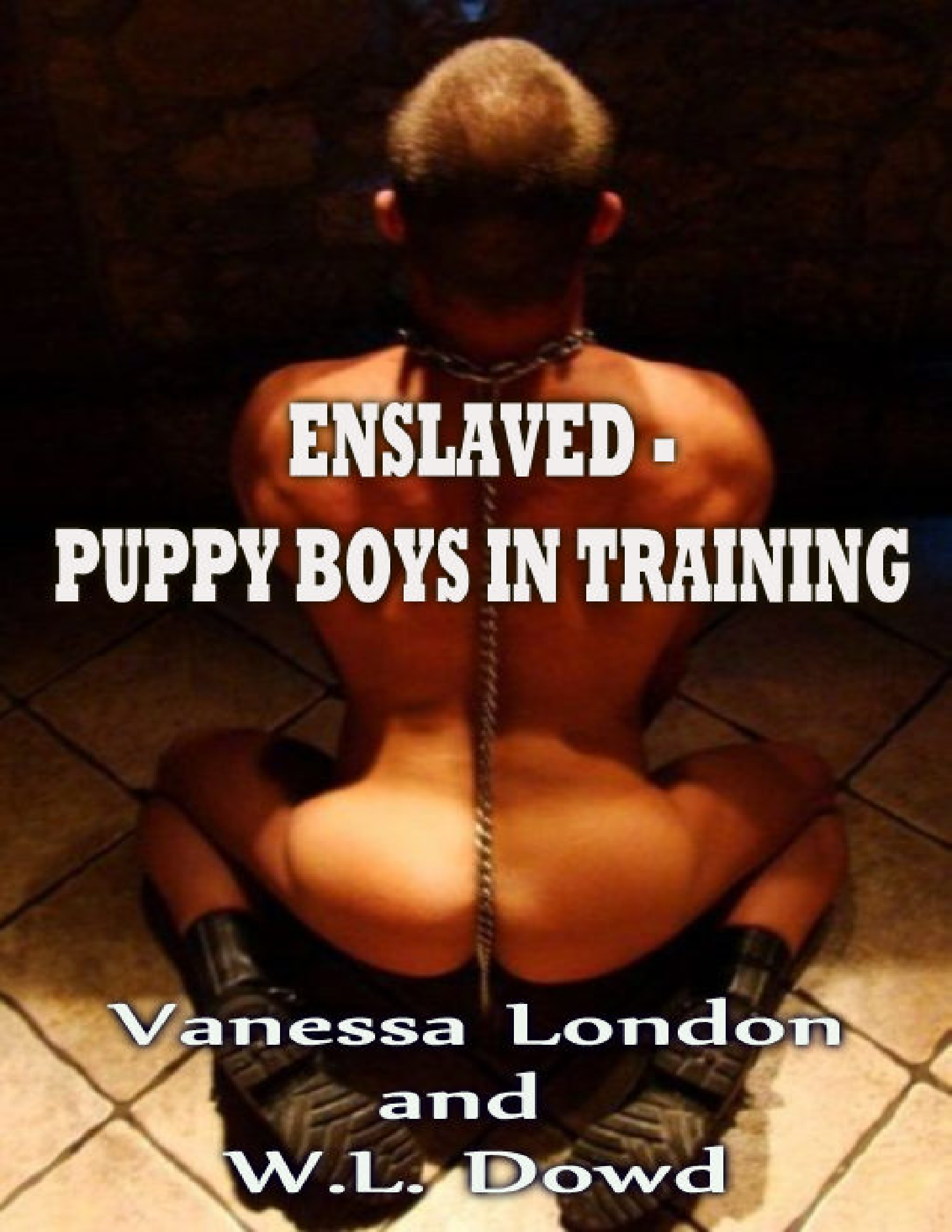

ENSLAVED -
PUPPY BOYS IN TRAINING
Vanessa London
and
W.L. Dowd

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by

Vanessa London and W L Dowd

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Prologue

Nestling deep in the secluded valley of a mountain range in Nevada, Mistress Kayla's training compound dominates the landscape. Spread-out across the valley's beautiful green vegetation, with the tall, menacing and nearly impenetrable mountains making up its backdrop, the specialized training facility is a spectacular place. With access limited to helicopter or 4-wheel drive vehicles, Mistress Kayla's private lair saw no uninvited guests, or any unplanned departures.

Extremely wealthy by virtue of her one-of-a-kind business venture and dominant creativity, Mistress Kayla's large and eccentric facility is a very unique training compound. It's a place that specializes in the acquisition and training of men in the art of serving their soon-to-be owners. But it's the unique service that these men are trained to provide that makes this place so thrilling, terrifying and life changing, all at the same time.

It's Kayla's deep rooted passion for her work that makes her so good at what she does and her business so incredibly successful. She takes young men, both willing and occasionally unwilling and systematically transforms them into obedient pets, either puppies or ponies, with 100% success. Unsure what to expect when they first arrive at the compound, there's absolutely no question what's expected of them by the time they are ready to leave. Once broken and fully trained, these men are sold to some of the wealthiest and most influential people in the world.

For the younger, smaller, and more adorable young men, they're trained as lap dogs. They learn to please, tease, and serve their dominant and often demanding owners in a variety of pleasurable ways. Stripped of their free will and dignity, these puppy boys soon exist only to whimper and lap at the feet of their owners. Broken and well trained, the submissive cuties serve at their owner's side without question, ready to please in any variety of ways, or suffer the punishment deserving of any defiant pet.

For the more mature men who find themselves at the mercy Mistress Kayla's trainers, they learn to adore and serve their owners in a number of productive

ways, including that of ruthlessly protective guard dogs. Trained to play, please and protect, these pups require more regular obedience training and punishment to keep them in-line and focused. There's virtually no command they won't obey to gain the approval of their master.

And finally, for the stronger and more unfortunate young men who arrive at the training compound, they quickly find themselves in Mistress Kayla's pony stables. Larger in stature and physically stronger, these muscle toned men learn what hard work and obedience is truly all about. Unmercifully and sometimes cruelly trained to obey and perform, these men can find themselves pulling personal transport carriages, wagons, lawn mowers and other tools of work. The compound's trainers hone their service skills to provide the transportation services between the house and the arrival areas that support Mistress Kayla's extensive and lucrative business venture. In addition, these pony slaves in training pull the mowers that cut the acres and acres of lush green grass each week. It's these pony boys that keep the compound's grounds maintained.

Once ensnared at Kayla's compound lair, the trainees are not only mentally broken and thoroughly dominated; they're physically manipulated as well. With a steady diet of uniquely engineered drugs, the young men designated for puppy and pony duty soon find their olfactory senses so acute they can smell an approaching person at 200 feet, their tongues swell so large they can barely contain them in their mouths, their vocal cords all become all but useless and finally their cocks and balls grow so large that they dangle and swing between their legs, nearly to the point of discomfort.

However, it's the fifth and final effect of the drug regimen that is perhaps the most torturous, controlling, and occasionally debilitating. Within their enlarged and swollen balls, the helpless men generate large amounts of thick and creamy semen that quickly fills their stretched sacs. Unable to stop the relentless production, they desperately need to expel their life giving fluid every 48 hours at minimum. If forced to exceed the 48 hour mark without any relief, it becomes nearly impossible to function. Fearing the awful punishment for masturbation far more than the disconcerting extraction of their building loads, the men can do little but pant and whimper as they endured their intensely personal ordeals.

But what would any respectable kennel or stable be without a few premium females available for show and breeding? By acquiring only the most beautiful and desirable young females for the tasks ahead, the lovely creatures help keep the kennels and stables filled with excitement and sexual desire.

Always on the hunt for new additions for her business or her personal collection, Mistress Kayla spends several days a month at her estate near the big city. Here she can find her new recruits and then whisk them off to her private training facility, far off in the southern mountains. Whether she's working her powerful seductive magic on the seemingly unaware, or making special deals with the local authorities under her staggering influence, Kayla has a remarkable ability to add amazing new specimens to her collection.

CHAPTER ONE

An Unexpected Encounter

It was another sunny and warm afternoon at the local park where Kayla often hunted for her next trainee. Sitting on her usual bench about 30 feet off the running path, she sat in the shade of a large oak tree as she watched the many runners pass by. Although her business was primarily focused on the training and sale of select young men, she also enjoyed the pleasures of a fine woman on occasion as well. Fully understanding and accepting of the deep and kinky desires that fuelled her personal pleasures, she thoroughly enjoyed the sight of both sexes as they pranced by on the path.

Peaking at a touch over 5' 8", Kayla was a tall and amazingly seductive full-figured 145 lb. woman in her mid-thirties. Her long wavy blonde hair, large alluring blue eyes, silky smooth skin and captivatingly seductive smile, made her an irresistible sight for most anyone within eye shot. Dressed in her black knee high leather boots with 4" heels and very revealing short black dress, no one passing by could resist stealing a glimpse of the beautiful dominant as she sat waiting on the bench; like a cougar waiting for its prey to appear.

As was usually the case, it wasn't long before an attractive young man caught her eye. He looked about 5' 5' and 140 lbs. as his glistening shirtless body drew closer. His slender, young and sexy body was quite well defined from his years of gymnastics training and a real pleasure to gaze upon. His long brown hair was pulled back in a ponytail. He jogged along the path barely showing any sign of fatigue.

Knowing he was approaching the point on the path where he would certainly spot her perched on the bench, her eyes locked onto him as she positioned herself just right and began to smile in preparation. With each approaching stride, her sinister smile became more alluringly wicked as the pleasure receptors in her body began to tingle with anticipation of the first encounter.

And sure enough, it began to unfold just as she knew it would. Kayla's irresistible presence quickly caught his attention and he couldn't help but glance over to her. Like a moth to a light, his eyes locked onto hers and he couldn't look away. Instantly captivated by the seduction in her eyes and the overwhelming sexuality of her mere appearance, he began to stumble and stray from the paved path. Stunned and embarrassed by his uncontrollable reaction to her enchanting presence, it took him a moment to be able to look away and continue on.

Kayla knew by his response to their brief encounter that he would be back. She'd been down this road many times. Experience taught her that her prey was now sufficiently disabled and would soon fall into her clutches. From here it was a waiting game; all she could do now was sit and wait. The only question remaining; is he a keeper?

Several minutes later she spotted the young man circling back, just as she anticipated. This time he was already looking her way as he approached. And just as she knew he would, he slowed to a walk as he approached the section of trail nearest her bench. Then, acting as if he were tired and done with his exercise routine, he stopped on the path and bent over with his hands on his knees to catch his breath. Finally getting up the courage, he turned his head toward the bench to get another good look at the beautiful woman who had caught his interest so.

"All done, sweetie?" Kayla spoke out rather loudly.

Smiling back at her now, he responded, "Yeah, I've had enough for today."

Unable to stop himself, he stood up straight again and started walking toward the bench. He quickly noticed that Kayla was sitting in the middle, with her body turned slightly to the side in a very seductive pose.

With her catch on the line, Kayla was now ready to reel him in like a big game fish. "You look tired, why don't you come here and rest a bit?"

He approached the bench but soon realized she wasn't going to slide over to give him room to sit. Being only 4 foot long, there wasn't enough

room for him to sit and she wasn't moving over as he came closer. Now standing just a couple of feet away and looking down at the voluptuous woman, he couldn't help but admire the view of her highly visible cleavage.

"Do you run here often?"

He was struggling to look away from her amazing cleavage as he responded, "Almost every day since I moved here 3 weeks ago."

"Well, it's been a month since I was here last, so that explains why I've never noticed you before. What's your name?"

"Beau," he replied, as his eyes darted about in an attempt to admire her while not looking too obvious.

Feeling uncomfortable standing before the woman and towering above her, he came to realize she wasn't going to invite him to sit next to her, so he squatted down near her feet in order to continue their chat.

"Beau… I really like that name. Mmmm, it's almost as sexy as you look."

Blushing and looking down at her boot-clad feet, he finally responded, "Thank you." He paused for a few seconds and then continued, "May I ask your name?"

Sensing she might have a keeper squatting before her, Kayla decided it was time to turn up the heat.

"You can call me Ma'am."

Inhaling deeply and blushing even more, he soon responded, "Ok," as his eyes rose up briefly to meet hers.

"How old are you Beau?"

"I'm 22," he replied with his eyes now focused on her boots.

“That’s such a fine and impulsive age… I remember my twenties, such fun and reckless abandon.” Seeing Beau’s eyes affixed on her feet she asked, “do you like my boots, Beau?”

“Ahhhhhh, ummmm, yes, they’re nice.”

“What’s the matter, Beau, did you forget my name?”

Stumbling and stammering ever more, he finally replied, “N-no, Ma’am, I-I didn’t, Ma’am.”

With each passing second she could feel the young man falling into her grasp. She spread her legs slightly and saw his eyes immediately look toward her mostly exposed inner thighs.

“Do you like what you see now, Beau?”

Unsure what to say next, he quickly looked away from her creamy smooth thighs.

She bent over, reached out and grabbed a hold of his chin, lifting his head.

“Are you shy, Beau? Or do you not like what you see?”

Red faced and stunned by the events unfolding, he finally replied, “Yes, Ma’am, you look very nice.”

Releasing his chin, she squared herself up with the bench and spread her legs wide enough for Beau to see all the way up to her panty-less crotch. Seeing his eyes widen with excitement, she knew it was time to seal the deal.

She pointed to the patch of grass directly between her spread knees and said, “Kneel here and sit back on your ankles.”

After a slight hesitation, he moved closer to the bench, knelt down between her legs, and then rested his ass back on his ankles. His mind was racing with confusion and excitement and his wide gawking eyes were now fixed on the woman’s glistening slit. Her nicely trimmed bush perfectly

highlighted her visibly moist labia, which was now spread open just as her legs were. He was completely mesmerized by the pink fleshy entrance to her womanhood on display before him.

"Now tell me," said Kayla, "are you living here with family or a girlfriend? I see you're not wearing a ring, so I assume you're not married."

Breathing rather rapidly now, he replied, "No Ma'am, I live here alone. I haven't spoken with my parents in a number of years and I have no other family, or a girlfriend."

Kayla smiled widely; she knew she just landed her latest prize. "Very good. Do you have a job?"

"Not really, Ma'am, not yet, but I'm looking while I work from home on my computer."

"Even better, my little pet… Up on your knees and cross your wrists behind your back. I want to get a really good look at you."

Beau complied immediately, strangely unable to resist the woman's commands. His smooth and perfectly toned body was now on display for Kayla to inspect and touch. From the corner of his eye, Beau could see some folks along the trail starting to take an interest in the sight of him kneeling at attention between the beautiful vixen's legs. He could hear a few folks gasping and giggling behind him as they commented on his kneeling position and the sexy woman on the bench.

Sitting up and reaching out with both hands, Kayla began to run her hands over Beau's hard torso and slender body. She took a few extra moments to tease and play with his noticeably sensitive nipples and soon noticed the tell-tale bulge beginning to form in his loose fitting running shorts. As she continued to caress his firm and mostly naked body, his cock continued to respond.

"You'll do quite nicely and you do appear to enjoy my attentions… Folks are starting to stare; do you want me to stop, Beau?"

“N-No Ma’am, please don’t.”

“Mmmm, good answer, my pet. Now tell me, Beau, would you like to become my pet, my personal pleasure pet?”

He inhaled deeply, unable to believe what he just heard. Quickly realizing he was experiencing a wild fantasy that he’d dreamt of often but never ever thought he would get the chance to experience, he exhaled, “Y-yes Ma’am, I think I would.”

With a sinister laugh, she reached down between his legs and grabbed a handful of his swollen manhood through his shorts.

“I’m talking a live-in, full time pet. You will not be afforded the pleasantries of human comforts. You will live as my puppy slave. You will walk on all fours, you will eat from dog dishes, you will not speak with words and you will live at my feet and work to please me every waking moment that we are together. Your existence as a man will be erased during your service to me. Are you sure you’re ready for a commitment like that?”

With his eyes now closed and a gentle groan escaping from his mouth, he replied, “Yes Ma’am, I think I am.”

His equipment was still in her grasp. She squeezed a little harder and continued: “There’s no thinking about it, Beau, either you are or you aren’t. What is it, Yes or No?”

Groaning a little louder, Beau replied, “Yes Ma’am, Yes I’m ready to be your pet.”

“Very well then, here’s the deal. I have a package that you’ll take home with you today. You will open it as soon as you get home and follow all the instructions included. By the act of opening the package you will have accepted all the conditions of your surrender as I described a moment ago. You will then report to the address provided in three days, exactly as the instructions detail. Any questions?”

Overwhelmed with both excitement and trepidation, he finally responded, “No Ma’am, no questions.”

“Good! Now, when I release your manhood from my loving grasp, I’m going to hang the package around your neck. Once that’s in place, you will stand and then walk away with your wrists still crossed behind your back. You will not uncross your wrists from behind your back until you’ve exited the park and you will not remove the package from your neck until you get home. I’ll be waiting for you in three days, am I clear?”

“Yes Ma’am, very clear.”

She kissed Beau on the cheek and said, “Your Mistress awaits our next encounter. Don’t disappointment me, Beau!”

She released her grip on his package and retrieved an 8 inch long cylindrical tube from her bag. It had a rope connected to each of the 4 inch diameter tube. She hung it around his neck like a survival package around the neck of a Saint Bernard.

With the package in place, Kayla reached out and pinched his nipples firmly, before commanding, “GO!”

After he rose to his feet while straining to maintain his balance with his arms behind him, Kayla suddenly barked out, “STOP!”

Now standing and facing the sexy woman, he froze in place while he watched her reach into her bag and pull out two tiny clamps. One at a time, Beau watched her squeeze them open, place them over his hard sensitive nipples and then release them. The sudden and incredible crushing grip of the clamps on his nipples took his breath away.

“There, that will give you a little something more to think about in lieu of fretting over all the folks who will be staring and pointing at you as you make your way home. Now GO!”

Still reeling against the stimulating pain in his nipples, he slowly turned toward the path in order to exit the park. To his surprise and

humiliation, there were several folks standing along the jogging path and watching his encounter with the woman that he knew only as Ma'am. Remembering his explicit instructions, he kept his arms behind his back as he proceeded toward the folks looking on.

Because he was still dumbfounded by the unexpected and intensely tantalizing encounter with the sexy mistress, it took Beau a few moments to realize that his nearly erect cock was acting like a tent pole in his shorts. The folks pointing and staring at his obvious arousal made the young man's humiliation complete as he strived to exit the park with great speed, while Mistress Kayla looked on with a huge and personally gratifying smile on her face.

CHAPTER TWO

Is This Really Happening?

When he arrived at his studio loft, Beau quickly went inside, hoping none of his neighbors had spotted him. Before removing the tubular package from his neck and setting it on the table, he reached for the nipple clamps and carefully removed them. But no matter how careful and easy his attempts were at removing the clamps, his nipples screamed back to life as the blood rushed back into his pleasure buds. After several seconds of pushing and rubbing on his tortured nips, the pain of their reawakening finally subsided.

His nipples were free and the package was sitting on the table. He pulled up a chair and sat there in a state of disbelief. He stared at the tube and reflected on his encounter with the incredible mistress on the park bench. The whole thing seemed rather surreal. One moment he was out for his daily jog and the next he was on his knees before a voluptuous mistress who wanted to make him her personal pet. Still, the thoughts of the day's events and the idea of following through on the woman's proposal were strangely exciting and perplexingly compelling to him.

He was staring at the package that he was directed to open immediately upon returning home. Eventually he slowly reached forward. The ominous package was in his trembling hands and Beau slowly opened one end of the tube. He held it over the table, lowered the open end and shook the contents loose. Out of the package came a studded leather collar with a 24 inch leash attached to it, two large white pills, a troublingly small loin cloth and a rolled up piece of paper with the words *'Read this Immediately'* printed on it.

Stunned and captivated by the items now scattered on his table, he held the rolled-up paper in his hand and took a deep breath, He untied the ribbon that kept it rolled up tight. The sexual excitement that was surging though his body drove home the fact that he was helpless to stop himself from going down this path of humiliating servitude.

He pulled the ribbon loose, unrolled the instruction sheet and began to read it.

'By the act of reading these instructions you have entered into a binding agreement with Mistress Kayla, which now designates you as her legal property and compliant pet. As of this moment, you begin your one year commitment to her and you will work with all your abilities, courage and talent to please her in any way she sees fit.'

The words resonated in his head as he felt a fresh and strange sensation of excitement wash over him. With his wide eyes looking on with astonishing anticipation, he read on.

'Next and immediately, meaning right now and BEFORE you read past this paragraph, you WILL swallow one of the two pills provided. Once you've done that, you will continue.'

Beau looked away from the instructions. He knew this was the moment of truth for him. His gut told him that once he swallowed the unknown pill, there was no turning back. Once he exposed himself to the drug, he knew it meant he was committed.

With the sound of his heart pounding in his head like a base drum, he retrieved a bottle of water and prepared himself to take the leap. He placed the menacingly large pill with no markings on his tongue and quickly gulped it down with a large swig of water. He felt every inch of the pill's travel as it slowly slid down his throat. Beau knew his life was about to change in ways he couldn't fully anticipate. Turning his attention back to the instructions, he read on.

'With the drug now releasing its powerful chemicals into your body, the effects will be as follows:'

Your tongue will swell so large you'll barely be able to contain it within your mouth by day two. This will prove useful in your grooming and pleasure duties.

Your sense of smell will become extraordinarily acute on day three.

Your genitals will quickly grow to twice their current size and begin to produce copious amounts of semen. Your need to ejaculate regularly will become a focal point of your existence.

Your vocal cords will become dysfunctional. You'll learn to communicate like any other dog.

'You will take the remaining pill upon rising tomorrow morning.

'By the time you wake up tomorrow, you will be feeling the amazing effects of my gift. Be careful taking your second pill, your enlarged tongue will make it difficult to swallow. Once day three arrives, you will have been fully transformed as described above.

'On day three, your last day as the man you are now, I will administer the next dose when you arrive at my side. Upon waking you will shower before preparing yourself for delivery to ME.

'Next, you will put on the collar and leash. Then, you will dress only in the loincloth provided. Wearing ONLY the loincloth with the collar and leash provided, you will exit your home and go the street. Once there, you will place your wrists through each side of the slipknot loop at the end of the leash and pull downward until the loop closes tightly around your wrists. You will not be able to loosen the cord once drawn tight.

'Next, you will walk to the corner of Main St. and 5th Ave., by 11 AM sharp and wait for a black windowless van to pull up to the curb. No doubt, you'll be the object of many leering eyes and curious folks. Once the van arrives, you will follow the handler's instructions without question or delay. The rules of conduct for my puppy boys will be shared with you during your trip.

'Arrangements to secure your lease and utilities for the next year are in process. You will not be missed and no one will be looking for you.

'I'm looking forward to getting you to my compound!'

As he placed the instructions on the table, Beau suddenly had several conflicting emotions attempting to overwhelm him. He was fearful of what the unknown drug was already doing to him and began to be concerned over what he'd gotten himself into, followed quickly by a bone chilling feeling of helplessness and humiliation at the thought of what was in store for him. But what truly made all the thoughts and emotions that were suddenly rattling around in his head so conflicting was that it all led to an internal spark of sexual excitement that he just couldn't explain or ignore.

Realizing he couldn't just sit around and dwell on the unknown for the next three days, he grabbed the remaining pill from the table and headed for the bathroom to take a long hot shower. He placed the large pill on the bathroom counter, turned on the shower full blast, slipped his loose running shorts from his thin frame and climbed into the hot shower. But as hard as he tried to focus his energies on getting himself cleaned up, he couldn't get the vision of the seductively beautiful woman on the park bench out of his head.

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The next morning came quick for Beau and so did the realization of his transformation. As soon as he began to move about in bed, he immediately felt the pressure in his briefs and the fullness in his mouth. He pushed the covers off, and could see his briefs straining against the fullness of his loins. He looked down his slender fit body and quickly pulled his shorts down in order to assess the condition of his manhood.

When his cock and balls were free from the fabric, he was stunned to see how large his package had become overnight. He couldn't believe how swollen and full his resting equipment now looked. Amazed at the current size of his equipment, he couldn't help but wonder how large his cock would become when fully excited.

Surprised and somewhat concerned by the sudden changes to his body, Beau jumped to his feet and headed for the bathroom mirror. Still mesmerized and shocked over the impressive size of his manhood, it took a moment before he noticed the unfamiliar fullness in his mouth. He looked in the mirror, lowered his jaw and watched his tongue extend from his mouth,

landing at the bottom of his chin. Wide-eyed and dumbfounded, he quickly discovered that he could now lick his chin and the end of his nose with ease.

But the most unsettling for Beau was when he went to express his amazement out loud and his voice was barely audible. Thinking back to the instructions, he realized how accurate they were. He was well on his way to his new existence and he couldn't help but wonder what uses his mistress would have for such a tongue. But as unsettling as his rapid transformation may have been, the fire in his gut was growing experientially as his imagination began to run wild with images of what the dominant woman would have him do with his new tongue.

His excitement was starting to build. Beau reached for the remaining pill on the counter, filled a glass, carefully placed the pill at the back of his enlarged tongue and chased it down with the water. As he was not used to his new tongue, much of the water spilled out the sides of his mouth and ran down his chest. Shaking his head, he began to realize that even the simple tasks of drinking and eating would have to be relearned.

He looked for a distraction to keep his mind occupied and decided he'd best go for a run while he was still able to do so. He put on a pair of running shorts and shoes and headed out the door. As luck would have it, he ran into two of his friendly neighbors who greeted him. Knowing that he could barely speak and that it was all he could do to contain his enormous tongue, he smiled, waved and quickly jogged off. But he didn't get far before he discovered how difficult it was to run with his newly enlarged genitalia hanging uncomfortably between his legs. When he found himself panting for air with his tongue hanging out, he knew it was time to get home and wait out the next couple of days in the privacy of his loft.

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Finally, the big day was here. When he woke up in his apartment on the last day for the foreseeable future, Beau's fine body was now fully prepared to serve his new owner and mistress. He looked in the mirror before entering the shower and was taken aback by the sight of his new appearance. With his plump pink tongue extending out from between his lips and his manhood

dangling several inched from his groin, he began to understand how he might be used to serve his new mistress.

Mesmerized by his own reflection, Beau soon became excited by his appearance. His cock was now growing larger and larger with excitement as he envisioned himself in the service of his beautiful mistress. And with the vision of the beautiful woman he knelt before in the park still fresh in his mind, he now stood there with his cock in his hand. He could feel the fullness in his balls as he slowly began to stroke his hardening cock in anticipation of his delivery to the compound.

Beau was surprised and pleased to discover that the sensitivity of his cock equaled its new size. Stroking his shaft to 12+ inches of throbbing manhood, he suddenly felt the overwhelming need to expel a pent-up load from his large dangling balls. He quickly entered the shower and lathered up his stiff cock as he began to pump it to orgasm. The feel of his tight slippery hand stroking up and down his thick excited cock was intense. He'd never felt such pleasure and pressure before.

There was no doubt; this had to be the effect of the drugs that were transforming his merely human body into something more special and capable. As he relentlessly stroked and jerked his throbbing cock, Beau was amazed at how intoxicating it felt and how difficult it was to get his balls to erupt. He'd jerked off in the shower plenty times before, but never did he have to work so hard at it. He could feel the pressure building inside, but he just couldn't seem to get himself to pop. Clearly, doubling his size and pleasure came with an unfortunate side effect; it would take also take double the effort to cum.

The intense pleasure building within his loins drove him to a feverish pace with a determined grip and renewed effort. He couldn't stop; it was like an invisible force had overtaken his body. Like an animal in heat, his cock was not going to be denied the pleasure of ejecting its precious cargo. His heart was racing and his head was in a fog before he finally felt his balls begin to boil.

The pressure slowly building deep within was starting to coming to a head. Then, as his body jerked violently, hot creamy cum suddenly erupted

from the tip of his cock with stunning force and shot across the shower. It sprayed against the wall of the shower. Beau was stunned by the pressure and volume of his orgasm. He was forced to reach out for the wall when his knees began to buckle, as the sensation of his powerful ejaculation was so unexpected. With each pump of his fist, more hot sticky cum shot from his rod and slid down the wall. By the time he was done, there was a thick stream of jism running down his shower wall and heading toward the drain. He'd never experienced anything like it before and he couldn't wait to experience it again.

Finally able to regain control of himself, he finished bathing and exited the shower. All bathed and dried, he was almost ready to go. He took one last look at himself in the mirror as he secured his hair into a ponytail and placed the collar around his own neck and buckled it tight. Still mesmerized by the reflection in the mirror, he realized he was getting a little nervous as he stared at the studded collar that now encircled his neck. There was no turning back now, nor did he consider that an option.

Once his collar and leash was in place, he took the loincloth and tied it around his slim waist. The garment was uncomfortably small and no matter how much he messed and fussed with it, he still felt quite exposed. He stared in the mirror with a look of wondrous disbelief in his eyes, he couldn't believe he would soon be out in public.

He watched the clock, knowing he had to leave by 10:55 in order to make the four block walk to his meeting place on time. And, dressed as he was, he knew it was going to be the longest and most humiliating walk he'd ever made.

His anxiety level peaked when the second hand struck the 55 minute mark on the clock. Realizing it was now or never, Beau took a deep breath, looked around his apartment and wondered if he'd ever see it again. He walked to the door, his legs shaking as he reached for the doorknob. He slowly opened the door to peek out and verify the coast was clear before he ventured into the hall. He shut the door behind him, rested his forehead on it as he took another deep breath and then quickly exited onto the street.

It was mere minutes before 11:00 AM on a beautiful sunny warm morning. Beau knew his neighbors would be out and about and sure enough they were. Looking down toward the sidewalk in an attempt to avoid any eye contact, he attempted to disappear quickly toward his destination, but it wasn't long before a familiar voice ringing out.

"Hey, Beau, what's up with the funky costume? Halloween is a ways off…. Hey, slow down. Where are you off to in such a hurry? I want to get a better look at that funky little outfit, Beau!"

Recognizing Tamara's voice immediately, Beau raised his bound hands slightly in an attempt to wave her off and then stepped up his pace. He couldn't make himself look back at the 24 year old woman who lived next door. He'd taken quite a liking to the very attractive single woman and, until his recent run-in with Mistress Kayla, he'd been laying the groundwork to ask her out on a date.

Tamara was a beautiful African American woman who stood about 5' 7" tall with a perfect figure and a sexy smile that made you melt. Her sensual golden brown skin, long thick wavy dark brown hair, seductive deep brown eyes and beautiful smile had caught Beau's eye the very first day he moved in. It hadn't taken him long to strike up a conversation and begin to learn more about her. She seemed to take a mutual interest in Beau and soon revealed that she was single and recently relocated to Nevada to escape a bad relationship in order to focus on her art and modeling.

But none of that mattered now. Beau's life had just taken a sudden and unexpected turn and there was no place in it for Tamara. Barefoot and practically naked, he moved away as quickly as he could while Tamara yelled out behind him.

"I'll see when you get home! And don't burn your feet on the hot pavement, maybe you should wear some sandals or something!"

Despite walking with his head down and moving at a brisk pace, he could feel the folks on the busy street staring and pointing at him. Some were so taken aback by his odd appearance that he could hear them calling out for others to look at him. Then, to his absolute horror, he felt his already

enlarged privates begin to tingle and swell. Seeing his tiny cloth begin to rise, he quickly placed his hands over his semi erect cock in an attempt to keep it down.

Embarrassed and humiliated beyond words, he struggled to get enough oxygen through his flaring nostrils. Nostrils that now seemed to catch the intense scent of everything around him from the usual smells of the city streets, to the perfumes of the women walking by, Beau was being overwhelmed by the unfamiliar intensity of the odors.

To further add to his misery, he arrived early at the designated corner and the van was not there. Forced to stand and wait, he moved close to the curb line in anticipation of his ride, when suddenly he could smell the perfume of a woman drawing closer. Surprised by his suddenly improved nasal receptors, he instinctively lifted his head and began taking short and rapid sniffs. With his eyes growing wide in anticipation of the woman he could smell approaching with amazing clarity, he jumped when he felt a soft hand caress his upper arm.

"Hi there, sexy!" the woman said immediately. "I like a man in a collar. Can I ask what you're doing here?"

Groaning through his closed mouth, he shook his head rapidly in objection.

"No, you're not looking for some fun, honey."

Still shaking his head rapidly, he then felt her hand slide to his ass as she began to rub his tight ass cheek under his cloth.

"What's a matter, baby, cat got your tongue? Mmmm, you're an amazingly sexy man and dressed like this on the street corner, are you sure I can't take you home, gorgeous?"

With his eyes as wide as saucers, he shook his head side to side.

Sighing with disappointment, she said "Well, suit yourself, sexy and good luck to you. My goodness, you're gonna make a great catch for

somebody. But if you're going where I think you are, I'll be seeing you again!" She goosed him before walking away with her high heels clacking loudly on the concrete.

Overwhelmed with embarrassment at the thought of who might recognize him, or who might approach him next, he was relieved to see a large shiny black van approaching. The sight of the ominous windowless van with large off-road tires was actually a sense of relief. His heart was pounding in his chest like a jackhammer, as the van slowly stopped in front of him, the sliding door centered on his waiting collared body. After making him endure his humiliation for several more seconds, the van door finally began to slowly slide open.

He looked inside the shadowy concealed interior and immediately spotted a shiny metal cage, the size of a large dog's crate, with his name 'Beau' on a plaque above the small door. Stunned and fixated on the sight of the cage with his name on it, he was startled when the man inside the van suddenly opened the cage door and barked, "Get in the cage, NOW!"

More anxious to get off the busy street then he was about crawling into a cage; he lowered his bound hands to the floor of the van and proceeded to crawl his way inside. Beau found the task more difficult than he expected, especially tied. He had never had to crawl into a cage on his hands and knees before, so he struggled to get himself fully inside through the somewhat small door.

While maneuvering himself inside, he caught a glimpse of some excitedly gawking eyes from the front of the van. He turned his head toward the driver's seat and saw the head and face of a pretty redheaded woman watching him make his way into the cage. Realizing it was not Mistress Kayla at the van's controls; Beau began to wonder just how many people would be involved in his captivity and subjugation. As he was unable to look away from the beautiful green-eyed redhead with the beaming smile on her face, his humiliation mounted as she watched him struggle, obvious enjoyment and pleasure in her eyes.

Once inside his cage, there was little room for Beau to move. When he heard the cage door swing shut and latch, Beau knew his fate was sealed.

He was now officially caught and caged for delivery to his new owner and mistress.

As he struggled to turn himself around in the cage, he was shocked to notice another cage toward the back of the van. This one had the name ‘Max’ affixed to the cage. In it was a young man also locked away inside the van, just a couple of feet away from him. Captivated and concerned by the unexpected sight of the caged man, Beau was further taken aback by the sight of the huge panting tongue as it slipped from the man’s mouth in distressed excitement at Beau’s arrival. Trapped in a small and confining cage just as he was, it was clear to Beau that the caged young man was drugged and prepared for the same purpose he was.

Looking back to the man who locked him in the crate, Beau attempted to speak. He forgot about his condition and his large tongue quickly fell from his open mouth. Nothing but a whimpering whine escaped from his throat. Jolted back to the reality of his drug induced condition, he too was now panting and staring at the man in control with large pleading eyes.

After shutting the van door and nodding to the driver, signaling they were ready to go, the man moved to the passenger seat at the front. He reached down to the side of the seat, pulled up on a lever and spun the seat around to face the rear, while the driver pulled away from the curb.

“Gentlemen, your full attention please!”

Beau and Max now looking at him in perplexed amazement with their large puppy dog eyes and nervously panting tongues.

“I’d like to point out that that will be the last time you will be referred to as men, or even as human. And when you’re referred to as ‘boy’, it will be meant in the same context and manner in which any master refers to their dog.

“Have no doubt whatsoever, when you accepted Mistress Kayla’s invitation to become her pet, you gave up all your rights to be treated as men. From this point on, you WILL act, be treated as, and be trained as her

puppies. And as a handler and trainer for Mistress Kayla, you will look to me as a master. Do you understand everything I just said?"

They stared back at the man with uncertainty in their eyes, panting nervously with knots in their stomachs, unsure of what to do next.

"I said, do you understand me!"

Attempting to say 'Yes', a faint "arff" escaped from Max's mouth. Although unable to speak any real words, the sound seemed to flow smoothly from his straining throat.

Hearing this from Max, Beau soon followed with a similar audible response. Like Max, he found it relatively easy to expel an 'arff' sound from his otherwise useless voice box.

"That's better! You'll learn through your training what sounds your helpless vocal cords will be able to project in response to what's expected of you. Now, we have some basic rules that you puppies will be living by, so pay attention!"

Looking down to a note card, the master continued.

"Puppies will obey all commands, with no exceptions. Punishment for failing to obey any command will be swift and very memorable.

"You will not wear clothing of any kind, unless specially dressed by a master or mistress... With that said, you'll both remove your loincloths immediately and toss them out of the cages."

They hesitated before stripping away their only piece of clothing and remaining dignity. The master gave them a moment before issuing a warning...

"This is a classic example of disobedience. You should not be thinking, only reacting. Your thoughts and feelings are irrelevant. This will be your only warning, obey or be punished!"

Hearing the seriousness in their master's voice, Beau and Max went right to work at removing their cloths. With their wrists still bound in their leashes and while locked in such confining crates, it was a struggle to reach the knots and pull the cloths from their crouched down bodies. But with some determination, driven by the threat of punishment, it didn't take too long for each of them to pull their modest coverings loose. Beau quickly worked the cloth through the thin metal bars and pushed it out on the floor, where it landed several inches away from the bars.

Max followed suit within seconds. The two men took advantage of the opportunity to check out each other's enlarged and swollen genitals. Both were intrigued by the size of the other's equipment. And for the same twisted desires that brought them to where they were now, the reality of being naked, collared, caged and exposed to each other and their two captors, had them feeling an all too familiar sensation of sexual pleasure.

Their new master took their cloths from the van floor and swapped them over, thus placing them on the floor against the bars of each other's cage.

"Here, I'm guessing you'll find these entertaining and stimulating."

Unable to resist the impulse to use his highly sensitive nose, Beau lowered his head to the floor of his cage and pressed his face to the bars as he aggressively sniffed at Max's seemingly fragrant loincloth. Soon, both Beau and Max could be heard repeatedly sniffing at the other's discarded cover.

As they were still learning how their newly modified bodies worked, they were each humiliatingly astonished at how strong the other's alluring scent was and at how their cocks were suddenly responding. Each was sure they could smell the musky scent of the others pre-cum on the cloth and it was almost irresistible. Confused and helpless against their urges, their cocks were now swelling with excitement.

Their huge 12 inch shafts were now substantially erect and bobbing about underneath their bent over bodies, when their master pulled the cloths away and tossed them in a box.

“That’s enough! Hey Paula, take a look at these two pups. They’ve got some impressive fuck rods there.”

Paula adjusted the van’s rearview mirror to catch a glimpse of the action and Beau once again found the green-eyed beauty admiring his naked form in the confining cage.

“Shall we continue with the rules, pups?”

Glancing back at the index card, he started in again.

“You will wear your collars and tags at all times. Mistress Kayla will tag you herself once you arrive at the compound.

“You will move about on your hands and knees only. Standing and/or walking is prohibited unless specifically directed to do so.

“You will eat and drink directly from your dog bowls. The use of utensils is prohibited.”

“Puppies will sleep in their cages or pens unless otherwise directed by a mistress or master.

“Puppies are prohibited from using the toilet facilities. You will do your business outside or in your pen as appropriate. You will be walked regularly and accidents will not be tolerated. Your impending training will properly house break you.

“Masturbation is strictly prohibited. The collection and use of your semen will be controlled by Mistress Kayla.

“The use of rings, clamps and other jewelry will be at the discretion of Mistress Kayla and you will wear such with pride.”

Looking up from the card with a smile on his face, he said, “If you have sensitive nipples, the bells are the worst. And FYI, Mistress Kayla really loves the bells!”

With a wicked smirk on his face, he continued. “Now relax and enjoy the ride, we have a few hours ahead of us. Your training will begin soon enough. We have a very dedicated staff of handlers and trainers who thoroughly enjoy their work.”

Spinning his seat back around toward the windshield, he placed the instructions in the glove box and then settled in for the ride.

Clearly not concerned whether or not the new puppies overheard their conversation, he and Paula began to chat.

“She’s found a couple of adorable trainees once again,” said Paula. “I don’t know how she does it, Ed.”

“Well, Kayla is an amazingly charismatic woman; just her presence appears to have an intoxicating effect on these submissive men.”

Beau never thought of himself as a ‘submissive’, but clearly there was no other explanation for his sudden demise in the powerful presence of Mistress Kayla.

“Do you think they have any idea what’s in-store for them?” asked Paula.

“Probably not. But you know, if they don’t adapt and take well to their training, she’ll sell them to a slaver in a heartbeat. I think her ruthlessness is part of her attractiveness to her acquisitions.”

“Hmm, I suppose so... I’m looking forward to adding these two to the kennel. The first few days of a puppy’s training are always the most exciting for me.”

“As the kennel mistress, I’m sure you’ll whip them into shape and teach them the ropes quickly.”

Laughing out loud, she replied, “Oh, you know I will, Ed!”

The remainder of the ride was relatively quiet and somewhat uneventful. Beau and Max spent much of the ride trying to discreetly check

each other out, but neither one was good at being discreet. Astonished by how the other appeared through the bars, each knew they were essentially looking at a near mirror image of himself in the cage. And soon, each was beginning to feel a strange sense of jealousy beginning to build.

The large 4-wheel drive van traveled many long rough miles through the mountainous terrain when suddenly it popped out of the dense woods and into a large open valley area. Beau and Max couldn't see anything from their cages but they could tell by the sudden smooth ride and abundant bright sunshine that they must be close to their destination.

CHAPTER THREE

Arriving for Training and Enslavement

Shortly after clearing the vegetation covered roadway, a cell phone rang out in the van.

Answering the phone, Ed said, "Yeah, we're here."

After listening for a moment, he quickly responded: "Yup, we have them both. Both pick-ups were uneventful and both have ridden well. Shall we proceed to the normal drop off zone?"

Listening some more, Ed suddenly displayed a look of concern and disbelief on his face before he began to converse more rapidly with the caller on the other end.

"Really… You're kidding me...We didn't notice anything …"

"Hmm, do you think he knew anything about it?… No…. well that's good!"

"So what are we doing about it?"…

"Thank god! So the back-up team has it under control?"…

"Well it sounds like quite the opportunity for us, pretty much a bonus pick-up huh"…

Laughing now, he replied to the caller, "I guess so… We'll be in-place in about two minutes. See you soon."

After he ended the call and tossed the phone on the dash, Paula asked: "So what was all that about?"

"Well, it seems that Beau's neighbor Tamara couldn't help her curiosity. When she spotted Beau leaving in his collar and tiny outfit she decided to follow him to see what he was up to."

"You're kidding. I didn't see anyone unusual or hanging out."

"Neither did I. But fortunately the surveillance agents spotted her following behind him about a block and then writing down the plate number of the van as we pulled away."

"Oh my god, what did they do?"

"Relax. After a quick background check on her, it was determined she was an eligible target, so they grabbed her. She's a couple of hours behind us in the back-up team's van and will be heading to the stables upon her arrival."

Turning back to look at Beau, who he knew just heard the entire conversation, Ed said, "Looks like your nosey neighbor will be visiting with us too. How do you think she'll take to being trained as a filly?"

Stunned and unprepared for this unthinkable turn of events, Beau's wide frantic eyes and shaking head told the whole story. He really liked Tamara and he had a good inkling that she didn't have a very submissive personality and wouldn't take well to be trained as a captive filly.

"You know," Paula said, "that was a little too close for my comfort. Kidnapping and human trafficking are extremely serious felonies. There's no

way that I'm going to spend the rest of my life licking pussy in some brutal federal prison!"

"Oh chill out. I'm sure Kayla could use her extensive contacts to cut a deal and sell you to a sex-slave trader. You wouldn't spend much time at all behind bars," said Ed with a chuckle.

Glaring back at him with fire in her eyes, she replied, "That's not funny, not even a little, you asshole!"

Still chuckling some, he said, "I'm sorry Paula, I couldn't resist it. Don't worry, we're in this together and Kayla has all the bases covered."

Looking back out the windshield as she pulled the van up to the unloading zone, she mumbled, "Well I hope so, I'm not wired to be some lesbian's bitch!"

She eased the side of the van up tight to a dock type structure, then inched forward until it was lined up perfectly before slipping the shifter into park and shutting off the engine.

With the van stopped and shut off, Ed quickly opened the sliding door which allowed both Beau and Max to get a glimpse of the outside. The late afternoon sunshine was very bright and warm. Being locked away in the dim van for so long made it hard for their eyes to see much until they adjusted to the brightness.

Not wasting any time, Ed pulled Beau's cage along the floor to the edge of the door. With assistance from a handler who was waiting for the transport to arrive, they lifted Beau's cage from the van and carried it to a small cart that was waiting close by. After placing it on the end of the cart, they slid it to front and secured it in place before returned to the van to get Max.

The events of the last several hours had Beau's head spinning with reluctance and wondrous excitement. But none of that prepared him for what he saw next. The sight, just a few feet in front of him, was so mind blowing and unexplainably thrilling that he was now motionless in his cage.

Skillfully hitched to the front of the cart that Beau's cage now rested in were two naked, bound, harnessed and bridled men. They were each over 6 feet tall and very muscular. They were standing obediently with 5' long reins dangling from the large bridle bits that brutally stretched their mouths open, subtly adjusting their stance to support the sudden weight of Beau's body as it was pushed to the front of the single axle cart.

They were encased in elaborate webs of leather straps and connecting rings and their powerful bodies rippled with manly strength. The harnesses were tightly wrapped around their upper bodies then down under their crotches and around their ass cheeks. Their amazingly developed pectoral muscles pushed their large hard nipples out through the 3" harness rings that surrounded them.

Their heads were completely smooth and hairless, just like the rest of their bodies appeared to be. Each wore a full bridle set that snugly encircled their heads in order to keep the bits wedged tightly between their teeth and to hold the leather blinders in place. They glistening in the sunlight and it was obvious that the men were well kept and groomed.

Wrapped tightly around their forearms just below their elbows, were 2" wide leather straps connected to their leather body harnesses on the inside and directly to the pulling poles that extended from the cart on the outsides of the straps. And for a little added extra show, they had very thin straps wrapped tightly around their arms just above their biceps.

The cart itself had three poles extending from the front it. One ran up the middle between the two ponyboys, while the other two ran on the outside of each of them. To finish off their connection to the cart, their thick leather wrist cuffs were attached to the forward leading ends of the pulling poles. This arrangement ensured that the ponyboys could not lose the teetering cart.

Beau was stunned to catch a glimpse of one of the ponyboy's nipple jewelry when he suddenly twisted about to try and catch sight of his cargo from around his blinders. Encircled by the harness' steel rings, his large hard nipples and jewelry were cleverly put on display. Regardless of how impressive and powerful his tightly harnessed body appeared, the black ½ inch rings pierced through the centers of the pony's nipples with the heavy

looking 2 inch horseshoe shaped pendants dangled from each ring made the strong man look rather vulnerable.

Glancing down their amazing bodies further, Beau quickly spotted their incredible tails. They were clearly connected to some kind of anal insertion device, so that each man had a beautiful flowing tail that ran upward before arching back down over the cracks of their tight asses and the backs of their thighs. What Beau couldn't see though their full and flowing tails was the impressive size of their dangling manhoods. But judging by the mere size of the men and the power of Kayla's drugs, Beau had a good idea that their equipment would be unnaturally large, swollen and stretched.

While still taking in the stunning sight of the ponyboys, Beau was pulled back to his own reality when he felt Max's cage land on the cart with a thud, then slid forward until it hit up against his. Turning quickly to look back at Max, Beau could see the terrified look in his wide eyes as he too soaked in the view of the huge ponyboys attached to the cart.

With the cargo loaded, Paula circled around in front of the ponyboys that towered above her tiny frame and gathered up the reins. This was the first time Beau and Max had seen the beautiful redhead out of the driver's seat. She looked exactly as they thought she would. Her slender sexy body was a perfect match for her pretty face and amazing red hair. At about 5' 5" tall and maybe 110 lbs., her impressive D-cup bust and tiny bubble shaped ass looked incredible in tight blue jeans matched with 4" black heels and a low-cut sleeveless white shirt.

She pulled gently on the reins and a "click-click" noise echoed from her mouth just before she said, "come on."

Responding to Paula's command and the tug on their bit rings, the ponyboys strained slightly against the inertia of the cart before it finally began to roll along behind them.

"Come on now, boys, knees up and work together. Let's show these puppy boys how well you've been trained."

Flagrantly nodding their heads up and down in response to Paula's comments, they quickly began to lift their knees high with each step and within three strides they were walking in near perfect unison. The thudding sound of their specially hooved boots as they slammed to the ground with each step was beyond description.

From his vantage point at the front of the cart, Beau could see that their ankle-high footwear was not regular boots. The bottom side of the toe section was shaped like a rather large hoof, while the heel was shaped like a smaller one. This not only gave the ponyboys a solid grip on the grassy surface, but it made their steps sound eerily like a real horse's would. And when they finally reached the paved walkway, the 'clip-clock, clip-clock' sound of their hard hooved boots on the solid surface completed the intended illusion.

As they approached the large arched gateway to the mansion's grounds, Beau spotted some words spelled out in the wrought iron structure; '*Every Woman should OWN a man!*' Whimpering slightly, he was really starting to wonder what he was in for…

"Click-click," escaped from Paula's mouth again as she gently pulled on the reins more and said, "Come on, boys, keep up." And with a grunting response from the ponyboys, Beau felt the cart jerk forward some and pick up speed.

The clacking sound of their custom shoes became even louder as they followed the hardscape path alongside the mansion. As they passed by the large elaborate home, Beau spotted the equally impressive barns behind it. These were placed side by side facing the back of the mansion. The 1½ story gable style structures were 40' wide by 70' deep, each with large and clearly designated training areas out front.

The barn on the left was clearly for the ponies, not only because it was labeled '*Pony Barn*' with big 12 inch white letters mounted on the red siding above the front doors, but the six position horse walker out front was unmistakable, not to mention the two harnessed ponyboys who were currently being pulled around in circles by the machine, while a trainer stood near with her whip in hand to remind them to step high and proud.

Now heading directly for the barn on the right labeled *'Puppy Kennel'*, the cart was pulled through the gate of the training area out front and stopped. This area outside the kennel had a well-manicured lawn that was clearly designed to make a pup's training on his hands and knees bearable. There were also two dog runs and several pens set up along the side opposite the yard for the ponies.

The two large training yards were surrounded by and separated by a 5' high post and wire fence and each had a gate located nearest to the mansion. Now inside the yard's gate, Beau could see two puppy-boys on their hands and knees in two of the pens, their faces pressed to the cage doors as they watched the arrival of Beau and Max with great interest. The yard pens were only 3' tall at best, so standing was not even remotely an option for anyone placed in the cages.

Neither Beau nor Max had any idea how many men were collared, or bridled and in training at Mistress Kayla's compound, but they quickly figured it was a lot.

With the cart stationary, Paula said, "Stay, do not move," as she released her grip on the reins and let them dangle loose.

She then assisted Ed and the other handler, who were following behind the cart, with pulling the two cages from the cart and setting them on the ground. Paula then opened the cages' doors and barked out, "Out, let's GO, out, out, out!"

Responding immediately to Paula's command, Beau and Max squeezed through the small door openings on their hands and knees.

"I trust you remember the rules that were read to you in van! There will be no reminders, you will obey and perform as expected or you will be punished… Now, sit back on your legs so I can release your wrists."

Resting back on his ankles, Beau immediately lifted his bound wrists to Paula.

"Did I ask for your paws yet?" Paula sternly barked out.

Quickly dropping his hands back to the grass and shaking his head ‘No’; Beau realized his training was going to be more challenging than he thought.

Reaching down, she grabbed Beau’s chin in a tight grip and while pulling his head upward, she said, “You will not assume anything, you will wait to be instructed.”

With his wide apologetic eyes looking back at her, she released her grip and said, “Beau, give me your paws, boy!”

Raising his bound hands once again, Paula then released the slip knot that held his wrists, slipped the loop from his hands and let it fall to the grass.

With his hands back on the grass, she said, “Stay!”

Stepping to Max, who just learned what not to do and was waiting patiently, she waited a few seconds to be sure Max understood expectations before she said, “Paws up, Max.”

After repeating the task on Max, she reached over and collected Beau’s leash. Then pulling on their leashes and prompting the pups to follow her, she started for the kennel’s front door.

Neither one of them was used to walking on their hands and knees, but they adjusted rather quickly. Beau appeared a bit more flexible and fluid compared to Max, so his trip of about 100 feet appeared somewhat easier.

But when they reached the last two outside cages nearest the barn, they were both startled and freaked out by the sudden snarling and barking noise that came echoing from the cages. Jumping several inches, Beau and Max quickly looked toward the cages to see two rather large and vicious looking men inside. They were wearing wide black spiked collars, pressing their faces against the cages’ doors and snarling with their white teeth on display. The occupants terrified Beau and Max.

“That’s enough, Rocky and Buster!” came bellowing from Paula. “Be nice, these boys are Mistress Kayla’s newest trainees, there’s nothing to protect us from here.”

Pulling Beau and Max closer to the cages’ doors, they reluctantly moved forward.

“Rocky and Buster, this is Beau and Max. They’re here for training.”

Still pulling them closer, she continued, “Beau and Max, these are Kayla’s guard dogs. They generally wander the immediate grounds and house, but with new arrivals coming, we cage them for the introductions.”

The large dogs still scared Beau and Max even as they were sniffing wildly at the new arrivals through the cage doors.

Pulling Beau and Max right up to the cages, she said, “Now, boys, if you don’t let them catch your scent and at least try to be friendly, they’re not going to take well to you.”

Realizing they were far better off as friends, Beau and Max moved forward and quickly found themselves participating in the sniff fest. While almost nose to nose through the cage material, Paula reached down and released both cage locks.

After bullying their way out of the cages, the guard dogs quickly circled behind Beau and Max and pressed their noses between their legs to get a good whiff of their unfamiliar packages.

Unsure what to do and still a little scared, Beau and Max let the large males check them out as their noses slid over their hanging packages. But when they suddenly felt tongues lapping at their dangling ball sacs, Beau and Max lurched forward in surprise.

Paula had a good idea what was happening and when she circled behind them, she chuckled at the sight of Beau’s and Max’s balls dancing about on the guard dogs’ tongues.

“Rocky, Buster, that’s enough! Leave these two alone, they just got here. Go!”

Lowering their heads in compliance, the two turned toward the yard gate and crawled away.

Watching them crawl toward the gate, Beau and Max stared at the tails that hung from their backsides. Unsure what to think, they were amazed at the rather natural look of the swinging tassels. But they each knew there was nothing natural about them and that there was only one way to hold such a thing in place.

Seeing her new pups staring at the departing dogs, Paula said, “They’re not so bad really. They can be rather playful, but they do tend to be obsessed with kissing the other pups’ privates.”

Re-gripping their leashes, she prompted them back toward the kennel barn entrance. “Come on, let’s go.”

They reached the front door to the kennel and Paula led the pups inside to the waiting lounge area. The space was very clean and nicely lit with expensive looking furniture. The floor where they entered was covered in some kind of rubber material that not only felt good to crawl on, but it looked like an expensive stone floor.

But it was the sight of Mistress Kayla, seated comfortably in the far corner waiting for newest prizes to arrive, that got both Beau and Max excited. Max immediately tried to bolt to Kayla’s side but his short leash put a quick stop to that.

“Wow, hey there... That’ll be enough of that, Max!”

Realizing his mistake as Paula jerked back on his leash, he backed up slowly to Paula’s side.

“I can see you’ll need some obedience training…. I thought you learned from Beau’s earlier mistake, but I guess not. You didn’t see Beau trying to leap to Mistress Kayla’s side. No, he was a good boy.”

Still pulling back hard on Max's leash as his collar tugged at his neck, Paula slowly walked closer to Kayla with the pups.

"Mistress, it's my pleasure to deliver to you, the latest additions to your marvelous kennel."

Smiling, with a look of lust in her eyes like Beau had never seen before, she responded. "Did they give you any trouble?"

"No, Mistress. Other than a couple for minor issues as you just witnessed, they were well behaved. I'm also pleased to report that they appear to have followed your preparation instructions to the letter. They look to be ready and anxious to be in your service."

"Mmmm, I can see that. Take Max to the back and assign him a pen, leave Beau with me."

"Yes Mistress," replied Paula. She dropped Beau's leash to the floor and jerked on Max's, pulling him toward a door that apparently led to the pens in the back.

Max didn't want to go to the pens; he wanted to stay with Kayla. Paula had to pull a little harder on his leash in order to get him to comply. Although he didn't want to go, Max also knew he had little choice in the matter and slowly shuffled away through the door.

"Beau, my darling, come here, sit!" said Kayla as she pointed to the floor near her feet.

She was dressed similar to the outfit she had worn in the park on that fateful afternoon just a few days ago. Beau was excited beyond belief at the appearance of his new mistress and owner. Crawling forward with his tongue gently panting in and out of his mouth while his enlarged cock and balls swung about between his legs, he soon reached Kayla's side and sat by her feet.

"I can see you need to learn how to sit… When you sit, you will spread your knees and slide your lower legs out to your sides so that your ass

rests on the floor. If your ass cheeks and scrotum aren't touching the floor, you're not sitting properly. Understand?"

Nodding his head in agreement, he quickly spread himself open and rested his ass on the floor. The floor felt cold on his cheeks and balls as they came to rest on the surface.

"Very good! Now, I don't want you sitting any other way. If I, or my staff, see you sitting improperly, it will lead to punishment. We have little patience for disobedient pups."

Sitting as he was, his face near Kayla's slightly spread knees; the scent of her naked and moist pussy under her dress was overwhelming for Beau. Soon, his flaring nostrils were beginning to sniff at the air with excitement. Within seconds, Kayla saw his cock starting to swell in response to his hypersensitive sniffer.

"I see you can smell my excitement."

Beau's head immediately began to nod up and down in response to her comment as he slid a few inches closer to her.

"Very nice, you are going to make an extraordinary pet. But you must learn to control your excitement for me. I will train you to please me in the ways I like to be pleasured. As MY pet, you're only concern is with my wishes and pleasures."

She leaned forward and snapped a dog tag on his collar. In fine print, the three lined tag read,

'Property of - Mistress Kayla - Beau # 0382'.

"There now, you have your tag, you should feel honored to be my property. Beau, sweetie, I'm going to mention this one time and you will listen carefully. For the rest of your time here, you will think and act like a dog. Everything you do should be predicated on how you imagine a puppy would respond and perform. You will use your human ability to think and reason

toward the sole goal of acting like a puppy dog. That's all I expect from you, just your relentlessly focused attention toward that goal."

Pausing for a moment to penetrate Beau's soul with her glaring eyes, she continued, "You must be awfully thirsty by now, my pet."

Pointing to a silver dog bowl beside her seat, she said, "Here, come get a drink."

As he crawled to the bowl, his powerful nose could smell the fresh water. This made him even thirstier so he lowered his face to the bowl and began to lap at the refreshing water. The more he drank, the more he wanted and the faster he tried to gulp it down. The water was soon splashing out of the bowl as his tongue lapped vigorously at the life sustaining fluid.

For Kayla, this was like music to her ears. With her eyes closed and her head resting back on her comfy seat, a low moan of pleasure escaped from her throat as she soaked up the sound of Beau's tongue lapping at the water.

When his thirst was finally satisfied, he moved back to Mistress Kayla's feet and immediately sat in the required stance. When his ass was properly positioned on the floor, he looked up to see Kayla holding one of the large white pills in her hand. After dipping the pill in a cup of water that was on the side table, she reached out and grabbed Beau's chin. She pulled his head closer in her tight grip, lifted his head up and pushed it back. Then, pulling his jaw down to open his mouth, she placed the now slippery pill near the back of his swollen tongue and abruptly pushed the large pill down his throat with her finger. Then she quickly pulled her finger back and pushed his jaw shut while she lifted his head even higher.

She watched as the pill slid its way down his throat and began petting his head. "Good boy."

She released her grip on his chin, placed her hand on her knee and said, "Give me a kiss, Beau."

Lowering his mouth to the back of her hand, he puckered up his lips the best he could with his large awkward tongue and kissed the back of her hand.

"Oh Beau," she said with a sigh, "I thought you had this figured out. Have you ever seen a puppy pucker up and give a kiss like that? Well I should say not. Apparently you're going to need more training than I thought."

Realizing his error with the subtlety of a slap in the face, he quickly began to lick on the back of her hand. With long stroking kisses, he worked at the back of her hand and fingers as if they were covered in honey.

"Nice recovery, but clearly you need some work."

With Kayla's juices beginning to flow again, Beau was easily distracted by his nose. He then found himself trying to kiss her inner thigh just below her resting hand and wrist. Unable to control himself, he tried poking his nose up under her dress to get a better whiff of her intoxicating aroma.

Laughing out loud, she closed her legs as she exclaimed, "The fun of a new puppy. They're always so eager, so impulsive, so unable to control themselves."

Pushing him back from her chair, she grabbed his leash, stood up and headed toward the door to the pens. Once thru the door, Kayla handed off the leash to a trainer and said, "He's got a bit to learn, but I think he'll do well. Put him up for the night and get him groomed for me in the morning."

"Yes Ma'am," the trainer replied. "We'll have him ready for you in the morning."

"Good… and put him in a pen next to Max. I get a feeling those two have developed some kind of bond."

"Very well, Ma'am. We'll take care of that."

Once Kayla left him behind, Beau felt quite uneasy and distressed as he was led deeper into the kennel. As he crawled along on the specially

designed floor, he saw that the kennel area was as clean, neat and bright as the front room. In fact, it was almost clinical in its feel. This was especially apparent when Beau passed by a number of rooms which looked like some kind procedure rooms with shiny tiled floors and odd looking exam tables. It didn't take much imagination to feel like he was in a veterinary clinic of sorts.

These unsettling rooms had 3' x 4' stainless steel table tops about 2 feet off the floor with adjustable procedure lights attached to the ceiling directly above. The walls were lined with countertops and cabinets with lots of drawers and doors to hide things. And a few of the rooms had two or more tables in them, clearly designed for multiple occupants.

"I see you've noticed our grooming and exam rooms. We have a couple of in-house 'vets' who will attend to your needs and your regular grooming will be done in these rooms. You'll learn more about that tomorrow."

After passing by several of these scary places, he entered the area where the actual pens were kept. He immediately noticed how low they were; they were no higher than 4' on the inside. It was clear that the occupants would not be able to stand. However, at 4' wide by 8' long, they were much larger in size than the cages that he and Max were held in earlier, so at least there would be room to move around.

The floors were lined with rubber mats that were clearly removable, most likely for washing. The walls, pen dividers and tops of the pens were constructed from a heavy gauge stainless steel wire mesh material that had 4" square openings. The doors were a simple metal frame, filled with the same shiny wire material.

As Beau made his way through, he saw that it looked as if there was 8 to 10 pens along each side of the aisle-way, the majority of them were occupied, some with two puppies together. As he slowly made his way along, he realized the other puppies were up against their pen doors, all trying to get a good look and sniff of him. He wasn't mentally prepared for such an experience. When he agreed to be Mistress Kayla's pet, he'd envisioned something very different.

It was immediately obvious that the vast majority of the caged occupants were male. Unprepared to be caught up in such a place, Beau didn't know what to think or where to look next. He was overwhelmed by the unimaginable situation he now found himself in and began to wonder if the deep submissive impulses that lived inside his dark fantasy world finally got him into something he would regret.

Slowly crawling down the aisle, Beau spotted two adorable little blonde females in a couple of pens toward the end. Then, just as he was positioned outside the females' pens, Beau saw Max in a pen opposite the females. That's when the trainer stopped, opened the door to an empty pen next to Max, removed his leash and prompted Beau inside.

As he shut the door behind Beau, the trainer said, "I hope you find your quarters comfortable. Check it out and get comfortable with it; this is your new apartment. Your training will begin in the morning."

She reached through the mesh and petted Beau's head. "I can see why Mistress Kayla has taken a liking to you, you are cute!" she said before walking away.

Once inside, Beau noticed a self-filling water bowl at the front of the pen, but no food. In the rear corner of the pen he spotted an odd looking round porcelain bowl on the floor, with a sign near it that read, *'Facilities'*. He ventured over to check it out, but the sight and smell left no question as to its purpose, it was Beau's toilet.

Having checked out his space, he returned to the front of his pen nearest Max.

Max seemed a little on edge and Beau quickly spotted the new dog tag dangling from his collar. He was pleased to see Beau, but he was clearly nervous. He tried to speak, but the only sounds he could make were a few whimpering noises and a mild yelping like sound.

Unsure what was bothering him, Beau began to check out the others contained in the kennel. Was it the two females across the aisle? The two 'bitches' were clearly young and very cute, teenagers, their exquisite and

slender young bodies had been transformed in a similar way to the males. Their enlarged tongues were hanging from their mouths, while their firm swollen tits and unusually plump nipples hung from their chests. As they circled around in their pens, briefly exposing their backsides to Beau, he could see their smooth hairless pussies had puffy labia lips that seemed to pucker open as if to invite a hard cock inside.

Beau also noticed a little something different about one of the females. Her nipples were a bit more extended and pink and seemed to be beaded with a white milky fluid. He also noticed she was moving slower in her pen and appeared a bit more uncomfortable as she crawled about.

While still mesmerized by the incredible sight of the beautiful females, a trainer approached the pens holding a newborn wrapped in a cloth. With absolute disbelief, he watched the female trainer open the pen door of the slower moving female and crawl inside with the infant. This had the caged female pup springing to life with excitement.

After taking a moment to position herself comfortably, the trainer carefully re-positioned the baby in her arms with its head extended outward and facing up. The female bitch then quickly moved herself into position and gently lowered her right nipple into the tiny waiting mouth. Almost immediately, a look of welcome relief washed over the female's body as the little sucking mouth latched onto her nipple and the milk began draining from her swollen globe.

With her back resting against the pen's divider while she held the infant steady, the trainer soon felt a tongue gently licking at the back of her neck through the mesh.

Just barely able to reach the back of the trainer's exposed neck with her tongue; the female pup in the pen behind her had her face pressed tight against the wire as her tongue stretching to reach its target.

"Molly, stop... You can kiss me later; I'm a little busy right now."

Hearing the trainer's command, Molly groaned slightly as she moved to the side so she could watch the baby feed on her friend's tit.

A very short while later, a second trainer showed up at the pen with another infant wrapped in a white blanket.

After allowing the first to fill its stomach to its satisfaction, the trainer pulled the baby from the dangling tit and exchanged it for the waiting one. Holding the second infant as she did the first, the female pup lowered her other nipple to the second mouth. She gently moved her dangling nipple back and forth across the tiny lips until the baby eventually latched on and began to feed.

The whimpering moan said she was clearly happy to be having her swollen tits drained while her friend Molly looked on.

Glancing across to Beau, whose motionless body was frozen with astonishment, the trainer said, “This bitch had a litter of two; which works out nice since she has two tits for feeding.”

Chuckling a bit at her own attempt at humor, she continued, “but don’t be concerned by all this, after ten days of mother’s milk, we switch them over to bottle feeding. Once they’ve taken to that, we deliver the new-borns to the loving and wealthy adopting couples, who in many cases have been waiting years for a child of their own. And today is day nine!”

Turning her attention back to her task, the trainer made sure the infant received a full meal before removing it from the mother’s nipple. She then handed the second infant to the waiting trainer outside the pen before she climbed out.

Before she shut the pen door, she looked to the female pup and said, “I think you have an admirer.”

She pointed to the floor just inside the door and barked out, “Come here, Daisy, and sit!”

Obeying the command of the trainer, the pup crawled over and sat as ordered. With her knees and ankles spread so that her fine ass was touching the floor, she sat at attention.

Reaching out with one hand, the trainer began to roll and squeeze one of the female's sensitive nipples in her fingers. Groaning and whimpering in discomfort, the female pup let the trainer manipulate her nipple until she had a good coating of milk on her fingers. Happy with her effort, she removed her hand from the oozing tit and shut the pen door.

Stepping to the front of Beau's pen, she slipped her cream coated fingers through the door's wire mesh and said, "Would you like a taste?"

The sweet scent of the trainer's fingers was just too compelling for Beau to resist. He immediately began to vigorously sniff at the trainer's glistening fingers before his tongue darted out for a tiny taste. Enjoying the flavorful extract a lot, Beau quickly began to clean the trainer's milk coated fingers with his big wet tongue. He licked and licked and licked until all the flavorful milk was gone.

"You know, after day ten of her feeding cycle the bitch will need to be put on a milking schedule that'll slow her production. If you're lucky and very good to Mistress Kayla, she may let you help with sucking the female's nipples!"

Just the thought of that sent a tingling jolt to his easily excited cock.

Looking over to Max, who was watching Beau with a look of '*what about me*' on his face, she followed up with, "Maybe I'll give you a taste tomorrow, Max," just before she pulled her hand from Beau's pen and walked off.

When the trainer was gone, Max became somewhat agitated once again. After circling about in his pen with a distressed look on his face, he eventually sat down facing Beau and began to whine and point at his nipples.

Beau wasn't sure what he was trying to communicate, but when Max motioned toward the other pups, Beau soon figured it out. Staring through the maze of pens, which was quite easy given the size of the openings in the mesh, Beau saw what it was that had Max so wound up. Focusing on the male pups that were close enough for Beau to get a good look at, he quickly

spotted the silver dog bone shaped jewelry pierced through their sensitive nipples.

Seeing the shiny studs skewered through the others' nubs, he now fully understood what was bothering Max so. Like Max, Beau wanted nothing to do with having his nipples pierced, but he also realized there was probably little he or Max could do about it. With a nervous feeling of dreadful defeat, he glanced back across the aisle to check on the female pups. He didn't recall seeing studs in their plump nips and now he couldn't help but check. That's when he witnessed a display of tender affection and compassion that made him forget about his own distress.

Across the aisle; Daisy had her chest pressed up against the divider wall with her used and tender nipples poking through the openings, while Molly was gently licking at them with her large soft tongue. It was more than evident by Daisy's blissful reaction to the gentle lapping of her nipples that she needed and enjoyed the tender attentions. Daisy's eyes were shut and her head was rolling about on her shoulders while Molly's head moving side to side as she switched back and forth between the pink tender buds.

Watching Molly work so passionately to caress and soothe her friend's used nipples had Beau forgetting all about his own concerns. The amazing sight of Molly's tongue slowly lapping across and around Daisy's extended pink nipples had Beau's cock fully erect. And when he saw Daisy begin to rock her hips with excitement, Beau began to whine softly in response to his own body's building frustration. But his bliss was about to be disrupted as Paula entered the pen area and made her way right to Beau.

"Hey, Beau," she exclaimed as she opened his door, "Come here, we have something special for you to see."

As Beau slowly made his way out of the pen, she snapped a leash on his collar and pulled him toward the exit door. He was leaving Max and the females behind and didn't know what to expect next.

As they exited to the training yard area, with Beau scrambling along on his hands and knees, Paula spotted Beau's hard-on.

“Beau buddy, looks like you were enjoying watching Daisy and Molly, huh? They are a cute couple, aren’t they? They were best friends in high school and teammates on the cheerleader squad too. Kayla’s had them for almost a year now. Their parents were told they disappeared together while attending college abroad. They do take good care of each other, don’t they?”

Pulling Beau across the training yard rather quickly and out through the yard’s gate to the walkway that leads to the barns; she rounded the corner of the mansion and stopped.

“Sit,” she ordered Beau.

Spreading his legs and setting his ass on the warm sun drenched pavement, with his hands on the ground while right next to Paula, Beau spotted a couple of folks approaching in the distance. It wasn’t long before Beau realized what he was seeing.

Approaching fairly quickly was a tall well-built blonde man, wearing a white muscle shirt, worn blue jeans and pointed cowboy boots. His left fist was raised to his shoulder and clenched a set of leather reins that were drawn tight over his sturdy shoulder. Following several steps behind the tall man, struggling against the reins that were pulling relentlessly at the bridle set, was a beautiful, naked, dark skinned woman.

He had forgotten about the fate of his neighbor Tamara until now, but it all came racing back to Beau as he watched her struggling body draw closer. Step by step, his view of her naked and harnessed body became clearer and more exciting.

Her thick flowing dark brown hair was pressed tight against her head under the straps of the leather bridle set and her mouth was stretched wide by the cruel bit that was wedged deep between her teeth. Her silky smooth dark skinned body was encased in a leather harness, similar to the male ponies that Beau witnessed early. The most significant difference was the straps on her harness were much thinner, more lady-like you might say. Her impressive firm tits were pulled through two small circular openings in the harness which made them swell under the confinement.

Unlike the male ponies who were set-up to pull, Tamara's wrists and elbows were strapped together tightly behind her back. This made her swollen trapped breasts jut forward as she struggled to maintain her balance atop the 6" heels of her ankle boots with the frilly fringe which were clearly torturing her feet and calves. And with a short hobble chain between her cuffed ankles as her hard swollen nipples led the way, her vulnerable and exposed body strained with each step she took. Beau knew the stunning young woman must have been suffering terribly as she was forced to make the torturous and humiliating march to the pony barn.

When Tamara spotted Beau sitting on the pathway, collared and on a leash, with his swollen balls lying on the pavement while his large hard cock bobbed up and down just inches above the ground, she almost came unglued. Unprepared to be on display in front of Beau, someone she knew so well and cared for, she pulled hard against the reins and squealed with objection into the bit gag.

Grabbing the reins a bit tighter, the man pulled Tamara to within a few feet of Paula and Beau and stopped.

"Paula, honey," the tall man said, "this one almost ruined your day. Fortunately, we were able to grab her just as she began to dial the cops."

"I heard, Andre. Both Ed and I appreciate your skillful work. I owe you big time."

Motioning Beau toward Tamara, she continued, "Beau, remember your friend? I know you want to sniff her out. Go ahead, she won't mind!"

Lunging forward, he immediately pushed his nose up against Tamara's nicely cropped bush and began to sniff at her exposed bush and slit.

Stunned and confused by the sight of Beau, Tamara immediately began to whine and hyperventilate around the bit lodged between her teeth as she felt Beau's nose pressing at her crotch. When she felt Beau's large tongue dart out and begin to kiss her pink slit, she jumped and squealed and began to stumble on the heels.

Pulling back gently on Beau's leash, Paula snickered, "Beau… I didn't say you could kiss the filly, now stop that!"

Sitting back down on the path, both Paula and Tamara could see his swollen cock head was dripping with his pre-cum.

"Look at you, Beau! Now don't be thinking like you'll ever get a chance to drive that puppy cock into this filly. Oh No, that's not going to happen, but if you're really good, you just might get to see her again in the training yard."

Again, Tamara began to whimper and stumble about on her heels as she tried to object to the idea of being trained like a pony for the entrainment of others. She'd read stories of such slave training places before, but she never even considered them to be true.

"I'd best get this one to the barn, Paula. I think this one's going to make a great breeding filly."

It took a moment for the comment to register with Tamara, but when it did, her tear-filled eyes sprung open in horror as she pulled violently against the reins in objection. With her legs wobbling with panicked fear, Tamara broke down into a sobbing whimper as Andre pulled on her reins and started the horrified filly moving forward again.

They were heading for the pony barn, with Paula and Beau followed closely behind. They both enjoyed the sight of Tamara's bound and bridled body as she continued her difficult walk. Beau couldn't take his eyes off her tight flexing ass cheeks as her beautiful dark toned body slowly walked forward under duress.

When they finally arrived at the training yard outside the pony barn, Tamara couldn't believe her eyes when she spotted four large ponyboys attached to the horse walker, prancing around in a circle in the yard. But what terrified her most were the 12+ inch cocks that swung about from their crotches as they pranced about and the site of their enlarged ripened testicles bouncing as they exercised, this alarmed her even further.

She'd never seen such large man shafts before. She was so stunned by the sight of their huge dangling cock heads; she no longer struggled against her reins. Lost in a vivid vision of being mounted from behind by one of the ponyboys, as he drives his enormous fuck rod deep into her helpless womanhood, his bloated balls slapping her ass, rendered her mind and body emotionally numb.

Knowing Tamara's impeding fate while sensing her emotional surrender at the unbelievable sight of the huge dangling dongs; Beau followed Paula back to the puppy barn with a heavy heart.

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Back inside his pen, Paula shut his door and said, "We thought you would enjoy seeing your neighbor's arrival. Like you, she going to make a special addition to the barns. Now get some rest, puppy. Your day tomorrow will start early with some extensive grooming before you're brought to Mistress Kayla for some quality training.

Absolutely exhausted, Beau laid down against the divider right next to Max and quickly fell off to sleep.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Training Begins

When Beau woke up, the first thing he noticed was the fullness in his balls. Sitting up, he was again surprised by the bloated size of his man sacs as they pulled at his groin and laid across his inner thighs. Realizing the continued power of the pills, he began to get concerned as he vividly recalled the 'No Masturbation' rule. He didn't know to what end he would be forced to endure the building pressure in his loins, or for how long he'd be able to hold against his growing desire to stroke himself to climax.

When he rolled onto his hands and knees, there was no ignoring the heavy fullness of his ball bags. Between his stretched scrotum, his enlarged cock and his swollen tongue, there was no forgetting where he was and what he was being prepared for.

Beau slowly crawled to the water dish for a drink. The cool fresh water was incredibly refreshing and invigorating. Lapping at the water like it was about to be taken away, he splashed it all over his face and around his bowl. When his thirst was finally quenched, it almost felt natural for him to use his impressive tongue to clean the water from around his mouth.

With his thirst satisfied he suddenly realized he needed to pee. Looking over to the porcelain bowl at the rear of his pen, he shuffled over to it and began to try and figure out the best way to use it. It didn't take too long to figure out how he would be expected to use it. He positioned himself above the 12" bowl on his hands and knees, spread his knees and squatted forward in order to lower his dangling cock over the bowl. With the tip of his large cock head aiming to the center of the bowl he relaxed his bladder, allowing his pent-up urine to stream out.

Feeling the relief of his emptying bladder begin to wash over him, Beau soon began to wonder what was ahead for his day. Looking across the aisle he saw Daisy and Molly resting comfortably. Their bodies were

pressing against each other through the divider wall as they attempted as much physical contact as the wire would allow. Seeing them pressed together as they were, made him think of Max.

Glancing over to the neighboring pen Beau was surprised and concerned to see Max missing. Beau couldn't believe he had slept so hard that he didn't hear or feel Max stir. Looking around the pens he noticed a handful of the other pens were empty too.

Several minutes later, the door to the pen area opened and in strolled Paula. With a smile on her face and a leash in her hand, she walked directly to Beau at the far end and opened his door.

"Come!" she said in a firm voice as she tapped at her thigh.

When he crawled to the doorway, Paula quickly snapped the leash on his collar and led him toward the far door. He attempted to crawl as carefully as possible in an attempt to relieve the stress in his swinging balls, but his leash was pulled taut all the way.

Exiting the pen area and entering the procedure room area, Beau was surprised to see some of the other kennel pups secured to the short stainless steel tables. Their knees were spread wide and strapped to the tabletop at one end, while their leashes were pulled tight and tethered to a cleat hitch at the other end of the table. But what really got his attention was the vulnerability of their well-hung equipment and puckered anal rings and the tails that were methodically being inserted into their obviously straining bodies.

"Here we are," said Paula as she walked Beau into one of the larger rooms.

As Beau was led inside, he spotted Max on one of the two tables. But Max wasn't on his hands and knees like the others he saw earlier, he was on his back. His arms and legged were folded up tight and strapped in-place, while his elbows and knees were pulled out wide to the sides of the table and tied to the cleat hitches mounted on each side of the metal table. This left

Max stretched open wide and secured to the table on his back, with arms and legs tightly bound.

Beau immediately noticed how clean and smooth his body looked. There wasn't a hint of body hair below his ears. His face, his armpits, his chest, his privates, his legs; everything was glisteningly smooth and clean. Stretched out and exposed as he was, Beau also saw the look of terror in his wide eyes, eyes that were staring at the tray of dog bone shaped nipple bars and piercing tools on stand next to his head.

"Max has a head start on you. Doesn't he look great? He cleaned up well, didn't he?"

Leading Beau to the vacant table next to Max, Paula patted the tabletop with her hand and said, "Climb up here, Beau, up boy!"

Fully understanding what was expected of him; he climbed onto the table and stood there on his hands and knees. Still looking at Max, he had a good idea what was in store for Max next.

Sliding his knees out wide to the edges of the table, Paula quickly wrapped some leather straps at the bend of his knees and tethered them to the waiting cleats. Next she pulled his leash forward to the waiting cleat at the top of the table and secured him in place.

With Beau properly secured to the tabletop, she went to a cabinet on the wall and returned with a large tube of lotion. After squeezing a generous amount of the creamy lotion onto her hands, she began to rub Beau down with it. She started with his face and then worked across to his shoulders and armpits, thoroughly rubbing the lotion over every square inch of his vulnerable body.

Beau expected the lotion to feel cool and slimy, but to his surprise it wasn't. He was quite surprised to feel a tingling sensation of warmth as Paula's hands slowly massaged their way across his exposed body.

"This hair removal cream is wondrous stuff," Paula began to explain. "You should be feeling a tingling sensation as it goes about eliminating any

hair it comes in contact with. It penetrates to the root and permanently eliminates the follicle, while leaving your skin exceptionally soft and supple. It's a remarkable potion really. Its base ingredient is the semen we milk from the puppies. Has anyone explained the semen milking process to you yet?"

Nervously shaking his head 'No', he groaned and shivered at the thought of being covered head to toe with male cum.

"As your acquisition papers detailed, and as I'm sure you've already noticed, the pills you've been given will cause your body to produce large amounts of semen so that you'll need to ejaculate every two days or so. Luckily for you and the others, we have a couple of effective methods to extract the precious milky cargo."

Working her hands down his torso, she began to methodically rub the lotion deep between his ass cheeks and over his male equipment hanging between his legs.

"We have the hand method, where a trainer slips the extraction collector cap over the head of your throbbing cock and then gently strokes your pulsating cock to a glorious climax."

Using that comment as her lead-in, she wrapped her lotion coated hand around his large cock and began to stroke it slowly.

"Like this... And once your cock begins to shoot its load, the extraction collector will suck up the spoils from the spiting tip of your shaft."

After several long slow trips up and down his ribbed shaft, she continued, "And then there's the less enjoyable but just as effective method. That's where we use the semen extractors which are long milking cylinders that pull your dangling rod deep inside, but before it begins to massage the fluid from your sensitive cock, a flexible tube is slipped all the way up urethra, which ensures every last drop from your erupting balls is sucked up and stored."

Whining and shaking his head in objection, he tried to say he wanted nothing to do with that method. There was nothing about that process that

sounded good to Beau.

After allowing Beau a few seconds to enjoy her pleasurable hand, she abruptly released her tight grip and went back to covering his body with the semen solution. When she was done working it into every crack and crevice, she retrieved a bucket of hot wash rags and placed them next to the table. Taking the wash cloths one at a time, she wiped the special lotion from his body, leaving behind a silky smooth shine that made his skin feel like a baby's.

"Mistress Kayla is going to be pleased with you. You look wonderful, Beau. We only have a few things left to do."

Returning from the cabinet a second time, he saw she had a hairbrush and a waterless toothbrush in hand. After setting the toothbrush on the table, she released his ponytail and went to work brushing out Beau's sexy long hair.

"You have a beautiful coat. Mistress Kayla knows how to pick the special ones."

Brushing and brushing, she soon had his hair just perfect. His long thick hair now flowed across his back and over the tops of his shoulders toward the table.

Exchanging the hairbrush for the toothbrush, Paula removed the unit from the sealed package before she tightly grabbed ahold of his jaw and said, "Open up. A puppy's healthy teeth are important."

Pulling his mouth open wide, she worked the special pre-pasted pad across his teeth with great care and precision. She worked the device around his huge tongue and managed to clean his teeth rather quickly.

As Beau's tongue and mouth were actively working to swallow the minty paste left behind, Paula tossed the foamed up stick into a metal trash can.

"Ok, one last thing to do."

She stepped over to the cabinets, then turned back to Beau with a device that Beau instinctively understood and could have gone without seeing.

"Here is your tail, puppy Beau. As you can see, it matches your hair perfectly."

Beau couldn't take his eyes off the large anal plug that the hair was attached to. He knew right where it was going and by the size of it, he knew it wasn't going to be comfortable. And to further add to his discomfort, he watched Paula lube the tip of the plug with some of the semen lotion before she circled behind him.

Using her free hand, Paula spread his ass cheeks apart and pressed the tip of the huge plug to his clenched ring.

Feeling the slippery probe poking at his ass, Beau looked over to Max, who was still bound and spread open on the neighboring table. But Max wasn't staring at the nipples bars any longer; he was now focused on Paula and the large plug she was pressing to Beau's backside.

"Relax, Beau; this will go a lot easier if you don't fight it."

Rubbing his lower back just above the crack of his ass, she continued.

"You'll get used to it pretty quickly. I know it looks big, but it's not too bad. And this is a special tail. Not many of the others have a tail like this one. I'll explain after we get it in you."

Reaching under his spread legs from behind, she grabbed him around the base of his ball sac. Then, with a cruel grip on his balls, she pulled back while she pushed forward with the anal plug.

Beau's eye sprung open as a tortured "aaarrrffff" escaped from his mouth. The sudden sensation of his anal ring stretching wider and wider before suddenly slamming shut around the narrow base of the thick plug, made his body quiver and jump.

With the plug fully set, Paula began to run her fingers through the tail's flowing hair to straighten it out. Poor Beau could feel every strand of hair as it ran through her fingers. Like the bow over a fiddle's strings, her touch resonated in his tight virgin ass. Then, once she was satisfied with the tail's appearance, she proceeded to explain why it was so special.

"Now, this is a wagging tail. It has a tiny compression powered motor that's activated by the clenching action of your ass. Yup, you heard it right. With each clenching grip of your stretched asshole, the tail will wag in one direction and then back again. So the faster and harder you clench; the faster and harder the tail wags. I happen to know that Mistress Kayla is really looking forward to seeing your tail in action."

Circling back to the head of the table, she unwound his leash from the cleat and prompted him back to the floor.

"Down, boy, it's time to start your training."

Beau carefully made his way off the table on his hands and knees before he was led around to the bottom end of Max's table. The cleverly designed device buried deep in his rectum not only stretched him uncomfortably wide, but the weight of the custom flowing hair felt more like a two pound hunk of lead as it pulled at his clenched ring while he slowly crawled forward.

Now staring directly at Max's enhanced, groomed and erect cock, Beau was somewhat captivated by his throbbing cock as it hovered over his lower torso. But it was the sweet scent of his freshly manicured privates that now had Beau's attention as the torment in his ass began to fade from his thoughts. Oddly alluring and unexplainably compelling to Beau, he extended his nose forward to get a better sniff.

"Isn't the power of the pill irresistible? Your transformation has you unable to resist the urge, the need, to inhale the aroma of everything you see. Not only can't you help yourself, but the scent of sexual excitement, regardless of gender, is beyond any self-control you might think you have… Go ahead, follow your new instincts."

Pressing his face to Max's exposed and spread groin, Beau found himself sliding his nose along his rigid shaft before using it to push Max's drooping balls to the side and work his way under the hanging ball sacs to get a good sniff.

Beau couldn't believe the effect it was having on his own body. He felt alive with sexual tension as he sniffed and sniffed more aggressively at Max's manhood. And when the power of Max's scent finally overwhelmed him, Beau shocked even himself when his tongue darted out to taste what smelled so wonderful.

A joyous "Ha, Ha, Ha," echoed from Paula's smiling mouth. "I see that didn't take too long. And there's another surprise effect coming as well, Beau… When you finally do get to taste a male's pre-cum, you'll find it so intoxicating and addictively compelling that you'll constantly want more whenever you catch the scent of an excited male… You can thank Mistress Kayla for that later.

"Now go ahead, groom your buddy Max with your wondrous tongue. He'll enjoy it as much as you do. And don't be too concerned by your new compulsion, you'll get to spend plenty of time lapping at pussy as well."

Following his body's unrelenting hunger, Beau's large wet tongue was soon busy at work between Max's legs. Unable to resist the primal impulse, he lapped and lapped at Max's throbbing shaft and drooping balls. To his utter disbelief and humiliation, the taste was as tantalizing as the smell. Surrendering to what he didn't fully understand, but also couldn't stop doing; he licked at Max with increasing passion.

And when his tongue slipped over the tip of his Max's swollen knob while picking up the tiniest drop of pre-cum, he suddenly understood the true depravity of his transformation and helplessness. It was truly the game changer that Paula had tried to explain. Just the slightest bit of Max's juice on his overly active tongue made him lust after more. With renewed vigor, Beau licked at the bottom side of Max's sensitive shaft as he tried to tease more of the delightful fluid from the tip of his winking crown.

“Beau, you be a good boy and keep grooming Max. Do not stop, you will keep licking his privates while we take care of some business. DON’T stop!”

Straining his eyes to look up at Paula, Beau nodded his head gently as he continued his work on Max. His desire to extract another drop of Max’s clear nectar kept him focused.

As Paula stepped to the head of the table, in came a man dressed in a white lab coat. He immediately walked to Max’s side and started rubbing his exposed belly.

“Who do we have here, Paula?”

“This is Max, doc. He’s pretty anxious about getting his bone bars.”

“I’m sure he is, aren’t they all,” he chuckled.

“Max ,buddy,” he said while still rubbing his belly, “I’m Dr. Schmidt. Now this will only take a few seconds, so I suggest you close your eyes and think about a nice warm sandy beach someplace where you’re lying next to Mistress Kayla.”

Dr. Schmidt was a young attractive man in his late twenties with short sandy blonde hair and a sculpted jaw line that made his tooth filled smile and sexy eyes look larger than life. At 6’ tall and 190 lbs., the handsome doctor was an alluring figure himself.

Paula was standing at the head of the table, gently petting Max’s head as she smiled down into his frantic eyes. “Just relax, Max, your buddy Beau is very busy giving you some tender kisses, just focus on that and this be over before you know it.”

Turning to the small refrigerator under the counter, the doc retrieved two antiseptic wipes and set them on the evil looking tray of nipple bars and implements.

Beau immediately felt the tension tear through Max's body as he squirmed about on the table. Like Max, Beau knew what was in store for his friend, but he also knew he was expected to keep licking, so he did.

Tearing open one of the sealed packets, the doc used the icy cold wipe on Max's right nipple. Max's reaction was immediate as the cold wipe was successful with both its tasks; sterilizing the target zone and bringing the nipple to full attention.

Beau could smell the strong scent of alcohol and he could see how Max's helpless nipple responded to the icy cold wipe. All Beau could do was watch from below and hope that he wasn't next.

Max's whimpering cries and squirming body did little to slow Dr. Schmidt down. With Paula holding Max's shoulders steady, the doc retrieved a specially designed piercing tool from the tray and with Max's hard nipple held firmly between his forefinger and thumb, the doc quickly drove the thick needle right through his sensitive nub.

Max immediately yelped so loud it echoed through the room and out into the corridor.

But for Beau, the effect of Max's body jerking tight as the needle suddenly penetrated his rock hard nipple, resulted in a tiny reward. His body's violent reaction to such a jolting violation caused his cock to eject another dribble of pre-cum, which Beau happily lapped up. And while his buddy was getting his new nipple bar installed, Beau was anxiously licking at the head of Max's cock like it was the best thing he ever tasted.

After the doc properly secured the dog bone shaped bar in Max's tortured nipple, he tore open the second wipe and went right to work on Max's left one. And with Paula helping to hold Max still, the doc quickly had both of the nipple bars inserted and secure.

Petting Max's head while he lay on the table hyperventilating with his tongue hanging out, Paula said, "It's all over, Maxie, you did great."

After he finished cleaning his piercing tool and placing it back on the tray, Dr. Schmidt asked Paula, “Are we doing the other puppy too?”

Beau’s eyes sprung open with panic as his heart started pounding in his chest.

“No, not yet... Mistress Kayla has some special plans for that one. She’s really taken a liking to Beau here. I haven’t seen her so giddy over the prospect of a personal pup in a long time.”

Beau immediately calmed down at the sound of Paula’s words. Still lapping at Max’s cock and balls, the thought of being with Kayla only further intensified his excitement.

“Ok,” said the doc, “I’ll go look-in on some of the other pups before I head over to the stables and check on the new filly that arrived yesterday. I hear she’s quite the specimen.”

“Oh Yeah, Tamara... She’s quite the specimen alright. The bitch nearly got us caught the other day. I just hope I can be there when they breed her. I’m really going to enjoy whispering in her ear while the lucky stud fills her pleasure box with his seed.”

Beau’s ears perked up when he heard that exchange. Even though he felt responsible for Tamara’s predicament, he also felt a strange tingle of excitement when he thought back to her arrival yesterday. He knew her body would be a spectacular sight to see, but naked, bridled and harnessed as she was; she was even more thrilling than he could have imagined.

Laughing out loud, the doc replied, “You can have a sadistic streak at times, Paula!”

“Yeah, well, in this business sometimes it’s necessary, while other times it’s just fun to be a little cruel.”

She grabbed Beau’s leash and began to pull him back from Max’s crotch. With his neck straining against the pulling collar, he finally relented

and fell back to Paula's side. Struggling with the unfamiliar fullness in his bowels, Beau found it difficult to move.

"It's time to go see your Mistress, she's waiting for you. And along the way, you'll receive a few obedience lessons."

Lowering her loose fist to her side, with the back of her hand toward Beau, she continued.

"First, when someone presents the back of their hand to you like this, you will immediately give them kisses. This is a sign of submissive respect."

Remembering his earlier encounter with Mistress Kaya very well, he immediately took a quick sniff of Paula's hand and began to lick it. Side to side, bottom to top, Beau licked and licked at her hand until she finally pulled it back.

"Very good, puppy boy... Now second, when you've had the privilege and pleasure to kiss a master or mistress, you will also display your pleasure by wagging your tail. You do recall how to wag that tail?"

Breathing rapidly in anticipation of the task ahead, Beau nodded his head and set about the work of waging his new tail. Clenching his sphincter with modest force, he felt the tail move to the side and start back again. Feeling the success of his effort, he began to squeeze his violated opening again and again as the tail began to wag back and forth. Beau soon felt the tail's hair tickling across his ass cheeks and the back of his thighs as it moved back and forth with greater speed.

"You are a quick and eager learner. Let's go!"

Pulling gently on Beau's leash once again, they left Max behind, still strapped to the hard metal table and whimpering at the sensation of his new jewelry. Exiting the barn's front door, Beau soon found himself outside in the training yard. The sun was bright and warm and the air was full of all the usual fresh morning scents.

After a few brief steps into the yard, Paula stopped with Beau and said, “Sit.”

Beau carefully lowered his ass to the ground as the incredible fullness in his backside was even further amplified when he sat on the tail. Looking around he spotted several puppies being strutted around the training yard at the end of their leashes. Most of them had their calves strapped tightly to their thighs, forcing them to walk on the points of their knees, while their hands and forearms were encased in a covering, like a tall glove with no place for the fingers, thus forcing their hands into fists and making them travel along on their knuckles.

The pup closest to Beau appeared to be Mexican; he had a beautiful golden tan skin and dark hair. With his leash drawn taut in the hand of his trainer walking alongside him, the young man was strutting his stuff with his head up high, his tail dancing about and his huge cock and balls swinging about in full sight between his legs.

Not far behind him was a pair of blonde haired pups who appeared to be twin brothers. With one on each side of the female trainer, they too were strutting along in their gear. Maneuvering in near unison, these two had clearly been trained to perform as a duo.

“These pups have been in training for several weeks. See the golden skinned pup with the leg-ups and arm wraps on? He’s the father of Daisy’s litter. He’s due to be sold tomorrow at the auction. Pedro’s a gorgeous and remarkably compliant pure bred who’s going to bring a hefty price. You see, you got here just in time for the semi-annual puppy and pony auction. Some of the most wealthy and influential folks in the world will be here tomorrow to purchase themselves that very special pet!”

Pointing to the screened-in porch on the back of the mansion, Paula nodded her head and said, “Look, your Mistress is waiting for you.”

Seeing Kayla sitting in her chair and smiling at him got Beau all excited. He couldn’t wait to be at her side. Paula had to pull back on his leash and slow him down a bit.

“Hold on, boy. You’ll get there soon enough.”

Finally arriving at the porch door, Paula opened it and allowed Beau in. Once inside Paula released his leash and Beau headed straight for Kayla.

Struggling a bit with the tail lodged deep in his ass, Beau soon arrived between Kayla’s knees with great excitement. Just seeing her gorgeous braless body siting there in her short yellow sundress that exposed her flawless legs and sensuous inner thighs was wonderful. Beau’s face and sniffing nose was immediately drawn to between her thighs. From his position on the floor, Kayla’s parted legs and smooth sexy thighs were the most exciting and alluring sight he could imagine. Beau quickly began to kiss the insides of her knees with great compassion and enthusiasm, while his nose was actively capturing the smell of her naked pussy within.

Pushing his head back from between her legs, Kayla said, “Not so fast, pup. Calm down and behave yourself.”

She lowered the back of her hand to Beau’s nose. He understood exactly what that meant and went right to work enthusiastically kissing her hand.

“Good boy, Beau.”

Smiling ear to ear while allowing Beau some time to kiss her hand, she then said, “Now turn around and show me your tail, boy; I want to see it wagging.”

Reluctantly pulling his tongue away from his Mistress’ hand, Beau turned to the side and began to wag his tail with all his might. Back and forth the tail swung as Kayla watched his ass cheeks straining to make to the tail come alive.

“Nice work, Paula, he looks great and he’s taken exceptionally well to his role in such a short time.”

“Thank you Mistress, but the credit goes to you. It’s rare that we find a trainee who’s so eager to comply.”

“I knew this one was special the moment he fell to his knees before me in the public park. That’s also when I knew that I wanted this one for myself. I haven’t had a personal pet for quite some time now.”

Patting her knee, Kayla commanded, “Here boy, up, hands on my knees, up.”

Responding immediately, Beau was up on his knees directly in front of Kayla with his hands resting on her knees and his impressive tongue panting from his mouth.

“Good boy,” she said as she reached down between Beau’s legs and slipped her hand around his large semi-erect cock that hung so impressively from his crotch. After a few gentle strokes with her soft hand, Beau was shivering and whimpering with sexual torment. “Mmmm, Mmmm,” gently escaped from behind his panting tongue as his cock responded immediately to the unexpected stimulation. Stiffening and expanding with incredible speed, Beau was soon humping Kayla’s friendly hand.

“Ready to go I see. I bet you’re aching to be emptied. I can tell by your bloated hanging balls that you’re just about at peak fullness. I generally find this to be the best time to train the newbies.”

Releasing her grip on his large cock, she patted him on the head and said, “Down, boy, back down on the floor.”

Beau reluctantly sat back down on the floor, while Kayla sat back in her chair. Then sliding her ass to the edge, she kicked off her heeled sandals, pulled her dainty dress up and spread her legs open right in front of Beau’s face. And when Beau’s excited nose and drooling tongue headed right for her exposed pussy, she pushed his forehead back and said, “Not so fast, puppy. You will show your Mistress how much you appreciate her. You will kiss your way up my legs,and you will not indulge in the pleasures of my juices until I give you permission. Do you understand me, Beau?”

Dying to get at her smooth, moist and highly fragrant slit that was now on full display before his pleading eyes, Beau whimpered loudly as he nodded his head in acceptance.

Understanding what was expected of him, he slid back some and lowered his head to Kayla's right foot. Then using his transformed tongue, he went to work kissing the top of her foot. With a skill that surprised even himself, Beau's large wet tongue was soon licking at her toes and lapping at the sensitive bottom of her foot.

Beau could tell by Kayla's sensuous movements and brief gasping breaths that she was enjoying his talents. Using his newly enhanced tongue as it was intended; Beau slid it between and around her toes while continuing to target the soft bottom of her foot. And when he glanced up her body to steal a glimpse of her beauty, he felt an extraordinary sense of pride when he saw her hard nipples poking through the fabric of her sundress.

"Don't forget that Mistress Kayla has two feet," came echoing from Paula who was sitting in a chair close by and watching.

Hearing his trainer's comment, Beau immediately switched to her other foot and continued with his display of appreciation and affection for the woman who now owned him. And by the sounds of her growing moans, Beau knew his wet and tender affections were exactly what she wanted.

Licking and licking at her soft smooth skin like the puppy boy he had become, he began working his way up her ankles and calves. With every few laps of his tongue he'd switch to her other leg and repeat the pleasurable caressing. With more and more excitement, Beau kissed at her incredibly succulent legs as he made his way closer to her sexy knees. And when his tongue ran across the super sensitive skin at the inside of her knee, she gasped a sudden deep breath and exhaled, "Oh yeah, ohh that feels so goooood, Mmmmmm."

Smelling the excitement now flowing from Kayla's pussy, Beau was getting more and more anxious. He gently licked his way up her inner thighs, unsure how long he'd be able to hold out against his lustful desire to push his face into her crotch and run his tongue through her amazing slit. With his head now positioned deep between her creamy thighs, his powerful nose was filled with her sexual scent.

But before Beau was allowed to reach Kayla's pleasure box, the place where her amazing legs met at her treasured womanhood, Kayla pushed his head away once again and said, "Oh my, I'm going to enjoy you, my pet… Paula, take Beau out to the yard so he can do his business, then bring him inside."

Popping up from her chair, Paula grabbed Beau's leash and pulled him away from Kayla, who quickly sprung to her feet, pulled her tiny sundress down and walked barefoot into the house.

Out in the yard, Beau was led to a group of small trees. Right away he could smell the urine of earlier visitors to the spot.

"Lesson four," said Paula, "when not in your pen, you'll do your business out here in the yard. Now pick out your spot and pee. And don't dally; Mistress Kayla is waiting for you inside."

Sniffing around some, he finally found a spot that he liked. He wasn't exactly sure why he liked it, but he did. Positioning himself accordingly, he lifted his leg in order to aim his still stiff cock away from the ground around his knees and began to piss. The yellow stream ran down the trunk of a tree, draining away in the soft grassy soil.

"Good boy." Pulling on his leash she led him back to the porch and then into the large house.

Inside, Beau was shocked to see what looked like an old fashioned country kitchen, with a wood plank floor, knotty pine cabinets, butcher-block tops and an oak plank kitchen table with six chairs setting around it. From the window over the sink, both of Kayla's training barns were in full view. The kitchen was nothing like he expected to see inside the elegant mansion. But it did make it feel more 'home' like and less formal and the surroundings did make him feel more relaxed.

Kayla was sitting at the kitchen table in her skimpy yellow sun dress and spoke to Paula.

"Come, sit down, Paula. We need to discuss tomorrow's auction."

“Yes Ma’am.” Leading Beau to Kayla she gave him his next order.

“Sit by Mistress Kayla’s feet.”

With his leash falling loose, Beau moved close to Kayla and sat his tail filled ass on the floor by his owner’s feet.

Opening a small gold jewelry box on the table, Kayla removed a pair of gold chains from the box and laid them on the table. Each 3” chain had a shiny bell on one end and a metal clamp with sharp teeth on the other end.

Reaching out, she grabbed ahold of Beau’s leash and pulled him a bit closer, as she said, “Closer, Beau, I have a something for you.”

Once Beau inched closer, she began teasing his left pleasure nub with her soft fingertips until it was swollen and hard. Then, she took one of the small chains with a bell from the table and abruptly attached it to his stimulated nipple. Beau's body jerked and twisted as he struggled to bear the pain of the clamp and dangling bell.

Allowing Beau only seconds to adjust, she repeated the process on his right nipple, and then tugged on the chains to make sure they were securely attached.

“These are your training bells, my pet.” She then flicked each bell, producing a sweet tinkling sound. “I adore hearing the tinkling of a puppy's bells as he pleasures me.”

Whimpering and trembling from the burning pain searing through his tormented nipples; it took Beau a few minutes to adjust to the adornments dangling from the clamps biting into his man nubs.

After finally settling down at his owner's feet once again, Kayla reached out to pet Beau's head and said, “Don't worry, my pet, we’ll take small steps. If you please me well, there are many larger bells and other ornaments you will have the chance to wear.”

Paula then barked out her next command.

“Lie down next to your Mistress and be still while we talk. And don’t forget how a dog lies!”

Slowly lowering his torso to the floor, he folded his arms at his sides and laid forward until his bells clanked to the floor.

Kayla allowed Beau to settle down on the floor before she slid her foot under his side as if trying to keep it warm. With her years of training experience, she knew that regular physical contact, no matter how seemingly insignificant, helped to strengthen the bond between her and her pets.

“Paula, I believe we have five puppies and two ponies ready for auction tomorrow. Am I correct?”

“Yes Mistress, I have five pups ready to go and I believe Andre has two colts ready. Shall I call him and check?”

“Yes, please do. I like to know the inventory that’s up for sale before my guests arrive.”

Paula used her cell phone and said, “Andre, can you come to the kitchen please?... Good, thanks…” Setting her cell on the table, she said: “He’ll be in momentarily…”

“I’ll have all the paperwork completed for my puppy trainees tonight. I expect this group to bring in a hefty bounty. These are some of the best trainees we’ve had in some time. The Mexican pup Pedro and the twins from southern California, Luke and Duke, are unusually adorable and obedient.”

Just then the door from the porch opened and in walked Andre. Strolling over to the table, he knelt down near Beau and began to pet his head with one hand, while he placed the back of his other to Beau’s nose.

Beau knew what was expected and reluctantly began to kiss the back of Andre’s hand. He much preferred to kiss Kayla and Paula, not strange men, but he’d learned that who he kissed was not his choice to make.

“What’s a matter, Beau, not very friendly today?”

Seeing Paula push back from the table with a look of displeasure on her face, Beau realized he'd better get with it. Still struggling against the throbbing pain in his clamped nipples, he quickly began to lick at Andre's hand with more excitement.

Andre responded in a chuckle, "Now that's better pup."

Turning toward Kayla, he continued, "What can I do for you, Ma'am?"

"What inventory do you have ready for the auction?"

"Two colts Ma'am, and they're fine ones at that. Both are full bred southern boys."

"Excellent. Be sure to have all our merchandise certified by Dr. Schmidt and cleaned up and ready by 7 pm.

"And Andre, I assume you'll have the usual pony powered carriages available for those who like a ride to the mansion's front door? And Paula, no doubt you'll have a select few pups excitedly waiting to greet our guests as the exit their vehicles?"

Both nodded their heads in agreement, Paula said, "Oh yes, Ma'am, as always!"

"Thank you Andre, you can go back to your work, I'm sure you have plenty of last minute details to finalize."

"Yes Ma'am, I'll be on my way."

"And Paula," said Kayla, "has Beau had breakfast yet?"

"No Mistress, not yet."

"Ok then, please feed Beau and fit him with a set of leg-ups and arm sleeves. Then run him through some drills in the yard. And oh, remove his nipple ornaments before you feed him, I'll have a different pair for him to wear when you bring him back here after dinner. I think I'm gonna keep Beau

with me tonight. It's been a while since I've had a pup stay with me for the night and besides, he has some unfinished business," said Kayla as she slid her hand up the inside of her thigh.

"Understood, Ma'am, I'll have him back at your side this evening."

Grabbing Beau's leash, Paula led him to the door. Beau didn't want to leave, he wanted to stay with his owner, but that wasn't his call and he knew that quite well. Crawling out of the kitchen, his new bells bounced and rung merrily as his tortured nipples throbbed unmercifully.

"Come, boy, it's time to eat and learn some tricks!"

CHAPTER FIVE

The Auction Approaches

Back in the training yard, Beau was amazed at the number of pups and ponies that were now in the throes of training outside the barns. As if he hadn't already figured it out, seeing the flurry of training activities in the day leading up to the auction, Beau truly began to fathom the seriousness of Mistress Kayla's operation.

With Beau looking in a near trance, Paula removed his leash and said, "You're free to roam the yard for now. I need to tend to some preparations and find you a full set of apparatus for your legs and arms. You'd best behave; otherwise I'll put a whippin on you like you've never had, understand?"

Looking at up at Paula with his wide bright eyes, he nodded his head in approval while straining his throat to respond with an, "Aaarrrffff, Aaarrrffff."

Chuckling in response to Beau's tormented reply, Paula disappeared into the barn.

Beau began to wander and sniff about the yard. The sights and sounds of the other male pups being run through their obedience drills were surprisingly exciting for him. Hearing the trainers giving their commands while the pups worked to obey with every scrap of energy and talent they possessed was mesmerizing and intriguing to him. Distracted by the sights and sounds in the yard, the pain in Beau's nipples subsided to a dull throb.

Beau knew he was looking at some of the pups who would be up for auction very soon. The incredibly attractive Mexican pup and the two adorable blonde twins stood out from the others. Their ankles were strapped tightly to their upper thighs and their arms and hands were encased in tight fitting sleeves with stubbed gloves. Beau knew these had to be the three

prized pups that Paula mentioned earlier. Proudly strutting around the grassy area with their heads up high and their tales flailing about, they truly looked like prize specimens about to enter a show.

Slowly making his way around the outskirts of the training yard, Beau soon spotted Max. He was crawling alongside a trainer who was actively correcting his step and stance as he moved. The trainer held a long thin switch in her hand and was lashing at Max's ass-cheeks and back as she sternly corrected his behavior. Seeing the impressive tail hanging from Max's backside, Beau knew first-hand how uncomfortable it must have been for Max to perform, regardless of how motivated he was by the switch that was leaving thin red streaks across his ass-cheeks.

Marveling at the stunning sight of Max in training with his sparkling nipple bars and his glistening body under attack by the thin rod, Beau stopped dead in his tracks to take in the view. Feeling sorry for his buddy on one hand, while feeling high-and-mighty on the other, Beau began to feel very special and lucky. But regardless of all the emotions running through Beau's head at the moment, his eyes and body were clearly pleased.

It wasn't too long before Max spotted Beau gazing upon him with a pretentious look on his face. And when Max lost his focus just a bit and bobbled, he earned another cruel lash from the switch. Yelping, Max quickly regained his focus on his training and performance. Unsure why Beau had escaped the degrading training routine, Max was suddenly feeling jealous of Beau. He thought he was going to be Mistress Kayla's personal favorite. Feeling displaced and unsure of his status, his humiliating transformation and training was becoming less easy to bear.

After several minutes of watching Max submitting to his training, Beau went back to exploring. Soon, the alluring scent of the pony yard caught Beau's attention. Making his way to the barrier between the training yards, Beau was suddenly awestruck by the sight of Tamara attached to the motorized horse walking machine. Watching her forcibly being pulled around in circles by the machine, he quickly realized that she was the only female out in the training yard. Harnessed and secured just as she was upon her arrival, she was helpless against the machine. Sandwiched on the merciless

walker by large powerful male studs, she made her way around with noticeable apprehension.

It was clearly evident to Beau that she was still struggling immensely with her capture and that she also had little choice but to comply with her trainers. Being pulled around and around on the machine by her bridle set, she was constantly under assault from the long thin whips in the hands of the two people positioned on either side of the walker. Each time she passed by a waiting trainer, Beau could hear them barking out, “Lift the knees, knees high, filly!”

With all she was going through both mentally and physically, Tamara paid no attention to the neighboring puppy yard so she never saw Beau looking on. What she was paying very close attention to were the enormous 14+ inch cocks that were standing at attention all around her. Their large ripened ball sacs bounced back and forth as they pranced, lifting their knees high, like the prize studs they were. Clearly, the male ponies were excited to be sharing the relentless machine with Tamara. Just looking at the enormous swollen cocks as they throbbed about in response to her presence terrified the young filly. Feeling more and more hopelessly ensnared by the slavers, the inevitableness of having one of those enormous shafts filling her womanhood to capacity and beyond was taking its toll on her.

Still staring at Tamara with excited interest, Beau’s cock was stiff once again while the fullness in his balls tormented him. Fascinated by the view of his absolutely gorgeous neighbor, he watched the machine make several more rotations before he noticed it slowing to a stop. Immediately, he could see Tamara’s eyes frantically darting around as she couldn’t help but wonder what was going to happen to her next.

Like a mouse surrounded by cats ready to pounce, she could feel the intense excitement in the men who shared the machine with her. Tamara was unable to think about anything but the sensation of one of those throbbing cocks thrusting deep inside her cunt, with its ripened ball bags slapping against her bound body, before erupting inside her.

Consumed by the thoughts running through her head, she was now absolutely mortified by the inexplicable tingling in her clit and the incredible

hardness of her plump nipples. She felt like she was having an out of body experience as her body responded to the sight of the bound men. Feeling her nipples swollen like she'd never felt before, she knew her nakedness must have been inviting to the purple headed beasts looking to invade her helpless opening.

But that was not to be, at least not now. With the machine stopped, the five male ponies were quickly removed from the machine. Now being led toward the yard's gate with their thick erect cocks leading the way, they strained to look back at Tamara as they were led away from the machine.

Outside the gate, Beau and Tamara watched as the five ponyboys were each attached to a 48" mowing deck by their harnesses. They were old fashioned reel mowers, each with four units ganged together to make the 4' cut. Once properly connected and set, the trainer attached binders to each side their headgear. Then one at a time, she wrapped her soft hand around a shaft, the fingers unable to touch the tip of her thumb and gently stroked each cock three times. The sudden pleasurable sensation caused each of them to tremble such that they had to regain their balance atop their hooved shoes as tiny droplets of pre-cum formed a the tips of their crowns.

"We have a big day tomorrow and the grounds need to be immaculate," announced the trainer rather loudly. "You will pull your movers out to the lawns and cut all the grass in nice straight rows. If we need to send you back out to get something you missed, you won't be happy ponies."

With a "click - click" sound echoing from her cheek, the trainer slapped one of the ponyboys on the ass and they all took off with their mowers trailing behind and their hard bulbous cocks bouncing about before them.

Looking back to the walking machine, Beau spotted another trainer checking out the bottom of one of Tamara's boots. Like the other ponies, she was now wearing a pair of the special hooved pony boots. Beau knew they were designed for effect and grip, but he never expected to see what he saw next. With Tamara's lower leg pulled back and up, exposing the bottom of her boot to the trainer and Beau, he could see that the sole of the boot inside the hooves was open to the bottom of her bare foot. And when the trainer ran her

fingers up inside the open hooves to remove the bit of sand and grass that had built up inside, Tamara tried to jerk away when the trainer's fingertips slid across the bottom of her sensitive foot.

After lowering her right foot to the ground, the procedure was repeated on her left, before she lowered that one too and walked around to face Tamara. Then, taking a large pink pill from her shirt pocket and a bottle of water from her training belt, she pushed the pill into Tamara's mouth around the bit wedged deep in her teeth. Next, she lifted her head up high and dumped several ounces of water in her open mouth.

Watching Tamara struggle to swallow the large pill and the water, the trainer verified the drug was gone before she signaled for the machine to be started. When the machine slowly started forward again, Tamara shook her head in objection as she was pulled forward once again. And just like before, the trainer was standing in position, with a whip in-hand, to bark out the non-stop orders, "Knees up high, knees up high!"

Sobbing softly into her bit gag while shaking her head in bewildered disbelief, Tamara was doing her best to comply. With each step, she lifted her knees as high as she could while trying to keep up with the awful machine's pace. Her body twisted and strained against the bridle set and straps that pulled her around as her legs struggled to perform. With each tortuous step, her tits jiggled and swayed in response to her leg pounding movements. The humiliation of her forced performance permeated her body as she felt her swollen and exposed tits dancing about on her chest.

Watching his beautiful neighbor being trained and tormented on the machine completely mesmerized Beau. All the while he couldn't help but wonder what the pink pill would be doing to the suffering woman, when suddenly he heard his name called out. "Beau… Beau boy, here, come here."

Turning back toward the voice echoing out from the behind him, he saw Paula standing near the kennel door motioning for him to come over. Quickly obeying Paula's command, he immediately started for her. Crawling along the fence, he passed right by Max and several other pups in training. Looking ahead he saw Paula lowering a bowl to the ground.

When he arrived at Paula's feet, she removed each nipple bell, causing a fresh wave of pain to overwhelm his sensitive pleasure nubs. After each clamp was removed, she rubbed and massaged his nipples to soothe them. Then pointing to the bowl, she said, "Breakfast is served!"

He looked down into the bowl; the contents didn't look very appetizing at all.

Watching Beau stare at the mix with a quizzical look on his face, Paula finally said, "What's the matter, don't you like oatmeal and mush mixed together? It's very nutritious and good for you. Your daily pill is already mixed in, so you don't need to worry about swallowing that today."

After lowering his nose to the bowl to catch a good whiff of the brown colored slop, he slipped his tongue out to get a quick taste. It was better than he expected, but still not what he would consider tasty.

"Now you don't want to insult my cooking, Beau! You'd better get busy and eat your meal. The next one is a few hours away and you'll need your energy later, trust me!"

Hearing her words and realizing it wasn't something that tasted awful, Beau suddenly realized how hungry he really was. Using his large and powerful tongue, he began to lap up the tasty gruel and with each tongue full of slop he pulled into his mouth and swallowed, the more he began to like it. With greater and greater appreciation for the meal, he was soon licking at the bottom of the empty bowl. Still hungry and wanting more, the empty metal bowl began to slide across the mat as he licked at the shiny bowl until there wasn't a drop of the mix left.

"Good boy, Beau, good boy."

She opened a fresh bottle of water and poured it into the empty bowl. He sniffed at the water and quickly began lapping until it too was gone.

With the bowl empty once again, she pushed it to the side, picked up some straps and long pieces of fabric and said, "Now come with me, I'm going to teach you a few tricks."

Turning toward an empty corner of the training yard in the back, Paula tapped on the side of her thigh with her open hand a couple of times and said, “Heel, boy, heel!” as she began to walk away.

Understanding exactly what that meant, he quickly trotted to Paula’s side and followed her to a remote grassy corner inside the fence.

Reaching her destination and out of the way, she stopped and turned to face Beau.

“I want you to remain still, don’t move. I’m going to put this equipment on you and then we’re going to work on a few things. Understood?”

With his tongue panting from his mouth, he nodded his head in agreement.

Moving around behind him, Paula squatted down in the grass and grabbed one of his ankles. Next, she pulled his lower leg up tight to the back of his thigh and quickly wrapped one of the leather straps around his ankle and thigh, thus tightly securing his bent leg.

“These are called leg-ups and you better get used to them, Mistress Kayla likes her pups to look authentic and sharp.”

After repeating the step on his other leg, she moved back around to face Beau.

“Now sit, and give me your paw.”

Obeying the command, Beau spread his knees slightly and rocked himself back until his tail filled ass touched the ground while his huge balls rested in the grass. And as soon as he got himself comfortable, he raised his right hand to Paula.

Taking one of the fabric pieces, she pulled one end open and began to slide it over his hand. With some difficulty, she began to work the tight fitting tubes on him.

“This is called an arm sleeve and I think you’ll understand its purpose very soon. Now point your hand and help me out some here.”

Knowing he had no other option, he squeezed his fingers together and allowed Paula to slide the sleeve up his arm like a mother working a mitten on a child’s hand. When his hand reached the opposite end of the sleeve, his fingers bumped up against something hard inside.

“Feel that? It’s a dowel grip and I want you to grab that with your hand and make a fist around it.”

Working his fingers around the ¾” diameter cylinder, he soon had his fist tightly contained at the bottom of the sleeve.

After tying off the sleeve just above his elbow, she pulled his encased forearm and hand up for him to see. At the bottom of the sleeve that covered his fist was a large round black pad. It immediately reminded Beau of a ‘pad’ on the bottom of a dog’s paw.

“There, you now have your very own authentic paw.”

After releasing her grip on Beau’s right arm, she motioned for his left.

“Come on, boy; give me your other paw!”

Realizing he was about to completely lose the use of his hands and feet, he suddenly felt a little vulnerable and apprehensive. But he also knew there was no point in resisting, so with his beautiful puppy dog eyes staring up at Paula, he slowly raised his free hand and allowed her to secure it in a sleeve exactly as she did his other.

“Don’t you look sweet with your new gear on? I think it’s time now to work on some tricks. We’re going to start with one of Kayla’s favorites, Roll Over!”

Surprised at first, it took Beau a moment to process the command. But after a few seconds, he figured it out. Lowering his hip and shoulder to the grass, Beau slowly rolled onto one side and quickly rolled over to his other.

“Not too bad, but when Mistress Kayla instructs you to ‘Roll Over’ she wants you to roll onto your back and spread your arms and legs to your sides. She wants an unobstructed view of your tummy and flopping equipment, so let’s try that again.”

Back up on his hands and knees again, he rolled on to his back and laid his folded appendages out to his sides.

“Very good Beau, very, very good,” she said, as reached down to rub his belly.

Her soft tender hand rubbing along his smooth tummy tickled. Flinching at her touch, he had a funny feeling that he’d better get used to such attentions.

“You do have a remarkable body and some impressive equipment, too, Beau.”

Still running her hand over his rippling abs, Beau could see by the lustful look in her eyes that she was enjoying every second of her opportunity. Stopping just short of stroking her hand over his now semi-erect cock, she quickly pulled back and sucked in a deep breath.

“MMMMMmmmmmmm! Now sit up and let’s move on to another trick. Have you ever played catch… with a bone?”

She picked up a bone from the grass along the fence and tossed it about 15 feet away, yelling out, “Fetch, boy, fetch!”

Back on his hands and knees, Beau knew exactly what ‘fetch’ meant, so off he went as fast as he could. He was still struggling with the large tapered tail plug in his ass, so he hobbled along as quickly as he could in his new gear. He was a little surprised at how difficult it was to crawl quickly bound up like that. Thinking back to the other pups he saw performing earlier, he realized it must have taken lots of practice to move as quickly and fluidly as they did.

He finally reached the bone, lowered his face to the grass and picked it up with his teeth. He used his tongue to pull it deeper between his teeth for a better grip, then spun around to Paula and returned the bone to her.

He held his head up high with pride as Paula reached for the bone and pulled it from his teeth, before tossing it again.

Not needing to be told what to do again, Beau spun around and made off after the bone as quickly as he could. The game of fetch went on for quite a while. After several trips out to retrieve the bone, Beau became more used to his gear, which was apparently the intent of playing the silly game.

After returning with the bone for the eighth or ninth time, she patted Beau on the head and said, "You're a quick learner. You're doing a nice job figuring out how to maneuver in your new outfit. There's not much of a challenge training such a willing and eager new pet."

But this time she didn't reach for the bone still in Beau's mouth. Instead, she turned for the kennel and said, "Come, boy, let's get you back for a drink of water and some rest before we clean you up for your night with Mistress Kayla," as she began to walk away.

With the bone still wedged between his teeth and his head up high, he scrambled to follow alongside Paula as they approached the main area of the training yard. Once there, Beau saw that Max was still working hard at the end of his trainer's leash.

Sweaty and looking rather tired; Max leered at Beau who was playfully strolling along beside Paula with the bone in his mouth.

Seeing the look on Max's face, Paula knew there was tension building.

Back inside the kennel, Beau was led to his pen and locked in. Paula squatted down at the door and slid her hand through the cage material. He quickly dropped the bone and immediately began to kiss her.

“I saw the look on Max’s face,” she said, “He’s not a happy puppy. I’ve seen that look of jealously before.”

Rolling his eyes up to Paula’s, he understood what she meant by ‘the look’. Beau also sensed something was off.

“You’d best be mindful around him in the future. I’ve seen situations like this before, where a jealous and super horny pup like Max jumps at the opportunity to humiliate and lash out at their perceived competition. I’ve seen them rip another pup’s tail from his ass with their teeth and mount the competition from behind with incredible ferocity and determination as they drive their hard cock deep up their target’s stretched and vulnerable ass. Their only sense of justice is to see their own cum leaking from their rival’s reamed asshole.”

Frozen in place, his tongue no longer kissing Paula’s hand, Beau was stunned and somewhat terrified at the thought of Paula’s words. He never gave much thought to being violated by another male pup, especially Max. Just the idea of taking one of those massive shafts up his chute terrified him.

“I’m just saying, just in case you two end up together in an unsupervised situation. It’s unlikely given your current status with Kayla, but hey, you never know.”

Pulling her hand back from the pen, she said, “Now get some rest, my dear. Kayla will be waiting for you shortly.”

Pushing Paula’s warning from his head, he was drawn immediately to the bowl of fresh water. After quenching his sizable thirst, he paced around his pen a few times before he laid down near the door to rest. But before he closed his eyes, he glanced across the aisle with a raised eyebrow to see if Molly and Daisy were still across the way. Seeing them peacefully lying side by side, with only the gaping wire divider between them, he was comforted by their peaceful presence as he fell off to sleep.

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A few hours later, Beau was startled back to consciousness when Paula came calling. Beau's eyes were slow to come into focus after such a long and sound nap. He was working his way to hands and knees when Paula called for him to exit the pen.

"Here, Beau, come," she said, as she waited in the aisle with a leash in hand.

"It's time to get cleaned up and get ready to visit your mistress for the night. You should consider yourself blessed. I can't remember the last time Kayla had a pup spend the evening with her on his second night."

Clipping the leash to his collar, she led Beau back through the corridor to the procedure rooms, just as she did to start his day. But this time, though, the activities in several of the rooms was very different. Instead of seeing the other pups being cleaned and groomed for the day, Beau saw them secured to the tables on their hands and knees with tubes leading from the ends of their hard dancing cocks, to a collection system under the table.

Seeing Beau straining to get a good look in the rooms, Paula stopped at one of the doors to allow him to view the goings on. "Ok fine, we'll stop for a minute; I can see you're as curious as a cat…"

She knelt down beside him to explain what was happening.

"These pups are being milked of their valuable semen. Another reason you should consider yourself lucky today, you're not going to be machine milked like these guys. It's not the intensely pleasurable stimulation they get from the milking sleeves that's such an issue for the pups, it's the insertion and extraction of the urethra collection tubes that they don't like. If it weren't for the slow insertion and extraction of the pencil thick tubes, the pups would enthusiastically look forward to having their balls drained."

When he poked his head further inside to get a better look, Beau quickly realized that it was Max on the table inside. As he was facing away from the door, Max couldn't see Beau looking in.

Max was obviously in the throes of trying to release his load. With the machine's milking sleeve completely covering his huge cock and clamped off around the base his ball sac to keep it from slipping off, his hips were rapidly thrusting back and forth as if he were fucking a bitch in heat. With surprising speed and motion, his cock was thrusting into nothing but air while the clear tube that led from the end of his shaft flailed about in response to his thrusting and throbbing dick. He was moaning and whining in sexual torment and frustration and it was very obvious to anyone looking on that Max was struggling mightily to climax.

"Sometimes the extraordinary sexual desire and relentless stamina that Kayla's drugs inflict on you, can be both a gift and a curse. She loves the attention and effects of your enhanced skills on herself. But when it comes time for milking, I've seen puppy boys brought to tears as they desperately struggle to ejaculate in order to escape the relentless machine. It's almost cruel in some ways; their helpless cocks can't resist the soft, stroking, sucking pleasures of the sleeve. But there's just something about that tube being inserted deep through that little slit in their bulbous crowns that's nearly impossible to bear."

Hearing Max's whimpering cries while he watched his body frantically jerking about on the table, Beau knew Max's first experience with the milking machine was one he would not soon forget and one that Beau dreaded facing.

"Fortunately for you, Mistress Kayla wants to drain you herself, if you know what I mean," chuckled Paula.

Then, just as Paula finished her comment, a moaning howl filled the room as Max's body jerked tight like it was just hit with an electrical charge. While Max's body shook and shivered on the table, Beau spotted the clear tube at the milking sleeve turn white. With Max quaking and thrusting even more wildly, Beau watched his erupting semen being slowly sucked through the clear tube to the container under the table.

Soon, the 5 feet of tubing was filled from end-to-end with Max's creamy seminal fluid. Beau couldn't believe how much of the milky white treasure was being extracted from Max's enhanced manhood. It took a couple

of minutes for Max's body to finally stop excreting the pasty jism, before allowing his thrusting pelvis to slowly come to a merciful stop.

Panting and exhausted, Max's head hung from his shoulders while his tormented body regained its strength. But his bliss wouldn't last for long. With his milking complete, the handler went right to work performing the next task on Max. Stepping forward to release the clamp around his drained balls while disengaging the milking sleeve; the narrow tube immediately began to withdraw from his semi-erect cock. Having a similar effect coming out as it did going in, Max responded as one would expect. Yelping and twisting about on the table, it took several long seconds for the tube to pull all the way out and for the sleeve to slide off his expended cock.

Left with his spent cock and balls now hanging loosely from his groin, the handler started releasing the straps that held Max to the table.

"Ok, you've seen the show, now we need to get you ready," said Paula as she pulled Beau's head back from the doorway.

After leading Beau into the next empty room, she prompted him onto the low metal table. He struggled to climb up with his gear and tail but once he managed to get himself in-place on his hands and knees, she went right to work cleaning him up. She was not bothering to secure Beau to the table this time; she was testing Beau's level of obedience and cooperation while she wiped down his body with the warm washcloths before she went after his low hanging fruit.

Still tolerating the amazing fullness in his aching balls, Beau jumped when he felt Paula wrap her soft hand around his large dangling cock. And when she began to slowly stroke his highly sensitive shaft, his body shuttered and shook in response to the unexpected stimulation. Within a few seconds, his thick cock was a full 12" in size as the skin on the purple head of his beast was stretched tight across his bulbous crown.

He was panting with short rapid breaths; unable to believe how amazing Paula's hand felt on his super sensitive member. It wasn't long before he began to hump at her slowly stroking hand, desperately trying to build some rhythm and speed, he began to whine and moan.

“Yup, you’re primed and ready alright. Like I said before, with the drugs in your system, it will take you hours to finally get off and Mistress Kayla will be the true beneficiary of your struggles.”

Suddenly she released her grip on his shaft and then went right to work combing out Beau’s beautiful head of hair. Despite his cock bobbing up and down as if pleading for some relief, Paula focused her attentions on brushing out his hair and making some final adjustments to his arm and leg gear.

“You know, if you’re really good tonight and Mistress Kayla decides to keep you in the house with her regularly, you may actually escape the milking machine. Kayla prefers to have her personal pups hand milked when she’s not available to allow them the pleasure and privileged of her natural milker, if you get my meaning.”

Re-grasping his leash, she pulled Beau from the metal table and led Beau back-out through the training yard toward the house. While making his way across the yard Beau noticed that the training activities that were taking place earlier in the day had ended. Some of the pups were resting in the grass while others were enjoying a cool drink from their bowls. Glancing over to the pony yard, Beau saw that the walking machine was now still and that Tamara was nowhere to be seen.

Onto the porch and through the kitchen. Beau found himself in a large room that looked like a typical den. It had several pieces of dark wood furniture, including a large stately desk and book shelves lining two of the walls. On one of the other walls was a large flat screen TV and scattered about the center of the room were several upholstered high back chairs and couple of comfortable looking leather couches.

Moving to one of the couches, Paula sat down and made herself comfortable before pointing down to the floor near her feet.

Understanding the visual command, Beau sat his ass on the floor near Paula, with his large swollen balls and cock lying out on the hard floor. Beau was still uneasy with the way his tail’s anal plug pushed deeper into his sensitive rectum, not to mention way his bloated balls rested on the cold

floor. But his somewhat uncomfortable wait wasn't a long one. Within a few minutes Kayla came strolling into the den. She was wearing a short white silk robe and she walked directly to the couch across from Paula, sitting down with a big satisfying smile on her pretty face.

"Oh my, Paula, as usual we've done a bang-up job. Beau's gear looks just marvelous. And his position and posture is perfect."

"Thank you, Ma'am. And Beau did very well learning a few tricks today. I suspect he'll serve you very well this evening. And just as a reminder Ma'am, his cock has not been milked of its precious cargo yet and he's very due."

"I'm counting on that, sweetie. Now leave us."

Paula removed the leash from Beau's collar and headed for the door. But just before she left, Kayla said: "Paula, honey, have Molly ready for me too. I will need her services later."

With a big smile on her face, she replied, "Yes Mistress, I understand, she'll be ready."

Beau had no idea what that was all about, but he didn't really care either. All he could focus on right now was the breathtaking sight and incredible scent of his mistress. The intense smell of her freshly bathed body consumed Beau as he gazed upon her scarcely covered body. Her skin looked so silky smooth and she smelled like a field of fresh wild flowers under the flimsy robe that was now doing a poor job at covering her.

Paula shut the door behind her and Beau watched in awe as Kayla stood up, untied the rode, and slipped it off her shoulders, fully exposing her stunning naked body. Beau couldn't take his eyes off her full and firm breasts as they stood out from her chest as if on an invisible shelf. With her arms behind her back her robe slid off her arms and fell to the floor. His eyes were wide as saucers. Kayla could see the excitement building in Beau as he took in the awesome sight of her nakedness. He'd not seen her naked before now. He knew she'd be a sight to behold but even so, he was still taken aback by her spectacular appearance.

Sitting back down on the front edge of the couch, she called out to Beau.

"Beau, come here boy," she said, as she lowered the back of her hand to the side of her leg.

Responding immediately, his ass sprung from the floor and he crawled the several feet quickly to Kayla's side. First he sniffed at her hand for a brief moment, then his tongue darted out and began to kiss his mistress' waiting hand. As he lapped at her hand and fingers like it was a lollipop; Beau's body was tingling with excitement.

"Roll over, boy, over," exclaimed Kayla rather jubilantly.

He did not want to stop kissing her, but he also knew obedience was essential. So with little delay, he rolled onto his back and spread himself wide for Kayla.

With a devilishly victorious smile on her face, she bend forward over Beau, her mouthwatering tits suspended over his face, and began rubbing his smooth muscular tummy. When she discovered he was a bit ticklish, she wasted no time exploiting that. She worked at his sides as he wiggled and groaned on the floor under her assault.

"I like a ticklish puppy!"

As she continued to torture Beau with her busy fingers, she couldn't help but admire his huge erect cock as it bounced off his lower stomach while he bucked and twisted under her attentions.

"Oh my god, would you look at that pulsating puppy penis probe! I knew you'd be one special specimen once my magical pills took full effect."

Twisting and squirming under her talented hands, Beau began to howl in response.

"Arrrrrr, Arrrrrr, Aaarrroooo," was vibrating from his paralyzed voice box as he tried to cry out for mercy. Feeling Kayla's manicured nails

slide over his hairless flopping balls and pulsating cock made his body twitch and respond in anticipation and excitement.

"Now before we go upstairs, where I plan thoroughly enjoy that beautiful cock of yours buried deep in my pussy, let's see if you remember how to please your mistress with that tongue of yours. But first, let's attach another set of bells to those sensitive nipples."

After pulling her hand back from Beau's tummy, she reached over to the side table and retrieved a slightly larger set of bells. With Beau's wide frantic eyes watching her every movement, she stroked his nipples to attention and quickly clamped the short 1" chains with 1" bells to each ripe and waiting nipple.

Then, with a big smile on her face, she sat up on the couch, slid her ass to the very edge of the couch cushion and parted her smooth sexy legs.

Beau knew just what to do next. With the awful clamps attached to his nubs, he gingerly rolled-up to his hands and knees as the bells hung down and cruelly pulled at his tormented nipples. Once the bells stopped jingling, he regained his composure and went right to work kissing her sensuous foot.

Just as had he learned to do earlier in the day he worked his talented wet tongue over and under her sensitive foot and toes with perfection. And when he heard her exhale with intense pleasure, he switched to her other foot before his tongue found the sensitive spot on the inside of her ankle. With her body responding to his affectionate attentions, he soon started his way up her leg. Focusing on the sensitive inside flesh of her legs, Beau worked his way up her body more quickly than before.

Sensing her body was beginning to melt under his attach, Beau worked his long wet tongue with great precision and lust. Sliding his face between her knees, he was overcome with joyful excitement when her legs suddenly parted even wide, fully exposing her smooth and dripping pussy.

The sweet scent of her womanly nectar quickly filled his hypersensitive sniffer. Within mere inches of her treasure box now, closer than he'd ever been before, he wasn't going to be denied the taste of her

juices. And just as he was about to make his assault on her glistening labia lips, Kayla began to speak in a low groan.

"Kiss my slit, Beau! Show me how much you love your mistress."

Overjoyed by her words, Beau's head lunged forward as his fat tongue slid deep between her moist lips. The cruel bells bounced and jingled as he explored Mistress Kayla's slit.

"Mmmmmm, that's music to my ears, Beau. That wonderful sound makes me hot!"

Finding her swollen clit extending from under its cover and begging for attention, Beau knew she was ready for action. Feeling her hard excited clit sliding along his long tongue, he was thrilled to feel her body quiver and jump. Sliding his tongue in and through her sensitive womanhood like a probing pleasure wand, he briefly felt like he might actually be in control of her body now, as appeared to be responding uncontrollably.

Unable to get much suction with his enormous tongue in the way, Beau had only that to pleasure his mistress with. Still licking and licking at her pleasure box, Beau soon narrowed in on her clit. The throbbing nerve rich nub was impossible to miss and Beau could tell by her jerking reactions that her engorged pleasure button was highly reactive to his stimulation.

Looking up across her beautiful body, Beau was stunned to see her hands gently massage her own tits, while her soft fingertips danced across her hard nipples. Watching her tease and caress her own swollen nipples was so mind-blowing that he had to look away before he lost all his focus between her legs.

Struggling to refocus his thoughts on the work of his highly developed licker tool, he managed to pull her clit into the folds of his pink pleasure tool and work at her clit until she almost couldn't breathe.

Then, with a moaning exhale, she blurted out, "Oh my god… Oh my god... Beau, don't stop. Lick my clit, LICK IT, BEAU!" before she inhaled sharply.

With her eyes and mouth wide open and her chin pressed down to her body, she abruptly grabbed his head between her hands as her seemingly paralyzed lungs strained to exhale under the intense sensations between her legs.

Realizing she was unable to breathe from the body twisting pleasures that were gripping her insides like a vise; she suddenly pushed Beau's head back with impressive force. Then, with her tight grip on his head, she tilted his face toward hers, looked him deep into the eyes, and said, "Fuck me with that tongue. I want to feel that baby inside me. And don't forget about my sensitive clit."

Feeling him attempt to nod his head in approval while still in her grasp, she quickly released her grip.

Lowering his mouth back to her gaping wet pussy, he realized that the scent of her sexual excitement was like nothing he'd ever smelled before. The physical pleasure that his body was getting from the overwhelming aroma was inexplicable. The power that his new sense of smell possessed over his body and mind was beyond what he ever thought possible.

But there was no time to stop and enjoy his ne found gift. He knew what was expected of him and he was equally excited to get to work. Slipping his massive tongue between her feminine folds once again, he soon found the tight entrance to her passageway. Like a determined snake, his tongue pressed forward as it slipped inside her.

Immediately, her legs began to close a bit while her hips rose from the couch. The intense excitement was slowly building inside her and her juices were also flowing even more freely. The wetness of her pussy was now starting to spill out from around Beau's probing tongue as he drove it even deeper inside.

Kayla was duly impressed with Beau's seemingly natural talents. She knew how a highly motivated puppy with the right enhancements could bring extraordinary pleasures to her body and mind and Beau was quickly becoming one her best-ever finds.

But when his large and long tongue wrapped itself upward into her pleasure box and found her g-spot, she thought her body was going to implode under the intense pleasure.

"OH MY GOD," came sputtering from her open mouth as her body began to quake.

Knowing that he found Kayla's special spot, Beau worked it hard. Snaking his tongue up and around inside her, he worked the super sensitive spot inside her womanhood with the tip of his amazing tongue like it was the sweetest piece of candy he'd ever tasted. Fighting against the powerful muscles in her spasming pussy, which was desperately trying to clamp down around his slippery and elusive tongue, Beau was relentless in the task of pleasing his owner and mistress.

With Beau's tongue massaging that special place inside her, methodically rubbing along her extended clit at the folds of her entrance, Kayla knew she was doomed to lose control. Unable to stop herself, but equally unwilling to push Beau away, her legs slammed closed around Beau's head as her body began twist in orgasm. With uncontrollable strength, she was lifting and twisting Beau's body from the floor by his head.

Suddenly, Kayla's groaning screams filled the room. "OHHHHHH, YESSSSSSSS. AHHHHHGGGGGGGGG… FUUUUCK… THAT'S GOOOOOD! DON'T STOP BABY; TAKE ME ALL THE WAY, BEAAAAAU!"

Right then, Beau felt her pussy explode with her thick flavorful juices. Beau knew she was cuming and cuming hard. This was another new experience for Beau. He'd never know a woman to exude such juices when she climaxed. This only further demonstrated that Kayla was a very special woman, which made him feel even luckier to be owned by her.

Unable to breathe at this point himself, Beau was helpless to do anything but ride it out with his face planted deep in her flooded crotch. All the while, his nipple bells were ringing like dinner bells as Kayla's body convulsed with pleasure. Unsure how much longer he'd be able to stay conscious, he was quite relieved to feel her body start to relent. Finally able

to gasp a quick breath, he managed to keep working his tongue while Kayla's body slowly unwound.

And when her legs finally parted and she released his head, Kayla again pushed his head away. Next, she grabbed a beautiful diamond studded leash from the nearby table and snapped it on his collar. After pushing Beau backward a little farther, she stood up from the couch and with an excited voice, she spoke out.

"Come, boy, follow me. You're gonna get to fuck the hell out of me with that beautiful 12" cock of yours. I can see you're ready to go and I know you're dying to empty those bloated balls of yours. And I have just the place for you to do that."

Captivated by Kayla's incredibly sexy body as she stood naked over him, Beau found his heart was thumping in his chest. Without even having to pull on his leash, he was following behind as he watched her struggle to walk on her wobbly legs. It was easy to see that Kayla's body was still recovering from her orgasmic ordeal.

They exited the den and made their way through the huge mansion before they came to a large set of stairs. Looking up the enormous set of curving steps, Beau knew the climb was going to be difficult at best in his leg-ups and arm-sleeves, while his tail tortured his stretched asshole.

Sensing Beau's hesitation to tackle the tall flight of steps, she tugged gently on the leash. "Come on, Beau, I know you want to drive that throbbing puppy cock inside me. Let's go, baby, up the stairs!"

More driven by lust and pleasure than by his concern over a little discomfort, he quickly jumped up to the first step. Then, using all the energy and focus he could muster, he quickly bounded up the many steps.

When they finally reached Mistress Kayla's bedroom and entered; Beau was surprised to see a simple and comfortable looking space. The center piece of the room was clearly the king-size canopy bed that dominated the room. Centered along the far wall, the inviting looking bed was surrounded by several thick throw rugs. The remainder of the room was

finished with several impressive pieces of dark oak furniture, a few pieces of art and some bright colored curtains on the four large windows. Other than the large 4' oval shaped dog bed that was positioned alongside the main bed, the room didn't appear unusual in the slightest.

Walking toward the bed with Beau in tow, Kayla knew her sexy naked body was driving Beau wild with lustful anticipation. When they arrived at the side of the bed she bent forward, resting her elbows on the plush mattress and slowly moved her feet outward.

Looking up the back of her incredibly sexy legs, to the point where they melded into her perfectly rounded ass cheeks, Beau gave a shiver of excitement. With his wide eyes fixed on her fully exposed privates stretched open, he wasn't entirely sure what to do next. Her glistening vaginal region and puckered hole was an unexpected yet gripping sight.

Sensing Beau's indecision, she spoke out. "What's the matter, Beau? I know that super sniffer of yours is dying to work its way into honey pot."

After watching her wiggle her amazing ass back and forth ever so slightly, Beau leaped forward and slipped his nose between her waiting ass cheeks. Sniffing like a crazy puppy, he slid his nose up and down through the crack of her ass as he took in her amazing scent.

Time after time, as if her aroma was getting him more excited by the moment, Kayla felt the tip of Beau's nose part her wet pussy lips and then slide up the crack of her ass and poke at her tight ring. And then, just as she knew it would happen, she felt Beau's tongue dart out to kiss her womanly assets once again.

"Mmmmmm, I love that tongue of yours. Mmmmmm, kiss me again, Beau, kiss your Mistress, my boy."

While she slowly shifted her ass back and forth in excitement, Beau's tongue was busy at work again. Lapping at her pussy like it was the first time; Beau could taste her juices which were beginning to flow.

But Kayla was ready for more than just a lick job. Standing up quickly and pulling her pleasure box from Beau's face, she spun around and sat on the bed edge with her legs spread rather wide. Pulling Beau close, she reached out and unclipped the fancy leash from his collar. Next, she patted the bed at her side with her hand and said, "Up, boy! I've been waiting quite a while for this!"

As he climbed up on the bed, Beau was overcome with excitement. Kayla moved toward the center and rested her head on a few soft pillows. Then she spread herself out with her knees raised. With an evilly seductive smile on her face, she motioned Beau closer by slowly curling her index finger a few times.

"It's time to fuck your Mistress with that phenomenal throbbing cock of yours."

As he excitedly maneuvered himself between her raised and widely spread knees, the effects of the arm sleeves hit home to Beau. Unable to use his hands that were clenched tight and trapped in the sleeves, he quickly realized it wasn't going to be easy to line up his bulbous bobbing cock head with her waiting opening.

But that didn't slow Beau down too much. Placing his clenched and contained hands on either side of her body, while teetering on the points of his knees; he lowered his pelvis to hers and began to poke at her wet pussy with his fat 12" shaft.

Feeling and seeing Beau's desperate struggles to enter her, she reached up and began to bat at his bells with her index fingers as an evil smile overtook her face. The bells ringing under her assault, the sudden sensation in his sensitive man nubs nearly knocked him off his knees.

"Beau, darling, my tits are feeling very ignored, I do believe you owe them a kiss."

Taking her hands from his chest, she cupped her own breasts and presented her excited nipples to Beau.

It didn't take any additional prompting to get Beau's wet tongue to kiss her nipples. With him lapping and licking at her nerve rich nipples, Kayla was again getting lost in her pleasure. Tightly squeezing around the base of her tits made her nipples even more sensitive and responsive to Beau's kisses.

Feeling the sexual pleasures churning inside her, she abruptly released her tits and reached down between her legs to find Beau's enormous cock. She grabbed it tightly in her hand and pulled the beast toward her waiting vagina.

"I can't wait any more, drive this thing deep inside me, boy! I want to feel every inch of this ribbed beast as it stretches me open!"

Ignoring the pinching pain consuming his nubs, Beau's excitement was at another level now. Her tight grip pulling his cock toward her hole was almost too much to bear. With Kayla lining up his arrow with her quiver, he knew his incredible fantasy was about to be fulfilled. He allowed her to guide him forward and soon felt the swollen tip of his cock part her lips and press against her pubococcygeal barrier.

When he felt the tip of his cock parting her voluptuous pussy lips, there was no stopping him. Like the sex crazed animal he'd been transformed into, he began to thrust and pump his tool forward. Beau could feel the slippery wetness at her entrance, which meant certain victory over any resistance she might try and muster. And with a couple more driving thrusts, Beau's cock was well on its way deep inside her hot and slippery canal.

Feeling his pleasure rod sliding in, her hands fell to the bed beside her and tightly gripped at the comforter as she felt his enormous shaft penetrating deep inside her body. She held the covers with a white knuckle grip and prepared herself to be fully penetrated. His cock push deeper and deeper inside her waiting cunt. When finally she felt his thick ribbed shaft bottoming out deep inside her womb, the intense fullness took her breath away like nothing she'd ever experienced before.

Beau nearly lost his mind with the incredible pleasure and pain that was washing over him from head to toe. He'd had his share of women

before, but he'd never felt any thing as intense as this. The pleasure of Kayla's tight pussy wrapping around and messaging his super sensitive fuck rod was beyond his expectations. He wanted desperately to yell out as a conflicting mixture of pleasure and torment washed over him, but only a pathetic whimpering noise escaped from his tormented vocal cords. He could feel the head of his cock pressing against the back of her uterus.

The stimulation was so intense that it overtook Beau's brain and body. As if unable to stop himself, he pulled his long thick shaft back several inches before quickly slamming it forward again, causing her firm tits to jump and jiggle. Feeling her incredibly tight and hot pussy strain to contain the mass of his enhanced cock, his body immediately went into high intensity fuck mode. But it was the tail's butt plug buried deep in his stretched ass and rubbing against his elusive prostate that brought a new and oddly exciting sensation to the experience. With each powerful penetrating thrust, the clenching action of his anal ring made the special tail plug dance in his tormented rectum.

Within seconds, his out of control cock and body was fucking Kayla as if it was his first time inside a woman. Working back and forth on the tips of his knees and fists with amazing force and speed, he was slamming his massive member into Kayla's stretched pussy like a relentless fucking machine. And the faster and harder he fucked her, the more his operable tail slapped back and forth at his ass cheeks, thus acting like an exciting tool of encouragement.

Still tightly gripping the covers at her sides, Kayla's head was now rolled back on her shoulders and pressing back at the bed as the incredible fullness between her legs consumed her. Beau's pulsating veined beast scraping across her extended clit, as it stretched her opening to her limits was everything she expected and more. She knew when she had a hold of his hard fat fuck stick in her hand that he was going to be something special and he wasn't disappointing her.

Still straining to breathe, Kayla finally managed to expel some excited words.

“Ohh my god… Fuck me Beau, fuck me hard baby… Ohhhhhh yaaaaaa! I own you now and you’ll fuck your owner hard and fast whenever I want it, boy.”

On and on Beau slammed away at Kayla while she twisted and squirmed underneath him. After several intensely pleasurable minutes, Kayla finally released her grip on the covers and grabbed Beau’s strong shoulders, while also wrapping her long legs around his body to keep him close.

With Beau’s heavily panting body in the grip of her legs, she used her powerful limbs to help massage and milk his rod inside her pleasure palace. She knew it would take a long while and a tremendous amount of effort for Beau to reach a climax and she knew exactly how to work that to her full benefit.

She reached up and grabbed his head, pulled it down and twisted it to the side in-order to push the tip of her wet tongue in his ear. Working the end of her tongue around in his ear while she moaned and groaned softly was driving Beau even crazier with lust. Tormented by the tail in his ass, the tongue in his ear and the amazing tightness of Kayla’s incredible pussy, Beau’s cock was loaded and pumping like a piston. Pressurized and desperate to explode, getting his pounding cock and swollen balls to orgasm seemed hopeless.

Pulling her tongue from the entrance to Beau’s ear, she began to whisper.

“You feel so good, Beau… I love to be fucked like this, baby. I know the stamina I’ve instilled in you is frustrating and exhausting, but this is how I like it. And as long as you belong to me, you’ll be required to perform for my pleasures. But don’t worry; when you do manage to get off, it’s going to be something amazing.”

The warmth and moisture of her excited breath as her soft lips danced across the sensitive outer edges of his ear was yet another source of excitement that only further tortured him. Feeling as if his ability to climax had been stolen from him by some mercilessly cruel force, Beau was starting to feel desperate.

“Ohhhhhh baby, I’m getting close. I can feel it building deep in my hot pussy. Your Mistress can feel it coming, baby!” she continued whispering in his ear.

Pumping and thrusting harder and harder, his muscles were getting weaker by the second, but his lustful need to shoot his load wouldn’t let up. He needed to expel his load and he would not stop until he was successful. Feeling Kayla’s body wrapping itself even tighter around his body, Beau was now starting to slide her body up the bed as he pounded away at her.

With her arms now wrapped around the back of his neck and her mouth still pressed to his ear, she continued, “Ohh yeah... can you feel that, Beau? Oh my god… Can you feel me coming, baby?”

Trying to nod his head in approval as he felt her pussy begging to spasm, he suddenly felt her body climax violently.

“AHHHHHGGGGGGGGG, I’M CUMING, I-I-I’m CUMING, BEAU!” she screamed in his ear.

Her arms and legs clamped around his body like a 20 ft. python, he felt every muscle in her body begin to shake as she shuddered and then exploded with wave after wave of sexual release.

“YES, YES, YES, OH GOD YES…” escaped from Kayla’s lips as her climaxing body reached its peak, before slowly beginning to relent.

But before she was done, Beau felt his own body begin to boil over. The amazing surge of wetness in her climaxing cunt was what took Beau over the top. As if a gift of mercy was suddenly bestowed upon him, his cock erupted; while Kayla’s powerful body was still wrapped tightly around him.

Shot after thrusting shot of thick cum forced its way up his shaft and out the tip of his throbbing beast. The force and pressure of his jism being expelled from his tiny slit was like nothing he’d ever felt before. The eruption and expulsion of his enhanced load was so unexpectedly violent and intense, it felt like his heart stopped beating. Helpless against the

uncontrollable impulse to expel the thick sticky semen until his storage sacs were dry, Beau now understood what Kayla meant by ‘something amazing’.

With Kayla’s grip starting to loosen around Beau’s body, she whispered in his ear again.

“That was good. And I felt you empty your engorged jewels deep inside me too. It’s a good thing I thought ahead and arranged for some cleanup assistance.”

She kissed Beau on the cheek, then pushed him back and called out rather loudly.

“Paula, bring me Molly, then take Beau to the washroom and clean him up for bed.”

In all the lustful excitement of the past hour, Beau hadn’t even noticed that Paula had entered the bedroom with Molly in tow. Looking off to the side, he saw the beautiful teenage puppy girl making her way toward the bed behind Paula.

Paula grabbed Beau by the collar and said, “Come. boy, off the bed.”

And once he was off, he heard Kayla call for Molly.

“Molly, honey, up, up the bed. Lick Beau’s cum from my pussy. He’s made quite a mess!”

Molly made her way between the spread legs and lowered her face to Kayla’s draining pussy. After sniffing at Beau’s escaping juices; she understood the job ahead of her.

Spotting the thick globs of cum drooling down across the crinkled hole, Molly knew to start there. There was little time to waste as the pasty fluid continued to drain, so her large pink tongue darted out and lapped up an impressive amount of Beau’s cum as it slowly oozed across Kayla’s puckered ring.

“Mmmm, good girl. Catch all that sticky stuff for me, sweetie.”

Paula allowed Beau to sit near the bed for a few minutes to watch Molly lap up his escaping load. Bending down close to Beau, Paula spoke softly. “Molly is Mistress Kayla’s favorite cum licker. She claims that Molly has the longest tongue and gets in the deepest to pull out spunky seed.”

Lifting her knees higher and spreading her legs a bit wider, Mistress Kayla said, “Do a good job, Molly. You know how I like to be cleaned up.”

Finishing with the sticky mess she could see, Molly moved to Kayla’s gaping slit and ran her beautiful tongue all the way through it. With long trails of white jism streaking across her tongue, Molly pulled it inside her mouth and swallowed the bounty. Her fresh pink licker ready to collect more, she pushed it inside Kayla’s opening and pulled more of Beau’s salty prize from Kayla’s box. Like a rubber scraper cleaning out the inside of a deep narrow jar, her tongue pulled Beau’s cum from Kayla’s canal with amazing precision.

“Molly, honey, I’m curious to know if you’re enjoying Beau’s sweet seed,” said Kayla. “I’m actually thinking of mating you with him. I’m quite sure you two would create some beautiful offspring.”

Moaning softly with her face pressed tight to Kayla’s spread pussy; Molly kept her tongue busy with its cleaning duties. She’d seen her best friend go through the mating and birthing and she was sure she wasn’t ready for that. She knew it was inevitable, but that didn’t mean she was prepared to experience it.

Gently rocking her hips under the pleasure of Molly’s actively probing tongue, Kayla groaned and exhaled, “Oh my, that’s it, Molly, clean my clit really good!”

Molly knew just how Kayla liked to have her clit cleaned and she wasted no time going about it. With the tip of her tongue, she worked the magic nub back and forth to ensure that all of Beau’s juices were cleaned from the folds of its cover.

Having allowed Beau plenty of time to watch Molly in action, Paula pulled on his collar to lead him away from the bed. “Come, boy; let’s get

those bells off you and get you cleaned up before you retire for the night."

Heading for the washroom with his swinging bells ringing gently, Paula continued.

"Well, that sounds like good news, Beau. And isn't it nice to know that the mother of your offspring is such a good slit licker? I wonder how many little Beaus she'll produce. You know, the female breeding pups have a fertility treatment added to their diets, so it's very rare that their litters are less than two. Two, three and occasionally four pups are normal."

CHAPTER SIX

The Auction

After spending a restful night in his doggie bed next to Kayla, Beau awoke to Kayla's hand caressing his remarkable brown hair. Stirring quickly to look up at the large bed, he immediately saw Kayla's beautiful smiling face beaming down from the mattress above.

"You did well last night, Beau. You're everything I expected when I spotted you in the park that fateful afternoon. I've so been looking forward to getting a special new house pup. It's been months since my last. Sadly, I had to sell my last pet Joey when he started to become complacent and occasionally disobedient. All I expect from my pets is uncompromising devotion and unconditional love. In return, you'll spend your days enjoying the pleasures of my facility and my bed.

"Don't ever lose sight of these very basic expectations, Beau. I have no doubt that Joey spends every waking moment regretting his failings. It's important you understand that when I feel disrespected and unappreciated, I tend to get mean. Unfortunately for Joey, he tripped my trigger at the wrong time, so I sold him to a burly gang of gay slavers. I doubt he spends much time with his tail plug up his ass these days, oh no, I'm quite sure I know what occupies his cute little ass most of the time now. The day after I sold him, they sent me a picture of Joey on his hands and knees with a large man driving him hard from behind and another man pushing his fat cock down his throat from the front. But enough about Joey, he's history and you're here now."

Winking at Beau, she went on, "And you're quite the upgrade too! Now, I have a busy day in getting ready for the auction tonight. I'm not going to have any extra time to spend with you until after that. But once things are all set and ready to go, you'll be brought back to my side and you'll spend the evening with me. I've told several of my friends about you and they're dying to see you… And I bet you can't wait to meet my friends?"

Beau was feeling very happy and was nodding his head with excitement

“Good boy, now sit up for your mistress.”

Quickly scuffling to his hands and knees, Beau sat very close to the side of the bed facing Kayla.

“Good boy,” she said again, as she threw the covers back. Still naked, she quickly sat up and skillfully swung one of her legs over his head in one seamless motion. She now sat right in front of Beau with a leg on either side of him.

Beau just couldn’t resist the urge to lower his face at her exposed pussy and take a few quick sniffs. He expected to smell some of the spoils from his adventures last evening, but surprisingly enough her succulent folds smelled and looked quite fresh.

“Didn’t Molly do a great job cleaning me up? Similarly to you, she brought some apparently natural skills with her. It took very little training to get her to perform that task to perfection. Again, I’m really thinking you two would make some wonderful puppies together.”

Responding to the excitement building again in his cock, his soft tongue darted out to kiss Kayla’s labia. He could smell the sexual heat in her womanhood returning and started to lap at her pussy like he hadn’t seen it in months,.

Caressing her own spectacular breasts that were now sporting some amazingly plump and hard nipples, she continued: “I could use some kisses up here ,Beau. My sensuous girls are feeling ignored.”

Not needing to hear anything further, Beau responded enthusiastically. Rising up on his knees and placing his sleeved arms across her thighs, Beau began kissing Kayla’s responsive tits with great excitement.

“MMMMmmmmm, oh yea, I like that… Ahhhhhh… Ohhhhhh…”

After several minutes of working her sensitive nipples with his skilled tongue, he felt a sudden shiver ripple through her body. With a long groaning exhale she rocked back from Beau's tongue, and said, "Oh my god that feels good, but we need to save some of that for later. I have way too much to do this morning to get into anything more right now."

Reaching over to the night stand, she pushed a button built into the top and then turned her attention back to Beau.

"Paula will be here soon to take you outside to go potty and feed you. I expect you'll have an easy day today while we're all scrambling about getting ready. A couple of hours before show time, you'll be bathed and brought back to me.

"And by the way, some of my friends can be a little frisky, so don't be shy. Unless I instruct you otherwise, I expect you to make my friends feel welcome, very welcome."

Just as she finished her comment, they heard a knock on the door and the handle clanked and turned to release the latch. Happily bouncing into the room, Paula spoke out rather excitedly. "Good morning, Mistress, how can I be of service this fine day?"

Pleased to see a member of her staff so happy and bubbly on auction day, Kayla replied, "And a very good morning to you too, Paula. It's very nice to see you so bubbly today!

"Please take Beau outside to do his business and then feed him. Have him properly groomed and retuned to me one hour before the auction… And Paula, I know he's only been here two days, but it's Molly's peak time of the month for breeding, so let's have Beau and Molly ready to perform tonight. Who knows, we may have some wannabe parents attending who would feel quite blessed to watch Molly conceive."

"Yes Ma'am. I'll arrange to have the breeding frame set-up in the main room when it's time and both will be ready for action."

Shaking her head in approved, Kayla swung her leg over Beau's head and jumped to her feet. "Good, now I have to shower and start my busy day."

Picking up the fancy leash that Kayla dropped to the floor last night, Paula clipped it onto his collar and led him from the bedroom. Down the large staircase and through the kitchen area, Beau was soon outside and heading for the potty area.

Once there, Paula grabbed a hold of his tail and slowly pulled it from his rectum. The sensation of the fat tapered plug exiting his stretched orifice was as uncomfortable as it was going in. At first his tight asshole instinctively fought against the plug's departure, but after a brief moment he was able to relax enough to allow the fat plug to slip out. With the tail removed, she went right to work as removing his leg-ups and then his arm-sleeves.

"There you go," expressed Paula. "Your anal ring will return to normal in a few minutes, but don't get too used to it. You'll be allowed to stretch your limbs for the day and relax some before we prep you for the activities tonight… And it sounds like congratulations will be in order soon. If all goes right, you're gonna be a daddy. You see, I told you Kayla had a soft spot for you."

Prompting Beau to go sniff about in the grassy area and find a place to do his business, Paula headed off to the kennel to perform her duties.

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The day passed by quickly for everyone, including Beau. Allowed to roam about the training yard and rest at his leisure, he got to witness plenty of last minute training and preparations in the yards.

He even caught another glimpse of Tamara who spent a brief stint in the stable training yard. She had been fitted with a stunning and snug fitting tan colored body harness and bridle set with blinders, her wrists were tied behind her back as her beautiful and naked brown body was paraded around the yard in front of the tormented colts. Tightly contained in the leather loops

of the body harness, her spectacular breasts were a remarkable sight as she reluctantly pranced as ordered.

Defiantly straining to get a good look at the stunning filly on display, the colts' enormous dangling dongs were slowly coming to life. Her presence and performance was clearly meant to excite the helplessly frustrated males and it was working perfectly.

Still showing signs of objection to her capture and enslavement, Tamara required the occasional sting of the whip to make her prance properly and move closer to the excited males. Beau could see how the colts' 14+ inches of vein rich cock and large balls terrified the helpless filly. The trainers were clearly enjoying their sadistic work. They were forcing Tamara to tease and rub up against their bobbing and dancing man shafts with her soft smooth ass, they laughed out loud as her trembling body jerked away in fear when she felt the colts' frustrated poles desperately trying to poke at the exposed crack of her ass.

When the sun was crossing the sky toward the west, Beau heard Paula calling out for him from the front door of the kennel. "Beau, come, it's time to get you ready for tonight."

As he had been given the afternoon to enjoy the emptiness in his ass and to stretch his legs, Beau wasn't looking forward to getting made-up for Kayla. But he knew it was necessary and he certainly didn't want to end up like Joey. Rising from his comfy spot in the grass, Beau started crawling his way to the kennel.

"Come on Beau, pick it up, let's go!"

Moving more quickly, he bounded along as fast as he could. The swinging and bobbling of his cock and balls was uncomfortable, but he didn't let that slow him down.

When he finally arrived at the kennel door, Paula motioned his panting body inside.

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Bathed, groomed and nicely fitted with his tail and gear, Beau was again at the end of Paula's leash and on his way back to Kayla's mansion. They went through the kitchen and into the front room for the first time and he was amazed to see such a large and elaborate room. The ceiling was at least 16 ft. high with four lead crystal chandeliers providing the general lighting. The two exterior walls were covered with a rich and vibrant looking wall covering and had several large windows that stretched to within two feet of the ceiling.

The remaining walls had less elaborate wall coverings and were decorated with many beautifully framed photos of what Beau assumed were Kayla's prized acquisitions. Each of the extraordinarily alluring pieces was professionally lit with high intensity pin-spot lights from the ceiling above. Most of the artwork was of elegant looking puppy boys in action, either strutting along at the end of a leash or performing a trick. The remaining pieces were very erotic shots of a number of colts and fillies that assumedly occupied her stable. But it was the furniture and set-up in the large expansive room that Beau knew was the whole reason for the space.

In the far corner between some of the incredible photos was an impressively large colonial style bar with a dozen or more leather padded stools. The bar also sported an amazing array of expensive liquors, beer taps and glassware lining the mirrored wall behind.

In the center of the room was a portentous looking 15' x 30', by 18" high, padded platform which had its own group of spotlights to properly illuminate its surface. At the end of the stage opposite the elaborate bar, there was a 4' wide aisleway leading from a seemingly inconspicuous door to a three step stair that led onto the stage. And surrounding the platform was a collection of very expensive leather love seats and stuffed chairs, which were positioned to give an unobstructed view of the show stage.

Leading Beau to the love seat positioned directly opposite the stage's stairs, Paula unclipped the leash from his collar and gave him his rather simple instructions for the evening's events.

“Beau, sweetie, I know this is your first auction. What’s expected of you is very simple.” Being very interested in what Paula had to say, Beau tilted his upward to look Paula in the eyes.

“Once Mistress Kayla arrives, you’ll follow her everywhere she goes without hesitation. Unless she directs you otherwise, you will not leave her immediate side and you will demonstrate your appreciation and love for her by kissing her frequently… A little pointer for you, honey; don’t let more than 5 minutes pass without kissing whatever part of her exposed body is closest to your tongue. Kayla wants to be sure her guests see how well trained you are and how devoted you are to her.”

Smiling up at Paula and nodding his head several times, Beau understood and relished his role.

“Oh, and don’t forget to wag that special tail! Her guests will really enjoy seeing that and Mistress Kaya likes her guests to be pleased with what they see… Now you wait here for Kayla and be good. I have to gather-up the breeding frame before any of the guests arrive.”

Turning for the door, Paula walked out and left Beau all alone in the large and eerily quiet room. It was kind of creepy how empty and still the room felt. Glancing around the room with his big excited eyes, he was starting to get a sense of how active and full of sexual energy the room would soon be filled with. Catching a glimpse of a large clock on the far wall, Beau could see it was only 30 minutes until the auction was due to start.

He was starting to feel a little anxious and was relieved to finally hear the door open and see his mistress stroll in. Balancing atop some remarkable high-heel sandals, and wearing a sexy black dress with sleeves just over her shoulders and a hem several inches above her knees, Beau was stunned at how beautiful and sexy she looked. Even with her long blonde hair flowing gently over her low V cut dress, Beau could tell instantly that she was braless under the divine garment.

He was mesmerized by the scent of her perfume and the sight of her sexy red lipped smile and bright blue eyes, she was a vision to behold. As he

watched in law as she approached, his cock immediately began to bob and swell with pleasure.

When she reached him, she lowered her hand to her side. Beau knew exactly what to do next. Lunging forward he immediately began kissing the back of her hand with his large soft tongue, before he was startled by a growling noise.

"Boys," Kayla exclaimed, "be nice, you know Beau."

Turning his head to the source of the growling, Beau spotted Rocky and Buster. He couldn't believe he was so consumed by the sight of Mistress Kayla that he didn't notice her loyal guard dogs following behind.

Gently pulling her hand back from Beau, she sat on the front edge of leather love seat and promoted Beau to her feet, which he skittishly complied with.

"Beau, honey, they won't hurt you. They get a little possessive, but they understand that you're my special pet. Here, roll over boy, roll over and let them check you out."

Nervously following the instructions, he rolled over onto his back and laid himself out just as he knew was expected of him.

"Now boys, be nice to Beau. You should think of him as your little brother."

Quickly descending on Beau, the large muscular men in their wide spiked collars and wearing their arm-sleeves and leg-ups were very busy sniffing him out from head to toe. After several seconds of running their wildly sniffing noses up and down his body, the large guard dogs were soon exploring Beau with their enhanced tongues.

And just as Beau expected, his nearly erect puppy cock was a prime point of interest. With Rocky now skillfully lapping at his excited equipment, Buster was busy licking his face, neck and smooth chest. It didn't take long for Beau to figure out that the two knew how to work together to excite and

torment a pup. With one lapping at his now throbbing cock and floppy balls and the other licking at his sensitive nipples with great skill, Beau's breathing was becoming more frantic.

"Buster, Rocky, that's enough. I know you're dying to steal a taste of Beau's sweet pre-cum, but we have guests arriving soon."

Pointing at the room's door, she sternly continued. "Now get going, you need to be ready to meet our guests. You know how much our friends enjoy being greeted by you guys at the front door."

Reluctantly, but compliantly, they pulled back and slowly headed for the door. Glancing up from his position on the floor, Beau had a great view of their hanging sacks and large semi-erect cocks swinging about between their legs as they strolled away. Just then, the mansion's door chimes rang out.

"Sit up, Beau, our guests are arriving. These are some of the wealthiest and most powerful folks in the world, so you'd best be on your best behavior."

Pulling himself back onto his hands and knees, he quickly sat himself on the floor at Kayla's feet, with one of his shoulders just touching against her smooth sexy leg. Then remembering the advice that Paula had given him earlier; he turned his head and gently kissed Kayla's leg several times just below her knee.

Obviously pleased with his affections, she began petting his head without saying a word.

Next, a handful of folks entered the large room. Several of them walked over to greet Kayla. She stood up and began to shake hands and welcome her guests with great enthusiasm and appreciation for their attendance. After some small talk with a few folks, she took a few moments to chat with a special guest.

"Thank you for coming tonight, your Highness. I dare say; you're in for a treat."

Thank you for having us, Kayla, we're very excited to be here. My lovely wife is looking forward to owning her first puppy boy. She's been fantasizing about it for years and finally she's decided it's time."

"Well, I do believe you'll be pleased with our offerings tonight. We have some exceptional pups up for sale this evening."

Looking down at Beau, who was staring up at the gentleman with an inquisitive expression on his face, he extended his hand toward Beau and said, "If they're anything like this cutie sitting next to you, I'm sure she'll be thrilled."

Immediately, Beau sniffed at the back of the man's hand and quickly began kissing it until he pulled it away.

"This is Beau, one of my latest additions and my personal pup."

"He is adorable and seemingly well trained," said the man.

"Yes, on both counts, your Highness. And he'll be putting on a little show for us later tonight too."

"Really, what kind of show, may I ask?"

Chuckling, she reached down to pet Beau's head and said, "I'll be mating him with one of my prized females tonight, for all to witness."

"Oh my yes… That should be extraordinarily fun… Well, we had best get a refreshment and find ourselves a good seat, it looks like several others are arriving."

"Yes, please have a beverage and find yourselves a good seat!"

Turning for the bar, he met up with his wife who was already there and chatting with one of the trainers, assumedly trying to get the inside scoop on the upcoming merchandise.

As the man walked away for the bar, a gorgeous 5' 9" tall black haired beauty approached Kayla. The stunning woman appeared to be in her

early forties and in incredible shape for her presumed age. From Beau's vantage, her long slender rippling legs flowed up through her hips and body as if she were a model.

Sniffing about rapidly, he knew there was something very familiar about the scent in the air as she approached. Then it hit him like a ton of bricks; it was the unforgettable scent of the woman who approached him on the curb just prior to entering the van! She was the one who propositioned him on the street and who pinched his ass.

She reached out to shake Kayla's hand, clearly happy to see her. "Good evening, Mistress Kayla, it's so good to see you again, sweetie. And you look so wonderful."

Smiling and giggling, Kayla replied. "Thank you, Mistress Zimra, and you look quite radiant yourself… I'm so pleased you were able to make it tonight."

Looking down at Beau who was staring up at her with a dumbfounded look on his face, she said, "I wouldn't have missed tonight for anything."

She lowered her hand to Beau. He knew the drill and went right to town kissing it.

"I spotted this adorable creature on the street corner the other day. I must say, I had a strong hunch I'd see him tonight. What's his name?"

"This is Beau, and he did just arrive two days ago. After only two days of training, he's remarkably tame and willing to please."

"I can see that," she replied as Beau continued to kiss the back of her hand. "May I borrow your fine pet for a few moments, Kayla?"

"Yes you may, and don't be shy with him. He can use the training," said Kayla, as she winked at the woman.

"Oh don't worry about that, honey! I've been anticipating this moment for two days."

She hooked a finger in the D-ring of Beau's collar and led him to a nearby chair. There she released her grip on the collar and carefully slid her skirt up before she turned around and sat on the edge of the chair. Spreading her legs, she prompted Beau to come closer between her knees.

When he approached the waiting woman, he wasn't surprised to see that she wasn't wearing any panties. And he had a good idea of what she'd be wanting.

Reaching out with her hands on either side of his head, she slowly pulled his face to her glistening bald girly mound and said, "I told you we'd meet again. I've been waiting for this for two days… Now kiss my cunny, Beau, show me how happy you are to see me, sweetie."

Feeling like he was betraying Kayla, but remembering her comment about making her frisky guests feel welcome, he understood what was expected of him. Craning his head forward, he began to gently lick at the woman's lips. The usual sweet smell of her excited pussy only further fueled Beau's initially reluctant efforts.

Within minutes her slippery slimy juices coated his large pink tongue. The taste of her pleasure was surprisingly enjoyable. The more he lapped at her flowing juices, the more he wanted. He soon found himself sliding his tongue deeper and deeper into her hot wet slit. Exploring and probing for more, he soon found her stiffening clit with his tongue.

"Ohh yeah, right there, Beau, right there! That's it, my clit, lick my hard clit, Beau!"

Beau was shocked at how quickly the woman was approaching orgasm. It had only been a few minutes and already her pussy was ready to explode with pleasure.

But she wasn't a screamer. She was pulling at the back of his head and Beau's face was buried deep as his tongue worked at her pleasure box. Then, her body began to quake and he felt her juices erupt. Her legs closed tighter around his head. She hardly made a sound as an intense orgasm ripped through her taut body.

As she slowly coming off her pleasure peak, she pushed his face from her crotch and said, “I look forward to a repeat performance later on.”

She took a hankie from her purse and carefully wiped her juices from his face. She stood up and gently pulled her skirt down, fluffed up her hair and returned Beau to Kayla’s side.

Seeing Beau and Mistress Zimra return, Kayla just had to ask; “How did he do?”

“Very, very well. I’ll be looking forward to more later on tonight.”

“Absolutely, your pleasure is our mission. Please, have yourself a refreshing beverage and enjoy the festivities tonight.”

“Thank you, my dear, I certainly will,” said the woman as she turned for the bar.

Still a little out of sorts by the encounter with the strange woman, Beau began kissing the side of Kayla’s leg as even more guests approached.

The room began to fill with the twenty or more invited guests. Several of the guests wanted to greet Kayla personally so Beau had many admirers and many hands to kiss, both female and male. Beau was a hit and Kayla thoroughly enjoyed the attention and compliments that her new puppy brought her.

After allowing her guests enough time to have a couple of drinks and socialize, Kayla motioned to the trainer standing by the door to get things going.

The large crystal chandeliers dimmed and the stage lights came up. Instantly, the noise of the crowd calmed, while anyone still standing quickly found their seat.

Suddenly, a soft sexy female voice filled the room. “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Mistress Kayla’s puppy and pony auction,” majestically echoed from the speakers.

A subdued and respectful applause erupted as everyone turned to Kayla to show their respect and appreciation for her one-of-kind service.

Again the woman's voice rang out as the applause slowly faded away. "My name is Fantasy and I am your MC for tonight. We trust you will all find something of interest, whether you make a purchase for yourself or simply enjoy the entrainment that Mistress Kayla has arranged for this evening."

With everyone seated and ready, the door opened and in strolled Paula with a leash in her hand, leading the first puppy to the stage.

"Presenting our merchandise tonight is the beautiful and talented Paula. Paula is Kayla's kennel mistress and a very accomplished trainer."

She was wearing black leather knee high boots and a custom made black and white corset dress that laced tightly up her back and just barely covered her lifted and projecting breasts. She was the perfect presenter. She made her way onto the stage with all eyes on her, and led the night's first offering up the stairs.

"First on the stage tonight we have Toby. This handsome young pup is 22 years old, in people years that is! Please take note of his naturally flowing sandy blonde hair, nicely enhanced features, seductive eyes and near perfect shape. He's been in training now for eight months and is a very obedient pup that truly enjoys the many ways of pleasing his owner."

Toby was paraded across the large stage in his show collar, tail and gear. He strutted around the outer edge of the platform with his head up high at the end of the leash. And with his large tongue panting loosely from his mouth, his nipple bone bars shining bright, and his impressive manhood dandling between his legs, he had the women's eyes sparking with excitement.

When he had made his first full pass around the stage, the bids began flowing. With assistance from the auction's MC, they ratcheted up to $300,000 for the night's first sale.

Handing off Toby to the winning bidder, a woman who didn't look much older than he was, Paula congratulated the new owner and then exited the stage to retrieve her next sale.

After a few more pups were paraded around the stage and auctioned off, it was time for a ponyboy to be brought in.

He stood a few inches taller than Paula and was led to the stage by his bridle bit and reins. As he made his way up the steps to the stage, the sound of his hooved boots stirred a buzz of excitement in the crowd.

"Here we present Aleksey. This fine Russian specimen is strong and well trained in pulling, including personal carriages and as part of a team if required. And for those who have a calling for large pounding cock, you'll find his stamina impressive!"

Being a large well-built young man at 5' 11" tall and 180 lbs., his immaculately prepared body only further enhanced his enormous genitals. He was spooked a bit by the bright lights and number of folks gathered around and Paula had to keep a tight hold on his reins as she continued to parade the gorgeous colt around the platform.

"At 24 years old and maintained in exceptional physical shape, this dark haired stud will bring many years of solid service and pleasure to the right stable."

Awestruck by the size of his manhood swinging about between his legs and the 2 inch rings dangling from him large nipples; most of the women had their hands over their open mouths as they gasped and stared in stunned fascination.

Paula led the impressive ponyboy around the stage several times. The sound of his hooved boots echoed through the room as he compliantly walked around on full display. As he was wearing blinkers, it was difficult for him to see the crowd without turning his head, but Paula did allow him some latitude to visually explore the room.

The audience was so fascinated by the sight of the harnessed and bridled creature being trotted around on display that the bidding started slow. But it soon picked up and by the time the bidding closed, Aleksey had a new owner and brought in $350,000.

Then, after the second colt scheduled for auction was sold, the MC announced a brief pause in the feverish selling.

“Ladies and gentlemen, we’re going to take a moment to give you all a special treat. We have a new filly who Mistress Kayla recently acquired. It’s a rare opportunity that we can share such a training experience with our clientele. Freshly harnessed and bridled, we have no doubt you’ll enjoy watching her make her first public appearance.”

Then, the door opened and in came Andre with Tamara in tow. She was wearing a white body harness and bridle set, covered with shiny silver studs. Her fully exposed and golden brown body looked majestic in the tight fitting gear. Tamara was horrified to see the crowd anxiously waiting for her arrival.

Unaware what she was walking into, Tamara put on the show that was expected. Her arms were folded and tightly bound behind her back and Andre had a solid grasp on her reins. She had little chance of escaping his control and her debut on show stage, but that didn’t stop her from trying.

Tamara’s wide eyes darted about horrified as she pulled against the reins in utter humiliation. But there was no stopping the inevitable and Andre soon had her walking forward once again. Struggling against the pulling bridle bit, she had no choice but to make her way toward the waiting stage. Looking ahead she could see the brightly lit area of display and she wanted nothing to do with it.

Because she was fighting even more against the pull of her bridle, Andre took the opportunity to entertain the crowd a little more. He produced a long riding whip and unleashed a crackling hit on her exposed hip.

Stunned by the stinging hit, she looked at Andre just in time to see him lay a lashing hit across her outer thigh. Feeling the second searing hit sink

into her exposed flesh; she stopped struggling and stood there hyperventilating with her eyes open wide. With the second lash of the whip slowing the unruly filly to a standstill, the crowd responded with applause.

Facing her now and pulling on the reins again, Andre said, “Shall we move along to the stage? Or would you rather I lay a strike across those freshly ringed nipples of yours?”

Tamara stared down at the gold rings dangling from her throbbing nipples at the tips of her impressive breasts. She still couldn’t believe what they’d done to her. The awful rings felt like lead weights as they hung from her pleasure buds and outlined the bottoms of her dark areoles. Just the thought of having her newly pierced nipples falling victim to the whip was far more horrific than any humiliating walk around the stage. Inching forward, she succumbed to her fate on the stage.

“Much better! Now knees high, and let’s show these fine folks some of the skills you’ve learned over the past couple of days.”

Turning for the stage again, Andre led her forward. With her knees rising higher, she started walking toward the platform as the sound of her clopping hooves hit the floor with each step.

Once on the stage, she was paraded around for all the folks to see. The terror in her franticly pleading eyes was everything thing they expected and more. She was prancing close to Beau and that was when he spotted the 1 inch gold rings dangling from her harnessed tits as they shimmered and jumped with each step. Beau couldn’t take his eyes off her plump nipples that were now sporting the large golden rings that dangled from the points of her tormented tits. It reminded him that he had escaped something terrible, something horrible that his friend and neighbor inevitably fell victim too.

When she spotted Beau sitting at Kayla’s feet near the stage, Tamara’s reaction was immediate. She was shaking her head wildly and trying to plead from behind her bit gag, unable to believe her eyes. She was reminded of what had got her there, she now regretted every single moment of nosing around in Beau’s affairs and she was willing to beg and plead and do whatever it took to be released. The past few days had felt like a lifetime;

she never felt more helpless and doomed then when her sensitive girly nipples were ringed.

Andre was gently tugging on the reins to regain control. Tamara dared not risk the whip and quickly fell back into step. After several more intensely humiliating trips around the stage, Andre brought the filly to a corner and prompted her to her knees. She struggled to comply with her arms folded behind her back. Andre slipped a finger in one of her bit rings to help her maintain her balance until she was on her knees.

"May I have your attention once again, kind folks? I hope you enjoyed that little show, I know we did. Now, for your further entertainment, Mistress Kayla has decided to allow us the pleasure of witnessing the mating of her personal pup Beau with one of her prized females. I'm sure we'll all find this highly entertaining."

As she finished her comments, two male trainers appeared carrying a black three sided frame of some kind. It was obviously very heavy. The men struggled to carry it and when they dropped it to the stage floor it landed with a heavy thud. It was shaped like a square horseshoe, with its open end about 3' wide. It had thick leather traps attached to it at all four corners. It was placed in the middle of the stage, with the closed end facing Kayla and the open end facing the stage stairs; its positioning was not by chance.

Next, as the male trainers left the room, Paula appeared at the door with a leash in-hand. Tugging gently on it, she started down the aisleway to the stage with Molly following closely behind.

All eyes were on the adorable blonde teenager as she compliantly followed Paula to the stage. She was a beautiful young woman with a full head of natural blonde hair, a slender figure, healthy tits and a very pretty face. She crawled along behind Paula, her matching tail trailing behind, and made her way up the steps with her head slowly starting to hang from her shoulders in humiliation.

Once on the stage, Molly knew exactly what she was in for. She recognized the breeding frame from when she saw her best friend Daisy mounted to it almost 10 months ago. Spotting Beau sitting at Kayla's feet just

a few yards away, Molly knew her time had come. She'd only had sex twice before and now she was to be impregnated like a farm animal in front of a room full of excited onlookers.

Paula walked her directly into the frame through the open end and quickly tied her leash off to the hook at the front of the unit. With Molly secure and on her hands and knees inside the frame, Paula went right to work pulling her arms outward to the front corners and securing her wrists in the leather straps. Moving down to Molly's waist, she worked her legs open wide until her knees were touching the inside of the frame. Then, using the affixed leather straps, she secured her knees in place. Spread open and strapped in, Molly was unable to move her arms or legs; she was now helpless against Beau's huge penetrating cock.

But Paula wasn't done yet. While she was strapping Molly in place, one of the other trainers arrived with the final piece to the unit. It was a thick hinged metal collar with two fixed braces extending from each side at a 45 degree angle from the collar. Paula opened the collar and placed the large metal ring around Molly's neck, then quickly closed it and fastened the braces to the front part of the frame at the floor. With her neck secured in the ring, Molly was now unable to shift forward or backward in her stance. Facing Kayla and Beau, who was seated directly ahead of her, she was essentially frozen on her hands and knees with her legs spread open and her pussy fully exposed.

Looking to Mistress Kayla, Paula said, "Ma'am, we're ready for Beau."

Smiling as if she owned the world, Kayla ran her hand over Beau's head and though his hair several times, and said, "Beau, look here," as she reached down and took ahold of his chin.

Beau looked up at Kayla who was holding his chin, excited to see her big smile as she spoke out again.

"It's time, Beau. Go to Molly and give her your seed. Leave your potent semen deep in her womb. Make me proud!"

When Kayla released his chin, he quickly kissed Kayla's leg several times before he excitedly crawled up on the stage and approached Molly.

Slowly the room's lights dimmed a little further as the spotlights focused their bright energy on Molly mounted to the breeding frame. Feeling the excited anticipation and sexual energy building in the room, her heart began pounding in her chest as Beau drew closer. She was whining softly as Beau approached; starting to get very anxious at the prospect of being fucked wildly from behind while on display and subsequently rearing a litter.

Sensing Molly's emotional torment climbing, Beau moved around to her head trapped in the metal ring and began to kiss her face. As he gently and affectionately licked Molly's face, her tense body seemed to relax a bit as she appeared to appreciate Beau's caring and affectionate attentions.

Witnessing the crowd's appreciation for Beau's caring gestures, yet sensing the men's impatience starting to swell, Paula circled around to Beau and repositioning him nose to nose with Molly.

"I bet Molly would like to kiss your puppy maker, to welcome it into her box."

Tapping Beau on the shoulder, Paula said, "Up boy, up on your knees with your arms up on Molly so she can show her appreciation for your semen stick."

Rising up on his knees, he placed his sleeved hands on her shoulders and then inched forward on his knees until his impressive dangling cock was right in front of her face.

"Molly, be a good girl and give Beau some kisses. Show him how much you appreciate his impending gift."

Unwilling to disobey a trainer, Molly's long soft tongue slowly extended to kiss his large cock. Gently lapping at his manhood now, the scent and taste of Beau's privates was unexpectedly stimulating to her. Although she was emotionally dreading her fate in the breeding frame, she was mystified at the way her body was betraying her. Unable to quell the

intensifying excitement and heat in her pussy, she began to eagerly kiss and lick at Beau's stiffening shaft. Like a kid with a lollipop stick, the helpless puppygirl licked at his enormous shaft until it was rock hard and ready.

"Ok Beau, down, boy. It's time to entertain the guests and make Molly a mommy."

Shifting back, he dropped to his hands and knees and circled behind Molly. The scent of her excited wet pussy filled his receptive nose. Excited by the fragrant scent, he poked his nose around her hanging tail and pressed it into her moist folds.

Seeing Beau struggling with Molly's tail, Paula stepped closer and said, "Oh, I almost forgot, we should get this out of the way."

Kneeling down behind Molly, she placed one hand on her left ass cheek while the other grabbed Molly's tail at the very base and began to slowly extract the tapered plug.

Feeling the plug stretching her tight ring open, she shivered and groaned as the anal insert exited her sensitive opening. With Molly's tail in her hand, Paula moved to the edge of the stage where another trainer was waiting to take the torturous device from her.

With her tail removed, Beau was quick to lick at her glistening pussy lips. Molly's body was clearly ready for action,and Beau was certainly ready to go.

Getting a little impatient with Beau's busy tongue once again, Paula had to prompt him along.

"Enough kisses, Beau! Our guests are ready to see you mount Molly and take care of business."

He pulled his face from her backside, eyes were wide with excited lust as he reared up on his knees and shuffled forward until the fat head of his cock poked at Molly's spread crotch. With his sleeved fists attempting to grab at Molly's shifting hips; he went right to work at locating his target. He

struggled to find her tiny opening with his fat cock as her dainty ass rocked about below and was starting to wonder if Molly was trying to help him or him keep out.

After giving Beau a couple of minutes to find his own way, Paula finally leaned over and grabbed ahold of his throbbing member. Then, lining up his poker with her entrance, she pushed his crown inside Molly.

Sharply inhaling, Molly tried to shift forward but the neck ring and frame denied her escape. Although she knew it was coming, the sudden breach of her inexperienced entrance still caught her by surprise.

"There, that should do it!"

Feeling his swollen purple cockhead parting her young lips and entering her tight canal, Beau couldn't stop himself from thrusting forward in pure lustful excitement. Her hot wet pussy felt incredibly good as his pelvis slapped against her ass. With an animalistic desire to hammer away at the young woman underneath him, Beau quickly began to pump away at her helpless and exposed cunny.

The room fell silent when Beau first thrust his cock deep inside his mate. But now, the room was beginning to fill with the sounds of excited amazement as Beau was hard at work. Neither Beau nor Molly noticed all the gawking eyes and pointing fingers. Beau was too consumed with the unrelenting pleasure of Molly's tight pussy, while she was struggling to cope with the extraordinary fullness in her pleasure box. She'd never had anything that large stretch her so wide and penetrate her so deep. Each slamming insertion of his ribbed shaft felt like it was poking at the back of her throat from her stomach as her eyes bugged open so wide her vision was blurred until he withdrew.

Within seconds, Beau was fucking the hell out of the cute little blonde bent-over beneath him. Riding her tiny body like a wild bull, his thrusting hips looked like a blur to the folks looking on.

Molly wasn't sure what to expect next. Beau's throbbing member was relentlessly impaling her as if it were a machine. His fists still attempting to

latch on to her hips when she felt her clit dancing along his shaft. Helpless against the natural stimulation of her pleasure button, her nipples were stiffening with tingling excitement as they swung about at the tips of her hanging tits. Feeling herself succumbing to the pleasures of Beau's enhanced cock; her helpless body was teetering on the edge of climax.

Molly was emotionally stunned by the way her young body was responding to the massive cock inside her. She knew what it felt like to climax at the touch of her own fingertips, but that didn't feel anything like what she was feeling now. It was as if every nerve ending in her body was responding to Beau's throbbing shaft. Her own excited body was succumbing to an inevitable climax in front of the excited crowd. She knew her fate was sealed.

The relentless pounding went on for fifteen minutes or more before Beau started to feel his load begin to boil. They were both beginning to think he'd never get off as he frantically plowed away at her womanly opening. But the wait was almost over. Molly's quivering pussy so tightly stretched around his throbbing cock that she began to feel an unusual pulsation emanating from his shaft.

It was like nothing she'd ever felt before, but even so, she knew exactly what it meant. Then, without any further warning, her body shook and jerked with an orgasm unlike anything she'd experienced before as she felt Beau's load shoot its way up his spasming shaft and spray wildly inside her. The sensation of his hot jism filling every void inside her was unexpected and intense. With a devastated expression in her saucer shaped eyes, she looked up to see Kayla smiling back and nodding her head in approval as Beau continued to fill her box with his swimming sperm.

Their audience knew what just happened too and abruptly broke out with cheers and applause. The sudden noise startled both Molly and Beau. When the final shots of his potent load being delivered, Beau's thrusting hips slowly came to a stop, before he pulled his used cock from her stretched sex.

He backed away from Molly's panting body and dropped his arms back to the stage floor. Beau saw his thick cum seeping from Molly's red slit. The scent of his salty load was powerful and unmistakable. It dripped to the

stage and formed a small puddle directly below her spread crotch. Even Beau was surprised by the apparent volume of the semen he delivered.

Still kneeling in the corner with a perfect view behind the two pups, Tamara couldn't believe what she just witnessed, when Andre suddenly began to speak softly into her ear.

"The equipment used for the ponygirls is just a little different. You won't be on your hands and knees, but it's just as effective. You will be equally exposed and available to your selected mate."

She turned her head to face Andre, her tear-filled pleading eyes begging for mercy as her head slowly shook back and forth.

Standing up and hooking a finger in one of her bit rings again, Andre prompted Tamara to her feet. She was struggling to stand up with her weak and trembling legs, so he pulled rather hard on the ring until she was up and stable.

"Come on, girl, the shows are over and the auction needs to resume."

While he walked Tamara off the stage, three trainers arrived at the platform to dismount Molly and remove the frame.

Stunned, sore and terrified, Molly gingerly and slowly followed behind the trainer who snapped a leash on her collar and was leading her off the stage. Beau was back at Kayla's side and receiving plenty of jubilant accolades for his performance from his owner, when the MC's voice rang out.

"Give it up for Molly and Beau, folks!"

The room filled with applause and cheers and Molly felt even more humiliated and used. Beau's cum was weeping over her clit and out from between her puffy lips while she crawled along. The louder the crowd got, the more proud and pleased Beau looked as he gleefully accepted Kayla's attentions.

“Good boy, Beau, I have no doubt you’ll be a proud papa very soon,” exclaimed Kayla while she playfully rubbed both sides of his head behind his ears.

With the crowd showing little sign of relenting, the MC finally spoke out to regain control of the room. “I’m quite certain you all enjoyed that incredible show. But it’s now time to resume with the auction. Still due up, we have an amazing Mexican pup named Pedro and a set of irresistible southern California twins named Duke and Luke. So without any further ado, here’s Pedro!”

With the ruckus subsiding, the door opened and first in was Pedro. He was literally pulling Paula along behind him toward the stage, clearly an excited handful. Seeing his genuine enthusiasm to reach the spotlights of the stage, many of the folks began to laugh and chuckle as Paula strained to hold him back.

“This puppy can’t wait to get a new home, folks. As you can see, he’s young, beautiful, energetic and ready to please. We’re going to start the bidding at $400,000 for this one.”

Pedro wasn’t even halfway around the strange when the first hand flew up high in the air to start-off what was sure to be a frenzied period of bidding.

The End

We hope you thoroughly enjoyed this story, and that you’ll take a moment to rate it and write a review if you’re so inclined. If you’d like to read more about the continuing adventures at Kayla’s training compound, please let us know that! Both Vanessa London and W.L. Dowd welcome your direct feedback. We can be reached at vanessalondon69@yahoo.com and wldowd@email.com respectively.

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