UNTAMED

PUPPY BOYS IN TRAINING BOOK 4

Vanessa London

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Chapter 1: Playing with Puppy Boys

Running her manicured fingernails in circles over Beau's naked back and shoulder, Kayla looked down at the young bound male sitting on the floor at her feet. The sight of 1 inch wide leather straps holding his

calves folded closely to his muscular thighs sent tingles of warmth through her. The specially designed cloth arm sheaths had a 'puppy paw' attached to each end, matching the royal blue, diamond studded leather leg-ups and leash. Sighing with contentment, she ran her fingers through the male pups soft and curly brown head fur.

She picked up a small piece of cantaloupe from a bowl of fruit chunks next to her empty breakfast plate. Slowly pulling up the hem of her knee length, straight blue leather skirt, Kayla placed the fruit on the bare skin of her thigh above the top edge of a lacy black stocking. Pointing to the cantaloupe, she called out a command to her favorite puppy boy.

“Take it Beau.”

Kayla flipped the end of her long blonde ponytail away from her face before taking a sip of her coffee. Enjoying the gentle breeze and sunny morning, she sat at a patio table by the pool. Hearing her pup's low whimper; she picked a banana slice from the fruit bowl and placed it on the soft skin of her right thigh above the matching black stocking. Ordering Beau to take his treat, she leaned back and spread her legs wider. Closing her eyes, the blond mistress relaxed as the thick warm tongue of her puppy boy licked the last of the fruit juice from her thighs.

“That's it, boy,” she spoke softly. “Beg for your next treat, pup. Ah….This is the only way to start the day.”

Beau moved back a little and sat up on his hind legs on the 4 foot by 4 foot square thick rubber pad he had been ordered to stay on. Shoulders straight, front legs held in front of his chest, he waggled his proudly hard puppy penis to show his lovely mistress how happy he was to be her puppy boy and how much he had enjoyed the early morning playtime with her. Small silver bells hung from rings attached to the gold bone bars inserted through his hard, pebbled male nubs. Woofing several times, his chest and tummy muscles rippled. The tinkling of his nipple bells as they bounced with each motion of his body rang in his ears.

Pre-cum leaked from the slit in the crown of her excited puppy's blood-engorged shaft. Under daily doses of his mistress's special hormone, Beau's long thick cock now measured out at 12 and a half inches when fully erect. The unusual weight of his enhanced shaft pulled on his tight muscular tummy, sending waves of heat to his large semi-full ball bag lying on the floor between his widely spread legs. Heated arousal from being so near its mistress and the scent of her smooth skin flowed through his already stimulated body.

Looking up at his mistress, the brown furred puppy boy gazed adoringly at the woman he loved. Becoming a puppy boy had been a momentous, voluntary decision that had introduced him to so many new and exotic aspects of living in the BDSM world. Having had no knowledge of this generally unspoken of lifestyle, he was continually impressed by the unusual variety of activities taking place here at his owner's secure compound. Beau flushed, his face turning pink with excitement and arousal from his thoughts and memories.

The mere thought of all the intimate caresses his ungainly new tongue had given the other males at the ranch, masters and pets included, sent the ever present arousal of his altered body up a notch. It had been an awkward adjustment at first for him to accept the initially horrifying task of licking or sniffing another male's naked body, especially their cock, balls, buttocks or anus. Now, just the scent of a puppy boy or pony boy's chemically engineered semen made his shaft waggle happily. Although Beau adored lapping up the feminine juices, he now enjoyed the indescribable taste of the creamy white cum copiously produced by the oversized testicles of the purposely altered pups and ponies at the ranch.

Beau's body thrummed with heated arousal, his hard engorged shaft aching for the feel of his mistress's soft hands and exquisite wet cunt. Thoughts of pleasing his owner filled his mind, making his eyes sparkle with happiness. The look of satisfaction in her eyes as her trembling body exploded with pleasure under the unwavering onslaught of his long nimble tongue made him pant excitedly. The incredible taste of his mistress's cum and the smooth soft skin of her glorious body filled his mind with visions that fueled his dreams every night.

Kayla savored the warm feeling of contentment spreading through her. Having a frisky pet puppy boy added unbelievable joy to her work day. The sound of nipple bells jingling was music to her ears. She loved to watch the bound male pups prance around with rear legs spread wide, their artificially enhanced packages swinging about. With their calves strapped to their smooth hairless thighs, arms and hands encased in arm sheaths and a doggy tail attached to an anal plug buried deep in their rectums, these muscular, physically fit young human males presented a perfect picture of a well-trained pleasure pet.

Succeeding so splendidly in her business of perfecting the male human animal to be all that she imagined it could be **was** a pleasure almost beyond words to describe. It had proven to be a dream come true. To own the puppy, but especially to hear the puppy boy so readily and completely woofing its agreement as it bestowed ownership of its puppy penis and ball sack each time to its owner, was still a great and satisfying thrill for her. And her customers told her of the same thrill they felt too.

What had started out as a hobby for her had developed into a very profitable business that supported her lavish lifestyle and catered to the interests of a surprisingly large group of clients from all around the world. She had inherited several very successful companies from her uncle who had died without an heir, as well as a large trust fund from her grandmother. The private sale of one of her unfaithful, submissive boyfriends, whom she had trained to be a puppy boy, had opened her eyes to the engaging world of adult human puppy play as a business possibility. Kayla had turned an enjoyable hobby into a thriving international business venture in less than 15 years.

She still missed her father, a captain in the police department at the city where she still found many of her best puppies and ponies. The unexpected death of her father in a shootout with criminals 10 years earlier had not affected her status as the spoiled darling of the police department. Kayla had learned most of what she knew from her dad, a male dom who had enjoyed the bondage lifestyle with several female subs in his private life. Several other officers in the city police department shared her and her father's interest in BDSM, keeping personal pets at the ranch to 'play' with in their free time.

It still was a very satisfying memory for Kayla when she thought of her father, how naturally her amazement and uncertainty at the discovery of her dad the first time she found him together with one of these females, playing and enjoying himself so much, had so quickly developed into a need to learn more so she could play too. Her dad was a very good teacher and rapidly brought her to a full realization of her powerful recognition of her true needs for satisfaction as a dominant lady. She had never been embarrassed, even at the first moments of her watching her dad at play at her young age with his excited female sub, many years ago.

At first, she only secretly watched. But, soon that was not enough. It was an interesting conversation Kayla had with her dad and neither of them showed a moment's embarrassment or felt a need for denial. It was always good between them and then it was better because of what they then shared and how he had introduced her to working with his docile female subs.

Placing a firm, cool slice of banana between her labia lips just under her throbbing red clit, she smiled at the lustful anticipation she saw flaring from her pet's eyes. Her current personal pup was the best she had ever found, living only to serve her very demanding sexual needs in any way required.

“Take it, boy,” she called out quietly but firmly.

A light touch of Beau's tongue plucking the banana slice from the top of her wet folds sent shivers up her spine. Feeling his tongue on her pleasure nub made her gasp as waves of heat flooded her quivering body. Not having completely recovered from last night's play time with her pet, her body was still quick to respond to the sight of him and the caress of his warm tongue.

Under daily doses of her special hormonal supplement, puppies and ponies needed only a short rest time to recover from their own powerful orgasms enough to further pleasure their owner or handler again. Kayla made sure her pup's dosage was set up to allow her to enjoy every part of his talented enhanced body anytime she desired.

From her fingers, thighs and right palm, she fed Beau the remaining fruit chunks, making him beg and woof for each piece. Once the fruit was all eaten, Kayla pushed the empty plate towards the center of the patio table. She spread her legs wider and scooted up in her chair to give her pet better access to her womanly folds. Pointing to her inner thighs and labia lips, Kayla spoke softly to the athletically muscled young male sitting at her feet.

Outfitted in arm bands, leg-ups, nipple bells, a diamond studded collar, and an anal plug with a doggy tail attached, her personal puppy boy was gorgeous. Several of her clients had offered huge amounts of money to purchase him, but she had refused every offer. He was HER puppy boy and was not for sale at any price.

“Clean all the sticky juices from your mistress's body, boy.”

Moving closer to his mistress, Beau sat on his hind legs and placed his paw pads on the sides of her chair seat. He bent his head down, eagerly licking the sweet fluid from the tops of her inner thighs where they joined her hips. Between laps, he swallowed the intoxicating mixture of tangy sweet fruit juice and Mistress Kayla's unique feminine honey. Aaarrffing with excitement, Beau gathered every drop of sticky fluid from his owner's satiny, soft skin.

Using his long agile tongue, Beau thrust deeply in and out of her puffy wet cunt. Hearing her gasp for breath and passionately call out his puppy name, he redoubled his efforts. He pushed his licker tool into her slick pink folds until his lips touched the opening to her pleasure box. Keeping his tongue fully inserted into her welcoming slit, he rubbed the tip of his cum-covered nose over and around the hard throbbing clit poking out from the top of his owner's pussy.

“More, boy.... “ Kayla moaned. “Give me all of your wild puppy tongue.”

She flung her head forward, moving it side to side, bolts of heated ecstasy pulsing through her. Arching her back, she thrust her chest out and grabbed the arms of her ornate wrought iron patio chair. The sudden movement pushed her full lush breasts up, allowing the hard pointed nipples to pop out over the top edge of her white leather bustier. Kayla pushed her hips deeper into the plush padding of the seat cushion. Throwing her head back, she writhed, blazing hot pleasure burning through her as an explosive orgasm burst from her spasming cunt.

“Yes, yes....Oh My....Don't stop Beau!” she gasped.

Her breathing ragged, body shaking, Kayla grabbed Beau's head. Holding on tightly to his thick brown head fur, she rode out wave after wave of ferocious pleasure. Blood boiling, she quivered, the muscles of her thighs, upper body and buttocks twitched, matching the rhythm set by the puppy boy's nose rubbing her unusually large, sensitive clit.

Beau raised his eyes to take in the enticing vision of his mistress's breasts heaving, firm nipples pointing skyward. Seeing her slightly rounded tummy, he flushed with pride. It was his seed that had fulfilled the dearest wish of his owner and the woman who was the center of his universe. Heart, soul and body, he lived to please the special woman who had shown him the path to complete happiness. Being near her or just knowing she wanted him made every uncomfortable, painful and humiliating aspect of being a leashed puppy boy worthwhile.

“That was incredible, pup,” she murmured. “Sit up and show me how happy you are to be my pet.” She truly loved the view of her puppy's face shiny and wet from her pleasure and lower, the view of her pup's incredibly beautiful, large, leaking and quivering cock and tight balls on public, proud display.

Hearing the sound of light footsteps on the tiled pool deck, she looked up from the entertaining sight of Beau's impressive hard 12 and a half inch cock bobbing between his spread thighs over his full balls. Coming down from her delightful orgasm, Kayla drew in a deep breath. She smiled at the sight of Carter's daughter approaching followed by a leashed and collared puppy girl with long, curly black head fur. Rearranging her clothing to cover her body, Kayla waited for the young woman and puppy girl to reach her.

The contrast between the small, lush-figured female wearing full puppy garb crawling on hands and knees and the younger, innocent looking Larissa, her lithe supple body covered in jeans, a snug white, but modest cotton tank top, pink cowboy boots and an equipment belt was stunning. Hanging from the leather belt buckled around the lovely young woman's waist were several pouches, a wooden paddle, a riding crop, a light whip and a cell phone.

The impish gleam in Larissa's eyes as she walked towards Kayla's table seemed somehow out of place in comparison to her youthful, fresh-faced appearance. Stopping several feet from where Kayla sat waiting, the young woman smiled. Commanding the puppy girl at the end of the leash held firmly in her small delicate hand to sit, Larissa grinned wickedly.

“Sit Sassy,” she ordered the girl pup.

Having lived in a household where BDSM was an accepted part of everyday life, Larissa had grown up seeing her parents and brothers participate in many highly sexual bondage activities. It was only in the last few days at the ranch that she herself had discovered her own preferred bondage play activity. She was considering staying at the compound to learn how to be a trainer in the stables. Handling the large, muscled pony stallion yesterday had been exciting. She recalled the sight and feel of her dainty soft hands holding the large ripe testicles of the frantic, straining pony stud. The stunning vision of her father’s prized pony stallion pumping in and out of a writhing, well stimulated filly bound to the breeding frame sent tingles of warmth through her. Playing with Sassy last night had been fun, but her hands itched to hold the massive **shafts and balls** of her parent's team of pony stallions, again.

“I really need to work on my timing, Kayla,” the lovely young woman declared. The teasing sparkle in Larissa's green eyes matching the spreading grin on her lush pink lips.

Kayla sat up straight in her chair, tucking her breasts back into her bustier. Pouring hot coffee into her empty cup from an insulated coffee pot sitting on the table top; she examined Carter's youngest daughter carefully. At 23 years old, this beautiful young woman showed great potential for working with pony boys in the stables. The excitement in Larissa's eyes yesterday as she teased and tormented the pony stallion's ball bag had been unexpected. It warmed Kayla's heart that such an accomplished young lady **stood a good** chance of realizing her true potential and vocation under her guidance. She found it almost as satisfying as bringing a young pet to a fine state of perfection.

Watching a beautiful young woman barely out of her teens hold and fondle the firm, enlarged testicles of a 6 foot tall harnessed pony stallion fully engaged in the breeding of a pony girl had been riveting entertainment. Her fair skin, green eyes, long blonde hair in a single braid down her back and slender build had been perfectly framed by the huge, well-muscled male's dark black skin tone, long black horse

tail arching upward from an anal plug buried deep in his anus and complemented tightly bridled, but bald head. The leather covered, steel bit between his teeth had stretched his mouth open, saliva spraying as he tossed his head back and forth with each motion of his wildly thrusting hips driving his male shaft into the depths of the pony girl he was servicing.

“Why don't we let Sassy lick Beau's face and shoulders clean,” Kayla suggested with a smile. “Our new puppy girl loves to kiss puppy boys any chance she can get. Isn't that right, girl?”

Seeing the fleeting look of dismay flash in the puppy girl's eyes, followed by a quiet gaze of resignation and woofing in agreement, Kayla nodded with approval. Sassy was finally accepting her place, as well as the many duties required of her, as a collared and leashed pet of a dominant master. Softly rubbing the girl pup's thick head fur when the bound female stopped and sat next to Beau, the blonde mistress gently tugged on the rings piercing the puppy girl's nipples, making the pup's large breasts jiggle.

“Lick my messy pet's face and body clean, Sassy,” Kayla addressed the naked, kneeling female pup. “Don't forget to properly kiss his magnificent fuck-rod and ball bag. Sit up Beau.”

The two women conversed quietly as only new friends can, grinning at the sound of Beau's nipple bells jingling and the sight of the puppy girl's slender 8 inch rubber doggy tail wagging. The girl pup lapped up the last few smears of sticky fluid from the puppy boy's shoulders. Exchanging glances with Carter's daughter, Kayla's blue eyes sparkled.

“Roll over Beau,” Kayla commanded her male pup. “Show us your big, hard, puppy penis and precious testicles.”

She thought it a good time to give a few trainer lessons to Larissa and get her own personal puppy teased by the young bitch Sassy at the same time. As mistress and owner of this special facility for preparing mostly male, adult human pets, Kayla was always on the lookout for promising new staff members to hire. The general population of human puppy and pony pets kept at the ranch varied, new male and female trainees being added often. Most puppy boys and pony stallions were sold during auctions held at the compound. A smaller number of pets were sold privately to clients the rest of the year. Specially selected male and female pups or ponies were kept permanently at the ranch to serve any need Kayla, her staff or guests may have.

Sassy scooted back enough to give the male pup room to lay flat on his back, rear legs spread wide with knees pointing away from each side of his body and front legs lying flat beside him elbows out. Beau's buttocks rested on the edge of the 3 inch thick rubber matting, his long, erect cock thrusting upward into the air as the male pet attempted to lay still, on display. His balls had already regained half their fully ripened size after having been so pleasantly milked by Tamara's hot wet tongue yesterday as part of the morning's entertaining demonstrations of the ranch's exacting training program.

Pointing to her puppy boy's ball sack hanging over the edge of the rubber mat to rest on the pool deck, Kayla snapped out another order.

“Sassy, kiss my pet's cock and balls. Take his fuck-rod into your mouth to get all the sweet fluid he has produced this morning. He has made a mess again and we do not allow puppy boys to leave trails of pre-cum without permission.”

Flashes of humiliation crossed the girl pup's face, her cheeks and shoulders turning pink to match her recently paddled buttocks and nicely puffy pink labia lips. Balancing on four paws, rear legs spread wide to completely expose her moist slit, she whimpered. Being a puppy girl was discomforting at times. The constant level of arousal she felt with daily doses of Mistress Kayla's special hormone placed in her food kept her body humming with lust.

Crawling on all four paws, she moved to a spot between the thighs of the male pup in front of her. Sassy lowered her upper body until her elbows rested on the pool deck close to Beau's groin. Spreading her rear legs wide, she tightened and relaxed the muscles of her anus, wagging her doggy tail as she had been trained to do when in the presence of a mistress or master. With her ass thrust up high behind her, the thick moist juices coating her labia lips and slit were beautifully glistening in the morning sun.

“Lick his balls first, girl,” Larissa spoke firmly as she walked around to the back side of the puppy girl.

Pulling out a 1 inch long silver chain with a hook on one end and a large brass ball on the other from a pouch on her equipment belt, the young woman attached the adornment to a ring piercing the puppy girl's enlarged clit. Punching a code into the electronic device hooked to her belt, the brass ball began to vibrate on low speed, pulling on the female pup's sensitive pleasure nub. Larissa laughed at Sassy's panic filled eyes as the speed increased to medium.

The puppy girl's body lurched. A startled whine escaping her as the shiny ball dangling from her throbbing clit kicked into full speed for what seemed like forever but was actually only 60 seconds. Large breasts pressed into the tiled surface of the pool deck, Sassy's rosy pink nipples hardened. Two inch rings

attached to the bone bars piercing her sensitive, pebbled nips dragged along the cool deck, sending flutters of heat through her. Thick creamy fluid began to drip from the beautifully swollen red labia lips outlining her moist passage.

Kayla rose from her seat, pulling a cushion off a deck chair nearby and placing it under Beau's head. The flat two inch heels of her black leather knee-high boots on each side of her pup's face, she lowered her body until her womanly folds were inches from his mouth. Pulling her skirt up a little, she chuckled at the sound of her puppy boy's loud panting breath.

“Woof for me, boy, make your puppy penis waggle.” she spoke firmly. “An obedient pup always begs for special treats from his owner.”

Larissa pulled the riding crop off her belt, laying several strokes on each of the puppy girl's ass cheeks. “Move your tongue around his ball sac, Sassy. Take his plums in your mouth like the ranch trainers taught you.”

Letting out a low moan and then woofing as commanded, Beau took a deep sniff of his mistress's treasure box. Her alluring scent flooded his body with lust, making his hard shaft lengthen and swell to its full 12 and a half inches. The muscles in his chest and abdomen rippled as he consciously moved and wiggled the huge beastly cock thrusting into the air above his prone body. Small globs of pre-cum splattered onto his chest, shoulders, tummy and thighs.

Several drops landed on the dark fur covering the girl pup's head as she eagerly rolled his testicles on her tongue one at a time. His long tongue licked the warm moist labia lips so perfectly positioned over his face at Kayla's hand signal, making contact with his owner's large blood-filled clit often. One of her favorite lessons for a new trainer was that it was proper to make use of a pet under their care whenever the need arose without fear or embarrassment. She loved giving personal demonstrations of such lessons.

“That's it, boy,” Kayla moaned softly, her body flushed with desire. “Now thrust your wonderful puppy tongue in and out of my cunt.”

The young blonde woman wrapped her small warm hand around the puppy boy's obscenely engorged purple crowned shaft, stopping its wild movements. Larissa then used the crop in her other hand to tug on the ring attached to the puppy girl's clit.

“Suck his cock Sassy, now!”

With a loud yelp, the girl pup moved up to take the head of Beau's cock in her mouth. Wrapping her tongue around the thick column of his magnificent fuck-rod, she eagerly sucked and caressed the pulsating penis. Swallowing the tasty pre-cum that flowed slowly from the tiny slit of the head crowning his shaft, she willingly, completely without shame worked harder to get as much of the sweet fluid she could.

No longer able to lie still, shaking with unsatisfied need, Beau rammed his long, thick tongue deep inside the wet, hot slit of his mistress, only to pull it out and push it back in again and again. He moaned in frustration, overwhelmed by the combination of Sassy's hot, wet mouth enveloping and sucking his tormented cock and the taste of his owner's sweet nectar sliding over his enhanced tongue and down his throat. His balls tightened, pulling closer to his body with each bolt of heat that slammed though him.

Seeing that her pup was close to cumming again, Kayla stood up slowly. “Drop it Sassy! Beau is not allowed to orgasm right now. I have plans for him later this evening. But you did an excellent job warming him up”.

“You are such a good pup!” Kayla told the puppy girl as she reached out to pet the female pup's head fur.

“Clean him up, girl,” Larissa commanded. “Make sure you get every drop of pre-cum and Mistress Kayla's juices off his body. See to his lower body last so he has time to settle down.”

Kayla continued to feel a sense of amazement that such a statement of insight and command shown in the young trainer. She was not alone in her perception of the innate abilities the young woman demonstrated at the previous day's entertainment. Never before had the ranch training staff conferred with her and agreed so quickly to officially recognize a prospective trainer based on only one example of expert pet handling. The trainer's belt Larissa was wearing on her hips was a memorable gift presented her in recognition of their appreciation of how she had taken the initiative with a stallion during its sexually stirring breeding of the young mare, Tamara.

The two women sat quietly, watching the puppy girl gently lick Beau's face clean, stopping every once in a while to nuzzle his neck or shoulder to comfort the overexcited male pup. By the time Sassy had lapped the pre-cum from his chest, tummy and lower body, the puppy boy's uneven gasping breaths had evened out.

“Kayla, I know we have some things to do this morning at the kennel, but could I please have a chat with you later in private?” the young blonde woman spoke quietly.

“I think that could be arranged Larissa. I have something I want to ask you, too. We'll talk in my office after lunch, if that is a good time for you.”

Nodding in agreement, the young woman picked up Sassy's leash. Giving the girl pup a hand signal for 'heel', she walked towards the Olympic size swimming pool. Seeing her father and oldest brother lounging by the pool being tended by Scoundrel and a puppy girl from the kennel, Larissa raised a questioning brow. Hearing a splash and a frantic woof, she looked over at the deep end of the dog bone shaped pool. Laughing at the sight of her younger brother walking along the edge of the pool holding a long leash connected to Kenichi's chest harness, she stopped to watch the puppy boy dog paddle clumsily in an effort to stay afloat.

The lean muscled Japanese puppy boy was outfitted in white cloth arm bands with rubber 'paw pads', elastic water proof leg-ups with matching paw pads on the knees, and an 8 inch long rubber doggy tail mounted on a butt plug inserted into his rectum. A white, rubber strap and silver chain harness was wrapped around his chest, over his shoulders, and buckled tightly behind his back. His leash was hooked to a large ring attached to the strap holding the buckle. Three inch long chains with solid steel balls on one end and alligator clips on the other were firmly clamped to the male pup's tender nipples, the tightly stretched skin covering the crown of his shaft and his firm ripe balls.

“Taking Mr. Takahashi's prize puppy boy for a swim this morning Martin?” the young woman called out to her brown haired 18 year old brother. “Let's see if Dad will order some of the chest harnesses and doggy swimming gear for our pups. Scoundrel will be so excited to have the weighted balls attached to his pretty balls.”

“I bet Sophia would want one for her Lord Peyton to wear in the pool,” he chuckled in response to Scoundrel's loud yowl of distress at Larissa's taunting. “Our big sister loves coming up with new ways to keep her titled English husband in his rightful place on the end of a leash.”

Kayla walked up to stand by the edge of the swimming pool, commanding Beau to 'sit'. Watching the miserable puppy boy thrashing about in the water, she arched her brow. His front and back legs moved frantically in an effort to keep his head and upper body from sinking under the water. Kenichi moaned and whimpered, tears flowing down his cheeks. Normally, the pups swimming gear only included the weighted balls for special punishments. Mr. Takahashi had requested the additional adornments for his pups, so the trainers and groomers followed the directives as given.

She made a mental note to give Carter several sets of the standard puppy swim wear she had designed for use at the ranch. Her clients were often given gifts and allowed other special benefits as part of the services provided at her facility. The powerful elite buyers who purchased pets from her or contracted the services of her staff to train and house their special pups or ponies paid excessive amounts of money and were catered to accordingly.

“Beau, heel,” the blonde mistress commanded her pup.

“There are a couple of naughty males waiting in the kennel yard, Larissa. Let's go see how they are doing.”

Kayla grinned, nodding to Carter and his sons as she passed them. She waved to several other owners relaxing around the opulent swimming pool, enjoying a light breakfast while their pups or ponies were being groomed, outfitted and prepared for another day of exhilarating show training. It gave her a deep feeling of satisfaction to know many of her clients and friends had already arrived to get ready for the annual Dog and Pony Show scheduled to take place three weeks from now. After dinner entertainment was always exciting during the last few weeks before the actual show competition.

Anticipation shining in her eyes, she looked forward to finding out what the two cops final decision would be. Uncle Patrick was meeting her at the dog runs in the kennel yard to apprise the foolish males of the results of his official investigation into the tragic disappearance of two of his best men. Being the favored daughter of a heroic policeman who died in the line of duty had helped Kayla tremendously in her efforts to collect new pets and protect her buyers. Housing three ponies and several puppies for a select group of male and female doms employed by the city's police department ensured any matters connected to her unique facility would be settled in her favor.

Boot heels clicking on the tiled deck, Kayla strode off towards the path leading from the pool around the back of the mansion to the kennel. Accompanied by her leashed puppy, Larissa, and a panting puppy girl, she pulled out her cell phone to get an update from Gwen on the status of the guests that were scheduled to arrive at the loading dock that morning. Pressing a button on her phone, she put it up to her ear.

“Hi Gwen,” she spoke into the phone. “What's the latest on the arrival of our guests from Sweden?”

Listening intently, Kayla's face broke out in a smile. She stopped moving, concentrating on the report from her personal assistant.

“That's great. Make sure to plan for extra pony carts to transport their luggage and pets. Master Axel will need more than one cart to carry his things when he arrives later this week. He always brings a special gift or two for his brother.”

She put the phone away, spotting Ava walking towards them along the path to the guest cottages. Just the sight of this mistress in her late 20’s dressed in her signature black leather body suit, gloves and knee high black leather boots with 4 inch heels made even the most impertinent pony boy shiver with dread. Kayla chatted with the extremely dominant Englishwoman who handled and trained the more obstinate ponies that needed a much stricter, harsher training program to be converted into high quality pony boys for transportation and pony stallions that earned exorbitant stud fees.

Kayla turned her head to address the younger woman at her side.

“You can go on ahead if you want to Larissa. I need to speak a moment with Ava.”

“I'll drop Sassy off at the kennel before going over to the stable. Our sweet puppy girl needs a full grooming after tending my younger brother Ben last night before being brought to my room for some more fun play time...”

“Tell Andre his brother will be here soon. Having our stable master's luscious twin around always livens things up.”

With a nod of her head, Larissa tugged twice on the girl pup's leash, giving a silent command for Sassy to follow her.

Watching the puppy girl's doggy tail bounce side to side as she walked on all four paws beside her handler made the blonde mistress smile. The puppy girl's lush breasts jiggled delightfully, her glistening labia lips and clearly exposed cunt on display for all who might see her.

Beau whimpered, blood filling his already hard cock to a full 12 and a half inches. Sitting on his back legs with his front paws pressed into the ground on each side of his wide spread thighs, the puppy boy looked down at the monster jutting out from his smooth hairless groin. Although he had not been small before his owner's unique supplement had altered his body, he marveled at the present size and girth of his male package. Dividing his attention between the three alluring women and the departing female pup's enticing back end, his warm brown eyes shone with lust.

The fact that his owner had improved her pup's penis for her own pleasure increased Beau's love, admiration and respect for his mistress. Beau found it intensely satisfying that his improved puppy penis and balls, kept on constant display by his mistress, brought him so many looks of admiration and approval from the other trainers, staff and guests, and even envy from a few of the other male pets. Beau had always been proud of his own cock, before coming to the ranch. His mistress had enhanced his feelings of pride by growing her puppy's penis, to its current size.

An all-consuming need to please his mistress roared through him, driving his incessant sensual arousal up yet another notch. He locked gazes with the enthralling woman who had claimed him, mind, body and soul. Happy to see her mouth twitching as she tried to hide a smile, Beau lowered his body, moving closer to Mistress Kayla. Rubbing his nose and cheek up and down her long sexy legs, he poked his head under her skirt. Taking a deep sniff of her entrancing feminine juices, he tried to sneak a taste and lap up some of her womanly nectar with his tongue. The feel of her warm, silky smooth skin combined with the tantalizing scent and taste unique to his luscious owner made every muscle in his body quiver, sending waves of heated desire and need through him. His tail wagged back and forth furiously, slapping his taut ass cheeks.

Kayla chuckled, giving her pup a couple of taps on his lightly pinkened buttocks with her riding crop. While she enjoyed her playful pet's antics, there were business matters to see to before she could take the time to 'exercise' her puppy boy again. Of all the personal pets she had ever owned and trained, there was something extra special about her current puppy boy. Beau's naturally submissive personality, limber athletic build and bright intelligent mind made him a perfect match for her.

“Down boy! Sit.” Kayla spoke firmly. “Behave yourself.”

A wicked smile curling her lips, she glanced towards the other mistress as Beau reluctantly pulled his head out from under her skirt. Assuming the proper sitting position, his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, her male pup aarrffed once and waited quietly.

“You sure know how to find young male subs and bring out their inner puppy boy, Kayla.”

“Thanks Ava,” she replied. “That’s high praise coming from you. No one else can break and train an

obstinate pony boy like you can.”

“There's nothing I love better than changing the arrogant pride in a male or female pony's eyes to a look of obedience and the desire to serve their master,” the Englishwoman spoke with an air of authority.

“Your initial work breaking him in and Andre's follow up training and preparation for the up-coming show have transformed Hunter into a superb pony stallion. It's too bad you arrived too late yesterday to see his final climatic moment of surrender for yourself.”

Ava tapped her thigh with her riding crop, an evil gleam sparkling in her hazel eyes. “Not to worry Kayla. Kevin left a copy of the video in my cottage for me to watch.”

Inclining her head, the younger mistress's tone became serious. “Are you sure I can't convince you to let Kevin work for me in the UK instead of here at the ranch? He is a computer genius.”

Kayla laughed, rubbing Beau's head fur absentmindedly. “That's totally up to him, Ava, but I do believe you'd have a hard time getting him to leave my employment.”

Nodding her head in mock defeat, Ava grinned. “All joking aside, I would like to borrow one of your IT specialists to supervise the installation of the security and video monitoring system in the new stable and training facility at my estate.”

“Not a problem,” Kayla responded thoughtfully. “I'll have Kevin look into who would be the best qualified to do the job and get back to you on it later. How is the new kennel working out?”

“I only have five puppy boys and one puppy girl so far with one more male pup contracted for training starting next month.”

“Can you handle another male pup in addition to the ones you currently have, Ava?”

“That would be lovely, Kayla. The new kennel can house up to thirty pups and the training staff that transferred from the ranch to my estate would be thrilled to have a few more puppies to work with.”

Chatting for a few minutes longer, the two women made an appointment to meet again later in the afternoon to discuss more business matters.

“I can't wait to congratulate Hunter on his stellar performance yesterday. It's going to be so much fun putting him through his paces this morning,” Ava grinned maliciously. “Since his balls were so well drained, he'll need lots of encouragement to get his testicles ripened perfectly for the show.”

“Tell Andre not to allow Hunter to cum again before the show, Ava. Three weeks of assistance from the stable master and some of our frisky puppy boys should give us plenty of time to make sure our English thoroughbred pony stallion is in peak show condition.”

The leather clad Englishwoman smiled, her steel gray eyes shining with evil intent. Turning around briskly, her waist length dark brown hair bound in a complicated French braid swung back and forth. She strode over to visit Zimra and torment the red-coated puppy boy sitting at her good friend's feet.

Kayla grinned, imagining the horrified look on the muscular, platinum blonde pony stud's face at the sight of his owner walking up wearing her fully stocked equipment belt. Hunter may have been the rightful heir, but he had made a huge error trying to keep Ava from inheriting his late uncle's fortune. Attaching a blue, diamond studded leash to his collar, she tugged twice on Beau's leash and continued on down the path to the kennel. There were two foolish male cops waiting in her outdoor dog runs to see what their future would hold.

Chapter 2: An Unexpected Wake-up Call

Jake 'Wulf' Torino shook with anger, his naked body shivering from the cool morning air. Yesterday's display of BDSM and adult human animal play had been an eye-opening experience, something he had not witnessed before. Sure, he had heard about men and women pretending to be ponies, but he had always imagined it being a light party game. The tight leather harnesses, bridles with cruel bits pushed deep into

the unfortunate 'ponies' mouths and heavy boots with real horseshoes attached to the soles had shocked him speechless at first. He didn't want to even think about the method used to anchor the long flowing horse tail in a pony's anus. The sheer agony of having a butt plug inserted into a pony's rectum to support a heavy horse tail must be horrible to endure.

Crawling on hands and knees in a 4 foot tall, 4 foot wide and 8 foot long cage made of medium gauge steel fencing, every bit of Jake's naked athletically fit body was visible for viewing by those who cared to look. The dimensions of this ridiculous holding pen limited his movements to crawling, sitting on his ass or lying flat on the ground. Rage thundered through him at the mere idea anyone would have the unmitigated gall to treat him in such a manner. Graduating at the top of his class at the police academy, and in great physical shape, he was going to find a way out of this horrible situation. He was 24 years old, a trained officer of the law who refused to be treated with anything other than respect.

Looking around to make sure he was not being actively observed, Jake lay down on his back on the surprisingly soft grass and stretched the cramped muscles in his arms and legs. Noticing for the first time the word KENNEL in large letters mounted to the upper part of a large building taking up a third of the area enclosed by a 10 foot high security fence, he realized this must be where the male and female puppies were housed. Heart pounding, adrenaline pumping, he sat up straight. They were in for a rude awakening if they tried to make him behave like a soft little lap 'dog' similar to the ones he had seen yesterday.

Hearing a sound from the pen next to his, Jake turned his head to look at a nude black man waiting awkwardly on his hands and knees. Sitting up, legs crossed, he stared intently at the bald head of his partner and friend. Five years older and built like a championship body builder, Roscoe Lee had grown up on the back streets and alleys of a large city. Having survived on his own from age 10, he had earned the nickname 'Blade'. Roscoe's unparalleled skill in knife handling and calm iron command of his emotions had already saved Jake's life twice in their 4 month partnership.

“Have you ever seen anything like yesterday's shocking display of humiliation and bondage before, Blade?”

“Not in the last few years, Jake,” Roscoe's deep voice rumbled out from his wide muscled chest. “A lot of crazy stuff went down back in the hood when I was younger tho', so I'm not totally surprised.”

Jake thought about his partner's words, images of one male 'puppy boy' thrusting his outrageously large cock in and out of another puppy boy's ass flashed through his mind. He shuddered at the memory of the blonde man's expression of ecstasy as he came in the Japanese man's anus. The whole time his anus was being reamed, the dark haired man's cock had been rock hard, showing clearly how turned on he had been despite the flush of humiliation on his face. Jake had witnessed scenes of bondage, both consensual and forced, on film and as part of criminal investigations as part of job as a cop, but the idea of men and women being turned into human puppies or ponies was still hard to accept.

“Calm down Wulf, you need to think clearly if we are going to find a way out of this mess.”

“Thanks partner,” Jake replied, sighing deeply. “We do need to see what happens next before any final escape plans can be worked out.”

Moving closer to the section of mesh fencing shared by both pens, Jake looked into the wary gaze of his usually fearless friend.

“I'm sorry I talked you into coming with me to investigate that wild lead in the disappearance of Beau Delaney and Tamara Washington,” he spoke just loud enough for his partner to hear. There's a whole lot more going on than I suspected.”

“Anytime, bro,” the dark skinned man whispered. “Partners watch each other's back. Besides, I promised your brother I would protect you if something ever happened to him.”

Hearing a familiar voice in the distance, Jake's hazel eyes sparkled with anticipation. Now these jerks would see what a mistake it was to get in the way of an official investigation. He turned around to see a uniformed police captain approach the secured entrance to the kennel yard, accompanied by two male homicide detectives.

Shocked surprise filled him as he watched his supervisor hug a blonde, voluptuous woman wearing a blue and white leather outfit and blue, leather knee high boots. Several small pouches, a riding crop, a paddle and a light whip hung from a black leather belt strapped around her waist. Beau Delaney, wearing only a collar with a leash attached, some kind of cloth gloves covering his arms from his hands to his elbow and a set of blue leather straps holding his calves and feet tightly bound to his thighs, stood on all fours at her feet. Exchanging glances with his partner, Jake's olive toned skin paled, goose bumps popping up on his body.

Time seemed to pass slowly as the small group made its way over to the side of his cage. Jake crawled

over to the side of his pen closest to the commanding, physically fit man who had become his supervisor when he had joined the city police department after graduation. At 47, Captain Patrick Kelly was a decorated police officer with over 20 years on the force and a reputation for honesty and in depth criminal investigations.

“Damn, that was a stupid stunt you guys pulled,” the captain snapped, anger flashing in his blue eyes. “You two were some of the best men in my department. I can't believe you disregarded a direct order to drop Beau and Tamara's disappearance investigation.”

Jake turned red with embarrassment at the mocking laughter of the two officers flanking Captain Kelly. It suddenly occurred to him that not only was he naked and locked in a dog pen, his slightly larger than average male package had shrunk to the smallest he could remember seeing it.

Things did not look good for him and Roscoe, based on what he had seen and heard in the last few minutes. He had worked on a case with the two policemen who now witnessed his humiliation, amusement and excitement showing clearly in their faces. Seeing no respect in their eyes, he glared at his fellow officers and turned to face away from the audience outside his cage. Recalling his supervisor's use of the phrase “were some of the best men” earlier, Jake glanced over at his partner and shuddered.

“Turn around and pay attention, boys” Captain Kelly addressed the two caged cops in a firm authoritative voice. “I have some important information to give you.”

Moving closer to the side of the low pen facing his boss, Jake sat down on the grass. Staring at the stern face of the man he had grown to respect during his short time on the force, he waited to hear what his options were.

“First and foremost, I want to make it very clear that both of you are 'officially' dead. My investigation will report your deaths by drowning tragically while on a camping trip. Your bodies were swept down river by the fast running current and could not be retrieved. Since neither of you have family or girlfriends at this time, there is no reason for anyone to question my report.”

Face pale, Jake listened to his captain's words, letting the statement sink into his dazed mind. He started to say something, then hesitated and waited to hear the rest before he got himself into more trouble than he was in now.

“Second, you will never be allowed to move freely on your own anywhere in the world again.”

Jake broke out in a cold sweat as his supervisor moved closer to the pen, looking directly into his eyes before pointing to the blonde woman holding Beau's leash.

“Let me introduce you to the woman who holds your balls firmly in the palms of her hands. Kayla, meet Jake 'Wulf' Torino and Roscoe 'Blade' Lee, two police officers who worked at the city police department before their 'untimely' deaths.”

Pausing a moment to relish the flush of humiliation on the younger man's face as Kayla looked over the unexpected male guests housed in her dog runs, as Captain Kelly continued.

“Roscoe, Jake, This is Kayla Ashford. You probably remember hearing about her dad. He was the captain when I joined the force. Sadly, he was killed in the line of duty ten years ago. Listen carefully to what she has to say, you have a very important decision to make.”

Jake now understood how the occasional unsolved disappearances of a young man or woman in the last few years had not been connected to Kayla or her ranch. Being the surviving daughter of a heroic police officer who gave his life to defend his community placed her under the protective care of the men who had worked beside her fallen father.

“Well, well, what an interesting situation we have here gentlemen. You really should have paid heed to your captain's orders to keep your nose out of a matter better left alone.”

Arching a brow, she chuckled at the confused look on the Jake’s face.

“One thing you need to understand before I present your options is this,” she declared in a firm tone. “The people who keep 'pets' at my ranch or own puppies or ponies trained here come from all over the world. Some even work with you in the city police department.”

Looking towards the police captain standing proudly nearby, his black hair cut close to his head, cold ice-blue eyes gazing intently at the two men in the pen, she smiled.

“Do you have any objections to Gretchen bringing your puppy girl out to greet you properly Uncle Patrick?”

Captain Kelly nodded in agreement. Eyes gleaming wickedly, he nudged the officer standing closest to him. Whispering something in the other man's ear, arched his brow and grinned.

“Of course not Kayla, there's nothing I like better than playing with my frisky puppy girl.”

Jake watched in stunned disbelief as Kayla pulled a cell phone off her belt, pushed a button and spoke quietly into the device. A few minutes later a muscular blonde woman in her late 20’s exited the kennel holding the leash of a young slender woman crawling on all fours wearing an outfit similar to the one worn by Beau. Shiny brass pendants hanging from 3 inch chains hooked to rings piercing the nipples crowning the puppy girl's lush but not too large breasts swung around wildly with every step she took. Watching her tits bounce and sway enticingly, his cock began to harden.

He blinked his eyes, unprepared for the sight of his supervisor holding out his left hand, palm down, while a bound, more than pretty, young woman eagerly licked the back of his hand. Jake had always considered Captain Kelly a stern, but fair, conventional officer. Finding out his perceptions of the man had been off the mark made him wonder if he really knew anything about the other men and women in the squad. Having known Roscoe since his older brother's days at the academy, he felt comfortable around the tall, fit black man, wondering what he was thinking about their present situation.

Distracted from his muddled thoughts by a low feminine whimper, he glanced over to see one of the homicide detectives running his hand over the puppy girl's tight, pinkened buttocks.

“I always look forward to coming out to visit, Kayla,” the detective quipped as he slid two fingers deep into the wet slit of the girl pup. “Can I bring her to orgasm captain?”

“Go ahead,” the older man replied. “My adorable puppy bitch puts on quite a show when she cums.”

A smug grin on his handsome face, the detective pumped his hand in and out of her gaping cunt. Each time his fingers slipped fully into her, he used his thumb to rub her red swollen clit. Using his free hand, he spanked her ass cheeks until they turned red.

Jake's mind whirled as the other detective began to twist and tug on the rings inserted through the girl's large, engorged nipples. Her whimpers and moans rose in volume, a flush spreading over her trembling body as the two men worked her into a frenzy of sexual excitement. With a final rub of her clit and tug on her nipples, the young woman's body jerked, as puppy like howls of pleasure filled the kennel yard.

Her orgasm went on for 10 minutes, both men continuing to tease and torment the girl pup until her breath came out in ragged gasps and she collapsed on the grass. At a signal from her owner, the first officer pulled his cum covered hand out and gently patted the gasping puppy girl's lower back to show his approval. The second officer caressed each of her breasts, then stepped back himself.

He drew in a deep breath, gathering his stunned senses. Jake's eyes opened wide as the first officer held his sticky hand up close to the puppy boy's mouth while using his other hand to scratch behind Beau's ear.

“Go ahead, boy. Lap up all of Tanzy’s sweet cum from my fingers and hand.”

Jake paled, his body going still. He watched intently as a young man he had tried so hard to find knelt on all fours contentedly licking the detective's sticky hand clean. Grimacing, he stared in horror at Beau's 8 inch long doggy tail made of brown hair that matched his head fur. The tail wagged back and forth briskly, propelled by voluntary muscular contractions of the puppy boy's rectum on an anal plug inserted into his ass. A loud hand clap broke through the confusion clouding his mind, centering his attention again on the blonde woman in blue leather.

“Unfortunately for you, gentlemen, there is a select group of wealthy, powerful people who enjoy participating in adult human pet play. They depend on us to maintain a state of the art security system at this compound.”

Kayla paused, noting the wary expressions on the caged men's faces. “It was an impressive feat you pulled off by managing to reach the external loading dock undetected.”

Reaching down to scratch her puppy boy's shoulder, she looked into Jake's eyes.

“Now that you have been discovered and brought here, you have two options to select from. Neither one will be especially pleasant for you to deal with, but you have no other choices now that you have seen too much for us to let you go free.”

“The first option is being sold at a private auction to a master or mistress overseas. Your new owner will have complete power over whether you live or die and everything you do 24 hours a day.”

“Second, if you choose to stay in this country, you will be kept at this training facility and be transformed into a pet. You will spend a full year training, living, working, and thinking like the puppy or pony I decide

you should be. If you cooperate fully and make every effort to be the best pet possible, you might be offered a better option after your year is up.”

Her eyes sparkling with glee, she arched her brows. Kayla savored the alarmed expressions on the faces of the two arrogant males crouching naked in dog pens in front of her.

“Puppies and ponies do not think for themselves or make decisions based on what they want or think they need. A well-trained pet focuses only on being obedient and tending to each and every want and need of their handler, trainer or owner.”

Letting this important bit of information register in their minds for a moment, Kayla continued.

“Rest assured, boys, pets are not disciplined too harshly and are not permanently scarred or purposely maimed here at the ranch. That promise cannot be made if you decide to select the first option.”

Jake quickly glanced over at his partner, a feeling of dismay reaching through the anger and rage he struggled to keep from showing. If he and Roscoe were to escape, the second option gave them the best chances of getting out of their predicament with the least amount of damage. They would have to pretend to go along with whatever Kayla had planned for them.

“Kayla, wh....” Jake began to speak.

“You will address me as Mistress Kayla, or mistress. Male staff members, guests and owners are referred to as 'master'. As of this moment, you are no longer free men, only male subs or 'pets'.”

The two men nodded, signaling their understanding of her words.

“Have you decided which option you find acceptable?”

“Yes Mistress Kayla,” Jake spoke clearly, not allowing his voice to betray his inner thoughts. “I choose option 2.”

Jake listened as his partner replied to the intimidating woman's query, agreeing to stay on at the compound. He knew staying at the ranch was the better of the two unpleasant choices that had been presented. Having seen the 'pups' and 'ponies' first hand, he had a general idea of how they were treated.

None of the pets had shown any physical signs or scars from being lashed or whipped bloody and their general health had been good. He had already consciously decided that the physical changes he had noticed in the pets he'd seen he approved of. If asked, he would agree that the effect of improving the pet's look or performance was accomplished very nicely at the ranch even if he had a hard time imagining himself as a puppy boy. He would play along with the people here to gather information on the layout of the facility and look for any possible means of escape.

“Good,” Kayla spoke curtly. “Jake, you are going to be trained to be a guard dog. With your police training and aggressive personality, you would not do well as a pleasure pup. The name on your 'pet' papers will be 'Wulf'. That is the official name you will answer to, in addition to 'puppy', 'pup' and 'boy'.

Turning her attention to the other caged male, she visually examined his nude body for several minutes. Taking in the astonishing sight of his wide, muscled chest, strong legs and otherwise well-developed musculature, her lush lips curled into a wicked smile.

“As for you, Roscoe, you will answer to the name 'Blade' and be turned over to Master Andre to be transformed into a pony boy. If you do well in your training, you might be allowed to mount a pretty pony filly in the stables as a reward, in time.”

“You have always had a great eye for recognizing potential pets and how best to train them, Kayla,” Captain Kelly added smugly. “Roscoe, oh sorry, Blade, has spent enough time working out in the gym that it won't take the usual year for him to reach full pony stallion status. I can hardly wait to have him hitched to a cart and pull me around when I visit the outer areas of your ranch. The idea of seeing him, nude, harnessed and swishing his long black 'horse tail' as he trots, makes my cock hard just thinking about it.”

She inclined her head and grinned. Conferring with the younger blonde kennel handler first, Kayla pulled her phone off her belt again, pressed a button on the device, and spoke loudly.

“Andre, I have a new pony boy for you. Get him settled in an isolation pen at the stables for the next three days. Start him on his first dose of our special hormone right away.”

Turning off her phone, she addressed the two naked males.

“You will spend the next three days in isolation pens. At no time will you be allowed to talk to each other, but you will be able to observe some of what goes on around the training yards.”

“During that time, you will be given the initial doses of my unique supplement. By the end of day three, you will discover that you are unable to communicate clearly using words and sentences. The only sounds coming out of your mouth will be whimpers, moans, sighs or other noises similar to the sounds made by biological horses or dogs. ”

Amused by the horrified expressions on their faces, she chuckled, then continued to inform the newest male additions to her selection of pets of the other surprising changes they could expect.

“Your handlers will make sure you learn how to bark like a dog or neigh like a horse, based on which type of pet you are designated to be, and teach you many other entertaining tricks, too.”

Jake sucked in a deep breath, disturbed by her last statement. Finding a way out of this quandary was going to be more challenging than he had initially thought. Looking over at his friend, he saw a spark of genuine fear in Roscoe's dark brown eyes. The sound of Kayla's stern voice interrupted his train of thought. Exhaling slowly, he listened carefully.

“Specific parts of your body will be altered, allowing you to better serve your owner's and handler's every need. The chemically engineered hormone unique to this facility was created in my research labs. It is used to physically transform men and women into sensual male and female pets, eager to please an owner without destroying a trainee's mind or thinking ability.”

“Your tongue will grow longer and slightly thicker. Without hesitation, you will use that tongue anywhere and any way your trainers dictate.”

“Beau, Tanzy. Sit. Beg” Kayla called out loudly pointing to a spot close to the dog runs.

Jake watched in silence as the two basically nude young people moved quickly to the indicated area. Sitting on their buttocks facing him, they spread their thighs apart widely, bent their elbows, held their gloved hands up at shoulder height and panted quietly.

“Look closely at the 'puppies' in front of you. Note the increased size and state of sexual arousal of the male pup's cock and balls. Soon, that is what your own package will look like.”

Looking closely at the unbelievably large, fully erect penis extending out from Beau's groin above a pair of firm, swollen testicles the size of tangerines, Jake shuddered. He recalled some of yesterday's 'show' of pet behavior, realizing suddenly that the male puppies or ponies had displayed their oversized cocks and balls for all to see.

Even the female 'puppy' showed obvious physical changes to her body. Blood began to fill his limp shaft at the sight of her prominent clit and wet, puffy labia lips. Glancing down at his semi-erect member, he was totally surprised that he could be aroused while he knelt naked in a cage. Being gawked at by three fully clothed men he had worked with in the police department was unnerving. But he also saw it had no impact at all on the erecting state of his cock.

“Yes Wulf,” Kayla interrupted his thoughts in an amused voice while clearly glancing at his hardening cock. “You will do just fine as a puppy. Captain Kelly might let you mount Tanzy for after dinner entertainment if you obey your trainers and be a good puppy boy.”

“You bitch, there is no way....,” Jake snarled, his temper rising.

“That is one paddling you've earned already, pup,” Kayla's stern voice cut off his angry retort. “Now, start over. How are you supposed to address me?”

Staring into her cold blue eyes, his anger faded as chills ran up and down his spine. This woman meant every word she said and would not hesitate to carry out any discipline she promised. With a new understanding of his situation, Jake knew he would have to be very careful not to earn unnecessary punishments.

“Yes, Mistress Kayla,” he murmured, lowering his gaze to her boots. “This 'puppy' is sorry he did not address his mistress correctly.”

“That's better,” Kayla chuckled, noting the sarcastic tone of his voice but ignoring it for now. “Let's wrap this up so you can get your first well-deserved paddling and go to your isolation pen.”

At Jake's nod of agreement, she looked over at the muscled black male in the other cage. Seeing a wary look in his dark eyes, she suspected he would have to be monitored closely. The calm quiet ones were harder to read and could be unpredictable sometimes. She would also have to ask Andre to assign several grooms to 'tend' Blade 24 hours a day for the first few weeks of training.

“Your sense of smell will heighten until you can identify a single scent from as far away as 200 feet. This is especially important to you, Wulf. Guard dogs are used to patrol the main compound and assist the

security officers in their daily searches in the outer areas of the ranch.”

Jake's mind buzzed with chaotic images and thoughts, focusing on a memory of the loading dock outside of the compound's 10 foot high walls. He recalled the first time he had seen the two aggressive puppy boys who had shown the uniformed security officers where he and Roscoe had been hiding in the woods surrounding the dock. The large males had been an alarming sight with their wide black leather collars buckled around their necks and fierce, aggressive manner. Black leather straps wrapped around their chests in an X pattern, drawing attention to the odd bone shaped bars piercing their unusually large nipples.

The sound of a metal gate opening snapped Jake out of his deep thoughts. Looking around, he saw his partner standing next to a tall well-built blonde haired man holding a riding crop. His hands clasped behind his back and his legs spread open wide, a flicker of regret shone in Roscoe's dark brown eyes.

“Come out to the doggy bench,” Kayla said pointing to a 3 foot long, 4 inch wide wooden beam held in place by two 4 inch x 4 inch wooden posts set deep in the ground. A set of metal rings were imbedded into the base of the posts just a few inches above the ground. He did not know exactly what the purpose of the rings were, but thought they might be designed to attach pets to the bench using leather straps or chains.

“Lay your belly on the padded top of the beam and tuck your knees under the bench.”

He crawled carefully out the entrance of the dog run, conscious of his naked body and obviously erect cock. Never once did he attempt or even think to come upright to his feet, but continued to crawl, moving as directed. Jake glanced from the intimidating woman in leather standing by his cage to the man who had been his boss. He was dismayed to see a calculating look in the captain's blue eyes. Dropping his gaze to the lush green grass beneath his hands and knees, he moved towards the wooden device indicated by Kayla. He passed the place the detectives stood petting and rubbing the male and female puppies sitting by their feet.

Jake shook his head to clear his muddled thoughts. He had been so deep in thought that he had been unaware of Roscoe leaving his pen and the two puppies going over to sit by the officers. He realized he would have to pay better attention to what was going on around him if he wanted to avoid getting unnecessary punishment. Being in the best physical shape possible and keeping his wits about him were vital to his survival here in this insidious place.

“Move faster boy,” Kayla chuckled. “I will add ten more strokes of the paddle to the ten you have already earned if you dawdle.”

Kayla enjoyed seeing that any sense of resistance seemed to have left the new, pleasingly intimidated male pet crawling past her, at least temporarily. Eyes shining with anticipation, she watched as her newest puppy boy scampered over to the dog bench. Bending over fearfully, he willingly laid his bare tummy on the soft cushioned top of the beam.

“Will you do the honors, Uncle Patrick? It would be much more effective if you gave our disobedient pup his first punishment, don't you think?”

“Right as always, Kayla,” Captain Kelly called over his shoulder as he strode towards the naked male bent over the bondage device.

“Can I use your paddle, Gretchen? I don't have my equipment belt with me.”

The blonde kennel handler nodded, pulling a short handled, round wooden paddle off her belt. Handing it to the captain, she walked closer to observe the training about to take place on the new puppy training bench. The compound's research and development team used input from Mistress Kayla, the training staff and clients to build and create a variety of high quality bondage equipment to be used at the ranch.

This particular bondage device had been her design and she looked forward to warming Wulf’s backside herself very soon. Arrogant proud males like him made the best guard dogs, even if it took a fair amount of corrective punishments to ensure complete obedience. It was not unusual for trainers to administer an unearned paddling or punishment to any pleasure pup or working pet if they wished to. As an added element of human pet training, puppies or ponies ultra-sensitive bodies were adorned with tightly clamped pendants, bells and other decorations at their owner’s direction. A mix of pleasure and pain was an everyday part of a well-trained puppy or pony pet’s daily routine.

Knees tucked under the bench, Jake turned his head to one side, staring up at the imposing man standing only a few feet from him. Fear coursed through his still body. At 6 feet in height, he usually stood eye to eye with the man towering over his bent body. The intense look in the man's eyes made his blood run cold. Lowering his head, he closed his eyes, all color draining from his face and cheeks, trying to deal with his very unusual sense of fear.

Kayla watched as the captain bent down, cupping Jake's chin in the palm of his free hand. The former police officer draped over the doggy bench trembled, panic filling his eyes as his ex-supervisor rubbed his prominently exhibited buttocks with the flat side of the paddle.

“I'm going to strap you down tightly and then deliver ten hard paddle strokes to your nicely shaped ass cheeks, puppy boy,” Captain Kelly whispered in Jake's ear.

“Did he move fast enough to suit you Kayla?”

Listening to the older cop's deep raspy voice, she arched her brow and thought for a moment. In the years since her father's untimely death, his closest friend Patrick Kelly had stepped forward to fill the occasional need Kayla found for advice or assistance with running the ranch.

She winked, “He did just fine, Uncle Patrick. There's nothing better than looking at the sweet ass and dangling package of a puppy boy to brighten any lady's day.”

Kayla watched the older cop buckle leather straps around the knees and thighs of the male bent over the doggy bench. Walking over to get a better view, she nodded in approval. Patrick had bound Jake's spread thighs to the posts supporting the bench. The newest guard dog's wrists were cuffed and chained to two rings set into the ground two feet in front of the bench on each side.

Moving to the bound male's back end, she reached between his thighs. Wrapping her hand around his shaft, she stroked her hand up and down his suddenly limp member. Using her other hand, she fondled and weighed his balls. The corners of her full lips turned up, a smug grin spreading across her face. Kayla was a good judge of puppy potential and this new puppy showed great promise for use, already being a well-endowed man.

“Oh my, Wulf,” she chuckled. “Sage is going to have a lot of fun whipping you into shape.”

Jake's body stiffened, his anger rising at her words. He fumed, vowing to find a way to get free of this evil woman. When he did, he was going to make her and all the people connected to her regret messing with him.

A low whimper escaped his throat, tingles of pleasure spreading from Kayla's handling of his now semi-erect cock. His face and shoulders flushed bright pink as fresh feelings of humiliation, anger and arousal flooding his body. He had not thought it possible for him to get sexually excited when he was strapped naked to a torture device while a sadistic bitch played with his cock and balls. Glaring at the man strolling around his bent body, caressing his back, thighs and buttocks with the calloused finger tips of his large hands, Jake growled.

“It seems you'll end up being a better puppy boy than you were a cop, Wulf,” Captain Kelly grinned maliciously.

Jake lowered his face, eyes closed, increasingly aware of and dismayed at the thought of his partner and best friend witnessing his 'punishment'. The color drained from his cheeks. He drew in a deep breath when a woman's soft warm hand cupped his chin and lifted his pale face up. He stared into the merciless blue eyes of his new 'owner'.

“The sooner you cease this useless resistance, the easier it will be for you to adapt to your new life. I will have my way and you will be an obedient, eager guard dog for me.”

Letting go of his chin, Kayla ran her fingers over the five o’clock shadow darkening his cheeks. The corners of her mouth twitched, a full grin spreading across her face.

“This nasty stubble will be gone soon, Wulf,” she spoke softly. “Puppies and ponies never have to worry about annoying daily needs like shaving off unwanted facial hair.”

Stepping back several feet, she watched intently as the large, naked black male was led over to a spot directly in front of the doggy bench and commanded to sit on his ass on the ground. A long lead rope hung from the two inch wide, tan leather collar the stable master had buckled around Blade's neck.

Kayla glanced from the neutral expression on the new pony boy's chiseled, masculine face to the stunned look in Wulf’s eyes. Patting her left thigh and pointing to the ground by her feet, she whistled to her puppy boy. Eyes sparkling with anticipation, she smiled. Beau pranced eagerly over the short distance from where she had told him to stay earlier. The jingle of his nipple bells and the excited movement of his long brown haired wagging tail filled her with warmth and lust. Controlled by her schedule and whim, before he was allowed full release again tomorrow night, he would have brought her to orgasm several more times and have spent a couple of hours driving his splendid puppy penis into her hot wet cunt.

In her line of work, time was always set aside for such delightfully satisfying indulgences. It was her firm belief that enjoying sensual experiences with puppies or ponies actually made her a better business

woman, and directly contributed to her fabulous success.

Kayla inclined her head, watching as the classically handsome stable master positioned the newest pony boy. With his thighs spread apart, back straight, arms bound behind his back and a training halter buckled around his head, the pony's cock and balls were prominently displayed. Noting Blade's thick 10 inch shaft and slightly larger than average testicles, she envisioned him as a spectacular pony stud. After her magic hormone had altered his already well-toned musculature, he would be one of the finest pony stallions ever trained at her unique facility.

“Now you have something to distract you during your paddling,” Kayla spoke loudly. “Do not take your eyes off the pony boy Master Andre so nicely seated in front of you.”

Seeing a defiant look in the bound pup's hazel eyes; she tossed her long blonde ponytail over her shoulder and laughed.

“If you so much as look away from his lovely penis and balls for even one second, I will add three strokes of the paddle to your punishment for each second.”

Jake cringed, slowly raising his eyes to stare at his partners obscenely exposed body. Looking briefly into the understanding eyes of his friend, he sighed and lowered his gaze to Roscoe's groin and rippling tummy muscles. A sharp pain blazed through him as Captain Kelly hit his right ass cheek hard with the wooden paddle. He gasped, closing his eyes. An umph of surprise trying to slip through his gritted teeth.

“That's three more strokes, boy,” Kayla snickered. “You'll be up to twenty-one strokes of the paddle in no time if you keep on disobeying.”

Glaring unwaveringly at the naked man sitting quietly in front of him, Jake winced but did not blink or close his eyes when his ex-supervisor delivered a stinging blow on his left buttock. He ignored the flashes of pain rippling through him, concentrating instead on his determination to avoid earning any more paddle strokes. Occasional grunts of pain slid past his pursed lips, his mind slipping into a calming subspace as he endured the rest of his punishment.

Moving closer, Kayla caressed the chastened pup's cool, sweaty shoulder, and scratched its head fur and behind it ears to calm the pup, bringing him back to the present shortly after the paddling had stopped. She wrapped a plain black leather collar around his neck, buckling it around his neck, but not making it tight enough hinder his breathing.

“Good boy, Wulf,” she cooed to the slightly unfocused, startled puppy, “you did great for your first time being disciplined.”

Exchanging glances with the police captain, she winked, making a hand motion and pointing to a spot in front of the bound pup.

“Say thank you to your master for paddling your ass pup,” she spoke firmly, noting the confused look in the puppy boy's eyes.

Kayla held out her right hand, palm down. “This is the hand signal for the puppy command 'kiss'. Any time a master, mistress or handler gives you this signal, you will lightly lick the back of their hand.”

Andre pulled on Blade's reins, clicking his tongue. After a brief pause, the large black male rose to his feet. The stable master led his newest pony boy a few feet away.

The older officer walked around the puppy boy, stopping at the location indicated. He looked down at the nude, bound body of a young man he had barely begun to know, wondering briefly what the promising officer might have accomplished. Squatting down, he held out his hand, palm down, close to Wulf’s face. It would be quite interesting to see how 'Jake' the rookie cop dealt with the new direction his life had taken.

“Captain Kelly is ready now, pup, show him how glad you are he warmed your backside and disciplined you for your bad behavior.”

She watched as the male pup hesitantly licked the top of his ex-supervisor's right hand. It was clear from his pale face and trembling body that Jake was not interested in and had never had any inclination to interact so intimately with another male before. This aspect of puppy training would probably be the hardest for him to handle, so she decided to take this opportunity to teach him the most important lesson each new 'human' puppy had to learn.

“You can do better than that, boy, stop fretting. Puppies don't think about obeying commands from their handlers. They just do as they are told, focusing all their thoughts and energy on pleasing their owners or trainers.”

Kayla paused for a moment, adding, “If you don't show us exactly how grateful you are for your paddling, we might think you want more. Of course, Captain Kelly could give you three more strokes of a paddle. We want our puppies to be happy at the ranch.”

Seeing the frantic look in Wulf’s eyes, she chuckled as he began to eagerly lick the man's hand. After a few minutes, the officer withdrew his hand and petted the puppy boy.

Pulling a small tube of the special lotion produced at her facility from semen collected from her puppy boys, she handed it to the police captain.

“Uncle Patrick, make sure our new pup's anus is prepared properly for the first in a long line of anal plugs that will fill his tight virgin ass.”

“My pleasure, Kayla,” the older man chuckled as he squeezed some of the thick creamy lotion onto the pointer finger of his right hand. “It's too bad we lost Jake, he might have been a great police officer with a little more experience. We'll have to see how well he does in puppy training. I am sure though it will work out for the best.”

Kayla smiled, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. “Jake will be a fine guard dog, I have no doubt. Sage loves training strong-willed male pups and will be here shortly to get Wulf, as he will be known as for the next 12 months. She did a great job working with Rocky and Buster as an intern before taking over after my previous guard dog trainer retired several years ago.”

Focusing his eyes on the beautiful woman smiling down at him, Jake's chaotic thoughts and feelings spun in his mind. Dazed and befuddled after getting the first paddling of his adult life, he barely felt Captain Kelly's lubricated finger slip into the tight puckered opening of his ass. With only a slight twinge of pain, something cool and metallic was inserted into his rectum past the tight muscles of his anal opening.

Pain flared from his sore buttocks, his tense muscles relaxing slowly as his arms and legs were released from their bindings. Backing away from the bench at a command from Captain Kelly, he waited on hands and knees, his head hanging down in exhaustion.

“Blade, go over and comfort our newest puppy boy,” Andre commanded the dark pony boy. “He needs a little reassurance about now.”

Kayla was pleased once again at the stable master's innate ability to quickly comprehend the puppy boy's situation and what was needed to ease Wulf's distress while teaching his new pony boy an important lesson. Puppies and ponies instantly obeyed their owners or trainers. Pets at this ranch compound were bound, paddled or whipped, mostly for discipline, but also to cater to their master or mistress's desires.

At no time, however, were the activities purposely done in such a way to scar, maim or permanently harm the male or female pets. Exceptions to this strictly followed policy were made only if a client's contract for their personal pup or pony required more extreme pet handling.

Jake raised his head, surprised to see concern and support in his partner's dark eyes. He had expected to find ridicule of his shameful behavior instead of the comforting look he saw in his friend's eyes and face. Feeling Roscoe's satiny, smooth bald head nudging his shoulder, he sighed.

Taking a deep breath, he looked at the strong fearless man he had known for the last 15 years and had been partners with for the last 4 months. They were in this together. He wondered what would happen next, but needed some rest and time to make sense of everything that had occurred over the last couple of days.

Chapter 3: A Rough Start to the Day

Stretching his stiff muscles, Jake lay on his back, legs resting flat on soft rubber mats covering the floor in the inner part of his deluxe isolation pen. He winced as the anal plug nestled securely in his ass hole shifted, pressing harder on his prostate gland. Held snugly in place by the tight muscles around the opening to his rectum, the fiendish device had teased and tormented him unceasingly the past three days and nights. He clearly recalled Sage showing him a small, wedge-shaped anal plug similar to the one now

lodged firmly in his ass his second day in the isolation pen.

He stared at the white ceiling above him, gathering his sleep-dazed thoughts. Loud voices of several of the compound trainers calling out a series of commands to puppy boys in the training yard had awoken him from a troubled sleep and foreboding dreams. A lot had happened during the last 3 days he had been left alone to 'reflect and prepare' for the distressing changes in his body and life in general.

He grimaced, remembering the female trainer who had arrived in the kennel yard shortly after his paddling. It was bad enough she had buckled a plain black leather collar around his neck and attached a leash to the plain black collar around his neck, why did she have to give him an enema before locking him in the pen he would be in for the next few days. Jake's face flushed with embarrassment.

Just thinking of having his knees strapped to the floor, ass sticking out over a two sided stainless steel floor sink in the corner of an exam room had made him angry all over again. With his head facing away from the corner, he had crouched on hands and knees fuming. He had been relieved when she pulled the plug out of his anus, thinking it would not be put back in right away. She had used a flexible rubber hose connected to the faucet to inject 2 quarts of warm water into his anus.

After making him hold it in for 5 minutes, the bitch had ordered him to release the fluid so she could put in 2 more quarts for good measure. Turning to glare at the petite blonde woman in her late-20's, he had obeyed reluctantly. His ass cheeks still burned from his recent punishment. He did not want to earn another one so quickly after the first. The second enema was a little easier to handle, only having to hold the water in for 3 minutes. It had surprised him that the plug had slid in with less pain after the second enema, but he had still felt discomfort and humiliation after it had been reinserted into his rectum.

Kayla had introduced the female handler with her hair in a tight bun high on the back of her head, as Sage, the primary guard dog trainer. Having an attractive young woman in charge of the larger, muscled male puppies who worked as guard dogs was unexpected. Recalling the sight of a riding crop, paddle, light whip, and several pouches with unseen contents attached to a leather belt around her trim waist, he shivered. The sight of a leather riding crop, usually used on real horses, in her small hand had sent chills up his spine. It had only taken light taps of the crop on his sore red ass cheeks or a light tap to his exposed gonads to insure he obeyed her every command instantly on the walk from the puppy bench to an exam room inside the kennel.

Jake felt a familiar twinge that reminded him his full bladder needed to be emptied. Glancing up at the black, dome covered security camera mounted on the ceiling of his pen, he cleared his face of all expression, refusing to let the jerks watching have any idea of what was going on in his head. Rolling over onto his hands and knees, he crawled towards the funnel shaped toilet under a sign saying 'Facilities' in a back corner of the pen. His body tensed, remembering the fine show he had put on for anyone monitoring the security cameras the first time he attempted to urinate. It had taken 10 minutes to figure out the best way to squat over the toilet and aim the head of his cock so he would not make a mess.

Raising his right leg, he lowered his hips and shifted around until his hard shaft was positioned correctly. Having a raging hard-on made it difficult to do, but he was finally able to relax his abdominal muscles enough. Sighing with relief, he looked down his body to watch a stream of golden liquid shoot out of his now, much longer, thicker cock to flow out a drain in the center of the 12 inch diameter basin.

Waggling his hips to dislodge any remaining drops of fluid, Jake lowered his leg and moved away from the facilities. His cheeks flushed with anger, memories of his introduction to this horrid pen flashing across his mind. Keeping his face directed to the floor out of camera range, he got his rage under control. It felt like only hours ago that he had first been locked naked inside a 20 foot long, 5 foot wide isolation pen in the main kennel building. The 4 foot height of the pen kept him from rising from his hands and knees.

He recalled the feelings of disgust that had raced through him as Sage had recited a list of stupid rules they expected him to follow. Eating out of a dog bowl was one of the more ridiculous things he would be expected to do. The rest of the rules were unclear in his mind, but he would do what he wanted just like he had always done. The amused laughter of a couple of handlers watching his movements inside the pen on a video monitor set into the outside wall of the kennel next to the outer fenced area of his pen made his blood boil.

He crawled towards a 2 foot by 2 foot doggy door in the wall at one end of the 10 foot long inner area of his pen. Jake was glad that half of the pen was enclosed in the interior of the kennel, giving his naked body some protection from the chill of cool mountain air. Pushing his way through past the fitted rubber mat that protected puppies from inclement mountain weather, He squinted his eyes at the bright morning sunshine. Wincing at the throbbing ache in his thick erect shaft and large swollen balls, he stopped and waited for his eyes to adjust.

He glared at two young women standing by the outside monitor holding the leashes of several well-endowed puppy boys and a startlingly beautiful puppy girl. Chatting and pointing at him, the attractive female handlers discussed his blossoming attributes and his entertaining antics in the isolation pen. His

hearing was better than before too, so he clearly understood every word they said.

Ignoring the women and their humiliating conversation about him, he spread his thighs apart a little wider. He sighed as the discomfort in his enhanced package and plug-filled ass eased. He crawled to a self-filling water bowl located in a corner near the main puppy entrance into the pen. Lowering his head, he extended his long tongue to lap up some of the cool fresh water in the bowl mounted on the steel fencing 1 foot above the ground. He eagerly swallowed the unusually sweet tasting water before lapping up more of the refreshing liquid without making as big a mess as the one he did on his first attempt at drinking from the special water bowls used at the ranch.

He could hear Sage's cool mocking tone in his mind as she had gleefully informed him he would be eating and drinking out of dog bowls for most of his meals so he had better 'get used to it'. With a wicked gleam in her green eyes, the attractive, 5 foot 3 inch tall woman had told him about the security camera located on the ceiling of the inner section of the pen. Pointing to another camera on the outside wall focused on the outer open fenced area of the pen, she told him he would be watched 24 hours a day through cameras monitoring everything going on at this training facility.

Jake shuddered, his mind flashing back to his first day of being a puppy boy. His anus tender and irritated from two enemas, he had carefully crawled out the side door of the kennel, down two concrete steps covered with rubber matting and across the soft lush grass of the training yard. Led by a leash attached to the collar buckled around his neck, he followed Sage to an isolation pen extending out from the main kennel building. Glancing at her shapely ass in tight denim jeans, his unruly cock had hardened, swinging stiffly between his thighs. He remembered the intensity of her gaze as she stopped to inspect his groin. A cruel grin spread across her face, her pink tongue slipping out to lick her bottom lip in anticipation. She had complimented him on having a properly erect shaft like any puppy boy should when showing how happy he was to be paddled and have his rectum cleaned out by his handlers.

A dull ache in his balls brought his thoughts back to the present. Sitting on his ass on the surprisingly comfortable rubber matting covering the floor of the pen, Jake instinctively reached down with his right hand to sooth his throbbing testicles. Sharp flashes of pain flared through the sensitive skin stretched so tightly around his swollen, oversized ball bag.

Jerking his hand back, he brought his puffy, mitten covered hands up to shoulder level. He glared at the brown leather mittens covered with tiny, prickly point-like thorns laced securely to his wrists, encasing his hands and fingers so he was unable to personally sooth and relieve the hellish arousal flooding his body.

Looking down at the obscenely large cock and balls displayed so garishly between his widely spread thighs, he growled. Closing his legs, he grunted, pain shooting through his swollen balls pressed between his thighs. Tongue slipping out the side of his mouth, Jake opened his legs again, sighing as the sharp pain in his groin subsided again to a dull throb. Pulling his unusually long, thick tongue back into his mouth, he grimaced. It was so much easier to let it hang out of his mouth. He still found it hard to accept the increased size of his cock and tongue, as well as the large amount of semen that he suspected also filled his oversized testicles.

Startled by the sudden sound of amused feminine laughter, Jake's body tensed. Turning his head to see a dog bowl being pushed through a small opening at the bottom of the outside puppy entrance to the pen, he frowned.

“Well, well,” Sage chuckled. “What a stubborn pup you're turning out to be, boy. It's going to be lots of fun whipping a big, bad Wulf like you into a well-trained guard dog.”

Observing her newest pup in training, Sage grinned. “What are you waiting for puppy boy, eat your gruel. You have an appointment with a groomer this morning and your initial vet exam is scheduled for later this afternoon. You don't want to be late for either, believe me!”

Jake stared at the thick, warm mush in his 'dog bowl', hesitating at first, then moving quickly over to the bowl. Scooping up some of the unexpectedly tasty, oatmeal-like mush with his ungainly tongue, he pulled his licker-tool back into his mouth and swallowed. Savoring the delicate cinnamon flavor, he quickly finished eating the contents of the dog bowl, spilling a small amount of the mush on the ground by his bowl. He was getting better at using his newly lengthened tongue.

“Good boy,” Sage commented dryly. “I am glad it only took one forced feeding to convince you to eat your gruel like an obedient pup for me.”

Snarling, he looked up from his dog bowl and glared at the graceful, petite woman who had already tormented him in ways he had not imagined possible. Seeing a satisfied glint in her green eyes, Jake pushed his rage to the back of his mind. He concentrated on licking the silver dog bowl clean, somehow managing to hide his angry emotions and keep his expression neutral.

He shuddered at the memory of sharp intense bursts of pain as that awful plug in his ass had switched

into punishment mode, sending mild electronic pulses through his prostate and the nerve-rich inner lining of his rectum. Holding up a small, hand-held device she had pulled from a pouch on her belt, Sage had demonstrated all three speeds of the punishment settings as well as the three pleasure settings.

It was damned near impossible to think clearly whenever handlers put his anal plug in any setting other than low. He had learned the hard way, refusing to eat his evening meal out of a dog bowl on the first day in the isolation pen. Setting the plug on a random medium to high punishment range, Sage had ordered him to lap his food out of the bowl like the pet he was. At his continued refusal, she had decreased the time between pulses, smiling maliciously as his body twitched and jerked. The sound of her laughter as he had lain on the floor of his pen, rolling and thrashing in the grip of unimaginable pain had echoed through his mind. Finally accepting Wulf was not going to obey, she called for two male handlers to assist her.

Jake cringed at the unpleasant memory of the men entering the larger staff entrance to his pen and being dragged out into the training yard by his ankles. Turning the plug off, the guard dog trainer had watched his body slump, his muscles still twitching occasionally as he recovered. The two handlers pulled him up onto his knees, chest up, and held his arms securely behind his back. Holding his chin in one hand, Sage had used three fingers to scoop up a glob of gruel and then stuffed it into his open mouth.

Too exhausted and overwhelmed to put up a fight, Jake had swallowed the now cold, unappetizing food. After he had been fed the entire contents of the dog bowl from her hand, he had licked her fingers clean without being prompted. Then, on Sage's command, he lapped the silver dog bowl until it was spotless after the handlers released him. Jake decided the unpleasant experience of being force fed was one he would avoid at all costs in the future.

“There is a standard set of commands all puppies trained at Mistress Kayla's compound follow and obey,” she continued speaking in a crisp no-nonsense tone. “The first and most basic command you will be given is 'Come'. When you hear this word, you will crawl on all fours quickly and eagerly to the handler or owner who issued the command.

“When a handler commands you to 'sit', you will place your ass on the ground with your thighs spread open wide. If you are not wearing legs ups, your legs are to be folded under your body. Make sure your ass and scrotum are resting flat on the ground.”

Pausing to observe the new puppy boy's pale face, she continued.

“Cloth sheaths used to cover your hands, lower arms and elbows are called arm bands. Arm bands are worn often by pups and have black plastic doggy 'paws' attached to them. In the sitting position, your front paws are to be placed on the ground between your legs, close to your thighs. A puppy boy never hides or tries to cover its cock and balls from the sight of its handler.”

“Assume the sitting position anytime a handler orders you to stop what you are doing but does not otherwise give you specific directions.”

Sage grinned at the look of shock flashing in the puppy boy's eyes before his face regained the neutral expression he had been working so hard to maintain. She loved the challenge of transforming arrogant, obstinate men into obedient, attentive puppy boys. Training the fierce, loyal guard dogs at Kayla's facility was exciting, giving her the opportunity to utilize her talent with crops, paddles and whips when the pups balked at some part of their planned daily routine. Having worked with other males like Wulf in the past few years, she knew he would need several punishment sessions before his training was done and the pup willingly accepted any and all commands given by a handler or owner.

Gazing up at the female trainer, Jake listened carefully to her spoken words. The look of deep concentration and purpose in her eyes further convinced him she meant what she said. If he was going to be in any shape to put an escape plan into action, he would have to obey the trainers and handlers at this compound and avoid earning any more 'discipline'.

“Come Wulf! Sit!” she spoke firmly, pulling an electronic device off her belt and punching in a code.

Jake crawled out of the pen, past a 3 foot tall, 2 foot wide steel gate that had swung open. Whimpering at the hellish ache in his hard, engorged shaft and large firm balls, he spread his thighs apart a bit wider still to allow his package room to dangle more freely. He sighed as the pain in his groin faded enough he could move forward more easily. Looking down at the awful mitts pulled over his hands and laced tightly to his wrists, he grunted in frustration. He hated not having full use of his hands and did not look forward to wearing the arm bands. He growled when she attached a 5 foot long leash to the collar around his neck.

Crawling awkwardly across the lush green grass of the training yard, he moved slowly towards the main kennel building. Jake followed at the left side but slightly behind the petite guard dog trainer, admiring her slender yet curvy body. Just the sight of her firm ass teased and tormented the formidable male monster protruding from his groin. His dick had not been small by any means, but after receiving three daily doses of that despicable woman's 'special' hormone, it was now over 11 inches long and noticeably

thicker.

He remembered the smug look on the trainer’s face his first evening as she had pushed a large pill through his lips to the back of his throat. Holding his mouth shut, she had left him no choice other than swallowing the offensive thing. He was sorry now, he thought, that he had not taken the opportunity to bite her. It would certainly have been a response in character for a real canine.

As they reached a side entrance to the kennel, he climbed up the shallow concrete steps. Following Sage down a short hallway, he winced. Pain flared through the oversized, swollen balls dangling between his legs, even from the slightest squeezing. Trying hard to keep his thighs spread as he walked, he found it hard to fathom the incredible level of arousal flowing through him. Never before had he felt such an intense, overpowering need for release. Taking a deep breath, he suddenly noticed the tantalizing, musky scent of the woman in front of him.

Noticing his reaction and the sound of Wulf’s sniffing, Sage asked, “Like that, do you pup?” Sage chuckled, stopping in front of the open doorway to a room. “Isn't it astonishing how well your sniffer works now? With a little practice, you'll be able to recognize individual handlers, pets, and owners as well as other animals and plants by their unique scents.”

“That special ability will come in handy when your training is complete and you are allowed to patrol the inner grounds of the compound without a handler present. You’ll be assigned to one of Kayla's permanent teams of guard dogs. Thor and Tygar are excited at the prospect of having a new puppy to break in and will see to it you behave and perform properly.”

Seeing the confused look in his eyes, she grinned. Tugging on his leash, Sage led the puppy boy into the grooming room. Pausing beside one of the low stainless steel tables, she nodded approvingly as Wulf stopped and looked around the room. A guard dog must always be alert and aware of everything going on around him. His careful appraisal of the room and its contents was a good indication he would be an excellent guard dog when fully trained. It was a very important trait in a guard dog and pleasing for Sage to see the new pup exhibiting the skill so soon in its training. Pointing to the table closest to them, she called out a command.

She lowered the table top just enough so Wulf would easily be able to climb onto it. “Up! Get up on the table, boy.”

Sage watched with growing excitement as her newest puppy boy looked from her to the table she had indicated. Transforming a strong-willed man into a ferocious, well-trained 'guard dog' was her favorite way to spend a work day. With two trained pairs of male pups patrolling their assigned areas of the compound and several other teams at various stages of preparation for active guard duty, she and her staff already had a full schedule, but she looked forward to the challenge of training Wulf.

This new pup would be perfect for Barb to learn more about training pups. Barb loved handling the large, muscled guard dogs too and had expressed interest in learning more about the actual training process. The small fact that the female security staff member had once gone to the police academy with Jake's deceased older brother would make the assignment so much sweeter.

Smiling at the male pup's grunt of discomfort as he climbed onto the grooming table, she used her crop to encourage him to move faster. A light tap on each buttock and between its legs sped the process and soon had Wulf nicely perched on all fours on the table top, tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, panting. Raising the table until the nude male pet’s body was at the perfect height for his grooming, the guard dog trainer smiled wickedly.

Sage, using her crop, indicated with additional taps to its inner thighs that the pup should slide its knees out wide. It was a quick process to then wrap leather straps at the bend of its knees and attach the straps to cleats on the edge of the table. Buckling leather cuffs around his wrists, she clipped the cuffs to rings on each side of the table. Running her hands up his thighs, over his bare ass and along his back to his tense shoulders, she tsked, sounding less than satisfied.

“Relax boy,” she chided. “Gretchen will be here any minute. You remember Gretchen, don't you? Captain Kelly used her paddle to warm your backside three days ago. You look really good to me with your ass all red, boy, you know?”

Seeing the puppy boy wince at the mention of being paddled, she moved to stand behind his perfectly presented ass and male package. Cupping his firm, swollen testicles in the palms of her hands, she used her thumbs and manicured nails to caress the tightly stretched, extra sensitive skin of his ball sack. His involuntary sigh of pleasure at the blissful, gently expert touches on his aching balls made her eyes sparkle.

Hearing a deep feminine laugh behind her, Sage let go of Wulf’s balls. She enjoyed his umph of pain as his heavy ball bag fell from her hands, swinging and bouncing between his thighs for a moment before it stopped moving. Swatting his left ass cheek hard with the palm of her hand, she turned to greet the

muscular blonde woman who had just entered the room.

“Perfect timing as usual Gretchen,” the head guard dog trainer spoke loudly. “Wulf is so ...excited about his first full grooming.”

Both women visually inspected the unhappy male bound to the table, noting his athletic, muscled body and spectacular dangling package. Using her pointer finger, Sage gathered several drops of pre-cum from the slit in the crown of his cock.

“You can't fool us, Wulf. That hard, throbbing puppy penis of yours is a clear indication you love every minute of being a puppy boy for us.”

Sage watched closely as her words registered in the pup's obviously troubled mind. His inner struggle between the humiliation and rage at being treated like a common pet, a dog, and the blistering sexual arousal raging through his altered body showed clearly to each of the experienced staff members at Kayla's ranch that had worked with or observed him. Exchanging glances with the brown eyed puppy groomer, Sage winked. It would be interesting to see how long their newest puppy boy could hold its temper while they put him through the grueling guard dog training program.

“I'll wait over here,” Sage spoke, pointing to a chair by the wall next to the door. “From this position I have a delightful view of his luscious ass. “

The guard dog trainer savored each and every sound of distress the male pup made as Gretchen applied the special lotion to remove Wulf’s body hair from the nose down to its toes. The kennel handler explained in simple but detailed words the milking process used to harvest a puppy boy's semen to produce Kayla's wonderful hair removal cream.

The mirror Gretchen had placed on a floor stand at the head of the table allowed Sage to savor the sight of his tight, clenched buttocks, large erect shaft and dangling bloated balls. But more enjoyably, she could see expressions of fear, anger, humiliation and lust cross his face. His loud puppy like yelp and whines of distress as Gretchen rubbed the lotion into the sensitive skin covering his cock and encasing his balls made her smile.

“These precious plums are ripe and ready to be milked, Sage. I bet this puppy boy will provide lots of high quality semen for Kayla's hair removal lotion.”

“They sure will Gretchen. For a newly altered male pup, his shaft has lengthened and thickened quite nicely already and his testicles are at least three times larger than before. At this rate, he should rival Beau's magnificent package by the time we are through perfecting his body.”

The two women chatted in a friendly, professional fashion as the kennel handler finished removing Jake's body hair, wiped the special lotion from his body with hot wash cloths, and used a disposable pre-pasted tooth brush to clean his teeth. He was relieved when the handler gently pulled the small plug out of his anus, glad to have the awful device out of his body, even as he sensed and then 'missed' it. He could still feel warm, distracting tingles all over his body from the cream that had been applied to his skin.

“Time for your enema, puppy,” Gretchen whispered loudly in his ear as she released his wrists and knees from the table cleats.

“Take a good look in the mirror, Wulf,” Sage commanded.

Jake hesitated, having already seen enough of his flushed, aroused body the few times he had happened to glance in the mirror while the kennel handler had used the 'special' lotion on his body. The idea of having his body hair removed using a cream made from mostly human male semen disgusted him. A sharp whack on his left ass cheek from Sage's crop made his hips jerk and turn his head to face her.

“If I have to repeat myself, puppy, you WILL get five more strokes of my crop.”

Jake quickly then turned his face to the mirror in front of him. Struggling to compose himself, he looked at his reflection, not willing to risk getting any more punishment. Unshed tears glimmered in his eyes, his face tight with distress. Determined not to show the two women how much this whole puppy thing grated on his nerves, he cleared his face of all emotion and turned his head again to stare at his handlers. Climbing off the table top after it was lowered, he waited quietly.

“That's better, boy,” the guard dog trainer chuckled complimenting the puppy on its show of control then nodded to the groomer to continue.

Sage walked over to stand a few feet from the floor sink, a stern look on her face. Watching the puppy boy struggle to master his revulsion at getting another enema sent shivers of anticipation through her. She then imagined how much fun it would be to feel his enlarged tongue licking her body, plunging it in and out of her slit. She knew when she trained the puppy to channel even half of that anger and rage into

useful passion and eagerness he would turn out to be one fine puppy boy.

Selecting a small, plastic wrapped silver anal plug from the wall cabinet next to her, she walked back over to the front of the grooming table. Visually inspecting the naked male pup on his hands and knees on the table, she glanced over to the kennel handler.

“Thanks for wiping Wulf’s ass and getting him back on the table Gretchen,” she spoke loudly, enjoying the puppy boy's growl at her words.

Locking gazes with the kennel handler, Sage ran her free hand over the pup's close cropped black head fur.

“Get the shaving gear prepared,” she grinned. “This stubble has got to go. Use regular shaving cream on our new pup for now, we may want to have him grow a lush coat of head fur later on.”

Jake turned his head slightly to glare at the guard dog trainer, annoyed by the straps and leash binding him to the table again. He was going to enjoy bringing that little bitch down when he got out of this mess. A sharp burst of pain shot through him as Sage slapped his sore rosy ass.

“Is that a happy look on your face, puppy boy?” Sage asked in a sweet amused tone, looking at the plastic wrapped package in her hand. “Poor boy, I think a larger butt plug will bring a smile to that sour face.”

The color draining from his flushed cheeks, Jake stared in horror as the petite woman went back to the wall cabinet, replaced the package she had chosen earlier and pulled out a slightly larger anal plug. Damn, he had to do a better job of hiding his anger if he was going to avoid being disciplined.

Clearing his mind, he relaxed his tense muscles and stared down at the table top. He sighed at the tingles of warmth spreading from the top of his head down to his shoulders. Savoring the feel of Gretchen's fingers rubbing and massaging his scalp as she worked the shaving cream into his hair, he was confused. The thought of getting pleasure out of being treated like a dog was unfamiliar and baffled him.

“What an excellent guard dog you'll turn out to be Wulf,” Sage spoke softly into his ear.

Her closeness as she whispered; the perplexingly strong female scent of her body and the soft, beguiling tone of her voice also created more unfamiliar but pleasant feelings in his mind.

Wrapping one hand around the pup's impressive length, she gently stroked its shaft. Starting at the root at its belly and moving down to its angry purple crown, she grinned at his involuntary moans of pleasure as she worked his hard erect cock like a musical instrument. Using her other hand, Sage gathered several drops of pre-cum on her fingertips. Holding her now wet hand in front of the puppy boy's face, she looked into his stunned eyes.

“Look at this pup,” she chuckled. “Your cock and balls are ready to play even if your mind isn't.”

The simple command of 'Lick' had the puppy, without conscious thought, extend its tongue to the offered finger tips and then the puppy continued licking Sage's fingers until she withdrew her hand with an approving smile. It made her feel very satisfied that this puppy was so quickly responding to her.

Sage noted the width and musculature of Wulf’s upper body as the groomer used a disposable razor to remove the unwanted hair from his head. Until his year was up and his final fate was decided by Mistress Kayla, this pup's grooming would include having his head shaved to keep it smooth and soft. She was not completely convinced Jake would be able to adapt to being a 'pet', but she was going to put him through the full training program that had been developed to produce the high-quality guard dogs Kayla's facility was famous for.

Glancing over to the grooming table, Sage was pleased to see the puppy boy's shiny bald head. Gauging from his body build, he would need a medium sized chest harness for now. After several months of working out in the gym, he would eventually need a large size. He already had a well-honed athletic musculature, but showed great promise for future development.

“Good boy, Wulf!” the guard dog trainer announced cheerfully, gently rubbing behind his ear. “Let's get your tail inserted and fit you out with a chest harness, arm bands and leg-ups.”

Jake stared at Sage as she un-wrapped the detested plug before holding it out for him to get a good look at it. Having had a smaller device in his ass for the last three days, he knew the anal plug was going to be uncomfortable. An 8” long, 1” thick black rubber 'dog' tail was attached to the flat end of the plug. With that thing lodged in his rectum, he really would look like a puppy.

Keeping his body still, he closed his eyes and waited for the inevitable. The domineering female trainer did not make idle threats; she always carried through with any promised reward or discipline. A sudden sharp pain startled him as Sage tapped his sore buttocks with her crop. Eyes popping open and tummy

muscles tightening, he yelped.

“Look in the mirror, puppy,” her cold stern voice rang out in the quiet room. “A guard dog is aware of what goes on around him, even if it is something unpleasant.”

His gaze locked on the mirror in front of him. He watched in horror as Sage lubed the rounded tip of the plug with some of the semen lotion. Remembering the warm tingles he had felt on his skin when the puppy groomer had used Kayla’s special cream to remove his body hair, Jake shivered. He wondered what it would feel like having a butt plug embedded in his barely stretched rear opening, the sensitive inner lining of his anal passage zinging with warmth from the lotion.

Sage spread Wulf’s ass cheeks apart with her free hand. Pressing the slippery tip of the plug to his clenched ring, she rubbed his lower back just above the crack of his ass.

“The more you resist, the harder this will be for you,” she continued. “Of course, it's quite entertaining for owners and staff to watch a fractious pup's antics.”

Jake took a deep calming breath, his body going still. He umphed as Sage reached under his spread legs from behind. A startled whimper of pain escaped his mouth as she grabbed him around the base of his ball sack. Pulling back on his balls, she pushed the anal plug forward, stretching his anal ring wider and wider. His body shook as the tight muscles of his anal ring suddenly slammed shut around the narrow base of the thick plug.

Relaxing her cruel grip on the puppy boy's balls, she tugged on the doggy tail extension poking out of his ass. Assured the plug was fully set, she swatted his pinkened buttocks and pulled a set of arm bands from a cabinet nearby. Sage moved closer to the front end of the table and released his right wrist.

“Give me your right paw, boy.” The petite blonde woman grinned as Wulf slowly raised his arm and held out his hand.

Loosening the laces securing the leather mittens to his hand, she pulled the mitt off. Sage massaged the puppy boy's hand and fingers. Squeezing a small amount of the compound's special lotion into her palm, she rubbed it onto his hands. Wiping the residue off with a warm cloth Gretchen had handed to her, the guard dog trainer examined the male pup's bare paw.

“The training mitts,” Sage spoke firmly as she pointed to the leather mitten lying on the table top, “are worn by new puppies to keep them from using their paws to relieve the pressure in their aching balls. Every drop of the enhanced semen produced by a puppy boy’s testicles is the property of Mistress Kayla, and only she decides when and how it is harvested.”

Jake looked at his hand then glanced down at the huge erect cock extending from his groin. He had been puzzled about the reason why the horrid mitts had been put on his hands before they locked him into a pen three days ago. By the end of his second day in isolation, he had been shocked by the increased size of his male package. He winced at the memory of his one and only attempt to masturbate since he had been reduced in status from a man to a dog. The prickly thorns were very effective in reminding pups that they were only allowed release when a handler or owner permitted.

“As you progress in your training, boy, you will not have to wear the thorny mitts during breaks between lessons or at night in the kennel pens. There are special mitts designed with no prickly points that pup's wear on their paws when being rewarded with the privilege of sleeping with a handler or their owner.”

Smiling at the prospect of being out of a blasted metal cage and allowed to see to the unending need for release in a pleasurable way, Jakes hips bucked, making his tail wag back and forth.

Wiping the grin off the puppy boy's face with two strokes of her crop on his ass cheeks, Sage chuckled. It had been several months since a puppy boy had been caught trying to fondle himself. She felt great pleasure when disciplining a disobedient male pup who broke the “no masturbation” rule.

“Listen carefully, puppy boy. You DO NOT want to be disciplined for playing with or touching your cock and balls without permission. We have a particularly frustrating and agonizing punishment for rowdy puppies that break this very important rule.”

A flash of anger flared briefly in the pup's eyes before he cleared his face of all expression. He had no doubt the stern, dominating guard dog trainer did enjoy punishing the males under her direction. From what he had seen so far during his short stay at the ranch, the resident staff and owners, as well as their guests, used the pups and ponies in any way they wished.

“Put your fingers together and slip your hand into the cloth sleeve. Wrap your hand around the dowel and make a fist,” she declared, holding the open end of an arm band out to him.

Sliding the tight cloth sleeve over his hand, Sage pulled it up to just above his elbow and snapped the

elastic firmly around his arm. She immediately encased his lower left arm in the other arm band. While Wulf was intently examining his arms and the black plastic paw pads attached to the cloth covering his fists, Sage quickly released his knees. Folding his lower legs up close to his muscular thighs, she placed custom designed knee pads under his knees and wrapped the straps of the leg-ups around his bent legs.

Jake put his hands down on the table. The sound of the plastic paws hitting the stainless steel surface brought a mild look of disgust to his face. Looking in the mirror, he cringed at the sight of his prominent package and bound legs. He looked up at the sound of a metal dog bowl being placed on the table in front of him.

“Go ahead, Wulf, drink all the water in your bowl,” Gretchen commanded as she unhooked his leash and gently caressed his smooth hairless shoulder.

“Puppy boys are given plenty of water so they can produce lots of semen to make Mistress Kayla's unique lotion,” the kennel handler added with a smirk.

A confused look on his face, he lowered his head and sniffed the clear fresh water in the bowl. Shaking his head at the dog-like behavior he had just exhibited, he sighed. Using his long tongue, the puppy boy lapped up the cool water. It's faintly pleasant scent and sweet taste filled his senses. Finishing the water, he licked the bowl clean without being prompted by the females working with him today.

“Good boy, Wulf,” Sage whispered in his ear.

Massaging his soft cheek, she held his chin in the palm of her hand. A gleam of anticipation sparkled in her eyes as she examined her newest trainee. The fire in his eyes showed a strong will and keen intelligence. The fact that he had been able to rein in his temper through most of the disturbing events of the last few days was a good sign. This new pup still had many harsh lessons to learn during his year of being a puppy. He would need all the grit and determination in him to adjust and thrive in the demanding training program set up to produce Kayla's guard dogs.

“The next command you will learn is 'Stay', “Sage addressed the naked male. “When you are ordered to stay, you will remain where you are and in the position your master or mistress has you in.”

Seeing a questioning look in his eyes, she elaborated on the lesson.

“If you are on all fours, crawling beside a handler when the command is given, stop where you are and assume a sitting position.”

Running her hands over his lower arms, she noted the placement of the puppy boy's arm bands and leg-ups. A properly outfitted male pup not only presented an enticing sight for his handler to enjoy, he had full range of movement when eagerly obeying any command given him. Nodding with approval, Sage moved over to a cabinet on the wall nearby and pulled a bundle of black leather straps out of a drawer. Standing in front of the pale faced puppy boy, she untied the string wrapped around the neatly folded chest harness.

“One last thing to do to complete your grooming, boy, all guard dogs wear a chest harness with a cock and ball binder.”

Jake's eyes widened, stunned at the sight of a set of black leather straps with a large shiny buckle and two smaller leather straps with an adjustable ring on the end of the shortest of the small straps. Before his muddled mind had registered the full implications of what he had seen, the devious mistress had lifted his left and right arms and slid the main part of the harness over his chest and buckled it tightly behind his back. Hearing a sharp click, he drew in a deep breath. The sound of the guard dog trainer’s no-nonsense voice got his full attention.

“Take a good look at yourself pup. I want you to watch closely as I attach the final piece of your harness.”

He was beginning to hate that blasted mirror. Dealing with the intricate details of being a puppy boy was hard enough, he wished he did not have to see the devices and bondage gear before the horrid things were put on or in his helpless body. It was difficult to keep still and suppress his anger at the treatment dealt him by the insidious handlers employed at Kayla's ranch without having mental images of his naked bound body flashing before him every time he closed his eyes.

A single stroke of the trainer’s crop on his inner thigh dragged him out of the depressing funk his mind had fallen into. Glaring into the mirror in front of him, he gasped at the sight of one and a half inch wide, black leather straps crisscrossed over his chest and attached to a wide leather belt buckled around his waist. Arching his back, he could feel the edges of a large, cold metal buckle biting into his back.

Jake turned his attention back to the mirror suddenly as the plug in his ass moved. Sage was threading the loose end of one of the half inch wide straps into an adjustable ring attached to the other smaller strap. He yelped as she opened the large ring and placed it under his testicles and around the root of his

shaft, snapping it shut with an audible click. Nestled snugly against his smooth hairless groin, the ring captured and presented his unbelievably aroused male package perfectly.

Waves of heated pleasure crashed through him as Sage pulled, tugged and stroked his hot, throbbing shaft and aching balls. He felt like he could explode any second now if she would just stroke the raging monster between his legs a few more times. His balls pulled up as tightly as they could with their newly enlarged size and weight dragging them down. Jake howled at the painful pressure in his tormented balls. A wild need for release roared through him, his thick engorged cock twitching and pulsing between his trembling thighs.

Sage moved her hands away from the panting, whimpering puppy boy's groin. Gently rubbing his lower back and tummy, she was pleased to see he was able to tamp down the anger she saw flashing in his eyes. Wulf was going to be a magnificent guard dog, maybe even a delectable partner in bed if he managed to survive puppy training and chose to stay on as a human staff member of the compound security team. She was going to talk to Kayla about bringing his final cock length up to 13 inches like Beau.

Even after his full year as a guard dog was up and he was given the antidote that allowed him to talk again as well as reducing his sex drive to a more normal range, he would always keep those hefty balls and large cock. If Barb decided to keep him on as a play mate, she would use his enhanced package often and enthusiastically. There was no better way to regulate a male's aggressive nature than taking his massive sexual needs in hand and keeping him well exercised.

“Everything will be okay, pup. You'll get some rest and recovery time before your vet exam this afternoon.”

Jake whined, his muscles bunching and flexing as the agonizing level of arousal eased enough to allow him to take a deep breath. Suddenly realizing what he looked like, he pulled his long tongue back into his mouth and growled. Attempting to hold his oversize tongue in his mouth, he grunted and let it hang out of his mouth again. He would have to save his energy for the bigger, more important battles if he was going to find a way to escape.

Sage chuckled at the look of hatred the puppy boy gave her. Knowing she, a petite female, had total power over the large arrogant male pups and rare athletic female puppies that were trained to be guard dogs at Kayla's compound filled her with joy. Seeing that the pup had calmed down a bit, she hooked a leash to the ring attached to a strap holding the crossed leather straps together at the center of his back, she could use a full range of tugs and pulls to command a puppy without damaging the valuable pets. Mistress Kayla had created a unique system of verbal commands, hand motions and leash movements to ensure the special puppies trained at this facility were obedient and physically unharmed.

Pressing a button on the base of the table with her foot, she pointed to a spot on the floor in front of her.

“Off!” Sage called out in a clear, firm tone. “Get off the table now, pup. When you are given the command 'off', you will get down from whatever piece of furniture or table you are resting on and assume a sitting position at the spot indicated by your handler.”

Catching a brief look of annoyance on his face, she slapped his left buttock with a paddle she had pulled off her equipment belt. The trembling male puppy stepped down off the adjustable table top and stood in front of her, a wary look in his eyes. Waving to the puppy groomer as she left the room, Sage tugged on Wulf’s leash twice to get his attention.

“There are several ways owners and handlers give commands to puppy boys and puppy bitches.”

Seeing that she had his full attention, she looked deep into his eyes and continued.

“So far, you have learned the verbal commands sit, come, up, stay and off. We will cover a couple of other verbal commands before your rest time.”

“I gave you two non-verbal commands a few minutes ago, Wulf. Do you remember them?”

Jake gathered his chaotic thoughts, focusing on what had happened in the last hour and ignored the nightmarish arousal bombarding every atom of his ultra-sensitive body. Thinking back, he recalled the trainer pointing to a specific area of the floor after she had ordered him to get off the table. Sitting up, he used his right paw to point to a spot on the floor.

“Good boy,” Sage grinned and rubbed his shoulder. “You are such a smart doggy.”

Silently noting his flush of humiliation and anger at being called a doggy, tingles of pleasure flowed through the guard dog trainer.

“When a handler points to a particular spot on the ground or floor and gives you a command to move, you will go immediately to the indicated location and wait in a sitting position. You may have noticed that

'assuming a sitting position' is one of the more common commands a puppy obeys. Puppies instantly assume a sitting position if their handler does not clearly specify otherwise."

She relished every stubborn, disobedient action or facial expression the fierce males exhibited. Unruly puppy boys were so much fun to work with. Disciplining pups who misbehaved always brightened her day.

"Settle, boy. Don't let your temper get you into trouble. The command to 'Settle' is used to tell you to calm down and relax."

Watching as Wulf struggled to hide his anger, Sage took note of how quickly the puppy boy's agitated body stilled to a slight tremble.

"That's it, pup," she spoke softly observing a fleeting look of acceptance in his eyes at her comforting words.

"Now that you've settled down a bit, think about what happened earlier. Have you figured out what the other non-verbal command was?"

Admiring the puppy boy's well-muscled build, she could envision what a superior guard dog he would be when fully developed and trained. A low whimper brought her gaze back to Wulf's face. Smiling at his awkward attempts to reach his paws to the leash hooked to his harness, she dropped the leash to the ground by his thighs.

"Show me. Use your paws to duplicate the command."

Jake stared at the annoying leash for a few minutes before he used his right hand to straighten it out. Looking up at the woman, he slowly and deliberately tugged on the leash twice with his 'paw'. Returning to a sitting position, he yipped. Blood rushed to his face, cheeks and shoulders at the purely dog-like sound that came out of his mouth.

"Excellent Wulf," she responded, a big smile spreading across her face.

"Yes, two tugs on your leash is a non-verbal command. This motion indicates an owner or handler wants your undivided attention."

Jake sighed, tired and frustrated by the humiliating 'lessons' he had learned so far.

"One tug means follow your handler, staying just behind him or her, walking on the handler's left side. The verbal command for this action is 'Heel'. An owner may use the hand motion of patting the outside of their left thigh as they call your name to give the same command."

The dazed look in his eyes reminded her this was his first full day of training and she had covered a lot of material with him already. Guard dog training was intense and concentrated compared to how the pleasure pups were taught. A male or female pup under her care was expected to be alert, strong and more aggressive than the average pet. This was the reason why guard dogs trained and prepared by the staff at Kayla's ranch were in high demand and sold at auction for unusually high prices.

She picked up his leash and tugged twice on it. The puppy boy raised his eyes to glance tiredly at her.

"It's been a rough morning for you, boy, hasn't it? Don't worry. You've earned a short rest in an outdoor dog run. We'll stop by the doggy park so you can do your business. Make sure you don't empty your bladder without permission. We have special punishments for pups that break the rules around here that match the individual mistakes a puppy can make."

Jake's shoulders slumped, his mind filled with conflicting thoughts and memories of the last few days.

"There is a self-filling water bowl in the run. Make sure you drink plenty of water so the vet will get a proper sample of your semen later this afternoon. A puppy boy is usually machine milked the first time his balls are drained."

The pup's whimper of distress made her palms tingle. Transforming a powerful man into a compliant, eager puppy boy that obeyed her every command made her pulse race with excitement. The guard dog trainer had no doubt her newest pup would soon be using his long tongue and enhanced puppy penis to cater to the desires of anyone holding his 'leash'.

"Having a handler or owner extract your cum by stroking your hard, pulsating shaft is a reward all good puppy boys and pony boys strive for."

Male pups and ponies close to the time for their full aching balls to be drained were wound up tight and willing to do whatever was required to earn a pleasurable release. Having their unique semen collected by a milking machine, while very effective, caused the over-aroused males just enough pain or discomfort to make them focus on obeying their handlers in an effort to avoid the hated machine any chance they

could.

Sage patted her left thigh, calling out in a loud voice, “Heel!”

“Aren't you looking forward to having a tube pushed into the slit in the crown of your cock head and slid down to the base of your shaft? Gretchen did a great job explaining all the detailed ways a male pup's precious seed is collected while she groomed you earlier just so you would have something to think about while you rest.”

Whistling a soft tune, she walked out of the grooming room followed closely on her left side by a tired and confused male pup.

Chapter 4: An Unbelievable Afternoon

Jake snapped to attention at the vaguely familiar sound of a woman's voice out in the hall. The two hour rest he had gotten in a dog run earlier had restored some of his flagging energy. At least the knee pads with the plastic paws and leather straps had been removed before he had been put into a dog pen. It had felt so nice to be able to stretch his legs out, relieving the dull ache in his knees and calves. The so called leg-ups did not cut off the circulation to his lower legs, but were uncomfortable to wear for more than a few hours at a time. The arm sleeves, although formfitting, were made of a slightly stretchy material that allowed him to move his fingers a little and flex his hands when needed.

Secured to an examination table while Dr. Schmidt measured his chest, arms, thighs, cock and b alls, his mind had wandered to thoughts of being free to ease the tortuous ache in his throbbing balls. The prick of a needle in his arm as the vet took a sample of his blood startled him back into awareness.

The vet palmed the pup’s scrotum in his large hands before picking up a tongue depressor. “Nice pair of balls you have there, boy, plump, firm, and ready to be milked.”

Humiliated by the vet's teasing words, the puppy boy lowered his head and sighed. Having a strange man holding his balls was not something he enjoyed. He was trying to go along with the 'puppy' training he had agreed to. The other option offered to him the day he and Blade had been discovered by Kayla's security team would not have allowed him to live a normal life. If he somehow managed to escape or survive being a puppy for a year, he had a remote chance at setting his life back on the right track.

“Open your mouth, pup. I need to look at your teeth,” Dr Schmidt commanded in a firm voice as he placed one hand under the male pup's chin.

Glaring at the athletic blonde man who held his chin in the palm of his hand, Jake snarled. A sharp slap on his ass by the vet made his body jerk. Pain flared from his sore buttocks. He hated having a man touch his naked body and fondle his package. The memory of squatting on the floor earlier and filling a jar with urine at the doctor's command flashed in his mind. He could still hear the laughter of the vet and the guard dog trainer as they observed his awkward movements and bright red cheeks. Female handlers were bad enough, but the idea of another man touching, teasing or commanding him to behave like a good dog filled him with frustration and fear.

He opened his mouth, his cheeks flushing as his unnaturally long tongue slid out the side of his mouth. A startled umph escaped him at the gentle touch of a woman's soft hand on his lower back. Savoring the warm tender caresses while the vet completed his examination of his teeth and tongue, the puppy boy whimpered.

Taking a deep breath, he inhaled the unseen woman's scent of wild flowers in a sun-drenched summer meadow. Something about her voice out in the hall earlier had seemed familiar. Unable to pull a clear memory connected to that voice from his befuddled mind, he shook his head.

“Just a couple more things to do, Wulf, and you are done for the day. Be a good boy and Barb will release your paws and lead you over to a larger exam table.”

With a quick pinch of the puppy boy's nipple, the vet grinned, then turned away to pull some items from a cabinet nearby.

Jake gasped, suddenly recalling the name and face of the woman. She had gone to the police academy with his older brother. Looking up into her warm brown eyes, he flinched as she un-strapped his wrists and knees. Attaching a leash to his temporary collar, the slender young woman in her late 20's winked and lowered the table. Damn, Barb was a seriously hot woman he had dreamed of dating when he had been a 'man'. Feeling a sudden stab of embarrassment, he thought it was totally unfair that she came back into his life now, seeing him being turned into a pet and when he had a full year of puppy training to get through.

“My. My! What a scrumptious body you have Jake,” she spoke softly into his ear.

Gently caressing his tummy and inner thighs, Barb smiled at the vision of the puppy boy's enticing cock and balls. She recalled the first time she had met him during a night out with some of her classmates at the academy. Jake had been visiting his older brother who attended the academy with her. Even at the tender age of 22, the younger man had impressed her with his athletic, muscular build and quirky sense of humor. Now, just barely two years later she saw him as improved.

Of course, she had also assessed him as a potential boyfriend, sex partner and marriage material, smiling at the memories. Remembering also how her several quick glances to his middle, below his belly, between his thighs to see signs of what could be a possible more than average cock only increased her interest in the young man and the possibilities of pairing with him. Now, before her, the naked proof so obvious to her own eyes did much to confirm for her what had before been only a hopeful guess.

Picking up a clipboard from the counter top behind her, she quickly scanned the information listed on his official pedigree papers, pleased to find that her friend's cock, 9 inches when originally measured had already grown to an even more impressive 11 inches. Her lips curling up into a mischievous grin, the female security guard looked into the wide hazel eyes of the naked male at her feet. Giving his leash two tugs, she bent down and patted his shoulder.

“Don't fret, boy. I'm going to enjoy being part of your training team. I’m sure your brother would approve and have wanted me to keep you out of trouble.”

“Come, Wulf,” Barb commanded, patting her left thigh and tugging once on the leash. “Your puppy name is 'Wulf' according to your papers and that is the name you will respond to from now on, not 'Jake'.”

Lowering his gaze, his cheeks flushed with embarrassment, the puppy boy meekly followed along behind the woman holding his leash. This horrible day seemed to go on forever and he wondered if it would ever end.

“Stop, Wulf.”

Jake stopped crawling at the sound of Barb's melodic voice. Assuming the standard sitting position he had so recently been taught, he waited quietly for the next command. Looking closely at the man in the white lab coat and the two beautiful women in the room with him, he sincerely hoped the majority of his trainers would be female. The idea of having a man command him to 'fetch' or to lick his cock and balls, or even just 'heel' filled him with dread. He liked men, but as pals or friends, not as someone to perform such actions and tricks for or with as he had already witnessed at Kayla’s ranch. He knew he could pretend training exercises with a female were just sensual games.

“Have you made your decision about working with Wulf as your first experience actually training a puppy boy Barb?” Sage asked with a knowing gleam in her eyes.

“Oh yes,” the attractive security officer nodded, her long platinum blonde ponytail swinging gracefully behind her. “I knew the first time I saw Jake and talked with him a few years ago there was something special about him. With Mistress Kayla's supplement improving his body, we are going to have fun teaching him not only how to guard and protect, but how to use his enhanced body to best serve a lady’s every carnal need.”

The puppy boy's shoulders slumped, his head lowered, eyes closed. An image of him on all fours sitting at Barb's feet, a doggy tail sticking out of his anus, hard cock and large balls prominently displayed between his wide spread thighs formed in his mind. A voice in his head screamed that he should be outraged at being treated this way. He was shocked to discover he was not as upset at the idea of being a puppy for the beautiful woman who had made his cock hard at just the thought of her name and the image of her in his mind ever since he had met her the first time two years ago. Was there more to Mistress Kayla's unique hormone than what he had been told or were his feelings for Barb that strong?

Sage took Wulf’s leash from Barb, tugging twice on the 5 foot strip of plain, but well worked black leather. Nodding her head to acknowledge the slender female security officer's quick grin and mock salute, the primary guard dog trainer pressed a half-dollar sized button on the base of the larger exam table with her right foot. When the table top had lowered to a height of 6 inches from the floor and stopped, she patted the shiny stainless steel surface.

“Up, Wulf! Climb up. Lay on your back with your arms and legs resting on top of the table. Don't let any part of your body dangle below the flat table top.”

Chuckling at the puppy boys awkward scrambling as he attempted to follow her command, she winked at the other woman in the room and raised the table height to give the vet perfect access to the pup's body.

“Our new pup could use some assistance getting in the proper position, Barb. Why don't you give him a hand?”

Jake gasped, his breathing ragged from his frantic efforts to align his arms, legs and head atop the 3 foot by 4 foot table top. He felt a deep need to please his mistress and follow the trainer's commands more than anything else, but did not fully know why or completely understand. Softly whispered words in his ear as she gently rubbed and patted his tightly clenched tummy muscles eased his distress.

“Shh…., boy settle down. I'm going to take good care of you and make sure you become the best guard dog ever trained here at Kayla's illustrious compound.”

The fearful expression faded from his eyes as a look of longing and trust shone brightly in his steady gaze at the beautiful blonde woman caressing his muscled abs. His tense muscles relaxed, his bound arms and legs resting limply on the table. The feel of her warm soft hands on his skin as she moved his unresisting limbs into the correct position and secured his wrists, upper arms, thighs, waist and chest to the exam table sent waves of heat flooding his over-stimulated body. He whined as the pressure in his swollen balls increased yet again, his arousal rising higher with every touch of her hands.

“Be a good boy and waggle that pretty penis for me Wulf. I can't wait to play with your cock and balls, they look delightfully scrumptious.”

Wulf found himself happy to comply, wanting to please his 'friend' Barb with such a simple move. He did his best, even restrained as he was, warmth growing in his belly as a slight smile on her face turned into a proud grin.

“Why wait, Barb,” Sage interjected with her own knowing grin. “Get acquainted with your new pup trainee, but don't let him cum. Dr. Schmidt will need to get a semen sample after he puts the puppy boy's bone bars in.”

Jake turned his head to the side, eyes widening at the chilling sight of a small rolling tray stand at the left side of the exam table. Two plastic wrapped gold bone bar shaped jewelry pieces with matching gold rings, several packets of antiseptic wipes kept in a small refrigerator under the counter until needed, and two wrapped, sanitized needles lay on the tray. He shivered. His pulse raced at the thought of having his sensitive nipples pierced and decorated at the whim of a woman who now owned his body and dictated his every move or activity for the next 12 months.

“As soon as the vet finishes your exam and milking, you will be unbound, groomed, and put in a kennel pen to rest for the evening.”

The guard dog trainer's clear, firm voice dragged his attention away from the instruments of 'torture' being prepared by the doctor. Barb's soft hands caressed his inner thighs and shaft, sending unbelievable tingles of pleasure from his groin to every nerve in his body. Fear of pain at having his male nubs pierced warred with unrelenting lust and the mounting need to have his steel hard, throbbing cock stroked to a thunderous orgasm. His formidable testicles ached, the nerve rich skin of his ball sack stretched tightly over a pair of firm balls filled with a copious load of hot, white semen.

Closing his eyes, Jake focused all his attention on the exquisite pleasure flowing through him under the tender care of Barb's warm hands. Her gentle kisses on his rippling abs, smooth groin and firm, swollen testicles sent wild, hot pleasure coursing through his trembling body. The feel of her hand lightly stroking his hard rigid shaft as she nibbled his balls was exquisite.

Pre-cum flowed from the slit in his cock head as she ran the tip of her tongue up his cock, starting at the root and working her way up to its angry purple crown. He howled, his body blazing with thunderous waves of heat. For her happiness and to please her, he felt now that he could withstand just about anything they might throw at him.

Sage looked on as the security officer rubbed, stroked and blew warm breaths on Wulf’s smooth hairless groin, legs and inner thighs. The pup’s body jerked as the vet tore open one of the sealed packets and used an icy wipe on the puppy boy's left nipple. When the male nub was cleaned and brought to full attention, Dr. Schmidt picked up his piercing tool from the tray with one latex gloved hand and placed a new sterilized needle into the tool with his other gloved hand. Bringing the instrument close to Wulf's nip, the vet held his hand steady as the needle suddenly penetrated the pup's rock hard nipple.

Taking his time, the doctor inserted one end of the dog bone shaped bar in the puppy boy's tormented nipple and screwed on the other half, locking it into place. Then, working quickly, but efficiently, he had

the other nipple pierced and adorned with a matching bone bar. Smiling at the pup's pale strained face, gritted teeth and whimpers of pleasure, Dr. Schmidt rubbed the trembling male's sweaty chest. He winked at the lovely security officer who had lovingly teased and touched the male pup to draw the pet's attention away from the painful piercing procedure. All pets at Kayla's ranch were conditioned to crave a dynamic mix of light to moderate pain and intense sensual pleasure.

Dr. Schmidt never tired of seeing the combination of pain mixed with pleasure he had just witnessed between this new puppy boy and its trainer. He could see also that involving Barb in the training of Wulf would produce outstanding results. He complimented the young lady on her adeptness at handling the new pet so well, knowing that both pets and their handlers could never receive enough praise for their work.

Barb was glad to return the compliment to the 'veterinarian', having formed a quick opinion that he was very good at his work and someone she could learn a lot from in the fine art of converting male animals into useful and in demand pets and guard dogs. Although the attractive blonde man was a fully accredited physician, he was often referred to as a veterinarian animal doctor when in the presence of the pets at the ranch as part of the training program.

The vet tugged on the bone bars to make sure they were placed properly then threaded the open ends of 1 inch in diameter gold rings through holes pre-drilled near each end of the 3 inch long bone bars in the male pup’s nipples. Giving each ring one last tug, the vet stepped away from the table, moving the rolling tray closer to the counter.

Rubbing the puppy boy's tummy as he lay on the table, tongue hanging out and breathing raggedly, Dr. Schmidt smiled. “Good Boy Wulf, you did great. All we need now is a sample of your semen.”

Gazing intently at her newest trainee, she approached the strapped down pet as the vet cleaned his piercing tool. Sage noted the dazed look in the pup’s eyes. This puppy boy had responded well to the sometimes brutal elements of guard dog training he had encountered so far and had the potential to be a marvelous guard dog. He would even turn out to be a tough human security officer if he behaved, after getting through his year with honor, and decided to stay on as a permanent member of the compound staff.

Releasing the straps around his waist and chest, she nodded to the female security officer standing at the foot of the table still fondly but slowly stroking the male pup's shaft.

“Barb, do you want to hang around and observe the puppy boy's first milking,” Sage asked as she quickly wrapped the fingers of both hands around the pup's full, swollen plums. She smiled then released his balls to begin unbuckling the remaining straps.

“I certainly would! It's quite impressive how large and firm a puppy boy's testicles get when it's close to time for them to be drained. Working with you to train this new guard dog promises to be an exciting adventure for me and this puppy, Sage. Since he was an excellent ice hockey player and naturally athletic, he should adapt to being a guard dog with no problem. ”

Jake shivered, locking gazes with the enticing woman in her military style security officer's uniform. He could still feel the incredible heat flashing through him from her warm hands, soft lips and wet tongue caressing the raging beast between his legs. His balls ached and throbbed, so full of cum that one firm stroke of Barb's hand would send him over the edge. A look of tender concern and heat in her eyes drove the blistering arousal roaring through him up another notch.

“One last command to learn today Wulf,” Sage's crisp voice broke through the fog of lust in his mind.

“If a handler orders you to 'roll over', you are finish in a position laying on your back with your knees spread wide, arms and legs flat on the floor or ground and elbows pointing away from your body. Hold this position until told otherwise.”

He lay still, face flushed, every intimate part of his body exposed to the sight a white coated man and two beautiful, but smirking women. Wulf’s already erect and slightly thicker shaft pulsed. More blood filled his shockingly altered male appendage, adding another quarter inch of length to his 11 inch cock. The vets amused tone as he had measured and recorded the additional length and girth of Jake's previously 9 inch long shaft flashed to the forefront of his mind.

A grunt of pain slipped past his open lips while he attempted to manage the vicious, thought numbing arousal exploding through every cell of his body. He sucked in a breath, holding it for a few moments. Barb ran her fingertip up the column of the imposing cock extending towards the ceiling from his tingling hairless groin. Stopping at the crest of its angry purple crown, she gathered several large drops of clear pre-cum that were slipping out of the slit and dripping down the side of his swaying erection.

The security officer snickered, holding out her hand to the good looking man who over saw the general health of all the pets and staff at the ranch.

“The guys in the video monitoring room are really enjoying the view of this pup's happy fella',” she grinned. “Do you need to save these drops of fluid for your sample, Doc?”

Handing Barb a wet wipe, Dr. Schmidt shook his head. “No, there is plenty of pre-cum left. I won't have any problems getting samples from this prime, high quality puppy.”

Ignoring the offered packet, Barb instead tasted young Wulf’s product for the first time. It sent a fresh tingle through her belly and pussy. To her delight, the pet excitedly licked her now clean finger when she offered it.

Using a small glass test tube, the blonde man gathered a sample of the thickening pre-cum dripping from the pup's cock head. He placed the sample on the counter. The vet picked up a camera from the tray, taking a series of pictures of Wulf’s prone body and well-displayed cock and balls.

“Wouldn't he be a spectacular show puppy in the guard dog trials next year, Sage? I'm going to recommend adding Wulf to the experimental program Kayla has Beau in. A 13 inch shaft, huge firm balls and a full coat of silky head fur added to a strenuous regimen of guard dog and show training will turn him into an exceptionally high quality puppy boy.”

The guard dog trainer pondered the vet's words, pleased to discover her male co-worker had come to the same conclusion she had. Kayla had a keen ability to select and acquire not only the finest young males and females to improve as pets; she employed the best trainers, handlers and general staff that could be found.

Pressing a button on the base of the exam table, Sage chuckled. “I couldn't agree with you more, doc. Let's see what Kayla thinks about the idea.”

When the table top lowered to within 1 foot of the floor, she pulled a riding crop off her equipment belt. Giving his outer thigh a couple of hard swats, she savored the puppy boy’s startled yelp of pain.

“Get up on all four paws; it's time to drain those full, plump balls of yours. The vet needs a nice sample of your semen to analyze and record in your medical chart.”

Jake groaned in distress, carefully rolling over on his side and getting on his hand and knees. His body ached, his muscles tense and sore from his first full day of being a 'puppy'. The ache of his swollen, throbbing balls and the pulsating blood-filled beast bobbing between his wide spread legs drove all rational thought out of his mind. Focused solely on easing the raging sexual need he felt, he ignored the horrid vet and the guard dog trainer, his thoughts filled with enticing images of making slow sweet love to Barb on a king-sized bed covered with cool clean cotton sheets.

“Open your eyes, boy,” Sage called out firmly. “Any time a handler places a mirror in front of your face during an exam or activity, you WILL look into it and observe carefully whatever they are doing to or with your body. Do you understand?”

His body jerked, a twinge of pain in the area of his cock head, bringing him back to attention. Looking into the awful mirror, the puppy boy was stunned to see the vet pushing the open end of a tube into the tiny slit in the crown of his shaft. He whimpered, struggling to clear his mind. Suddenly aware of having his wrists, knees and ankles strapped to the table again, the puppy boy shivered. Somehow, they had secured him to the table again while he had been day dreaming about fucking Barb. Looking at himself in the mirror that had been put on a rolling tray at the head of the exam table, he winced and closed his eyes.

Slapping the pup’s left buttock with her paddle, Sage tapped her foot with annoyance. “Did I say you could close your eyes, boy? You better get those eyes open right now, or I’ll give you five strokes of my paddle on each ass cheek.”

Wulf opened his eyes, looking dejectedly into the shiny silver surface. Nodding his head once, he woofed quietly. The ferocious arousal pounding through him faded for a moment. He stared into the mirror, watching as the vet continued to push a pencil thick, clear tube into the tiny slit of the bulbous crown of his dick. The sight and feel of the machines milking sleeve being slid over his shaft until it nestled against his groin sent tingles of pleasure and fear through him.

Dread filled him when the lab coated man opened a clamp used to hold the sleeve in place, wrapping it around the base of his shaft and behind his large dangling ball sack. An audible click rang loudly in his ears as it was locked securely. He wished he had paid more attention when Gretchen had explained the methods of extracting a puppy boy's semen.

Slowly, relentlessly, the tube was pushed deeply into his throbbing erection. The milking sleeve began to hum, his helpless dick unable to resist the soft, stroking, sucking sensation of the sleeve. If it hadn't been nearly impossible to bear when the tube was inserted, he might have felt some kind of pleasure having his tortured balls drained this way.

“Mistress Kayla’s special supplement can be a gift or a curse for a pet, depending on how well a puppy or pony behaves,” Dr Schmidt bent down and whispered in the male pup’s ear.

Jakes hips moved rapidly, back and forth, thrusting into the air with surprising speed and motion, as much as the restraining straps allowed. He moaned and whimpered, sexual torment and frustration overwhelming his newly enhanced body and rattled mind.

Barb stepped closer to the table, massaging his sweaty shoulders and petting his bald head. “Be good for the vet, boy, and learn your lessons quickly. As a reward for good behavior, I'll be glad to stroke your puppy penis until those overripe balls of yours empty their milky white treasure into a container.” After a pause she added. “If it strikes my fancy, I may even ride your cock for my pleasure and let you pump your load of semen into my hot wet pussy.”

Seeing a new look of lustful hope flickering behind the unmitigated desire for release in his eyes, she smiled. “Of course, you might be bound to a bondage bench or tied to my bed, flat on your back when I ride you. Puppy boys perform so much better when bound and teased until they yowl and pant in desperate need of release.”

Barbs past experiences with puppy boys included using several of the ranch’s playrooms and a selection of bondage equipment provided by Mistress Kayla for her staff and the guests who often stayed on at the compound. The male puppies she had chosen to play with during her year and a half as a security officer at the ranch had pleasured her well, but she had never felt the need to select a personal pet to focus all her energy on until now. Something about Wulf had always appealed to her and she was going to thoroughly enjoy training him and using his enhanced body to fulfill her every fantasy.

The already blistering pressure in his large, firm balls redoubled with every silken caress of the infernal soft strokes of the milking sleeve. Jakes hips bucked wildly, the raging beast jutting out from his groin throbbed as more blood filled it. The clear tube leading from the end of his dick flailed about in response to every movement of his thrusting and jerking cock and hips.

Clear pre-cum flowed down the tube from the pup's angry purple cock head to a container under the table. Barb continued to lightly rub and stroke Wulf’s tense shoulders as his body writhed, with only his bound arms, knees and ankles keeping him from falling off the table. She lost all sense of time, totally focused on the sensual beauty of the puppy boy's desperate efforts to climax.

The male pup lurched, his whole body jerking as his muscles tensed. A loud primitive yowl exploded from Wulf’s throat. With one more savage thrust of his pelvis, creamy seminal fluid erupted from his shaft, filling the 5 foot long tube from end to end. Running her fingertips gently over his pale cheeks and forehead, the female security officers eyes sparkled. A couple of minutes passed as Barb watched the puppy boy's thrusting hips slow down and stop. His agonized shaft stopped excreting the valuable, pasty jism, the tube's movement also settling down as the panting, exhausted male stilled.

Head hanging down from his shoulders, Jake gasped, drawing in deep breaths. Every muscle in his body twitched and shook as he recovered, slowly regaining strength after the cataclysmic orgasm that had just been ripped from his not totally willing body. Excruciating pleasure hummed through him, filling him with warmth and satisfaction. Looking in the mirror, Jake grimaced as he saw the vet unlock the clamp and begin to slide the milking sleeve off his now only semi-erect cock.

He yelped and howled as the collection tube slowly withdrew from his dick. The blissful warmth from his explosive orgasm faded, replaced by relentless pain. It had hurt to have the tube inserted down the length of his hard shaft, but the extraction of the tube after climax was hellish. He yowled and twisted about on the table top for the long, slow, drawn out seconds it took for the vet to pull the cum collecting excretion tube all the way out and then the sleeve to slide off his fully expended cock.

Sage arched an eyebrow, noting the exact time it had taken Wulf to reach climax. Kayla's hormone not only created a ferocious sexual arousal and physically enhanced a pet's body to please a demanding mistress or master, it somehow hindered a pet's ability to reach climax quickly. Pups and ponies often needed two hours of wild thrusting or intense sensual play when personally servicing their owners or handlers to reach orgasm. Machine milking usually lasted from 20 to 25 minutes. If a pet was extremely worked up, the time needed to peak could decrease to as little as 15 minutes.

“That was impressive Wulf,” his guard dog trainer announced loudly. “It only took you 15 minutes to pump a very nice load of milky white treasure into a container for us.”

The vet chuckled evilly. “We'll have to see how fast he recovers, Sage. The pup's spent cock and balls are pretty limp now, but if his enhanced manhood regains strength and his testicles fill back up quickly, he might be a contender for the 'Fastest Recovery' competition in the puppy trials at the Dog and Pony Show this year.”

Jake shuddered, the man's words chilling him to the bone. Although the orgasm had been spectacular, unlike anything he had ever experienced before, the pain and discomfort of having the tube inserted into

and extracted from his dick, added to the relentless teasing and sensual foreplay the staff inflicted upon the pups and ponies, he could do without.

As the last strap was released and the table lowered to the floor, he climbed carefully off the exam table. Whimpering, he looked pleadingly at the security officer. When she gave him the hand signals to 'come' and 'sit', pointing to a spot on the floor by her feet, Wulf eagerly obeyed. He was determined to listen to and obey his handlers from now on, no matter how awful the command might be. Even without yet experiencing it, Wulf knew that being hand milked by Barb was infinitely better than enduring the discomfort of the milking machine's shaft stroking and the insertion to the painful and uncomfortably devilish collection tube.

The vet took off his latex gloves, cleaning his tools and putting them away. Stepping close to the puppy boy, he smiled.

“Kiss, pup,” Dr. Schmidt commanded, holding out his hand palm down. “Lick the back of my hand and show me how happy you are I hooked you up to the milking machine and drained your balls. I’m really looking forward to playing with you in my free time. Aren't you excited about getting to lick and suck my cock, puppy? Swallowing a master's cum is an important part a good puppy's daily routine.”

With only a second's hesitation, Jake licked the back of the blonde, lab coated man's hand. Giving oral pleasure to a mistress was something he had no doubt he would enjoy doing, but the thought of having to use his tongue and mouth to pleasure another male turned his stomach.

After the vet pulled his hand away, Sage moved over to the male pup’s side and placed her hand under his chin. She lifted his face up to look into his wary eyes and grinned.

“It's been a long day for you Wulf. Barb is going to take you into a grooming room and assist Gretchen in getting your puppy gear off and cleaning you up. Then you will be put into a pen in the kennel for the night to rest for the evening. Your basic puppy training kicks into high gear tomorrow.”

Lowering his gaze when Sage released his chin, Jake sighed. He did not want to think about tomorrow's training and the further humiliation he was sure was in store for him. He was tired, exhausted from the lessons he had learned today and the stress of having his semen extracted like he was an animal. This was going to be a very long year of puppy training. Lost in thought, he tried to come to terms with the events of the last week, dazed by the speed at which his life had unraveled.

The distinct clicking sound of a leash being attached to the back of his chest harness startled him. His befuddled thoughts had distracted him so much; he did not even remember it being unhooked. Jerking his head up, Jake was stunned to see a look of genuine concern in the warm brown eyes of the security officer holding his accursed dog leash. Despite his utter exhaustion, some small part of him wanted to lash out at the trainers, vet and other people who had so enjoyed humiliating him the past few days.

In just a short period of time, he had come to understand clearly one very important fact. Although the 'pets' at Kayla’s ranch spent every minute of every day functioning as a puppy or a pony, they were not intentionally maimed or physically harmed in any permanent way. A pup or pony often had their limbs restrained or bound to a bondage device at the whim of a master or handler directing them anytime day or night. He had watched carefully and intently from the open outer section of the isolation pen the first three days of his 'new life'.

It had been obvious most of the pets housed here were content to be puppies or ponies, reveling in the sensual haze of Kayla’s special hormone and her unique training methods. Some had even shown heightened excitement in their shining eyes and enhanced bodies when a handler had bound and disciplined them with a paddle or crop.

Jake sighed, lowering his head to stare at the floor, concerned he would be unable to play along and obey the trainers, owners or handlers without losing his sense of self and pride in being a strong capable man. Two tugs on the leash abruptly interrupted his train of thought. He turned his head to look up at the beautiful woman beside him.

Barbs gentle voice soothed him, easing his distress. “It's just you and I now, Wulf. Sage and Dr. Schmidt had other things that needed their attention.”

As she paused a moment, Jake looked around the room to discover the two of them were indeed alone. Nuzzling her leg, he whimpered, craving more of the gentleness he could sense behind her tough 'cop' persona. Licking the back of the hand she held out to him, he raised desperate eyes to the woman who had appealed to him ever since their first meeting years ago.

Pulling her hand back she knelt in front of the puppy boy, grasping his chin and rubbing his cheek with her thumb.

“Oh Wulf, I know this is hard for you to deal with. It's not very likely you’ll ever be 'happy' to be a guard

dog, but I do know you are smart enough and strong enough to do what you have to get through the coming year and be okay.”

The puppy boy shuddered, suddenly realizing just how long a year could seem to be when enduring the daily activities and humiliating lessons that awaited him. These past few days were just the beginning of a harsh life lesson his own reckless actions had earned him. When this was over, he would think things through better before jumping into any situation.

Seeing the dejected look on his face, Barb kissed his forehead, inhaling his unique smell of man and leather. Looking deeply into his troubled eyes, she reached a startling decision. Seeing and handling guard dogs, pleasure pups and pony boys had amused her in the past, providing entertainment or sexual release without feeling any personal connection to the pet servicing her. Wulf, on the other hand, was special to her and she would do whatever she could to help him make it through the next year whole, pride unbroken.

“Here's what we're going to do, pup. Trust that I will always watch over you the best I can. Do what the trainers tell you to. It's not going to be easy, but I know you can do whatever is asked of you, no matter how humiliating it seems. When the year is up, Kayla promised to have a better option for you and she is a woman who keeps her word.”

Jake woofed softly, pushing his fears and worries to the back of his mind. If he could avoid unnecessary pain or punishment by cooperating and Barb would be there to sooth him in distressing situations, he knew it was possible the year would pass quickly and he would survive as a whole man.

With one tug on the puppy boy’s leash, the security officer strolled out of the exam room, followed closely by a tired and subdued male pup. Walking slowly down the hall, she led Wulf into a clean, well-lit grooming room. Waving to a muscular female kennel handler in her late 20's, she lowered a table top to allow the pup to climb clumsily up onto the flat silver surface. Barb raised the table to the proper height, fondly continuing her comforting of the male pet by petting the pup's shoulder and cheek.

Gretchen moved a rolling tray over to the trembling puppy boy. Strapping the male to the table top quickly, she angled her head, a bemused expression on her face. Running the tips of her fingers over the soft skin of his inner thighs, she chuckled when the pup's limp cock and deflated balls swayed and bumped her questing hand.

Stroking his shaft, she looked over at the woman who had removed Wulf’s leash and was now rubbing his lower back comfortingly. A wicked gleam shone in the blonde kennel groomer's stern gaze. It was going to be so much fun to counter each gentle action of the security officer with an equally distressing one of her own. The intimate connection between Barb and the new puppy boy was obvious; as was the clear indication the ex-cop would not be well suited as a submissive puppy boy. She looked forward to administering some of the punishments he would end up earning.

Weighing the sagging ball bag exposed so clearly between the male pup's spread legs with one hand, she slapped his right ass cheek with her free hand. Listening with pleasure to the puppy boys startled yelp, she arched her brow. Winking at Barb, the kennel groomer pinched his hard nipples, tugging hard on the rings dangling from the male's man nubs. His howl of pain brought a smile to her face. Being newly pierced, the tender nipples would still be quite sore.

“What's wrong, boy,” she spoke. “Still feeling the pangs of pleasure from having your former supervisor caress those sweet cheeks of yours with my borrowed paddle?”

Jake stared at the groomer's malicious brown eyes before turning his head to glance at Barb. The security officer's encouraging expression contrasted starkly with the other woman's cruel words. He had not thought brown eyes, which were usually warm and inviting, could be so cold. Sensing she was waiting for a response to her sweetly spoken, yet biting words, he woofed.

“Good boy Wulf. You're smarter than I thought you were. Now, be still while we groom you.”

Perched on the table, Jake's thoughts were filled with chaotic images and fragmented memories of the events of the past few days. Tired from the traumatic experience of being hooked up to a machine to 'collect' his semen, added to the series of shocking things that had occurred at the ranch, his mind refused to comprehend and accept what had happened to him.

Barb felt the puppy boy’s body begin to shake. Putting the warm, damp cloth she had been using to wipe the remaining semen lotion off his shoulders and chest, she moved closer to his face. Seeing the panic in his wide eyes, she reached under him to gently stroke his taut, muscled tummy.

“Snap out of it, Wulf. We're almost done,” she whispered, picking up a fresh cloth.

Jake sighed, focusing all his thoughts on the feel of Barb's soft hands and the warmth of the cloth on his sensitive skin. Pushing everything else to the back of his mind, he relaxed and enjoyed the soothing

massage the two women were giving him.

Gretchen’s deep, European accented voice interrupted his thoughts. “All done puppy boy, give me your right paw and I’ll take off the arm band.”

Quietly obeying the handler, Jake soon had both hands released and free of the cloth sleeves. He was beginning to understand just how brilliant Kayla's training program was. Head aching from trying to put everything in perspective, he shrugged his shoulders. Maybe after a good night’s sleep, it would make more sense.

“Hand me your paw, boy,” Barb spoke as she pointed to his right hand. “I need to put mittens on your paws.”

Seeing an expression of sadness in his tired eyes, she stroked his bald head. “I know you don't like to wear the thorny mittens. When you progress enough in your training, you can wear soft leather covered ones instead.”

Barb smiled as Wulf picked up his arm and held it out to her. Slipping the training mitten onto his hand, she laced it tight and locked it in place. Once the other paw was covered and locked, she hooked his leash to the back of his chest harness. Lowering the table, the security officer made the hand motions for 'come' and 'sit'. Pointing to a spot on the floor beside the table, she watched as a tired, but obedient male pup climbed down to the floor and sat quietly, tongue hanging out the side of his mouth.

“Thanks for everything, Gretchen. I'll meet you at Wulf’s pen in the kennel in the morning. He has a full day ahead of him tomorrow.”

Jake woofed softly, nudging Barbs leg with his right paw. Whining and pointing to his cock with his right paw, the puppy boy looked into the beautiful young woman's eyes pleadingly.

Barb laughed, waving to Gretchen before the handler exited the room to tend to the other puppies scheduled for grooming.

“Come on, boy. I'll lead you to the puppy park so you can visit your favorite tree. Then it's off to your assigned pen in the kennel for the night. Thor and Tygar are looking forward to showing you the ropes.”

Aarrffing once to acknowledge he understood, Jake crawled slowly out of the door to the grooming room. Staying slightly behind and to the left of his trainer, he longed for the peace and solitude of his pen. This had been the longest day of his life and he really needed to rest up for tomorrow.

Chapter 5: Some Lessons Learned

Jake crawled over to the front of his pen in the kennel, his body naked except for the training collar. The puppy boy lowered his head to lap up warm mush from a dog bowl his personal trainer had slid in through the small rectangular, floor level slot located by the pen door several minutes earlier. He was feeling better after a good night's sleep and emptying his bladder. The puppy boy savored the sweet taste of the creamy oatmeal-like substance he had been given each morning. He finished his breakfast, licking the bowl until it was shiny and clean. Glancing up at the woman standing outside his pen holding a long leather leash, he woofed.

“Good boy, Wulf,” Barb spoke in a firm but quiet voice. “You didn't get any of your food on the floor this time.”

Moving over to a self-filling water bowl in the other side of the dog gate to the pen, he greedily lapped up mouthfuls of clear fresh water, swallowing the refreshing liquid eagerly. Embarrassed at the snickers of his trainer as he made loud slurping noises in his attempt to quench his thirst, he licked the remaining droplets of water off his chin and lips with his long tongue awkwardly.

“You’ll get better at drinking water like a puppy, boy. It just takes more practice to master that particular skill.”

The past week had been full of surprises, an unexpected delight and lots of unwelcome new things to learn. Being a puppy boy had made him appreciate the freedoms he had taken for granted before being collared. A man can get a drink of water whenever he wants. While a pet gets plenty of water during the

day, unless the pet is in his or her pen, puppies and ponies get water only when an owner or handler decides.

A low growl from the pen to his left caught his attention. Tygar sat on his side of the steel fencing separating the two pens, head cocked, thick straight blonde hair falling over one shoulder and half-way down his back. Hoping to avoid the intense blue-eyed gaze of the intimidating male, Jake turned away to face the pen to the right of his. The guard dog lying on his side in other pen rose up on all fours and crawled over to the steel fencing barrier between the two cages. Thor's green eyes sparkled with mischief. Of the two men who would be his partners and mentors for the next year, this guard dog was a bit more playful than Tygar.

Barb opened the puppy gate to Thor's pen, giving the hand signal for come. When the pup crawled out of his pen and made his way over to the spot on the floor she pointed to, she chuckled. He woofed several times, tongue hanging out of his mouth. Running her hand through his long silky head fur, she pinched his right nipple. The exuberant male pup wiggled with excitement, his hair swinging about his face and shoulders.

The Security officer smiled. “Okay pup, sit still and I'll get the other two puppies out. We're meeting Mistress Kayla in the kennel yard this morning.”

Once Thor and Wulf were out of their pens, she hooked a leash to the new puppy boy's training collar. The two fully trained guard dogs were not leashed, following her orders with no hesitation as they had been taught by Sage.

“Heel, boys,” Barb commanded, patting her left thigh with her hand.

She walked down the hallway, grinning at Tygar's low growl. Pausing, she turned her head to see Tygar on her left, now in the lead, followed by Thor. Wulf moved along with a little difficulty on her right side, still feeling the aftershocks of the much needed relief of his overwhelmed cock and balls. This team of permanent guard dogs had been her preferred choice when she patrolled, but with Wulf added, her daily security duties would not be boring. The blonde haired pup was definitely the dominant male in the group, but it was unclear what position Wulf would hold when his training was complete. While he was not as domineering as Tygar, he was definitely more aggressive than Thor.

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Bright sunshine and clear skies awaited Jake when he crawled out one of the kennel's side doors. Groups of trainers with puppies, most of the pets leashed and fully outfitted, were scattered about the outer fenced-in grounds of the kennel. He glanced briefly at Tygar and Thor's backsides as they pranced over to greet Kayla. The dominant guard dog’s tightly braided hair fell down his back like a thick golden rope, unlike Thor’s wavy black hair pulled into a pony tail high on the other guard dogs head.

Black rubber tails extending from plugs in their ass holes wagged back and forth with each movement of their taut muscular buttocks. Large cocks and swollen balls swung about between their wide spread legs. The plug in his own anus shifted, rubbing his prostate gland. He had discovered trying to crawl on all fours gracefully with your back legs spread open to show off your male package did not come naturally to a new puppy boy. This skill was one of many that took time and practice to master early in puppy training.

Tygar's deep bark jerked him back to attention. Looking across the training yard, he stopped and stared at Kayla petting the two guard dogs. She stood next to an attractive woman in her early 40's dressed in a form-fitting black leather dress that reached half-way down to her knees. Jake was floored by the contrast between Kayla's golden beauty and the other woman's shiny sable hair and leather outfit. Each woman wore a black leather ‘tool’ belt from which hung several pouches filled with items he could not identify from this distance, a paddle, a crop, a light whip and a hand held electronic device.

During his stay so far, he had come to recognize and dread seeing the standard equipment belt worn by trainers, handlers, guests and owners at this facility. A sharp stinging in his right ass cheek startled him, making him jerk his head up to look at his trainer.

“That's enough standing around for now, boy,” Barb spoke as she put her riding crop back on her belt. “We can't keep Mistress Kayla and Mistress Zimra waiting, now can we?”

Jake woofed and began crawling forward. The pear-shaped pendants hanging from his bone bar rings

swayed with every step he took. Although they only weighed three ounces each, the annoying body jewelry Gretchen had hooked onto his nipple rings after his quick grooming this morning pulled on his tender man nubs. The soreness in his nipples had faded as they had healed, but something in Mistress Kayla's unique hormone had made them extra sensitive. Each touch, pinch or tug, sent waves of sensation throughout his body. It felt like there was a direct connection between his nipples, cock, balls and anus. Even pain from the swat of a handler's paddle sent heat coursing through every part of him.

He was glad his legs were free of the binding straps that Tygar and Thor wore today, wondering why he had not been required to wear them. Stopping again, he whimpered, sitting down on the grass and looking at Barb. When she turned to see what was wrong, he used his left paw to point to the other two guard dogs and then to his own legs. Arrffing in puzzlement, he cocked his head.

“Poor puppy,” she said quietly. “I know you're confused, but don't worry about anything. Tygar and Thor are going out on patrol with me this morning. Mistress Kayla is taking you with her while she does her weekly inspection of the kennels and stables.”

Seeing he was still not sure of what she meant, the security officer bent down and cupped his chin. “Arm bands can be worn safely by a puppy boy or girl for long periods of time, but leg-ups can only be worn for a few hours before they have to be removed. Wearing them any longer could harm the puppy.”

Sighing with relief, Jake licked the top of her hand as she released his chin and held her hand out in front of him, palm down.

“Be a good boy for Mistress Kayla, Wulf. I don't want to hear any bad reports on your behavior. If you’re obedient, I may bring you back to my room again when it's time to milk you again soon. Didn't you enjoy the last time I brought you to my room and played with you?”

Happily woofing in agreement, Jake recalled, in great detail, the hours he had spent in Barb's room on the second floor above the stables. He had licked, sucked and savored every inch of her delectable body, not always with a command needed. Although he had not been allowed to put his cock into her luscious cunt, she had hand milked him after he had given her several wonderful orgasms. Even the insertion of a shorter collection tube had not detracted from the glorious feel of her warm, strong hands stroking his angry engorged cock until it erupted, his bloated overfilled balls filling a collection container near the bed. Barb's sweet voice caught his attention, dragging him out of a very pleasant memory.

“Come on boy, time to get moving.”

Feeling one tug on his leash, he crawled after his trainer. He was so glad Sage had selected Barb to be his primary handler. The head guard dog trainer took part in the training of all guard dogs at the ranch, monitoring each pet's progress to make sure every aspect of the training program was seen to.

Sage had told him early on that she was going to be taking an active role in his transformation from a simple human male to a talented, accomplished guard dog. He was a little nervous about having the petite intimidating woman taking such a major part in his own training, however. Her punishments were painful and swiftly given when a pet disobeyed or required correction. He had learned the hard way that any hesitation to obey a trainer’s order earned a puppy boy an immediate paddling or worse punishment.

“Stay, Wulf!” Barb called out loudly as they reached the area Kayla and her group waited.

Jake stopped moving, waiting on all fours to see what would be expected of him next. Looking around, he saw that he was within arm’s reach of the mistress of the compound. Sage stood a few feet away from the mistresses, holding the leashes of Taichi and Kenichi. His trainer dropped his leash, walking up to the other two guard dogs.

Turning around, Barb crossed her arms under her breasts, smiling at a comment from the dark haired mistress. Giving Wulf a good look, she inclined her head.

“He is indeed naturally talented with his puppy tongue, Zimra. I'm looking forward to having his puppy penis inside me when his training has progressed enough and he has earned the reward of being allowed to empty his load inside a mistress. He might be tied up or bound to something of course. A mistress is dominant in every situation,” she continued with an affectionate glance to her pet trainee.

Barb's words exploded in his weary mind. He was going to get to fuck Barb? The mere thought of that reward was almost enough to make him want to willingly, even enthusiastically go along with the puppy training, no matter how humiliating it could be. The ache in his balls and throb of his steel hard shaft reminded him the time for his next milking was not far away.

Even though he had been machine milked yesterday morning, Kayla’s special supplement made sure a male puppy or pony was able to get an erection and see to any need a handler might have within just four hours of release. One day after being emptied, a male’s testicles were semi full again, achieving the ranch standard size and firmness quickly with the assistance of eager trainers and owners.

Jake cringed at the memory of the first time his balls had been emptied using the uncomfortable yet effective mechanical device utilized at the compound to collect every drop of male semen from the male pets. The first few times a puppy boy was machine milked, his cock was unusually sore afterward. Barb had assured him all male pups and ponies became accustomed to the discomfort of the milking device for the most part, but strove for obedience to avoid the machine.

Looking down, he noticed several drops of pre-cum leaking from the head of his cock. He still could not believe his dick was now so much larger and a little thicker. He watched as a woman's hand moved down to gather up some of the clear fluid dripping from his cock.

“My, my Wulf,” Kayla's husky voice filled his ears. “What have we here? Are you excited about being a puppy boy?”

Jake cringed, his pink cheeks and trembling body showing everyone nearby how distressed her words made him feel. Hanging his head, he took some deep breaths and tried to calm down.

Holding her hand out to the brown furred puppy boy sitting by her side, Kayla spoke loud enough for Wulf to hear clearly.

“Here you are Beau, lick my fingers clean. When you're done, why don't you go over and greet Wulf properly and thank him for his sweet nectar.”

Shaking with dismay, Jake watched as the happy excited puppy boy eagerly pranced over to where he waited. He knew what 'greeting' meant in puppy terms. His mind still reeled from the memory of being introduced to the two male pups he was teamed up with for training his first night in the doggy park. He had been ordered to stand on all fours with his back legs spread. Each large male had taken a turn sniffing his neck, chest, tummy and package.

Then they had licked his cock and bounced his balls around with their long tongues. It had been explained that this was how a puppy 'greeted' other pets when commanded to do so. He had been ordered to greet each of the male pups in return. Afterward, he had sniffed about and found his 'favorite' bush or tree to do his business at. Barb had held his leash tightly as he awkwardly positioned himself balanced on only one rear leg and two front paws and urinated on the tree he had finally selected.

The feel of a wet tongue licking the column of his painfully hard shaft made him whimper. Heat and pleasure flowed through him. His body shuddered and shook as his arousal grew hotter and more urgent. His tongue lolled out the side of his mouth when Beau began to lap his hard aching balls. A howl of distress escaped him, he felt like he could cum at any minute.

“Stop, Beau!” Kayla called out. “Let Wulf cool off for a few moments and he’ll greet you.”

Gasping for breath, Jake's head hung down, muscles twitching and jerking. He had been so close, so close to cumming. Damn, how much of this could he withstand? Before arriving here, he had never imagined a man could be so aroused and not be able to cum. After a few minutes, his breathing evened out and he raised his head to look pleadingly at Mistress Kayla.

“Go ahead, Wulf, greet Beau like you’ve been taught to. Make sure to wag your tail while you do it, just like the good puppy boy you are. Show me how well you have learned.”

Turning towards Beau's back side, Jake slowly inched close to the puppy boy. Sniffing his crotch first, he moved around and sniffed his neck and upper body before taking a deep whiff of his tummy and groin. The tap of a crop on his ass made him yelp in surprise. He immediately positioned himself behind Beau's ass, whining for a moment. Extending his tongue, he licked the brown-haired male’s cock, up and down. Catching a few drops of Beau's pre-cum on his tongue, he swallowed the tasty clear fluid. It still astounded him how flavorful a puppy boy's pre-cum was. He hoped it was not addictive. No way in hell was he going to spend the rest of his life craving the taste of another man's cum.

Moving on to the large ball bag dangling in front of his face, he wrapped his long tongue around the sack, then commenced lapping the sensitive skin tightly stretched around the full hard plums nestled inside. He felt his own cock jerk and swing between his legs, the weights on his nipples bouncing and pulling on his tormented male nubs. Clenching the muscles of his anal passage, he wagged his tail as ordered.

Barb's clear sweet voice interrupted his concentration. “Our new puppy boy really loves greeting other pups, doesn't he Kayla? Look how his hard cock is pulsing with excitement.”

Jake shuddered under the gaze of the three women, humiliated by their laughter and joy at seeing him lick another man's privates. His own hard shaft throbbed as if what they commanded him to do was what made him feel even more in need of relief. He tuned out their voices just enough so he could lick Beau's balls without throwing up.

But Barb's words still broke through and he heard her say, “That's enough for Beau, Wulf. Since you enjoy

'greeting' puppy boys, go over and say hello to Tygar and Thor before I take them out on patrol. Remember your reward if you obey and do what you are told.”

Barb's words stung, but he crawled over to Tygar, who was on all fours a few feet away. Lowering his head, Jake ‘greeted’ the dominant pup. After a few minutes, he stopped and turned to the other guard dog. He licked and sniffed Thor's package, cringing at the sounds of pleasure the larger male made. Feeling a rewarding soft hand petting his shoulder, he stepped back from the male pup in front of him.

“Good boy, you did a fine job on your team mates. Make sure you greet them each morning and evening the same way. I'll see you later. Come Tygar. Come Thor. We're patrolling the cottages and support complex this morning.”

Barb turned and strode away, followed closely by the two burly guard dogs.

The stunning blonde mistress who owned and operated this unusual pet training facility carefully examined the collared, leashed male sitting at her feet. His nude body with its chest straps and pierced nipples was a sight to behold. Although Wulf was only in the early stages of puppy training, his buff, well-muscled physique and bright intelligent eyes showed great promise. Kayla was confident he would turn out to be one of the best guard dogs ever created by the ranch's top-notch staff and innovative training programs.

“Max has moved on to the next set of obstacles,” Kayla looked towards her friend, a wicked grin on her full luscious lips. “It’s time to send Beau back to continue his show training.’

“Beau, go over to Master Ed. Maintain show position as you go over and do a good job on the rest of this morning’s lessons.”

Jake sighed, a flush spreading across his cheeks when Beau stopped beside him, raised his paw to his shoulder, then nuzzled his neck affectionately. Looking onto the young man’s face when he pulled away, he was surprised to see friendship and gratitude in Beau’s warm brown eyes. Shaking his head in confusion, his gaze followed the departing puppy boy when he turned around and moved off towards the obstacle course. Intelligence, sincerity and contentment had shone brightly in Beau’s eyes, contrary to the expected horror and fear he usually saw in the faces of missing persons who had been returned to their families.

Kayla inclined her head, savoring the view of her pup’s sweet ass and large dangling package as he pranced away from her. He always responded perfectly to her commands, sometimes sensing her deepest needs before she herself realized what she exactly needed. In private, her spoiled pet was allowed a degree of freedom in how he showed his affection for his mistress. Her sweet puppy boy had a caring heart that often reached out to sooth or comfort other pets who needed encouragement.

“Let's move a bit closer so we can get a better view of our sweet pups in action. It’s always fun to watch Ed training our puppy boys for the show.”

Zimra laughed, tossing her long black hair over her shoulder. “My pleasure, Kayla, I never tire of watching Max and Beau at work or at rest.”

Jake began scanning the kennel yard, noting several groups of handlers with puppy boys and puppy girls going through a variety of training exercises. A slender Asian woman had two stocky male pups on leashes, running them through a series of movements and commands over and over. Each misstep or hesitation earned the pups a swat of her paddle on their taut ass cheeks.

He watched as the beautiful young woman in a tight black leather mini skirt and jade green bustier commanded a large black man and a muscular half Asian male, both men wearing only chest straps, collars and doggy tails, sent the blood racing back into his semi-erect cock that had relaxed a bit. If anyone had told him a month ago he would be witnessing such strange sights and be turned on by it, he would have laughed at the absurdity of the idea.

Feeling a tug on his leash, Jake umphed, got on all fours and crawled along behind the mistresses. Passing the oriental woman and two guard dog trainees, he stumbled as his owner came to a sudden stop. “How are Mamoru and Kong doing in their training, Sakura?” Kayla called out to the female handler. “I haven't gotten a report on their progress for this week.”

The young woman tugged on a curly, black pony tail high on the back of the Asian male's head. “The report will be on your desk this evening. Mamoru needs a little work on his oral skills, but is coming along fine otherwise.”

“Kong must be having a grand time helping his partner learn how to use his enhanced tongue better,” Zimra added with an evil laugh from her place several feet away.

“Indeed he does, Mistress. We usually draw quite an audience when Mamoru licks and sucks his partner's

nipples, cock and balls. Kong's ebony black skin tone is a wonderful contrast to Mamoru's golden flesh. The puppy boy's master has been enjoying the videos of his pets-in-training, especially the one's showing those chosen to become guard dogs as well as stars in his unique movies."

"Bring Mamoru and Kong over to Mistress Zimra, Sakura," Kayla requested. "I have some fun things planned for my new guard dog today. The movie tonight will be quite exciting."

Both women laughed at the disgusted look on Wulf's face. Recalling last night's viewing of the video of one of this guard dog team's practice sessions, Kayla chuckled. Mr. Takahashi had requested that the pets he had sent for preparation to star in his world renowned adult movies be videotaped. He wanted to see for himself every humiliating aspect of puppy and pony training. With his kind permission, the videos were played each evening after dinner for anyone interested in watching before they were transmitted to him in Japan. Quite often pets in training were brought into the movie room to tend the masters, mistresses and staff and get practice with their lessons while the videos played.

Pulling a cell phone from a pouch on her belt, she punched a button and talked quietly into the receiver. Replacing the phone, Kayla tugged on Wulf's leash. Seeing Zimra a few feet away standing next to a young female kennel handler with two large, muscular, collared and leashed male pups, Kayla's lips turned up into a smile of appreciation. Chuckling at the Asian woman's quick response to her request, the blonde mistress smiled.

"Get moving boy," she chuckled. "Sakura has brought some playmates over for you to romp with."

Jake whimpered softly, spreading his back legs apart a little more. The ache in his swollen testicles was almost unbearable if he attempted to move about with his legs too close together. The long, steel hard cock jutting out from his groin throbbed and swayed as he crawled. Looking under his body, he saw a trickle of pre-cum dripping from the head of his shaft again. He still found it hard to believe Mistress Kayla's insidious hormone had physically altered his body and libido, increasing the size of his male package and tripling his naturally strong sex drive.

He raised his head, admiring the view of Kayla's shapely ass as she walked ahead of him. Jake turned his attention to the women around him. Mistress Kayla's long blonde hair was pulled into a tight pony tail high on the back of her head. The sight of her long bare legs, tight blue leather skirt, white silk peasant shirt and black 6 inch heels sent his lust into overdrive.

Glancing over towards the dark haired mistress, he groaned. Dressed in a knee length, form fitting red leather dress with thin black chains instead of straps at the shoulders, and knee high black leather boots, Zimra exuded sex and power. Looking from one alluring mistress to the other and able to smell their hot feminine scent, Jake's cock twitched, more pressure building up in his already aching balls.

Trying to rein in the lust and need pounding through him, he began to crawl along faster at her left side just behind his 'owner'. During the last week, Barb and Sage had taught him most of the puppy commands, hand motions, whistles and other body movements puppy boys used to communicate. Some were less humiliating than others, but he had learned all of them and obeyed instantly.

He still thought of himself as a man, but followed instructions most of the time without fail to avoid punishment. So far nothing he had encountered was beyond his ability to endure, but he suspected they might throw something at him in the future he would balk at doing. He sincerely hoped the option presented to him after his year of being a guard dog was up included regaining some of the privileges he had enjoyed as a man.

Stopping four or five feet away from Mistress Zimra and the lovely oriental handler, Kayla gave him the hand signal to 'sit'. Assuming a perfect sitting position, he waited to see what would happen next. The beautiful blonde mistress looked across the training yard and waved to Gretchen and Sage, who were exiting the kennel with two puppies each on leashes. Bending down, Kayla whispered in his ear.

"Some new friends are coming out to meet you, boy. Make sure you greet them properly."

Wondering which pets he would be sniffing and licking next, but trying not to think about it, he turned his gaze to the guard dogs standing on all fours next to Mistress Zimra. A bright sparkle from the area of their groin intrigued him. He thought for a moment, then tapped Mistress Kayla's ankle with his right paw, arrffing to get her attention.

"What do you want, Wulf?" she asked in an inquisitive tone.

Pointing to the lower bodies of the two guard dog trainees with his paw, he whined, looking at her pleadingly. Jake used the limited sounds allowed a puppy and a paw motion to alert his owner to something he saw but did not understand what it was.

"Good boy," Kayla chuckled, rubbing his cheek gently. "You're doing a fine job utilizing puppy language. Do you want to take a closer look at Mr. Takahashi's guard dogs?"

Jake nodded his head excitedly in agreement. Wincing as the weights on his nipples bounced and pulled on his tender male nubs, he woofed in response to her question.

“Sit, Mamoru. Sit Kong. Wulf wants to give your pretty packages a kiss and check out your special jewelry.”

Grunting with disgust, Jake shook his head before moving closer to the two naked men now sitting side by side on the lush green grass of the kennel yard between Sakura and Zimra. Their bound legs were spread wide, clearly showing rampant erections and large bloated balls on display for all to see. Clear fluid slid from their cock heads, forming droplets that rolled down their firm rounded crowns and fell to the ground as their cocks bobbed and swayed.

He stopped about a foot away from the men's exposed groins, sniffing each male's thighs, tummy and package. Kong's dark glossy skin gave off a deep earthy scent compared to Mamoru's light golden skin and unique woodsy smell. Intently examining the two thin gold rings with small gold beads, one on each side of its cock head, he gulped. It must have been very painful to have the outer edges of the sensitive flesh of the crown of their shaft pierced, the rings inserted and then locked in place.

“What do you think, Wulf?” Kayla addressed the newest acquisition for her guard dog program. “I’m sure Barb would love to feel your puppy penis deep inside her, your own gold rings and beads driving her to uncounted orgasms.”

Both mistresses laughed at the puppy boy's stricken expression. Sakura bent down to fondle Wulf's long thick shaft, as if imagining him having the gold rings adorning his throbbing erection. A wicked smile formed on the Asian woman's delicately shaped face, her eyes sparkling with the knowledge that if Kayla wanted to pierce it and put similar decoration rings in the crown of his cock, Wulf would have no way to refuse.

Jake yelped, raising frantic eyes up to the woman who decided what was or was not done to or with his body for the next year.

“Settle down, boy. Nothing's happening today you need to worry about. Now, give Mamoru and Kong a nice kiss to thank them for showing you their jewelry.”

Kayla watched Wulf approach the dark guard dog trainee, smiling as he dutifully licked the male's straining shaft and enlarged ball sack. Giving Mamoru a few licks too, he returned to sit at her feet, his gaze focused on the grass in the training yard.

“You've earned a reward Wulf. A guard dog must always be aware of what is going on around him or her. You showed good instincts by wanting to know what an unknown sight or sound you encountered was.”

Jake perked up, raising his head to smile at Mistress Kayla. His tongue lolled out the side of his mouth.

“I have a special treat in mind for you tonight, pup. Make sure you keep on behaving nicely and you will be a very happy puppy boy later this evening”.

Remembering all that he had heard about Sakura, Jake still thought it was hard to believe the slender, soft feminine appearance of Mr. Takahashi's employee so completely disguised the potentially lethal nature of her training and personality. As head of his personal security team, she had black belts in several forms of martial arts. The young woman in her late 20's had almost completed her own training program at the compound to certify as a guard dog trainer as well as handler.

Kayla chatted with Sakura a few more minutes, enjoying the whimpers of distress coming from the puppy boy at her feet. She looked down to see the source of Wulf's delightful puppy sounds after the visiting Japanese dominatrix led her puppies off to the kennel. Arching her brow, she watched Zimra use her riding crop to torment the overwhelmingly aroused male pup. The dark haired woman ran the soft leather tip of the crop up and down the length of his rock hard shaft lightly. Pre-cum dripped from the tiny slit of his cock as it bobbed up and down between his spread thighs.

Kayla motioned to the tech charged with recording the daily events of Mr. Takahasi's pets-in-training. Indicating the trembling puppy boy, she grinned. The cameraman turned his video recorder on and focused on Wulf and Zimra. She moved to Wulf's other side, pulled her own crop off her belt and caressed his swollen, hard balls.

“Do not cum, boy,” she whispered in his ear. “You wouldn't want to miss getting your special treat tonight, now, would you pup?”

Jake's entire body shook, his front 'paws' pressed deeply into the ground. A red haze filled his mind. Over and over, he told himself he would not cum, no matter what they did to him. He howled as blistering waves of heated pleasure roared through every atom of his body. Just when he thought the raging monster between his legs would erupt, spewing thick hot semen all over the training yard, the bitches

having their fun with him simultaneously stopped tormenting him and stepped back several feet.

Collapsing to the ground, he lay on his back, legs spread wide, writhing in intense pleasure and pain as every part of his body screamed for release. Tossing his head side to side, Jake gasped, his breathing ragged. His heart pounded like it was trying to burst out of his chest. Slowly, inevitably, his breathing evened out, his heart resumed a normal beat. He lay limp and exhausted on the soft grass of the kennel yard, amazed again that this type of playful 'exercise' by the two mistresses could have such an impact and be so effective at exhausting him in such a simple manner.

Kayla called a male handler over, requesting some chairs for the mistresses, a dog bowl and several bottles of water. Taking her seat when it was brought out, she leaned back to relax and examine Wulf. His eyes were closed, a muscle twitching every now and then. Her newest guard dog lay before her with his pulsing, steel hard shaft pointing to the sky, sticky with pre-cum that at that moment dripped and flowed over his cock head, down the column of his shaft to pool in and around his tightly stretched ball bag.

“That was impressive Wulf,” Sage commented loudly as she approached. “I'm looking forward to having a session with you in the mansion's main playroom sometime soon.”

Taking a seat next to Kayla, Sage ordered the two males, Taichi and Kenichi to sit on one side of the puppy boy laid out on the ground. Unhooking their leashes, the male handler returned the 5 foot long leather straps to the head guard dog trainer. Placing a silver dog bowl on the ground directly in front of Kayla, the muscular attractive man handed her some bottles of cool water before leaving.

“Kayla,” the dark haired mistress spoke. “I do believe our new pup's cock is already a little longer than it was a few days ago.”

“Hmmm… you may be right, my friend. It will be a good thing to check on. I'll have the vet give Wulf a quick check-up later and re-measure him for his medical records.”

The merry sound of bells jingling broke through the remnants of hazy confusion in Jake's befuddled mind. Opening his eyes, he squinted, bringing his right paw up to block the bright sunshine and give his eyes time to adjust.

“Here we are Wulf,” Kayla addressed her new pet cheerfully. “Gretchen has brought Asami and Chouko outside to see you.”

Chuckling, the voluptuous blonde woman unhooked both puppy girl's leashes as they sat at her side. “Clean up the mess Wulf made and greet him properly”, Kayla commanded the new arrivals.

Jake’s eyes widened at the approach of the puppy girls. Their dark eyes, delicate beauty and unique skin tone made the Asian women stand out in the company of Kayla and the other ladies present. Sucking in a deep breath, he moaned in ecstasy as the girl pup’s wet tongues slid up and down the length of his dick. He raised his head to take in the spellbinding sight of two lovely oriental women licking the incredible beast jutting upward from his groin. In the short time he had been at the compound as a puppy boy, his cock had grown noticeably in length and girth. It was certainly a development that he had no question or reservations about liking.

Yelping in surprise, his body jerked, his muscles tensing. Chouko laid belly to the grass, gently lapping up the clear fluid that had leaked from his cock to form a small pool where his scrotum was attached to his body. He groaned in frustration at the tingling heat spreading from his penis and balls upward to his hard pointed male nubs. Every touch of the puppy girl’s warm tongue on the sensitive tightly stretched skin encasing his obscenely swollen testicles seared him. Her chin length silky black hair teased his inner thighs.

“Make sure you get every drop of pre-cum off his ball bag Chouko,” Gretchen called out in a stern clipped tone. “Then switch places with Asami and show Mistress Kayla what a good cock sucker you’ve become.”

Jake lowered his head to the ground, flinging it side to side. If the puppy girl took him into the heated depths of her luscious mouth, it would be pure heaven. He was already having a hard time containing his orgasm. The feel of her mouth covering the head of his shaft, sliding up and down, doubled the arousal bombarding his overwhelmed body.

“Sage, I think our new puppy boy wants to have his nipples played with. What do you think?”

Kayla’s amused voice broke through the sensual haze he had been floating in. Jake watched in stunned fear as the guard dog trainer looked at her employer thoughtfully.

“Puppy boy’s nipples always get plump and pointy when they need attention Kayla. I have just the right clips to put on Wulf’s man nubs.”

Sage pulled out a pair of small alligator clips with a thin rubber coating over the edges of the sharp teeth.

A short chain with a larger ring hung from the specially designed puppy jewelry. Pinching one of his nipples, she opened the clip, snapping it firmly to the swollen nub. Quickly attaching a clip to his other nipple, she took a thin six inch long silver bar with small hooks on each end of her belt. Looking into Wulf's frantic eyes, she hooked each end of the bar to a ring on the clips. Stepping back, a wicked smile on her face, she called Asami over to her.

"Woof for me boy, tell Mistress Kayla how excited you are about having Asami play with your nipples."

The pain of having the awful clips snapped onto his extra sensitive nipples was excruciating. His tortured nips burned and throbbed with every gasping breath he took. Jake seethed with disgust at what he had to do to avoid getting punished for disobeying a handler's direct order. Pushing his anger aside, he woofed, clenching his anal muscles around the small but devilish plug holding his doggy tail in his ass. His cock pulsed in Chouko's mouth.

"Go ahead Asami," Sage commanded. "Pick up the bar with your tongue. Wulf loves it when his male nubs are clamped, adorned and played with."

Sharp, explosive pain crashed through him as the puppy girl awkwardly picked up the bar with her enhanced tongue and pulled the chains taut. Tugging and jerking the bar, she twisted the chains, pulling harder on the male pup's nipples. An agonized howl burst from his mouth, the pain in his nipples blazed through him, clashing with the volcanic pleasure erupting in and around his groin.

Staring defiantly at the women around him, Jake lay as still as his tormented body could manage. He took deep breaths, concentrating all his energy on being silent and not cumming. He hated 'puppy training' and all the humiliating things they commanded him to do. Focusing only on the possibility of having Barb hand milk him or fucking a puppy girl until he pumped the semen in his aching balls into her hot pussy, he somehow managed to hold on and not orgasm.

Kayla arched a brow, noting the effort her newest guard dog put forth to keep from cumming. His muscles twitched sporadically as he held his arms and legs stiffly, managing to keep them somewhat still under the female pup's combined sensual onslaught.

"Drop it puppy girls," the blonde mistress called out. "Stop teasing Wulf. Go sit beside him across from your male companions."

Her clear commanding voice broke through his focused concentration. Jake took several deep breaths, his heart pounding, lust raging through every part of him. Tingles of heated desire arched and danced across his enhanced super sensitive skin. He was totally unprepared for this particular aspect of puppy training. The 'exercises' his handlers had introduced him to so far had created this extreme level of need for release. Oh, there had been a mix of exquisite pleasure and mild to annoying pain in much of what the trainers had done to and with him, but they had not toyed or tormented him to this ravaging level of arousal until now.

Kayla spoke to a female kennel groomer who happened to be walking by. "Take Mamoru and Kong back to the vet, it's time for their milking and Dr. Schmidt wants a semen sample form them for some tests. Mr. Takahashi has decided to have their cock size increased to match Kenichi."

Jake shivered, watching the two men being led away on leashes back to the kennel. They were not the most muscular males he had seen here, but there was a quiet fierceness about them that was impossible to hide.

Looking to his right, he saw that the two males, Taichi and Kenichi were staring at his nude exposed body, tongues hanging out of their mouths. Lust and hot desire shone brightly from their slanted ebony eyes. The male pups gazed intently at his straining, fully engorged erection. Cringing at the thought of the men licking and sucking his hard cock and ripened ball bag, Jake understood why they wanted to lick and swallow any male pup or ponies pre cum they were allowed to. The unusual scent and taste of pre-cum or semen from a male being given a daily dose of Mistress Kayla's one-of-a-kind hormone was intoxicating.

He had been shocked at the beguiling flavor of the first puppy boy's pre-cum he had tasted a few days into his basic puppy training. The idea of having to give another man head and swallow his cum knotted up his stomach and filling him with dread. Sucking off Master Ed until the dominant man orgasmed earlier this week had been horrible, he could still remember the unpleasant salty taste of the man's cum. His gut instinct told him the trainers had even more awful things in store for him before his lessons were completed.

The puppy boy sighed, turning his head to glance at the petite oriental women waiting on the grass to his left. Asami and Chouko sat serenely; their bound legs spread wide, front paws on the ground, one near each thigh. The bright morning sun sparkled off small gold rings with tiny perfectly cut diamond pendants piercing their enlarged clits. Glancing quickly at the puppy boys beside him, he saw they too had the thin gold rings with gold beads piercing the edges of their cock heads.

Raising his head, Jake cast a quizzical look up at Kayla, who sat in a chair a few feet away from him. Sidetracked briefly by the delectable sight of her bare cunt peeking out from under the hem of her leather skirt, he shook his head to clear it and pointed to the puppy girl's slits with his left paw. Aaarrfffing quietly, he lowered his arm and hoped she would explain why the puppies owned by the Japanese master all had extra decorative jewelry on their sex organs.

"You are turning out to be a nosy scamp, pup," Kayla laughed, enjoying his flushed cheeks and playful aarrff. "Sage, why don't you tell our new guard dog why our client has his pet's adorned in such a way."

Jake turned his head towards the main guard dog trainer. Barb handled most of his daily exercises, with Sage stepping in when the harsher, more painful elements of puppy training were involved. He shivered as he recalled the last time he had hesitated and earned a firm switching from the small but powerful woman. Barb had stood by his head holding his leash as Sage had given him 10 lashes on his buttocks and thighs with a light whip. Although his skin had not been broken, the pain had been so bad he had howled in rage and fear. It had taken several days and soothing lotion applied to his sore ass by Barb to ease his discomfort.

Sage moved out from behind Kayla's chair, walking over to the puppy boy's supine body. Squatting down near his side in front of the two other puppy boys, she chuckled at the whimpers of distress coming from Mr. Takahashi's male pets. Her tight jeans and form hugging, thin white cotton tank top showed off her well-shaped muscular ass and perky braless breasts.

She always dressed purposefully to entice the male pups, keeping them off balance, craving any positive attention she might give them while she mentally and physically transformed them into fierce guard dogs. Her petite size and graceful dancer's body combined with her strong dominant personality drove the puppy boy's hormone fueled arousal to unbelievable heights.

Wiggling her ass a little, Sage looked at the male laid out on the ground in front of her. Her lips turned up, a knowing smile on her sweet innocent looking face as she saw the glazed look in the puppy boy's eyes. He stared intently at her pert nipples and small firm breasts. Lightly tapping his towering erection with her crop, the guard dog trainer chuckled at his startled yelp.

"Okay boy, pay attention. Mr. Takahashi's puppies and ponies are not just pets. They often star in the special 'adult' movies he is so well known for."

Seeing Wulf's intense gaze, she continued. "The male pups have vibrating beads on the small rings adorning their cock heads. When the puppy boy thrusts his shaft in and out of his playtime partner's cunt or ass hole, the beads vibrate. The added sensations make the one being fucked moan and jerk nicely for the camera while the puppy boy is driven mad with raging lust."

Jake nodded in understanding, looking from the male pup's cocks to the puppy girl's clits. He looked closer at the plump, swollen labia lips framing their pierced pleasure nubs. Seeing three small gold rings one inch apart piercing the lips on each side of their slit, Jake woofed. Each ring had a gold bead similar to the ones on the male's rings. Turning to stare at the guard dog trainer, he inclined his head expectantly.

"What am I going to do with you boy? You're as curious as a cat," she replied to his silent question.

Pausing for a moment, Sage continued speaking quietly as she gently caressed the puppy boy's smooth, muscular chest and tummy using the fingertips of her left hand.

"When a male pup or regular male porn actor is fucking a female puppy, the vibrating balls are turned on and a vibrating ball is hung from her clit ring. This extra sensation makes the male on top of or behind her thrust wildly for the camera. Mr. Takahashi's viewers want to see hot passionate sex and he trains his 'stars' to provide what his customers want."

Suppressing a grin, Kayla exchanged glances with her head guard dog handler. Jake had done very well in his training so far, responding to his pet name now with no hesitation. At an invitation only, private party tonight he was going to be commanded to fuck Tanzy as part of the after dinner show. To celebrate his progression from basic puppy training to the intense special lessons required to prepare him to patrol the grounds as part of Tygar's security team, several interested guests had been asked to attend. Captain Kelly was going to fuck his puppy bitch's mouth as the new puppy boy filled her cunt with his already impressively enhanced cock.

She and her training staff were 'assisting' Wulf today, making sure he did not cum while they helped him remain fired up and ready to perform this evening. It was sublime entertainment for a dominant woman to look on as a hyper-aroused male pup or pony on the verge of release struggled to keep from cumming until his mistress commanded him to orgasm.

"Wulf, come here," she commanded. "Lay on the grass by my chair."

Jake scrambled awkwardly to his hands and knees. His legs trembled, still feeling the after effects of getting so close to orgasm without being able to cum. Moving to stand on all fours in front of his owner's chair, he paused, barked and waited for her to clarify exactly where she wanted him to go.

"Good boy, pup," the Mistress of the ranch spoke. "What a quick learner you are. An obedient pet does exactly what a handler commands and listens carefully to every order from his or her owner."

Arrffing to signify he understood, Jake watched closely as she made the hand motion for come and pointed to a clear spot in the grass to the right of her chair. Edging slowly to the indicated spot, he whimpered as his dangling package swung between his legs. The bar hanging from his tightly clamped nipples swung about, pulling down on his tormented male nubs. He gasped, holding his breath momentarily as the weighted pendants clamped tightly to his male nubs bounced wildly. Sharp bursts of pain exploded from his nipples, shooting to his rock hard, throbbing cock and aching balls, and his plug filled ass.

Sniffing the ground, he looked up at the captivating woman who owned him for the next 12 months. Lying down on his belly, he placed his front paws on the ground. Folding his legs so his calves were up near his thighs as if he were wearing leg-ups, the puppy boy spread his legs wide.

"Lift your hips, boy. Sage is going to pull your ball sack out from under you so everyone can enjoy seeing how firm and swollen your testicles are."

Without a second thought, Wulf did as commanded. Even Sage's touch was coming to be something he looked forward to, willingly accepting her positioning of his ball bag for his owner's viewing enjoyment.

Kayla felt a sense of pride in having a still potentially wild but now pliant male animal so nicely displayed. She knew it was real proof of her training and what her methods could result in. It was an easily proven reminder too that the claims and marketing she used were backed up with facts. Her customers really appreciated larger, fuller balls in a male pet. For some owners it was purely for show and bragging rights. For others it was 'proof' of the deviant delights such a pet would provide on command. But regardless of marketing and sales considerations, a nicely displayed set of full testicles on one of her puppy boys lying quietly at her feet was a fine source of happiness and quiet pride for her.

He moaned as the guard dog trainer's soft hands carefully tugged his ball sack out. Stroking the tightly stretched skin encasing his nuts, she massaged the precious plums as the pup lowered his hips. Placing his testicles gently on the ground between his spread thighs, Sage swatted his buttocks and laughed before she returned to stand behind Kayla's chair. Jake wriggled and shifted until he found the most comfortable position he could. The lush grass prickled the ultra-sensitive skin of his throbbing, painfully engorged dick. Being so close to time for his milking, it was impossible to completely relax. There was no way he was going to screw this up and cum before he got the reward Kayla had promised him.

Feeling a light touch on the middle of his back, he drew in a sharp breath, holding it for a moment. Jake gazed up at Mistress Kayla, surprised to see a hint of respect for him in her entrancing blue eyes. Suddenly, he had a glimmer of comprehension of how she was able to mesmerize the softer, gentler young men she and her staff transformed into human pets for wealthy powerful clients. The beautiful blonde woman exuded an aura of power and strength of character that attracted submissive males like a magnet. She made the puppy boys feel safe, protected from the harsh realities of life that could be frightening to deal with at times.

"Having you around, Wulf, has turned out to be quite interesting. If Blade is half as much fun to play with, Master Andre has his hands full."

Jake turned away from Kayla, tuning out her conversation with the guard dog trainer about Taichi's merits as a guard dog and Kenichi's natural talents as a pleasure pup. Panting, his tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, he laid his head on his folded arms. The sight of small, black plastic doggy paw pads at the end of the cloth sleeves covering his lower arms and clenched fists distinctly reminded him of the strange new path his life had taken. Sighing audibly, the puppy boy closed his eyes, trying not to think about how dry his mouth and throat were.

Putting the empty dog bowl close to the puppy boy's face, the blonde mistress opened a bottle of cool water, pouring the refreshing liquid into the shiny clean bowl.

"Here's some water for you Wulf," she told the male pup resting by her chair. "We don't want our pets to get dehydrated now, do we?"

Zimra laughed, her eyes sparkling with mischief. "Definitely not Kayla, puppy boys and pony studs produce high-quality, thick creamy semen when they are well cared for and exercised daily."

Tired, Jake raised his head to sniff the bowl in front of him. Edging closer to the silver bowl, he lapped up the unbelievably tasty liquid. There was a sweet fruity flavor to the water his handlers had given him, as well as the water in the self-filling bowls. He was glad it had become much easier to drink and eat using

his annoying tongue. It took a concentrated effort to keep the longer thicker thing in his mouth.

“You might find it enlightening to watch Ed work with Beau and Max in the obstacle course, pup.”

He licked the bowl one last time, inspecting it to make sure every last drop of water was gone. Inclining his head to his owner, he woofed and pointed to the empty bowl.

“I hear you boy,” Kayla responded to his request for more water. “You’ll get more water in a little while.”

Sage tapped her crop against her jean clad thigh several times. “Barb is doing a great job training Wulf. Our new guard dog is already very adept at understanding and using puppy language to communicate. I’m thinking about putting him through show training when he completes his guard dog lessons.”

“That’s a great idea. I can see him in next year’s Dog and Pony Show, running down and catching a loose puppy boy.”

Looking her newest puppy boy over intently, Kayla nodded her head. She locked gazes with Wulf, seeing a neutral, guarded look in his hazel eyes. Her gut instinct told her this male was not naturally inclined to being completely submissive to anyone, especially dominant women. Oh, he was intelligent enough to comprehend the dire situation his reckless curiosity had put him in.

With many years of experience recognizing and transforming adult people into human pets, she was seldom wrong about the personalities and needs of the young males and females chosen to be trained at the ranch. She would wait and see how he reacted to the intense guard dog program before she made any final decisions on his fate after the agreed upon year was up. Jake would make a valuable addition to the ranch’s human security team if he proved to be unsuitable as a puppy boy as she suspected he would. Barb had already expressed interest in having him as her official partner after the year was up.

“Sit up Wulf,” Sage commanded. “Show us how happy you are now that you are a pet owned by a strong, powerful woman. Keep your back legs spread wide so anyone interested can enjoy the sight of a well-behaved puppy boy.”

Jake gingerly raised his upper body, pushing up with his paws. Lifting his hips, he shifted his naked body, tucking his legs under him and moving his thighs wide apart. He moaned as warmth and heat spread from his groin, through his anus, up his tummy and chest to his sensitive nipples. The bar dangling from tight clips on his male nubs bounced and swayed, pulling down on his tortured nipples. Each movement of the horrid jewelry sent fresh throbbing pain through him.

“Time to take those off pup,” Sage chuckled as she opened the alligator clips one at a time and pulled them off the puppy boy’s nipples. “Now, isn’t that better?”

He let out an agonized yelp as the blood rushed back into his nipples. His male nubs ached painfully at first, the sharp pain slowly receding to a dull throb as each clip was released. Pulling his tongue into his mouth, Jake clenched his teeth, refusing to emit another dog-like sound to amuse the people watching him. Whimpering, he stared sadly up at Sage. His entire body shook under the combined forces of sharp pain in his nipples, blistering sexual arousal sending hot desire and a desperate need for release all over him, and the feel of the lawn underneath him.

Concentrating solely on the soft prickly blades of grass tickling his thighs, ass and ball bag, the puppy boy pushed the more intense emotions and sensations to the back of his mind. Settling down after a few minutes, he looked warily at the women around him. Just when he thought he had everything all figured out, Kayla and her trainers would do something or command him to do an action that was totally unbelievable.

“Nicely done, boy,” Sage’s encouraging voice rang in his ears. “If you keep this up, you might turn out to be one of the best guard dogs ever trained at the compound.”

Refilling the dog bowl with water, the blonde mistress gently patted Wulf on his bald head. “Take it easy now boy. Watch Beau and Max work out for a bit and relax.”

Jake rolled his eyes at Mistress Kayla’s words. As if he would be able to ‘relax’ in the state of overwhelming arousal he was in at this precise moment of time. It was almost impossible to keep still. Glancing down between his legs, he ground his teeth. If he wasn’t seeing it for himself, he would never have believed his once slightly larger than average cock could have grown a couple of inches in length and at least an inch in girth.

“Waggle that pretty puppy penis for us before you rest, boy,” Kayla spoke sharply. “Show us what a good job Barb did teaching you the proper way to salute your owner or handler.”

Flexing his abdominal muscles, Jake made his cock move and bounce between his spread legs. The sharp pain in his nipples had faded pretty much with only the weighted pendants still attached to his sore

nipples, leaving only a dull ache. The plug in his rectum shifted, massaging his prostate gland as his ass pressed harder into the ground.

Waves of heated lust crashed through his straining, sweating body. Pre-cum leaked out of his cock, rolling along the silky soft skin of covering the crown of his shaft and down the length of his dick. Some of the clear fluid spattered his inner thighs and tummy as his huge erection swayed and jerked in the air.

Sage walked a short distance to the puppy girls sitting on the grass in front of Mistress Kayla's chair. Picking up Asami's leash, the guard dog trainer pointed to the spot Wulf had lain on earlier.

"Roll over girl."

After the puppy girl had moved to the indicated location, lain down on her back and placed her bound legs and arms flat on the ground, Sage made the hand signal for 'come', calling the male pup Taichi over to her. She ordered the male pup to use only his mouth and tongue to taste, tease and fuck the female pup's cunt.

"Put on a good show for your master," the petite trainer reminded the male pup. "You're going to be videoed so Mr. Takahashi can see how well you are doing. Bring her almost to orgasm at least 4 times. Don't forget, the puppy girl is not to cum until I say she can."

Amused by the puppy boy's excited woof, she added, "As a reward, you'll get two hours free time in an outdoor dog run to mount her and cum as many times you are able to."

Nodding in approval as the puppy boy eagerly lapped the delicate puppy bitch's smooth hairless slit, Sage picked up Chouko's leash. Leading the other female pup over to a puppy bondage bench five feet away, she bound the young oriental woman across the bench. Belly resting on the center of the bench, her arms pulled forward, wrists cuffed and chained to rings on thick boards sunk into the ground to support the platform, the lovely puppy girl whimpered.

From where he sat, Jake had a clear view of Asami's slender toned body. She writhed, moaning and tossing her head side to side with every lick of the excited puppy boy's tongue. Taichi pulled back for a moment, looked over at Sage and woofed. The guard dog trainer's grin and casual 'good boy' made his tail wag, the Japanese guard dog resumed his sensual attack on the slightly calmer but still highly aroused puppy girl.

Jake was distracted from the vision of Asami's lithe, trembling body by the softly accented voice of Mr. Takahashi's surprising personal security supervisor. Sakura was leading Kenichi over to the puppy bench where Chouko was now tightly bound, her legs spread, knees tucked under the bench and calves cuffed and chained to the bench supports. Ordering the puppy boy to assume the show position just behind the puppy girl's ass, she removed his leg-ups, massaging his thighs and lower legs.

Pointing to the wide open, glistening slit of the bound puppy girl, she ordered the over-excited male pup to 'mount'. Kenichi stared into the dark almond shaped eyes of his trainer for just a moment before moving over to lightly rub her bare ankle with his cheek first, and only after, did as she commanded, attempting to place its puppy penis into the slick cunt of the compliant puppy girl. Jake was stunned to see a look of genuine affection in the young woman's eyes. Reaching down, she ran her left hand across the male pup's shoulder. The puppy boy moved quickly, nestling his hips between the female pup's spread legs.

Sakura motioned for one of the two cameraman videoing today's activities to move closer. Pointing to the puppy girl's cunt, she gave the command for Kenichi to 'thrust'.

Jake sympathized with the Asian puppy boy who thrust wildly trying to put his angry red cock into the twitching puppy girl's pleasure hole. Kenichi's whimpers of frustration made him wince. He had personally discovered in the past two weeks just how painful it could be when his cock was so hard and engorged it felt like he could pound nails with the aching, throbbing monster between his legs. He sighed as Sakura wrapped her small hands around the male pup's over-sized ball sack. The male pup's howls of pleasure filled the training yard as she massaged his tormented plums.

Laughing at the frantic look on Kenichi's face, Sakura reached between his legs. Firmly grasping the male pup's flailing shaft with one hand, she rubbed his back with her free hand and guided it's dripping bulbous crown to the groaning puppy girl's quim. Letting go of the pup's cock, she stepped back a few feet to give the cameraman an unobstructed view of the two puppies. The puppy bitch trembled, the vibrating balls adorning her clit, nipples and labia lips bounced wildly. Chouko howled, explosive waves of hot molten lust and pleasure rushing through every cell of her over-aroused shuddering body. Kenichi howled as the special beads adorning the puppy girl's clit and puffy swollen labia lips caressed his rampaging cock and inner thighs.

"That's it Kenichi," she called out, "Your father will be pleased to see his favorite son doing so well in his chosen career."

Turning his attention back to the other pair of puppies, Jake felt his cock harden even more. The concentrated level of arousal coursing through his entire body intensified. Asami's pert, perfectly shaped breasts shook as Taichi's long thick tongue rammed in and out of her dripping wet slit. The pendant dangling from her clit ring vibrated and bounced set on what appeared to be high speed.

Licking his lips, Jake hoped Sage would let him 'practice' using his own tongue on the exotic puppy girl's cunt sometime. His lips parted and his tongue slid out, reminding him yet again how difficult it was to keep it in his mouth since Kayla's hormone had altered it. Panting, he thought about yesterday's lesson in properly puppy kissing a female pup or mistress. One of the female handlers had volunteered to help with his lesson. After four orgasms, the satiated woman had swatted his ass, than returned to work with a wink to Sage and a parting comment about possibly taking Wulf back to her room for more play time in the future.

"Cum Asami," Sage commanded the shuddering puppy girl.

Jake watched as the puppy boy impaled her gaping pussy, burying his tongue deep in her pleasure box.

Face pressed flush to her plump labia lips, he rubbed her red engorged clit with his nose. Asami tensed, her body going stiff. Yowling in ecstasy, her body jerked and thrashed as a thunderous orgasm roared through her. Taichi struggled to keep his tongue buried in her snatch and breathe at the same time.

When the exhausted puppy girl's gasping breath had settled into tired panting, Sage hooked a leash to Taichi's spiked leather collar and pulled the male pup up until he sat trembling between Asami's thighs. The cameraman stepped closer to get better access to the puppy girl's twitching, sweating body, making sure to zoom in on her face, breasts, pussy and thighs.

"Get some shots of the male pup, too," the guard dog trainer addressed the camera tech. "Show Mr. Takahashi what a special guard dog Taichi is turning out to be."

Jake observed silently as the trainer squatted down on one side of the Japanese puppy boy. Reaching out to run her hand up the length of his red throbbing shaft, she gathered some of the pre-cum dripping steadily from the slit in its bulbous purple crown. The tech aimed his camera at the puppy boy kneeling, legs folded and spread wide, chest out, back straight and arms out elbows bent, on the soft grass between the puppy girl's legs. Standing up, Sage walked over towards Mistress Kayla's chair. Stopping in front of Wulf, she held out her sticky hand.

Looking deep into his eyes, she called out loud enough for everyone to hear, "Lick my fingers clean Wulf."

Without hesitation, he slid his tongue along the top of her hand. Jake licked the clear fluid from one of Sage's fingers, swallowing the pre-cum with a sigh of pleasure. A brief feeling of disgust at the thought of licking up and swallowing another man's pre-cum or jism flashed through him. Of all the new things he had been introduced to at the compound, the unusually pleasant flavor of an enhanced male's semen and pre-cum had proven the most startling and easiest to accept. He was not mentally, physically or emotionally attracted to men as potential sex partners. It had been a surprise to discover he could crave the taste of a male pet's enticing fluid at the strangest times.

"You like that, don't you pup?" Sage chuckled. "Don't worry I'll let you clean Taichi and Kenichi up in a few minutes. We don't want any of their delicious pre-cum to go to waste now, do we?"

A loud yelp of distress, followed by a deep moan of pleasure, dragged him back to the present. Looking over towards the puppy bench, Jake cringed as he watched Kenichi's hips move and buck rapidly, thrusting uncontrollably into the puppy girl bound to the bench. Over and over the puppy boy rammed his cock in, pulled it out partway and drove it back in again. His tongue hanging out, a wild look in his eyes, ass cheeks flexing and twitching its tail, the puppy boy howled.

"Cum, Kenichi" Sage commanded

The Asian puppy boy embedded his shaft balls deep inside the bound young woman's pussy. Shuddering and jerking, Kenichi pumped his hot seed into Chohko's spasming quim, her howls joining the puppy boy's unearthly yowls. Her body twitching, the puppy bitch's cunt squeezed the puppy boy's rampaging cock, the vibrating balls sending bolts of almost painful ecstasy erupting through the male's sweating, heaving body. Thick, creamy white semen leaked out of her over-filled slit, flowing over the male pup's ball sack, thighs and abdomen. The puppy boy continued to thrust his hips until every drop of fluid had been drained from his testicles. He collapsed on top of the puppy girl's sweaty back, breathing raggedly, totally exhausted from the wild ride.

"Nicely done boy," Sakura spoke, gently rubbing Kenichi's ass cheeks. "We have your performance on film for your master. He will be so pleased with your progress and share the video and the good news with your father."

Jake saw a look of sadness in the puppy boy's eyes before Kenichi turned his face away from the camera.

Although the young man seemed to be actively trying to adapt to his new life and learning to enjoy some of the more pleasant aspects of puppy training, it was evident the man loved his family, feeling shame and humiliation at the thought of his father knowing what was happening.

“What a good boy you are Kenichi,” the trainer spoke. “Your sweet ass and mouth filled with cock are inspiring to watch, but don’t fret. Master Takahashi is going to let you fuck lots of pretty ladies and puppy girls in his adult movies, too.”

Jake watched as Kenichi and Chouko were separated, the puppy boy being led over to sit next to Asami and Taichi. The puppy girl was released from the bench her legs and arms massaged by her handler, then brought over to sit between the two puppy boys sitting in the training yard in front of Mistress Kayla. Feeling a soft touch on his bald head, Jake glanced up to see his owner smiling down at him. He had no idea what was coming next. Having learned early on that every part of puppy training revolved around handlers being in charge and pups or ponies never being exactly sure what was planned for them, Jake waited to see and obey her commands. He still didn’t think of himself as a ‘pet’, he just went along with them to avoid the instant and often painful discipline a misbehaving pet earned.

Chapter 6: Fun in the Kennel Yard

Jake’s ass cheek stung as Mistress Kayla slapped his buttocks several times with her open hand. Startled awake by the unexpected attention as he lay on the grass at her feet, he stretched his legs and yawned. He had become accustomed to such attention and had accepted that a random slap or even a sudden unexpected kick was just another part of his much simpler life as a puppy boy. The many soft caresses and tickles his handlers gave him whenever they felt like it sent tingles of heat straight to his nipples, shaft and constantly aching balls. Although his cock would lose some rigidity from time to time while he was alone, resting or sleeping at night, the owners and training staff at this strange place made sure it was at full attention again quickly.

Sitting up, he extended his ‘paws’ to limber up his stiff arm muscles. Recalling his owners last command before he took his nap, he turned his head to look over at the head show trainer for puppies at the compound. Master Ed was giving two puppy boys a series of whistles, hand signals, and clipped spoken commands. Wearing full show puppy gear, and without leashes, Beau and Max pranced around a series of obstacles, jumping through large hoops held up by steel frames. Settling down Jake closed his eyes.

Jake recalled the last time he had greeted the two spoiled puppies owned by Mistress Kayla and Mistress Zimra. Master Ed had brought the puppy boys back to the kennel for their grooming after yesterdays’ show training session. While Ed and Barb chatted, he had sniffed the exposed packages, asses and necks of the sweaty male pups as Barb had commanded him to. Thankfully, no licking had been required on his part. Having to use his mouth or tongue on any part of another man’s body was something he dreaded. The appealing taste of a puppy boy’s pre-cum was startling. He knew an altered male’s semen tasted good, but sincerely wished he would not have to suck a puppy or pony boy again.

Tuning out the conversations going on around him, he observed other puppy boys and puppy girls being exercised in the kennel yard. Handlers worked with pups, making them come, heel, sit, stay, fetch and roll over. Other puppies rested in outdoor dog runs. Having grown up in a big city, he had been in contact with many different people, some with strange lifestyles and hobbies. Mistresses or masters owning and training adult people to be puppies and ponies was still the most bizarre thing he had ever seen.

“Master Ed reported what a great job you did Wulf, sucking his cock and swallowing his entire load of semen. He also said it was quite amusing to watch you bring Colton to the point of orgasm six times before being allowed to let the pony stud cum in your mouth and how good your tricks look on film.”

Thinking a moment, she added. ”I can’t wait to watch the video tonight and see your soft lips wrapped around Colton’s cock, kissing his 13 inch shaft while your long tongue caresses and teases him. Mr. Takahashi is quite pleased with your naturally talented mouth and how well your puppy boy tricks tease and entice when videoed. You better watch out, my esteemed Japanese client may try to buy you.”

Jake grimaced, all the color fading from his cheeks. Having witnessed first-hand how Mr. Takahashi outfitted, adorned and treated the young men and women he turned into pets to star in his exotic adult movies, Jake wanted no part of being owned by the cold, ruthless master.

Walking over from the obstacle course, leading Beau and Max, Ed announced suddenly, “I hope I didn’t miss everything, Kayla. From the sounds of it, this evening’s video screening will be very interesting. I

think I'll have Wulf tend me while I enjoy the show."

Laughing at the wide eyed male puppy sitting beside Kayla, the tall, dark haired man ordered Beau and Max to sit next to the other pets in front of the gathered mistresses and handlers. Holding out his right hand palm down, Ed cocked his brow. A smile of satisfaction spread across his face as Wulf immediately licked the back of his hand. Pulling his hand back, the show trainer patted the male pup's shiny bald head, pleased at the progress the new puppy boy had made so far. Ed straightened up, turning to inspect the delectable line-up of puppies. Looking each one in the eyes to get their full attention, he nodded in approval.

"Puppies, turn around and face the kennel. Show position, now!" Ed called out. "Wag your tails for Mistress Kayla and her guests."

Astounded by the line of young, attractive men and women in front of him, Jake got on all fours, held his head up facing forward, spread his legs and assumed a perfect 'Show' position. It had only taken one corrective discipline from the tall dominant man earlier this week to ensure every order Master Ed gave him was followed instantly. His owner chuckled in her chair next to him, lightly swatting his ass with her hand. He moaned, his body burning with the need for release. Jake's eyes glazed over with lust at the sight of the puppy girl's plump moist labia lips, unusually large clits and deep pink pleasure holes. Taking a deep breathe, he savored the hot sweet scent of the female pup's juices. His new improved sense of smell often bombarded him with multiple overlapping scents, but he was getting better at separating the individual smells and identifying people, pets, places and other items.

Jake wished he could deny the beauty and sensuality of the 'puppy girls' and 'puppy boys' displayed perfectly in the training yard. Tails wagging merrily, every part of their bodies were clearly exposed for anyone nearby or walking by to appreciate and touch if they desired. With Max on the left end, Beau on the right and Kenichi, Chouko, Taichi and Asami in the middle, his cock pulsed, sending droplets of pre-cum onto the grass between his thighs.

Panting with excitement at the prospect of licking their warm, dripping folds, Jake stared intently at the puppy girl's asses. He trembled, turning his head to look pleadingly into the amused eyes of Mistress Kayla. Glancing first at the naked young women displayed before him, then his owner, he aarrfffed and inclined his head.

Laughing Kayla reached between Wulf's back legs, palming his ball sack with one hand. "Beg for me boy. Show everyone how happy you are to greet and clean up the male pups first. If you do a good job on the males, I'll let you beg again and lap the puppy girl's cunts."

Annoyance and frustration flashed in his eyes at the thought of licking another man's junk. Recovering quickly, Jake buried his disgust deep in his mind, giving the dominant blonde woman a blank neutral look.

Lowering his ass to the ground, Jake spread his thighs, raised his arms up with elbows bent, then turned to look at his mistress. Tongue slipping out of his mouth, he woofed and begged for 'permission' to lick and suck the cocks, balls and asses of the male puppies. Sitting as he was, the trainers, handlers, master and mistresses could easily see his own throbbing, erect cock jutting out from his groin, clear fluid dripping from its crown. The aggravating monster swayed and moved between his thighs, a perfect display of a puppy's eagerness to obey his mistress's commands.

"Good boy Wulf. Start with Max and Beau. Look each pup in the face, lick their cheek and sniff their neck before you go around to their back end. Lap up every drop of pre-cum."

Kayla motioned for the techs to video all the action for Mr. Takahashi. She just might continue filming the fun activities at the ranch after her Japanese client's pets were gone. Movie night in the mansion was fast becoming one of the most anticipated evening's entertainments.

Jake dropped down onto his hands and knees, moving over to look into the red-haired puppy boy's smirking eyes. Keeping his expression neutral, he growled softly so only the puppies could hear him. He may not be thrilled about becoming a human pet for the next twelve months, but if that was the best option available, he was glad Kayla had decided to make him a guard dog. When his training was complete, he was looking forward to enjoying the extra privileges and freedoms guard dogs were allowed. He would see to it Max showed him the respect due him.

Extending his tongue, Jake licked the young red-haired man's right cheek several times, before pressing his face close to Max's neck where it joined his shoulder. Inhaling deeply, he registered in his mind the unique spicy aroma of the puppy boy. In the future, he would be able to pick out this one male pup's scent from others even at 200 feet away.

Jake backed away carefully, crawling around the now trembling male. A surge of power rushed through him as he remembered the look of fear that had replaced the puppy boy's earlier smugness. Woofing, he lowered his upper body just enough to allow him unrestrained access to the male package dangling between Max's wide spread, bound legs. Rolling the large, over-ripe testicles on his tongue, Jake caught

the strong, sweet scent of the puppy boy's pre-cum. Moans of pleasure and desperation from the male pup brought a twinkle to his eyes.

"That's right Wulf," Kayla chuckled. "Show that saucy puppy boy who is in charge if no masters or mistresses are around."

Letting the tightly stretched ball sack drop, he ran his long tongue up from the puppy boy's nuts along the crack of his ass. After several long, deep licks, Jake trailed his licker-tool over Max's rosy red buttocks, gathering and swallowing any droplets of pre-cum he could find. He moved closer, trying to get to the pup's long thick shaft. Umphing in frustration, he growled, squeezing the plug in his ass with his sphincter muscles as he had been taught to do.

Ed broke into laughter, amused at the trouble Wulf was having. "I'll help you boy, stand back for a moment. You can thank me later while you serve me at movie night."

Jake grunted in annoyance, not at all happy about having to lick and suck that man's cock and balls again while the 'master' watched videos of him later this evening. His stomach clenched as memories of the first time he had wrapped his lips around the man's 10 inch cock flashed through his mind. Having Ed's slightly larger hairy balls in his mouth had been totally disgusting. He loathed giving oral sex to another man. That ungrateful puppy boy had better behave and give him lots of sweet, tasty nectar to make up for his true feelings of disgust at the entertaining act of puppy cock sucking.

Zimra's quietly spoken command sent shivers down his spine. "Lay on your back underneath my sweet pup, Wulf. Assume a roll over position and don't let Max cum. Both of you will get a paddling and he will get machine milked the next time his balls are ready to empty if he does."

Tuning out Kayla's conversation with Master Ed about him taking Beau and Max back to the kennel for a full grooming and rest after they were cleaned up, Jake sighed as Ed wrapped his large calloused hand around the base of Max's shaft and pointed its tip towards the ground. Moving behind the puppy boy's back end, he lay on his back, legs spread, ass on the ground and head under Max's cock. Recalling Mistress Zimra's last order, he smiled. Max was going to regret that smug smile for a long time.

He felt a soft hand on his own straining erection. Knowing all of this humiliating day's activities were being filmed, Jake sighed. Waves of heated pleasure rolled over him as a woman he could not identify the smell of stroked his painfully engorged dick.

"What a strong demanding fuck-rod you have Wulf," Sakura spoke in her softly accented voice. "Waggle your cock for us boy. Show everyone how excited you are to be sucking a male pup's shaft."

Jake moaned, tensing and flexing his abdominal muscles after the Asian woman released his member and stepped back to give the cameras a better shot. He could feel the pre-cum leaking from the crown of his shaft, dripping down the length of his erection to pool in the folds of skin connecting his ball sack to his groin. He waggled his throbbing cock as commanded, burying his anger at the situation deep in his mind. He wouldn't mind getting the paddling for making Max cum, but he did want to avoid any further punishment.

Concentrating on the delicious flavor of the puppy boy's altered fluid, he stopped thinking about the obscene view all the handlers and mistresses had of his jutting cock and large firm balls. While he hated sucking a man's cock and swallowing their semen, he was determined to make Max cum. The next time any puppy boy was around him, they would NOT make fun of him.

With his mouth wrapped around the head of Max's cock, Jake growled. The added sensation made the puppy boy above him tremble and shudder. The cock in his mouth pulsed, sending a slow steady stream of pre-cum out of its tiny slit. He swallowed Max's fluid, his tongue stroking the satiny soft skin of the puppy boy's cock head.

"Let me help you, boy," Ed chuckled. "We don't want Max to cum without permission, now do we Wulf?"

Warm satisfaction flowed through Jake as he watched the head show trainer begin to move his hand up and down the red-haired pup's angry purple shaft. Max whimpered, his body shaking under the combined attentions of a master's hand and another puppy boy's tongue. Enveloping as much of the male pup's shaft as he could without moving his head, Jake ran his tongue over and around the hot throbbing piece of flesh. With his tongue rubbing the soft skin covering the hard, engorged column of Max's cock, he began to suck on its silky smooth crown.

The red-haired pup's howl of desperation was music to Jake's ears. Raising his head to slide more of the huge penis deeper into the warm depths of his mouth, he sucked harder, running his tongue up and down the newly engulfed bit of hot, steel hard cock.

Kayla smiled, taking in the totally erotic sight of one puppy boy driving another male pup to orgasm. Jake's mouth and enhanced tongue worked the crown and upper part of the column of the red-furred

pup's massive erection. Master Ed firmly stroked up and down the exposed area of the raging purple monster extending from the puppy boy's groin. Max's large dangling ball bag swung about as the puppy boy's hips thrust wildly trying to go deeper into the molten heat of the mouth below him. Exchanging glances with the dark haired woman beside her, Kayla motioned for the cameraman to get close-ups of Jake's face and raging hard-on.

Mouth sore, his neck aching, Jake lost track of time. The puppy boy's large balls bumped and bounced into his chin and neck. Max's cock pulsed hard before thick hot semen began to shoot out the tip into his mouth. Lowering his head back to the ground with the tip of the puppy boy's cock still in his mouth, he swallowed as fast as he could. Unable to keep up with the violent eruption of jism, Jake released Max's cock and lay back panting.

"Open your mouth Wulf," Ed commanded. "What you don't swallow goes all over your face."

Jake watched in horror as Ed held the puppy boy's cock firmly in his hand and pointed the tip towards him. Closing his eyes, he opened his mouth wide. Thick hot cum filled his mouth quickly. Swallowing as fast and often as he could, he was unable to get all of the jism erupting from Max's twitching cock. Jake cringed as the warm creamy semen sprayed over his face, hair and shoulders. After a few minutes, the jets of semen stopped.

"Stay where you are Wulf," Zimra called out. "My naughty puppy boy has to clean up his mess."

Lying as still as he could, eyes closed and lips clamped tightly shut, Jake waited as the puppy boy above him shifted position. The feel of Max's long tongue lapping the warm sticky seed from his face turned his stomach, making him want to throw up. Of all the lessons involved with being a 'puppy boy', having to perform sexually with other men was the hardest and most disgusting thing he had to endure. Knowing these male on male encounters would be required of him whenever a master or mistress commanded, Jake pushed his natural distaste to the back of his mind and focused on the unexpected pleasure of Max's warm tongue caressing his skin.

Jake opened his eyes as the puppy boy gently licked and nuzzled his neck. Max's curly red hair tickled his cheek. With the offensive cum off his face, he glanced around the training yard. The puppy boy pulled away from him, sitting quietly on the grass. Hearing a quiet aarrfff, he gazed into the contrite eyes of the young man he had just sucked off. The respect and touch of fear in the puppy boy's warm brown eyes was not unexpected, but the faint bit of affection he saw there totally surprised him.

Sitting up, Jake stretched his cramped muscles. He glared at the techs videoing the day's activities. The two men operating the cameras today took every opportunity they could find to fondle his package, usually having him woof and 'thank' them for the attention. Turning to look at Mistress Kayla, he was glad she had been paying more attention to Max than him. He had already earned one paddling; he did not want to add to it with his own stupidity. The red haired pup sat at his mistress's feet, rubbing his cheek against her booted ankles. Jake stared intently as the puppy boy tentatively licked Mistress Zimra's bare thighs before pressing his nose into the soft skin below the hem of her dress.

Zimra patted her pup's shoulder, then ran her hands through his head fur. "Did you learn your lesson boy?"

She paused, smiling at her pet's eager woof of agreement. "A well behaved puppy boy thinks only of pleasing his handler or mistress, not his own personal needs or pride."

Jake was stunned by the genuine affection and deep bond between Mistress Zimra and her puppy boy. Even wearing full puppy gear and unable to speak clearly, Max's eyes showed the intelligence and playful personality of the young man he had been before coming the compound to be transformed into a human pet.

"Wulf, see to Beau now," Kayla called out, pointing to the brown haired puppy boy at the other end of the line of pets. "He is not allowed to cum. Don't forget to say 'hi' to him like you did to Max. Master Ed will let you know when to move on to the next male pup."

The blonde mistress sat back in her chair to enjoy the ongoing entertainment provided by her newest guard dog trainee. Wulf was now on his hands and knees, licking Beau's face and cheeks, and nuzzling her personal pet's neck. After this morning's fun was over, the ex-cop would be able to recognize and identify all six pup's unique scents. As a guard dog, he would have to be able to find any pup or pony pet using his enhanced sense of smell if a handler commanded him to. By the time his training was complete, he would have sniffed, licked or nuzzled every pet at the ranch, along with the handlers, mistresses and masters permanently residing at her special training facility.

Kayla winked at the visiting trainer, "Sakura I think Wulf needs more encouragement. Why don't you motivate him to give the best performance he can for the cameras."

Jake closed his eyes for a moment, steeling himself for the torment to come. The feel of the trainer's

warm hands palming and fondling his dangling, over-filled ball sack increased the pressure in his aching nuts. Focusing on getting the rest of the puppy boys taken care of, he ignored his own clamoring body and desperate need for release. Working his tongue faster, he licked Beau's ass cheeks, then lapped his ball sack until all the pre-cum was removed and swallowed. He ran his tongue along the male pup's ass crack, around the tail and back to his balls.

A tug on his cock sent shivers through him. Rolling over onto his back, he slid underneath Beau. Laying his head directly under the pup's dripping cock, he sighed as Master Ed came over and wrapped his hand around the root of Beau's cock and pointed it down so he had better access to it. Jake licked and sucked the puppy boy's shaft like there was no tomorrow as the show trainer held it still without stroking it. Jake wasted no time in cleaning Beau, determined to be done with the male pups as soon as possible. The faster they were done the sooner he could really enjoy 'cleaning up' the incredibly sensual puppy girls.

"What a beautiful day to go out on a picnic," Kayla's voice got his attention. "How are your pony studs doing in their show training?"

The puppy boy looked around quickly. Stunned at the beauty of a slender young woman and a good-looking man in his late twenties standing about six feet away, he gasped. Two leashed puppies, one male and one female, sat calmly at the lovely woman's feet. He vividly remembered seeing the captivating young woman holding the ball sack of a very muscular black man as the 'pony stud' wildly fucked a bound pony filly. Her pale delicate hands had been a startling contrast to his large swollen testicles and deep ebony skin tone.

"Ben and I are taking Midnight and Oberon out on the race track to practice for the show. Andre asked us to take his personal team of pony stallions out and give them a good run too."

Looking closer at the visitors, he could see a definite family resemblance between them.

Kayla grinned. "The stable master sure is excited about his team, isn't he? You should have seen his face when I agreed to give him Ryder and Starr as his end of year bonus instead of money."

"Scoundrel, Sassy heel," Larissa addressed the puppies crouched at her feet. "The pony stallions are excited about having you two play with them while Ben and I eat our lunch."

Jake watched as the small group strolled off towards a gate connecting to the stable yard, the fresh-faced woman holding two leashes and the man carrying a large picnic basket. Shaking his head at the sight of his ex-partner, naked and outfitted in leather straps, a bridle with a bit and a long flowing black horse tail, he cringed. His eyes widened in surprise as his friend's hard bulbous cock bounced about before him.

Hitched to an exercise wheel near the stable with a strikingly beautiful black woman in full pony harness tied to a bar one row ahead of him, Blade walked around and around the training device. A fair-skinned male pony was hitched up next to him. All three ponies marched knees high, back straight, head high, and proud.

The four Asian puppies stood on all fours in perfect show position looking at him expectantly. Jake felt a stinging pain in his right buttock. Turning to look up at Mistress Kayla, he arched his brow in confusion.

"Clean up those messy puppies, Wulf," his owner commanded him. "They are going back to the kennel for a quick grooming before being put into dog runs to rest. Don't let Taichi cum. He's going to be pounding his hard cock into Asami's sweet cunt for two hours as a reward for good behavior."

One by one, the puppy boy licked the pre-cum from the naked bodies of the young men before him. Finishing up with Kenichi, he approached Taichi. Sniffing the trembling puppy boy's neck, he licked the smooth skin of his cheek. Moving around to the male pup's backside, Jake gently licked the droplets of pre-cum from his ass, inner thighs, cock, and ball bag. A low whimper escaped the exotic male puppy as he stood in show position, trying not to cum. With all the puppy boys done, he turned to face his owner, begging for the chance to taste the delectable female pups.

Running her riding crop up and down Wulf's bobbing shaft and full balls, Kayla whispered in his ear, "Go ahead boy, clean up the puppy girls. Kenichi pumped lots of semen into Chouko's hot pussy just for you."

Trying not to focus on the distasteful duty he had been ordered to do, he thought about Barb. Jake imagined it was Barb's luscious pink pussy he was licking, not Chouko's, plunging his tongue inside his beautiful personal trainer to get out the mixed cum and semen from her sweet slit after he had fucked her until his balls erupted, pumping spurt after spurt of hot white cum deep inside her. After Chouko was done, he spent some time taking care to remove and swallow Asami's sweet nectar.

Stepping back from the now clean pets, he sighed, using his tongue to get the remnants of cum and honey from his mouth. He really hated having to have intimate contact with other men for any reason, let alone entertaining people who treated him like a dog. The main motivation for him to go along willingly with the trainers and mistresses was his desire to get closer to Barb, to be able to finally fuck her.

Jake had been dreaming and fantasizing about feeling his cock buried deep inside her since the first time he had met her at a bar during Barb's academy days. She had been classmates with his older brother at the police academy. Since she was several years older than him, the time had not seemed right to pursue a relationship with the stunningly sexy lady. Despite of the embarrassment of her witnessing and aiding in it, he was not passing up the opportunity his unexpected 'puppy training' had given him to become a part of her life.

Refilling the dog bowl with water, the blonde mistress gently patted Wulf on his bald head. "Take it easy now boy and drink your water. Make sure you clean the bowl," Kayla commanded.

Smiling as she listened to the slurping sounds the puppy boy made lapping up the cool water from the dog bowl, Kayla watched her reluctant new guard dog lick the last droplets of water from the bowl.

"Lie down and relax for a few minutes, boy," she continued. "There are more fun activities planned for you today."

Shrugging his shoulders, Jake did as he was ordered. Savoring the sensation of cool water going down his parched throat, he quickly lapped up the clear liquid with only a few drops splattering his face and the grass below his paws. The cool refreshing water washed the taste of the puppies cum and juices out of his mouth. When the bowl was empty, he licked it clean and laid on the soft grass, belly down, head resting on his arms.

Glad he was no longer the center of attention, Jake watched Sage and Sakura attach leashes to the collars of Mr. Takahashi's pets. He moaned, lying on the cool lush grass of the kennel yard. Overwhelmed mentally and physically by the morning's games, the puppy boy closed his eyes, relaxing his tense muscles. Only half listening to the conversations going on around him, he was startled by the touch of a woman's soft hand on his ass. Jake's head jerked up, his gaze locked on Sage where she squatted beside him rubbing his right buttock.

"It's been a pleasure to paddle your tight sweet ass, Wulf," the guard dog trainer commented dryly.

Jake growled low in his throat. Having a beautiful woman play with and fondle his ass had always been a big turn on for him, but the paddling he could do without. Wiggling his hips, he tried to get away from her roaming hands. Just for a few minutes, he desperately wanted some time in private to go over in his mind the chaotic events of the last two weeks.

"We're stopping by the doggy park so the puppies can do their business Kayla," Sage addressed the powerful woman who ruled over the ranch. "Do you want us to take Wulf too?"

"That's a great idea. Send him back when he's done. There are a few things I need to go over with Ed before he takes Beau and Max back to the kennel to be groomed before their rest time. I'll continue my weekly inspection as soon as he gets back."

Jake growled under his breath. Damn, he had to pee on a tree again. There were definitely some things about puppy training he found quite annoying.

Sage hooked a leash to the puppy boy's plain leather collar. "Heel Wulf."

Rising to stand over him, she tapped her left thigh with her hand before she turned away from him and got the other two pet's leashes from Sakura. Laughing and chatting quietly the two young women strolled slowly off towards the partially wooded field set aside for puppy pets at the kennel to use when doing their business outside. Using her riding crop, Sage lightly flicked Taichi's large, dangling ball bag as he moved along beside and slightly ahead of her on her right side.

"Good boy, Taichi. I can't wait to see the footage of you pounding away at Asami in a dog run later tonight. If you manage to give her six orgasms and cum 3 times yourself, I just might bring you to a playroom in the kennel to entertain me for your next official milking."

Pausing to enjoy the low growling woof of the Asian puppy boy and the hot lust flaring from his dark eyes, Sage continued. "We can even have our session of fun and games recorded to show at movie night.

Jake rose to his hands and knees, stretching his legs. Crawling behind the female handlers and four Asian puppies, he realized he did indeed need to empty his bladder. How was it, Kayla and her staff seemed to sense the needs and boundaries of the adult people they were transforming into puppy or pony pets? Even this early in his own training, there were several things he did when obeying orders from handlers that did not bother or shock him as much as they had the first time he had been exposed to puppy training.

Looking back quickly, Jake noticed that Master Ed had walked away from the seated mistresses, Beau and Max prancing along beside him towards the kennel. Puzzled by the sight of Mistress Kayla's personal pet turning around to face him one last time, woof and raise a paw to wave at him, Jake frowned in confusion.

It was clear to see that the young, gentle brown-haired man was not being forced to do anything against his will. Beau showed clearly with every flash of joy in his warm brown eyes or movement of his lean, athletic bound body just how happy he was in his role as a spoiled, beloved puppy boy.

He turned to look where he was going, not wanting to get into trouble and earn any more punishments. Directly in front of him was the widely stretched open pussy of one of the Japanese master's pets. Looking to her right, he saw the other female oriental puppy, her puffy labia lips also slick with feminine juices.

Both young women had doggy tails extending out from their assholes, drawing the eye of any viewer to their luscious pink slits and sparkling diamond pendants dangling from their pierced clits. The gold balls on rings inserted through the edges of their outer folds glittered beautifully. Jake's ramrod stiff dick twitched and pulsed, pulling painfully on his heavy, swinging balls. He was going to do everything he could to see he did not screw anything up and miss getting his reward later that night. From his limited experience with Mistress Kayla and her staff, he believed the reward for good behavior he had been promised might be being able to fuck a puppy girl. He did not think his training had progressed enough to earn putting his cock inside the warm wet pussy of a mistress yet.

Shaking his head, Jake grunted and began to search for his favorite tree in the doggy park. He forgot the infernal leash was still connected to his training collar. Moving towards the tree, he came to an abrupt halt about five feet from the guard dog trainer. Turning his head to glance back at Sage, he whined, pointing to a tree along the fence separating the kennel from the stables. Fidgeting about and pawing the ground, he looked back and forth between the woman holding his leash and the tree he so desperately needed to reach.

Her eyes sparkled with amusement. Sage threw her head back, laughing out loud. She commanded Taichi and Kenichi to 'stay' before closing the distance between her and the dancing puppy boy. "Oh Wulf," she said when she reached him and unhooked his leash. "There is never a dull moment with you around."

Jake raced over to the tree, sniffing it several times. He noted the unique scents of at least five other puppy pets that also liked this tree and used it often. He memorized the scents and looked forward to figuring out who the other puppies were. His best guess was that four of them were male and one was female. Leaning on one knee with his right leg held up parallel to his body, his paw pressed into the rough bark of the tree trunk, he flexed the muscles low in his groin and abdomen. It was so much harder to urinate with a raging hard-on. After a few minutes his penis finally slightly softened and he sighed as a stream of light golden fluid shot out the end of his cock to run down the tree trunk to the ground.

The plug in his anus shifted, rubbing his constantly stimulated prostate gland as he moved and thrust his hips to shake off the last few drops of pee. Lowering his leg, Jake stepped back from the tree, facing the central area of the doggy park. Assuming a sitting position, he waited for Sage's next command. The puppy boy gazed around the lush grass covered park with trees and bushes surrounding it and a few bushes planted in the center. He noted that Sakura and the two puppy girls were nowhere in sight. The head guard dog trainer was walking up to him with two puppy boys behind her, his leash in one hand.

Once she reached him, Sage hooked the leash to his collar again. Coiling up the long brown leather strap, she stood in front of him with her hands on her hips and jean covered legs apart in an aggressive stance. Swatting his ass with her free hand, she called out a stern command.

"Open your mouth Wulf. When I put the leash between your lips, bite down on the leather and hold it securely in your mouth. Then prance back over to Mistress Kayla in perfect show position and wait for her to order you to drop the leash."

Sage paused, looking directly at Wulf, "If I hear from Mistress Kayla that you disobeyed her even one time during your walk today, you will get 30 strokes of my paddle on that sweet ass of yours and NOT get the reward our generous mistress promised you. Waggle your cock if you understand me."

Jake flushed in anger for a brief moment before he assumed a neutral expression. He stared at the woman in front of him, mouth open as ordered. When the hated leash was placed in his mouth, he pulled his tongue in and bit down on the outer edges of the coiled up leather strap. Waggling the thick, engorged monster between his legs, the puppy boy sat up, back straight glaring at Sage.

Smiling, the trainer pointed to the chairs where Kayla and Zimra sat chatting. "Go to Mistress Kayla! Show her how nicely you can beg."

Sending one last glare towards the guard dog trainer, the puppy boy got on all fours and turned in the direction of the seated mistresses. His back straight, head facing forward, thighs spread wide to showcase his dangling package, Jake moved briskly across the grass. Clenching and unclenching the muscles of his anus, he wagged the six inch long black rubber tail fitted to the anal plug nestled snuggly in his ass.

Barb had taught him more of the puppy commands, like 'show position', 'greet' another pet, 'prance', beg' and several others in the past week. Jake was continually both shocked and impressed by the complex,

yet surprisingly simple, series of spoken orders, hand motions, whistles, and leash commands Kayla and her staff utilized in pet training at this unique facility. There were even specific barks or woofs for puppies and nods or head shakes and whinnies for ponies to use to respond to a handler's question.

Jake gazed at the captivating blonde woman seated next to Mistress Zimra. Biting down harder on the leather strap between his teeth, the puppy boy stopped a few feet in front of the two women. Sitting up, he assumed a begging position. He tightened his abdominal muscles to make his cock bob and waggle, pre-cum splattering onto the grass and his inner thighs from the slit in its crown.

Mistress Zimra rose from her chair, moving a short distance to stand beside Wulf. Caressing his left ear, she bent down to whisper, "Let's hope you don't do anything to screw up getting your reward tonight, boy. Captain Kelly and a couple of your 'friends' from the police department will be here as special guests to see how well your training is going."

Pushing the simmering anger deep inside, Jake glared at the dark haired mistress briefly before assume a neutral expression. He watched as Mistress Zimra stood up, waved to Kayla and walked away. The seductive sway of her shapely hips sent jolts of heat straight to his pulsing dick and aching balls. He really hoped the promised reward tonight involved his hard cock plunging deeply in and out of a wet pussy.

"That's right, pup," Kayla's deep sexy voice startled him. "We want our star puppy boy primed and ready to go, but make sure you do not cum before being given permission to."

Jake blinked several times, growling low in his throat at the picture forming in his mind. With his ex-captain and fellow officers in attendance, tonight's humiliating performance would be three times as difficult to endure without breaking his puppy training. These were men whose respect he had wanted so much to earn. Now they would only see him as a submissive male pet instead of the sharp, decisive police officer he had dreamed of being.

"It's not so bad being a puppy boy, Wulf," Kayla commented as she got up from her chair to stare intently into Jake's eyes. "The other option you had to choose from could have turned out much worse for you."

A chill raced down his spine to settle into a knot in stomach at her words. Jake had only been a cop officially about four months before his unfortunate investigation into Beau and Tamara's disappearance. He'd been around enough to understand just how cold and cruel people could be, especially those with wealth or power.

"Drop it! Drop the leash boy. I have to finish my weekly rounds if I am going to have time to play with my personal pet and take a nap before tonight's dinner party."

Jake opened his mouth, allowing the coiled leash to fall to the ground in front of him. Following Kayla's movements, the puppy boy warily observed as she pulled an 8 x 8 inch white cotton cloth from a pouch on her equipment belt. Bending down, she picked up the long leather strap that now lay in a jumbled pile on the grass. Using the cloth, she wiped the saliva off his leash. He relaxed a little when she put the cloth back in its pouch and did not pull anything else off the belt. Most of the items on a handler's equipment belt were designed to unmercifully arouse or give pain to a human pet. A variety of malicious clips with sharp rubber coated teeth and weighted pendants or shiny bells were stored in several pouches hanging on the belt.

Kayla glanced around the training yard, nodded and slipped her hand through a loop at the end of Wulf's leash. Patting her left thigh, she walked towards one of the small clusters of people and pets spread about the fenced in kennel grounds. As she passed a trainer showing a mistress how to us a leash to command her new puppy boy, the blonde dom paused to chat with her guest.

"Sit Wulf. Stay." Kayla called out pointing to a spot on the ground next to her.

Jake sat quietly, closely examining a fair skinned young man in his early 20's standing on all fours in show position beside a smiling woman with thin brown hair just starting to turn gray. Dressed in arm bands, leg-ups, and a leather collar with a dog tag hanging from it, the otherwise naked man's green eyes glittered with excitement and lust. The puppy boy's 6 inch long rubber tail wagged with obvious excitement, its light brown color a nice contrast to his blue puppy outfit. True affection shone in the young male's eyes every time he looked up at the plain-featured older woman who now owned him. The two of them, mistress and pet, looked to be a good match, both appearing to be gentle and a bit shy.

"Oh Kayla, owning a puppy boy is so much fun," the plumpish middle aged woman announced, bending down to ruffle her pup's curly head fur.

"Are the training sessions working out for you Jenny?"

The woman giggled, her brown eyes sparkling. "Romeo is such a sweet boy. He gave me more orgasms in one night than my departed husband did in twenty years of marriage."

“That’s wonderful mistress,” Kayla smiled. “Remember, you are a mistress now with an adoring puppy boy who wants nothing more than to make you happy.”

Blushing, Jenny reached underneath her pet to caress and stroke his semi-erect cock. “He is just perfect for my needs, dear. When his puppy penis is hard, its 10 inches are divine. Even when it isn’t hard it is nice to look at.”

“Including free pet training and handling seminars for new buyers of your ‘special’ pets is a great idea. No wonder puppy boys, puppy bitches or ponies trained at your compound are in such high demand.”

Half listening to the women’s conversation, Jake watched as the puppy boy’s cock hardened. The older mistress rubbed, fondled and caressed the male pup’s fully engorged member. The loose skin that had hidden a small part of the head of his shaft now stretched taut over the long firm piece of flesh clearly showing the pet was eager and ready to play. It was extra special for Jenny to own such a young male pet that was ‘uncut’. That way she knew when her pet’s cock head was fully displayed, her puppy was fully aroused.

Jake felt two tugs on his leash. Turning his attention to his owner, he looked up to see what would be required of him next. With Kayla and her training staff, he never quite knew in advance what they would command him to do until the actual order was given. Hoping the command she gave him next did not involve his tongue and another man’s junk, he sighed. He still detested having intimate contact with another man. The puppy girls he had greeted and nuzzled during his training so far had been much more to his liking.

“Romeo is going to greet you Wulf. Sit up with your paws pressed to the ground outside your thighs.”

Following Kayla’s order, Jake placed his cloth encased fists on the outside of his folded legs. He spread his thighs a few inches farther apart, straightened his back and woofed. Using the correct three woof response Barb had taught him yesterday, he acknowledged his owner’s command and told her without using words he would obey immediately. He had learned most of the complex yet effective system of communication between handler and pets during the first week of his training.

“Stay in that position Wulf and let the puppy boy practice on you,” Kayla spoke firmly. “He has only been collared four days and hasn’t had the opportunity to greet a male pup until now.”

Jake relaxed, glad he was being licked and not having to ‘greet’ the new pup himself. Looking into the soft warm eyes of the golden-haired puppy boy, he kept his head high, exposing his face and neck to the young man in front of him. This puppy boy showed none of the aggressive tendencies and need to dominate others clearly evident in the larger males that were transformed into guard dogs.

Arching her brow, Kayla was pleased at Wulf’s control. He sat very still and quiet as the other pup clumsily licked his cheek, sniffed his neck and lay down between his legs on the lush grass of the kennel yard. Her new guard dog’s eyes alertly followed every movement of the shy young puppy boy’s body. The young male tentatively licked the new guard dog’s cock and balls, not quite comfortable with the intimate puppy duty so early in his training.

As director of the compound and the training facility housed here, she focused mainly on making a profit. Turning submissive young men and a few young women into well-behaved pets to be sold to an elite selection of owners filled her with pride. Buyers had to pass a security check to insure they were indeed personally interested in having a human pet and not trying to spy on her or cause trouble of any kind. Also, her background investigation confirmed that each customer had and continued to have the financial resources needed to properly own and care for her ranch’s livestock. The puppy boys and pony stallions sold at auction in the ranch’s first year brought in a modest profit. Now, a prime puppy boy or pony stud sold for anything from $400,000 to 1 million dollars.

“Stop Romeo,” the kennel trainer commanded, “Assume a show position. Wulf is going to greet you now.”

Glaring at the female trainer with feelings of disgust he continued to struggle to hide, Jake woofed three times, pawed Kayla’s bare ankle and moved to face the younger man. Keeping his expression neutral, he wagged his tail. He really needed his reward tonight. Fucking a puppy girl would feel so good after all the attention his overwhelmed aroused body had gotten today. All this licking other men’s private parts was the most disgusting thing he had been ordered to do during his two weeks of puppy training.

Sighing he licked Romeo’s cheek, pressed his face into the crook of the puppy boy’s neck and inhaled deeply. Memorizing the new pup’s unique scent, he added it to the collection of identifying markers he had learned from the other pets in the kennel. Jake crawled around to the back end of the new puppy boy, sniffed his package and licked the ball bag dangling between Romeo’s legs. He was surprised to discover the new pleasure pup’s body had not been altered as dramatically as most of the other male pets.

Kayla grinned, her eyes sparkling with anticipation. Tonight’s private dinner party, followed by some arousing pet performances was sure to be a success. Watching Jake bury his disgust and anger while he

lay on his back underneath another male's hard cock lapping up the pre-cum dripping from its slit pleased her.

The privacy of her staff and the international group of people who enjoyed or purchased the special pets the ranch produced was one of her biggest concerns. Several of the pups and ponies trained at the compound had made the mistake in their prior life of being too nosy or angering the wrong person.

These unfortunate people were now either living the rest of their lives as collared pets or working at the compound as part of the permanent non-pet staff with pay but unable to leave the ranch unsupervised. One vicious, totally uncooperative male had died mysteriously. The addition of Wulf and Blade to the collection of high-quality pets had been unexpected, but was working out to her benefit.

Jake showed all the qualities she looked for in her permanent paid security staff. If he managed to get through his year of guard dog duty, she definitely wanted him to stay on as part of the compound's elite security team, assuming those duties as a man. She had made this plan quietly known to Sage and Barb so that Wulf's trainers had her wish in mind every day of the pet's training.

"That's enough Wulf," Kayla commanded, holding out a chunk of cheese she had taken from a bowl sitting on a small table by the kennel trainer. "Speak for me. Do you want a treat for behaving well for your owner?"

Rolling his eyes, Jake grunted then woofed one time. He sat up in a begging position, plastering a 'happy look' on his sticky face.

"Good boy!" Kayla picked up a warm damp cloth from the table, handing it to Jenny. "Would you like to clean your pup's mess off my very obedient puppy boy's face and shoulders?"

"My pleasure, dear, he is quite impressive with his well-muscled body, leather chest straps and flashing eyes."

Jake sighed, gazing into the kind face of the older woman as she gently wiped the sticky male fluid off of his upper body. There was nothing domineering in the personality of the mistress tending him. He knew he would be shocked to see or hear of this sweet lady doing anything harsh or pain inducing to her pet or any other. On the streets Jake had grown up in and worked in as a cop, the shy sweet young man would not have survived long. Romeo was a lucky pup to have her as his mistress.

Feeling Kayla's hand on his cheek, he looked away from Mistress Jenny into the intense blue eyes of the woman who had collared him. Savoring the treat Kayla placed on his outstretched tongue, he sighed in pleasure and swallowed the tasty cheese. Some of the lessons or duties a puppy boy was required to do were not to his liking, but the quality and regularity of the food provided for pets at the compound was surprisingly pleasant and appetizing. Breakfast consisted of a tasty oatmeal-like mush, followed by several healthy snacks during the day. The final meal of the evening, even though he had to eat most of it out of an infernal doggy bowl, always included tender meats, soft flavorful vegetables and occasionally a sweet treat from a handler or trainer's hand.

"You are such a good pup," Kayla spoke loudly, patting Wulf's smooth bald head. "Show us how a puppy boy speaks when the answer to a handler's question is no."

Woofing twice, he gazed up at the two mistresses and the trainer without making any other sounds. Glancing back and forth from the bowl of snacks on the table and Mistress Kayla, Jake whimpered. He was hungry from this morning's activities and really wanted a few more chunks of cheese. Although he thoroughly detested having to 'beg' for treats, it was the only way a puppy boy got fed in between meals.

"How delightful," Jenny spoke up, a look of understanding in her eyes. "One woof is yes, two woofs is no. I am so excited that Romeo will have a way to communicate with me."

Pausing a moment she added, "The sexual pleasure he gives me is wonderful, but the main reason I got a puppy boy is for companionship. My husband left me quite well off financially, but I get so lonely since Edgar died."

Kayla smiled, thinking about her own puppy boy and the special gift he had managed to give her despite all the doctors telling her she was infertile. Of the four male pups she had kept as personal pets, Beau's sweet gentle nature, intelligence, caring heart and loyalty made him her ideal match. The twins she now carried, fathered by her special male pet would be loved and cherished. Once the Dog and Pony Show was over and her delivery time was close, she was going to give Beau the antidote to her unique hormone. He would keep his impressive male package, along with the intense sex drive that came with being a puppy boy. She would marry her sweet, young male pet, having his last name officially changed to match hers of course, and give their daily care into the loving hands of their father. With him as the nanny and caretaker of their little ones, her family would be complete.

Seeing affection and genuine caring in the older woman's eyes as well as the gentle puppy boy's adoring

gaze, a feeling of warm satisfaction filled her. This one male pup did not handle a pleasure / pain style of training well. Paula had agreed with her that Romeo needed an owner who was unlikely to paddle or discipline him too harshly. When her father's good friend Jenny came to her to ask about getting a puppy boy for companionship, Kayla had been overjoyed. The kind, loving woman in her mid-50's with no personal experience in the dom-sub life style was perfect for the shy, quiet puppy boy. As director of this unique training facility, she was happy when owners and pets bonded so well.

"When his basic puppy training is done, Romeo will have been taught a system of communication composed of verbal orders, hand signals, leash commands, whistles and puppy responses made up of doggy sounds his altered vocal chords allow him to make."

Kayla bent down to run her fingertips over the soft skin of Wulf's inner thighs. "Guard dogs patrol as a team without direct supervision from handlers when necessary so they have to be able to 'tell' us if something needs to be investigated. It just seems a natural extension that all our pets learn such ways of command and communication too."

Pausing, she thought for a moment and added, "Our fierce protective guard dogs are taught to use the muscles in their anal passage to squeeze the butt plug holding their tails in a similar pattern to the leash commands you are learning today as a way to notify us when they need help. An electronic signal is sent from a small device in the plug to the security station each time the pup presses tightly on his plug."

"You seem to have covered every need or problem possible concerning the special pets trained here at your ranch and the lucky people who benefit from owning one."

Jenny patted her puppy boy's shoulder, concern in her eyes. "Romeo is my pet and companion. I don't want to even think about him being hurt or distressed and not being able to let me know so I can take care of it."

Noticing the pup's suddenly pale face and alarmed look in his eyes, Kayla reached out to caress Romeo's soft cheek and full lush lower lip. "Don't fret boy, all you have to think about is obeying and pleasing your owner. You are a pleasure pup, not a guard dog."

Kayla smiled as the trembling puppy boy settled down, raising his eyes to gaze calmly into her own. "You love your new mistress, don't you boy?"

The blonde mistress grinned as the new male pleasure pup arrffed and licked her hand, his eyes shining with happiness and contentment. As the well-loved and spoiled pet of a kind mistress, this young man wouldn't have a care in the world for the rest of his life. Kayla had promised Jenny she would assume care of Romeo if anything happened to her, making sure the puppy boy was taken care of in a way best suited to his gentle personality.

Jake yawned, wishing he could lie down and take a nap. Closing his eyes, he tuned out the women's conversation, sitting quietly, eyes half shut dozing at the feet of his 'owner'. A short time later he jerked awake when Kayla tugged on his leash twice. Startled, he looked up to see Mistress Jenny's hand in front of his face, palm down. Licking the top of her hand to thank her for allowing Romeo to play with him, he stretched before getting on his hands and knees beside Kayla. The new mistress's giggle charmed him. Romeo was definitely in good hands with this pleasant, sweet woman as his owner.

The next few hours flew by as he followed Kayla on her weekly inspection. There were different groups of owners, pets and trainers meeting outside in the kennel yard and garden next to the mansion. More lessons were being given inside the kennel and main house. Kayla had casually informed him that not only buyers of her special pets attended the semi-annual training seminar, other guests interested in possibly owning a puppy or pony pet paid high fees for the privilege of learning about being the owner of a personal 'pet'. He had wondered briefly why Kayla explained in great detail to him how the compound was laid out, what owners or guests expected when they visited here and the daily routine of the household and training staff employed at the compound year around. Maybe it was all part of being a guard dog versus a pleasure pup.

Every topic imaginable, plus some that took him by surprise, were covered. Dressing your pet, how to select the perfect pet, tips on training your pet, demonstrations of bondage methods and tools of the trade, and the newest equipment available for puppy and pony play were being taught to owners and guests using many of the male and female puppies and ponies from Kayla's kennel or stable were used for the necessary demonstrations of proper fit and usage. The strangest session he had encountered was one on the many uses of a male pet's pre-cum or semen and a female pet's breast milk or thick sweet honey in the kitchen.

Jake sat on the floor next to Mistress Kayla, amazed at the large spacious room they had just entered. The custom designed gym for employees and pets on the ground level at the end of the kennel between the guest's exercise area and the main cafeteria of the compound floored him. It was immaculately clean with state of the art exercise equipment. Trainers and handlers worked out fully clothed amid naked young

men and women wearing leather collars and thick belts around their trim waists. Some pets stood on two legs on treadmills, semi taut chains attached to their painfully clamped nipples also connected to rings set in the center panel of the exercise machine. Other pets lay on their backs on weight benches, the belt around their waists secured to the padded bench.

He winced each time he saw a restrained puppy boy or puppy bitch's chain stretched out to full length, pulling on the pet's ultra-sensitive, tortured nipples. Puppy boys were strapped down to reclining free-weight benches with their legs spread wide, ankles cuffed and kept apart by a 3 foot long steel rod. Small weighted bells adorned their large swollen ball bags. Clamped firmly to the tightly stretched skin encasing their testicles with sharp rubber coated alligator clips, the bells tinkled as the dangling ball sacks swayed between their legs as each pet performed its exercise routine.

The pups grunted and groaned every time they pushed the weighted bar up with their unrestrained arms and hands. The wretched chains connecting them to the bar holding the weights extended to full length, tugging and jerking their sore nipples. The sound of jingling bells echoed in the room as the puppy boy's nuts bounced off their ass cheeks where they rested on and extended slightly off the ends of the benches was a sound that Kayla often came to the gym to hear.

Some young men worked out on treadmills, their sweating naked bodies struggling to maintain a pace that kept the horrid chains from pulling tight and jerking their tender reddened nipples. To further torment and humiliate the unfortunate male pups, handlers had locked tight metal rings around the base of the puppy boy's shafts. A short dangling chain and vibrating pendant hung from each pup's cock ring.

Thin leather straps with a small ring attached were buckled around their steel hard erections just below the crown. Hooked to the small rings were 4 ounce weighted balls that pulled down and swayed with every movement of their muscled legs. Imagining the pain and discomfort the puppy boys felt each time the chain yanked on their sore nipples or the clips bit into their tender ball bags sent bolts of phantom pain to his slightly softened cock and already aching balls.

Trying to take his mind off the puppy boys, he looked towards the opposite end of the room. The far wall was covered by a floor to ceiling mirror. About a half dozen puppy girls and two young male pups were using the exercise machines closest to the mirror. Jake moaned, his dick engorging to full erection again at the enticing sight of naked young women learning a mandatory puppy skill on all fours, secured to several of the treadmills by chains hooked to their pierced, ringed clits and large firm tits. He panted and drooled, his tongue slipping out of his mouth past his dry lips from what he was seeing of the open and slick girl's bodies, but even more for the reaction to the enhanced female scents almost overwhelming his sense of smell when he directed his eyes toward the exercising puppy girls.

The puppy girls whimpered, kept on the edge of orgasm with Kayla's special hormone without being allowed release. But, for further conditioning, in addition to the nipple chains, each puppy girl had vibrating pendants adorning the rings piercing their clits. Some of the weighted balls bounced around on what looked like a high setting. Thick juices dripped down the inner thighs and labia lips of a lithe red headed puppy girl whose clit jewelry pulled and tugged wildly on her unusually long pleasure nub. She yelped, struggling to keep pace with the treadmill she was secured to as her body trembled and shook.

"You didn't think I would overlook something as important as keeping my pets in prime physical condition, did you Wulf?"

Kayla waited until the guard dog trainee turned his head up to look at her, a confused expression on his face before continuing. "We don't have to worry too much about the pony boys and fillies; their daily routine provides lots of opportunities to get a good work out. Puppy boys and puppy bitches, on the other hand, spend three hours a day, four days a week in the gym exercising."

Chuckling at Wulf's bobbing cock and intense hungry eyes, Kayla completed her explanation. "Physically, a pet's body is designed to function best while standing on two feet. It's imperative that the compound staff keeps every part of a puppy or pony pet at full strength and in perfect working order so they can easily perform on command as trained, in the proper usually all fours position. A wicked gleam in her compelling eyes, she examined her newest guard dog.

Wulf was in excellent shape, strikingly handsome in looks with his olive-toned skin, bright hazel eyes and uncircumcised cock. She was going to have fun putting him through his paces during puppy training, pushing his limits to see how he handled the sometimes harsh lessons ahead of him. If he was able to learn quickly and endure his year as a guard dog well, he would make a fantastic addition to the elite group of men and women employed as the facilities permanent security team.

"One day I'll have Barb set you up in between two puppy girls during your scheduled exercise session. Their scents alone in such close proximity should add at least a half an inch to the monster jutting out of your groin."

Following Kayla out the gym's main doors leading to the kennel yard, Jake moved quickly, trying to keep

up with his owner's brisk pace. She had strolled or walked casually during most of the inspection so far and seemed to be in a hurry now. He noticed she had pulled her riding crop off her belt with the hand not holding his leash and was tapping her right thigh with it. He was confused, having no idea if 'tapping the right thigh' meant anything in particular. He had been taught that patting the rapping the left thigh meant 'heel', but nothing had been said about the same actions on the right thigh.

"Get a move on, boy," she called over her shoulder. "The last part of today's inspection is the stables. We don't want to miss any of the exciting sessions Master Andre is hosting as part of seminar."

Kayla sighed, looking back at Wulf, "After I'm done here, some play time with Beau and a nice nap before tonight's dinner and special entertainment are next on my agenda."

The late afternoon sun, clear blue sky and cool mountain breeze made him catch a breath. The ranch compound and the meadow, woods and mountains surrounding it was the most beautiful place he had ever seen. Jake passed by puppy boys and puppy girls being groomed, exercised by handlers or relaxing in outdoor dog runs. He felt the beginnings of a strange unexpected sense of peace in his still disquieted mind and chaotic thoughts despite his painful erection, aching balls. Young men and women, mostly outfitted in full puppy gear with restrained legs, cloth covered lower arms, collars and butt plugs with doggy tails attached, obeyed their handlers and owners eagerly. It still baffled him that the puppy pets seemed to be so happy and content as they sat up, begged, played fetch, or rolled over onto their backs to expose the magnificent cocks, balls and cunts enhanced by Mistress Kayla's special hormone.

His owner stopped at a second gate connecting the kennel yard the stables, punched in a code and led him into the stable yard before locking the gate again. Jake turned back to examine the 10 foot tall chain link fencing separating the two main pet training areas. An electronically secured 8 foot tall, 4 feet wide enforced chain link gate kept puppy or pony pets from wandering away without permission.

Barb had explained to him how the pony stallions and guard dog's collars had a chip imbedded in them that triggered the gates to and from the kennel and stables automatically when the teams of permanent guard dogs patrolled without direct supervision. He had even seen individual pony boys entering and exiting the stable yard pulling a mower to cut the grass. Only fully trained pony studs were sent out without grooms or handlers to maintain the grounds or pull carriages to and from the external loading dock.

"Stop Wulf," Kayla commanded pulling back on his leash. "Don't get too far ahead of me boy."

Jake sat down where he was, looking around to get his bearings. He had been so lost in thought on that he had been unaware his owner had slowed down. Damn, she might have given him other orders or mentioned something of importance he missed by being distracted. If he was going to avoid unnecessary punishments, he had better pay attention to everything going on around him and save deep thinking to times he was alone at night or allowed to rest in the accursed dog runs.

Focusing on the stable yard and the activities going on there, he directed his attention to the six-pony exercise wheel next to the main stable building. His ex-partner was harnessed to one of the bars extending out from the wheel next to a tall, extremely well-muscled fair skinned man with long platinum blonde hair. In front of Blade hitched to another bar was an unbelievably gorgeous black woman in the early stages of pregnancy and a bald, muscular man with dark golden skin.

Each 'pony' hitched to the wheel was naked except for a leather harness wrapped around the chest and waist, held together with shiny brass rings and buckles. One thin strap with a 'y' shaped end hanging from the back of a thick belt around their waist was passed through their legs. The single length of the strap had a ring through which a long flowing horse tail had been attached to a butt plug inserted firmly into their ass. Attached to the lower part of the ring were two thin straps that were pulled through the pony's legs to be hooked to rings at the front of the thick belt.

Male ponies had a separate ring around the root of their dicks, nestling snuggly against their smooth groins. Two short straps anchored to the ring were wrapped and buckled around their large testicles, nicely displaying each firm, swollen ball separately for all to see and certainly make the pony more presentably virile in appearance. Swollen testicles on a male pet, puppy or pony, were the real goods and Kayla liked to advertise her farm products. The two longer straps were pulled up tightly and hooked to a large brass ring in the front section of the waist belt.

The pony-girl had a similar strap, without the testicles straps. It was threaded through rings piercing her labia lips and attached to the large ring in the center of the front part of her belt. It was designed to lightly stimulate and make it easier to open the pussy if an inspection was desired of the young filly or mare by a trainer or customer. Kayla knew the appeal of seeing deep into the source of a pony girl's wetness and made it a standard practice of 'dressing' her female ponies using the labia rings and simple leather strings to make fully opening the lips of her fillies just a little easier. As an added pleasure, she loved to watch the pony studs go crazy, hot desire and driving lust flashing in their eyes whenever they were near, watching or smelling one of the delectable pony girls.

Ankle high black leather boots with large hoof shaped toe sections and smaller hoof shaped heels were strapped tightly to their lower legs. The ponies wore leather bridles with cruel looking metal bits pushed firmly into their mouths between their teeth. Instead of five foot long reins which were usually attached to the bridles when a pony was hitched to a cart or mower, they were harnessed to the exercise wheel. A two foot long chain was attached to the large ring in the center of the back section of the waist belt and connected to a ring set into the bar. Encouraged by a handler with a light whip, the ponies marched around in circles, straining to pull the weight of the bar attached to the exercise wheel to help prepare the pony for whatever type of cart they would be assigned.

Jake umphed, turning his head to glance up at the beautiful woman beside him. Feeling a firm tug on his leash, he crawled behind her as she moved closer to the exercise wheel.

“Blade is looking good this morning Dusty,” Kayla addressed the stable handler overseeing the four ponies. “Have them stop so our new guard dog can get familiar with their scents.”

A wide smile on her face, the groom ordered the trembling restrained men and woman to ‘whoa’. Jake noted that the athletic young woman dressed in jeans, a white tank top and boots in charge of the ponies exercising on the wheel was attractive. Most of the men and women employed full-time at the ranch to train and handle the ‘pets’ were in good physical shape and between the ages of 21 and 35. He had a feeling this was not accidental. Just being in the presence of a sexy, beautiful woman while heated arousal surged through his altered body due to daily doses of Kayla’s insidious supplement made him want to scream and beg for release sometimes.

“That’s it, good ponies,” the young woman called out as the wheel came to a halt. “Present!”

Kayla unhooked Wulf’s leash. “Go sniff the pretty ponies and get to know them, boy. Males first, then the pony filly.”

With one last glance up at his owner, he sighed and moved to obey her command. If he had his choice, he would not be putting his nose or face this close to another man ever again. But, he was not in charge of anything except surviving at this point. Thank goodness she had not ordered him to suck the male pony’s cocks. There was no way that disgusting activity would ever appeal to him, no matter how many times he had to do it.

Jake paused for a moment to look closer at the four unbelievably attractive people now standing as still as possible, backs straight, heads high, and legs spread wide to completely expose their cocks, balls or pussy. In his mind they were still men and women, not animals or pets with no feelings or the right to decide for themselves what they wanted to do or not to do. He found it puzzling that anyone would choose to become a submissive collared pet whose sole purpose was to obey and please a dominant owner.

Crawling towards the beautiful black woman, he snarled at Kayla’s reminder to check out the pony boys first, then the filly. Damn, he thought, he had been hoping to get to Tamara first. Recovering his composure, Jake plastered a ‘happy’ look on his face, wagging his tail back and forth to show how ‘eager’ he was to obey his mistress’s command like a good puppy boy. Darting pain combined with tingling heat shot from his tail filled ass to his hard, throbbing dick. He winced at the memory of Sage’s punishment for not wagging his tail correctly.

Instead of the smaller yet still effective butt plug used to hold a pup’s doggy tail in place, she had selected a plug three times larger with a tail twice as heavy. Having to endure the agony of that horrid discipline tail for a morning’s training one time had been enough to show him who was in charge. Unlike the regular plug he could ignore sometimes and not think about, the larger plug and tail had stretched his anus painfully, never letting him forget it was there tormenting him.

He cleared his mind, focusing on the task at hand. Moving to a spot on the grass between the open legs of an extremely well-muscled man in his early 20’s, Jake stared at the pony boy’s wavy platinum blonde hair that fell in eight long braids from the unshaven right half of his head. Small brass bells were attached to the ends of the braids. Sitting up, Jake pressed his nose into the warm flesh between the man’s groin and upper thigh where it meets the hip. Inhaling deeply, he pulled back to lick the trembling male’s inner thigh. Feeling something hard and hot tap his cheek, he turned his face to catch a large drop of pre-cum that had leaked out the slit in the pony boy’s 13 inch shaft.

Jake stored in his mind the scent, taste and unique physical attributes of this particular pony stallion. It was a good thing he had a photographic memory and had no problems remembering even small details with little or no effort. Looking over the rest of the man’s basically nude body, he was stunned at the beauty and simplicity of a large tattoo of a Celtic knot done in blue and purple on his chest. Now, he only needed a name to go with what he had learned about the pony boy. Looking up at the stable handler, he woofed.

“The pony stallion’s name is Blanco pup. He is one of the resident ponies housed here for guests and visiting owners to use and enjoy,”

Dusty said using the end of her crop to tease and caress the standing male's large pink nipples. "This pony stud has the most delectable nipples, so plump and sensitive to the touch."

Filing the name along with the information about the shuddering, fair-skinned pony in his mind, Jake moved a short distance to his right. He looked up at the man who had been his friend and partner in his previous life. Roscoe, or Blade as he had preferred to be called, had always worked out and kept himself in great shape, spending most of his off-duty time in the gym or at the gun range honing his skills. Wearing only leather straps, a wide belt, a bridle and ankle high boots, every hard toned muscle in his body was shown to perfection. The metal bit in his mouth kept his mouth from closing, stretching his full lips to frame his long tongue and straight white teeth.

Staring into Blade's dark brown eyes, Jake pawed his partner's bare sweaty thigh and sighed. He was not looking forward to doing the intimate, humiliation things to his friend he had been ordered to do. Noticing that Blade had settled down and gone completely still except for his bobbing cock and dangling balls, Jake quickly sniffed, licked and nuzzled the newest 'pony boy'. Looking up into his friend's intense gaze, he saw an unexpected sight. A hint of calm acceptance and resignation mixed with the lust and desire maintained in puppy or pony pets by Kayla's specially engineered hormone.

Jake aarrffed in greeting as Blade tossed his head, causing the bridle, bit rings and light chains connecting the bridle to the bar to jangle loudly. It was good to know his friend understood he did not do any of this to humiliate or hurt him. Taking a deep cleansing breath, he stepped away from Blade, noting the contrast between the two male ponies. Blanco's pale skin and long white blonde hair was startling seen next to Blade's dark skin tone and bald head.

Both men were over 6 feet tall with heavily muscled bodies, hard straining cocks and obscenely noticeable ball sacks dangling between their legs. Blade's dick was only a little over 11 inches long and his balls were not quite as large as the fair-haired stud's 13 inch cock and firm swollen nuts. Jake had no doubt Kayla's hormone would soon have his partner's cock and balls built up to the minimum standard for pony stallions.

Checking out the other pony stallion, he noted in his mind the scent, taste and features of the young man in his mid-20's with golden tanned skin, a bald head and, of course, a well-honed physique. At 6 feet 2 inches, Demetrius was a perfect example of prime pony flesh. Dusty ran the soft leather tip of her crop up and down the length of the pony stud's 13 inch cock as she told him the male pet's name, as if he were truly an animal and not a man. If that was not enough, she casually listed the ribbons and awards Demetrius had won in the last two annual Dog and Pony Shows.

Jake stayed clear of the pony stallion's quivering body and swaying cock, feeling sorry for the poor man. He watched the frustrated male stomp his booted feet and toss his head. Fear and desperation flared in Demetrius' emerald green eyes. Bridle jingling, saliva spraying from his brutally stretched mouth, he struggled to maintain the position his groom had commanded him to stay in without giving in to the raging need for release that thundered through every part of his bound and restrained body.

"Demetrius did well today Dusty," Kayla spoke as she strolled over to the exercise wheel and tugged firmly on one of the pony stallion's nipple rings. "When is he scheduled to be milked again?"

The stable handler grinned. "All the pony studs, with the exception of Hunter, are being milked or allowed to mount a filly tonight and tomorrow as per master Andre's instructions. That gives us a full two weeks before the show to help the pony boys and pony stallions get prepared for the pony competition."

"I have an idea for the perfect reward for our prancing pony. Check with Master Andre and see if he has any objections to Demetrius being the stud at this evening's after dinner entertainment."

While the groom radioed the stable master, Kayla caressed the pony stallion's broad muscled chest. She ran her hands down his clearly defined eight pack abs to the thick erect shaft jutting out from his groin. Wrapping her soft warm hand around his hot throbbing cock, she looked into his eyes.

"Are you my good pony stud? Are you ready at a moment's notice to drive your proud, steel hard fuck rod into a filly's cunt to please your mistress?"

Jake's eyes widened at hearing her words and at the incredible sight before him. He winced in sympathetic pain as Kayla stroked the agitated male's straining engorged cock. Palming the stud's large swollen balls, she tickled the tightly stretched, sensitive skin encasing his balls with her fingertips as the groom laughed and chatted with her. Demetrius neighed frantically nodding his head, unable to do anything but stand there, stomp its legs and suffer from the added heat of extra attention given with Kayla's knowing hands. Blistering heat roared through him, leaving no part of his body free of the intense sexual arousal that tormented the altered males every moment of their waking day.

Kayla stepped back from the pony stallion, moving to stand a few feet away from the exercise wheel. Crossing her arms over her chest, she inclined her head and looked at Wulf as if she were waiting for something.

Knowing he was missing something important, Jake whimpered. His mind racing, he recalled all the lessons he had learned so far. Panic setting in, he trembled in fear, not wanting to earn another punishment so soon after his most recent paddling. He woofed, turning to face his owner and assumed the proper begging position. Hoping his hunch was correct, he pointed to the young woman hitched to the exercise wheel and 'begged' to attend her.

A wide smile spread across Kayla's lush lips. "You are a fast learner Wulf. Good boy! Now go over and introduce yourself to my delightful pony girl. Make sure you lap her sweetly rounded tummy. Hunter did a great job breeding the filly to foal a set of triplets in her, didn't he?"

Jake moved over to sit on the ground between the open legs of a booted, harnessed and bridled young black woman in her mid-20. Tamara Washington had been reported missing the same day Beau had disappeared. The photographs supplied by her family to the sheriff to aid in the search had not done justice to her golden brown skin, thick dark brown hair, full figure and strikingly beautiful face.

Now she stood in front of him, bound in a 'horse' harness, hitched to an exercise wheel expectantly waiting for him to lick her pussy. With her labia lips pierced, ringed and held apart by thin leather straps, he had unrestricted access to her dripping cunt and unusually long hard clit. Only in his fantasies or as the cause of his night time wet dreams had he ever seen a woman, this stunningly beautiful naked.

Jake pressed his face close against her slit, inhaling her sweet intoxicating scent. He pulled back to lick the thick creamy juices covering the puffy lips surrounding her cunt. Being careful to stay clear of her booted feet and the risk of a kick as she fidgeted and stomped her 'hooves' into the ground, he stuck his long tongue deep into her hot wet pleasure hole, delighting in the wonder of her taste and flavor. Now this he didn't mind doing. He had always enjoyed oral sex with his female bed partners. Doing so now publicly was far beyond his care now. Moaning in ecstasy to match her wild neighs and grunts, his cock pulsed, engorging even more. Pre-cum dripped from the raging monster between his legs, strands of clear shiny male juice forming and dangling from the cock tip toward the grass like an exotic spider web.

Demanding attention and relief from the arousal flooding his overwhelmed senses, Jake's cock bucked and swayed, moving like it had a life all its own, separate from him. At times like this, it felt like he could reach orgasm with only one deep stroke into a woman's hot luscious pussy. He whimpered. The pain and discomfort of his raging hard-on and balls became almost unbearable. The build up of pressure in his firm swollen nuts made him want to scream in frustration.

"Drop it Wulf. Come over here and roll over," Kayla chuckled. "Relax boy, you wouldn't want to cum too early and miss getting your special reward, now would you?"

Jake reluctantly pulled away from the trembling filly, licking her rounded tummy several times before he stepped back. Looking up past her surprisingly enticing belly to her huge tits with rings piercing her large brown nipples, he woofed. Tamara's flashing dark eyes and long wavy hair held tightly in a ponytail high on the back of her head sent new bolts of lust and need clawing their way through every cell of his body. This had been an intense, frustrating day of puppy training unlike anything he had experienced so far during his time as a 'pet'.

"It's going to be okay Wulf. After you recover a little, I'll drop you off at the kennel to be groomed, watered and fed before your afternoon rest. You are the star of the puppy part of tonight's entertainment and I want you to be in peak form. Captain Kelly and several of your fellow officers will be here tonight to see how well you are doing as a guard dog. You will put on a good show for me tonight, won't you pup?"

Woofing his agreement then rolling over as he had been ordered to, Jake lay on his back on the soft grass of the viewing area of the stable yard, his legs spread wide and arms resting on the ground by his sides. A chill ran down his spine at the idea his ex-captain, along with some of the officers he had worked with being on hand to see a demonstration of every humiliating thing he had been taught by Barb and the other trainers.

Taking soft panting breaths to calm his over-aroused body and chaotic mind, he looked up at the tall commanding woman standing next to him. All he wanted now was to rest, process his thoughts in a quiet place alone and get his traitorous body back from the brink of orgasm before he screwed up and lost his chance to pump his jism deep into some welcoming female's pussy.

Chapter 7: After Dinner Entertainment Begins

Looking around the elegant dining room decorated in subdued shades of blue and cream trimmed in gold, Kayla leaned back in her comfortable padded arm chair. She ran her fingers through the silky brown head fur of the puppy boy sitting on the gleaming hardwood floor beside her. Next to her on both sides and along the walls to her left and right, friends, guests, and trainers sat or reclined on other arm chairs or plush couches. Puppy boys, puppy girls, and other naked collared subs of both sexes sat or knelt by their masters and mistresses.

The kitchen staff, along with Mistress Dorina's identical twin male subs, bustled about clearing the dinner dishes. They moved the large cherry wood table and intricately carved matching chairs against the far wall to provide an open, unobstructed view of the evening's entertainment and pet trick demonstrations. Kayla arched her brow at the captivating sight of her new guard dog Wulf and his trainer. His head turned towards Barb, the male pet sat quietly next to her chair as she had taught him for such a setting. An intense expression of adoration and desire filled his eyes as he gazed up at the female security officer.

The contrast between the fully outfitted guard dog and Barb's slender yet curvaceous body perfectly showcased by a red mini-skirt, tight, almost translucent black tube top and knee high black boots was stunning. Barely contained, leashed power held in check by its young female trainer exuded from Wulf's well-muscled body and expressive face. He wore a chest harness made of black leather straps with shiny silver rings forming an 'X' over the front and back of his upper body, kept in place by a thick matching leather belt around his waist. A three foot long silver chain leash was attached to the large center ring in the back of the chest harness, its leather handle resting in Barb's lap. Arm bands, leg-ups, a collar and a 6 inch long black rubber dog tail attached to a butt plug inserted in his tight, newly stretched asshole added to his spectacular appearance. They truly looked good together, a perfect match of mistress and pup.

The standard guard dog 'uniform' had been designed to give the males and females serving in the 'pet' division of compound security a fierce look that would quell any resistance from pleasure pups or ponies they encountered when patrolling the ranch unsupervised. Allowing her gaze to travel leisurely over the newest puppy boy's ass cheeks, and clearly exposed package, Kayla chuckled.

"Put your head down close to the floor, raise your ass up high and spread your back legs Wulf. Make sure your back end is facing the center of the room. I want everyone to see your proud puppy penis and firm swollen balls. And lick your trainer's boots."

Smiling at Wulf's growl of disgust as he followed her orders, Kayla turned to face the young woman in charge of his training. "Our new guard dog trainee has a nice size cock and a lovely pair of ripe testicles doesn't he Barb?"

"He sure does Mistress Kayla. I love the way the lower straps of his harness separate and display his nuts. Once he's had a few more weeks of daily doses of your special hormone, his balls will be just as impressive as any of the ones on the pony stallions in the stables."

Getting up from her chair, Barb moved to stand beside the upraised ass of the puppy boy. Pulling a crop off her belt, she used the soft leather tip to caress the puppy boy's red, engorged shaft.

"Wulf loves performing tricks for me. His hard cock, long and clever tongue and full balls are a sure sign of how eager he is to obey and entertain his mistress and handlers. Ed can attest to the natural talent of our new guard dog's tongue."

Before dinner, the female security officer had played a video of Wulf 'getting to know' the puppies in the training yard. A humiliating scene of him sucking off Master Ed in the employee lounge had played after the end of the training yard video. He hated watching himself swallow the head show trainer's load of semen and finish off by personally licking the man's cock and balls clean. The guests and trainers had clapped their hands and congratulated the red-faced, furious male pup's female trainer for the pet's sterling performance.

Kayla had been impressed by Barb's unexpected insight into the fine art of 'puppy' training when the young woman had ordered Wulf to repeat his earlier performance. Everyone in the room had gone silent. The video playing at the time had been paused while the clearly unhappy puppy boy had again at her command obediently licked, sucked and swallowed yet another load of Master Ed's cum for her and the onlookers public entertainment and her demonstration of how a good and obedient pup in training was expected to be.

After the puppy boy had licked the stable master's limp cock until all the saliva and jism was gone, Barb had patted Wulf's head and warmly told him with real affection what a good puppy boy he was. Making him beg for a treat for being so well-behaved, she had given him a couple of pieces of fruit slices from a bowl on the table next to her chair, followed by a bowl of cool, refreshing water.

Kayla had formulated and was enjoying seeing the progress of her plans for the young woman working with Sage to transform Jake, the police officer, into Wulf, the ferocious guard dog. She was pleased to see the progress Barb had already made in learning how to train and handle the large, fierce male guard dogs her compound was so famous for producing.

A feeling of warm satisfaction filled the blonde mistress and creator of one of the few full-time pet training facilities in existence today. Pleasure pup's and guard dogs from Kayla's renowned compound served the needs of owners from around the world. A slow, seductive smile curled her lips as she looked into the adoring gaze of the puppy boy at her feet. Nothing made her happier than spending time touching or caressing her own sweet male pup.

She always enjoyed having a puppy girl clean her up after a wild session with Beau, but she preferred playing with puppy boys. The feel of her favorite, personally well-trained puppy boy's warm smooth skin, limber athletic body and muscled thighs between her legs was unbelievably wonderful. Using specific dosages of the compound's unique hormone, Beau's penis now reached a full 13 inches when erect and was the exact girth and length to fit her perfectly.

Kayla smiled, recalling the orgasm her puppy boy had given her as he had thrust his magnificent shaft in and out of her hot wet folds two nights ago. Beau's cock and balls were part of his body, but as a collared pet owned by her, she decided when, where and how he used them. She loved hearing Beau's grunts and whimpers of frustration as he had struggled for two hours to reach orgasm. Feelings of power and strength had filled her every time a hard deep thrust of his rampant fuck rod had sent his firm swollen balls bouncing and slapping her thighs. Beau had finally buried his long hard cock balls deep between her legs with one powerful thrust. Like the good puppy he was, he had woofed and barked, asking his mistress for permission to orgasm.

Showing his wonderful puppy training, he'd released his load of hot seed only after she had commanded him to cum. With his throbbing cock buried to the hilt inside her, he had pumped a large load of enhanced semen deep inside her dripping inner depths. That final peak had made every cell in her body explode with ecstasy, eclipsing her previous orgasms of the evening.

"Wulf has come a long way in his basic puppy training, Barb," Kayla grinned, her gaze traveling over the male pup's naked body displayed so beautifully in his guard dog outfit.

"Assume a show position and wag your tail Wulf. Tell Mistress Barb how happy you are she let you play with Master Ed again earlier."

Pausing to wink at the petite security officer now seated again several chairs down from her in a corner of the dining room, Kayla smiled wickedly.

"It's a good thing your second performance was recorded on film tonight, pup. I know how thrilled you'll be to watch the video tomorrow night and see your own improvement at performing this exciting, fun puppy trick."

Jake growled low in his throat, angry and disgusted at the sudden turn his life had taken. Even after several drinks of water, the unpleasant taste and texture of that bastard's cum still lingered in his mouth, reminding him of his place and duties as a 'puppy boy'. At no time in his worst nightmares before coming to Kayla's ranch had he been intimate with another man. Just the thought of it filled him with loathing.

Burying the intense emotions bombarding him, he pasted a blank neutral expression on his face. He would survive this year of humiliation and punishment without letting the bitches know how much he really hated being a puppy boy. After the twelve months was up, he would find a way out of being a collared pet and no one would ever treat him this way again.

Squeezing and relaxing the muscles in his ass, Jake made the thick black rubber tail nestled firmly in his anus move back and forth. He woofed, wincing as pain shot through him. His ball sack swung about between his spread legs every time his tail wagged. More pressure built up in his testicles, adding to the ache and discomfort he already felt from not being allowed to cum for the last two days.

Recalling the unnecessary, almost cruelly arousing, gentle touches the kennel groomer had given his ripe swollen nuts during his grooming earlier, he whimpered. Handlers and owners had been caressing, teasing, pinching or adorning his now ultra-sensitive body every chance they got since he and Blade had been officially introduced to Kayla's compound. At least he had been allowed a few hours in an outdoor dog run to slake his thirst, eat dinner and nap before taking part in this evening's entertainment.

The unexpected sight of a mostly nude young man in his mid-twenties kneeling in front of his trainer's chair holding out a small electronic device brought him back to the present. The sub wore a black silk thong that framed his bare ass cheeks and a gold chain collar with a name tag shaped like a dog bone. The clearly submissive man with an average sized cock much smaller than that of any of Kayla's male pets waited to be acknowledged. Eyes focused on the floor, he trembled in anticipation for the dominant woman's response to his presence.

Taking the remote from his hands, Barb chuckled, “Mistress Dorina is a lucky lady to have two such delightful young males to serve her. You and your twin brother are something special Rudy. If you’re lucky enough, your owner might decide to have both your sweet cocks enhanced a bit by Mistress Kayla’s supplement.”

Noting a confused look on the young man’s face, the security officer grinned. Her eyes sparkling with mischief, she turned to her left to speak softly with the woman seated next to her. Keeping their voices low the two women chatted for a few moments. Barb smiled brightly at the silent male waiting at her feet.

“Mistress Dorina has graciously allowed you and your brother to help Wulf stay at peak attention while I assist Mistress Vanessa’s shy, puppy boy in the first part of the after dinner show. Rascal is going to perform a special puppy trick for us his mistress taught him.”

Calling Connor over from the other end of the room where he was helping move chairs, Barb examined his lean, toned body from head to toe. There was physically nothing to differentiate this good-looking male from his twin. Catching a brief look of sharp intelligence and confidence in his bright blue eyes, she looked again at the man still kneeling at her feet, tapping Rudy’s shoulder to get his full attention.

“Stand next to your brother, Rudy. Both of you assume a ‘show position’ similar to the pony stallions you saw yesterday.”

Barb inclined her head as Rudy trembled and glanced at his mistress to get her permission before following the command. Connor, with no hesitation or uncertainty immediately obeyed, standing proudly before his mistress and the attractive younger woman. Standing with their legs spread wide, backs straight, heads facing forward, hands held behind their body and chests out, they waited. The two, so much alike in looks, were quite breathtaking. The only difference between them was the color and type of gem in the pendant hanging from their matching gold chain collars. Connor’s was a startling deep green emerald and his quieter twin’s was a blood red ruby.

“Nicely done, boys,” Barb spoke up after running her eyes over the twins. “Rudy, tend to Wulf’s nipples while your brother takes care of our new guard dog’s cock, balls and ass.

“Remember though, if you allow him to cum, you will be punished severely.”

She chuckled at the panic in Wulf’s eyes at hearing her command to the two male subs. The young woman bent down to gently caress the puppy boy’s cheek and soft lips, placing a light kiss on his forehead.

“Don’t worry, pup,” Barb murmured to him. “I have a very nice reward for you after Rascal is done. Just enjoy the twin’s attention and do not cum until I say you can later. You <u>can</u> do that for me, can’t you Wulf?”

The pup gave her a quick woof of agreement. He was not sure he could keep from cumming after the last two days of concentrated attention from Kayla, her staff, and other pets. Jake whimpered, focusing on resisting all the stimulus aimed to test his self-control and endurance by his trainer.

His arms and legs shook, the intense sexual arousal flooding his body making it hard for him to breathe evenly. He dreaded having the two men’s hands, lips or tongues touching any part of him. Steeling himself for the ordeal to come, the ‘puppy boy’ focused solely on keeping the raging monster between his thighs from erupting while he was teased and tormented at his mistress’s command.

“Turn around to face the center of the room, boy. Watch closely as Rascal does his trick for us. Be a good boy and you’ll get to mount Captain Kelly’s pretty little puppy girl soon.”

Barb caressed his cheek and shoulders, then stepped back to give him room to move as she had directed. She nodded in approval, pleased to see Wulf respond immediately to her commands after only a few weeks of basic puppy lessons. Official guard dog training began tomorrow morning and she was anticipating her naturally stubborn trainee’s reaction to the more intense aspects of the compound’s guard dog preparation program.

Jake grunted at the feeling of a pair of soft male hands palming his firm aching nuts. A sudden sharp pain in his nipples made him yelp in surprise. Glancing down at the male sub sitting on the floor beside him, the ‘puppy boy’ glared at Rudy. He grimaced each time the young man pulled, jerked or twisted the rings attached to the dog bones piercing his sore man nubs. Looking briefly into the quieter twin’s eyes, he was unprepared for the sympathy and understanding that shone clearly in other man’s gaze. A tap on his left ass cheek from Mistress Dorina’s riding crop startled him. Pulling his gaze from Rudy, he raised his head and resumed a full show position again.

Admiring Barb’s sweet ass as she walked away, Jake whimpered. He had lusted after and dreamed of her naked in his bed, moaning as he drove his hard cock in and out of her warm, wet depths. The fantasy of

having her hot mouth and soft lips sliding up and down his dick had gotten him through a lonely night or two while he studied to be a cop.

Trying to ignore the heat spreading from his balls as Connor rolled his ball bag in his warm hands, Jake's scrambled thoughts and chaotic emotions almost overwhelmed him. His unruly dick pulsed and throbbed, more blood filling the rampant shaft bobbing and swaying between his legs.

The feel of Connor's hands squeezing his balls lightly and stroking his hot hard erection sent bolts of explosive heat racing through his body. The mix of pleasure and pain from the attentive hands of the two men drove all thought from his mind except for his raging need for release.

Digging deep within himself, Jake somehow found the resolve to tamp down the driving lust that threatened to overtake his tormented, intensely aroused body. His own normally strong sexual desire amplified by Kayla's special supplement made him want to scream out in frustration. He had to get a grip on this situation or his infernal cock might decide to erupt without permission. That was not going to happen, damn it. He had earned his reward and nothing was going to interfere with his promised fucking session with Tanzy.

Concentrating on the people, pets and bondage equipment in the dining room, he glanced briefly at the puppy girl and pony filly on display. Tanzy's shapely buttocks thrust out and upward, her slender yet curvy body bent over and bound to a padded bondage frame used when breeding a puppy bitch.

Her full but slightly smaller breasts hung down below her, the weighted bells clamped tightly to her large plump nipples swayed and jingled with every breath she took. Jake was surprised by the size of her tits, having observed that many of the female 'pets' had noticeably larger breasts than most women he had known before coming to the ranch. He wondered how Captain Kelly had acquired his puppy girl. It would no doubt be an interesting story.

Jake turned his attention to a pony breeding frame set up 5 or 6 feet across the room in front of the wall opposite the plush couch his ex-supervisor reclined on. Kayla, her guests and other resident doms sat next to each other along the three walls at one end and the sides of the room. With the specially designed bondage frames placed in the center of the open area near the seated masters and mistresses, everyone attending had a clear view of the puppies and ponies starring in the after dinner entertainment.

The sight of a startlingly beautiful young woman in her early 20's outfitted in full pony harness bound to the pony breeding frame made his blood boil. Jake had always loved fingering or sucking on his ex-girlfriend's clits and breasts. This 'filly' had the largest most succulent pleasure nub, already beautifully fully erect and exposed, he had ever seen.

He hoped his handlers would let him tease and torment the pony girl sometime soon as part of his training or as a reward for good behavior. Just thinking about being able to sniff, lick and play with the female puppies or ponies when he patrolled the grounds of the compound excited him. He was glad there was a least one 'pet' activity a handler would require of him that was not totally disgusting and against his natural desires and needs.

Jake yelped, stinging pain flaring in his buttocks. Looking over his shoulder, he growled low in his throat at the sight of Mistress Dorina bringing her hand back up to hit his ass cheeks with her riding crop again. The hard stroke of her crop had been unexpected, given only to entertain the whim of a dominant woman.

Turning to face forward, he relaxed the tense muscles of his ass to ease the discomfort of the next stroke of the leather tipped crop. Jake winced as she delivered a number of strokes with her crop to his sore ass cheeks, varying the strength and exact location of each one on his buttocks.

Placing the crop back on her belt, Mistress Dorina stepped back to examine her handiwork. She examined the naked male's ripped body, noting the excited state of his clearly displayed package. The corners of her mouth turned up, a slow smile spreading across her face.

"Play with the rings harder Rudy....this puppy boy loves having his sweet nipples clamped and twisted. Just look at how hard his cock is."

He had listened carefully to Sage's instructions during his first discipline session after disobeying one of her commands. The head guard dog trainer was an expert with a whip or riding crop, never hesitating to reinforce her lessons with a few well-placed lashes of a whip or stinging strokes of a crop. Being treated like a pet was not something he liked or felt was right for him, but he was doing everything he could to cooperate and avoid punishment whenever possible.

Feeling a light lick on his left shoulder, Jake turned to stare into the calm blue eyes of a 'puppy boy' sitting beside him. Shocked to discover that the naked, collared man tenderly lapping him was at least 20 years older than most of Kayla's pets, he smiled. In good physical shape but not excessively muscled, the man's long, but less than shoulder length curly red hair looked shiny, like a newly minted penny. The visiting puppy boy woofed and nuzzled his neck.

It was clear the man had fully embraced his role as a collared pet owned by a dominant woman. Love for his mistress gleamed in his warm eyes, his tail wagging back and forth to show everyone he was happy to be a puppy boy. Jake still found it hard to comprehend why any man would choose to live his life as the submissive pet of a dominant master or mistress.

“What a good boy you are Rascal,” a plump but attractive blonde woman in her late 40’s murmured softly, ruffling the male’s springy curls. “Getting to know Mistress Kayla’s guard dogs is the right thing to do for a shy gentle pup like you to do. After all, their job is to look after and protect the pleasure puppies and ponies when handlers aren’t around.”

“I can see what you like about your puppy boy Vanessa. Although he is a little older than some pups, Rascal’s eyes gleam with intelligence and adoration for his mistress.”

Pausing to visually inspect the visiting pup, Mistress Dorina chuckled. “He’s got a nice package for an unaltered male pet. If you wanted, Kayla probably wouldn’t mind giving him a small dose of her special hormone to enhance his body and increase his stamina.”

The two mistresses chatted for a few minutes, laughing at Rascal’s nervous fidgeting at hearing Mistress Dorina’s suggestion. Inclining her head, Vanessa’s eyes sparkled. Jake found himself charmed by the mischief and deep sensuality of the older pup’s owner. Most of the mistresses he had encountered at the ranch were dominant and desirable, as well as outwardly beautiful. Although not as physically attractive or slender as the other female doms, Mistress Vanessa’s direct sensual gaze promised any puppy boy an intense experience tempered with soft gentle caresses.

Woofing, Jake leaned over to lick the visiting pup’s cheek and shoulder in thanks for his greeting. Rascal was a lucky man to have a mistress that perfectly fit his unique personality and needs.

Jake watched intently as the visiting pup pranced excitedly towards a thick rubber mat, his back legs unbound and lower arms and hands free of arm bands. Grunting in frustration, he clenched his teeth as Barb strapped Rascal’s front paws to the top beam of a 3 foot high wooden frame anchored to steel rings extending upward through slits in the specially designed mat.

Cuffing his bent knees to the base poles of the frame, the female security officer caressed Rascal’s bare chest. Bound to the frame in a begging position, the older puppy boy’s wrists and knees were attached to the frame securely. Only his upper body, hips and thighs had unrestricted movement. Jake groaned, wishing it was his chest Barb rubbed. Heat thundered through him as Connor’s warm hands firmly stroked his painfully erect shaft.

Of course, as well trained as Rascal was, none of this strapping down to a bondage device was necessary. But, to improve the desired effect of the lady in complete control of the pet during the coming performance, Vanessa encouraged such liberties be taken with her male. It was always her desire that her pup Rascal look and perform its best.

“Don’t ignore the pup’s impressive balls, Connor,” Mistress Dorina’s stern voice cut through the haze of sexual arousal enveloping his overwhelmed body and befuddled mind. “I can’t wait to see how much larger those precious plums will get after a few more doses of Kayla’s magic supplement.”

Jake howled as the male sub fondling and tormenting his aching package used one of his hands to palm the firm swollen ball sack dangling between his spread legs. Alternately squeezing and massaging his nuts, the accursed young man chuckled gleefully at his whimpers of distress.

Determined to keep from cumming too soon, he buried the sizzling arousal burning throughout his overtaxed body in the back of his mind. Jake focused all his attention on the action taking place on the rubber mat. He stared hungrily at Barb’s hands holding the puppy boy’s special show leash taut as she encouraged Rascal with teasing words and light taps of her crop. Gently caressing the visiting pup’s shuddering body, she replaced the crop on her belt.

“Beg nicely Rascal and Mistress Calenthe might allow you to fuck her hand and spurt all that stored up cum in your pretty balls.”

Jake gasped as his favorite trainer’s words echoed in his mind. He watched with surprising interest as the excited puppy boy’s hips thrust forward and back. Rascal arrfffed and whined, eager to please his mistress with a good show. It surprised Wulf to see such a calm, dignified male perform what would ordinarily be seen as humiliating acts with such enthusiastic, eager and lusty wantonness. It was so compellingly animal like. A surge of intense desire rushed through every part of him as a mental image of Barb’s pale soft hand wrapped around his own turgid cock formed, taunting him with pleasure beyond belief. A startled yelp slipped past his long tongue out his dry throat.

Barb turned to face the male pup she was in charge of training, a slow smile curving her lush lips. “Settle down Wulf. I already told you I have a special reward planned for you. You did a great job today for Mistress Kayla.”

Ordering the two male subs to ease up a bit, she warned them that Wulf was not allowed to cum until she gave her permission.

Sighing, he relaxed a little as Rudy and his brother followed instructions, continuing their sensual attention at a gentler pace. He kept his eyes on the puppy boy on display for the entertainment of Kayla and her guests, consciously ignoring the heated waves of pleasure still flowing through him as he reacted to the touches of the twin males and what he was seeing.

Jake was entranced by the vision of two beautiful women, one on each side of a bound naked man. The sharp contrast between the two mistresses caressing and fondling the visiting pup stunned him. Barb stood in front of Rascal holding the end of a short leash attached to his collar while she ran the leather tip of a riding crop over the man's bare tummy, chest and taut pointed nipples.

A buxom dark skinned woman squatted beside the trembling puppy boy's lower body. The sight of her coffee colored hands wrapped around the fair skinned man's shaft excited him. His own dick twitched and throbbed as more blood filled the beast protruding from his groin.

He turned his eyes to the woman who dominated his every waking moment now and had been the focus of his fantasies for years. Barb, with her petite toned body, white blonde braid hanging down her back and warm brown eyes was his as far as he was concerned. Jake would do anything to protect her and keep her in his life, even if he had to submit to being treated like a collared human pet for a time.

Craving the attention of his chosen mistress and trainer, Jake growled in frustration and anger at having to put up with two males fondling him as he watched his woman touch and caress another man.

Hearing Wulf's growl, Barb winked at the woman teaming up with her to assist and motivate the puppy boy performing in the first of several events planned for the night's after dinner show.

"Be a good boy Wulf, it's Rascal's turn to perform. You get to show us your stuff when he's done."

Jake grimaced at the idea of having to wait patiently, two overly eager males tormenting his supercharged body, while another man jacked off in a woman's hand to amuse Kayla and her guests. His rock hard shaft ached and pulsed. With great effort, he had managed to keep from cumming no matter what Kayla and the compound's training staff had done to encourage him earlier in the day. He was going to drive his raging erection deeply in and out of Tanzy's hot wet cunt until he exploded with ecstasy.

A loud yelp from the visiting pup instantly drew his thoughts back to the scene in front of him. The dark, attractive female dom was stroking the bound male's erect shaft. Rascal's cock was not as large as most of the other puppy boys Jake had seen at the compound, but it was hard as steel. Mistress Calenthe gathered some of the pre-cum dripping from the head of the pup's shaft, massaging the clear fluid into the male's pink hairless scrotum.

Jake's heart raced, heated arousal rushing through him. He was taken aback by the unexpected turn-on he got from observing the human pets being exercised or played with by owners and handlers. It continued to mystify him that any man or woman could find so much happiness being submissive. He needed to have personal control over some part of his day to day routine and life to function well. Taking into account a few rare exceptions like he and his partner, a majority of the puppies and ponies at the compound were clearly here on a voluntary basis.

Puppy or pony play was a much more complex thing than the casual recreational party game he had always assumed it to be.

"Pay attention Wulf!" Barb's sharp tone pulled him back to the present. "Rascal is ready to show us his special trick."

Ignoring the tormenting caresses of the twin male subs, Jake stared at his trainer and the puppy boy strapped to a wooden frame. He watched closely as Mistress Calenthe gathered droplets of the clear fluid leaking from the slit in the pup's cock head. Rubbing pre-cum onto the man's steel hard shaft, she addressed the people and pets in the room.

Jake turned his head sharply. Staring intently at the petite woman in her early 20's bound to a padded wooden bondage frame in front Captain Kelly. Seeing a puppy girl displayed on one of the breeding frames cleared up some of the fuzzy details from Barb's earlier description of the device. The puppy girl's tight ass, gaping cunt and wide spread thighs were directed towards the center of the room.

A yelp of desperation exploded from his dry throat. Jake shuddered as Rudy pulled and twisted the rings attached to the gold dog bones piercing his nipples. Connor's warm tongue lightly licking his throbbing, swaying dick made him want to scream. He was so close to cumming his entire body shook with frustration. Pulling his tongue back into his mouth, he gritted his teeth. There was no way these two over eager bastards were going to get his semen. He had earned the right to fuck Tanzy, even if he had to do it in front of an audience.

“Rudy, Connor, Stop now,” Kayla commanded. “Kneel next to Wulf and wait quietly. I will tell you when to resume your attentions to his delightful body.”

Jake gasped, his breath ragged, muscles twitching. Superheated arousal exploded through every nerve in his newly altered oversensitive body. Low pitched whimpers broke through the haze of lust clouding his usually sharp and observant mind. In an effort to ignore the blistering arousal thundering through him, he looked more intently at the bound pup’s lower body.

A glint of something shiny had caught his attention several times now and he wanted to know what it was. Jake saw a steel ring tightly encircling the root of Rascal’s cock. A D-ring with a small eye hook to attach a leash to was connected to the main ring with a thin leather strap. Snapped closed around the base of puppy boy’s ball bag this much smaller ring constantly reminded a submissive male his mistress owned every part of him and his sole purpose in life was to please his owner in any way she demanded. Being a guard dog for a year would be hard enough, he hoped the trainers and handlers did not put one of those cock and ball ring devices on his dick.

Glancing over to where Rascal’s owner sat, a smile of satisfaction on her face, the black woman inclined her head to her friend.

“Vanessa, your pet is primed and ready to show off the trick you taught him”.

Mistress Vanessa chuckled at the endearing sight of her sweet puppy boy and dearest friend preparing to amuse the masters and mistresses present for this evenings after dinner show. She leaned forward in her chair.

“My precious pup loves it when you watch him for me the weekends I travel on business, Calenthe. I’ve seen how he prances excitedly any time you take him for his afternoon walkies.”

The visiting pup looked first at the woman who owned him, then at the commanding mistress kneeling beside him, her warm dark hands palming his pale firm ball sack. Barb leaned down, keeping the leash taut as she pinched and tugged on Rascal’s tender nipples. Excitement and contentment shone in his eyes. Even though bound to the bondage frame, the puppy boy’s tail wagged back and forth rapidly under the gaze of his loving mistress.

Pausing to see if she had everyone’s attention, Calenthe glanced around the room. Noting that all eyes were focused on the restrained puppy boy, she grinned. Even the female pup secured to a puppy breeding frame and filly tied to a pony mounting device stared intently at the trembling male puppy panting in anticipation on the bondage frame beside her.

“Good evening, my fellow mistresses and masters. Tonight Rascal is going to perform a fun trick to entertain us.”

“As we all know, every part of a pet’s body is under the command of its owner. Basic needs like urinating or cumming are seen to only at the direction of a pup and pony’s master or mistress. The fun of this trick is to see just how little effort it can take from the owner of a well-trained puppy to produce a bit of cum.”

A past memory from its training time with the mistress now exercising him flashed through Rascal’s mind. When his owner’s friend, the black mistress that had previously worked him through the trick again spoke, he knew what to do. Obeying with eager willingness was a large part of the trick.

"Come on boy. Stick that puppy penis in here and hold still until I tell you. Let our friends get a good look at how we do this trick."

The puppy boy slid his straining shaft against the open palm of the dominant woman directing this part of tonight’s entertainment.

As she closed only her thumb and index finger around the puppy’s cock, she said, "Now hump boy. Thrust that hard cock in and out of the circle of my thumb and finger. Let's show these fine ladies and gentlemen just how little of a touch from an owner it can take to make a well-trained puppy spurt!"

The mistress made a big show of disinterest in what the pup was doing, appearing to only watch the male pup from the corner of her eye. Continuing her conversation with the audience, she held her hand still as the puppy thrust into her barely moving hand. She could hear the change in its breathing with the first touch of the pup's cock to the few square centimeters of her thumb and finger. Some kind of animal reaction subtly also passed through Rascal's body that delighted the audience.

Rascal had started off with a quiet whimper that showed its simple pleasure at even the light touch of the encircling finger and thumb around its puppy cock. He trembled even from such a light touch. Whining quietly, the pup showed its almost overwhelming need to move and drag its puppy cock through the minimal light touch and friction provided by the finger and thumb of the black mistress.

She altered the pressure of her hand, teasing the pup, increasing and decreasing the pleasure it felt from her hand. It was obvious to anyone watching the amount of effort the pup put into the trick far exceeded anything the mistress contributed. The pet’s eager participation was one of the more amusing elements of this particular display of feminine domination of a submissive male. The best showing was one that left the impression with the audience that they were watching a human male ‘elevated’ to the desired, distinctive, much admired level of its near total animalness as it responded to the simple touch of the trainer.

Because the pup had been trained to use the friction the "magic circle" provided it, it took a relatively short time to reach the point of begging to be allowed its climax. Also, to improve the entertainment value of the trick, Rascal had been taught to whine, whimper, growl, bark softly and then loudly bark as the moment of its gloriously anticipated spurting approached. Making sure to touch the underside of the tip of its cock the most against the lady's hand, he gazed imploringly into the amused eyes of Mistress Calenthe.

An attractive female cop, Barb’s friend, Emily, attending the event with her captain to witness Wulf’s first public display had been invited to help. With softly spoken directions to the young woman by the mistress 'holding' its cock, Rascal felt a new hand taking possession of its balls. A few simple statements of advice found the young lady officer hooking one of her fingers through the d-ring at the front of the harness. As coached, she tugged on the d-ring, causing some distraction and discomfort to the puppy and that Calenthe wanted to see how much the resulting discomfort would excite the younger woman to be the cause of.

The older mistress had long recognized the importance of a young mistress learning early on that the control and use of the balls of the male needed to be reinforced in the male, no matter by which mistress, and often. Its balls so mistreated but by an unknown young lady certainly aided his arousal and his barking reflected this fact. It had become a deeply seated need of the pup to entertain ladies in any way they found to be amusing. Anyway they allowed the pup to cum was among the best, most favored of his puppy tricks for Vanessa’s Rascal.

Feeling the tug on its balls, but responding more to the surging of its arousal, Rascal barked louder to signal its growing need for release.

Mistress Calenthe tightened her full fist around the pulsing hard puppy penis pumping madly in and out of her hand, lubricated only with the restrained submissive male’s pre-cum. Looking deeply into the frantic eyes of her friend’s personal pet, she grinned.

Noting the copious flow of pre-cum dripping from the slit in the puppy boy’s shaft and the wild thrusts oh his hips, Wulf knew Rascal was on the verge of an explosive orgasm.

“Cum Rascal! Cum now!” Mistress Vanessa called out loudly to her puppy boy.

With the command finally given, Rascal watched by the willing and focused audience, launched the first shot of cum from his puppy penis almost as the command reached its ear.

Rascal’s moans transformed into a long, loud very canine-like yowl that always satisfied its mistress to hear. Tongue hanging out the side of his mouth, the agitated male thrust his hips faster and faster. The dark exotic woman easily maintained a grasp of the puppy boy’s flailing cock.

Thick jets of creamy white semen spurted into the air, landing on the floor of the dining room. When it seemed she had gotten all the cream extracted from the pet, she released the puppy cock, then, gently patting the trembling male’s shoulder, Calenthe stood up and bowed to the growing applause from the audience, pleased to take credit for the pet’s fine performance of its trick.

It was a fine spectacle and performance of the woman led trick. The puppy cream had shot high up into the air to splat several feet away toward the audience. Rascal continued to pump its hips as if it could still push its cock into the mistress's magic circle of thumb and finger. That he was making the ladies happy was evident from their continued applause, even after nothing remained but the least impressive leaks from its cock but dribbles. He continued to pump its hips and now pull against its own balls still held in the hand of the young mistress cop.

"Good boy, such a good puppy" was the reward he needed and a thrill of a major accomplishment washed over him as whispered words from the black mistress registered in his mind. Like any pet, even one as experienced as Rascal, he could never hear enough rewarding words of simple praise from a mistress for performing well as a trained, pet puppy.

Before un-attaching the pup from the bondage device, she stood and hooked a leash to the ball harness d-ring and passed the owner's end to the helpful young mistress, Emily, suggesting she take the puppy over to the audience so they could inspect it.

"I’ve never used a collar like this. It sure is different from the neck collar my puppy boy wears,” the

officer exclaimed.

"Yes," Calenthe replied. "You let the puppy boy lead and have to control it more from behind with a sharp wrist snap that directly translates your wishes to its balls. It is quite an effective means of control for a male puppy, I find. Even the yips it gives when you snap your wrist are such a delightful sound by the pet for a mistress to hear."

Pausing to smile at the younger woman as she moved close to observe, Mistress Calenthe continued. "I really like leashing a male pup using a cock and ball harness. It never leaves a male pup in doubt about who is in charge."

Rascal liked attention and was pleased its performance earned him so much petting and verbal compliments from the ladies of the audience. He still was not comfortable with the touch of a male master but had learned to accept it as a necessary evil. The best touching was to feel the soft hand of a lady stroking its cock or making herself familiar with its balls as it tried to stay still and maintain a sense of calm. A lady's fingers running through his head fur while being handled with her other hand could cause him to enter an almost trance like puppy state of mind.

Several of the ladies accepted only a paw shake and a kiss to her hand from the puppy once its paw was released. The surprising attention from the intimidating guard dog trainee's nuzzle to his neck and long warm lap of his sticky balls was not his preferred type of attention when Emily presented Rascal to Wulf, but Rascal was impressed by the warmth and understanding reflected in Wulf's intense stare.

The last lady Rascal was led over to its owner, Mistress Vanessa. Emily handed over the leash and told his Lady that she really enjoyed helping her wonderfully trained pup perform. What the black lady had said to her was very true and that she felt greatly empowered by holding the balls of a puppy boy in her hand to pull on as the pup did its trick.

Although his owner only petted his head fur and made no effort to stroke its cock or cup its balls, her touches were the ones that meant the most. He could tell she was pleased with the performance the other mistress had rendered from him but still felt specially tickled that she told him so with her gentle touch.

The special occasions when his owner allowed him to release his jism deep in her hot wet cunt made Rascal's soul soar to unbelievable heights. Becoming the pampered male pet to a loving yet stern mistress had been the best decision he had ever made. Just seeing the look of warmth and satisfaction in Mistress Vanessa's sparkling eyes any time he performed a trick for her correctly or eagerly responded to a spoken command or hand motion like the adoring pet he was filled him with joy.

The next bit was unscripted or planned. But no one objected to see two unleashed puppy girls 'run' to lap up the mess of his cummy spurts still on the floor. Often Rascal cleaned up its own 'mess'. He watched the two puppy girls complete the job quickly and with obvious relish, delighted at seeing the two females enjoy 'his' cum so much.

Rascal sprawled at his Mistress's feet, careful to keep his cock and balls in view, still very pleased with the performance that the black lady had teased out of him using just her circled index finger and thumb. His head rested on her lap as his Mistress and the audience waited for the start of the next entertaining puppy demonstration as he reveled in the simple but sublime pleasure of the feel of Vanessa running her fingers through the fur on its head.

Done with the cleanup of the mess that Rascal had made, the youngest puppy girl approached Rascal and quietly woofed, asking permission to nuzzle his crotch and search for any remaining cum on the male pet's cock and balls. Splayed with his hind legs wide open, Rascal needed to move hardly at all to give the puppy girl the access she sought.

Rascal was at peace and felt a continuing, growing satisfaction with his lot in life. With his head on his Lady owner's lap, feeling her run her fingers gently through his fur and now being enthusiastically serviced by the young puppy girl, he could only sigh with contentment.

It surprised both puppies when Mistress Vanessa spoke up and commanded the puppy girl to be sure that she properly cleaned both the head and just below the head on the shaft of the cock by taking the thing in her mouth and using her tongue to swirl and 'polish' what she held.

Vanessa wanted to see how well her older pup reacted to such concentrated attention to the most sensitive part of his puppy penis so soon after the delightful cum she had allowed her precious pet. A snap of her fingers and pointing for the puppy girl to pull away from the male pet showed that the puppy girl's servicing of her pup's cock was effective in reviving the formerly limp shaft. Her puppy always looked his best and showed his obedience when his penis was beginning to harden and preparing for play again despite having cum so recently.

Chapter 8: The Action Continues

“You’re up next Wulf. Put on a good show and Barb may have a special treat for you later.”

Kayla’s sultry voice sent shivers of renewed anticipation of imagined, fabulous delights down his spine. An image of Barb riding his hard thick cock as he lay bound to a bed flashed through his mind. His muscles tensed, more blood engorging the painfully erect beast jutting out from his groin. A low deep growl rumbled in his chest and the back of his dry throat. Kayla certainly enjoyed using her voice alone to keep a pet on edge.

From his vantage point on the floor in front of Mistress Dorina’s chair, he turned his intense hot gaze to the naked young woman bound to a puppy breeding frame 10 feet away, raised his head and howled. Lust, anger and frustration roared through every cell in his body. After two days of attention from handlers and pets, he felt like he would explode if he didn’t ram his cock balls deep, into Tanzy’s gaping wet slit. Not every aspect of being a puppy boy disgusted him, just the male on male elements.

“Don’t worry Kayla,” Barb’s sweet voice cut through the thick haze of arousal clouding his mind. “Wulf is a good boy. He’ll give a performance that will do you proud. Isn’t that right, pup?”

Jake gasped, his breathing ragged. An inner need to please both Barb and Mistress Kayla heated his already blazing arousal.

Woofing a positive reply but also shaking his head in stunned disbelief; he sucked in a deep breath as the blood drained from his face. When the hell had Kayla’s needs or happiness become so important to him? Wanting to please Barb he could understand, but being a puppy boy for a year was nothing more than an undercover assignment as far as he was concerned as he rationalized to try and come to terms with his situation. Oh well, he would think about this strange development later. Right now all he wanted to do was mount the restrained puppy girl and ride her like an animal.

Feeling a soft feminine hand stroking his dangling ball sack, Jake whimpered, than howled in frustration. His painfully hard cock and aching balls were driving him crazy with unchecked lust.

“Settle Wulf,” Barb whispered in his ear. “You’ve been a very good puppy boy for the last two days and saved that scrumptious load of semen for tonight’s entertainment, just like I needed you to do.”

Jake trembled, unrestrained desire flaring through him as his trainer squatted beside him. The sight and scent of her overwhelmed him. The feel of her hand gliding slowly from his nuts, briefly playing with his anus, up over his taut ass cheeks, along the center of his back to his tense shoulders made him shiver. Cupping her hands around his chin and flushed cheeks, Barb looked deeply into his eyes, holding his attention, a smile of anticipation curling her lips.

“I knew you were special the first time I met you years ago, Jake. Being part of your transformation from a sexy man to a spectacular guard dog named Wulf is the high point of my life. If you behave and follow your mistresses and masters orders like a good boy, I’ll ask Kayla to make you my permanent partner on the compound’s non-pet security division after your punishment is over.”

Wagging his tail to acknowledge his agreement with her, Jake stared into the gaze of the only woman he had ever really loved. He would do anything she asked, knowing deep in his heart Barb would never allow him to be harmed in any way. For a chance to be with her, he could endure any humiliating ‘puppy duty’ the trainers or masters commanded him to do. He trusted her completely.

Barb unhooked Wulf’s leash from his collar, stood up and slapped his ass. “Go sit in front of Master Patrick and beg for permission to mount his sweet little puppy girl.”

Jake looked over at the man who had been his supervisor and mentor, knowing his relationship with the respected police officer would never be the same after tonight’s humiliating events. Woofing to acknowledge compliance to the command he had been given; he nuzzled Barb’s leg and licked the soft warm skin framed by the hem of her red mini-skirt and the tops of her knee high boots.

“Go on boy,” she chuckled. “We’re going to have lots of fun in a play room later tonight.”

Jake made his way on all fours over to a spot on the floor about two feet in front of his ex-supervisor. Leaning back into the small couch he sat on, legs spread, the fit middle-aged officer’s amused blue eyes and mocking grin sent a chill down Jake’s spine. What was going on in the other man’s mind?

Sighing deeply, a wary look in his hazel eyes, Kayla's newest guard dog trainee slowly edged closer to the crotch of the older man in front of him. Jake cringed inside, putting on a neutral expression as he mentally prepared himself to 'beg' like a dog. Sitting up on his folded legs, thighs spread wide to clearly display his raging hard-on, he held up his bent arms and woofed.

"Didn't you forget something pup?" Captain Kelly reminded him. "A good puppy boy always greets his master properly before begging for a treat."

Somehow managing to keep a blank look on his face and wag his tail, he lowered his paws and crawled in between the smirking man's jeans clad legs. Bringing his face close to the prominent bulge filling his vision, Jake inhaled the surprisingly strong masculine scent of the police captain. Nausea rolled through him, his stomach twisting with revulsion at what he was doing now. Before being exposed to the puppy play lifestyle, he had never thought he would be expected to play sexually with a man. After his contracted year was up, he would see to it he only took females to his bed.

"Back up a step Wulf. I'll open my jeans and pull out my cock and balls so you can kiss them. Make sure you show everyone what a great job Mistress Barb is doing in your training."

Ignoring the repressed rage flaring in the puppy boy's eyes, the captain paused, then continued speaking loud enough for everyone in the room to hear.

"Use that sweet tongue of yours to lick my hard cock lightly. When I command you, do the same to my balls. I'll let you know when I'm satisfied with your greeting."

Jake growled, a deep rumble coming from his muscled chest. He dreaded the next few minutes, but was willing to do just about anything to get a chance to fuck the delectable young woman bound to the wooden frame behind him just for some simple, basic relief. His dick was so hard it hurt and his poor nuts were ready to burst.

As soon as the older man's package was exposed, Jake moved in close. Reluctantly, he licked the shaft in front of him, starting at the base and working his way up to the cock head then down to the root again. Managing to lap all four sides of the hard, blood engorged penis, he raised imploring eyes to a man he had come to respect greatly during his short time on the police force.

After a few minutes, Jake obeyed the master's hand signal and gently licked the hairy balls dangling between the other man's legs. He hadn't thought about it before, but touching or licking the smooth hairless skin of Kayla's puppy boys was much easier to tolerate.

"What a shame our department lost two of its finest officers so tragically, Kayla," Captain Kelly chuckled.

All the color drained from Jake's face at the momentary flash of sadness and regret in the captain's blue eyes. Amusement sparkled in the lounging man's intense gaze now, making Kayla's newest guard dog flush with embarrassment. If anyone had told him two months ago he, Jake Torino, would be kneeling between his ex-supervisor's spread legs voluntarily licking the other man's dick, he would have laughed at the ridiculous idea or punched whoever had the nerve to say something like that to him.

"Stop boy. Calm down. You did a good job greeting me."

Pointing to the puppy girl tied to a bench behind the humiliated male pup between his legs, Patrick smiled and continued speaking.

"All reports indicate you were well behaved today and are coming along nicely with your training. From what I saw as you sucked off Master Ed, you have a very talented tongue and mouth already. It will be interesting to see how much better you get after your training is completed."

Gut wrenching horror crashed into Jake at the thought of giving oral sex to a man he had worked for and looked up to as a mentor. He hoped the captain never ordered him to suck him off. Shaking his head, the puppy boy backed away from the seated man. The only way he had been able to stomach the humiliating things he had done so far as a kept pet was simple. Of the two options offered him after being caught snooping, being a puppy boy was the safest one. If he thought of this whole experience as an undercover assignment, he could get through it for a year without going insane or losing his sense of pride.

Patrick and Jake stared at each other silently for a few moments in that unique male way of communicating something important. Nodding his head in understanding, Captain Kelly smiled, a fleeting expression of respect flashing in his eyes. He would play with the newest guard dog trainee sometime, but would give it serious thought before he considered having Wulf suck his cock. He admired Jake's grit and determination to comply with the more unpleasant aspects of being an obedient puppy boy. Having taken part in a deep undercover operation once, he understood how hard it could be to have to do something that goes against your natural inclinations.

"Take good care of my sweet submissive puppy girl Wulf. Give her at least two orgasms," the older man

commanded. “She loves being my pet and stays with me because she wants to. Anyone can see that just by looking at her.”

Turning his attention to the trembling young woman bound to a breeding frame in front of him, the captain gazed warmly at his ‘pet’.

“Deciding to become my puppy girl has its rewards, doesn’t it Tanzy? Show this big fierce puppy stud how much you want his long hard cock,” Patrick spoke quietly. “If you put on a good performance, I may let Wulf play with you during his rest times between training.

The puppy girl whimpered, hot driving arousal making her hips and ass move against the padded bondage frame. She wagged her tail in a most appealing manner at the eager puppy boy kneeling in front of her, seeing the pre-cum dripping from the slit in the crown of his purple engorged penis of the exciting male pup.

Jake woofed several times, then assumed the correct position for begging. His hard angry cock bobbed between his spread legs. He raised his head, inhaling deeply. The strong intoxicating scent of Tanzy’s arousal drove all serious thought from his mind.

The fierce need to cum that had been tormenting him all day doubled yet again. A growl of frustration escaped his open lips. Tongue hanging out of his mouth, Jake panted, trying to calm his ragged breathing. He looked down to discover pre-cum dripping from the purple headed beast jutting out from his groin.

Captain Kelly’s amused chuckle broke through the red haze of excruciating lust pounding through every part of his body. Even his fingertips trapped in the annoying arm bands the groomer had put on him tingled. It no longer mattered what he had to do. He was going to ram his shaft deep into the puppy girl’s cunt over and over again until he pumped the entire load of semen from his aching balls into her welcoming body.

“Go at that Bitch in heat with all you’ve got,” the older man commanded in a firm tone. “Ride her hard and fast like the animal you are being transformed into. Show us your best work, boy.”

Smacking Wulf’s ass with his hand as the puppy boy got on all fours and turned around to move closer to the puppy girl, Patrick smiled.

“I’ll keep her mouth busy while you show us how a puppy boy mounts a puppy bitch.”

Kneeling on all four paws between Tanzy’s back legs, Jake sniffed her gaping cunt. Her sweet yet musky scent crashed through him. His ‘new improved’ sense of smell allowed him to clearly identify individual people, animals and other things as far away as 200 feet. Being this close to an over-excited puppy girl made his blood boil, her scent filling every cell of his trembling body.

He licked her inner thighs, sliding his long tongue over her warm soft skin. Nuzzling her wet open slit, Jake sighed before pulling back just enough so he could lap up the thick fluid coating her puffy labia lips. Using his teeth, the puppy boy tugged gently on the small silver rings piercing her outer lips. Enjoying the unique taste of her juices, he slid his tongue out of his mouth and licked off some of the warm sticky pussy cream covering most of his lower face.

Tanzy’s quiet whimper startled him, bringing a smile to his face. Pushing his tongue into the puppy girl’s amazingly wet inner core, he gathered a mouth full of her thick sweet honey. Pulling his tongue back, he swallowed the treasured juices. The puppy girl’s unusually puffy labia lips, cunt and enlarged clit glistened, her ultra-aroused body in desperate need of release. It had surprised him how well Kayla’s supplement worked. Human puppies and ponies, male or female, were physically altered and enhanced to provide the ultimate pleasure to their owners.

Savoring a few more swallows of her luscious nectar, Jake gave her a final lick. He moved his hips closer, putting his cloth encased fists on her upper body. Balancing on his knees, the black plastic paws on the ends of his arm bands pressing into her shoulders, he thrust his huge erect cock forward. Missing the opening, his shaft slid through her labia lips to nudge her flat tummy. He made several more attempts to enter her, failing each time, his body tense with frustration.

Looking back over his shoulder at his trainer, the puppy boy yowled. This was so unfair, with his hands unavailable for use, it was almost impossible for him to line up his cock properly with the puppy girl’s sopping wet opening. Her body jerked as his lower body slammed into her with each failed attempt. The thin leather straps between his legs dug painfully into the junction of upper thighs and hips. The thick black rubber tail attached to a butt plug nestled in his anus wagged back and forth slapping his taut ass cheeks each time he moved. As expected, it was all very entertaining to watch and added to the excitement each person watching felt.

“Your puppy boy is having a wee bit of difficulty seating his penis in my pet’s pussy, Barb. He might need some assistance for his first public puppy breeding.”

Patrick's comment caught the puppy boy's attention. Turning his head to face the older man, Jake settled his lower body snuggly against Tanzy's sweet ass. Taking some deep breaths to calm his uneven breathing, he rested his weight on the trembling puppy girls back. Diverted momentarily from his own problem, he watched Captain Kelly slide his hard cock in and out of the girl pup's full lips.

Hands holding tightly onto the shoulder length pony tail high on top of her head, Patrick thrust into Tanzy's mouth, his cock buried to its root in her hot wet mouth. The stunning vision of his ex-supervisor fucking his pet's mouth, her cocoa brown tresses wrapped around the other officer's hands made his own cock twitch.

Yipping with distress, Jake raised his head and turned his pleading gaze to his trainer again, desperately in need of help. Although Kayla may own him for the next year, Barb was his chosen mistress. Happy to see her warm smile and loving eyes as she walked up and stopped beside him, the puppy boy sighed. He rubbed his sticky nose into Barb's open palm, then licked her hand clean of the puppy girl's juices he had accidentally put there with his nose.

"Everything will be okay, boy," Barb spoke soothingly to her puppy boy. "Your mistress is here now."

Face flushed, lust pounding through him, Jake focused on the touch of his lady's gentle hands on his tense shoulders and back, mentally acknowledging his wanting and need of her help. Being a puppy boy, submissive to any master or mistress he encountered, was totally opposite his naturally independent personality.

"Nice cock on that male pup," the female police officer called out loudly. "Too Bad he hasn't learned how to aim it properly yet. When he does, I just might try him out in a playroom myself. I always wondered how good in bed he was before but never got up the nerve to find out."

Wulf growled, angered by the general laughter and casually tossed out comments on his performance so far. Having a former co-worker hint he did not know how to fuck properly was truly embarrassing as well as a cause for anger.

"He's all yours anytime his training schedule allows, Emily," Barb chuckled. "I haven't forgotten our conversations on the hot looking men we worked with while I was your partner on the force. Maybe both of us could exercise him in a playroom at the same time when you have a long weekend off."

"His swollen balls dangle so nicely. He is being such a good puppy for a guard dog in training," Kayla's commanding voice sent chills down his spine. "I can't wait to see them slapping the puppy bitch's cunt when he finally rams his puppy penis deep inside her."

Jake moaned in anticipation as Barb tenderly palmed his aching nuts in one hand, running the fingertips of her other hand along the length of his cock down to the thin straps separating his balls. Soon he would have his thick hard cock buried in the bound puppy girl's welcoming body. When his trainer wrapped her hand around the column of his throbbing dick and guided the cock head to Tanzy's moist opening, he gazed with a look of intense appreciation into Barb's warm brown eyes.

As soon as his trainer released his tortured member, the puppy boy plunged his cock deep, deep into the searing depths of Tanzy's shuddering, aroused body and howled. Accentuating each thrust of his hips with a yip or a groan, Jake rammed his hungry shaft into her over and over again. A pendant clipped to her clit ring vibrated at high speed. The fiendish device bumped and bounced off his swollen dangling balls every time he buried himself inside the puppy girl's hot wet slit.

Overpowering lust roared through him as he rode the puppy bitch hard and fast, mounting her wildly with no gentleness or finesse. Throwing his head back, Jake grimaced. Gasping, he paused to catch his breath and drown in the extraordinary heat and wetness enveloping his hard, throbbing dick. The feel of the young puppy girl's inner muscles squeezing and flexing around his imbedded shaft raised the level of his already agonizing arousal up yet another notch.

"I think Wulf needs a little something to encourage him to work harder. What do you think Barb?" Both the Captain and Barb knew that such words and any subsequent 'encouragement' always played well with the audience.

But, Captain Kelly's unexpected comment took Jake by surprise. The puppy boy stopped moving to stare incredulously at his trainer, waiting to see how she responded.

"Push all the way in, boy and stay in that position until I tell you to move. Connor and Rudy are going to tease and suckle the puppy girl's breasts and nipples while I warm your ass with my riding crop. Then I'm going to play with your balls."

Barb's softly spoken, but clear command, sent cold chills down his spine.

Thrusting his hips, Jake shoved his cock all the way in Tanzy's gaping slit. The puppy boy whimpered,

holding still as the two male subs lay on their backs underneath the puppy girl's upper body. With their heads under her chest and lower bodies on clear display on each side of her, Rudy and Connor began to pinch and suckle tansy's luscious tits and hard pointed nipples.

Watching his trainer pick up a crop and move to stand behind him, Jake whined. His cock throbbed and pulsed inside the tight depths of Tanzy's cunt. The unbelievable heat and slick wetness of her creamy juices overwhelmed his inflamed senses. Leg muscles and buttocks twitching with a desperate need to move, the puppy boy raised his head, closed his eyes and howled. Bolts of lightning hot lust arced throughout his stiff body and tense muscles. The vibrating pendant bounced and rolled over the taut skin encasing his hard aching nuts. It was so hard for him to stay in position with all these wild sensations flooding through him, but he somehow managed it.

The girl pup shuddered, her inner muscles squeezing and massaging his tender over-aroused penis. Jake whimpered as Barb began to slap his ass cheeks with her riding crop, not too hard, but just enough to sting, making a compelling show of it. She alternated left to right, pausing between each stroke to allow time for him to recover a bit before applying the crop again.

Putting down her crop, Barb ran her hands gently over Wulf's rosy pink buttocks.

"Good boy," she whispered in his ear. "Now move your sweet ass and fuck that puppy bitch while you feel my fingers holding the straps separating your balls."

The puppy boy resumed his wild thrusts, encouraged by the warm hands of his trainer tugging on the 'D' ring attached to the straps snuggly wrapped around his cock and separating his painfully swollen nuts. Jake's head snapped up at Captain Kelly's shout of ecstasy. Mouth open, eyes closed tightly, head thrown back, cock buried balls deep in his pet's mouth and throat, the older man moaned as his orgasm peaked.

Jake watched intently as the puppy girl eagerly swallowed every drop of her master's cum, grinding her ass back into his groin. Her thin black puppy tail pressed uncomfortably into his stomach, reminding him again where he was and what he was. He was a human puppy boy fucking a bound puppy girl on command for the sole purpose of entertaining a room full of masters and mistresses.

Time lost all meaning as he pounded Tanzy's pussy, her sweating body shuddering beneath him. Her pussy clenched his driving cock, thick creamy juices flowed from her opening to coat his groin, balls and inner thighs. He thrust his shaft in hard and fast, over and over again. Nothing mattered except slaking the ferocious need for release raging through every part of him down to his very soul. Deep guttural growls rumbled up from deep in his heaving chest. Losing all thought of where he was and who was watching, he lost himself in the blazing lust that now overwhelmed him.

The puppy girl's howls of frustration and pleasure filled his ears, sending his own arousal up higher. His cock pulsed, the pressure in his firm enlarged nuts reaching the point of release. Jake had no idea how much time had passed since he first entered the puppy girl, but he knew he would be cumming soon. Looking up he saw Barb standing next to Captain Kelly's couch in front of him. When had she stopped playing with his balls? Somehow holding off when he knew he could cum right now, he barked and woofed for his trainer, begging for permission to release his load of hot salty semen.

Barb glanced over at her employer. The security officer tilted her head and arched her brow. Acknowledging Kayla's nod and silent hand signal to proceed with a salute, the new trainer smiled broadly and winked.

"Cum Wulf! Cum now," she commanded. Moving behind him, she tugged hard on his ball straps one last time.

One final hard thrust sent Jake off. Grunting, the puppy boy lodged his shaft deep in the puppy bitch's spasming cunt, his orgasm sending her to a second peak. His body crested, splintering into a thousand pieces as the most incredible orgasm he had ever felt roared through him. He pulled out a few inches then plunged his steel hard, pulsing cock back into the puppy girl's tight hot cunt. He threw back his head and howled, Tanzy's spasming pussy squeezing and clenching his penis. Each spurt of hot seed into her wet steaming depths shot thunderbolts of heat and fierce pleasure throughout his body. Sharp unexpected twinges of pain flared in his cock and balls, merging with the intense pleasurable sensations crashing through him.

Tanzy's yowls of ecstasy rang in his ears. Secured to a puppy breeding frame, her head moved freely and her hips were pressed against the soft padding of the main beam of the bondage device. Her bound body shuddered as the aftershocks of her intense orgasm slowly faded.

Jake collapsed onto the puppy girl's sweating back. His front paws slipped downward to land on the bare chests of the male subs lying on the floor beneath Tanzy. They continued playing with her, tormenting her sweet breasts and hard pointed nipples. Inhaling deep gulps of air to calm his ragged breathing, the puppy boy closed his eyes and grunted. Arching his back slightly, he adjusted his position to ease the discomfort of the young woman's tail pressing painfully into his tummy.

Kayla laughed joyously as her guests applauded, her sparkling blue eyes taking in the captivating sight of two ‘puppies’ in the throes of intense orgasms under her command. Wulf’s deep howls merged with the puppy girl’s moans of ecstasy. There were few things better than savoring the sight and sound of painfully aroused, stunningly beautiful pets performing the ultimate dance of life just for her entertainment, watch by a delighted audience of her selection.

A smile curved the blonde mistress’s lush lips, contentment and satisfaction filling her. There were many wonderful aspects of being the owner of such a unique training facility. Having complete dominance over a select group of exotic human pets topped her list of favorite activities any time.

The fact that a well-trained puppy or pony had no say over what they did or when they did it was always the hardest lesson a new pet had to learn. That she directed it all was just so satisfying. She was responsible for bringing these well trained, human animals to such a peak of perfection of public performance of the tricks she had them each trained to perform.

Kayla loved seeing how her newest guard dog in training sought out the hand of Barb, its trainer, to lick and show a very obvious, servile gratitude for being allowed to release all of the built up lust, on her command. That she and the pup’s trainer were responsible for creating this fever pitch of controlled lust over the last several days was not in doubt. The simple hand licking of gratitude by a male puppy to a lady was the pure essence of female domination. Wulf’s display of respect and adoration of his mistress demonstrated the success of what her facility’s training program was designed to achieve with a human pet.

A sharp tug on his chest harness snapped Jake out of his sex induced daze. He looked up to see Barb standing beside him, one end of a dog leash attached to a ring in the back of his guard dog harness. The loop handle on the other end was held firmly in his trainer’s hand.

Eyes half lidded, body damp with sweat, Jake took several deep breaths to ease his ragged breathing. His muscles twitched in the aftermath of the most intense orgasm he had ever experienced. Lowering his head, he nuzzled the trembling puppy girl’s neck, giving her several licks of gratitude. He had been desperately in need of the release her hot welcoming cunt had just given him. The owners and staff at Kayla’s compound knew exactly how to keep a human pet aroused and eager to obey, rewarding well-behaved pups or ponies with soft words, tender caresses, light touches of whip or crop and explosive orgasms.

Barb pulled hard on Wulf’s leash. “Out boy, pull out now!”

Jake raised his upper body and eased his deflated shaft from the puppy girl’s slit. Moving back a couple of feet, he spread his legs wide, assuming a sitting position.

“Rudy. Connor. Clean up our pretty little puppy girl. Wulf left quite a mess,” Kayla commanded. “Then return to your mistress.”

He watched intently as Rudy quietly and efficiently licked every drop of cum from the puppy girl’s skin. Connor completed the job using his tongue to lap the juices from her puffy labia lips and pulled out and swallowed the thick creamy jism from inside her sopping slit. The twins stopped beside him on the way back to their owner to nuzzle and kiss his shoulder.

Jake sighed, his breath coming in ragged breaths. He looked down at his own sticky groin and lower body as his trainer released Tanzy from the bondage device. He wondered how he would be cleaned up. Sometimes handlers used warm damp cloths to take care of a male pup after he cums. Other times another pet, male or female, is ordered to lick up the mess. He preferred female pups to the other two options if he had a choice in the matter. There was nothing better than having a woman’s warm soft tongue clean him up after a messy bout of sex.

Barb leaned down, leash in one hand, and whispered softly. “That was a great performance, pup. I look forward to having you fully service me now that you have completed your basic puppy training.”

She stood up, laughed, then continued speaking loud enough everyone could hear.

“Tanzy is having a great time on her five year European tour, isn’t she Patrick. Those foreign men are so unique.”

Patrick chuckled, “They sure are Barb. Her folks called last week to let me know she had sent a post card from Italy to say everything was going wonderfully.”

Looking from Wulf to the exhausted young woman now sitting at his feet, the captain reached down to gently caress her smooth cheek.

“Would you like to play with Mistress Kayla’s new stud again, girl? Maybe next time he could coax three

orgasms from you before his trainer allows him to cum."

Jake flushed, calming down as his breath evened out. Keeping his expression neutral even though his pink cheeks showed his embarrassment, he sighed loudly. At the height of his arousal he had been focused solely on relieving the monstrous need that had built up after two days of assistance from Kayla and her staff. The previous times his balls had been drained his trainer and handlers had used the dreaded milking machine or their hands. Although the end result of both methods eased his aching nuts, he preferred Barb's hand.

It was painful when the tube of the awful device was inserted or removed from his dick. So much of the pleasure given to a puppy or pony pet at the ranch was mixed with something painful or uncomfortable. He would be glad when his year was up and he could choose activities that did not involve pain. He leaned towards pleasure without pain, oral sex and wild rousing intercourse.

Tanzy's yips snapped him out of his distracting thoughts. Jake looked over at the naked young woman sitting between the captain's spread legs, her head resting on his jean clad thigh.

"Poor Wulf," Patrick spoke in a mocking tone. "My pet may be a sweet piece of ass, but she makes a man work hard for his pleasure."

Jake smiled, his long tongue slipping out the side of his mouth. He woofed in agreement, waving his right paw in the air.

"Clean up our messy puppy stud, girl. Show him how much you liked being mounted by such a fierce guard dog," Patrick commanded his pet.

Jake sat up straighter, spreading his legs wider and moaned. He was glad his ex-supervisor had ordered the puppy girl to clean him up. Hopefully his handler would let him 'play' with the pretty young woman many more times.

Tanzy's hot wet tongue lovingly licked his inner thighs, moving upward to lap up the sticky fluids from his the flat groin and taut tummy. She ran her tongue along the smooth skin of his groin to the root of his cock. Whining in frustration at not having clear access all sides of his shaft and balls, the puppy girl glanced over at her owner.

"Having some trouble there, girl?" Patrick smiled. "Wulf, assume show position facing me. Look directly at me until another command is given."

Scrambling up onto all fours, Jake got into show position. Tanzy leaned under his body and began using her tongue to lick all four sides of his shaft, stopping to slip her hot mouth over the crown of his cock. She moved around to a spot behind Jake's ass, lowering her head to gently lick his low hanging deflated ball sack. He winced, the soreness of his well-used package evident even under the tender caress of her tongue.

He grimaced. The orgasm had been intense and his dick was a little irritated from the wild fucking. He was uncomfortable, small twinges of pain flaring in his limp dick, trembling thighs and aching knees.

Returning to her place at her master's feet, Tanzy ran her tongue around her lips to gather the last few drops of tasty cum. Wagging her tail, eyes sparkling, body relaxed after having her own needs met, the puppy girl barked.

Jake looked up at his trainer imploringly, pointing to captain Kelly with his paw.

"Go ahead, Wulf." Barb commanded and unhooked the leash, warmed by the knowledge the man she cared for and was beginning to love was willing to do something against his natural inclinations to make her happy.

Crawling slowly towards the police captain, Jake stopped next to his thigh. Woofing, he nudged the seated man's knee with his nose.

"I think I know what you want, boy," Patrick chuckled, holding out his hand palm down.

Raising his face to stare wordlessly at the older man for a few moments, Jake nodded. Licking Patrick's large hand up and down, he finished by laying his head on the other man's thigh and closed his eyes.

Patrick ran his hand along the puppy boy's smooth cheek and muscled shoulders before reaching down to rub and pinch his nipples.

"Don't fret, Wulf. Be the best guard dog you can be and everything will be okay. I know you will do just fine."

Pausing, the police captain bent down and picked up Jakes head in his hands. Gazing into the puppy boy's

eyes, he finished speaking.

“Mistress Kayla has promised me both you and Blade will be offered options that are very acceptable at the end of your year as pets. I trust her. We’ll work you hard and punish you if it is called for, but you will not be physically or mentally harmed.”

“Our new guard dog gave a magnificent performance tonight Patrick,” Barb spoke loudly so everyone could hear clearly. “I have some interesting ideas on how he can further entertain us at future after dinner shows.”

Jake returned to his trainer’s side, staring into her amused gaze. He wondered what else she had planned for him.

“Let’s reattach your leash, pup,” she chuckled. “I’m going to lead you around the room so all the masters and mistresses can show you how much they enjoyed watching you tonight.”

The puppy boy closed his eyes and sighed. He understood what was expected of him as a puppy boy and human pet, but having to do the sometimes awkward and humiliating actions continued to annoy him sometimes.

Crawling along behind his trainer, Jake was distracted by the sight of the luscious ass of a pony girl bound to a portable pony breeding frame in the center of the dining room. The naked woman’s legs were spread wide and secured to the padded upright wooden supports of the bondage device. He inhaled the intoxicating aroma of her womanly juices.

One firm tug on his leash brought his full attention back to Barb. The black leather straps wrapped around his upper body tightened and rubbed his sensitive skin. Small tingles of heat and pleasure ran through him, slowly fading as he recovered from his recent orgasm. Being guided by a leash hooked to a harness was new to him, reminding him again and again who was really in charge of his life as a puppy boy.

“You can look at the pretty filly later, Wulf. Right now, there are some old friends of yours waiting to congratulate you on a job well done.”

Circling the room, his leash held firmly by his trainer, Jake stopped in front of each guest. Humiliation and anger at his present situation simmered underneath the carefully maintained neutral expression on his face. Some of the quests simply patted his head or held out their hand in greeting.

Others, like the two male cops attending tonight’s dinner with Captain Kelly, ordered him to put on small shows.

Jake followed their commands to sit, roll over, beg or speak, all the while hating the smug looks on their amused faces. When he was finally allowed to sit between Barb’s chair and Sage’s couch, he sighed. Being a human pet was not the end of the world, but he would be glad when the agreed upon year was up.

The jingling of horse’s bridle’s snapped the puppy boy out of his daze. Stunned at the sight of his former partner being led into the room by a tall blonde man, he winced. Blade’s gleaming ebony skin was a startling contrast to the golden tan of the pony stud marching beside him. Jake had been so caught up in his own problems Roscoe’s sad situation had barely crossed his mind. The puppy boy was confident his friend would find a way to cope with the rigors of being a pony boy in a working stable. Growing up on the streets of a ghetto had shown Blade how to survive almost anything and come out strong.

Jake took a moment to look closely at the oddly matching team of pony boys. Chests pressed outward against the grip of their harness straps and black leather boots on their feet, the large muscular men were quite impressive. Metal rings were centered over the slightly larger hard nipples of each man. Straps of finely made red leather connected with metal rings and a large buckle were wrapped around the men’s upper body, waists and arms displaying their 8 pack abs perfectly. Tear drop shaped pendants dangled on chains attached to alligator clips clamped tightly to their manly nubs. Blade’s long silky black horse tail bobbed as he trotted behind the sable master nervously.

“Hup boys,” Andre commanded the team of pony studs. “Raise your knees higher Blade. Mistress Kayla’s guests expect to see ponies prancing briskly, not shuffling along.”

Several of the master and mistresses had the harnessed men stop and assume a show present position, taking the opportunity to walk around and examine the unsettled pony stallion’s naked oiled bodies. A momentary flare of anger darkened Blade’s brown eyes when Emily ran her hands over his tight buttocks and long hard cock.

“My, My....” the female cop grinned. “What treasures you kept hidden underneath your pressed crisp police uniform.”

Her blue eyes sparkling with lust, she palmed the new pony's huge firm balls, massaging them with her thumbs. Blade's startled whinny of protest at being handled against his wishes by a woman he had worked with amused the audience. A round of applause filled the room as her hands traveled up his groin, over his wash board stomach, and across his wide, strong shoulders.

Pulling down hard a couple of times on the weighted pendants adorning the male pony's pierced nipples, she sighed in anticipation.

"We are going to have many hours of fun using a play room in the stables, stud. I've dreamed of having access to your luscious body ever since I joined the force."

With a final slap to his buttocks, Emily returned to her seat. The male officer on her right laughed, then took his turn fondling the 'pony boy'.

Jake grimaced as each of the male police officers gleefully stroked, tormented and teased his ex-partner. Staring directly into his friend's eyes, he tried to comfort the fractious pony boy. With a sigh, followed by a final stamp of his hoofed boots, Blade stood quietly, shoulders straight and eyes locked on his friend.

"Good boy, Wulf," Barb's sweet voice chimed. "A well-trained guard dog must always look after the other pets and make sure they are safe and happy."

The puppy boy woofed, noticing that the pony boys had been led to a spot in front of his personal trainer's chair. He hoped there would be some way he might ease Blade's humiliation. If it weren't for his foolish disobedience of Captain Kelly's direct order to leave the investigation of Beau and Tamara's disappearance alone, the tall fierce man waiting in front of him would be home safe. Instead, Roscoe stood wearing only a leather harness, ankle high hoofed boots and a bridle with a bit shoved between his teeth.

Barking softly, Jake pointed to his friend with his right paw.

Unhooking his leash from a ring on the chair leg, Barb smiled. "Go head pup. Say hello to the new pony boy." She stroked his shoulder before continuing. "I'm sure he's missed you and has been worried about your wellbeing."

Jake moved over to the pony boy. Laying his head on Blade's leg, he used his paw to gently stroke his friend's inner thighs.

"Don't they make a lovely sight, Sage?" Kayla's amused voice rang out in the suddenly quiet room. "See to it Wulf gets extensive training in stable security. Our new guard dog should work well with Tygar and Thor patrolling the stable area and show arena."

Stepping back from the pony boy standing stiffly in a perfect show present position, Jake looked up at Blade. The puppy boy gazed with reassurance and friendship at the man who had always had his back in any dangerous situation. It was his turn to protect and watch out for his dead brother's best friend. Returning to his trainers side, he sat by her chair.

"Hup Boys," Andre tugged on the reins of the two ponies. "It's time to start the final part of tonight's show. Prance over to the pony breeding frame."

The loud clopping of the pony stud's hoofed boots rang in his ears as the large naked men marched around the rest of the room, knees high and hard cocks swinging. Jake had known Blade spent a lot of time in the gym working out, but he hadn't really looked closely at his friend's physique until now. The pony boys marched in time with each other, every muscle in their well-developed bodies rippling as they moved. Wow, Blade and Demetrius made a stunning pony team.

Andre led Blade to a spot two feet in front of the filly bound to a portable pony breed frame. Ordering the dark skinned pony boy to stay in a show present position facing the filly, the stable master led the other pony stud around to the back end of the pony girl.

Jake cringed as Andre removed the tear drop pendants from Demetrius's nipples and replaced them with a single heavy chain connected by alligator clips tightly clamped to the pony stallion's man nubs. Pulling an iron horse shoe off a hook on the bondage device, the blonde master attached it to the center link of the chain and let go of it suddenly.

The heavy horse shoe dropped down as far as the chain allowed, pulling hard on the man's tortured nipples. Whinnying in pain, Demetrius shook his head back and forth, his bridle clinking and creaking with his frenzied movements.

Jake's body stiffened with sympathetic pain when the full size horse shoe dropped. Having been introduced to some of the infernal nipple adornments often used on pets, both pups and ponies, during his training, he knew how much it hurt when they were put on and taken off. Something about Kayla's

‘special’ supplement insured a pet’s nipples were ultra-sensitive to both pleasure and pain. Looking away from the pony boys and filly, he sighed. A sharp slap on his buttocks with a riding crop made his body jerk. Turning to gape at his personal trainer, he yelped.

“You’ve done very well so far Wulf,” Barb spoke firmly. “Don’t screw it up now and lose the reward I have planned for you tomorrow night.”

Jake turned to face the pony bondage frame, staring intently at the three ponies. From where he sat, he had a clear side view of the gorgeous filly and both pony boys. Focusing on the pony girl bent over the padded main beam of the device, he woofed. Four leather straps on each board of the upside down ‘V’ supports held her long sexy legs open wide and immobilized. Her reins and bridle were attached to two 18 inch tall posts placed in special holes in the hard wood floor several feet in front of the frame. Her firm 40 D breasts hung down, miniature golden horse shoes dangling from tight clips on her large hard pink nipples. Epona’s waist length wavy blonde mane hung in multiple braids down the right side of her face.

Andre’s clear commanding voice broke through the haze of desire that had clouded his thoughts. Jake’s cock twitched, beginning to fill with blood again. Ignoring his traitorous dick, he listened to the stable master.

“Masters and Mistresses....For the final part of tonight’s entertainment Demetrius is going to mount our pretty little pony filly Epona.”

After a smattering of applause from the audience, he continued. “While our golden stud pounds her smoothly shaved and exposed pussy, Epona gets to stare at Blade’s impressive erection and large balls. As a reward for completing basic pony training, our newest pony boy has been promised he’ll get a turn in this little filly’s cunt or ass.”

Epona’s whinny of distress at these words combined with Blade’s firm nod of his head brought a chuckle to the masters and mistresses seated around the end of the dining room. Watching a huge pony stud ram his long thick cock in a filly’s hole was always a fine sight to see.

Jake watched intently as Andre led the golden pony stud closer to the pony girl’s backend. Yanking hard on the horse shoe hanging from the pony stallion’s nipples, the stable master grinned.

“Go at it, stud. She’s all ready for you.”

Using two fingers, Andre gathered up some of the thick juices coating her plump labia lips and dripping from her cunt. The blonde master held his fingers up to the pony stud’s nose.

“She smells so good, doesn’t she stud. . .”

Jake watched, enthralled as the desperate pony stallion attempted to get the head of his cock inside the gapping wet slit of the filly. A vibrating ball clamped onto her slightly longer and thicker clit bounced and swung between her legs. She moaned, her body trembling with arousal artificially powered by Kayla’s unique hormone. Andre reached under the pony girl’s tummy to pinch and rub the hard clit protruding from the top of her slit.

“Let’s get her a little wetter. That might help you get in quicker.”

Demetrius whinnied in frustration each time the crown of his dick slid down, away from the inviting opening. Shaking his head, the pony stud stood still, pre-cum dripping from the tiny slit in his cock head. Groaning loudly, the stallion looked imploringly around the room, sweat dripping down his naked oiled body.

The puppy boy took a deep breath, woofing quietly as Emily rose from her chair and approached the frantic stallion. Wrapping one hand around the base of his angry red erection, she guided the head of his cock into the trembling filly’s wet cunt. Releasing his shaft, she palmed his ball bag and pinched his tight buttocks before returning to her seat.

With his member finally lined up, Demetrius pushed all the way in. His large balls swung between his legs, gently bumping into the pony girl’s clit and inner thighs. The vibrating ball sent bolts of heat through him. He snorted as he began to plunge his penis in and out of Epona’s hot wet pussy, again and again. Picking up speed, he whimpered and stomped his hoofed feet.

Jake wasn’t exactly sure how long the pony stud fucked the bound filly. Her groans and his whinnies filled the room. The masters, mistresses and pets in the audience watched silently, entranced by the erotic vision created by two magnificent pony studs and one beautiful pony filly.

Demetrius whinnied loudly as Andre grabbed the back of the pony stud’s harness and pulled him out before he could completely empty his aching balls. Anger and frustration sparked in the golden stud’s emerald green eyes, most of his thick white semen spraying the filly’s thighs and the floor below.

Andre gently rubbed the agitated pony stud's sweaty twitching body. Releasing the clips on his sore nipples, the blonde master massaged the pony's male nubs.

"Shhhh, Demetrius," the stable master spoke softly. "Calm down. You know stallions only stay in if the filly is actively being bred to foal. Epona is due to be bred next month. If you win ribbons at the Dog and Pony Show again this year, you get a chance to be the official stud for her breeding."

The puppy boy smiled at the look of determination in the golden stud's eyes. Jake was willing to bet that pony stallion would indeed win some ribbons. Watching as Andre cleaned up the pony stallion and the filly, released Epona and led all three ponies out of the room, he realized he was tired. Tonight had been an eye-opener for him and he looked forward, with increasing excitement, to a quick grooming and some rest time in his kennel before Barb took him to her room later.

Chapter 9: Fun in the Park

With her back to the mansion, Kayla lounged on a padded, white wicker chair in one of the large gazeboes built for the ranch's main park. Lined up in a row down the center of the lush green field, a hundred feet apart, three large gazeboes provided an unrestricted view of the park. Several other smaller gazeboes were randomly placed around the park.

She had chosen the large gazebo closest to her home for a light lunch with her personal pet. Kayla preferred this one when she spent time relaxing outside. Elevated three feet above the ground, the wooden structure had 6 sides and a ramp that replaced the commonly used stairs. Purple velvet plants grew at the base of gazebo, twining around the posts supporting a dark tiled roof.

A smile of contentment spread across her face. She noted many small groups of owners and trainers with pups or ponies taking advantage of the beautiful day to play in the park. Usually the park was not quite this busy, but with the upcoming Dog and Pony Show having attracted a large number of pet owners and guests, many had chosen to lunch outdoors, certain the high level of service provide at the facility would adapt wonderfully by accommodating the unscheduled event for the many guests and pets that did not reside at the compound year around.

She chuckled as she watched Mistress Vanessa lead her Rascal up the ramp of the second gazebo and disappeared within, imagining the fun puppy play her good friend was soon to enjoy with her own pet puppy boy. Kayla enjoyed the privacy of the specially designed gazeboes herself when she wanted alone time outside with her own sweet pet.

The intoxicating scent of grapes growing in clusters on the lattice work that made up five of the six sides of the second gazebo was an unbelievably good thing. Watching Beau catch with its mouth and eat the just picked ripe grapes she tossed him was a delightful way to spend a part of the day. It made her pet's cock and balls bobble in a way that always delighted her to see as it jumped to catch each grape.

Hearing a rustling sound, the blonde mistress glanced around. She stared down at the puppy boy dozing by her feet. Grinning at the vision of Beau, outfitted only in puppy gear without the leg-ups, sprawled on his back on a 2 inch thick rubber mat, Kayla took a sip of her chilled fruit juice. Placing the glass on the small round table next to her, she looked up to see where the noise was coming from.

She leaned forward to get a closer look at one of the 3 foot tall shrubs encircling the gazebo. She caught glimpses of fair skin and a light brown haired doggy tail peeking out behind a green bush. A woman's voice nearby made Kayla look to the left, a genuine smile of affection brightening her face.

"Romeo, have you found the dog bone yet? Bark if you have it. Oh dear, is it once for yes and twice for no? There's so much to learn when you get a new puppy boy."

"Don't worry Aunt Jenny," Kayla chuckled. "I think he's found it. And the answer to your question is once for yes and twice for no."

The older woman walked up the ramp, seating herself on an empty chair next to the small table. She poured herself some fruit juice. After taking several deep drinks, Jenny smiled and patted Kayla's hand.

"I can't thank you enough, my dear, for finding the perfect companion for me. Romeo is such a sweet boy as well as a charming, adorable puppy pet. The last few days have been very exciting and full of fun, new experiences."

A very attractive and becoming blush spread across her face as she continued.

“I’ve experienced some amazing things playing with my pet. It is unbelievable how much better sex is with a young, energetic and well-trained male puppy. I can’t wait to find out what new tricks Paula is going to teach Romeo later this afternoon.”

A single bark echoed in the gazebo. A puppy boy wearing a blue leather collar and the standard issue arm bands and leg-ups crawled excitedly up the ramp. The happiness of the pup was easily seen as it dropped a thin 8 inch plastic dog bone at his mistress’s feet. Staying on all fours, the puppy boy wagged his tail, pushing the dog bone closer to his owner with his right paw and then its nose.

Kayla was glad she had found a mistress that matched this particular ‘puppy boy’s’ personality so well. Romeo had been recruited on one of her monthly trips into town and was content to be a pet, but was still bewildered by the harsher, painful aspects of puppy training. It had made her feel good too that she could gift such a good boy to her aunt.

“Aunt Jenny, your pup is ready to fetch again.”

“Good boy Romeo,” the older woman smiled. Picking up the plastic dog bone, she continued, “I’ll try to avoid the bushes this time sweetie, I certainly don’t want your soft skin to get all scratched up.”

The puppy boy had moved over to his owner’s chair. Nuzzling her leg, he barked once. Running her hands through her pup’s honey blonde head fur, she sighed contentedly.

Throwing the bone across the lawn to an open area near one of the small pools of fresh water scattered around the park, Jenny chuckled. With a wag of his tail, her puppy boy avidly took off to find and retrieve the dog bone.

She adored everything about her new pet, from his slender athletic build, fair skin, bright green eyes and large pink nipples to his 10 inch uncircumcised penis and nicely dangling balls. Since her pup had not been completely altered using Kayla’s special hormone, he would be able to talk and function in public as her younger and wonderfully attentive male companion when necessary and still have an enhanced sex drive for her to utilize at play time when she took the time to have her pet perform what the ladies and trainers she met at the ranch all called ‘puppy tricks’.

Fondly considering her recently deceased husband she told herself, thank goodness Edgar had left her financially well off. She planned to have many years ahead to enjoy her puppy boy’s unique talents. When she was gone, her fortune would go to Romeo. Kayla had promised to care for her gentle puppy boy and make sure no one took advantage of his sweet nature.

“Well, I’m going to follow my pup and continue our lovely game of fetch. Maybe I can see how well he does the doggy paddle in the pond too. I’ll see you at dinner tonight, sweetheart.”

Kayla watched as her adopted aunt strolled off on the trail of her excited, bouncy puppy boy. Moving over to the entrance to the gazebo, she ran her fingertips over the leaves of the vine climbing up and around the wooden support posts. The velvety purple hairs cloaking its green stems and leaves were so soft to the touch. She marveled at the contrast between the white painted post and the yellowish orange flowers blooming on a plant with purple and green foliage. The purple velvet plant was her favorite.

“I don’t know how you do it Kayla,” a young woman’s voice interrupted her musing. “I can’t get a purple passion plant to grow out in my garden or in my house and you have a gazebo covered with gorgeous purple furred leaves and orange blossoms.”

Smiling, the blonde mistress waved at the approaching Emily. Dressed in jeans, a blue tank top covering her bouncy, otherwise unfettered breasts, well-worn cowboy boots and a baseball cap, the young female police officer strode across the lush grass, up the ramp and stopped in front of Kayla’s chair. Bending down, Emily ran her fingertips lightly over the drowsy puppy boy’s taut tummy, trailing her hand along his soft smooth skin to the red, erect cock pointing to the sky.

Wrapping her hand around the column of his hot throbbing shaft, Emily smirked. “What a sweet puppy boy you are Beau. As soon as I finish taking my stallion Lancelot out for a ride, I’ll bring Merlin over to play a game of fetch with you.”

Beau yelped, startled out of his nap by the warm hand stroking his cock. He had been up to the wee hours of the morning tending his mistress, making her cum four times before being allowed to reach his own peak and release. Pumping the full load of semen in his aching balls on command deep into the hot, dripping wet pussy of his beautiful mistress that he loved and who also carried their child, had been so intense he had passed out from the pleasure of it.

“On your way out to the show field, stop by so Beau can admire your spirited stallion,” Kayla grinned. “My personal pet has always loved horses.”

Patting Beau’s tousled curls, Kayla spoke softly. “Isn’t it fun to have Emily’s champion, ‘real’ Frisian stallion in the small stable set aside for actual horses, boy?”

Beau yipped in agreement with his beautiful mistress’s comment. He was accustomed to seeing large, well-muscled men trotting around the compound in leather harnesses and bridles now, but still adored the sight of a proud stallion prancing by, mane and tail flying in the wind. His lifelong interest in horses had not been diminished by his immersion in the world of puppy and pony play.

Emily rose to her feet, giving Beau’s naked thigh a swat with her riding crop but before she strode away she said, “For you sweet thing, I’ll bring Lancelot by for a short visit like your mistress suggested. You are the best puppy boy ever. Mistress Kayla is so lucky.”

Pointing to his groin with his paw, Beau whined. He really needed to urinate. Getting up on all fours, he clenched his anal muscles, making his special wagging tail swish back and forth in a mode of begging to please and further attract attention.

“Very nice, pup,” his owner chuckled. “On the way back from the pet corner of the park we’ll check in on Wulf and see how his first lesson in seek and find is working out.”

Beau sat by his lady’s feet a half an hour later observing the guard dogs after first being allowed to descend from the gazebo and show his Mistress his raised back leg and a strong yellow stream against one of the well rooted vines now urine fertilized.

He was intrigued by the ‘game’ being played by three of the guard dogs under the direction of Barb, a new mistress in training he liked. Each of the three puppy boys had been allowed to sniff a piece of cloth sprayed with a specific scent. The other half of the cloth was hidden somewhere in the park but nearby. The guard dog who located the missing piece would bring it back to Barb. As a reward, the winning pup would then be allowed to fuck a puppy girl very publicly right here in the park as the losing guard dogs watched while suffering through some uncomfortable punishment, along with anyone else in the park that was interested and cared to watch.

The puppy boy sighed, wishing Wulf would win. Beau liked the new guard dog trainee. The new male pup had an intensity and depth of intelligence that was intriguing. There wasn’t much of a chance the new puppy boy would win, it being only his first full week of guard dog training.

A round of applause from onlookers made him look away from a small group of shrubs Wulf was frantically sniffing and pawing. Beau groaned, sad his new friend had lost the challenge. It did not surprise him that Kong had found the cloth first. The lean, muscular puppy boy proudly dropped the scrap of cloth at Barb’s feet and howled his victory. Mr. Takahashi’s dark guard dog was led off to the side to enjoy his promised puppy girl reward.

The losers had heavy weighted pendants clamped tightly to their nipples and scrotums by a handler from the kennel.

Wulf and Mamoru were paddled by Barb, glad to take a direct hand in this important lesson in performing as desired, while they all watched Kong eagerly mount the puppy girl he won the reward of entertaining the guests and others by mating with. Pups and pony pets were trained primarily to entertain their owners, of course.

Wulf’s yelps of pain made him wince, having had to wear the dreaded adornments for Mistress Kayla on one of her more intense dark days a few weeks ago as she explored the use of new devices with her pet. Beau whimpered, pointing to the new guard dog with his paw. Raising sad eyes to his owner, he begged silently.

“I want you to go over and comfort him, boy,” Kayla said quietly as she unhooked her pet’s leash. “Wulf needs some encouragement right now and you’re just the gentle puppy boy to give it to him. He will gladly accept it from you.”

Beau moved quickly over to Wulf’s side, gazing into his pain-filled hazel eyes. Nuzzling the guard dog’s neck, he licked the other male’s cheek and shoulder. Pawing the female security officer’s boot, the puppy boy woofed and pointed to Wulf’s spread legs. Sitting stiffly beside his trainer, the new guard dog shuddered. The awful pendants were painful to wear and hurt even worse when they were removed.

“It’s okay pup, you can get closer. Just don’t pull on the pendants. When it’s time to remove them we’ll let you use your tongue to sooth his sore spots.”

The trainer looked deeply into Wulf’s eyes. “Beau will make you feel all better later on Wulf. Next time you won’t lose, will you boy?”

The guard dog yipped in agreement, a look of determination forming in his eyes. Beau scooted closer to Wulf. Making sure not to touch the pendants cruelly clamped to the other male's ball bag, he lightly licked the testicles and inner thighs of the un-protesting Wulf without pulling on the cock and ball binder fastened tightly around his package. A sigh of relief from the tormented guard dog trainee brought a gentle smile to Beau's face. One of his favorite parts of being a pleasure pup was being able to comfort the troubled puppy or pony pets at his owner's ranch, particularly when commanded to do so by his mistress.

Noticing a soft touch on his shoulder, Beau looked up to see Wulf staring at him. The fierce guard dog ran his paw through his curly brown head fur, gratitude shining in his eyes. Feelings of warmth and friendship spread through him. Wulf might be new to the compound, but Beau already felt a special bond forming between him and the intense man wearing a collar, a full guard dog leather harness and the distinctive, guard doggy tail.

Unlike Rocky, one of Mistress Kayla's permanent guard dogs, this new member of the pet security team had not shown any sign of delight at the prospect of needlessly humiliating other puppy or pony pets to the point of cruelty. When the training program was completed, Beau felt certain he and Wulf would have some fun adventures providing entertaining play for their respective mistresses.

Continuing her leisurely stroll around the park, Kayla waved to Master Carter's daughter and youngest son. Larissa and Martin smiled brightly, tugging on the leashes in their hands. The blonde mistress chuckled, admiring the view of the two athletic, young owners leading a pair of collared and leashed human pets towards her.

Kayla stopped by the small pond nearest the third large gazebo to wait for her clients to reach her. Bending down, she ran her hands through her personal pet's silky soft head fur.

"Sit boy. Larisa and Martin are bringing Sassy and Scoundrel over to say, 'Hi'."

The puppy boy woofed, putting his bare ass on the ground beside his owner, feeling the tickle of the soft grass against his balls. Beau rested his front paws, one near each thigh, on the grass between his widely spread legs. Raising his head, he breathed in deeply. His enhanced sniffer took in the light sweet scent of the wisteria blossoms on the vine twining around the posts and lattice work of the gazebo as an odor that enhanced the delightful, womanly scent he also had of his owner's warm pussy and the approaching Larisa. Of the simple improvements his Mistress had made in his life and body, it was this enhanced sense of smell that her pet took the most everyday pleasure in. It still amazed him how easy it was for a fully altered puppy or pony pet to detect and identify specific scents from as far away as 200 feet.

Looking off to his left, Beau was transfixed at the sight of Kong thrusting his long, fully hard black cock in and out of an eager puppy girl draped across a convenient but padded park bench, her ass up, legs spread widely open. There was a surreal, but eye pleasing beauty in watching a larger dark skinned male plunging his dick fast and furiously into the wet, hot slit of a fair skinned, red furred athletically fit female pet again and again.

The combined woofs and yips of the two frantic pups as they enjoyed each other echoed across the park, capturing the attention of many of the owners and pets nearby. Before coming to the ranch, observing this highly erotic scene would have made him very uncomfortable. Now Beau understood and appreciated the unique pleasure and contentment a collared pet felt under the firm, loving care of a master or mistress when granted such a privilege by its owner of engaging in such natural, but owner controlled animal behavior.

A round of applause, accompanied by barks of approval from the other admiring pet puppies, filled the park as Kong rammed his shaft balls deep one last time into the orgasming, shuddering body of the whimpering with joy puppy girl. Pressing his hips closely to her quivering bottom, he raised his head and howled in satisfaction as the cum so obviously began to jet from his puppy cock into the delicious looking young bitch under him.

Beau cringed in sympathy as a trainer yanked the puppy boy away from the young bitch's body using its leashed collar before he finished cumming. His cock still hard, Kong lay sprawled on the ground on his back. Several thick white jets of semen spurted wildly into the air, landing on the puppy boy's thighs, abdomen, belly and chin. With a final jerk and twitch, the male pup's shaft lay on his sticky groin becoming limp and soft. Kong lay on the grass, gasping for breath, trying to calm his ragged breathing, finally hearing the applause and woofs in full approval of his puppy girl breeding performance.

It wasn't very often a male pup or pony's cock was completely soft and relaxed. Mistress Kayla's unique supplement kept her altered pets level of arousal always at a low simmer when they were not sleeping. Any time an owner or trainer allowed a pet to cum, the orgasm was explosive, exhausting, overwhelming and exceptionally pleasing to watch. It was not uncommon for a pet to pass out from the pleasure of release after days or weeks of constant stimulation, both physical and mental.

“Aren’t you glad you get to pump every drop of your precious semen into your mistress most of the time we play, boy?”

Kayla’s low sultry voice startled him. Beau looked up to gaze into her eyes, as warmth and desire roared through him again at the memory of last night’s especially long session of pleasure his owner had shared with him.

It was a long session but special too as she had shared and taught him the new possibilities that even the sharp pain of weighted pendants clamped to his nipples and the cock and ball binder she used could and had accentuated his orgasm. It had taken him a full 2 hours to cum, but his release had been magnificent. Exhausted, he had lain on his owner’s bed, struggling to catch his breath. Lying on his back, arms and legs sprawled on the sheets as he recovered, Beau had watched the human puppy girl named Molly gently lick his mistress clean of the liquid proof of mistress and pet pleasure. He had savored the soft touch of his mistress afterwards as she used a warm wet cloth to wipe up the sticky mess on his body under the attentive, watchful eye of Molly. There was nothing he now loved more after becoming a puppy boy than seeing the look of total satisfaction in his owner’s eyes after he had given her multiple orgasms as she had trained him to perform.

Larissa’s light musical voice jerked the puppy boy out of his hot lusty memories.

“Hello you sweet adorable pup,” the young woman ruffled Beau’s head fur as soon as she was close. “Your mistress was telling what a great job you did tending her last night.”

Being so calmly approached by the newly blossomed young lady Larisa and her younger brother each leading a puppy was a nudge in his mind to recall his own blossoming since his acquisition by Kayla. He accepted her praise and acknowledged it with a happy barking, but half his mind returned again to his own thoughts. Beau would have been embarrassed by her words in his past life as Larisa talked in her cute way about sex. But, for Beau it had become simpler and easier to manage if he thought of his time with his Mistress and his entertaining her as the performance of simple puppy tricks.

All his young life Beau had felt incomplete; wondering why his few past intimate relationships with the girls he knew had left him wanting some better sense of completeness that he could only feel but not ever put a name to or describe. Not that he had anyone to talk to about such intimate things with.

One look into Kayla’s beautiful eyes at the city park the day they first met when she had begun the very real but quite simple process of claiming him for her own, had slammed into him. A feeling, a sense of promised rewards not yet imagined filled him to the very core of his being, forging a deep connection with Kayla to his heart and soul instantly. At first, he hadn’t understood what was happening. Later, he came to feel, then know it was the beginning of the answer to all his dreams.

Beau had been stunned by the sight of a gorgeous, commanding woman in black, a loose fitting dress or skirt, sitting on a park bench gazing at him with interest. And he found himself approaching her in response to her unspoken summons, next taking her direction without any hesitation.

He had always been shy around girls in school and the young women he had been around when he worked part-time jobs after graduating high school. Having lived in the nearby city for only a few weeks, he had not had the chance to meet many women. Running and practicing gymnastics at the local gym had been his sole relaxing hobbies while he had applied for work using his computer in his apartment.

But this was a knowing, confident, experienced, sensual woman, not a girl.

After becoming the personal pet of a strong, sexy mistress, he was content, unafraid of the future and what it might hold for him in a relationship with a member of the opposite sex or other sensual experiences she might enjoy for him to be part of. He knew Mistress Kayla would take care of him, using his newly altered body to see to her own needs as well as his when it suited her. Beau was still surprised at the variety of body adornments his lady utilized when playing with him. Even the discomfort and at times slightly painful aspects of puppy play that his owner was continually introducing him to were wonderfully fun he had found, even if challenging and a test of his endurance.

Beau whined excitedly as the two young people looked down at him and smiled. He glanced around to see Carter’s newest puppy boy and puppy bitch sitting by their feet panting. Larissa squatted beside him to whisper loudly in his ear.

“Scoundrel is doing quite well in his training and will eventually match your skills, boy.”

Eyes sparkling with joy, Beau barked three times, acknowledging his understanding of her comment. He waggled his erect penis, pre-cum dripping onto the ground. He liked being around Carter’s wickedly sweet daughter.

While their owners discussed the finer points of show training, the pets sniffed each other. Beau could clearly identify the unique scents of the couple now serving out a limited contract as puppies as well as

the luscious aromas of Mistress Kayla and the two young people. Being this close to several mistresses, a master and two puppy pets could be overwhelming for a puppy boy, but he had no trouble separating the intoxicating scent of his wonderful owner.

It had taken the reluctant puppies several weeks to completely settle in. Beau was glad to see Scoundrel and Sassy finally immersing themselves in every aspect of puppy training. An obedient puppy boy or girl could be disciplined by its owner or trainer when it had done nothing wrong. Punishments for true disobedience were often harsher and more painful than ones given just for entertainment.

With a final pat on his head, Larissa chuckled. “We’ll see you later, Beau. It’s time to take our pups over to the doggy corner to do their business.”

He watched as the small group moved away. Enjoying the arousing sight of the puppy girl’s swaying tits, lush ass and puffy pink labia lips, Beau whimpered.

The jingle of a pony bridle distracted the puppy boy. Turning his head to face the stable entrance, he was delighted to see Mistress Calenthe driving a pony cart across the lawn. Bells dangled from the bridle rings of the two large muscled men harnessed and hitched up to the cart. An iron horse shoe hung from chains clamped tightly to their hard pointed nipples.

Knees high, Blade and Demetrius pulled a light weight one person show cart briskly across the park.

“Whoa boys,” Calenthe’s deep husky voice called out.”

Pulling back on the reins, the dark mistress flicked the two pony studs buttocks with a light whip. “Hi Kayla, Andre is thinking of pairing up these two pony stallions for the cart race in the show. I’m taking them out for a run around the track.”

Moving closer to the pony studs, Kayla called out a command to show and present. She smiled as the two males quickly spread their legs, arched their backs and stared forward.

“That was a fine performance you put on mounting the filly the other night Demetrius. When Epona is in heat again, I might let you be the official stud for her breeding.”

Kayla laughed at the golden stud’s excited shake of his head. She loved hearing the creak of a leather harness as much as she enjoyed the sound of bells on a pony’s bridle rings. Moving closer to her newest pony boy, she wrapped her hand around the column of the dark stallion’s shaft. Stroking the steel hard erection jutting out of his smooth hairless groin, Kayla looked up into the pony boy’s panic filled gaze. With one last squeeze, she released his cock.

Palming his already enlarged ball bag, she grinned. “Don’t fret so Blade. No matter how badly you want to orgasm, I have big plans for you in the pony ‘cum’ competition. Andre assured me he is assisting you in remaining primed for a great performance in the show.”

Beau sighed, feeling sympathy for the frantic, trembling pony boy. Having ‘assisted’ Hunter on several previous occasions, he knew how uncomfortable and painful it was for a male pony pet to be kept at a heightened level of arousal without being allowed to cum. Generally a pony boy or pony stallion was not allowed release for two weeks, sometimes three weeks for special events like the upcoming show.

The puppy boy watched quietly as Calenthe flicked he reins again and gave a giddy up command to her team. Beau gazed up at his mistress, a quizzical look on his face.

“It’s going to be okay, boy,” Kayla spoke softly. “Blade is a natural pony boy. Andre won’t hurt him; just push his limits to see what they are.”

Beau smiled, barking happily as Larissa and her brother strolled over and stopped beside his mistress. Looking around, he was surprised when the beautiful young blonde woman squatted beside him. Her eyes were bright with strength and resolve, clearly showing what a delightfully firm mistress she would be after Kayla and the compound’s talented staff showed her all the ins and outs of being a mistress and a trainer of fine pets.

“You are such a sweet puppy, Beau,” Larissa whispered loudly. Stroking the puppy boy’s shoulder and cheek she grinned. “I may prefer to work with pony boys and pony stallions, but you are a lot of fun to play with. I think I will enjoy every minute of time spent as your handler when I work here as a trainer.”

Noticing that Martin was just standing quietly among the assembled mistresses and pets, his gentle eyes half closed, his body trembling slightly, Beau was confused. Most masters were confident in their power over ‘pets’ and subs, their bodies and facial expressions showing their dominant personality.

Come to think of it, Martin had not been as active in handling the puppy and pony pets at the ranch the last few times he and his family had visited. Benjamin and Larissa delighted in commanding and

tormenting their family owned pets as well as any of the ranch pups or ponies they played with. Beau licked the soft hands caressing his cheek and pinching his tender nipples, content to leave all serious thought to his owner. The best part of being a well-loved and pampered human pet was not having to worry about anything.

For Kayla, after having observed both Larissa and her younger brother Martin for several days, made the decision to try something with him. Looking deeply into the boy's eyes, as she took the leash attached to Scoundrel's collar he held and handed it to his sister Larissa she said,

"Open your fly Martin. Take it out and let me see it and let me give you a special treat".

Just as she had expected, the boy complied with her wish without a second's hesitation and stood before both the mistress and his older sister looking down and watching just as they were as his cock lengthened and hardened more under their gaze.

It only took a simple hand signal directed at her attentive puppy boy Beau for the boy's cock to be receiving the attention she desired for it for her treat to him.

Larissa of course was somewhat astonished but also pleased that she could witness the demonstration of power and control Kayla could exercise over a male. While they watched Kayla's pet Beau give a demonstration of its training with her brother, Kayla also planted a suggestive seed in the mind of the young lady.

"That's a good boy Beau. Give Martin's cock a good licking and suck. Bring the juice out of him for me".

Turning to his sister, Kayla quietly said, "Your brother Martin seems strongly open to suggestion from me wouldn't you agree Larissa? Just like a well-trained pet. It is almost like he's already wearing a mistress's collar, sweetie. Wouldn't that be special? "

Larissa answered with a quick nod and a quizzical smile, still enjoying that she got to watch the very public scene unfold as Beau using only its mouth and tongue worked her brother toward a cum.

His lust satisfied by Beau, Martin began to hide his cock away in his shorts but another authoritative statement from Kayla made him stop.

"I am sure your future mistress would want it displayed, boy. So leave it out for now and let Larissa enjoy the sight and feel of you walking by her side so nicely exposed as if you were already an obedient puppy pet but walking upright instead of collared and crawling at her side".

A full appreciation of the episode heated Larissa's blood. Perhaps it was only a guess but Kayla had put in motion and made a display of how a mistress, in her deepest, most private thoughts might regard her younger brother. The astounding fact that her younger brother just might be submissive instead of dominant like the rest of her immediate family brought a wicked smile to her face. The wetness between Larissa's own thighs attested to the elicit thoughts she had for maybe being able to prepare her brother in what she now saw as his best place in life.

Observing still and reflecting on what she saw in each of the brother and sister confirmed what had been a strong suspicion of how they could relate to each other and how the sister could help the boy achieve its highest possible use for herself and female kind in general. Kayla felt confident it would only be a matter of a few details that would have Martin also staying at the ranch in being the recipient of his sister's training as Larissa learned what Kayla and her staff of trainers could teach her.

It would be interesting to watch the young woman blossom into a superb mistress while her younger brother became a fine quality pleasure pup. She would have to confer with Carter before she started full puppy training on Martin. As a smart businesswoman, she did not want to do anything that would go against the wishes of one of her valuable clients.

Kayla chuckled, "Would you like to help train Martin to be a puppy boy Larissa? I have a particular client in mind for him."

"Absolutely," the young woman replied with certainty.

Reaching down to caress her brother's shaft and palm his balls, Larissa looked thoughtful.

"I have no personal interest in using these lovely bits, but it would be an honor to be a part of his transformation. I'm sure dad would expect only the best most thorough training for his son if Martin was destined to be a male sub."

Looking around the extensive garden and park in the center of Mistress Kayla's compound, Beau woofed, wagging his special brown haired wagging tail. He gazed lovingly into his lady's eyes, overjoyed to see passion and desire directed at him shining as brightly as ever. He loved his mistress with everything he

had, body and soul, looking forward to sharing the adventures ahead. Beau was excited with the prospect of romping with the new guard dog Wulf and welcoming Martin to the intensely erotic puppy boy way of life. Watching Andre and his twin brother Axel train a reluctant pony boy was going to add fun to the unique daily routine at Mistress Kayla's exclusive training facility.

THE END

A Message from Vanessa London

It has been fun playing with Wulf and Blade, as well as the rest of the wonderful pets at Mistress Kayla's ranch. Sorry it took a little longer to get this installment of the story out to the public. Puppy Boys in Training 5 is in the works and will be out faster this time.

The next eBook will pick up where the action ended in Puppy Boys in Training 4, focusing on Wulf's training to be on the guard dog team at the stables. A new stubborn pony boy, a frightened pony filly and Master Andre's twin brother add more excitement to the daily activities at the stables at Kayla's compound. We'll learn more about Blade and his troubles adapting to being a pony boy, too. At the end of Puppy Boys in Training 5, the final preparations for the Dog and Pony Show will be wrapped up. What an exciting week it will be for all the competing pets and owners in Puppy Boy 6.

My deepest thanks go to a shy, sweet puppy boy for allowing me to use his photo as the cover for this book. You are welcome in my puppy world any time, pup.

Thanks to all my readers for the wonderful emails. Any comments and suggestions from readers, handlers, owners or pets are appreciated very much. As I have stated before, the puppy play and pony play world is a very special place to live.

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