CAUGHT

PUPPY BOYS IN TRAINING BOOK 3

Vanessa London

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Preface: Welcome to Kayla's Ranch

Vanessa London presents another exciting story in the series Puppy Boys in Training. Kayla's remote compound resonates with activity and excitement as final preparations are made for the upcoming Dog and Pony Show. 'Caught: Puppy Boys in Training 3' picks up several months after the action packed breeding of Tamara. Having been bound to a breeding frame, humiliated and mounted by a large pony stud, the pony filly is further frightened by the thought she might be pregnant.

Work continues at Mistress Kayla's special training facility. Invitations to the show are sent out to an elite

group of wealthy clients. Many of these powerful people own their own personal 'pets', some of which are housed year around at the compound. Other owners bring their pets to compete in the show. Clients often come to enjoy a surprising variety of services provided by the large selection of available pups and ponies in training.

Mistress Kayla's unique hormone physically modified specific parts of a pet's body to enable each pup or pony to properly serve their master or mistress. A puppy boy's longer thicker tongue gave his owner hours of delightful pleasure. His cock was enhanced, sometimes gaining 3 to 4 inches in length and 1 inch in girth. Each thrust of his rampant member drove his lady to wondrous heights of rapture. Their vocal chords were altered to limit the sounds each pet was able to use to communicate. Thick, creamy semen was produced in large amounts within in the enhanced testicles of each male pup or pony. The precious fluid in each pup's ripened plums was milked every 48 hours and used to make a special cream that painlessly removed body hair.

Athletic young women arrived at this isolated valley in a Nevada mountain range to begin their lives as puppy girls or pony fillies. Although greatly outnumbered by male pets, female pups and mares were essential in the daily operations of this special training facility. The presence of these attractive, sexually aroused females in the kennels and stables kept the male pup’s or pony’s lust at a constant simmering boil. Each female’s body was altered in ways to increase their ability to provide extreme pleasure to any owner, trainer, guest, or pet when required.

Under the influence of Mistress Kayla's unique hormone, female pets were enhanced in an unusual way. Their clits grew larger and thicker with constant arousal and special procedures used by trainers at the compound. Breasts increased in size, nipples becoming ultra-sensitive. Their labia lips puffed up and deepened in color. With Kayla's specially engineered chemical added to the ranch pet's food in low daily doses, the young female pup's and ponies hummed with arousal at all times. The puppy girls and fillies craved release of any kind.

Master Carter and his family put Scoundrel and Sassy through their paces, exploring each and every delightful part of the two new pups. Beau and Max have finished their show training and are ready to bring home a blue ribbon for their mistresses. Puppies and ponies provide stimulating displays of bondage and other sensual visions to entertain Mistress Kayla and her guests utilizing the well-equipped mansion play room. A top-notch security team maintains the privacy of the ranch's residents and wealthy clients. Unexpected intruders bring excitement to the compound, giving the human and 'pet' security staff a chance to show off. The addition of surprise 'volunteers' provide Kayla's hand-picked elite training staff another opportunity to mold two arrogant males into exotic obedient pets.

Chapter 1: A Refreshing Picnic

Sitting on a blanket at her favorite picnic spot, Kayla watched her frisky puppy boy romp with his buddy Max. Leaning back against a tree, she tucked her long blonde hair behind her ears and stretched out her long sexy legs. Wearing a tight purple leather skirt that barely reached halfway down her smooth thighs and a white cotton tank top, she sighed contentedly. Kayla loved the feel of sun warmed leather caressing her soft skin. Gently rubbing her braless breasts, Kayla pinched the hard pebbled nipples poking so enticingly through the thin cotton shirt.

She imagined having her personal pup Beau between her spread legs using his enhanced tongue to lick her folds and thrust deeply in and out of her womanhood. Exchanging glances with the lovely dark-haired mistress sitting on her own blanket several feet away, Kayla winked.

"It won't be long before I have to stop wearing my favorite leather skirt. Zimra. My rounded tummy is beginning to show."

"With Beau as the stud puppy boy, your babes will be beautiful." the dark-haired woman replied.

Her closest friend and companion Zimra was always fun to be around, helping Kayla devise new and wicked 'exercises' for Beau and Max to perform. Admiring the short black leather skirt and matching leather bustier Zimra had chosen for today's outing, she smiled. The blonde mistress chuckled, noting the fully stocked equipment belt her companion wore. It was entertaining to observe Zimra using a variety of clamps, crops, paddles and light whips on her pet puppy boy Max. The hot look of lust in the red-coated pup's eyes when his owner teased him with a paddle or crop clearly showed how well matched mistress

and puppy boy were.

Adding Beau and Max to her kennels had worked out perfectly. Kayla had thoroughly enjoyed training the brown-haired puppy boy to be her personal pet. Beau was a natural submissive, his sweet nature and loving personality allowing him to blossom under the firm hands of the trainers as well. At this stage of his training, Beau obeyed any master or mistress that Kayla wished him to serve with ease. His show training had been completed and he was ready for the upcoming competition.

Even the slight rough spot in Beau's relationship with Max had smoothed out. Max's frustration over not being Mistress Kayla's personal pet had vanished quickly after Mistress Zimra had arrived. Zimra had been attracted to the red-coated pup instantly. Selecting Max from the many high quality puppy boys at her friend's ranch had been her first choice. All tension had disappeared between the two puppy boys now that he had a beautiful dark haired mistress of his own to serve and pleasure. It had not taken long for a deep bond to form between her companion and the fretful red-furred pup. Kayla felt that giving Max to Zimra as a birthday gift had been one of her best ideas for a birthday present ever.

Repositioning the soft cushion behind her, Kayla turned to her friend and laughed. Puppy pets provided ample entertainment for their owners. Tight elbow length arm sheaths with authentic looking paw pads restricted the use of their hands. Specially designed sets of leather straps called leg-ups bound a pup's lower legs securely to their athletic muscular thighs for several hours at a time if their owner wished. When their legs were not bound, the pups crawled on all four legs, only standing on two feet if a handler or owner commanded.

Anal plugs with a variety of dog tails attached completed the basic requirement for daily puppy wear. Tail plugs were different sizes and shapes, held in the male or female puppy's rectum without the aid of external straps. No matter what else the chosen tail of the moment did a pup was clearly reminded that it was only a pet now. A mistress often added different types of bells, vibrating jewelry, clamps, chains, leather straps and cock rings to their pet's daily ensemble. These physically fit young men and women closely resembled the animals they were trained to be.

“What a great day for a picnic, Kayla. Spring is my favorite time of year,” Zimra spoke as she watched the two puppy boys play. “Don't you love watching their impressive shafts and large ripe balls swinging around while their doggy tails wag with happiness?”

The attractive blonde mistress looked over at Max who had one knotted end of a three foot long rope held tightly in his mouth. Beau held the other end of the rope gripped firmly in his mouth trying to pull his red-furred buddy off his paws, Kayla frowned.

“I do believe Max will win this round of tug-of-war,” Kayla commented with a sly grin. “Beau may require some extra motivation to perform better in the next game.”

After Max pulled the 3 foot rope hard enough to drag the brown-haired puppy boy off his paws, she called her pet over. “Come Beau.”

Beau moved slowly over to his owner. Stopping by her side, he assumed the proper sitting position. His legs were spread widely to clearly expose his magnificent penis and enlarged ball sack. The puppy boy's front 'paws' were placed on the ground by his outer thighs. Kayla petted the downcast pup's shoulder several times. Holding his chin in her hand, she looked into his warm brown eyes and grinned wickedly. She had already planned on adorning his super-sensitive nipples and this was the perfect time to do it.

Reaching into a pouch hanging from her equipment belt, Kayla pulled out a set of medium size gold bells connected to 2 inch chains ending in clamps with sharp rubber covered teeth. Tugging firmly on the 1 inch diameter golden ring permanently attached to his bone bars, she admired her pet's athletic muscled chest. Many years of training in gymnastics had enabled him to adapt quickly to the physically demanding lifestyle of a puppy boy.

She rubbed his right nipple between two of her fingers until it tightened up, pointing proudly from his smooth chest. Opening the clamp, she placed it over her pup's firm nipple and let it close. Working quickly, she attached a second clamp to his other male nub. Seeing his body twitch as the pain in his tormented nips flared, she reached between his spread legs to stroke his shaft. Kayla chuckled as his semi-erect member grew to its full 12+ inches.

“Now, go play another round of tug-of-war with Max. I expect you to win this one Beau!”

She watched her agile pup pick up a rope with knots on each end and trot over to his buddy. Sunlight sparkled off the shiny 24 carat gold bone bars in his recently pierced nipples. Beau sat on the ground next to where Max was waiting. The red-coated pup lay with his head resting on his front paws. After the pain of his newly clamped male nubs faded to a dull throb, Beau dropped the rope and licked Max's shoulder. Waiting on all four paws, he woofed playfully.

Max stood up and grabbed one end of the rope. Long brown tail wagging, Beau followed the other puppy

boy to a clear spot in the meadow. Seeing the two pups engage in one of their favorite games, Kayla settled down on her blanket to enjoy the performance. The tinkling sound of nipple bells bouncing off the flexing chest muscles on her delightful pup brought a smile to her face.

"Max enjoyed distracting Beau while he got his nipples pierced last week, Zimra" Kayla grinned.

Heat spread through her as she remembered seeing Beau's luscious body strapped tightly to an exam table. He had lain on his back, his wagging tail buried deeply in his rectum, the anal plug pressed firmly against his prostate gland. With his calves bound to his thighs by a set of supple leather straps and fake doggy paw pads on his knees, her puppy boy's back legs had been spread wide, secured to the table by straps and cleats. His front legs, encased in a set of arm bands ending with matching paw pads, had been strapped to the table to hold him securely to the cool metal surface. A small pillow under his back had pushed his smooth hairless chest up, pressing his lower body into the bottom end of the table.

Chest arched upward to give the vet clear access to his ripe and waiting nipples, Beau's blood filled shaft jutted out from his groin, waggling over his large dangling balls. She could still hear the whimpers and moans of her personal pet as Dr. Schmidt pierced each of the pup's male nubs, inserting special solid gold bone bars. Conflicting expressions of pleasure and pain had flashed across Beau's face as Max had eagerly groomed his throbbing penis and hard aching plums, teasing drop after drop of pre-cum out of his tortured cock.

“My frisky pup will have to work harder to win this time, Kayla. Beau will put more effort into the game just to get those clamps off his newly pierced nipples. “

It didn't take long for Beau to pull Max off his feet. Carrying the rope in his mouth as if it were a prize then dropping it at her feet, he trotted proudly over to his grinning mistress, bells jingling merrily as he moved. Sitting with his legs spread and paws on the ground by his thighs, Beau waited beside his beloved owner.

Kayla reached out to tug on the bells dangling from his clamped nipples. Feeling his muscles twitch as fresh pain flared from his male nubs, she opened first one then the other clamp and removed the bells. Beau whimpered as blood rushed back into his nipples. She enjoyed hearing the jingling sound of her pup's clamped nips and was looking forward to putting them back on him again soon.

“Max, come,” Zimra called out to her pup. “Lick Beau's nipples with your wonderful tongue, it will make him feel better.”

“Turn around to face Mistress Zimra, Beau,” Kayla commanded. “You want Max to tend your sore nipples, don't you? Remember how well he did kissing your engorged fuck-rod and swollen ball bag while the vet put in your bone bars and rings.”

Yipping, Beau turned to face the dark haired mistress. A low level throb of discomfort in his nipples brought back memories of the recent visit to the vet. He had wondered why Mistress Kayla had waited so long to give him his bone bars. All of the male, and some of the female, pets on the ranch were adorned with some kind of nipple jewelry. Wearing awful clamps that pinched his tender nipples to please his mistress had become a regular part of his daily puppy routine before the new golden bone bars and rings had been put in. Adding a dull throb to the bolts of pain from the sharp rubber covered teeth of the clamps had sent his ever present arousal skyrocketing.

Beau knew his nipples would heal from the painful process of having his bone bars put in, having seen early on in his training how Max had quickly adjusted to having 'jewelry' added to his male nubs their first day at the compound. After only a week, his tender nipples sent tingles of warm pleasure pulsing though his body with each teasing movement of the weighted pendants or shiny bells hanging from the gold ring attached to his bone bar.

Max moved quickly, sitting between the spread legs of his buddy. Extending his long thick tongue, he began to gently lap Beau's sore nubs, being careful not to tug too hard on the bone bars and rings that so beautifully adorned the brown-coated pup's smooth muscled chest. Working one then the other, he eagerly licked and suckled each nipple. Max gazed into the eyes of his male companion, finding a look of relief and comfort.

It still amazed him sometimes how much he enjoyed this close intimate aspect of his friendship with his buddy. Beau often eased the soreness in his aching body after one of Mistress Zimra's more intense bondage games. The red coated puppy boy had discovered he got aroused quickly when she added a bit of pain to the great pleasure he felt just serving her. Being a puppy boy was fun and exciting.

Hearing a snort, followed by the stamping of hoofed boots, Kayla glanced over to the pony carts nearby. As they drew near, she could see clear drops of pre-cum that sparkled on the bulbous crowns of each male pony's huge shaft. A remarkable part of daily transportation around the compound and its extensive outer acreage involved the use of large muscled stallions pulling carts or wagons. Even the grounds were maintained by small groups of pony stallions pulling individual 48 inch mowers.

A team of belled, harnessed males trotted by, pulling a full cart. Shipments were delivered by helicopter twice a month, increasing to once a week for special events or preparation to inclement weather. Each cart had boxes of supplies needed for the everyday running of this specialized training facility. Carts were filled by handlers at the external loading dock and emptied at the main compound by assigned staff members there. Well-trained teams of pony stallions eagerly hauled supplies without the direct guidance of drivers. After a full year of intense training, pony studs followed their handler's instructions perfectly, not requiring constant oversight or direction.

Laughing out loud, Kayla turned to her friend and winked. “Shipment day brings out the best in my pony boys, wouldn't you agree?”

Zimra smiled, glancing toward the cart path. Blue highlights shimmered in her silky black hair as she turned her head. It still fascinated her how obedient the harnessed males were.

“Oh, yes, watching their horse tails swing and asses wiggle as they trot by is an inspiring vision.”

“Pony boys look forward to our twice a month deliveries,” Kayla replied as she pointed to a team of large powerful male ponies moving at a brisk trot.

She picked up a water bottle and took a long drink. Loud jingling sounds caught her attention a few minutes later. A pair of muscular pony stallions moved out of a wooded area close by, running with their knees high. They followed one of the many cart paths that connected the different areas of the ranch. Large gold bells clamped firmly to the turgid nipples of each pony bounced wildly, occasionally hitting thick black rings inserted through their pierced male nubs.

Surprisingly, the majority of the 'ponies' in the stables had come here on a volunteer basis to live out their deep inner need for pony play. The presence of a small number of attractive pony girls kept the male's lust simmering on a low boil. Of course the fantasy didn't work out exactly as they had imagined. Each male pony got to have his aching testicles relieved on a regular basis, but only when a trainer or master allowed it. Pleasure for owners or handlers was the only thing pups or ponies were well-trained to focus on.

Calling out a crisp clear command to “Whoa, Present”, Kayla grinned wickedly. Two powerful pony stallions immediately stopped where they were. Spotting Mistress Kayla reclining under a shade tree, they made their way quickly towards her with their rampant cocks leading the way. Knees high, each firm step of their special hoofed boots made the males large ripened balls slap their muscular thighs. Coming to a halt 3 feet in front of the mistresses, the sweating pony studs spread their legs wide and stood with their back straight. Staying as still as possible, the bound males waited, eyes looking forward and heads high.

“After a long hard day hauling supplies, male ponies enjoy getting their aching plums drained,” Zimra added with a grin. “Isn't that right boys?”

Trembling, the pony boys shook with intense need. Trotting while pulling a cart for extended periods of time ramped up the continuous arousal they endured 18 or more hours every day. The large tapered butt plug their long flowing horse tails were mounted on constantly rubbed each pony's prostate, keeping their enhanced shaft semi-erect. Unlike the puppy boys who got their balls milked every 48 hours, male ponies sometimes waited two weeks or more before being given any relief for their overfilled testicles.

Every pony stud in the stable dreamed of being chosen to pull carts on supply day. The work was hard and demanding, but the reward for being the best team was worth all the discomfort. Each team made 20 or more trips to and from the external loading dock. At the end of work on supply day, each pony was given a thorough grooming, a full body massage and a welcome feeding. If a pony team completed more trips than any other team or carried an especially heavy load, the lucky males were allowed to mount a filly bound to the stable breeding frame.

The unfortunate teams who did not come in first had their aching balls drained at a pony milking station. Being tightly bound to a wooden frame as a machine drained a male pony's full ball sack was not his first choice, but any relief was appreciated. Like the puppy milking machine, the stable milking station used a sleeve with a tube that was inserted fully into the pony boy's cock through the opening at its crown. Slow entry and withdrawal of the collecting tube caused great discomfort to the super-sensitive shafts of each frustrated pony boy.

Male ponies might go three weeks or more without relief if they had been chosen for specific stud duty. Extra special pony behavior in the stables and around the ranch was rewarded by allowing these bound males to mount fillies that were not in heat. Pony stallions worked hard to please their handlers, desperately hoping for a chance to pound their throbbing engorged fuck-rods into the wet dripping folds of one of the stables enticing pony girls. Fillies were often harnessed with male ponies to carts or exercise wheels to further inflame the lust of the semi-aroused studs.

Other times trainers would manually empty the ripened balls of a pony boy that was well-behaved as a treat. The feel of a trainer's hand stroking up and down its hard cock brought shivers of delight to an excited pony stud. Tingles of warmth would spread throughout the male's body with each stroke as Mistress Kayla's special puppy boy lotion was worked into the soft skin of its shaft.

Their thick white semen was also collected to be used as the main ingredient of a lotion that kept the leather tack used in the stables soft and pliable. Pony studs worked hard around the ranch compound to provide transportation and maintain the extensive grounds. The bound harnessed males were put through extensive show training by the handlers and trainers employed by Kayla.

She always had a selection of ponies housed at her specialized facility that were owned by some of her clients. These wealthy owners paid high fees to have Kayla's top-notch employees train their personal ponies to perform the intricate and exacting skills needed to compete in the annual Dog and Pony Show.

Finished with her visual inspection of the team, Kayla said, “Go ponies. Back to work. You'll have to trot double-time to have a chance at first place.”

Kayla chuckled as the frantic team of pony stallions turned the cart around and took off at a fast trot. Their large ribbed shafts bounced about before them. They reached the cart path, moving quickly towards the main compound. Pulling the hem of her short leather skirt up her long sexy legs, she bunched the material above her slightly rounded tummy. At only four months along in her pregnancy, she barely showed, but her nipples and breasts were very sensitive. Even her morning sickness had not lasted very long.

Kayla ran her fingertips along the skin of her womanly folds. She kept her body silky soft and hairless from the nose down with regular applications of the special hair removal lotion made using enhanced semen produced in large amounts by the puppy boys housed in the kennels. Looking towards the playful puppy boys, she decided it was time to have her personal pleasure pup attend her.

“Come Beau!”

The excited puppy boy rolled to his paws, licking Max on the shoulder to show how much he had been enjoying the tummy tickles from the red-coated pup's talented tongue. Beau pranced over to his mistress and sat by her blanket. Stealing a glance at her exposed treasure box and smooth thighs, his eyes lit up with anticipation. His super-sensitive sniffer picked up the enticing scent of Mistress Kayla's thick creamy juices. Panting quietly, tongue hanging out of his mouth, he waited for his owner's next command. Hearing Mistress Zimra whistle for her pup, Beau aarffed at the sound of bells. Max's play tail bounced with each step of his bound limbs as he trotted over to sit on his owner's blanket.

“Aren't our pups precious, Zimra?” she spoke as she pulled the brass bells from her pocket again. “Just for being such a sweet pup, you get to wear your nipple jewelry again. You know how much I love hearing a puppy boy's bells jingling.”

Laughing at the momentary look of agitation on her pup's expressive face, she placed first one than the other clip on his tender male nubs. She made sure the teeth of each alligator clip were firmly attached to the hard pointed part of Beau's nipples that extended out above his shiny gold bone bars. Twisting the matching rings connected to the bone bars, she grinned at her pup's gasping breath and sudden yelp. Pulling each brass bell to make sure they were secure, Kayla stroked his turgid member. Having his decorations on always made her pup's shaft extra hard. Reaching down, she gently rubbed his over-filled balls. He was very much in need of relief. Tonight her puppy boy was going to give her fiery orgasms and a fantastic ride to earn the reward of release from her.

“Oh my, yes. A well-trained puppy boy is a treasure to own. Their long talented tongues and hard shafts bring many hours of pleasure. I'm so glad you gave Max to me for my birthday,” Zimra chuckled.

Max’s excited woof of agreement made Kayla smile. Her friend Zimra had specific preferences in male companionship similar to her own. The attractive dark haired woman enjoyed being the dominant partner, having a deep desire for more physical pain based play between mistress and puppy boy.

Spreading her legs wide, Kayla slowly pulled her short skirt further up to clearly expose her sleek muscled thighs. Like all the other guests, staff members and pets, she worked out in the fully equipped gyms available on the ranch. She loved watching the puppy boys exercising on an elliptical trainer machine, leg muscles moving and bunching, arms pumping up and back with each movement of their body. The sight of a female puppy or a female staff member working out at the same time drove the male pup’s lust to an almost unbearable level.

Their leashes connected to rings on the fitness machine, the puppy boy’s hard erect cocks bobbed and swayed between their straining legs, large dangling balls swinging and slapping their sweaty thighs. Unlike the ponies who maintain their massive muscles every day pulling carts and mowers or working out on the exercise wheel, the pleasure pups and guard dogs required scheduled visits to the gym three days a week to keep their bodies in prime physical condition.

Pointing to her glistening labia lips, the blonde mistress called softly to her adoring puppy boy.

“Beau, use that wonderful tongue of yours. Start with my ankles and work your way up to my cunt. Wait until I give you permission to lap up my juices.”

The brown-haired pup's tail began to wag excitedly. Hearing the sound of tinkling bells, he looked over to Mistress Zimra's blanket. Noticing suddenly that his buddy's leg-ups perfectly matched the short leather skirt the dark-haired mistress wore, he wondered how soon his own mistress would have a special set of leg-ups designed for him that matched her favorite purple leather skirts. It had become a game the two mistresses played, coming up with new and interesting body adornments or other kinds of specially designed puppy wear for him and Max.

Beau watched as Max began licking his mistress's ankles adoringly, his tail-filled ass wiggling with great delight. The bells connected to his buddy's play tail shifted with each energetic movement of the red-coated puppy boy's agile body.

Moving in between the luscious legs of his owner, Beau lay down on his belly. Tail wagging excitedly, he moved his face close to rub his nose and cheek against the small mound of his owner’s abdomen. Howling with joy and pride, he raised his sparkling eyes to show his lovely mistress how happy he was knowing his seed had planted the new life growing in her body. Seeing the look of love and fondness in her bright blue eyes, he began to run his long tongue up her right ankle. Blades of soft grass tickled his tummy and sensitive package as he moved to attend her left ankle.

Kayla sighed in contentment. Her pup's tongue eagerly lapped the underside of one of her knees, then moved over to lick her other knee. Leaning back to relax and enjoy the loving attention of her puppy boy, she surrendered to the warm feelings flooding her body. Beau's tongue moved up to lap her lower thighs, she pulled the top edge of her tank top down to expose her large firm breasts. Moaning softly, she pulled and tugged the nipple capping her right breast, then switched to her left nipple. Waves of pleasure flowed from her hard pointed nipples to her dripping cunt. Feeling her pup's wet tongue reach the tops of her thighs, Kayla opened her eyes slowly.

“Aarrff, aarrff, woof?”

“Yes puppy, you can lick my pussy now,” she spoke quietly as she caressed her pup's smooth shoulder and ran her fingers through the soft brown fur on her pet's head.

Kayla smiled at the look of happiness shining out of Beau's eyes. He began to lap up the thick juices coating her labia lips. Warm tingles spread throughout her body with each lap of her adoring pup's tongue.

“Your tongue feels so… good, pup,” she moaned.

Beau raised his ass high to get better access to his mistress's slit. Nudging his beloved mistress's hard clit with his nose, he gathered up more of the flavorful juices. Working his long tongue in and out of her dripping pussy, the excited pup whimpered softly. His long brown tail wagged back and forth wildly, causing the plug buried deeply in his ass to rub his swollen prostate gland. He thrust his enhanced licker tool enthusiastically into this mistress's quivering cunt. The bells dangling from his smooth muscled chest pulled and tugged his tightly clamped male nubs. Beau whimpered as fresh waves of pain burst from his nipples, crashing into his erect member.

“You give me the best pleasure Beau,” Kayla moaned loudly. “That's it boy. Deeper, puppy!”

Beau continued to thrust his long tongue deeper. Hearing a strangled moan from his mistress, he pulled his tongue out. Wrapping his flexible tongue around her hard throbbing clit, he began tugging on the engorged pleasure nub. The puppy boy pulled her clit into his mouth as best he could, sucking the engorged pleasure nub hard.

“Yes, yes... Oh... My...!” Kayla moaned, her body shaking as waves of heated pleasure ripped through her.

Hands clutching her blanket tightly, she rode out the surge of intense pleasure rolling through her body. He continued to ram his long tongue rapidly in and out of her spasming slit, again and again, her body writhing as she rode out the crest of her raging orgasm. Beau slowed the movements of his extraordinary tongue gradually, easing it out of his owner's womanly folds as her ragged breathing began to calm down.

"Ummmmmm... So wonderful, boy..."

Beau sat up, watching her beautiful body relax after an explosive release reminded him that his own relief would be soon. A soft whimper escaped him as memories of previous nights with his adored mistress flooded his mind. Hearing soft moans and jingling bells, he turned to see Mistress Zimra's body arch, her puppy boy working his tongue deeply into her gaping wet slit faster and faster. Holding on tightly to the

fabric of her blanket, she shook as a powerful orgasm rocked her. Squeezing her mouth shut, the dark haired mistress muffled her screaming release. It always mystified Beau how quiet Mistress Zimra could be when she orgasmed.

Beau's whimper registered in Kayla's mind as she caught her breath. Looking down at the trembling puppy boy sitting on his ass between her legs, Kayla smiled. She sat up on the blanket and reached out to tug gently on the bells hanging from his nipples. Seeing his fully engorged shaft bobbing wildly between his legs above his ripe balls, she moved her hand down to stroke his cock several times. Taking a finger, she gathered a few drops of pre-cum from the purple crown of his member. Placing her finger against his lips, she rubbed the clear fluid on his tongue. Beau licked his mistress's finger clean.

Pulling her hand away from her pup's mouth, she reached to the other side of her blanket to pick up a shiny silver dog bowl and a bottle of fresh and cool water. Placing the dog bowl in front of her pup, she opened up the water bottle and poured it into his dog bowl.

“Here's some water for you, boy.” Kayla pointed to the dog bowl. “Make sure you clean the bowl properly. You did such a fine job taking care of your mistress.”

“Shouldn't the boys clean each other up first, Kayla?”

Looking at the sticky faces of the two puppy boys, Kayla laughed. “What a splendid idea. We know how much they love grooming each other, not to mention enjoying the flavorful juices of each other’s mistress.”

“Clean each other up, pups,” Kayla called out to Beau and Max.

Both pup's crawled off the blankets and sat facing each other. Beau began to lick the cream off Max's face and shoulders. Gazing into the eyes of his red-coated buddy, he saw a look of gratitude and friendship. It struck Beau that in his previous life as a man, he would not have even imagined enjoying the unique friendship he shared with Max now. As a puppy boy, he had found an intense sensual relationship with his mistress and a fun friendship with Max.

Beau sat back to enjoy the soothing touch of his buddy's tongue on his own sticky face, when he had cleaned Max up. Closing his eyes while Max licked all the sticky juices from his cheeks and forehead, the brown-haired pup remembered his early training and the confusion he had felt when the trainers had commanded him to lick or suck another male grooming other male pups had become an accepted part of each day.

“That's good, pups,” Zimra called out as she poured water into Max's dog bowl. “Come get your water boys!”

Both mistresses relaxed as their thirsty pups moved over to their dog bowls and lapped up the cool water. The pup's tails wagged briskly as their asses wiggled. Loud slurping sounds filled the air as the pups finished the water and cleaned their bowls as instructed.

“I'm really looking forward to this evening’s session in the main playroom, Zimra.”

The dark haired mistress laughed at the confused looks on the two pup's faces. “Me too Kayla, I bet our puppy boys will be glad to have their balls drained. They both look very ripe.”

Sitting next to Mistress Kayla's blanket, Beau shifted his back legs a bit in an effort to find a more comfortable position. Sharp blades of grass irritated the tightly stretched skin holding his bloated balls. He whimpered softly, looking nervously towards the reclining women. The throbbing of his over-filled ball sack often distracted him when his milking time was near. Unlike most of the puppy boys in the kennel, he and Max were lucky enough to have mistresses who regularly demanded personal service from their adoring pets.

“From the anxious look on Beaus face, I must agree.” Kayla chuckled. “Don't fret boy. You'll get to empty those aching balls into your mistress tonight. There's a surprise for you, too. Master Ed is putting it together this morning and installing it in the playroom. Don't you love it when your mistress gives you gifts?”

Beau's look and whimper of dismay at the thought of another frustrating night in the playroom brought a chuckle to the two women. Of the two pups, Max got sincere enjoyment from the addition of moderate pain and bondage when serving Mistress Zimra. Beau was not as fond of the more intense bondage sessions, but was beginning to find his own enjoyment when Mistress Kayla felt the need for this kind of play.

Glancing from the glittering diamond studded collar around Beau's neck to the matching gems in his leather cock and ball binder straps, she turned to face the woman on the blanket next to hers.

“Wouldn't this be the perfect time to give Max his surprise?”

Zimra looked up from her trembling puppy boy's smooth muscular tummy and erect cock. Reaching out with one hand, she stroked his sensitive member several times before rubbing each of his swollen balls. The fullness of his plums tormented him, making his body twitch. Bringing his mistress to a rousing orgasm made his 12 inch cock increase even more in size and his ball sack throbbed in need of relief.

As his mistress tugged sharply on the tight clamps attached to his male nubs, Max yelped. The bone bars inserted through his tender nipples were constant reminders of his status as a puppy boy. He had come to enjoy many aspects of the sometimes painful discomfort as well as the intense pleasure Mistress Zimra had introduced him to. Having never experienced bondage or pain play before coming to the ranch, he was still surprised sometimes when his body reacted so strongly to a new toy or sexual game his owner thought of.

“That's a good boy Max. You love your nipple jewelry, don't you pup!”

Max whimpered as a fresh waves of pain shot from his tortured nipples to his pulsating shaft each time his mistress pulled on the heavy brass balls dangling from his clamped nubs. Howling loudly, the red-coated pup's body shook. Waves of intense pleasure mingled with the pain from his clamped nipples. Beads of clear pre-cum dripped from the purple crown of his throbbing member.

“I have a delightful present for you Max. Did you notice Beau's pretty package with its new binding straps?”

Quietly woofing and nodding in agreement, Max angled his head and panted quietly. He had seen the tight jewel encrusted straps wrapped around his buddy's cock and balls while they played. The straps looked uncomfortable to him and he had wondered what it would feel like to have his own package securely bound and sack tightly stretched around his balls like Beau's was. He had worn different kinds of cock rings and single strap devices before during playtime with his exciting mistress, but never anything exactly like this one.

“Come stand on my blanket in show position with your head facing Mistress Kayla. I'm going to put your cock and ball binders on now.”

Max eagerly moved to the indicated spot, standing on all fours with his head up and eyes forward. Spreading his back legs wide, he stood with his dangling equipment completely exposed.

“Beau, your buddy needs some assistance while his mistress puts on his new binders. Go over and gently tug on his nipple balls. That should distract him while Zimra puts his binders on.”

Whining anxiously, Max trembled as he heard Mistress Kayla order Beau to further torment him as Mistress Zimra placed the frightening straps around his package. Mistresses were very good at coming up with ways to keep a puppy boy from slipping into complacency. This was not the first time Beau had used his tongue to distract him from an unpleasant experience. Max remembered the feel of his buddy's warm tongue on his package when the Dr. Schmidt had pierced his male nubs and put the bone bars in. His lust always rose to intense levels when some pain was mixed with the great pleasure he felt tending to his imaginative owner. The initial discomfort he felt as his mistress bound or clamped his highly sensitive body still made him tremble.

Zimra grinned as Beau began to tug on the special balls dangling from Max's chest. Moving from one nipple to the other, the brown-haired puppy boy used his long tongue to work each nipple. Reaching down to her blanket, the dark haired mistress picked up a set of thin binding straps. The straps had buckles to help secure them to the pup's shaft and were embedded with emeralds for decoration. Wrapping the larger strap of supple leather around the base of Max's swollen cock, she secured the buckle tightly.

Making sure his blood engorged penis was pulsating nicely, Zimra wrapped the remaining straps around the base between his bloated balls, buckling it tight to separate them. Pulling down on his dangling plums, she smiled with satisfaction. Her pup's package had been nicely transformed into a purple headed pole dripping pre-cum onto a pair of firm swollen balls, as well as the grass he knelt on. Patting Max's head gently, she sat back down to get a better view of her puppy boy's groin.

“That's enough Beau...,” Kayla commanded. “Max needs to calm down now.”

Beau looked sadly at his buddy. He remembered the pain he had felt when Mistress Kayla put his cock and ball binders on that morning. It seemed to him that Mistress Zimra had made Max's binders a bit tighter than his were. Beau did not understand the need for giving or accepting extra pain beyond discomfort. It always puzzled him when he witnessed Mistress Zimra and Max playing their more extreme games. Shaking his head in confusion, he had to admit that Max's cock got extremely hard and his orgasms more intense when his owner played her games.

“Max...Roll over. Lay on the bottom edge of my blanket. I want to get a closer look at your new binding

straps.”

Zimra watched as Max lay down carefully on his back on the blanket. Tears sparkled on his cheeks as he opened his knees wide, his spread legs resting on the blanket. His front paws lay on the ground with his elbows pointing away from his torso. In this position, his chest, belly and groin were fully exposed, his cock rising angrily above his large swollen balls in his now tightly stretched sack. Moving closer to her pup, Zimra gently rubbed and petted his trembling body. Using her fingertip, she gathered some of the clear fluid dripping down his jutting shaft. Holding out her finger, she called Beau over to her.

“Come Beau, clean my finger and give me a kiss,” the dark haired mistress called out. “When my finger is clean, I want you to groom Max's cock and balls. Be gentle, he's still getting used to his new binders.”

The brown haired pup moved over to Mistress Zimra., nipple bells jingling merrily. Licking her finger clean first, he then kissed her hand as instructed. Crawling between Max's legs, Beau gently lapped the huge organ jutting from his buddy's groin. Starting at the base, he worked his way up to the bulbous crown. Stopping every once in a while to allow the tormented pup time to calm down a bit, Beau savored each drop of flavorful pre-cum that leaked from Max's member.

“Beau come,” Mistress Kayla called out when Zimra showed she was pleased with the grooming job performed by her pet. Pointing to a spot on her blanket, she continued “Roll over.”

Kayla watched as her pup placed himself on her blanket and lay on his back with his paws lying on the ground. Tugging on the bells clamped tightly to his nipples with one hand, she twisted the bright golden rings connected to his unique bone bars. She used her manicured finger tips to explore every ticklish spot on his chest and belly she had discovered so far. Beaus erect shaft bounced off his lower belly as his body twitched and jerked. Kayla released her puppy boy's tormented nipples, running her hand softly over his tautly muscled tummy. Wrapping her hand around his ribbed shaft, she looked up to her friend.

“Zimra, I think our pups have earned a little reward, don't you?”

“They have been very well behaved today, how about we let them play with the ponies for a bit?”

“And you say I have a wicked mind!” Kayla chuckled.

“The ponies love it when we let the pup's play with them,” Zimra grinned.

“Beau, go groom Tamara and Hunter, make sure you give equal time to each pony. Hunter is NOT allowed to cum, but you can bring the mare to a full orgasm. Make sure you lap up the juices from her cunt.”

Zimra called out similar commands to Max and sent him over to the ponies harnessed to her cart. Ebony was the lead pony on this trip, hitched on the driver's right side with a new pony boy named Blaze on the left. Ebony shook his long shiny black mane, neighing softly as he fidgeted in his harness. The new pony boy flicked his red curly mane in fear, sweat gleaming off the bald half of his bridled head. This was his first time being harnessed to a cart and he wasn't sure what was expected of him. His limited experience in the stables had not included young men with bound limbs and tail plugs inserted in their anus doing anything to his helpless body. His fantasy of being a pony boy was nothing like the reality of living in Kayla's stables.

Beau walked over to the ponies hitched to his owner's cart. Sitting for a moment to enjoy the enticing vision of Tamara's bound body, his tongue slipped out of his mouth in anticipation. Her moist pink pleasure passage gaped open between the tight lower straps of her leather harness. The pinkness of her open pussy contrasted nicely with the tawny darkness of her skin. Poking out of the top of her pussy, the filly's hard clit gleamed with moisture.

Two inch lengths of chain with alligator clips on one end and small hooks on the other held her labia lips open. Each labia lip had two chains attached, one near the top close to the filly's clit and one several inches lower. Hooks on the end of each chain were connected to small rings in the lower straps of her harness. With these chains in place, Tamara's womanly folds were stretched open wide, giving the male pup full access to her beautiful wet pussy.

Beau moved closer to the mare, burying his nose in her moist pussy. The presence of a pony stallion with a huge erect cock and large dangling balls in harness with her always made the skittish filly become fretful and agitated. Taking a deep sniff of her fragrant slit, the puppy boy began to energetically lap her puffy labia lips. Using his long flexible tongue, he licked her glistening pussy from the bottom of her stretched slit to the hard clit poking out above the top. Her clit had grown in size and sensitivity. Adding small doses of Mistress Kayla's special hormone to her meals each day physically enhanced the pony girl's luscious body, enabling her to easily comply with the demands of her owner or handlers.

Shifting position between sitting on his rear legs only to standing on all four paws, Beau thrust his long tongue deeply into her dripping pussy, he gathered her thick cream on his tongue, swallowing gleefully. He relished any chance he got to taste Tamara's flavorful juices. In his old life, he had been attracted to

the beautiful dark skinned young woman. Now he totally adored his mistress, but still enjoyed serving other mistresses or tending to fillies and puppy girls on command. Any time his beloved mistress ordered him to groom or kiss the dark filly's luscious body he complied eagerly, tail wagging and nipple bells jingling. Every taste of Tamara's sweet juices sent the artificial hormone driven arousal constantly humming throughout his body into overdrive.

Recognizing her transformed friend as the puppy Tamara's breasts heaved violently as she jerked in the harness. Neighing frantically, the struggling filly's tummy muscles jerked with each lick of the puppy boy's long wet tongue. Juices ran from her quivering quim, over her puffy pink labia lips, and down her twitching thighs. Her head swung from side to side, making her bridle clang loudly. The pony girl's frenzied body movements reminded Beau that she was close to cumming. Pulling his tongue away from her quaking body, he sat for a moment to watch the filly's body tremble on the edge of release. Beau's hard throbbing shaft grew longer and harder, adding another half inch to the purple-headed beast extending from his groin.

“Will you look at that Kayla?” Zimra spoke suddenly. “It seems to me your pup's cock has increased in length since the initial dosage of your special supplement brought him up to 12 inches.”

“Indeed it has,” the blonde mistress replied with a grin. “The vet informed me my precious pup's cock now officially measures 12 and a half inches with a possibility of 13 inches if I wish.”

Zimra chuckled, “One of the most unusual attributes of the magical hormone you and your research team developed is that daily doses can be adjusted to create specific physical changes in a pet to cater the requirements of individual owners.”

As the two women chatted about the many uses of Mistress Kayla's special supplement, Beau turned his attention to the engorged shaft of the large powerful pony stallion hitched to the cart with the filly. The puppy boy kept his body clear as the pony stomped his hoofed boots in frustration. After a few minutes, the frantic pony stud calmed down enough to catch his breath. Beau crawled closer to Hunter, easing between the harnessed pony stallion's spread legs.

Raising his upper body, the puppy boy worked his talented tongue over and around the bound male's huge straining organ and large balls. He lapped up the pre-cum dripping from the bulbous crown of the pony's engorged 14 inch cock. Heavy horse shoe pendants hanging from the black rings piercing the pony's large brown nipples moved rapidly to match his heaving chest. Whinnies of frustration escaped the pony stud, a bridle and bit stretching his mouth open cruelly.

“That's enough Beau. Hunter isn't allowed to cum. Finish up the filly and save some of her sweet nectar. Hunter loves to have her juices smeared on his lips and mouth.”

Before he went back to the filly and her inviting cunt, Beau turned to watch Max lick Blaze's rampant cock and firm balls. The new pony boy's eyes glazed over with fear and arousal under Max's oral assault. Suddenly, the agonized pony boy's pulsating shaft erupted.

Thick gobs of white creamy cum quickly covered Max's face and chest. Blaze twisted wildly in the harness, his tortured balls bouncing against his thighs with his thick cock pumping out thick semen. Max lapped at the jerking cock as it spurted load after load of cum. After a few minutes, the pony boy stilled, his spent member hanging limply. The trembling pony looked frantically towards Mistress Kayla as if to say it wasn't his fault.

“YOU KNOW BETTER THAN TO SHOOT YOUR LOAD WITHOUT PERMISSION,” Kayla reprimanded. “Master Andre has a special punishment for pony boys who waste their precious seed.”

Beau took advantage of the moment to lick up any of Blaze's tasty cum he could find that had splattered on the ground. Then, standing on all fours wagging his tail-filled ass, Beau returned to lapping Tamara's dripping slit. Wrapping his tongue around her pleasure nub, he tugged hard. Sucking hard, he pulled and milked her throbbing red clit.

Tamara shook violently as her body exploded with an intense orgasm. Beau avidly lapped up the flowing juices from her spasming pussy. Her bountiful breasts bounced and flopped as she rode out the powerful release. The rings in her hard pierced nipples swung about wildly. Pulling his sticky face and juice covered tongue away from the trembling filly, Beau yipped and wagged his tail, hoping to delight his mistress.

Kayla strolled over to her puppy boy. Petting his head fur and stroking his huge ribbed shaft, she fondled his dangling balls. Lightly swatting his ass cheeks, her eyes sparkled with joy. Having a well-trained puppy boy to cater to her every need was a delight.

“What a perfect pup you are, Beau,” the blonde haired mistress whispered in his ear. “I have a special reward for you. Sit up boy.”

Reaching down to his smooth muscled chest, she released the clamps from his tortured nipples one at a time. Beau yelped as blood began to flow back into his sensitive pleasure nubs, the sharp pains settling into a dull throb. Kayla grinned, noting that her pet's hard male nubs had begun to stretch and grow longer under the ranch trainers special nipple exercises.

Small weighted bells and balls on 1 or 2 inch chains attached to a male pup's nips provided entertainment for their owners, as well as increasing the sensitivity and length of the pet's nipples. Female puppies and ponies underwent a similar procedure by their trainers with the focus being put on their clits instead of their nipples. A female pet's nipples were often pierced in such a way that the bitch or filly would still be able to nurse any offspring they bore as the result of being put to stud by their owners.

Moving over to the drooping filly, Kayla inserted two fingers deep into her gaping slit. Pulling out several large globs of thick creamy fluid, she placed her juice covered digits on the mouth of the frantic pony stallion next to Tamara. Rubbing the cream over his cruelly stretched lips and past the bit wedged firmly in his mouth, she smiled as his eyes glazed over in frustration and arousal. She reached down to his dripping cock, gathered several large drops of pre-cum and added that to the fluid on his lips and tongue.

“Your milking is not for a few days yet, stud,” she laughed. “Let’s see if you can control yourself until then. I'll even ask Master Andre to help you. Won't that be fun, Hunter?”

The pony stallion's eyes filled with panic. He had been “helped” by Master Andre before. The master of the stables knew many fiendish ways to keep male ponies at the edge of arousal without allowing release. Closing his eyes in defeat, Hunter sagged in the harness. He knew he would have to endure Master Andre's help and not cum until he was officially permitted to. If Master Andre's help was hard to handle, the stable master's punishment for early release was ten times worse.

“Why don't we let Beau and Max clean each other up again while the ponies recover?”

Kayla nodded in agreement as she sat back down on her blanket. Taking a deep drink from her water bottle, she watched as Max licked Beau's face and shoulders clean. As Beau began to lap the sticky face of his buddy, Kayla looked at the frustrated ponies hitched to her friend's cart. The new trainee was skittish, but that was not uncommon when a young man was being transformed into an obedient pony boy. He had great potential for being a powerful pony stud based on the amount and quality of the semen Max had teased out of his turgid shaft. The lesson of control was always hardest on new pony boys.

Having noted the unusually excited expression on her friend's face when Blaze pumped his load of semen all over Max and the grass of the meadow, Kayla looked over at her companion thoughtfully.

“What do you think of my newest pony boy Zimra?”

“He is quite eye catching with his long, thick red mane flying about his bridled head.” the dark haired-woman replied quietly. “Imagine how fantastic he would look with a fully developed 14+ inch cock rearing out over his huge, dangling ripe balls.”

Leaving her friend to her pleasant fantasy, Kayla turned her attention back to her pet and the human ponies hitched to her cart.

“Well aren't you excited, Tamara,” Kayla called out to the still flushed filly. “Hunter did a great job breeding you two months ago girl. You're going to have twins!”

Seeing a look of defeat in the pony girl's eyes, Kayla grinned. “Let's not forget how much fun you had yesterday being mounted by Ebony in the stable yard. He worked very hard in his race training to earn your cunt as a reward.”

Tamara’s eyes flashed with distress, tear drops glistening on her flushed cheeks. Her daily routine as a pony mare revolved around handlers controlling every part of her traitorous body. Each handler’s command or comment added more humiliation to her already stressful training. Mistress Kayla’s special drug kept her sexually enhanced body humming with arousal. She craved relief in any form, usually being allowed to orgasm only as entertainment for handlers or guests.

“Don't look so upset, girl,” Zimra added. “Fillies love being bound to a breeding frame and pounded by a pony stud with his long, thick cock. The sound of a stallions huge balls slapping against your cunt was wonderfully entertaining for us to hear.”

Both mistresses laughed, sensing a flush of arousal and humiliation spreading down Tamara's quaking body. Looking over at Hunter, Kayla noted a pleasing look of excitement mixed with frustration in his eyes.

“That's right, Hunter. Pony stallions always want to be chosen for stud duty. One of the best parts of the show is when the handler usually pulls out their pulsating pony penis so it sprays the last few spurts of semen into the air and on the ground.”

Chuckling at the dawning look of anger in his flashing eyes, she settled herself back down on her blanket.

“Beau, come... lay by me,” Kayla commanded her puppy boy.

As she waited for Beau to arrange himself comfortably, her cell phone chimed. She picked up the phone and punched several numbers. Putting it to her ear, she listened intently, nodding her head in understanding.

“Thanks for bringing this matter to my attention, Shane. Take a security team out to the camp site. Have Sage go out with Rocky and Buster to patrol the immediate area around the compound. Andre and Paula can do a complete inspection of the stable and kennels. Ed will check the rest of the inner compound.”

“It looks like we are going to have some unexpected visitors around here. We'll head back to the mansion to monitor the incoming reports.”

Seeing the inquiring look in Zimra's eyes, Kayla grinned.

“You won't believe our luck. One of the helicopter pilots spotted what looked like a two man camp site set up in a remote section of the ranch. There wasn't anyone at the camp when the copter flew over as far as he could tell so he reported the intrusion to the head of security. Shane called me as soon as the pilot told him.”

“Let’s head back right now, Kayla. I don't want to miss a second of the excitement.”

Kayla picked up Beau's gem studded leash, attaching it to the matching collar around his neck. Getting to her feet, she led her pet over to the back end of the cart pulled by Hunter and Tamara.

"Sit Beau!"

Pulling out a retractable ramp from the underside of the cart, she got a firm grip on her puppy boy's leash. Tugging twice on his collar, she stepped to the right side of the cart. Many of the puppy commands he had learned in his training sessions had not involved speech. A variety of hand motions, tugs on his collar, light taps with a riding crop and even whistles were used to give puppy boys directions. The utilization of these unspoken signals added a tantalizing visual element to each pup's performance. Instant eager responses were expected and received.

Beau woofed quietly, then crawled carefully up the ramp. Stopping when he reached the back of the cart's single seat, he sat down to wait for his owners command. He watched intently as Mistress Kayla clipped the end of his leash to an eye hook extending up from the floor of the cart.

"Lie down and relax, pup. We're going back to the mansion now. You've been a very well behaved puppy boy today."

Rubbing the soft skin of his shoulder and head fur, she looked at her pet's face. Kayla smiled with contentment, seeing the glow of love and adoration shining out of his expressive eyes. All the puppies and ponies at the ranch eagerly followed her commands, but Beau was special. Their owner / puppy relationship was based on a real affection for each other. She was glad the father of her children had turned out to be such a sweet wonderful puppy boy. It was going to be interesting to see the relationship that developed between her children and the pet puppy boy who fathered them.

The ponies shifted into a more comfortable position as the pups were loaded onto the two wheeled carts. Each single axle cart had a lightweight metal body with large wheels. A thin layer of rubber on the outer edge of the wheels gave the cart better traction. Kayla stowed the blanket and picnic basket under her seat before climbing up onto the seat and picked up the reins. Flicking the pony stallion's right ass cheek with a leather lunge whip, Kayla pulled lightly on the reins. Both ponies arched their chests forward, keeping their knees high as they strained to get the cart moving smoothly. Looking back, the blonde mistress made sure Zimra was following behind her.

The carts picked up speed, ponies prancing in unison. Horse tails swinging, ass cheeks flexing, the trembling pony team surged forward. Hunter's huge erect shaft led the way, his large full ball sack swaying with each step of his muscled legs. Tamara's enticing breasts bounced and jiggled as she matched her steps to the engorged pony stud in harness with her. Trotting at a brisk pace, the two pony teams moved along the path back to the compound. Kayla pulled her cart up to the front entrance of the mansion, followed closely by Zimra. She climbed down from the driver’s seat, giving the reins to a handler waiting nearby. Zimra walked up to rub Beau's muscled tummy.

"Regina, take the carts to the stables to be unloaded. Tamara will need a thorough grooming. The mare

put on quite a show for us today."

Hearing Beau woof loudly as if agreeing, the tall slender handler shook her head. Regina swatted the brown-haired pup's ass playfully. Beau's tail moved back and forth excitedly.

"Wag that tail, boy," Regina said with a knowing grin. "Your mistress enjoys watching your talented tongue tease the pony boys and fillies, doesn't she?"

Kayla smiled. "Tell Andre that Blaze was very naughty today. Our new pony boy spewed his cum all over poor Max's face and chest without permission."

Blaze neighed loudly in protest, shaking and jerking in the harness. He was finding that being a pony boy was more frightening than he had ever imagined. Feeling Regina's soft hands caressing his sweaty chest was enough to settle him. He had tried hard to keep from cumming. Master Andre ran the stables with a firm hand, punishing any pony that failed to perform exactly as commanded. Maybe the pretty young woman leading him to the stables would select him to serve her some time. He had seen ponies being selected by handlers for play time and wondered what happened during these private sessions.

"That reminds me," Kayla added, glancing over at the agitated pony stallion hitched with the exhausted filly. "Hunter will need some of Master Andre's special help to hold off cumming for the next few days."

Laughing at the frantic look in the pony stallion's eyes, the blonde mistress stroked Hunter's enormous erection. Starting at the bottom, she wrapped her hand firmly around his thick shaft, moving her soft hand up to the dripping purple crown. Working his cock for several minutes, she gathered three fingertips worth of clear pre-cum from the trembling bound male. Kayla placed her hand close to Beau's mouth. The puppy boy eagerly licked her fingers clean, swallowing the tasty fluid with joy.

"Maybe Master Andre will let Beau and Max assist him in 'helping' you keep control of your magnificent organ," Zimra added with malicious glee.

Hunter shook his head no, long white blond mane flying around him. His ice-blue eyes flashed fearfully at the memory of the last time the stable master had helped him keep from cumming too soon. Master Andre had many inventive, sometimes painful ways, to ensure a male pony did not release his precious fluid before his trainers allowed.

"I'll take care of everything, Ma'am," Regina replied as she picked up the reins to both carts. "Do you want me to bring Beau and Max back to the mansion after they do their business and get a quick grooming?"

"That sounds wonderful. Zimra and I will be in the viewing area of the main playroom watching Carter and Benjamin play with Scoundrel and Sassy. Bring our sweet puppy boys by when they are ready. Remove their cock bindings and nipple clamps before their grooming. I sent a package and specific instructions of what else you need to properly prepare our sweet pups for tonight. Give them a well-deserved massage for being such obedient puppy boys this morning."

Chapter 2: More Humiliation

Kayla smiled as she looked through the large two-way mirror into the main playroom in the mansion. Master Carter and his oldest son Benjamin were enjoying the hormone altered bodies of the newest pups at the ranch. Sitting c omfortably in padded chairs, the two mistresses chatted quietly. This small room behind the mirror provided a comfortable private area to observe the action taking place in the playroom. Speakers in the corners of the viewing room could be turned on if needed. Being able to hear what was going on as well as see it, added an extra touch to the show.

“Our newest puppy boy never thought the consequences of his theft would be so bad,” the blonde haired mistress spoke softly to her friend.

Zimra chuckled as she watched Scoundrel's mouth move up and down Master Carter's hard straining cock. The older man sat naked on a narrow padded bench, his hands holding onto the back corners of his seat. Occasionally, the master would reach out and pet the puppy boy's head fur and tell it that is was a good boy. A dark coated puppy boy bound in arm bands and leg-ups knelt on four paws between the older master's spread legs. Three inch chains were clamped onto the bone bars piercing the puppy boy's tender nipples. At the end of each chain was a medium sized brass bell. Each movement of the pup's body made

the weighted bells bounce and tinkle.

With the speakers turned off, the women gazed at the puppy boy's miserable expression. Frustration, lust and fear showed on his face, shadowed by occasional glimpses of pleasure. His swollen member and large dangling balls bounced between his wide spread back legs. Easing his mouth off his master's penis, the male pup looked over his right shoulder for a moment, then turned back to face forward again with a sigh of despair. The sight of the younger master thrusting wildly into the wet gaping cunt of his wife Sassy saddened him. Seeing her on paws and knees, legs wide apart to give access to another man, brought tears to his eyes. Licking the lightly furred ball bag in front of him gently, the pup lowered his eyes.

“Carter's bench is placed perfectly for Scoundrel to get a full side view of the puppy girl's ass and bouncing breasts,” Zimra replied.

Nodding her head in agreement, Kayla winked at her friend and turned on the speakers. A loud jangling sound filled the room. She smiled wickedly, watching the wild movements of the bells dangling from the boy pup's tortured nubs.

“Oh yes, young Ben knows how to use that 9 inch cock of his. Poor Scoundrel can't believe how excited he is seeing a muscular young man pound into his mate.”

“That special hormone you came up with Kayla is quite effective. The puppy boy's throbbing shaft is dripping pre-cum as he licks a man's balls and watches another man empty a load of hot seed into Sassy.”

A loud moan, mixed with grunts of pleasure, caught the attention of the women. Grinning widely, the blonde mistress turned back to the mirror to see Ben's body spasm, jerk and collapse on the puppy girl's sweating back. Planting her front paw pads more firmly on the floor, she tensed her front legs, her body quivering on the brink of orgasm. Yowling loudly as intense pleasure spread from her spasming cunt, through her tightly fill anus to her hard pointy nipples, her body twitched in ecstasy. The gasping man on her back spurted his final load of semen deep in her dripping, pink folds.

A red flush spread up Scoundrel's neck and face as he listened. Unwilling to look at the nearby pair, the frustrated puppy boy sucked the older man's cock. Carter reached out, grabbing the dark hair of the pup between kneeling between his legs and held the wet sucking mouth firmly to his groin.

Kayla glanced over to the other mistress as Carter's cock twitched, his body shook and he called out loudly.

“Ahhhh…Yes! That's it, boy. Swallow ever drop of my hot white cum.”

“Scoundrel and Sassy are coming along fine in their training. They'll be sent to Master Carter's home soon to see his family's every need. The pups can complete the rest of their training there. Carter's head trainer worked here at the ranch for several years.”

Hearing a whimper of distress, the mistresses looked into the mirror to see a sweating red-faced pup pull his mouth off the older man's now limp shaft. Gazing up into the stern face of the seated man, the puppy boy began to clean the sticky cock and balls in front of him.

“Wag that tail, pup,” Master Carter commanded, “Show me how happy you are to be my pet. You love the taste of my semen, don't you boy?”

Scoundrel woofed and nodded, his pale skin flushed with humiliation, shoulder muscles shaking each time he wrapped his strange new tongue around the cock in his mouth. The repulsive texture and taste of salty male cum was a bitter reminder he was now a puppy boy, an animal that lived only to obey its owner. Raising his eyes to look at the master he served, tears flowed down his cheeks. Tensing and relaxing the muscles in his anal passage, he made his doggy tail wag back and forth. He whined as the large anal plug invading his sore ass shifted position with each movement of the heavy black rubber tail extension.

Giving the shaft one last lick, the puppy boy lapped the wrinkled lightly furred ball sack several more times to get the last drops of cum off. Closing his eyes to shut out the sight of Master Carter's groin, the pup moaned. Swallowing, he tried to get the awful taste of the man's cum out of his mouth.

Carter took a riding crop off a hook on the leg of the bench. Giving the red faced puppy boy a hard slap on his left buttock, he grinned at the startled yelp of his new pet.

“Bad dog,” he spoke firmly. “A happy pup barks with joy at the thought of sucking or licking it's master's cock and balls. From now on, you are to beg excitedly anytime one of your masters favors you with the sight of their naked package.”

Watching the horror stricken expression on the puppy boys suddenly pale face, Carter grinned evilly. “Oh, just to be perfectly clear pup, any male trainer, handler, or visitor here at the ranch or at my home is to be treated as a master.”

The puppy boy's body sagged tiredly, head down, all four paws on the floor, legs spread wide to display his red throbbing erection and huge swollen balls. A hard stinging pain in his right buttock made him jerk his head up. Looking up, the first thing he saw was his master's groin looming in front of him. Confusion filled his eyes as another hard stinging slap on his left buttock made his body twitch. Finally remembering what his master had commanded him to do, Scoundrel sat up. Holding his front paws out and spread his legs wide, the sad-eyed pup barked for his master. His throbbing puppy penis jutting out above his tightly stretched ball bag.

“Good boy, puppy, lick your master's cock. Suck it deep into your mouth,” the seated man spoke as he held his now limp cock up to the pup sitting between his legs.

Scoundrel lowered his body to the floor. Taking the shaft back into his mouth, he gently licked it, feeling the softness of the skin with his enhanced tongue. Moving his mouth up and down, he got the entire length in his mouth, his lips reaching the furred skin of his master's belly. He could still breathe, but the cock filled his mouth uncomfortably, the crown nudging the back of his throat. Relaxing his throat muscles, he continued to lightly caress the invading organ with his tongue.

“Stay, pup, that’s perfect… Remember this position. For the rest of your two year contract, this is how you will tend a master after you beg so prettily. You will learn to crave the feel if a cock in your mouth, a master's balls on your tongue. The taste of a master's cum will be as pleasurable to you as a puppy girl's sweet honey.”

Carter laughed at the wide frightened look on the male pup's face. Seeing his shaft buried completely in the wet warm mouth of his pet, he leaned back on the bench, supporting his body with his arms. The next two years were going to be a lot of fun.

“Don't fret, puppy. You will get plenty of chances to serve a mistress. My wife and daughter know how to put a puppy boy through its paces. We'll let you have a go at our pretty little puppy girl some time. Seeing Sassy heavy with pups would be as entertaining as watching you mount her while she is bound to a breeding frame as an after dinner show.”

The puppy boy’s shaft jerked and twitched, sending drops of pre-cum over his taut belly. His mind whirled with thoughts of finally being able to ram his powerful penis into his wife's gaping slit. The never-ending arousal brought on by Mistress Kayla's special treatment filled every waking moment of his day with frustration.

“Kiss my balls, Scoundrel. They are to be given the same loving care you gave my cock.”

Kayla flicked a button on the speaker control panel on the arm of her chair to talk to her guests.

“That was very entertaining Carter. Scoundrel is quite talented with his long tongue. The trainers say he is a natural at licking cocks clean, as well as lapping up the mixed juices in a puppy girl's well-fucked slit.”

The older man turned his head to face the mirrored wall, smiling widely. He grabbed a handful of the male pup’s damp coat. Pulling the puppy boy's head away from his balls, he looked into the tear filled eyes, chuckling at the confused expression shining clearly in the pup's eyes.

“Couldn't agree with you more, Kayla,” Carter said, turning to look down at the panting puppy boy.

“I may be twice your age and have some gray in my hair, but you are now nothing more than a collared pet. A puppy boy eagerly obeys any command a master or mistress gives him.”

Pausing, he let this settle in the mind of the confused pup.

“Now, go over to my son. Lick every bit of his cum and your mate's sweet juices from his body. You remember how wet your bitch gets when she climaxes.” Carter chuckled.

Seeing a look of horror in the puppy boy's eyes, the older man continued.

“After you finish cleaning my son, lap the juices out of the puppy girl. Dip your tongue deeply to get every tasty glob.”

Kayla watched with enjoyment as the look of horror transformed into resignation. The most difficult part of being a puppy boy was the frustration of being highly aroused, yet only able to get release when a handler allowed it. Having Scoundrel lick another man's seed out of his mate's cunt while his own shaft was pulsing with need reminded him that only his master or handler's pleasure was important.

A loud knock caught Kayla's attention, changing her focus from the riveting scene in the playroom to the door of the viewing room.

An attractive young woman in her early 20's walked gracefully into the room carrying a clipboard with papers on it. Smiling brightly, the 5'6” tall woman shook her head. Waist length dark brown hair cascaded down her back as she moved quietly. Glancing towards the mirror, her shining brown eyes sparkled with merriment.

”Hi Mistress Kayla,” she called out in her low voice. “I have the final list of names for the invitations to the Dog and Pony show for you to approve.”

“That's wonderful Gwen. Thanks for bringing the list by,” Kayla said as she reached for the clipboard.

She thought of the ways her personal assistant helped with the many mundane details of life at this specialized training facility. With Gwen handling the routine daily administrative duties, Kayla had more time to focus on training her precious pups and ponies. The fact that the young woman had a curvy figure and was in prime physical shape did not escape the notice of the male staff members. Just the sight or scent of this lovely young woman made the puppy boys dance with excitement, raising their ever-tormenting level of arousal.

“I may not be inclined to be a trainer or a pet owner, but I do love puppies. They are so much fun to play fetch with or take on walks around the grounds. Growing up on the ranch with all these adorable puppies and ponies was great.”

Kayla laughed. “Keeping Maud happy was a big reason to have you tutored here. Your mother is the best head cook we have ever employed at the ranch.”

As Kayla spoke with Gwen, Regina, a lovely groomer, her brown curly hair bouncing, entered leading two newly clean and excited puppy boys into the viewing room.

“Okay. That's enough, Beau,” the slender groomer said. “Settle boys.”

She turned to face her employer. Noticing the activity in the playroom on the other side of the mirror, she laughed.

“It seems I got here just in time to see Scoundrel do his favorite doggy job. He really adores lapping up the mess after another male pumps his seed into that girl pup's folds.”

Feeling a slight pull on Beau's leash, Regina looked around the small room. The presence of four lovely ladies made the male pup's lust rise sharply above the semi-arousal maintained by Mistress Kayla's unique supplement. Making a clear downward motion with her right hand open, palm down, she looked directly into the trembling pup's shining brown eyes. He calmed, sitting quietly by her side with his legs spread open, his front paws on the carpet next to his thighs. As the pup gazed from his favorite groomer to the other women in the room, his erect male shaft waggled and his tongue slipped out of the side of his mouth.

A man's voice came through the speakers. “We're going to our rooms to rest and shower, Kayla. What do we do with these pups?”

“Have them sit by the door to the hallway with the handles of their leashes in their mouths, Carter. We'll see you and your family at dinner tonight,” she replied. “They are scheduled for a full vet checkup soon. Doc shouldn't have any problems getting a semen sample from the male pup.”

“Wow, you got that right mistress,” the groomer spoke, then chuckled. “That shaft of his is hard enough to pound nails!”

“Regina,” Kayla said as she turned from the mirror and the view of Scoundrel with his pulsating rod, “have him clean up the puddle of pre-cum he's left on the floor. There are cloths in the cabinet he can hold in his mouth to mop up what he doesn't lick up.”

“No problem. It will be taken care of before we go to see the vet.”

After the groom exited the viewing room, Gwen looked over to Kayla. “I'll get the invitations processed as soon as you get the list back to me. Oh, before I forget, Mom told me your lunch was ready on the patio.”

“Have Maud send out a light treat for Beau and Max. They worked up an appetite this morning.”

The two mistresses sat for a few minutes after Gwen left, thinking about the wonderful morning activities they had enjoyed. Glancing over to her friend, Kayla smiled.

“Beau, come,” she commanded, pointing to the carpeted floor to the right of her chair. “Sit.”

Kayla smiled as Beau rubbed his cheek along her thigh, trying to nudge the leather skirt higher up to get closer to her delicious cunt. The playful puppy boy woofed happily as he inhaled the unique scent of his owner. Gently moving his head away from her crotch with her hand, she chuckled.

“Down, boy,” Kayla spoke firmly to her personal puppy boy. “We'll get plenty of play time later tonight.”

Zimra ordered her puppy boy to sit by her. Running her hand through his silky soft red curls, she sighed with pleasure. Having a male puppy as a pet gave her great satisfaction, beyond anything she had ever imagined.

“You did a great job playing with Blaze this morning. You'll get an extra special reward tonight after dinner,” the dark haired mistress whispered in the ear of her pet.

“I have just the right reward for your well behaved puppy boy, Zimra. Let's work it out later while the boys spend a couple of hours with Maud in the kitchen after lunch.”

Beau's tail thumped the floor in excitement at the thought of spending time in the kitchen with Maud. She always had the best treats. The head cook enjoyed having special pups roll over and lay on the floor to expose their smooth muscled chests and bellies. The puppy boy's long hard shafts waggled merrily over their firm ripe balls.

Her lovely daughter, Gwen, often petted and rubbed his tummy as she passed through the kitchen. Even though Gwen had a boyfriend and was not involved in training the pups on the ranch, she liked to caress the puppies, rubbing their satiny smooth skin enjoying the effect it had on a pet. Looking over at Max, Beau arrffffffed softly. Max returned his greeting with a woof to say he, too, enjoyed visiting the kitchen.

“Take it, boy,” Kayla spoke as she pointed to the leather handle of his jeweled leash lying on the floor beside him.

“Pick up the handle of your leash. Heel!”

Following his mistress command, he leaned his head down. Using his talented licker tool to pick up the smooth handle, he gripped it firmly with his teeth. Watching the light dance off the cut diamonds imbedded in the white leather leash, he moved over to wait by his owners left leg and looked up eagerly into her sparkling blue eyes.

“Are you ready for lunch, Zimra, dear?”

The dark haired woman smiled, picking up the handle of her pet's leash.

“That sounds lovely,” she laughed lightly. “Maybe Rocky and Buster will stop by to play with our puppy boys.”

Startled looks flared in the eyes of the two pups. Beau wasn't as frightened of the ranch's main guard dogs now, but he was still nervous when the large muscular puppy boys were around. Their long tongues could bring his arousal level up to unbearable heights. The guard dogs often tried to make the puppy boys cum. Using their own highly talented mouth and tongues, Rocky and Buster loved to steal the flavorful fluids from the more submissive male pups.

Sometimes the mistresses and trainers enjoyed watching the frantic puppy boys spurt shot after shot of creamy semen, yowling with distress at missing a chance to spend their seed in the welcome depths of their mistress's cunts. Savoring the addictive taste of a puppy boy's seed was one of the better side benefits of being a guard dog.

Whining quietly in distress at his thoughts, he followed his mistress out the door. With their personal pets crawling along behind them, the two women strolled toward the patio to enjoy a freshly prepared light lunch.

Chapter 3: A Humiliating Vet Exam

Regina led the two sweaty puppies from the main playroom. As they were walked briskly down the carpeted hallway, Scoundrel looked at his exhausted mate. Sassy's large tits bounced and swayed with each step she took. The muscles of her bound legs quivered, her front paws missing a step sometimes. Even to Scoundrel her massive orgasm had seemed to last forever. He yelped as the groomer jerked hard on his leash to get his att ention. Bells hanging from his bone bars jingled, the connecting chains swinging back and forth.

“Be careful on the steps, boy.”

The puppy boy looked forward, then down. Eyes blinking to adjust to the bright sunshine, he crawled down the stairs to reach the soft grass of the yard. Keeping his rear legs wide to present his package properly, Scoundrel wondered what was going to happen next. He knew it was close to time for his aching balls to be drained. Walking through the entrance to the fenced kennel training yard, he woofed softly, looking toward the special area of the yard set aside for puppies to do their business. His full bladder twinged with the need for relief. Holding his legs apart added an extra element of difficulty to a puppy boy trying not to urinate. Trainers have special punishments for pups that make messes of any kind.

He was surprised to feel a warm wet tongue licking his shoulder. Turning his head, he saw the concerned face of his lovely mate. Nuzzling the silky smooth skin of her neck, he gently lapped her cheek. He recognized the nervousness in her eyes. They had not had a full vet exam before, just a casual grooming when needed and some small examinations from handlers.

“Don't fret, pups,” the groomer’s voice interrupted. “The doc isn't going to hurt you. He is going to need a urine sample from both of you, so you better hold it in.”

Scoundrel whimpered, muscles tensing with effort as he held off from peeing. Looking at the puppy girl by his side, he saw a look of discomfort in her wide eyes. Panic rising, he dreaded being punished for making an accidental puddle.

Entering through the side door, they moved down the hallway towards exam room 1. The groomer walked into the procedure room followed by two nervous pups. Waving to the blonde man bustling around the room, Regina led the puppy trainees over to an open corner.

“Show pups,” she commanded.

Dr. Schmidt looked up from a rolling medical tray he was arranging several items on. Several glass specimen bottles, a box of examination gloves, measuring tapes, an anal thermometer, some rubber tubing, and a selection of sterilized medical instruments were laid out carefully on the tray. Putting on a pair of latex gloves, he closed the door of a nearby cabinet.

“You're just in time Regina, everything is ready now.”

Scoundrel watched as the groomer sat in a chair by the doorway to enjoy the show. His body trembled, tongue slipping out the side of his mouth. Eyes wide, he waited for the doctor's command. Looking around the room, the puppy boy noticed several short stainless steel tables with cleat hitches and straps mounted on all four sides. Leather straps with buckles hung from hooks on the table legs.

Walking over to stand between the two pups, the blonde master bent down to place one of the specimen bottles under the crown of the male pups shaft. He inserted one end of a thin 12” tube into the slit of Scoundrel's penis. Placing the other end of the tube into the large glass container, the vet stood up.

“Okay boy, you can pee now.”

The boy pup whined, his engorged cock making it difficult to urinate. Turning his head, he concentrated, finally managing to empty his bladder. He sighed with relief, then winced as the tube was pulled slowly from the head of his shaft. Gazing into the sad expression on his mates face, he watched the vet place a wide mouthed jar between Sassy's back legs and ordered her to fill the jar. Her face flushed with humiliation, watched closely by all, as she peed at the doctor's command.

Picking up the two specimen bottles, the vet labeled them and put them on a counter top by the wall. He pulled a wet wipe from the box attached to the medical tray, using it to clean up the puppies. Tugging on the male pup's leash, he snapped his fingers, reminding the distracted puppy boy to get back in show position.

Following the vet over to a 3 foot long by 3 foot wide elevated metal platform, Scoundrel watched the man walking in front of him. A white lab coat covered the doctor's body, hinting at a lean athletic build underneath the loose cloth. The puppy boy crawled onto the scales, handling even the 4 inch high device took some effort. Intense sexual arousal bombarded every part of his tense body. Frustration flared through him, melding with the lust rising in his cock, balls and tortured nubs on his chest. Positioned as he was, the pups nose was close to the groin of the doctor. A strong spicy scent flooded his senses. Sniffing deeply, cock throbbing, the puppy boy flushed with shame.

“Poor puppy!” The vet smiled. “I bet you never thought the mere scent of another male would be so enticing.”

His flush deepening, the bewildered puppy boy hung his head with shame and sighed. Remembering the taste of Master Carter's semen, he whimpered. Sucking a handler's cock, then swallowing the hot seed that erupted from the pulsing organ was one of many humiliating aspects of being a puppy. It still confused him when he groomed another male pup. The taste of a puppy boy’s pre-cum and semen was

compelling, addictive, nothing like the salty flavor some master's semen produced.

“Mistress Kayla's special hormone works like a charm,” the doctor chuckled. “It won't be long before you jump at any chance to lap the sweet fluid from any male pup you can.”

Writing some numbers on the clipboard, the vet indicated a spot on the floor.

“Down boy.”

Climbing down from the platform, Scoundrel sat on the floor, waiting quietly. He watched as the vet unhooked his leash, pointing to an exam table 6 feet away. He stared frantically into the intense gaze of the vet in his crisp white lab coat. Picking up his right paw, the anxious puppy boy hesitated and then placed the paw back on the floor. His body shuddered, suddenly frightened by the idea of being a puppy.

The lingering taste of Master Carter's salty cum reminded him of the recent humiliating session in the playroom. Two years of watching other males pound their hard cocks into the glistening wet slit of his wife, knowing he might have to lick the mixed fluids from her plump labia lips and dripping cunt afterward, seemed unbearable. Closing his eyes, shoulders slumping, Scoundrel began to cry softly, but did not move.

“Bad dog,” the doctor's firm voice called out. “Puppy boys don't think. They just obey immediately.”

Feeling a tug on his collar, the male pup turned his head to see the vet holding the leash attached to his collar again. He crawled on all fours as he was pulled over to a ring imbedded in the floor at the center of the room.

“Lower your chest to the floor,” Dr. Schmidt said as he placed the leather handle of the leash in the puppy boys mouth.

“You better not let that handle fall out of your mouth. If you do, I'm going to double the 10 strokes you've already earned.”

Scoundrel's eyes widened with panic seeing a wooden paddle in the tall man’s right hand. The doctor ran his fingertips in circles on the smooth surface of the varnished paddle. Lowering his upper body closer to the floor, he winced. The cruel bells clipped to his bone bars pressed into his smooth hairless chest, pain flaring from his sore nubs. Sighing, he spread his bound back legs, giving the vet complete access to the lower half of his body.

Biting down hard on the thick leather handle, he waited for the first painful slap of the paddle. He had glimpsed a look of pleasure in the eyes of the tall blonde man as he held up the chosen instrument of punishment for today, showing a number of holes drilled into the flat round section. Settling down, he closed his eyes, breathed deeply and waited as the vet connected a 12 inch long chain from one of the rings on his collar to the ring in the floor.

“We don't want to damage your precious plums, but there's no reason not to turn your buttocks a nice rosy shade of pink.”

Walking around the pup anchored to the floor, the vet called out to the groomer sitting by the wall.

“Regina, bring Sassy closer so she can see clearly what happens when a puppy doesn't obey quickly enough.”

“My pleasure, doc,” the young woman chuckled. “You make paddling a puppy boy a work of art,” she sighed in admiration.

“Thanks for the compliment,” the vet smiled warmly at the groomer. “It all boils down to knowing where and how hard to apply the paddle so the soft skin of a puppy or pony isn't damaged, it just glows warmly.”

The puppy boy looked to his left, seeing a smug look on Sassy's face. It wasn't only his fault he and his wife were serving a two year sentence being puppies. They had both enjoyed the luxuries purchased with the illicit money, but Sassy still blamed him for all their troubles. Looking at the floor again, he whimpered. A loud slap in his right ass cheek brought a muted yelp from his dry throat. Tightening the muscles of his buttocks unconsciously, he moaned loudly.

“This will only hurt worse if you resist, boy,” the tall man reminded him firmly. “A good puppy responds quickly to his master's orders, without thinking about why he has been told to do something. A master or mistress's pleasure is all that matters to a well-trained puppy.”

Relaxing his taut muscles, the male pup gripped the handle in his mouth tightly, whining as pain spread from his abused lower cheeks and pierced nipples. His steel hard cock and aching balls swung wildly between his wide spread back legs. Jingling sounds blended with moans. His body jerked against the

chain and straps holding him in place. Each slap of the paddle made his straining thigh muscles twitch. The thwack of a wooden paddle hitting the soft skin of his ass rang in his ears.

The vet laid a series of hard strokes to the twitching buttocks, alternating between the right and left ass cheeks. Pausing between strokes, Dr. Schmidt rubbed his fingers over the reddened flesh of the quivering pup.

Sassy had watched this punishment, at first pleased at what she saw as a form of payback for the troubles she firmly believed her husband was responsible for. But by the third crack of the paddle, sympathy overrode her sense of gladness for her mate's punishment.

“Almost done,” the vet spoke quietly. “From now on you will be an obedient puppy boy, isn't that right?”

With one last hard slap on his left ass cheek, Scoundrel lowered his sweaty forehead to the cool tile floor but woofed to show his agreement with the vet's question. He winced as flashes of pain flared from his backside, through his throbbing package to his pierced nipples. It mystified him how a painful paddling raised his constant arousal to a mind blowing level of excitement.

“Settle, boy,” the blonde man spoke quietly, reaching down to softly caress the male pup's trembling shoulder and releasing the short chain. “Mistress Kayla's unique hormone brings out the best qualities in a puppy boy.”

The vet stood up straight, pointing to a spot on the floor by the scales. “Off Scoundrel, Show.”

With no hesitation, the pup crawled off the platform. Standing on all four paws, head high, he calmly waited to be told what to do next. His engorged cock jutted out from his groin, pre-cum dripping from its throbbing purple crown. Feeling the vet's hands fondling his aching ball sack, the male puppy's lust rose to an even higher level.

“March around the room two times and sit by my feet again.”

Scoundrel looked up at the blonde master, lowered his face to the vet's shoes and arfffed softly. Feeling a hand ruffle the silky coat on his head, the puppy boy looked up to see a pleased look on the tall man’s face.

“Kiss my hand, boy,” the doctor said holding his hand out palm down to the chastened pup. “Puppies love to show their appreciation when masters give them the well-needed discipline they crave.”

He licked the outstretched hand in front of him, eagerly moving his tongue over the man's knuckles and wrist. A slight smile curved the male pup's pink lips, tears glistening on his cheeks.

“Stop. Good boy.”

Assuming a sitting position, Scoundrel's tongue slipped out of his mouth. He gazed up at the vet, a look of acceptance growing in his eyes. Pleasure rode hard behind the pain he felt in his bound legs, clamped and pierced nipples, reddened buttocks, and stretched anal passage. The tail plug rubbed his prostate, never allowing his lust to decrease. Waves of tingling warmth spread from his engorged throbbing shaft, through his tight firm balls to his hard pointed nubs.

At night, when he was in his pen to rest, his overheated body would have a chance to relax. Without the tail plug to torment him and his legs unbound, he slept deeply, dreaming of pounding his hard cock into the wet folds of a willing female body that was not always sassy each time. He was beginning to find it easier to stop worrying about his frustration, focusing all his energy on following the commands of his trainers, seeing to the needs of his handlers with no thought to his own pleasure.

“Make that tail of yours wag nicely and maintain show position as you circle the tables.”

After a few stumbles, the puppy boy quickly obeyed the vet's command. Getting up on all fours, he walked around the room twice, managing to hold his body proudly in show position. He whimpered softly, steel hard cock bouncing off the smooth skin of his tummy. The arousal humming through his body increased as he moved, firm ripe testicles slapping against his inner thighs. Using the muscles of his rear passage, the puppy boy squeezed, then relaxed around the plug inserted into his anus. Continuing the muscle contractions with each step, his tail wagged back and forth. Stopping in front of the doctor, he sat on the floor. Yelping, he wiggled around until he found a comfortable position.

“That anal plug really gives your gland a good workout, doesn't it pup,” the vet chuckled. “You are learning how to walk more easily wearing leg ups and arm bands since I saw you in the training yard several days ago.”

Stepping on the control button at the base of a nearby exam table, the vet lowered the platform until it was 5 inches from the floor. Pointing the exam table, the vet barked out a command.

“Up Scoundrel. Show!”

The doctor watched Scoundrel climb awkwardly onto the table, grinning at the pup's startled moan as the head of his engorged cock rubbed against the edge of the cool metal platform. Raising the table to its original height, he ran his hands over the nervous puppy boy's reddened buttocks. Enjoying the startled pup's loud yelp, he reached out to stroke the hard throbbing penis between the male pup's legs. Rolling each of Scoundrel's testicles in his palm, first the left, then the right, he chuckled cruelly.

“You've got a nice pair of balls, boy. Isn't it great how well Mistress Kayla's special treatment enhances a puppy boy's body?”

Attaching the leash to a cleat on one end of the platform, he removed the boy pup's leg ups. Rubbing the newly exposed limbs, the vet eased the pup’s lower legs down to the table. Wrapping straps around the puppy boy's wrists, he connected the straps to cleats on each side of the table. He wound straps around one of the puppy's knees, attaching the strap to a different cleat on the side of the table. Securing the remaining knee to the other side of the table, the blonde master checked all the bindings to make sure they were tight. Putting on a new pair of exam gloves, Dr. Schmidt ran his hands along the male pup's arms, thighs, chest, tummy and back. Squeezing each rosy pink ass cheek, he grinned.

“By the time your general training is done, you are going to have a marvelous ass to play with.”

The male puppy whined, body trembling with intense need and settled down again. The insidious ache of his raging hard-on and dangling over-filled plums made every waking moment of his day an exercise in frustration. He could not imagine having to endure a higher level of arousal then the one coursing through his body now.

Rubbing the warm flushed buttocks of the recently paddled pup, the vet massaged the abused skin. Taking a tape measure from the medical tray next to platform, he wrapped it around the girth of the male pup's erect shaft. Noting the size, he next measured the length of the protruding organ, observing the color and shape of its crown. Picking up the clipboard, he recorded the information.

“Nice penis, Scoundrel,” the vet said with a grin. “We'll have to see how much bigger it gets with daily doses of Mistress Kayla's magic hormone.”

He measured the size of the puppy boy's swollen purple ball bag. Using a small hand held scale, he weighed the large plums. Writing down some numbers, he gently patted the dangling testicles.

“Drop it,” the vet said, pointing to the leash handle held tightly in the puppy boy's mouth.

Scoundrel let the damp leather covered handle fall onto the table, tongue sliding out of his mouth. He stood on all four paws, remaining in show position. Taking a deep breath, he looked up into the face of the tall man. A slight grin and flashing eyes attested to the doctor's enjoyment.

“Open your mouth, pup. Stick out your fabulous licker tool as far as you can.”

Holding the tip of the puppy boy’s wet pink tongue, the vet used the tape to measure the length and thickness of the enhanced tongue. He noted the information on the clipboard, grinning with amusement. Using one glove covered hand to hold the large tongue to the out of the way, he examined the pup's teeth.

“Your new improved tongue is sure to provide pleasure for any master you serve boy,” he chuckled. “Master Carter and his family will see to it you get lots of practice.”

Remembering the taste of the older master's thick semen, Scoundrel gulped. Humiliation filled the puppy boy at the thought of having to use his mouth and tongue to tend any needs his master or mistresses demanded. Serving a mistress wasn't too bad, a females body and her flavorful juices had always appealed to him. Having a male thrust his cock into any part of his body made him cringe with fear. His face grew pale, horror flooding his mind at the sudden vision of what his life would be like at Master Carter's home. Tears began to flow down his cheeks.

“It's going to be okay, puppy,” the doc spoke softly, gently wiping the tears from the bound male with a cloth. “Stop thinking so hard and just be an obedient well-behaved puppy boy.”

Scoundrel turned his face to gaze into the understanding eyes of the blonde doctor standing beside him. A sense of calmness settled over the confused puppy boy. There was no way he could avoid fulfilling every degrading aspect of being a puppy boy for the full two years. With no hope of getting out of his well-earned punishment, he accepted his place in Kayla's world of human pets. Focusing on the surprising pleasure he had felt doing some of the daily activities he had been introduced to at the ranch, he decided to relax and enjoy being a puppy boy. Not everything was distasteful, the massages and grooming each pet received were designed to maintain their general health and keep their body in prime physical shape.

The vet rubbed a rosy buttock of the male pup, watching as Scoundrel looked up at him. The confusion in

the pup’s eyes vanished. Calm acceptance shone in the steady gaze of the bound pet.

“Good boy,” the tall man spoke, caressing the pup's warm ass cheeks. “I'm going to take your tail out now. Relax your anal muscles for me.”

He smiled as the puppy boy wagged his tail back and forth eagerly, yipping excitedly. Using his right hand, the vet gripped the base of the 12 inch black rubber tail. He pulled and tugged on the device until it cleared the pup's outer anal ring with a pop. The remaining length of the plug slid out easily.

“Feels good, doesn't it boy,” the doctor chuckled at the pups loud sigh of relief. “Regina, would you put Scoundrel's tail in the sink for me? It needs to be cleaned so he can wear it again tomorrow.”

“Be glad to, doc,” the groomer replied, then decided to help by cleaning it.

Putting on a pair of examination gloves, she picked up the tail by the black rubber extension. Carefully washing the anal plug clean, she placed it on a drying rack near the sink.

“It's a good thing you had your enema this morning, boy,” she laughed, removing her gloves. “Dr. Schmidt doesn't like to take the temperature of a puppy that has not been properly cleaned out.”

Regina walked closer to the pup strapped to the exam table. Wrapping one hand firmly around his straining erection, she moved her fist up and down the purple headed shaft. Pre-cum dripped from its crown to the metal platform below. Using the fingertips of her other hand, she gathered the clear fluid from the table top. Releasing his cock, the groomer strolled over to the puppy girl. Placing her gooey fingers on Sassy's lips, she looked into the needy gaze of the girl pup.

“Not so smug now, are you girl? The taste of a male pup's special seed is worth doing anything for, isn't it?”

“Clean my fingers Sassy. Get every drop off. Your exam will be just as thorough as your mate's.”

The vet grinned, watching the puppy girl lick the groomer’s finger clean. Turning back to the male pup, he saw a lustful expression in Scoundrel's eyes. The puppy boy’s shaft had grown larger, blood pumping into the already heavily engorged organ.

“Let's examine your rectum and take your temperature, boy.”

Placing his left hand on one of the male pups rosy pink buttocks, the vet inserted the gloved pointer finger of his right hand into Scoundrels anus. Moving his finger around, he located the prostate, massaging the slightly swollen gland. Pulling his finger out, he picked up a 7 inch long glass rod with a wire attached to one and a 2 inch diameter round glass ball on the other. Pushing the round ball end into the bound pup's rectum, he slid the glass device in deeply. When only an inch of the glass rod remained, he stopped, held the rod in place and looked at the gauge at the other end of the wire.

Leaving the thermometer in the puppy boy's body, he took a small syringe from the metal tray. Inserting the needle into a vein inside the bend of the male pup's right elbow, he drew off a blood sample. While many elements of a pup or pony's vet exam were done to remind the pets they were animals now, some lab work was done to observe and record the effects of Mistress Kayla's special hormone on the trainees at the ranch.

Scoundrel yelped. The unexpected prick of pain of the needle being pushed into his inner elbow took his mind off the slight discomfort of the glass rod filling his rear passage.

“We're almost done, boy,” the vet spoke quietly.

Removing the large glass thermometer from the puppy boy's anus, the vet recorded the temperature in the pup's chart then placed the device back on the tray and took off his gloves. He ran his fingers gently through the black coat on the pup's head.

“You've been a very good pup. As a reward, you will not have to wear your tail or leg-ups for the rest of the day.”

Scoundrel aarrffed. It would be nice to spend some time with his legs unbound and his sore ass free of that dreadful tail. He watched as the tall man took a series of pictures of his cock and balls, making sure to get views from the front, back and side.

“Now it's time to extract a semen sample, boy. This shouldn't take very long judging by the size of your puppy penis and state of your balls.”

The puppy boy whimpered, his angry red cock thumping his taut tummy. Looking up at the man standing next to the examination table, his body shuddered, lust raging through him. Drops of clear fluid spattered the smooth hairless skin f his belly and chest.

“My, my boy,” the vet chuckled. “You have learned an important lesson today, haven't you?”

Quiet acceptance shone in Scoundrel's bright eyes, blending with the frustration and desire flooding his body and mind. He barked joyfully, tongue sliding out the corner of his mouth. Nodding his head slightly, the puppy boy wiggled his ass, causing his large swollen balls to slap his inner thighs.

“For being such a good boy today, we won't use the milking sleeve to drain you plums.”

Smiling at the sight of the puppy boy’s engorged blood-filled cock, he pulled on a new pair of examination gloves. Squeezing a small portion of Mistress Kayla's special semen based lotion from the tube on the medical tray, he lubricated the hard shaft jutting out from Scoundrels groin. The tall man wrapped his fist around the throbbing organ in front of him. He stroked the erect cock firmly for several minutes, starting at its base, moving upwards to the tip, returning to the root again.

Pausing at the base between motions, he teased the agitated puppy boy. The skin of the male pup's cock stretched tightly across its bulbous crown, clear fluid dripping from the slit in its tip. Using a tape on the tray, the vet measured the size of the puppy boy's shaft again.

“Very nice, pup,” he said, making a notation on the clipboard. “It will be interesting to see how large your puppy penis grows when you have been dosed with the Mistress's unique hormone for several months.”

Picking up a long section of clear plastic tubing from the medical tray, the vet reached out to grasp the puppy boy's rigid staff with one hand. Slipping one end of the pencil thin tube gently into the slit in the crown, he pushed the tube deeper. Stopping when 4 inches of the tube filled the opening, he fondled the heavy ball sack dangling between the puppy boy's legs with his glove covered hands after placing the other end of the tube in a specimen collection bottle. Using more of the special semen lotion, he massaged the pup's ball bag, rolling each hard testicle around cupped in the palm of his hand.

Scoundrel howled with frustration as sharp bursts of heat shot from his swollen throbbing plums to his large pulsating cock. His leg muscles twitched and jerked, hips thrusting forward wildly as overwhelming arousal flooded his shuddering body. The painful discomfort he had felt as the tube was being inserted faded, settling into a full stretched feeling inside his tormented penis. Clear pre-cum started to flow from the tip of his shaft down the tube.

Feeling the strong supple hands of the ranch vet rubbing his quivering body, the frantic puppy boy concentrated on quieting down long enough to catch a breath. Chest heaving, muscles flexing, he focused on the tingling warmth spreading through every part of his bound body the tall man caressed. Scoundrel moaned, his ragged breath easing. The raging need for release faded into a maddening ache. His thick engorged member pulsated, matching the rhythm of his pounding heart.

“Your penis is quite impressive for a puppy boy in the first stages of his training. I bet you never imagined it could grow to be 11 inches, did you?”

The vet chuckled at the panic stricken expression in Scoundrel's eyes. He began to move one hand up and down the shaft. He started with a slow steady motion, increasing the pace as his other hand rubbed the firm swollen balls presented so beautifully between the pup's legs.

“Wow, doc,” the groomer commented. “This boy pup may break the ranch record for cumming the fastest. Maybe the most, too”

“You might be right,” grinned the vet. “Our poor puppy looks desperate.”

A sharp yelp echoed loudly in the room, becoming a long arroyoouuuuu as the doctor sped up his hand movements. The puppy boy's hips thrust back and forth steadily, bloated balls swinging with each driving motion. Pressure seemed to build higher in his aching balls.

“Would you make sure the tubing stays in the container, Regina? He's about to blow and I don't want to lose a drop of his precious cargo.”

Pleasure, mixed with pain, burst from the large swollen plums swaying violently between his straining rear legs. Scoundrel yowled as the pressure in his balls reached a peak, erupting in a fierce flood of thick white seed that flowed from his pulsating shaft through the tube into the specimen jar. His body locked in place, muscles tense as spurt after spurt of semen pumped into the bottle.

Body sagging, his ball sack empty, the exhausted pup whimpered with momentary relief. He winced as the vet slowly pulled the tubing from his now limp cock. He could still feel remnants of the incredible pain / pleasure that had engulfed his over-stimulated body and mind. His groin twitched at the touch of the vet's hands on his irritated but now limp cock.

“We'll record the measurements of your flaccid shaft and empty balls now pup,” the vet spoke softly.

After writing down the final information on his clipboard, the tall man put the clipboard down on the counter and released the straps holding the male puppy to the table. Unhooking the leash from the cleat, he stepped on a floor control at the base of the table. The platform whirred as it sank closer to the floor. He watched as a tired puppy boy stepped to the floor, muscles trembling with exhaustion. Reaching out to cup Scoundrel's chin, he lifted the pups face high enough to look into the dazed eyes of Mistress Kayla's former accountant.

“I know you've had a hard day, boy. When Sassy's exam is done, both of you can spend the rest of the evening relaxing before dinner.”

Letting go of the male pups chin, he patted his left thigh and walked to a spot 4 feet from the lowered platform. The puppy boy crawled slowly after him, stopping to raise his eyes, waiting for some indication of what was expected of him. The vet pressed his hand down firmly on one of the pup’s well-paddled ass cheeks.

“Face the table and wait here while your mate gets examined. Don't be shy about showing how much you enjoy watching me handle and examine her.”

Scoundrel turned around to look toward the exam table. Sitting on the tile floor, he spread his rear legs wide, placing his still hot and sore ass on the cool floor. His limp shaft lay atop his now deflated ball sack, but still clearly visible to anyone who might want to look at him. Sighing as the coolness of the floor tiles eased some of the soreness in his abused balls, he put the paw pads of his front legs on the floor by his folded rear legs. The puppy relaxed, panting quietly as the muscles in his unbound legs stretched and loosened. With his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, he presented the perfect picture of a well-trained pet.

“Come Sassy,” the vet called out. “Climb up onto the table top.”

With a momentary flash of resistance, she lowered her face. Taking two steps, the sullen puppy girl climbed up on the exam table. The smugness she had felt watching what had been done to her husband faded from her eyes, replaced by fear at the thought of being examined like an animal. She should not have to put up with the humiliation of being a puppy girl. It was the fault of her husband John that they were being punished this way. He may have accepted being treated like a collared pet, but she was a woman, not a dog. Raising her head angrily, she growled with menace at the man in the white lab coat.

“It seems our newest puppy girl needs to be reminded again about what she is, Regina,” the vet chuckled.

The groomer shook her head, short brown curls bouncing as she laughed. Moving over to kneel by the male pup, she ran her hand through the soft black coat on his head. The puppy boy sighed, sad his wife was being so stubborn.

“Don't fret, boy,” she whispered loudly into his ear. “Doc has no problems showing a puppy bitch who is in charge.”

Hearing herself referred to as a bitch, Sassy's anger grew. There was no way anyone could convince her to “be a puppy”. Defiantly, she began to sit up on the table, her bound arms and legs making her movements awkward. A moan escaped her mouth suddenly, pain flaring in her tail-filled ass. A sharp hard slap on her right ass cheek made the puppy girl stop and yelp in surprise.

“That was a foolish thing to do, pup. You are a collared pet, a puppy bitch who obeys her master and lives only to please her owner or handlers.”

The vet slapped her left buttock hard with his hand, the exam glove giving extra sting to the motion. Watching the girl pups ass cheek tense, he grinned. Punishing any disobedient puppy was a required part of his duties on the ranch, a duty he always looked forward to. This unique facility provided top-notch training for collared or bridled males and females, ensuring masters and mistresses would be served perfectly by their highly desired pets. Being a male dom at Mistress Kayla's mostly female staffed ranch gave him many opportunities to utilize his own expertise with paddles, crops, and whips. While he did like handling male pups, making sure they behaved as desired, disobedient puppy girls or pony girls provided him with special enjoyment.

“Let's get you strapped to the table, pup. You have earned a paddling before we continue with the examination. 20 strokes should be just right.”

Securing her using leather straps connected to cleats on the sides of the table, he hooked her leash to a ring at the head of the platform. The vet raised the table up 3 feet to position the puppy girl’s ass at the best angle for her punishment. Making sure her body was tightly bound, he picked up a wooden paddle. He held it in front of Sassy, showing her several holes drilled in the flat round section.

“This is my favorite paddle to use on bad puppy bitches like you. The holes are specially placed to produce more pain with each stroke.”

Sassy's body shuddered, face pale, fear spreading through her at the sight of tall man holding a varnished wooden paddle. Resistance fled as the vet laid a hard stroke on her left buttock. She howled, each slap of the paddle on her ass sending bolts of pain through her. Pausing between each stroke, the doctor paddled first the left cheek then the right.

The puppy girl flushed with humiliation, but interestingly, her female folds became puffy with arousal. Her smooth, dripping pussy ached with the need for release. She had lost count of the strokes, drowning in an intense flood of lust and pain that roared through her hormone enhanced body. She began to push her ass back into the slaps of the paddle, trying to reach the peak of pleasure she so desperately craved.

“Now you're catching on, girl,” the vet spoke as he placed the warm paddle back on the tray and softly patted the hot red ass of the now compliant female.

Tears fell from the trembling puppy girl's eyes. Sassy was shocked by the increased level of lust she felt as a result of being paddled. She remembered the intense orgasms some of the male trainers and puppy boys had given her as entertainment for Mistress Kayla. The idea of pain adding intensity to physical pleasure overwhelmed her. Closing her eyes, she stopped crying.

“Let's get your exam done, girl.”

Picking up a measuring tape, the doctor wrapped it around each of Sassy's large breasts. He noted the data on the clipboard. Using his fingertips, he tugged and pinched her hard pointed nipples. Smiling, the vet played with the delightful nubs for several minutes. Regardless of how he felt about puppy boys, feeling a puppy girl's body jerk, her tits jiggling with each hard pinch, excited him. Examining each one carefully he observed and also measured and recorded the size and shape of her large pointed nipples.

“Impressive globes, your breast enlargements alone are worth every minute of your two year puppy contract, aren't they girl?”

Scoundrel watch with growing and soon obvious excitement as the vet ran his hands down his mate’s chest, over her trim belly to her thighs and then back up to her quim. His wife was beautiful, even more so after the alterations brought on by Mistress Kayla's special hormone therapy. Watching the vet separate her wet labia lips with his gloved hands made his groin tighten.

Tugging several times on the small ring piercing her throbbing red pleasure nub, he smiled. The doctor slid two fingers into her gaping slit, rubbing her hard clit with his thumb. Her hips moved, thrusting down, trying to ride the man's warm hand. A moan escaped her mouth, hot pulsating waves of pleasure crashing through her shaking body. Pulling his hand out before the highly aroused girl pup could reach her peak, the vet waited for her to calm down a little.

The vet used a special tool of his own design to measure the length and thickness of her blood engorged clit. Pulling the tail out of her anal passage, he handed it to Regina who then cleaned it before putting it away. The groomer often assisted him during examinations, enjoying the humiliating process he put the male and female pets through.

Unbinding her rear legs, the blonde man massaged female puppy's thighs and calves, working out the tightness in her freed limbs. Inserting two fingers into her anus, he checked to see if the tail plug had damaged her. Mistress Kayla insisted her collection of pets were not only well-trained, but were also in prime physical condition. Of course, as with the male, a sample of blood was taken for use in further tests.

Inserting the large glass probe into her rear entrance, he noted her temperature in her chart. Keeping it in the puppy girl's sensitive anal passage, he moved it in and out. Her plump dripping cunt pulsed, making her whimper. Grinning with delight, he detached the temperature gauge from the glass probe, lowering the table to the floor. Pointing to a spot on the floor by his feet, he called out a command.

“Walk on all fours around the room puppy girl. Keep your legs spread open. Circle the room twice and sit in front of me.”

Sassy struggled to move around the exam room. Her body shook with need. Keeping her back legs wide made the glass probe invading her anus shift, sending bolts of heat to her already over excited body. By the time she had circled the room twice, the puppy girl only had one thought on her mind. She would do anything with anyone she was commanded to, if this monstrous raging lust she felt would be taken care of. Stopping by the tall man's feet, she sat down, held up her front paws and spread her trembling thighs. Whimpering, she begged for attention, looking to her master for help.

“That's right, Sassy,” the vet chuckled. “Beg for me. Woof like the animal you are and you might get the release you want.”

Scoundrel watched as his wife stilled, resigned eyes gazing at the dominant man in front of her and sighed. He could see understanding dawning in her gaze. She was finally accepting the fact that orgasms are not given to puppies when they want but only when their handlers allow them. If a handler wanted to

withhold it, the frustrated puppy had no other choice. Opening her mouth, she woofed, her large breasts jiggling as her head and chest moved with each sound. Thick womanly nectar pooled between her spread legs, forming a large puddle on the tile floor.

“Good puppy. Be quiet now, you did a fine job begging. When handlers tell you to 'beg', you know just what to do, don't you girl?”

The tense puppy girl nodded and woofed, showing the doctor she now clearly understood her place at the ranch. As a collared pet, she would obey and serve her master or mistress with no hesitation. If she could avoid punishments by being an obedient pup, she would be a very well-behaved puppy girl.

“Regina, would you like to finish off this cute puppy girl?”

“You bet, doc,” the groomer said as she moved over to kneel in front of Sassy.

The young woman reached out, pinching the hard nipples of the sitting puppy girl. A startled yelp from Sassy broke the silence in the room. Using one hand, the groomer rubbed the engorged throbbing clit poking out from the girl pup's glistening labia lips. As the pup's body began to jerk and twitch, Regina tugged hard to the torment the pleasure nub.

The puppy girl yowled, explosive waves of heat burst from her clit, crashing through her pussy, her probe filled anus, up her belly to her tight pebbled nipples. Regina continued to pinch the pup's nipple and tug on her hard, angry red clit. Sassy yowled and writhed with her release. The puppy girl's large breasts jiggled and bounced, the muscles in her belly and thighs twitching as her orgasm pounded through her. The girl pup lay on the floor moaning, body jerking wildly. Pulling her hands back, Regina smiled with a great sense of satisfaction looking at the exhausted puppy now lying collapsed on the floor. Muscles twitching, low moans escaped the lips of the now limp puppy.

“Scoundrel, go over and cleanup after your mate,” the vet called out. “We don't want any messes left on the floor.”

Crawling between Sassy's legs, he lowered his head to lick the thick fluid from her inner thighs. Lapping up the juices leaking out of her slit, he gently nudged her clit with his nose. Her head jerked up, allowing him to gaze into her shattered eyes. Seeing the love and concern in his eyes helped her calm down. By the time her ragged breathing returned to normal, he was digging the last of her sweet juices from deep within her pussy with his long tongue. She waited on the floor as he licked every drop of cum off the tile floor.

“Very good puppies. Excellent!” the vet spoke softly. “You're all done for now.”

“Come pups,” Regina said. “Let's get you groomed. You get an extra nice massage today, too. A hot meal in your dog bowls and a long nap will refresh you for tonight's entertainment.”

Sassy got on all fours slowly, crawling over to lick the boy pup's shoulder to show her thanks for his support. It had been a traumatic day, but she finally understood what it meant to be a puppy girl. Following the groomer into the hallway, she looked over at her husband moving beside her, hoping he would be allowed to mount her sometime. She missed his touch, feeling his hard shaft deep inside her. If she was a well-behaved pup, they might let him ride her to another explosive orgasm.

Chapter 4: Play Time for Beau and Max

Beau woke from his nap, stretching his unbound arms and legs as he lay on the soft cool grass of a dog run. Hearing a low 'aaaarf' to his left, he glanced over to spot Max sitting up beside him. Seeing his buddy's clean smooth skin and shiny red coat brought back memories of the well-needed grooming he had enjoyed earlier under the tender care of his favorite groomer. After an exhausting morning tending his mistress and doing an hour of training for the upcoming dog show, Beau was very happy when Ed had given him some cool fresh water in a dog bowl. Watching Max lap water out of a bowl nearby made his tail wag.

His new lifestyle had taken some adjusting, but was much easier to handle when his buddy was around.

They had learned how to communicate using the limited sounds their voc al chords produced, along with body language and some paw motions. Beau was certain he and Max would be friends if they had met away from Mistress Kayla’s care.

Leading the puppy boys to one of the grooming rooms in the kennel, Ed had swatted each pup on the ass playfully as they walked beside him. The head trainer's playful swat reminded Beau of the times Ed had taken him to a playroom for an evening’s personal entertainment. He liked the head trainer, enjoying the unique ways Master Ed had come up with to give him treats. While being a good puppy for Mistress Kayla was his main focus, entertaining staff members and guests at the ranch had become one of Beau's favorite ways to spend time away from his mistress.

Regina, a tall slender woman with short curly brown hair, had been waiting in the grooming room to care for Beau and Max. Her soft warm hands were always comforting as she unbound his legs and arms, removed the inserted show tail, released the tightly clamped bells from his sore nipples, cleaned his teeth, and washed the sweat off each pup's well-worked body. Since grooming included a cleansing enema, both puppies considered that it was possible their mistresses would require a special service later on as they both patiently waited back in their dog run.

Beau's musings were interrupted by his groomer's arrival at the dog run with doggy bowls filled with savory chunks of beef mixed with bite size pieces of vegetables. Crawling eagerly to the front of the run, he sniffed the food in the bowl, enjoying the wonderful aroma. With arms folded, chests lowered close to the ground, his swollen shaft and large balls dangled between their wide spread legs, Regina admired how good both her charges looked as they fed, heads lowered to the dog bowls, using long tongues to eat, then licking the bowls squeaky clean.

“Let's go, pups,” Regina called out as they finished their dinners. She took two leashes off hooks mounted on the front of the dog run. “You boys have a very busy night ahead, so let's get you ready.”

Opening the locked gate to the dog run, she pointed to a spot 3 feet to her right. “Beau! Max! Come!” she commanded.

Both puppy boys crawled out of the dog run, sitting at the location indicated by the groomer. Beau watched as she hooked his diamond studded leash to the collar around his neck, then waited quietly as she attached Max's leash. Tongue hanging out of his mouth, Beau panted with excitement at the thought of playtime with his beautiful mistress.

Holding the leashes loosely in her left hand, Regina quietly, with authority spoke another command. “Heel Pups!”

Beau and Max followed their groomer, prancing proudly at her left side as she strolled around the front of the kennel moving towards a far corner of the training yard. With each step, Beau's ball bag bounced between his back legs, slapping against his inner thighs. Whimpering softly as more pressure built up in his large swaying balls, his semi-erect shaft began to lengthen, growing harder.

Saying, “Okay, pups,” Regina smiled. “It's time to do your business. Mistress Kayla doesn't want any interruptions during playtime tonight.” The groomer then released each pup from its leash.

The groomer’s latest instructions distracted Beau from his thoughts on the painful pressure in his throbbing ball sacks and pulsating puppy penis. Noticing that they were now in a partially wooded garden area used by puppies for outside peeing, he realized he did need to empty his full bladder. Sniffing several bushes and tree trunks, he found the tree he preferred. Positioning himself next to the medium sized tree, he lifted his back leg, aimed his stiff cock towards the trunk of the tree and focused on urinating.

His hard shaft made it difficult at first, but he was able to pee after a few moments as his penis softened. He liked that the pretty groomer had moved to his side to watch and to pet his head fur calming him more with words as he did so publicly what used to be such a private, personal function. Being so gently handled by a pretty lady made all the things expected of the pup seem much more reasonable and necessary.

Sighing quietly as the pressure in his bladder eased up, he shook his hips to dislodge any remaining drops as he looked around. His cock had lost some of its rigidity after he urinated, but a low level of arousal continued to run through his body. A constant level of lust combined with the aching throb of his ripened balls, had become part of his daily routine in the past few months. Having large over-filled plums that needed milking every 48 hours was uncomfortable and frustrating. Beau was still in awe of the intensity of his release when he was allowed to cum. Although his daily play sessions with his mistress sometimes allowed him relief more than once every two days, the discomfort in his sizable male equipment seemed almost constant.

Finished, Beau spread his legs wide and sat down on the soft grass in an open area, enjoying the feeling of the grass tickling his plums. Looking around, he saw Max finish peeing on a bush several feet away, while Regina had moved away and now chatted with Paula who was waiting for several other puppy boys to finish. Hearing Max approach, Beau turned to glance at his friend and regular partner in many play sessions. When near enough, Beau gently licked Max's shoulder. It was comforting to have a buddy here in the kennel, where he had been introduced to many strange activities. Max's scent was so familiar to him by now that he could recognize it easily, even if Max was in a group of pups sitting a full 200 feet away.

A sharp whistle followed by “Beau! Max! Heel!” Regina's spoken command caught both puppies attention immediately.

Leashed again, Beau crawled just behind Max both following their groomer, keeping to her left side. The view of Max's back side, cock and balls swinging back and forth between his spread legs reminded Beau of his own package. The pressure in his over-filled balls had become even more painful, throbbing despite the recent pee release. His shaft swelled, pulsing with the need to eject his load of semen. It still overwhelmed him just how intense the pleasure was when he finally came, even after months of serving his lovely mistress. Nothing in his previous life had prepared him for being Kayla's trained puppy boy, but he was so happy now he could not imagine going back to his old life.

“Watch the step, pups,” Regina chuckled, “I know you boys are looking forward to having your pretty plums drained. You'll be wagging your play tails nicely for your mistresses tonight.”

Having plugs and dildos inserted into his anus had been one of the most difficult things Beau had encountered in his puppy training, but the look of joy in his mistress's face when he wagged his tail made it all worthwhile. The sensation of an anal plug massaging his prostate gland as he fucked his mistress had increased his pleasure to an unbelievable level.

Following Regina into one of the larger grooming rooms, Beau stopped just inside the door with Max to wait for the next command.

“Beau, you're first. Up! Up on the table, boy!” Dropping both leashes, Regina pointed to a grooming table on the right. “Max, stay, you'll be next on that other table.”

Climbing up onto the low table top, Beau spread his back legs apart. Looking at the counter top nearby, the puppy boy saw two plastic wrapped anal plugs and a tube of lotion.

“Good boy, stay! This won't take long so I'm not strapping you down.”

Regina picked up one of the wrapped packages, tearing off the plastic to reveal a 4 inch long anal plug. It had a slightly pointed end with two distinct round ball shapes that narrowed down, ending with a medium sized flat disk. The flat end of the plug had a large gold ring mounted onto it to hold whatever extra attachments the owner wanted to decorate the tail with. Even though Beau had often worn larger plugs, the design of this plug added a stimulating element to his already overcharged body.

Drawing a pair of latex gloves onto her hands, the groomer picked up the tube of lotion. She squirted a generous amount of the gold lotion into one hand, using two fingers of her free hand to rub the thick lotion into Beau's back passage. Picking up the anal plug, she coated it with the remaining lotion from her hand.

Placing the pointed end of the plug at Beau's puckered opening, she began to gently insert the device. The ring of muscles at the opening of his anus clamped around the first indention of the plug. Continuing to push, Regina inserted the remaining 2 inches into the puppy boy's rectum. The muscles of his anal ring closed tightly around the second indention, leaving only the flat disk and gold ring visible. Pulling on the gold ring to make sure it was seated securely, she playfully slapped the pup's ass cheeks.

“Almost done, pup,” Regina chuckled, “let's get your coat of head fur brushed out and tied up. In the next few minutes, that special cream should start working. You're going to love the tail jewelry Mistress Kayla selected for you for this playtime.”

As his groomer ran a brush through his silky brown hair, Beau wiggled a bit, unusually warm tingles spreading in his stretched anus. With each slight body movement, the plug shifted and moved, causing the tingle to increase in intensity. As it rubbed against his prostate, his shaft became hard as steel. Whimpering softly, he looked over at his groomer.

“That's perfect, boy,” referring to the obvious effect of the special lotion, the groomer spoke softly as she tied a ribbon around the pony tail at the back of his head. “Royal blue is the best choice for a pup with your coloring.”

Regina opened a drawer in the nearby counter, pulling out a cluster of bright gold chains connected to a single clasp. Hanging from the clasp, each of the 5 inch medium weight chains had a gold ring on its end.

Hooking the clasp to the gold ring in Beau's tail, the groomer tugged sharply to make sure the chains were secure and the plug would not come out. Next, she attached a single 2 inch feather to each ring.

“Let's not forget your nipple bells, pup. Mistress Kayla loves hearing the tinkle of her pup's belled nubs.”

Selecting a pair of heavy gold bells, the groomer hung them on the rings attached to Beau's pierced nipples. Tugging on each bell to make sure it was securely connected, she smiled at the flush of heat in the boy pup's face. Working at the ranch provided many opportunities to torment and tease the puppies and ponies in training. Having a pet to play with on personal time was an added benefit of working at the compound. Regina smiled, remembering last evening’s playtime with Blaze.

“Okay boy, off! Step off the table. Max Up! Climb up on that table.”

Jumping down carefully, Beau crawled a few feet away to wait as Max took his place on the other grooming table. The groomer lubricated Max's anal passage and the other plug using more gold lotion from the tube on the counter. Sitting very still to avoid jiggling the plug in his anus, Beau watched intently as the anal plug slid into his buddy's well-lubricated anal passage. He was surprised when Regina connected a cluster of silken cords with gold rings on the ends to the ring on Max's tail. She hooked a medium sized bell to each of the rings on the tail.

“Max has bells on his tail Beau, doesn't he look adorable? Mistress Zimra enjoys bells on her pet almost as much as Mistress Kayla does.”

“One more thing to do, pups,” Regina called over her shoulder as she pulled out two sets of arm sleeves from a drawer in a nearby storage unit. “You won't need your leg-ups until later tonight, but an obedient puppy boy always needs to have his paws properly outfitted.”

Walking over to Beau, Regina pointed to his right hand. “Beau, give me your paw.”

Beau raised his right puppy paw, holding his arm still as Regina began to slide the open end over his hand. She worked the tight fitting tube over his hand. Having worn arm sleeves many times since he arrived at the compound, he automatically squeezed his fingers together to help his groomer slide the sleeve up his arm. As his hand reached the opposite end of the tube, Beau worked his fingers around to grip the ¾ inch diameter cylinder, making a fist at the bottom of the sleeve. Tying off the sleeve just above his elbow, Regina patted him on the head affectionately.

Looking closely at his bound hand with the large round black pad at the end of his arm sleeve, Beau thought about his 'paws'. Wearing his arm sleeves made him feel a little vulnerable, yet the look of pleasure on his mistress's face as she watched him walk on paws and knees filled him with happiness.

“Good boy! Give me your other paw now.”

As his groomer fitted his left hand and arm in a sleeve, Beau wondered what was planned for tonight that would not require his leg-ups. Although he only wore arm sleeves and leg-ups for a few hours at a time, he had learned how to walk on paws and knees gracefully during the past few months. He had been surprised how much like a puppy he felt when he wore a combination of collar, leg-ups, and arm sleeves with paws.

“You've been such a good puppy, Max, sitting quietly while your buddy got his outfit on. Let's get you ready now.”

Beau watched as the groomer put arm sleeves on his friend. Max's curly red hair, his puppy fur, fell below his shoulders, the bone bars in his pierced nipples moving gently as he panted with excitement. Looking from Max's rampant fuck-rod and dangling ball bag to his own enhanced package, Beau whimpered softly. His thoughts focused on the enjoyment he felt buried deep in his owner's wet velvety cunt with tongue or puppy penis, and the look of joy on her face as he thrust wildly into her welcoming cunt doing his best as her pet puppy boy to please her.

After Beau and Max were fitted with their arm sleeves, Regina picked up the ends of their leashes, leading the puppy boys toward the mansion. Beau yelped several times, the plug in his rectum shifting as he crawled beside his groomer. While the plug of this tail was smaller, the golden cream it had been lubricated with dramatically increased the sensitivity of his rectum. Warm tingles in his anal passage changed to sharp bolts of heat, making his already engorged shaft pulse with lust. The muscles of his rectum and upper thighs twitched and clenched as the bolts of heat grew stronger, making it difficult to move as smoothly as he was trained to do.

Cold metal chains attached to his play tail hung down between his back legs, swinging merrily as he followed Regina out of the kennel. Unlike his regular wagging tail, which arched out a bit from his anus, this tail constantly teased his swinging ball bag. The feel of cool metal chains rubbing against the heated skin of his ass crack as he crawled, combined with light touches of feathers tickling his large ripe plums, brought soft whimpers from Beau's inhibited vocal chords. Hearing similar whines of discomfort coming

from the boy pup walking next to him, Beau knew this was going to be a long night.

“Having a little trouble walking, pups?” Regina laughed as she watched the two puppy boys struggle to keep up with her.

“Here we are pups,” Regina called out as they reached the kitchen door of the mansion. “Your mistresses are waiting for you in the main play room.”

Beau trembled, remembering other visits with his mistress to the big play room. He had been stunned the first time his owner had used the special equipment found there to bind him and torment his specially altered body. As a novice to bondage play, he had not known what to expect or how his body would respond. He had been unprepared for the incredibly strong orgasms he experienced when his mistress used his bound body for her pleasure. As Regina led the puppy boys through the kitchen, bells jingled merrily as Beau turned to look at a woman standing by a counter. Looking up at his groomer, he wagged his tail back and forth.

As Regina led the puppy boys through the kitchen, Beau slowed and turned to look at the woman dressed in the kitchen whites of a professional chef standing at a counter expertly cutting a variety of fruits into small slices. Regina stopped, feeling the pressure from Beau’s leash, as the young male puppy now looked up at his groomer, and wagged his play tail with excitement.

Regina had expected this and said, “What a cute pup you are Beau,” the groomer chuckled. “Yes, you can give Maud a kiss and say hello. She's prepared your favorite treat.”

Beau 'woofed' excitedly as the attractive middle aged woman bent down, holding her hand out palm down. Eyes shining, he eagerly licked the fingers of her hand, savoring the sweet fruit juices he found.

“Make sure to take good care of your mistresses tonight, pups, you wouldn't want to disappoint such lovely ladies. If you behave tonight, Mistress Kayla might let you boys keep me company and play in the kitchen tomorrow morning.”

“Maud, you really know how to spoil a puppy boy,” Regina called over her shoulder then said, “Heel” while giving a firm controlling tug on the two pup's leashes. She continued to walk the pups toward the hallway on the first floor of the elegant mansion.

Arriving at the entrance of the main play room, Beau crawled thru the doorway. He was followed closely by Max, the sound of jingling bells filling the room. Beau immediately saw his beautiful mistress seated on a padded wooden chair, her eyes shining with anticipation. Though she was out of sight, Max's owner, Mistress Zimra's voice could be heard.

The curtains were tied back so the occupants in both halves of the divided room could see each other if on or near the special bed or other play room furniture. Looking up, Beau saw single lengths of chain, along with a cluster of chains hanging from the ceiling of both halves of the room. On the far end of the room, there was a one way mirror covering the entire wall that would provide a tantalizing view of all the activities going on in the play room not obstructed by the curtain divider. The mirror of course allowed Mistress Kayla or her friends an unobserved viewing of play room activities.

In the right corner of the front half of the room was an antique queen-sized bed with four beautifully painted, carved wooden posts. The warm golden color of the unpainted aged oak wood portions of this very unique piece of furniture from which the bed had been made added an elegant touch to the room. Each post had a series of naked male and female figures writhing in ecstasy, their bodies bound by detailed carvings of ropes, chains, leather straps or shackles. The natural appearing skin tones of the figures ranged from pale ivory to deep black. Their bodies were held to the posts with painted or real replicas of bright gold chains, shiny silver shackles, smooth brown leather straps and rough tan ropes.

This bed with its elaborate carvings was a prized possession of Mistress Kayla, obtained at great expense from Europe. Known to have been created especially for Catherine the Great of Russia, it was the centerpiece in Kayla's preferred play room. A series of rings had been added to the main structure of this unique piece of furniture when it had been carved, providing many points of bondage to choose from. Colorful pillows of different sizes lay on a white cotton fitted sheet on the large bed. On the floor at the foot of the bed was a small wooden platform.

“If we need anything from Maud, we'll call down to the kitchen. You did a great job grooming our sweet pups, Regina. Did you happen to notice anything unusual when you applied the new lubricating lotion?”

Giggling as she recalled her impressions, Regina said, “Most definitely. The pup's asses were wiggling with joy within a few minutes of getting the play tails inserted.”

Kayla replied, “How wonderful! Thank you, Regina”.

As she unleashed the two pups to the care of their owners, Regina said, “I'll bring Molly and Daisy by

later to help clean up our naughty puppy boy's mess. Maud has prepared more treats if you need them. Is there anything else I can do for you Mistress Kayla?”

Kayla replied, “That's all for now. I'll let you know if the golden lotion works as well as I have been told it should.”

Regina unhooked both pup's leashes, hanging them on a hook near the door. “Go sit by your mistresses, boys, it’s playtime!”

As the groomer left the room, Beau crawled over to his owner, while Max looked around in confusion and whined softly. Mistress Zimra walked into view with a smile on her face, wearing a long silk bathrobe.

“It's okay boy, I didn't forget my sweet puppy,” Zimra called out, tugging on the belt of her bath robe to make sure it was tied securely, not yet ready to allow her puppy to see her female treasures again. “We are going to have a great time tonight!”

Taking a seat on a chair near her friend, Zimra pointed to a spot on the floor in front of her. “Come!”

Beau watched as his red fur coated buddy eagerly pranced over to sit on the floor at Mistress Zimra's feet as commanded. Looking up adoringly at his own beautiful mistress, the puppy boy panted quietly, tongue hanging out of his mouth. Beau spread his knees apart with his paws on the floor, his semi-erect shaft swayed in the air above his over-ripe plums. He breathed in the exciting and enticing scents of his mistress.

“What a wonderful pet you've become Beau,” Kayla commented as she ran her hand through the soft brown fur of his pony tail. “Your coat feels so silky.”

Beau sighed deeply as his mistress ran her hand thru his coat and rubbed his head, her fingernails scratching several itchy spots.

“Our pets look so cute, Zimra. Owning a pup is quite delightful and well worth the time and investment.”

“Oh, yes,” Zimra replied as she tugged on the bone bars in her pup's pierced nipples. “I can't wait to see how well they look wearing the other pieces of their jewelry.”

Looking over at his buddy, Beau wondered what other decorations were to be added. Max had his tail and nipple bone bars, while he had a tail, along with special gold bone bars on his nipples that also had a ring attached to hang things on. Gold bells hung from the rings, sending out a gentle tinkling sound. Even though his pleasure nubs were now pierced, the bone bars had been put in so that enough of the tip of his sensitive nipple poked out to allow his owner to clamp a variety of devilish bells and glittery weights she loved so much. Special bindings were wrapped around the tips of his nipples by the ranch training staff at night to add length and sensitivity to his already tender male nubs.

“Why wait! Bring Max so he can watch as I put the special cock ring and vibrating nipple balls on Beau.”

Walking over to the left side of the first half of the room, Kayla pointed to a 4 foot by 4 foot table top placed next to the floor to ceiling mirrored wall. Retracting a special folding step from under the outer edge of the table, she snapped it in place.

Since the table was only 2 feet off the floor, Beau easily mounted the table. Assuming the proper sitting position, he watched as his owner walked over to a cabinet above the nearby storage unit. Flinching slightly as the plug in his anal passage pressed deeper, he felt twinges of pain flaring in his stretched anus. Whimpering softly, he watched as his mistress selected a small wooden box from the cabinet and returned to her puppy sitting on the low table top.

Kayla pulled a short stool from under the table, placing it on the floor so she had clear access to her pup's dangling package and trembling chest. Sitting on the stool, she placed the box on a corner of the platform. Reaching out to touch his muscled chest, she ran her fingernails along the smooth skin of his shoulder to the base of his throat. The blonde mistress slipped a finger through the front center ring of his glittering collar, tugging firmly. Laughing as the bells hanging on her pet's nipple rings jingled, she looked over her shoulder at Mistress Zimra.

“The sound of bells tinkling with every movement of our puppy boys is so refreshing, Zimra.”

Moving her hand away from his throat, she trailed her finger tips down the center of his chest. Pressing manicured finger nails into the soft skin of her personal pet, she traced the outer edges of his pierced nubs, flicking the bells gently. Using both hands, she pinched his hard pink nipples until they tightened even more. Opening the box, Kayla pulled out a small ridged clamp with a medium sized silver ball

attached. Sucking gently on her pup's right nipple, she stroked his semi-erect cock with her left hand.

Feeling his mistress's soft hand caress his shaft while she devoured his sensitive nub sent flashes of renewed lust through his body. Beau whined as Kayla's warm mouth released his right nipple, moving over to his other nub. His shaft pulsed as it engorged with blood, growing to a full 12+ inches.

“That's just perfect, pup,” Kayla whispered into Beau's ear, giving his ear lobe a quick bite. “Now you're ready for the final pieces of your outfit for tonight.”

Looking nervously down at his lovely mistress, Beau watched as she tapped his right nipple lightly to make sure it was nice and firm. He winced as she squeezed one of the clamps open, placed the clamp over his aching nub, allowing the sharp ridges to fasten tightly to his hard pointed nipple. Sharp pain flared in his tender nipples as his owner quickly attached one of the cruel clamps on his other nub.

“One last piece of jewelry to go and you can have a few minutes to recover, boy.”

Closing his eyes for a moment, Beau sighed as his mistress pulled a gold cock ring out of the box, placing it on the table top. He dreaded wearing a cock ring during playtime. Under the influence of Kayla's special hormone, his enhanced package usually required at least 2 hours of furious pumping before his throbbing ball bag released their creamy fluid. When his mistress catered her sadistic side by putting a cock ring at the base of his straining erection, his frustrated fuck-rod took longer to ejaculate, just as his mistress wished.

Beau's thoughts scattered when his mistress wrapped one of her hands around his engorged cock, his body tensing as she slid the cold ring down his warm shaft, settling it next to his groin. One of the side benefits of Kayla's magic pill was an increased sensitivity of the nerves in a puppy boy's soft supple skin. He felt the sharp coldness of the metal ring at first, the warmth as his body heat warming it quickly. As Mistress Kayla adjusted the ring to fit tightly around the base of his shaft, Beau whimpered.

“Your decorations look adorable, puppy” Kayla chuckled as she flicked the bells hanging from his aching nipples. “You'll enjoy the other benefits of your jewelry and play tail as much as I will.”

Kayla stood up, placed the box on the floor by the table, pushing the stool back underneath. “Okay boy, jump down to the floor and sit by my chair. I'll be there in a moment.”

Climbing slowly off the low table, jingling bells and silver balls bounced on his chest sending flashes of pain from his clamped nipples to his ringed erection. The darting pain mixed with unrelenting pleasure his aroused body felt under the regime of Mistress Kayla's engineered hormone. He sat carefully on a spot near his mistress's chair, spreading his legs wide and placing his paws on the floor next to his thighs. Glancing down at his tormented package, he saw droplets of clear fluid form at the tip of his cock then roll down to the ring nestled at his groin before pooling in a low spot on his throbbing ball bag. The sight of his long pulsing shaft and huge plums still surprised him sometimes, making him wonder if they had gotten larger than the original growth brought on by the first three magic pills he had taken.

“Pay attention pup,” Kayla spoke softly to her pet. “Max needs your encouragement while he gets the rest of his jewelry put on.”

Looking towards the low table top, Beau trembled nervously as Mistress Zimra attached clamps with small round silver balls to his buddy's hard nipples. As each cruel clamp bit painfully into Max's tender nipples, the red-coated pup 'yelped' loudly, reminding Beau of the pain/pleasure he had felt when Mistress Kayla had 'decorated' his body just moments earlier. Beau watched as the gold ring slid down Max's hard cock. His own shaft waggled, sprinkling his inner thighs with droplets of clear pre-cum and seemed to magnify Beau's present sense of discomfort.

“Beau made a mess already, Zimra. Since the girl pups aren't here yet, maybe Max would like to lick the drops off his buddy's thighs.”

“Max likes taking care of his kennel mate, don't you boy,” Zimra replied as she gently rubbed her pet's well-muscled belly.

Asserting her control, Kayla commanded, “Beau, Settle!” wanting her puppy calmer before the other pup, Max, came close.

Beau watched as Max woofed and nodded his head in agreement, before climbing off the table. The red-coated pup made his way over and sat in front of him. Beau looked into the eyes of his friend, seeing only tenderness and concern. Max's companionship had helped him adjust to the unique training methods used to prepare him to please Mistress Kayla.

“Go ahead, Max, clean all that pre-cum off your buddy's thighs,” Zimra commanded her puppy boy.

Beau relaxed as Max licked every drop of fluid from his inner thighs. The soothing laps of his buddy's

warm tongue helped calm his frayed nerves. Sighing deeply as warm tingles spread from his inner thighs to his ball bag, he watched as the red furred pup's firm round ass cheeks thrust up in the air. Bells jingled merrily as Max's ass wiggled with delight, causing the bells hooked on the ends of the cluster of silk cords to bounce about, further teasing Max's over-ripe plums.

Looking down, Beau marveled at the enticing vision presented to him. The other puppy boy lay with his ass up, chest touching the floor, head moving slowly as his long enhanced licker-tool removed the last few drops of clear fluid. Silky red curls bounced gently, caressing Beau's pulsing shaft and full ball bag.

Kayla patted Max's wiggling buttocks, tugging on the silken cords. “That's perfect, puppy, go sit by your mistress. You did a great job helping Beau calm down.”

Raising his shining eyes up to peer into his mistresses loving gaze, Beau's tongue slipped out of his mouth. Listening to Max's bells jingle, he savored the warm tingling pleasure flowing through his hormone enhanced body. As Max sat on the floor next to his mistress, Kayla smiled wickedly.

“Our boys are going to be so frisky tonight when all the pieces kick in,” Zimra responded as she ran her hands through her pet's bright red curly hair.

Beau stared avidly as Mistress Kayla took a small wireless controller out of her bathrobe pocket. Tapping in a series of codes, she looked closely at her bound puppy boy. Pointing to a spot on the floor about 3 feet in front of her, she called out a command.

“Beau, Show!”

Beau rose from the floor, crawling to the indicated spot. Standing on paws and knees, holding his head upright, he faced forward, giving his mistress a full rear view of his bound and decorated body. Spreading his legs widely to clearly expose his chest, belly and package, he felt proud as he made the display his mistress commanded.

“Good boy, Beau.” Looking over at her friend, Kayla smiled. “My brown-coated pup has turned out to be one of the sweetest puppy boys ever trained at the compound.”

Standing as still as he could, Beau waited patiently, tongue slipping out of his mouth. The bells hanging from his pierced nipples tinkling softly with each breath he took. His steel hard shaft extended out of his groin just in front of his dangling ball sack. Swaying movements of his large balls made the cluster of chains hooked to his play tail roll gently over and around his aching plums. Light touches of feathers attached to the ends of the chains teased his tender testicles.

“Listen carefully, Beau,” Kayla spoke as she rose from her chair, walking over to look her adoring pet in the eye. Running her fingers through his shiny brown pony tail, she gently kissed his forehead.

“I know it's hard on you when your testicles are so close to being milked. These pieces of jewelry make it much more difficult for you, but I find very entertaining to use and they increase my pleasure.”

Whimpering nervously, Beau wondered how he would handle the increased stress of longer play time before release.

“I know you like your play tail, Beau. It works so well, you'll enjoy wearing it on a low setting during everyday activities, including training.”

Beau watched as Mistress Kayla pushed a button on her controller. The plug in his anal passage immediately began to vibrate gently, rubbing his prostate gland. Trembling in an effort to remain still, he moaned as the plug massaged his sensitive gland, along with the inner walls of his rectum. This tail plug was smaller than some he had worn, but the gold cream had increased the sensitivity of the inner surface of his anus. Warm tingles of pleasure flooded his body, moving from his prostate through his stretched anal passage to his straining shaft.

His body jerked momentarily when Mistress Kayla pushed another button. The plug's vibrations increased, massaging his tormented prostate harder. The higher level of vibration in the plug made it move deeper and faster along his anal passage. A small amount of pain began to mix with the extreme pleasure flowing through his tortured body.

“Next is the highest setting, pup,” Kayla said as she pushed another button. “You remember how much you love this setting, don't you pup?”

Yelping loudly, Beau felt the plug's vibration triple instantly. Nodding his head in agreement, his shaft thumped his belly, sending drops of pre-cum flying from its bulbous head. Fierce bolts of pain mingled with unbelievable pleasure, exploding from his rectum to his angry purple cock and hard aching balls. Beau yowled in frustration, his hips bucking in an effort to dislodge the plug in his ass. The vibrations of the plug slowed and stopped. He stayed in show position, trembling, sweat running down his face.

“It's going to be okay, Beau. Your special jewelry won't be set on high for any great length of time tonight while we play, but you won't know when it's going to change until it happens.”

The shaking puppy boy watched as his mistress pushed another button on the controller. Feeling a gentle vibration in the ring tightly nestled at the base of his cock, Beau closed his eyes. The gentle vibration spread ripples of soothing pleasure through his stiff shaft, and dangling balls.

“That's the lowest setting for the cock ring. I'm going to set it on medium, then high for just a moment.”

Beau looked at his mistress sadly as she pushed one button then another. Mild pulses of pain mixed with the pleasure produced at the lowest level. After a minute or two, the vibrations of the ring doubled, sending shocks of pleasure / pain from the base of his tormented organ up to the cock head to his throbbing balls. His package jerked about wildly, his ball bag bouncing madly against his inner thighs. As the vibrations slowed and stopped again, he hung his head. Although he had learned to enjoy many of the plugs, rings and assorted decorations his owner used on him, the play tail and vibrating jewelry he could do without.

“Each of your nipple balls vibrate, too, pet,” Kayla spoke as she tapped more codes into the controller.

The balls clamped to his nipples began to vibrate softly, dancing on his chest. Occasional darts of pain mixed with the warm tingles of pleasure flooding his body. As the balls switched to medium speed, they bounced about, tugging painfully on the puppy boy's clamped nubs. Beau yowled as high speed kicked in, the wild movements of the vibrating balls pulling strongly on his cruelly clamped nipples. Arcs of pain/pleasure flashed through his body, moving from his smooth muscled chest to his stretched anal passage, before flooding his enhanced package with unbelievable sensation. After a few moments, the vibrations slowed, finally stopping completely. Beau's body trembled as he caught his breath, the nipple bells tinkling softly.

Mistress Kayla moved to her sweet pup's side, kneeling by his head. “It's all over for now, Beau,” she whispered into his ear. “You can rest while Max learns how his vibrating jewelry works.”

Beau looked on as Mistress Kayla returned to her chair. Max yelped loudly as Mistress Zimra activated the vibrating tail plug, cock ring and nipple balls at all three speeds. Beau whimpered in sympathy as each separate device was set on high speed. Nothing he had already experienced at the compound could compare to the intense mix of pain and pleasure the vibrating 'jewelry' produced.

“Beau Come! Sit by my chair,” Kayla called out, pointing to a spot on the floor in front of her. “You and Max have earned a treat and some free time.”

Crawling to his mistress's chair, Beau sat carefully at her feet. Residual pain echoed thru his bound, clamped and ringed body, mixing with waves of pleasure. Raising his warm puppy dog eyes to his mistress, he whimpered quietly in distress. He watched as Mistress Kayla picked a piece of cantaloupe from the fruit tray sitting on a table between the ladies chairs. His mouth watered with anticipation, already imagining the flavorful taste of sweet juicy cantaloupe. Of all the food 'treats' his mistress rewarded him with, fresh fruit was his favorite. His enlarged tongue made it difficult for him to chew some meats and most crunchy vegetables.

Holding up the small piece of fruit, Kayla smiled. “Beg for your treat, pup.”

Beau raised his paws, bending his elbows and leaning further back on his hind legs. The plug his tail was attached to moved deeper into his tingling anus. Feeling the plug start to vibrate gently, he looked up at his owner. He could feel his heavy erect shaft waving between his thighs. The ache in his enhanced balls grew stronger, causing his over-filled plums to throb, then barking to show his mistress he remembered all he had been taught as the proper way to beg.

“Doesn't that feel good, Beau? Your play tail can be very soothing set on low.”

Beau's body trembled as the cock ring and nipple balls began to vibrate softly, sending waves of warm tingles through his nipples to his shaft and plugged anus. Tongue hanging from his mouth, he gazed at the fruit in Mistress Kayla's hand, his thoughts wandering from the increasing warmth flowing through his bound body to the delicious treat awaiting him.

Placing the piece of fruit on her bare knee sticking out of the bathrobe, Kayla called out a quiet command. “Take it!”

Moving forward, Beau picked up the fruit with his long tongue, pulling it into his mouth. The sweet taste of the cool juicy fruit burst on his sensitive tongue. Savoring the treat for a moment, he swallowed, wagging his tail to show how much he enjoyed the treat. Resuming the proper position, Beau 'begged' for another treat.

Beau watched as Kayla opened her bathrobe to expose more of herself to her excited puppy. Picking out

several pieces of fruit, she placed them on top of her exposed thighs and knees. With a low 'aaaarf', Beau wiggled his front paws. His steel hard shaft thrust proudly in the air above his large balls. With each movement, more waves of pleasure rippled through his bound and clamped body.

“What a beautiful sight our pups are, Zimra,” Kayla laughed as she looked and saw Max similarly begging his mistress for more fruit and cheese.

Glancing over at Mistress Zimra, Beau noticed that Max was sitting in a begging position waiting for treats, too. Mistress Zimra had several pieces of cheese in her hand ready for her red-coated pup. Beau 'aaarfed' at his buddy, drawing Max's attention from the sweet treats momentarily. Seeing the bouncing balls connected to Max's nipples vibrating softly, Beau sent his buddy an encouraging look before looking towards his mistress again.

Kayla chuckled. “Our pups are such close friends, and lucky to have each other, Zimra.”

“I love living here with you Kayla. We wouldn't want to separate our adorable puppy boys. They always have such a great time 'playing' together.”

“We'll have to make plans later for more play time, but right now we have pups waiting obediently for treats,” Kayla laughed. “Okay Beau, Take it!”

Beau moved forward, standing on his paws and knees between his owner’s legs. Half listening to the murmur of conversation between the two mistresses, he sighed with pleasure as he rolled each piece of fruit he snatched up from where it lay around his mouth before swallowing carefully. Sweet cantaloupe mixed with tart pineapple, along with Mistress Kayla's unique light musky scent, caused an explosion of flavor on his enhanced taste buds. Hearing bells jingle nearby, Beau sat back for a moment on his ass to watch Max enjoy his fruit and cheese. After carefully eating each piece of fruit, he licked Mistress Kayla's thighs to clean off the sticky juice left behind.

“That's wonderful, pet,” Kayla whispered in his ear as she leaned forward to tug on the bells connected to the rings in his bone bars. “Free! You can relax and visit with Max while we set up the equipment for the next part of our play time adventure for tonight.”

Cocking his head sideways, Beau watched his owner rise from her chair and pull a padded bench from a corner of the first half of the room, placing it in the center of the room close to the archway. Panting quietly, he 'woofed' quietly as Mistress Kayla slid the bottom of each leg of the bench into slots built into the plush carpeted floor. Locking the legs on the 2 foot tall bench, Kayla tugged to make sure it would not move accidentally.

Reaching under one end of the bench, Kayla pulled out a small padded extension and snapped it into place. Pulling two longer extensions out from under the other end of the bench, she locked them into place. Beau 'aaarfed' as his mistress playfully rubbed his head, then strolled over to a wall rack near the room's entrance to select some toys.

Movement from the corner of his eye caught his attention, reminding Beau that Max was 'playing' also. Following his buddy into the other half of the room, Beau spotted the red-coated pup and sat next to Max. He looked on in curiosity as Mistress Zimra pulled a wide curved bench to the center of the second half of the room close to the archway. The upper surface of the 2 foot tall bench was padded, with straps and rings on both sides.

Beau watched as the black-haired mistress slid a small extension out of one end of the arch of the bench, locking it in place. As Mistress Zimra wandered over to a wall-rack nearby to pick out her preferred toys for the evening, Beau nudged his buddy's shoulder, using paw motions to point to the curved bench. Max nodded his head in agreement, following Beau over to the frame to check it out. Both pups crawled around the frame several times, bells jingling on nipple clamps and tail decorations.

The upper part of the curved bench was solid, while the lower parts resting on the floor were made up of a framework of golden oak matching the carved antique beds in the corner of each room. Sitting up, Beau pressed his paws into the supple leather covered padding. Moving over to the other side of the curved bench where Max had stopped, Beau licked his buddy's shoulder. Beau turned his face towards the flat bench in the other part of the room, 'aarrouuing’ softly. Followed by his red-coated buddy, he crawled briskly back to the front half of the room.

Shaking his long brown pony tail, Beau circled the flat bench. He had a general idea how these new benches would be used, having been bound to similar devices during play time before. All these new devices and decorations made Beau a little nervous, but he trusted his mistress completely. He had fully accepted Mistress Kayla's deep need for intense, multiple orgasms. His own pleasure, when his throbbing balls finally released their creamy semen, was explosive and exhausting.

Chapter 5: Max Gets a Paddling

“Come Beau!”

Beau was startled by the sound of his owner's voice. Looking around, he noticed Mistress Kayla was again seated in her chair. Mistress Zimra sat in her seat holding a small wooden paddle, with her pup sitting on the floor by her chair. Moving around the flat bench, he crawled past Max, rubbing his cheek against the red-coated pup's shoulder. Stopping in front of his mistress, Beau gazed at her lovingly.

“Free time is over, boy,” Kayla called out to her brown-haired puppy boy as she pointed to the padded bench nearby. “Up! Up on the bench.”

Looking up in confusion, Beau stood on all fours, moving slowly towards the flat padded bench. He whined as he sat down next to the bench, glancing from the piece of furniture back to his owner.

Chuckling quietly, Mistress Kayla rose from her chair, walking over to one end of the bench. “Place that tantalizing tush of yours on this end with your legs on the long extensions, then lay on your back with your head on the padded extension at the other end. Let your arms hang down to the floor.”

Standing up on two feet, he took several steps, sitting down with his ass resting on the end and his upper thighs laying on the padded extensions. 'Yelping' as the vibrating plug in his anus pressed harder on his overworked prostate, he laid down carefully. While under the influence of Mistress Kayla's magic supplement, the gland near his anal passage had enlarged, becoming more sensitive. He still marveled at the variety of devices used in his anal passage, each plug having a unique size, shape or style.

Beau's paw pads touched the floor as he let his arms hang down, brushing against several leather cuffs that were permanently attached to the bench leg. Pain flared in his tightly clamped nipples as his chest muscles stretched, making the vibrating balls bounce and the bells jingle. His body trembled as his mistress ran her hand along his sleek muscled belly up to his hard clamped nubs, flicking each dancing silver ball.

He whined as his mistress adjusted the extension supporting his head to make it more comfortable. Beau sighed, feeling her soft hands caressing his arms as they reached down to secure his paws using the lowest set cuffs affixed to the legs of the bench.

Humming softly as she secured Beau's knees and thighs to the long extensions at the end of the bench, Kayla grinned in anticipation. “You look absolutely delicious laid out on the new bondage bench, boy!”

Beau raised his head as far as he could, looking down along his smooth hairless chest, past the quivering balls attached to his nubs. Rising majestically from his groin, his 12+ inch dick waggled in the air leaving small drops of pre-cum splattered on his tummy.

“Perfect timing, pet,” Kayla whispered in his ear as she released a small lever on the underside of the bench near the brown-haired pup's knees. “We're almost done setting you up to entertain Max while Mistress Zimra heats up his delicate ass. It's a good thing Max's mistress is so good with a paddle. Our red-haired pup performs so… much better with a session of bondage and pain to spice up his pleasure. ”

Panting nervously, Beau felt the padded extensions move as his mistress pulled them apart to fully expose his privates. He ‘woofed’ quietly as his large, full ball sack rolled off his thighs to hang between his spread legs. His heavy dangling plums pulled down on his huge shaft that was jutting up towards the ceiling. Feeling a slight tug on his ankles, Beau turned his head to see what Mistress Kayla was doing. With his body bound tightly to the bench, he was unable to see much. He laid his head back down facing the ceiling again, letting a whimper escape his inhibited vocal chords.

“With your ankles secured to the bench, boy,” Kayla chuckled, “there's no chance of you kicking your buddy, so stop fretting and enjoy the kisses Max is going to give your delightful package.”

Punching several codes into the controller, Kayla smiled wickedly. “Can you feel stronger vibrations from your new jewelry, pup?”

Beau's 'yelped' loudly, his body jerking and shifting as much as the tight bonds allowed. The plug in his anus kicked into medium speed, rippling pain mixed with pleasure from his tormented bottom through his ringed cock to his cruelly clamped nubs. As each device began to vibrate faster, intense waves of heated sensation flowed through his body. His cock throbbed as the ring at its base moved faster, sending spikes of pain up the column of his engorged shaft to his purple cock head. After a few moments, the cock ring stopped vibrating, while the plug and the balls continued to tease the bound puppy boy.

Tugging sharply on Beau's nipple rings, Mistress Kayla whispered in his ear. “I wanted to show you what Max will be feeling as he tends to your luscious shaft and ball sack. Your cock ring is now turned off. We wouldn't want Max hurting himself when he works his licker-tool up and down your fabulous fuck-rod.”

Closing his eyes, Beau wondered if he would be able to withstand the increased levels of sensations produced by his 'decorations'. His position on the bench pushed the anal plug deeper into his rectum, rubbing his prostate harder than his regular tail. Pain flared, mixing with waves of pleasure, as the plug moved and shifted in his ass, rubbing against the ultra-sensitive inner lining of his anal passage.

He hoped his mistress did not use the gold cream on him again, but was afraid she would. During his time at the compound, Beau had played with his owner often, many times using devices and lotions he had not known of before. It still surprised him how much he had come to crave the intense pleasure and pain he felt when he served his beautiful mistress.

Feeling a warm tongue caress his dangling ball sack, Beau opened his eyes. Looking down between his spread legs, he saw Max's bright curls bounce as he gleefully lapped Beau's throbbing balls. Warm tingles of pleasure flashed through his body as sharp pain darted from his clamped nubs. Bells jingled merrily as the silver balls vibrated, bouncing around his hard pinched nipples. Each movement of the cool metal orbs pulled painfully on his tender nubs.

Beau's tummy muscles twitched as Mistress Kayla pushed the head of his cock closer to Max's open mouth. Feeling his buddy's warm mouth envelop the tip of his steel hard shaft made his balls pulse and tighten. Pre-cum dripped from the slit in his cock head, where it was then swallowed eagerly by the puppy boy 'kissing' his privates. It was hard to resist the enticing flavor of puppy boy semen. Beau had come to crave the taste of an enhanced male's fluid, although the act of licking or sucking a male's cock felt strange to him at times.

A loud sound interrupted Beau's thoughts. Glancing down, he watched the dark-haired woman deliver a series of hard smacks to her red-coated pup's ass. Standing in show position with his legs spread, Max presented his tight muscled buttocks for his mistress's enjoyment. Using a small wooden paddle, Mistress Zimra spanked Max's right ass cheek, waited a moment then paddled his left buttock.

Alternating between right and left, she paddled her pup's ass as he eagerly kissed Beau's cock and balls. Eagerly swallowing the fluid leaking from the brown-haired pup's cock head, Max used his long tongue to massage up and down the column of Beau's shaft. Bells on Max's tail jangled loudly with each jerk of his body. In between kisses, Max 'aarrouued' loudly as his owner gave his ass cheeks a good work-out.

Catching his buddy's gaze, Beau saw excitement in Max's eyes as well as flashes of pain. His red-haired friend glowed with happiness whenever his owner 'warmed' his ass with a paddle or riding crop. He had noticed that Max got an extra thrill from some of the more extreme bondage and paddling included in basic puppy training. Feeling the vibrating jewelry torment his own body, Beau trembled at the memory of the last time his mistress had 'warmed' his backside. The added intensity of the vibrating decorations to the already wild rush of pleasure, went way beyond anything Mistress Kayla had shown him in past play times.

“Max's sweet cheeks are a perfect shade of pink,” Zimra laughed, gently rubbing her pet's rosy buttocks with the paddle. Reaching between his legs, she used the wooden paddle to pull Max's hard, pulsating penis closer. “Maxie loves having his bottom warmed up, don't you pet?”

Kayla used her finger tips to lightly scratch the red-coated pup's throbbing ball bag. “A properly delivered ass warming does wonders preparing a puppy boy to pleasure his mistress.”

Beau sighed as Mistress Zimra hung the paddle on a hook imbedded into one of the legs of the bench and sat down in her chair again, calling her pup to her side. Cool air surrounded his heated body as Max slid his mouth off Beau's erection and crawled over to sit by his mistress with lust in his eyes. Beau caught his breath for a moment, trying to imagine what his mistress had in mind for him. His mistress enjoyed paddling a pup's cheeks to a rosy pink, but Beau still didn't understand what was so great about it.

“Don't worry, boy,” Kayla spoke as she wiped the sweat off his forehead with a warm damp cloth, then pointed to the archway to the other half of the room. “I have something different in mind for you. Look closely as Mistress Zimra straps Max down to the curved frame bench.”

Turning his head sideways, Beau watched his buddy lay tummy up on the padded surface of the wooden half-moon bench placed close to the archway. Max's head rested on a short extension sticking out of one end, his paws, waist and ankles secured in cuffs mounted at the base of the frame. The red-haired pup's ass was pressed firmly into the other edge of the padded bench, his legs spread just enough to allow his ball bag to hang down, swinging gently between his thighs. Max's engorged shaft towered over his tightly bound body. As he continued to gaze at Mistress Zimra and her pet, the red-coated pup turned his head, making eye contact with his buddy in the front part of the room, lust and anticipation shining brightly in Max's eyes.

Beau yelped sharply, feeling the cock ring snugly in place around the base of his angry purple prick begin to vibrate gently at first, then ramp up to medium speed after a few moments. Warm tingles rippled along his tummy as his mistress ran her soft hands over his groin, starting at the silky smooth skin around the base of his shaft. She made lazy circles with her fingertips, occasionally digging her sharp finger nails into the hyper-sensitive skin covering his smooth muscled tummy. Beau 'aarrooouuued' as his owner reached his chest, tugging on the maddening balls tormenting his painfully clamped nubs.

Bending down, Mistress Kayla whispered softly in her pup's ear. “Watch Mistress Zimra, pet, isn't she lovely?”

Turning his gaze from his mistress, Beau looked into the other part of the room. Reflected in the mirrored wall, he saw Mistress Zimra slip her robe off her shoulders, dropping it to the floor. Bending down to pick up the silk bathrobe, the beautiful dark-haired woman's ass cheeks spread, clearly showing her silky smooth pussy and full wet and open labia lips. Max's steel hard cock waggled in the air, new drops of pre-cum forming on the cock head.

It was strange to see himself and his mistress in the mirrored wall, along with Mistress Zimra and her red-coated puppy boy. He remembered sitting behind the other side of that two-way mirror with his mistress as she observed a trainer putting a puppy boy through some hard bondage in the playroom. He could still hear her low moans as he lapped at her sweet pussy, fucking her to a huge orgasm with his long enhanced licker-tool. His own release several hours later had been so intense he had passed out.

A loud whimper erupting from Max's throat brought Beau's attention back to the present. As he watched, Mistress Zimra moved to the end of the bench where Max's head rested, straddling his face. Lowering her silky smooth pussy over the red-coated puppy boy's mouth, she reached down to spread her wet dripping lower lips apart.

“Here's your treat, Max,” Zimra called out in a low breathy voice. “Seeing your sweet rosy cheeks after a good paddling gets me all fired up, boy. Now I need your fantastic tongue licking my wet lips, lapping my hard clit, pumping in and out of my aching cunny.”

Beau was distracted from the hypnotic scene unfolding in front of him when he felt his mistress sit lightly on his tummy. She had removed her robe, squatted over the padded bench, lowering her warm pussy lips onto the heated skin of his bulbous cock head. Bending down to place a light kiss on his forehead, her large breasts rubbed his chest as her tight, hot pussy slid down his rampant erection. Her hard pointed nipples scraped along his upper chest, catching an occasional bounce from the vibrating balls dancing around his nipples.

”Ohhhhh… puppy,” Kayla moaned out loud. “We're going to use those wonderful vibrating jewelry more often from now on. My nipples tingle so pleasantly when they rub against the balls on your nubs. I can tell by the size of your fuck-rod that you enjoy feeling the tight clamps on your tender nipples.”

Picking up the controller off the floor nearby, Mistress Kayla punched in several codes. “Okay pet, I've put your vibrating jewelry on a random setting pattern.” Tugging hard on the balls bouncing around his aching nipples, Kayla whispered “Let's watch Max work on his lady for a few minutes, pup.”

Moving slowly up and down his throbbing shaft, Kayla reached back to fondle her pet's firm dangling plums with one hand, while she flicked the balls dancing around Beau's clamped nipples with her free hand. Rubbing her hard clit into the vibrating ring nestled at the base of her pup's cock, Kayla quivered as waves of pleasure rippled thru her body. Moving her hands up to her trembling tits, she pulled and pinched the hard pink nipples crowning her glorious globes.

Beau 'yowled' over and over as the balls clamped onto his nipples went into high speed, jangling loudly as they slapped his upper chest rapidly. Looking up, he gazed into the eyes of his smiling mistress as she sat up on his raging pleasure-rod, rubbing her wet labia lips into his groin. Her eyes glowed with malicious pleasure as the cock ring and tail plug both switched from medium to high speed minutes apart, while at the same time the nipple balls slowed to low speed, now dancing gently on his sweating chest. He howled in frustration as ripples of pleasure from his tightly clamped nubs crashed against waves of pain flowing from his deeply filled rectum and tormented prostate. The muscles of Kayla's hot cunt squeezed his engorged dick, making it throb and pulse, but not moving fast enough to allow his tortured ball bag to erupt.

The agonizing ring entrapping the root of his shaft sent pain raging up the column of his cock to his angry purple cock head. After what seemed like forever, but was probably only a few moments, the cock ring slowed to a low setting, gently massaging the tortured puppy boy's shaft. After the cock ring shifted to

low, the tail plug switched from high to low setting. He was unable to focus on watching anything with the vibrating devices flooding his body with intense pain / pleasure, making it difficult for him to tell where the pleasure ended and the pain began.

Intense waves of pleasure roared from his pulsating puppy penis, through his stretched anal passage. The tail plug shifted, moving deeper into his rectum, massaging his overwhelmed prostate rapidly. Pain shot from his aching anus as the vibrating plug rubbed the ultra-sensitive skin of his inner passage. His upper body twitched and jerked, making the balls attached to his clamped nubs slap his chest. The bells hanging from his nipple rings jumped and jingled wildly. Each movement of the balls pulled at his tormented nipples, sending flashes of pain and pleasure to his wildly swaying testicles. Panting noisily, Beau raised his eyes to his mistress, begging silently for a break from the tormenting jewelry.

Laughing wickedly, Kayla picked up the hand held device and pushed a button. “Okay pet, we'll put the jewelry on low and watch Max worship his mistress.”

Sighing with relief, Beau felt all four vibrating pieces of jewelry slow to a soothing hum. Turning his head at the sound of bells jingling wildly in the other part of the room, Beau stared as Max's tongue thrust in and out of his owner’s pussy. Creamy fluid flowed from her wet dripping cunny, liberally coating the red-haired pup's face and neck. Max's cock waved wildly in the air, spewing pre-cum all over his belly and thighs. The bells attached to the plug cruelly tormenting his stretched rectum jangled loudly.

Her face tensing, then relaxing only to tense again, Mistress Zimra trembled. “Max, right there, lick my hard clit… lick it, pup.” Her body shook as an overpowering orgasm slammed through her quaking body.

She continued to press her pussy onto Max's face, quietly riding out her explosive orgasm. “Oh,” she moaned softly, “that was fantastic! You have the most wonderful tongue, puppy.”

Rubbing the sweaty tummy of her bound puppy boy, Zimra caught her breath. Rising from his cum covered face, the black haired mistress gently kissed the forehead of her gasping pup. Reaching down to pick up her hand held electronic device, Mistress Zimra punched a button. Beau watched as his buddy's body relaxed, the various pieces of jewelry stopping their vibrating. It was hard on puppy boys when two hours of frantic pumping was needed to orgasm, without the addition of a tight cock ring to increase their frustration and the time for release.

“Take it easy, Max, I'll get you all cleaned up,” Zimra whispered to her frantic pup as she used a warm wet washcloth to wipe the sticky juices off his face and neck. “We'll enjoy the show as Mistress Kayla rides her puppy boy to an explosive orgasm, her orgasm that is. Puppy boys don't get release until their mistress's allow them to, right boy?”

Beau sighed as Max woofed and nodded his head in agreement, then turned his head to gaze sadly into his brown-haired friend's eyes for a moment. One thing all puppy boys learned during training was that their master or mistress's pleasure was their main concern. An obedient pup would be rewarded only when his owner or handler decided it was the right time.

Kayla grinned. “Why don't you mount your pup's cock and sit comfortably as you watch? Having a hard puppy penis to ride is the best way to relax. ”

“So true, my friend,” Zimra chuckled. “And our precious puppy boys have the most delightful cocks.”

Running her hand lightly along Max's quivering belly towards his imposing erection, Zimra wrapped her warm hand around the base of his straining cock.

“My precious puppy boy loves to give his mistress a slow sweet ride, don't you Max?” Zimra laughed as she used her other hand to fondle her pup's large firm plums.

Beau watched in a daze as the beautiful black-haired woman stroked up and down his buddy's engorged shaft, her sharp nails scraping his bulbous cock head randomly. Straddling the curved bench with her long sexy legs, Mistress Zimra reached up to pinch her hard pointed nipples. As she lowered her cunt onto the red-haired pup's pleasure-rod, Max yelped loudly. Beau whimpered, feeling his owner's hot, wet pussy clutch his pulsating puppy penis while a tail plug pressed deeply into his stretched anal passage.

“Relax, boy,” Kayla whispered to her pet. “I'm going to play with your grand cock and balls while your talented tongue brings me to a magnificent orgasm.”

Beau's gaze followed his mistress as she climbed off his straining erection, pulling a small table over from the wall and placing it next to the flat padded bench. Strolling over to a wall rack with a large assortment of crops, whips and chains of various size and length, she selected a riding crop and a short length of medium gauge chain. Panting breathlessly, Beau watched his mistress walk over to a counter top and pick up a basket. Opening several drawers in the cabinet below, she pulled out a variety of items, placing them into her basket. Grabbing a warm cloth from a bowl on the counter top, she strolled back over to her pet.

Smiling wickedly, Kayla quickly cleaned her tightly bound puppy boy's belly, cock and thighs. “What fun we're going to have, pup!”

Kayla smiled, running the tips of her fingers lightly over her pet's chest, tummy and inner thighs. Each soft touch made the puppy boys securely bound body twitch and jerk whenever her fingernails passed over one of his ticklish spots. The special hormone caused his already sensitive skin to be unbelievably affected by the slightest touch.

“I adore having a ticklish pet. It's so much fun to explore your delightfully sensitive skin.”

Beau trembled nervously as Mistress Kayla took a small piece of fur out of the basket she had set on the table by his bench. His belly tingled as she rubbed the patch of soft fur over his smooth satiny tummy. Beau's staff twitched when his mistress straddled the bench, placing her alluring cunt over the extension his head rested on.

Lowering herself to his mouth, Kayla used her free hand to spread her lower lips apart. “Use that marvelous licker-tool on my cunny. Show your mistress how much her puppy boy loves lapping at her pleasure box. Make sure to lick up all the dripping honey.”

Sticking out his enhanced tongue, Beau licked the inside of Kayla's thighs as she moved her gaping cunt closer to his face. Lapping up the fluid coating her labia lips, he 'arrroouuued' quietly with special enjoyment as his owner's tasty juices flowed onto his tongue. He licked all around Kayla's sweet slit, swallowing when his mouth filled with her juices. His body jerked as various pieces of his jewelry began to vibrate at the medium setting randomly. Feeling soft fur rubbing up and down his throbbing cock and inner thighs, Beau moved his tongue faster, touching his mistress's hard clit. Small darting pains zipped from his stretched anal passage to his cruelly ringed shaft. Ripples of pleasure flowed from his engorged cock as the soft fur ignited the nerves under his skin.

Each light caress of her finger touching him made his body flinch, stronger movements showing when she reached a ticklish area. His concentration slipping as every sensation in his body distracted him from tending his owner's hot wet slit. Focusing only on pleasing his mistress, Beau's tongue and lips worked solely on licking her plump folds and sucking on her large firm clit. Letting the sensations flooding his body slip to the back of his mind, Beau felt a sense of rightness grow from deep within. A puppy boy's true place was being collared and leashed by his owner, seeing to his mistress or master’s every desire.

“Oh, yes,” Kayla moaned. “Don't stop playing with my clit, boy.”

His mistress’s voice sent tingles of heat through him. Beau worked his large tongue up Mistress Kayla's cunt, licking all around her hard pleasure nub. Wrapping his licker-tool around her clit as best he could, he massaged the protruding nubbin. He loved to play with his mistress's clitty. It was unusually long and sensitive compared to other female clits he had encountered at the ranch. As her obedient puppy boy, he had kissed several other ladies cunnys in the past months, but he liked Mistress Kayla's the best.

Tongue lapping at his mistress's clit, Beau whined softly. The pressure in his throbbing cock and aching ball bag increased with each taste of Kayla's honey. His thighs jerked as his mistress began to rub a metal chain across his quivering tummy, down to his smooth hairless groin. Beau groaned as his owner wrapped the links of the cold metal chain around his jutting cock. The plug in his anus jumped to high speed for a few moments, rubbing harder on his prostate. Pain flared in his rectum as the vibration of the tail plug on the super-sensitive inner lining of his anus sent bolts of heated pain thru his body, mixing with the cold of the metal chain encasing his blood engorged organ.

Driving his tongue deep into the pussy pressed into his face, Beau began to pump his long tongue in and out rapidly. Tummy muscles twitching, he whimpered as the chain around his shaft was tightened, then rubbed up and down his tormented cock. Random bursts of high speed vibrations from his nipples to his cock to his anus added to the already unbelievable level of lust flooding his bound body. His long tongue pumped rapidly in and out of his mistress's dripping pussy.

“Oh, puppy,” Kayla moaned loudly. “That's it. Fuck my pussy with your wonderful tongue!”

Beau's body quivered as he pumped his tongue even faster, rubbing his chin against her hard clit with each thrust of his enhanced licker-tool. Her gasps of pleasure each time he rubbed against her nubbin excited him, making his fuck-rod jerk and twist about. The weight of the metal chain tightly wrapped around his straining shaft slowed the motion while adding painful pressure to his straining shaft. Catching a breath when he could, the puppy boy continued to worship his owner's cunt with his large tongue.

“Lick my clit, Beau,” Kayla gasped out loud. “So close pup. I'm almost there…”

Yelping sharply, Beau's body jerked as his mistress leaned down to wrap both hands around his dangling ball sack. As she firmly massaged his huge gonads, he began to thrust his tongue deeper into her cunt. The loose end of the cool metal chain rubbed the warm skin of his balls, her hard pointed nipples teasing

his sweating tummy. As her body began to shake and quiver, Beau thrust his tongue deep into her gaping slit, making sure to scrape her hard clit with his juice coated chin. Kayla sat up, releasing his ball bag and settling her pussy fully over his face.

“YES puppy!” Kayla screamed. “Ohhhhh… Ohhhhhhhh… Yesssssssss… I'm cummmmingggggggg…”

Beau licked his mistress's drenched labia lips softly as a strong orgasm ripped through her quivering body. Swallowing as fast as he could, he savored the unique flavor of Mistress Kayla's delicious honey. His dangling ball sack throbbed, the end of the metal chain bouncing off his swinging balls. Pre-cum dripped from his cock head, flowing down the links of chain entwined around his angry throbbing shaft. Beau groaned with relief as the settings made by his mistress turned off the vibrating ornaments attached to his body.

As her body slowly relaxed, Kayla lovingly rubbed her puppy boy's sweat covered tummy. “That was wonderful, boy! You are the best puppy boy I have ever owned!”

Chapter 6: Puppy boys finally get release

Sighing loudly, Beau took a deep breath as his mistress pulled her pussy away from his face and stood near the bench. His swaying balls pulsed and throbbed as more pressure built up in his already full testicles. He dreaded having to wear the vibrating decorations during other 'play times'. These devilish adornments were the most frustrating toys he had ever dealt with. Feeling the chain being unwrapped from his rampant erection, Beau's tense thigh muscles relaxed a little.

With his face covered in his mistress's cum, he could not open his eyes, but he could smell the scent of new arrivals to the play room. Turning his head to the left, he recognized the Regina's scent, along his favorite two puppy girls. Since he had not heard the door open, they must have been watching as he served his mistress.

“Perfect timing Regina,” Kayla called out. “Did the girl pups enjoy the show?”

“Molly and Daisy liked what they saw,” Regina laughed. “Look at the juices puddling on the floor under their drenched cunts.”

The two puppy girls sat with their knees spread, hard pointy nips crowning their prominent breasts. Outfitted in leg-ups, arm sleeves and bright gold clit rings, they presented an enticing picture.

“Send Molly over to my chair, she can use her fantastic licker-tool to clean me up, while you take care of Beau. After he's cleaned up, release his bindings and bring him over to me. Daisy will see to Mistress Zimra.”

“With pleasure, Mistress,” Regina spoke as she unhooked the puppy girl's leashes. “Molly! Sit by Mistress Kayla's chair. Daisy! Sit by Mistress Zimra's chair. Make sure you both do a good job tending the mistresses.”

Beau heard Max groan as Mistress Zimra climbed off the curved bench, slowly pulling her wet pussy off her red-coated pup's eager shaft. Feeling a warm wet cloth begin to wipe his mistresses sticky cum off his face, he sighed quietly. When his face was clean, the handler moved on to wipe his neck, shoulders and tummy. Each stroke of the warm cloth sent tingles of pleasure through his tense body. Turning his head, Beau watched as the black-haired mistress released her bound pup, loosening the straps holding his paws, ankles, and waist.

“What a nice load you have for you mistress, Beau,” Regina commented as she reached down and picked up his swollen ball sack. “I bet it won't take two hours for your bloated balls to erupt tonight.”

As she wiped his testicles gently, Beau knew the handler was correct. Stretching his cramped paws and legs, he kissed Regina's bare calf to thank her for freeing his limbs.

“You are a sweet pup,” the brown-haired handler petted and whispered as Beau stood quietly on his paws and knees waiting for the next command.

Panting softly, tongue hanging out of his mouth, Beau watched as his handler patted her left thigh. Quickly obeying the silent command to 'heel', he crawled over to sit on the floor by her left side. Spreading his knees apart widely to better display his impressive shaft and swollen ball bag, he then placed his paws on the floor by the outside of his thighs. Looking up at his favorite handler, Beau rubbed her thigh with his cheek, 'aarroufffing' happily.

“Mistress Kayla sure knows how to pick the perfect pup,” Regina grinned. “I agree with her that you may be the sweetest puppy boy ever trained here at the ranch.”

Beau gazed longingly at his mistress, following the handler as she walked towards the special chairs holding the reclining ladies. Seeing his buddy Max sitting quietly by his black-haired owner, he took his place next to Mistress Kayla's chair. Staring intently at his beautiful mistress, the brown-haired puppy boy was enthralled by the vision of Mistress Kayla sitting back in her padded chair, her legs spread exposing her lush pussy. Between her legs sat the visibly pregnant puppy girl Molly, who was busily lapping the dripping cum from her mistress's cunt. Beau's steel hard cock thumped his tightly muscled tummy, his lust rising as he watched Molly's tits sway gently as she lapped up Mistress Kayla's sweet cum.

The special chairs the mistresses sat in were designed to have seats that split up the middle so a master or mistress could sit with their legs supported, yet be spread apart comfortably. This design allowed puppies plenty of space to wiggle close to their owner while kissing their package or pussy. Each of the playrooms at the compound and most bedrooms had these special chairs. Beau remembered fondly many evenings lapping eagerly at his owner's cunt while sitting on the floor between her thighs. Glancing over at his red-haired friend, he noted Max's eyes watching Daisy, another of the permanent puppy girls at the compound, as she licked the cum out of Mistress Zimra's gaping cunt.

“This is the only way to play, wouldn't you agree Zimra?”

“Oh yes, this is definitely the best way to relax,” Zimra replied as Daisy licked her inner thighs to get the last drops of sticky cum. “A wonderful idea crossed my mind today. Isn't it about time to breed Daisy again?”

“Nothing is planned for her right now, but she has had enough recovery time that she could be bred again. Do you have any particular male pup in mind?”

“Paula was walking Daisy in the training yard earlier today when Buster trotted up to kiss Daisy's puffy labia lips. The two pups made such a cute picture, her standing with her back legs spread, him with his head buried between her thighs. It occurred to me that they would produce beautiful offspring.”

Zimra laughed as Daisy sat between her legs, trembling. “See, even Daisy is excited about having Buster's pups.”

Looking over at Mistress Kayla frantically, Daisy quivered in fear at the thought of being mounted by the large guard dog. She remembered being bound to the mounting frame while Pedro savagely thrust his oversize cock in and out of her cunt. The rutting had been painful at first, but she had experienced a massive orgasm anyway. The hormone Mistress Kayla put in her food kept her semi-aroused all the time, making it difficult to think clearly. With Buster's shaft being at least 2 inches longer and larger in girth compared to Pedro, she knew it would be quite a show for Kayla's guests. Having strangers watch a muscled puppy mount her like an animal totally humiliated her. Being treated like an animal was something she still had problems coming to terms with sometimes. Whimpering softly, she hung her head sadly, fully understanding that Mistress Kayla would decide what happened to her and she had no say in the matter.

“Why not,” Kayla laughed merrily. “My guests really enjoy watching pet breeding, don't they?”

Zimra grinned, “Watching a male puppy drive his large throbbing puppy penis in and out of a puppy bitch's dripping cunt should draw a good crowd.”

Thinking for a moment, the owner of this elite puppy and pony pet training compound grinned evilly. “Even though the female pup is not in heat, we’ll let Buster mount Daisy often. Practice makes perfect, as the old saying goes.”

Both women laughed, enjoying the idea of taking many 'unplanned' strolls through the kennel training yard in the next few weeks. These two particular puppy pets were superb examples of the prime pets produced here at Kayla's facility. One big reason visitors requested to come and stay at the ranch was the variety of attractive, physically fit human personal pets to entertain themselves with. Kayla was selective on who she allowed to stay at her home. Sometimes a puppy or pony was adopted by one of the wealthy clients as a result of a visit to the ranch.

“Starting tomorrow, I'll have Sage put Buster in a dog run with Daisy for three hours of 'fun' whenever our eager blonde guard dog is not on patrol. As head guard dog trainer, Sage will undoubtedly find plenty of opportunities to 'reward' Daisy by allowing Buster free access to her hot wet pleasure box.”

Beau gazed sadly at the humbled puppy girl. He liked Molly and Daisy. They were sweet puppy girls, as well as being very cute. His mistress often had Molly come in to clean up after a wild fuck, his enhanced ball bag producing unusually large amounts of creamy semen. He remembered the feel of Molly's tight cunt grasping his engorged member, milking every last drop of potent seed from his pulsating balls when he had mounted her for Mistress Kayla's pleasure.

Several times during his training, Beau had earned the special reward of being allowed free access to Molly or Daisy in a dog run for a few hours. Being able to pound his aching shaft into the wet hot folds of a puppy girl as long as and as often as he wanted was a puppy boy's favorite way to spend an afternoon. He knew Buster's unrestrained breeding of the lovely young puppy girl in a dog run would attract viewers and elicit lots of 'helpful' ideas from the amused owners and staff who happened to be working in the kennel training yard.

“Regina, take the boy pups over to the table and put leg-ups on them. They fuck so much better in full puppy gear,” Kayla smiled wickedly imagining her cute puppy boy with his legs bound and tail wagging.

“Yes Mistress,” Regina said as she went to a cabinet nearby to pull out two sets of leg-ups. “Beau! Max! Come!”

Beau sighed, not wanting to wear the tight straps around his legs, but being an obedient pup, he crawled quickly over to the table. It took just a few minutes for the handler to strap both puppy boy's legs up tight, then she led them back to their owners.

“The boy pups look great, Regina,” Kayla spoke softly as she ran her hand under Beau's belly to his ringed shaft.

Stroking his engorged erection, she gathered up several drops of pre-cum on her finger tip. Holding her hand out to Molly, Kayla rubbed her fingertip along the puppy girl's pink lips.

“Beau's cream taste's so… good, doesn't it?”

Beau looked on as Molly woofed and eagerly licked every drop of pre-cum off Mistress Kayla's finger. His shaft waggled between his legs, pulling on his painfully throbbing ball sack. Whimpering, Beau raised his eyes to his owner. Glancing over at Max, he saw his buddy's rampant erection waving in the air, the red-coated pup's firm overfilled plums resting on the floor. Beau knew what his friend was feeling, his own balls aching, frantically needing milking.

“They really are quite full now, aren't they boy?” Kayla spoke as she reached down to gently roll Beau's ball bag in both hands. “You won't have to wait any longer, boy. Regina, take the girl pups and let them do their business in the play room puppy area. Bring them back when they are done.”

Panting excitedly as the time had arrived for him to thrust his magnificent fuck-rod into his mistress's welcoming body, he watched as Mistress Zimra walked into the second room of the suite, followed by her prancing puppy boy. Beau trotted after Mistress Kayla over to the fancifully carved queen-sized bed standing in the corner of the front half of the play room.

Sitting on the floor by the end of the huge 4-poster bed, Beau's eyes followed Mistress Kayla's alluring body as she pulled a small one foot high platform out from under the foot of the bed. Her firm tits with their hard pink nipples bounced as she fluffed the pillows piled on top of bed. Laying down on her back, she pulled her knees up, spreading her sexy legs apart. Beau panted breathlessly, his tail wagging briskly while his owner settled into a comfortable position on top of the soft cotton bed sheet. Turning his head away from the enticing vision of his mistress, Beau heard the handler give several commands to the waiting puppy girls as they returned.

“Sit Molly! Sit by Mistress Kayla's bed,” Regina called out as she pointed spot near Beau. “Daisy, sit next to Max. The mistresses will let you know when they need you.”

Beau waited until Molly sat down near him, her firm tits shook as she panted, the bell in her clit ring tinkling as she sat down. He leaned over to nuzzle her neck, licking her cheek gently, stroking her inner thigh with his 'paw'.

Feeling the nipple balls begin to vibrate on a low setting, he trembled, knowing the remaining decorations attached to his body would soon kick in. Warm tingles of pleasure rippled through his body, spreading from his painfully clamped nipples to his aching cock. The tail plug inserted into his anal passage began to shift and move as it vibrated, rubbing his prostate.

“Up! Climb up onto the bed, Beau,” Kayla commanded.

With one last reassuring lick on the puppy girl's shoulder, Beau eagerly climbed on the platform then up onto the bed. Looking over at the other queen-sized bed across the room on the other side of the curtain, Beau gazed into Max's lust-filled eyes for a moment. Exchanging glances, the two puppy boys 'woofed' excitedly before lowering their heads to kiss their mistresses. Using his long tongue, Beau started at Mistress Kayla's ankle, gently lapping her soft skin.

“There's nothing more pleasant than having a well-hung puppy boy to amuse a lusty mistress and give her a hard sweet ride,” Kayla called over to her friend.

“I agree Kayla. My frisky pup has a very talented tongue and a magnificent cock that is always eager for play.”

Moving closer to her cunny, Beau used his super sniffer to inhale the divine aroma of her aroused slit. Licking her inner thigh just above the knee, he lovingly kissed his owner's long legs, getting closer to her pleasure box. Kayla's sighs of enjoyment echoed in his ears, blending with the jingling sounds of his nipple bells. Each movement of his body made the nipple ornaments swing, pulling painfully on his cruelly clamped nubs. His swollen ball bag swayed between his bound legs, pulling down on his rigid shaft.

“Just a few more kisses, puppy,” Kayla moaned as she pinched and twisted her hard nipples. “I do love your wonderful tongue.”

The sight of his sexy mistress playing with her hard pink nipples drove his lust higher. Beau licked her upper thighs, lavishing deep kisses on her wet pussy lips. As her juices began to flow onto his tongue, he swallowed, savoring the uniquely addictive flavor of his mistress. Sticking his long tongue deep into her cunt, Beau began to thrust his licker-tool rapidly in and out. Beau 'umphed' sharply, his body jerking as the various decorations attached to his body kicked into medium speed, randomly changing from low to medium and back to low again. Pre-cum dripped steadily from his cock head. Low levels of pain darted from his clamped nipples, bells jingling merrily with each muscle twitch. Raising his head to 'yowl' loudly, the brown-haired pup's body shook, his cock waggling wildly between his spread legs.

“I can't wait anymore either,” Kayla spoke softly as she rubbed her pup's shoulder. “Ram that magnificent puppy cock into my pussy.”

Trembling with excitement, Beau positioned himself between Mistress Kayla's raised, widely spread legs, his paws on either side of her body. With his hands clenched tightly around the bars in his arm sleeves, he balanced on the points of his knees to lower his pelvis to hers. Poking his owner's gaping wet cunt with his rigid 12+ inch cock, Beau tried frantically to insert his engorged shaft into her welcoming opening.

Smiling wickedly at his desperate attempts to enter her, she tapped the vibrating balls dancing on his chest. “I think you forgot something, Beau. You haven't kissed my tits and you know how much they love your kisses.”

Pain / pleasure ripping through his body, Beau whimpered as his body decorations slipped into high for several seconds before jumping back down to low. The tail plug shifted in his stretched anus, digging deeply into his prostate. The sensitive inner lining of his anal passage flooded his body with a blend of pleasure and pain. Licking his mistress's bountiful tits, Beau wrapped his tongue around her nerve-rich nipples, worshiping the hard pink nips.

His cock throbbed angrily, clear fluid dripping steadily from the cock head. His balls pulsed and twitched as the pressure built up inside. Renewing his efforts, Beau struggled desperately to put his raging erection into his mistresses waiting vagina. Feeling Kayla's hand wrap around his throbbing shaft, he 'yipped' with joy as she guided his cock toward her slippery entrance.

“I need you now! Stretch me open with your magnificent puppy penis!”

Beau's excitement rose to a fever pitch as the head of his shaft slid into her hot cunny, driving all thoughts of pain from his clamped nipples from his mind. Thrusting and pumping madly like the sex-crazed animal he had become, Beau was soon buried balls deep inside her hot slippery canal. His body twitched and jerked in agonizing ecstasy as his enormous cock drove in and out of his mistress's hot clenching pussy. Testicles slapping wildly at her puckered opening, Beau 'howled' as unbelievable pleasure flooded his body.

With each deep penetration of his thick ribbed shaft, Kayla moaned, her hands falling to the bed to grip the bed sheet. His vocal cords emitted a pathetic whimpering sound as a fierce blending of pleasure and pain washed through his straining body. Plunging wildly in and out of Mistress Kayla's tight wet cunny, Beau's super-sensitive pleasure rod pulsed, engorging further as more blood was trapped by the ring snugly encasing the base of his tortured cock. The tail plug danced in his stretched rectum, massaging his prostate deeply, sending bolts of stinging pain and heated pleasure crashing through his body.

Having worn leg-ups and arm sleeves many times now, Beau was able to move on his fists and knees with amazing force and speed. His testicles swung wildly as he slammed his massive member into his

mistress's feminine opening over and over again. Watching her firm tits with their hard pink nipples bounce and jiggle with each thrust of his thick ribbed shaft, Beau went into rapid speed fuck mode.

“Fuck me… Ohhhhh… yaaaaa, Beau, fuck me hard!”

As he fucked her faster and faster, she twisted and squirmed beneath him. Feeling her hands let go of the sheet to grip his muscled shoulders, Beau panted heavily, his tongue slipping out of his mouth. He 'yelped' as her finger nails dug into his strong shoulders, her long legs wrapping around his body to hold him close. Hearing her moan softly with pleasure while she massaged his fuck-rod with her powerful limbs and incredible cunt drove his lust beyond anything he had ever experienced. Beau always felt intense pleasure when he fucked his mistress, even without the addition of the vibrating jewelry.

“I love it when you fuck me, pup,” Kayla groaned. “Fast and hard, your huge shaft fills my pussy so… well.”

Beau's need to expel his load of creamy white semen would not let up. Pressure built up in his swollen ball sack, his cock throbbing, twitching painfully. Feeling desperate as an orgasm seemed beyond his reach, he pumped faster, ramming his cock into Mistress Kayla's pussy until the cock head pressed deep inside her vagina. His pulsating puppy cock scraped along her extended clit with each stroke. Her moans of ecstasy filled his ears, overpowering the bolts of pain / pleasure flashing through his body as the vibrating jewelry hit high speed once again.

Kayla gasped as she struggled to breathe, finally managing to speak. “Oh, puppy! I'm close, so… close.” Her body slid up the bed, her arms and legs shaking, her head rolling from side to side.

“Yes… oh yes Beau. I'm cumming.” Kayla screamed. “AHHHHHHHGGGGGGG, OHHHHHHH.”

Mistress Kayla's pleasure box convulsed suddenly, squeezing his pistoning penis violently. She shuddered, muscles tensing as waves of sexual release raged thru her climaxing body. Surges of wetness from her spasming pussy triggered his own merciful orgasm. Beau's tortured balls boiled over, forcing spurt after spurt of thick cum up his shaft, out the tip of his plunging cock. Beau 'howled', his pelvis thrusting uncontrollably until his over-ripened testicles emptied load after load of semen deep into his owner's cunt.

Beau lay on top of his quivering mistress, panting heavily as he caught his breath. With his deflating cock still buried in her slit, they both began to relax. Sighing deeply as each vibrating attachment slowed to a halt, he gazed tiredly into Kayla's blue eyes. Lowering his head, the exhausted puppy boy licked her cheek gently.

“You were magnificent, boy,” Kayla whispered as she unwound her legs from around her pup's sweating body.

“Rest your head on my shoulder, Beau,” she spoke quietly as she rubbed her soft hand across his quivering ass cheek, then tugged on his pierced nipples several times. “That was the best orgasm I have ever had. You just get better and better every time.”

“The play tail, along with the gold cream, worked beautifully, pup. Your splendid shaft got harder than it has ever been before and somehow managed to cum a little bit faster than the usual 2 hours.”

Kissing his forehead, Kayla whispered into his ear. “Let's watch Mistress Zimra and her adorable pup as they climax, it should be anytime now judging by Max's 'yowling'.”

Looking over at the couple in the other half of the room, Beau was mesmerized by the vision of Max's tight muscular buttocks clenching with each inward thrust of his fat dick. Zimra, with her lovely ass raised high in the air and head supported by pillows, created an enticing sight. Being on hands and knees in 'doggy' position, her wide spread legs presented her gaping pussy perfectly, her heaving breasts with their hard pointed nipples bounced and swayed beneath her.

He watched the black haired mistress silently explode, her tummy quivering, as an intense orgasm ripped through her straining body. It always puzzled him how she was able to remain so quiet while her body rode out her spasming release. Max followed quickly, 'yowling' even louder as his slapping ball sack pumped jets of thick cum into his mistress's jerking body.

Kayla chuckled. “Mistress Zimra is a perfect match for our cute little red-haired pup. He makes enough noise for both of them.”

Nodding his head, Beau remembered playing with Mistress Zimra on past occasions. She had a sweet flavorful cum, but made hardly a sound as she climaxed. He had enjoyed the unique flavor and scent of each mistress he had entertained at his owner's request. Even the male trainers and handlers semen varied from man to man in thickness, taste and scent, Kayla's young pup had found.

Pushing him back, Kayla called out to the handler waiting nearby. “Regina, take Beau and Max back to the kennel. Get them cleaned up. Feed and water our sweet boys. Make sure their toys are cleaned properly before putting them away. Then bring the pups back to the mansion for the night.”

“No problem, Mistress,” the brown-haired handler replied with a laugh. “It will be my pleasure!”

“Oh, I almost forgot. Put Beau's overnight mittens on his front paws. He's earned a reward for taking such great care of his mistress. He's going to sleep in the bed with me tonight. See if Zimra wants Max to wear mittens, too.”

“Come Beau! Off! Off the bed,” Regina commanded, pointing to a spot on the floor by her feet.

As he had rested, Beau had looked at the bed post to the right, staring at a carved muscular puppy boy with pearly white skin and flowing black hair. Beau marveled at the vividness of the carved figures. The dark-haired puppy boy wore black leather straps wrapped around his chest and was bound tightly to a frame while a master stroked his widely spread thighs with a riding crop. A look of ecstasy radiated from the carved pup's beautifully face. The pup's huge erect prick extended from his smooth groin over a large pair of swollen testicles. Beau liked to look at his mistress's fancy bed. He had never seen a piece of furniture with such detailed carvings before.

As he carefully climbed down from the bed, his empty ball bag and irritated shaft rubbed the platform at the end of the huge carved bed. Whining softly, he stopped next to the pregnant puppy girl sitting patiently by the foot of the bed. Her rounded belly and swollen female globes reminded Beau that the triplets she carried would be born in several months. He nuzzled her neck again, giving her cheek gentle kisses with his long wet tongue. Mistress Kayla was the most important woman in his life, but Molly was special to him in a different way. The cute blonde puppy girl was very friendly, as well as being the mother of his pups. He was looking forward to seeing his offspring.

He had learned that the babies produced from the planned breeding of pups and ponies were put up for adoption soon after birth, but hoped he could at least see what they looked like. It would be interesting to see what his relationship would be with the children his seed had planted in his beloved mistress. Beau hoped his owner would allow him to have a role in raising her children.

“That's sweet of you, boy. Molly likes you a lot, too,” the handler said with a smile. “We are all excited about her pups and look forward to seeing how cute they turn out.”

Molly hung her head for a moment, remembering her humiliation when she had been publicly mounted like an animal to entertain Mistress Kayla's guests. It's not that she didn't like Beau, he really was a sweet gentle male and would have probably been a great husband. The young blonde female was simply sad at the loss of her dreams of having a family of her own. Putting aside her sad thoughts, Molly climbed up onto the bed, moaning as her large hanging tits scraped the sheets, sending tingles through her sensitive enlarged nipples to her wet hungry cunt.

Mistress Kayla's magic pill forced her body to stay in a state of semi-arousal, feminine juices dripping from her swollen pussy lips. The one good benefit of being Mistress Kayla's favorite girl pup was the extra 'private play time' she spent with Beau in the dog runs as well as the mansion. It was nice to cuddle with such a warm, sexy puppy boy after he rode her to a screaming orgasm.

Beau turned to watch Molly lap up the juices leaking from Mistress Kayla's cunny before following Regina and his buddy Max out of the play room. He was tired after spending himself in his lovely mistress's cunny. Seeing the limp ball sack swinging between his buddy's bound legs as they headed back to the kennel reminded Beau of his own dangling testicles and how nice it felt to have them empty.

He enjoyed Regina's soft hands as she wiped him down, massaging Mistress Kayla's special semen based lotion over his tired body. He would be glad when the plug, ring, clamps, arm sleeves and leg-ups, were removed. Even though it was part of his daily routine now to be outfitted and decorated to please his mistress, he still found it hard to handle having objects shoved up his ass sometimes.

Wagging his tail as he thought about the reward his mistress had promised him made the plug shift about in his sore, stretched rectum. One of his favorite ways to be pampered was spending a whole night in bed with his beautiful mistress, snuggled close to her curvaceous body, his mitten covered paws wrapped around her. Another of his favorite rewards was getting treats from Maud when he visited her in the kitchen. Following his trainer slowly down the hall way to the kitchen, Beau 'arrrfffed' loudly as Maud turned to face him. Smiling at the delightful sight of two tired puppy boys, the head-cook spoke quietly.

“Did our sweet pups do a good job seeing to their mistresses Regina?”

“You bet they did, Maud,” Regina chuckled. “Molly and Daisy have quite a mess to clean up. Both of the boy pups get to sleep in bed with their owners tonight as a reward.”

Beau watched as Maud opened the refrigerator door and pulled out a container of fruit chunks and cubes

of cheese. Looking up at his trainer, eyes shining with happiness, Beau panted quietly.

“Come! Come here pups,” the head-chef called out.

“Okay boys,” Regina said as she dropped both leashes. “Go get your treats. Make sure to greet Maud properly.”

Walking across the kitchen floor, Beau kissed the top of Maud's out-stretched hand, then waited as Max finished giving his kisses.

“Beg pups,” Maud commanded as she placed two doggy bowls on the floor in front of the excited puppy boys.

Sitting on his tail-filled ass, his bound legs spread apart, Beau raised his paws level with his shoulders and 'yipped'. He glanced over at his buddy beside him, admiring the way Max's red curls bounced each time he 'woofed'.

“Nice begging, boys. Take it! Eat your treats.”

Beau lapped up the sweet juicy fruit chunks in his doggy bowl as Max devoured his bite-sized chunks of cheese. It was always fun to play with the cook. She knew just what treats each pup or pony liked and kept plenty on hand.

After the puppy boys finished their treats and licked their bowls sparkling clean, Regina picked up their leashes. Beau crawled after his trainer, looking forward to being groomed again and spending the night snuggled up to his wonderful owner.

Chapter 7: Fun in the Training Yard

Bright sunshine welcomed Kayla as she stepped through the kitchen door of her mansion. Feeling a light breeze ripple the flowing skirt of her knee length lilac sundress, Kayla looked up at wispy clouds drifting across a serene blue sky. A strand of wavy blonde hair teased the silky smooth skin of her shoulder. Checking to make sure her long ponytail wasn't coming loose, she strolled towards the fenced in puppy kennel with her unleashed puppy boy crawling along beside her. She quickened her pace at the sight of Zimra, with her pet puppy boy Max at her side, standing by the gravel road leading to the main compound helicopter pad.

Kayla waved to the dark haired woman and her red-furred pup. Hearing a soft woof, she looked down at the excited puppy boy at her side. The tinkling sounds of bells hung on rings attached to her pet's bone bars in his pierced nipples brought a smile to her face. She loved hearing the sound of the bells adorning the fit, sculpted bodies of puppies and ponies at the ranch. Stopping, she bent down and grabbed the boy pup's silky brown head fur, giving him a command.

“Sit Beau!”

Looking into the warm brown eyes of her personal puppy boy, a feeling of contentment washed over her.

“Go ahead, boy,” Kayla spoke. “Give Mistress Zimra a kiss. Make sure to greet Max properly, too.”

Watching Beau prance across the lush green grass, she chuckled as his 6 inch long black rubber tail wagged back and forth. The tightly stretched skin of his dangling ball sack showed his full balls in all their hairless perfection. His long thick shaft swung as he walked, peeking past his testicles. Crossing the gravel road, she joined her friend. Nodding her head with approval, she grinned at the sight of Beau licking the back of Zimra's out stretched left hand.

Standing next to the Zimra, the blonde mistress stared into the sparkling green eyes of her closest friend for a moment, than lowered her gaze to admire the tight black leather bustier and matching leather pants her friend wore. A belt buckled around Zimra's waist held several small pouches and loops from which hung a riding crop and a round wooden paddle. Owners, trainers and handlers at this very special training facility wore a belt with a cell phone and a variety of items to control, correct or reward puppies

and ponies when needed.

A warm nose rubbing her naked thigh under her dress made her look down to see Max's head half covered by the hem of her sundress.

“Beau, say hello to Max. Greet him just like Rocky does when he sees you.”

Max's curly red head popped out from under Kayla's dress where he had been investigating the lovely smells of the Mistress as he had been trained to do with any female, anticipation shining in his eyes. Hearing Zimra order her pet to 'show', she grinned, watching her own pet sniff his buddy's semi-erect cock and large ball bag when they were close. Max moaned with pleasure as Beau ran his tongue along the length of his shaft, rolling his aching balls with his warm wet licker tool. Both pets had long ago lost their initial shyness at such overt expressions of proper male behavior, trained into them by the ranch's handlers and demanded by their owners. It had become apparent that if it was something desired by their owners, it could only be good for the pet to perform as standard behavior.

“Beau really knows how to use his talented tongue, doesn't he pup?” Zimra chuckled as she looked into her puppy pet Max's eyes.

“Enough Beau! It's your turn,” Kayla commanded. “Step back. Show.”

The women chatted quietly, enjoying the sight of one male pup eagerly greeting the other puppy boy, each in turn. After a few minutes had passed, Kayla patted her left thigh to call Beau over to her.

“Heel Beau.”

Grinning at Zimra's command for Max to 'heel', the blonde mistress exchanged glances with her friend. Kayla smiled also as she thought of how much she was looking forward to the day's planned activities at the stable and kennel yards. With two male ponies completing punishments earned at the earlier picnic, a pony girl being mounted by a pair of pony studs, and several puppies getting specialized lessons, it promised to be an exciting morning.

“We don't want to miss any of this morning's entertainment, Zimra,” Kayla spoke, knowing that events would wait until she was in attendance out of respect for her.

Moving towards the kennel, the group crossed the main gravel road that connected the different areas of the ranch. Punching a code into a keypad, they entered the high fenced kennel training yard through a security gate. Kayla waved to Carter and his family waiting by the fence separating the kennel from the stable before striding over to an attractive red-haired woman.

Wearing jeans, a t-shirt and a fully stocked equipment belt, the head trainer at the kennel waited with two male pups nervously sitting by her feet. Kayla still found it exciting to see a young woman in her late twenties in control of two collared, bound young males. The male pet's pedigree papers showed both to be 5 years younger than the age of their lady trainer.

“Paula, how are Kenichi and Baron doing this morning?”

Green eyes sparkling, Paula smiled. She ran a hand through the ponytail of the dark eyed puppy boy at her feet. Straight black hair cascaded down his back, highlighting his lean muscled body and golden skin tone.

“Kenichi is doing great,” she chuckled. “Mr. Takahashi has a good eye for spotting potential puppy boy and puppy girl talent.”

Nodding her head in agreement, Kayla bent down to slide her fingers though the oriental puppy boy's silky soft hair. She twisted the pear-shaped weights clamped tightly to his hard nipples, running manicured finger nails over his smooth hairless chest. With her hand holding his chin, she turned his head to face her, looking into his almond shaped eyes.

“Good boy,” she said admiring the male pup's athletic build and uncircumcised 12+ inch shaft.

Releasing his chin, she noticed a shiny silver cock ring nestled tightly around the base of his penis. Kayla grinned wickedly. Kenichi's oriental looks were a perfect contrast to Baron's fair skin and short curly blonde head fur. The two puppy boys Paula was working with this morning were part of a group of male and female puppies sent to the compound from Japan for the special training the ranch was becoming so well known for. Specific requirements had been sent with the new trainees, to create the perfect human puppies for Mr. Takahashi's unique side business.

Kayla's powerful Japanese client operated a movie company as a hobby. His studios specialized in high production value, high quality adult films showing bondage and multiple partner sex scenes with a variety of 'trained' human pets. He owned a large kennel of 'puppies' and a smaller stable of 'ponies', both male

and female that were used in addition to star in his films. A growing interest in puppy play and pony play in the last 20 years had convinced Mr. Takahashi to reap the profits of having his pets star in his very profitable enterprise.

“Your father will be so proud to see his 'strong, healthy first born son' in a starring role in a movie, won't he Kenichi?” Kayla chuckled at the flush of shame in the black haired pup's cheeks. “Don't fret, boy, Paula will whip you into shape in no time so you can justly honor your father with your performances.”

“We're going to work on one of the special lessons this morning Kayla,” Paula added with a smile. “Would you like to watch?”

“I'd be delighted. I bet Carter and his family would enjoy the show, too.”

The blonde mistress waved the visiting family over to her, waiting until the older man arrived at her side to issue the invitation.

“Carter, so good to see you out here enjoying this fine morning with us. Have you had a good visit so far?”

“As always, Kayla, you provide the best in entertainment here at the ranch,” he replied. “Not to mention the absolute best training for a puppy or pony pet. Scoundrel is turning out to be a talented cock sucker and Sassy's cunt drips in anticipation for the cocks of my sons and I.”

Gesturing to the red-haired kennel mistress and the two new puppy boys, Kayla's eyes sparkled with lust. She had no doubt that the training received at the compound would be anything but a source of pride for the rich and powerful father of the young oriental male in her care. She also had no doubt that this was the intended purpose of the puppy training her client ordered for his rival's oldest son.

With the boy made into a puppy, Kayla certainly doubted the boy's father would even claim the puppy boy in her care as his heir or any of the whelps he might sire. To know of a possible male heir that could not be claimed is a major humiliation east or west for a powerful man, especially when the circumstances are brought about by a hated rival.

“Paula is going to teach two pups a new trick. Would you and your family like to watch?”

Seeing nods of agreement from his wife, two sons and daughter, Carter smiled. “With pleasure Kayla!”

Kayla fully appreciated the humiliating lessons being taught the oldest son of Mr. Takahashi's chief business rival. Her compound was designed to create high quality human puppies and ponies that served their owners perfectly, without hesitation.

The majority of the pets at the compound were here of their own choice, while some earned a place by being nosy or by foolishly threatening the security of the ranch and its many powerful clients. Pets trained at the ranch for Kayla's clients brought in large sums of money to help maintain the complex operation of this facility. Although the young men and women sent by outside owners for training may not have volunteered to become puppies or ponies, Kayla's staff soon had them bound, collared, altered and changed into the pet animals their new owners desired.

“Aren't you pleased to have an audience when Baron rams his hard cock deep into your ass, Kenichi?” Paula spoke, running her hand along the smooth muscled buttocks of the dark eyed puppy. “It may be the first time you've had a male fuck you, but it won't be the last you will enjoy.”

Seeing the frantic look in the pup's eyes, the head kennel trainer began to slip the large anal plug out of Kenichi's trembling body. After several tugs, the plug with its black rubber tail extension slid free. She pulled on a pair of exam gloves, selecting a tube of lubrication from a pouch hanging from her equipment belt. She opened the tube of lotion, squeezed some into her palm and used the first two fingers of her other hand to lubricate his anal passage.

Motioning to a nearby groomer, Paula asked for a set of binding bars. These adjustable metal bars were attached to the wrists and knees of a puppy to keep its four legs spread. Hooking a 2 foot chain from the dark furred puppy boy's collar to a ring imbedded in the ground, she wiped several tears from his pale cheeks. After attaching the ends of a 2 foot long bar to each of his wrists, she connected the ends of a 3 foot bar to each of his bound knees.

She checked the cock ring around his shaft to make sure he would have the most difficulty possible before he shot his load of semen for the camera. As a new puppy boy, he had to earn any release that was not part of the 48 hour milking cycle. Fondling his extra large balls, Paula chuckled at the instructions she had received to make his testicles as large and full as a bulls. His penis was to be altered to increase it to a full 14 inches to rival the size of the large muscular pony studs in the stable. With his lean athletic frame, dark eyes, and 5'6” height, Kenichi's massive sex organs would be spectacular on film.

“Your ass is starting to tingle, isn't it, pup,” Paula spoke softly to the male pup. “The special golden lotion

will make the experience undeniably entertaining.”

Paula spoke softly to the male pup. “The lotion I used was requested by your master for your first ass reaming. Your father will be thrilled to see how much his son enjoys this unforgettable experience. The vision of your hard cock spraying white creamy cum like a volcano will please your father to no end. ”

Kayla chuckled as she observed Kenichi's wiggling buttocks. Enjoying his whimpering moans, the blonde mistress pulled hard on each pendant hanging from his clamped nipples with one hand. Stroking her other hand up and down his throbbing erection, she called out to Carter's youngest son.

“This puppy boy's plums are begging for attention, Martin. Would you like to play with them? I know Kenichi is looking forward to feeling a man's hand fondling his bits.”

Thigh muscles twitching, the restrained puppy boy gasped. Turning his head as far as he could, Kenichi watched a lean, muscular young man stroll over to stand by his head. Looking up at the 5'10” master towering over him, tears slid down his flushed cheeks. The smug grin on the brown haired 18 year old male frightened him. Heat flooded his body, starting in the sensitive inner passage of his anus, spreading through his aching balls, tormented nipples and the steel hard beast jutting out from his groin. Bolts of pleasure shot through him, his muscles tensing as a raging need for release increased the already overpowering arousal maintained by Mistress Kayla's special formulation.

With one last look into the terrified, lust filled eyes of the oriental boy, Martin moved behind Kanichi's wide spread back legs. Squatting down, he took a paddle off his equipment belt and laid 5 strokes on each of the pup’s ass cheeks. Alternating left and right, he paused after each stroke to rub the smooth golden buttocks presented to him so prettily. Putting the paddle back on his belt, Martin rolled the large testicles in the palms of his hands, squeezing each one to test for firmness. Hearing the ragged breathing of the tormented pup in front of him, he laughed, pulling and tugging on the warm firm balls in his hands for several moments.

“That's enough for now Martin,” Kayla spoke loudly as she pulled her hands back and stepped away from the agonized puppy boy. “You can play with him more later on.”

Paula waited as Martin let go of the pup's dangling ball sack and returned to stand with his family. Seeing the cameraman nod that he had captured all of this on film so far, she checked to see if the pup was properly secured for his ass fuck. Making sure the binding bars and leash chain were attached correctly, she swatted his buttocks.

“Come Baron,” she called out an order and patted her left thigh. “Assume the begging position in front of Kenichi, with your cock and balls very close to his mouth. He's going to suck your cock to make it even harder. Our dark coated pup loves to suck cock, don't you boy?”

Kayla turned to Carter, noting the desire in his gaze as he watched Kenichi lick and suck the fair skinned puppy boy's red pulsating cock. Each movement of the restrained puppy boy's altered tongue made his long silky pony tail shimmy along his smooth hairless shoulders. Kenichi whimpered softly, pausing between licks. Kayla smiled at the pup's distress, enjoying the sight of Paula fondling his balls with her warm hand and stroking his raging hard-on with her riding crop.

“Don't stop, pup!” Kayla commanded. “Take as much of his beautiful cock into your mouth as you can and hold it. Mr Takahashi wants to see this too, so we're going to film your first ass fuck. Won't your father be excited to see you in your very first full screen test?”

Paula gazed at the terrified puppy boy, laughing at his deep flush of shame at the sight of a handler videotaping him with a male's cock deep in his mouth and his own shaft jutting out obscenely from his groin in a wonderful display of a male puppy's sexual arousal.

Seeing Kenichi's buttocks begin to twitch, Paula released his ball sack, stepping back to give the handler a clear view of the two puppy boys at play. After a few more close ups and other shots of the male pups, the handler stepped clear to continue filming the scene as it played out.

“Put your front paws on his shoulders, boy,” Paula ordered.

The red-haired trainer had positioned Baron behind Kenichi's wide spread back legs, pulling on his leash up to keep his head up. With clumsy movements, the fair skinned pup tried to push the bulbous crown of his angry engorged shaft past the tight opening of the darker pup's anus. What his shaft lacked in length it made up in girth.

The contrast between Kenichi's long thick cock and Baron's shorter thicker 10 inch monster would add an exciting element to the films the pup's starred in. The leg-ups binding his calves to his thighs were new to him, affecting his balance and making his movements awkward. He kept thrusting his hips forward, hoping to get the right angle for penetration.

Kayla felt Beau's nose rub her thigh. Looking down, she saw a concerned look in his expressive eyes. Reaching out to gently caress his cheek with one hand, she tugged on the weighted bells hanging from the bone bar rings attached to his nipples.

“It's okay, Beau,” she said softly. “You know they'll both get a nice massage and grooming when this play session is all over.”

Turning back to watch the action, she was in time to see Master Carter guide the head of Baron's rampant organ to the puckered opening of the dark-coated pup's anal passage. With the head in place finally, Baron slid his uncircumcised 10 inch cock in past the tight ring of muscles at the entrance to Kenichi's rectum.

The dark pup's yelp of pain brought smiles to several people standing nearby. Even after wearing an anal plug with a doggy tail extension during daily training for three weeks, the fair skinned puppy boy's thick shaft stretched the oriental pup's rear passage painfully at first. Baron's howl joined the other pup's yelp, the intense sensations produced by the lotion lubricating Kenichi's rectum seared his own sensitive cock with heated pleasure.

Carter stepped back enough to give the photographer a clear view of the golden puppy boy ramming his large member fully into the shuddering body underneath him. Baron yowled with pleasure and a little pain as he thrust his pulsating puppy penis in and out of Kenichi's tight hot sheath. The dark-coated puppy boy howled, pain riding hard on the heels of explosive pleasure that raged through its body with each thrust of the invading cock pounding into his ass.

The older master pulled a riding crop off his equipment belt. Holding it in his right hand, he began to lay a series of strokes on the flexing buttocks of the pale puppy boy. Curly golden hair wet with sweat, his large over-filled ball bag slapped Kenichi's darker colored plums with each violent thrust of his raging purple headed cock. Switching from Baron's buttocks, he used the crop to lightly tickle the testicles of both puppy boys. First one then the other, Carter enjoyed every yowl of pain and discomfort that came from the tormented males.

His audience of mostly ladies smiled and commented with pleasure as they witnessed the older master's skill at playing with the two pups as they practiced the lessons designed to please their owners. Carter's wife and adult children, having been raised in a sophisticated and open minded European country, gloried in dominating submissive males as well as females. His family had purchased two puppy guard dogs that lived at their private walled in estate year around.

Two teams of pony stallions being trained at the ranch in preparation for the Dog and Pony Show were owned by Carter. Adding Sassy and Scoundrel to their collection of human pets was going to provide hours of entertainment for his family and the aggressive guard dogs he had purchased at one of Kayla's coveted auctions three years ago.

Carter chuckled as the cameraman moved in to get a closer shot of the oriental pup's ass being wildly fucked by a male pup's thick rigid pole. The handler took some shots of Kenichi's hard straining shaft spraying pre-cum over his belly and the grass under him focusing on the two pairs of testicles flailing between the legs of the two male pups and the crop playing them like a fine instrument. Kayla's special hormone kept puppies and ponies in a constant state of semi arousal that was heightened by the various painful discipline techniques used by trainers and owners at the ranch.

Baron's body stiffened, muscles tensing as he rammed in hard one last time. His balls drew up closer to his body, cock buried completely in the tight hot anus of the dark-furred pup. With a loud yowl that filled the kennel yard, he pumped jet after jet of thick creamy semen into the jerking body of the puppy boy beneath him. Stinging slaps of the crop rained down on his sore buttocks and pulsing testicles.

Yowling loudly, Kenichi's body stiffened, then jerked, his pulsating puppy penis shooting spurt after spurt of thick white semen onto his belly, chest and the grass below him. Stunned at the unexpected ferocity of his explosive release, he pushed his ass back towards the thick cock driving in and out of his anal passage, wanting more of the extreme pleasure flooding his bound body. Shame filled him at the thought of his honored father seeing this video and the disgust his family would feel for their lost son.

Unrelenting pleasure continued to roar through both pups, from their jerking cocks, through their flailing balls, to their nipples with the heavy weights slapping their chests painfully. Thick white semen leaked out of Kenichi's tightly filled anus, running down his shriveled plums to the soft grass under his restrained rear legs.

As his ragged breathing settled to something close to normal, Baron heard the sobbing moans of the dark-furred puppy boy beneath him. He could feel the shuddering of Kenichi's tortured body as it shook and jerked with intense sensations of pleasure and pain. He had come to like Kenichi, enjoying the quiet companionship the shy dark eyed pup had provided during the humiliating 'lessons' they were being taught. He hoped there would be a chance later for him to ease Kenichi's distress when they had some

private time. They would be making many movies together and separately in the future, doing what the director commanded even if it was not their choice. Their new lives would be easier to handle if they were comfortable with each other.

Seeing the handler photographing the still connected pups, Paula motioned him forward. She stepped away from the pups. Looking over at the visiting master, she smiled.

“Carter, you did a great job warming up the pups while they played for the camera. I know they would love to show their appreciation by kissing and grooming you later. I'll bring them by your rooms after they have been cleaned up, watered, and massaged in the kennel.”

The older man grinned wickedly, “I look forward to this afternoon, Paula, thanks. My family will be happy to join the fun. Martin will see to it Kenichi shows his appreciation for my son's loving attention.”

Paula waved to the handler as he turned off the camera and walked over to the fence separating the stables from the kennels. Tugging on Baron's leash, she pulled him back. With a slurping sound, his now limp cock slid out of Kenichi's sore, irritated ass. A thick stream of semen dripped out of the Japanese puppy boy's rectum. Whimpering in misery, the male pups sent pleading gazes to the young woman training them.

Unhooking the chain from Kenichi's collar, she released the catches on the binding bars. Removing both bars, Paula handed them to a nearby groomer to put away. Gently rubbing the trembling dark-coated puppy boy's back with one hand, she ran her hand over his buttocks.

“You've been a good puppy Kenichi,” the kennel mistress spoke loudly. “I am going to reward you by letting you lick every drop of tasty cum off your kennel-mate’s body. Look at the mess you left on his cock and balls.”

Holding her right arm out straight, Paula snapped her fingers, giving the unspoken command to 'beg'. She called the photographer over to film the finale of Kenichi's first video fuck scene. Standing several feet away the young woman watched as Baron sat back on his sore ass cheeks, spread his legs open wide, raised his upper body and held his front paws out in the standard doggy begging position.

“Clean him up Kenichi,” Paula commanded. “Use your long tongue to get all the cum off his legs, thighs and cock.”

Kayla nodded with pride at the progress Paula had made during the three weeks she had spent training the current group of puppies owned by one of her wealthy Japanese clients. Seeing the lust shining in Kenichi's dark eyes as he lapped sticky fluids from another male's body, she looked forward to her weekly report to Mr. Takahashi. All the puppies in this group were living up to the potential their owner had seen when he had selected them. Kayla loved the challenge of transforming the intriguing selection of pups and ponies her powerful clients sent into obedient, well-behaved pets.

Mr. Takahashi had been very pleased with the first three sets of young men and women she had trained for him, referring several of his international business associates to her when they had expressed an interest in owning a personal pet. Several of the pony stallions and puppy boys from the ranch now served their new owners in Japan and around the world, while Kayla's bank account grew richer.

A low aarrf brought her thoughts back to the kennel yard activity. Kayla chuckled at the sight of Baron in show position with Kenichi licking his dangling ball bag to clean up any stray globs of tasty puppy semen. Having cum recently, their cocks and balls were smaller, but would be back to full size quickly under the influence of her magical hormone.

“That's enough, Kenichi,” Paula commanded. “Sit pups!”

“Kayla, I'm going to take these two male pups back to the kennel for a good grooming and a massage. After they have been fed, watered and rested, Kenichi and Baron should be recovered enough to 'play' with Master Carter and his family later on today.”

“Have one of the other groomer’s film the rest of the pup's morning activities as Mr. Takahashi requested. We're going to continue taping the rest of this morning’s stable yard activities for him as a bonus. Some of his trainers are arriving next week to learn how we 'gentle' the human ponies and how they can train the pony studs and fillies in his films to do more intense action scenes.”

Kayla turned to walk towards the fence between the two training yards as soon as she finished giving Paula her final instructions for the morning.

“Come Beau,” she called out, patting her left thigh. “It's time to join the others in the stable training yard for Tamara's special morning exercise.”

Walking towards the smaller gate connecting the ranch's two main training areas, she passed through the

gate into the stable yard followed closely by her excited puppy boy. Seeing an empty chair in the open area kept clear for viewers to observe the ponies and their handlers, Kayla strolled over and sat down. Getting comfortable in her chair, she ordered Beau to lay down in the grass by her feet. She reached down to play with his long brown head fur, making sure the band holding his pony tail wasn't coming loose.

Pulling a small bottle of cold spring water out of a cooler located between her chair and Zimra's seat, she opened it. Kayla sighed, the cool water sliding down her parched throat. Noticing the sound of her puppy boy panting quietly at her feet, she poured some of the refreshing water into a doggy bowl on of the stable grooms had put on the soft grass by her chair.

“Beg puppy,” she commanded. “Show everyone how well-behaved you are.”

Beau moved to a spot a few feet in front of his lovely mistress. Sitting back on his bound rear legs, he spread his thighs open wide, clearly exposing his engorged shaft and large prominent balls. His warm brown eyes shone with happiness as he raised his upper body up, holding his front legs out paws down.

“Good boy! Drink your water now, pup,” his owner spoke as she petted his cheek.

Kayla watched as her puppy aarrrfffed and lapped the cool water out of his shiny silver dog bowl. Savoring the light tinkling sound from the bells hanging from the male pups pierced nipples, she gently caressed his rosy ass cheeks. Her body still hummed with remnants of the previous evening's thunderous orgasms. Paddling her personal pup's tight muscled buttocks and thighs to a delightful shade of pink always magnified pleasure and redoubled the production of semen in his tightly stretched over-filled ball sack. His scheduled release later this evening would be powerful, matching her own exquisite orgasms.

“What a great puppy you are, Beau,” she whispered in his ear. “You've earned a reward for tending your mistress so well last night.”

Looking around to make sure everyone was settled in their seats with their pups resting on the soft grass beside them, Kayla smiled. Scoundrel and Sassy lay quietly on the ground in the midst of Carter and his family member's chairs. Zimra sat next to her with Max lying beside Beau between the two mistress's chairs. Waving to a groom tending a pony boy hitched to a large outdoor training wheel nearest the stables, she signaled that it was time to start the next part of this morning's exciting entertainment.

The attractive female groom tormenting a curly red-maned pony boy on the exercise wheel used her lunge whip to tickle the bound male's left buttock before pulling out her cell phone to pass on the message to the stable master. A wicked grin crossed Kayla's face at the sight of a well-built man in his late 20's wearing blue jeans and scuffed cowboy boots exiting the stable through the large main door. As head trainer at the stables, Andre was a genius at getting the best out of the pony boys and fillies under his care. Punishments and lessons given by him often drew an audience, adding more humiliation to the exacting training program he had put together for this special facility.

“Ed will be here soon, ma'am,” the stable master announced when he reached the seated group of mistresses and guests. “He's been preparing our star pony studs for their part in the activities today.”

Admiring Andre's neck length curly blond hair, Kayla's gaze traveled over his tall muscular body perfectly framed by a tight stretchy black sleeveless t-shirt and jeans that hugged his sexy ass and prominent package.

“Shane is bringing Rocky and Buster over to assist with our disobedient male pony's lessons,” Andre chuckled pointing to Blaze harnessed to the exercise wheel and Hunter bound on a pony milking station.

As owner and mistress overseeing everything happening at her exclusive facility, Kayla preferred her personal pets to be submissive. But she enjoyed admiring the attractive bodies of the dominant men on her staff. Just their commanding presence and well-muscled bodies helped prepare puppies and ponies to accept the need to serve any masters or male guests they might interact with in the future.

Although all her employees and guests were treated with respect, males included, most of the activities at her compound were centered on a select group of young males being dominated and controlled by women. The few female pets at the ranch kept the frustrated male pups or ponies aching with desire while seeing to any special needs of the owners, staff and guests.

“Hunter is thrilled at the prospect of Rocky kissing his delectable package,” Kayla replied with a wicked gleam in her alluring blue eyes. “Just look, his cock is waggling with anticipation!”

Looking at the tanned, muscled pony stallion secured tightly to one of the permanent outdoor pony fixtures, Andre nodded his head in agreement. The stud's huge rampant shaft jutted out from his groin, pulsing and bobbing with each tortured breath he took. Sweat glistened on his smooth hairless body. Bound to the padded wooden frame of a pony milking station, every part of the large male's body was restrained except for his hips.

That her puppies and ponies were able to freely thrust their hips as they were stimulated Kayla knew made for a very arousing display and also was a good measure of how well her training was bringing out the real animal nature of the pet as each accepted the beauty of what they were being trained to be, and abandoned any lingering, shameful resistance.

Andre walked over to stand beside the trembling pony stallion, taking an adjustable cock ring out of a pouch hanging from his equipment belt. Stroking Hunter's rigid throbbing shaft with one hand, he slipped the gleaming silver cock ring over the bulbous head of the pony stud's pole with his other hand. Using some of the pre-cum leaking from the slit in its crown, the stable master slid the cool metal ring down the column of the engorged shaft until it nestled against Hunter's smooth hairless groin. Adjusting the tension of the ring to tighten just a little, he locked it in place.

Andre patted Hunter's tense ass cheeks. “Relax, stud! It's Tamara's time to be star of the show. Your turn is coming up later.”

Laughing at the fearful look on his face, the stable master pulled a small controller out of a pouch on his equipment belt, he entered a code. Replacing the device, he grabbed the base of the white blonde horse tail extension of Hunter's anal plug with one hand. He pulled up on the long thick plug invading the male pony's rectum, shifting it in and out so the vibrating device rubbed Hunter's prostate gland harder. Repeating the motion again and again, he used his free hand to tug and squeeze the stud's large firm balls. The male pony thrust his hips forward and back frantically, whinnying loudly through the cruel bridle bit stretching his mouth open.

Andre's lips turned up at one corner in amusement at the sight of the helpless bound male's muscles trembling and jerking. Powerful waves of heated pleasure flooded Hunter's excessively aroused body. Removing his hand from the stallion's tail, he twisted and tugged on the pear shaped vibrating jewelry clipped tightly to his large pink nipples. Jagged rubber coated teeth on the clamp kept the heavy 5 ounce pendants connected to the pony's hard pointed male nubs.

“There, that should keep you occupied while Oberon and Midnight both take turns riding our pretty black filly to an explosive orgasm one after the other. You better not cum, pet without permission, or I'll have to 'help' you for two more weeks before you are allowed any release.”

Andre laughed at the expression of horror on the pony stallion's face. The last few days helping Hunter maintain a raging hard on but not giving him any relief had been delightful. Remembering Beau kissing and grooming the large male pony's rampant member and over-sized balls had filled the stable master with excitement. Anger, frustration and intense lust had blazed from Hunter's eyes with each lap of the puppy boy's talented tongue along the length of the blond pony's hard ribbed shaft and smooth hairless ball bag.

Hearing a low whimper from her puppy boy, Kayla turned her gaze to see a 6” 2' tall man passing through the side gate separating the two training yards. She cocked her head sideways, appreciating the muscular build of the compound's Head of Security. With a wicked laugh, she patted her left thigh and called out a firm command to the two large male pups following closely behind Shane.

“Rocky. Buster, come. Greet your mistress.”

She held her left hand out palm down in anticipation, waiting for the expected response from the ranch's permanent guard dogs. An unexpected silence startled her as she saw Rocky and Buster crawling quickly towards her, raising her eye brows at the olive skinned guard dog's last momentary burst of speed. She saw that neither guard puppy was outfitted with nipple bells.

Rocky reached her first, aarrffing, excitedly before using his enhanced tongue to lick the back of Kayla's hand. Buster sat behind him, tongue hanging out of the side of his mouth, waiting patiently for his turn. As the dominant half of this elite guard dog unit, Rocky loved the look of fear that filled the eyes of the pleasure pups and ponies at the compound when they saw him coming or heard the specially tuned unique sound of the bells usually attached to his nipples ringing. The guard dogs worked and trained in units of two or three puppies that added a competitive edge to the meticulously planned training program followed by the ranch's owners and training staff.

Pulling away from his mistress's hand, he nudged the fair skinned shoulder of his guard dog partner. Rocky gave Buster's male nubs a tug with his tongue, starting with the right nipple before moving over to the left one. Guard dogs did not wear bells attached to their male nubs if the human security staff needed to take advantage of the acute sense of smell created in puppy boys altered by Mistress Kayla's special hormone. Kayla saw that medium sized steel pear shaped pendants dangled from 2 inch long chains with alligator clips on one end snapped tightly to Buster's larger sensitive nipples.

Kayla ruffled the wavy blond head fur of the kneeling pup with her right hand as he gently lapped the back of her left hand and wrist the way he had been trained to do at the ranch. Buster's light golden tan and bright blue eyes were a sharp contrast from Rocky’s olive skin tone and deep brown eyes. Admiring

the well-developed build of her favorite pair of guard dogs, her eyes sparkled.

She got warm tingles every time she saw the gleaming oiled skin of a large muscular puppy boy wearing wide black leather straps crossed over his chest and back licking the beautifully enhanced cocks and ball bags of her pleasure pups. Guard dogs, like all 'puppies', craved the addictive taste of a male pup's semen.

Female staff members, owners and guests used the tongues, enticing muscular asses and 13 inch fuck-rods of her elite puppy guard any way they wanted, glorying in the white hot pleasure these puppy boys could give them. At the age of 28, both Rocky and Buster had many more years of future service at her special facility before 'retirement'.

A deep male voice caught her attention. Looking up into the security chief's emerald green eyes, Kayla motioned for the guard dogs to 'sit'.

“Our unexpected guests have been stripped and secured in a dog run by the back entrance of the kennel, ma'am,” Shane reported to his employer. “They can see everything going on this morning from there.”

Turning her head, the blonde mistress glanced over to the dog run to check out their unplanned 'visitors'. Noting the unblemished deep black skin of a bald extremely fit man staring through the dog run's open mesh framework, Kayla chuckled. A few feet away from the dark man, a slightly smaller olive toned male with straight black hair hanging halfway down his back sat with a confused look on his handsome face. Making these two males fit into her puppy and pony play world was going to be very interesting.

Nothing enlivened her day better than having new males to torment. The talented staff and trainers at the 'puppy' ranch used every tool or method available to them to transform fit men into pets that catered to their owners every decadent need. Gentle submissive males were fun to train, usually learning how to please their handlers fairly quickly and with few problems.

Male and female pets obtained under unusual circumstances, like Tamara's capture when Beau joined the ranch's kennel of pups, challenged the compound's staff and handlers, providing many opportunities to showcase the expertise of the carefully selected people employed at Kayla's special facility.

“Rocky and Buster flushed them out of hiding near the loading dock, Mistress Kayla. You should have seen the shocked expressions on the faces of our intruders as our fierce male guard dogs chased them out of the woods.”

“That explains why our favorite guard dogs don't have their nipple bells on,” the blond mistress nodded in understanding. “Replace their work jewelry with some bells, now though. Our entertainment will be so much better with the enchanting sound of puppy bells jingling while Tamara performs for us.”

“Yes ma'am, right away,” Shane chuckled. “Do you want me to use any vibrating adornments along with the bells?”

“Why yes, I think that would be a nice added reward for our hard working boys,” she grinned. “I'll leave it up to you to decide which ones would be best.”

“It's always a treat to watch as the jewelry adorning a puppy's body makes him tremble with frustration,” the stable master replied.

Shane's appealing Irish accent washed over Kayla as she watched him pull a pair of 2 inch chains with shiny silver bells attached to one end and alligator clips on the other out of a pouch on his equipment belt. Luring the dark haired ex-military dom away from his Special Forces group in England six years ago had been one of the best business decisions she had ever made. Having this tenacious, powerful man in charge of compound security enabled her to sleep well at night.

His attractive good looks and military cut blue-black hair were a pleasant side benefit. Mistress Kayla had experienced multiple orgasms from her puppy boy's eager tongue in the private viewing area behind the mirror of the main playroom anytime she watched Shane exercise a puppy or pony in the mansion's play room.

She sighed with pleasure, half listening to several conversations going on between the other owners and handlers attending the morning's activity. Being mistress of this unique facility was exciting and challenging. Male and female pets trained at the ranch sold for astounding amounts of money when put up for sale at semi-annual auctions attended by an elite group of wealthy clients and powerful buyers.

“Buster, groom Blaze's cock while Tamara shows us how a well-trained pony girl milks a couple of pony studs of their seed,” Kayla commanded, pointing to the red maned male pony harnessed to an exercise wheel by the stables.

She chuckled, “Rocky will see to the other male pony. You know how much Hunter adores having our lead

guard dog's wicked tongue and mouth playing with his precious package.”

Kayla watched as Blaze assumed the 'show, present' position at his handler's command when the exercise wheel came to a stop. Legs spread wide, hips thrust forward and head facing the center of the training yard, the pony boy's rampant fuck-rod was completely exposed to the amused group of people witnessing the final stage of his 'punishment'. She was pleased to hear the sound of bells jingling as Buster moved quickly on four paws, tail wagging in excitement, to sit between the pony boy's trembling thighs.

She grinned cruelly as Andre stepped away from Hunter's restrained body. Seeing lust shining in Rocky's eyes, she knew the dominant guard dog relished this part of his duties. After the second guard dog took his position between the wide spread thighs of the blond pony stallion, she thought for a moment and issued an additional command to the fierce pups.

“Keep the male ponies amped up, but DO NOT let them cum or you will both be disciplined harshly.”

Rocky and Buster woofed to say they understood and began to lick the straining cocks of the shuddering male ponies in front of them. Seeing the golden furred guard dog run his enhanced tongue along the column of the male pony's throbbing engorged shaft from root to tip in one long slow motion sent tingles of heat through her. Blaze's loud whinny of frustration was music to her ears.

Rocky savored every tasty drop of pre-cum he worked out of the huge purple-headed beast jutting out from Hunter's quivering groin. The blonde pony stallions trembling body hung limply in the tight bindings of the pony milking station. His shaft twitched and waggled under Rocky's relentless tongue, dripping pre-cum the guard dog licked off and swallowed eagerly.

Sunlight sparkled off six weighted metal balls attached to Hunter's large dangling ball bag by 3 inch chains with alligator clips. Sharp rubber coated teeth bit cruelly into the tightly stretched skin encasing the pony studs firm over-filled plums. Kayla smiled at Hunter's groan when Rocky sat back and swatted at the round steel pendants with his front paws. Each time the swinging balls bounced off each other, the pony's thigh muscles tensed. Similar pendants hung on short chains attached to the stud's pierced ringed nipples. Tight clips held the medium weight balls firmly to the large pointed male nubs on his sweating chest.

Pulling out a long range electronic device from a pouch on her belt, Kayla keyed in two series of codes. Replacing the device, she waited for the vibrating jewelry to kick in. Sudden jerky movements from the restrained ponies and guard dogs brought a wicked gleam to her eyes. Hearing their neighs and moans of distress, she knew the pendants attached to their nipples, cocks, balls and the anal plug their horse tail was mounted on were now vibrating in random patterns that would torment the agonized male ponies overwhelmingly aroused bodies.

Rocky and Buster woofed, pulling away from the ponies momentarily to enjoy the tingles of heat flowing through them. Wearing devices or adornments, often attached using uncomfortable clamps with sharp rubber coated teeth, was a vital element in a pet's daily life. Lack of privacy, humiliation and varying levels of pain magnified the profound arousal a pup or pony endured every waking hour of the day.

Puppies like Rocky and Max craved the excruciating physical sensations they felt when more pain was added to their pleasure. When a puppy or pony was allowed a pleasurable relief from the constant arousal they felt under the influence of Mistress Kayla's one-of-a-kind hormone, their orgasms were blistering and exhaustive.

The thudding of Beau's 6 inch black rubber tail bouncing on the soft grass covered ground of the visitor's seating area distracted Kayla from the guard dogs and the male ponies. She looked down at the young male pup lying at her feet. Raising an eyebrow, she saw him lift his head up and glance towards her with sparkling brown eyes. The blonde mistress watched him sniff the air several times using his heightened sense of smell to identify an alluring scent that had caught his interest. Looking intently at a filly breeding frame set permanently into the ground about 10 feet away from his owner's chair in the stable training yard, he yipped with excitement.

Kayla laughed, rubbing her pet's silky brown head fur. “Yes Beau, you're going to get to play with Tamara this morning. I know how much you love the taste of her sweet honey.”

“That dark pony filly of yours adores performing in public, especially when her old 'neighbor' lavishes her cunt and ringed clit with his very talented long tongue,” Zimra added with a chuckle.

“Andre informed me earlier that Oberon and Midnight are chomping at the bit with excitement,” Kayla grinned. “They can't wait to drive their huge hard pony cocks deep into the filly's wet folds.”

The puppy boy stared at a well-endowed pony girl now strapped tightly to the 10 inch by 10 inch black leather-covered main beam of a terrifying bondage apparatus held in place by two 3 inch by 3 inch posts buried in the ground. Beau's wild excited eyes took in the sight of the lovely, black female whose curiosity had led her to follow him to meet the van from Kayla's ranch on that fateful morning he began this

wonderful adventure with his beloved mistress.

Tamara's forearms were cruelly crossed over behind her back and bound together tightly. Her asshole was free of the anal plug and tail ponies usually wore at the ranch. The filly's labia lips were held open wide by the same set of chains with hooks on one end and tight clips on the other end she had worn on the picnic on the recent shipment day, clearly exposing every puffy fold of her moist slit. Dressed in only black ankle-length lace up boots with 5 inch heels, a pair of white fish-net thigh-high stockings and a white leather bridle set she was a stunning vision of beauty.

Standing up on all four paws, Beau turned to face his mistress. Sitting on the grass in front of her chair, he raised his upper body and assumed a 'begging' position. Holding out his two front paws, he excited puppy boy 'woofed' several times, turning his head to gaze at the filly between woofs.

A fond smile on her lips, Kayla looked into the eager face of her personal pet puppy. The sight of his smooth muscular tummy and hard pointed nipples with their shiny bells for decoration sent a flood of warmth through her. Beau served her every need with a passion she had not seen in any of her previous personal pets. Her pup's fondness for his former neighbor amused her. The flush of humiliation on the filly's cheeks whenever handlers allowed Beau to lap and suck on her lush labia lips and enlarged ringed clit always added to enjoyment of any observers who happened to be on hand.

“Okay boy,” Kayla spoke softly to her adoring pet. “Go play with the mare. Make sure you give her four orgasms and you'll earn an extra special treat later on. Show off your cock and balls properly for your mistress.”

Zimra's voice echoed across the stable yard. “Max, would you like to play with the filly's tits while your buddy tends her cunt?”

Hearing the happy yip of her own sweet pup, she smiled. “Go ahead. Have fun, boy. If you manage to help your buddy give the filly six orgasms instead of four, I'll let you have an entire afternoon with one of the puppy girls in a dog run as a reward.”

Both mistresses watched as Beau and Max pranced away, the brown coated pup meeting the gaze of his red furred buddy and aaarrfffing in anticipation. Keeping their hind legs spread wide to completely expose their pulsating puppy penis and extra-large tightly stretched ball sacks, the excited pleasure pups pranced across the training yard. Tails wagging back and forth, slapping the firm muscled cheeks of their sexy asses.

Stopping to look back, he woofed to encourage the other male pup to hurry up. Bells jingling, Beau and Max moved quickly, looking forward to seeing the filly's body shuddering in ecstasy as it exploded with pleasure. The puppy boy's taste buds tingled, both pups craving the sweet flavor of the filly's copious juices.

Captured the same day Beau was first acquired, Tamara, his former neighbor and almost date held a special place in his heart. It was still a special treat to be allowed by his Mistress to entertain her by sampling Tamara's tantalizing charms. Tamara was the first pony girl he had ever been allowed to play with as a puppy.

This was another reason Beau continued to hold Tamara with such special esteem. As time continued, Beau thought of Tamara more as a pony girl and play partner than with any concern or regret over being responsible for her capture and transformation into a pet. It also seemed to Beau that Tamara herself was adapting well and perhaps even enjoying her special place at the Kayla's ranch as a prime filly and in-foal mare, as time passed and she advanced in her training as a much desired pet play animal.

Tamara's frantic neigh brought a grin to Kayla's face. Her grin widened into a wicked smile. She clapped her hands to get everyone's attention. Looking over at Andre, she nodded her head to signal that it was time to start the main show of the morning.

Andre pulled his cell phone out and tapped in a series of numbers. After a short conversation, he put his phone away and walked over to the filly mounted on the breeding frame. Petting the puppy boys sitting beneath her, he then checked to make sure her bit gag rings were secured tightly to a set of clasps along the insides of the posts.

In this position, the filly's body was bent at a 90 degree angle with her head down, her reigns and tits dangling freely. The black bit of her bridle set planted deep between her pearly white teeth severely limited the range of sounds the restrained filly could make using her chemically altered vocal chords.

The stable master ran his hands slowly up the thighs of the beautiful golden brown filly, starting at the inside of her knees, working his way up to her small shapely ass. He checked to see if the straps binding her long sexy legs to the two 4 inch wide v shaped oak boards secured at the center of the main beam needed any adjustments. Working his way down her spread legs, he tested the buckling straps near the bottom of the boards imbedded in the ground. Noting that all the straps and buckles seem to be properly

secured, he made sure the filly's hips were positioned correctly against the black padded edge of the main beam.

Glancing down at the red coated puppy boy licking the mare's magnificent tits with his long thick tongue, Andre tugged on Max's tail. The pup reacted with a startled woof as the trainer's play with his tail sent tingles of heat through him. Working at the ranch gave him access to any kind of pleasure he desired, even the loving attention of a male pup's tongue and mouth on his hard straining cock. The fact that he liked both male and female attentions equally made every day here at the compound a satisfying experience.

“Give plenty of attention to her plump nipples, boy,” Andre commanded in a sexy Swedish accent.

The stable master caressed the pinkened ass cheeks of the red furred puppy boy, imagining how much fun Mistress Zimra had had paddling such delicious buttocks. Memories the times Max had serviced him in his quarters above the stables flashed through his mind. Bringing his thoughts back to the present, he smiled as he watched the male pup lap the responsive dark brown nubs crowning a set of large light brown aureoles. Tamara's nipples stiffened, her aureoles erupting with tiny goose bumps. Andre tugged sharply on the ring piercing her left nipple at the same time Max suckled her hard pointed right nub.

A loud whinny from the bound pony girl made Andre look closer at the action taking place between her widely spread legs. Beau's enhanced tongue lapped feverishly at the plump wet folds presented so perfectly for his enjoyment. Sticking his long thick tongue deep into Tamara's gaping cunt, he thrust it in and out, again and again, rubbing his nose on her hard red clit with each stroke of his licker tool. The filly's body shook and jerked every time the puppy boy's nose touched her inflamed clit. The ring piercing her super-sensitive pleasure nub pulled and twisted, sending bolts of heat through her agonized over aroused body.

Andre leaned close to Tamara's head, giving her the command she had been waiting for and needed to hear. “Cum! Cum for us now filly!”

One last thrust of Beau's tongue sent the shuddering pony mare into an explosive orgasm. Her body jerked and shuddered violently within its tight bonds. Her head flailed back and forth, her spectacular brown flowing mane in its banana shaped hair clip flying about her head. Loud neighs and whinnies escaped the filly, the large rings connecting the reins to her bridle clanking as her orgasm thundered through her bound body. Just when she began to come down from her release, Max sucked hard on one of her nipples at the same time as the stable master twisted hard on the ring piercing her other nipple.

Andre laughed as he watched the exquisite pony girl ride out her second orgasm of the morning. “Beau! Max! Make sure this orgasm lasts longer that the first one. We want her to be properly prepared to be mounted by not one, but two huge pony studs, don't we?”

The pony filly's screaming neighs and ragged breathing filled the air, bringing smiles to the faces of the masters, trainers and dominatrixes enjoying the mare's morning performance. The male pup's and bound pony boy's cocks were rock hard, dripping pre-cum from bulbous crowns. After what seemed like forever, Andre called for the two puppy boys to stop and allow the filly to catch her breath.

“Good work pups,” Andre spoke to the panting puppy boys. “At this rate, you may earn your rewards. It shouldn't be too hard to wring four more orgasms out of the filly, especially with the help of our two eager pony studs over there.”

Looking over towards the front of the three story stables, Andre waved to a 6 foot 1 inch tall man with black hair cut close to his head leading two very large males bound in full pony leathers. The clopping sounds of the stud's hoofed boots rang out loudly as they were led by their long reins towards the breeding frame at a pace that allowed the audience a long, slow look at both the well turned out ponies as they were led forward.

With their arms locked behind them, the male pony’s powerful chests puffed outward against the grip of their harnesses rings and leather straps. Their male nubs poked through the metal rings that surrounded them, weighted horse shoe-shaped pendants attached to their nipples with alligator clips. The pony stallions pranced, knees high, huge steel hard cocks leading the way. The stable master waited by the breeding frame as Ed led the pony stallions to a spot 10 feet from him and dropped the reins.

“Show, Present ponies,” Ed commanded sternly.

After the pony studs obeyed instantly, he reached out to stroke each stud's shaft several times and pulled his hand back. “Aren't you glad I got you boys all warmed up inside the stable? Now you are ready to put on a good show for Mistress Kayla and her guests. Waggle your cocks to show you understand.”

Breathing more easily now as she settled down, the filly's eyes widened at the sight of two large muscular pony studs staring intensely at her restrained body. Tamara's muscles tensed fearfully at the thought of her up-coming humiliation in front of a group of strangers. The idea of having two eager puppy boys and a

pair of bound harnessed male ponies driving her to climax over and over again in front of people she did not know was something she was having trouble getting accustomed to.

The pleasure that raged through her whenever she was 'permitted' a release was welcomed and becoming something she more eagerly looked forward to after each new breeding she was treated to. Constant sexual arousal pumped through her altered body under the influence of Mistress Kayla's special hormone, making her crave any relief she could get.

Having Beau bring her to orgasm still filled her with shame, but the excruciating releases he gave her were beginning to dull her humiliation at the thought of her former neighbor eating her pussy like the human puppy he had become.

Andre looked closely at the two pony stallions he had selected to mount the nervous filly today. Both stallions were bald with dark brown eyes and deep black skin that shined with the oil that had been applied to show off their tightly harnessed and restrained bodies to perfection. Midnight and Oberon were 6 feet 1 inch tall with an exceptionally well developed musculature.

Noting the enormous cocks and large, firm balls swinging freely between the impressive legs of the approaching pony stallions, Andre smiled. With their hoofed boots adding 6 inches to their height, the pony studs made quite an impression on the audience viewing the action today. Oberon's shaft was shorter than the normal 14 inches for a pony boy. At 'only' 13 inches in length, the pony's cock was still menacing with its extra girth.

Leaning down closer to her, Andre whispered quietly into the filly's ear. “Aren't you just thrilled to have two such well-endowed studs mounting you today, Tamara? Not every filly in the stables is lucky enough to have two puppy boys AND two huge pony studs playing with her at the same time.”

Seeing the panic in her wide eyes, Andre pulled a tube of lubrication out of one of the pouches on his equipment belt. He held it in front of her, squirting some into the palm of his hand.

“We don't want the pony stallions to injure you or your foals, Tamara,” Andre said caressing her small rounded tummy gently. “I'm going to rub plenty of AY jelly in your cunt and asshole to make it easier for you to handle their massive cocks without harm.”

While the stable master applied the lubrication, Ed motioned toward the filly on the breeding frame giving a command to one of the pony studs.

“Midnight! Front and center.”

Ed took the stud's reins in his right hand and led the male pony to a spot directly behind the filly's spread legs and well displayed pussy. Flipping the reins over the stud's back and attaching them to his harness, the head trainer laughed.

Watching the pony stallion's mammoth fuck-rod waggle and throb, he smiled cruelly. “DO NOT cum until you are commanded or you will be punished. Pony boys only orgasm when their handler allows them to.”

Tamara flinched as Ed stepped away from the frame, clearing the view for the handler filming the action. Hearing the stable master's voice ordering Beau and Max to resume tormenting her breasts and cunt, she hung her head in resignation. This was going to be a long humiliating morning for her and there was nothing she could do but endure, getting what pleasure she could from the experience. Sighing as Max's tongue lapped her large and unusually firm breasts, the filly closed her eyes. Beau's long nimble tongue stroked her hard engorged clit, tugging on the ring piercing it.

Absorbed in the heated pleasure flowing through her while the energetic puppy boys licked and sucked on her tits and cunt, she was startled by the sound of Midnight's hoofed boots shuffling on the hard surface of the training yard behind her. She felt the stud's huge crown searching for her female entrance from behind. Tamara squealed with fear as its fat cock head rubbed against her much smaller anal opening before pulling back. She could tell he was having trouble with his aim without the use of his bound hands.

After a few attempts, the pony stud's bulbous crown slipped through her lips and pressed against her clenched entrance. She felt his shaft stretch her pussy open, sliding deeper and deeper into the wet, newly greased, dripping folds of her womanhood. The two orgasms the puppy boys had wrung out of her earlier had helped prepare her, as well as the lubrication Master Andre had applied. When nearly half of his 14 inch cock was buried inside her, Tamara finally relaxed the muscles of her pussy. She heard the pony stallion's grunt of ecstasy as his hard pulsating cock slid fully into her gaping wet opening.

Tamara was filled completely by the huge erect shaft of the pony stud, her puffy wet folds stretched to their fullest by his invading male member. Midnight began to pump his shaft in and out of the filly, his long black horse tail tickling the puppy boy sitting between the filly's legs each time his hips moved forward.

The stud's flailing balls slapped the male pup's face occasionally, making the pony stallion grunt with pain. Tamara shuddered as Beau's long tongue lapped her throbbing clit. Fiery waves of pleasure flooded her overwhelmed body, making her shoulders shake and tits jiggle. Max's wet tongue licked wildly at the bountiful breasts bouncing in front of him.

Andre's voice broke through the haze of her rising pleasure, disbelief showing in her eyes as he ordered the stud to go in deep and stay completely still without cumming. Tamara trembled and shook on the brink of a thunderous orgasm. Ignoring the pony stallion's moan of frustration, she lost herself in the fierce waves of heat flooding every part of her body. Muscles tensing, her orgasm erupted. Unbearably hot pleasure flowed from her spasming cunt through her painfully hard nipples to every cell of her body.

Shaking and shuddering, she whinnied loudly through the cruel bit in her mouth as Beau and Max continued to use their tongues to drive her orgasm on and on.

“Beau and Max have become experts with their magic tongues, haven't they Ed?” Andre spoke, giving the ranch's head trainer an amused glance.

“They sure have,” Ed replied from his place standing behind Kayla's chair. “Those two puppy boys and l spend time in the stables playing with the ponies every chance they can.”

The pony mare slumped in her restraints, gasping as she caught her breath. Hearing the excited puppy boys panting underneath her, Tamara knew they would soon be tormenting her again. The pony stallion's ragged breathing and hard throbbing shaft buried balls deep inside her quivering pussy, reminded her that he had not cum yet. Bracing herself against the padded beam, the filly waited for the stud to finish what he had started. Tentative licks on her clit made the filly flinch, then relax her sore muscles again in preparation for her next orgasm. Three massive releases had been bad enough, but she had three more to anticipate that her owner commanded from her for the entertainment and pleasure of her audience before she would be allowed to rest.

The stable master chuckled, watching Beau continue to lick and suckle the filly's hard, red clit. Cocking his head to one side, he watched the puppy boy extend his tongue to lap the pony stallion's large dangling balls between licks on the filly's pleasure nub. The stud's body shook with the effort he was making to hold off cumming.

Andre observed Tamara's tight wet folds twitching and flexing as the aftermath of her orgasm faded away. The stud's fretful whinnies made the trainer's own hard cock itch to bury itself in a warm female pet's body. He looked forward to pumping his seed deep into one of the other pony girls later that afternoon.

“Go ahead Midnight, start moving again,” Andre said, as he slapped the trembling pony stud's left ass cheek. “I'll let you know when you can cum.”

Andre stepped away from the sweating ponies to give the handler filming today's action packed scenes a clear view. Ass muscles flexing, the wild eyed pony stallion pounded his purple-headed beast into Tamara's sloppy wet lower hole again and again. Pale creamy feminine juices flowed in streams from the filly's wide open slit. The chain and hook set holding her labia lips open so cleverly was completely covered by thick viscous fluid. Tamara's muscles went rigid, her body beginning to jerk and shudder violently as a fourth orgasm wracked her tired body.

Whinnying loudly, the pony stud flung his head back and forth, making the rings holding his reins clink. Driving his raging blood-filled monster in deeply, the male pony turned his head to face the stable master strolling over to the breeding frame. Standing still behind the trembling pony mare, his body tense from the concentrated effort he made to hold off cumming, the stallion turned his crazed eyes towards his trainer. Andre nodded with approval, grabbing the back of the stud's harness with one hand.

“Go Midnight. You can cum now,” the stable master commanded.

Slapping the twitching buttocks of the pony stallion with his free hand, Andre murmured the rest of the command into the male pony's ear.

“Do it like I taught you. Let's show Master Carter how well-trained his personal pony team is.”

Andre watched the lust filled eyes of the pony stud as his tautly muscled body flexed without pulling out of the limp filly. Midnight flung his head back, filling the training yard with loud screaming neighs as he began to pump its load of thick white semen deep into Tamara's hot clinching cunt. The stable master smiled wickedly as he yanked hard on the back of the stud's harness. Pulling the male away from the filly, he heard a loud slurping as the stallion's still very hard shaft slid free of its tightly clinging, moist haven. Dragging the jerking body of the male pony back three feet, Andre chuckled at the stud's moan of frustration as his steel hard cock continued to launch jet after jet of its thick semen into the air, on his taut belly and on the hard packed turf of the stable yard.

Like a true showman taking credit for the final scene of the play, Andre bowed to the audience as it

enthusiastically showed its appreciation as the cum erupted from the huge pony cock, by clapping and cheering.

Then, more for the camera than for the pet, Andre said, “Show, Present, Midnight,” the blonde master spoke firmly. “Master Carter wants the camera man to capture every moment of your glorious release.”

The stable master was pleased to see several grooms bring out some cool water for the other ponies and puppies taking part in the morning's events. Kayla insisted that all the pups and ponies on the ranch be cared for in such a way their general good health and prime physical condition were maintained by the compound staff. After all, a healthy happy pet served its master or mistress better than an abused fearful animal. Using a quick hand signal, Andre motioned to the pleasure pups lapping cool fresh water from doggy bowls the kennel groomers had brought them while the tired filly caught her breath.

“Beau, Max, Come. Clean up the stallion. He made a big mess.”

Seeing the excited looks in the male pup's faces, he smiled affectionately at the two spoiled puppy boys. Kayla and Zimra adored their young, fit genuinely content male pets, lavishing special rewards on their devoted pups. While he enjoyed breaking in and training the sometimes resistant ponies in Kayla's stables, Andre also liked being tended by quiet, gentle pleasure pets like Beau and Max.

“Clean each other up, too, boys,” the stable master added. “The filly still has two climaxes to go. You want to see what you are eating clearly, don't you?”

Hearing the happy yips of the two male pups, Andre listened to their nipple bells tinkling merrily as they trotted closer to the exhausted pony stallion. Tails wagging, Beau and Max quickly lapped the filly's sticky juices of each other's face, neck, tummy and shoulders before focusing their attention on the dark skinned pony stallion.

Standing with his back straight, head facing forward, impressive, muscled thighs spread very wide to clearly expose his sticky limp cock and cum covered shrunken ball sack, he waited quietly several feet away from the bound mare. With Beau's tongue licking every drop of cum-semen mixture off Midnight's dangling balls and Max lapping the tasty male seed off his limp cock. It wasn't long before the pony stallion's hormone conditioned body started to become semi-aroused again, his shaft beginning to harden slowly.

Chapter 8: Hunter Learns an Important Lesson

Andre turned to glance at the other pony stallion waiting impatiently for his turn to mount the filly. He walked slowly over to the breeding frame, chuckling at the sound of Oberon's hoofed boots clomping on the hard surface of the training yard. Running his hands gently over the filly's soft hairless body, the stable master checked to make sure his favorite pony girl had not been damaged during her mating with Midnight.

Rubbing the responsive dark brown nubs crowning her large light brown aureoles until they hardened, the blonde master pinched the sensitive nipples. Pulling a pair of weighted nipple balls on chains from a pouch on his belt, he pressed the clip on one end of the 2 inch chains open. Holding it over the filly's right nipple, Andre gazed directly into her eyes and let it snap tightly to her hard pointed nub.

Quickly attaching the second chain and ball, he smiled at the filly's grunt of pain as each clip bit deeply into Tamara's tender nips. Being pregnant, but still barely showing, her tender nipples were doubly sensitive, sending vicious stinging pain shooting from her abused nipples to her sore irritated clit. Hooking a weighted ball to the ring piercing her hard engorged clit, Andre chuckled.

“Can't wait for Oberon to push his lovely thick fuck-rod balls deep into your anus, can you filly?” Andre smirked.

Dropping her gaze to the ground, Tamara moved her head up and down to show her reluctant agreement,

neighing softly in resignation. Her rest period had eased some of the physical discomfort of her previous four orgasms, but remnants of those powerful releases still hummed through her. Feeling the stable master's large hands arranging her thick wavy brown mane in its banana shaped hair clip properly again, the trembling filly turned her head to the side to look closer at the pony stud staring at her with dark desire filled eyes.

Shaking nervously at the sigh t of the angry throbbing monster rearing up over his gleaming groin and huge bloated balls, Tamara remembered watching this particular pony stud slowly and steadily ride one of the other pony fillies at the ranch a month earlier. While Oberon's shaft was a little shorter in length, its extra girth combined with the stallion's legendary control over its cumming made the fillies and pony boys he mounted dread the sight of him.

A sharp tug on her clit ring made Tamara jerk her gaze back to the blonde trainer who contrived to fill her every waking moment with unbelievable pleasure sharpened with exquisite pain. With her altered body kept at a constant level of semi-arousal, the filly had come to crave any sexual attention she could get. It had surprised her that a groom or trainer often managed to give her a usually public, humiliating release using only a light whip, some kind of devious body adornment and the terrible anal plugs her horse tails were mounted on.

She still vividly recalled a long ride through the open lands surrounding the walled compound several weeks ago. Hitched to a cart with her usual teammate Hunter, the filly had spent four hours pulling one of the human security staff members on a routine tour of the external security sensors. Using the weighted vibrating pendants attached to her nipples and clit ring, the sadistic female security guard had wrung three blistering orgasms from her bound tormented body even as she was forced to continue pulling the cart by the driver using calculated applications of her riding whip. The pony stallion harnessed with her had been agitated, his steel hard shaft engorging an additional half inch in length.

Only the driver's use of the same horse whip used on the filly directly on his tight muscled ass cheeks had kept the wild-eyed stud from trying to break out of the harness. The stable master had gotten a large full load of thick semen from the unusually hard extra bloated balls of the blonde pony stud that afternoon. It had made the driver feel wickedly good that she found herself in such complete control of the male and female animals of her pony cart team.

Some of the training at the ranch involved the handlers getting taught to appreciate a good performance given by a pet on command. And of course, when they got a new and exceptional routine worked out, it gave them bragging rights with the other trainers, too. That Tamara had been made to cum multiple times as she pulled the cart was something the driver had been certain would earn admiration when she told the other ranch hands.

All of the people employed at Kayla's facility enjoyed the fringe benefit of having a wide variety of male and female 'pets' for entertainment on or off duty. The staff and guests were very careful when playing with Beau and Max to stay within strict guidelines set up by their owners as to what was or was not allowed.

Not willing to take any chances, extra rough play was reserved for pups or ponies who had earned discipline, thrived on more pain-related play, or were in training to learn a particular aspect of a human pet's duties. No one wanted to risk becoming a target of Kayla's wrath. Her punishments focused on the deepest psychological fears of those who riled her and were carried out viciously.

“Beau, Max, come,” Andre called out firmly. “We're ready to start the next show.”

Andre's words dragged the mare's attention back to the present. His sexy, accented voice sent tingles through her body, deepening the heightened arousal already overwhelming her. She quivered with fear and anticipation at the stable master ordering the two pleasure pups to sit on the ground between her wide spread legs. Hearing the merry jingle of Oberon's nipple bells, the nervous filly watched Andre lead the pony stallion to a spot in front of her. This close to her, the studs pulsating pony penis seemed massively mesmerizing to her stunned gaze.

“We have a special treat planned for you today, folks,” the stable master called out loudly to the excitedly entranced viewers sitting comfortably across the training yard.

Unhooking the clasps holding the thick bit between the pony girl's teeth, Andre removed the hideous leather covered metal bar and handed it over to a handler waiting nearby to clean it and put it away. Attaching a loose chain to the bridle rings on either side of her mouth, he let go of the chain so it dangled loosely below her chin.

Moving to her side, a handler held the straw of a water bottle up to the pony girl's mouth and allowed it to suck it dry, while Andre announced to the audience, “Beau and Max are going to lap the filly's lovely cunt while she kisses Oberon's magnificent fuck-rod.”

Pulling a hand held electrical device out of a pouch on his equipment belt, he punched in a code and

replaced it. Tamara's muscles twitched as the various adornments decorating her enhanced body began to vibrate softly, sending heated waves of pleasure rolling over her.

At a command from the trainer, one of the pleasure pups long tongues lapped her puffy labia lips held open with specially designed cruel chains and hooks. The other pup's thick tongue thrust in and out of Tamara's gaping slit. Between licks, the eager male pups swallowed the tasty feminine juices flowing from the filly's lower hole.

Hearing the jangling sound of pony bridle rings, the filly gasped as Andre nudged the stud closer. The stallion's bulbous crown tapped her mouth, spreading its tasty pre-cum onto her lips. Taking a deep breath, Tamara inhaled the pony stallion's unique scent. Tantalizing whiffs of the pre-cum dripping from his rampant shaft teased her senses. Sticking out her own altered tongue, the filly gently lapped the flavorful nectar off Oberon's throbbing penis. The male pony's muted groan of pleasure brought a new round of applause from the bystanders observing the morning's activities.

Tamara flushed with humiliation as the cameraman moved in to get close-ups of her tongue lapping up and down the column of the pony stallion's cock. But wanting more of a taste, she teased more of the flavorful clear fluid from the stud's thickly erect cock. Placing her open mouth over the tip of his shaft, the filly ran her tongue over and around the satiny smooth cock head.

“Take as much of him as you can in your mouth, pony girl,” Andre spoke loudly so everyone could hear. “Let's show our guests one of the many skills a pony learns when trained at Mistress Kayla's facility.”

The filly's body quivered and shook as the nipple balls switched from low to high at the same moment the vibrations of the pendant connected to her clit ring increased to medium speed. Focusing on the huge cock filling her mouth, needing to taste more of the stallion's nectar, Tamara feverishly licked and sucked the throbbing beast that would soon fill her tender anus.

Once before, she had watched as Oberon had rammed his thick hard cock into the well-lubricated ass of a disobedient pony boy bound to the same pony milking station Hunter was strapped to now. The unfortunate younger male pony had sprayed his own hot creamy semen all over the stable yard as the larger, more powerful stallion pumped load after load of potent seed deep into the rectum of the restrained male.

Tamara gasped for breath when the stable master pulled Oberon away from her mouth. Slowly leading the greatly aroused and panting stud behind her, the filly sighed as all her jewelry slipped into a lower soothing speed. The puppy boy's licker tools continued to torment her wet dripping cunt.

“Stand down boys,” Andre commanded the pleasure pups. “It's time to lubricate the stud's cock so it won't hurt our sweet mare when he mounts her tight ass.”

“You love ramming your fuck-rod deep in a pony's hot ass, don't you Oberon?” Of course all were thrilled as the stud loudly whinnied in answer to his trainer's question.

Tamara heard the jingle of the stallion's bridle as he nodded his head in agreement with Andre's words. This particular pony stallion didn't have any preference for male or female partners he got his release in, but a long ride in the anus of a pony or puppy magnified his orgasm three fold. She remembered the ferocious look in his eyes as the disobedient pony boy's anal muscles had wrung an explosive release out of his rampaging cock and firm aching balls.

Using a riding crop from his belt, Andre guided the stud's iron hard shaft to the filly's gaping wet folds. Once the tip was lined up properly at the entrance to her cunt, the stable master laid two strokes just for show on each of the pony stallion's buttocks as unneeded encouragement.

“Push in balls deep. There's plenty of female cum in her pussy to finish lubricating that monster of yours.”

Tamara dramatically screamed out several loud neighs as the stallion plunged his huge penis into her cunt, burying itself fully in her hot clinching female hole. Settling himself heavily on her back, Oberon moved his head closer to her lush mane and enticing neck. She felt his hot breath and cool metal bridle rings along her shoulders and upper back. His shaft throbbed deep inside her, filling her quim. Craving the exquisite release she had been trained to need that a superbly hung pony stud gave her, she tightened the muscles of her cunt. The stud whinnied, flexing his penis in response. Her accompanying whinny rang out in the quiet stable yard.

Even without a bridle bit in place, her vocal chords now only produced a limited range of moans, whimpers, groans and other horse like sounds. At such times as this, while so aroused, she had difficulty remembering her life before coming to the ranch. The older memories faded more and more each day she spent being a pony filly at Mistress Kayla's compound.

Grabbing the back of the stud's harness, Andre pulled the pet male animal off the filly before nudging him closer to her rear end so that his slick, juice covered penis lined up with her anal passage.

“You have three tries to get that engorged beast of yours into the filly's rectum,” the stable master chuckled. “If you don't, I'll have to motivate you with a paddle.”

Hearing the shuffling of Oberon's hoofed boots amid the knowing laughter of Mistress Kayla and her guests, Tamara felt the bulbous crown of the stud poke at her, just missing her rear passage. On his third attempt, he somehow managed to breech the filly's anus, slipping the tip of his cock into her well-oiled opening. It was her first time to perform with a pony cock in her ass.

Laying several light strokes on the shaking pony boy's ass cheeks and the back of his thighs with a riding crop, the blonde man's eyes glowed. There was nothing better than putting some of the ponies from the stables through their paces with a young filly on a pleasant morning.

This pony stallion, along with his teammate Midnight, had been fun to train. Master Carter had chosen well when he had selected the two males as part of a two pony show team. Andre had not been told exactly how these two 'men' had suddenly become pony boys, but knowing Master Carter's reputation it would be an interesting story. They would do him proud at the upcoming Dog and Pony Show.

The rare occasions Oberon had reamed out Midnight's ass as a form of punishment for not trying hard enough to follow a trainer's instructions flashed through Andre's mind. Midnight always put twice as much effort into everything he did after his teammate pumped a large load of hot creamy semen deep into his defenseless ass.

“Whoa pony! Hold!” Andre ordered the now quivering stallion.

Acknowledging a signal from Andre, Ed, another trainer in attendance, moved to Tamara's side, placing a small wooden platform with lockable wheels on the ground in front of the filly's head. Ed then called Beau over, motioning for him to sit on the soft padded upper surface. Securing the pup's legs down tightly with leather straps anchored to the sides of the wooden device and locking the wheels in place, the dark haired man called out a command for the pleasure pup to 'beg' for his treat.

Ed smiled, watching the pup's athletic muscled chest rise, his front paws held out playfully at shoulder height. Beau yipped excitedly, imagining what might happen next, happy to show off the throbbing 12 and a half inch steel hard shaft jutting out of his groin. By the time he and the training staff completed enlarging his shaft to a full 13 inches as Kayla had requested, this startling pleasure pup would be as close to perfect as a pup could be. Of course, Zimra had responded to Kayla's unspoken challenge and Max was now in the first stages of having his generous shaft altered to match Beau’s.

The brown furred pup's bloated ball bag rested between his widely spread rear legs. With his calves and feet bound to his thighs, the young male made the perfect picture of a well-trained puppy boy, presenting its hard puppy penis for inspection to the face of the pet pony girl.

“Tamara, lick and suck Beau's shaft until he fills your mouth and belly with his tasty cum,” Ed commanded. “Only after you have drained every drop from his swollen balls will Andre give the pony stallion permission to cum in your ass.”

Staring at the hard pulsating puppy penis inches from her face, the filly hesitated only a moment before wrapping her lips around the smooth skin of his cock head. Straining to get more of Beau's shaft into her mouth, Tamara neighed frantically. No matter how hard she tried, she could not reach all of the delectable male organ she craved so badly.

The fact that it was Beau's cock, her former shy neighbor, no longer mattered. He was a pet puppy boy of her owner and she was a pony filly trained to crave the unique, sweet flavor of any enhanced male pup or pony's pre-cum and semen here at Mistress Kayla's very special compound.

The filly gently nickered its thanks as Ed released the locks on the wheels of the platform and adjusted its placement. Tamara now had full access to Beau's proud cock and its flavorful fluids. She had come to crave the addictive flavor of an enhanced puppy boy’s semen. Max's long tongue lapped eagerly at her puffy labia lips and wet dripping folds.

The pony stud's hard erect cock plunged in and out of her tight wet anus in a steady rhythm, its large, dangling balls slapping the red-furred pup's nose and chin. The vibrating jewelry changed speeds in a random pattern, accentuating the fierce waves of heated pleasure rolling faster and faster through the filly's over-sensitized body.

“That's it, girl,” Andre encouraged the frantic pony filly. “Beau's so close, it shouldn't take too long now.”

So excited was the audience, almost unnoticed, Master Carter's 23 year old daughter moved towards Oberon, her family's pony pet so well engaged in the entertaining display they were all enjoying. Larissa's bright green eyes sparkled with anticipation, her waist length braid of thick honey blonde hair hanging down her back swinging gently. Walking slowly past the tired pony stallion standing in show position near the bound filly, she made sure Midnight got a good look at her, then stopped to stand behind and to the

side of her family's other pony stud. Dressed in a red cotton halter top and a pair of tight blue jean cut off shorts, her lovely body was showcased perfectly. At 5'5” in height, she seemed small standing next to the tall muscular male pony. The startling contrast of her pale youthful beauty so close to the large, black pony stallion brought smiles of appreciation from the audience and the pony handlers watching today.

She was curious to see the action closely, and looking at her parents, and finding an approving smile on their faces, she reached out to take the balls of the pony boy into one of her small, delicate hands. The full sack felt warm and she enjoyed how the pony had jerked, reacting with a start when she first grasped its full but sensitive balls. But she didn't let go and was soon rolling the two testicles between her fingers as she explored the pet's body so intimately. She had placed her other hand on the lower back of the pony and spoke calm and reassuring words to it almost as if this was something routine for her to do, not the first time.

Until now, the girl had not had much to do with the two male pet ponies her father had purchased for the family. That she was acting properly she knew from the beaming look of pride and approval she saw when she looked next at her poppa's face. She had witnessed lots of performances by pets during her time at the ranch, but never before had she taken an active role as she was doing now.

Larissa remembered a haughty young woman who had snubbed her at a recent social event she and her family had attended. Maybe, just maybe, that young lady might require discipline sometime in the near future. Imagining the unfortunate woman naked, in full pony livery, being pounded by a pony stud while she suckled another pony stallion, brought a wicked gleam to her eyes as she thought of it.

Tamara ran her tongue around the pup's pulsating penis faster and faster, stroking the smooth responsive skin stretched tightly over his long steel hard shaft. She realized she loved the sensation of holding a pup or pony's throbbing twitching cock in her mouth as she had been trained, using her own altered tongue to milk streams of pre-cum out of the desperately aroused male pets. She craved the taste of an enhanced male's thick creamy cum flooding her mouth and flowing down her throat into her stomach sent bolts of lightning hot lust crashing throughout her entire body.

Beau's howls of pleasure filled the stable yard, joining the loud neighs of the pony stud as he increased the speed of his thrusts. The puppy boy thrust his engorged puppy penis into her mouth, his hips moving wildly. Each time the bulbous head of Beau's impressive fuck-rod pulled out enough to clear the entry to her throat, she drew in a gasping breath. Her tongue stroked the velvety soft skin of his penis. She worked her mouth feverishly up and down the pup's twitching, jerking cock, taking the entire length of his shaft so deep her lips pressed against his groin. Although she had always enjoyed performing oral sex on the men she had slept with, Tamara was glad the training program at the compound stables enabled her to swallow the entire length of even a pony stud’s 14 inch cock.

The pup yowled, his hard bloated testicles tightening as his release reached a furious peak. With one long loud aaarrrooouuuu, Beau's muscles tensed as a blistering orgasm burst through him. He lost himself in the surreal pleasure engulfing him as he finally experienced the long sought release he had dreamed of in Tamara's hot mouth. As a woman, she had been pretty and attractive. Mistress Kayla's pony training had transformed the lovely young, black woman into an enchanting, sensual and now beautiful pony girl who drew the admiring gazes of anyone that saw her.

Max's long tongue thrust deep into the filly's spasming cunt, his puppy nose rubbing her red throbbing clit. All three pieces of jewelry switched to high at the same time, sending the frenzied filly into a thunderous orgasm.

“Cum Oberon. Cum NOW!” Andre commanded firmly, noting Beau's orgasm peaking and Tamara's body shuddering through a fifth blistering release. The stable master was amply rewarded as all three pets then each responded to his control and measure of just the right moment to speak this command.

The pony stud's body stiffened, his back arching. Seconds later the pony studs loud whinnies of pleasure melded with Beau's yowls and Tamara's neighs. Oberon’s cock jerked and pulsed deep inside Tamara's hot, wet anus. Her body squeezed the pony stallion's invading member in time with each flex of his muscled body. Gasping for breath, the stud's ass muscles twitched as his magnificent fuck-rod pumped jet after jet of hot thick cum into the quivering filly's anus.

When the pony boy seemed to have finished its part in the entertainment, the young girl that had been holding its balls released her hold, stood for a moment and closely watched as the ball sack that had drawn the pair of balls up so tightly, lost its tightness and again loosely dangled between the male pet's well spread thighs. The girl tried to quietly return to her seat but her parents and the rest of the audience were so impressed with the unplanned initiative she had taken that she received a special round of applause just for herself. She later told her parents that she liked the entire performance better because she had been able to help with the pets.

When questioned by her Mom, she of course admitted to feeling all fluttery good in her tummy from taking control of the stallion while holding its balls so firmly in her hand as she stroked its back. Speaking

in a calming voice to help it accept her intimate touch had seemed the right thing to do. Of course she also admitted liking the new feelings and to wanting to do more of it and soon. Both ladies agreed to being glad they could talk with each other about such things. Her mom promised she would see that her daughter would have another chance soon to play again. It seemed to both ladies that they were entering a new and certain to be rewarding level in their relationship.

It made Master Carter feel good about the decision he had made years ago to include his family in the entertaining and learning experiences a stay at the ranch could mean. It was one of the better parts of their time at ranch, he had discovered, that they could all spend such intense family and play times together and all enjoy the experience, so much.

Cum leaking out the corner of her mouth, the mare greedily swallowed the last succulent globs of Beau's sweet elixir. The puppy boy's deep sigh interrupted Tamara's blissful daze as his softening shaft slid past her tingling lips to hang limply, slight tremors running through his spent member. Looking up into the male pups glazed expression, she gently licked the sticky cum from his cock, feeling Beau's muscles tremble when her tongue lightly touched his still sensitive crown. First licking his face, Tamara gave the exhausted puppy boy a look filled with wonder, warmth and friendship, appreciating clearly for the first time his sweet, loving nature.

The filly umphed as Oberon's shaft slipped clear of the ring of muscles at the entrance to her rectum. A stream of creamy fluid flowed out, dripping on the pony stallion's deflating shaft as the red-furred pup continued lapping the slick cum and semen coating from her plump labia lips.

“That was quite a show, filly,” Andre murmured in Tamara's ear. “Beau and Max will have you cleaned up in no time and you will get a well-deserved grooming, feeding and rest.”

Punching a code into the electronic device he kept on his belt, the stable master turned off the vibrating adornments attached to the filly's body. After releasing Beau from the stand he had been mounted to, Andre signaled for the pleasure pups to tend the filly's sloppy cunt and anus and stepped back to let the cameraman film the pups in action.

Watching as Max eagerly lapped the pony girl's cunt clean, Andre smiled at the sight of Beau unbound but still sitting on the platform that Ed had rolled behind the filly so the pup could reach her irritated, stretched rectum. The brown-furred pup's long tongue had already licked off all the fluid on the outside and was digging deep into her anus to get as much of the pony's cum as he could.

“I'll help you out, pups,” Andre spoke as he moved close to the filly's bent body. “We did promise our audience six orgasms from our pony girl, didn't we?”

Reaching out, the blonde master tugged and twisted the chains dangling from Tamara's extra sensitive nipples. Her tired body quivered and shook. Max's nimble tongue stroked her ringed clit, pulling on the pendant hanging from her clit ring. Pulling the pendant, ring and clit into his mouth, the red-coated pup suckled hard. Andre grinned as Beau thrust his tongue rapidly in and out of the filly's rear passage. Seeing Tamara's body go rigid, he tugged hard on both nipple chains at the same time, knowing the filly's orgasm was seconds away.

Tamara's loud screaming whinnies rang out, her body convulsing as a sixth orgasm ripped through her sore exhausted body. Andre glanced over to Kayla, delighted to see a happy, satisfied look on her face. Taking the crop off his belt, he laid a series of light strokes on the wiggling asses of the pleasure pups.

“Keep her going, puppy boys,” he chuckled. “This one has to last a full seven minutes more to beat your time from her fifth release.”

Looking at his watch, he smiled as the male pups drove the filly's delayed release out for the required seven minutes. Glancing over at the young pony boy hitched to the exercise wheel, Andre was surprised Blaze had been able to control his release with Buster's brutal tongue making his balls dance so beautifully.

“Beau, Max, Drop it,” the stable master commanded. “Go sit by your mistresses. They have some cool fresh water for you in your doggy bowls. Maud sent out some special treats for her favorite puppy boys, too.”

Both pups stopped immediately, crawling on four paws to their owner's chairs. Andre turned back to the pony girl's limp restrained body. Gently caressing her buttock, he began to release the straps binding her to the breeding frame.

“It's okay Tamara,” he whispered softly in her ear. “You've earned a reward for today's wonderful performance. We'll have the vet check you out to make sure your foals are okay. Then your groom will clean up what the pups missed and give you a well-deserved massage.”

Gently patting the mares sweat slicked shoulder, Andre told a handler waiting nearby to give her a quick

rub down, leaving her breasts and slit like they were. Andre smiled at the look of gratitude in the filly's eyes. He knew today's events had been hard on the lovely pony girl, but she had done exceptionally well. Calling two male handlers over to help the exhausted filly stumble back to the stables, he walked over to the pony boy on the exercise wheel.

Kayla was a master at judging the progress of a pet's training. As she watched the three ponies and the pet puppy boys performances unfold that day, she could tell that it would not be much longer before use of a pony breeding frame would be unnecessary except for a breeding for audience entertainment. She was certain reports of Tamara's willingness to breed in the paddock would require additional measures to control the pony girl to enforce the rules that a filly or puppy girl is bred solely at the discretion of its owner. Kayla had no doubts she and her staff could come up with several very entertaining methods to keep the pony studs at the point of desperation with no way to ejaculate without permission.

The filly was obviously becoming more attuned to her body and responsive to the pleasures and pain the ranch's handlers were training the human pet to accept and ultimately need. The mare's eyes reflected her changing attitude toward stallions. It had taken only a few breeding sessions for the female to accept then anticipate being mated to one of the over-sized cocks swinging under the belly of each of the ranch's stallions like that of the black stallion Oberon presently balls deep in her.

Kayla was certain that soon, the beautiful black pony filly would quickly be trying its best to attract the attention of any stallion as the pet's feelings of lustful need took precedence over every other aspect of life. Just as certain, Kayla could see that this need for cock would grow to include any male trainer or one of the puppy boys.

Kayla was looking forward to this because it would be almost certain proof that even though captured, Tamara's training to become a good and useful ranch animal was successful. Kayla had never doubted the success of her plan for the girl but having such a clear demonstration of the mare's progress was good for marketing and her ego.

Kayla also knew having female pets at the ranch that would willingly try to entice trainers and the resident male pets of all kinds, pony or puppy, to breed helped all the pets. Other females learned by example and Kayla knew also that even the smell of a ripe and ready female pet was a more wonderful experience of subtle control for the male pets than the scent of a fearful, uncertain female given off by Tamara at first. She chuckled to herself at the thought that she had had the fear of cock literally bred out of the young filly. To find and then turn lose the animal nature of a pet was her proudest achievement.

When Kayla looked at Tamara, she felt a strong sense of pride. The ranch’s pet handlers had taken a pretty, young, black female and transformed it into a stunningly beautiful, magnificent and docile pet animal.

He watched the cameraman film the remaining ponies and pups in the stable yard. Capturing all the humiliating details for Master Carter as their family vacation home movies and Mr. Takahashi, the stable master wandered over to the pale blonde pony stallion restrained on a pony milking station. Hunter's wild eyed stare and flailing hips made Andre smile. Moving in closer, he enjoyed the sight of Rocky's tongue feverishly lapping the huge ribbed beast jutting out of the pony's sleek hairless groin above a pair of large firm throbbing balls.

Giving Hunter one last inspection, Andre walked over to the main exercise wheel located next to the stables**.** Pulling out an electronic device from a pouch on his equipment belt, he punched in a code and replaced it. Smiling, the blonde man reached out to stroke the pony's thick erect shaft.

“Having any problems keeping this beast of yours standing at attention without cumming, Blaze?” the stable master spoke. “Your groom is going to help you control that magnificent cock.”

Seeing tears roll down the pony boy's pale freckled cheeks, Andre used his finger to gather one of the salty drops. He held it in front of the miserable pony's face.

“Look Regina, our newest pony boy is crying tears of joy. He wants you to tickle him with your riding crop some more.”

“With pleasure, Andre,” she chuckled. “I could spend hours exploring every adorable freckle on this cute pony boy's body. I am so happy you assigned me as his groom, handler and trainer**.**”

Using her crop, Regina gently tapped several light brown freckles on the pale skin stretched tightly over his iron hard shaft. Going from his cock to his large swollen ball sack, she worked her way through twenty or more of Blaze's little brown spots. Palming the bloated ball bag dangling between his wide spread legs, she grinned at the pony boy's frantic whinny. Tapping one or two of the tempting freckles adorning the taut lightly veined skin encasing his precious testicles, the female groom's eyes sparkled.

“Andre, maybe we should make a change to Blaze's papers,” she chuckled. “His freckles are quite pronounced now, developing into the markings of a prize winning Pony of the Americas.”

“How right you are,” Andre replied in mock seriousness. “His pale skin, brown freckles and lovely red hair are definite indicators of his true pony breed category.”

The male pony's face flushed with humiliation at the laughter of his trainers. Before coming here to be a 'pony' and live out his deepest desire to become a human pony boy, Blaze had imagined an idyllic life with a loving mistress. Real life as a pony boy at Mistress Kayla's ranch was not exactly what he had expected. He had dreamed of gentle caresses from his owner and nights of rousing sex as he eagerly used his hard shaft to give her wonderful orgasms.

The tight leather harness he wore encased and showed off his muscular body to perfection, but was more constrictive than he had thought it would be. The cruel bridle and bit set he wore most of his working day stretched his mouth painfully. It had taken the pony boy a while to get accustomed to the heavy, stifling leather hoofed boots covering his calves and bare feet. Even the light harness he wore while he slept at night was somewhat restrictive, with a slimmer easier to handle bit.

The special hoofed boots all ponies wore had open soles supported by a hard leather frame and two horse shoes attached to the bottom of the boots. Every step he took, the pony boy was reminded that he was now a horse, not a man. The tall grass that tickled the bottom of his bare feet and legs when he trotted through the lush fields and meadows of Mistress Kayla's land added to the aggravating sexual arousal coursing through him.

His nicely sized cock now jutted out 13 inches from his smooth hairless groin, and if Master Andre was correct, would become longer and thicker as daily doses of Mistress Kayla's special drug further altered his body. He winced at the idea of having every part of his body and mind focused solely on a raging need for sexual relief. Having learned quickly that any reward or release he got had to be earned through obedience and eager compliance, Blaze tried to behave like a good pony boy.

The hardest aspect of being a pony boy he had encountered so far was controlling his rampant monster so he orgasmed only at his trainer's command. He still remembered the explosive release at the picnic several days ago. He dreaded the thought of having any enhanced puppy boy or puppy girl's tongue licking his tormented cock and ball bag. The mere sight of the two aggressive guard dogs or the spoiled house personal puppy boys of Mistress Kayla and Mistress Zimra approaching sent chills running up his spine.

“Do you know how long you've been on the wheel today, Blaze?” Andre asked the pony softly. “No? Well don't fret about it.”

Speaking loudly enough to be heard clearly by the amused audience and other pets, Andre absently pinched and twisted the pony's pierced and ringed nipples. Signaling for Regina to continue tormenting each and every freckle on the quivering pony's body she could reach, he grinned at the frantic neighs coming from the pony boy's cruelly stretched and bitted mouth.

“Blaze has only been in training for a few weeks and has shown great promise. With meticulous training he's going to be a prize winning show pony. His trainer assures me she'll have him whipped into shape in no time.”

Fondling the male pony's aching balls, the stable master glanced over to see his employer nodding in agreement. Mistress Kayla had high standards for the male and female pets she accepted for the ranch. The exacting training programs in place and the handpicked staff of trainers, handlers and grooms at her respected facility produced the highest quality personal human pets available on the world market to date.

“Regina has been putting our red-maned pony boy through his paces for five hours this morning. He has done well for a new pony boy.”

Smiling, Andre released the pony's bloated balls and motioned for the attractive female groom to step back. Stroking the large ribbed beast extending from Blaze's groin, the stable master wrapped his hand firmly around the base of the shaft. Moving his hand up and down, he gathered the pre-cum dripping from the cock head, rubbing the clear fluid into the soft skin of the pony's pulsating member.

“You're going to be a star, Blaze,” the blonde man whispered in the pony's ear. “We're recording every moment of your fierce orgasm for Mistress Kayla and her guest’s entertainment. Maybe your trainer will let you watch it over and over again to help you become a better pony boy.”

The male pony flung his head back and forth, red curly mane flying, bit rings jangling. Holding his legs wide, his back arched pushing his leather harnessed chest out. The weighted balls hanging from the rings inserted through his nipples bounced and vibrated wildly. His thigh muscles twitched and jerked as the cock ring nestled tightly around the root of his huge fuck-rod began to vibrate at high speed to match his nipple jewelry.

Blaze whinnied frantically, his angry purple shaft bouncing and waggling violently, sprinkling pre-cum

over his taut muscled belly and thighs. Andre's firm warm hand kept pace, working the male pony into a lather. The pony boy's heavy swollen ball sack danced between his legs, his overwhelmed testicles throbbing and aching for release. Vicious bolts of pain melded with the furious waves of pleasure crashing through his profoundly aroused body.

Blaze's startling green eyes pleaded for mercy as he watched the dominating stable master stroking and tormenting the powerful monster between his legs. With one final hard stroke up and down the pony boy's shaft, Andre spoke the words Blaze had been desperate to hear and removed his hand from the pony boy's anguished shaft.

“Cum pony! Cum now.”

The pony boy's loud screaming whinnies filled the training yard as his body went rigid, muscles tensing painfully. His tortured balls boiled over, pumping streams of thick hot semen up through his rigid iron hard cock, out the tiny opening in the crown of the raging monster flailing about between his legs. He sprayed jet after jet of thick creamy cum into the air, on his belly, his thighs and on the ground below his feet. He gasped, his breathing ragged as his entire body convulsed every time his cock released another spurt of thick hot semen. His dazed mind reeled from the intensity of his orgasm, pain and pleasure becoming one and the same.

The new sounds of enthusiastic applause from his audience barely registered in the mind of the now spent pet. After what seemed like an eternity, the pony's body shuddered and hung limply, supported only by his harness and the straps hitching him to the exercise wheel. Opening his eyes, Blaze saw the handler moving closer to get some close-up shots of his spent exhausted body and limp, sticky shaft. Hanging his head in humiliation, he hoped his attractive young female trainer would not make him watch the video the cameraman had recorded of his 'performance'.

Andre reached out to gently caress the tired pony boy's sweaty tummy. Calling for some handlers to release the pony boy from the wheel, the stable master turned off the vibrating devices tormenting the exhausted male pony.

“You did just fine pony,” Andre whispered in the pony boy's ear. “The handlers are going to help Regina unhitch you from the wheel and give you a nice cool drink of water. Then you'll get to relax and watch as Hunter finishes off today's entertainment.”

Blaze nuzzled Andres shoulder and nickered softly after the handlers unhooked his harness from the exercise wheel. His release had been painfully intense, yet his tired body hummed with heat and pleasure as his orgasm faded. Prior to this, the only relief he had gotten was on the pony milking station, and that experience paled in comparison to having the stable master's large, male hand bring him to a thunderous orgasm. He had not yet been allowed to mount one of the pony fillies and was going to do his best to 'earn' that very special reward.

Two muscular male handlers led the pale exhausted pony boy to a clear spot along the outer edge of the visitor seating area. Using gentle caresses and softly spoken commands, Regina had the male pony kneel on the grass. Resting on his folded legs, he spread his thighs open widely. The pony's softened member and slack ball bag lay on the soft cool grass was in clear view of anyone who glanced over at him. Neighing quietly to show his gratitude, the red-maned pony boy sucked cool water through a straw in a bottle Regina held for him. His reins hung loosely down one side of his body ending in a pile on the ground.

One of the most rewarding parts of his job as stable master and head pony trainer was seeing the dawning of recognition in the eyes of young men and women when they first fully comprehend and accept their role as pony boys and fillies. Blaze's open warm gaze and loving nuzzle made Andre smile, bringing a brief spark of lightness to the blonde man's cold ice blue eyes. He would have to keep an eye on Regina and how she handled being the primary trainer for a new pony boy. He could always use another full-time trainer in the busy stables of Kayla's ranch.

Hunter's whinny of frustration caught the stable master’s attention, drawing his gaze from the sight of the obedient well-exercised pony boy. Strolling slowly towards the pony milking station, he winked at Kayla, a knowing smile forming on her lush full lips. If the large pale haired pony stallion writhing under the combined attentions of both black strapped aggressive guard dogs thought it had been bad so far, he was in for a shock.

Stopping next to Hunter's bound body, Andre reached out to run the tips of his fingers softly over the flushed stallion's smooth right ass cheek. Enjoying the occasional yelp from one or both of the large male puppies as their own vibrating nipple balls switched to medium or high, Andre looked over to see if the cameraman was getting all of the exciting action recorded for Master Carter, Mr. Takahashi and Mistress Kayla. Getting an affirmative nod from the male handler, the stable master leaned closer to Hunter's head.

“Having a bad day, pony?” the stable master whispered in the stud's ear. “Don't fret too much over it, things are about to heat up.”

Hunter's body stilled, terror filled eyes opening wide as his trainer's words filtered slowly through the conflicting emotions whirling through his chaotic mind. The rage in his flashing eyes faded, replaced by a sad resigned expression. As his anger waned, a feeling of quiet acceptance began to grow within his troubled mind and soul.

“That's it Hunter,” Andre spoke quietly. “Let's finish this with a bang. Are you ready to put on a good show for Mistress Kayla and her guests?”

Body shuddering, the pony stud nodded his head in agreement, making his long white blonde mane move gently about his face and shoulders. Muscles tense, Hunter stood silently, expressions of pleasure and pain crossing his pale tear stained face. Rocky’s masterful mouth and tongue licked and suckled the raging blood engorged monstrosity jutting out from the pony's groin. His chest, belly, abdomen and thigh muscles quivered in response to each lap of the male guard dog's thick wet licker tool.

The stallion's ass cheeks flexed and twitched as Buster playfully swatted at the metal balls and chains clamped onto his swollen dangling ball bag. Raw stinging pain flared through the stud's lower body with each tug on the six sharp rubber coated alligator clips unmercifully biting into the ultra-sensitive skin encasing his testicles. After a full three weeks since his last milking, Hunter's aching balls desperately needed to be emptied.

“Here we go, pony,” Andre called out loudly, punching a code into an electronic device he kept on his belt.

All the devices attached to his tormented body switched to high at the same time. Vicious waves of pain thundered through every nerve in the struggling stallion's body, crashing headlong into the exquisite pleasure already flooding Hunter's rigid body. Weighted balls clamped extra-tightly to the large hard pink nipples on his heavily muscled chest bounced about wildly, tugging and yanking on male nubs.

The pony's long blonde horse tail swished around angrily, tickling Buster's face and shoulders. The unfortunate stud's hips gyrated madly as the large thick anal plug holding the horse tail in place dug into Hunter's enlarged, tortured prostate gland harder and faster at high speed. Only Rocky's eager mouth on the male pony's pulsating purple-headed cock exerted any control over the violent motion of the stallion's thrashing hips.

Hunter filled the stable yard with screaming neighs. He flung his head back and forth, mane flying about with every movement of his head. The sound of his large metal bridle bit rings jangling mixed with the amused laughter of the people observing his excruciating experience. A round of applause from the viewers in the training yard registered in his dazed overwhelmed mind.

Buster used both of his paws to tug and pull on all six chains connecting the weighted round metal balls dangling from the pony's ball sack. Heavy pendants vibrating madly, the alligator clips bit painfully into the skin tightly stretched over his hard, extremely ripened testicles. Ferocious bolts of pain shot from his throbbing plums through the sensitive inner lining of his rectum to his achingly pulsing shaft and his pinched, tormented male nubs.

Chuckling as the cameraman got some close ups of Hunter's tightly bound body, glassy eyes, obscenely long rigid fuck-rod and extra-large firm balls, Andre whispered encouraging words into the stallion's ears.

“Just imagine, Hunter,” the head pony trainer spoke softly. “This is how Mistress Ava will keep you, your cock agonizingly hard, balls so full and firm it hurts to breath, your oiled body tightly harnessed, ass filled with a variety of anal plugs that stretch your rear passage so much you have to get enemas to clear the feces out of your rectum.”

Watching as shock and terror filled the eyes of the strong young male wrapped in a leather harness, his mouth cruelly held open by a large bit connected to a form fitting leather bridle encasing his head, Andre gently stroked the pony stud's rampant cock. Cupping the tautly stretched ball sack, he massaged the tender testicles softly.

“And when she milks you for the semen she's going to use to father her heirs, you'll have been kept at this peak of arousal without release for a solid three weeks, maybe a month if you have really ticked her off.”

Andre stared into the pony's face, adding one last demented detail to the vision forming in Hunter's tortured mind.

“You'll feel her ramming her 14 inch strap-on in and out of your defenseless ass. Your mistress will pump your balls dry, saving every last drop of thick white semen in a large container to use as she pleases.”

Pausing to let it all sink into the stunned pony stallion's shocked mind, Andre patted the stud's face gently.

“Cum Hunter.” Andre commanded the sweating pony stud.

The raw pain burning in the glazed eyes of the bound pony stallion showed the stable master just how much anguish Hunter felt as his tortured ball sack slapped the smooth sweaty skin of his inner thighs with each violent movement of his unrestrained hips. The pony's savagely engorged cock thrust into the air, pre-cum flowing from its large bulbous crown with each forward, thrusting motion.

With a loud screaming whinny, the pony stallion's muscles tensed, Hunter's body going rigidly still before a thunderous orgasm exploded from within his straining body. His hips thrusting violently into the air, hot semen burst from his throbbing balls through his raging erection to spurt long streams of thick creamy cum deep into Rocky's mouth.

The dominant guard dog swallowed the first few jets of tasty semen before pulling his mouth off to share the prize with his favorite teammate. Both large male pups jumped around excitedly, catching and gulping down all the tasty cum they could gather from the crazed pony stud's jerking shaft.

Rocky and Buster licked up and swallowed every glob of tasty male fluid they could milk out of the frantic pony stallion. The guard dogs wore only their official puppy outfits consisting of arm bands, leg-ups, thick leather straps crossed over their upper bodies in an 'x' and secured to their chest and tummy by a wide leather strap around their waists and a wide black leather spiked collar around their necks.

The clearly exposed male packages of the ranch's permanent guard dogs terrified new trainees. The sight of Rocky and Buster's thick hard 13 inch penises and large firm testicles made the male and female pups tremble with dread and do anything to avoid the aggressive male puppies wrath. The ranch guard dog's outerwear and appearance was designed to strike fear into the gentler pleasure pups and ponies.

Turning off the vibrating jewelry, Andre motioned for the guard dogs to step away from the pony stallion.

“Drop it Rocky! Buster!” Andre commanded the ranch's dominant guard dog at the ranch. “Hunter needs to settle down for a bit.”

When the two male pups didn't immediately comply, the stable master clapped his hand twice. Hearing the hand signal for 'pay attention', Buster stopped instantly, stepping away from the pony stud. The stable master waited for the more aggressive puppy male to comply. Using the crop from his belt, Andre laid several strokes on the Rocky's bare ass cheeks.

The large male pup reluctantly moved back a few feet and sat down on his back legs to wait next to Buster. Andre smiled as the camera man got several close-ups of the pony stallion slumped in the bindings holding him securely to the outdoor pony milking station.

The enthusiastic applause of Mistress Kayla and her guests cut bitterly into the heart and soul of the exhausted, spent pony stud. All hope of getting the estate that had rightfully been his died as Hunter realized the young woman his elderly uncle had wed late in life had won. The sadistic bitch would make his life a living hell until the day he died. As his 'mistress' and owner, Ava would probably keep him in prime physical condition to allow herself plenty of time to heap unimaginable pain-filled torments on his bound, constantly aroused body. Sighing, Hunter hung his head as tears flowed down his pale cheeks.

“Don't fret so, Hunter,” he spoke quietly as he turned to pet the guard dog panting quietly nearby. “You'll get to see all your children grow up and inherit the lovely estate you wanted for them from the beginning.”

“Mistress Ava told me she has a very special pony filly in mind to carry to term all but one of the dozen heirs she wants. She says you were very close to the young lady before you became a pony stud, so you're going to have a ball watching the filly's belly swell with your foals.”

Hunter's head fell forward, his eyes closing in dread as he hoped the filly was not who he thought it was. Now the woman he loved more than life itself would be dragged into the hellish life Hunter led as a pony stallion. The thought of his sweet girlfriend enduring multiple pregnancies simply to provide heirs for that bitch who had stolen his rightful inheritance chilled him down to his soul. If it had to happen, he wished his 'owner' would permit him to personally deliver the potent seed for at least one of the planned breedings, but he dared not get his hopes up.

Seeing the pony stud's look of quiet despair, Andre waited a moment. Wanting to make sure the distraught male truly understood what his long future life would be like, the stable master leaned in close to Hunter's ear to whisper some final encouraging remarks.

“After receiving the required training from Mistress Ava and her 'not so gentle' puppy handler, you could turn out to be a fine, strapping puppy boy. She might even let her very special heirs play puppy games with you, too.”

A picture of his body bound tightly in arm bands and leg-ups began to form in the male pony's troubled

mind. It had been bad enough to be harnessed like a horse, a cruel bit stretching his mouth open painfully as he pulled a variety of carts and mowers for his trainer's pleasure. Now he dreaded having to endure the different, but just as difficult, conversion from male pony to puppy boy. The very idea of his own offspring watching with glee as a milking sleeve was fitted onto his huge steel hard cock and his dangling over-ripe balls being pumped dry to fill a jar made him tremble with fear.

Knowing Mistress Ava and her twisted mind, he regretted making the failed attempt to wrest his dead uncle's fortune from the sadistic young woman who had wed the older man for no reason other than to get her hands on the huge estate and the millions of British pounds that came with it.

“Rocky! Buster! Go clean up the stud. Don't waste any of his precious seed. You know how much Mistress Kayla hates wasting any of the delectable semen her puppy boys and pony boys produce in such great quantities.”

Andre turned to the masters, mistresses, and handlers sitting in the viewing area observing today's show. Bowing low, he pointed to the pony boys and puppies that had so well entertained them today. Enjoying the sound of their clapping hands, the stable master grinned as an idea came to mind for next weeks scheduled show in the training yards.

The applause faded as Mistress Kayla and her guests rose from their chairs, their pleasure pup's crawling by their sides. Chatting with each other the group spread out to examine the four tired male ponies and pony mare that had put on such a fantastic show this morning.

Zimra strolled over to stand beside the well-exercised pony boy kneeling in the grass nearby. Something about red coated pets had always appealed to her. She stood next to Blaze, her legs spread to give the male pony a teasing peek of her enticing cunt. Moving closer, Zimra ran her hands through his thick curly red mane, gently caressing the bald half of his head with the tips of her fingers. Squatting down to get even closer, the dark-haired woman picked up his limp cock, stroking it gently up and down.

Smiling at the sight of his spent member trying to harden again, she sighed. Using her free hand, she picked up his slack ball bag, rolling the testicles in the palms of her warm hands. This new trainee at the ranch stables was quite beautiful. His performance today hinted at great promise as a show pony and stud. She would have to keep an eye on him with the possibility of purchasing him from Kayla.

Blaze trembled, his nose twitching as he breathed in a deep whiff of the woman standing so close to him. With daily doses of Mistress Kayla's unique hormone changing and altering his body, he was able to identify individual scents from as far away as 200 feet. The knowing touch of the dominatrix inspecting him and the lush aroma coming from her moist slit sent waves of heat through his tired body. He neighed in surprise as his spent member tingled, trying to become erect again.

Stopping to congratulate Larissa on her exceptional performance 'helping' the pony stud, Kayla spoke with Master Carter for a few minutes. He and his family were thoroughly inspecting every inch of the two pony stallions the older master had sent her for further training and preparation for the Dog and Pony Show. As owner of one of the most respected facilities that produced puppy and pony pets, Kayla made sure her clients were well entertained and every requested detail of a pup or pony's training program was carried out.

Kayla continued on towards the pony milking station and the exhausted pony stallion bound there. The blonde mistress walked up to watch her favorite guard dogs as they lapped up from the turf all the thick creamy fluid Hunter had so generously sprayed from his magnificent shaft.

Smiling, she patted the bare asses of the two guard dogs, laughing at the sight of their tails wagging excitedly. Bending down, she palmed one of Rocky's large firm ripe balls, rolling it in her warm hand. Between laps, he woofed with pleasure, returning to his well-earned reward. The Kayla smiled with satisfaction, tingles of heat warming her as the happy guard dogs licked every drop of cum from the trembling limp body of the spent pony stud.

“Andre,” she chuckled pointing to the naked males in the dog run. “You put on a wonderful show as always. I can't wait to see the entertainments you'll provide if either one of our two unexpected 'guests' chooses to stay here rather than being sold into slavery under some unknown master we find.”

“I have to agree with you, ma'am,” the stable master replied. “We certainly can't just let them go now that they have seen some personal pets in action. Our client’s reputation and security is more important than the lives of two nosy males who should have minded their own business.”

The stable master stared at the shocked faces of the men crouching in the low roofed dog run. Expressions of horror and stunned disbelief shone in the two male's wide eyes. Kayla and Andre talked quietly about possible training options for the two males, thinking most about the fun they would have with these new reluctant 'trainees'.

A message from Vanessa London

Thanks to W. L. Dowd for helping bring my vision of "Puppy Boys in Training" to life. Without his kind help and great advice, it would have taken a longer time to allow Beau and Max share their story. The emails I received from readers and puppy boys who enjoyed the first two books in this series are appreciated and answered as fast as I can do so.

One modest puppy boy named Sarge has become very special to me and his emails are a joy to read. My friend Kerry was priceless in helping edit the drafts, giving me an objective lady's perspective on the story. The encouragement and editing assistance of my crazy friends in the break room at work is very much appreciated. It is wonderful to know there are others in the adult erotic world who like Kayla's ranch and her special pets as much as I do.

Puppy Boy 4 will explore the training of a guard dog, a reluctant pony stallion and a surprise pony filly, while Kayla's staff finishes up the last few details for the exciting Dog and Pony Show in Puppy Boys in Training 5. There are four additional planned stories in my book series of Puppy Boys in training. A separate series of four books will focus on training ponies at an overseas location for stubborn trainees who need a bit extra motivation to behave. Emails from readers, handlers or pets are welcome any time. The puppy play and pony play world is a special place to live.

And finally, I could not have completed book 3 without the encouraging emails from my personal puppy boy pet rascal, who did a great job helping me edit the final drafts of Caught: Puppy Boys in Training 3. Placing treats in his doggy bowl make each day brighter.

Table of Contents

Chapter 1: A Refreshing Picnic

Chapter 2: More Humiliation

Chapter 3: A Humiliating Vet Exam

Chapter 4: Play Time for Beau and Max

Chapter 5: Max Gets a Paddling

Chapter 6: Puppy boys finally get release

Chapter 7: Fun in the Training Yard

Chapter 8: Hunter Learns an Important Lesson