa took him to the little grass strip to relieve himself before getting back into the car. This time, he lifted his leg and went against the back of the bench instead of being forced to do it out at the very curb of the road. And fortunately, after that, he was put back in her car, hidden from sight.

The long ride home gave him plenty of time to reflect on what he had witnessed earlier. He didn't want to reflect on it, but the images wouldn't leave his mind. He only knew that he had feared her before, and now he feared her even more. She used to hurt men – professionally. And that reality was now all too clear to him.

His leash wasn't removed until they were finally home, finally back in the house. And then he was sent out back with Wolf almost immediately. A short while later, they were back inside again. She had changed out of her outfit into her nightgown. He was ready for bed himself. A proper bed instead of the floor. But when he got to her room, he got a shock. There was a large cage against the wall of her room that hadn't been there before – a dog cage he realized. One built for a dog Wolf's size.

“I’m afraid you’ll have to sleep in the cage for now,” she told him. “We can’t have you wandering all over the house at night when I don’t know where you are or what you’re up to. So for now, I’m afraid it’s the cage.”

He held back, but she grabbed his collar and pulled him toward it. But as much as he held back, he didn’t dare hold back much. He had seen what she was capable of doing and it was all too fresh in his mind. And before he knew it, he was squeezing in through the door of the cage – into a world of horror.

Once he had passed mostly in, only then did she remove his leg bindings and remove the knee pads. Then she pushed him the rest of the way in and closed the door.

Brian looked around him and felt a wave of panic. He was in a cage! With bars! And there was no way out. He was trapped...like a criminal...no, more like an animal. At least the bottom had an old blanket of some sort for him to lay on. But stretching out was clearly impossible. The cage was a little longer than it was wide, and he had just enough room to turn around in the thing. But that’s about all he could do there.

Wolf came over and stuck his nose against the outside of the cage near his head. His long tongue found its way between the bars and managed to just lick Brian’s face. Brian appreciated the affection. He had no doubt that sometime in the past Wolf had experienced being cooped up in the cage too.

He laid down because there was no other option. His body was all scrunched up, but that was the only position the tight confines of the cage would allow him. With his mind still locked on the horror of the cage he was now stuck in, and the horror of what he had witnessed earlier in the dungeon, and the horror of what she was doing to him every day...he closed his eyes and did his best to go to sleep.

And in the dark of the night, even confined and as miserable as he was, his mind and body remembered the strange woman and what she had done to him. And that too was like another horror. Because being in the same room with Mrs. Murphy all night, he was too afraid to do anything about it.

Chapter 09.

His muscles ached in their cramped position. His body yearned to be able to stretch out and get some relief. In the dark of the room, he pushed somewhat with his legs, but that only succeeded in pushing his head up against the bars on one side while his legs and feet could go no further. The tight confines of the cage he was in were maddeningly small. He could feel one side of the cage touching his head, another side touching his back, the third side touching his feet, and if he moved his arms or legs much, they came in contact with the fourth side. Too small. Too small – for a human. But then she didn't seem to consider him to be a human anymore. She considered him to be...a dog.

She had said there was a way out for him...a way out of this dog's life. But even when his brain wasn't so sleep deprived, he couldn't see any way possible. Getting out of the cage was another matter that didn't seem possible. With his hands bound into uselessness, he couldn't work the lock mechanism...not to mention that he couldn't even begin to get his bound up hands through the bars to reach the mechanism. Hands? Or paws? Either way, there was simply no way out of the cage. At least not until she let him out. And he knew that wouldn't be until morning, after she got out of bed.

He did his best to relax his body and sleep. But it was difficult. He was caught in all too many traps – both physical and mental. Traps with no way out. In the early morning half-light of the room, in his half-sleep state, he dreamed about the tortures he had witnessed the night before. Torturous things that scared him more than he wanted to admit, and made him all that much more afraid of her. But amid those horrid half-dreams, he also remembered the unimaginable feeling of the odd woman's mouth as it engulfed his manhood. Pain and torture, mixed with exquisite pleasure...pleasure that was its own torture.

He heard no alarm clock ring, only her increased restlessness as she tossed and turned in her bed. The room had been fully light for some time now as the morning progressed. But it was Sunday, and he figured she was sleeping in – especially after their evening out last night. Then, with a small moan as if she was hurting, he heard her get out of bed. She barely glanced at him as she walked past his cage. Wolf walked past him too, following her, but Wolf at least paused a moment to sniff at him in his cage. And then he was alone, and Brian still had no way out of the cage.

Fortunately, she was back again a few minutes later. She went straight to his cage and opened the door. In the long dark night, he had squirmed enough that he had learned how to turn around in the cage and he was able to crawl right out. Freedom at last! Well, at least a different kind of freedom. His hands were still bound up into uselessness and he was still mentally bound under her dominating will. He followed her and Wolf out to the back door where she held it open so he and Wolf could go out to relieve themselves. He immediately crawled down the steps and over to one of his favorite areas of open grass – not near any bushes or trees where he could lift his leg like Wolf did, but to one of his usual spots where he simply spread his legs and squatted his body down lower and let loose. Ahhh!

The morning was cool, but not as cold as it had been yesterday. The grass was still damp with dew though, but since he was naked, that didn't seem to be any kind of problem – at least not as far as she seemed to be concerned.

He headed back toward the porch again and noticed Wolf sniffing around in the very back of the yard. He knew from a lot of experience now that Wolf was going to poop back there. It had been a few days now since he had done that. He was holding back purposely. But could he continue to hold back? He had a bad feeling that he wasn't going to make it until she finally let him loose and let him go back to his own house.

Wolf had returned to the porch long before Rosa let her two dogs back into the house. Wolf immediately began pacing around the kitchen, but Rosa ignored him as she pulled a pan out of the cupboard and set it on the stove. A few minutes later, she had an entire package of link sausages cooking in that pan.

Brian's mouth was watering. So much, that his eyes rarely left Rosa's back as he waited impatiently for something to eat. But as usual, she was ignoring him. From his position on the floor, he couldn't see much of what she was doing, but he could imagine it...and smell it. Food! And he wanted some – badly.

Rosa finished with the sausage, then cooked herself an egg and fixed some toast, taking the time to spread a little strawberry jam on it before carrying her breakfast to the table to eat. She carefully did her best to pay Brian no more attention than she did to Wolf. In fact, she barely glanced at either of them as she ate.

Only once she had finished did she break up the remainder of the sausages into Wolf's and Bobo's bowls equally. She set Wolf's bowl down in her usual spot for it, and watched as Wolf attacked the sausage greedily. She set Bobo's bowl down where she usually fed him and was pleased to see how voraciously he attacked it as well. She watched as Wolf soon came over to Bobo's bowl once he had finished his own, but Brian quickly moved around to the side, blocking the big dog, and kept his head right down into the bowl so Wolf couldn't get any. Rosa sighed. If only Brian could show that much backbone in the rest of his life...especially so he could get out of his current predicament. But as usual, she was seeing no sign of that in him at all. The way Brian kept Wolf away from his meal was only out of desperation so he could get enough to eat.

After breakfast, Rosa shooed both dogs out into the yard to play. When she looked through the window at them a while later, they were wrestling with each other in the still damp grass. That was good. Just two dogs playing with each other. But it was looking more and more like all the money she was going to be spending on Brian wasn't going to go to waste. Such a pity...and that was despite how interested she was in causing his current predicament. In fact she was so interested in it, that she was seriously thinking now about introducing Brian to a little bit of dog tongue training...training that Wolf would never need. But for Brian's tongue training, that would be in a place where she wouldn't ever let Wolf lick her. A place that all too often lately seemed to get moist...just from looking at what she had done already to Brian. Her thoughts turned toward what she had planned for him in the future. Yes, it was definitely time to teach that young dog some new tricks!

Grabbing her box of dog treats, she went out into the back yard. “Wolfie... Bobo...” she called. Wolf came at a run. Bobo of course was much slower. “Sit!” she ordered as Wolf got to her. But the big dog didn’t sit. He came right up to her and rubbed his big furry body against her legs as he worked his way around her. “I said sit!” she ordered again. Still Wolf didn’t sit. She reached down and pushed against his backside. “Sit!” Finally Wolf sat. “I can see we’re going to have lots of trouble with you today,” she muttered. Brian finally reached her and automatically sat...like the dog she was trying to turn him into. “See Wolf,” she said, “that’s how you’re supposed to do it. Dumb dog. Stay!” she commanded as she walked away from them. She walked about twenty feet away, but when she turned around, Wolf wasn’t sitting anymore, he was lying down on his side. “Wolfie! Sit!” she ordered. But Wolf just laid there...wagging his tail in such a way that it pounded against the ground. The dumb dog thought this was all just another fun game. “What the hell am I going to do with you?” Rosa said disgustedly. “Sit!” she tried again. But as before, Wolf just laid there and wagged his tail. “Ugh!”

“Okay,” Rosa said. “Come!” she commanded to both her dogs. Bobo started for her, but Wolf stayed lying where he was. She watched as Bobo came right up to her and sat, before she even told him to. “Perfect!” she praised him. She reached into the box and pulled out two treats and gave them to him while she stroked his head. “Good dog,” she praised.

She looked up at Wolf. “Wolf! Come, you big knucklehead. Come!”

Wolf rolled in the grass a little, then worked his way slowly to a sitting position, then finally got all the way to his feet and trotted over to her.

“Sit!” she ordered.

But as before, Wolf rubbed his big furry body against her legs...just before he tried jumping up and getting his snout into the box of dog treats.

“No! No! Stop that!” Rosa commanded. “What am I going to do with you? You’re a monster!”

Wolf sat and looked very pleased for some reason. So much so, that Rosa found herself going up to him and rubbing his head a little too. “We’ve got to get some help for you, you big dummy. I can see that now. You’re simply too impossible.” She turned toward Bobo. “And you... If I could just put you and Wolfie together, I’d have the best damn pet in the world!” She shook her head. “Forget it guys. Since Wolfie is being so uncooperative, we’ll try this again later.

She headed back to the porch, but when she got there, she remembered some of her thoughts from earlier. She looked back at Bobo, who was once again being knocked over by Wolf as he jumped and wrestled with the man-turned-dog. Yes, she was definitely ready for this. She didn’t know if Brian would be, but she needed it. In fact, the little bit of fun at the club last night had only made things worse for her. Especially having Bobo the dog with her there last night to show off.

If she couldn’t train her dogs one way this morning, then she would do some different training...with one of them anyway. “Bobo...” she called. “Come!”

This time, Wolf came running straight for her...where he again rubbed his body against her leg, then sat expectantly...waiting for a treat. “No!” she said. “You were terrible this morning.”

The hopeful expression on Wolf’s face didn’t change.

“Bobo! Get a move on. Hurry up!” she called.

Brian did his best to crawl a little faster and soon crawled his way up the porch steps where he too sat in front of her.

Rosa opened the door. “Bobo!” she said. “In the house. “Wolfie. You stay!”

Amazingly. Wolf laid down right there on the porch and offered no trouble while she shepherded Bobo into the house by himself.

As soon as he was through the door, Brian felt Rosa grabbing his collar and holding him still. Oh shit! He realized quickly that she was attaching the leash. It had been a bad sign when she had called him into the house without Wolf, but the leash.... Things could only get really bad now. Strangely though, Brian was surprised when Rosa simply dropped the leash on the floor and walked off, leaving him there. He crawled his way further into the kitchen, afraid to go any further...afraid to go after her. He was torn between wanting to go back outside with Wolf, or stay here in the house. Outside, he wouldn’t have to worry about whatever Rosa wanted to do to him now, but outside, he was also out there stark naked – and acting like a dog where it was possible for anyone to see him. There was no winning with either situation. He sat in the kitchen and waited, glad that he hadn’t heard her calling him...so far.

Rosa opened her old toy chest and looked at the many things inside. Her old chest of toys had certainly seen more use lately than it had in the last few years. It took her only a few moments thought to reach in and pull out one of her favorite things – a riding crop. Perfect! Now, where was that damn dog?

She walked back to the kitchen and found him sitting there. Good enough, and for her purposes today, the kitchen was good enough as well. In fact, probably better than a few other places. She pulled out one of her kitchen chairs and sat in it. “Bobo. Come!”

Brian’s eyes didn’t leave the stick of some sort she was carrying. He had seen the whips she had used last night, and he realized this was another one of those implements of torture she seemed so fond of. Fearful of her...and more fearful of what she might do with that thing, he slowly crawled over to her...and sat.

“Good dog,” she praised him as her hand reached out and pet his head for a few moments. She stood up right in front of him and slipped her shorts down her legs and removed them. She couldn’t help but notice the look of amazement on Bobo’s face. So nice. But wait.... She stood there a moment right in front of him like that, then she pulled her panties down and off too, then again stood up. Bobo’s eyes were glued unbelievably to the one place she wanted him to be giving all his attention too. Rosa had no doubt that as Brian, he had very little experience with women...perhaps even...none.

She sat down in the chair right in front of him and spread her legs, offering him an even better view of her waiting sex. “Training time Bobo,” she said as she bent down and picked up his leash. She pulled, then pulled harder...and Bobo went from sitting, to standing, to moving as she pulled him closer. “I’m afraid that you’re going to be getting a lot of practice doing this Bobo,” she said with a sigh. “It’s such a shame you haven’t figured out yet how to get out of your situation. But then, that fact alone excites me. And the more of a dog I can make you become, the more excited over it I seem to get. So I have no doubt that starting now, you and I will be spending a lot of time doing just...this.”

She watched him staring at her open and waiting sex for a few moments, letting him get a real good look at it. “You find it interesting, don’t you,” she said to him. “Not to worry, all men do. It’s really one of the biggest failings about the entire male sex. None of you can seem to get enough of seeing a woman’s sexual parts. But you, Bobo, are going to get to do more than just see it. You’re going to get to explore it...a lot! Just not with the part of you that you might think. So sorry, but that’s the way it goes – especially for dogs!”

She saw his eyes glance up fearfully at her. So precious. Definitely a first timer, and first timers were always such fun to “break” in. She pulled a bit on the leash. “Move closer Bobo,” she said. “Put your nose right up against it and smell it. Smell it good, and don’t stop smelling it.” Bobo didn’t seem to want to move closer though, so she pulled harder on the leash, very hard. “Put your nose right up against it!” she ordered sternly, still pulling on the leash, but Bobo was still holding back. All it took was a firm crack of the riding crop against his backside to surprise him enough to make him jump a little forward...so that his face quickly would up right up against her vagina, just where she wanted it. She kept pulling hard on his leash to keep him there. “Now...smell it deeply, and keep smelling it,” she said.

Brian couldn’t help but smell it, but he didn’t want his face there...or any other part of him there either. But she was still pulling tightly on the leash and there was no way he could back up to get further away. She smelled...weird there. Dirty? No, not really. Just...strange. He tried to pull back away but she was keeping the pressure on the leash too tight.

“So here’s how this is going to work,” Rosa said as she fished the leash around behind her back. “You’re going to learn to put your tongue to work licking me right there, and you’re going to keep licking me there until I’ve had all the...uh...fun...I want.”

Lick her? There? Yuck! Brian wasn’t looking forward to that. He felt her leaning down over him again, but she was still pulling on that damn leash, pulling his head in way too tightly to her, and then he felt her doing something else with the leash on the other side of his collar. Now what?

Rosa grabbed his collar and pulled the end of the leash through the other side of it. Then when she pulled on the end, it drew his head further into her waiting sex from both sides, making it even more impossible to pull away. “Now start licking!” she ordered. “All dogs like to lick. Their tongues are one of their favorite muscles. So start exercising yours. Now! Lick me Bobo. Lick me!”

Brian’s face was crushed against her vagina. Lick her? No... But he suddenly felt the awful sting from that stick thing hitting his backside. And it stung horribly. It hurt!

“Start licking Bobo. Now!” Rosa ordered again. She swatted his backside harder.

Ouch! That last hit had really hurt! Brian’s mouth automatically opened to yelp, but nothing came out since it was muffled by her flesh pressing against his entire mouth.

“Now lick it puppy!”

Hesitantly, Brian stuck his tongue out and licked the slit between her legs. Ugh!

“Don’t stop!” Rosa ordered. “You just keep licking, harder and harder until I tell you to stop.” Once again, she swatted his backside firmly with the crop. She immediately felt him licking a little firmer. Umm. Much better. Very nice in fact.

Things were rapidly becoming worse for Brian. The more he licked, the wetter she seemed to get there, and it wasn’t from his saliva. It was all from her!

“Get that tongue in there...deeper!” she ordered, then she backed up the command with another swat from her riding crop. Umm. Better. “Deeper!” she ordered again. “Really stick that tongue all the way up in there. Just keep putting it in as far as you can, and don’t stop!” She pulled harder on the end of the leash, crushing his head in even firmer than it was. She felt his tongue at work up inside her a little better. So good. So nice. So much...fun!

Brian could barely breathe, and his tongue was getting tired, but she wouldn’t ease up on the pressure from his leash at all. And every time he slowed down, even a little, she hit him again to keep him going. He had no choice but to keep licking her...as awful as it was. And then he felt her squirming around, grinding her crotch into his face even harder. He could tell she was breathing heavier. Then it felt like her entire body was shaking in front of him, and still she made him keep going. Had she just had an orgasm? He really had no experience at all in these things, but he thought she might have.

Rosa started to come down from her orgasm. She could tell Bobo was struggling now. But he was a newcomer at this. He would need more training to build up his stamina. Still, it was a good start. A very good start. She eased up a little on how hard she was pulling his leash, keeping his face right there while she continued to come down from her high...while she continued to enjoy the sensation of him licking her down there. Heaven. She eased up a little more and felt him pull further away. “Keep at it!” she ordered sternly, but she didn’t punctuate her order with the crop.

She kept him at it for a good two minutes more before she eased up on the leash completely, letting his head pull completely away from her. She pulled the end of the leash away from the other side of his collar, then she unfastened the leash completely. “Good enough for a first try,” she said to him. “Don’t worry, you’ll get a lot more practice. I have no doubt that in time we can make you very good at this.”

Rosa got up from her seat and looked down at him. “Your face is a mess,” she said. “Get yourself a drink. I’m sure you need it.” She knew she could have wiped his face off herself, but for some reason, she found it humorous to leave him that way.

Get a drink? Brian wanted a drink...but he didn’t. Not from the water bowl she kept in the kitchen for him.

“I said get a drink!” she ordered. She quickly swung her riding crop against his backside again.

Brian actually yelped a but at the sting of her crop hitting him. He quickly crawled over to his water bowl and tried to lick up a little water. A few seconds later, he ducked his whole face into it and splashed it around slightly, trying to clean some of her...residue...off of his face. It helped, and it didn't.

Rosa laughed at him. “Come on Bobo,” she said as she headed for the kitchen door. “Back outside now. I need a shower.”

Brian crawled after her and soon found himself locked out of the house again. It only took a moment before Wolf roused himself from where he was lying on the deck to come over. But when he did, he started licking Brian's face and wouldn't stop. The more Brian tried to get away from him, the more of a game Wolf found it. And Wolf wasn't anywhere near ready to stop licking that strange scent off of Brian.

The two “dogs” wound up in another of their playful wrestling matches as Wolf's main goal seemed to be to keep licking Brian's face. But that game changed after a while as Wolf went from trying to lick that side of Brian, to trying to mount Brian and do something else with Brian's other end. Brian hated it when Wolf tried to do that to him. And Wolf never quit! The big dog seemed to have a one track mind and was relentless. First Rosa, now Wolf. Things in Brian's dog world were rapidly getting worse!

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Rosa peered out her kitchen window to see what the dogs were doing out back. She saw Wolf once again trying to mount Bobo from the backside. Darn dog. Darn dogs! Not just Wolfie. She really should have had Wolf fixed when he was a puppy. Now...well, she would see what the future would bring. And then there was Brian...Bobo. He never believed that Wolf would dominate him if given the chance, yet there he was, with Wolf mounted over his back, trying to get at a part of him that Bobo didn't even have. Dumb male dogs. Dumb males in general. All males!

She grabbed her box of dog treats and headed outside. “Wolf! Bobo!” she called as she walked down the steps and out into the yard. “Practice time again,” she said. “Wolf! Stop that!” she yelled. “Get over here!”

Wolf finally got off of Bobo and trotted over toward her, his tongue hanging out and a very happy and playful expression on his face. Bobo was much slower picking himself up from the ground and starting to crawl toward her. “Sit!” she ordered as Wolf got close. The big dog sat, but she noticed that his eyes never once left the box of treats in her hand. “Bobo! Get a move on!” she yelled.

Brian tried to crawl faster, but in truth, he wasn't that interested. He was basically...exhausted! He finally crawled up next to Wolf, and sat...like the dog he was supposed to be.

"What the hell am I going to do with you two," Rosa muttered as she shook her head. "Stay!" she ordered. She walked a short distance away across the yard, then turned back toward them. Both dogs were sitting just as they were, watching her. "Come!" she commanded.

Wolf quickly jumped up and trotted toward her. Bobo started moving to. By the time Bobo got to her, she already had Wolf sitting, had praised him, and had given him a treat. "Sit!" she ordered as Bobo got there. Bobo sat, she praised and petted him, then gave him a treat.

She backed up a little bit away from them and held her hand out. "Down!" she ordered as she lowered her hand. Bobo laid down, extending his front "legs" straight out. She was about to yell at Wolf, when Wolfie decided to copy Bobo and he laid down too. Finally! "Good boys!" Rosa praised. "Now, sit!" she ordered. As before Bobo got right up. But Wolf didn't move until after he saw Bobo get to a sitting position, then he too sat. "What is this?" Rosa asked. "You can't do it until Bobo does it? Dumb dog!" She tried it again. "Down!" Again Bobo went first, then a few moments later, after Wolfie saw him in that position, Wolf got down that way too."

Rosa shook her head and walked closer to her "dogs." "Sit!" she ordered. Bobo sat, then Wolfie, after he saw Bobo do it. Rosa pet both dogs and gave them both treats. She knelt down in front of Wolf. "Shake..." Wolfie raised his paw and let her shake it. Then she gave him two treats. She moved over to Bobo. "Shake..." Bobo raised his paw too and she shook that up and down before giving him two treats as well.

She stood up again. "Well, at least that was better than last time," she said. "Okay boys, go have fun." She headed back into the house while Wolf laid down on the ground and rolled in the grass. Bobo, she noticed headed for the porch. When she looked out her window a few minutes later, both dogs were sacked out together on the porch sleeping. Perfect!

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Rosa brought her two "dogs" in at lunchtime. But as soon as Bobo got into the house, Rosa grabbed him and once again bound his legs up so he would be unable to use those lower extensions...that as far as Rosa could see, he really didn't need anymore. Not as long as he was going to become more and more of a dog. She fixed herself some lunch, throwing both Wolfie and Bobo one of the big dog treats to work on while she ate. As usual, she ignored both of them as much as possible.

After lunch, she went into the living room to watch some TV. Wolfie jumped up on the couch and put his head in her lap. She pet him continuously as she watched the movie on TV.

Brian went and found his out of the way spot between the chairs and laid down. How the heck was he supposed to get out of this mess? She had said there was a way. Was she lying? Just trying to string him along? He couldn't be sure, but it certainly seemed like it.

Suddenly, Wolf lifted his head from Rosa's lap and growled.

"Wolfie...no!" Rosa ordered, but a moment later, Wolf launched himself from her lap and ran to attack the front door, barking ferociously. "Wolfie! No!" Rosa ordered again. She grabbed his collar just before someone rang her doorbell. Wolf made a desperate effort to get free, growling and barking like a mad monster. "Wolf! Stop it!"

With her hand holding tightly onto his collar, she opened the door to see one of her tenants out on the doorstep.

"I just wanted to drop this off," the man standing there said. He held out an envelope for Rosa containing his rent money and she took it. "Sorry about Wolfie," she said. "I'm still having a difficult time with him when it comes to someone at the door."

The man nodded, waved, then walked back toward his car. Rosa closed the door, let go of Wolf, and Wolf immediately tried to attack the door again, barking and trying to get through it to whoever had been out there. It was a moment before he finally stopped.

Rosa went back to the couch to continue watching TV, but she noticed that Bobo was now missing. She got up and searched, and finally found him hiding in the bedroom. She shook her head but said nothing. She needed help keeping Wolf under control, and Bobo was going to have to learn to get over being overly shy. Two dogs, two very different problems.

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It was late in the afternoon when Brian decided he couldn't wait anymore. He and Wolf were again wrestling and jumping on each other outside, but all that exercise had only made Brian's situation that much worse. He had been holding it all day, but things were simply getting...unbearable now. He needed to take a shit, and he knew without a doubt that he was going to have to do it like she expected him to – like a dog! Ugh! Peeing was embarrassing enough, but that....

The urgency of his situation finally got so bad that even with Wolfie jumping all over him, he had to try to crawl away...but to where? There was really only one place he knew to go to do...his business. The same place where Wolf did it. The back of the yard. They usually played together all around the rest of the yard, he didn't want all that smell and mess to be anywhere close. And heaven forbid, he didn't want to accidently crawl thorough it while

they were playing. So with Wolf still jumping on him...and occasionally trying to hump his rear end, he did his best to crawl directly to the back of the yard.

Once there, he moved much slower, checking the ground carefully for any of Wolf's messes. He had never seen Rosa cleaning any of them up, and there were more than a few around. Mostly, they were dried up black looking chunks of...yuck! Knowing he couldn't hold back anymore, he quickly found a place that seemed to have enough room. He tried to figure out the best way to do it, but nature was already taking its course. He lowered his backside a bit...and felt Wolf's nose sniffing his rear end as he did it.

Rosa just happened to glance out her kitchen window as she was trying to decide what to fix for dinner. She noticed both dogs out in the very back of the yard where Wolfie usually did his smelly business, but this time Bobo was out there with him. What really caught her interest was the fact that this time, Bobo was the one going potty back there. She smiled. Finally! She just knew that with a little time he would be forced to accept that little indignity too. He really didn't have much of a choice.

Brian felt nothing but relief to get all that mess out of him. When he finally figured it was over, he crawled a little bit away and turned around. Wolf was still right there, sniffing his mess closely. Ugh! Sickening! He looked to see how much had come out of him. A very large log! Yuck! Not wanting to stay anywhere near it, he crawled as fast as he could away from it. A moment later, Wolf was right there with him, jumping on him, playing with him...but also trying to lick his ass! Yuck. But then, he couldn't wipe himself with any toilet paper. How the heck was he supposed to clean himself? And if Wolf was licking him clean, he certainly didn't want Wolf's tongue licking him afterwards. But Wolf was so much stronger and faster than he was. How could he stop him? He couldn't. All he could do was try to get away from the big dog, which Wolf always considered nothing but play. There was no winning! None!

“Wolfie! Bobo!”

Bobo heard Rosa calling from the porch and hurried in that direction. Wolf bounded easily ahead of him. Oh to be able to move that fast with such little effort! Wolf really did have it easy!

The mealtimes were beginning to be routine for Bobo. He knew he had to wait until after she finished eating. And at dinner time, she always filled his bowl with plenty of food. Human food! But if he didn't eat that, he knew he would have to eat Wolf's dog food instead before she would let him go. And it was Sunday. He would have to work tomorrow – hopefully! Would she let him go tonight? He prayed she would. It had been a very long and difficult weekend. Full of things he never imagined before. And one special thing that sprang to the top of the list...other than her cruelty towards the men in that dungeon. It was the lips of that woman on his penis.

Yes, he couldn't wait to go home tonight. Home, where he could stop being a dog! Home, where he could get away from her. Home, where he could sleep in his own bed and not in a cage. Home, where he could eat whenever and whatever he wanted.

Home, where he could finally be alone to play with himself, and remember the lips of that strange woman...in that strange place.

Home.

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“I’ll be waiting to see if you go to work tomorrow,” Rosa told him as she held the gate open for Brain to crawl through. It was late in the evening. She had just now released his leg bindings and removed the tape from his hands. She watched as the naked “dog” crawled quickly through the gate, then stood up with what appeared to be some difficulty as he reached the corner of the fence outside the gate. He seemed to be having trouble with his knees for a moment. Then all of a sudden, he ran for his back door and disappeared.

She smiled. Would he be going to school tomorrow to teach? Or would he be attending a different school instead – her dog school? Tomorrow would tell. Either way, if he didn’t figure out how to get some backbone pretty quickly, he would be all but finished as a man for a while.

That thought made her pause. Finished as a man for a while. For a while. But what about after she had turned him in to a dog for a while. What about after she had made him live like a dog for...a few months. What then? She supposed she would have no choice but to let him go back to living like he had. Which was such a pity, because obviously, he couldn’t handle the simple life he had.

So...what about after she had finished with him. Something that was still months away. It was something she would need to think about.

Chapter 10.

Ring! Please, please, please, please ring! It was Monday morning, and Brian stared desperately at his stupid silent telephone. Once again, it remained totally quiet. No calls. And then it rang. He desperately grabbed the receiver so fast, he smacked his head with the thing when he brought it to his ear. “Hello?”

“Brian! Where are you? If you’re not going to work, then it’s way past time that you should be here.”

What? He glanced up at his clock. It was past time. He hadn’t even been watching the clock. “Okay,” he said despondently. “I’ll be there.”

“Brian!”

“Yes?”

“How about your rent? Can you pay it?”

“Uh...I don’t know yet. I haven’t been able to check my bank account to see how much I got paid.

“Then stay there and find out. Phone me as soon as you know. Don’t come over and try to tell me anything, I won’t be able to understand what you’re barking about.”

Ugh! Brian was about to tell her he would, but his phone line had gone dead already.

He didn’t have a computer like other people where he could check his bank balance. He didn’t have a cell phone either. Just the old fashioned landline telephone that was cheaper than owning a cell phone – or a computer. Those were just things he couldn’t afford. Now the question was, could he afford his rent? He picked up his phone and dialed the bank. He didn’t need to talk to anyone, in fact, he was happier not talking to anyone. He went through the easy automated menu options and soon had his new bank balance. Yes, his latest paycheck had gone into his account early that morning. But as he had guessed, he hadn’t worked nearly enough to pay his rent...or much else either. He was in big trouble! Why didn’t the schools call him like they did other substitute teachers? Why?

His spirits even lower than that had been when he realized he wasn’t going to get a call for work again, he phoned Rosa.

“Hello?” Rosa said, hoping it was Brian calling.

“Um...I don’t have enough...yet!” Brian told her.

“For your rent?”

“No. Not yet. I’ll...have to wait until my next paycheck.

“Brian...that will be in two weeks. You’ll owe me another late fee again.”

“I know,” Brian replied, feeling truly sorry for himself.

Rosa had been betting he wouldn't be able to pay his rent – as little as she charged him. In fact, most months, he was late and had to pay the late fee. She was also betting that since school would be out in a few weeks, that most regular teachers would be making an extra effort to be there every day, which would mean that Brian would probably have even less of a chance to get called to teach.

“Very well, Brian,” she said. “Put it out of your mind and don't worry about it right now. Just get your naked butt over here right away. Wolfie missed you last night.”

She hung up on him. The truth was, she had given up on expecting any kind of rent from him for some time now. And with what she was forcing him to do, something that he very much didn't want, she really didn't care about getting any rent from him. But there was no use going all light and easy on him and letting him know that. She wasn't the kind of person to go light and easy on anyone. She never had been, and she didn't have any plans to change.

She grabbed her roll of duct tape and Bobo's collar and headed outside. Wolf saw her with the collar and immediately bounded down the steps. She was halfway to the gate when she saw Brian's back door open. He hurried out, obviously still embarrassed to be naked outside. He was on his hands and knees before he reached the fence. She held the gate for him, and closed it after he came through. Wolfie was all over him, jumping on him and licking him. Two minutes later, his hands were bound and his collar was in place. She let her two dogs play together while she went back into the house to check on business.

Brian wasn't going to be able to pay his rent...which was something she expected. But because of that...or maybe not because of that...she had been considering something else for him since early this morning. The only question was, should she? It was another of those pesky moral decisions, most of which she tossed the moral part right out the window when it came to Brian's training. It was another thing she would have to think about concerning him. One thing...among many. Decisions, decisions, decisions.

The only decision she wasn't worried about with him, was putting his tongue to work later on her very tender sweet spot. He had a long way to go with that kind of training yet, but she was very much looking forward to teaching him.

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On Tuesday morning, Brian nervously watched his telephone. Once again it was giving him the silent treatment. Why wouldn't they call him? He needed a call to work. He needed money. He needed...a new life! But the only new life he seemed to be heading for, was the life of a dog! A total dog! Because that's what his landlord was turning him into, and she wasn't making any apologies for it at all.

Once again his mind remembered the tortuous whippings he had seen in that dungeon place. She had seriously hurt man after man. They had all left with bleeding, scared backs. They had all been put through serious pain...and as far as he knew, Rosa had no reason to hate any of them. What would she do to him if he made her angry? He didn't want to think

about that, but those images of the men getting whipped nearly to death once again swam before his eyes.

He glanced at his cock, and his spirits fell. He knew that once again he wouldn't get a call. And when his phone did ring, he knew who was calling. Five minutes later, dressed in absolutely nothing at all, he crawled through her gate, let her tape his hands into uselessness, and put that darn dog collar around his neck. He was Bobo again. A dog!

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Rosa let her two dogs play for a little while before she grabbed her box of dog treats. She put both of her "animals" through the same old tired commands. Once again, Bobo behaved perfectly, and Wolf was annoyingly lazy. What was she going to do with the big dog? She really needed to find some kind of help for him, but now that Bobo was in the picture, that kind of help was out. Maybe she should buy herself a book about dog training. Yes, that sounded like a very good idea!

With her training exercises done, she brought both dogs into the house. Her landscaper was coming later that morning to cut her lawn and the lawn at Brian's house. She didn't need him to be faced with trying to cut the grass with Wolf in the backyard. She briefly wondered what he would think if he saw Bobo there too. That made her chuckle.

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Wolf suddenly went crazy, barking and clawing at the front door.

"Wolf! Stop it!" Rosa ordered. She glanced through the window and saw her landscaper in her driveway. She grabbed Wolf's collar and pulled him away from the door. "Stop it!" she yelled at her big dog. But Wolf had no intention of stopping. He tried lunging and pulling away from her, still barking ferociously at the door. "Stop it!" she ordered again.

Wolf finally stopped trying to get at the door. He barked a few more times, then stood there listening. Rosa finally let go of his collar. Whew! Then the sound of the riding lawn mower started outside and Wolf started his barking all over again. "Wolf! Stop it!" It was a good five minutes before Wolf even came close to settling down. As many times as he had heard the lawnmower outside, he had never gotten used to it.

With Wolf somewhat calmer, she went looking for Bobo. Once again he had disappeared the moment Wolf had started barking. No surprise, she found him huddled on the other side of her bed. She left him there. He was a dog. He could wander around the inside of her house wherever he wanted. Let him...as long as he behaved like a dog!

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It was late in the afternoon when Rosa's phone rang. The grass had been cut and both Wolfie and Bobo were outside playing. "Hello?" she said as she answered her phone.

"Madam Rosa," Edward Tolliver's voice came pleasantly over the line. "How are you?"

"I'm good Edward, and you?" Rosa replied. Edward's pleasant voice always made her feel good. Or maybe it was his English accent. Either way, she enjoyed talking to him.

"Quite well, Madam," Edward replied. "Quite well. I'm calling because I've reached the point in our little project where I'm going to need you to bring your pet in."

"Oh, already?"

"I'm afraid I've been having quite a bit of fun with it," Edward told her. "And as such, I've been making very good progress. But I can't really do much more without having your little pet here for a while. Is there a time when it would be convenient for you to bring him in?"

Rosa thought about that. She could actually bring him in today, but it was already getting pretty late. Tomorrow would be better. But what if Brian should get a call to go and teach? Thinking a moment about that, she decided it was unlikely that they would call him at all. "Edward, how about tomorrow morning? But there is an unlikely possibility that I won't be able to make it. I can call you though if that happens."

"Tomorrow morning would be excellent. And if you can't come, please just phone me. Can you be here about ten?"

"Ten o'clock should be fine," she told him. "I'll see you then."

She hung up. Ten o'clock tomorrow. She knew why Edward Tolliver needed to see Bobo. It was for things that would probably take quite a bit of time. No doubt, Bobo would figure out what Edward was creating for her...or for him. It couldn't be helped though. And who knows, maybe Bobo would get up the courage to start fighting back. She still didn't believe he would for even a minute.

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He prayed. He prayed desperately! But on Wednesday morning, the gods of the telephone world had somehow seemed to turn their back on him. No phone call again from the school system wanting him to teach. None. Again. But instead, in the gods' mighty mirth, they allowed his phone to ring instead from only one person. Rosa. Brian dejectedly picked up his phone. "Yeah?"

"Wolfie is looking for his playmate. He's lonely!"

"I'll be right there," Brian replied sullenly.

His clothes for school had been all laid out, even his underwear. All in hopes that he would get a phone call. But otherwise, he was still in his pajamas. Two minutes later, his pajamas were lying on the floor and he was naked once again.

He dejectedly went to his back door. Looked around in case anyone should be watching...not that he'd know what to do if someone was watching. He noticed Rosa coming down her back porch steps. Slowly, he went down into his backyard. Halfway between his back door and the fence, he sank down to his hands and knees. He crawled his way to the gate where Rosa was holding it open for him.

Wolf's licking and excited greeting were one of the most welcome things in his life. And Wolf greeted him like that every time. Once his hands were bound and his collar was on his neck, he hugged Wolfie like a human would do...while Rosa was still walking away and her back was turned.

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Rosa spent only a few minutes attending to her rental business. Whenever she could, she glanced briefly out the window to check on her dogs. As usual, they were playing, although once again it looked like Wolfie was more interested in humping Bobo than in any other kind of play. Well, they would just have to sort that out between them. She had other business to attend to now with Bobo.

She went out to her porch and whistled for her dogs. Wolf came bounding playfully toward her. While she waited for Bobo to crawl his way across the yard, she took the time to bend down and rub Wolf's thick fur lovingly. When Bobo finally got up the steps, she pet him for a minute too. She opened the door and called Bobo in, telling Wolf to stay. She was so glad the big dog gave her no trouble at all.

Once in the house, Rosa left Bobo and found his kneepads and the straps she used on his legs every day. She was trying to keep them on for longer and longer periods so he could get used to his legs being that way. If he didn't figure out how to stick up for himself pretty soon, that position for his legs would become somewhat permanent. Would he figure that out today when they went to visit Tolliver? She chuckled a bit as she wondered what Bobo might think when they got there.

Bobo put up no resistance at all as she put the knee pads on his legs and strapped them up, making them more useless than they were. He actually liked the kneepads. They cushioned his knees against the floor and the ground outside. The straps binding his legs up, he could do without! He thought she would let him back outside with Wolf again so he followed her towards the back door, but when he got there, she grabbed the leash and quickly attached it to his collar. He started to panic. The leash always meant bad things! Was she going to force him to lick her vagina again? Or did the leash mean worse things...like going out?

Rosa pulled on the leash and felt the resistance as Bobo tried to hold back. But he didn't resist too much. She simply pulled harder and he came. She grabbed her purse, but when she started for the front door, she felt more resistance from Bobo. "Bobo...come!" she ordered.

Bobo was afraid. She was taking him outside...like this! As a dog! And it was broad daylight!

"Come!" Rosa ordered.

But Bobo was too petrified. He stayed rooted in place.

Rosa looked down at him, angry, but curious. Was he finally going to put up enough resistance to really fight back? It was time to find out. Still fairly perturbed, she dropped his leash and quickly went in search of the rolled up newspaper she had used on him early in his training. She quickly brought it back, picked up the leash, and pulled. "Come!" she ordered again.

Bobo saw the rolled up newspaper in her hand. He knew without a doubt that she was going to punish him if he didn't go with her. But...it was outside. In broad daylight!

"Come!" Rosa yelled, just before she quickly reached down and smacked his backside just once, but hard, with the newspaper.

Bobo yelped a bit. Just that one smack and he again saw all those men getting whipped nearly to death by her. Before he knew it, he was letting her pull him toward her front door, then out through the door. Bare ass naked and crawling like a dog, he allowed her to pull her right up to her small SUV. She opened the back door and he crawled in, huddling on the floor. She closed the door behind him, and he knew he was trapped there. With no hands, he couldn't even work the door mechanism. A minute later, her car was moving. He didn't know where they were going, and he didn't dare even poke his head up to look out the window. He was afraid – of everything!

Rosa drove straight to Tolliver's store. Instead of parking in front however, Tolliver had suggested she park around the back to bring Bobo in. She easily found the right door. Not only was it marked, but Tolliver's big motorcycle was parked right outside. Wondering how much resistance Bobo was about to show, she opened the rear door to let him out. He was still in exactly the same position, huddled on the floor, as she had left him. She grabbed his leash and pulled. "Out Bobo!" she ordered as she pulled on the leash.

Bobo felt her pulling. The leash and collar were choking him. He tried to resist, but it was difficult.

"I said out!" Rosa ordered again. She swatted his backside with the rolled up newspaper again.

Bobo jerked when she hit him. Knowing he would have no choice at all, he backed his way out of the car. It was difficult finding the ground with his bound up rear legs, but she kept pulling, so he had no choice. And then he was out...in public somewhere...pretending to be a dog!

Rosa closed her car door and locked it. She led Bobo right up to the rear door of Tolliver's shop. This time, Bobo gave her no resistance at all. She figured he probably wanted to get inside somewhere where he wouldn't be seen. Someday, she was going to have to train that shyness out of him. But it wasn't that someday yet.

The door was opened promptly when she knocked. "Ah. Madam Rosa," Edward said happily as he saw her there.

"Good morning Edward," Rosa replied. "How are you today?"

"Quite well," Edward told her. He stood back and let her lead Bobo in. "Right this way," he said. "I've got everything all set."

Bobo had no clue what was going on, or even where he was. He had recognized the big man. He had been at Rosa's house once before. He had put his hands on him and had seemed to examine him in ways that made him nervous. The place smelled...weird. From the floor, he couldn't see much of what was around him.

"Ah, here we go," Edward said as he came to a stop in front of one of his worktables. He bent down, put his hands under Bobo, and lifted him easily to the top of the table.

Bobo was so shocked he didn't know what to do. The guy had suddenly picked him up and put him on top of one of his tables. From there, he could see all kinds of weird things. And among them, was a lot of leather.

"Stay Bobo!" Rosa commanded. "Be good!" She leaned in close to his ear. "Or I'll rip your balls off right here!"

Rip his balls off? In truth, he didn't need the extra threat. He was pretty much petrified! He was too afraid to do anything but stand right where he was on top of that big table.

Edward started with his legs. One at a time, he removed the straps binding Bobo's legs together, then he removed the knee pads, and bound his legs up again – much tighter than before. With a piece of rope, he tied one end around the Bobo's left foot that was up in the air. He tied the other end to Bobo's right foot, and he pulled them toward each other so that the toes were almost touching. Perfect. Once he had things the way he wanted them, he picked Bobo up again, turned him over, and laid him on his back. "Now stay there just like that," he said to Bobo.

Bobo had no idea what was going on. He only knew that now that he had been placed on his back, he was even more frightened than before. In fact, the big guy frightened him almost as much as Rosa did. Stuck on his back, he felt Rosa suddenly grab his arms and pull them up over his head and hold them there. He realized that she was going to make sure he laid right there on his back...with his penis fully exposed to them both. What were they going to do to him?

Tolliver filled a small bucket with water, then he opened a package of plaster of paris strips. He wet one then pressed it down across Bobo's left knee. Strip after strip, he applied them to both of Bobo's bound up knees and legs, smoothing and pressing them into place, fashioning molds that would be an exact replica of his bound up legs underneath. When he

was done, he let the plaster dry until he was sure it was solid. Then, very carefully, and with a lot of pulling and prying, he tugged each mold off of Bobo's legs.

Bobo breathed a sigh of relief as the last of whatever he had put on him was gone. They had been heavy! Before he knew it, the big guy was lifting him up, turning him over, and placing him down on all fours again. Whew! He was glad that was over with. He certainly hoped they would be going home now. He felt the straps binding his legs being removed, but only long enough to slip his knee pads back on. Then they were bound up tightly again.

Home. Please take me home.... He wanted to plead that, but he dared not make a sound. Not even a tiny bark. But when the big guy started taking the tape off of his hands, he realized his ordeal wasn't over with yet. What now? More of that hard heavy stuff for his hands too? Once the tape was off, Bobo dared not uncurl his fingers. Not in front of Rosa. Not when she seemed to be too anxious to punish him if he messed up in any way.

Edward went to one of his work tables and brought back two wooden disks. Each one was roughly circular, but not a perfect circle. The edges of each one were marked with pencil marks. He grabbed Bobo's left hand and pried out his fingers.

Bobo looked questioningly at Rosa.

"Open your hand and do what he wants!" Rosa ordered.

With no further resistance from Bobo, Edward placed the pads of the "dog's" fingers on top of the disks, each one lining up with the pencil marks so they would be where he wanted them. "Put your weight on your fingers," he told the "dog." "Press down."

Bobo transferred his weight. He felt the guy moving his fingers slightly on the disk.

"Now don't move!" Edward said sternly. He quickly went to his other workbench and grabbed a can. He shook the contents for a few moments, then coming around behind Bobo's hand, he stuck the wide nozzle into the cavity created by his fingers, and started spraying a small pile of expanding foam into the space. He didn't need to spray very much. "Don't move!" he cautioned Bobo again.

Bobo didn't know what was going on, but he did his best to stay perfectly still. Especially since Rosa now had her hand right on his left shoulder. As he watched, the stuff the guy had put on the wood, began expanding, bigger and bigger. Soon it not only filled the space all the way up to his palm, it was growing out between his fingers as well.

While the foam was curing under Bobo's left hand, Edward now began the process of placing Bob's right hand on the other disk, being very careful not to disturb things too much with Bobo's left hand. A few minutes later, both of his hands had expanding foam filling out the cavity formed by his fingers.

Edward and Rosa talked about corsets for the next fifteen minutes. Never once mentioning the subject of what they were doing there with Bobo. Both of them watched closely to make sure Bobo didn't move his hands from the position that they were in.

Bobo still wondered what was going on. He didn't dare move his fingers, but even without moving them, he could tell that the foam stuff was becoming hard. After a few

minutes, he had no doubt that he probably couldn't move his fingers if he tried. Were they going to leave that stuff like that? Permanently? He hoped not!

Edward finally checked the foam. He hadn't seen it expanding for a few minutes now. He started with Bobo's left hand that he had done first. He picked Bobo's hand up and started trying to pry his hand off of the foam. He had to take a knife and trim away some of the excess foam that had come out far enough to completely encase some of his fingers, but fairly soon, Bobo's left hand came free. A few minutes later, both of Bobo's hands were free. He took his hand molds away and came back with some strapping tape.

"Paws!" Rosa ordered.

Bobo knew that command, and what was coming. In no time, both of his hands were very tightly bound with the tape, and the big guy pulled a lot tighter than Rosa did! Once his hands were bound again, the big guy easily picked him up from the table and set him carefully down on the floor. Were they going home now? Bobo really hoped so. It had been one of the strangest ordeals he had ever been through in his life. Now, he just wanted out of there!

He was so glad when he heard Rosa and the guy saying goodbye. He went willingly out the door and did his best to climb as fast as he could into the back seat of her car...where he huddled on the floor all the way home.

As she drove home, Rosa again wondered what Bobo thought about that entire experience. Had he figured out what Edward had been doing? Had he figured out what was soon going to happen to him?

She had been disappointed. For a few minutes there before they left, she had thought that Bobo might actually stand up for himself and refuse. But a couple of little swats with nothing but an old overly used rolled up newspaper had put a quick and final end to his rebellion. A rebellion that wasn't even close to him finally getting up enough backbone to fight for himself. Disappointing.

She pulled into her driveway and parked her car. As she got out, she could hear Wolfie barking in the back yard. That darn dog! How was she going to get him under control? She should have stopped to buy a book about dog training while she was out today. Oh well, next time. She opened the back door to let Bobo out. "Out!" she commanded as she grabbed his leash.

Bobo, hoping they were home, backed out of her car. He was very glad to see that they were home. He turned toward the house, but was brought up short by the leash. He waited while Rosa closed the rear door of her car and locked it. Then he started for the house again...but Rosa wasn't moving and he could only go where the leash let him.

Rosa stared at her house, then at Bobo. He was terrified of being out where he could be seen in his current condition. Maybe it was time for a tiny bit of fun. Instead of heading for her house, she turned. "Come Bobo!" she ordered. She pulled on the leash. She had to pull harder for a moment before he turned around to follow her.

Bobo was shocked...and scared. Now where was she taking him? He crawled along beside her right down her driveway and out to the road.

Just for fun, and perhaps to get Bobo a little more used to being a dog out in public, Rosa pulled him all the way out of her driveway, out to the road, and down to the mailbox in front of her house. Keeping him there with her, she opened the mailbox, even though she already knew there would be no mail yet. It was still too early for that. She closed her mailbox, but instead of leading him back to the house, she “walked” him along the street, all the way to the mailbox in front of his house. She opened his mailbox. Empty too. “No mail yet,” she said casually to Bobo. She closed his mailbox, then casually strolled with him back to her driveway and headed for her front door.

Bobo was scared to death crawling around after her like that – right out in the road! The moment they got back to her driveway and he was sure they were heading for her house, he stopped being pulled, and crawled as fast as he could, pulling her instead.

Rosa stopped short halfway up her driveway. “Bobo! Stop that! You’re as bad as Wolfie!” She refused to let Bobo go any further until he stopped pulling. Only then did she continue back to her house.

She brought Bobo inside and removed his leash, then went to the back door. If she didn’t shut Wolfie up she’d go crazy! A minute later, she let her big dog into her house, where he jumped on her and did everything he could to let her know how much he had missed her. “Down Wolfie. Stop that!”

But Wolf was still too excited to calm down. To help the situation, Rosa pulled one of the big dog treats out of the cupboard and gave it to him. She pulled a second one out and threw it at Bobo. Even before she figured out what to make herself for lunch, both of her dogs were gnawing away at the tough treats. Pets! Sometimes the only way to get them to behave, was to feed them treats.

Chapter 11.

On Thursday morning, Rosa sat on her back porch watching her two dogs playing in the yard. She really did enjoy watching them – more so because one of them was being forced to live as a dog by her. Once again, Brian hadn't been called in to school to teach. Not once yet this week. She wasn't concerned in the least about his rent. He didn't know it, but more than likely if he came into any money and offered it to her, she wouldn't take it. Not after what she had been putting him through. Not after forcing him to be a dog – against his will. He didn't need to know that though. In fact, what would a dog ever need to know about finances? Or anything else that didn't pertain to a dog's world? She was trying her best to think of him more and more as only a dog. He wasn't yet to that point where she could really do it, but things were rapidly moving in that direction.

Since he didn't get called into work again, her mind turned to the quirky little idea that she had been toying with all week. She still hadn't come to a total decision about it yet, but it was looking more likely that she would. It wasn't really fair to...Brian...but then, when did she ever worry about being fair with him? Certainly not when it came to forcing him into a new and unwanted life.

The telephone ringing inside made her get up and go in to answer it. "Hello?"

"Rosa. How are you?"

"Connie dear. "I'm fine. And you?"

"Still worrying about where I'm going to move to when the renovations start...which could be soon."

Rosa chuckled. "Don't worry. I'll find you a place. But the place I really want you, is right next door to me. Although, to be honest, a lot of that is due to personal reasons. You are my best friend."

"Awww. You too," Connie replied. "Is Bobo there again today?"

"He and Wolfie are out in the yard right now," Rosa told her.

"So he still hasn't learned to stick up for himself."

"Not yet. Not even yesterday when I took him out to see Tolliver."

"You did? What for?"

"Why don't you come over for lunch and I'll tell you about it."

"Sounds perfect!" Connie replied. "See you in a little while. Want me to bring anything...like something that Bobo can eat too?"

"No. Like Wolfie, the only thing Bobo will be getting for lunch is one of those big dog treats, and that's it."

Connie laughed. "I'll bring more chicken...but just for us!"

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“So he didn’t put up any fuss at all when Tolliver did all that to him?”

“None,” Rosa confirmed as they sat on her back porch together. “But to be honest, I think he was too scared. He did show some signs of resistance as I was trying to take him out of the house, but that was about the only time. And one single swat from that old worn-out piece of newspaper was all it took to get him moving – right out the door!”

“Geez!” Connie replied as she shook her head. “He just doesn’t have it in him, does he.”

“Not from anything I’ve seen yet. I keep trying though. And believe it or not, despite how much I’m enjoying doing this to him, I keep hoping he will find a bit of nerve.”

“He better find that nerve fast then,” Connie replied. “If I know Tolliver, he’s probably so fascinated with your little project that he can’t put it down. Which means he’ll finish it sooner rather than later.”

“No doubt!” Rosa agreed. “But to be honest, there really is a lot of work he’s going to have to put into this. Quite a bit. And I have no doubt it’s going to take even him quite a while.”

“But still,” Connie said, “he is working on it already, and every day is going to bring things that much closer. If you’ve set Bobo’s time limit on when that stuff gets put on him, then his days of being normal are growing smaller.”

Rosa looked at Connie. “Maybe more so than you think.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’ve been...considering something,” she said. “Something that probably isn’t fair to...Brian...but still, I’m strongly leaning in that direction. In fact, the more I think about it, the more likely I think I’m actually going to do it.”

“What?”

“Brian hasn’t been called for any teaching jobs this week at all. Yet! He still has tomorrow when they might call, but I seriously doubt his phone will ring at all. Not only do they not call him very often for jobs, but since it’s almost the end of the school year, I’m betting that most teachers make an extra effort to be there every day. But what I’m considering is...if he doesn’t get called in to one of the schools tomorrow, then I’m going to keep him here as Bobo from now on. I won’t be letting him go home anymore, and of course, he’s going to have to get used to being Bobo pretty much permanently.”

“Unless he finally decides to stick up for himself,” Connie added. “Or are you removing the time limit too and just making it permanent right away?”

“No. He’s still got until Tolliver’s things are ready. But if he’s not going to get called into work anymore, and in truth, he didn’t get very many calls to begin with, then I see no sense in letting him go home. He’s not doing anything over there at night anyway. He might as well start spending that time right here...as Bobo.”

“I don’t know whether to feel sorry for him, or laugh, or both.”

“Both!” Rosa replied with a shrug. “This all started out as me trying to teach him that he’s too much of a wimp to stick up for himself in any way at all. But...somewhere along the way, I got a bit to fascinated with it. And now...now I’ve not only committed a small fortune to Tolliver for his help, but I’m finding myself overly fascinated with just the thought of what I’ve forced him to do.” She placed her hand on Connie’s leg. “It’s turning me on more than you can imagine!”

Connie laughed. “No doubt! Rosa, you were always the meanest dominatrix in the city! Things like that just don’t go away.”

Rosa shook her head. “Evidently not. Still, I do find it fun.” She smiled slyly. “And teaching Bobo some new tricks lately with his tongue isn’t hurting the equation either.”

Connie laughed again. “Rosa, you’ll be back handling customers again in no time!”

“No dear,” Rosa shook her head. “I’m too old. I’m just a simple business woman now. Nothing more.”

“With a dog that’s anything but normal!”

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Brian sat in the chair Friday morning. His phone was a good ten feet away. It hadn’t rang even once this week, except for his landlady calling him every day to go to her house and become...Bobo. A dog. He wasn’t wearing his pajamas. He wasn’t dressed for work. He was stark naked...already. After going for so many days and not getting called to teach, he had a bad feeling that once again his phone wouldn’t ring. He was hopeful though. Very! Hope was all he had. Otherwise...

He glanced at his clock. It was past time. School would have already started. Once again, his phone wasn’t going to ring...except with a call from... His phone rang. But he knew who would be calling. “Hello?”

“Brian. It’s past time again.”

He didn’t say anything. Dejectedly, he hung up his phone and headed for the back door. He was already naked. He didn’t need to take anything off. Out of habit, he opened his back door and glanced around. Then headed down the few steps out into his yard. Slowly, he walked toward the house next door. Halfway to the fence, he saw Rosa coming out her back door. He dropped down on his hands and knees and crawled...like Bobo...who he was. A few minutes later, Wolf was jumping all over him and licking him, while Rosa bound his hands up with her tape and buckled the collar onto his neck. He was Bobo again. A dog.

“Go play boys,” Rosa said as she finished with Bobo’s collar. “I’ll be out to spend some time with you later.” She watched as Wolf jumped all over Bobo, but today, Bobo seemed very depressed as he slowly made his way across the yard. Did he know what was in store

for him? Did he know that as of now he wouldn't be going home again? Did he know that she intended on keeping him as a dog from now on? At least for the next few months anyway. Did he know? No. There was no way he could know any of that. He was just going to have to find out with time. She could explain it to him. She could tell him. But he was a dog. What would be the point? Dogs wouldn't understand things like that anyway.

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It was one of those days when her phone seemed to ring continuously with tenant problems, so it was midmorning when Rosa briefly looked out her kitchen window to see what her dogs were up to. Wolfie was way out in the back of the yard doing his business there. But where was...oh. He was over by the side of the yard peeing...but like a female dog again. The darn dog just didn't want to bother lifting his leg like the rest of the male dogs in the world. She was going to have to get after him again about that. In fact right now might... Her phone rang again. Darn. She just knew it was going to be more business problems.

"Hello?" she said into her phone the moment she got to it. She listened. Ugh! The new rental property her workers had been renovating had hit a snag. Again. The wrong appliances had been delivered and since it was Friday, it would take until Monday or Tuesday to get the right ones. More delays! Well, that's the way those things went sometimes. They were just annoying!

After the call, she grabbed her box of treats. It was too late now to chastise Bobo for peeing like he did. Those things were best done when they were caught in the act. You had to strike while the iron was still hot. She took the treats out and once again subjected both dogs to the same old tired exercises. For once, Wolfe behaved mostly okay. He just seemed to be too lazy about the whole thing. Bobo of course, was perfect...if more than a bit dejected today. Did he know what was happening to him now? How could he?

As she released her dogs to go play again, she thought again about the fact that she needed help training her dogs. Especially with Wolfie. But were there things she could do with Bobo to further his training too? She really wasn't sure what. She remembered that she had wanted to get a book about dog training to help her. She really needed one. What she needed more was someone who really knew how to train dogs to help her. But with Bobo, that wasn't going to happen. As long as she was going to have Bobo as her pet, for the next few months anyway, she was going to have to walk a careful balancing act between what she did with Bobo, and what the rest of the world could see her doing with him. A very careful balancing act!

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Bobo had spent the entire afternoon and evening with his legs bound up. But now it was getting late and he was looking forward to going home. But so far, Rosa wasn't letting him go. It was Friday. Last Friday she hadn't let him go home at all. She had kept him there all weekend, forcing him to be Bobo for three days in a row. Was she going to do that to him again? Make him stay all weekend? So far, it was starting to look that way.

Another telling thing he had noticed was that the cage was still in her bedroom. He didn't want to spend another night locked up in that dog cage. He didn't want to spend another night being Bobo...or another day either. He didn't want to be Bobo at all.

She had said there was a way out for him, but so far, he couldn't see the first sign of it. He had wracked his brain over that questions more times than he could remember, and the only conclusion he had ever reached on the matter, was that there was no way out. She had lied about it just to lead him on. But then, what else could he expect from someone who tortured spies for a living. Well, maybe not that exactly, what she really did was far worse!

He had again spent a long time that afternoon doing what she called 'tongue training.' Which he knew perfectly well was just her excuse to get all the sexual satisfaction she wanted from him...while leaving him totally denied. But he wasn't exactly in the mood for a little sexual relief of his own today. He had been feeling too sorry for himself all day. Other days, he could handle his own sexual relief once he got home and into bed. Rosa it seemed, didn't care about privacy at all. At least not when it came to him being around. He realized that once again she was treating him as if he was nothing but a dog. A real dog. Except he had a feeling that nobody would force a real dog to do the kind of licking that she was making him do. Still. She didn't seem to care about his needs or feelings at all. But then he had seen the kind of fun she enjoyed – hurting men horribly! And he had no doubt that she was enjoying very much what she was forcing him to do...to be. A dog.

The longer the evening wound on, the more Bobo realized he wasn't going to be going home again. That horrible cage was going to be in his future once again. From his little hiding place between the chairs he could see Rosa sitting on the couch watching TV. Wolf was lying on the couch with his head in her lap while her hand endlessly rubbed his thick fur. There was a bond between Wolf and Rosa. A strong one. One that anyone could see...especially him.

He knew Rosa was having a lot of trouble with the way Wolf behaved, but on the other hand, he understood Wolf probably a lot better than she did now. He and Wolf were together continuously. They shared things together that a normal person would never understand. But then, Rosa didn't seem to consider him to be a person at all. Only a dog. A dog with a dumb demeaning name – Bobo.

When the movie Rosa was watching ended, she got up from the couch and finally unfastened Bobo's legs. After being tied up so long, letting them drop actually hurt. They ached fiercely for a few moments before the pain went away.

And then she was back, grabbing his collar and pulling him into her bedroom. Like it or not, he got shoved into that world of bars again that had been created just to hold big dogs like Wolfie. And now him.

Wolf licked at him through the bars and he did his best to press his face against them. He couldn't return the sentiments the way Wolf could, but he was sure Wolf understood. A few minutes later, the light was turned out, and his long night of confinement really began.

After having his legs bound up for so long, he yearned to stretch them out. He yearned to stretch his entire body out. But of course, the cage completely prevented that. It was difficult just to turn around in the thing. The cage was just so...frustrating! Was this how Wolfie had felt whenever he had gotten locked up in it? Was this what other animals felt any time they were put into cages and left there? He had no doubt that it was. He could now sympathize with all those animals far more than he ever had in the past. But then that was only because Rosa now seemed to consider him to be nothing more than an animal himself. An animal. A dog. Bobo. Ugh!

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He certainly didn't sleep well. How could anyone sleep well when they were all crunched up and locked in a cage that was meant for a dog? It was impossible! He did doze. It was the only thing that made his night tolerable.

He was very grateful when he finally heard Rosa stirring and then slide out of bed. He could hear Wolfie greeting her from where he had slept next to the side of her bed. Then she was walking past him, pausing only a moment to stare down through the top of the cage at him. "Morning Bobo," she said...just before she turned and continued on into the bathroom. She was back a few minutes later though and opened the cage door. Bobo couldn't crawl out of that cage fast enough.

He was immediately greeted by Wolfie's tongue giving him a good affectionate face cleaning. With Rosa watching, he was too afraid to hug Wolfie like a human would, so he did his best to press his body against Wolf and rub his head against the side of Wolfie's neck. Wolf of course returned the loving gesture.

"Let's go boys, outside," Rosa said as she headed for the kitchen. A minute later, Bobo found himself outside in the still cool damp air. He noticed how cloudy it was. Was it supposed to rain? He had no way of knowing other than the fact that it felt like it.

Wolf sniffed around the bushes up close to the porch for a few minutes, then he peed against a group of them. A minute later, he was trotting across the yard toward the back where he preferred to do his other business. Bobo preferred him to do it back there too. He didn't want to be crawling through all that stuff more than he had to. While Wolf was off doing that, he headed toward the side of the yard where he preferred to pee. He squatted down and let loose.

Rosa hadn't gone back inside, she was standing on her porch watching – for just this! "No!" She yelled as she hurried toward the steps. "Bobo...no!" She was down the steps hurrying toward him as fast as she could.

Bobo didn't know what was going on. He was just trying to pee. And now she was running at him like she was angry. He tried to cower away from her, but he ran into the fence.

"No! Bad dog!" Rosa yelled. She slapped his rear end with her hand. "Dogs lift their legs when they pee!" she yelled. She ignored Wolfie's sudden barking and hit him again. "Now do it again, and lift your leg!"

Bobo wasn't sure he could pee now. Not with the way she was yelling at him. And especially not the way she wanted him to do it. He suddenly found Wolf all over him, jumping on him and nuzzling him.

Rosa grabbed Wolf's collar and pulled him away from Bobo. "Now pee properly! Like a dog! Like you're supposed to!" Rosa ordered menacingly.

Bobo was scared. Too scared to resist. He lifted his leg toward the fence, and forced himself to pee that way. It was...one of the more demeaning things about having to live like a dog that he was forced to do.

"Now see to it that you do it that way – all the time! No more of this peeing like a female dog. Or so help me, I'll cut that silly thing off of you and turn you into a real female dog – permanently!" Wolf barked, and she released the hold she had on his collar. Once again, Wolf jumped all over Bobo and licked him affectionately. Rosa turned and went back into the house, hoping she had gotten her point across. She had no doubt that she would have to keep watching until she was sure Bobo had learned – properly!

Now that her blood was up from having to yell at Bobo, she found the straps and kneepads for his legs and went back outside. When she came back in to fix her breakfast, Bobo's legs were once again bound up the way they soon would be when Tolliver finished his creations for her. Bobo was going to have to get used to them being that way – permanently. Sometimes it was something of a bother for her to keep binding his legs, then unbinding them, but she was enjoying the process herself, so she continued the way she had started – keeping him bound up for longer and longer periods of time.

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"More tea?"

"No thanks," Connie replied as she glanced again at the building clouds in the sky. It was shortly after lunch and they had been sitting on Rosa's back porch talking, while Wolfie and Bobo were wrestling with each other out in the yard. "Does he know he won't be going home anymore?" Connie asked.

"I can't see how he could, since I didn't tell him. I'm sure he's figured out that he'll be spending the weekend here again, but beyond that, there's no way he could know."

"So you're not telling him anything?"

Rosa smiled slyly. “Why should I? He’s a dog! What would he understand?”

Connie chuckled. “So basically, his house would be available for me to move into now if I needed it?”

“I’m sure you could. Although to be honest, I’d really rather wait until after Tolliver’s things are ready for him – just on the unlikely chance that he finally fights back enough to get out of this.”

“And what if I need someplace to go before then?”

Rosa smiled. “How many times in the past did we stumble in together from the club, and you spent the night in my guestroom? You can stay there until there’s no chance that Brian will be moving back into his house next door.”

Connie smiled. “I think I can manage that.” Her smile turned serious. “So what happens after you move him out? I’ll be renting his house for a few months. What about after that? You’re only going to be keeping him as a dog for a few months or so. Will he be moving back in after I leave?”

“I really don’t know. That’s all part of things I’ve been spending a lot of time thinking about lately. What about after I’m done with him? He can’t pay his rent now. To be honest, he’s barely been able to pay it since he moved in. Almost every month he has to pay the late fee for his rent – which only makes things worse for him.”

“So you won’t let him move back in?”

“I didn’t say that. I’m just saying he hasn’t been able to pay his rent very well in the past, this month included, and when I’m done with him, since I’m pretty much preventing him from working, he won’t have any money to move in anywhere else.”

“So you’re going to just let him go home and give him free rent for a while?”

Rosa shrugged. “Maybe. I really haven’t figured it out yet. Part of the whole problem here is that he needs a different job. He can’t see that he’s totally unfit to be a teacher. If the kids in every single grade from kindergarten to high school walk all over him, then he really needs to see that he has to find a better job.”

“Like what?”

“I don’t know. The guy just has no backbone. I have no doubt he tried to go into teaching because after school, it was the only thing he could think of. And from everything he’s told me, he failed miserably at just being a substitute teacher. I’m pretty sure he’s so bad at it, that the schools put him at the very bottom of their list of people to call when they need someone.”

“So what are you going to do?” Connie asked again.

“I don’t know. I really don’t. Of course, a lot of it will ultimately be up to him. But since I’m basically holding him prisoner for the next few months, I probably should at least come up with some kind of alternative suggestions for him. But will he have the backbone to follow through with any of them? That much, I guess will remain to be seen.”

“But despite all that, you’re still going through with your plan to turn him into a dog?”

Rosa smiled. “I think I mentioned that I’m rather enjoying it more than I thought I would.”

Connie chuckled. “Enough that you’re not even letting him go home anymore.”

“No. Unless he finds a little courage, you’re going to be the only one staying in that house for a while.”

“How about his things in the house? I know it’s only for a few months, but are you going to move his things out before I move in?”

“Of course. It shouldn’t take much at all. You know the house is furnished, and I don’t think he’s got many things at all of his own. When the time comes, I’ll move his things into storage and I’ll call in one of my cleaning crews. The whole place will be clean and fresh before you step into it.”

“That sounds great!”

“In fact,” Rosa said as she thought about it. “Why don’t we take a look through the house right now? I need to see just what he’s got in there. I also need to make sure nothing needs to be fixed. And I should really lock the place up since he won’t be going home anymore. Want to come?”

“I thought you’d never ask!” Connie replied with a smile.

“We’ll go out through the front door so the dogs aren’t disturbed.”

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Connie looked carefully around Brian’s living room...or what most likely used to be his living room. She supposed there was still a chance he could come back to it, but from everything she’d seen so far, she didn’t think that was likely at all. She knew Rosa felt even more so about it. The place wasn’t big. In fact, it was small. The furnishings however were fairly new, having just been replaced before Brian moved in.

As she walked through the house, she realized the place was fairly neat, but dusty. It was easy to see that the real reason it was so neat, was because Brian simply didn’t have that much. His bed was unmade, and he had a nice suit all laid out on it, ready to put on to go to work. She had no doubt he had been probably hoping desperately for a chance to go to work. But as Rosa had said earlier, he simply wasn’t cut out to be a teacher. She didn’t know what he would be cut out to be...other than a dog...but evidently teaching was out.

“Here’s the part about this place that I thought you’d really like,” Rosa said as she opened a door in the kitchen. “The basement!”

Connie followed her down the stairs. The basement wasn’t exactly finished, but it was well lit and comfortable.

“I know you sometimes have a few of your special clients come to you,” Rosa said. “There’s plenty of room for you to set up a temporary play room right here. And since it’s a basement, I doubt anyone will hear if one of them screams.”

Connie chuckled. “Which some of them do – a lot!” She looked around happily. “Yes, this will work out very nicely for me. Thanks Rosa.”

“You’re welcome dear,” Rosa replied with a smile.

Connie didn’t mention it, but she was also thanking Rosa for renting the place to her at half the rate that even Brian was paying. That was going to help her own budget out quite a bit!

By the time they climbed the stairs up from the basement, they could hear the rain pouring down outside. It was raining so hard that by the time they ran the short distance between houses, they both got soaked.

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Wet! It was pouring rain, and Bobo saw no sign at all of Rosa. He and Wolfie were laying on the porch out of the rain. Wolfie didn’t seem to mind the rain that much, but it was obvious that he preferred to stay out of it. Once again, Bobo realized that Rosa leaving them outside like she had was another way for her to treat him just like any other dog. And the bigger problem was, the more she treated him that way, the more he started to feel like nothing but a dog. It was...depressing on a major level.

The door opened and Rosa finally called him and Wolfie into the house. He went in gratefully, noticing that Rosa was wetter than he was. What had she been doing? And she must have gone out through the front door. He noticed that her friend Connie was wet too. What had they been doing?

He was grateful when Rosa removed the straps from his legs. They were starting to get really tired tied up in that position. At times lately, the straps had been on so much, that having his legs bound up that way almost seemed normal...until they started aching. He was always grateful to be able to have them free, even though if the straps had been on for a really long time, just unbending his knees was an exercise in pain.

Once the straps were gone, since Rosa seemed to be ignoring him and Wolfie, he laid down between those two chairs in the living room for a very much needed nap. After not sleeping hardly at all the night before, he really needed it. He woke briefly when Rosa’s friend Connie left, then he went straight back to sleep until Rosa called him and Wolf for dinner. He wasn’t going to miss dinner. He was starving.

After dinner, he and Wolf got sent out into the rain to do their business. Wolf stopped at the top of the steps, still under the cover of the house. He sniffed the air and watched the rain for a few moments before bounding down the steps, seeming to ignore the pouring rain. Having little choice, Bobo worked his way down the steps into the rain. Completely soaked,

he headed quickly over to his usual peeing spot on the side of the yard. Did he dare not lift his leg? She had yelled at him about that this morning, and every time he had to pee since, he had lifted his leg like she wanted him to. But it was pouring rain now. Could she even see him? He found a spot to pee...not that it made much of a difference since the rain would wash everything away anyway. Instead of lifting his leg, he squatted like he preferred to do. Ah. Relief.

Rosa watched her dogs through the kitchen window – particularly Bobo. He had been good about the way he peed all day, until now. She shook her head. She'd have to yell at him again about it, but now wasn't the time. Once again she was going to have to keep watch over him so she could catch him in the act. A good beating over the situation was definitely in order! But discipline always worked best when it was easily associated with what the punishment was for. She would wait...and watch.

When her two dogs finally came back up onto the porch, she grabbed two old towels to dry them off. They weren't getting back into the house as wet as they were.

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“Bobo, come!” Rosa called as she came back into the living room. She had taken a quick break during the commercials on TV. She had gone to the bathroom, then stopped in the kitchen to get something. Now she stood with it in the middle of her living room...waiting.

Bobo looked up from where he had been dozing between the two chairs. Uh-oh. She had the leash in her hand.

“Bobo! Come!” Rosa ordered sternly.

Knowing he would have no choice in the matter, Bobo got himself to his hands and knees and crawled his way to her...where she clipped the leash to his collar. He knew what she would want now. The only part that surprised him was that she was doing it here in the living room, instead of the kitchen.

Rosa led Bobo over to where she had been sitting on the couch. She pulled her shorts and panties off, then sat down, on the edge of the couch. The seemingly endless commercials were still playing. She pulled on the leash. Bobo resisted for a moment, then came closer. “Get busy,” she told him. “You know what to do.” Holding the leash tightly in one hand, she leaned back and relaxed as the movie came back on the TV, and Bobo's tongue began making her feel very good. The perfect way to watch TV.

A moment later, Wolf was there though, sniffing and licking closely around what Bobo was doing. “Move Wolfie!” she ordered. Wolf backed away, then jumped up on the couch, laid down and put his head in her lap. She pet his thick fur while Bobo was attending to her just inches away. The perfect way to watch TV...with the perfect pets!

She kept Bobo at it through two orgasms...both of which disturbed Wolfie. But the big dog stayed right where he was. When she figured both she and Bobo were done, she unhooked Bobo's leash and pet his head. "Good boy," she praised kindly.

The moment Bobo backed away, Wolf jumped down from her lap and went after Bobo. The two dogs looked like they were playing, but she could see that Wolfie was trying desperately to lick the residue from Bobo's face. She let them play while she watched her show. A few minutes later though, Wolfie was back on the couch, but since she hadn't bothered to put her shorts on again, his nose went right to her crotch. "Wolfie! No!" she said as she pulled his head away from where she didn't want it. Wolfie grumbled, but moved his head away. Rosa began stroking his fur again while she watched TV. And Bobo once again laid down in his little spot between the chairs.

Bobo laid on the floor with his eyes closed, listening to the movie, and feeling very sorry for himself. There was no way out of this predicament that he could see. He was very sure now that she had lied about there being a way out for him. And now she was using him nearly every day for her own sexual needs. She certainly wasn't giving him any rewards in return...except to treat him more and more like nothing but a real dog. So how could he get out of it? Impossible!

He looked up when Rosa got up off the couch, pushing Wolfie down to the floor in the process. She pulled her shorts on again, then walked away. Bobo stayed where he was. It was getting late. His mind once again was worried about being shoved into that cage. He really wasn't looking forward to that. But like everything else, he saw no way out of it.

"Bobo. Come!"

Bobo looked up, she was standing in the middle of the room again, waiting for him. And this time, instead of the leash, she was holding the straps for his legs. Ugh!

"Come!" Rosa commanded again.

Reluctantly, Bobo got up and crawled toward her. He stood there on all fours while she put the knee pads on him, then strapped his legs up into uselessness. Was she going to keep them on him all night? He got the answer to that when she started turning off the lights.

"Let's go boys. Bedtime," Rosa said as she headed for her bedroom. Wolf trotted off ahead of her. Bobo slowly brought up the rear.

Bobo followed after them. He wasn't looking forward to being put back into the cage. He sat...like a dog...and watched as she got ready for bed. He waited for her to open the cage, but she didn't. She just ignored him as she climbed into bed. The light was turned out...and he was still out of the cage. Huh? He breathed a small sigh of relief. No cage tonight. He found an out of the way place to lay down on the floor. It would be so much better without his legs strapped up, but at least he wasn't in the cage.

Tomorrow would be Sunday. Tomorrow night, he could finally go home...and get something to eat when he wanted to...and sleep like a normal person in his bed...and use the bathroom like a human being...and wear clothes like he was supposed to...and not be a

damn dog! He couldn't wait! And maybe...just maybe...his phone would ring Monday morning and he could go to work!

With those thoughts heavily on his mind, and his legs bound up so he couldn't stretch them out, he fell asleep.

Chapter 12.

Bobo woke early Sunday morning. His legs had been bound up all night, but at least he didn't have to sleep in the cage. Having his legs bound all night didn't exactly give him much freedom though. There was no way he could go anywhere, and no way to stretch out comfortably. And that didn't even count having his hands being taped up into uselessness for days now. He couldn't wait to go home that night, if for no other reason than to have his hands free. Of course, he had lots of reasons why he couldn't wait to go home. Too many to count. How many hours until she set him free? Way too many! And in the meantime, he had no choice but to live as she was forcing him to do. To live – as a dog!

It was a long while before he heard Rosa stirring and waking up. He had dozed on and off continuously. He was glad to see her getting out of bed finally. He saw her petting Wolfie, who usually slept right next to her bed. "Morning Bobo," she called as she headed toward the bathroom. Did she expect him to say good morning back? He knew better. She'd probably kill him if he did.

A few minutes later, he was outside to go to the bathroom again – with his legs still strapped up. How long was she going to keep him that way? Not that he seemed to have any say in the matter. The grass was soaked from the rain the day before, but at least the clouds appeared to be clearing. He walked over to the side of the yard where he usually peed and...

"No!" Rosa yelled as she ran off the porch.

Shit! Bobo had forgotten to check to see if she was watching. He hadn't lifted his leg when he started to pee. And now....

Rosa ran right up to him and slapped his backside three times – hard! "No! You lift your leg to pee. That's the way male dogs always do it, and that's the way I want you to do it. So if you don't want to get really punished hard, then you better start remembering that!" She slapped him one more time, then walked off.

Bobo stood there and watched her. He soon had Wolfie right there licking his face. It was a moment before he could continue what he had started a few minutes earlier...only this time, he lifted his leg before he peed. It was so damn demeaning to have to do that. One of the worst things about having to be a dog.

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All day long Bobo had to put up with doing the same tired things over and over again. Playing with Wolfie. Practicing the same stupid commands over and over again. Licking Rosa's private parts. Eating only what and when Rosa allowed. And generally, living the life of a dog. And all day long, he tried to figure out how much longer until he could go home. The entire day had seemed to drag by.

She had unfastened his legs right before breakfast...well, her breakfast. He and Wolf hadn't gotten enough to be called much of anything. And then right after dinner that night, she had strapped his legs up once again. Couldn't she make up her mind? The only good part about having his legs strapped up, was the kneepads. They were a big help. But having his legs bound up – was a nuisance! Not that he had any way to tell her that. And he had no doubt that she wouldn't care in the least what he thought about it. But then, what else could he expect from someone who tortured spies for a living...or...well, who knows, maybe she really did torture spies at some point.

As the evening wore on, Bobo became more and more antsy...waiting with anticipation for the time he could go home. The part that bothered him, was that he could tell it was getting really late in the evening. She usually released him before this...as far as he could tell. He had no idea what time it really was.

He was very glad when her movie ended and she called him to her. He was even more glad when she removed his leg straps and the kneepads. Time to go home! He and Wolf were let out into the back yard one more time for the night...where he was careful to lift his leg when he peed. When he was done, he headed for the gate.

“Bobo. No!” Rosa yelled. “Here boy! Come!”

Now what? Bobo crawled his way back up to the porch and sat...like the dog he had just spent the entire weekend living as. Wolf trotted up the steps and headed for the door.

“Come,” Rosa said as she grabbed Bobo's collar and led him back into the house.

Once again, Bobo wondered what was going on. Why wasn't she letting him go home yet? He followed Rosa and Wolf...back into her bedroom. Wasn't she going to send him home? And then she was standing over him. He sat...only to see her bending down towards him. She grabbed his collar, and a minute later, he found himself once again inside that dog cage prison.

Without a word of explanation, Bobo realized that he wouldn't be going home that night. He wouldn't be going anywhere...not even inside her house. He was trapped in jail again. Why? What if the school system called him in the morning? Would she let him go early enough to get the call? He was panicking inside as he tried to lay down and sleep. But sleep didn't come for many hours. And even then, it was only short little dozing naps. He was too worried about going home to sleep. Too worried about what was going on. Too worried...about his entire life...that seemed to be slipping away from him.

What was going on? Would she let him go in the morning? She better! He could only wait...and pray.

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It was Monday morning. At least he thought it was. The sun was up, but had he not counted the days right? She should have sent him home Sunday night. But she hadn't. Unless today

was Sunday. It was getting hard to tell. But he was still fairly sure that it was Monday...and that he needed to get home, if for no other reason than to wait for a call from the schools. And they had to call! They had to...because otherwise, he'd be right back here again, living as...Bobo.

The tight confines of the cage made sleeping even more difficult. He had spent the previous night out of the cage, but his legs had been all bound up. Tonight, his legs had been free, but he hadn't been. But what he really wanted was to be free of not just the cage, but his life as a dog! That's what he really wanted. But Rosa was making sure he had no choice but to live the way she wanted him to.

He finally heard her stirring. He finally heard her slipping out of bed and greeting Wolfie. And then she was standing over him. "Hi Bobo," she said. "Sleep well?" And then she was gone. When she came out of the bathroom, she finally opened his cage and he hurried out.

As always, he soon found himself outside with Wolfie to "do his business." He headed over to his usual peeing spot. He turned back toward the porch. He didn't see her. He squatted instead of lifting his leg.

"No!" Rosa had partially hidden herself this time. She had seen him looking for her. And now he was trying to squat like a damn female dog again. She ran right out to him and started slapping his butt. Over and over again she hit him and yelled at him, trying to make her point. This time, Wolfie came running up, but he stayed well out of the way.

Bobo was crying by the time she finished hitting and yelling at him. After she walked away, Wolf was there to lick his face. He appreciated the loving concern of the big dog. He had always liked Wolf. It was a few minutes before he could finally pee...lifting his leg the way she demanded. Ugh! He hated doing that! But then he hated living like a dog too. When was she going to let him go home?

It wasn't until after breakfast that he realized that she wasn't going to send him home. Why not? What if a school called? But having little choice, all he could do was wait.

After breakfast, she again bound his legs up. He was getting so used to having them that way now that he hardly noticed...other than the fact that he liked having the kneepads, and that doing anything else was that much more difficult.

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Routine, routine, routine. His day was just like so many other days. Would she send him home that night – finally? Would she? He had no way to ask her, and she didn't appear to be giving him any hints. So his day was the same as all the rest of his days. Playing with Wolfie, practicing the same stupid commands. Napping wherever he could. Relieving himself either at the side of the fence when he peed or going to the back of the yard when he needed to do anything else. And of course, eating only what little Rosa gave him to eat.

So was it Monday like he thought? Or was it really Sunday? It was hard to tell. He finally figured out the answer to that question when bedtime came and she didn't send him home again. Once again, he didn't have to sleep in the dreaded cage, but once again, he spent the entire night with his legs bound up. Was there a pattern there? Whenever he had his legs free at night, she stuck him in that cage. But when his legs were bound, he had the freedom to move around the house...as if he had somewhere to go...which he didn't. He slept over next to her dresser, while Wolf slept right next to her bed where he could get stepped on if she wasn't careful when she got up.

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Tuesday, Wednesday...was it Thursday? He wasn't totally sure. A few days later, he knew he had no idea in the world what day it really was. None! One day was pretty much like the next. Routine. As the days continued to pass, things became even harder to keep track of, and he finally stopped trying. What would be the point? The only things different that ever seemed to happen were the times when her friend Connie would stop by, or they spent the morning in the house while the grass was being cut, or someone came to the door and Wolf went crazy. And even those major events had now become routine. Normal. He was quickly realizing that he was now living the life of a dog. A total dog. And she had lied to him. There was no way out for him...and there never had been.

Just to spit her...or maybe it was because he hated doing it the way she wanted, he still looked up at the porch every time he needed to pee so see if she was watching. If he didn't see her, he didn't bother lifting his leg. If she was there, he didn't dare not do it right. She had caught him at it a few times and he had gotten punished pretty badly each time, but even those punishments didn't seem to stop him from trying to do it the way he wanted rather than the way she wanted. Demeaning was demeaning. Living as a total dog now was horribly demeaning. Why make things even worse when he didn't have to?

He noticed that he was spending more and more time with his legs bound up. He rarely got put in the cage at night anymore since she was keeping his legs tied. He was grateful to stay out of that cage. Just being in it was a world of horror! And having his legs bound up so much was also becoming...routine. Normal. And the kneepads really were a big help.

But there was one thing that was becoming more and more of a problem for him. One thing personal. Living the way he was now, he couldn't get any sexual relief. Wolf, he knew, had much the same problem. He knew that for a fact because very often as they played, Wolf would still keep trying to mount him. Sometimes it was really difficult to keep Wolf away. A few times now Wolf had almost managed to shove his penis right into his ass! He had also seen Wolf get punished for trying to hump Rosa's legs a few times. So he knew for a fact that Wolfie was just as sexually frustrated as he was.

But that didn't mean that in the middle of the night, when Rosa was sleeping, that his mind didn't remember all the details of that strange woman he had met at the club who had put

her mouth right over his cock and had made him feel so very, very good. Nearly every night now that memory came back to him, and in the dark of the night, he rubbed his aching penis, wanting to get the relief he desperately needed. Except he didn't dare ever shoot his load. What would she do to him if she found a mess like that on the floor? She'd probably kill him. But would it be worth it just to get that relief finally? He was strongly leaning in that direction.

He didn't know what day it was...not that days mattered anymore. But he was again rubbing his penis in the dark of the night. The memory of that woman's lips was stronger than ever. Should he go all the way? Should he get the relief he needed? He went from rubbing himself with his bound up hands, to rubbing his turgid penis against the floor. One way, then the other, bringing himself all the pleasure he could, without actually cumming. When a bit of semen leaked out, he used his bound up hands to wipe it, then he licked them clean so she wouldn't know, then he went back to pleasuring himself as much as he dared.

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Rosa was restless. It had been a day of more troubles with her tenants than she liked. Some days went like that. Fortunately, most days were trouble free and her rental properties took care of themselves. In the dark of her room, she heard some small sounds...not the sounds her dogs usually made when they were sleeping. These sounds were different. She could hear Wolf's heaving breathing next to her bed. He was sound asleep, so the sounds didn't come from him. Bobo? She reached over and turned on her light and immediately looked over at him. He was on the floor next to her dresser where he usually slept. He looked up at her with a frightened look on his face. The reason for it was very apparent. She could see his bound up paws all over his penis. She could even see the bit of precum leaking out of it. "No Bobo. No! Stop that!" She got out of bed, went over to the dog and slapped his hands away from his penis. Then she slapped his penis itself – hard. Just once.

Bobo was scared the moment the light had come on. She had caught him! But when she slapped his penis, it had hurt. A lot! He whined in submission, hoping she wouldn't hit him there again. Fortunately, he didn't.

"Stupid dog!" Rosa muttered. "Stupid male dogs. I should have had Wolfie fixed when he was younger. I ought to do the same to you. Since she was up, she went into the bathroom to pee. When she came out, she looked down at Bobo again. "Don't do that again!" she threatened. "Ruined my sleep," she muttered as she got herself back in bed and turned the light out. Damn male dogs. Damn males in general.

Bobo tried to not touch himself anymore that night. It was difficult, but he forced himself to do it. It was a long time before he managed to get to sleep.

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Morning came way too early for Bobo. He hadn't slept that much all night. That didn't exactly worry him. Living the way he was, he and Wolf often slept for major parts of the day. They slept inside or outside. Whenever or wherever they were. Mostly though, it was up to Wolfie as to when and where he decided to take one of his naps. And when he did, Bobo napped too. What else did he have to do? Nothing.

When Rosa got out of bed, she greeted both dogs like she always did. Since he was out of his cage, she briefly rubbed Bobo's head like she did with Wolf. When she came out of the bathroom, like she always did, she sent the two of them outside to do their business. And like she was sometimes doing, she hid herself on the porch instead of going back in the house, just to keep an eye on Bobo. Damn dog!

She watched as he went over to the side of the yard where he usually peed. She watched as he briefly turned his head back toward the porch, and she watched as he squatted to pee like a female dog instead of a male dog. "No!" she yelled as she headed for the steps. As fast as she could, she crossed the yard to where the stupid dog was and started slapping his backside. It wasn't lost on her the way he whined like a dog when she did it. And he better not make any other sound that wasn't like a dog, or he'd be in for some major trouble.

Once again, hoping she had finally gotten her point across she left him. Damn dog. She really should neuter him. Wolfie too for that matter. First last night she had caught him trying to masturbate right there in her bedroom. And not today he was trying to pee like a female dog again...for the umpteenth time. She had no doubt he was doing that purposely. Damn dog. She really should... She stopped as she was climbing the steps up to the porch. An idea hit her. She finally went all the way into the house, still thinking about that idea. She didn't really know what could be done, if anything, but she had no doubt that it was worth a try.

It was mid-morning when she finally figured it was time to do something about her idea. Bobo and Wolfie were out in the backyard as usual. And all she had to do to act on her idea, was to pick up her telephone. "Hello? Mr. Tolliver?"

"Ahh. Madam Rosa. I was going to be calling you either later today or tomorrow. I have your order very nearly ready."

"That's what I'm calling about Mr. Tolliver," Rosa replied. "I have a little problem with Bobo and I was wondering if there was some way you could help me out with it."

"And what's that?" Tolliver asked.

"Well, you see...I don't know if it's possible but...."

Chapter 13.

It was one of those days when her phone seemed to continuously ring. No major problems – fortunately, just annoying little things. And then there had been the call from Connie, checking again to make sure she had a place to stay. The workers would be starting on her house the day after tomorrow. Rosa had assured her that not only was the spare bedroom available in her house, but that it looked like Tolliver would be finished with Bobo’s things very soon. Any day now in fact.

She had already removed all of Brian’s things from the house next door. She had cleared out a drawer in her desk for all of his personal business that she would now be looking after for him. The rest she had put into boxes and taken to one of her storage lockers. The day after she had done that, her cleaning crew had gone through the entire house next door and spruced the whole thing up. It was now ready for Connie to move into. But she was still giving Brian his last few days to fight back. Something she knew for a fact now that he wasn’t going to do. As far as she could tell, he had pretty much completely settling into the life of a dog. There were just those few pesky little things that he kept doing to spite her. But otherwise, he had become...a dog. And dare she say it? It still turned her on so much to see him living that way.

It was late in the day when her phone rang again. “Hello?” she said as she picked up the receiver.

“Ah. Madam Rosa,” Edward Tolliver’s voice came.

It had been three days now since she had last talked to him. “How are you Edward?” she asked.

“Quite well, Madam,” Edward replied. “And I’m calling to let you know that I’ve finally finished everything for you. And I’ve even managed to solve the little problem you called me with a few days ago.”

“You did?” Rosa replied, somewhat surprised, but very happy about it.

“I did indeed. When did you want to bring your pet in to suit him up?”

“When would you like?” Rosa asked.

“Tomorrow morning perhaps?” Edward suggested. “Perhaps around ten?”

“That should work out perfectly for me,” Rosa told him. “I’ll see you in the morning Edward.”

When she hung up the phone with Edward, she immediately called Connie and gave her the good news. Bobo’s last chance to be human again for the summer would be ending tomorrow morning, and Connie could move straight into his old house. The timing had worked out well for both of them.

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It wasn't that he minded so much living the life of a dog. Well, he minded it a lot. Shouldn't he? It's just that...it was certainly a lot easier than having to fight and yell at those stupid kids in school who all refused to show him any kind of respect. Just thinking about the way those kids behaved made him irritable. Not having to face those kids was the one, and only, good thing about being stuck living as...Bobo. The darn parents really needed to teach their kids better. And make no mistake, he knew it was all the parent's fault.

Fortunately, the way he was stuck living just then, he wouldn't have to worry about being faced with those kids anytime soon...unless Rosa finally stopped treating him like a dog and let him go home. Finally!

He tried to figure out if school was out for the year yet. He didn't know. He didn't know what day of the week it was, let alone what the date was. His life was one of never-ending sameness. No changes at all. Pretty much. Unless you counted the visits from Rosa's friend or the guy coming to cut the grass. He supposed that in a way, even the rainy days could be considered a change. But not much. He was still stuck living...as a dog. As...Bobo.

Without the kids in school to worry about, the only irritating thing he had to put up with now, was having his legs strapped up all the time. And lately, it had been all the time...or nearly. All day, and all night. Then she'd remember and let him loose for a while, only to strap them back up again a few hours later. Oh yeah, there was one other irritating thing he had to watch out for too. Lifting his leg to pee whenever Rosa was around. But in truth, it had been some time now since she seemed to have cared. Had she given up on that little bit of demeaning behavior? He could only hope!

As the days of sameness passed, his mind seemed to relax more and more. With nothing to think about or worry about, it just seemed to happen. His brain seemed to dull. He knew it, but being forced to live like he was, with no way out and no alternatives, what chance did his brain have for more industrious thinking. Rosa had indeed turned him into...a dog. And after living for so long that way now, he was starting to think of himself as nothing but a dog. A dog...who thought like a dog. He was Bobo. Nothing but a dumb dog. And he had no reason, and no way, to be anything else.

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Rosa woke early, full of excitement. Today was the day. This morning, Bobo would be...transformed! And he would be stuck. Although she had a feeling that he was already thinking of himself that way. The stupid guy put up no resistance to his lifestyle at all. In truth, he never had...which was exactly why he now found himself in this position. His time limit for getting out of remaining as a dog, was now down to merely hours instead of weeks, or even days. Hours! And she couldn't wait!

She slipped out of bed, being careful not to step on Wolfie. The big dog jumped up to greet her the minute her feet hit the floor. "Hey Wolfie," she said as she pet his head lovingly. She

headed for the bathroom, pausing to pet Bobo the same way. Yes, today was the day. Bobo didn't know it yet, but his life was about to change – again. Although how much of a change this was really going to be for him, she wasn't exactly sure. As far as she could see, he had already resigned himself to living as a dog...and he was really doing...splendidly. Now if he could just teach some better behavior habits to Wolfie, then she'd have something to really crow about!

As always, after the bathroom, she let the dogs out into the yard. She wasn't concerned in the least about Bobo lifting his leg anymore. Tolliver had said he had found a solution to that problem. She was looking forward to seeing it. She was looking forward to seeing everything he had created for her...locked onto Bobo – permanently. Well, sort of permanently. Close enough for now. What she had done with him already kept her turned on in a major way. She couldn't wait for the next phase when all of Tolliver's creations would transform him even further. Hours!

Her breakfast was short and hurried. Both dogs got little more than just a few pieces of bacon each. She wondered again what Bobo thought of how she was feeding him. During the day, he got everything the same as Wolfie. Only at dinnertime did she give him anything more nutritious, usually cutting up the same food that she ate and putting that in his bowl. But several times now, she had purposely given him dog food to eat – just for the fun of watching him having to eat it. In fact, she decided right then and there that Bobo would get treated to a can of dog food again tonight – just to drive the point home to him about what he had become. She giggled to herself over it.

As soon as breakfast was over, she unstrapped Bobo's legs and removed the knee pads. They had been strapped up for two days straight now. She saw how painful it was for him to lower his legs. She wondered briefly how his hands would be when she finally removed the tape binding them into paws. But the brief respite his hands would get when that tape was removed later that morning, was only going to be for a few moments before his hands got locked into something far worse for him. He would have nothing left to even think of as hands anymore. She giggled again. "This way Bobo," she called. "Come!"

She led him toward her bathroom where she grabbed his collar and pulled him inside. She closed the door so he couldn't get out – the way she always had to do whenever she bathed Wolfie. Something she did rarely since it was always such a pain.

She helped him into the tub while the water was still running, and was already lathering him up with the dog soap before there was even an inch of water in the tub. As she washed him thoroughly, she took note of a few things about him. His hair was a major thing. It had always been a little longer than he probably should have kept it, probably because he couldn't afford the haircuts. Since she had been forcing him to live as her pet, he hadn't been able to cut it at all. Consequently, it was getting pretty shaggy now and some of it had some real length to it. She still hadn't decided what she wanted to do about that yet, but she was starting to get some ideas.

His toenails needed to be cut for sure. She'd take care of that as soon as she pulled him from the tub and strapped his legs up again. She had no doubt his fingernails were pretty bad too.

But then Tolliver's design, according to him, had been to accommodate long nails. She decided she wasn't going to untape his hands to even look at them. She would decide if she wanted to do anything about those nails, after Tolliver had done his handiwork.

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Bobo was nervous. More nervous than he had been in a very long time. She was giving him a bath again. The last time she had done that, she had taken him out to that...place. That place where she tortured people in the - dungeon! That place of horrors! But it had also been that place where that woman had.... Oh how he still dreamed of that at night. But he didn't dare do anything about it anywhere where Rosa might find out. Twice now, he had dared to bring himself to a full orgasm – right outside on the grass! Out where his mess wouldn't be found by anyone. Each time, it had been wonderful. And each time, the rain had washed all trace of what he had done on the grass away. Rosa had never found out. Like lifting his leg when he peed, it was like another way to spite her...as long as she never found out. He had a feeling he'd be in some big trouble if she ever did.

Once she finally got him out of the tub and dried him off, he had to put up with her putting his kneepads on him again and having his legs strapped up. But then, still in the bathroom, he had to stand there while she clipped his toenails. He really didn't mind that at all, but the nails he would really like to have clipped were the ones on his paws...hands! They were getting long enough now that they were starting to hurt.

When his toenails had been clipped, he expected to be release from the bathroom, but this time Rosa was doing something different. Something with his hair. He felt her combing it all different ways. Why? She was just going to mess it up whenever she pet him. But he had no choice but to stand there while she worked away on him, and he couldn't even see what she was doing.

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Rosa had dreamed up the idea for his hair. She brushed it all out, then she parted it right down the middle. Grabbing two elastic hairbands, she pulled each side together and bound them up into little sideways ponytails that drooped down right above his ears. The effect she was trying for, was to make his hair look more like big floppy ears. When she was done, she looked critically at him. Yes, it was a good look for him. And as things were now going, more than fitting!

When she was done, she opened the bathroom door and let him out. He went out quickly. She probably figured he was already scared – and he had no idea what was instore for him in just a little while. With Bobo now out of the way, she had to hurry to get herself ready to go out.

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Bobo was scared. She had given him a bath. He noticed that she hadn't bathed Wolfie. As far as that was concerned, he took it as a very bad sign. What was going to happen? Were they going out? He could only hope not. Just then, all he wanted to do was to go out into the big backyard and play with Wolf – just like he did every day, and not have to worry about something like that. He parked himself on the floor between the two chairs in the living room where he spent most of his time whenever he was in the house. She wouldn't take him out in public again, would she? He hoped not! But there was no doubt, he was very worried about it.

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Rosa hummed to herself as she happily finished getting ready. “Bobo!” she called. She found him in his usual spot between the chairs. “Come on,” she said. “I want you out back with Wolfie.”

With Wolfie? Hooray! It sounded like she wasn't going to take him out somewhere – except into the backyard which was the only place he wanted to go. He scurried from his place between the furniture and hurried for the back door. He was out through those doors and was greeted warmly by Wolf's tongue the moment he got outside. His sense of relief was great.

“Bobo,” Rosa said sternly. “Hurry up and do your business. We've got things to do.”

What? All of Bobo's fears came crashing back to him...only worse.

“Hurry!” Rosa ordered. “I don't have all day...and neither do you. And if you don't do it now, I'll have no problem at all taking you for a walk so you can do it along the city street again.”

That got Bobo's attention. She was taking him back into the city. Once again thoughts of that strange place where she had tortured those people came to mind...as did the thoughts of that strange woman with the most marvelous mouth and tongue.

Not wanting to be forced to relieve himself next to traffic in the city, he went out into the backyard to pee. With Rosa there, he was very careful to make sure he lifted his leg!

“Bobo, come!” Rosa called the moment she saw that he was finished.

Like it or not...which he didn't, Bobo headed back toward the porch...at a rather slow pace. But even going slowly, he soon found himself connected to the leash, as Rosa pulled him toward the front door. He pulled back a little, but a firmer tug on his leash got him moving again, right out the front door, and all the way to her car, where she helped him get up into

the back seat. As he huddled in fear on the floor of her car, he wondered where they were going. Nowhere good. He was very certain of that.

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Once again Rosa parked behind Tolliver's leather shop. She got out and opened the door for Bobo. She grabbed his leash and pulled, but like before, he didn't want to go. She leaned into the car. "Listen up Bobo. If you give me any kind of hard time today, you'll wish you were never born. And let me warn you especially about doing anything at all that might even be thought of as not behaving like a real dog would behave. And I'll be especially listening for each and every sound you make. So if I were you, I'd be on my best behavior. Because I can guarantee that if you're not, then you're going to very much regret it. Now come!"

She stood up and pulled on the leash again. He still didn't go. Was he going to actually fight back? Now? But another pull on the leash, a bit firmer this time got him moving. As she suspected, he just didn't have it in him to fight back at all. He was – doomed!

She led him to the back door. "Sit!" she commanded, and watched happily as he did just that. She knocked on the door. It was opened after only a few moments.

"Madam Rosa!" Tolliver greeted her happily. "Come in, come in!" Rosa went in, noticing that Bobo couldn't seem to wait to get inside where he couldn't be seen, even though they had been out behind the building. If only he knew what was in store for him. Or did he think he knew? Tolliver did have to do that fitting session with him a few weeks ago. Still, she doubted Bobo would know the true extent of what was in store for him.

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Inside, Bobo had no choice but to follow where Rosa and the leash led him. He suddenly felt the big guy picking him up again and setting him down on top of the table where the guy had done...something...with him before. And then, like they had done with him last time, the big guy started removing the tape from his left hand. He was glad to have the tape gone, but frightened too. And even with the tape removed, he still didn't open his fingers. In truth, he was completely used to them being that way now. He saw the big guy, Edward as Rosa called him, taking something from one of the other workbenches. He set it down on the table in front of him, but for the life of him he couldn't figure out what it was. It looked like a big weird shaped blob of...something, and it had a bunch of small leather loops sticking out of it.

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“Open your fingers,” Edward said to Bobo as he picked up Bobo’s left “paw.” When Bobo didn’t move, he began prying his fingers apart. He heard Bobo’s doglike whimper and noticed the pain he was feeling. Obviously because his hands had been bound up like that for so long.

“Bobo, relax,” Rosa said.

The stiffness in Bobo’s hand and the pain from having his fingers pulled apart had surprised him. He was just glad he hadn’t made any sound that Rosa would be upset about. The way she was behaving today, he had no doubt she’d punish him really bad if he did. And then he watched as the big guy started guiding his fingers into each of the loops on that weird shaped blob. The guy, Edward, set his hand and the blob down on the table and told Bobo to put his full weight down on it. Bobo did, and was surprised to find that the weird shaped stuff filled his entire hand, and it was all nicely cushioned. He felt the guy adjusting his fingers in the straps a bit, then the guy picked his hand up with the blob still lodged firmly inside it. He started doing something underneath. Bobo heard a few soft clicks, and realized that the leather straps were starting to tighten. All of them. He was so surprised that he unconsciously tried to pull his hand back, but the big guy was holding his wrist with one hand while he worked on the bottom with his other hand. And even without him holding him so tightly, that thing was just as firmly in his hand as it was before. He felt the straps really tightening against his fingers now – all of them. Pulling them tightly into that cushioning. Tighter. Tighter. Until that entire thing felt like it was part of his hand.

And then the guy set his hand down and he started removing the tape from Bobo’s right hand. While he was doing that, Bobo desperately tried to move the fingers of his left hand – any of the fingers of his left hand. But it took very little effort to realize that moving any of them was totally impossible. They were all strapped and trapped to that padded stuff that filled the rest of his hand. The guy suddenly prying the fingers open on his right hand brought his thoughts right back to what was still going on...whatever they were doing to him. And he already knew he didn’t like it.

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“Why don’t you try doing this one,” Edward suggested once he had Bobo’s right fingers open.

“I’d love to,” Rosa replied. She had noted the pain that opening Bobo’s fingers had caused him. Would Edward’s new devices make that problem any easier on him? She doubted it. Not that it mattered anyway. She wasn’t planning on taking them off of him for a very long time. The look of fright on Bobo’s face was precious as she guided his fingers into the holding straps. Like Edward had done, she set his paw down on the table. “Put your weight on it,” she told him and watched as slowly, Bobo’s full weight set down on all the padding. She

picked his paw up, making sure to keep the entire thing tightly pushed against his hand. Underneath she saw the winding mechanism for the straps. It was easy to turn it. She saw and heard the little clicking sounds as the locking mechanism caught in the gear underneath and prevented it from springing back. Tighter and tighter she wound the straps, until she was sure that they were plenty tight enough.

“May I suggest just a little tighter?” Edward said. “Over time, his fingers may become a bit smaller.”

Rosa turned the mechanism, which now gave her a lot of resistance, until it clicked one more time. “How’s that?” she asked.

“I think that should be perfect,” Edward replied.

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Fingers become smaller? Bobo didn’t like the sound of that at all! It sounded like they were planning on leaving those things on his hands for a long time. Hands? Right now, his hands didn’t exist, because they were even less of hands than they were when Rosa had taped them up. Both of his hands felt like they were one solid...thing. And then he saw the big guy, Edward, bringing something else to their table. Now what? From what he could see, there were two of them, and they each looked like leather, attached to...something.

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Edward picked up Bobo’s left paw. He grabbed the solid outer covering that attached to the padded strap mechanism. “Now this just slides into the grooves in the bottom here,” he said as he showed Rosa how it worked. From the front, he slid the round disk right onto the block that now held Bobo’s fingers useless.

Rosa could see that it was a bit of a tight fit, but the outer block did slide right over it. She watched as Edward began pulling the leather cover up over Bobo’s hand. She noticed now the tiny slits at the base of it where Bobo’s fingernails just stuck out through the leather.

“Ah!” Edward said, sounding pleased. “My molds did a good job here, it fits perfectly!”

“Yes, it seems to,” Rosa agreed happily. “And I think we made the perfect choice for the covering,” she said happily as Edward finished pulling the leather up over Bobo’s hand and wrist.

Edward grabbed some thin leather strips from his worktable and began lacing them through the holes in the back of the leather that now covered Bobo’s hands, making them look much more like dog paws. “I’ve soaked these straps in water,” he told Rosa. “Not too much, just enough to stretch them a little. As they dry, they should shrink and tighten.” He worked from the top down, lancing the leather from above his wrists, down to the mechanism below.

When he got to the bottom, he firmly tied the leather. He struggled a bit to pull the outer block back, exposing a little bit of space inside. He shoved what was left of the leather strings up into it, then pushed the block closed again. Going to his workbench, he returned with two small screws and a hexagonal allen wrench. He put one of the small screws into a small hole and tightened it with the odd-shaped wrench. Then he put a screw into the other side and tightened it too.

Rosa watched him carefully. Having no screw head that she could see, the two screws seemed to disappear right into the block. As she looked closer, she could see that they were recessed just slightly so they wouldn't stick out. She had no doubt that there was no way on earth that Bobo would be getting out of that thing. And the best part was, it looked great! "Oh, I'm so pleased with the way it looks," she exclaimed happily. Almost just like a real paw! And I do so love the leather we picked out. It's just perfect!"

Edward was pleased by the comment. He handed Rosa the outer covering for Bobo's right hand and guided her through the entire process to put it on him. It took her a bit longer, but there was very little she could do to make a mistake. And very shortly, she had tightened the last screw tightly.

Rosa looked at Bobo's two front paws. "Oh Edward!" she exclaimed. They're wonderful! Perfect!"

Edward beamed. "I'm so happy you approve," he replied. He too was very happy with the way the front paws had turned out. "Shall we move on?"

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The only one who wasn't happy with the way things had turned out, was Bobo. As he looked down, he could clearly see his two front...paws – because that's what they had now become – paws. There was no sign of his hands in there at all. And inside, he couldn't move his fingers one tiny bit. He wasn't even sure he could feel his fingers inside there. Both of his hands were now encased in some kind of leather that had short white hair attached with patches of black in a few places.

And then his attention was caught by Rosa and Edward doing something to his left rear leg. They were unstrapping it, and his nervousness started to get worse. His hands were now no longer hands. What were they doing with his leg?

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Edward unstrapped Bobo's left leg and removed the kneepad. Then he used the same strap to strap Bobo's leg up again – temporarily. He grabbed the device he had crated for that leg and placed it under Bobo's left knee. Bobo's weight automatically set his knee firmly into it. There were several one inch leather straps attached to the leather covering, but Edward

ignored them for now. He grabbed a much longer thin leather strip that he used for lacing and brought it back to the table. He pulled the leather up around Bobo's leg pulling it all up and getting it mostly in place. Then, like he had done with Bobo's paws, he began lacing from the top, pulling the leather edges over each other and tightening them as much as he could. Tightening them enough that the strap he had used originally to hold Bobo's leg up, slipped down. He removed it to get it out of his way and then went back to his lacing. Like before, when he reached the bottom, he tucked the strap into a cavity in the rubber bottomed base he had crated to cushion and hold Bobo's knees. One set-screw later, and there was no way for anyone to get at the knot in the laces to untie them. Especially not Bobo.

"Your turn," he said as he handed Rosa the covering for Bobo's other leg. He worked closely with Rosa to help her position the device properly, and he watched as she laced Bobo just as tightly as he had. When she was done, he watched as she tightened the little screw that held everything secure.

"Ah," Edward exclaimed as he stood back to look at his handiwork so far. "I believe we are indeed getting there."

"Yes!" Rosa agreed with more than a touch of excitement in her voice.

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Bobo didn't know what to make of what they were doing to him. As much as he tried to turn and see what they were doing, he couldn't see hardly anything. But he could feel it. And he knew by now that everything they were putting on him, wasn't going to be coming off any time soon – if ever! He also knew without a doubt, that he had no hope of ever getting any of it off – by himself.

He was so beside himself with what they were doing to him, that he barely noticed the fact that the new devices strapped to his legs were nicely padded, and that they made his hind legs taller than they had been. But he did notice when Edward brought something else to the table and he realized that they still weren't done with him yet. Both hands, both legs. Now what?

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"I believe this is the really fun part of it all for me," Edward mentioned as he grabbed Bobo's left foot and stuck it inside another leather covered device he had made. He put Bobo's right foot into the device and pulled two straps that had been inside the device. Bobo's feet were pulled closer and closer together and more firmly into the device. "Can you wiggle your toes?" he asked Bobo.

Bobo didn't realize he was being asked the question. He was more concerned with whatever they were doing to him back there. His feet were suddenly incased in something, and

whatever it was, it felt like there was something metal now covering the toes of each foot. At least his toes weren't jammed into it, whatever it was. There was still room beyond the end of his toes, and it wasn't tight up against them either.

"Bobo!" Rosa said, coming around in front of him. "Wiggle your toes!"

Bobo heard that one...along with the stern commanding tone of her voice. He tried to wiggle his toes, and found it was difficult.

"Keep trying," Edward said. "Figure it out."

Bobo kept trying, and soon discovered that whatever metal thing now covered his toes, was attached to both of his feet. When he pushed with his toes on one foot, the toes of his other foot when the other way. And conversely, when he did it with the opposite feet, the opposite toes moved too. His toes were...connected! He could move them, but there was some resistance when he did. There was no way he could miss Rosa almost collapsing on the table in laughter as she stared at his backside.

"Keep working on it. Get used to it," Edward told him as he started fastening the straps holding the device onto Bobo's feet so it wouldn't come off.

Oh Edward," Rosa said as she stared at the tail wagging back and forth to the movement of Bobo's toes inside. I can't tell you how much I love that!

"Indeed Madam," Edward said, with more than a touch of humor in his voice.

The device covered Bobo's human feet completely, and a wide triangular end off the top of each side of it that connected to the top of Bobo's leg coverings, making it all look more like one solid piece. He connected the triangular part on both legs, further anchoring the system. But there were more leather straps still attached to both the device and both of Bobo's leg coverings.

"That's it for the top," Edward said. "That just leaves the new part you asked for. I think this will work best if we turn him over now."

Rosa moved in front of Bobo. "Bobo!" she said in a commanding voice. "Down!" She lowered her hand. Just as he had done a million times now to that command, Bobo dropped to a laying down position with his paws...his new paws...out in front of him. And they looked more like paws than ever – real paws!

"Bobo! Roll over on your back!"

This was a new command that she had never given him before.

"Roll over on your back!" Rosa said commandingly.

The stern tone of her voice wasn't lost on Bobo. He was already too afraid of everything they had been doing to him. He rolled over onto his back. His front paws came down to his side. He could see that the leg coverings they had given him had the exact same hairy leather covering as his paws. There were also some kind of big rounded things sticking way out from his knees. But he couldn't see more than that from his position.

Edward came back from grabbing the final piece of his handiwork from the workbench. From one side, it looked like another flat piece of the same leather with a small hole in it. It was the underside that held most of Edward's efforts. He grabbed Bobo's balls and felt Bobo flinch. "Relax Bobo!" he said sternly. "This will go easy if you relax. Otherwise, it will be a lot more difficult on you, but it will still get done."

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Relax? Bobo only knew that the big guy had just grabbed his balls – hard! How the hell could he relax? And then he felt the big guy pushing on his balls. Pushing one at a time, carefully, and firmly. What the hell was he doing? And then he felt his penis being pushed into something – something leather that felt...small, crowding his entire penis into too short a length. He noticed what felt like a small ring or something all around the tip of his penis.

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Rosa watched as Edward attached the remaining straps to the small flat leather piece that now encompassed Bobo's genitals. She could see just a tiny bit of what was left of Bobo's penis sticking out through the hole. It wasn't a large piece of leather, but there were four straps connected to it, two from the device holding his tail, and two from the leg coverings. As she watched Edward tightening the straps and then tucking them into the leg coverings to secure them so they couldn't be easily gotten to or opened, she saw that small piece of leather with just the bare tip of his penis sticking out getting tighter and tighter against Bobo's groin. And then Edward was done.

"There!" Edward said, sounding pleased with himself. "One female dog. And the part that I'm particularly pleased about, is that by adding this little piece, we've anchored the entire back part that much more firmly. I'm quite sure that not even your other big dog, as strong as I'm sure he is, can pull that apart."

"Oh Edward," Rosa exclaimed. "It's perfect – as always!"

Edward picked Bobo up from his back, turned him over and set him on the floor. "There you have it Madam. And I do think it all came out very nicely."

Rosa stood back and looked Bobo over. She was very excited, and not just emotionally. She was very sexually excited as well and couldn't wait until later when she could put Bobo's tongue to work again. "Bobo. Wag your tail," she ordered.

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Tail? Tail? Bobo quickly tried to turn and look, but he couldn't bend that far. Tail? They had put a tail on him somehow? His new front paws and hind legs felt very strange, but he managed to turn in a circle, trying to see the tail. He caught just a brief glimpse of white and then it seemed to be gone. He turned faster and managed to see more of it for a moment.

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Rosa went into hysterics watching Bobo trying to chase his tail. Finally she said, "Bobo, stop! You're not going to be able to catch it. At least not right now. You can try again all you like when we get home. But now I want to see you just wag that tail."

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Wag his tail?

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"Wiggle your toes," Edward told him.

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Bob tried wiggling his toes. Again he felt that bit of resistance, but now he knew that it was caused by the weight of the tail that had to be connected to the metal piece that surrounded his toes. Rosa's delighted laughter wasn't lost on him at all and he quickly stopped – wagging his tail.

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"Oh Edward," Rosa exclaimed. "You've certainly outdone yourself this time."

"Thank you Madam," Edward replied, rather pleased by it all himself. "Would you mind if I take a few pictures for my catalog?"

"Go right ahead," Rosa told him.

Under orders from both Rosa and Edward, Bobo had to pose for a number of pictures, and in some of them, they had him wagging his tail, some of them using just his toes to do it, and

others making him wiggle his entire butt. Edward was nothing but delighted with his efforts. Rosa was beside herself with delight. And Bobo, was just plain mortified.

When they were done, Bobo was very glad to get out of there and head back to Rosa's car. His new paws and legs felt very strange but walking proved to be fairly easy. He certainly didn't have any problem with the rough pavement of the parking lot. But the part that annoyed Bobo the most, was that with every step he took, he could now feel that darn tail behind him moving around – and he was being careful to not wiggle his toes. It felt as if the darn thing had a life of its own!

Rosa had to help him into the back of the car as always, and he heard her laughing as she had to push his tail out of the way to close the door. A tail! They had given him a tail! Bobo felt like crying the entire way home.

As she drove, Rosa phoned her friend Connie. She waited only a moment before she heard her best friend answer. "It's done!" she said excitedly the moment Connie answered. "It's done, and it looks better than I ever imagined."

"Oh Rosa, I can't wait to see it," Connie replied.

"Are you still moving in today?" Rosa asked.

"I'm just finishing some of my packing now. I'll be there in a little while. I can't wait to see him."

"See her!" Rosa replied. "I'm afraid that Bobo isn't a male dog anymore. I'm not going to have to worry about anymore funny stuff from another male puppy in my house."

Connie just laughed. "I can't wait!"

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Not a male dog anymore? Bobo tried to look down at his belly, but on the floor in the back of the car, it was difficult. Not to mention there wasn't that much light down there. What was he going to do? It had been bad enough before when she had been treating him like a dog and forcing him to live like a dog, but now she had somehow managed to make things twice as bad for him. He had seen the way they put his front paws on him. He didn't have a prayer of getting them off. And he had no doubt that the rest of it was equally well fastened to him.

As the trip in the car continued, it felt like the leather attached to his front paws and his rear legs was all getting tighter and tighter. Was it? It sure felt that way. As if it wasn't tight enough to begin with.

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Rosa pulled into her driveway. She opened the back door. "Out Bobo," she commanded as she pulled on his leash. There was no hesitation from Bobo this time, but she did see that he was having more trouble with his hind legs trying to place them while backing out. Well, he was just going to have to get used to them being a big longer than they used to be. And he was going to get plenty of practice with them.

On a whim, instead of leading him straight into the house, she ignored Wolfie's barking from the backyard and walked Bobo down to her mailbox again. No mail yet. Like she had done before, she walked him down to his old mailbox. No mail there either. Only then did she lead him back the way they had come and finally back into the house. She took him through the house, unclipped the leash and led him out onto the porch where Wolf rubbed himself all over her, but not for long. Wolf's attention went quickly to Bobo.

She was amused by Wolf's reaction to Bobo. He sniffed him all over, he examined him all over. And he jumped on him, trying to get him to play. But Bobo just stood there. To Rosa, he seemed...scared. Well, he'd just have to get used to everything. She went back into the house to start preparing for something important that it was now time to do. Something she had been waiting to do for a long time now.

The first thing she did was to drag that big dog cage, from the end of her bed, all the way out to the porch. She noticed Wolfie and Bobo out on the grass where Wolfie had Bobo's tail in his mouth and he was pulling Bobo backwards by it. "Play nice," she called happily to her two dogs. From the porch, she dragged the big cage out into her backyard, trying to find the perfect place for it. There! Not too far from the fence. That should work quite well. She noticed that neither Bobo nor Wolf were coming anywhere near the cage. She had no doubt that neither of them liked the thing. But sometimes, things like that were necessary for pets. And she now had two of them. She headed back into the house to get the few remaining things she would need.

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Bobo was having trouble playing with Wolfie. He wasn't used to his new front paws. He wasn't used to his new hind legs. And he especially wasn't used to having a tail...that Wolf seemed to like grabbing and pulling on. Ugh! He could just scream! But he was too afraid of Rosa to actually do it.

He saw the cage out in the yard. There was no way he could miss it. He had also noticed the way that Rosa had seemed to be trying to put it in just the right place. Why? He hated the cage. He was sure that Wolf did too. He was glad to play with Wolfie, far away from the thing.

And then he saw Rosa coming out of the house again...and he heard her calling him. Wolf took off for her like a shot. He turned and headed for the porch too, only much, much slower. A tail! Even moving slowly, he could feel the darn thing moving around back there. A tail! How humiliating can you get?

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Rosa fed Wolf a couple of dog treats and had him sitting, then laying down on the porch before Bobo even got there. She was glad when Wolf did everything perfectly...or close enough for him. When he rolled over on his side while lying down, she didn't even mind. Bobo though, was moving slower than usual. Was that because of the new additions to his body? Or was he just reluctant to come anywhere near her. Not that it mattered. Right now, everything was going to be about him. He just didn't know that yet.

Once Bobo reached the porch, she had him sit. She watched as he did it. The new leg coverings and tail made very little difference in the way he did it. She was pleased to see the way the tail moved out of the way as he sat – just like Edward had said it would. The man really was an artist! A genius! With Bobo sitting, she gave him two dog treats. She lowered her hand and said, “Down.” As he always did, Bobo behaved perfectly to the commands. His new front paws looked better than ever in that position. She loved not seeing his taped up hands anymore. So nice. She loved the short hairy pattern of the leather, the mostly creamy white background with the small patches of black against it. All of it looked so good on him. Maybe she should just keep him that way permanently! But no. She knew she could never do that. But it was an interesting idea.

With Bobo lying down, she turned to Wolf. “Wolfie, come!” she commanded. It took a moment before Wolf went from lying on his side, to lazily getting to his feet, to him coming right to her, where he was more interested in getting more treats. She gave him some, then grabbed his collar and led him straight into the house. She left him there, closing him in. Closing him away from what she now had to do with Bobo.

“Bobo. Sit!” she ordered and watched as Bobo, got into a sitting position. She couldn't miss the look of fright on his face. Well, that look was warranted. He was about to be in for the fright of his life...if he hadn't figured things out already. And there was one thing she was going to do with him now that she was sure he didn't have a clue about. She connected his leash to his collar and led him over closer to the porch railing where she tied the leash to the top of it. “Sit!” she ordered again. The look on Bobo's face showed confusion along with the fear. She could certainly understand. In fact, it was what she wanted to see on that face right now.

She stood back from him to look at him again, purposely making him wait. Purposely growing the anxious fear in him. It was an old technique. Sometimes those habits simply came out. In her case, she very much enjoyed putting fear into the men she worked with. And Bobo, despite what she had done with him, was still a man underneath. Sort of. He really never was much of a man she figured. Not with his level of back bone.

She finally decided to sit down. As she suspected, Bobo's head never turned away from her. He moved slightly, still sitting down, so he could see her better.

“Before we go any further Bobo, if you try to make any sound at all that’s not like a dog, just like always, then I can tell you that you’re in for the worst punishment of your life. Very, very painful punishment. We’ll get more into that later. I just wanted to warn you about it right now...up front. This little discussion will be the last time I ever talk to you as if you can fully understand me. Ever! At least, not for a very long time. From this point on I’m going to be trying even harder to consider you to be nothing more than a dumb animal. And I suggest that you start thinking of yourself that way too.”

Bobo didn’t know what to think. He only knew that he was scared.

“Do you remember,” she started, “when we sat right here on this porch and had a little discussion about you not sticking up for yourself? Not just once, but several times. I remember them quite clearly. Those discussions were what led us directly to this point. They led us to where you are now...and where you’re going to be staying.

“I’m sure you’ve figured out by now, that the time limit for you to get out of all this has now passed. It passed the moment Tolliver put that first piece of leather on your front paw. And even then, I was a little hopeful that you would finally figure it all out and get out of it. But no, you didn’t. You didn’t, because you couldn’t. Because despite what you think about yourself, you didn’t get out of it, because you never once stuck up for yourself. Through all the things I made you do, day in and day out, you never once tried to really fight back and stick up for yourself. Never...once!”

Fight back? All Bobo could think about was what she either did to him or threatened to do to him each time he put up any kind of resistance.

“All you had to do Bobo, was to fight back. To stick up for yourself enough to show me that you weren’t going to let me get away with the things I made you do...because you were too much of a wimp to argue back. Not once!”

Once again Bobo thought of her hitting him and threatening him with worse.

“And don’t think for a minute Bobo, that me hitting you with nothing but a simple piece of newspaper was anything that horrible. Newspaper? Come on Bobo! Get real!” She picked up the old worn out rolled up newspaper from the seat next to her and held it up. “Newspaper never once hurt you. It’s what they use on puppies. Young puppies. The sound scares them more than it hurts. And trust me, this never really hurt you at all. But just like a young frightened puppy, you were too much of a wimp to see that. You never had the backbone to stand up to...a simple stupid piece of paper!” She unrolled the newspaper, grabbed it, and ripped it in half. Then she balled the paper up in her hand and tossed it aside. “Newspaper! Afraid of getting hit with a piece of paper! Paper that could never in a million years hurt you.” She shook her head. “But you didn’t have the backbone to stand up for yourself...even against a simple piece of paper! No backbone at all!

“That’s why the kids in school walked all over you. That’s why you couldn’t control them. From what I gathered from you, they all treated you that way, from the very youngest of them to the very oldest. All of them. It wasn’t the parents who didn’t teach them properly, the problem was you. You never once showed them that you deserved even the slightest bit of respect. No Bobo. I’m sorry, but as Brian you were simply a failure! With no backbone

at all, you couldn't control any of the kids, even the youngest of them. And because of it, you were never meant to teach. Not kids anyway. Probably not anyone. A teacher has to demand respect. And you couldn't do it!"

Bobo still didn't believe her about that. It wasn't him, it was the parents. All of them. They should have taught their kids better!

"But all that is in the past now Bobo. All of it. You're not going back to teaching...at least not for a while. What you do later in your life of course, will be up to you. I'm merely trying to make a point with you and teach you something. But I'm afraid that that something has now become something much more. Something different. Something even I never expected. And the consequences are now what they are. There you sit – like a dog. And here I sit – as a human. And you will be continuing to sit...and live, like a dog, until I decide otherwise. And I'm afraid Bobo, that you're going to be living that way for quite some time. Not only to make the point with you, but because I find that I rather enjoy it – far more than I ever anticipated."

She leaned forward. "Now here's the rub Bobo. Here's the interesting part for you. After some time, and I don't really know how long, but how soon you get out of that life and return to the world of being human again is going to be up to you. But not in the way you think. After some time has passed, you becoming human again is going to be determined by me seeing just how much you've accepted the fact that you're now nothing more than a dog...an animal. The only way you're going to get to be a man again...even as little of a man as you were...will be by me seeing that you've accepted yourself as nothing more than my pet. A dog. And that you're comfortable and happy living that way. Only then will I consider turning you back Bobo. Only then. So your only hope of getting out of this sooner rather than later Bobo, is to forget you were ever human to begin with, and start thinking of yourself as being nothing but a dog. A real dog. And for my part, well, I'm afraid that I've rather enjoyed training you along with Wolfie, so I'm going to continue to try to find new ways to teach you to be...nothing more than a dog. So Bobo, you still have that, whatever it may be, to look forward to."

Bobo tried to take that in. In order to be human again, he had to forget he ever was human? That was ridiculous! His worrying was quickly interrupted when he saw her getting up from her seat...and he was even more worried when he saw what she had in her hand now. And it looked nothing but frightening. His eyes went wide and a cold fear sank into his stomach.

"I'm done hitting you with a simple piece of rolled up newspaper Bobo. From now on, the consequences of you not behaving completely like a dog are going to be very real, and very painful. See this?" she said as she held up the small cruel whip in her hand. "This is called a cat o' nine tails. It's a form of whip that's been used for serious punishment for centuries. As you can see, mine has nine leather tails, and each of those tails has a knot on the end. This kind of whip, and many different variations of it, has existed from ancient times. It has always been used to inflict horrible pain. This whip can flay the skin right off of a person with very little effort. I'm done using newspaper on you Bobo. From now on, every little infraction of you not behaving completely like a dog will be met with pain from my whip. Real pain!"

Bobo couldn't take his eyes off of the whip. The thing even looked cruel and painful. Just seeing it in her hand scared him nearly to death.

Rosa untied his leash from the porch railing. "Bobo. Stand," she ordered as she pulled the leash tight.

Still staring in fear at the whip in her hand, Bobo stood.

"I'm going to hit you with this thing, just once Bobo. Not because you've done anything wrong, but only because I want you to know how this thing can hurt. That's the only reason I'm doing this, so you'll know the consequences of not behaving properly. But Bobo, even when I hit you now, if you make even the slightest sound or behave in any way at all that I don't like, like a dog, then I'm going to keep hitting you, keep punishing you, until you do start showing me how a dog reacts and behaves. And Bobo, know this, even now, I won't be hitting you in anger with it. So in the future, if I do have to punish you, it's going to hurt even more."

Bobo was scared. Very scared. She was going to hit him. Whip him. And if he made even the slightest sound that wasn't... Her arm suddenly went up and then came down. And his back exploded in searing pain. He yelped, hoping it sounded like what a dog would cry. He also tried to desperately pull away from her. He wanted to get away from that thing. He didn't want to get hit with it again.

Rosa smiled. "Very good Bobo. Very good. Just like a dog. A real dog."

Bobo felt somewhat relieved, but his back was stinging something fierce. He couldn't imagine what it would feel like if she hit him much more with it. She could probably kill him.

Rosa tossed her cat o' nine tails onto the seat. "Come Bobo," she said as she slowly led him down the steps and into the yard. Bobo dared not put up any resistance, not with his back still stinging so painfully. Rosa stopped for a moment and looked down at him. "Oh," she said, "in case you didn't pick up on it earlier when we visited Tolliver, I'm going to be considering you to be a female dog from now on. I think Edward has done a very nice job of ridding you of any sign at all that you've got a penis somewhere inside there. So from now on, you can either lift your leg when you pee, or not. That's entirely up to you since female dogs don't always do that. And of course, I also won't have to worry anymore about you getting any strange sexual ideas during the night." She chuckled. "I think with the way that Wolfie often plays with you, that he sometimes thinks you were a female dog too! I guess he might have been right." With a laugh, she pulled on his leash and got him moving again.

Rosa led him all the way over to the cage that she had placed near the fence. She opened it, but before she pushed him inside, she stuck her arm with the end of the leash way into it. She fished the end of the leash through the top of the cage as far from the door as she could. "In!" she ordered, and watched as for once, Bobo put up no resistance at all to crawling into the cage. She tied the leash to the bars on the far side of the cage. Bobo had plenty of room to either sit or lay down, but he wouldn't be able to turn around in the cage. She wanted him to stay there just like that. She wanted him to see his old house...and what would be happening over there very shortly.

“See your old house Bobo?” she said. “You don’t live there anymore. You couldn’t pay your rent very well anyway. So for now, you can look at it, and remember, and realize, you’re not going back there again. It’s not your house. You live here now, with me. You don’t live like a person anymore. You live...as a dog. Because Bobo, from now on, you are a dog. Nothing but a dog. And you need to learn and remember that.”

With that, she left him there and went back into the house. Oh darn she was turned on. Very turned on. But she had no doubt that Connie would be along very soon, so there was no time at all to do anything at all about it.

Bobo laid down in the cage. He really couldn’t do much else. The cage didn’t offer enough room for him to sit up comfortably. Not like a dog anyway, and with his legs bound up, he didn’t have much choice to sit any other way. His time limit was up? All he had to do was fight back? She was crazy! He had tried. But each time she had yelled at him and hit him...with nothing but that rolled up piece of paper. Nothing but that. Could he really have gotten out of all of this? Could he? It sure didn’t seem like it. Every time he tried to put a stop to it.... He started remembering time after time, her doing nothing but yelling at him. Ordering him. And he also remembered how it felt each time. She was always so...dominant. So...frightening. How do fight someone like that? Was he that much of a wimp? Was he that...worthless?

A sound pulled him from his thoughts and a new fear raced through him. It was the sound of a car door closing. From where she had placed his cage, he could just see between the two houses to the driveway...his old driveway. His car was still there, but now someone else was too. Could they see him? He waited in fear, but saw and heard nothing else...until.

He heard the back door to Rosa’s house opening. He saw Wolf running down the steps. And behind Wolf, he saw Rosa and her friend Connie. Hopefully, it had been Connie that he had heard. But if it was, why would she park in his driveway? Wolf was suddenly there, poking his nose against the bars of his cage. But a minute later, both Rosa and Connie were there as well.

“Oh! He’s got a tail!” Connie exclaimed.

“Not he anymore. Thanks to Tolliver, Bobo is now a she?”

“Really?” Connie exclaimed. “How did he do that?”

“I’ll have to show you later. In fact, there’s a lot about Bobo now that I can’t wait to show you. But right now, I want him to see you moving into his old house. I want him to see that he no longer lives there. I want him to realize, that as a dog now, he can’t have that kind of house anymore. About the only kind of house he’s ever going to have for a while, is a dog house!”

“Are you going to buy one?”

“I’m not sure,” Rosa said. “I hadn’t thought about it. Come along dear. Let’s get you settled in.”

Bobo was forced to lay in his cage, knowing that someone else was now moving into his house. What about his things? What had she done with them? Were they all gone now? He never really had that much, but everything he did have was precious to him...because he had so little. As he laid there and watched, and listened to the sounds of Rosa and Connie taking things from her car into the house, it did nothing but drive home one unavoidable fact. Rosa had taken him and turned him into a dog. About as close to a real dog as he figured he could possibly get. And like it or not, he had never once done anything to stop her.

Maybe, he deserved it.

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“So you’re going to keep calling him Bobo?” Connie asked over dinner that night.

“He’s a dog! I mean, she’s a dog. I guess I’m going to need to get used to thinking about her that way too. But as a dog, I see no need to change her name. I’m quite satisfied with it the way it is.”

Connie looked down at the floor where Bobo was eating one of those big dog treats. “I do love what you’ve done with his hair. It almost looks like ears hanging down.”

Rosa smiled. “Yes, I thought that was quite appropriate. And I’m so happy with the affect. I’m really quite ecstatic about all of it. You saw the way he can wag his tail.” She shook her head. “I’m afraid that tail has got to be my favorite part of him.”

“Yes! Without a doubt. I hate that his feet inside all that leather have to stick out so much from his back, but still, it’s really not too bad at all.”

“It not only lets him wag the tail, but according to Tolliver, it puts it in about the right place for where the tail should be, and it keeps it entirely out of the way for when he had to relieve himself outside.”

“That should be helpful!”

“Yes! I can’t imagine having to clean his tail every time he poops! Ugh!”

Connie laughed.

When dinner was over, Rosa opened a can of dog food and dumped it into Wolf’s bowl. She broke it up a bit with a fork and set it on the floor for him. As always, Wolf attacked it voraciously. Right in front of Connie, she opened a second can of dog food and dumped it into Bobo’s bowl. She broke it up into chunks the same way she had for Wolf and set it down on the floor.

Bobo nearly died when he saw what was in his bowl. It wasn’t the first time he had been forced to eat dog food. She had done it a couple of times before. So was this all she would be feeding him from now on? He hoped not, but from everything she had said earlier, it certainly looked like it.

He looked up at Rosa and Connie. They were both looking down at him. Resigned, and having no choice, he lowered his head into the bowl and took a small bite. Dog food! Yuck! It tasted...horrible. She was treating him even more like a dog now. But didn't she say she was going to be trying even more to think of him as nothing more than a dog. As nothing more than an animal. Obviously, that was truer than he thought. Dog food. For a dog. Him.

"So are you going to feed him dog food from now on?" Connie whispered as she and Rosa went into the living room.

"Not really. But probably more often than I should. I just want to drive the point home with him for while that he's nothing more than an animal...and that I'm trying my best to think of him that way too."

Connie shook her head. "Poor guy."

Rosa shook her head. "Poor girl. You saw what Tolliver did to him. It's all tucked away, and trust me, there's not a chance in hell of that thing under there growing at all. He's going to be stuck looking just like a female dog down there from now on, and for all intents and purposes, he doesn't have any of that other equipment anymore. At least, not as far as I'm concerned."

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That night, just as he had done many times now, Bobo laid down next to Rosa's dresser to sleep. The light went off and he had no choice but to lay there. But laying there, did nothing but give him more opportunity to think about his day. He was bound up in all new...things...that limited what he could do even more. Things that made him look even more like a dog than he did before. Things that prevented him from even trying to behave like a human.

Restless and feeling sorry for himself, he got to his feet – his four feet, and headed out to the living room. He went directly to his favorite place between the two chairs and laid down. She had turned him into a dog, and she was going to keep him like that for a very long time. And even then, his only way to become human again, was to completely forget that he really was human. How? Not to mention, he didn't want to do that, and he really had no intention of forgetting what he really was...or who he really was.

And of course, at that point, he just had to remember that very often lately, even before today, he had been thinking way too much like a dog already. A real dog. He didn't know what day it was. He didn't know anything beyond his life as a dog. Nothing. She had already stripped all that away from him. But there was no way he could ever forget that he was human. He suspected that she didn't want him to forget that either. She just wanted to...punish him. Punish him for being...a wimp. Which, he now realized that he was.

He was a wimp because he had let her turn him into a dog. A complete dog. He wasn't human anymore because he didn't have it in him to stand up to her and argue about it. Because of that, she had reduced him to being nothing more than an animal. A dog. And she intended on making him live that way for a very long time.

In the dark of the night, laying between the two chairs, he cried.

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Rosa was restless. The events of the day had been fun and glorious. She had achieved with Bobo something that she had never intended from the start...or had she? She supposed that she really had, if only unconsciously. But never the less, she had now taken a man, and reduced him to being nothing more than a dog. And she fully intended on treating him fully, like nothing more than a dog. She needed to find more ways to do that though. More ways to keep this situation fresh and fun. Not that it wasn't fun. She was loving the heck out of it.

Not being able to sleep. She rolled over and turned on her bedside lamp. Wolf looked up from the floor. She rolled over to see Bobo, but he wasn't in his usual place next to her dresser. Quietly, she slipped out of bed and headed out to the living room. Before she got there, she could hear something strange. Soft crying. She turned around and went back to bed. Let him cry. He had plenty to cry about. She knew from long experience that he was going to have to live with the sorrow of what he had lost, before he could fully accept it. He was going to have to go through a lot of mental changes before he could fully accept that he was now a dog, and nothing but a dog.

Let him cry. It was the next step in Bobo's evolution. His evolution from being a man, into to being an animal. A dog.

Chapter 14.

“So...” Connie said as she and Rosa sat drinking iced tea on Rosa’s back porch swing, “are you taking him back to the club again to show him off?”

“I hadn’t thought about it,” Rosa replied as she sat watching Wolfie and Bobo playing out in a cool patch of shade under one of the trees.

“You took him there once, kind of to show him off as he was back then. But I think he deserves to be shown off the way he is now.”

Rosa smiled. “You mean, the way she is now...although to be honest, in my own head I’m having trouble remembering that.”

“You should put his hair up in those pigtails again,” Connie suggested. “That would certainly help. And they looked so cute on him...her!”

“Yes, they did,” Rosa agreed with a chuckle. “I guess I’ve just been lazy about doing it again.”

Out in the backyard, Wolf’s attention was suddenly grabbed by something. He stopped jumping all over Bobo and stared at the gate for a moment, then he took off running and barking ferociously toward the fence.

“And I’ve got to figure out what to do about that one!” Rosa said with more than a touch of irritation in her voice as she got up from her seat. “Sounds like one of my contractors is here. I was expecting him.”

By the time Rosa finished with her contractor and got back outside, she heard Wolfie still barking as the contractor left the driveway. Only when his truck had gone did Wolf stop barking and go back to play with Bobo. Rosa shook her head as she watched him trotting back across the yard. “What am I going to do with that one? I love him to death, but he can be such a nuisance.”

“I thought you were going to buy a book about dog training,” Connie reminded her.

“I thought I was too,” Rosa replied. “I just never did.” She shook her head as she watched Wolf suddenly try to mount Bobo from behind again, something she hadn’t seen him do in the last few days. “No. I think I need to talk to someone with more experience.”

“How about at the club?” Connie suggested.

Rosa smiled. “You’re just trying to get me to go back again.”

“We’ll, you’re right about that, but I also meant that I’m sure a lot of people there have dogs. Maybe someone can give you some ideas.”

Rosa looked at her with a skeptical look on her face. Connie was certain she was going to refuse when Rosa said, “You’re right. And Connie dear, I did have every intention of showing Bobo off again. Sooner rather than later. And the club is an excellent way for me

to get him out in public as much as I dare. And who knows, if I ask around, maybe someone will know something that can help me train Wolfie back there too.”

Connie smiled. “Tomorrow night is Friday. A lot of people show up on Friday nights.”

“On one condition,” Rosa replied.

“What’s that?”

“Don’t lace my corset so tight!”

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Bobo didn’t suspect anything, although he did worry a little when Rosa gave baths with the hose out in the backyard to both him and Wolfie. And for once, Rosa even took a brush to Wolf’s thick fur. But when she finished washing Bobo off, instead of the brush, Rosa took a comb to his hair and pulled it into those two sideways ponytails instead. But otherwise, he had no clue and didn’t suspect anything at all...until after dinner.

Only once since that first night had Rosa given him dogfood for dinner, and that was last night. Tonight, like most of the time, he was happy to get whatever Rosa was eating. And like she often did after dinner, she sent him and Wolfie out into the backyard. The weather was growing warmer and the temperatures during the day were often becoming hot, but in the evenings, even as naked as he was, the temperatures were actually really nice. He could tell that Wolfie was feeling the heat during the day though, a lot more than he did.

He and Wolfie had played a bit after dinner, but mostly they had just laid down on the back porch as they did so often. Bobo was certainly getting used to sleeping a lot. He was half asleep again when the porch door opened. He lifted his head to see Rosa coming out...in her spy torturing outfit! Uh-oh.

“Bobo. Come here,” Rosa commanded.

Bobo laid there, afraid to move.”

“Bobo!” Rosa commanded more firmly. When he didn’t move, she headed right for him.

Bobo slowly stood up as she came towards him. He was more frightened when she grabbed his collar and pulled him into the house, where she immediately clipped the leash to his collar. That started him panicking. She led him into the living room where he now saw Connie, in one of her spy torturing outfits too. But he didn’t go into a full panic until Rosa forced him out through the front door. In his mind he was screaming, “No, no, no, no, no!” But of course, he made no sound about it at all. And in no time at, he was huddled on the floor of the back seat of Rosa’s car.

With the way Rosa and Connie were dressed, he could only think that they were going to that place again. That place where they had whipped and tortured other people. But thoughts of that place brought back memories of something else that had happened in that

place, that strange wonderful woman who had taken his cock in his mouth. The memories of that made him ache for release so bad! And that aching for release had been growing steadily worse ever since she had stuck him in this dog suit. A female dog? He was guessing he was about as close as they were able to get. And it left him unable to get any kind of sexual stimulation at all. But it didn't stop him from needing that stimulation more than ever.

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“Oh geez!” Rosa exclaimed softly. “Do you see a parking place anywhere?”

“Not yet,” Connie replied. Her head, like Rosa's, was turning this way and that trying to find an empty parking place. Then she thought she spotted one. “Is that one over there?” she suggested.

Rosa drove the car in the direction Connie had indicated and saw the spot Connie had been looking at. “I don't know if I can squeeze the car in,” she said.

“I didn't see any other places to park.”

Rosa looked at the parking space. It wouldn't have been so bad if whoever had parked in the space next to it hadn't taken up part of that space too. “Connie,” she said, “take Bobo out of the car and I'll try to squeeze it in. If we try to get him out after I park there, we'll never have enough room to open the door wide enough.”

“Sure,” Connie said brightly. She got out of the car, went around and opened the back door where Bobo was and grabbed his leash. She saw the way Bobo was huddled on the floor inside. Well, he wouldn't be huddling there much longer. “Bobo. Out!” she commanded as she pulled back on his leash. When he didn't move, she slapped his rear end with her hand. “Out!” she commanded again. This time, Bobo started slowly backing out. It took a moment, but he was finally out of the car. She closed the door and led Bobo out of the way while Rosa parked the car. She was treated to the sight of Rosa trying to get out of the car when she couldn't open her door fully. But after a few moments, she was free. Connie handed her Bobo's leash.

“This way Bobo,” Rosa said as she headed for the grassy strip out by the road instead of towards the club. Next to her, she heard Connie chuckle.

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Bobo knew already what she was going to “force” him to do. This time, he decided to get it over with as quickly as possible. Maybe she would even let him do it behind that bench where he couldn't be seen as much. As always, with every step he took, he could feel his tail moving around behind him. The darn thing felt like it was alive back there!

As they approached the strip of grass, Bobo headed straight for the bench. He was surprised when Rosa let him. Once fully behind it, he squatted down like he always did now and peed. He was grateful that Rosa didn't yell at him for not lifting his leg at all, but she had said it wasn't necessary for him to do that anymore – since he was now supposed to be a female dog – which was laughable! Ha!

Once done, he let Rosa lead him back toward the sidewalk and toward the club. He put up no resistance. Not only wouldn't it do any good, but the sooner he got inside, the sooner the passing traffic wouldn't be able to see him.

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Like last time, Rosa signed herself and Bobo in at the front door as Connie's guest, and they went inside. They both immediately headed for the bar. Like the parking lot, the place appeared to be packed. "Goodness!" Rosa exclaimed as she led Bobo through the room. "I'm not sure well be able to get a table. She and Connie ordered drinks for themselves, and Rosa ordered a bowl of water for Bobo. With Connie carrying the extra bowl of water, she and Rosa started wandering around looking for an empty table.

"Oh!" Rosa suddenly exclaimed. "There's George!" She led the way over to where one of her old friends was sitting with several people she didn't know, but there were still two empty seats at the table. George's female "companion" was standing totally naked behind him. It was the companion that spotted them first. "George," Rosa said as she and Connie got to the table. "How are you?"

"Rosa!" George exclaimed happily. "And Connie. It's so good to see you again. Sit. Both of you. Please sit down."

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While Rosa and Connie sat at the table, Bobo's eyes went to only one place, the naked woman standing behind the man she had called George. And Bobo saw that woman's eyes were only on him too. He cringed in humiliation when the woman took a step to the side so she could see him better. But even in his total humiliation, he couldn't take his eyes off of her.

And then he saw the woman lean in toward the man and whisper something quickly, then she had to wait. Finally, he saw her whispering something else to him. Something much longer.

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“Uh, Madam Rosa,” George said. “It seems my companion is once again very interested in your pet. She wants to know if she can please him the way she did last time.”

Rosa’s smile was broad and sly. “She could...if Bobo was still a male dog. I’m afraid that along with adding a few little changes, we also decided that Bobo was more suited to being female than male.”

George looked totally surprised. “You did?”

“Let me show you,” Rosa said as she got up from her seat. “Bobo,” she commanded as she pulled on his leash. “Come!”

Bobo got to his feet and followed Rosa a few steps away from the table.

“Can you clear some place for us please, she said to the few people who were standing in her way. Her main purpose though was to show Bobo off and let everyone see just what she had done to him. Little demonstrations like that were common in the club, and people immediately cleared a small patch of floor as many more people crowded around to see better – which was exactly what Rosa wanted.

With so many people now watching, Bobo felt more embarrassed and afraid than ever. But in that situation there was one thing he knew for sure – he better not mess up. He fully remembered Rosa hitting him just that once with that whip of hers...the cat-o’-nine-tails. And he also remembered that there were lots of different whips in the lower levels of the building they were in. If he screwed up, she’d kill him!

“Bobo...sit!” Rosa ordered, and watched as Bobo sat. “Bobo...stand!” She wasn’t surprised in the least to see him do as ordered. Bobo was better at doing all this stuff than Wolfie was. “Bobo...down!” she ordered as she lowered her hand. Yes, Bobo was much better at this stuff than Wolf. Perfect. “Stay!” she commanded. Then she walked away, the people clearing a long path for her. She got about ten feet away, then turned back to see him still laying in the down position and watching her. “Bobo...come!” she commanded, and was treated to the sight of Bobo hurrying to his feet then hurrying directly toward her. “Sit!” she commanded when he got to her. Then she walked up to him and said, “Shake.” She reached down and shook his paw. Bobo...come!” she commanded as she walked back toward the table where she had started.

When she got to where she had begun showing Bobo off, she said, Bobo...sit!” She turned to George. “Here’s the part I was telling you about,” she said. “Bobo...down!” she said again as she lowered her hand. As he always did, Bobo went back into the position where he was laying on his belly. Then she ordered him to do something she had never ordered him to do before. “Bobo...she said commandingly. “Roll over on your back and stay there!”

Bobo was confused for a moment.

“Bobo! Roll over!”

With little choice, Bobo rolled over onto his back...and stayed there.

“As you can see,” Rosa explained to her friend George. “Bobo no longer has any usable male equipment. At least not in any way he can benefit from. No, for all intents and purposes, I’m afraid that Bobo is now a female dog.” She looked directly at George’s naked companion. “So sorry dear,” she said to her. “But you can certainly pet her if you like. I know Bobo loves the attention.”

She turned to Bobo. “Sit!” she commanded.

Bobo was glad to go back to his sitting position.

“Here’s one of the fun parts,” Rosa said loudly to the crowd around them. She looked back down at Bobo. “Bobo...stand.” She only had to wait a moment before Bobo was on his feet again. “Bobo...wag your tail.”

Ugh! Bobo hated it whenever Rosa told him to wag his tail. He hated having a tail. But he pushed back and forth with his toes making his tail wag behind him. The laughter around him couldn’t be missed.

“Bobo...wag your tail with your hips instead.”

Double Ugh. Bobo stopped pushing with his toes and shook his hips back and forth, sending his tail into motion...a motion he had no control over at all. He heard more laughter around him.

“Bobo, wag your tail both ways,” Rosa ordered, the delight clearly in her voice.

While he shook his hips back and forth, Bobo went to work with his toes as well. He could feel even more movement from his tail now.

“Good girl, Bobo,” Rosa said as she leaned down and pet his head. “Sit!” she ordered. She dropped his leash on the floor and left him right where he was while she went back to the table and sat down.

Bobo was left out in the middle of lots of people. He suddenly felt someone petting his head. It scared him for a moment, then someone else pet him.

“Stand up so I can see your tail,” someone said to him.

Bobo stood, and soon felt more than a few people pulling on his tail. He looked to Rosa and saw her and Connie watching with big smiles on their faces. They were certainly happy – he wasn’t! And then people were suddenly down at his level, checking his front paws, checking his hind legs, and one person reaching under him to feel where his penis was covered and trapped under that piece of leather. There were enough people surrounding him now that he couldn’t see Rosa anymore. He was on his own in the middle of a lot of people, all of whom were overly interested in him. He heard the name Tolliver more than a few times and figured that Rosa must have told them who had created all the leather that was attached to his body.

Finally, one last person pet his head, and he was finally able to see Rosa again.

“Bobo...come,” Rosa commanded.

Bobo was glad to go back to her and get somewhere where he wouldn't be surrounded by so many people.

"There's your water Bobo," Rosa said as she glanced down at the bowl of water on the floor. "Better drink up. It's going to be a long night."

Bobo didn't really want to drink just then, but he knew Rosa would probably be angry if he didn't. He lowered his head to the bowl and started lapping at the water. But he barely started before he felt someone else next to him. He looked up and saw that naked woman leaning over him. And then she sat down on the floor right next to him.

He forgot completely about the water as he stared up at her face...just above the collar that surrounded her neck...the only thing she was wearing. Unable to help himself, his eyes went from her face, down to her naked breasts and the sexual need he had been plagued with for a while now, suddenly felt as alive as his darn tail. But when she reached out to pet him, it was all he could do to not moan or make any sound at all. Once again, his mind and body remembered what she had done to him the last time he was there. It had been...unforgettable! And then he saw the woman lean her head in toward his.

"I'm sorry I can't do anything to please you the way I did last time," she whispered so softly he almost didn't hear. "I enjoyed that so much. I hope you did too. Would you mind if I just sat here and pet you for a while?"

Unable to answer, Bobo shifted his body a little closer, hungry for any contact with her that he could get. He sat there in an almost dreamlike state while she pet his head...while she pet his back...while she ran her soft hands down his front legs and examined his paws....and while she pulled on his tail a little to examine that. And then she went back to petting his head, while the people sitting at the table ignored both of them. Bobo was in heaven.

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"It's not Bobo I need help with," Rosa explained to George and the two dominant women he was sitting with. She had been introduced to both of them, but in her interest to show Bobo off, she had forgotten their names. She noted though that Connie seemed to know each of them. They had been talking about their problems with their dogs in general. Both of the woman at the table owned dogs, but since they both had smaller dogs, neither of them had ever done anything to really train them. "My bigger problem is with my other dog, Wolfie," Rosa told them. "I love him to death, but since he's a mix between a German shepherd and a husky, he's more than a handful. And I simply can't always control him." She smiled. "He is really good protection though." Her smile vanished. "Too much protection sometimes. Nobody can come to my front door unless I keep him out back."

It was one of the women sitting at the table who had a suggestion. "If you're looking for an expert to get some advice from, you should talk to Isabelle Cruz. Do you know her?"

Rosa shook her head. “No. Where can I find her?”

“She often shows up right here at the club,” the woman replied. “She’s actually a switch. Her husband is very dominant, but lately, Isabelle has been trying to branch out more and explore her own dominant side. But from what I gathered, she trains dogs professionally. Her husband too, I think. I never met him though, just her.”

Rosa was suddenly interested. Someone she could at least talk to. “Have you seen her here tonight?” she asked.

“Not yet,” the woman replied. “But I’ll keep an eye out for her. If I see her, I’ll let her know you’re looking for her.”

Rosa smiled. “That would be perfect!”

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The dungeon was just as cruel this time as it was the first time Bobo had been down there. People screaming in pain. People dishing out all that pain. Why would anyone put themselves through that kind of torture? He simply couldn’t understand it. But then, why would anyone put themselves through the kind of torture he had to endure day in, and day out. But he no longer had a choice in the matter, as if he ever did. He still didn’t believe that Rosa would have let him get out of it if he had simply fought back. She was simply too...dominant. She probably would have killed him if he had tried to fight against her. And the result was...Bobo. Himself. Or as Rosa was lately insisting – herself. A female dog? Not hardly.

Having his leash hooked to nothing more than a coat hook on a wall was all it took to keep Bobo from “wandering” off anywhere. It was so demeaning. Just like his entire life. And now Rosa had taken him and purposely shown him off to everyone as if she was really proud of what she had done to him. He wasn’t proud! Not a bit. And as far as he was concerned, Rosa should be ashamed of herself for the way she treated him – like a dog! Ugh!

He as very grateful when Rosa finally finished and led him back up the long flight of stairs. Of course he didn’t say anything about it, but he didn’t miss the few small spots of blood on her clothes. No question how that had happened. How many people had she tortured? How many people had she tortured in her entire life? And he was still betting that some of them were spies!

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As Rosa and Connie sat enjoying one last drink before heading home, Rosa was disappointed that she hadn’t heard from Isabelle Cruz...or anyone mentioning that they had seen her. Fortunately, Connie promised to keep asking around about her each time she came.

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Bobo licked at the fresh water in the bowl Rosa had put on the floor for him. He was hoping they would be getting out of there soon and going home. He was hoping even more that the naked woman would come back and pet him again. Just thinking about her stirred his sexual need to a frenzied amount...a need he was helpless to do anything about. But that didn't stop him from thinking about that pretty woman, who had sat next to him and stroked him so tenderly, and who had been so kind to him. She had been...wonderful.

Chapter 15

It was Sunday afternoon when Rosa's phone rang. Actually, it rang every day, usually with calls from tenants or her contractors or even people inquiring about her rental properties. But this time the call was different. "Hello?" she said into the phone.

"Madam Rosa?" the female voice on the other end asked.

Madam Rosa! That certainly sparked Rosa's interest. "I'm afraid that I'm no longer in that business," Rosa said, thinking that perhaps it was a sub looking for someone to dominate her.

"That's what I was told," the woman explained. "But, well, I thought it was appropriate anyway."

"I see," Rosa replied, only partially sure she understood. "What can I do for you?"

"I was at the club last night and someone told me you were looking for me. They said you needed help with your dog."

It all suddenly fell into place for Rosa. "Are you Isabelle?" she asked.

"Yes. I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to introduce myself. "I'm Isabelle Cruz. And training dogs is what I do."

"Oh Isabelle, I'm so glad you called," Rosa replied. "Wolfie was driving me absolutely crazy just this morning when one of my tenants came to the door unexpectedly. He's impossible!"

"Would you like me to come out so you can tell me about it? I can get a look at your dog and at least let you know what I think it would take to help get him under control. I won't do anything unless we come to an agreement I'm afraid. I do have to make my living with this, but I am quite good at what I do."

Rosa had a decision to make. Did she really want to spend that kind of money on someone to get Wolf straightened out? And then she remembered one other thing. Whatever she did with Wolfie, she had decided she was going to do with Bobo too. That was the part that interested her the most. "Uh...Isabelle, I'm afraid I have two dogs that need training. Did anyone at the club tell you about the dog I had there Friday night?"

"You brought your dog to the club?"

"Not the big one," Rosa said, "My other one. She's a little...smaller and easier to control."

Isabelle was just surprised to hear someone brought their pet to a place like the club. "No. Nobody mentioned it. Just that you needed help training your dog."

"Well, if I have you work with one of them, then I'm not going to leave the other one out at all. I want them both to behave the way they should."

“I think I can certainly help you with that,” Isabelle replied confidently. “That’s what I do. So would you like me to meet your dogs and at least assess the problem?”

Rosa made a quick decision. “Why not? At the worst, I can find out how much it would cost me.”

“Sure,” Isabelle replied happily. “When would be a good time for me to come?”

“Are you busy today?” Rosa asked.

“I guess I can be there pretty much anytime this afternoon.”

“How about you come whenever you can today. I’ll keep the dogs in the backyard. If I don’t, you’ll have an almost impossible time getting into my house.”

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“This must be the place,” Isabelle muttered to herself as she pulled into the driveway. She saw the chain-link fence surrounding the big backyard. By the time she parked, she could hear a large dog barking furiously from inside that fence. She got out of her elderly pickup truck and walked around to the side of the driveway where she could see into the backyard. What she saw didn’t surprise her in the least – about a hundred and twenty-five pounds of ferocious fur and teeth. And now that the dog could see her, his “enthusiasm” went say up. He not only barked, he growled menacingly, showing off those big teeth. Yeah. Just what she expected. She figured the dog to be some kind of shepherd mix. The key thing for her though, was that the dog, as big as he was, didn’t try to jump the fence. She had no doubt he could do it in a heartbeat if he really wanted to. She didn’t see the other dog though. But Madam Rosa had mentioned that it was a smaller one so she probably kept it in the house.

By the time she got to the front door, she saw that Madam Rosa was already holding it open for her. “Madam Rosa?” she asked politely. “I’m Isabelle Cruz.”

“Hi Isabelle,” Rosa greeted her nicely. “Thank you for coming out to see me so promptly. And it’s just Rosa now,” she said as she ushered Isabelle inside. “I’m afraid the Madam part of me is long gone.”

“But you were at the club?”

“Just as a guest this time. Just to show off my pet and to...uh...stretch my muscles a bit down in the dungeon. As much as I enjoyed that life, I’ve simply grown too old!”

“I see,” Isabelle replied, not at all sure that Rosa was too old anymore to be dominant. “I saw your one dog. He’s beautiful.”

“Yes, he is,” Rosa agreed. Beautiful, and big, and impossible to control!”

“Have you ever worked with him to try and train him?”

“Just a bit. Just the basic things. I’ve actually done more with him to try and train him in the last few months than I have since he was just a puppy. I can get him to sit and lie down and stay, but I’m afraid he’s just gotten so sloppy and lazy with it all that he’s become somewhat frustrating to me. But there’s a few things I have no idea at all how to handle that are really the things that bother me the most.”

“Like him barking when someone comes to the house,” Isabelle suggested.

“Actually, I don’t mind him doing that so much when he’s outside. Yes, it is a bit irksome sometimes when he’s out there, but it does let me know whenever anyone arrives. The biggest problem I have with him is when he’s in the house and someone comes to the door. He goes crazy attacking the door to get at them. Most people won’t even come into the house until I drag him outside first.”

Isabelle nodded. It was a common problem she had handled many times before. Unfortunately, it was a problem that took a lot of time and work to solve. “I’m sure with a bit of work,” she said, “we can get him completely under control. Shepherds are pretty smart dogs. Very trainable. You just have to make sure they understand that you’re the boss and what you want. And you have to be consistent! That’s the key. I’m guessing he’s a shepherd mix of some kind?”

“Yes, husky. I got him when he was about four months old, and I immediately thought he looked a bit like a wolf, even back then. So I named him Wolf. Since then, I think he looks even more like one. The truth though, is that he’s really very lovable. He lays his head in my lap all the time and loves to cuddle. Despite his...problems, I’m really very fond of him.”

Isabelle smiled. “I have no doubt. He looked like a very good dog. But you said you had another one too? A smaller dog?”

“Kind of,” Rosa replied. “Nobody told you about me bringing Bobo to the club Friday night?”

Isabelle shook her head. “I only popped in for a few minutes to leave a message for someone else. Henry at the door told me you were looking for me. He was kind enough to find your phone number for me in the old records.”

Rosa was only surprised that her phone number was still in those records since she was no longer a member. “Well Bobo, I’m afraid is not your...normal dog.”

“He’s not? Why?”

Rosa smiled slyly. “Isabelle, dear, why would I bring a dog into a place like that?”

“I was wondering the same thing when you told me,” Isabelle replied.

Rosa nodded. “Come on out back,” she said. “I’ll introduce you to Wolf and Bobo. My two pets.”

She led Isabelle through the house and out to the back door. The moment she started opening the door, she found Wolf on the other side, his big nose already trying to push its way through the crack between the doorframe and the door. “Back Wolfie! Back! Behave

yourself!” Wolf backed off a bit, and she opened the door wider. Wolf stood there growling at Isabelle. “Wolf! No! Stop it!” Wolf stopped growling, but he didn’t back off.

Isabelle stood there calmly. Typical alpha dog behavior...from a dog that looked to deserve the title of alpha. “Hi Wolf,” she said calmly to the big dog, but at that moment, she saw something white out of the corner of her eye. She couldn’t help turning her head to look. There was...a man...in some kind of dog suit...lying on the porch floor. His head was lifted up and he was looking at her with terror in his eyes.

“And that’s Bobo over there,” Rosa told her.

Isabelle stared at Bobo, not believing what she was seeing. A cold nose suddenly touching her hand brought her back to the situation with Wolf. The big dog was sniffing her thoroughly, the way she expected him to...the way she wanted him to. Let him get to know her. “Hey Wolf,” she said calmly and completely in control, no fear in her at all. “Good to meet you big boy.”

Wolf growled a bit, then finally backed off. She forced herself to pay her full attention to Wolf, he could without a doubt be a very dangerous animal if not handled properly. Now that she was closer, she could see the shepherd-husky mix. The animal was certainly in good condition. Not fat at all. Pure muscle. It looked like he got plenty of exercise. “Do you walk him?” she asked Rosa.

“Walk him?” Rosa laughed. “Oh no. Not Wolfie. I just let him loose in the backyard and let him play. Since I got Bobo, he’s been a lot less bothersome in the house. I think he’s been much happier having a playmate back here.”

Now Isabelle had to turn her attention to the man...dog?...still lying at the far end of the porch. “Bobo?”

Rosa turned to Bobo. “Bobo, come!” she commanded.

That was exactly the command Bobo didn’t want to hear. He laid there and looked at the strange woman. She hadn’t seemed frightened of Wolf at all.

“Bobo! Come!” Rosa commanded more forcefully.

With little choice, Bobo got himself to his feet and headed closer to Rosa and the strange woman. He looked up at her suspiciously. Who was she? What did she want? Was she another of Rosa’s friends who tortured spies?

Isabelle continued to stare down in disbelief at Bobo. The leather coverings for his hands looked remarkably like paws. The leather coverings binding his legs up didn’t look like a dog’s hind legs at all, but she did notice the rounded rubber padding underneath. And he had a tail. A tail that didn’t appear to be stuck up his ass hole. But the thing that registered the most in Isabelle’s mind, was the way that Bobo now seemed to react to her, now that he was up and had moved closer. The way he was reacting to her seemed more like a cautious dog than a human being. “What’s going on?” she asked.

“Come back into the house,” Rosa said. “I’ll pour us some coffee and tell you all about it.”

Isabelle nodded, but she couldn't take her eyes off of Bobo. She looked closer at his tail. "The tail isn't coming out of his rear end like I would expect. His feet appear to be drawn inward toward where the tail starts."

"Bobo," Rosa said. "Wag your tail."

Another command Bobo didn't want to hear. But he dutifully wiggled his toes a bit and let his stupid tail swing back and forth.

Isabelle's eyes nearly bulged out of her head. "He's not moving anything to make it move."

"He is. You just can't see it," Rosa replied.

Bobo stopped wagging his tail. The strange woman continued to just stare at him. Rosa didn't say it, but he sat. Why continue to stand if she was just going to stay there and ogle him. Wolf came over to him and rubbed his furry neck against his face. Bobo rubbed Wolf's furry body back with his head as Wolf went past. Wolf continued all the way around him, then laid down on his side right next to him.

Isabelle watched the entire interaction between the two of them. Two dogs. It was all she could think.

"Coffee?" Rosa suggested again.

Isabelle nodded, still staring at the two "pets" on Rosa's porch. At a touch from Rosa's hand on her arm, she followed Rosa back inside.

"Now you know why I brought Bobo to the club Friday night," Rosa said. "I was showing him off. I had him there sometime before when I was kind of just starting out with him, but Bobo recently went from being a part-time dog to a full-time dog the moment I got all of those leather parts on him. Of course, Bobo had no say in the matter by then. And he no longer has a say about having to live like a dog anymore either. That chance for him to stop it and get out of it is gone for him now."

Isabelle was astonished. "Wait a minute?" she said. "I don't think I'm understanding right. He didn't ask to be treated like a dog? He had to have wanted it in the first place. Why else would he come to you?"

"Nope. And he never came to me for it at all. I'm pretty sure he had no idea in the world what I used to do for a living. He's my...or rather, he was my tenant. He lived in the little house next door. I have quite a number of properties that I rent out now, and he was simply one of my tenants. Why don't you sit down dear," she suggested as she poured a cup of coffee.

Isabelle sat at the table, but her eyes never left Rosa. She was still having trouble processing all this. "So he didn't want to be a dog?"

"Nope. Not at all." She poured a cup of coffee for herself, then carried the cups to the table. She sat, noticing that Isabelle was too astonished by Bobo to probably realize there was coffee sitting on the table right in front of her. She took a sip of her own coffee. It was time to do a bit more explaining about Bobo.

“My tenant next door, Brian, often enjoyed playing outside with Wolf. For some reason, he was never the least bit afraid of Wolfie, and I don’t ever remember Wolfie acting aggressively toward Brian at all. Never, as far as I can remember. Wolf is a big dog. Sometimes his energy can drive me crazy when he’s in the house with me. Brian playing with him out there worked some of that energy out of Wolf. Everyone was happy.”

“So how did that arrangement lead to...this?” Isabelle asked.

Rosa smiled and took another sip of her coffee. “Brian...is a wimp! No two ways around it...a wimp. He couldn’t stick up for himself at all...anytime...anywhere. The only job it seemed he was able to get was as a substitute teacher, and all he did was complain about the way the kids behaved.” She leaned across the table a bit. “Isabelle, they behaved the way they did, because they had no respect for Brian at all. None! They literally walked all over him, from the youngest grades up to high school. The result was that the school system rarely called him in, which meant that he was late every single month with his rent. He was barely surviving.”

Rosa paused a moment to consider something before moving on. “Isabelle, I understand that you’re actually a switch now, and that you’re currently exploring your own dominant side. As a dominant, and especially as a submissive yourself, you have to be aware that there are levels of submissiveness in most people, and that some people have that submissive gene more than others. Brian I’m afraid is one of those people who was born with a bit too much of that submissive gene. He’s one of those people who is naturally submissive...only to a much greater degree than most. It’s amazing he’s gotten this far in life by himself.”

“So you turned him into a dog?”

“Not...exactly. It all started with a discussion Brian and I had out on the porch one day when he was resting a bit after playing with Wolfie. He was complaining again about how the kids treated him when he got called in to be a substitute teacher. He always blamed the problem on the kids, when it was perfectly obvious that the problem was him. I tried to point that out to him, and I’m afraid I made rather a point of it that he didn’t have it in him to stick up for himself at all.”

“So how did that lead...” Isabelle started to ask.

Rosa shook her head. “I’m just getting to that. Brian and I had been discussing one day about his inability to stand up for himself, something he vehemently denied. I went into the house for some reason...I think I got us some drinks...and when I came out, Wolf was barking playfully at him, and Brian was simply saying the word ‘woof’ back at him. I’m afraid I pointed out that he didn’t even have the balls to bark properly or forcefully.” She sighed. “One thing led to another and.... Well, you know I’ve got a very dominant personality and.... Well, before I knew it, I had pushed him into trying to bark more like a real dog. And then the next time he came over, I continued it. And, I’m afraid, things just went on from there. I hadn’t intended on it at all. It just happened. I’m afraid I got very interested in my little project, and the result is that Brian became...Bobo. He didn’t have the guts to stick up for himself at all as I made more and more demands of him, and consequently, forced him to live more and more of his life as...well...a dog. And here’s the sad part. Through it

all, I kept telling him there was a way out for him. A simple way that I would stop and he could get out of all of it. But of course, I didn't tell him what that was, all he had to do was to figure it out."

"And what was that?" Isabelle asked.

"Why, to simply stand up for himself of course. Not once! Not once did he ever stand up for himself and try to fight back. Never once! And Isabelle, the only tools I ever needed with him were my voice and a little piece of rolled up newspaper like I was told they use to train puppies. Newspaper, that couldn't hurt him at all! But it was more than enough to send him cowering each and every time.

"Eventually, I contacted Edward Tolliver...do you know him?"

"No. Who is he?"

"A genius with leather, dear. You really must look him up. He's...expensive, but worth every penny. I should show you one of his corsets later. You'd love it!"

"So he made the bindings that you've got fastened on him now?" Isabelle asked.

"Yes. That's all his creation, including that marvelous funny tail that thrills me to death!"

Isabelle shook her head. "So...you're intending on keeping him like that? For the rest of his life?"

"Oh no!" Rosa said with a shake of her head. "Just a few months. I did spend a lot of money on that work of Tolliver's, and shortly after all this started I had also told Bobo that there was a time limit on when he could get out of it. I'm afraid, he never did figure it out. So now, he's...Bobo...for a while."

"So why did you insist on me working with...Bobo...as well as Wolf? Wolf I understand. With a dog like him, you need to curb some of his more aggressive tendencies. But you said Bobo was completely submissive."

Rosa smiled slyly. "Isabelle, I'm sure you understand that I've rather enjoyed doing what I did to Bobo. And the truth is, I enjoyed it very much. I guess once a dominant, always a dominant. Or in my case, once a dominatrix, always a dominatrix. Isabelle, I enjoyed pushing him and forcing him to act and behave like a dog. And now...I don't want that to stop. I told Bobo that I was going to find ways to turn him into more and more of a dog. And as such, I try to think of him as nothing more than a dog – always! What I do with Wolfie, I do the exact same thing with Bobo too. Isabelle, whatever you train Wolfie to do, I want Bobo trained the same way. Or...in his case, if there are any ways you see where we can train him to behave even more like a real dog, then those things simply must be included too. I want Wolfie trained to behave...and I want Bobo trained to behave – like a dog!"

Isabelle stared at Rosa for a moment, then shook her head. She stood up from her seat. "I'm sorry," she said. "I can't do this."

Rosa was deeply disappointed. More so than she imagined she should be.

Isabelle headed straight for the front door.

“I’m sorry you feel that way,” Rosa said to her. Isabelle didn’t reply. She simply walked through the living room to the front door and opened it. “Thank you for seeing me Madam Rosa,” Isabelle said. She turned and walked out.

Chapter 16.

“I’m sorry it didn’t work out with Isabelle,” Connie said to Rosa the following afternoon as they were sitting together in Rosa’s kitchen. Both Wolf and Bobo were still outside.

“Yes. Me too,” Rosa replied. “She seemed so promising there for a while. She seemed so sure of herself. Confident in her abilities.”

“And in the end she turned you down.”

“Rather flat I’m afraid,” Rosa replied. “Oh well, if it wasn’t to be, then it wasn’t to be.”

“You’re only keeping Bobo like he is for the rest of the summer,” Connie reminded her. “Maybe you can find someone else to work with just Wolf after that.”

“Maybe. And most likely, I will probably look for someone.” She smiled broadly. “But Connie dear, just the thought of forcing poor Bobo to go through formal dog training had me really excited there for a while.”

Connie smiled. “I’m sure it did.”

“Can you stay for supper dear?” Rosa asked. “You said you had no clients tonight.”

Connie smiled. “Sure. I’d love that.”

“It’s so nice having you right next door!”

“But only for a few months!” Connie stated. “Just until my house gets finished.”

“So true...and so sad,” Rosa replied.

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Bobo sat in the kitchen, his stomach growling with hunger as he stared up at Rosa and Connie’s backs while they prepared dinner. Wolf was pacing expectantly around in a circle. Bobo didn’t know why he bothered, Rosa wasn’t going to feed them until after they ate. But he also knew that Wolfie was waiting for one of those big dog treats. As much as he hated to admit it, so was he. He was that hungry!

The sudden sound of someone knocking at the front door sent Wolf into a frenzy of vicious barking as he tore through the house straight toward the front door. Bobo went in the opposite direction, toward the back door instead. He couldn’t get out that way, but he would be more out of sight there.

He heard Rosa mutter something that wouldn’t be polite to say in someone else’s presence...something that let him know just how unhappy she was at not only the interruption, but mostly about the way Wolf was behaving...which was exactly the way he always behaved when someone came to the house. It was a bothersome interruption for him too. Not only did he not want to be seen, he wanted something to eat!

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Rosa grabbed Wolf's collar and pulled him away from the door. "Wolf! No!" she yelled as she pulled him backwards. "Wolf! Stop it! Down! Sit! Wolf, stop! Stay! Stop it!" She finally got Wolfie away from the door, but he was still growling and barking occasionally. Rosa chanced opening the door a crack, expecting to find one of her tenants. Instead, she saw a man she didn't recognize...and right next to him, was Isabelle.

"Madam Rosa?" the man asked.

"Yes?" she replied as Wolf suddenly started pushing his big nose between her and the door.

"I'm Jose Cruz. You met my wife yesterday."

"Of course," Rosa replied. "Just give me just a moment to grab Wolfie." She reached down and grabbed Wolf's collar and pulled him backwards, which only made Wolf bark again. When she turned around, Jose and Isabelle were already coming inside.

"It's okay," Jose told her. "Let him go. Let him come to us."

Rosa had grave misgivings about that. "Um...I'm not sure if I should."

Jose shook his head and came directly toward Wolf, who set his back legs wide apart and growled menacingly at him. Jose stood right in front of Wolf, showing no fear of him at all. He continued to stand right there until Wolf slowly and finally backed down. When Wolf had settled down enough, he reached out and removed Rose's hand from Wolf's collar. Then he stood there staring down at Wolf for a long time. Finally, Wolf sat.

Jose turned to Rosa. "I'm sorry we didn't call in advance," he said, completely ignoring Wolf. "Isabelle and I talked about your situation quite a bit last night, and today as well. And...we weren't that far away, so I took a chance and stopped by. From the corner of his eye, he saw another woman now at the far end of the room. He ignored her. "I'm afraid I was curious enough about your two dogs that I wanted to come out and see them for myself."

Rosa looked down at Wolf who was still sitting there quietly.

"Ignore him like he's not there," Jose told her. "Right now, he want's everything to be about him. He must learn that everything is not about him, not anymore."

Rosa smiled at Jose. There was no doubt that she was in the presence of another dominant. A true dominant, much like herself. The only difference was that he knew how to handle dogs, and she didn't. But she could certainly handle men! Probably better than he could. She also noticed how his wife was staying quietly in the background. Isabelle might be a switch, but Rosa had no doubt that she was far more submissive than dominant. "I appreciate you coming out and giving us a second chance," she told him.

Without looking at Wolf at all, Jose said, "I can certainly see why you were looking for help. And in my opinion, with Wolf's aggression toward visitors, you need it. But at the

same time, he's only doing what comes naturally to him, and part of that is to protect he territory...and I'm quite sure, you as well."

"I like Wolf's protection!" Rosa told him. "It's one of the reasons I got him in the first place. It just that...sometimes he protects me too much!" she stated with a touch of frustration.

"I noticed that," Jose replied. Finally he looked down at Wolf. "So this is Wolf, no doubt. My wife said he's a shepherd husky mix. I can see it in him. And as my wife said, he appears to be in excellent condition."

He bent down and pet Wolf's head, much to the amazement of Rosa. Then he pulled a bit on Wolf's collar and touched Wolf's side to get him standing. "Stay!" Jose said softly to Wolf. He stood back to get a better look at the dog. What he saw was a beautiful and powerful animal. The combination of the breeds probably eliminating some of the shortcomings that both individual breeds might possess. The result, a dog that in some places, like Alaska or Canada, might be worth a fortune. But as such, there could be no doubt that an animal like Wolf was one that needed a lot of exercise...and something to keep him focused and busy. He leaned down and pet Wolf's head again. "Good boy!" he said softly before standing straight again. "And your other pet?" he asked Rosa. "I believe my wife said he had the odd name of...Bobo?"

"Oh yes!" Rosa replied, knowing full well that as a true dominant, Jose most likely had more interest in Bobo than in Wolf. "Bobo!" she yelled toward the kitchen, where Connie was still standing in the doorway watching. "Come!" She turned toward Jose. "Bobo, I'm afraid, is a bit...shyer than Wolfie here." When Bobo didn't appear right away, she yelled again, "Bobo...come!"

"I think he's hiding by the back door," Connie told them.

Bobo had heard Rosa calling him. He didn't want to go at all. When she called a second time though, he knew he wasn't going to have a choice in the matter. She might kill him if he didn't do what she wanted. He still remembered the horrible sting of that one whip lash she had given him. He got to his feet and slowly headed toward the living room, but he was only halfway through the kitchen when he saw Rosa, and two other people, heading his way. The woman he recognized, but not the man. He sat in the middle of the kitchen floor, feeling nothing but fear and embarrassment.

"So this is Bobo," Jose said, taking a good look at the man-turned-dog. He particularly stared at the leather paws that now encased Bobo's hands. Unique! Very interesting indeed. But his wife had mentioned a tail too, and yes, there it was, stretched out on the floor behind him. He really couldn't miss it. He leaned down and pet Bobo's head. Then, like he had done with Wolf, he lightly grabbed his collar and touched Bobo's side, getting Bobo to his feet. Now he could see the leg binds and that unique tail better. "The leg bindings were interesting. He particularly noted two things, the rounded rubber base and the way Bobo's feet were drawn inward toward his tail...that now hung down in a rather real position. Not straight or even limp, but almost like it had muscles of its own. He touched the tail, feeling

it. Heavy leather with padding inside. He dropped it, and the tail continued to move on its own. Interesting.

“Bobo,” Rosa said. “Wag your tail.”

Ugh! Bobo hated that command. But inside his bindings, he wiggled his toes, which made his tail wag back and forth. He heard chuckling and saw Connie standing in the background laughing.

“I just love seeing that,” Connie told them.

“Do I know you?” Isabelle asked. “You look familiar.”

“You look somewhat familiar to me too,” Connie replied. “I’m guessing we might have passed each other at the club?”

Isabelle nodded. “If you’re a member there, then most likely that’s what it is. We’ve just never been introduced. I’m Isabelle Cruz,” she introduced herself. “Jose’s wife.”

Connie smiled. “Most people just call me Connie...except my subs,” Connie replied. “You don’t need to know the name I expect them to use.”

Jose ignored the women talking behind him. He slowly walked all the way around Bobo, but by the time he reached Bobo’s other side, Wolf was there as well. He watched as Wolf came over and rubbed the entire length of his body against Bobo as he walked past. Then he circled behind Bobo and stopped and laid down right between him and Bobo. Not threatening in any way, just planting himself there. Jose had no doubt it wasn’t just to get more attention for himself. There was a deep relationship between Wolf and Bobo, and Wolf was simply letting him know that Bobo fell under his protection. Even more interesting. He had to wonder how such a relationship could possibly develop. He leaned down and pet Wolf’s head again. “Good boy,” he said. He moved around in front of Bobo, leaned down and pet Bobo’s head. “Good boy,” he praised.

“I’m sorry Jose,” Rosa said, “but I’m afraid that in Bobo’s case, I’m now considering him to be a female dog. So if you would please, let her know that she’s a good girl.”

“Girl?” Jose asked, clearly surprised.

“Bobo...lay down!” Rosa commanded.

Oh no! Bobo didn’t want to go through that again. But like she had commanded, he laid down on his belly with his front paws out in front of him.

“Bobo, roll over on you back and stay there!”

Ugh! He rolled over, just so that everyone could gawk at what they had done to him. Gawk at what he had that could no longer be seen. Gawk at what he might as well not even have anymore...because for all practical purposes, he didn’t have those parts of himself anymore. But that didn’t stop him from feeling the need to use those parts.

Jose walked around Wolf and Bobo to Bobo’s other side. He knelt down and felt the smooth leather piece that he knew had to trap the man’s sexual organs. Other than the tiny tip of his penis protruding from the leather, there was no sign, no bulge, no indication of

anything else. If Bobo's entire body had been covered in the same fur that the leather covering still had, then he would easily assume that Bobo was a female dog. Interesting – again!

He stood up and looked down at Bobo, still on his back. “Bobo...sit!” he said softly but firmly. He was rewarded to see Bobo roll over and move into a sitting position – just like a dog! The truth was, there was so much about Bobo that he found so totally interesting that he was almost mesmerized by what he was seeing. Madam Rosa was a dominant. Evidently, a damn good one to be able to train a man to behave the way this man was behaving.

He had questions though. His wife had told him what she and Rosa had discussed the last time she was here, but now he wanted to hear it all for himself...personally! And, in the process, he wanted another dog training job for both himself, and his wife! They really needed the work – one of the reasons he had been angry with his wife for turning the job down in the first place. “Madam Rosa,” he said, “I know you talked with Isabelle about Bobo here, but would you do me the kindness to tell me everything about him as well?”

“Certainly,” Rosa replied. “Connie and I were just making dinner. Would you like to stay and eat? We can discuss it all at length then.”

Jose didn't even think of consulting with his wife. “That sounds nice.”

Two minutes later, Bobo found himself out on the back porch again with Wolfie, while Rosa and Connie were preparing dinner for everyone. Everyone except him and Wolf. And he was starving! Never mind that he was starving every evening, he was starving then and that's all that mattered to him. And here he was, put out again, like a dog...like the dog that he was.

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All through dinner, Jose had sat and listened to Rosa and Connie telling him about Bobo...or Brian as he used to be known. He heard the entire story and the reasoning behind it. Not surprisingly, he understood how Rosa had personally felt about what she had done to him. She was a true dominant. He had no doubt at all. No doubt she had a tremendous cruel streak in her as well, something that his wife lacked in her attempts to dominate others. Finally, he had to ask, “Do you plan on keeping Bobo that way indefinitely?”

“Oh no,” Rosa replied. “Only for the summer. No, I think that once September gets here, I'm going to have to let Bobo become human again.”

“I see. And what becomes of him then?”

“A lot of that I'm afraid will have to be his decision. What I've done to him is illegal and bad enough. I'm hoping by that time to come up with a few...alternatives for him to his old life and career.”

“Such as?”

Rosa shook her head. "I'm still trying to figure that part out."

"I see," Jose replied. "I'm totally amazed at the job you've done so far with Bobo. You said you wanted to continue to train him and find ways to make him into even more of a dog. You even said you wanted him to forget completely that he was human. That's quite an undertaking."

Rosa smiled. "I know that's pretty much impossible, but that's what I want to see in him. I want to see him accept fully that he's nothing but a dog, and I want to see him behaving like any other dog would."

"But don't you have him to that point already?"

"No. As good as he is, he's not nearly there yet. You saw how he was trying to hide when he came in. I want to be able to put a leash on him and take him out in public, and have him not cower and try to hide what he is. I want him to forget his human side and instead feel like he's a real dog...in any situation."

"That's going to be difficult," Jose replied. "And I'm not sure it can be done. Besides, if you take Bobo for a walk down any street, I'm sure you'll cause more than a bit of alarm from anyone who happens to see him. Some may even call the police."

"I'm very aware of that," Rosa told him. "It's unfortunate. But it's possible that there could be times and places when I feel that I can do it. But that was really just an example. What I need for him I guess, is an expert to help correct any of the little things he does that may be wrong. Someone to force him to behave truly like the dog that I'm doing my very best to think of him as."

"You're looking for additional ways to make him live and behave like a dog would do."

"Yes. Exactly," Rosa agreed.

Jose nodded as he thought things through. "Madam Rosa, as I see it, you have two dogs that need very different types of training. Wolf needs to get his aggressiveness under control, and Bobo needs...a different kind of training. Two different dogs, two different agendas."

Something about what he had just said bothered Rosa. "Um...I was hoping..." she said, "that Bobo would be able to go through exactly what Wolf does. I do think it would make him feel more like a dog than ever if he had to do that. That's how I trained him in the first place. I trained him right alongside Wolf. Both of them together."

Jose smiled. "Two different types of dogs. Two different types of problems, both of which will need to be addressed separately. But I believe we will have no problem finding a common training ground where they both can participate. And that is a training that I feel very strongly that both of them might really need."

"And what kind of training is that?" Rosa asked.

"Agility training."

"Agility? Is that where you make the dogs go through all kinds of obstacles and things?"

“Something like that. Wolf needs to focus his energy. He’s a big powerful dog, and a breed like he is has a brain that needs to be focused and kept busy or, like an unruly child, he’ll eventually get into all kinds of trouble. And in Bobo’s case, I believe the agility training will not only force him to see himself as more of a dog, but as you’ve done in the past, doing it alongside of Wolf will reinforce that concept as well.”

“Hmm,” Rosa muttered as she considered that. “It does sound interesting.”

“Madam Rosa,” Jose said, “I would consider it an honor if you would let me and my wife aid you in handling your dog Wolf, and also your dog Bobo. Together, I have no doubt that we can give you exactly what you’re looking for, in both of your pets.”

Rosa looked at him. The man was certainly confident. And so had Isabelle been when she had been here last time. She had no doubt that both of them were very capable when it came to handling dogs. She didn’t even ask the price. She knew it was going to cost her a fortune, but opportunities for that kind of fun...and help...didn’t come along very often. “Very well,” she said. “When did you want to start?”

Jose smiled, but inwardly he was breathing a sigh of relief. They needed the work! “Let us spend some time with them tonight so we can better see where each dog is at and exactly what each of them will need, then, we’ll work out a schedule that you and we can agree on. I think for now, twice-a-week workouts would be best. Are you ever here during the day when we can come? Or do you need us to come out in the evenings?”

“Actually, during the day would be best,” Rosa told them. “I’m here every day. I manage rental properties out of my home, so I’m usually here. If I know you’re coming, then I can arrange my schedule to make sure I’m here.”

Things about this job were looking even better. Most of their clients were gone during the day and they needed to wait until evening to work with their dogs. “In that case,” he replied, “Isabelle and I will be able to spend far more time with your dogs than we can with most of our other clients. We will consider it to be a pleasure.”

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When was she going to feed him? When? He was starving! He heard Wolf suddenly bark. From experience, Bobo knew that Wolf had heard someone going out the front door. Wolf barked a few more times, and in the distance, Bobo thought he heard a vehicle door closing. So they were finally leaving...whoever they were. He didn’t like the way that guy had looked him over. That had been not only embarrassing, but troubling.

He heard the back door opening and got to his feet. Dinner time! Finally! But instead of Rosa letting him and Wolfie in, he saw her and Connie...and both the guy and his wife coming out. Now what? He saw the woman go straight up to Wolfie and pet his head. Then he saw her slipping a chain loop over Wolf’s head and pulling it tight – some kind of leash.

“Come Wolf,” Isabelle said as she pulled up on the leash and turned toward the porch steps.

Bobo didn't see anymore since the guy was now standing right over him. He looked up and saw the same kind of chain and leash in his hand. And...oh no! He was bringing that chain right down towards his head! And... Bobo cringed as the man had to fight a bit to get the loop of the chain all the way over his head. The loop wasn't made for a head like he had. It was made for a dog. A real dog. But before he knew it, the chain was over his head...and around his neck. He felt the immediate upward jerk of the chain trying to strangle him.

“Come!” Jose commanded.

Bobo had no choice but to stand up and follow him. It was either that or be choked to death. Down the steps and out into the yard, where out of the corner of his eye he could see Wolf walking alongside that woman.

“Bobo...move faster!” Jose commanded as he moved and pulled on the leash.

Bobo tried to move faster, but the darn guy was walking too quickly. The choking leash pulled harder and harder as he tried to keep up. The guy finally stopped and stood over him. Bobo grabbed a few quick breaths as the leash stopped restricting his throat.

“Hm...” Jose said, not at all pleased. “You certainly don't move very fast, do you. Don't worry Bobo, we'll work on that. “Come, let's try it again, and this time, keep up! Come!”

The guy pulled on his leash again and started walking, but again he was going too fast for Bobo, but he did his best to try and keep up with him. It was either that or have his neck broken by that leash.

Jose led Bobo around and then stopped alongside the bushes that bordered the porch. Just in the bushes he saw an old worn tennis ball. He picked it up. “Bobo. Catch!” He tossed the ball at Bobo, who only ducked his head aside. Jose nodded something else to work on. And he was betting there were a number of things that Bobo should be doing with his mouth that he wasn't. “Stay!” he ordered. He dropped the leash and went to pick up the ball. He rolled it toward Bobo. “Bobo...get it!” He watched as Bobo looked at the ball, then tried to stop it with one of his paws, except that it missed and Bobo had to turn around to finally get the ball...with his paw. No, there was work to be done there for sure. Again he grabbed the ball, then moved away from Bobo. “Catch it in your mouth this time,” he ordered. He rolled the ball toward Bobo again...and heard Wolf barking a short distance away. He turned and saw his wife trying to get Wolf's attention away from the ball and back toward what they were doing. More training for that dog too. He noticed that the ball had gone right past Bobo when Wolf had barked. He didn't bother picking it up again. That was work for another day.

He had seen all he needed to see for now. Removing the choker collar from Bobo's head was a bit more difficult than getting it on him. Next time he would bring a bigger one. Most dogs didn't have a head that big. He climbed the steps as his wife Isabelle removed the collar

and leash from Wolf. He waited until his wife had joined him on the porch, then he turned to Rosa. "Have you socialized Wolf?"

"Socialized?" Rosa asked. "What do you mean?"

"Had him around other dogs. How does he behave around other dogs?"

"Oh. No. I've never had Wolf anywhere except here at the house...and the vets office of course. He doesn't like it there, but he doesn't really give me any trouble."

"That's something else we should consider for him," Jose told her. "Making him behave himself in the company of other dogs could be important in the future. You never know what may come up where you have to move him."

"I'm sure you're right," Rosa replied. "The opportunity...or reason never came up. He's always been just fine back here."

Jose nodded. "We'll see what we can do. And Madam Rosa, please don't misunderstand, training Wolf, and also Bobo, will also mean a lot of work for you as well. Some of which I'm afraid you're going to need to practice with him every day until he gets it right."

"Like what?" Rosa asked.

"Like the way he behaves when someone comes to your front door."

Rosa nodded. "I can certainly work on that one. And as for anything else..." Her smile turned cruel. "I've rather enjoyed training both Wolfie and Bobo together for some time now, to be honest, I'm looking forward to continuing the process...especially with Bobo."

"I was sure you would feel that way," Jose replied.

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Bobo sat expectantly on the kitchen floor, staring desperately up at the kitchen counter where Rosa was working. Connie was removing the plates from the table. Finally, Rosa turned around and set Wolf's dinner on the floor for him. As always, Wolf attacked it greedily. He watched as Rosa took his bowl down from the counter and set it in its usual spot. Dog food! Maybe starving would be better. But he was starving, and Rosa was staring down at him. He knew she was going to force him to eat it. All of it! Ugh! He bent his head to the bowl and took a bite. Ugh! Dog food again.

Chapter 17.

Bobo thought nothing of it when he heard Wolf suddenly start barking and running for the fence. It happened so often on some days that it was almost meaningless. He laid his head down on the porch floor again and closed his eyes. He knew Wolf would be back to lay near him again in a few minutes...after which Wolf would probably get up and bark at the fence again when whoever it was started their car and left.

The cool shade of the porch felt good. It had been getting steadily warmer all day, and since lunch, neither he nor Wolf had wanted to spend much time out in the sun. Not to mention that Wolf's fur coat was starting to get a bit too warm now to play and rub against too much. How did Wolfie stand it? Not that Wolf had much choice in the matter.

As he laid there, he once again tried to stretch his legs out, pushing desperately against their bindings. He didn't know why he bothered, it was useless. But it was like an impossible itch, he just had to do it. Not being able to extend them anymore was simply maddening, even though he knew that no amount of effort on his part was going to fix it. But still he tried, and sometimes, wore himself out trying – uselessly. For some reason, his hands bound up into useless paws now gave him less trouble. He wasn't sure why, but he thought it might be because his fingers inside those paws were already extended.

He opened his eyes when Wolf came back to the porch. They were still open when Wolf checked on him and licked his face. He didn't move as Wolf walked over to the back door and sniffed at it...which meant that whoever had driven into the driveway was still in the house. He closed his eyes again. Nap number one hundred and six for the day was waiting.

His eyes opened fast when he heard the back door opening and Wolfie letting out a little growl. Whoever had come, had been still in the house, and now the back door was opening. There was no time for him to run and hide. He saw Rosa come out, but not Connie. But then she was now living in his house next door. She wouldn't have driven up. But right behind Rosa, he now saw those two new people, the man and the woman. The two who had brought leashes with chains and had looked him and Wolfie over a bit too much a few days ago. He saw Wolf bark twice at them, but Wolf didn't do much more except to stand there and look at them threateningly.

Nervous at the sight of them, he sat up. He watched as the man reached out and pet Wolf's head. Amazing! And he watched as Wolf backed down and sat. And then...uh-oh. The man was heading for him. And he had that darn leash with the chain on it in his hands again.

“Hello Bobo,” Jose said softly. “How are you today?” He reached down and pet Bobo's head. “Time to go to work,” he said.

Work? What work? Bobo was totally confused. And then he saw the man opening the loop in the chain and bringing it towards his head. He shied away, not wanting it. He got to his feet and backed away a step.

“No!” Jose said firmly. He reached out and grabbed Bobo’s collar for a moment, then let go of it. “Stay!” he commanded. This time when he reached out with the choker collar, he was able to slip it right over Bobo’s head. It had only been slightly tight in a few places, the perfect size this time to get over his larger head. He pulled up on the leash. “Come!” he commanded.

Once again Bobo had no choice but to go with him or get choked to death. As he got led toward the porch steps, he saw Wolf disappearing into the house with Rosa and the woman. He was alone with this guy, and he was defenseless.

Jose led Bobo down into the yard away from the house. He didn’t try to go too fast. When he was far enough away from the steps, he stopped. “Bobo...sit!” he commanded. When Bobo was sitting, he dropped the leash and stood back from the strange dog. “Madam Rosa is busy in the house right now,” he said to Bobo. “She will be working with my wife today to begin getting Wolf under control when visitors come to the door. Your owner won’t always be around when we are training or when Isabelle will be working with you. Madam Rosa said that she gave you only one easy taste of one of her smaller whips as a warning against behaving in any way as anything other than a dog.” He leaned down. “Now I want to make you the same warning. I have no interest in what Rosa will do to you if you do not act properly. I will make you very sorry instead. Rosa’s little whips are one thing, but I am much stronger than she is, and I will hurt you in ways you could never imagine. So I suggest you do your best to forget you were ever human, and remember what you are now – a dog! I will not tolerate even the slightest hint of you behaving as anything other than a dog. And Bobo, in case you haven’t figured it out yet, I’m a dog trainer. Both my wife and I train dogs for a living, so we both know quite a lot about how dogs behave, and human behavior from you in any way at all will not be tolerated.”

Bobo was having trouble digesting all that. But the part that came through the most, was his threat to hurt him, probably badly, if he didn’t continue to try and do everything like a dog. He had been afraid of this guy before, now he was even more so.

Jose continued. “From what little I saw of you when we were here before, you seem to have trouble moving very fast. That’s one thing we will begin working on today. There were a number of other things I saw that we’re going to have to work on as well, we’ll get to them later.” He picked up the leash again. “For now, we’ll work on walking you properly on a leash.”

He pulled the leash tight, turned, and started walking. With the leash again threatening to choke him, Bobo had no choice but to follow as best he could.

Jose didn’t go too fast, but he moved at a moderate pace. He didn’t allow the leash to go slack at all, he kept Bobo’s head right next to his side as he walked. Every time Bobo started to lag a bit, he jerked on the leash like he would any other dog. Each time he did, Bobo moved faster again, working harder to keep up. After a few minutes of it, he wasn’t pulling on the leash hardly at all. It wasn’t unusual for a dog to have trouble keeping up when he turned to go a different direction, Jose was well aware of how dogs reacted, but in

Bobo's case, those were the times he needed to tug on the leash a bit more. That though, was normal. But Bobo still wasn't moving very fast.

"Okay Bobo," he said as he continued walking. "Time to move a bit faster. He stretched his steps out more and began moving at a faster pace.

Bobo had already been going wild trying to keep up, and now the guy was trying to hurry more. There was no way he could keep up. He felt like he was being dragged by that leash, and consequently, he could barely breathe since the thing was constantly choking him. He had been breathing heavily trying to keep up before, now he was wheezing...when he could actually get a breath.

"Bobo! Keep your head up high!" Jose commanded as he pulled the leash up higher.

Keep his head up? His head was being dragged wherever the guy was pulling it! He just wanted to stop and catch his breath.

"Bobo...trot!" Jose commanded.

Trot? That was a new one. How? He wasn't a real dog! What did this guy expect him to do?

"Keep your head up and trot. Run a little," Jose commanded as he continued to pull Bobo faster than Bobo seemed to be able to manage comfortably. It took only a few moments of watching Bobo though to figure out that Bobo didn't know how to move in any other way than what he was doing. Jose knew he was going to have to come up with a way to teach him. Bobo was going to need some additional...incentive to move faster than he was now. He stopped to let Bobo rest.

Bobo didn't just sit, when they stopped, he laid down, panting for all he was worth. Go faster? He couldn't! Why couldn't the guy see that?

Jose gave Bobo a few moments to rest, then jerked on the leash. "Up!" he commanded. "Come!" Once again he took off walking at a moderate pace.

Bobo was still tired, but he did his best to keep up. At least the guy wasn't moving as fast as he had before.

Jose began walking faster again, trying to get Bobo to move faster. Again, he had no luck with it. Instead of stopping though, he slowed down to the pace that he had learned Bobo could tolerate better. He walked him that way for a few minutes, then led him at that pace straight back toward the porch.

"I must come up with a way to teach you to move faster," Jose told him as they stopped at the bottom of the steps. That is my job to teach you, and your job to learn. But it is up to me to find the way to teach you. You move too slow, too cumbersome. I will give it some thought. Hopefully, next time, we can teach you to move better. I have no doubt that when you learn, you will find it to be very helpful.

Bobo found himself being led up the steps and straight into the house. He didn't see anyone in the kitchen as they went through, but he did see his water bowl. For a moment, he tried to head straight for it, but a quick jerk on his leash put an end to that idea as the guy

led him into the living room. Rosa was there with the woman. And so was Wolf, who came right over to him and licked his face. He rubbed his head against Wolf's head affectionately. Wolf still had a leash around his neck and it was dragging on the floor under him.

Bobo jumped when he suddenly heard someone knocking on the front door. He desperately pulled against his leash, trying to go back into the kitchen where he would be out of sight, while Wolf barked furiously and ran to the front door.

"Bobo. No! Stay!" Jose commanded as he pulled tightly on Bobo's leash, nearly pulling Bobo's front half off the ground. Bobo thought his neck was breaking, he had no choice but to stop and stay right where he was. But he watched as Rosa stood between Wolf and the front door, not opening the door, but simply waiting for Wolf to stop barking, which he did after a few moments. Only then did Rosa open the door. Bobo was relieved to see Connie on the other side. He watched as Connie came in and Wolf moved closer to sniff at her for a moment.

"That was a little better that time," Connie said, "but it took a long time before you opened the door."

"It's going to take time and a lot of practice, I'm afraid," Isabelle told them. "We've only just started. But this is exactly what you're going to need to practice with him every day."

"And with this one," Jose added, indicating Bobo, "I think he needs to learn to stay in place and not run away."

"How do I handle two dogs at the same time to do two different things?" Rosa asked.

Jose smiled. "Practice I'm afraid. Practice and consistency. The consistency is the key. Perhaps punishing Bobo here when he tries to leave would be a help."

Rosa smiled. "I'm sure I can come up with something that I can use to take care of that problem."

"While you are still working here with Wolf," Jose said, "I'll get the things out of the truck and set them up in the backyard."

"Do you need me to do this again?" Connie asked.

"If you would please," Isabelle replied.

"Of course! Anything to get that big monster under control."

Bobo watched while Connie and Jose went outside. Rosa and the woman sat. Wolf searched around the room for a minute, then pulled one of his toys out of the basket to play with. With the leash still attached to his neck and dragging underneath him, Bobo went to his favorite place between the chairs and laid down. He was beat! He would have gone to the kitchen for a drink, but he was too tired to get up. His bigger problem though, was that he didn't get to stay there very long.

"Bobo, come here," the woman commanded.

Bobo looked up to see the woman standing in the middle of the room. She now held the toy that Wolf had been playing with, and Wolf was sitting expectantly in front of her, waiting to see if she would throw it for him.

“Bobo...come!” the woman commanded again.

Nervously, Bobo pulled himself out from between the chairs and approached. He sat off to the side to see what she wanted. But instead of doing something with him, the woman said, “Here Wolf. Get it!” Then she threw the stuffed toy to the other side of the room. Wolf gleefully bounded after it, where he grabbed it, then laid down right where he was to chew on it. But Bobo saw that the woman didn’t seem to be interested in what Wolf was doing. Instead, she grabbed another of Wolf’s stuffed toys from the basket and approached him.

“Bobo. Catch!” she commanded, then she tossed the toy gently at Bobo’s head.

Bobo ducked, and the toy hit his shoulder.

“No! Catch it!” She picked up the toy and tried it again. “Catch!” Again she threw the toy at him. This time she hit his head. “As Jose said,” Isabelle noted, “he doesn’t seem to like to use his mouth as well as he should.”

“I guess I should have done more with him about that when I was initially training him,” Rosa replied.

Before we leave, we’ll talk a bit about things you can try to improve that.

While the women seemed to be sitting and talking again, Bobo went back to his favorite spot and laid down. He was there for a few minutes when the doorbell suddenly rang. Terror went through him, and Wolf ran past him as he headed straight for the door, barking and growling like crazy.

While the women were trying to get Wolf under control, he took off for the bedroom to hide behind the bed. After a moment, he heard Wolf’s barking stop. He stayed where he was, until Rosa showed up a minute later.

“Found you!” she said. “Come Bobo!”

Bobo didn’t want to move.

“I said come!” She reached down and grabbed his leash and pulled. Bobo went, but it wasn’t willingly. Rosa pulled him all the way out to the living room where Wolf was now sitting far from the door, still growling softly at it. Isabelle was standing near him, holding his leash.

Rosa led Bobo right up next to Wolf. “Sit!” she commanded. “And stay! If you move from here, I’ll whip you good!”

Oh no! Bobo sat right next to Wolf, but the only thing he really wanted to do was to run...faster than Jose had been trying to drag him earlier.

“Now open the door,” Isabelle said to Rosa.

Rosa opened the door, and Wolf immediately stood up, growling more, and ready to run toward whoever was there.

“Stay!” Isabelle yelled firmly at Wolf as she grabbed his leash and gave a quick pull to get him sitting again. “Bobo...sit!” she commanded.

Bobo hadn’t even realized he had stood up. He was very relieved to see Connie once again coming into the house. Wolf’s big nose sniffed the air, then he settled down and laid down right where he was.

“What took so long that time?” Connie asked. “I heard Wolf stop barking, but after that, it seemed like forever.”

“We had to find Bobo,” Rosa explained. “He hid himself behind my bed.”

“I think, perhaps, this is what you should have both dogs doing when you open the door,” Isabelle told them. “Both of them should get used to sitting right here before the door gets opened. Once they get used to that, then it will go much easier and faster for you.”

“I can see that I’m going to be used as a Guinea pig for all this practicing,” Connie noted.

“Do you mind, dear?” Rosa asked.

Connie sighed. “Not if it means I’ll finally be able to come over here without being worried about being mauled as soon as I get in the house.”

“Thank you,” Rosa said as she put an arm on Connie’s shoulder.

“I guess we should see if Jose has finished outside,” Isabelle said. She reached down and picked up Bobo’s leash. Now holding two leashes, she led both dogs to the back door and out to the porch.

Bobo saw Jose tipping over a wooden structure of some kind. When the thing landed upright, he saw a wooden ramp going up and meeting with another ramp that led down the other side. He also saw something made of white plastic pipes that looked like a big letter ‘H.’ Isabelle led both him and Wolf over to the guy who took Wolf’s leash and walked off with him. Before he had a chance to see what was going on, he felt the woman pulling on his leash. Now she was walking him around the yard instead of the guy. He was certainly getting his exercise in today.

Jose had to walk Wolf for a while to get him used to the leash. It was quickly obvious to him that Wolf wasn’t used to walking on a leash at all. But under his practiced hands, Wolf was soon doing much better. Across the yard, he kept an eye on what Isabelle was doing with Bobo – pretty much the same thing, only slower.

Isabelle quickly realized that Bobo was going to be an extra slow dog. She needed to talk to Jose about that. But what he was, was what she had to work with. She walked him around a bit to get him used to her, then she led him toward the ramp. “Up Bobo.” She commanded, never once pausing in her stride.

Bobo had seen the ramp. It wasn’t high. For a human, it probably wouldn’t even come up to their waist. But the thing was narrow. He figured less than two feet wide. And she

expected him to crawl up that thing? She kept going, but despite the leash and chain around his neck, he pulled to a stop at the bottom of the ramp and sat down to look the thing over.

“Bobo! Up!” Isabelle commanded as she pulled on the leash.

Bobo stood, but he wasn't sure about stepping up onto the thing. It looked like it could tip over pretty easily. If he fell, he might get hurt.

“Bobo up!” Isabelle commanded again as she pulled him forward.

Bobo had no choice but to move forward and step up onto the ramp. It was either that, or have his neck broken by the leash as she pulled on it.

“That's it Bobo. Keep going. All the way up.”

With the woman literally pulling him, Bobo had no choice but to keep climbing up the ramp. He glanced down to each side. He could fall in either direction. No, it wasn't really that high, but the darn ramp wasn't exactly that wide either. He had to concentrate on where he was going just to make sure he didn't fall off. And then he was at the top, and she was still pulling. He did his best to go straight down and keep himself in the middle of the ramp. And a moment later, he was off. Whew!

“Good girl, Bobo,” Isabelle praised him as she stopped to rub his head a bit. “Now let's do it again. She pulled on the leash to get him going, then walked him around for a few moments, before leading him right back to the ramp. This time Bobo knew what to expect. As soon as he got to the ramp, he slowed down, but he didn't stop. Cautiously, he made his way to the top, then straight down the other side. He hoped that now that he had done it again that they would stop, but Isabelle seemed to have other ideas in mind as she continued to walk him around the back yard.

Jose was now trotting with Wolf at his side. He had seen Isabelle teaching Bobo to get over the ramp. The ramp was usually one of the easier obstacles they taught the dogs to negotiate, especially when it was set as low as it was. With time, they would increase the height and also the steepness of the ramp making it a bit more challenging for the dogs.

But now it was time to see if Wolf could do something that he already knew he'd probably never be able to teach Bobo – jump over the plastic hurdle. Still trotting, he lined himself up so that he would pass right next to it, and Wolf would be lined up to go straight at it. Just as he got to the hurdle, Wolf shied away from it and pushed him sideways. Jose wasn't surprised, it was the most common first-time reaction for some dogs. Wolf just need to understand that he needed to jump over the bar.

Isabelle handed Bobo's leash to Rosa. “Your turn,” she said.

“Me?” Rosa asked.

“Yes. They must learn to obey you more than anyone. “Walk her around the yard a bit.”

Rosa started walking. “Like this?” she asked as Bobo did his best to keep up with her.

“Hold the leash tighter. Not loose. Keep his head up and right next to your leg. Don’t walk her like you’re out for a slow stroll in the park and you don’t care where she goes. You have to care! You have to let her know at all times that you are in charge, not her.”

Under Isabelle’s guidance, Rosa quickly learned how to walk a dog...except that in this case, the dog she was learning with, was Bobo.

“Good,” Isabelle said, now lead Bobo over the ramp. You may have to slow down a bit to help her, but make sure she goes where you want her to.”

Rosa led Bobo toward the ramp, then she slowed down to almost nothing and gave the leash a bit of slack. She watched as Bobo cautiously made his way up and over the ramp.

“Now turn around and bring her back again,” Isabelle instructed.

Rosa turned around and led Bobo back over it the other way with no problem at all. Out of the corner of her eye, she noticed Wolf jumping over the plastic hurdle that Jose had set up a short distance away. She stopped to watch for a moment. “He did it!” she said triumphantly.

“Of course,” Jose said as he led Wolf over to her. He took Bobo’s leash and handed her Wolf’s leash. “Your turn now.”

“Me?”

“Walk him. He’s going to be different to walk with than Bobo here.”

“Keep the leash tight. The same way you did with Bobo,” Isabelle told her.

Tentatively, Rosa led Wolf out into the yard. Wolf pulled a bit but she held tightly onto the leash.

“When he doesn’t do what you want, jerk hard and quick on the leash. That will get him back under control,” Jose told her. It took a bit of work, but Rosa was soon walking her big dog much better.

“Now run with him a bit,” Jose instructed.

“Run?”

“Yes. He’s a big dog and he needs the exercise.”

Rosa was too old to run much, but she tried to move faster.

“Now bring him toward the hurdle so he can go over it.”

Rosa tried to hurry Wolf along toward the plastic hurdle, but the moment she got close, Wolf shied away from it again and pushed her sideways as well.

“It’s going to take some practice,” Isabelle told her. “Bring him here and let’s see how Wolf does with the ramp now.”

The woman never let go of Bobo’s leash, but at least she was holding it loosely. He laid down and watched as Jose and Rosa worked to get Wolf up onto the ramp. It took quite a while since Wolf didn’t like the ramp at all. Neither did he for that matter. But Bobo was sure that Wolf liked it even less. Eventually though, he saw Wolf go all the way up the

ramp...where he simply jumped off the side to get down. He realized he was watching a contest of wills, Wolf, versus everyone else. And he wasn't sure who was winning. He laid there to watch the "competition."

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"That was...interesting," Connie said as she watched Jose and Isabelle backing out of the driveway. She didn't even notice that Wolf wasn't barking for once. "It was a pain in the neck, but interesting."

"Tiring too," Rosa said. "I didn't expect that it would be so physical – for me!"

"Neither did I," Connie replied. "But I guess they were right. Wolf and Bobo both need to get used to obeying and doing all that for you, not them."

"Yeah. But for a while there I think they were training me instead of them."

Connie laughed. "I think you're right. But come on, it was still fun, wasn't it?"

Rosa smiled. "More than you know." She looked down at Bobo, once again in his favorite place between the chairs. "Especially watching that one."

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Bobo knew it was coming. He knew it! No, not the dog food she gave him for dinner again that night, that he really could have done without, more so than this. No, what he knew was coming, was that he was once again stuck between Rosas' thighs with his tongue licking her to orgasm after orgasm. At least she didn't put a leash on him anymore or pull on his collar. Breathing was difficult enough when he was stuck doing it, but the collar and leash made the breathing even more difficult.

She was getting all the sexual relief she wanted while he got...nothing at all. She had even gone out of her way to make sure he would never get anything at all.

Someone once said that life wasn't fair. He was living proof of that.

Chapter 18.

“Bobo! Catch!”

Bobo watched desperately as Rosa tossed a piece of popcorn in his direction. He opened his mouth and made a small movement to reach it in the air, but he missed. He quickly scrambled after it.

“No! Bobo! No!” Rosa said. “Leave it there.”

Before Bobo could turn and figure out what was going on, Wolf had snatched the small treat up and it was gone. He turned back to look at Rosa and Connie sitting side by side on the couch together, holding a big bowl of popcorn between them. It was after dinner, and Rosa hadn't fed either him or Wolf yet. Instead, he had to sit there and smell the popcorn that Rosa had made. He was hungry. Hungrier now smelling the popcorn than he had been before she had made it. Why didn't they feed him?

“Try it again Bobo,” Rosa said with a laugh as she stuck a piece of popcorn in her own mouth.

Bobo waited tensely, watching her hand as it pulled back a little, the tiny piece of popcorn in it was all he was interested in. She threw it at him. His eyes tracked it as it flew through the air. Halfway between him and Rosa, a large furry body came out of nowhere and snatched it up.

“Wolf! No!” Rosa complained. “You can have everything that Bobo drops, but don't go trying to catch what I throw.” She picked up another piece of popcorn and was about to throw it.

“Wait!” Connie said quickly. She got up from the couch and went over to Wolf. “I don't believe I'm doing this,” she said as she grabbed his collar. “Sit!” she ordered. Wolf sat, but his eyes never left the piece of popcorn that Rosa was holding. He was poised and ready to strike as soon as it left her hand. Connie moved in front of him and kept a hold on his collar. “Okay. I think I've got him now.”

Rosa threw the piece of popcorn at Bobo. Wolf started to go after it but Connie brought him up short. As hard as Bobo tried to catch it, it bounced off his forehead. He tried to go after it again. “No Bobo!” Rosa ordered. “You don't get any of the ones you miss. Connie, let Wolf get that one.”

Connie released Wolf who bounded quickly after the tiny treat. It was gone in an instant. Connie had to hold Wolf three more times before he finally caught on that he could get everything as soon as it hit the ground. So far, Wolf was getting all the popcorn. Bobo had gotten none.

It was a long time before Bobo actually managed to get a piece in his mouth. When he did, he almost didn't believe it. He chewed it quickly and swallowed it. Mmm. So good. But his eyes were already watching and waiting for more. By the time the bowl of popcorn

was finished, he had only gotten two pieces that he had managed to catch in his mouth. Rosa and Connie had eaten some of the bowl, but Wolf had gotten most of it.

“Come on guys,” Rosa said as she stood up from the couch with the empty bowl in her hand. “Let’s get you some dinner.”

Five minutes later, Bobo was stuck eating dog food again. Yuck! But he was starving so he gobbled down even that.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen Bobo eat dog food that fast,” Connie noted.

“Me either. I wonder if she’s starting to like it.”

“How?”

“I don’t know. I have no idea what that stuff tastes like, and I have no intention of finding out. It smells awful though.”

If Bobo could have told them, he would have been glad to let them know that it tasted even worse than it smelled. But hungry was hungry. And he was hungry!

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“Bobo. Fetch!” Connie said as she threw one of Wolfies toys across the room. Wolf was already laying down “munching” on another of his toys that Connie had thrown.

Bobo hated fetch. He wasn’t sure if Wolf liked the game either. Of course, Wolf never brought back anything that was thrown to him, not like they made him do.

“Go get it!” Rosa ordered when Bobo didn’t move.

Bobo turned and went after the toy, bending his neck down and doing his best to grab it with his teeth. Unlike Wolf, they were making sure he brought everything they threw for him to fetch back to them.

“Good girl Bobo,” Connie praised as he brought back the stuffed toy.

“Here Bobo. Get it,” Rosa said as she quickly threw another one that was all thick pieces of rope attached to a plastic squeaky part in the middle.

Bobo started after it.

“Faster Bobo. Faster!” Rosa told him.

Bobo tried to move faster. The ropes were easier for him to get his mouth around and he picked it up easily and brought it back, most of it dangling out of his mouth.

The moment Rosa had taken it again, Connie said, “Here Bobo!” and she threw the other toy for him to fetch. But this time the moment he turned to go after it, Wolf jumped up and ran to it instead, where he laid right there chewing on it and occasionally producing a squeak from the poor abused toy. Connie laughed. “Get his other toy Bobo,” Connie said.

His other toy? Bobo had to go over and get the first toy that Wolf had been chewing on. He reached down with his mouth and grabbed it. It was soaked from Wolf's mouth. Ugh! He picked the thing up and brought it back to Connie.

"Good girl," Connie praised again.

Bobo really wished she wouldn't call him a girl. Half the time Rosa didn't even bother with that silly decision. Sometimes Rosa called him a girl, sometimes she called him a boy. Not that it mattered. In all cases, to both of them, he was still just a dog.

"Here you go Bobo," Rosa said as she tossed the other toy across the room. Bobo went after the rope toy and grabbed it again, but halfway back, Wolf showed up and grabbed it too."

"Fight him for it Bobo," Rosa laughed. "Don't let him get it."

Do what? She had to be kidding. Wolf was ten times stronger than he was...especially with his big mouth. Make that a hundred times stronger! But he did his best to bite down on the rope and hang on, while Wolf growled playfully and pulled back.

"Get it from him," Connie laughed as she watched the tug of war going on between them.

If Bobo wasn't afraid of what Rosa might do to him if he didn't at least try to hang onto the toy, he would have gladly let go of it the moment Wolf had tried to take it. But he was afraid of Rosa, so he hung on as best he could...and tried to hold back as Wolf slowly dragged him across the floor. Wolf suddenly jerked to the side with his head, and Bobo lost his grip on the rope.

"Good try Bobo," Rosa said, still laughing. "Better luck next time.

"Here...catch!" Connie said as she threw the other toy in Bobo's direction. She didn't even come close to where he could try to catch it. While Wolfie laid down now with the other toy he had just snatched.

Bobo went and got the one Connie had thrown. He had no doubt at all that Connie and Rosa were enjoying this game. He had no doubt that Wolfie was enjoying it too. But him? The jury was still out on that decision.

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The doorbell rang. Wolf barked and ran straight to the door.

"Wolf! No!" Rosa yelled sternly. She hurried to the door. "Just a minute!" she yelled over top of Wolf's barking. "Wolf! Back!" She forced herself between Wolf and the door and stood there, watching and waiting. Wolf finally settled down. Rosa grabbed his collar and pulled him back to the other side of the room to the spot she usually made him wait. "Bobo! Get over here! You know where you belong when someone comes to the door."

Reluctantly, Bobo pulled himself out from between the chairs and went over to sit...like a dog...next to Wolf. Rosa looked them over. "Good! Stay!" she commanded. Only then did she go back to open the door.

Wolf growled and stuck his nose out toward the door sniffing furiously, but he didn't move.

"Come in," Rosa said delightedly.

Come in? Bobo fully expected Connie to walk through the door. That's who was usually there when Rosa made him and Wolf sit where they were when someone came to the door. He wasn't prepared though to see a man walk in...followed by a woman. But fortunately, it was the same man and woman that had taken him and Wolf out to "train" in the backyard a few days ago. Jose and Isabelle. He suddenly knew that more pain and humiliation awaited him for the next few hours.

Without permission, Wolf left his spot and went right up to Jose. Bobo wanted to run to the bedroom and hide behind the bed. Not that it would do him any good. There was no place in the house he could go where they couldn't easily find him.

"Hello Wolf," Jose said as he reached down and briefly pet the big dog's head. He then looked up at Bobo and nodded. "I see you're making very good progress with both of them," Jose noted.

"Believe it or not!" Rosa exclaimed happily. "We've still got a long way to go though."

"Yes, but already there's been a lot of progress. I can see that you've been practicing a lot with both of them."

"Yes," Rosa replied. "When I can." She laughed. "To be honest, Connie and I have been having a ball working with Bobo in other ways." She laughed. "Isabelle's popcorn idea was hilarious! I'm afraid he's not very good yet."

"Time and practice," Isabelle replied with a smile.

"Well, we've done that twice now with Bobo. Every evening we've been trying to play games with them, especially Bobo, trying to work on getting her more used to using her mouth. It's been so much fun."

"Very good," Jose said, pleased to hear it. "And how about walking them?"

"Only a little in the backyard," I'm afraid. "It's getting hot out there."

"You need to do it every day with them. Both of them," Jose said. "I think you'll find it will bring you closer to both of your pets if you do."

"I'll try," Rosa said. "But I think the biggest thing so far is that Wolf is starting to calm down a bit when someone comes to the door. He's still got a long way to go, but I'm seeing progress now."

"Very good," Jose said, pleased to hear that as well. "Remember, practice and consistency are the keys. You can't let him get away with anything!"

"So far, I think I'm doing pretty good with him."

“Wonderful. Why don’t we all go out back. Let’s get some of the energy out of them first.”

The three humans slowly walked through the living room and into the kitchen, Wolf followed right along with them. Bobo held back. He already knew what awaited him outside, and he wasn’t the least bit interested.

“Bobo! Come!” Rosa’s voice pierced the air. “Outside!”

Ugh! Bobo followed them all out to the back porch. The ramp was still set where it had been from the last time they had been there. The bar had fallen off of the hurdle and was lying on the ground. Since that day, both he and Wolfie had completely ignored both pieces of equipment. About the only “training” Rosa had done with them outside, was to walk briefly around the yard on those darn leashes with the chain that went around their necks. Why had Jose and Isabelle left them behind? What a pain – literally!

Jose watched as Rosa slipped the choker chains around Wolf’s neck and also one around Bobo’s neck. He could see that Wolf was already looking forward to the attention. Bobo...not at all. “Okay, Rosa,” he said. “Walk Wolf around the yard a bit please.”

Rosa grabbed Wolf’s leash and led him down from the porch. She did her best to keep Wolf’s head next to her body as she walked. It took a minute, but Wolf finally settled down and stopped pulling, and for once, he behaved wonderfully as she walked him all the way to the back of the yard, around one of the trees, and back toward the porch again.

“Very nice,” Jose praised her. “Now do it again and go a little bit faster. Vary your pace so he starts getting used to staying with you no matter how fast you go.”

Faster? Rosa wasn’t interested in going faster. She wasn’t as young as Jose or Isabelle, but she turned Wolf around and tried to move a bit faster. Halfway across the yard, she tried to go faster still, making Wolf keep up with her. Then she slowed down. By the time she got back to the porch, she was out of breath. “I need to sit for a minute,” she said as she went straight up to the porch and sat on the swing.

As she sat there, she watched as Jose now took Bobo’s leash and led him around the yard. She could see that he was trying to get Bobo to move faster. He didn’t appear to have much luck. And then Jose was back again. “I’ll be right back,” he said to Rosa as he passed her and went into the house.

While Jose was in the house, Isabelle took Wolf’s leash and walked him around the yard again. Rosa marveled at how well Wolf responded to Isabelle – far better than he responded to her. But then, Isabelle was a professional. She guessed that Isabelle would know how to make a dog respond that well.

Isabelle was just starting to lead Wolf toward the ramp when Jose returned with some rope in his hand. She saw...hooks attached to the ends of the rope. Jose didn’t even acknowledge Rosa as he went down into the yard where Bobo was. He dropped his new leash on the ground and carefully pulled the choker leash off of Bobo’s head.

Bobo was glad to have that darn choking leash gone. Very glad. Not only was it impossible to not do whatever anyone holding the leash wanted, but it was darn demeaning. But then he watched fearfully as Jose picked up whatever it was that he had gone to get. And for the life of him, he couldn't figure it out.

"Bobo," Jose said softly. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to resort to some more drastic measures to get you to move better. I know you're trying, but you're not getting what it is you need to understand. So I've come up with this to try and teach you." He put his leg over Bobo's back so he was standing directly over him. When Bobo tried to move away, he grabbed his collar. "No! Stay!"

He grabbed one of the hooks from the length of rope he had brought. I want you to walk proud, with your head up. So this will help that," he said as he leaned down over Bobo.

Before Bobo knew what was happening, he felt Jose slip something into his nose – something that went into each side of his nose, before he could pull back, Jose was pulling up on it, pulling up on his nose. He tried to back up but Jose stayed right with him. There was no way he could get that thing out of his nose. Fearfully, he had no choice but to stand still."

"Good Bobo. Stay!" Jose ordered as he kept a light pressure on the forked nose hook that now kept Bobo's head up. He turned around so he was beside Bobo now and grabbed the hook at the other end of the rope. "And this," he said, "will hopefully teach you to move faster, and be lighter on your paws." With that, he pushed Bobo's tail out of the way and stuck the anal hook right into Bobo's rear end."

Bobo went crazy at the sudden strange intrusion to his back end. He tried to go forward to get away, but the hook in his nose brought him up short, and now something was buried right inside his rear end. He felt Jose standing up, and the pressure holding him now came from both his nose and his rear end. He couldn't move without one or both of those hooks stopping him. He couldn't even turn his head let alone the rest of his body.

"And now Jose said, let's learn to walk again." Holding the middle of the rope up so that both the nose hook and the anal hook would do their jobs, he started walking slowly.

Bobo had no choice. It was far worse than even the choker leash. He literally couldn't do anything but stay right even with Jose as he walked. At least he was going slow. But after only a few seconds of this, Bobo was wishing for the choker chain again. And then Jose started moving faster, and Bobo had no choice. It was either that, or have his nose ripped off his face.

Rosa and Isabelle both stood on the porch and watched raptly as Jose walked Bobo out into the yard. Rosa was completely fascinated. "Now that looks like fun," she mentioned to Isabelle.

"Yes, it does," Isabelle replied. But what she wouldn't tell Rosa, was that her own submissive tendencies were yearning for her Jose to do that to her. In fact, she would tell him that just as soon as...they got into bed tonight. Maybe even sooner.

As he walked, Jose adjusted his grip on the rope slightly, moving his hand back more toward Bobo's rear end. "Okay Bobo, let's see how you do."

Bobo had no idea what Jose was talking about, but he soon found out when Jose suddenly increased his pace...a lot! He desperately tried to keep up, and couldn't. And the results were painful. But then...the pressure on his nose seemed to ease slightly, and he felt a monstrous pulling directly upward on his rear end instead. Almost enough of a pull to lift his backside off the ground. In desperation, he moved both his front and rear legs a bit differently so that he was almost bouncing his hind legs. And it helped.

"Very good Bobo," Jose praised him. "You're starting to get it now. Just keep doing that."

Keep doing it? Jose was half pulling his backside up in the air, but at least he was keeping up. Mostly anyway. And then he noticed that little by little, Jose was decreasing the pull on his backside, even though he was still trotting along with him, until once again the pulling on his nose and his rear end seemed to be the same. More often than not, his back legs were both off the ground at the same time!

"Good Bobo. Very good!" Jose kept praising him. And then he finally slowed to a walk.

Bobo felt the sudden speed change and he welcomed it. Back to a normal walk again. He still couldn't turn his head or do anything but stay right alongside Jose, but it was better than the odd "running" he had been doing.

Jose led him around in a circle, then he said, "trot," as he suddenly took off moving much faster again.

Bobo tried to get it, but he couldn't quite. He suddenly felt the hard pulling on his rear end again and he did his best to move his legs like he had before. The pressure eased up. He was running again...or as Jose had called it, trotting. All the way out to the back of the yard. Turn in a wide circle. Then all the way back to the porch where Jose finally stopped him and dropped his strange "leash." The nose hook fell out, and Bobo collapsed right there, panting hard.

"He was running!" Rosa laughed. "Oh Jose, watching that was worth your entire fee for the day."

Jose smiled. "I'm glad you approved Madam Rosa." He turned to his wife. "Isabelle, why don't you work with Wolf again for a bit. I think Bobo needs a rest."

Bobo was glad for the rest. He was still trying to catch his breath. The hook had fallen out of his nose as soon as Jose had dropped the leash, but he could still feel that other part buried right up inside his butt. He gladly laid there and watched as they tried several times to get Wolf to go over the ramp correctly, without jumping off the side. It took a little time, but Wolf finally went. And then they moved on to the plastic hurdle. That took even longer, but Bobo finally watched as Wolf jumped over the thing. Bobo got the impression that to Wolf, everything they were doing with him was one big exciting game. He didn't feel that way at all. Yes, they were playing games, but they were all dog games. Games meant for dogs...like him. Ugh!

And then it was Bobo's turn. Isabelle removed the anal hook from Bobo's rear end, for which Bobo was almost grateful enough to lick her. Almost! Not quite! The choker chain was put back around his neck. Bobo would much rather have that than that other...thing. And then Isabelle led him out toward the yard to "walk" him around. But before he knew it, she was pulling harder on his chain and forcing him to go faster, and before he knew it, Bobo had no choice but to start "trotting" right alongside her. And then, while they were trotting, Wolf suddenly showed up to run right at his side. Bobo couldn't pay much attention to Wolf though, he was too desperate to keep up with Isabelle, who was now "running" him directly toward that ramp!

Up the ramp – at a run? Bobo stopped short at the bottom of it. Isabelle had let the leash out as far as she could before he got there, so it didn't pull too badly. With Wolfie standing right next to the ramp, Bobo went up slowly and carefully, all the way to the top. He stopped there for a moment where Wolf barked at him, then he went down the other side where Wolf greeted him at the bottom. But Isabelle didn't stop there. She soon had him trotting around again. Bobo was getting very tired – again. Once more up and over the ramp, this time a bit faster with no hesitation at the top, and then Isabelle finally led him back to the porch. Bobo was done in.

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Here it comes... Bobo just knew it.

"Bobo," Rosa called from where she was sitting on the couch.

Bobo had seen her pulling her shorts and panties down already. And it wasn't even dinner time yet. Jose and Isabelle had left only a little while ago.

"Come here my little angel," Rosa said, "and bring me a little bit of heaven."

Ugh! Bobo crawled out from between the chairs and crawled over to her. In moments, her thighs were going back and forth from tight against his head to wide open as his tongue worked its way into her. As far as Bobo could tell, this was Rosa's only sex life. But she seemed to enjoy it immensely.

His only sex life was...nothing. Wolf's sex life was...well...every once in a while, Wolfie got these urges and he spent days on end trying to hump him in the backyard. So far, Bobo had learned how to keep him from actually entering him, but Wolf still kept trying. That was Wolf's only sex life. And Bobo had to wonder, was it better than his? He was getting awfully frustrated...just like he knew Wolf had to be.

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Ugh! First he had to spend part of the afternoon with in dog training with Jose and Isabelle. Then he had to spend more of his afternoon stuck licking between Rosa's thighs. And now once again she was giving him dog food for dinner. Some reward! No reward! You'd think she would be more grateful for the work he had done on her with his tongue. His tongue had been exhausted by the time she finally let him stop. And now his reward – dog food! Ugh! But as always, he knew it was the only food she was going to give him, and hungry was hungry! Ugh!

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Games, games, games. But this one was one that completely held Bobo's attention. Once again Connie and Rosa were sitting on the couch with a big bowl of popcorn, throwing pieces of it at him to catch. The good news, he had already caught two pieces. The bad, Wolf was still getting most of it.

He watched the little piece of popcorn in Connie's hand. There, she tossed it. He desperately moved his head to catch it. Yes! Score! He chewed it up quickly while Wolf was all over him, searching the floor around him. Tough Wolfie! That one was mine!

As soon as he had swallowed the popcorn, he was ready for another one. Rosa was next, but...wait...what? They were both holding up a piece of popcorn.

"Ready?" Rosa said, "One...two...three!"

Bobo saw the two pieces coming. Both of them heading right at his head. He didn't know which way to move. He opened his mouth and tried, but they each hit his head and fell to the floor where Wolf gobbled them up before he could even see them. Not fair! Not fair! This was hard enough. Not that he could tell them any of that in words.

Oh! Connie has another piece. Watch it...watch it... Go! He lunged for the popcorn...and got it into his mouth. Wolf was searching the floor. Connie and Rosa were cheering – and so was he.

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Bobo was tired. He hadn't had as many naps today as he usually got. But...he had snatched more of that popcorn out of the air than ever. He didn't know how many he had gotten, but it was more than the two he had managed the first time.

His mind went back over his day...well, since the afternoon. Jose had put that thing on him. That...leash? He didn't know what to call it. But it had grabbed his nose and his ass at the same time and kept him from pulling or moving in any direction other than where Jose had wanted him. He hadn't even been able to turn his head. But with it, Jose had somehow taught him how to...run! Run! Not like a man, but like a dog. Jose had said trot,

but for Bobo, it had been running. How much better could he play now with Wolf, if he could move faster – run! How much more fun could they have together? Tomorrow, he was looking forward to finding out.

Chapter 19.

“Bobo...go! Quick! Pick it up. Get it into the basket. Get it Bobo. Go!”

The basket that held all of Wolf’s dog toys was in the middle of the floor, but the toys were all scattered everywhere around the room. And now Rosa and Connie had him trying to grab the toys and get them all back into the basket as fast as he could. How much easier would this be if he still had hands. As it was, he had only his mouth to work with now, so it took him forever. And still they kept urging him to do it faster. Faster!

Just picking some of those toys up with his mouth was difficult. He didn’t have a gigantic mouth like Wolf had. His mouth was small. And the game was made even more difficult because Wolf kept grabbing one toy to play with, then a minute later, he’d pick another one, and twice now he had taken the toys out of the basket that he had just put back in there. And still Rosa and Connie were urging him to do it faster.

Get that toy over there. Now this one over here. Quickly! Faster! Whew. He’d like to see them try it! He couldn’t smell any yet, but he was hoping that later they would throw the popcorn to him again. At least then he got some kind of reward for what he was doing – if he managed to catch any of it in his mouth.

“Over here Bobo. Get this one next!”

Ugh! He was certainly getting more exercise than he used to. Maybe more than at any time in his life!

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“Heel Bobo!” Rosa ordered as she took off walking around the backyard.

Heel? It was the first time anyone had used that word with him before. But what the heck? Besides, what choice did he have. She had put that darn choker collar on him again and he had two choices, go with her, or choke to death. Heel? No, as much as he’d like to laugh like a human, the thought really never entered his mind.

He certainly couldn’t miss when Rosa sped up and began doing her best to run a little. It took him a second or two, but once again he got the hang of “running” alongside her. It felt good, for a minute. But he got tired pretty quickly. He knew Wolf could jog around at that pace probably forever. But he couldn’t. And the good news? Rosa couldn’t either. Every time she tried it, she wore out faster than he did. After less than a minute, Rosa was back to walking around the yard again. Bobo was much happier.

He was even happier because after she was finished “walking” him, she had to do it with Wolfie. He got to sit there and watch as Rosa did her best to control the big dog...who actually seemed to enjoy being walked like that...mostly. It took Wolf a bit to get calmed down enough to stop fighting the choker collar, but once he did, he actually did pretty well.

And there Rosa went again. Trying to run. Wolf barely had to try to move faster at all. Bobo watched as Rosa tired out again, faster than she had with him. She certainly wasn't going to tire Wolf out by herself. No way. Besides, some days, Wolfie could play all day.

He watched as Rosa led Wolf back toward the porch, and then...uh-oh. He watched as Rosa did her best to slowly prod Wolf to go up one side of the ramp. It took a moment, but slowly, Wolf went up to the top...and of course, like he usually did, he jumped off the side. Bobo could have laughed at that too, but of course, he didn't. He watched Rosa try it again. On the third try, Wolf went up one side, then down the other. Mistake Wolfie! Now she's going to...yup! Bobo watched as Rosa made him go up and down the ramp three more times successfully.

Unfortunately, that was when Rosa dropped Wolf's leash. Uh-oh. He knew what was coming. He stood up as Rosa grabbed his leash and led him toward the ramp. Ugh! Why was the darn thing so narrow? If they had just made the entire thing a foot wider he'd have no problem with it at all. Up one side carefully...down the other side carefully. Turn around, go up carefully, down carefully. Turn around...wash...rinse...repeat.

He was glad when Rosa grabbed Wolf's leash again. He laid down on the grass to watch the impossible as Rosa led Wolf over to the plastic hurdle he was supposed to jump over. He watched as Rosa put the bar in place...a little lower than Jose usually put it. Bobo knew that Wolfie could jump that thing without even thinking about it – if he wanted to. But jumping over things wasn't one of Wolfie's favorite things to do. Jumping on top of him and trying to mate with him, that was Wolfie's favorite thing to do lately. Jose would have no problem trying to teach Wolfie that one! What Bobo wanted though, was for Jose to teach Wolfie NOT to do that. He had a feeling though that he wasn't going to get his wish in the matter. Nobody cared about a dog.

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Chicken for dinner! Chicken for dinner! Yum! Yum! Chicken! And mashed potatoes. And vegetables! Great dinner! Great dinner! Bobo gobbled it down like it was the greatest thing on earth. He took bite after bite and barely chewed it at all, he was so happy. After two days in a row of dog food, he was finally getting something real to eat. Chicken dinner!

And then...where'd it go? Bobo looked around. He had finished it already. He had thought there was plenty of food in his bowl, but now it was all gone. And Wolf was still on the other side of the room. Who ate all his dinner?

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“Come here my little angel,” Rosa said as she pulled her shorts and panties down. “Come here my angel Bobo.”

Ugh! Work time again. Sex time again. For her, not him. At least Wolfie got to play at it. But what could he do? Nothing! A big fat nothing! Ugh! Once again he put his tongue to work between Rosa's thighs. He had noticed that he was doing more and more of that lately. He had a feeling that all the "games" Rosa had been playing with him lately were keeping her turned on more than usual – at his expense.

As often happened, while he was licking, Wolf jumped up onto the couch and laid his head near Rosa's lap. Rosa pet his head while Bobo worked down below. Heaven! But not for him.

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"What do you think Jose?" Isabelle asked.

"I think it's a great idea," Jose replied. "We should do it."

"Super!" Isabelle exclaimed happily. "I'll try making up a nice colorful poster, and I'll create some handouts too."

Jose nodded. "We'll see what happens. If it works out, perhaps we can set up something regular."

"That was what I was thinking," Isabelle agreed.

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The doorbell rang. Wolf started barking, but he didn't run toward the door. Bobo, completely frightened, looked up from his napping spot between the chairs. Rosa was heading for the door. Wolf was already wandering in circles back and forth near the spot where Rosa was making them stay each time someone came. He was also growling and letting out small barks once in a while too. Bobo knew he would have no choice. He stood up and headed for his spot to sit, right next to Wolf.

Rosa reached the door. "Just a minute," she called to whoever was on the other side. She turned back toward Wolf. "Wolife! Stop it! Sit!" She waited until both her dogs were sitting quietly next to each other, then she opened the door a crack. "Um...just a moment," she said. She turned her head back toward the dogs. "Bobo. Bedroom! Now!" Bobo took off at a run, leaving Wolfe sitting where he was. Only then did Rosa fully open the door. "How are you," she said as she opened the door and let one of her tenants in. "Please excuse the wait, but I'm trying very hard to get Wolfie here under control."

"No problem the woman replied. "I remember how he was the last few times I stopped by."

"What can I do for you?" Rosa asked.

Back in the bedroom, Bobo laid down on the far side of the bed. This had become the routine every time someone who didn't know about him came to the door. Bobo was very grateful for it. If Rosa made him sit and stay in the living room, then more likely it was Connie, or perhaps Jose or Isabelle. Otherwise, Rosa sent him to the bedroom, where he went gratefully.

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"How's your house coming?" Rosa asked Connie as they shared dinner together. The two dogs were each chewing a large dog treat on the kitchen floor.

"What a mess!" Connie replied. "You'd think that after all this time it would at least look like something, but so far, I think it's going to take years instead of a few months."

Rosa smiled. "I told you not to stay there. It's always like that. But it will get better soon. You'll see."

"It better. Right now it looks like they're taking the whole house down instead of fixing it."

"It's a major renovation dear. They have to do that."

"Well...it's a mess! I can't wait until it's done though."

"I'm sure!" Rosa replied.

"Would you like to come out sometime and see what they've done?" Connie asked. "All it is so far is a bunch of destroyed walls and floors, but I can show it to you if you like."

"Connie. I love to. You know I do a lot of renovations myself. I'd love to see it."

"Great! You can tell me then if you still think they're fixing it, or destroying it."

Rosa laughed. "Tell you what. We can go tonight if you like. Right after dinner."

"Sure. That would be great Connie replied."

Rosa glanced down at the floor where Wolf and Bobo were laying with their dog treats, paying no attention to anything else. "Maybe...we can even take the dogs for a walk."

"Huh? The dogs?"

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Bobo was lying in the living room lamenting the dog food Rosa had given him for dinner again, when he saw her coming in with the leashes in her hand. Ugh! Back to the yard for more training. He could just barf. He noticed that Wolf, on the other hand, now seemed excited about it, once he noticed the leash. Stupid Wolfie. You should know better.

He sat up as Rosa leaned over him to let her slip the choker leash around his neck. Ugh. He didn't need anymore exercise today. And why the heck was she putting the leash on him in the living room? She usually either did that at the back door or out in the yard. Were they going to play some new game with him now? He hoped not.

He watched as Rosa handed his leash off to Connie before she headed for Wolf. Wolfie though, was so excited by the sight of the leash that Rosa was having a difficult time getting it on him. Eventually, perseverance won out and Wolf started pulling against the leash toward the back door.

"No Wolf! No! Heel! Wolfie. Stop! Sit!" She breathed a sigh of relief as Wolf finally sat and looked expectantly back at her.

Bobo wondered what was going on too. And then he felt Connie pulling on his leash, forcing him to stand up and walk...no! She was leading him toward the front door!

"Wolf! Stop it!" Rosa ordered. "Wolf! No! Stop pulling. Wolf...sit!" Rosa tried it again. Wolf pulled again and she pulled back hard on his leash. "No!" It took her three more tries to get the excited dog under control enough to get out the door. She paused to close it and lock it. She saw Connie and Bobo already down on the sidewalk leading toward the driveway, waiting for them. Something in her lurched with anticipation as she saw Bobo out in front of the house again, where anyone driving by could see him. She really needed to find a way to take him out of the house more.

She led Wolf down to her car where she opened the back door. Wolf needed no help as he jumped right in and seemed to go crazy running around the back seat. Before she let Bobo into the car, she lowered half of the split back seat so that the back of the seat became part of the floor for of the cargo area behind. Then she turned back to Connie. "Let's get him in."

Rosa led them around to the other side of the car where she hadn't put the back seat down yet. There was more room on the floor there for Bobo to climb in.

Bobo didn't want to get into the car, but he didn't want to be out where anyone could see him either. He did his best to try and climb up into the car. He felt Connie helping him a little as she lifted his rear end up. And then he was in. Gratefully out of sight. But with the other half of the seat down, he had almost no room on the floor.

"Up on the seat Bobo," Rosa ordered.

Do what? He didn't want to get up there.

"Up!" Rosa said again.

Ugh. No, no, no! But he turned and did his best to climb from the floor onto the seat.

"Now up off the seat," Rosa said next.

No! Not up there! Bobo turned to look pleadingly back at her.

"Up!" Rosa said. "Move it Bobo! Get up there!" She pushed him a bit, and Bobo had no choice but to climb up into the now big back area where Wolf was running around to look

out each of the windows. As soon as he was there with Wolf, Rosa let the back seat down, giving them even more room in the back. More room, but he was up higher, and there were windows all around. Anyone could see him there. What was Rosa thinking? But he had no way to ask. A minute later, he sat and stared out the big back window as Rosa backed her car out of the driveway.

Where were they going? What was Rosa trying to do? This was...crazy! He laid down on the floor, not only did it help keep him in place every time the car turned, but he was praying it would help to keep him out of sight of the rest of the cars. He had serious doubts though if that would work.

Rosa did her best to ignore the dogs in the back seat, but that was difficult. Wolfie kept moving around to look everywhere he could, and Bobo, who she was most interested in, was just lying there, keeping his head down too. She had a feeling he was hoping nobody could see him. And what if they did? Who was going to ask her about it while they were driving? Nobody! She smiled. Maybe she should go the long way to Connie's new house where she could take Bobo through a bit more traffic. No. Better not. Not this time anyway. But next time?

The ride to Connie's house was only five minutes. Rosa was glad to see no cars or trucks in the yard when she drove into the driveway. That meant she could take the two dogs in with her. If any of the workers had still been there, she would have left them in the car. Getting Wolf out of the car was easy. The hard part with him was controlling him once he was out. Getting Bobo out was another matter. She had to order him out, and then wait while he tried to negotiate the drop from the floor of the car down to the ground. But eventually he was out. Rosa took Wolf's leash and she handed Bobo over to Connie and they led the two dogs toward the front door of the house.

Connie's new house was set on a large semi-private lot, where it wasn't easy for the neighbors or people driving by to see who was coming in or going out. She knew that because of Connie's profession, she had looked for just such a place so she wouldn't have to rent a dungeon anywhere else. As soon as her new house was finished, Connie would be working from home from now on. Not paying the rental rates for her current dungeon would also save her quite a bit of money. As it was, she now had a few customers that were coming to the basement of the house she was renting next door, but most of Connie's equipment was still downtown.

Bobo was looking around desperately. He was out in the open again where anyone could see him. So far, he couldn't see anyone else looking. In fact, the way the yard and the trees were set up, he couldn't even see any other houses. Still, he was grateful when Connie led him straight to the front door. But where was Wolf? While Connie was unlocking her door, he looked back. There he was. Peeing against that bush. Marking his territory probably. A moment later, Wolf seemed happy and contented and literally pulled Rosa toward the door.

Bobo followed Connie into the house. It was darker inside, and it smelled like...sawdust? Looking around, the place was a wreck! He had heard Connie and Rosa talking about renovations, but he hadn't fully understood the scope of what that meant. Moving forward

because Connie was moving, he stayed with Connie as she moved further into the house. And then Connie dropped his leash.

With the two dogs left to wander, Connie started giving Rosa a tour of what they had done to her house so far. Room after room, they slowly wandered. Bobo was staying right near them. Wolf however was moving quickly through the house, smelling everything he could.

“Hello?”

Bobo panicked and froze at the sound. And immediately he heard Wolf barking and running toward the front door. He saw Connie running that direction too.

“Bobo here!” Rosa whispered urgently. They were in the kitchen area. There was no door on the pantry closet, but it was the best place Rosa could find for Bobo to hide. She left him immediately to try and tend to Wolf who she could hear growling in the distance. “Wolfie! No! Stop it!” she yelled as she hurried to find him.

“The foreman who had just stopped by to check something was standing outside with the door closed.”

Connie had grabbed Wolf’s leash and was doing her best to control him. “Here, give him to me,” Rosa said as soon as she got there. Connie gratefully handed over the leash. Only when Rosa had Wolf under control did she open the door. “Sorry about that,” she said to the man who was rebuilding her house. “I was just giving my friend a tour.”

Seeing that the big dog was now under control, the foreman cautiously entered. “I just wanted to see if they got the kitchen plumbing moved yet,” he said, keeping a close watch on Wolf.

“Oh!” Connie exclaimed. She looked around and didn’t see Bobo. Where was he? In the kitchen? “You have to check now?”

“It will only take a moment,” he replied.

With his eyes still on Wolf, the foreman headed straight for the kitchen. Connie and Rosa followed closely, Rosa holding tightly onto Wolf to keep him away from the man.

The foreman entered the kitchen and his eyes went straight to where the kitchen sink was going to be relocated. Rosa, with Wolf, stopped in front of the open pantry door, hoping to block any sight he might have of Bobo, who she saw was cowering in the back.

From the back of the closet area, Bobo had seen the man walk by. What should he do if the man saw him? He didn’t have a clue. And then his view of the man was totally blocked by Rosa and Wolf’s furry body. In the back of the closet, he prayed the man wouldn’t notice him.

The foreman carefully inspected all the plumbing changes. Taking his time to make sure it all appeared to be done the way it was supposed to be. He finally stood up and smiled. “Looks good,” he said happily to Connie. Now we can start moving forward in here again.”

“You mean it’s finally going to start looking like something?” Connie asked, sounding relieved.

“The new cabinets are ready, they just have to be delivered,” the man replied as he casually headed back toward the front door, once again keeping a close eye on what the big dog was doing. He paused a moment as something white caught his eye back behind the dog and the woman standing with him. Another dog? But then the big dog moved closer to him and he decided he didn’t need to see if there was another dog in the house with them. Besides, what did it matter anyway. He beat a quick retreat out to the front door where he wouldn’t have to worry anymore about that big dog they had in there.

Once the man was gone, Rosa dropped Wolf’s leash. Wolf barked a couple of times at the sound of the man’s truck starting up, but he did little else. This time, Wolf stayed with the women as they went back to the kitchen to continue their tour of the house. Bobo, just stayed in the closet until it was time to go home.

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“Come here my little angel,” Rosa said a few hours later as she sat on the sofa. She pushed Wolf’s big head off her lap for a moment so she could pull her shorts and panties down and take them off. “Come here my angel she called again.”

Bobo forced himself to his feet. Maybe Rosa loved this, but he certainly didn’t. But then, she was getting all the pleasure, while he got nothing but agonizing work! Work, and further frustration. Because all it did for him, was to remind him of what he couldn’t do. Never mind that Wolf was probably just as frustrated as he was, but at least Wolf got to exercise his penis once in a while when he tried mounting him out in the backyard. Lately, Wolf had been at it enough that it felt more like the big dog was trying to rape him, which he supposed was what it really was. Fortunately, he had long ago learned how to keep Wolf from actually doing that.

“That’s a good little angel,” Rosa cooed as Bobo once again stuck his head between her thighs. His lips made contact with her lips down there, and his tongue reached out. “Ahh! My angel,” Rosa sighed happily.

Twenty minutes later, Rosa let Bobo go back to his hiding place between the chairs. His face, as always was a mess. She sometime laughed at the sight of him like that. And he had no way to really wash it all off, other than to stick his face in his water bowl, which he sometimes did. This time, she saw him briefly wipe at it with his front leg, smearing some of the mess there as well as his face.

She had been keeping him in this condition for some time now. And Bobo was bringing her more delight than ever...in a number of ways. But now a new thought crossed her mind. It had been a long time for him. A long time in one important way. Dogs...real dogs...were one thing, but Bobo was still human under those bindings. And for human men, going that long without a little relief wasn’t healthy. But then, eating dog food more days than not wasn’t exactly healthy either. But it wasn’t the dog food that was on Rosa’s mind. It was

sex. And in particular, whatever buildup in Bobo's body that probably needed to be attended to.

She sighed. Tomorrow she was going to have to tend to that little chore, whether Bobo liked it or not. In the end, it was for his own good.

Chapter 20

What good...is a tail? None! It just hangs back there bouncing around. You can't grab anything with it. It gets hung in the door if you don't move fast enough to get it through. It's too easy for someone to grab when you're walking and pull you to a stop. And it certainly...certainly...does nothing to keep Wolfie from trying his best to rape you. What good is a tail? None! Nothing! It's useless!

Bobo sighed with frustration as he once again managed to keep Wolfie from "entering" him from behind. Didn't that damn dog ever quit? No! He loved this game. Fortunately, he didn't play it that often. He just got in these...moods...every once in a while, and he would go at it for a few days. Then he'd suddenly stop. Fortunately.

Bobo would run away from him, and he knew he was running faster now, but his top speed was pretty much nothing compared to how fast Wolfie could move. The two of them seemed to play harder than ever now out in the yard...and sometimes in the house too. He and Wolf had both gotten their back ends swatted a couple of times by Rosa for being...too playful in the house. But...hey! It wasn't his fault. Wolf liked to play and they just got...carried away.

There was still a slight bit of misty rain in the early morning air, and he was getting all wet as he and Wolf rolled around on the ground or chased each other. Um...when wolf was in these stupid moods, Wolf did all the chasing and he was pretty much stuck doing all the running away. Which never seemed to work. He didn't care about the rain or being wet. He only cared about keeping Wolf away from his back end. And when Wolf did manage to get a bit too close, keeping that big thing of his from getting into him. You'd think that with the tail they put on him, that thing would at least help that situation, but no.

What good is a tail? It's no good at all! Useless!

"Wolfie... Bobo..."

The sound of Rosa calling from the back door pulled Wolf off of him. Finally! He breathed a small sigh of relief, then he ran after Wolf who was already bounding up the steps. As he ran, he saw Rosa there with a towel to dry Wolf off a little. The moment he got to the top of the steps, Rosa applied the towel to him too. He was grateful. He actually liked the feel of the towel rubbing over his body. He actually felt cleaner whenever she did that to him. The moment Rosa opened the door, Wolf ran in first and he followed.

Bacon! He could smell bacon! Oh boy! He hungrily paced around on the kitchen floor...waiting. His stomach growled. He took a quick drink from his water bowl, hoping it would calm his waiting stomach. Bacon! Yum! Except, like Wolfie, he had to wait. Ugh!

He laid down on the floor and tried to be patient while Rosa sat at the kitchen table leisurely eating her breakfast. Only when she was done did he and Wolfie get any of the extra bacon she had cooked, crumbled up and split between them in each of their bowls. He gobbled it down fast...and it was so good! Bacon! Yum! He just wanted a whole lot more of it.

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It was mid-morning when Rosa checked out the window again. The rain had stopped earlier and now the sun was out full and bright. It would be another hot day today, and after the rain earlier, probably humid as well. “Wolfie... Bobo,” she called as she headed for the back door. Once both dogs were finally in the kitchen, she let them back out into the yard to play...before they got too rambunctious in the house again. And she had noticed the way Wolf seemed to be very interested in playing lately. Which reminded her of the little task she had decided she needed to take care of today.

She watched as Bobo squatted down to pee over toward the side of the yard. Wolf was heading toward the very back of the yard to do his business there. She had no doubt that once they were done, the two of them would be playing and running all over the yard again. She decided to let them play for a while before she got down to business with Bobo.

As she stood there, she saw Bobo sitting a few feet away from where he had peed. He was watching Wolfie in the back of the yard. She saw him shake his head briefly as he sat there. Then he shook it again. It was a moment before she realized why he was doing that. He was trying to shake the hair out of his eyes.

His hair had been slowly getting longer for some time now, and now it seemed to be bothering him more. She had purposely not cut his hair back when she had first put him in those dog bindings that Tolliver had made. She hadn't cut it for several reasons. But mostly it had been because she liked the way it looked when she pulled it into two little pony tails over top of each of his ears. Except, she was too lazy to bother fixing his hair like that.

Another thing that she had noticed for a while now, was Bobo's beard. It wasn't really that much, but after not shaving at all for so long, Bobo now had a very hairy face. Not long hair there, just...hairy. Much like many dogs had. She smiled at that. It was something she hadn't even thought about when she had started this little project.

She watched as Wolf now bounded from the back of the yard straight at Bobo. Bobo, seeing him coming, stood waiting. His tail still moving back and forth from the movement of just getting up. Wolf suddenly ran faster at Bobo, and she watched as Bobo waited until the last moment to move to the side so that Wolf ran right past him. And then Bobo turned and ran into Wolf, knocking him to the side. She smiled as she saw Wolf turn around and push his big head against Bobo, nearly knocking him to the ground.

It was the same old play she had seen them do often together. And Rosa absolutely loved seeing it. Her little plan to turn Brian into a dog had seemed to work far better than she ever imagined. She was seeing a man...who she was forcing to live as a dog...acting like a dog. And that's what she saw from Bobo most of the time now. The very thought of it made her wet again inside her panties.

Yes, she would get some relief from Bobo later today. But first...today was when she was going to give...sort of...some relief to Bobo. He just probably wouldn't like it. Most men

didn't at first, but later they learned to like it. But then, some men seemed to love it right away. She wondered which type Bobo was going to be.

She headed into the house. No time like the present. She gathered up everything she thought she would need. It had been a long time now since she had done this, and this would be Bobo's first time. Quite possibly his last time too. But she didn't know what the future would bring. She carried everything out to the porch where she saw Wolf once again trying to "mount" Bobo in the middle of the yard. She watched as Bobo dropped to the ground and rolled to keep Wolfie from actually doing it. Well, Bobo wasn't going to get away from her that easily.

"Bobo..." she called. "Come!"

Bobo heard Rosa calling, but just then he was having a problem with Wolfie laying right on top of him.

"Wolf! Get off of Bobo! Let her up!"

Wolf got up, and ran straight to Rosa as she descended the steps into the yard. He sniffed for a moment at the things she was carrying in her hands.

"Bobo... Come!" Rosa commanded again.

Bobo moved a bit faster. He saw her hands were full, but he couldn't tell what she was carrying. More training? She usually did that with them in the afternoons. He went up to her and sat, waiting to see what she would want with him now.

Rosa was happy to see that the grass wasn't too wet when she knelt down next to Bobo. "Stay!" she commanded, even though she probably didn't need to say it. She pushed Wolf away who was being a bit too curious and nosy. She grabbed her latex gloves and pulled them on, noticing the suddenly worried look on Bobo's face. Good! But just wait until he found out the rest.

Bobo didn't know what to make of the gloves she was pulling on her hands. Why? Gloves like that seemed a bit...frightening. Why was she putting gloves like that on?

Rosa grabbed Bobo's collar. "Stand," she commanded and pulled on the collar a bit until he was standing up. "Stay!" Still holding his collar, she moved until she could get at his backside easier. She let go of his collar and grabbed the tube of lubrication jell she had brought out. She began applying it overly liberally all over one of her dildo's she had chosen for this operation.

Bobo didn't know what Rosa was doing. He couldn't turn far enough to see. But he was very nervous standing there. Wolf suddenly came by and licked his face. Bobo nuzzled him for a moment before Wolf wandered around to see what Rosa was doing again. If only Wolf could tell him what was going... Ahhhh! He let out a little yip as he felt Rosa suddenly grabbing his tail and then rubbing her finger against his ass!

Rosa pushed Bobo's tail out of the way and began applying a large amount of the lubricant to Bobo's asshole. She grabbed his collar with one hand to keep him there, then she pushed most of the lubricant right up inside. Way up inside. She did her best to get it all up into

him. He was a newbie to this. His asshole would be very tight. The extra lubrication was going to be needed.

When she was an active dominatrix, she sometimes did this with just her fingers. But she had learned over time that by using something bigger instead of her fingers that it wasn't only easier on her hands, but it was more humiliating for the men as well. Now that she had opened Bobo up a bit with her finger, she grabbed the dildo and positioned it right up against his hole that was now dripping with the lubrication. She pushed, slowly but surely. "Move Wolfie!" she said, trying to get the big dogs nose out of her way. "Move!"

Bobo's eyes nearly popped out of his head. She was sticking something up inside of him now, and it was a lot bigger than her finger had been. And it was still going in! What was going on? Why was she doing this. The pressure of her pulling one way against his collar, and whatever she was pushing up inside of him going the opposite direction, kept him rooted in place.

Rosa pushed her dildo most of the way in, then she pulled it out. In, then out. She did that a few times, trying to spread the lubrication and to get him used to it being there. But finally, she pushed it in part way, and left it in that position. Then she began slowly pushing the tip of it down, then moving it up. Down, then rocking it up. Over and over. Slowly trying to use it to massage Bobo's prostate gland that she was sure was overly loaded with sperm just then. In no time, she started to see the results of her work leaking out from under him.

Bobo didn't know what was going on. Whatever she was doing to him, now made him feel like he was peeing or something, and she wasn't stopping. He felt Wolf next to him again, his head now going down to the ground under him.

"Wolf! No! Move away," Rosa commanded as Wolf tried to get at the cum, being pressed out of Bobo as it landed on the grass below him. She was glad to see Wolf move back, but he wasn't going far. And once again, Wolf was there, sticking his big nose into the work she was doing on Bobo's backside. "Wolf! Stop it. Move away!" Wolf moved, but not far.

Rosa watched the cum leaking out. It gradually slowed. A few moments later, she was working on him, but she saw only a few drips still leaking out. She pulled the dildo out of him. His ass was now leaking the lubrication. Should she bother doing something with it? Wipe it up? She had forgotten to bring anything out with her to do that. Oh well. He was a dog. It didn't matter anyway.

"Okay Bobo. Go play."

Play? Bobo moved away as fast as he could. He saw Rosa gathering up her things and then standing up. Wolf was fixed on a patch of grass where he had been standing. He saw Wolf licking at it for a few moments before Wolf finally moved away. By that time Rosa was up the steps and heading toward the door.

His ass felt funny. Strange. He moved his hips, trying to get it to feel normal again. But all that did was to set his tail wagging again. Ugh! He noticed that he felt different now. Something inside him felt a bit calmer, but he wasn't sure what that was. And then Wolf was

back again, jumping on top of him, knocking him over, trying to play. He had no choice but to play back.

In the house, Rosa cleaned everything up and put her “toys” away. Then, because it had been so nice outside, she went out to the porch for a bit to sit. Her two dogs were running around the yard again. Bobo was trying to get away from Wolf, who was right there with him. Bobo moved one way, and Wolf turned to follow. But before long, Wolf was on top of Bobo again and Wolf was... That damn dog was at it again. Poor Bobo. Well, she had seen Wolf trying to mount Bobo before. She had seen it many times in fact. Bobo had now gotten some relief...of a sort. But she wasn't about to do that for Wolf! No...way!

Ugh! Bobo was trying again to get away from Wolf, but his mind was only half on that. He couldn't help but continue to think about what Rosa had just done to him. She had stuck something big into his rear end and she had moved it all around. And it had felt...good! Very good! Why had she done that? He still didn't have a clue.

But now he was stuck again with Wolfie trying to stick something else into his rear end. Why did Wolfie have to get this way? Why couldn't Rosa have had him fixed when he was a puppy. He'd never know. Now he was stuck with Wolf continually trying to have sex with him as if he was a female dog. Ugh!

He rolled over on the ground one way and Wolf moved with him, he quickly changed direction and Wolf didn't realize he was going to do it. He was free again for a few moments. He took off away from Wolf as fast as he could. But it was only seconds before Wolf was back, right next to him for a moment, then before he knew what was happening, Wolf had his front legs over his back again and was slowing him down to a stop. He tried moving forward to get away, but Wolf stayed right with him. And then he felt Wolf poking him again with his big stupid penis. Right up against his asshole! And he remembered the feel of whatever Rosa had shoved up inside of him. It had felt. Nice. Good. What would it feel like if he let Wolf actually enter him back there? Did he dare?

Rosa stood up from the swing and walked to the railing for a better look. It looked like Wolf was getting further with Bobo than she had ever seen before. Fascinated, she could do nothing but stand there and watch.

Wolf was still trying to pound away at him back there, but he was keeping his asshole firmly closed, except it still felt like there was something in there that shouldn't be. Whatever Rosa had put in there earlier had felt good. Did he dare? Would Wolf's penis feel good in there? Did he dare? Nearly shaking with worry, he stood there and tried relaxing his ass muscles just a tiny bit. He felt Wolf suddenly go into him a little bit. Wolf's pace seemed to suddenly pick up and the force he was pushing with increased. He could literally feel an urgency in Wolf he hadn't felt before.

Bobo loosened up his asshole muscles a bit more, and Wolf shoved a bit harder than he expected, and it seemed like Wolf was suddenly way into him, far easier than he had expected.

Rosa's eyes nearly bulged out of her head. Was Wolf actually inside of Bobo now? Had he actually managed it? Was Bobo now letting him? She remembered all that lubrication she had put up inside of Bobo...and then left it there. She had no doubt that was making some of the difference. But the big question now was...was Bobo actually letting...or wanting Wolf to do that? She couldn't be sure.

Bobo felt Wolf pumping in and out of him so very fast now! He tried moving forward a bit to get Wolf out of him, but Wolf moved right with him. He tried tightening his muscles, but that did nothing since Wolf was already up inside him. This was wrong! This was wrong, wrong, wrong! But he couldn't stop it.

And then he felt Wolf suddenly stop...still lodged up inside him. Had Wolfie actually cum inside him? He didn't know. He wasn't sure if he wanted to know. What if he had? What if Wolfie had actually done it...up inside him? And if he had, what was he supposed to do about it? Now that Wolfie seemed to be done, he again tried moving forward, but Wolfie was staying right with him. Worse, his asshole now felt like Wolf was even bigger inside him than it had been before. He tried moving away again, but Wolf still stayed on top of him, still moving right with him. What was he supposed to do? It took a few moments of standing there before he finally felt like Wolf wasn't as big in there anymore. And Wolf suddenly pulled out of him. Finally. He stood there perfectly still, trying to figure out what had gone on, and what he should do about it? Wolf came over and licked his face, but he was in too much shock to respond.

Rosa shook her head. She had witnessed it all. She wasn't sure if she believed it, but she had witnessed it. She headed back into the house. Two minutes later, she was on the phone. "Connie? You'll never believe what I just saw."

Out in the yard, Bobo headed slowly for the steps. Wolf was already up on the porch and was now lying down. Bobo chose a place to lay...far away from him. What had he just allowed Wolf to do to him? It certainly hadn't hurt. In fact, at times it didn't feel that bad. But it was just so wrong! So very, very wrong! He couldn't believe that he had let Wolf do that to him.

Why did Wolf have to be so determined to try all the time? Why? And having that tail stuck back there did no good at all in keeping Wolf away from him back there.

What good was a tail? No good at all.

Chapter 21

Wag the tail, wag the tail. Ho-hum. Wag the tail. Not being able to move his legs or his feet had been maddening for a long time. Surprisingly, not being able to move his fingers had been slightly easier, but that too had been maddening. Over time though, he was gradually becoming more used to it. He had no idea how long it had been now since Rosa had stuck him into his dog bindings, one day was pretty much like another. He no longer had any real sense of time. But over that unknown amount of time, he did realize that it was getting easier for him, and dare he think it, it was all starting to feel pretty normal to him now.

Did he miss his hands? Yes, of course he did. But that too was becoming more normal. He no longer thought about not having his hands to grab something. Now, grabbing anything with his mouth was beginning to be normal for him.

He had no hands and he no longer had “human” legs, but there was one part of his legs and feet that he could still move, and that was his toes. Even though they too had their own restrictions, because moving his toes, meant that every time he did it, he wagged his darn tail. But since his legs were bound up so tightly, moving those toes was important to him, if only because that bit of exercise was a way to keep the blood flowing through his legs and feet. So he found himself wagging his tail more and more often...just for the sake of moving some of those muscles and keeping the blood flowing. The fact that Rosa seemed to be delighted to see him wagging his tail so often meant nothing to him...except the few times when she bothered to pet him for doing it. That part was nice. Sort of.

He saw Wolf turn his head quickly toward the front door. Bobo knew he had heard something. The resulting barking didn't surprise him at all. While Wolf was barking occasionally and sniffing at the front door, Bobo wandered over to his “waiting spot.”

“Wolf! Stop it! Go sit!” Rosa ordered. She watched as Wolf reluctantly walked back next to Bobo where he turned in circles a few times. The knock came at the door and Wolf barked again. “Wolf...sit!” Rosa ordered. She watched and waited until the big dog was where he belonged. She carefully opened the door a crack, then swung it wide.

Bobo had been waiting for the signal to head for the bedroom. He was ready to bolt in that direction, but the moment he saw the door opening wider, he knew someone that knew him was outside. A moment later, he wasn't surprised to see Jose and Isabelle. He sat and watched as the two of them came into the house. Once they were in though, Wolf got up and trotted over to them. Bobo watched as Isabelle reached down and pet Wolf's head.

“They are doing much better,” Jose noted. “This one could still use some discipline as far as staying put a bit longer, but at least he came over looking for some friendly attention.”

“I can't tell you how much better he's been,” Rosa replied. “I'm really delighted.

“Don't let up!” Jose cautioned her. “Don't get lazy and let him backslide. If you do, you'll be starting all over again.”

Rosa smiled. "Don't worry. I've worked too hard to get him to this point now."

Jose nodded. "Shall we go outside?"

A few minutes later, Bobo found himself in the backyard, with the choker chain around his neck and the leash dragging on the ground since nobody was holding it. He laid down on the grass and watched as Jose and Isabelle watched Rosa putting Wolf through all of the things they had been working on for weeks now. Wolf walked right alongside Rosa, perfectly (for once). He went up the ramp and down the other side perfectly...which he often didn't do. And the big surprise came when he jumped the hurdle perfectly too. What was up with Wolfie today? He wasn't his usual self at all!

And then it was his turn. Trot as fast as he could around the yard with Rosa. Up and over the ramp, but a lot slower than Wolf had done it. And then for fun, Rosa led him to the hurdle, where he crawled under the thing since there was no way he could jump.

"Very good," Jose praised Rosa. Bobo noticed that he didn't praise him or Wolf at all. "I think it's time we can introduce some new things for them."

Jose disappeared out the gate. When he came back, he had something round made of a colorful material in his arms. Bobo watched as he set it on the grass, and then stretched the thing out into a long tube. And then Bobo saw Isabelle heading for him. She picked up his leash and led him over to the big open end. "Okay, Bobo," Isabelle said as she dropped his leash. "Let's show Wolf how this should be done. Go in there. Go through the tunnel. All the way through and out the other side."

Do what? Bobo wasn't sure he had heard her right.

"Go on Bobo. Through the tunnel."

Bobo looked skeptically up at her.

"Bobo. You can do it. Go!" Isabelle gave him a little push in the right direction.

Bobo started through the tunnel. The moment he did, it felt like the walls of the tunnel were closing in on him. He could easily see the opening at the far end. Having little choice now, he crawled his way through it, which was difficult because the floor of the tunnel wasn't exactly flat. With the ceiling and walls of the round tunnel pressing so close, Bobo paused for a moment. Where was this thing when Wolfie was trying so hard to mate with him? If he had this tunnel in the yard, it would have been the perfect way for him to keep Wolfie away. He continued on and was soon out the other side, where Wolf greeted him with a quick lick to his face. He nuzzled the big dog's neck in return.

"Good girl, Bobo," Isabelle praised him. "Very good."

Bobo got a chance to take another break while they worked trying to get Wolf to go through the tunnel...an exercise in futility for sure. After ten minutes, they still hadn't gotten Wolf to go in. Bobo heard them talking about next time and the fact that some dogs took longer than others. Blah, blah, blah. He didn't blame Wolfie one bit for staying out of that thing.

And then, it seemed like sooner than usual, they removed the choker collar and leash from his neck and all the "humans" went back in the house, leaving him and Wolfie alone in the

yard. Wolf immediately ran over and jumped on him, ready to play. Why not? Bobo rolled around and jumped over Wolf's back. The two of them played in the yard, just like they did every day.

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Rosa and Jose waited while Isabelle ran out to the truck then came back again. Once back in the house, she handed Rosa a piece of paper. "This is what we wanted to talk to you about," Isabelle said to her.

Rosa looked at the paper. It was an advertisement for...a dog training and obedience class. "A obedience class?"

"Yes. Jose and I are trying to put one together at the club. So far, we have eight dogs signed up, but we still have plenty of room for more. We think it would be very beneficial for you to participate too."

"Me? You want me to take Wolfie to this? But he's already pretty well trained now. Besides, you've been working with him privately right here. Why would I need this?"

It was Jose who replied. "Wolf is a big dog, but he's never been around other dogs. We feel it would be very good for him to learn to behave himself around other dogs."

Rosa thought about it. "I guess that would be a good idea...just in case he ever had to be somewhere where other dogs were around."

"Exactly."

"The only problem is, that I didn't want to do anything with Wolfie that I didn't do with Bobo."

"Rosa," Isabelle, said. "We're holding this at the club. All the people coming are all members of the club."

"But how will they feel about my situation with Bobo. He's not a...normal dog."

"I don't know," Isabelle replied.

"Besides," Rosa added. "I have two dogs. How can I do this with both Wolf and Bobo at the same time. I have a feeling that Wolf would be enough of a handful as it is."

"True," Jose replied. "But how about your friend Connie? Do you think that maybe she would be able to help?"

"Connie? You think one of us should take Wolf, and the other one Bobo?"

"Exactly."

Rosa shook her head. "I don't know. I think Connie would probably do it. She does rather enjoy teasing Bobo, but I'd have to ask her. My biggest concern however is everyone else in your class. I'm just not sure how they would feel having a dog like Bobo in the mix."

"I guess..." Isabelle replied. "I can ask them. I can call each of them and see if there are any objections."

Rosa continued to consider it. She turned to Jose. "And you really think this would be good for Wolf?"

"I do," Jose replied. "He's never been socialized. He's lived most of his life in that backyard. He's never been around other dogs, and I'm guessing you don't take him anywhere else in public either."

"Not really," Rosa replied. "Mostly to the vet, and that's about it."

"Then this would be the perfect opportunity," Jose told her. "Good for him, and you, on many levels."

"And," Isabelle added, "I have no doubt that you'd be even more interested in having Bobo in that class."

"Yes, there is that," Rosa had to admit. "Call the other people though. Please see what they think."

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Out in the backyard, Bobo was becoming concerned. Once again Wolf was jumping on him like he was wanting to mate with him again. It had been a while now since he had done that. A while now since...he had let Wolf get into him. As he rolled and played with Wolf, trying to keep him away, thoughts of that last time refused to leave his mind.

As they jumped all over each other and rolled around on the grass, they bumped up against the new tunnel. Bobo barked at Wolf, then playfully ran into the tunnel. He stopped a short way in. Wolf was looking in at him, but didn't want to follow. Bobo crawled all the way through to the other side. Wolf was still looking at him through the opening where he went in. Bobo crawled out and looked back at Wolf from the outside. He barked playfully again to get Wolf's attention. Wolf saw him and bounded over where he licked Bobo's face. Bobo crawled backwards into the tunnel where Wolf again refused to go in.

Yeah, where was this tunnel thing when he needed it. The only question now was...did he want Wolf jumping all over him and trying to mate with him? He backed all the way out of the tunnel where he barked at Wolf, then headed somewhere else in the yard. In moments, Wolf was all over him again and they were rolling around on the soft grass.

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"Come here my little angel?" Rosa said.

Ugh! Once again Bobo wearily dragged himself to his feet and headed for Rosa, where she was just removing her shorts and panties. In moments, his head was again stuck between her legs.

“Ahh! So good,” Rosa sighed. “My little angel.” She giggled as she remembered the proposed dog training class that Jose and Isabelle were trying to put together at the club.

Looking down at Bobo, her mind remembered everything she had forced him to do. She had forced him. None of it was anything he wanted. None of it! By her own strength of will, she had taken a man, and forced him to live totally like a dog. Using only her will, she had slowly reduced him, slowly taken away every shred of his humanity, and forced him to become nothing more than an animal...a pet! Just thinking about it, and seeing Bobo now with his head stuck between her legs, doing her bidding in ways that other dogs...or humans...wouldn't, was stimulating her tremendously. Her first orgasm came quickly at those thoughts.

She had taken a human being.... No! She had taken a man! And she had reduced him to living completely, one hundred percent of the time, as a total dog. It had been a week now since she had fed him anything but dog food! And he couldn't even complain! Her second orgasm was building now, and all other thoughts left her head for a while.

As her orgasm receded, she breathed in deeply, completely awash in the wonderful feelings of sex...sex being given to her because she had dominated a man into becoming nothing more than a total dog...and then she had taken him and forced him to do this to her too. Wonderful!

As her mind somewhat came back to her, she stared down at Bobo's back. He was still working between her legs, still licking her to marvelous feelings inside. She had taken this human, and not only forced him to live as a dog, but for the last few months, she had him working with dog trainers out in the back yard to do...dog tricks! She chuckled, at that thought, and some spot that Bobo's tongue hit sent her awash in wonderful feelings again.

She calmed down as she remembered the latest new thing. Jose and Isabelle wanted her to include Bobo in a dog obedience class. A class with other dogs. A class with other people. A class being held in a semi-public place! Should she actually do it? Did she dare do it? She could just picture him, out in public, a leash on his neck, being put through a common dog class like any other dog...around other dogs...and people! Picturing it and thinking about it, suddenly sent her into an absolutely mind-blowing orgasm. One of the strongest she'd had in ages!

It was several minutes before she could think again. Should she do it? As she felt yet another orgasm building so quickly, she knew without a doubt that she would. There would be no way she couldn't!

“Aaaaahhhh! My Angel!” she cried!

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“Hello Connie?”

“Rosa. How are you?”

“Good. How’s your house coming?”

“Oh Rosa, you should see it. It’s almost done. Just a few more days and I’ll be able to move in again. You’ve got to come out and see it.”

“Any time you like, dear,” Rosa replied.

“How about tomorrow,” Connie suggested. “If we go in the evening, we can even take the dogs again.”

Rosa laughed. “That sounds like a marvelous idea. And speaking of dogs.... Listen Connie, I’m considering doing something.”

“What’s that?”

“Jose and Isabelle are holding a dog obedience class at the club. They think I should bring Wolf and Bobo.”

“Bobo?”

“Yes! And I hate to admit it, but...well the thought of it....”

Connie laughed. “I fully understand. So do it.”

“That’s just it,” Rosa replied. “If I take both dogs, then I’m going to need help. I can only handle one dog at a time. Jose and Isabelle suggested I ask you to see if you would be willing to help me.”

“You mean me take one of them to the class?”

“Yes. Exactly.”

Connie thought about it. “I’ve got Bobo! You can handle the monster!”

Rosa laughed.

Chapter 22

What now? Bobo's nervousness went way up again when Rosa and Connie came into the living room carrying the two leashes...the ones with choker collars. Wolf went crazy with excitement, Bobo wanted to run. But running wouldn't work. There was no place in the house he could go where they couldn't easily find him. In minutes, Rosa was leading Wolf out the front door, and Connie was dragging Bobo out as well.

Bobo was out in front of the house. Out where anyone driving by could see him. He put up no resistance at all as Connie led him toward Rosa's small SUV. In fact, he pulled her! Wolf jumped up into the back seat, then went up again into the larger rear area. Connie and Rosa had to help Bobo up into the car, but once there, he got up onto the seat, then climbed from there into the larger back area. Rosa let the back seat down to give her two dogs more room.

Where were they going? Bobo desperately wondered about that. Why were they going? That was an even bigger question. He figured Wolf didn't care where they were going. Wolf was only excited to be going...anywhere! Bobo laid down in the back area to make himself as invisible as possible.

There were no trucks at the house when they got there. There were no vehicles of any kind. "It looks like it's safe to bring the dogs in," Connie commented as Rosa parked her car in the driveway.

Bobo dared to poke his head up to look out the back window. He saw...nobody around. Turning his head to look out the side window, he saw Connie's new house. The moment Connie opened the rear door, Wolf jumped out before she even let the seat down. Bobo had to wait for Rosa to put half of the rear seat down before he could climb down from the back area, and then nervously work his way all the way out of the car. Once down on the ground, Connie grabbed his leash and led him toward the front door. Again, he not only put up no resistance, he pulled her to try to get her to go faster. The sooner he could get inside, the sooner he would be out of sight.

"I thought you had trained Bobo to walk better than this," Connie complained to Rosa as she pulled back on Bobo's leash.

Rosa was having her own problems with Wolf who was much too excited to walk nicely next to her like he was supposed to do. I don't know what's gotten into them. They both seem to be too excited!

Excited? Bobo wasn't excited. He was scared!

Connie unlocked the front door and led them all inside.

"What a difference!" Rosa exclaimed as she looked around.

"Yeah. It's almost done," Connie replied as she too looked at her house. She reached down and unclipped the leash from Bobo's choker collar. Rosa did the same with Wolf and the

two dogs were allowed to roam free. Wolf immediately began sniffing around and exploring.

Very slowly, the two women began roaming around and discussing the changes and what little still needed to be done. Rosa had a lot of experience with remodel work, and she knew that if they really wanted to, the workers could probably finish up in a day or two. Most likely though, she figured they would take three or four days...if they didn't put things off. She had a problem sometimes with construction people doing that since they usually worked on several projects at the same time.

Bobo headed straight for the kitchen, his mind on only one thing. The last time he had been here, he had been able to hide in the pantry closet. But this time, when he got to the kitchen, everything looked so different. From his point of view down by the floor, the kitchen looked completely finished. And as to getting into the pantry closet? Forget it! There was a door on it now, and the door was closed. He had no choice but to wander around like Wolfie was doing, although not nearly to the extend Wolf was. As he wandered, he remembered that man, that worker, who had suddenly come in. He prayed nothing like that would happen this time.

As Rosa and Connie wandered through the house, Rosa did her best to remain bright and cheerful. But on the inside, she slowly began feeling nothing but sad. The more they looked at and the more they talked, things slowly began to sink in. Connie wasn't going to be living next door much longer. Connie, her best friend, wasn't going to be as close as she was right now. She wouldn't be able to just pop next door to see her, and Connie wouldn't be able to visit her so easily either. Just visiting each other was going to take a lot more effort...for both of them. Effort and coordination.

In a way, Connie, her best friend, was leaving her. Rosa knew it was silly, Connie hadn't even left yet. She hadn't even moved back into her own house yet, but Rosa was already starting to feel more cut off. More...alone.

Rosa did her best to put it all out of her mind as she wandered through Connie's house. Yes, it was a very nice house. Her plans for a dungeon room upstairs as well as a bigger dungeon downstairs sounded very nice, but those weren't the thoughts that stayed primarily on her mind. The only thing she could think about, was that her best friend would soon be much further away. As silly as it was, to Rosa, she almost felt like she was being abandoned.

But Rosa couldn't let Connie know about any of the thoughts that were hitting her emotions. She dared not let Connie know about any of it, so she did her best to be cheerful and enthusiastic about everything to do with Connie's house, including Connie leaving her. There was a small lump in her throat when she connected Wolf's leash again and led him toward the door.

Rosa and Connie talked cheerfully all the way home, but in reality, Rosa felt nothing but sad. Her best friend had become much closer over the last few months. In a matter of days, things would be going back to the way they used to be. Her best friend would still be her best friend, but the distance factor would again come into play. Rosa was surprised at how hard

that situation seemed to be hitting her. She had never had that kind of problem before. The attachment she felt for Connie was hitting her much harder than it should have.

Of course, Rosa remembered when Connie first came to her, looking for some place to stay during the construction on her house. Rosa could have given Connie the new rental property that she had opened up soon afterwards. The place would have been basically brand spanking new! But for selfish reasons, she had wanted to keep Connie close. Right next door. Close enough that she could almost touch her at any time.

Bobo was glad to get home. He did his best to hurry through the arduous process of getting out of the car, falling this time because he wanted to get out as quickly as possible. But the fall was worth it since he did get out faster. In moments, Connie again had his leash and they were following Wolf and Rosa toward the front door. A few moments later, they were all in the house. Whew! And finally, the choker collar was removed from his neck and he and Wolf were let out into the yard together.

Why had Rosa wanted to take him and Wolf there? Why? Wouldn't it have been much easier if the two women had just gone alone? It would have been easier for them, and a lot easier on Bobo's nerves!

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“Come here my angel,” Rosa called.

Bobo heard the words. He heard Rosa calling. Here we go again. He got up from where he was lying on the living room rug and waited while Rosa finished getting her shorts and panties off, moments later, his head was again stuck between her thighs.

As always, Bobo's tongue felt wonderful to Rosa. Wolf was even ignoring them this time while he chewed on one of his toys on the other side of the living room. But as wonderful as Bobo was making her feel, things just weren't happening for her inside. All she could think about was the fact that Connie would be leaving soon.

She stared down at Bobo's head. His hair, as always, was a mess! She actually loved running her fingers through it to either smooth it, or quite often, mess it up even more. But the sight of Bobo's messy hair, and the thought of Connie leaving soon, did nothing but bring the reality of another situation crashing back at her. A situation that she had purposely not been dealing with...for personal reasons. In a nutshell, what was she going to do about Bobo?

The things Bobo was doing to her felt wonderful. It always felt wonderful. But tonight, it just wasn't enough for her. It just wasn't working. With Bobo still doing his best to bring her to an orgasm, she leaned forward and began petting his head, often running her fingers from front to back through his messy hair, that all too often hung down in his eyes. She sometimes put a hairclip in it to hold it back for him, but more often than not, she didn't bother. She just let it go wild.

“What are we going to do with you Bobo? What are we going to do with you, my angel?”

Her question confused Bobo. He stopped what he was doing and looked up at her questioningly.

Rosa saw his messy face. She nearly laughed, but the question was one of too much importance. She leaned forward further and again ran her fingers through his messy hair, trying to straighten it this time. Combing it back from his face so she could see...the funny messy face better. "What are we going to do with you," she mused out loud again.

Her eyes glazed over as she sat there petting him. What was she going to do? Because it was time now that she had to do something with him. She had kept him as a dog way too long. She had forced him to live as a dog far too long. She had forced him to be something he wasn't – when she should have never done it at all. What she had done, was criminal!

So the question was, what should she do about him, because after what she had done to him, she couldn't just take his bindings off and let him go. She had done this to him when he didn't want it. She had done this to him, despite him not wanting to do it. She had forced this on him...and because of that, she knew that she owed him now. Because of what she had done to him, she owed him a lot! Which meant that she couldn't just let him go...yet.

So...what should she do with him? Like it or not, it was time to face the question...and decide.

As she ran her fingers through his hair, the germ of an idea didn't flash through her brain. But it was so fast and faint that it was more like it softly hit her gut instead. But that germ of an idea that her brain didn't recognize yet, had been planted within her. She went to bed that night, still worrying about what she was going to do with Bobo...Brian...and how she was going to be able to make it all up to him.

And while she slept, she dreamed. And inside that dream, the seed of the idea she didn't know she had, grew...and blossomed.

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Rosa woke up early the next morning, with a major thought on her mind. A thought, that was really the start of an idea. She thought about that idea as she let the dogs out into the backyard. She thought about that idea as she brought them in again while she had her breakfast...and the dogs both got a bit of bacon. She thought about that idea all through her bath and while she got dressed.

She thought about that idea for most of the morning. But by lunchtime, she was no longer thinking so much about that idea. Yes, she was thinking about it, but it was no longer dominating her mind. The reason it no longer dominated her thoughts.... She now had a plan.

She knew what she wanted to do about Bobo.

Chapter 23

Oh no! Oh no, no, no, no, no! Not this!

A little while earlier, Bobo had seen Rosa putting the choker collar leash on Wolf. He certainly couldn't miss the choker collar and leash that she put on him right afterwards. And then, as Rosa had been doing for a long time now, she grabbed Wolf's leash and led him around the yard, sometimes walking fast, sometimes walking slow, and sometimes trotting a bit. Bobo had watched in amazement as Rosa had actually managed to run all the way around the yard with Wolf this time. Usually, she gave out halfway through...at best.

And after going around the yard, Rosa had led Wolf up and over the ramp a few times, then had him jump over the plastic bar a couple of times too. All that was followed by trying to get Wolf into the tunnel, where he still didn't want to go. Although Bobo was pretty sure that Rosa didn't know that Wolf had already been through the tunnel – once. Once when they were playing yesterday, and Wolf had been getting more than a bit too interested in mating with him again. Bobo had tried to get away from Wolf for a few minutes by going into the tunnel. He was total shocked when Wolf actually followed him right inside. Wolf couldn't jump on him in there, but just the fact that Wolf had followed him in and was still playing with him in there had kept him going all the way through the tunnel and out the other side.

Bobo's thoughts again turned to what had happened later. What had happened while they were over near the bushes behind the porch. He had been wondering for a while now how it would feel again to let Wolf get into him like he had done that one time. So...he had taken the chance. And right there, right by the bushes, he had stopped and let Wolf mount him again – for real. It hadn't been nearly as easy as it had been the last time when Rosa had put all that gunk up inside of him. That had been some messy and slippery stuff. But still, even without it, Wolf had still managed to “force” his way in. And it had felt...um...somewhat interesting. But that's about as far as Bobo would go with it.

As Bobo watched Rosa trying to get Wolf into the tunnel, he was suddenly surprised to see Wolf go in halfway. He stood up to watch better as Rosa encouraged Wolf further, and then Wolf completely disappeared. Through the material of the tunnel, Bobo could see Wolf moving like a shot for the other side, where he suddenly appeared and ran back toward Rosa who now praised and pet him enthusiastically. No surprise, Wolf was lapping up the praise.

And then, as she always did, Rosa had dropped Wolf's leash and picked up his leash instead. She walked him around the yard a few times, sometimes fast, sometimes slow, but never as fast as she could take Wolf. And then of course they had done the ramp a few times, and also the tunnel a few times. Bobo got praised, but nothing at all like she had done with Wolf.

But now.... Now! Oh no! No, no, no! This was a bad sign. A very, very bad sign!

Rosa had grabbed Wolf's leash again...and dragged him over to the hose! And she was now washing him. Giving him a bath! Wolfie hated baths! Fortunately, he rarely ever got one. And now that Wolf was getting another one was a sign that something bad could be

happening again. Probably not bad for Wolf, but bad for Bobo. Because Bobo just knew, that after Rosa finished with Wolfie, she was going to give him a bath too.

As soon as Rosa had finished with Wolf, she took his choker collar off and turned him loose, where Wolf ran off a little bit then went back to trying to shake off the water – even after Rosa had dried him off as much as she could with an old towel.

And then, with fear in his eyes, Bobo had watched as Rosa had come for him. He could see that she was almost as wet as Wolf was. In fact, maybe wetter. But like it or not, he got dragged over to the hose where she sprayed him with the cold water, and then began lathering him up from top to bottom with the dog shampoo. She seemed to pay extra attention to all the leather bindings, trying to get them clean. Why bother? In a little while, he and Wolfie would be doing their very best to get all dirty and comfortable again. Unless.... And that was the part that worried Bobo the most. The...unless part.

When his “bath” was finally over with, Rosa dried him off as best she could, then she shepherded him and Wolfie into the house. Bobo had a feeling that the only reason they were inside was to keep them a little cleaner.

And then the next part came that made Bobo nervous. Rosa pulled out Wolf’s brush and began brushing him. A lot! Pulling tons of fur off of him. Wolf absolutely loved the process. Finally, Rosa finished with Wolf and Bobo saw Rosa looking at him instead. Uh-oh.

Yep! No surprise when she came after him. But instead of using Wolf’s brush on him, Rosa led him into the bathroom where she sat down on the toilet and grabbed her own brush and comb. And then she went after the hair on his head. Brushing and combing it, and pulling way too often at all the tangles. Ouch! Finally, Bobo felt her parting his hair in the middle and pulling it half of it off to one side again, where she started wrapping elastic hairbands around it to hold it in that position over his ears. A few minutes later, both halves of his hair were fixed the same way.

Bobo’s nervousness went way up. Because there was only one reason why Rosa would have done that. They were going out somewhere! Oh no, no, no, no, no!

“There you go Bobo,” Rosa said as she finished with him. “All pretty again.”

Pretty? Why? Unfortunately, he suspected he knew why. He just didn’t know the where.

It was bad enough having a tail. Wolf sometimes liked to grab it in his teeth and pull. But now it was like he had two more tails coming out from the sides of his head. As Rosa sat and ate her lunch, he and Wolf played in the house, and Wolf kept biting and pulling at his hair the way Rosa had arranged it. Ouch!

Shortly after lunch, Rosa let her two dogs out back with the orders to...do their business. After being in the house for a while, both Wolf and Bobo had to pee. But the minute Rosa saw that they were both finished, she called them back into the house again. Yeah, things weren’t looking too good to Bobo.

There was a small knock at the door. Wolfie jumped up and barked, running to the door. But he didn’t bark nearly as much as he used to.

“Back Wolf!” Rosa commanded and watched as Wolf went back to the other side of the room to where he was supposed to wait. Rosa looked over at Bobo. “Bobo! You too!” Bobo moved over to sit next to Wolf. Only then did Rosa open the door. “Connie!” she greeted her friend as she opened the door.

Connie came in and saw the two dogs, sitting where they were supposed to. “This really is so much better than it used to be,” she commented.

“Isn’t it?” Rosa agreed. “Just give me a minute. I need to fix Bobo’s hair again. Wolf’s been playing with it.”

Connie chuckled and watched as Rosa led Bobo into her bathroom, where she pulled the elastics out of Bobo’s hair and redid it properly. “Much better,” Connie said with a laugh once she had finished. “Are we ready now?”

“Let’s just get their leashes.”

Yes, Wolf got excited the minute he saw his leash. Rosa had to fight with him a moment to get the thing on him. Bobo knew there was no fighting against it. As much as he didn’t want the leash...as much as he didn’t want to go anywhere, he knew he wasn’t going to have a choice in the matter. In moments the leash was around his neck and Connie was dragging him reluctantly out the door. Out into the front yard. Out into...public. Once again, Bobo couldn’t get to the car fast enough where he would be out of sight. Once in the back of the car, he looked out the back window for a moment, then laid down to hide. Where the heck were they going?

It was a relatively long trip. It took no time for Bobo to figure out that they weren’t going to Connie’s house again. And he dared not poke his head up for a better look to see where they were.

“Huh!” Rosa grunted as she pulled into the parking lot. “Plenty of parking for once.”

“It’s Saturday afternoon,” Connie replied. “The club doesn’t do much business until nighttime. That’s why they can have this kind of thing now. Oh look! That puppy is adorable!”

Puppy? Bobo chanced picking his head up enough to see out the side window. Where were they? But a moment later, he saw someone walking their puppy on a leash. The puppy wasn’t exactly interested in having the leash to control it. Seeing that, Bobo’s nerves got even worse.

The loud bark that Wolf let out made Bobo turn his head. He saw Wolf looking at another dog. Wolf barked again.

“Quiet Wolf!” Rosa ordered as she opened her car door.

As always, it took no time to get Wolf out of the car. In fact, Rosa had to desperately grab for his leash before he could get away. He had seen the other dogs in the parking lot and was far more interested in getting to them than staying with Rosa. It took several strong pulls on his leash to get him under control.

Bobo didn't want to get out of the car at all. What new indignity had they cooked up for him this time. But when Connie reached into the back of the car and grabbed his leash and pulled, he had little choice but to slowly climb down out of the back end of the car, and all the way outside. Outside – in public. Outside, where there were now other people staring at him. Outside where other dogs were staring at him too. In fact, as far as he could tell, the only one not staring at him now, was Wolfie. Wolfie was far more interested in the other dogs.

“Come!” Rosa said as she pulled Wolf's leash tight and held it that way so his head stayed close to her body. Wolf went willingly. More than willingly, his eyes focused on the other dogs all the way. He barked loudly at one of them. “Quite Wolf!” Rosa chastised him.

Connie had to pull on Bobo's leash to get him moving. Rosa was trying to go slowly to make sure Wolf stayed under control. Connie was trying move faster to keep up with Rosa and Wolf. Bobo, didn't want to go, but it was either that, or be choked to death by that darn choker collar.

There was no doorman checking for club membership this time. The entrance was open and they went inside, following a man with a German Shepard puppy that Wolf was overly interested in. Inside the big room, Bobo now saw a number of other dogs, all with their owners holding their leashes. Some of the dogs were playing with each other as far as their owners and leashes would permit. Bobo also noticed Jose and Isabelle going from person to person in the room, talking with each of the different dog owners.

Isabelle spotted Rosa and Connie and headed straight for them. She greeted them pleasantly and reached down to pet Wolf's head. She only glanced down at Bobo. “We'd like you to mingle with the other people and dogs,” she told Rosa and Connie. “Let the dogs get to know each other. Right now, it looks like Wolf is doing really well, but please watch him. He's the biggest dog here. At the first sign of any aggression pull him away hard and fast. Jose and I will particularly be watching him and we'll help. The fact that he's so interested in the other dogs right now is a very good sign. Hopefully, we'll have no trouble at all.”

“And Bobo?” Connie asked. “What should I do about him?”

“Just like the others,” Isabelle replied. “Let him mingle with the other dogs. Let them play a little.”

Connie looked skeptically at Rosa, but the two of them brought their dogs further into the room. Rosa cautiously let Wolf “meet” one of the other dogs. Since Wolf was so much bigger than the other dog, there was no sign of aggression from either of them. Rosa was glad. Bobo just sat down next to Connie and watched. Eventually, while Wolf was “meeting” several of the other dogs, a few of them came over to Bobo and sniffed at him. Bobo stood up each time and watched them warily, but he made no other move to play with them as Wolf did.

Isabelle went over to Connie. “Take the leash off of Bobo. Let him go.”

Connie looked at her skeptically, but she did as Isabelle suggested. She watched as Isabelle went to several other dog owners and told them to remove their leashes too, freeing their

dogs to run around and play. One by one, the other dogs all were freed and were soon running around the room playing with each other. Finally, Jose went up to Rosa and told her to let Wolf go too. Rosa unclipped Wolf's leash, and Wolf took off to play with the other dogs. Bobo continued to sit where he was. Several times, some of the other dogs came up to check him out. But since Bobo wasn't interested in playing, he just let them sniff at him or jump at him a little, but he did nothing to play back.

While the dogs were playing, Connie had a number of people come up to talk to her about Bobo. Many of them she recalled seeing at the club before. She told them all that Bobo was really Rosa's dog, but that she was just helping out. Still, there was a lot of interest on their part about him. While the other dogs were playing, Connie and Rosa let the people take a good close look at Bobo. They all loved the way he could wag his tail. They seemed to be very interested in his bindings, especially in the way that they covered his entire hands. Connie had expected to hear a lot of complaining about Bobo being there and probably some criticism about what Rosa was doing with him, but she heard nothing but interest from all the people she talked with. Of course, the class was being held in the club...a club full of like minded people.

Finally, Jose and Isabelle decided that "play" time was over and had the owners get their dogs and get the leashes on them again. That took a while since none of the dogs wanted to stop playing...or get their leashes back on. Especially Wolfie! Wolfie had been having a great time with the other dogs.

Jose and Isabelle lined everyone up well apart from each other. It was time for the obedience lessons. Jose and Isabelle talked about rewarding good behavior and quickly correcting or preventing bad behavior. And they both stressed quite often having to be consistent. Then they started on the basic commands, commands that Wolf and Bobo had practiced a million times.

Sitting and standing was first. Bobo, as always, was perfect. Wolf on the other hand, was still more interested in the other dogs. Rosa had to constantly try to keep his attention on what she wanted him to do. Sitting and standing were followed by walking on the leash. Again, Bobo gave Connie no trouble at all. He really just wanted to get out of there! Wolf on the other hand, was still more interested in the other dogs. Many of the other dogs were young puppies who weren't the least bit interested in doing things properly either, but under Jose and Isabelle's guiding instructions, they all managed to make it around the room several times.

To Bobo, the dumb class seemed to last a long time. A long time to be out in public where so many other people could see him. A long time to be stuck in the middle of a bunch of other dogs. Dogs that were real dogs. Dogs that weren't like him at all. Yes, he could have played with them, but he really didn't want to. His life was embarrassing enough. But to have to do something like that in public? In front of so many other people? Forget it! He was used to playing and being with Wolfie, not any other dogs. He just wanted to go home. Home to his nice big backyard. Home to where it was just him and Wolfie again. Home to where everything was – normal. If you could call his crazy dumb life as a dog normal. Home...where nobody could see his embarrassing new life.

Eventually, Jose and Isabelle had everyone release their dogs to play one more time. Again, Bobo hung back and stayed alone...or he tried to. This time, several of the young puppies jumped on him and tried to play with him – all at the same time. He really had no choice but to play a little with them. It was either that, or have them pester him too much.

All of a sudden, in the middle of trying to play with three of the young dogs, Wolf was there, jumping on him, just like he did so often in the back yard. Jumping on him to play with him, instead of playing with the other dogs. Bobo of course, played back with Wolf.

Rosa and Connie stood back. They had been interested to see Bobo finally playing with the other dogs. But the surprise had been Wolf suddenly showing up to play with Bobo instead. Was Wolf jealous of Bobo playing with the other dogs? They had no way of knowing, but all of a sudden, Wolf and Bobo were the center of attention as they jumped playfully at each other and rolled around on the floor together, as they so often did together. It was easy to see that the other people were quite mesmerized by this display of canine play...that included Bobo so perfectly.

One by one, the owners clipped their leashes to their dogs and left. Rosa and Connie finally collected Bobo and Wolf too. Once again, Bobo found himself being dragged outside. Out into full public view. He tried to pull at his leash to get Connie to move faster for the car, but this time, Connie wasn't having any of it. She held him back forcefully until he walked quietly right next to her. Bobo heard several car horns honking, but he didn't dare look.

Finally, they were back to the car, and finally, he was inside it, where he laid down in the back area to stay out of sight. The car got back on the road heading home, and Bobo and Wolf both fell asleep.

“That was fun,” Connie said to Rosa.

“Yes, it was,” Rosa said. “I’m so glad that Wolfie behaved himself so well. I know Jose and Isabelle were worried about his aggressive tendencies.”

“He was a perfect gentleman,” Connie chuckled.

“Well, maybe not perfect, but he did pretty well. He was just more interested in the other dogs than in doing what he was supposed to.

And then Connie dropped the bomb. “I heard from my builders this morning.”

“Oh?”

“They said they should finish up by Wednesday at the latest. I can move back in right after that.”

Rosa's happy mood vanished, even though she tried her best to look excited for her best friend. “I know you can't wait,” she replied.

“You're so right!”

Connie couldn't wait to move back into her house. And Rosa was already sick that she would be leaving. She was going to miss having her friend so close. Connie leaving would be like losing a little piece of herself.

But Connie leaving was going to trigger something else that she would be losing too. Bobo.

Chapter 24

It was Tuesday. Bobo of course didn't know that. Bobo no longer knew Tuesday from Saturday, or Thursday from Monday. Everyday was Tuesday as far as Bobo was concerned. Or was everyday Saturday? It simply didn't matter. Wolf heard the truck pull into the driveway and started barking. Not badly, just loud enough to let everyone know that someone was there. Of course, it was still loud enough to let anyone outside know that he was in the house and would protect it too.

"Quiet Wolf," Rosa said as she walked past him. "Go sit."

The knock came a few minutes later. Wolf barked again from where he was walking in circles back next to Bobo. Rosa looked back at him and Wolf sat down. Only then did Rosa open the door. "Jose, Isabelle, how are you?" Rosa asked as she let the two dog trainers in.

"I see things with Wolf and Bobo are still going quite well," Jose noted.

"Very well," Rosa agreed. "Let's get the dogs outside, and then I'd like to talk to you for a moment."

"Oh?"

But Rosa wouldn't say anything else. A minute later, Wolf and Bobo were in the backyard, but Rosa had kept Jose and Isabelle inside with her. "I just wanted to let you know that this will be the last time," Rosa told them. "I've loved everything you've done, but it's time now for it all to end." She breathed a small quick sigh. "And, I'm afraid that Bobo will be coming to an end very soon as well. I'm going to have to let him go."

"We're very sad to hear that," Jose replied. "But we understand. We appreciate the business you've given us."

"Thank you," Rosa told them. "Thank you both so much."

Once again Bobo and Wolf were put through their exercises out in the yard, but this time, the session didn't last as long as it usually did. Before Bobo knew it, he and Wolf were back in the house while Jose and Isabelle removed the ramp, the tunnel, and the plastic bar that Wolf jumped over. A few minutes later, Wolf barked as their truck started up, and left.

Rosa sighed again. It was all slowly going away. All her fun was gradually leaving her. Unfortunately, it was time.

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On Wednesday evening, Connie started moving things back into her house. It was going to take her several days, but she started on Wednesday.

On Thursday, all the things that she had in storage were delivered back to her house and put in place. She came over to Rosa's house for dinner that night, and the two of them discussed

enthusiastically how wonderful it was for Connie's house to be finished and how great it was. Connie was excited and enthusiastic. Rosa acted excited and enthusiastic. But Rosa was anything but excited and enthusiastic.

On Friday, Rosa stood in the living room with Connie and accepted the key to the house next door back from her. She could no longer hide her tears. The two women hugged, and Connie left. Rosa went to her room, laid down on the bed, and cried.

It was all coming to an end. Everything. It was all over.

That night, after dinner, Rosa sat on her couch. The TV was on. Wolf was chewing on one of his toys on the other side of the room. Bobo was in his usual place between the two chairs. It was all coming to an end.

"Come here my little angel," she said softly. She watched in delight as Bobo picked up his head, worked his way to his feet, then headed over. She raised herself up enough to pull her shorts and panties down and off. And in moments, Bobo was again between her legs. This would be the last time. Knowing that, it was more difficult for her to reach an orgasm than ever, but she did have one very nice one. She stopped Bobo from going any further after that.

It was all coming to an end.

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On Saturday morning, Rosa woke up, put the dogs outside so they could do their business. She fixed breakfast for herself, making more bacon than she usually did. The dogs had a special treat that morning. She enjoyed watching them wolf it all down.

She took a shower and got herself dressed for the day. Just shorts and a t-shirt. Nothing fancy. Nothing special.

With the dogs in the backyard, she finally went to the house next door and looked through it. It looked fairly clean. She knew Connie would leave it that way, but she would still have her people come in anyway and clean it all from top to bottom. Would Brian be occupying it again? She didn't know. She only knew that it was all coming to an end.

She sat on the porch for much of the day, sitting in the swing and watching her two dogs play. Later, she sat in the living room and watched them playing in the house. Often that day, she sat and watched the two of them napping next to each other. She was going to miss that. She was going to miss it all. But it all had to come to an end. It was not only time, it was past time.

She fixed dinner that night. For the first time in a few weeks, Bobo got a dinner of human food. He was ecstatic to say the least. Wolf too got a small portion of human food mixed into his food. Wolf gobbled it all down so fast Rosa wasn't sure if he realized it was human food or not.

After dinner, she let the dogs outside again while she sat on the porch and watched them. As the sun began setting in the sky, she finally called them into the house. It was all coming to an end...and now it was time.

The two dogs had gone into the living room, Wolf to one of his usual spots, Bobo to his usual place between the chairs. Rosa went back to the kitchen for a minute and found the newspaper. She grabbed a few pages from it, folded it, and carried it back to the living room with her. "Bobo.... Come!"

Bobo looked up at her. He had just started another nap. What did she want now?

"Come my little Angel," Rosa said.

Oh. That. But she wasn't taking her clothes off. He walked up to her, not sure what she wanted, and sat. This time, Rosa knelt down in front of him. "Bobo, I want you to watch what I'm doing very carefully." She took the newspaper she had brought with her, and unfolded it somewhat, then she started rolling it up into a tight roll. "See what I'm doing?" she said. "Do you remember when I had a rolled up newspaper like this before?"

Bobo's eyes went wide as he remembered being hit and punished with it.

"Yes, I see that you do remember."

Bobo let out a small whimper. He wondered what he had done wrong.

Rosa finished rolling the newspaper up, then set it next to her on the floor. "If you make one noise, one sound, that isn't like a dog, I'm going to beat you with that paper. Understand?"

Bobo made no reply. He made no move, he only looked at the paper, then up at her with pleading eyes. He didn't want to get punished.

Rosa nodded at him. "Just remember, only dog sounds. Now stay!"

On her knees, Rosa worked her way around behind him. Now she just had to figure out how to remove those bindings that Tolliver had created.

Bobo felt Rosa doing something behind him. He felt her pulling at the straps that bound his legs up. What was she doing? A moment later, Wolf came over and nuzzled against his face. Bobo dared not move. Wolf went back to see what Rosa was doing.

"Move Wolf," Rosa said softly as she pushed the big dog away. She pulled harder on one of the straps and it finally came free. Piece by piece she began removing Bobo's tail and the pieces that bound his legs up into uselessness. "Remember," she said to Bobo. "Only dog sounds!"

Bobo finally realized she was taking the things off of his legs. Why? The entire process was somewhat frightening. But piece by piece, little by little he felt everything loosen up. The piece that went under him that held his penis trapped went first. The cool air hit it, but the sensation wasn't one he could savor very long as he felt Rosa continuing to remove the bindings.

Rosa pulled Bobo's left leg out of the construction that Tolliver had created. With the binding now gone, Bobo's leg was still up in the position it had been in for several months now. "Remember," Rosa said firmly. "Only dog sounds!" She grabbed his leg and very gently, very slowly pulled. There was resistance, a lot of resistance. She saw the tension in Bobo's body. She heard the desperate whine he let out. She saw him arch his back. He was in pain, but she continued to slowly pull his leg down until it touched the floor. She released it, and it sprang up a little. Then it went all the way back up. Rosa grabbed it again and pulled. Slowly but surely, she brought it all the way back down to the floor again. She heard the painful whining from Bobo as she held the leg down this time for a few minutes.

Finally, she released his leg again. It rose some, but not all the way up. She moved to his other leg and removed the bindings there. That leg too wanted to stay in the position it had been in for far too long. Once again, Rosa fought with the leg to bring it down, while Bobo whined painfully. She held both legs down on the floor for a few minutes.

But the legs were still bent at the knees since Bobo was standing up. "Bobo," she said. "Lie down!"

Bobo whined again. He wasn't sure he wanted to lie down.

"Bobo! Lie down flat! Now!"

Bobo whined again, but he slowly worked his way down on to his belly. His naked penis felt the floor under him for the first time in months.

Rosa watched as Bobo laid down on his belly. His knees had drawn his lower legs up again. She pulled on both of his legs. Slowly stretching them out. Slowly stretching them down. This time, she let up a few times and let them go back up a bit before she slowly stretched them down further. But before long, for the first time in months, both of Bobo's legs were stretched out straight. And when Rosa let go of them, they stayed that way. She didn't miss Bobo's painful whine however, but he was just going to have to get used to it again.

While Bobo was trying to get use to his legs being straight, Rosa went in front of him and grabbed his left paw. But she couldn't get the bindings off of it without that little tool that Tolliver had given her. She left Bobo where he was while she went to find it. It took her a little while to find it. When she came back, she used it to unscrew the screws that held his hand bindings together. She tediously undid the leather lacing that that held it all in place and she peeled it all down and off of one arm, then the other, leaving his hands still fastened into the bindings. She could see that his fingers had become much thinner than they had been. The little leather loops for each of them no longer fit tight. From underneath the wooden block, she finally figured out how to loosen the leather loops completely. Then very slowly and carefully, she pulled the device off of his left hand. Hand! No longer a paw. Brian's fingers stayed in the position they had been in for so long. "Can you move your fingers?" she asked softly.

Brian tried, but the best he could do was to move them only a tiny bit.

“It’s okay,” Rosa said, “it will come. Just remember, only dog sounds.” She looked down at the rolled up newspaper, and she made sure that Brian saw her looking at it. Then she started removing the loops of leather and the block of wood from his other hand.

Brian couldn’t believe it. She was taking it all off of him. How long had he worn it all? He had no idea. He wasn’t sure he even cared. He only knew that she was removing it all now. But he couldn’t speak. She wasn’t letting him talk yet. Was she removing it all permanently? Or was it just temporary? He didn’t know and she didn’t seem to be saying.

Rosa pulled the final piece off of him. “Move your fingers,” she said as she held his hand up. But like before, the fingers barely moved. Rosa took a deep breath. “Okay,” she said. “I know standing up like a human will probably be difficult, or maybe impossible right now. But follow me into the bathroom the best you can.”

She took a few steps away from him and watched as he tried to get himself to his knees. But his hands were still in the same position they had been in before. She noticed that he didn’t even try to get to his feet. He slowly crawled his way behind her, all the way into the bathroom, walking on the fingertips of his hands.

Rosa started the water running in the tub, making it as hot as she dared, While the water was still running, she said, “Okay Bobo, get yourself into the tub.”

Bobo managed to get his hands and arms over the edge of the tub, but Rosa had to help him roll the rest of his body over into the hot water. Hot water! He whimpered again at the feel of it. But as he stretched his body out in the water, it soon started to feel good. Rosa let the water run for a while, then she finally turned it off. “Relax there for a while,” she said. She left him there like that, going out of the bathroom, but coming back again often to check on him. Wolf was in the bathroom now too, sitting next to the tub, his head resting on the edge of the tub watching his friend.

The warm water helped. Brian moved his legs...a little. It was still painful, to move them, but the warm water did help. His fingers loosened up a little too. He could move them better, but not much. He certainly couldn’t make a fist, even if his fingernails weren’t way too long.

Rosa finally came back with the rolled up newspaper in her hand. “Remember,” she said again. “Only dog sounds.” Brian looked at the newspaper, this time he dared to nod his head. He was very glad she didn’t punish him for that.

“Do you need to pee?” Rosa asked.

Brian realized that he could pee. He dared to nod his head again.

“Then let’s get you out of that tub.”

Since he could move a little better now, Brian was able to get himself up to where he could sit on the side of the tub. “Move your legs out now,” Rosa suggested, and Brian was soon sitting with his legs out of the tub. Rosa raised the lid on the toilet. “See if you can move over to sit on the toilet now,” Rosa told him. “And in this house, we always sit down on the toilet. We never stand!” She picked up her newspaper to emphasize that point.

Brian carefully worked his way from sitting on the edge of the tub to sitting on the toilet.

“Now push that thing of yours down and pee,” Rosa told him.

Brian did just that. It was the first time he could remember peeing into a toilet in ages.

When he was done, Rosa grabbed a towel and began drying him off. When she was done, she grabbed both of his hands. “Okay, let’s see if you can stand.”

Stand? Brian let her pull on his arms, while he did his best to push with his legs. There were several times when he almost made it, but he fell back again to sit on the toilet. But with one final big pull from Rosa, he suddenly found himself fully on his feet for the first time in...forever! His balance wasn’t very good though and Rosa had to hold him up to keep him from falling.

Very carefully, Rosa held him tightly while she led him out of the bathroom and into the guest bedroom. She pulled the covers back on the bed and sat him down on the side of it. Then she left him for a few minutes. When she came back, she pulled a simple nightgown onto him. She helped him to lay down in the bed and she pulled the covers over him again. “Goodnight my angel,” she said softly. “Wolf! Out!” She left him lying there. She would have to see how he was in the morning.

Brian wasn’t sure what to make of it all. Was she really letting him go? Was he free from being a dog anymore? Could it be true? He could only hope. But that piece of rolled up newspaper was still there, still on the nightstand next to his bed. She still wasn’t letting him be completely human. Why?

For the first time in forever, he fell asleep in a bed. His hands and his legs aching, His body automatically drawing itself up into the position he had been forced to sleep in for months now. It was the only way he could be comfortable.

Rosa silently checked on him a number of times before she went to bed. Each time, she had to pull Wolf out of the room. But fortunately, she never woke him. She was betting he needed sleep. She wondered how it felt for him to sleep in a bed for a change. She wondered how it felt for him to be able to stretch his legs out and move his hands again. She wondered many things about him. But it was time for his life as a dog to end.

But it wasn’t all over yet!

Chapter 25

Sunday morning, Rosa woke to find that Wolf wasn't in his usual spot next to her bed. When she got out of bed to look further, she discovered that he wasn't in the room at all. It took only a little bit of searching to find him. He was in the guest bedroom with Brian, only he was up on the bed – where he didn't belong! Brian's arm was over top of him. The two of them were sleeping together. This time, Rosa let Wolf be.

She headed for the bathroom, then the kitchen. She had no doubt that the sound and smell of her making breakfast would bring Wolf out of the room pretty quickly. She cooked sausage. Enough for three. Before she put the eggs on, she went back to the guest bedroom. Brian was now awake and looking at her. Wolf was still laying next to him. Brian's hand was running unconsciously through Wolf's fur.

“Good morning my angel,” she said brightly. Brian only looked back at her with questioning eyes. She was very glad he didn't try to talk. “Wolf. Down!” she said as she walked over to the bed. Wolf stayed put. She pulled the covers back for Brian, then she picked up the rolled up piece of newspaper. “Remember what I said,” she reminded Brian sternly. “Wolf! I said down. Now!” The big dog finally crawled off the bed. Once down, he stretched.

Rosa set the newspaper down for a moment. Let's sit up,” she said to Brian.

Brian did his best to get his legs over the edge of the bed. It was easier to move today than it had been last night. He was soon sitting on the side of the bed again. “Now let's see if we can get you to your feet.” Rosa reached out with both hands and grabbed his. It took a try or two, but Brian was finally standing. With Rosa's help, they slowly made their way into the bathroom.

“Remember what I said last night,” Rosa said. “In this house, we always sit.”

Brian knew he could nod as a reply now. He nodded as Rosa helped him to the toilet. It was still difficult for him to grab things, but he managed to pull up the hem of the nightgown he was wearing and sit on the toilet. After being naked for so long and going out in the backyard like a dog, having Rosa stand there and watch him pee made no impression on him at all.

“Very good,” Rosa said. She pulled him to his feet again and led him over to the sink where she turned the water on for him and made sure it was warm before he washed his hands. Like last night, the warm water seemed to help him. He still couldn't move his fingers very well, but they were slowly getting better.

With Rosa's arm holding him around the waist, they slowly made their way into the kitchen where she sat him down in one of the chairs. “I'll have breakfast ready for you very soon,” she said. She turned to Wolf. “Come on big boy. Let's get you out into the yard for a few minutes.” Wolf went willingly, despite the smell of sausage in the kitchen.

Sausage, and eggs, and toast. And coffee! Brian had a lot of trouble picking up the fork. He had trouble using the fork. But he managed. He had to use both hands to hold the cup

steady enough to drink from it without spilling it. And the entire time he ate, Wolf laid on the floor right next to him.

After breakfast, Rosa let Brian sit right where he was while she cleaned up the kitchen. Brian watched her as he sat petting Wolf's big head in his lap. When Rosa was done, she finally turned to him. "Okay, let's see if we can get you on your feet again. It was easier this time. Once on his feet, she grabbed him around the waist again, and walked with him around the house. After a minute, she began holding onto him less. Then barely at all. Soon, he was walking by himself.

She kept him walking for a few minutes by himself before she had him go back into the bathroom. This time, she turned the shower water on. While she was waiting for the water to warm up, she removed his nightgown, but this time, she removed her nightgown and panties as well so that they were both totally naked. She helped him into the shower, and she got in with him. She scrubbed his whole body clean, then she took her shampoo and conditioner and went after his messy hair. After the shower, she dried him off, then put the same nightgown back on him.

She left him there, sitting on the closed toilet seat while she went to her bedroom to get dressed. When she came back, she began brushing and combing his hair. This time she combed it all straight back away from his face. Then she had him walk around on his own for a while more.

All morning she kept him moving, or sitting and trying to move his fingers better. It was slow going, but little by little, his muscles loosened up and the movement came back, but through it all, she never allowed him to speak...until late in the morning, shortly before lunch. She sat him down at the kitchen table. She sat across from him...and she set the rolled up newspaper down right in front of her where he could see it.

"We're going to practice speaking now," she told him, "but you're only allowed to say what words I say you can. Nothing else. And you're going to say the words the way I want you to say them. Nod your head if you understand."

Brian nodded.

"Good," Rosa replied. "Now say...Wolf."

"Uull," Brian tried.

Rosa smiled. "Wolfie."

"Ulie."

"Try it again, Wolf."

It took a try or two before Brian's tongue could get the hang of things again, but he was soon speaking Wolf's name clearly. And then Rosa changed things in a way that Brian never anticipated

"Now the hard part," Rosa told him. "Say Wolf again, but raise the pitch of your voice so that it's higher."

That really surprised Brian, but all it took was for Rosa to glance down at the rolled up newspaper and he did his best.

“Better, but a little higher than that.”

Brian tried again.

“Now speak it like that, but try to say it softer.”

Rosa worked with Brian for half an hour before she finally stopped. “Only dog sounds now,” she told him. “No more talking.” But it was with a smile on her face that she got up to make lunch for them all.

After lunch, Rosa trimmed his fingernails, enabling him to move his fingers better, but while she trimmed them, she didn’t trim them that much, she still left them very long. But at least they were smooth now and looked better. And then she started in on more lessons. Grab it this way. Try to walk more like this. Move your hands like that. It was all little things. Simple things. But things she was now emphasizing everything with her piece of newspaper. To his horror, Brian got hit a number of times with her newspaper as she tried to mold him into what she wanted.

By the end of the day, Brian was more confused than ever. And the next day, Rosa started all over again. “I didn’t like the way you moved your hands.” Was punctuated with a swat from her paper. “I didn’t like the way you moved your body,” brought another swat. And the three times they sat down to practice talking brought even more swats with her paper. But by the end of the day, Brian was finally allowed to speak like a human again, as long as he didn’t ask questions, and as long as he spoke exactly the way she demanded.

The next day, Rosa woke up to find Wolf again in Brian’s bed. She shook her head. She had a feeling that like it or not, Wolf was forever going to stay close to him. She wasn’t sure how she felt about that, but she also knew that trying to fight it might not be the best thing. She had just torn a very good friendship apart, and she had no doubt that the two of them were still trying to hold onto whatever they could of it.

“Come on, my angel,” she said to Brian. “Let’s get you up and moving. She got Brian out of bed, and her lessons with the newspaper began all over again.

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One week. One entire week. Seven full days. Rosa didn’t let Brian ask what was going on, but Brian was figuring things out. He could move his hands perfectly well again. He could walk perfectly well again, but he wasn’t allowed to move his hands, or walk, or even sit down like he used to. And talking...that was the most difficult part. But Brian had figured out what Rosa was trying to do with him. Just not the why or anything else. And for those entire seven days, the only thing he was allowed to wear was one of Rosa’s nightgowns.

On the eighth day, Rosa sat him down at the kitchen table. She set the newspaper down in front of her as she usually did. Brian expected more speaking lessons, but that's not what happened at all. This time, Rosa got serious again, but it was a different kind of serious.

"Don't talk!" she said. Just listen. Understand?"

Brian nodded.

Rosa looked at him for a moment, then took a deep breath. Finally, she began. "It's time," she said, "for you to start making some decisions about what to do with the rest of your life." She watched his face and saw the surprised reaction. "I'm going to offer you a choice now," she told him. "I'll give you all day today, and all day tomorrow to think about it, but by bedtime tomorrow night, I'll want an answer. And that's the decision we both will stick to from now on. Is that clear?"

Brian nodded hesitantly.

"If you like, you can go back to your old life. You can go today. This morning if you want. No strings attached. The house next door is vacant again, and it's been cleaned. I'll have what few things you owned taken from storage and returned to you immediately. You can stay there free of charge for the next six months. What's more, until you get a job, I'll give you a little bit of money to live on as well – until you get yourself a job. After that, you'll be on your own, and after that six months, I'll either expect you to start paying your rent, or move somewhere else."

She watched his face. She could see he was relieved about some of what she had told him. She continued. "Brian, you can do whatever you want. Get any job you want, but I highly recommend that you don't go back to teaching school. You weren't cut out for it. You simply don't have the backbone to stand up to anyone. And Brian, I think we've pretty much proved that point over the last few months." She saw the look on his face. She couldn't tell what he was feeling. It was either puzzlement, or horror.

"Before any of this started, all you did was complain about how those kids walked all over you. And Brian, we both know now that it wasn't their parent's fault at all, it was you, and your total lack of any ability to stand up for yourself." She could see the feeling of hurt on his face. So be it.

"Remember, you can leave and go back to your old life, in any way or form that you want, either after tomorrow night, or even right now if you want. But Brian, I have another option for you to listen to and consider. You can either go back to your old life. Back to being Brian the spineless wimp. Or...you can stay here and live permanently with me. You'll help me clean the house. You'll help me with my rental properties. You'll help me do many things. But more importantly, what I really want, is simply, a companion. If you stay with me, you'll become the companion that I want – in the way I want. And I think that over the last week you've already figured out a lot of what that will mean. You won't be Brian anymore. Instead, you'll become...Angel. Together, we'll shed that male exterior of yours that never worked for you at all, and together, we'll create someone new. Someone with

confidence. And I hope and believe, someone who will truly be happy. That's what I believe anyway. That will be my wish, for me to be happy, but also, for you to be happy."

She saw the wheels turning in his head, but she also saw the indecision. "Think about it Brian. You have until tomorrow night before you go to bed." She took the newspaper in front of her and unrolled it. And then she ripped the paper in half. "Go enjoy yourself now. Go play with Wolfie if you want. But think about what I said. The choice...is yours."

Still wearing nothing but one of her nightgowns, Brian headed out to the porch swing. Wolfie came right up to him and he sat there petting Wolf's big head and stroking his warm thick fur. What should he do? Go back to his old life? Go back to teaching school? He remembered the kids and how they were with him. Impossible! He shuddered. But she would let him live in his old house for free for the next six months. And she would give him money to live on. He could find a new job. A different job for sure. She was right, he couldn't teach school anymore. He just...couldn't! Just thinking about it made him sick.

Or...he could live here as...Angel? And he was pretty sure that living here as Angel, meant that she somehow wanted him to live...as a woman? How the heck? But she had been forcing him to talk differently – more like a woman. And move differently – more like a woman. He had no doubt she would continue to force him to do many things differently if he decided to do that.

So what should he do? Freedom, or.... Would he be free in any way if he went with what she wanted? Her companion? She wanted a friend around?

All day long he thought about it. Freedom, or.... Something else. Shortly before dinner, he decided he had to take a chance and try to ask. She might beat him raw for asking, but he felt he had to try.

Rosa was in the kitchen making dinner. He walked in and stopped watching her. Trying hard to use the voice she had been forcing him to use, he said, "Rosa, can I please ask something."

Rosa was surprised. She turned around and smiled. "Of course. I was hoping you might."

"If I stay here with you, as Angel. What kind of freedom would I have?"

"That's a very good question," Rosa replied. "Let's sit down." She turned the stove off and sat at the table with him. "You would of course have more freedom to do whatever you like...but that freedom would come a little bit over time. You'd get as much freedom as I feel you're ready for. I won't let you go out and do anything alone, until I feel you're confident enough. Ready enough. But once you reach that point, you'll still live here with me, but you'll have your own entire life as well. It will simply be as Angel instead of Brian."

Brian nodded. "You want me to become a woman," he said.

"Yes. I do. A woman, and my companion. My helper. Someone to keep me company. Someone I can talk to. Someone who will talk to me. Someone...I can do things with. And Brian make no mistake, you will also become a lover for me as well."

Brian nodded. “Thank you,” he replied. He got up and went outside to think things through again. It was a lot to think about. And now that included...being her lover. But would he get love in return?

He went back into the kitchen. Rosa was just setting the table. He stopped behind the chair where he usually sat. “You said you want me to be your lover, but would I get love in return?”

Rosa went to him and hugged him. Her voice was a whisper. “More than you think. Much more than you think. And Brian, in bed, I’ve had a lot of experience. Both with men and women. But to be honest, if you’re talking about sex, I’m not sure how much I’ll use you as a man. That part may have to work itself out over time. But I promise, I won’t let you go unfulfilled. I want your new life, to be as fulfilling, in all ways, as possible. I just see a different vision for you of your life than you’ve ever considered before.”

Brian nodded. It was even more to think about.

“Now sit down, and let’s eat.”

Brian fed Wolf his dinner that night. And then later, he sat on his bed while Wolf sat in front of him. He stroked Wolf’s thick fur over and over again. “What should I do Wolfie?” he asked quietly.

Wolf whined and laid his big head in Brian’s lap. Brian pet his head like that, staring at his best friend for a few moments. Then he got off the bed and knelt down on the floor where he hugged the big dog.

He got to his feet and went out to find Rosa. “Rosa?” he said trying hard with the voice she wanted him to use.

“Yes?”

“I think I like the name Angel.”

Rose jumped up, went to him, and hugged him.

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Connie rang the doorbell. It had been a month now since she had been to see Rosa. They had talked a few times on the phone, but only a few. From inside the house, she heard Wolf’s deep loud bark. She wasn’t afraid of Wolf anymore. In fact, she actually liked the big dog. But the strange thing was Bobo. Every time she mentioned Bobo to Rosa, she had changed the subject and refused to talk about him. She could only surmise that Bobo, was now back to being Brian again, and was long gone. And she couldn’t blame him one bit!

The door opened and Connie was suddenly quite surprised. Rosa hadn’t opened the door, but another woman had. Except closer examination told her that it wasn’t just another woman, but Brian – dressed as a woman. She stood there wide-eyed, taking him in. He was

wearing a rather nice dress. He had small heels on his feet. He was wearing makeup. And the biggest change of all, his hair had been styled and bleached to a light blonde.

“Hi Connie,” Angel said brightly as she held the door open for her.

Connie came in, but her eyes never once left the person in front of her. “Brian?” she finally asked.

Angel smiled, but it was Rosa who came up and answered. “It’s not Brian anymore, and it won’t ever be Brian again. Connie, I’d like you to meet my new companion. Connie, this is Angel.”

“Angel?” Connie asked, still staring in disbelief. She finally turned her head to look at Rosa. “Companion?”

Rosa smiled. “Yes, from now on, Angel will be living with me, and helping me with everything I need.”

Connie stared back at Angel. “Angel?” she said, still trying to come to grips with it.

Angel smiled. “Believe it or not, I can’t remember ever being this happy,” she told Connie. “For the first time in my life, I feel like I’m wanted. And needed. And...loved.”

Connie looked back and forth between the two of them, then she finally smiled at Angel. She went to her, and hugged her. “Hi Angel,” she whispered. “I can’t tell you how happy I am for you.”

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It was a beautiful spring day. Rosa and Angel had been very busy getting another of her new rental properties ready for someone to move into. The house next door had been rented to a salesman who was away quite often. Rosa and Angel sat on the porch swing together enjoying a glass of iced tea. Wolf was out in the back of the yard, doing his business back there.

Rosa put her hand on Angel’s arm. “Angel,” she said. “You’ve been the best thing in my life in many years. Is there anything you’d like? Anything at all I can do for you?”

Angel watched Wolf way out in the yard. She turned her head to Rosa. “Can I do something?”

“What?”

Angel told her.

Rosa considered it. “Okay. But just this once, and only for today.”

Half an hour later, Rosa opened the back door and let Angel out. Angel saw Wolfie rolling around on the grass. She barked. Wolf heard it and reacted instantly, picking his head up to see. A moment later, he ran up the steps and was licking Angel’s face. Angel nuzzled him

back and barked playfully. Together the two dogs ran down the steps and out into the yard, where they played like the two best friends they still were.

Rosa sat and watched the two of them. Bobo was back again, but only for the day. But Rosa had no doubt that she would let Angel play this way with Wolf again. She just wouldn't let her play that way too much. She needed Angel now. She was forever grateful to have Angel in her life. And she was sure that Angel felt pretty much the same way. But once in a while. Once, every so often, she might let Angel, and Wolfie, play.

The End.