ENSNARED

PUPPY BOYS IN TRAINING BOOK 2

by

Vanessa London and W L Dowd

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Preface

Vanessa London and W.L. Dowd present another sizzling tale of humiliating enslavement, intense sex-slave training, merciless bondage and strict domination from within the walls of Mistress Kayla's specialized training compound. In ‘Ensnared Puppy Boys; Part 2’, Beau, Max, Rocky, Buster and several other helpless trainees continue to thrive under Kayla’s strict hand and demanding training.

Hidden deep in the valley of a Nevada mountain range, Kayla's training compound dominates the landscape. Cut-off from society by the valley's seemingly impenetrable terrain, the spectacular training facility is perfectly equipped for the training and enslavement of her carefully selected occupants. With access limited by helicopter or special vehicles, the highly private lair has no surprise guests, and no one can escape.

Wealthy beyond any rich man's standards, her highly profitable business sponsors the eccentric establishment that she calls home. It's an unrivaled place, specializing in the acquisition and training of young men and select young women! Trained in the highly specialized art of 'serving' their soon-to-be owners in unimaginable ways, the trainee's helpless bodies and minds quickly succumb to their life changing lessons. Unsure what to expect when they first arrive at the compound, there's absolutely no questioning what's expected of them by the time they are ready to leave, if they get to leave!

Exploiting the powerful government contacts that she has bought and influenced over the years, Kayla exacts her own form of justice and punishment when she discovers one of her employees is stealing from her clients. After the thief and his lovely wife concede and sign a 2-year punishment contract in lieu of 20 years in a maximum-security prison on aggravated federal embezzlement charges, Kayla's highly skilled trainers are sent to pick-up the terrified couple at their home.

Eagerly looking forward to transforming John and his incent wife into obedient pleasure pets, Mistress Kayla has a host of unimaginable ordeals planned for the young couple, including a new enhancer potion that has an effect on their bodies beyond their wildest imaginations. As with all of Kayla's adorable puppies, the effect of the incredible enhancer causes their tongues to grow large and unwieldy, as their sense of smell becomes amazingly acute with every dose of the magical elixir. But unlike the other captives before them, this new formula has a little something extra in it, something that makes their bodies tingle with inexplicable excitement. Unable to stop it, their helpless bodies slowly succumb to their humiliating fates.

And with the annual Puppy and Pony Show getting closer, training intensifies for the adorable pups Beau and Max, along with several others destined to be shown and possibly sold at auction. The action never stops at this unmerciful compound where enslavement, obedience and service is a way of life for the folks who find themselves housed in Kayla's kennel or stable.

Chapter 1 - A Rude Awakening

Cassandra tossed her full-bodied curly black hair over her shoulder and stomped her foot in anger as she crossed her arms over her ample chest. Standing nose to nose atop her high heels with her 28 year old husband, who stood only 5' 5" tall himself, she was not a happy woman.

"I can't believe I agreed to this John! I must have been delirious or insane when we talked about this crazy deal," exclaimed the 23-year-old, 5' 2" tall, dark haired beauty. Weighing slightly over 100 lbs. with stunning green eyes that exemplify her pretty face and delicate features, the tiny woman was clearly upset with her husband.

"But Cassie, if we don't fulfill the agreement as we committed to in the punishment contract, we'll both be sent to prison before the day is out!"

As required by the dreadful punishment contract she signed, the gorgeous woman wore a stunningly thin white cotton tank top, a very short black skirt with no pantie and 3-inch black high-heeled pumps. Dressed as she was, Cassie's most attractive assets, her impressive womanly globes and her tiny round ass, were uncomfortably exposed. And like her husband John, who wore a similarly thin cotton armless t-shirt, a pair of loose fitting black silk boxers and was barefoot, the couple felt vulnerable and humiliatingly exposed.

Still glaring at her husband with her arms crossed over her barely covered breasts, Cassie snorted. "Just because you were stupid enough to get caught stealing money from your employer's most wealthy and influential client, doesn't mean I was guilty too. I mean, I had no idea what you were doing John. This isn't fair and you know it!"

Pausing for a moment as her anger quickly turned to fear, her voice began to break as she threw her arms open and exclaimed. "Look at me John! Look at how they made me dress. What do you think I'm in for John? What do you think they're gonna do to me, huh John?"

John briefly glanced around their opulent apartment and declaring rather loudly. “I had no choice honey. My paycheck just didn’t bring in enough to pay for the lifestyle we were enjoying here. I’m sorry, but I didn’t think they would ever catch on. I was so carful and inconspicuous; I still don’t know how Kayla found out. I never dreamed it could lead to this!”

Getting more upset by their desperate situation himself, he continued in a more exasperated tone. “How do you think we could afford this place, the cars, the nights out on the town, and those tits of yours? Those magnificent beauties cost me $25,000 alone. You have no idea what all this costs!”

With his frustration turning to despair and regret, he felt helpless and humiliated. Deep down, he knew he did what he did because he wanted his lovely wife to have everything she ever wanted. He was so in love with Cassandra, there was nothing he wouldn’t do for her. And now, knowing that she was also going to have to pay for his crimes, it was overwhelmingly devastating for him.

Dropping her arms back to her sides as her full and firm breasts pressed outward from under the shirt’s thin fabric, she turned quickly and strutted over to the marble coffee table where two 8-inch long cylindrical tubes laid unopened. Cassie then bent down and picked up one of the tubes before turning back to her husband and waving it in his face, as she blurted out loudly, “I shouldn’t have to wear a silly dog costume and live like a puppy. I didn’t do anything wrong John!”

With a crackle in his voice and tears welling in his eyes he responded, “I know that honey, but I was facing twenty years in federal prison and you were looking at a minimum of ten years as an accomplice. You know Kayla owns the authorities; we would not have beaten the charges and escaped her wrath. Without this deal, it would be twenty years or more before we would be together again. Just the thought of you incarcerated for ten long years in some brutal prison was more than I could bear… With this contract, we’ll be together and this will be behind us in two years baby.”

“We’ll get out of this contract somehow, there’s got to be a way,” she said firmly as she dropped the tube back onto the table. “So tell me, did you know about Kayla’s business when you worked for her? I mean really, a human slave farm! My god John, what were you involved in?”

“I – I knew what her business was, but I never dreamed that we would ever get this involved. I’ve seen some incredible things happen there. I’ve seen once proud and powerful men broken and relegated to obedient puppy slaves… We have to be very careful Cassie. Remember, if we follow Kayla’s rules and perform as we’re expected too, we’ll escape this unscathed.”

“Unscathed! Did you read that contract we signed John! We’ve agreed to be collared, leashed and caged like pets. We’re expected to crawl and bark and act like obedient puppies, and let’s not forget the fact we’ll be stripped bare and on display. Do you really think we can come out of this unscathed, are you nuts?”

“Cassie, please, I know you’re upset and having second thoughts, but please don’t try and renege on our contractual obligations. Kayla can be cruel and heartless when she’s provoked.”

“Yeah, well we’ll see about that. I bet she’s never run across anybody like me before.”

“Cassie, please,” John pleaded with large fear filled eyes. “There’s more that I haven’t told you about the compound.”

“More, more, what do you mean more?”

Having lost track of time and completely forgotten about the tubes they were instructed to open 10 minutes before 2 o’clock, John continued. “Cassie honey, the most profitable part of her business is selling her well trained and obedient puppy and pony slaves to the rich and powerful in foreign countries. Many of the folks that we’ll be training alongside of will be sold at auction and simply disappear. Cassie please, we don’t have any other options here.”

Staring back at John in dead silence, her eyes were suddenly filled with disbelief and panic, Cassie was speechless.

“If we just do our time and serve Kayla like we agreed to, we’ll be released in two years. If not, well, I don’t dare think about the consequences.”

Cassie began to tremble with fearful anticipation as the designated time for their pick-up was quickly approaching. Beginning to panic now, she was considering a bolt for the door and making a run for it.

Suddenly feeling less defiant and more scared, she quietly spoke out, “J-John, if we can get far enough away from here we can hide, we can get aw…”

Shaking his head in objection, he cut her short. “We can’t hide from Kayla; she’s too powerful and connected. We’ll be fugitives, and when we’re caught, our punishments will be more severe and last even

longer. As I said when we agreed to sign the contact, submitting to Kayla is our best and only option… I'm very sorry that I got us into this sweetheart. You have to know I did it to make you happy, I wanted so much for you and I was so sure I'd never be caught."

Looking up to the clock on the wall, Cassie saw it was exactly 2 pm., the exact time they were scheduled to be picked up.

Breathing rapidly as her heart pounded wildly in her chest, their heated discussion was suddenly interrupted by a loud knock on the door.

Startled and jerking to attention, John immediately looked to the table where the tubes still laid. Realizing they failed to follow all of their simple instructions, he suddenly realized it was too late to comply now. Slowly stepping toward the door, he knew exactly who to expect on the other side of the door as he slowly turned the knob. With his heart beating like a base drum, he pulled the door open to see three tall and strong looking men standing in the doorway.

"Hello John," the closest man to the door said firmly. "Are you and your precious wife ready to begin your training and fulfill your contract?"

With a desperate look of fear on his face, John gasped as he looked up at the tall smiling men looking down at him. Stunned by the muscular stature of the dark haired men dressed all in black, he slowly stumbled back from the door. Unaware that Cassie was in full panic mode and bolting toward the door from behind him, he caught just a glimpse of her as she streaked by and slammed herself against the large door in a futile attempt to slam it shut.

Unfortunately for Cassie, the lead man already had his big boot inside the doorway and was prepared for such a greeting. When the door violently stopped against his boot, Cassie bounced off the door and was unable to prevent their entry. The men then quickly pushed past the tiny protesting woman and entered the expansive kitchen area of the expensive dwelling.

Once inside, the men wasted no time responding to the welcome they received. It wasn't unusual for Kayla's staff to meet such last minute resistance and panic when they arrived for a scheduled pick-up. In fact, they were always fully prepared for such an event as they quickly went to work at getting the upper hand.

The first man inside grabbed Cassie and quickly subdued her. The second man in grabbed John and immobilized him before he got any heroic ideas. The last man through the door quietly closed it behind himself and assumed command of the room.

"Now that's no way to greet us! Is this really how you want to start off your stay under Kayla's care?" With Cassie struggling against the large strong man who had her firmly in his control, he walked closer to Cassie and began to introduce himself.

"My name is Ed, but you will call me Master! Your husband over there already knows me, and I'm sure he won't need to be reminded of proper protocol for trainees."

Turning toward John, he scowled in a tone that made John's blood run cold. "Isn't that right, puppy-boy!"

Facing toward Ed with his head down, John knew the required response and softly said, "Yes Master."

Hearing Cassie gasp at his reply, he then heard her quickly blurt out, "John no, we can't do this. Tell them we changed our minds, tell them!"

Smiling, Ed laughed as he spoke. "There's no changing your mind sweetie. But don't worry darling, we're prepared for this. With cases like yours, we rarely experience any resistance."

Reaching behind his back, he retrieved an unusual looking set of four metal handcuff rings that he immediately handed to the man holding Cassie. "Cuff her tight and then set her up on the table."

Nodding in approval, he took the unusual set of shiny cuffs that consisted of a pair of locking rings attached to each end of a short shiny chain, and quickly had a set of the rings closed tight around her wrists that were already pulled together behind her back. Despite her struggling protests, he quickly had her wrists secure before immediately pulling her elbows together as he cuffed them in place with the second set of locking rings.

The distinct sound of the metal cuffs clicking shut was as terrifying to Cassie as the feeling of the cold melt shackles tightening around her wrists and elbows. Still shaken by the force applied to pull her elbows together behind her, it took her a few moments to realize how it made her extraordinary breasts thrust outward through her sheer shirt.

It all happened in a matter seconds. Still stunned and shocked by how efficiently and effectively the men

had both her and her husband subdued; she was unable to utter a single word of protest.

Trying to regain her composure, she glanced down only to be captivated by the sight her own large braless breasts pushing out against her silky thin shirt. Unable to pull her elbows apart, Cassie was helpless against the manner in which she was on display. Shocked and humiliated by the sight of her most prized bodily possessions, she could only stare down in helpless disbelief.

With her arms now secure and her attention squarely focused on her chest, she was startled when the man abruptly lifted her tiny body and sat her on the table with a bit of a thud.

Watching her firm globes jiggle and shudder when her tiny ass landed hard on the table, she knew her breasts were incredibly vulnerable to the large scary men in the room. Realizing there was absolutely nothing she could do about her exposure, she was even more horrified when she saw her nipples begin to stiffen under the fabric. Slowly blossoming into full flowers, she was helpless to stop them.

“NO, NO, I’ve changed my mind, I don’t want to do this!” pleaded Cassie. “I won’t agree to the contract, I won’t go… Let me go you bastards,” as her legs began kicking about.

Pulling thin black cords from their pockets, Ed and the man who sat Cassie up on the table each grabbed a flailing leg and quickly pulled her ankles wide apart as they tied them to the table legs on either side.

With her legs now spread open wide and secured to the table, her short skirt was barely covering her womanly treasure between her creamy thighs, and she knew it.

Laughing out loud, Ed replied. “There that should hold you in-place… And darling, you have no say in the matter; you are a puppy-girl now! You made your choice when you signed the contract, now it’s time for you to serve Mistress Kayla.”

Smiling and winking at the terrified yet still defiant woman, Ed pulled out his cell phone and placed a call.

“It's just as Kayla suspected,” Ed said into the phone. “We’ll need to encourage cooperation with these two pups. Send in some assistance.”

As he flipped his phone shut, he turned his excited eyes to Cassie’s erect nipples sitting atop her glorious globes and said, “Cassandra dear, have you ever considered what it would be like to have your nipples pierced? Judging by the looks of those sensitive buds erupting from your mounds, I bet you would learn to be obedient rather quickly with a set of rings dangling from your nubs.”

Gasping loudly, John immediately began to beg for leniency.

“Ed, please don’t hurt her, she doesn’t know what she’s saying; she’s scared and confused. I’ll do whatever you want, I’m begging you, please have mercy on her.”

“Did I hear you call me ED!” Ed barked out in a loud and stern tone.

Realizing his mistake, John quickly attempted to repent and plead. “Master please, I’m so sorry. It won’t happen again Master. Please, I beg for your forgiveness. I will obey your every command Master.”

Taking a moment to let the icy cold sensation of raw fear run through John’s veins, Ed finally responded. “Very well, I will allow you this one indiscretion, but you know the rules puppy slave, and I will hold you to a much higher standard than your wife, for the moment. Are we clear on this?”

“Yes Master, very clear Master.”

“Clearly, you two are off to a bad start. However, we have confidence that you will make great additions to the puppy pound, but just as importantly, we’re going to thoroughly enjoy training the two of you.”

With her impressive mounds pressing her hard nipples against the thin fabric of her cotton shirt and her tiny skirt spread open like a book, Cassie still refused to accept her fate despite her compromising position.

“No, I won’t do it, I won’t. Let me go or I’m going to scream. You can’t make me do this!” she insisted.

Shaking his head, Ed turned back to Cassie and replied. “Oh you will do this, and the more you struggle and defy us, the more fun we will have…”

Reaching out to caress her beautiful black hair, he continued, “Now watch how an obedient puppy acts, and I suggest you watch closely and learn!”

Turning and stepping toward John once again, he pulled another odd set of metal cuffs from his belt and barked out a set of orders.

“Turn around and present your wrists for cuffing behind your back!”

Just as soon as the man holding John released his grip, John compliantly turned his back to Ed, hung his head in defeat, and slowly placed his wrists together behind his back.

Stepping close, Ed slowly encircled his wrists with a set of cold metal cuffs and slowly closed them. The sound of the cuffs slowly clicking shut echoed through the room.

Stunned by the sight of John’s full capitulation, Cassie couldn’t believe her eyes as she watched her husband accept the hard metal cuffs without even a whimper.

“Now press your elbows together so I can finish the job… You do want your elbows cuffed like your wife’s, don’t you John?”

John had seen firsthand the level of humiliating obedience that was expected of puppy slaves. The sights and sounds of the puppy boys he had personally witnessed at the training compound now filled his thoughts. Even though he had only visited the compound a couple of times over the years, what he saw during those brief visits were forever etched in his mind. Although he never expected to be living this nightmare himself, he knew exactly what would be expected of himself and his wife. Unfortunately for Cassie, he had never shared the details of his work this with her, so she would have to learn some of her lessons the hard way.

Squeezing his elbows together the best he could, he quickly replied, “Yes Master thank you, I want to have my arms cuffed. Please secure me just like my wife.”

“Very, very good puppy-boy, you did learn a few things while on the job. Let’s hope the puppy-girl can learn just as quickly.”

While Ed was finishing up with John, Cassie suddenly blurted out, “John No! We can’t do this. We can’t let them take us. Please John; don’t let them do this to me. This can’t be happening, my god this can’t be real…”

Suddenly a loud knock echoed from the door and interrupted Cassie’s blabbering whine. It startled both John and Cassie, but their captors were clearly expecting it. One of the powerful men was waiting by the door and immediately opened it.

Staring at the doorway, Cassie and John watched as Paula and Gretchen strutted through the door as if they owned the place. Their intimidating appearance of power and authority immediately filled the room. Each was dressed like a merciless dominatrix. They wore black thigh-high leather boots with 4-inch heels, short black leather skirts, and their torsos were clad in sexy leather and lace corsets. Tightly laced around their beautiful bodies, the erotic outfits fully accentuated their own impressive curves. To finish off their intimidating attire they wore silk arm sleeves that looped over their thumbs to hold them in place.

And as a finishing touch to their highly erotic presentations, the dominant women looked like they just stepped out of a Hollywood beauty shop. Their hair was full and flowing, their nails were perfectly manicured, and their makeup made them look like models. And as if their mere appearance wasn’t enticing enough, the scent of their powerful perfume filled the room. Clearly, the intimidating women were meant to impress and stimulate their prey.

John immediately recognized Paula; he had seen her at the compound on at least one of his business visits. She was a tall and very attractive redhead who presided over the kennels and conducted much of the training. John didn’t know her personally but he knew she was good at what she did, and that Kayla had great respect and admiration for her.

Walking directly to John, she ran her hand over the top of his head and down the back, before dragging her soft fingertips along the side of his neck and back up under his chin. Kissing John on his forehead, she said, “Kayla’s looking forward to having you in her kennel. You’ve been a bad boy Johnny!”

“Paula, we need to gag the noisy bitch on the table,” exclaimed Ed. “I’m sick of listening to her complain and plead. I’m afraid she has some regrets and wants to renege on the contract.”

Still smiling into John’s nervous eyes, she quipped, “This is going to be fun darling, just watch,” before she turned away and sauntered over to Cassie.

As she approached the sexy bound woman, Paula saw her about to speak, thus prompting her to place her index finger over Cassie’s slightly open mouth as she walked up to the table’s edge between Cassie’s spread legs.

“Shhhh, my little darling, you’re only going to make things worse for you and your hubby.”

Suddenly noticing that they weren't wearing their appointed collars, Paula quickly scanned the room and spotted the unopened tubes on the nearby coffee table. Paula knew the tubes contained the couple's further instructions and their collars. Clearly, they elected not to follow the rules, and that only made Paula more excited.

Standing directly in front of Cassie now, Paula was nose to nose with the humiliated and terrified woman.

"I'm going to enjoy training you two arrogant puppies. You knew what was expected of you before the two o'clock hour and you failed to comply. Now you're getting mouthy with your owners. My goodness, I'm afraid I have no choice here."

Motioning to Gretchen, she said, "Let's go with a number 4."

Smiling and nodding her head in approval, Gretchen snickered, "Good choice Paula, that should keep her preoccupied and quiet," as she reached into the black leather handbag she was carrying and quickly pulled out a menacing looking cock gag. The blonde bombshell then meticulously placed it in Paula's waiting hand. With the horrendous looking device now in full view, it didn't take any explaining for Cassie to know exactly what it was, and how it would be used. Cassie was now so shocked and petrified; she couldn't utter a single sound.

Fully distracted by the sight of the 1½ inch thick by 4-inch long phallus attached to a wide leather strap, her mouth unwittingly fell open as her frantic eyes focused on the terrifying device. Recognizing Cassie's frozen state of terror, Paula had no trouble retrieving a large white pill from a tiny pouch on her belt and quickly poking it to the back of Cassie's mouth before she even knew what was happening. Pre-lubricated for just such use, she was helpless to stop it from sliding down her throat.

When she re-opened her mouth to protest the insertion of the pill that was already sliding down her throat, Paula quickly slipped the cock gag between her teeth and pushed it home. With the man still holding Cassie steady, Paula was able to drive the gag deep and buckle its leather straps tightly behind her head.

Nearly gagging and choking as the cock gag filled her mouth and pressed at her throat, Cassie's wide panicked eyes appeared to be bugging out of her head while she frantically tried to adapt to the menacing invader. Feeling the straps pulled tight against the back of her head, Cassie knew she had no choice but to deal with the device or suffer the dire consequences.

Watching everything unfolding with his helpless wife, John suddenly blurted out, "Mistress Paula, Ma'am, we were supposed to be spared the enhancer. Please Mistress; Kayla said we could escape the enhancer with our commitment to training and service…"

"You know John," Paula responded in a demeaning tone, "being Kayla's kennel mistress does have some great perks. I get to train lovely creatures like you and your adorable wife, and I get the pleasure of deciding when you have violated the terms of your contract, and take action accordingly."

"But Mistress Paula, please, the enhancer has so many permanent effects, and that awful gag is so cruel. Please Mistress, have mercy on us!" said John as he began to whimper.

Slowly stepping toward John who now had tears welling over in his eyes, Paula retrieved another large white pill from her belt pouch and held it out in plain sight.

"I have to admit John; I didn't expect you to be so timid and tame. Even for an accountant, I expected a bit more out of you."

As she stepped closer to John, one of the men circled behind him to hold his body steady against his own, before wrapping his hand around John's forehead and pulling his head back tight against his hard muscular chest.

Standing toe to toe with John now, Paula towered over the short man as she stood atop her boot's high heels. Staring down at the helpless man that she was about to force-feed an enhancer pill to, she pressed the slippery white pill to his closed lips and said, "Let's see how you enjoy the effects of this. Open up baby, you're next!"

Attempting to pull away from the man's tight grip was useless; John couldn't even shake his head in protest. Realizing he was doomed to swallow the pill, John didn't resist too much when he felt Paula pulling down on his chin with her free hand. With his mouth now open, he felt the slimy pill and the woman's finger slide over his tongue toward his waiting throat. Unable to prevent the inevitable, John closed his eyes and reluctantly swallowed the tablet. With his mouth now closed around the entire length of Paula's finger, he then felt it slowly sliding out from between his lips.

"Now that wasn't so bad Johnny, was it?" she commented as her finger sprung loose.

With his eyes still closed, he obediently replied, “No Mistress.”

“As you know Johnny, it takes three doses of Kayla’s magic potion to inflict permanent change. If you’re both good, perhaps you’ll escape the remaining doses, or maybe not… OK, now it’s time to get you two collared since you both failed to open your tubes and follow the simple instructions.”

Looking over to Gretchen who was quietly enjoying the show from her vantage point near Cassie, Paula pointed to the coffee table and asked Gretchen to assist. “Gretchen, would you mind retrieving the white plastic tubes from over there and bring them to Cassie’s table.”

“Yes Ma’am, it would be my pleasure.”

While Gretchen was getting the tubes, Paula positioned John closer to his wife. Now only a few feet from Cassie, John began to realize how much trouble they were in at the hands of Kayla’s people. Cassie was clearly struggling with the gag that filled her mouth and poked at her throat, as a frantic look of distress filled her sexy green eyes while she fought to breathe through her tiny nose.

After Gretchen placed the tubes on the table, Paula instructed Ed and the other two men to go prepare the van for their arrival and wait. Nodding his head in approval, Ed quickly departed with the other two.

Turning her attentions back to her captives, Paula motioned for Gretchen to open the tubes while she took the opportunity to chat with Cassie and John.

“Johnny honey, I’m thinking this is your wife’s first experience with a cock gag. What do you think?

Feeling the humiliation of his capture and surrender wash over his body, he knew he had no choice but to comply with Paula’s taunting. “Y-Yes Mistress, I believe y-you are correct.”

Frantically moaning and nodding her head up and down, Cassie was desperately confirming her inexperience and discomfort with the awful device. Right about now, she would do or agree to about anything if it meant its removal.

“Haven’t you two lovebirds ever played any bondage games? I mean, haven’t you ever used any kind of gag or cuffs on this sweet little thing?”

Hesitating for a moment, he stared down at the floor and answered softly, “Yes Mistress we have.”

“Really, well tell me more, I want to hear all about it Johnny?”

Speaking softly John began to spill their intimate secrets. “We have some basic bondage gear and a few ropes hidden away. Cassie likes it sometimes when I tie her up and tease her.”

Moaning and groaning into her awful gag even louder, Cassie wanted John to stop saying any more about their sex life, but she couldn’t.

“So tell me Johnny, does she get really wet and horny when you tie her up and tease her.”

“Y-Yes Mistress she does.”

Grunting and shaking her head in protest now, Cassie couldn’t believe what he was saying.

“Excuse me Ma’am,” Gretchen interrupted. “I have their collars and leashes out; shall we get these two collared?”

“Let’s ask Johnny… John honey, will Cassie enjoy being collared? Shall we have Gretchen wrap the leather collar around her dainty neck and buckle it tight?”

Hesitating for a moment, he closed his eyes to avoid contact with his devastated wife and said, “Yes Mistress, she would enjoy being collared.”

“I expect she will!”

Groaning even louder and trying to squirm about on the table, Cassie couldn’t do a thing to prevent Paula from pulling her long thick curly hair out of the way, while Gretchen slipped the wide pink studded collar under her chin. With Cassie’s hair out of way, Gretchen was easily able to wrap the collar around her neck without any obstructions. Then, as she pulled the buckling straps tight, the 3” tall collar lifted Cassie’s chin upward as it tightly encased her slender neck.

Straining against the metal cuffs, the horrific gag, the tall studded collar, and the cords holding her legs apart, Cassie was finally beginning to understand the hopelessness of their situation.

“Look at her John, isn’t she beautiful like that?” asked Paula.

Opening his eyes to gaze upon his wife as instructed, he was immediately captivated by her bound, collared, and silenced appearance. She was such a beautiful young woman; he couldn't help being marveled by her stunning appearance atop their kitchen table.

"Johnny, did you hear me?"

"Y-Yes Mistress, I'm sorry. Yes, she's very beautiful Mistress."

Smiling and stepping between Cassie's legs once again, Paula reached out and began to gently caress the woman's firm breasts with her smooth manicured nails, as they remained confined under the thin cotton fabric of her shirt.

Cassie immediately jerked and shivered as she gasped for air through her flaring nostrils. She strained against the tall collar to look down at Paula's elegant and talented fingers as they danced across her sensitive globes and hardening nubs. With her increasingly sensitive olfactory nerves now overwhelmed with Paula's erotic perfume, along with the skill in which Paula teased her pleasure buds, Cassie felt her nipples continue to stiffen and swell as her body responded uncontrollably to Paula's touch. In a state of disbelief, Cassie felt her entire body breakout in excited goose-bumps as her responsive nipples grew amazingly hard.

"So Johnny, I see I have your wife's full attention. Just look at these incredible nipples. If I remember correctly, the fact sheet you provided on your wife indicated that she has some incredibly sensitive and highly responsive nipples. Is that correct John?"

Barely able to speak, he replied, "Yes M-Mistress she does."

"Cassie honey, did your lovely husband happen to mention anything about the intimate information he provided to us?"

Squirming and moaning, it wasn't clear if her grunting groans were in objection to her husband's betrayal, or her own body's betrayal under Paula's continuing attack on her tits.

With Paula's nails suddenly circling and focusing on her already erect nipples, Cassie grunted and moaned even louder as her entire body seemed to erupt with pleasure. Unable to escape the methodical stimulation of her pleasure buds, Cassie could feel her nipples growing even larger and harder. With each passing second, her body grew more responsive to her captor's stimulation.

After a few seconds of teasing her nipples to full attention under her tight shirt, she pulled one hand back from Cassie's chest, reached toward Gretchen, and said, "I think it's time."

"Ohhhhhh, I've been waiting," Gretchen muttered under her breath as a big smile swept over her face. She then reached into her bag and pulled out a pair of razor sharp surgical scissors, which she handed to Paula.

Taking the scissors from Gretchen, she pulled the bottom of Cassie's shirt out from her slender flat stomach and positioned the open blades to cut upward.

"It's time to unveil your marvelous assets sweetie pie."

Before Cassie could even begin to protest, Paula had the shearing tool halfway up her shirt. Within two seconds, she had slipped the incredibly sharp tool all the way up and through the neckline of the cotton shirt as her large firm breasts sprung out from the confines of the severed shirt.

Cassie's breathing immediately became even more frantic and quick. The sudden coolness of the room's air quickly enveloped her already excited globes and swollen buds. She was so distracted by her sudden exposure that she barely noticed when Paula cut away the material over her shoulders and removed the shirt completely.

While Cassie was still reeling from the sudden humiliating exposure of her large globes, Paula took Gretchen's hand and prompted her close. With both of them now standing together between Cassie's spread legs, Paula said, "Shall we!"

"Oh yes, absolutely!" replied Gretchen, as the two women lowered their mouths to Cassie's waiting nipples in perfect unison.

Gasping deeply through her nose, Cassie's body jerked again and then froze in response to the warm tongues now darting around and across her sensitive nipples. With amazing skill, the two women sucked and licked at her engorged nipples.

Still stunned and bewildered, Cassie couldn't believe how her body was reacting. Helpless against their soft sucking lips and tongues, she thought her nipples were going to explode from the extraordinary

pleasure. She had never been intimate with another woman before, and now she had two highly skilled ones latched onto her helpless tits.

Feeling sensations of lust and embarrassment so intense that she wanted to scream, her mind was a whirlpool of confusion. Dazed by her bound body's continuing betrayal, she was in utter disbelief when she felt her pussy begin respond. A sudden surge of heat erupted in her patch, followed soon by a warm moist release between womanly folds.

For John, it seemed like an eternity since Cassie last took a breath. Seeing her bound and gagged body straining and shivering under the oral assault, he didn't know what to think or expect next. Cassie's wide bulging eyes were just staring out to nowhere as the intensely erotic sensations continued to overwhelm her body and mind, until she suddenly exhaled violently through her nose and began to breathe once again.

Still looking on from only a few feet away as his wife endured her ordeal; John was emotionally numb. He was beginning to question their decision to serve Kayla even though he knew it was too late to change his mind. They were committed to lives as puppy slaves and he knew this was only the beginning of their torment.

With both Paula and Gretchen working their magic on Cassie's highly sensitive nerve centers, they could feel her body beginning to heat up. Her breathing, her exasperated moaning, and the gentle rocking motion of her hips on the tabletop, all pointed to her emotional and physical surrender.

Sensing the spark they ignited between Cassie's legs, Paula reached down under the skirt that hardly covered her sex and slipped two fingers into her waiting slit. As if coated in a warm bath of oil, her fingers slid easily inside Cassie's waiting pussy.

Immediately Cassie squealed into her gag as she began to moan and shake once again. Within seconds, she felt Paula's fingers rubbing across her protruding hard clit as they slipped into her canal. With Paula's fingers beginning to probe and explore, Cassie felt her pussy quiver and grasp at the invading digits. Suddenly feeling an orgasm beginning to build from deep inside her pleasure box, Cassie began to whimper and sob as the humiliating thought of climaxing at the hands of the two women overtook her.

But before her body could explode with unbridled pleasure, Paula removed her hand from Cassie's drenched cunt, and the two women abruptly pulled their mouths away from her. Surprised and gasping by the sudden stoppage, Cassie's wide eyes quickly focused on Paula as if to beg for just a bit more, just enough to take her to over the threshold of sexual relief.

But that was not to be as Paula turned to John, who was still only feet way and intently watching everything, and placed her two glistening fingers to his mouth and pushed them inside.

"Suck your wife's juices from my fingers John. And John, you were right; she does get very wet when excited!"

Sliding and twisting her fingers inside his mouth, he instinctively began to use his tongue to clean the familiar tasting juices from all around her fingers.

"I bet she tastes good. I suggest you savor it Johnny, because tasting your wife's sweet juices without another male's semen mixed in with it is something you won't be enjoying much over the next two years!"

Seeing the shocked look of despair in the puppy boy's wide eyes, Paula glanced over to the young woman bound tight on the table as she laughed cruelly and said, "That's right sweetie, you're a puppy girl now and puppies love to clean each other up after playtime. But don't fret girl, there will be plenty of opportunities for you to enjoy the taste of fresh semen for yourself, I can guarantee that!"

While still sucking on Paula's probing and twisting fingers, his eyes met up with Cassie's as he obediently cleaned the tasty pussy juices from Paula's digits. Staring into each other's tormented eyes now, Cassie and John unexpectedly shared a strangely intimate moment of deep humiliation and subjugation.

Sensing the early stages of defeat in her captives, Paula also noticed something intriguing with John. John's semi erect cock was now pushing outward from his boxers, holding out his shorts like a pole under a tarp. Not wanting to miss an opportunity to embarrass and exploit such a thing, Paula was quick to bring it to Cassie's attention.

"My goodness, would you look at that Cassie. It looks like Johnny is enjoying your first experience with us. Look at the tent pole in his shorts. I bet he's always dreamed of seeing you with another woman, and now he gets to watch you with two!"

Glancing down to her husband's underwear, she was bewildered by the sight of his bugling boxers. Several mixed emotions swirled about in her head as she stared at his exited man pole. Even given what she just went through at the hands of the cruelly dominate women; she had a hard time being upset with

her husband's response after nearly climaxing on the table herself.

Finally pulling her fingers from John's warm sucking mouth, Paula took the scissors to John, and said, "Let's see what we've got going on down here… I mean it's hardly fair that your wife has received all the attention."

With minimal effort, she had John's shorts and shirt cut away in seconds, leaving him buck-naked before his wife and the smirking Mistresses. Having been shaved smooth and clean the night before, the women took a few moments to enjoy the view of his hairless package.

"There, that's better, wouldn't you say Johnny?" asked Paula.

Inhaling deeply, he stressfully replied "Y-Yes M-Mistress, thank you."

Reaching down, Paula grabbed a handful of his nearly erect pole and began to squeeze and stroke it. She instantly felt his cock throb and jerk to life in her hand. Unable to prevent the excitement building in his loins, his body pumped more and more of his precious blood into his expanding pleasure rod. Feeling the unmistakable sensation of his veins rippling and bulging within his warm throbbing cock, she turned to Gretchen and said, "Do you have anything special in your bag for this thing?"

"I sure do," replied Gretchen, as she pulled a thick hot-pink rubber band from her bag. The band was a ½ wide and only 2" in diameter in its relaxed state.

While Paula continued to stroke his sensitive shaft to full attention, John's hips were beginning to rock out and back. Unable to resist her skillful attentions, John's body responded instinctively. With his cock throbbing to life and his nipples hardening with excitement, his breathing became noticeably more exasperated and loud.

Realizing she now had his full sexual attention, she suddenly released her grip on his engorged 9+ inch swollen cock and let out a wicked sounding giggle, as she smiled at Gretchen and said, "Would you like the honor darling?"

"Thank you Paula, I would!" she responded enthusiastically.

Dropping the bag and sliding her fingers inside the heavy-duty rubber band, she approached John rather excitedly. She then skillfully stretched the rubber band open with one hand as her fingers clearly strained against the force of the band. With the band stretched open as wide as she could stretch it, she lowered it to his crotch where she used her free hand to push and pull his entire man package through the menacing opening.

Next, with his wide eyes staring down at his cock and balls that were now fully contained inside rubber circle, he watched her allow the band to close tight around the base of his package.

Letting out a long grunting exhale, he felt the full effects of the strong rubber band as it closed tightly around his manhood. Helpless against the contracting torture device, he felt it squeeze off the circulation to his throbbing equipment. Feeling his balls being cruelly pulled together and strangled by the tight ring, the band became more and more uncomfortable as it unmercifully shrank back to its original size.

Almost immediately, he saw the purple hue of his bulbous crown grow darker as the blood entering his pleasure rod had nowhere to go. Like a tourniquet, the band forced his cock to expand beyond its natural boundaries. The delicate skin on his shaft now stretched tighter and thinner than he ever thought possible.

With John starting to wobble a bit on his feet, Paula barked out, "ON YOUR KNEES PUPPY BOY!"

The sudden loud command startled John. Still reeling from the effects of the rubber ring, it took him a few moments to respond.

"I SAID ON YOUR KNEES BOY! DO YOU WANT YOUR WIFE TO SEE ME WHIP YOU INTO COMPLIANCE?"

Stammering, he replied, "N-No M-Mistress, I'm sorry, please no," as he began to kneel. Struggling with his tightly bound arms and the excruciatingly tight ring around his privates, he slowly made his way to his knees.

Finally landing on his knees with a bit of a thud, he was now staring up at his wife on the table only a few feet away. He could see the distinct look of disbelief and distress in her gawking eyes. He knew how she always looked to him for strength and guidance, so he knew the sight of his uncontested surrender to the Mistresses must have been traumatic for her.

"That's better Johnny. I would say we're close to wrapping things up here. Just a couple more things to do

and we'll be ready to go. Are you getting excited?"

Knowing the only acceptable response, he reluctantly replied, "Yes Mistress."

"I would hope so… I almost feel bad for your poor wife though… I bet you're looking forward to serving out your punishment alongside this little cutie?"

Again, he knew what he had to say, "Y-Yes Mistress."

"I sure," she chuckled, before she and Gretchen went back to work on the final few details.

From atop the table, Cassie looked on as Gretchen and Paula continued their work on her husband. Watching Gretchen pull an odd-looking contraption from her bag and hand it to Paula, it took Cassie a few moments to figure out what it was. But when Paula held it out for her and John to get a good look at, she figured it out rather quickly. Her heart then skipped a few beats as the undeniable reality of their capture and confinement really began to sink in.

At first, it looked like a rather simple short muzzle that would be used on a dog, but after a closer look, they could see it was a bit more elaborate. Inside the leather muzzle cover there was a large red ball gag that was attached directly to the buckling straps, and both Cassie and John knew exactly how it would work.

Moving behind John, Paula lowered the tan colored muzzle cover over his head and said, "Open up Johnny… You didn't think you would escape getting your own gag did you?"

Looking on in a state of astonished disbelief, Cassie heard John expel a whimpering groan as he slowly opened his mouth wide to let the large red ball gag slide between his teeth. Watching his head jerk side to side a few times, Cassie could tell that Paula was tightly strapping the large ball into place. Watching her husband accept his subjugation with so little resistance, she felt more and more doomed with each passing minute.

Next, she watched Gretchen approach John with a pink leather studded collar exactly like hers. Helpless as she was, she could only watch as the dominatrix slid the collar up under his chin and pulled the strap tight around his throat. And just like when her own collar was fastened in-place, his chin and head was immediately forced up high as the collar drew tight around his neck.

"There we go, our newest puppies are nearly ready for transport," exclaimed Gretchen. "And I must say John, you look good in pink, the collar and band fit you well."

Allowing the couple a few moments to absorb the incredible vision of each other's helpless state of enslavement, the bound and exposed couple was motionless as they stared at one another's humiliating appearance. Thoroughly scanning each other's impressive bodies and merciless gear, they just couldn't stop staring at each other with a faint glimmer of amazement in their eyes.

Looking down at her husband, Cassie was somewhat mesmerized by the muzzle that covered his nose, cheeks and chin. Between the muzzle gag covering his lower face, the wide studded collar encircling his neck, and his swollen manhood extending from his crotch like an appendage, Cassie now understood that their new lives as puppy slaves was inevitable despite her objections. But what really peaked her curiosity, and raised another point of concern for her, was the growing twinkle of excitement and delight that she recognized in her husband's gaze.

For John, the sight of his beautiful collared and gagged wife was unexpectedly stimulating. From his knees, he could clearly see her naked glistening sex under her short skirt and the soft milky-white undersides of her large firm breasts projecting from her slender bound frame. For reasons he couldn't begin to understand or defend, the sight of his tormented wife, and the thought of their plight, was becoming bizarrely exciting.

Stepping to either side of Cassie, Gretchen and Paula each grabbed a leg and removed the rope that held it in place. With her ankles free from the ropes, she quickly closed her legs in response while the dominatrices each grabbed a shoulder and a bound arm, and slid her off the table. Dropping to the floor, they helped the tiny woman gain her balance atop the high heels she wore.

From John's vantage point, her body appeared magically erotic as her large shapely breasts bounced and bobbled when her heels hit the hard floor. Watching her smooth slender legs and tiny feet strain to balance her weight with her arms bound behind her, a moan of pure pleasure escaped from behind his muzzle gag.

Next, the women quickly slipped her short skirt down around her ankles and lifted her out of it as they kicked it to the side.

Groaning into her large cock gag once again, Cassie knew the last piece of her modesty was gone, as she

now stood complete naked for all to see.

Placing her hand between Cassie's legs and running her fingers across her smooth pussy, Paula commented, "I'm pleased to see you the both of you shaved yourselves nice and clean… At least you were able to follow those elementary instructions."

Stumbling a bit, the sensation of the woman's fingers gliding across her freshly shaved mound made her gasp and shudder, as she blushed rather hard.

"Oh honey, don't be so bashful. For the next two years, your elegant little body will be receiving a lot of attention like this. I suspect you two will be among Kayla's most prized pups and heavily favored among her friends and guests. You have a lot to look forward too!"

Gasping through her flaring nostrils, a wave of humiliating panic ran an ice-cold shiver up her spine. The suggestion of being on display for the touchy feely pleasure of numerous strangers was extremely concerning to her.

Removing her hand from Cassie's warm folds, she took the short leather leashes being held out by Gretchen and snapped them onto their waiting collars.

Then, after pulling John to his feet, she gave them their next set of instructions.

"Don't get used to walking upright my pets. Once we get to the transport van you'll each be caged and your journey will truly begin."

After turning John toward the door, Paula led Cassie up behind him rather close. Next, she took the short leash that dangled from Cassie's collar and placed it in John's cuffed hands directly in front of her.

"Johnny, your wife's leash has been placed in your hands. Do not drop it, do not let it go no matter how hard she may resist. It's your job to lead her along to the van. I will lead you and you will lead her… Am I clear?"

Straining against the tall collar, he nodded his head in acknowledgment.

Standing alongside the short couple as they prepared to depart, both Paula and Gretchen towered over the newly enslaved couple. Reaching out and grabbing John's leash, the tall menacing dominatrix pulled him toward the door that Gretchen already had open.

With his tightly bound and extremely swollen manhood leading the way, John began to step forward. In only a matter of one-step, he felt Cassie's leash pull tight in his grip. Quickly grasping it even tighter, he did his best to extend his arms out from his back but that didn't buy much in the way of relief to Cassie. Almost immediately, he felt her relent to the tugging on her collar as her heels began to click forward on the tile floor.

Slowly moving toward the door, Paula continued with her instructions. "Once we get you properly caged in the transport van, Ed will read the basic rules to you. You will pay very close attention to his instructions and you are expected to comply without further warnings. Failure to comply fully with the rules will not be tolerated and you will be punished accordingly."

After stepping over the threshold and passing through the door, Gretchen shut it and locked it behind them.

"Your home will be maintained during your absence. Mistress Kayla is considering using it as staging point for future puppies. But don't worry; when you return in two years, it will be no worse for the wear."

Outside now, they both felt incredibly exposed as the warm afternoon sunshine bathed their bodies while they walked across the concrete parking area to the waiting van. While their neighbors didn't have a great view to their house, they could still see through the shrubbery if they tried. All John and Cassie could do now was hope that their neighbors weren't too intrigued by the big black windowless van parked on the far side of their drive.

Chapter 2 – The awful trip to

Kayla’s Compound

Fifty feet away, they could see the transport van sitting still and quiet. The van looked quite large and long with its big off-road tires and four-wheel drive package. Clearly, the van was meant to go places that an ordinary vehicle couldn’t go.

Slowly strutting along toward the ominous van, one closely behind the other, the van’s side panel door slid open when they got closer. Close enough now to see inside, both John and Cassie spotted a couple of empty cages on the van’s floor. John wasn’t surprised by the units, he’d seen them before, but Cassie couldn’t believe her eyes. She had heard Paula’s words a few moments ago, but they didn’t really sink in at the time.

Stopped and positioned at the van’s door while still in full view of any nosy neighbors, John was instr ucted to release his wife’s leash and turn around.

Doing exactly as he was instructed, he soon faced his wife as her eyes anxiously darted about to see if any of their neighbors were watching their humiliating predicament. With his back to the van, he felt someone messing with his metal cuffs as he felt them release from his wrists and elbows.

“Turn around and keep your arms at your side!” he heard Ed’s familiar voice bellow out.

Again, following his instructions to the letter, John turned to face the van with his arms tight to his sides.

“Wrists forward and together, NOW!” barked Ed.

Bringing his wrists together and extending them outward, Ed quickly wrapped a set of leather cuffs around his extended wrists. John soon noticed that his wrist cuffs were connected by a metal chain to another set of leather cuffs attached at the other end. Those cuffs dangled close to his ankles when his wrists were positioned down at his lower waist.

“Ankles together and stand still,” ordered Ed.

Sliding his ankles a few inches closer, his eyes shifted down to see Paula and Gretchen each taking one of the cuffs and wrapping it tightly around his ankles. After pulling down slightly on his wrists in order to properly align the ankle cuffs, John now stood at the van with his wrists cuffed near his still erect cock and his ankles cuffed together.

“Get in on your hands and knees, and no fussing around!” ordered Ed.

Bending over some and placing his cuffed hands on the van’s floor, he inched his hands forward until his knees were against the door’s threshold. Unable to lift either leg more than a few inches, he had to simultaneously press his knees to the edge of the van’s floor and roll his knees into the van as he strained to shift himself forward into the vehicle.

Once inside on his hands and knees, Ed faced John toward the front of the van before circling behind him to open the door to one of the cages.

“Back up boy, into the crate puppy-boy, let’s go!”

Glancing over to the van’s open door, John saw Cassie being pressed tighter to the opening. Standing up close to the van with a terrified look of shock on her face, she watched her bound and gagged husband slowly inch himself backwards into the waiting crate. Inch by inch he crawled backward until he was inside with his feet hitting against the rear wall.

When Ed closed the door to the crate, the door was only inches from John’s nose. He was surprised at how small and cramped it was in the cage. With his only inches of space all around him, there was virtually no room for him to move around inside the cage.

Watching from his crate, John saw Ed move over to greet Cassie who was the next to enter the terrifying van.

“You’re next bitch, turn around.”

After watching John, she knew what to do and what to expect. Feeling her metal cuffs being released, she couldn’t help but reach for the awful gag in her mouth when her arms sprung free. While futilely trying to pull the cock gag from the entrance to her throat, she suddenly felt Ed garb her arms and spin her around quickly.

“DID ANYONE SAY YOU COULD GRAB YOUR GAG? FACE ME AND PUT YOUR WRISTS OUT NOW!” yelled Ed.

Fearful that a neighbor might have heard Ed’s yelling, she complied with her orders rather quickly. While watching Ed wrap the leather cuffs around her wrists, she felt the girls working on her ankles at the same time.

“When you misbehave puppy-girl, you get punished. And so you understand this is not just an idle threat, you’re going to wear these now,” said Ed, as he pulled a set of spring loaded clamps from a nearby compartment in the van.

At first she didn’t realize what they were, but when she felt Paula grab her from behind very tight, and saw Ed’s eyes lock onto her nipples, she figured it out really quick.

Cassie tried to escape Paula’s tight grip when she saw Ed pinch one of the clamps open as an evil grin overtook his face, but she couldn’t go far. Unable to move, Cassie frantically grunted and groaned into her gag as Ed zeroed in on her right nipple. As if in slow motion, she watched the clamp move closer as its jaws surrounded her helplessly sensitive nub, before closing tight. Instantly, her nipple was pinched tight as the pain tore through her tit. Instinctively she tried to reach for her breast, but the relatively short chain between her wrists and ankles quickly clanged tight and prevented her from reaching her tortured nipple.

The unfamiliar sensation was so intense that her knees began to buckle, but Paula was ready and held her up. Unwilling to look down at the tight clamp crushing her nipple, she suddenly felt her other nipple receive the same treatment. Desperately gasping for air through her nostrils, her trembling legs were barely able to hold her up as the crushing sensation in her nipples enveloped her impressive breasts.

“Now puppy-girl, if you can’t behave and follow directions from here on out, I’ll add some weights to those clamps until you do. Do we have an understanding?”

Refocusing her eyes on Ed, she managed to nod her head in agreement.

“Good! Now get in the van. And you saw how your husband did it!”

Carefully crawling into the van on her hands and knees, her tits hung toward the floor with the clamps holding tight and pointing downward. Her focus was entirely on her clamped nipples as she slowly and gingerly shuffled forward. She didn’t even notice John’s frantic wide-eyed stare as he soaked in the sight of her torment.

Having just witnessed Ed ruthlessly release the awful clamps onto his wife’s incredibly sensitive nipples, John was still in shock and strangely distressed. He knew he was the cause of her torment, and all that she would be subject to in the coming years.

Once fully inside, the pain in her nipples was beginning to subside as the blood flow to her buds was cut off. Starting to regain her composure just a bit, she was even further dismayed by what she saw before Ed repositioned her. Above the door to John’s crate was a sign that read ‘Scoundrel’, and above the door to the empty crate next to his was a sign that read ‘Sassy’.

What happened next only further confused Cassie. As if Ed suddenly found some compassion, he began to pet Cassie’s head and speak to her in a civil and caring tone.

“That’s a good girl,” he said as he continued to run his hand over her head and down the back of her neck. “I hope you learned your lesson sweetie. I don’t like having to do things like that to the puppies.”

Feeling the need to assure Ed that she had learned her lesson, and that he didn’t need to punish her any further, she nodded her head in approval as she whimpered softly into her punishing gag.

“OK then, face the front window honey, and back yourself into your crate. You watched John do it so you know what to do.”

Nodding her head in approval once again, she compliantly turned herself toward the windshield and started to back herself into the open crate behind her. Slowly shuffling backwards by the mere inches allowed by the cuffs on her wrists and ankles, she eventually positioned herself inside. Caged on her hands and knees right next to John, the two of them watched as Ed closed the door to her tiny cell and locked it.

With the cargo secure, Ed sat in the seat closest to John and Cassie. It was a long van with plenty of cargo space and room to seat five up front. Up front, they could see the two other men sitting quietly before Paula and Gretchen climbed aboard. Closing the doors behind themselves, their perfume quickly filled the van like an intoxicating aphrodisiac.

When Ed noticed the telltale effects of the alluring perfume on Cassie and John, he was quick to remind John of the effects of the enhancer pill they swallowed.

“I know you’re familiar with the effects of the enhancer potion John, but did you by any chance inform your lovely bride?”

Slowly shaking his head side to side as his large puppy dog eyes stared up at Ed; John knew the news would be yet another dreadful blow to his wife’s already fragile state.

Chuckling, he motioned for the driver to move out before he continued.

Receiving his direction, the driver turned the key and the van roared to life. Positioned as they were in the crates on the van’s hard metal floor, they could feel the power of the motor rumble through the van, as the driver shifted it into gear and slowly rolled down the driveway.

“Cassie dear, I’m sure you remember the large white pill you swallowed. What that tablet was, was a modification and sensory enhancer drug.”

Glancing back and forth between John and Ed with a quizzical look on her face, she wasn’t sure what that meant as a new level of concern swept over her.

“Well, let me explain… I’m sure you’ve noticed the strange effect the girl’s perfume has had on you. Despite your efforts to ignore it, I’m sure you’re bewildered by the strange sensation of physical euphoria that won’t go away. No matter how much you focus on the seemingly dreadful reality of your contract, you’re body still seems to react differently. Well, that’s because of the enhancer being absorbed by your body right now. The enhancer is specially designed to intensify your sense of smell, enlarge your tongue and magnify your sexual pleasure centers.”

Staring at Ed with a confused look of shock and dismay on her face, Cassie was trying to absorb and comprehend what the man was saying.

“It won’t be long before you will feel your tongue begin to swell and fill your mouth. And by the time we get to the ranch, the smell of the girl’s perfume will have overwhelmed you both with excitement and desire. Once the enhancer has fully kicked-in, the natural scent of the trainers and other pups will keep you aroused… Your lives are about to change in ways like you’ve never imagined.”

Shaking her head in disbelief, Cassie was stunned by the completely unexpected turn of events. She couldn’t believe John hadn’t mentioned this before he convinced her to agree to the contract. She suddenly felt even more betrayed and frightened as he watched Ed turn away to retrieve something from the van’s glove box.

Pulling out a couple of note cards from the glove box, he spun back around in his chair to face the pups.

“We have a few rules that must be followed during your time with us. These are not optional, so I strongly suggest you listen closely!”

Glancing down to the first card, he continued, “You will think like a puppy and act like a puppy, therefore you will be treated as a puppy, not as a person… As one of Mistress Kayla’s head trainers, you will refer to me as your Master, as well as any other male handlers. And, you will refer to Kayla as your Mistress, along with any females who handle you.

“Puppies obey all commands from their masters and mistresses. There are no exceptions to this rule. Punishment for failing to obey a command will be swift and very memorable.”

Securely caged in her crate, Cassie soon began to feel the intensifying effect of the dominatrices perfume on her increasingly wet pussy. Confused by how her body was beginning to feel, she began to tremble with dreadful concern. She still didn’t really understand what was happening to her. Even though she had heard Ed’s words, they really didn’t register with her yet as her body responded in ways that seemed to betray her.

Seeing Cassie’s stunned reaction to the inconceivable information being disclosed, Paula chuckled as she said, “The first few days of training are always my favorite Ed. And with these two, I’m really looking forward to starting their training and delivering their punishments for disobedience.”

“Ohh, I’m sure it will be very interesting to work on these two Paula. I know Mistress Kayla has some special plans for these two naughty puppies,” Ed smirked, as he read more rules from his note cards.

“You will not wear clothing of any kind, unless specially dressed by a master or mistress. Covering or concealing your exposed bodies in any way is prohibited.

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

compound. The removal of slave attire in prohibited.

“You will move about on your hands and knees only unless specifically directed by a handler. Standing and/or walking is prohibited.

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

“You will do your business outside or in your pen as appropriate. You’ll be walked regularly, and accidents will not be tolerated. Your impending training will properly house-break you. Use of the toilet facilities is prohibited.

“The use of rings, clamps and other jewelry will be at the discretion of Mistress Kayla, and when adorned with such, you will wear it with pride. The self-removal of said devices is prohibited.

“The collection and use of a male pup's semen will be controlled by Mistress Kayla. Female pups are allowed to orgasm only when a handler permits it. Masturbation is strictly prohibited.

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

“This is the only time you will hear these rules, but you better obey each and every one of them. You should not be thinking, only reacting. Your thoughts and feelings are irrelevant. This will be your only warning, obey or be punished!”

Placing the note cards back in the glove box, Ed turned his seat back toward the windshield and murmured softly, “I really can't wait to get started with these new puppies.”

Nodding to Gretchen, he said, “I suggest you securely fastened your seat belt, the mountainous roads ahead can be pretty bumpy.”

John and Cassie looked at each other’s tormented bodies rather nervously as the van exited the driveway and began its trek out of the city. Traveling a few hours across the countryside and mountains, and deep into the forested area where Kayla's compound was located, the dog crates vibrated and clanked about on the rough roads. The two reluctant pups knelt shivering in their crates, wondering just what they had gotten themselves into. That’s when it suddenly flashed through their minds that decades in prison just might have been the better option.

* * *

After traveling many long rough miles through mountainous terrain and dense woods, the van entered a large open valley as the sun suddenly streamed through the van’s windows once again. Paula slowly pulled the van alongside a concrete pad that wasn’t near any specific building. Inching forward until the doors lined up correctly with the unloading pad, she quickly shifted it into park and turned off the engine. Opening the van’s sliding door, Ed let the late afternoon sunshine into the darkened interior of the van. It took a minute or so for John and Cassie’s squinting eyes to adjust to the sudden brightness.

With Gretchen’s assistance, Ed pulled John's crate to the door’s edge and lifted it from the van. Like was the protocol for all new arrivals to the compound, they carried John a short distance to a single axle flatbed cart waiting nearby. Hundreds of feet from the nearby mansion, which was the face of Kayla’s massive compound, it was obvious that the trip from the van to their destination atop the cart was part of any new arrival’s experience. After placing John’s crate on the cart’s planks, they slid it to the front and secured it properly, before going back for Cassie.

John's head was spinning with the startling events he had already experienced on this strange and wild day. And even though he had been to the compound before, what he saw in front of him now shocked him even more. Two large, naked, bound, and harnessed men were hitched to the cart. Their mouths were brutally stretched open by large bridle bits that had 5' long reins dangling from them.

The shifting weight of John's crate as it was pushed to the front of the cart caused the muscular pony-boys to subtly shift their feet and adjust their stance. Within feet of the tightly harnessed men, he was amazed by the complex web of leather straps and connecting rings that encased their powerful bodies. Tightly wrapped around their upper bodies before being pulled down through their crotches and around their firm ass cheeks, each pony-boy had well developed pectoral muscles with large hard nipples poking out through the 3” harness rings that surrounded them.

These well-groomed pony-boy heads were hairless and smooth to match the rest of their glistening bodies. Fully bridled with leather blinders flanking their heads, the controlling bit gags were tightly wedged deep between their teeth. Two-inch wide leather straps circled their forearms just below their elbows and connected their arms to their body harnesses.

The harnesses were then attached directly to the cart’s pulling poles, which also had leather wrist cuffs attached to them and that encircled the pony-boys’ wrists tightly. With all the straps, rings and cuffs

properly attached, the pony-boys were secure and would not lose hold of the single axle wagon when it was time to pull that cart along.

After further examination of the bound and bridled pony-boys, the 6' 4” tall men with their stunning physics on display had yet another startling sight to reveal. They each had a full horsetail that ran up their lower backs, before arching back down to cover the cracks of their tight asses and down to the back of their knees. The tail was clearly attached to a large ‘S’ shaped anal plug inserted deep into each pony-boys’ painfully stretched rectum.

John's inspection of the men was interrupted by the sudden arrival of Cassie's crate on the cart. Plunking it onto the cart, Ed roughly slid the second crate toward the front until it hit against John’s, and then secured it carefully to the cart. Turning his head back to look at the crate behind him, John quickly saw the frightened gaze on his wife’s face as she caught sight of the large muscular pony-boys hitched to the cart.

Standing alongside Cassie’s crate, Ed said, “Shall we take those clamps off your nipples Sassy?”

Inhaling deeply through her flared nostrils, her eyes widened as she excitedly nodded her head in approval. Her nipples were becoming more and more numb, but still ached terribly under the crushing assault of the cruel clamps.

Smiling, Ed reached into the crate with both hands and said, “Get ready; if you think they were painful going on, just wait till they come off!”

Somewhat puzzled by his comment, Cassie eagerly presented her breasts to Ed so that he could easily reach her nipples to remove the clamps. Then, while looking down at her tormented nubs, she watched him slowly squeeze the clamps open and peel them away from her fleshy nipples.

At first she didn’t feel anything except emotional relief at having the things removed, but that all changed in a matter of seconds. Suddenly, it felt her nipples were on fire. The sensation was so intense that she winced and whined loudly into her dildo gag as her weakened body fell against the side of the cage.

“See, when the blood rushes back in, a whole new sensation overwhelms you. But don’t worry; the pain will subside in several minutes.”

It broke John’s heart to see his wife suffer so. Seeing her in such obvious distress, he couldn’t help but bear the burden that he was the reason for their enslavement. He knew firsthand how sensitive her nipples were, so he could only image how much she was suffering. After a few long torturous minutes, John saw Cassie struggle back onto her hands and knees as they waited for the next step in their terrifying journey.

Caged and secured to the cart for transport by the large powerful pony-boys, the newly captive puppies suddenly spotted a team of high stepping men moving toward the unloading area with a two-seat cart in tow. Side by side in formation, their spectacular 14 inches of nearly fully erect cocks bounced and swung as they approached the gasping new pups.

“Ahh, I see a couple of stallions approaching,” said Paula. Still standing near her new pups, Paula began to explain the difference between stallions and pony-boys to her captives.

“For your own clarification my puppies, to be classified as a stallion like the fine men approaching, you need to be at least 21 years of age, and have successfully completed at least one year of training and service, and of course they must be males. For those under 21 and/or not having received a full year of training, they are considered pony-boys, like the two attached to your cart. These two are in training now and will someday become valuable stallions.

“As you can see, the approaching stallions are fully compliant and following direction without direct supervision. Notice they do not require the aid of a trainer to come pick up Ed and Gretchen. With just a simple command, they know what’s expected of them and they perform exactly as they were trained to.”

Staring at the large stallions as they drew closer, John and Cassie couldn’t take their eyes of their unnaturally swollen and large scrotums as their huge balls swung between their legs. Wide-eyed and trembling, both pups began to dread what might be ahead for them as ‘puppies in training’ at Kayla's compound.

When the approaching team of stallions reached the unloading area, Ed reached out to grab their dangling reins and tied them off to a ring located on a post set near the pad. Seeing the stallions up close now, the captive couple was astonished to see their large pointed nipples pushing through their harnesses hardware, and pierced with 1-inch diameter black rings. And hanging from the rings were 2-inch metal horseshoe shaped pendants that dangled and bounced as the stallions pranced along. Appearing heavy for where they were located, the jewelry made the strong and tightly harnessed men look surprisingly vulnerable.

Paula then walked around her fully loaded cart to ensure John and Cassie’s crates were securely fastened. As she checked out John’s crate, she couldn’t help but notice the frantic look in his eyes as he stared at the stallions’ enormous dangling manhoods.

“Oh, yes John,” she commented with a smirk. “Your shaft and balls will soon be nearly as magnificent as the stallions’ equipment. That enhancer you swallowed has already begun the process of enlarging your package, along with making your ball sack create large amounts of white creamy semen.”

Kayla's head kennel training mistress then laughed as she climbed onto the cart and tugged gently on the reins to steady the pony-boys.

“Ed, you and Gretchen take the stallions and follow along behind me to the training yard. I may need some assistance there.”

Gretchen nodded her head in agreement before replying, “Absolutely Paula, we'll meet you at the kennel. And don’t let me forget to thank André for hitching up my favorite team of stallions for me. These two have learned to respond spectacularly to a firm smooth hand on the reins as their tails swing so very enticingly behind them. Not to mention they’re one hot pair to look at!”

Laughing, Paula snickered, “Have a nice ride you two. See you at the training yard….”

“Come on boys,” Paula said before making a ‘click-click’ sound with her mouth, and flicking the reins to her team. Feeling the reins flutter at their bit rings, the pony-boys strained for a moment before the cart began rolling along behind them. Wearing specially hoofed boots, the ankle-high footwear with large hoof shaped toe sections and smaller hoof shaped heels helped the pony-boys get a firm grip on the hard clay surface beneath their feet.

After a short while, the “clip-clop” sound of their special boots on the solid surface brought John out of his hazy and stunned state. Now, his tingling cock and sensitive balls were beginning to dominate his thoughts as he glanced up just in time to see a large arched gateway with the words, ‘Every woman should OWN a man!’ scrolled across the top of the tall arch.

Passing under the arch, Paula turned her head around to the caged pups and said, “Don’t be fooled by the sign Cassie, Mistress Kayla also owns several fine ladies such as yourself.”

Smiling big and giggling, she turned her attention back to the task of guiding the pony-boys in training and cart to the puppy kennel yard located behind the enormous mansion.

Passing alongside the large stone mansion now, the loud clopping sounds of the pony-boys’ custom shoes on the hardscape path echoed off the side of the structure, and rang in the ears of the trembling puppies. Starting to feel the full effects of the enhancer drug taking hold, the scent of Paul’s erotic perfume was getting stronger and stronger in their sensitive noses. Like an uncontrollable aphrodisiac, the perfume excited their helpless bodies. Unable to fight off the effects, they couldn’t believe how their caged and naked bodies seemed to welcome their delivery into service as puppy slaves on the back of a cargo cart, despite their simultaneously increasing distress.

Finally passing through the imposing gate and past the mansion to the training area of the puppy kennel, Paula wowed her cart to a halt and climbed down to the ground. Walking around in front of her pony-boys, she wrapped their reins around a nearby post a few times. Next, she reached down to their impressive bobbing shafts with both hands and began to gently stroke them.

“Good boys,” she said as she gave them several gentle stokes up and down their rock hard shafts, as if a reward for their obedient performance.

Breathing heavily around their bit gags and through their nostrils, the young men grunted and groaned in appreciation of the pleasurable reward for their work as their heads bobbed up and down with approval.

Gretchen then pulled her cart up behind Paula's and stopped. Dropping her stallions’ reins to the ground, she gave them a command. “Stay where you are. Do not move.” The stallions shifted about on their feet for a moment before nodding their heads several times in apparent acceptance of their orders, and then settled down quietly.

Several handlers quickly approached from the kennel building and began to remove the two crates from the Paula’s cart. They carefully placed the cage crates down right beside one another, allowing John and Cassie the opportunity to easily see each other.

With Paula's cart unloaded, she unwound her pony-boys’ reins from the post and handed them to one of the handlers. “Here, take these good boys back to the stables and reward them for a job well done today. Their training is coming along quite nicely.

Taking the reins from Paula, the woman responded, “Yes Ma’am, right away,” as she immediately turned

the team around and headed toward the stables.

With both crates on the ground now, Paula opened the doors to each and barked out loud, “Out! Out of the crates you snippy puppies!”

Crawling through the fairly small crate openings with some difficulty, John and Cassie shook their heads in distress as they exited. Beginning to struggle a lot with their gags and swelling tongues trapped behind them, only mumbling sounds of despair escaped from their throats and gagged mouths.

“I hope you listened carefully to the rules that were read to you on the way here,” she said sternly. “They will not be repeated and any disobedience will certainly bring punishment.

“First off John, from here on out, your name is Scoundrel. You will get your dog tag for your collar later on from Mistress Kayla. You will respond to your puppy name, as you will not be referred to as a man anymore, you are now one of Mistress Kayla’s puppies. You may be called by other affectionate names such as ‘pup’, ‘puppy’, or ‘boy’, so you better pay close attention to your trainers and owner. We had better not see you respond to your former name!”

Turning her attention to Cassie, she continued, “Now, you get your name Cassie. Your new name should be no problem for you to remember my dear. From this point forward, you will be known as Sassy. You will now answer to that name, and like Scoundrel, you will respond any affectionate nickname that’s called out. You too will receive your dog tag when you meet your new owner.”

For John, seeing his surroundings while being made to move about on his hands and knees was something he never expected would happen to him. He had seen how human puppies were treated during a couple of his brief visits before, but to find himself and Cassie in this situation was indescribably mind numbing and terrifying.

Cassie on the other hand was absolutely horrified by what she was experiencing. She had never dreamed of such a horrid place or its mere existence before. All she could think about now was finding a way out. She no longer cared about the consequences. Suddenly, 20 years or more in a federal prison was looking quite acceptable to her. Although she couldn’t truly fathom being locked away in a woman’s prison with no hope of being with a man, she also couldn’t bear the dreadful possibilities she faced as a puppy-girl slave.

Breaking the paralyzing silence that hung over them, Paula spoke out rather loudly, “Sit up Scoundrel and give me your paws!”

Still in shock, but coherent enough to understand the command, John sat back on his legs and raising his hands up to Paula as far as the connecting chain would allow.

Reaching down and unlocking the handcuffs around his wrists, she removed the metal bracelets from his wrists.

Next, she commanded, “Now get back up on your paws and knees pup!”

Quickly circling behind him, she unlocked the matching cuffs from his ankles and tossed the set of restraints to the side, before turning her attentions on Cassie.

When Paula shifted over to Cassie to repeat the process on her, John began to look around the expansive training yard. The well-manicured lawn under his hands and knees was more comfortable than he expected. It felt soft under his knees after being inside the cage in the van.

To one side of the spacious yard there was a large pony barn with a couple of six-station pony walkers prominently on display out front. On one of the walkers, there were five muscular pony-boys and a beautiful, full-figured, brown-skinned, pony-girl with long flowing brown hair, that were being pulled around in a circle by the machine. Attached to the rotating unit by their bridles and bit gags with their arms cuffed behind them, it was plainly obvious how difficult it was for all of them to keep up the pace. And with the prancing filly positioned between two of the handsome muscular men, she glanced nervously at their huge fully erect cocks as they bounced about with each rapid step, thus making the young woman appear skittish and unnerved to say the least.

Nearby, a female trainer stood with a whip in hand, to make sure the ponies were stepping high and proud. The effect on the pony-girl’s body was much different from the males. While the men’s erect jutting cocks and large testicles bounced and swung wildly with each pounding step, the female’s impressive unsupported breasts jumped and shimmied even more with each pounding step she took. And make no mistake about it, with her very fit and tone body flexing and rippling as it was, all the men’s eyes were squarely focused on her.

After snapping the whip across the males’ asses a few more times, the trainer spoke out. “Don’t worry boys, if our calculations are correct, Tamara here will be in heat and ready for mating tomorrow. Now, all

we'll need to do is see which lucky pony-boy or stallion will get the pleasure of fathering her foal!"

Almost immediately, Tamara began to fight against her bridle and the machine. Stumbling and almost falling in the process, she groaned loudly in protest to the comment that she would be ready for breeding tomorrow. Tamara had known for some time now that she faced being bred with a stallion, but to suddenly realize her insemination may only be another day away, she was now frantic with fear and despair.

Forced to keep up with the machine, Tamara had to regain her concentration and perform accordingly, or risk being dragged along by her bridle set and then punished for her failures.

Refocusing his attention to the kennel's training yard and the barn it was connected to, John spotted the 'Puppy Kennel' sign above the building's door. Outside the building, he quickly spotted several long dog runs connected to the structure, which were occupied by pups on their hands and knees with their faces pressed to the fence in curiosity. And next to the dog runs and not connected to the building, there were several outdoor pens about 3' wide x 4' deep x 3' tall, making it impossible for any of the puppies enclosed inside them to stand.

Glancing over to his lovely wife, he could see Cassie frantically looking back and forth between the activities in the pony yard and the kennel yard. The sight of her naked and nearly hyperventilating body was strangely exciting to him. Mixed with the scent of Paula's perfume, he could smell the sexual energy and excitement beginning to escape from Cassie's increasingly moist slit. Lost in his thoughts, he did not hear Paula calling out his new name.

"Scoundrel, are you listening to me?"

With still no response from Scoundrel, she took the riding crop that was attached to her belt and struck John across his right ass cheek to get his attention. Calling out more loudly she said, "Pay attention Pup! I said raise your head so I can attach your leash to you."

Regaining himself, he slowly raised his head upward and watched as Paula's hand moved close and attached a black leather strap leash to his collar. With a loud snapping click, he knew he was now humiliatingly leashed.

At the same time, Ed was attempting to leash Cassie, but she wasn't as cooperative as John. Hearing Ed's request to lift her head to receive her leash, Cassie's thoughts were solely focused on escaping her contracted fate. Staring up at Ed with wide frantic eyes, she was desperately trying to beg for mercy and for her release. Moving about to avoid the leash's clasp, she was frantically trying to get his attention and allow her to talk.

However, Ed wasn't having anything to do with that. Seeing Cassie's reactions were simply entertaining and exciting for Ed, so he grabbed a hold of the D-ring on the cute little black-haired beauty's collar and pulled her head up before he snapped the leash in place.

"I can see you're going to fun. I love to play with frisky female pups. And one of my favorite duties as a trainer is to train reluctant female pups on the proper way to kiss a master's cock."

Seeing his wife's frantic reactions and Ed's rough handling of her, John instinctively lunged forward and grunted as if he was going to intervene in some way.

With his ass cheek still warm from his earlier swat, he suddenly felt Paula's riding crop land sharply across the same cheek. With much greater force this time, the flat leather end of the whip let out a loud cracking sound that startled him as he instantly jerked in response, before he felt his collar pull at his neck.

"That'll be enough of that Scoundrel," said Paula, as she pulled hard on his leash. "Sassy is due her training, and she will comply as her trainers require, or she will be punished accordingly."

Staring down at Cassie, Ed gave her a stern look and said, "And I suggest you think back to the rules puppy-girl. You will comply or you will also feel the sting of the whip. Am I clear my dear?"

Staring up at Ed with her large puppy eyes, she whimpered softly and nodded her head accordingly.

Tugging harder on John's leash now, Paula said, "Scoundrel, I want you up on all fours and at full attention with your knees spread wide. We want to see how impressive your package has become."

Rebalancing himself on his hands and knees, John slowly and apprehensively worked his knees apart. He knew rather quickly that his manhood was nearly double its normal size. He could feel his enlarged cock hanging from between his legs as his large balls stretched his scrotum downward.

Enjoying the sight of John's obvious mental and physical torment, Paula walked around to his backside

and reached down between his slightly spread legs. Gently grasping John’s mostly erect cock, she slid her hand up and down his responsive shaft several times before she began to fondle his dangling ball sack.

“I see the tight pink rubber band still has a cruel grasp on your manhood. We should consider removing that soon. Your balls will soon be so swollen and ripe with your coveted creamy semen that it may not come off by morning, unless we use a really sharp knife.

“By tomorrow evening your equipment will be aching to be relieved of its contents. Before you know it, you’ll be begging for the pleasure of being ejaculated into the semen collection system.” Paula chuckled before continuing her inspection.

Next, she took the riding crop and gently slapped John’s stretched and swaying scrotum.

Yelping in response to the whip slapping against his swollen balls, his eyes widened with fear. The thought of having his balls whipped in front of his wife was both terrifying and humiliating, all at the same time.

After another more harsh strike landed across his dangling ball sack, Paula said, “Unlike your lovely wife who will not receive such regular pleasure, we will be extracted of your creamy liquid gold regularly!”

Motioning to Ed, Paula said, “These naughty pups will now get to spend some time in our cozy training pens. We'll have to see just how nicely they ripen after taking another round of Kayla's wonder pills.”

Feeling Paula pull at his leash and lead him toward one of the isolation pens attached to the barn, John shook his head in dismay and objection as she pulled firmly in an attempt to keep him moving. Overwhelmed with concern and fear, John suddenly stopped and pulled back against his collar. John’s unexpected stop and recoil pulled the leash from Paula’s hand.

Sitting up on his knees, he knew he just drew a line in the sand, a line that he had no hope of prevailing over. Deep down, he knew his efforts were futile, but the fear of their unknown fates got the best of him. Seeing John’s sudden reaction, Cassie stopped short too and looked at John with a scared look of confusion on her face.

“Can't say I'm surprised, Ed. I had a feeling these two would start out difficult.”

Then, grabbing John's leash again, Paula jerked hard on his collar and said, “These two pups just earned themselves a whipping. You lead that bitch puppy over to the ground rings by the isolation pens and I’ll follow behind with this snippy boy pup. Our riding crops are going to be busy caressing these naughty puppies.”

The new puppies struggled to keep up with their handlers as they made their way to the kennel’s ground rings. With his bound package swinging wildly, John crawled along as quickly as he could while his handler pulled tightly on his leash. Just ahead, he could see Cassie struggling to keep up on her hands and knees too.

He couldn’t take his eyes off her swaying and bouncing tits. But it was when his newly acquired sense of smell suddenly picked-up on the scent of his wife’s exposed pussy that he felt a dreadful sense of depravity overtake him. He was stunned beyond belief to discover his growing excitement over Cassie’s building sexual tensions. The scent and sight of his helpless wife being roughly pulled along to her appointment with a cruel whip was inexplicably causing his cock to stiffen even more with anticipation.

Finally approaching the side of the kennel, John spotted Cassie being led over to a large metal ring in the ground. Then, led to within a couple feet of Cassie, Paula pulled back hard on John’s leash as she said, “Here we are, Boy. Now it’s time to learn what punishment can mean.”

Motioning toward Ed, she said, “Ed, tie our new girl pup to a ground ring, and then give her five memorable strokes with the riding crop while I hold onto Scoundrel… Watch closely Scoundrel, your turn is next.”

Pulling an 8-inch long clasp from the tiny leather bag on his belt, Ed attached one end to the front D-ring on Cassie’s collar before he pushed her head down toward the ground and snapped the other end to the large steel ring anchored deeply in the lawn.

With Cassie’s head held close to the grass, her ass was raised high and proud as she strained against the collar that kept her trapped in place.

Next, John watched helplessly as Ed took his riding crop from his belt and began to slice through the air with it. Hearing the whip whistling about behind her, Cassie strained against the hold of the metal ring as her ass wiggled about high in the air.

“Spread those knees wide sweetie, and put your hands behind your back!” Ed ordered.

Still grasping at the clasp that held her head near the ground while she failed to respond to Ed's orders, Cassie suddenly felt her ass explode with pain as the cruel whip slapped across her exposed ass with amazing force. Then, without warning, the riding crop landed across her other smooth ass cheek with a similar effect, as she squealed into her gag.

"I said, spread those knees and place your hands behind your back!"

Whining into her gag, Cassie took a deep breath through her nose and placed her hands behind her back as she slid her knees apart some. Feeling incredibly exposed and anxious, she knew her compliance was not an option as she finally got herself into position just as she was directed to.

Pulling a pair of metal handcuffs from his belt bag, Ed attached the cuffs to the trembling girl-pup's wrists. Standing close, he stood behind Cassie while admiring her smooth blush colored ass cheeks, before he commented to Paula.

"Bring Scoundrel around and attach him the ring in front of Sassy. These two pups should be punished together."

"Absolutely," exclaimed Paula, as she led John to another metal ring secured to the ground only 12 inches from Cassie. Then, just like with Cassie, John had an 8-inch clasp attached to his collar and pulled to the waiting ring. Left with his head only inches off the ground, John was positioned just like his wife, with his ass on full display and exposed.

"There we are," said Paula. "Now spread your knees wide so we can see your spectacular dangling package, and place your arms behind your back too!"

Not willing to risk Paula's wrath with the whip, he slowly placed his hands behind his back and spread his knees apart, just before he felt the cold steel bracelets close around his wrists.

Held down to the ground by their pink collars, any puppy within eyeshot of the couple was watching anxiously as Ed and Paula prepared to exact punishment on their vulnerable asses.

"Are you ready Ed?" Paula asked as she removed the riding crop from her belt and prepared for action.

Sizing up John's tender smooth ass, she caught a glimpse of his tight pink anal entrance between his quivering pale ass cheeks.

Still surveying her nervous pup, Paula reached down and ran her fingernail over his tight crinkle ring and commented, "Just wait until it's time to get your tail, my pup."

Jerking away and moaning in objection, John knew what a tail meant; he'd seen it before. For Cassie, just hearing the mention of tail made her gasp and sob even more.

"So what do say Paula, 10 strokes a piece for their recent disobedience?"

"That's a start Ed. Why don't you go first?"

"Very well," he replied, as he pulled his arm back and unleashed a punishing crack to Cassie's smooth slightly pink ass cheek.

Cassie immediately squealed and jumped at the sensation of the cruel whip cutting into her sensitive flesh. The intensity of the blow surprised her a bit.

"One," Ed called out, "and don't think your two earlier stokes will count toward this punishment!"

Gasping for air, Cassie's eyes were as wide as saucers as she waited for the next blow to land. Not knowing when the next bolt of pain would arrive, Cassie's trembling body waited anxiously; but it was John's turn now.

Next, Paula smiled wickedly in anticipation of her turn with the whip, as she slowly pulled her hand back, before quickly bringing the crop down hard across John's fresh unmarked ass cheek. His body jerked and pulled sharply at his collar as a blazing arc of pain raced through his buttock. Groaning in discomfort, he suddenly heard Paula speak out.

"That's number one puppy-boy… I bet you two wish you had behaved a little better, huh?"

Able to twist and turn their heads a bit, John and Cassie were nearly nose-to-nose as they awaited their punishment from behind. Staring into each other's frantic and humiliated eyes, the married couple knew there was no escaping their fates at the hands of their trainers. All they could do now was accept and endure the painful punishment that was on its way!

Next, both Paula and Ed began to unleash the remaining nine strokes on the helpless pups. With their

asses turning red under the assault, John and Cassie were whining and yelping into their gags as they squirmed around on their knees with their hands cuffed behind them.

Slowly counting out the stokes for each punishing blow being delivered, the helpless pups' heads fell to the soft grass as they whined into their gags while their asses were being tanned by the whips. Pulling at the cuffs and rocking about on their knees, their useless efforts to escape the whips were entertaining to Paula and Ed.

Finally, with the last of their strokes hitting their marks, John and Cassie's exasperated and groaning bodies were nearly hyperventilating while they were hunched down to the ground.

"I hope we've both learned a lesson here puppies? Master Ed and I have plenty of patience for pups who are making genuine efforts to adapt and learn, but we have absolutely no tolerance for pups that are outright disobedient."

Releasing both pups from the ground rings, the sore and humbled pups slowly rose up onto their knees.

"Would you like your cuffs removed pups?" asked Paula.

Feeling defeated and desperate, they each nodded their heads up and down.

"Are you two ready to submit to your training now? Are you ready to obey and accept your new lives?" Ed followed up.

Again, and with large puppy dog eyes welled up with tears of defeat, they slowly nodded their heads in compliance.

"We thought you might see it that way."

Almost simultaneously, the trainers bent over and released the hard steel cuffs from their wrists.

"Now, before we put you two away for the evening, we have one more thing for you."

Reaching into a box mounted high on the pens' bars, Paula pulled out two pairs of puffy leather mittens covered with tiny little prickly points, like thorns. After carefully tossing a set to Ed, she turned back to John and said, "Give me your paws."

Both John and Cassie knew immediately how the mittens would work. Looking like small unpadded boxing gloves with black laces and without thumbs, the captured couple knew they were about to lose a little bit more of their freedom to function as people.

"You'll wear these paw mittens on your hands to make sure you don't play with yourselves. As I'm sure you recall from the rules, masturbation is strictly forbidden without permission."

Directing her comments to John, Paula said, "From now on, your thick creamy cum belongs to Mistress Kayla, and you will get relief only when a handler allows it."

Glancing over to Cassie, he saw Ed securing his wife's hands in her own set of black paw mitts. Gently shaking her head in bewildered disbelief, Cassie was emotionally numb as her hands were tightly laced into the awful mitts.

"There we are puppies. You'll find that touching your cock or clit or nipples will be a very uncomfortable experience with these on…Now you're ready to be put away," said Paula.

Next, they were led over to neighboring cage doors. Crawling along on their knees and gloved hands, John's enlarged manhood swung majestically between his legs, while his wife's impressive tits dangled and swayed from her chest.

Positioned at the cage doors, Ed barked out rather sternly, "Sit!"

Understanding the very simple command, they lowered their asses to the ground and sat back on their ankles.

Looking into the cages through the barred doors, they could see that these units were essentially dog runs that extended into the yard area from the main kennel building. At the wall to the main building, there was a narrow entry door and a small 3' x 3' square opening with a rubber flap over it. Cleary the small opening was a pet door!

After opening the cage door in front of Cassie, Ed reached down and began to release the large cock gag that filled her mouth.

When I remove this gag, you will immediately and quietly crawl into your new home. Do you understand

me?”

Feeling the buckle being released, Cassie anxiously nodded her head in agreement. She was ready to do about anything if it meant having the large cock gag removed. And when she finally felt the awful gag slip free from her lips, she was stunned by the way her tongue fell from her mouth as well.

With the gag removed and her swollen tongue fighting to stay in her mouth, she felt Ed’s hand slap her ass gently. Understanding exactly what that meant, she slowly crawled into her waiting cage.

While this was going one, Paula was removing John’s gag after giving him very similar instructions.

Speaking loud enough for both to hear, Paula said, “A handler will come by soon with food for you both of you. You've missed the morning meal, but dinner will be delivered shortly. Meals are served in dog bowls. Water is provided in a self-filling dog bowl in your pen, and you'll be given plenty of water by the handlers during your daily training.”

Given your hand restrictions, you’ll quickly learn how to eat and drink from the bowls. And make sure you lick your food bowls completely clean, we want healthy puppies.”

After latching Cassie’s door shut, Ed continued. “It shouldn’t take long to figure out how to use your 'Facilities' located in the corner of the pens. And by the way, you'll be given enemas several times a week during your daily grooming sessions in order to keep your rectums nice and clean.”

Once Paula closed and secured John’s cage door, she spoke again. “Scoundrel, turn around and back up to the door boy, it’s time to remove that pretty pink band from your equipment.”

Happy to hear that she was ready to remove the constricting band from his manhood, John quickly spun around and backed up to the door’s bars so that she could reach it.

Reaching through the bars, Paula worked to slip her slender fingers under the tight band. When she finally managed to get her fingers under the tight band, she stretched it open the best she could and suddenly jerked it loose from his swollen and sensitive package.

Yelping and grunting in response to the sudden stretching motion of his balls, he wasn’t ready for the discomfort that came along with its removal. Quickly closing his legs tight and with his head down, he then shuffled forward into his pen.

“Tomorrow morning you’ll each get your next dose of enhancer,” said Ed. “You’re already feeling the effects of your first dose. By the morning, you’ll fully understand the power of the enhancer. Your tongues will not fit in your mouths, your voices will be paralyzed and you’ll smell things like you’ve never experienced before. In addition, your sexual pleasure centers will be swollen and so sensitive that the slightest touch will drive you wild. Hence the fancy mitts, we don’t want you two enjoying yourselves too much.”

From their pens, John and Cassie couldn’t believe their ears as they watched Paula and Ed turn and walk away, leaving them to their misery. This wasn’t supposed to happen to them!

Once the pair was out of sight, John began to look around his pen. He quickly noticed how small and confining it was. It was only 4' tall except by the narrow entry door at the building, 8' long from the building, and 4' wide. The door and walls were constructed of thin stainless steel bars spaced about 4 inches apart. Under his hands and knees was a specially designed rubber flooring system that was comfortable for puppy’s paws and would be easy to sleep on, and to clean.

Glancing through the bars to Cassie right next to him, John spoke in a muffled and straining tone as he struggled to control his enlarged tongue and to make his vocal cords function. “Cassie honey, I’m sorry, I had no idea puppy training would be anything like this for us. And we were told we wouldn’t be given the enhancer.”

Cassie gave John a long bewildered stare as she began to comprehend how large her tongue had become, and that her voice didn’t want to work either. Stunned and dumfounded by her current state, Cassie didn’t know what to think or do. Finally deciding to settle-in some in an attempt to rest her exhausted body and mind, she had a hard time getting even remotely comfortable. Not only was her tongue and voice a huge concern, but she was clearly feeling the early effects of the enhancer on other parts of her body. Her unusually large and erect nipples were tingling in an unfamiliar way as they sat high atop her swollen tits. In addition, her clit was feeling very strange as well. Unable to use her hands in any way, she had no way of soothing her tender pleasure centers as the odd sensations continued to build. Unsure exactly what was happening to her or what to expect next, she was beginning to dread the morning.

Tormented by the sight of his beautiful suffering wife, John was emotionally lost and distraught as he suddenly realizing he was incredibly thirsty. Slowly crawling over to his water bowl, he sniffed at the cool fresh water and couldn’t wait to get a drink.

After several ineffective attempts at sipping the water from the shiny metal bowl, he finally figured out that lapping up the refreshing water was the most effective way to get a drink. Unable to use his hands, he was forced to pull the water into his mouth with his large tongue. And with the sound of his tongue lapping and splashing in the water like a large Labrador, he soon heard the same troubling sound coming from Cassie's cage. Looking over, he spotted the beautiful pup enthusiastically lapping up the clear water from her bowl as it splashed about on her face and around the bowl.

The water tasted strangely sweet, but that didn't matter. They were both so thirsty it could have been pond water and they would have drunk it.

Suddenly, a noise at the front of John's pen caught his attention. A handler had just scooted a bowl of food through a small opening at the bottom of the door. "Eat up, boy. You'll need all your energy to recover and do well in your training. Don't forget to clean your bowl."

John was crawling over to inspect his dinner when he heard the same sound of a sliding metal bowl and verbal instructions coming from Cassie's pen. Sheepishly glancing over at Cassie through the cage wall, he spotted his wife crawling over to her dinner bowl.

The sight and intense smell of the hearty beef stew with vegetables made his tummy rumble in anticipation. He immediately discovered that he could detect each separate ingredient with his unusually acute sense of smell. Sniffing at the meal almost uncontrollably, he was finally able to settle down and taste it.

Like with his water, he soon discovered the necessary technique to eating. Forced to use his limited devices and imagination, John was soon able to scoop and pull the food into his mouth with his increasingly talented tongue. His sudden skillful dog-like behavior concerned him at first, but he was so thirsty and hungry that he didn't think twice about what it took to eat and drink. After several minutes of intense concentration around learning how to eat and drink, John heard a new and unfamiliar noise that caught his attention.

Hearing the sound of water streaming and splashing coming from Cassie's pen, he looked over to see her on all fours with her legs spread open and her ass squatting over a funnel like toilet, as a thick stream of yellow urine exited from between her legs. She just couldn't hold it any longer, and with her head lowered in terrible shame, she was urinating in the funnel that had a sign that read 'Facilities' mounted over it on the wall.

Staring in stunned amazement, John watched as her glistening golden stream became lighter and lighter until it was just a few remaining spurts. Then, with a few drops clinging to her privates and no way to wipe herself, she wiggled her ass in an attempt to shake the droplets loose before crawling away from the funnel.

With his increasingly powerful sniffer, he could smell the strangely alluring scent of urine coming from his humiliated wife. And in a bizarre and inexplicable kind of way, it was starting to excite him. Unable to stop himself from inhaling her scent, John moved as close as he could to the funnel bowl and began actively inhaling his lovely wife's strangely alluring scent into his hyperactive sniffer.

Hearing John's active nose at work, Cassie looked back over her shoulder to see his face pressed up against the bars near her toilet. Seemingly infatuated by her scent, she couldn't believe her eyes as John's already engorged cock was seemingly getting even larger and more angry looking.

With her tongue becoming unmanageable in her mouth, she strained mighty to mumble, "John… what are you doing? My god, what's happening to us?"

With his tongue partially hanging from his mouth, John shook his head in despair as he pulled himself back from the bars and laid down on the pen's soft mat flooring. Still staring across to the neighboring pen, he watched Cassie lay down as she worked to get comfortable once again. With both of them now lying on the soft floor mats of their cages, the pair just stared at each other's transforming bodies with great trepidation and undeniable wonderment.

Chapter 3 – A Delightful Morning for Kayla

Inside Mistress Kayla's mansion, the sounds of sexual pleasure filled the elegant parlor. Both Kayla and her best friend Zimra were sighing and moaning with increasing pleasure as their precious pups sat on the floor between their widely spread legs and skillfully lapped at their sensitive inner thighs and womanly folds.

Wearing their arm covers and leg-ups, the obedient puppy-boys were busy pleasing their beloved mistresses, just as they had been trained to do.

Wearing only a simple blue sundress with no undergarments, Kayla was sitting comfortably on her favorite couch with her legs spread wide and her favorite pup Beau attending to her. While enjoying every second of her adoring pup's lapping tongue as it gently and slowly made its way along her smooth inner thighs toward her sweet honey box, she raised the hem of her sundress a bit more to allow him a little closer to her quim.

Sitting at the other end of the large comfortable couch was Zimra. She had been living with Kayla for the past three months, so to start out their day together like this was common. Being best friends for many years and now living together in such a sexually charged environment, the two powerful mistresses often relaxed together in the same room while Beau and Max eagerly tended to their seemingly relentless libidos. They thoroughly and openly enjoyed the attentions of their favorite pups. Owning and training puppy-boys was highly entertaining and intensely pleasurable for the pair.

"That tongue of yours feels so good," Kayla moaned. "Ahh…. Yes, you've learned to do that so well Be au. Ohh my, you're training has certainly been a worthwhile investment… Now go ahead boy, lick my wet pussy with that extraordinary tongue of yours!"

Reaching down, Kayla ran her fingers through her pup's soft brown coat atop his head.

Beau immediately moved his face closer to her wet slit as the scent of her fragrant juices filled his sensitive nose. Whimpering quietly with anticipation, he was enthusiastically wagging the long brown tail that flowed from the large anal plug buried deep in his ass. His large semi-erect shaft bobbed freely in the air as it came to life, while his full ball bags swayed between his slightly spread legs.

Feeling his mistress caressing his head and gently pulling him closer, Beau wasted no time slipping his tongue into her feminine folds.

"Oh my god," escaped from under her breath.

Then using her legs to gently bounce Beau back and forth between her knees, the bells hanging from his nipple clamps rang out. Kayla loved to hear the sound of the pups' ringing nipple bells. In Beau's case, she knew they were attached to his nubs by cruelly tight alligator clamps, and that seemed to make the delicate sound that much more exciting.

Enthralled by Beau's talented tongue and the sound of his nipple bells, Kayla glanced over to the other end of the couch where Zimra was enjoying the attentions of Max. Sitting only a few feet apart, Kayla could see how much her friend was enjoying Max's attentions. Leaning back on the plush couch with her head resting on the couch's soft back cushions, Zimra's impressive breasts and hard nipples were pushing up through the sheer fabric of her tantalizing nightshirt while Max's face was buried deep between her sexy spread legs.

Intently enjoying the sight of Zimra's sexy and enticing body as she moaned in pleasure, her staring eyes were so focused on the woman's incredible figure that she initially didn't notice Zimra looking back. Caught staring, Kayla was relieved and pleased when Zimra returned the look with a friendly yet gently seductive smile. Sensing her best friend's mutual admiration, a warm blushing sensation swept over her as their eyes locked in a brief stare.

Reluctantly turning her attentions back to Beau's talented tongue, Kayla inhaled deeply and said, "It's going to be fun draining those ripe bloated balls of yours later this evening, my pup. I know it's been two days for you, so you should be more than ready. I bet you can't wait to slide that ribbed beast inside my pussy and unleash your precious load deep inside me!"

Overwhelmingly excited by Kayla's words, Beau's specially designed tail began wagging like crazy. Beau couldn't help but show how excited he was at the thought of slipping his large throbbing cock into his mistress's warm wet pussy. With his tail designed to swing back and forth when he clenched his anal ring tight around the tapered plug, his tail was now flailing away which also caused his nipple bells to gently ring.

Smiling and petting his head, she responded to his excitement. "You are such a sweet puppy, Beau... I can never get enough of hearing those lovely bells of yours! Lick me good boy; take me to the edge of no return! Make my pussy explode all over your face!"

The pup looked up briefly to gaze lustfully into his owner's eyes, before beginning the pleasurable task of

licking her quim to a climax. With his focus returning to the duties at hand, Beau quickly lowered his head and slipped his large tongue into Kayla’s wet slit.

Immediately stimulated by Kayla’s welcoming and excited pussy, his impressive shaft grew harder as it pulsed and throbbed its way to a full erection. And it wasn’t long at all before small amounts of clear pre-cum from his pressurized testicles began to form at the tip of his 12-inch cock.

“Oh my goodness, that's it boy,” Kayla said affectionately when Beau ran his long and thick tongue up and down through her moist lower lips.

“Ohhhhhh, you really are the best at pleasuring your Mistress, my pup.”

Reaching out again to caress the happily lapping pup's soft coat with one hand, she used her free hand to gently caress her right nipple, which was poking through her sundress. As if connected directly to her quivering pussy, the stimulation of her super sensitive nipple erupted into even more pleasure between her legs.

Feeling Kayla’s building excitement with his tongue; Beau quickly worked his way to her swollen clit that now enticingly peeked out from the top of her wet dripping pussy lips. Slowly and gently licking around and over her pleasure nub with his enormous tongue, he felt her body beginning to squirm and rock on the couch. With her juices flowing freely, his hypersensitive sniffer was overwhelmed by her womanly nectar, filling him with even more lustful excitement.

“Don't stop, boy! That feels sooooo good!” Kayla moaned as she proceeded to slip the straps of her sundress off her shoulders before lowering her top to free her lovely breasts.

“Ahhhhhh, that's a good boy! What a wonderful tongue my enhancer has blessed you with my pup.”

Kayla continued moaning softly as Beau lapped up the sex-honey dripping from her pussy, before gently beginning to caress her own right nipple. Then, closing her eyes and inhaling deeply, she began to tease and pinch her highly sensitive pleasure bud. Kayla knew she was making it rather easy for Beau to succeed between her legs but she couldn’t help herself. The explosive connection between her responsive nipple and her clit was intense. She could feel herself quickly approaching a level of excitement that would soon send her over the edge.

“Beau baby, use that tongue honey, slip that large licker inside me!”

Glancing up from his position between Kayla’s legs, Beau could now see both of her soft hands caressing her magnificent breasts and hard nipples. Staring up at the undersides of her large globes, he was eagerly anticipating the coming evening when he might be allowed to worship her lovely tits with his soft tongue.

However, there was very little that could truly distract him from the overwhelming and intoxicating aroma of Kayla’s sexual excitement. Moving his wonderful licker tool in and out of his mistress's pleasure box with extremely lustful intent, Beau finally wrapped his talented tongue around Kayla's engorged climax button and skillfully massaged and stroked her swollen clit until her body began to quiver.

Sensing his mistress’s approaching climax, the adoring puppy-boy slipped his massive tongue deeper into her slit to collect more of her thick creamy juices. After swallowing another tongue full of Kayla's delicious honey, Beau glanced up at his beautiful owner once again as he had the perfect view of Kayla’s fingertips skillfully working at her blossomed nipples like only a woman could do.

Sensing that Kayla was very close to peaking, Beau was surprised to hear Zimra’s quaking voice ring out first, “Ohh… Ohh… Max, oh god, AHHHHHH, YES!”

Straining mightily to glance over at his friend Max, Beau could see his buddy’s head feverishly working to keep up with Zimra’s gyrating pussy and hips. Beau could tell by the sight of Zimra’s straining body and rapid breathing that she was approaching her peak.

As was often the case when Beau was around his mistress / owner, his engorged and erect shaft bounced off his belly as his uncomfortably full ball bags swayed between his legs. Nothing in his life before Kayla had prepared him for the intensely captivating pleasure that he found in being her pet. Being owned by Kayla was the best thing that had ever happened to him.

Realizing his true pleasure and relief would come later in the day, Beau focused everything he had on the pulsating nerve rich nub that was poking out from the top of Kayla’s wet quim. He could tell from her body's frantic reactions that she was nearing her peak and would cum soon.

Both Kayla and Zimra were clearly nearing the point of no return. With their favorite talented pups busily working on their engorged clits, the two women were floating in a state of amazing excitement as their bodies slowly prepared to release a torrent of sexual energy. Feeling herself approaching a climax, Kayla

glanced over to see her friend Zimra very close to bursting with pleasure too. They had climaxed in each other's presence many times before and today would be no different.

It only took another minute for Kayla's hips to rise off the seat as Beau's tongue thrust wildly into her throbbing pleasure box. Relentlessly attacking her clit and finding her g-spot, Kayla was helpless against the inevitable orgasm building from deep within.

Nearly simultaneously, deep groaning moans of pleasure filled the room as their bodies' surrendered to their puppies. Kayla was first as her body began to shake and twist. She then appeared to implode with a massive orgasm that ripped through her throbbing pleasure box, followed within seconds by Zimra.

Grabbing Beau's head with one of her hands, she came hard. Unable to contain her herself any longer, she yelled out, "YES, YES, OH MY GOD YES, Beau… take me with that tongue BOY, AHHHHHH, SUCK MY CLIT!"

With her body convulsing uncontrollably and her tits shimmying wildly, her thick flavorful juices exploded from her quaking pussy.

Beau helplessly rode out his mistress's raging orgasm with his face still deeply planted in her flooded crotch. Somehow managing to gasp a quick breath now and again, he rode her convulsing body all the way through to the end. And with Zimra and Max following suit, the sounds of the pups' ringing nipple bells filled the parlor.

Finally starting to come down from the intense peak of their violent orgasms, Kayla and Zimra gently pushed their pup's heads away from their hypersensitive vaginas as they struggled to catch their breath.

"Oh, Beau," Kayla sighed as she began to recover from her intense orgasm. "You and Max are the best pups ever."

Understanding that their jobs were done for the moment, Beau and Max shuffled back a couple of feet and sat at attention.

Having assumed the sitting position in front of Kayla, Beau's raging hard cock pressed against his smooth muscular tummy as he continued to stare lovingly at his owner's wet gaping feminine folds. Whimpered softly, he then gazed up at Kayla with his warm puppy dog eyes and his large pink tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"Don't worry Beau, your time is coming. I promised you my pussy tonight, and I won't go back on my word."

With his tail wagging about once again, the pre-cum that had formed at the tip of his 12-inch cock was beginning to drip to the hard wood floor.

Looking at Beau and Max siting up tall near each other, Kayla said, "Look at those juice smeared faces. You boys need to clean each other up."

Pointing back and forth between them she smiled, nodded her head, and quipped, "Come on boys, chop - chop!"

But before they could start their tasks, Zimra commented, "And look at the mess you two made on the floor. My god, you've left tiny little puddles of pre-cum!"

"Oh don't worry about that Zimra," replied Kayla. "Rocky and Buster are due here soon. They have an appointment with the vet but I like to see them first. They don't like getting their check-ups so I like to make sure they hear from me first. Before they go I'll have them clean up the mess, they just love the taste of the pups' sticky juices."

Chuckling, Zimra responded, "They do seem to enjoy the boys don't they?"

Neither Beau nor Max liked the sound of that. The scary men, Rocky and Buster, intimidated them. Large and generally gnarly, the two well-trained guard dogs dominated over most of Kayla's pleasure pups. Beau knew the aggressive guard dogs would not harm him or his buddy, but the large men still made him uncomfortable.

Snuggling a bit closer together on the couch now with Zimra, Kayla pointed at the pups once again and gave them the 'look' as she commented, "Beau, your buddy's face could use some cleaning."

Immediately, Beau turned to Max and began to lick Zimra's plentiful feminine juices from his face. Lapping up and down and back and forth across his face, Beau eagerly licked the handsome redhead's face as he sat obediently at attention.

Leaning against each other now with their shoulders and heads touching, the two women watched their

pups put on a show before them. With great delight, they watched Beau meticulously clean Max's face as their nipple bells rang out gently. With each lapping lick of his long thick tongue, Beau skillfully lapped up the shiny juices before he began to lick under his chin and along his neck.

Beau actually found the taste of Zimra's spoils quite pleasing. Her fragrant and tasty juices were quite different from Kayla's, and that excited him a lot. Grooming her juices from Max's face was something Beau looked forward to whenever they performed together like they did today.

Positioned as they were now, it was easy to see how their nipple bells were attached, as they rang gently during their grooming. For Beau it was a seemingly cruel and painful ordeal. His tiny bells hung from tight clamps that attached to his hard nipples with sharp teeth. Although they didn't appear to be bothering him too much, it had to be painful when the clamps were attached to his sensitive nubs. For Max it appeared less cruel. Although he had to endure the initial piercing of his nipples to install the sliver dog-bone shaped posts, his bells simply hung from around the metal posts that were inserted through his man nubs.

Seeing that Beau was enjoying himself just a bit too much as he started to work down Max's neck, Kayla called out. "I think that's enough Beau, Max looks quite clean, it's your turn now."

Panting and licking his lips, Beau sat back on his ankles and nodded his head in agreement, as he faced Max. Both Beau and Max still had erect cocks that were bobbing about between their legs, while their large ball sacks simply laid out on the floor underneath them.

Max didn't need any prompting; he eagerly lunged forward and began to return the favor. In a repeat performance, Max used his enhanced tongue to thoroughly groom his buddy Beau.

Beau enjoyed being groomed by Max. The two were good friends and they'd grown to enjoy the time they had together like this. With his tail wagging wildly again, Beau closed his eyes to enjoy his friends warm wet tongue licking his face.

Just as Max was finishing his work, a loud commotion out in the hallway caught their attention. Suddenly, Paula entered the parlor, followed by Rocky and Buster.

Beau and Max immediately shuffled closer to Kayla and Zimra as the large men entered the room on their hands and knees, wearing their leg-ups and arm sleeves.

"Easy boys," said Kayla. "They won't hurt you, I won't let them. They just like to play with you two. I'm hoping it won't be much longer before you two lovelies will eagerly look forward to playing with our favorite guard dogs!"

"Mistress Kayla," Paula said, "Rocky and Buster were quite excited to come see you today ma'am."

Anxiously panting as they immediately began to size up Beau and Max, the guard dogs always enjoyed a trip into the mansion. And when they spotted Beau and Max, they got all that much more excited. Staring at the pups with big intense eyes, their acute noses quickly picked up the scent of their pre-cum on the floor and the drops still dripping from the tiny slits at the tips their bulbous cock heads.

Not bothering to move from her cozy position on the couch next to Zimra, Kayla responded to Paula.

"Thank you Paula. I love how excited the boys get… Buster, Rocky, look at me boys!"

Struggling to tear their eyes away from the nervous pups, they finally looked to Kayla with their tongues still panting from their open mouths.

"You will behave during your regular check-ups with the vet today, am I clear?"

Nodding their heads in agreement, they were clearly still distracted by the pups.

"Beau, Max, go lay down on the rug," she said, as she pointed to the center of the room.

Cautiously and nervously making their way to the silken Turkish rug in the center of the large room, they laid down on their stomachs next to each other.

Motioning toward the guard dogs and then pointing at the floor where Beau and Max were last sitting, Kayla spoke out, "Lick up their sweet pre-cum droplets on the floor boys."

Lunging toward the small puddles of shiny clear juices on the floor, they took several deep sniffs before they began lapping up the sweet nectar from the wood. Still sniffing and licking at the precious fluid, the dogs were tenacious at getting it all up from the floor and any minuet cracks.

While Buster and Rocky were cleaning the floor, Kayla gave the command that both Beau and Max absolutely dreaded. Even though the fierce guard dogs did not scare them as much now as they did

during their first few days of training, the smaller pleasure pups were still very nervous around the large males.

“Beau, Max, roll over boys and spread wide. Buster and Rocky are going to groom your dripping puppy cocks.”

Hearing Kayla’s command, the guard dogs’ ears and eyes perked up in anticipation of their next task. The large intimidating men just loved to groom and torment the smaller pups.

Slowly and with great reluctance, the pups rolled over and spread themselves wide on the soft carpet as ordered. With their heads upside down on carpet and looking up at Kayla and Zimra on the couch with their sad looking puppy dog eyes, the pups weren’t looking forward to what they knew was coming next.

“Paula, would you mind removing Beau’s clamps for me first, and have Rocky and Buster help. You know how painful it can be when the clamps are first removed. Their smooth tongues will make it more bearable for my darling Beau.”

“My pleasure Ma’am.”

Motioning for the large men sit on either side of Beau, Paula then reached down from her position above Beau’s head and released the biting clamps and bells from his tormented nubs.

Literally peeling the teeth of the clamps from his nipples, the impressions of the clamps’ tiny teeth were unmistakable. Almost instantly, Beau cringed in pain as the blood rushed back into his man nubs, when he suddenly heard Paula bark out, “Lick boys, lick his crushed nipples.”

The dogs quickly started to lick at Beau’s sensitive pleasure buds as they roared back to life. As much as Beau disliked his encounters with the guard dogs, he was very appreciative of their attentions right now. With their excited tongues soothing the pain that seared through his nipples, Beau sighed with relief as the males caressed his hard aching nubs, but he was also getting very concerned by the way his cock was beginning to respond to the aggressive tongues licking at his sensitive nipples.

“OK boys,” said Kayla, “you can groom the pups’ privates now. And do a good job cleaning up the sticky pre-cum that’s clinging to the creases of their bulbous crowns.”

Before Kayla even finished her sentence, the dogs pounced on Beau’s and Max’s spread and exposed bodies. Rocky stayed with Beau while Buster bounced over to Max. Landing with their gloved hands on the insides of the pups’ spread open thighs, the guard dogs clearly had the upper hand on the pups. Sniffing and nudging their still erect cocks and drooping ball sacks with their noses, it was only a matter of seconds before the pups felt their large wet tongues rambunctiously grooming their privates.

Whimpering slightly, Beau and Max resisted the strong temptation to try and close their legs and pull their arms closer to their bodies in a defensive posture. With the heavy dogs’ pressing down on their open legs, they knew their vulnerable privates were at the mercy of the excited dogs, and there was nothing they could do about it. The guard dogs were very skilled at licking their excited puppy cocks. And even though they were a bit rough at their work, the puppies still appeared to be enjoying the attention regardless of their trepidation. Breathing more rapidly with each passing moment, it was becoming more evident that it was excitement, and not nerves, that was causing their apparent respiratory distress.

After a few incredibly long minutes, Kayla noticed that Beau’s bobbing and throbbing cock was quite swollen and purple with building pressure. The dog’s large tongue was eagerly licking up and down Beau’s sensitive shaft in an attempt to extract more of his sweet pre-cum from the tiny slit in his crown. Skillfully working on Beau’s throbbing pleasure shaft, Rocky knew it wouldn’t take too much longer to get the puppy to expel his stored supply of thick creamy semen.

The guard dogs knew how much the puppies looked forward to cuming in their owners’ hot pussies, so to get them off first with their tongues and ruin their day was cruelly exciting for the beasts. Besides that, they were always craving the taste of the thick salty jism they knew would erupt from their spasming shafts with each pulsating jerk.

With Beau’s wide frantic eyes affixed to the ceiling while he gasped and whimpered under the assault of Rocky’s warm wet tongue, Kayla knew she needed to intervene soon or her puppy would expel his load all over himself and onto Rocky’s eager tongue.

“Paula, you may want to pull Rocky off of Beau soon. I promised the pup my pussy later tonight, so if he cums onto Rocky’s tongue he’ll be terribly disappointed, and I’ll miss-out on one hell of a lay.”

Sensing Beau’s building excitement just as Kayla did, Paula quickly responded to her concern, “Rocky, that’s enough boy, stop.”

Not wanting to stop, Rocky pretended not to hear Paula.

“ROCKY, I said that’s enough!”

Sensing Paula’s stern tone, Rocky slowly stopped his grooming work and backed away from Beau, whose widely spread body was whimpering and trembling with unrelenting pleasure.

“And you too Buster, that’s enough, Max is quite clean now.”

Being a more compliant pup by nature Buster quickly pulled himself away from Max and returned to Paula’s side, along with Rocky.

Still laying exposed on the floor still, Beau’s and Max’s wide eyes were staring up to the ceiling as they panted heavily.

“Come on boys, we’ll be late for your appointments with the vet if we don’t hurry along.”

Pulling at their collars, Paula maneuvered the large men toward the door as they were clearly protesting against their appointments. “Now that’s enough boys. You heard Mistress Kayla, you need to behave and obey.”

Clearly not wanting to visit the Dr., Buster and Rocky were very reluctant in their movements.

“Boys,” Kayla called out, “if you want to come back again and play with the pups, you need to listen and obey Paula!”

Seemingly more accepting of their impending visit now that their owner chimed in; the collared and enslaved men lowered their heads in defeat and shuffled out the door.

With the large and intimidating dogs gone, Beau and Max instantly felt more at ease.

Sitting up from their snuggly position on the couch, Kayla spoke out. “Come on boys, you can get up now.”

Hearing Kayla’s command, the two pups quickly rolled off their backs and onto their hands and knees before scampering over to the women. Sitting near their respective mistress, the pups were gently kissing their knees and legs with their soft tender tongues.

“I thought for a minute there Beau that you were going to spill your precious load on Rocky’s tongue. I bet you would have been very disappointed with that boy.”

Looking up at Kayla with his sad eyes, Beau whimpered softly and nodded his head gently.

“Sit-up Beau, I have some new bells for your sweet nipples.”

Kayla smiled wickedly as she picked up a pair of medium sized gold bells from the side table nearby. Hanging from each shiny bell was a large diamond that glittered and sparkled.

Squeezing open one of the sharp tooth-edged clamps, she gently rolled his right nipple between her finger the thumb before placing the clamp over the trembling pup’s hard nub and quickly allowing the cruel device to snap shut. Beau yelped as the pain of the clamp’s teeth shot thru his sensitive man bud. After allowing him a few moments to catch his breath, Kayla attached the remaining bell to his left nipple.

Next, she ran her hands through Beau’s long silky coat to comfort him, as she grinned and said, “Aren't you glad Rocky and Buster massaged those tender nubs of yours with their long tongues. Before you know it, you'll be good friends with our adorable guard dogs.”

Beau whimpered as the pain in his throbbing nipples began to settle into a dull ache. He still disliked it when the large bound men would roughly tease the pups’ privates at any opportunity; however, the guard dogs’ warm and soothing tongues did offer a welcome and pleasant relief when the earlier set of tortuous bells were removed.

“You know Zimra, I’ve been thinking... I know today is your birthday and I’ve been going crazy trying to come up with something special to get you for your special day… And after lots of thought, I’ve decided to give you Max as a birthday gift! Our sweet red-coated puppy has settled down quite nicely since you selected him to pleasure you.”

Looking back at Kayla with a surprised look of excitement on her face, she responded, “Oh my god, are you kidding me Kayla? Really, you’re giving me Max!”

“Yes, you two have really bonded over the past several weeks. I can see the sparkle in your eyes every time you give him a work out, and I can’t think of a better present for you.”

Giggling with excitement, she blurted out, “Oh yes, Kayla… This is the best birthday I've ever had. You

know how much I adore Irish Setters," as she reached down and excitedly ran her fingers through Max's curly red coat atop his head.

With a big smile, Kayla responded, "Nothing but the best for a friend as special as you Zimra," as she began to run her hand over Beau's head.

"I hope you're OK with Max continuing to train with Beau and participate in the upcoming show?"

"Absolutely Kayla, I'm looking forward to watching Max perform."

"Good, our show trainers have been very pleased with Beau and Max. And Ed says they're ready to learn a few more tricks before performing their new routines in the show."

Both mistresses grinned wickedly as they envisioned all the fun they would have walking their pups around on the big stage. The idea of being around so many hard puppy cocks and bloated swaying balls as they performed for the spectators made their pussies tingle with excitement.

The annual Dog and Pony Show was one of the most anticipated and attended events at Kayla's training compound each year. Not all her guests came to show their pets, some came just to enjoy the sight of beautiful puppies and muscular ponies, while others came to assess the quality of her pets before deciding if they wanted to purchase a puppy or pony from Kayla at the next auction. The atmosphere around the event always felt electrified with lustful excitement.

"Ohh, my adorable friend, this is going to be the best show ever," said Kayla.

"Now, I have a couple of new arrivals that I need to check on Zimra. Would you like to accompany me?"

Zimra's eyes lit up with excitement as she responded, "Absolutely Kayla! I'd love to see your new arrivals."

"Good," she replied with a big grin. "But first, I have some exciting news to share with you."

Having already experienced more unexpected surprises than she could have imagined in a single day, she had no idea what else Kayla could have to surprise her with.

Still petting her new puppy boy sitting alongside her, Zimra looked into Kayla's sparkling eyes, and responded, "OK Kayla, what is it?"

"An amazing thing has happened. I confirmed it two days ago, and I've been dying to share it with you…"

"Yes, go on; tell me Kayla, what is it?"

"I'm pregnant!"

Stunned, and wondering if she heard her correctly, Zimra stuttered, "W-what did you s-say?"

Smiling ear to ear, she repeated herself, "I'm pregnant!"

"Y-you're pregnant Kayla?"

"Yes Zimra, I'm going to have a baby! Can you believe it? I never thought I'd ever get to be a mother."

Sensing Kayla's obvious excitement, Zimra smiled and asked, "Who's the father?"

Reaching down to pet Beau's head that was resting alongside her thigh, she looked down to Beau and said, "Beau is the father!"

Startled by what he heard, Beau immediately sat up tall, causing his nipple bells to ring as he responded the only way his paralyzed vocal cords would allow. "Aaarrrffff, aarrrrrrrrf!" escaped his mouth and throat.

"That's right boy, you did it! You performed a miracle with your super potent sperm."

"But Kayla, I thought the doctors said you'd never be able to have children?"

"I know. Can you imagine what a surprise it was for me? Secretly, I've wanted children for years now; I just never thought it was in the cards for me. Apparently Beau has some magic in his sperm."

"Wow, that's fantastic Kayla. How far along are you?"

"Around 2 ½ months according to my doc."

Kayla then chuckled aloud, "Beau mounted Molly nearly eight months ago, and she's carrying a litter of

triplets. And now, I may be carrying twins, but we don't know for sure yet. Beau is going to make such a wonderful companion for my adorable children.”

Reaching down, she caressed Beau’s lean muscular chest, before using her index finger to bat at the bells clamped to his tender nipples. “You are quite the stud, boy.”

Moaning softly, Beau gazed at his Mistress with lust and admiration as his nipple bells rang gently under her touch.

Glancing down at Max, who was equally stunned by the news, Zimra grinned and snickered as she said, “Hmmm, perhaps we’re onto something here…”

Just then, Ed entered the room.

“There you are Ed,” said Kayla. “Your timing is perfect. Beau and Max are ready to go out to the yard for their daily show training lessons. Make sure they get some water and take care of their business before you start the lessons, and return them here when their sessions are complete. And by the way Ed, I just gifted Max to Zimra, so she now owns him.”

“Very well Mistress Kayla, and that’s a very generous gift Ma’am. I’m sure Max and Mistress Zimra will be very happy together… Beau! Max! Come! Let's go boys, it's time to insert your show tails and practice your tricks.”

Leaving their Mistresses sides, Beau and Max quickly approached Ed and began to kiss the back of his left hand with their swollen wet tongues. After allowing the pups several seconds to properly show their admiration and appreciation for Ed as was customary and required, he issued his next command, “Sit!”

Compliantly following Ed’s command, the puppy-boys sat tall and proud next to Ed, as they looked back to their mistresses on the couch.

“And don’t worry Madams, I’ll be sure to have your puppies cleaned up and back to your sides within two hours.”

Ed then attached Beau's diamond studded leash to his collar, before connecting another leash to Max's collar. The head trainer then tugged gently on the leashes as he led the boys out to the training yard.

Watching fondly as Ed led the pups out of the room; Kayla finally turned to Zimra and said, “Oh, one more thing Zimra. A couple who purchased a red-coated female pup from me at auction a couple of years ago learned about Max recently. They’ve made a very special requested for Max as a breeding stud for their female in the hopes of getting some red haired pups for themselves.

Pausing for a moment to read Zimra’s reactions, she continued, “He and his wife have been unable to have children together. With red hair being dominant in their families, they’re hoping this will help them have delightful babies who will carry the same traits as them.”

Zimra's eyes glowed with excitement as Kayla’s unexpected request soaked in.

“That sounds great, Kayla!” she responded with a smile.

Zimra then hugged her friend and said, “That will be so awesome. I can’t wait to watch, and I have no doubt Max will perform very well!”

Nodding her head in agreement, Kayla stood up and said, “Come with me Zimra, I need to get out to the kennel and tag my new pups. Their training is going to be interesting; we’ve already had some disobedience issues.”

“This will be exciting Kayla. It's always a treat to watch you work with your puppies, especially the challenging ones.”

Walking over to a table by the parlor door, Kayla picked up her belt with the leather bag and riding crop attached, and buckled it around her waist.

“These two pups are going to be a challenge. The husband and wife reluctantly agreed to a punishment contract that requires them to serve as highly trained pleasure puppies for 2 years, instead of a long prison sentence for embezzlement. The really special thing here, his beautiful wife wasn’t directly involved in his crime, but she gets to share in the punishment!”

Chuckling under her breath, Kayla continued, “Last night was their first night in the kennel. I’m hearing they’re adapting relatively well given their ordeals over the past day or so. I expected the female to be a real handful, but so far she’s been surprisingly complacent.”

Walking through the kitchen and out the back door onto the mansion’s large rear porch, Kayla and Zimra

slowly strolled down the stairs and over to the kennel as they admired the numerous pups-in-training working about in the large kennel yard.

Chapter 4 – Scoundrel and Sassy's First Morning

Just hours before Kayla and Zimra's anticipated arrival at the kennel, John and Cassie were awoken from their deep sleep by a clapping and kissing sound. While spending much of the night reeling from their ongoing ordeals at the compound, the frightened and exhausted couple didn't finally fall off to sleep until nearly sunrise.

Waking and somewhat dazed, the couples' eyes slowly opened with the desperate hope that they were awakening from a nightmare, hoping to find themselves in the safety and comfort of their own bed. But to their traumatic dismay, they awoke to the sight of their pens' barred walls and doors, and even greater personal discomfort. Struggling to get up on their mitted hands and sore knees, they opened their mouths to speak; only to have their super enhanced tongues hang 3 to 4 inches from their open mouths. Straining to speak, their now paralyzed vocal cords prevented anything but a pitiful whine to escape from their throats.

Finally gaining their wits, the helpless couple couldn't believe how thirsty they were. Glancing to the corner of their pens, they quickly spotted the metal bowls full of fresh water. Instantly drawn to the sparkling bowls they quickly began to lap up some water. With the sound of lapping and splashing tongues echoing about, the new pups couldn't stop drinking the sweet alluring water.

Once their thirst was finally quenched, the next thing to overwhelm their bodies and thoughts was their bladders. Although not surprised by their need to urinate first thing in the morning, it was still incredibly humiliating to have to pee like an animal in a cage in front of several staring eyes. Unable to hold it, especially after such a big morning drink, Scoundrel and Sassy moved over to their facilities, and after taking aim at their targets, they released a thick stream of golden liquid as a sensation of relief overtook their bodies. Exhaling and groaning as their over filled bladders emptied, their concern with being seen in such a humiliating position no longer seamed to bother them.

"Nice job pups," commented Paula, "you did that nicely for newbies."

Paula's familiar voice quickly got their attention. The cold reality of their fates became strikingly real as they experienced their very first m orning as puppy slaves. Realizing it was just the first of many, too many to fathom, both John and Cassie had a cold chill run up their spines as they looked toward the gorgeous redhead.

Standing at the far end of pens where they connected to the main kennel, Paula was clad in her training outfit. With her thick red hair pulled back in a large ponytail, she was wearing her black thigh-high boots, a black leather mini skirt and a black lacey corset that barely covered her nipples and lifted her breasts up and outward. She was clearly an imposing figure as she stood there with a grin on her face.

"I see the enhancer has a solid grip on you both. By the way, Mistress Kayla has refined the potion and made it deliverable through your water. I'm sure you noticed the sweet taste of your water, that's the new and improved enhancer. Little did you know that you both willingly swallowed enough enhancer this morning to fully transform yourselves into Mistress Kayla's pets!"

Horrified by what Paula just said, the couple tried to respond with distressed objection, but they couldn't speak a single intelligible word.

"By the sound of your pathetic whining, I can tell your human voices are gone. I can see your tongues are nearly fully developed, and I have no doubt your sense of smell is so powerful that you can detect things you don't even understand yet.

"And look at that package on you Scoundrel. Wow, that 12-inch cock and drooping balls the size of small oranges are simply amazing. Did you ever think a simple additive could enlarge you like that? Yikes, I bet that's getting a bit uncomfortable too?"

Whimpering and nodding his head in agreement, Scoundrel's manhood was indeed uncomfortably swollen

and large. Unable to stroke his cock to empty his balls, or lick himself like a real dog, he was left to suffer for now.

“And you my sweet little Sassy, how do those swollen tits and genitals feel? The enhancer was recently modified to engorge and sensitize a female’s breasts and nipples, along with her labia and clitoris. You’re one of the first female pups to received Kayla’s new enhancer; I hope you’re enjoying it!”

Staring back at Paula with a look of confusion and despair in their wide eyes, the couple was frozen with apprehension and fear. Now they understood why they felt so oddly uncomfortable, yet so strangely excited. Neither one of them recalled seeing any fine print in the contract about this, but it was clearly too late to turn back now.

“Come,” she said in a stern voice as she pointed to the rubber-flap covered openings in the wall. “We have some preparations before your owner arrives to inspect and tag you both.”

With their heads down, the devastated couple slowly and gingerly crawled toward the wall where the intimidating woman was pointing at the pet doors.

“Go ahead, poke your heads past the flaps and enter the corridor inside.”

Doing just as instructed, the defeated pair pressed their heads against the thick rubber flaps and slowly pushed their way through. While they struggled to exit their pens and enter the kennel’s corridor, Paula used the narrow entry door to enter the kennel quite easily.

For John, the weight of his large swollen cock and bloated balls pulled at his groin. For Cassie, her swollen breasts and plump nipples hung toward the floor and pulled at her chest wall, while her swollen pussy lips and hoodie unmercifully stimulated her engorged clit as she crawled forward.

Snapping her fingers and pointing to the floor by her feet, Paula exclaimed, “Follow me, and stay close my pets. Now don’t dawdle, you don’t want to start off your day with being punished.”

Entering the kennel itself the couple immediately noticed the numerous cages on either side of the corridor that had mostly males sitting and panting as they watched the new pups pass by. Making their way along at Paula’s heels, John and Cassie’s highly acute noses were overwhelmed with the unfamiliar smells of anguish and desire that were all mixed together. Some of the captive pups were waiting excitedly at the doors to their cages, while others were more subdued and sitting quietly at the back of their pens.

In one of the last cages they approached, they spotted a pregnant female pup. Allowing the couple a moment to take in the sight of a breeding pup, Paula knew Cassie’s imagination would be going crazy. Lying on her side on a soft mat, the female’s large round belly was clearly visible as her head rose off the mat slightly to watch Scoundrel and Sassy approach her cage door.

“And here we have a pup about ready to give birth. Molly here is about two weeks out with litter of triplets.”

Reaching down to pat Sassy’s head, Paula continued, “Breeding you my lovely is not out of the question, however, you can rest assured that you won’t be bred with anyone but Scoundrel. That’s not to say you won’t be mounted by other males for our entertainment, it just means that only your husband will father any pups you may have while under your punishment contract.”

Very noticeably whimpering and shaking her head in objection, the thought of becoming a mother while serving her punishment sentence in this awful place horrified Cassie. She wanted children with John, but not like this, and not here. She knew their lives would never be the same, but she still hoped to live a fairly normal life again one day.

Snapping her fingers again while turning to walk away, Paula snickered, “Come, we have much to do today my puppy slaves.”

Watching Paula’s sexy boot clad legs start to stroll way, Scoundrel and Sassy worked hard to keep up with her. Finally reaching the end of the hallway now, Paula stopped and reached out to a door, which she opened and quickly walked through.

Exiting the housing pen area of the kennel and entering a new and more menacing looking section of the building, the new pups were able to steal some random glances through the open doors lining the hallway as they crawled along quickly beside their trainer. The new pups caught glimpses of grooming and medical rooms that brought a completely new level of apprehension to them. Unsure of exactly what they were really seeing, they became more anxious and nervous as they followed alongside Paula.

After passing four sets of doors, Paula quickly veered to the right and entered one of the ominous rooms. Following their trainer into the room, they were taken aback by what they saw next. Once inside the

special room, they were frozen by the sight of the very clinical appearance of the space and the equipment inside.

What looked a lot like a medical procedure room, the sterile looking space was very clean and well lit. Lining two of the ceramic tiled walls were lab benches with metal cabinets mounted on the walls above. With clear glass doors, the disconcerting contents inside were visible. And in the center of the room there was a very odd looking table, one like they'd never seen before. With the surface measuring about 24 inches above the floor, the 7' long by 2' wide table had what looked like a two rung ladder assembly extending upward from the center of the table, splitting it in half the short way. Although they'd never seen such a piece of furniture, they instinctively knew the table had a very sinister purpose as they gazed upon it.

Molded into the lower rung that was about 16 inches above the tabletop, there were two fat 3-inch long cock heads, each pointing to opposite ends of the table. Connected to the top rung that was positioned about 12 inches above the lower one, there were two black rubber bungee cords that were connected to large shiny, 1-inch diameter, silver hooks that were hung over the same rung, just waiting to be deployed. What quickly caught their attention, were the uniquely shaped ends of the hook devices. The end of each hook had the unmistakable profile of a tapered anal plug.

In addition, located along both sides of the table at each end opposite the ladder assembly, there were a number of metal locking bands securely mounted along top edge. While not exactly sure what they were looking at, John and Cassie knew nothing good could come from what they were seeing.

Reaching down and patting the back of Cassie's head, Paula pointed to one end of the table and said, "Up Sassy, up on the table girl."

With her frantic eyes darting back and forth between the table and John, she slowly climbed onto the hard tabletop, facing one of the fat rubber cock heads. Keeping her distance as much as she could from the extruding rubber crown, her eyes were affixed to the realistically shaped phallus.

Turning to John now, Paula rubbed his head several times before giving him similar instructions. "Up boy, just like Sassy, up on table Scoundrel."

Moving to the table edge opposite his wife, John carefully crawled onto the hard surface. Facing each other and the double-ended cock heads, he had a good idea of what was coming next.

"Good boy Scoundrel, and you too Sassy… Now, move forward and place your mouths over the rubber toys," she said as she slapped each of them on the ass to prompt them forward.

Slowly moving forward, they opened their mouths and carefully stuffed their already tongue filled mouths with the rubber cock head toys. With the rubber plugs filling their mouths, their noses were a meager inch apart now as they stared into each other's wide frantic eyes.

"Now don't move off those toys! If you do, you will feel the sting of my whip. Understood!"

Barely able to move their heads with the toys filling their mouths, they nodded slightly in compliant agreement. From her position on the table, Cassie spotted Gretchen enter the room and close the door firmly behind herself. After hearing the door clank shut behind him, John knew by the distinct scent of her perfume that Gretchen had just entered the room.

"You're just in time Gretchen," said Paula, "I could use a hand securing the pups in place for their 'special' rub downs."

"I'm sorry I was a bit late. I needed to deal with a male pup who didn't want to be hooked up to the milking machine."

Chuckling, Paula commented, "I assume you persuaded him otherwise?"

"Oh yeah, it's amazing how effective the nipple bars can be when properly used. He's hooked up and getting ready to expel his creamy juices as we speak."

"I'm sure he is Gretchen… OK, I'll take care of Sassy here if you'll do Scoundrel."

"Sure, shall I get the lube?"

"Yes, thank you. And I'm sure the pups will thank you too."

Opening one of the doors to the wall cabinets, Gretchen retrieved two small tubes from it. Next, she handed Paula a tube, before she unscrewed the cap from the other one.

Somewhat able to see what was happening behind one another, John and Cassie watched in dismay as the trainers squeezed some lubricant from the tubes and then grabbed the corresponding silver hook from

the rung above their heads, before thoroughly applying the shiny lubricant over the hooks' tapered plugs.

Noticing the pups beginning to back away from the rubber dicks on the lower rung, the trainers each placed a hand on their asses and firmly pushed them back onto the rubber toys. Then, with obvious skill and experience, the trainers pulled firmly on the hooks as they stretched the rubber cords tight before placing the lubricated tips of the plugs to their super tight assholes. Next, they slowly allowed the stretched rubber cords to pull the hooks' pointed plugs into their protesting rectums.

The pressure of the anal plugs pressing deeper and deeper into their tight asses immediately forced their faces tight against the rung, thus pushing the rubber cocks deeper into their mouths. Almost immediately, the tips of their noses touched over the top of the rung. With the tapered hooks so nicely lubricated, the couple had absolutely no chance at keeping the awful invaders from sliding deep inside them before their sphincters quickly clamped down tight around the narrow bases.

Desperately gasping and whining as the silver hooked butt plugs pressed deeper into their clenched asses, the couple's eyes widened with near panic before the inner curved edge of the hooks settled into place against their tailbones, finally stopping the invaders from drilling even deeper.

Breathing frantically through their flaring nostrils now, the couple was held firmly in-place on the table by the constant pressure of the metal anal hooks in their asses, and the rubber cocks pressing into their mouths. Nose to nose while witnessing each other's seemingly panicked reactions to the thick metal invaders being used to hold them firmly in-place, John and Cassie feared the worst as their helpless bodies were frighteningly exposed to the trainers.

"There we go my pets that will hold you steady. You're about ready now, just one more little thing," exclaimed Paula.

Carefully yet firmly, Paula pulled Cassie's knees and legs apart and placed her calves into the metal cuff bands waiting at the table's edges. Having her legs spread open while the large plug was wedged deep in her tight ass made her whimper and squirm in discomfort. Just the several inches it took to spread her legs apart had a significant effect on her.

And while she felt Paula securely locking her calves and ankles to the table, a sudden rush of hot moist air came streaming from John's nose. Cassie couldn't see much past John's face, which was a thin inch from hers, but she didn't have to. She could tell by his sudden jerking reaction that Gretchen was most likely pulling his legs open and locking them to the table's edge as well.

Locked securely to the tabletop now, both pups were immobile as they waited for the next cruel and humiliating act to unfold.

"Now," Gretchen said, "We have a couple of housekeeping things to do while the hooks soften ya'll up for the insertion of your tails."

Moaning and groaning even louder into the gags that filled their mouths, the thought of receiving tails in their tormented asses was troubling. Left to stare into each other's pleading eyes as the rubber bungee loaded hooks kept their faces nearly pressed together, the couple could clearly see the look of panic in the other's eyes.

Smiling and chuckling, she continued, "Oh yes, there's no escaping that gift, you'll both have your very own tails by the time you leave here today. But first, we have a housekeeping issue to deal with."

Stepping to one of the cabinets on the wall, Paula retrieved two small jars and returned to the exam table where she set one underneath each of the pups.

"Thank you Paula," said Gretchen.

Positioned where both of the pups could see her if they strained their eyes enough, Gretchen reached for the jar under John and opened it.

Placing in under their noses, John and Cassie quickly found the scent of the stuff repulsive. The smell was so strong in their hypersensitive noses that their stomachs rolled over twice as Gretchen began to explain what it was.

"This very special and very expensive cream is a magical body hair remover."

Scooping out a glob with three fingers, she quickly slathered it down the center of John's back.

"This incredible cream will remove any hair it comes in contact with. It's so effective and powerful that the hair will immediately melt away and not grow back for a full year."

From his position facing Cassie, John could see Paula applying the same thick white cream to Cassie's

back as well. At first, the substance felt cold and clammy, but within seconds, it had a warm penetrating sensation associated with it. While Gretchen began to massage the cream over his back and across his ass cheeks, John could feel his body begin to heat up as she worked more of the cream over his ass cheeks and around the hook.

Snickering, Gretchen continued with her comments.

“This magic stuff is made from the semen that we extract from the male puppies. Mistress Kayla’s chemists have created this powerful potion not only to maintain her pets, but it’s also proven to be a very lucrative product. Highly sought after by her customers and clients who like to maintain their own silky smooth bodies, and those of their pets, she can barely keep up with the demand.”

That explained the pungent musky odor. And when Gretchen suddenly started to spread the cream over his engorged cock and balls, John gasped sharply when he felt her cream covered fingers and hands begin to rub, pull and massage his already swollen manhood and scrotum.

“I suggest the two of you relax and enjoy the rub down. When we’re done, you’re silky smooth bodies will be perfectly hairless and ready to be appreciated, if you get my drift.”

John yelped and jerked when Gretchen suddenly pulled rather hard on his bloated balls while she roughly rubbed the cream onto his wrinkly sacks. Already swollen and hypersensitive, he was stunned at how good her touch felt when she stroked his stiff shaft. As much as the thought of having the thick slimy cum rubbed all over his body repulsed him, his body responded very differently. That’s when John realized they were no longer in control of their most intimate and personal desires. Mistress Kayla now totally owned and controlled every aspect of their helpless bodies and tormented minds.

Hearing Cassie release an exasperated moan of humiliation and pleasure, he couldn’t help but stare into her beautiful wide rolling eyes. By her sudden reaction, he was certain his wife’s pussy was now being de-haired just like his manhood. Under the dual effects of the new enhancer and the stimulating cream, the couple found their bodies responding in ways they never imagined. Straining against their bonds, the couple could see each other’s emotional struggles as they strained to endure the trainers’ erotic touch and the devilish cream.

“This is so much more fun when the pups are under the effects of the new enhancer like these two are,” Paula exclaimed. “This pup’s clit is so swollen it’s sticking out from the crease of her folds like a tiny fingertip… Watch this Gretchen!”

Suddenly pinching and rolling Cassie’s clit with her cream coated fingers, the helpless young woman jerked tight against her unrelenting bonds as her pussy erupted with unexpected pleasure. Held tight by the spring-loaded anal hook and the metal leg straps, Cassie’s quivering and straining body shook the table that she shared with her husband.

John could see that Cassie was suddenly being overwhelmed with intense sexual pleasure as her body slowly surrendered to its fate. Unable to prevent herself from relenting to her captors, she exhaled a long deep groan of defeat as her body shivered and trembled with an orgasm.

“This clit is so sensitive; I bet I could stroke her to a hundred orgasms if I wanted to!”

Whimpering at the idea of being made to endure a hundred body-twisting climaxes, Cassie fought against the cock gag as she tried to shake her head in unequivocal objection. Bound as she was with the hook buried deep in her rectum, she wasn’t sure she’d be able to survive the effects of any more climaxes.

John was helpless to do anything for his lovely wife, while he too was enduring his own intense preparations. While applying more and more of the revolting cream to his exposed body, John felt Gretchen’s hands rubbing the man-juice cream all over him. Next, after carefully caressing every inch of his arms and legs, she began to rub the cream under his armpits and across his manly chest and stomach, before finding his sensitive man nubs.

After several tormenting minutes of carefully and thoroughly coating almost every square inch of their bodies, the trainers appeared to be done as they stepped away from the pups to admire their work.

“That looks really nice,” said Gretchen. “Let’s give their follicles and pores a minute to soak up the cream before we wipe them down.”

“OK,” replied Paula. “But we can’t wait too long; I believe Kayla and Zimra should be here any minute to tag the pups.”

After giving the warm slimy cream a minute to soak into their skin, the trainers collected a couple of fluffy soft towels from the cabinets and returned to the table.

Working together to further demonstrate their humiliating control over their puppy slaves, Gretchen

found John’s erect 12-inch cock and began to stroke it with the towel, while Paula reached underneath Cassie and began to towel off her dangling globes and large erect nipples that pointed toward the table top.

Forced to endure the stimulation of their most private and intimate pleasure points, the couple was trapped face to face on the table with fat cock gags filling their mouths and large hooks impaling their tight asses. Being held firmly in-place by their bondage, John and Cassie knew their torment was only just beginning.

Bringing the couple to the edge of climax, the trainers suddenly stopped, thus leaving the two on the razor thin edge of ecstasy without any relief. Next, the trainers began to buff their smooth sensitive bodies with the soft towels. Skillfully working the towels into every crack and crevice, Paula and Gretchen successfully left their gorgeous bodies completely hairless and glowing.

Affixed to the tabletop for some time now, the couple was starting to struggle with maintaining a clear sense of awareness around them when they suddenly heard Kayla and Zimra enter the room with great jubilance.

“Good morning my newest puppies,” exclaimed Kayla. “I trust you had a pleasant night. And I hope you’re adapting well to your new surroundings and early training.”

Standing next to John now, Kayla began to run her hand over his head and down his back as she continued.

“John, it’s good to see you again, and I’m so glad you’re lovely wife was able to join us too. I’ve been looking forward to this day since I learned of your thieving ways. I have no doubt that her inclusion in your punishment should prove exceptionally entertaining for all of us.”

Immediately, the couple began to groan and mumble into their gags. Attempting to beg and plead for mercy through their gags, their muffled cries for leniency were unrecognizable and fell on deaf ears.

Reaching down between John’s legs, Kayla quickly cradled his enormous balls in the palm of her hand and began to squeeze them.

“Mmmmmm, I’m betting these balls will deliver an impressive load. And I bet your wife will enjoy watching you surrender to the semen extractor.”

Turning her attention to Cassie for a bit, Kayla ran her soft hands all over Cassie’s sensitive body as she continued.

“Sassy my dear, you’re going to make a nice addition to my kennel. I hope you enjoy licking pussy because I’m afraid you have a lot of that in your future honey. And judging by those beautiful plumps lips of yours, I’m certain you’ll be quite good at it with the right training.”

Reaching under Cassie, Kayla began to play with her large sensitive nipples.

“And if you’re a good girl Sassy, you just might even escape having these impressive nipples pierced with a set of fine rings or delectable bone bars.”

Wincing loudly around the gag that occupied her mouth, Cassie shuddered at the thought of having her incredibly sensitive pleasure buds pierced and decorated with jewelry. She knew that was the one thing she couldn’t bear to experience!

Reaching into a tiny pouch on her hip, Kayla pulled a dog tag from it and quickly attached it to the front ring on Cassie’s collar.

“There, now it’s official my pet, your name is Sassy from this time forward, and you belong to me!”

After running her tantalizing fingertips down the center of Cassie’s back and over the silver hook, she moved back to John while Zimra looked on with growing excitement in her eyes.

Retrieving another dog tag from her pouch, Kayla quickly reached under John’s chin and attached the aluminum tag to his collar.

“You have no idea how anxiously I’ve been waiting for this moment since I learned of your treachery… You will now be known as Scoundrel, and like your pretty wife, I now own you! You will not escape my wrath as we train you to become an obedient pleasure pup.”

Reaching underneath him, Kayla began to pinch his sensitive nipples as she continued. “But before we install your nipple bone bars; I think we’ll set your tails. I’m sure you’ve both been looking forward to getting your very own tails!”

Again, the couple erupted into sobbing groans of protest. Although they didn't think a tail would be any worse than the metal hooks that were invading their asses, the idea of having a tail dangling from an anal plug shoved up their asses seemed incredibly humiliating and uncomfortable.

Taking a black leather belt that Paula was holding out for Kayla to use, she took the belt and wrapped it around the backside of their heads, and pulled it quite tight. This pulled the couple's faces together even tighter and more firmly secured them to their gags.

"There we go," said Kayla. That will keep you two secured to the gags while we remove your anal hooks and insert the tails in your nicely stretched openings."

Circling behind Sassy, Kayla disconnected the stretched rubber cord from the silver hook and began to slowly remove the tapered end of the hook from her clenched ass.

Groaning and shivering in response to the pressure in her sphincter, Sassy felt the plug stretch her anal ring open again, before it slowly started to close around the narrowing metal tip. Unable to move away from the cock gag because of the strap that held her tight to her husband, she could feel the pressure in her rectum subsiding.

When the tip of the probe finally exited her ring, she immediately felt the tip of another anal invader taking its place. Allowing her virtually no time to regain herself after having her passage cleared, her tail was quickly being inserted.

Grunting in response, her stretched and defeated sphincter was helpless to stop the slippery rubber plug that quickly took the place of the hard metal one.

"You're gonna like this device Sassy. When you clench your ass, the tail will wag, and I like a puppy that wags its tail. Wagging your tail is just one of the many ways you will learn to please me my dear!"

After giving the tail a gentle twist and tug to ensure it was seated, Kayla slapped her on the ass cheek and said, "Looks good my dear. I suggest you practice wagging it for me sweetie."

Motioning to Paula, she continued, "But before we work on that skill, let's get you off this table so you can better watch what's in store for Scoundrel."

While Kayla released the belt that held her head onto the gag she shared with her husband, Paula had snapped a leash onto her collar and was removing Sassy from the low table. As her mouth pulled away from the thick cock gag, her tongue fell out once again. Struggling to keep her tongue from hanging loose like a common dog, she tried to communicate, but only a faint "arff" sound escaped from her paralyzed voice box.

After pulling Sassy around closer to Scoundrel on her hands and knees, Paula said, "Sit," rather sternly.

Without thinking, Sassy lowered her ass to the floor until her new tail made contact with the hard surface. Suddenly feeling her tail hit the floor and press harder against her sensitive backside, she instantly shot back up onto her hands and knees as a louder howling sound exited her throat.

"Ha, ha, ha, forgot about your new appendage huh. Now, let's try that a little slower. If you carefully rest your ass on the floor, it won't be so bad…. Now SIT!"

Whimpering as her tail came to rest on the floor; her wide stressed eyes were now affixed to her husband whose head was now being strapped tightly to the rung that held the cock gag. Just inches in front of his highly sensitive nose, he could see and smell Sassy's fragrant saliva as it dripped from the other end of the cock gag that he shared with her just moments ago.

Standing behind him, Kayla reached down between his legs and began to stroke his already huge and erect cock.

Sassy couldn't believe how large her husband's cock had become as she watched Kayla's soft hand slide up and down his enormous ribbed shaft. Mesmerized by the size of his enhanced beast, she began to wonder if they'd ever be able to have sex again. He was so large, she wasn't certain he could fit inside her anymore.

And by his moaning and twisting response to Kayla's touch, Sassy knew he was thoroughly enjoying the attention he was getting, even as the large anal hook worked at his ass. Still stunned by the girth and length of his tool, she wondered if John would now have to settle for hands jobs.

Staring up at Scoundrel from her spot on the floor, her eyes began to wonder across his smooth hairless body. She had a great view of his hairless chest, belly, and dangling manhood as he waited to receive his tail. Still captivated by the sight of her handsome husband being methodically pleasured by another woman while a large metal anal plug filled his ass, Sassy's dazed stare was interrupted when someone

wearing a white lab coat entered the room and approached Scoundrel from the other side of the table.

“Good morning Doc,” exclaimed Kayla, “You’re right on time.”

Setting his small medical bag on the table under Scoundrel, he smiled and replied, “I see the pup is ready for me. Shall we get this done?”

“Yes, lets,” she responded.

While he began to remove some items from the bag, the doc looked down at Sassy on the floor and asked, “Will we be doing the female today too?”

“No, not today Doc. I told her we would spare her nipples, unless she gives me a good reason to pierce them.”

Still stroking Scoundrel’s throbbing cock, she said, “But I do want to be sure she gets a good look at her husband while he gets his nipple bars installed.”

Suddenly realizing what was about to happen, Scoundrel began to frantically strain and pull against the strap holding his head to the gag, and the hook pulling tight at his stretched ass. But John was helpless to escape Kayla’s stroking hand, or the doctor’s impending procedure. Whimpering and whining quite loudly, he knew what was coming and it terrified him.

Watching the doc unload his bag, the sight of the shiny metal tools and jewelry dropping to the stainless steel table not only looked frightening to Sassy, but also it sounded cruel and ruthless. Next, she watched him tear open an alcohol wipe and remove it from the packet. Astonished by what she was seeing, her unblinking eyes followed every move the doc’s fingers made.

Unable to look away while feeling extremely grateful that it wasn’t her on the table, Sassy watched the doc sterilize John’s nipples with the cold wipe.

As soon as the cold wipe caressed his already hard nipples, he unsuccessfully tried to jerk away from the bonds and Kayla’s stroking hand. Breathing more rapidly now, John whimpered and whinnied as the doc took extra care to clean and prep his man nubs.

In what seemed like a surreal scene, Cassie watched the doc load a ½-inch long silver post into what looked like a pair of large pliers.

“Are we ready to indoctrinate this pup into the program?” the doc asked.

“Yes we are doc! Have at him!”

“OK, hold onto him tight,” the doc said, as he knelt down next the table to get a good look and angle on Scoundrel’s waiting nipples.

Sassy then watched in disbelief as the doc worked the open end of the pliers over Scoundrel’s right nipple while Kayla’s grip tightened even more around his throbbing shaft. Carefully pressing and twisting the tool over his nipple until it was in the perfect position, the doc suddenly squeezed the pliers shut with a noticeable snapping sound.

Seeing John jerk violently and howl loudly into the cock gag, Cassie couldn’t believe her eyes when she spotted a quick shot of cum squirt from the tip of his purple swollen crown that was in Kayla’s tight grasp.

Laughing out loud, Kayla said, “As cruel and mean as this appears, it’s not uncommon for the males to ejaculate when the tool skewers their pleasure bud… What do you want to bet he shoots again with the second one?”

Trying frantically to object at having the second post inserted, Scoundrel’s sobbing and wildly jerking reactions had no effect on the doc as he loaded the second post in the tool.

“Last one, unless you’re interested in some penis piercings Kayla?”

Chuckling, she replied, “Not today doc. But if he doesn’t take well to his training in the coming days, it’s something I’ll consider.”

“No problem, just give me a ring if you change your mind, or if that fine female earns a set of rings for herself,” he replied as he placed the reloaded tool over Scoundrel’s left nipple. “And just so you know; I’ll do those fine nipples at no charge.”

Within a couple of seconds, Sassy saw the doc’s strong hand squeeze tight around the tool’s handles as it snapped shut again. And sure enough, just like the first time, he shot a small wad of sticky cum from his erect cock.

“Wow! I felt that one travel up his shaft and expel itself.”

“I bet you did,” replied the doc. “The connection between the nipples and the prostate is remarkably strong although not fully understood. It’s something that should be studied more.”

“Perhaps we can work on that with you doc. I like to better understand how my puppies work.”

Still on his knees next to the table, the doc reached under Scoundrel with both hands and carefully threaded the bone shaped ends onto the posts he had just installed. Next, he tightened the oval shaped ends with incredible force, before he said, “Done, you’ll have no trouble controlling this one.”

Releasing her grip on Scoundrel’s hard shaft, she said, “Thanks Doc, I appreciate your good work. Now it’s time to fit him with his tail and get him outside to start his training.”

After releasing the rubber cord from Scoundrel’s hook, Kayla roughly pulled the tapered plug from his rectum as he moaned and whimpered in response to the device suddenly exiting his asshole. And just like with Sassy, she immediately pushed the tail’s rubber plug into his stretched and weakened opening with little resistance.

Once his tail was fully inserted, Gretchen released the belt from around the back of his head before she snapped a leash onto Scoundrel’s collar and led him off the table.

“Paula honey, why don’t you help Gretchen with Scoundrel’s first day of training while Zimra and I take Sassy inside with us. I’m sure Beau and Max would greatly enjoy meeting our newest female pup.”

Cassie didn’t like the sound of that, but she knew she had no choice in the matter. With her leash in Kayla’s hand now, she was abruptly prompted to crawl forward. Since she wasn’t about to risk a visit from the doc with his tool, she quickly bounded along behind Kayla and Zimra as they made their way toward the door.

From behind Cassie, John watched his wife begin to crawl along rather quickly with her swollen tits dangling and tail swinging back and forth. Not used to crawling on her hands and knees like that, she struggled to keep up with her new owner. Watching her exit the special room like that, John suddenly felt guilty and sad as his innocent and helpless wife was on her way to meet her fate.

After allowing Kayla and Zimra a short head start, John felt the leash tug at his collar, prompting him to crawl forward himself. Lurching forward, the discomfort of his new tail and painful nipple bars made it difficult for him to move with any speed. Struggling as he was, he was barely managing to follow along at the end of his taught leash.

Chapter 5 – The Training Begins!

After making their way down a long corridor in the kennel, the new pups could see some bright sunshine streaming under a large door just ahead. With Scoundrel following along some 30’ or so behind Sassy, it was obvious to the new arrivals that they were about to exit the kennel, to an unknown world, where they had little idea of what to expect next.

Approaching the door, Paula reached out and quickly pushed the door outward. Immediately the bright sunshine and the fragrant smells of the lush green training yard overtook their senses. As if uncontrollable, the new pups’ noses were raised high in the air and working overtime as they exited the kennel. Having yet to experience such an overwhelming mixture of smells, they didn’t know how to process all the sensory inputs. They were nearly hyperventilating as they desperately tried to take in all the stimulating aromas around them.

Between the highly stimulating smells all around him, and the sight of his gorgeous wife in the bright sunshine, the pain in John’s freshly violated nipples and asshole seemed to vanish. Mesmerized by the sight of Cassie’s silhouette in the bright sun light, he was taken aback by the sight of her large dangling tits and spectacular nipples. For a few moments, her movements appeared as if in slow motion as her large swollen globes giggled and swung from her chest as her nipples stretched toward the ground below. And while her tail obscured her puffy and excited pussy, he could tell by her plump nipples and erotic movements that the enhancer had her highly aroused and desperately horny.

Once he was out in the middle of the yard, Gretchen pulled back on Scoundrel’s leash and barked out

rather sternly, “Sit boy, Sit!”

Feeling the leash pull harshly against his collar, John quickly stopped and carefully sat his ass on the soft grass. Still watching Cassie crawl away behind Kayla and Zimra, he couldn’t help but wonder what would happen when Beau and Max met his sexually excited wife. Would Kayla and Zimra protect her from the horny pups, or better yet, would Cassie want them to keep the horny puppy boys at bay? As Cassie disappeared into the mansion behind the two powerful and sexy women, John knew she was on her own now.

Suddenly, John felt the leash pulling upward on his collar, thus forcing him to sit up higher as Gretchen’s voice rang out. “Don’t you worry about Sassy, she’s in good hands. I suggest you focus your attention on your own training.”

Staring out across the yard, he spotted several pups moving about in the large training yard. He was surprised to see only one female pup amongst the group. They all had their ankles strapped tightly to their upper thighs and their hands encased in glove-like cloth sheaths, as their tails swung from their backsides. This arrangement had the pups moving about on the points of their knees and encased hands. Some of the pup s were prancing proudly alongside their handlers at the end of their leashes, with their heads high and tails wagging, as their panting tongues hung from their open mouths. Others were practicing the art of quickly and methodically moving through and around a series of flags and cones arranged in patterns around the training area. A select few of the pups were not leashed and they were following their trainers’ spoken commands, as they maneuvered the numerous obstacles along the course.

“An important lesson for you Scoundrel, whenever someone approaches you, you will immediately kiss the back of their hand with your tongue. Until the hand is pulled away or you’re commanded to stop, you will continue to lick the back of their hand, whether male or female. A good puppy doesn’t care about the sex of those he serves; he only cares about showing his affections and pleasing.”

Placing the back of her hand at John’s waiting mouth; he immediately understood what was expected of him. After a couple of quick sniffs, he began to lap at the back of Gretchen’s hand with his moist and swollen tongue. John couldn’t believe how his tormented body was responding to the scent of her perfume and taste of her skin. Even with his new tail and freshly skewered nips, his cock was pulsating with excitement.

“Good boy,” she snickered. “I hope you learn all your lessons so well… Come Scoundrel; let’s get you ready to start your training today.”

Gretchen quickly led him over to a table set-up in the yard, and stopped alongside it.

“Stay boy,” she commanded. Next, she lowered the handle of the leash to John’s mouth and said, “Here boy, hold this for your trainer.”

Using his enhanced tongue, he pulled the handle of the leash into his mouth and gently bit down to hold it firmly.

“Good boy,” Gretchen responded as she let go of the leash and turned to the table. From the table she retrieved two sets of leather straps and stepped behind John. Each set was made up of a large loop connected to a smaller one.

Working behind him where he couldn’t see her, he felt Gretchen securing the large loops around his upper thighs right at his hips. Next, he felt one leg at a time being pulled up tight to his thighs as his ankles were strapped tightly into the smaller loops. Not surprised by what just happened; John knew exactly how he looked as he continued to glance at the other pups in the yard.

“I’m going to leave your hands in your current prickly gloves, that way we can be sure you won’t be touching yourself during your first day of training.”

Reaching down to the leash in John’s mouth, she said, “Release.”

Holding the leash’s handle once again, she chucked and commented, “Hmm, look how wet you made the handle… I bet that big wet tongue of yours will feel really good in my pussy when we get to that part of your training this afternoon.”

Just hearing the suggestion that he’ll be able to taste the beautiful blonde’s feminine folds caused John to whimper and moan as his eyes lit up with excitement and anticipation. And with his own body responding in such uncontrollable ways, he couldn’t help but wonder how Cassie was fairing inside the mansion.

“Come boy,” commanded Gretchen. “It’s time to learn how to prance alongside your master.”

Picking up a riding crop from the table, she held it out for John to see and said, “Hopefully we won’t need to use this much. Typically, accountant types like yourself have naturally submissive blood in their veins

and take quickly to their training… Tell me Scoundrel, are you ready to start your training and take your place in Mistress Kayla's kennel?"

Whimpering meekly, he looked up at Gretchen with his big wide eyes and slowly nodded his head.

Chucking, she responded, "Well, by the look of that large throbbing cock I can see the enhancer is working well. I have no doubt you're ready, shall we begin?"

Nodding his head gently once again, he soon felt the leash pull at his collar as the beautiful trainer turned to begin his training adventure.

"Heel boy, stay close, and keep up," she exclaimed as she headed across the yard to the fence that circled the training area. Walking along the perimeter of the yard now, Gretchen gave John a good work out as she ran him through his paces.

"Head up boy and no slouching Scoundrel… Keep your arms and legs moving smoothly, and work on wagging that tail. Just clench your asshole and cheeks, and the tail will do the rest."

Doing his best, John struggled to crawl quickly and smoothly while also attempting to wag his new tail. He hadn't spent much time crawling on his hands and knees before, and he soon learned it wasn't easy. Concentrating on the task-at-hand, John slowly figured out how to move along briskly and smoothly on his hands and the tips of his knees. In a way, the unnatural position of his legs along with the movement of his hips made wagging his tail somewhat bearable.

Fortunately for John, Gretchen was very experienced at training new pups. Rather skillfully, she seemed to know just when to pick up the pace, and when to slow it down again. She had an uncanny way of recognizing when a pup's level of fatigue was peaking, and when he was sufficiently rested.

However, Gretchen also knew that if a pup didn't feel the sting of the riding crop on occasion, that he wouldn't truly fear and respect it. So, with equal skill and cunning, she made sure she found issues with John's performance in order to apply the crop. Finding the smallest of faults in his performance, such as dropping his head a mere inch or failing to wag his tail enough, she unleashed several cracking blows across his ass and back.

With each stinging hit, he quickly attempted to correct whatever deficiency Gretchen pointed out. He was soon striving to learn the dos and don'ts of becoming a compliant puppy boy in order to avoid the whip. Performing as he was, John soon forgot about the humiliation of his training, and his wife. With astounding focus and commitment to his current training, it was amazing how quickly he had become engrossed in his new work.

Even though the grass was nice and soft, his knees and shoulders were beginning to get sore after an hour or so. Made to crawl fast and slow while maneuvering through simple obstacles throughout the yard, John was nearly worn out and becoming very thirsty as his tongue hung from his panting mouth.

After an hour and a half of countless trips around the yard and through the agility courses, John was beginning to pant rather heavily before Gretchen finally led him to a bowl of refreshing water. He was so thirsty that he immediately began to lap-up some water, before he suddenly felt the riding crop slap across his left ass cheek one more time.

"Did I give you permission to drink Scoundrel? Did I?" echoed out from Gretchen.

Jumping at the touch of riding crop on his already red and sensitive ass cheek, he yelped and whimpered in response, as he quickly stopped drinking and lifted his head.

"Now sit, and wait for permission to drink."

Slowly lowering his ass to the plush grass, he sat very still and looked down at the refreshing water in the silver bowl. Still panting heavily, the tiny bit of water that he did consume only made him desperate for more.

"Are you thirsty Scoundrel?"

He quickly nodded his head, yes.

"Then I want you to speak boy, speak if want a drink."

Straining to make his vocal cords function, it took a lot of effort to expel an "Aarrrrrrrff," from his throat.

"Again Scoundrel, I want to hear you speak again before I allow you to drink."

Again, he inhaled deep and expelled the only noise he could, "Aaarrrffff, Aaarrrffff."

Smiling, Gretchen petted him gently on the head and said, “Good boy. Now you can have a drink of water.”

Immediately, John sprung up onto his knees in order to lower his head to the sparkling water. Wasting no time, he lapped wildly at the water as it splashed out of the bowl and onto the grass and his face. The unique sound of a puppy boy’s splashing tongue was music to Gretchen’s ears as it echoed from the metal bowl.

When his thirst was finally quenched, Scoundrel lifted his head from the bowl and took a deep breath. With his thirst satisfied, he was now able to catch his breath.

“Good boy Scoundrel,” exclaimed Gretchen as she ran her fingers back and forth through his hair. “You’ve done really well so far on your first day. I think it’s time to expand your training some.”

Leading John over to a comfortable looking chair near the kennel, Gretchen turned to face John with the chair behind her and then lifted her tiny leather skirt to expose her incredibly sexy pussy. With John’s wide eyes focused on her sweet sex, she slowly sat down on the front edge of the chair and spread her legs wide as she leaned back to get comfortable.

The scent of her excited womanhood filled John’s nose immediately. He could tell instantly that her sexual juices were flowing. Mixed with her perfume, her scent was powerfully erotic to the puppy boy.

“Sit boy!”

Immediately, John dropped his plugged ass to the ground while his eyes stayed focused on Gretchen’s exposed sex. Seemingly mesmerized by the sight and smell of her silky smooth slit, John was getting visibly anxious as he anticipated his next training duty.

“Do you like what you see Scoundrel?”

Panting again, his eyes wide with growing lust; he nodded his head rather emphatically this time.

Leaning back in the chair and with her knees wide open, she ran her hand over her pussy and slipped her middle finger through her womanly lips as she said, “Come closer, but do not touch me yet!”

Quickly scooting forward, John’s nose was now within inches of her glistening pussy. Unable to stop himself from sniffing wildly at the overwhelmingly enticing slit, he was getting light headed while he waited for his next command.

Gretchen could feel his warm breath as it danced across her excited entrance. Taking a few moments to enjoy Scoundrel’s growing excitement and the feel of his warm moist breath flowing over her sensitive sex, she took a few long deep breathes while she savored the moment.

“Pussy licking training is mandatory for all of Mistress Kayla’s puppies,” she said with a slightly exasperated tone in her voice. “She requires all her pups to master the art of satisfying a woman orally. Are you ready to demonstrate your current level of skill?”

Nodding his head even more emphatically now, John was intently focused on Gretchen’s glistening pussy. He was so sexually excited right now that he couldn’t think about anything else but getting his mouth on Gretchen’s pussy and slipping his tongue inside her moist tasty folds. Seemingly unable to control his primal need for sexual pleasure, he could barely wait for the command. With his rock hard, 12-inch, puppy cock bobbing against his tight stomach as he sat there staring, his body began to quiver uncontrollably while he waited.

“Very well then Scoundrel, show me what you’ve got boy!” exclaimed Gretchen as she slipped her hand away from her crotch.

Lurching forward, John’s tongue darted out and began to lap at Gretchen’s slit.

Instantly, she responded to his wet warm probe with a crisp gasping breath as the muscles in her sexy thighs and legs tightened. Somewhat surprised by Scoundrel’s seemingly highly skilled tongue, her head fell back and her back arched upward as a long exhaling groan escaped from her open mouth.

“OHHHHHH MY!”

While John already considered himself a talented pussy licker, he was sure his enhanced tongue would make him even better. Quickly learning how to manipulate his large licker, he soon had his trainer squirming on her chair.

Beginning to pant herself, she spoke out rather softly, “I can tell you won’t need too much training here,” she exhaled, as a faint, “Oh my god,” slipped from between her lips.

The taste and smell of her womanhood was driving him absolutely wild with lust. His entire body was tingling with sexual desire. Even his freshly pierced nipples screamed with excitement. He'd never felt anything like it before, and for inexplicable reasons, he was thoroughly enjoying the terribly humiliating experience. He became so lost in his euphoria, that he lost all sense of time, when Gretchen blurted out.

"Find my clit boy! Use that tongue of yours Scoundrel, push it in deeper boy and find it! Don't make me wait!"

Ready to do exactly that, Scoundrel drove his tongue in her pussy like a probing cock. Instantly, he felt her hard clit slide across his pink probing tool. Learning very quickly how to use his new tongue, he rubbed back and forth across her engorged clit while he hooked the tip of his tongue into her opening. Within seconds, he found her super sensitive G-spot and began to work it.

"Ohhhhhh myyyy GOD….. OOOOOOOOHHHH, you're good at this… Oh yeah baby, make me cum Scoundrel! MAKE ME CUM ALL OVER YOUR FACE BOY!" yelled Gretchen as she began to shake and shiver.

Getting even more excited at the prospect of tasting her feminine juices as they coated his probing tongue, John was beside himself with excitement. Working his tongue in and out and all around until it felt like it was cramping, Scoundrel worked at her hard clit and hypersensitive G-spot like a fine musical instrument.

Looking down over Scoundrel's back, Gretchen spotted his tail wagging about briskly from side to side as it flicked from one ass cheek to the other. Teetering on the edge of a wildly intense orgasm, she grabbed a handful of his hair and began to pull his head closer.

Then, as she clenched her teeth tight, she said, "I knew you'd master that tail boy."

Within of few more seconds, her mouth suddenly flew open as she yelled out rather loudly, "AHHHHGGG, AHHHHHH, I'M CUMMING, I'M CUMMING!!!!"

With a violent grunting shudder, Gretchen exhaled like she was just punched in the gut as she clamped her sexy legs around Scoundrel's head like a vise.

John had pleasured his fair share of women in the past, but he'd never experienced the kind of intensity displayed by Gretchen. Not only did her body convulse and explode with raw pleasure, but she also released a torrent of sexual fluids like he never thought possible. Erupting into his mouth and across his face, he felt her feminine juices begin to drip from his chin.

Once she started to come off her peak, her hands finally let go of his hair as her powerful legs released their grip on his head, allowing John the opportunity to breathe.

With her orgasm nearly complete, she pushed his head away from her dripping pussy and said, "I can see you won't need much training with this skill, but I'm quite confident you will require plenty of practice," as she regained her composure.

Glancing over to the mansion's large back porch with the 10' wide steps, Gretchen spotted a small audience looking on.

"Look Scoundrel, we have some fans."

Looking over to the porch where Gretchen was looking, John spotted Cassie sitting at attention at the top of the steps with Beau sitting on one side of her, and Max on the other. And with Kayla and Zimra standing behind them, it was painfully obvious to John that all of them had just witnessed his work between Gretchen's legs.

Immediately, Kayla and Zimra started smiling and clapping. "Good job Scoundrel, good boy."

Staring directly at his wife who was siting very still with a dazed look of disbelief in her wide eyes as her tongue hung from her slightly open mouth, he couldn't decide if she looked that way because of what she just saw or not. Nearly two hours had passed since she left his side and entered the mansion with Mistress Kayla and Zimra. John knew a lot could have happened in that amount of time.

Just then, his heart skipped a beat when he suddenly recalled one of Gretchen's earlier comments, '*Pussy licking training is mandatory for all of Mistress Kayla's puppies. She requires all her pups to master the art of satisfying a woman orally*'.

John knew his wife had no experience with other women. Now he couldn't help but wonder if her training inside the mansion involved her introduction to pussy licking? He knew Cassie would do about anything to spare her nipples from the piercing pliers, but did that include licking another woman's pussy?

Finished with their applause, the Mistresses led their pups down the four steps and into the training yard.

Beau and Max were anxious and ready to go play in the yard while Sassy was much slower to exit the porch, but Kayla kept her moving.

“Come on Sassy, let’s go girl.”

While watching Kayla pull gently on her leash, John could see that Cassie was moving more gingerly and slower than when she followed Kayla into the mansion.

Once they reached Gretchen and Scoundrel in the yard, Beau and Max were quick to check out the new pup. They immediately went right to work sniffing Scoundrel’s pussy juice coated face, and it didn’t take long for Beau and Max to catch a whiff of Scoundrel’s hard dripping cock. Scoundrel had become so excited while licking Gretchen that he had started to cum himself. He didn’t ejaculate too much, but it was enough to leave a small spot on the grass and a couple of sticky streaks across his bulbous crown.

“Boys, that’s enough,” said Kayla. “Let’s let Scoundrel and Sassy have a moment together. It’s their first day and I’m sure it’s been memorable for the naughty couple.”

Complying with Mistress Kayla, Beau and Max slowly circled away from Scoundrel and then sat up tall near their respective mistress.

“It’s OK Scoundrel, you can go see Sassy, she could probably use a kiss,” said Gretchen.

Slowly crawling over to his wife, who was up on her hands and knees about six feet way, it didn’t take long for John to put the pieces together. Once he was within a foot of her, he could smell the feminine juices on her face. He knew right away that Cassie had been made to bury her face in one of the mistresses’ pleasure boxes. And by the stunned and bewildered look on her face, he knew his wife didn’t submit easily to her initial training. During their years together, Cassie had never once showed the slightest interest in a bi-sexual relationship. He couldn’t imagine how unnatural and humiliating it must have been for her.

Feeling devastated by Cassie’s obvious trauma, John began to lick her face where he could smell the feminine scent. Immediately, the flavor of the dried juices coated his large wet tongue as he kissed his emotional distraught wife. He was a bit surprised by her lack of reaction to his affections, until he picked up another scent emanating from her body.

Drawn by another strong musky smell, he stopped kissing Sassy face and followed his nose around to Cassie’s backside, where he discovered one of the things he dreaded the most.

Peeking around Cassie’s tail, he spotted her puffy and red pussy lips just before he saw the unthinkable. Stunned and horrified, there was no mistaking the thin trail of male cum as it dripped from her slit. The sticky white fluid clinging to her pussy lips and the insides of her thighs was clearly the sexual bounty left behind by a male. He was quite sure that either Beau or Max, or perhaps even both of them, had mounted his wife and erupted inside her.

Sniffing aggressively now at Sassy’s used pussy, Scoundrel began to whimper and whine. Although he had hoped to spare her such an indignity, he knew it was unlikely she would escape such an encounter. He and Cassie were not like the typical pups at Kayla’s kennel, no, they were here to be punished, and he knew it would be difficult for both of them.

While he was trying to deal with the reality of Cassie’s first day of training at the compound, he couldn’t get the vision of his protesting wife on her hands and knees with her face buried deep between Kayla’s sexy legs, while one of the exuberant male pups was drilling her from behind with his large pulsating shaft.

Seeing Scoundrel’s obvious concern and distress, Kayla stepped forward to pet his head, and commented, “Don’t be too concerned boy, she was not in heat. And besides, you didn’t expect your time here to be a walk in the doggie park, did you? Well… you can both rest assured, we’ve only just begun!”

Then, pushing his face even closer to Cassie’s exposed privates, she continued. “Why don’t you clean her up Scoundrel? Go ahead boy, lick the cum from the lovely pup’s pussy and thighs.”

While he hesitated at the thought of licking-up fresh male cum, Kayla pushed his face into Sassy’s dripping vagina and said more sternly, “Let me be more clear pup, you will lick the cum from Sassy’s pussy, and don’t forget to slide your tongue into her slit and pull it all out!”

Fully recognizing that his freedom of choice was gone, Scoundrel quickly slipped his probing tongue into her slit and immediately began to pull globes of male semen from his wife’s freshly filled canal. Instantly he felt her jump at the touch of his large soft tongue.

Having just been drilled and filled by Beau and Max, the idea of her husband having to lick the spoils from her pussy was just another emotionally devastating experience for the suffering young woman, until something odd swept over her body. Almost like smelling salts, John's probing tongue seemingly snapped her out of her funk.

After a few minutes of cleaning the sticky jism from Cassie's slit, John couldn't believe what began to happen next. Despite the humiliation of what they were both enduring, Cassie's pussy was suddenly getting hot and wet with her own sexual juices. And while he had a hard time understanding her inexplicable reaction, he couldn't deny that his own body was responding in exactly the same way. He could feel his pulse picking up and the sensation of sexual tension building in his loins as his hips instinctively began to thrust gently.

"Don't you just love the effects of my newest enhancer!" exclaimed Kayla. "Your bodies are absolutely sexually helpless against it. Just look at the two of you."

Crouching down closer to Scoundrel and Sassy, Mistress Kayla spoke in a strong whisper, "As long as you two are captive in my kennel, you'll have a constant uncontrollable need to climax, just like the way you need to breathe."

Chuckling and standing up, her attention was drawn to the sound of a gate opening. Glancing over to one of the yard's gates that was about 30' away, she spotted Ed returning Buster and Rocky from their trip to the vet.

Releasing the guard dogs into the yard, Ed waved to Kayla and yelled out, "They're completely healthy, and they got all their shots too. They're good for another 6 months."

Waving back, Kayla responded, "Thank you Ed. I appreciate it."

While he was re-locking the gate, he replied, "My pleasure Ma'am. Will you be staying in the yard for Tamara's breeding? She's in full heat now, so we'll be bringing her out to the yard to be bred in the next 20 minutes or so."

Still yelling across the yard, "Yes Ed, I think we will. And I'm sure the pups would enjoy watching too."

Nodding his head and waving in approval he responded, "Oh yes, and especially Beau. He'll get to see his former neighbor and wannabe girlfriend in a whole new light."

With a wicked laugh, Ed turned toward the stables and headed that way.

Chapter 6 – A Filly put to Stud!

By the time Kayla and Ed finished their quick verbal exchange, Buster and Rocky had quickly made their way over to Scoundrel and Sassy. Always excited to see new kennel pups, they were already sniffing and sizing up the couple. For Beau and Max, who were sitting quietly as they watched all the activities taking place, they were just thrilled that Rocky and Buster had others to tease instead of them.

The free roaming guard dogs had little in the way of rules to abide by, except that they were not allowed to hurt any of the kennel pups. However, they did use fearful intimidation to fulfill their roles as it was their jobs to keep the curious pups in-line when unsupervised by a trainer, staff member or owner. The large powerful males pretty much did what they wanted without seeking permission, until they were directed otherwise.

Hearing a bit of a commotion behind her, Kayla turned around to find Buster kissing Sassy's face and Rocky kissing the bulbous head of Scoundrel's dripping cock.

Both Scoundrel and Sassy were stunned and a bit unnerved by the sudden appearance of the large males. Unsure what to do, they kept very still and let the intimidating males have their way with them. After a couple of minutes, Scoundrel became even more unnerved when Rocky's big wet tongue started to bring his balls to a boil as he began lapping at the underside of his highly sensitive shaft. He couldn't help but wonder what Cassie would think if a man's tongue was able to make him cum?

For Cassie, Buster's playful affections were uncomfortable, but bearable, until he decided he wanted more. Suddenly rearing up on his knees, he put his encased hands on her shoulder blades, and began to

poke at her face with his fat raging cock.

Yelping in response to the obvious intention of the male guard dog, Sassy shook her head back and forth in order to prevent the man's purple knob from finding her lips.

"Buster," Kayla called out. "I don't think she's ready to play like that boy. Don't be so pushy too quickly."

Squatting down again near Sassy, she leaned in close to her ear and spoke softly. "Sassy honey, you could make friends with Buster in a big way if you kiss his shaft. Having Buster as your close friend would be a very good thing. He can be very protective of those he's very fond of, if you get what I mean."

Listening carefully to Kayla, Sassy quickly understood her underlying message. Having someone like Buster to help look after her in the yard could be very beneficial. It was obvious that most of the pups in the kennel were male and would be on the prowl for a quick lay. With little further thought, Sassy's tongue flicked out and found the head of Buster's shaft. Immediately, Buster began to thrust his bulbous rod at her mouth while she licked at his dripping cock head.

Whimpering with delight, Buster kept thrusting his hard cock forward until it found her open mouth when she extended her tongue to lap at his drooling crown. After poking into her mouth a couple of inches, he pulled back out, before attempting to find her open mouth once again.

While trying to lick the head of his cock as it darted in and out, her body was beginning to betray her in unimaginabl e ways. The more John's tongue worked at cleaning her wet pussy the more it excited her, which in turn made her want Buster's cock even more. Then, to Buster's euphoric delight, she opened her mouth wider and allowed his throbbing monster inside.

Somewhat surprised by Sassy's sudden change of heart, Buster drove his shaft as deep as he could into her sucking mouth with each thrusting motion. With his eyes wide and his hips pumping faster and faster, Buster was really hoping to get off before Kayla broke things up.

Still crouched down next to Sassy, Kayla said, "Good girl Sassy. Since you've already had two of my pups cum in your pussy, I'm going to let Buster cum in your mouth. I hope you enjoy the taste of fresh semen, because when he goes, you're gonna get a mouth full."

Standing up once again, Kayla moved over next to Zimra, and said, "Watch this, it should be entertaining."

It didn't take long at all for Buster to reach his boiling point. With John's tongue still lapping at her increasingly excited pussy, she felt Buster's cock begin to pulsate in preparation to shoot his load. She knew what it felt like when a man was about to cum in her mouth, and she knew Buster was only seconds away.

Sure enough and just as she expected, she felt the first splash of his creamy load erupt from the tiny slit in his crown as he suddenly howled loudly with pleasure.

Panting heavily as his cock plowed in and out of her mouth, he ejected shot after shot of his salty cream into her sucking mouth. Like a machine, he continued to expel his load across her keen tongue and down her throat.

With each thick shot of cum being expelled into her warm sucking mouth, Sassy was trying to swallow it as quickly as she could. Unable to swallow fast enough though, she felt the sticky jism squeezing out from the corners of her mouth and running down her chin. Fearing she might choke on the incredible volume of the thick musty cream coming from Buster, she relaxed her lips and allowed more of his bounty to escape from around his veined beast.

After several slower less penetrating thrusts, Buster pulled his softening cock from Sassy's mouth and dismounted her.

Laughing, Kayla complimented both Buster and Sassy. "Nice job pups. Sassy, I'm impressed. I didn't think you would be able to handle Buster's load without chocking on it, nice work girl."

Looking down at Scoundrel who was still busy licking Sassy's pussy while trying desperately to avoid cuming on Rocky's busy tongue, Kayla continued. "Scoundrel, your wife's face needs attention now. Come on boy let's go. And Rocky, that's enough, let Scoundrel take care of his business."

Relieved to feel Rocky's tongue stop licking at his cock, Scoundrel slowly moved around to face his wife, only to find yet another man's cum oozing from her body and dripping from her chin.

"Clean her up Scoundrel, let's not waste time."

Wincing some, he moved closer and began to use his huge tongue to lick Buster's cum from Sassy's chin

and lips. With her eyes closed, she allowed her husband easy access to the sticky cum on her face. In a way, she felt it was quite just that he be forced to lick-up the cum that oozed from her body. After all, it was his doing that landed her here.

Seeing that Sassy's face was clean now, Kayla suddenly blurted out, "Scoundrel, Buster also requires your assistance. His cum coated cock needs cleaning too!"

Staring up at Kayla with wide sad eyes, he gently shook his head in objection to her comments.

"No, you're saying no to me!"

Frightened by her tone, he froze with fear.

"That just earned you some lead weights on those nipple bars for the evening!"

Inhaling sharply at the thought of that, Scoundrel lowered his head and whimpered.

"Now let's try that again, and know that my punishments can get much worse. You will look into Buster's eyes and answer my questions."

Sitting almost nose to nose with Buster now, Scoundrel gazed deep into his intense eyes.

"Scoundrel, would you like to clean-up the cum that your wife left behind on Buster's cock?"

With his wide eyes locked in a stare with Buster's, his head slowly nodded up and down.

"Did you like the taste of his cum when you licked if from Sassy's chin?"

Still caught in a stare with Buster, he again nodded his head gently.

"Would you like me to have Buster sit back to allow you easy access to his cock for cleaning?"

Clearly, Kayla was now tormenting him with her questions, but he knew he had to answer. So with his stomach in a knot and tears welling in his eyes, he nodded his head in approval once again.

"Tell me Scoundrel, would you like your wife to watch you clean his cock?"

With a stuttering inhale, he slowly nodded his head in approval for a fourth time.

Chuckling, Kayla spoke out, "Buster, sit back boy. Scoundrel would like to clean your messy shaft!"

Grinning, while still locked in the stare with Scoundrel, Buster slowly sat back on his legs and placed his mitted hands on the grass behind him as he leaned back, giving Scoundrel easy access to his impressive package.

"Sassy, sit closer to Buster, I want you to have a good look at your husband's newly acquired skills... Aren't you a lucky puppy today Sassy. First you got to watch your husband perform with Gretchen, and now you get to watch him perform with Buster!"

Moving just a couple feet closer, Sassy was now sitting right alongside Buster while the two of them waited for Scoundrel to start his work.

"Let's go boy! We don't want to miss any of Tamara's breeding!"

Slowly inching forward, Scoundrel lowered his head until his nose was only inches from Buster's semi-erect cock before he extended his tongue outward and ran it up the side of Buster's floppy cock. Pulling a small amount of Buster's spent cum into his mouth with the tip of his tongue; he used his teeth to scrape the thick semen from his licker before he went back for another sample. Slowly, Scoundrel lapped at Buster's shaft while his wife looked on with a deepening look of lustful revenge in her eyes.

After several slow lapping licks along Buster's ribbed shaft, Scoundrel was mortified when he spotted his cock begin to swell and jump back to life. Whimpering softly in response to the hardening shaft, Scoundrel knew his task was about to get much more humiliating, especially with his wife sitting next him and watching his every move.

It didn't take long at all for Buster's cock to bounce back to its enormous hard self. Licking it like a big popsicle, Scoundrel thought he was about done when he heard Kayla speak out.

"I can see some white spots under the rim of his crown. I suggest you suck that off him Scoundrel. In fact, I insist that you suck it off!"

With his stomach doing flips now, Scoundrel opened his mouth and lowered it over Buster's enormous crown. Bobbing up and down a couple of times on his cock, he did his best to take-in as much of the

throbbing shaft as he could while his lips locked around it and sucked any last remnants of cum from his tool. Never in a million years did he think he would ever have a cock buried deep in his mouth while his wife looked on with an excited look of revenge in her peering eyes.

“OK boy, that’s enough. You did a good job, but don’t think I forgot about the nipple weights you earned. In fact, while we’re watching Tamara’s insemination, Gretchen will fetch the weights for me.”

Quickly pulling his mouth from the large man’s hard cock, it popped from his mouth with a sound that made Sassy grin.

While Buster made his way back onto his hands and knees, Kayla motioned toward the fence that separated the kennel’s training yard from the stable’s yard and said, “Come boys, and you too Sassy, go to the fence and sit. The filly should be out soon.”

With Buster and Rocky nudging the nervous couple along, Beau, Max, Scoundrel, Sassy, Buster and Rocky soon arrived at the fence. Lined up side-by-side against the fence they slowly lowered their asses to the grass and sat. Sitting rather still now and staring through the fence with great anticipation, Scoundrel and Sassy sat next to one another while Rocky sat next to Scoundrel on one side and Buster cozied up very close to Sassy on the other. Beau and Max were each siting right next to their respective mistress, who stood against the fence while leaning comfortably on the top rail.

It wasn’t long at all before the large front door to the stable opened and out walked Ed and André, who was holding a set of long reins. Pulling firmly on the reins in his tight grasp, Tamara soon emerged from the barn behind André, as he prompted the reluctant filly out of the stable and into the open training yard. Unlike the kennel’s training yard, most of the stable’s yard was made up of a hard surface. This better supported how the stallions, ponies and fillies trained and operated.

Tamara was a stunningly gorgeous, light skinned, black woman. Standing 5’ 8” tall and weighing about 125 lb., the well-endowed beauty had a model’s figure with long wavy dark brown hair, and golden brown skin that glistened with perfection from head to toe. The 25 yr. old had spectacular brown eyes and perfect white teeth that would light up the room when she smiled, although she didn’t smile much since her arrival at the compound. With her large and unusually firm breasts perfectly complimenting her small shapely ass and amazingly sexy legs, she was every man’s wet dream.

She was dressed in nothing more than a pair of black fishnet thigh-high stockings, black ankle-high lace-up boots with 5” heels, and a black leather bridle set that sported a black bit planted deep between her pearly white teeth, which sported large shiny chrome rings at each end where her reins were attached.

Once she was in plain view, they could see that her forearms were cruelly crossed over behind her back and tightly bound together, while her long thick brown hair was carefully contained in a long banana shaped hair clip, which made it look like she had a spectacular flowing mane.

Bound and dressed as she was; the beautiful young woman was a vision of perfection. Straining to walk and stay balanced atop her high-heeled boots while Ed pulled her along toward the fence by her bit gag it was obvious that she was highly stressed.

To make sure the filly knew she had an audience; André slowly led her past the gawking onlookers behind the fence, while Ed stood nearby to assist if he was needed. Strutting along the wooden spilt rail fence, the sight of the human puppies and the dominatrixes only deepened her sense of horrified disbelief with what was about to happen. Nearly panicked with the raw fear of being impregnated by such incredibly large and imposing men while on display as entertainment, she couldn’t help but pray for a miraculous rescue at the last possible moment.

It wasn’t long before she spotted Beau sitting behind the fence and staring at her with wild excited eyes. Beau was her neighbor and good friend before her abduction. She used to flirt with him and hope that he would ask her out. Now she barely recognized the once handsome and proud man who now sat naked in the grass at Kayla’s feet, wearing a thick black collar and leash, with his legs folded and strapped tight and his hands bound in covers. But Beau certainly recognized her! Essentially naked and tightly bound, her exposed flawless body was a remarkable sight to see. His eyes lit up as she walked by, and when their eyes met, he could see the terrified look of hopelessness in her frantic eyes.

No one watching could take their eyes off her astounding figure and firm breasts as her bound and bridled body strutted by. After walking the mildly protesting filly past the gallery of witnesses ready to watch her humiliating fate, André circled her back around to face the menacing device that was specially designed to hold a filly tight for her natural insemination.

Tamara knew exactly what it was for, and so did everyone else. Seeing the medieval device set-up and ready for use made her blood run cold, as she began to struggle even more against the bridle and reins. Even though she knew she couldn’t escape her fate, she still couldn’t help but resist.

The device was a black leather-covered, 10-inch x 10-inch, beam that was positioned horizontally and

placed about 30 inches above the ground. At each end, the covered beam was attached to posts that were set deep in the ground, making it completely immobile, except for the adjustments that allowed it to be raised or lowered to suit the victim scheduled to be mounted. Secured to the face of the beam at the center were two 4-inch wide oak boards with similar adjustments that ran down to the ground in an upside down V shape. These boards were also securely attached to the ground, and had several buckling straps hanging loose from the sides. It was obvious that these boards and straps were design to keep someone's legs open wide and held straight.

On the other side of the main beam opposite the V shaped leg boards, there were two 3-inch x 3-inch posts buried in the ground. Positioned about 18 inches away from the main beam, these posts were set about 12 inches apart, 6 inches on each side of centerline. And lining the inside surfaces of these posts were numerous metal clasps, spaced evenly on each side at 4-inch intervals.

The device's main beam was positioned perpendicular to the fence line, and was only 10' away from the gawking onlookers. Having circled Tamara back around so that she was now being led directly to the main beam in front of her audience, her heart was racing wildly. Slowly stepping closer to the terrifying bondage apparatus, she began to shake her head in objection as she fought futilely against the bridle bit that was pulling her forward. Moaning and pleading into the bit gag, she was begging incoherently for mercy, but André would have none of that.

Smiling, André forcefully pulled the filly toward the unit with no regard for her increasing resistance. Terrified by the sight of the unit, she began to twist and turn as she desperately tried to prevent herself from being led forward and mounted to the evil thing. Knowing exactly what was in store for her once she was mounted; her heart felt like it was about explode in her chest.

Watching Tamara struggle was quite the show for the mesmerized folks along the fence. All the pups had rock hard cocks throbbing against their stomachs as their eyes were affixed to the beautiful golden brown filly. All but Scoundrel and Sassy had witnessed this exciting scene before with other fillies, so they knew what was in store for this feisty female.

Unable to stop the inevitable, Tamara's hips were finally pressing against the front edge of the main beam. Holding her reins tight in his hands, André circled around to the other side of the beam and tied them to one of the 3-inch posts, effectively holding her in-place as he then returned to the other side of the beam.

Standing behind her now, he spoke out in a sexy Swedish accent, "Spread your legs filly!"

Protesting and moaning as her head flailed back and forth in objection, she kept her legs closed tight.

The stable master then reached down and tried to push her knees apart, "I said spread em filly, and I'm not kidding around here!"

While still trying to pull her legs open to match up with the oak boards, it soon became clear that she wasn't having anything to do with that. Realizing he was going to have to motivate her to spread her legs, André circled back around the beam to face her. Then, with a wicked look in his eyes, he reached out and began to tease her plump nipples.

André was very familiar with the filly's highly sensitive nipples, and he knew just how to make her cooperate. Her highly responsive dark brown nubs sat atop a set of large light brown aureoles that capped off her magnificent tits just perfectly, but they were also her greatest vulnerability.

Trapped with her arms crossed behind her back and bound tight, it was only a matter of seconds before her nipples stiffened and her aureoles erupted with tiny goose bumps. Shaking her head in objection to André's touch, experience told her she was helpless against his methods. She knew exactly what her trainer was up to, and she knew it virtually ensured her surrender.

With her highly susceptible nipples now in full bloom, he reached into his pocket and pulled out a set of clover nipple clamps, which he held up for Tamara to see.

"I asked nice, and I asked twice, now we'll see how you enjoy these."

Reaching out with his left hand, he pulled at her right nipple and placed the clamp around her sensitive nub before he allowed it to close very tight on her nipple.

Exhaling sharply with a grunt as the first clamp grabbed a hold, she suddenly felt her other nipple suffer the same fate almost immediately. The sudden pain in her nipples made her knees buckle as she fell forward against the bondage beam.

"Shall we add some weights now? I'll give you 5 seconds to spread your legs!"

Groaning and shaking her head in objection, she knew she lost the battle. Inhaling deeply, she regained

her balance and slowly walked her legs apart atop her tall heels.

André smiled and responded, “That’s better filly,” as he hopped back over the beam.

Back behind her now, André guided her legs into position along the stiff oak boards and quickly started buckling the straps around each one. One strap at a time, her spectacularly sexy legs were immobilized and held open wide. With four straps tightly holding each leg, Tamara knew she was doomed.

Staring down at the tight clamps hanging from her nipples, she now regretted her earlier attempt to defy her trainer’s directions. Still adjusting to how wide her legs were spread open as the sensuous touch of the afternoon’s warm air passed over her smoothly shaved and exposed pussy, the next sound she heard nearly paralyzed her.

Secured to the device by her legs and held steady by the reins attached to her bridle set, her head jerked upward when she heard the distinctive clopping sound of a stallion’s hoofed boots. From her current position facing directly toward the main door to the imposing stables, she spotted two very large males approaching.

Each of the men stood 6’ 7” or higher as their impressive muscular bodies glistened in the sunshine. Wearing nothing but leather harnesses, bridle sets, and their special hoofed boots, their arms appeared to be locked behind them as their powerful chests puffed outward against the grip of their harnesses leather straps and rings. Appearing tightly contained but still terrifying, their manly nubs pressed through the metal rings that surrounded them, while their enormous 14-inch cocks swung freely from between their legs.

Each stallion had the right side of his head shaved bald in order to create his flowing mane, with no other visible body hair including between their impressive legs. One stallion had a long curly white-blonde mane and sported a nice light golden tan that accentuated his bright blue eyes. The other tall muscular man had darker skin and a long dark mane that matched his brown eyes nicely. With muscular legs like sturdy tree trunks, they had bodies that dwarfed Tamara.

Tamara was frozen in-place as her wide frantic eyes locked onto their freakishly large manhoods. Still unable to respond physically, her mind was doing backflips with panic. She knew exactly where at least one of those pussy wreckers was going end up before it was all said and done.

Sensing the opportunity to catch the lovely filly off guard, André quickly un-wrapped her reins from the post and quickly pulled her head down between the two 3-inch posts. By the time she figured out what was happening, André had her bent over at a 90 degree angle and her bit gag rings connected to a set of the clasps along the insides of the posts.

Forcibly bent over the large beam with her legs wide-open and held straight, and her arms folded behind her back and bound tight while her bit gag was securely fastened to the posts, she was ready to be taken!

Straining against the bit gag to look up at the large stallions, she could see their cocks beginning to standout straight from their crotches. Clearly excited by what they saw waiting for them, the men picked up the pace as they became more excited and anxious.

“Hunter, Ebony, front and center boys!” exclaimed Ed.

Hearing Ed’s command, the two men quickly approached Tamara and stopped about 3 feet from her frantically darting eyes. Shifting back and forth on their special boots, the stallions waited anxiously for Ed to continue.

“I wonder which lucky stallion will get to breed with this extraordinary filly!”

Tamara was familiar with both stallions. Living in the same stables with them gave her plenty of opportunities to witness Hunter’s ice-blue eyes flash with raw lust.

Gently groaning and sobbing, Tamara knew her time had come. The only question now; how would either one of the mammoth cocks fit inside her?

Pulling her head back by the mane of hair flowing out from the large banana clip, André asked, “Which shall it be filly, Hunter or Ebony?”

Moaning even louder as she shook her with denial, she couldn’t believe the question. Was he actually going to make her choose a mate, as if she wanted her fertile womb to be impaled by one of the enormous cocks!

I know it’s a tough decision girl, but if you don’t choose one, you get both, one in the baby box and one up the chute.” Laughing, he continued, “And I’m not thinking the chute option will be a very pleasant experience with these giants, so you’d better pick one.”

Pulling her head back a bit more, he said, “So shall it be Hunter, or Ebony?”

With her eyes darting back and forth between the thick veined shafts standing out at full attention now, she just couldn’t believe he was really going to make her choose her mate for this humiliating act.

“Here’s how we’ll do it cutie, when I call out a name, you’ll either nod your head yes, or shake it no.”

“Hunter!”

In all out denial, she shook her head no.

“OK then, Ebony!”

Still in denial, she again shook her head no.

Chucking, André responded, “OK, I’ll give you this one do over. But if you don’t select the one you’d like to mate with, you will get both! And if you don’t think we’d all enjoy watching you get both, just try me!”

Pulling her back again, “So how about Ebony?”

Nearly hyperventilating, she shook her head no.

“Well then, I guess you want Hunter?”

Shaking and shivering, she let out a long pathetic groan as she gently nodded her head yes.

“So you’ve selected Hunter! A fine choice my dear, not only have you selected a fine stallion, but you’ve chosen to bare a true thoroughbred.”

Spotting Ed taking Hunter by his bit ring and pulling him around behind her, she began to panic. Pulling and jerking wildly at her bonds now, she groaned and squealed as the large stallion disappeared from sight behind her.

Still grasping her by her hair, André whispered to her, “Shhhh, my fine filly. Settle down and relax yourself. You need to prepare yourself for this gift.”

After several seconds of struggling, she realized her struggles were for not. She was mounted to the device very securely and there was no escaping it. Slowly beginning to surrender to her fate, she knew what she had to do in order to accept the huge bulbous beast inside her.

Breathing frantically on the beam, Ebony was still standing directly in front of her. She could still see his enormous cock throbbing and bobbing while she waited to feel Hunter’s fat crown press against her entrance. For some reason, she was unable to tear her eyes away from the example of what was about to impale her, when something very unexpected suddenly startled her. Without warning, she felt a cool slimy finger slip through her slit and across her swelling clit.

“We’re not without compassion my dear. Allowing Hunter to impale your entrance without some preparation would be cruel. This AY jelly will help him fit inside you rather nicely,” said Ed.

As if one of her prayers had been answered, she knew the slippery lubricant might just make her ordeal bearable. And with the jelly coating her vaginal lips, she suddenly felt the stallion’s huge crown searching for her womanly entrance from behind. Cleary having some trouble with his aim, she could tell he was left to find his way without the use of his hands. And when she felt his fat cockhead press against her forbidden crinkle hole, she squealed with panic before he quickly pulled it back.

But regardless of that miscue, Hunter was zeroing in on his target. After a few more poking attempts, his bulbous crown finally found its mark. Parting her lips slightly, she felt his tapered crown slip through her lips and press against her clenched entrance.

With an exhaling grunt of surrender, she knew he had found his target. Unable to stop his weapon from advancing into her slippery entrance, she felt his cock begin to stretch her womanhood open. As frantic as she was, and no matter how tightly she squeezed herself shut, she was absolutely helpless to stop the probe from entering her perfectly lubricated man hole.

She could hear the hard hoofed souls of his boots shuffling about on the hard surface as his cock slowly spread her pussy wider and wider. She’d never felt anything like it before as the cock continued to fill her womanhood. With nearly half his cock buried deep inside her now, she was mortified to feel her swollen clit make contact and send an instant chill of sexual excitement up her spine. Stunned and in disbelief, there was no way she could be enjoying this humiliating indignity, yet she couldn’t deny the sensations erupting inside her pleasure box. Feeling her own natural juices beginning to aid the advancing invader, the whimpering filly felt Hunter begin to pump his shaft in and out.

With each thrust forward, he pressed a little deeper as she moaned a little louder. Filling her box, his cock still had 4 inches to go, and he would not be denied full penetration. Slowly stretching her womanhood deeper, he kept drilling into her defenseless canal until he finally buried all 14 inches inside her.

Then, like a powerful ram, the large veined cock began slamming into her womanhood with incredible force. In and out, poking deeper and deeper into the stretched pussy, the man's bulbous crown reached depths she never thought possible. Pressing impossibly deep into her canal, the pressure at the back of her cervix was extraordinary. Dazed and overwhelmed by the mammoth cock inside her, Tamara's body quaked and quivered with a confusing mix of torment and sexual pleasure.

Kept celibate for weeks prior to breeding, it didn't take long for the stallion's seed stick to reach its boiling point and begin its delivery. With his bloated balls knotting up and his throbbing cock getting ready to violently expel its thick seed cream, he suddenly grunted loudly.

That's when Tamara suddenly felt the change in his rhythm and a strange pulsation in his cock. Her pussy was so tightly wrapped around the huge 14-inch monster that she was sure she could feel the powerful man's heartbeat inside her womanhood. Next, she suddenly felt the first horrific bullet being fired from his cannon. Then, like a throbbing shotgun, she felt his cock unload another salvo of hot semen into her helpless sex. Warming her insides like a heater, there was no mistaking the stallion's powerful eruption.

Frantically aware that the stallion's erupting sperm now filled her egg-rich womb, she screamed and jerked against the device that held her so vulnerably exposed. And with her own body starting to quiver and shake in an orgasmic response to the invader that filled her pleasure box, she simply couldn't believe her body's building response. Beside herself with consternation, her trembling body was nearing at an unadulterated climax.

Unable to stop his ribbed pulsating shaft from stoking her hard swollen clit, she could feel her body getting ready to explode with sexual pleasure. Overwhelmingly humiliated and mortified, her body's betrayal couldn't be contained. With her eyes still affixed to Ebony's enormous throbbing cock as it bobbed up and down from his incredible body, she still couldn't believe what her eyes were confirming. It seemed incomprehensible that she just took the most enormous cock she'd ever seen into her womanhood and accepted its hot thick spoils inside her.

When André knew she was at the point of no return, he reached down and quickly released the clamps that were crushing her sensitive pleasure nubs. Not expecting André's sudden move, her body suddenly succumbed to the cock in her pussy with a level of ferocity and intensity like she'd never felt before. Helpless to stop her spasming body from erupting into an orgasm that made her body contort violently, an agonizing scream of surrendered pleasure echoed from around her bit gag.

Her entire body seemed to detonate like a large firework as her clit danced across his thick shaft while her blood surged back into her tormented nipples. With every muscle in her body straining against her bonds and the invader buried deep between her legs, her lungs were paralyzed. Unable to inhale, her body trembled and shook as the orgasm reverberated deep inside her body finally peaked.

It took the stallion less than a minute to empty his load inside his target. Seeing the large man's muscular body begin to relax as his pace slowed, André knew it was time to conclude the mating. Once a male reached climax and expelled his bounty, his job was done. Grabbing a hold of his harness with two hands from behind, André pulled back hard on the stallion's leather straps, thus abruptly dislodging his cock from Tamara's stretched pussy as Hunter grunted and groaned with the sense of unfinished business.

For those looking on in astonishment from behind the fence, not only was it an amazing sight to see as the stallion drilled the helpless filly with his powerful pole, but it was equally amazing to see his thick shaft being extricated from its tight sheath. Suddenly popping loose from the pleasure hole, the throbbing beast had one more final shot of cum to expel. Bobbing freely now, his withering cock managed to cast out one final dose of his white sticky semen into midair. Staring at the stallion's cum coated shaft as it dripped to the ground, the excited onlookers could only imagine how full the filly's womb must have been.

For Tamara, the sudden exit of the stallion's extraordinary cock caught her by surprise. Having just gotten used to the intense sensations inside her, the sudden emptiness caused her to exhale so sharply and violently that she had a difficult time drawing in another breath. Gasping and shaking, she suddenly yearned for the punishing pole. Her body was still in its final throes of ecstasy when the shaft was abruptly jerked from her womanhood without warning. Not only had she been humiliated beyond words while being impregnated as a breeding slave, but now she was robbed of the sexual relief that a complete orgasm would have given her.

Pleased with his stallion's work, André gathered Ebony and Hunter, and pointed toward the stables as he gave his next command, "Back inside boys, Master Ed will take you back at your stations!"

Obeying their Master's command to the letter, the large men slowly walked away, heading directly toward the stable's door alongside Ed as their hoofed boots clopped to the hard surface with each step. And while

Ebony walked away with a deep sense of disappointment as his enormous throbbing shaft led the way, he knew there would more fillies to be had, he just had to be patient!

Whimpering and moaning rather loudly, Tamara's tense and heavily breathing body slowly unwound and relented as she fell motionless on the awful bondage device. Stunned and horrified by the traumatic reality of her enslavement, Tamara's jumbled mind was just barely able to ascertain and comprehend Kayla's voice as she congratulated André on the apparent success of his assignment, and for how good of a show it was.

Chuckling and smiling, Kayla said, "Very nice work Master André. We should know in a few days if the filly is carrying, although I doubt very much that the stallion's potent seed will fail to find its mark.

"André, would you mind if Beau and Max came in and kissed the filly's nipples? Beau has a bit of a personal connection to this one."

"Thank you for the kind words Mistress Kayla, and by all means, please send Beau and Max in. I'm sure the filly will appreciate the attention."

Motioning to Zimra, she opened the nearby gate in the fence and directed Beau and Max into the stable's training yard. "Inside boys, go give the filly some loving kisses!" said Zimra.

Crawling along quickly on their hands and knees, the pups wasted no time nuzzling up to Tamara's impressive dangling breasts. Firm yet swinging freely from her chest, the pup's noses and tongues had her globes bobbling about. Using their long wet tongues, the pups quickly began to lap at her large erect nipples. Still red from the cruel biting clamps, the pups gently licked at her responsive nubs as she began to moan and twist about once again.

Beau had dreamed of a moment like this with Tamara ever since he met her, albeit not under these circumstances. From his position under her hanging tits, he was even more impressed with the sight of her silky smooth brown skin and the perfection of her incredible body. He could also smell the strong scent of the stallion's creamy bounty as it dripped from her gaping slit. Occasionally glancing down to the ground beneath her widely spread legs, Beau could see the thin streams of cum as they slowly approached the ground to create what was already a 3-inch diameter puddle.

With Beau and Max eagerly lapping at her sensitive nipples, Tamara was beginning to respond accordingly. With her eyes closed tight with embarrassment, the sexual excitement and tension in her body was returning. Electing not to watch her friend as he stimulated one of her pleasure centers with his unnaturally soft and large tongue, she could only endure the humility of her body's response to the pups' attentions.

Still behind the fence, Rocky and Buster were beginning to fidget and whine as they watched Beau and Max having all the fun. Wanting desperately to get in there themselves, they looked to Kayla with their large sad puppy dog eyes and begged.

Smiling, Kayla blurted out, "Go ahead boys, go clean up her slit so she doesn't make such a mess going back to the stables. And boys, do not bother Beau and Max!"

Leaping forward, the anxious guard dogs were inside the yard and lapping at Tamara's drooling cunt within seconds.

Instantly, Tamara's eyes sprung open when Rocky and Buster began licking her sensitive pussy. She could feel their tongues twisting together as they competed for the prized juices escaping her slit. She'd never felt anything like it before, two large panting tongues working simultaneously at her feminine opening and clit. Today was a day of many mindboggling firsts for the helpless filly.

"André and Gretchen," Kayla called out, "give the boys a few more minutes with the filly and then return them to their training and duties, once you've put the filly away."

"Yes Ma'am," they replied in near unison.

"And Gretchen, don't forget Scoundrel's nipple weights. He doesn't get to escape his punishment tonight."

"Yes Ma'am, I have them right here."

Squatting down near Scoundrel, Gretchen ordered him closer. "Here boy, come here."

Pointing to the ground directly in front of herself, she continued, "Let's go pup. Sit up tall and accept your punishment."

Reluctantly, Scoundrel slowly moved close and then sat up tall as he watched Gretchen carefully attach

the cruel lead weights to his nipple bars. Whimpering slightly as she released them, his body slumped forward some under the pull of the lead dangling from his newly pierced man nubs.

Clearly satisfied with Gretchen's work, Kayla continued, "Paula, would you mind taking Scoundrel and Sassy back to the kennel. By the look of Scoundrel's drooping ball bags, I believe he's quite ready to be milked of his semen. And Paula, use the machine on him, and be sure Sassy gets to watch. Watching him get milked for the first time while the weights pull at his nipples should be entertaining for sure."

Nodding her head and smiling, she replied, "Yes Ma'am, it will be my pleasure."

Turning to Gretchen, Kayla continued, "Very good. Zimra and I will retire to the mansion for a bite to eat, and then we'll be out to check on our boys and their training. Perhaps they'll be ready to show us some of their new tricks. The big show is very near, and I want our boys ready to impress the crowd!"

"Yes Ma'am," Gretchen replied. "I can assure you that you'll be pleased with the boys' new skills. And if I may be so bold, I'm confident they will bring both you and Mistress Zimra a ribbon or two this year!"

Smiling ear to ear Kayla responded, "That's why I've assembled the best staff in the business. I settle for nothing but the best and I love to win!"

Turning back toward the mansion's large porch, Kayla and Zimra slowly strode away.

By this time, poor Tamara was completely re-energized and twisting about wildly on the breeding beam. Still mounted tightly and hopelessly exposed, the four male pups were driving her wild with pleasure. In a strange and unthinkable kind of way, she found herself realizing that her experience on the bondage frame was possibly the most intensely pleasurable encounter she'd ever had with a man. She'd never had all her pleasure points stimulated at the same time like that. Her brain couldn't process it all without shorting out, thus disabling her ability to understand the depravity of her situation. Her mind and brain was so controlled by her body's need to climax, that subconsciously she couldn't get enough of the pup's attentions as her brain begged for more and more.

Seeing that the exhausted filly was coming off her third climatic peak while at the mercy of the four tongues, André barked out a set of orders. "Boys, that's enough, stop."

Hearing André's command, Beau and Max immediately stopped their affections, but Rocky and Buster were a little less compliant.

"ROCKY, BUSTER, I said quit boys!"

Hearing the serious tone in André's voice, they backed away from Tamara's backside and sat at attention on the hard ground.

Pointing toward the gate, André continued, "Beau, Max, go see Mistress Gretchen. Rocky, Buster, back to the kennel yard!"

Beau and Max wasted little time following his orders. Arriving at Gretchen's side, they immediately began to kiss the back of her hand just as they were expected to, while Buster and Rocky lowered their heads in disappointment and more slowly shuffled back over to the kennel's yard.

Glancing back over the fence, they could see André releasing the filly from her mount. Once she was free of the bondage device, he had to help her gain her balance. With her arms still folded and bound behind her back, Tamara struggled to walk in her heels as André carefully assisted her toward the stable's front door. Traumatized by the events she just endured; her wobbly legs and ankles were barely able to carry her back to her stall.

Overwhelmed and bewildered by the intense sexual pleasure that climaxed through her helpless young body multiple times while at the mercy of the beam, the stallion, and the pups, her jumbled thoughts were inexplicably craving more. While she struggled to comprehend what just happened and to accept her fate as a breeding filly, her heart began to race with excitement at the thought of another encounter.

Still weak in the knees, she definitely needed André's help to get back. And when she felt Hunter's warm cum begin to run down the inside of her thigh, her thoughts quickly turned to a vivid vision of the large male's swimming sperm frantically working to fertilize her defenseless ripe eggs. She could almost feel the union of their reproductive fluids taking place deep inside her womb.

Still helping the filly along, André reached over and began to gently rub her lower stomach as he snickered, "I can't wait to see your bulging belly carrying your first off spring. And I can't even imagine how spectacular those fine tits are going to become when they swell with your motherly milk. Mmmmmm, I'm looking forward to getting a taste for myself!"

Groaning deeply, Tamara's legs nearly gave out at the thought of her pregnant body being on display and

exposed to the stable trainers for their entertainment. And while starting to envision the trainers enjoying a daily snack at the tips of her large bloated breasts, she could only begin to image what was in-store for her over the next nine months as she disappeared into the waiting stables.

Epilogue

That stimulating breeding scene concludes part two in the ‘Puppy Boys’ series. If you enjoyed this story as much as I hope you did, I know you’ll be watching for additional installments in this creative and exciting series, due out soon!

When Vanessa London and I collaborated to write the first installment in this series, we hoped to bring a different twist to the fetish of puppy play, and I sincerely hope we succeeded!

I’d like to thank Vanessa publicly for the opportunity she provided me in co-writing the first two eBooks. Together, I believe we laid the groundwork for many more exciting installments in this unique genre of work. With that said, I’m excited to announce that Vanessa will be authoring and publishing future ‘Puppy Boys’ eBooks solely under her name.

This will allow her to publish future installments on a more timely schedule, while I focus my attention on finishing my Talistaun series before I start a new series of intense B&D eBooks that I’m sure W.L. Dowd fans will enjoy immensely.

I sincerely hope you’re looking forward to her upcoming work as much as I am. I know she has an incredible imagination that will continue to introduce us all too many more exciting and intense scenes of puppy play, domination, training and much more at Mistress Kayla’s compound. I for one look forward to the upcoming Puppy and Pony show, as well as learning more about Tamara and Molly’s breeding adventures. And without revealing too much, I know Vanessa has some tantalizing plans for a couple more new arrivals to Mistress Kayla’s compound!

The End

Again, we sincerely hope you enjoyed this story, and will take a moment to rate this book, and write a review if you’re so inclined. Please know that your reviews and feedback help guide and mold future installments. Both Vanessa London and W.L. Dowd also welcome your direct feedback. We can be reached at vanessalondon69@yahoo.com and wldowd@email.com respectively.

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