

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



"So what brings you here?" asked the technician at the dog training center.

Jane thought a second, scratching the neck of her Great Dane Max, who was sitting by her chair. "Mostly I'd like to find a way to keep him from running away so much," she said. "But I also thought it would be good if he were just better behaved in general."

"And proper general training is the best way to keep him from running away," said the technician, a tall brunette girl named Hedy, dressed in a white lab coat. "Because proper training is about teaching him that all the good things in life come from you."

"But I just don't have the time to train him in the usual way," said Jane.

"So you came to the right place," said Hedy. "With our cybernetic training system, you and Max will walk out of this center in 30 minutes with new behavior patterns, and with all the knowledge you'll need to use them."

"You mean I get trained too?" said Jane.

"Well, in a sense," said Hedy. "Max's thought processes will be changed so that he responds automatically to a set of standard commands, and also so that he is highly suggestible to any new commands that you'd like to add later. And you will be given automatic knowledge of how to use Max's pre-set commands, and also how to put Max in a suggestible state when you want to teach him new things. You won't need any instruction manuals or courses - all the information will be in your head."

"Wow," said Jane.

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Jane and Max were led to a comfortable training room, with a one-way mirror installed in one of the walls. After they were seated, Hedy fastened to each of their heads a metal cap, with wires extending up into machinery at the top of the room. The wires had enough slack that Jane and Max could move around the room while wearing the metal caps. After both dog and mistress were hooked up, the technician put a fancy collar and leash on a table in front of them.

"You'll put it on him at the right time, when you know how to use it," said Hedy. "I'll leave you alone now. It should feel as if you're taking a short, refreshing nap. Afterwards, you'll walk through that door into the post-class area, where you and Max can try out your new skills."

Hedy walked into the lab next to Jane's room, where the one-way mirror let the technicians monitor the training session. "Does this data disc go in unit A or B?" she asked her co-worker Joe.

"A, I think," he said.

The technicians put the data discs in Jane and Max's units, and pressed the play buttons. They watched as Jane and Max drifted off into a peaceful sleep under the influence of the training programs. Then they went out for a break.

If they had stayed a little longer, they would have seen some strange things. Like Jane sleepily dropping to the floor on her hands and knees. Or the training program exercising Jane, one body part at a time, until it knew what brain pattern was generated by each of her motor activities. And they definitely would have known that something had gone wrong by the end of the session, when Max fetched the dog collar and managed to use his teeth to buckle it around the sleepy girl's neck.

A bell rang to indicate the end of the training session. Jane, still on all fours, blinked her eyes and began to wake up. Before she was completely alert, however, Max took her leash in his mouth, and started walking into the post-class area. Jane felt the collar close tight around her neck, and automatically crawled forward to relieve the pressure.

Max led Jane into the small private room where they were supposed to test the results of the training. Half-awake, Jane wasn't completely aware of where she was. "Max...what are you doing with that leash?" she said.

Feeling her bare feet against the floor, Jane realized that she had left her flip-flops in the training room. She started to get up off her knees.

Max dropped the leash and gave a single sharp bark. Instantly Jane dropped back onto all fours and remained still, looking at Max with an astonished expression.

She was completely awake now. What had just happened? Suddenly she realized that she was collared! What was going on? She could move her body a little, but getting out of her kneeling position seemed impossible. "Max, what did you do to me?" she said. At least she could still talk.

Max gave two short barks. And suddenly Jane lifted her head and began barking herself! "Arf, arf, arf!" she said helplessly. Max had given her a command to speak! She kept barking until Max gave the two short barks again, and she felt her throat relax and return to normal. "Oh, no, Max!" she croaked. Max had trained her instead of the other way around!

In a panic, Jane jumped to her feet and started for the door - Max's "stay" command seemed to have worn off. But Max immediately gave another single sharp bark, and Jane dropped like a rock to her previous position on all fours, eyes wide with fear, looking at Max for orders.

Max made a circular motion with his head, and Jane was surprised to find herself rolling over! Then Max rotated his head in the other direction, and Jane rolled to her right instead of her left. She wasn't wearing many clothes in this warm weather, and this unexpected workout was making her fall out of them; she hastily popped her left boob back into her bra, just in time to see Max lift his muzzle toward the ceiling. Like a marionette, Jane went up on her knees, lifted her wrists into a begging position, and opened her mouth. Max left her in this humiliating begging position, tears rolling down her cheeks, for several seconds before lowering his muzzle and letting Jane fall back onto her hands. Then he gave a long, slow growl that ended in a bark. And Jane's ass dropped suddenly, hitting the carpet with a soft smack. Max had given her a "sit" command, and she was unable to move out of this subservient position.

"Help!" yelled Jane. But, before she could call out again, she saw Max's tail tap the ground twice, and she found herself scurrying around behind Max and assuming a kneeling position slightly to the right of Max's tail. Having brought Jane to heel, Max picked up the end of Jane's leash and started walking toward the door! Once again, Jane was helpless to resist the pull of the collar on her neck, and she could do nothing but trot obediently behind Max. "Max, wait! I left my flip-flops! Max!" she pleaded. Max managed to push the door open with his nose, and Jane realized in horror that Max was going to walk her in public. "No, Max, no!" she yelled. But her body was obeying the pull of the leash. Once they were out of the center, Max headed across the grass fields in the general direction of home, with Jane hurrying along behind him.

Jane's house was a short trip away by car, but a long way to crawl on all fours. Max seemed to sense when Jane was winded, though, and slowed his pace to accommodate her. On the first part of the journey, there weren't many people to this peculiar spectacle. But their path eventually led past a

park where people were strolling and sunning themselves. Max came to a dead stop by the edge of the park, much to the relief of the panting, sweat-soaked, grass-stained Jane.

Leading Jane to a post, Max wrapped her leash around it several times. He looked at Jane and gave her a single sharp bark, then ran off into the park: he had detected the presence of other dogs, and was following their barking in the distance.

Immobilized by the “stay” command, Jane knelt helplessly next to the post, still breathing hard. She did her best to tuck herself into her clothes, but there was nothing she could do to hide from the strollers in the park. Hanging her head in shame, she hoped that no one would approach her.

“Josh! Mike! Come here, quick!” Jane’s blood froze as she heard the voice of a teenage boy not ten yards away from her. Tears of mortification rolled down her cheeks as she kept looking at the ground, hoping against hope that the boy’s call wasn’t about her. But she heard the footsteps of several other boys approaching.

“Now there’s something you don’t see every day,” said a new voice.

“Hey, did you lose a bet or something?” said another.

“Please, just go away,” said Jane in a quavering voice. If only she could move....

“Hey, she talks,” said a voice.

“Look at the ass on her.”

“The tits aren’t bad either.”

“So, are you just going to sit there, no matter what we do to you?”

“Leave me alone! Please!” begged Jane.

“Maybe her owner is around here somewhere.”

“Go ahead, Johnny, touch her and see what she does.”

Johnny approached and cockily pushed his hand down the back of Jane’s shorts, to the laughter and hooting of the other boys. Jane felt the boy’s probing hand pushing deep between her sweaty ass cheeks. There was absolutely nothing she could do. Johnny’s fingers danced around Jane’s asshole, found her cunt, and poked at the soft, slippery flesh for a way in.

Suddenly Jane heard an angry growl next to her. She looked up for the first time to see a crowd of five or six tough-looking boys – and Max, standing by ready to defend her.

“What the fuck?” said Johnny, pulling his hand out of Jane’s shorts.

“Get that dog,” said another. A boy approached Max carefully – but Max barked and lunged at him, and the boy barely escaped being bitten. “Fuck!” he exclaimed. All the boys backed away.

Still growling, Max walked up to the wide-eyed Jane, untied her from the post, and started walking away. Jane looked around anxiously, but had no choice but to walk behind Max, in full sight of the entire park, her shorts riding halfway down her ass after Johnny’s fingering session.

“Do you see what I see?” said a boy.

"Holy shit," said another.

Instead of feeling relief that Max had saved her from whatever the kids had had in mind, Jane was almost fainting from humiliation. Her own dog was leading her on a leash, in public!

Max managed to get Jane home without further incident. Jane thought that Max would have to allow her to open the back door for them, but to her surprise he seemed to know how to use the door handle. At last Jane was in her own house, where no one could see her crawling around like an animal. She pulled her shorts up to cover her ass again.

Max instantly dropped Jane's leash and walked to his food bowl. Jane stood up tentatively while Max ate. Hoping that Max was finished with commanding her, Jane started walking into the next room. But Max lifted his head from the food and gave a growling bark. As if it had a mind of its own, Jane's ass plopped down on the floor, and she found herself in the sit position, looking at Max for directions. Max ignored her and focused on his food again.

"Max, stop it!" yelled Jane. She popped up instantly and ran to the door, but Max gave another growling bark, and Jane sat again like a good doggy.

"Max, you can't just keep me on the ground all the time!" she pleaded. Max was still finishing his meal. Jane seemed to be able to move out of her sit as soon as Max turned away from her, so she tried crawling around on all fours. Max didn't seem to mind this. "Max, this is really silly!" Jane said in exasperation.

She wondered whether she could get away from Max if she stayed on all fours. Casually she crawled toward the bedrooms. Once she was out of sight, she stood up. For a moment she thought she might be in the clear. Then she heard a long howl: "Owwooooh!" "Oh, no, Max!" Jane said as she dropped onto the floor and crawled back into the living room. It was a "come" command! And Jane couldn't stop crawling until she was under Max's nose, looking up obediently at him.

Max had finished his food and was looking around the kitchen. Finally he spotted a bunch of grapes on the kitchen counter, jumped up, and got a grape in his mouth. Then he turned back to Jane. Max had been looking for food for her. "Max, I don't want that after it's been in your mouth!" said the worried girl.

But Max lifted his muzzle to the ceiling. And Jane immediately got up on her knees and begged, thrusting her chest forward and opening her mouth. Max popped the grape into Jane's mouth, and she discovered to her distress that she had to eat it! It tasted a little bit like Max's breath, a smell that didn't usually bother her, but didn't go well with food. Max took another grape and lifted his muzzle again, and Jane once again had to beg her own dog for the unpleasant-tasting food, then eat it as if it were a treat.

Max returned to the grapes, but this time he took the entire bunch and put it on the floor, next to his food bowl. Maybe he was getting tired of feeding Jane one grape at a time. Jane looked at the food warily. She seemed to have the choice of eating it or not. And she wasn't hungry enough yet to eat next to Max's bowl. She turned away and crawled to the middle of the room.

Max didn't seem to mind. He walked over to his favorite resting spot, by the wall near the door, and looked as if he were getting ready to lie down. Jane watched hopefully, wondering whether she would be free to do as she wished when Max went to sleep. She would have to get away from her own house, out of earshot, so Max couldn't call her back. Then she would go to the training center, even if she had to walk barefoot, and see if they could untrain her.

But Max had other ideas. Once he was settled, he howled softly, and Jane found herself trotting over to him, her hopes sinking. Then Max made a downward gesture with his muzzle. And Jane felt herself sinking to the ground. "No, Max, please," she whimpered. But the "down" command was the most powerful she had experienced so far, and within seconds Jane was curled up on the ground, feeling as if someone had thrown a lead blanket over her.

Dimly, Jane sensed Max lying down next to her. The world felt distant and quiet - she wouldn't be able to stay awake much longer. I'm completely under his control, she thought miserably, as her senses slipped away.

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It was late afternoon before Jane roused herself. Max was already up and having a snack.

Jane knelt numbly on the floor. She couldn't think of any other ideas for getting away from Max. All she could do was wait for some opportunity, or for Max to get tired of...owning her? Jane shuddered as the word crossed her mind. Kevin was away for the weekend, but eventually he'd arrive and get her away from Max somehow.

Meanwhile, she had to go to the bathroom. And she didn't know how Max would feel about that. Number two could wait, but she really had to pee right now.

She started crawling in the direction of the bathroom. But as she was about to leave the room, Max called her back with the "come" howl, and she found herself at his front paws again. "Max, I have to go!" she whined. Desperate, she tried to think of ways to convey her need to Max. Feeling as if she were sinking to a new low, she walked to the back yard door, stopped, and looked back at Max - the universal language of house dogs.

Max looked at Jane for a moment. He gets it, she thought. Then Max came over to her and unexpectedly gave her a little lick on the forehead.

Jane didn't know what had happened to her. The world felt different after that lick, somehow. And she had a warm, comfortable feeling all over her body, which gradually subsided.

Then Max took Jane's leash in her mouth, led her back to the middle of the room, and sat watching her.

Jane was right back where she started. And she still had to go, really bad. As she felt the pressure in her bladder, she felt a mysterious desire to walk to the back door again. She felt as if she could resist it if she wanted to...but soon she started crawling in that direction anyway.

Max walked alongside the confused Jane, watching her intently. When she got to the door, she turned her head to Max, looking puzzled. And Max licked her forehead again. "Whoa!" said Jane, seeing stars for a second. She had that good feeling again, as if Max had given her a really good piece of chocolate. No, that wasn't a good description at all - the good feeling was between her legs...

As Max led her back into the room again, Jane remembered the dog training technician saying that Jane would know how to put Max in a suggestible state to learn new commands. The lick on the forehead must be doing that to her, she thought unhappily.

Back in the middle of the room, Jane felt the urge to pee, and this time she knew that she didn't have any choice: she headed straight to the door, sniffing back her tears. She was being housebroken.

Max licked her forehead again. "Max, that's enough...ohhh..." Jane mumbled. Her panties were getting moist.

Even though Jane was now adequately trained, Max continued to repeat the process. After five more minutes of reinforcement, Jane couldn't remember a time when she didn't crawl to the door when she had to go.

Finally Max got up on his hind legs, opened the door, and pulled Jane outside by her leash. Jane had never intended actually to go outside: she had merely been trying to clue Max in to the nature of her needs. The back yard was wide open and completely visible to neighbors. But Max led her off to one side of the house and sat down, holding her leash and watching her intently.

Her face burning a bright red, Jane tried to clear her head and consider her options. She would rather go inside and find a part of her own house to go in, but she knew that Max would interfere. And she really needed to go now. If it had to happen, it was better that it happen quickly, before she was seen by the neighbors. She held her breath, closed her eyes, and pulled down her shorts and panties, leaving them looped around one ankle.

Before she could do anything else, she heard Max give a soft "woof," then lick her forehead! "Oh my God," she whispered, stunned. Her head still spinning, she hooked her free foot into her panties and pulled them back on, without thinking. At which point Max went "woof woof" quietly and licked her forehead again.

"No Max no please no," Jane muttered incoherently. She knew she was being trained again, but was too dazed to figure out what for. Max gave another "woof," and Jane realized that she felt an urge to remove her panties. She fought the urge, but somehow her fingers found their way to the panties' elastic band when she wasn't concentrating, and she removed them almost without realizing that she was doing it. As soon as the panties landed on the grass, Max went "woof woof" and licked her forehead again. Jane was having trouble thinking straight, but she could feel the moisture on her pussy cooling in the summer breeze.

Max was a thorough trainer, and alternated between "woof" and "woof woof" commands for a while. After a few minutes Jane couldn't have told you what $2 + 2$ was, but she was setting world records in getting her panties off and on.

After Max was satisfied with her performance, he stopped woofing, and Jane slowly cleared the sex haze from her head. She was still outside, she was bare-ass, and she still had to pee. How long had she been kneeling here, exposed to the neighbors?

Max was still watching her. There was just one thing left to do, but she was having trouble bringing herself to do it. She closed her eyes and tried to force herself to pee, despite her stage fright.

A tiny trickle of pee squirted out of Jane and onto the grass. At that exact moment, Max sprang forward and licked her forehead. "Uhhhh..." Jane said, as if she had been hit with a two-by-four. The trickle of pee widened. Max started licking Jane repeatedly, jolting her poor brain until she couldn't think anymore. Each time she was licked, Jane peed a little harder. After a few more licks, her bowels loosened as well. By the time Max was finished with her, Jane was a zombie, but she wouldn't need to go to the bathroom for a while.

Jane felt a tug on her leash. She didn't know how much time had passed. She looked down and saw a large pile of her own shit on the grass between her legs. Miserably, she used some fallen leaves to clean herself, then pulled her shorts and panties back on. Max immediately led her back into the house.

Inside, Max headed for his food bowl again, and Jane knelt wearily on the floor, with no more fight left in her. If her neighbors saw her doing her business in public, her life was basically over. She hadn't known that Max could control her so completely, right down to her most intimate physical processes. In one day Max had mastered her, mentally and physically, more ruthlessly and effectively than she could ever have done to him when she was the one in command.

Jane didn't realize that she hadn't yet learned her most degrading duties. When he finished eating, Max decided to feed Jane a few pieces of his dog food. It was disgusting, but Max made Jane beg for the food as if she wanted it. And it was the only nutrition Jane was getting, so maybe Max was doing right by his pet girl after all.

While Jane finished her unpleasant meal, Max walked around her and began sniffing her. He seemed especially interested in the crotch of Jane's shorts, which had become rather fragrant. Jane felt uncomfortable with Max's attention and crawled away, but Max followed her. When Jane moved away a second time, Max gave a single sharp bark. Now that Jane was immobilized by the "stay" command, Max could sniff her crotch to his heart's content, while the helpless girl writhed in discomfort and frustration.

Aroused by Jane's scent, Max poked his snoot vigorously between her legs, pushing the fabric of her sodden shorts up inside her. Jane's day of training had wreaked havoc with her hormones, and she was surprised at the involuntary "Oooooohhh..." that escaped her throat.

As if he had been waiting for exactly that reaction, Max leaped up, put his front paws on Jane's back, leaned over, and licked her forehead. "No, Max!" yelled Jane. Too late: the tickle in her cunt suddenly turned into a hot melting feeling, and she lost her balance.

When Jane had recovered enough to get back into her "stay," Max stuck his snoot into her panties again. This time she screamed her response: "Ohhh!" Max licked her forehead again.

"This is it," thought Jane as she tipped over, trying not to black out. "He's going to train me to come for him. Why? Why?" Given that Jane could feel Max's erect member pressing into her back every time he licked her, you'd think she could figure out the answer to her question. But she was in denial.

Dizzy and very horny, Jane had no choice but to rise again into her "stay." Max sniffed her, seemed to decide that the time was right, and gave a single soft "woof." Jane's afternoon of training was not in vain: she nearly ripped her shorts and panties pulling them off.

The pout of Jane's swollen pussy lips was a message that crossed species lines. Max wasted no time leaping up onto Jane and impaling her with a single thrust of his pelvis.

"Oh, God, Max," moaned Jane. She'd been mounted by her own dog!

Max pounded her again. "Oh, God, Max!" she yelled. She'd been mounted by her own dog, and he was going to make her come! Jane's orgasm was approaching slowly but surely.

Between thrusts, Max licked Jane's forehead. "Uuugggh," muttered the dazed girl. The room was turning upside down. She couldn't fight Max. Even if he didn't control her mind, he was so much stronger than her physically - his thrusts were flipping her hips back and forth as if she were a rag doll. Resistance was useless. "I love you, Max," she muttered. What was she saying? Another lick on her forehead sent her spinning into blackness. Whatever was left of her mind was focused intently on Max pounding her like a hammer, each powerful stroke vibrating her entire body. "Max, I'm coming...I'm coming-g-g..." she shouted hoarsely. Wracked by a well-prepared orgasm, Jane never

felt the lick on her forehead that made her pass out.

Jane didn't know whether it was night or day when she came to. She was lying on the floor, too exhausted to move or open her eyes. Max was lying heavily on top of her, his front legs draped over her shoulders; she could feel his breath on her cheek. Even if she were rested, she would have had trouble getting out from under his mass. All she wanted to do was fall asleep again. But Max's hindquarters had come to life - she could feel his erection against her, poking at her holes. Maybe this was what had awakened her. Whenever Max pressed at an entrance, Jane could feel herself getting ready for him, her pelvic muscles slackening, her mucous membranes moistening to invite him in. Finally Max made himself at home inside her with a sudden thrust, lifting and tilting Jane's ass as if it were a ball he was playing with. "Uuuuuhhh..." escaped from the deepest part of Jane's lungs, as she obediently came for Max, though she had been unconscious just moments before. Somewhere in the middle of the thrusting and the orgasm, Jane felt herself sinking into the carpet, returning to a heavy sleep.

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Max had the rest of the weekend to shape Jane into the perfect housepet and playmate. He seemed to enjoy fucking Jane as often as possible. In fact, when Kevin finally arrived on Sunday morning, he found his girlfriend under Max, sleeping on the ground in a post-coital stupor, with Max covering her like a blanket.

"Jane?" he said. The whole house smelled like Max, and it also smelled the way Jane smelled after sex.

Max detected Kevin first and jumped up. Jane, still groggy, looked around, anticipating another command. Then she saw Kevin and jumped to her knees, staring wide-eyed. Her shorts and panties were down at her ankles; she felt clumsily for them and pulled them up.

"What's going on?" said Kevin.

"Kevin, please help me!" said Jane. "You don't know what I've been through!"

"What? What are you talking about?"

"I took Max to the dog trainers on Friday, and somehow I - I got trained instead of Max!" she said.

"You got trained instead of Max?" said Kevin. "Is this some kind of game?"

"It's not a game!" said Jane. "I've been living like a dog for days!"

Kevin stared at Jane and Max, both on all fours looking up at him. "Well, Jesus, get up off the floor," he said.

"I can't!" Jane said. "Max doesn't allow it."

"Jane, will you please just get up off the floor?"

"All right, you'll see," said Jane. She started to get up, but Max gave her a growling bark, and Jane instantly sat down again.

"Will you stop playing around?" said Kevin, starting to walk toward Jane. But Max gave a very threatening growl, and Kevin jumped back.

"Jesus, Max!" he said.

"He's very possessive of me," said Jane.

Kevin took another careful step forward, but Max's growl stopped him in his tracks. Then Max's tail tapped the floor twice, and Jane immediately scurried around behind Max and assumed her position at his heel.

"Jane, what are you doing?" yelled Kevin.

"Don't you understand what 'trained' means?" said Jane. "He's controlling me! I have to do whatever he wants!"

Kevin just stared, dumbfounded. "Kevin, please move away from us and sit over there, so Max doesn't feel threatened," said Jane from her position at heel.

"This is ridiculous," said Kevin. But he sat on the other side of the room. Max stood guard over Jane for a while, then seemed to relax. While Kevin watched in amazement, Max took Jane's leash and led her across the room to his food area, where there was now a coffee mug with Jane's name on it, on the floor next to Max's bowl.

"Oh, God, this is really demeaning," moaned Jane. Max took in his mouth a box of breakfast cereal that he had already ripped the top off of, and shook some of the cereal into the "Jane" mug. Jane hung her head and started her breakfast. Kevin watched in astonishment as his girlfriend ate on all fours, her ass sticking up in the air. Meanwhile, Max had gotten a water bottle in his mouth and was filling his water bowl. As soon as he was finished, Jane obediently put her face in the bowl and began drinking, after which she returned to her cereal.

After the meal, Max settled on the floor near the wall. Jane crawled to a table to grab one of her hairbrushes, then went over to Max and started brushing his fur.

"Don't look at me like that," said Jane. "He likes to be groomed after his meal."

"Is that the same hairbrush you wouldn't let me use?" asked Kevin.

"Before I came up with the hairbrush idea, I had to do it with my tongue!" yelled Jane. "Stop watching me and call the training center!"

Kevin dialed the number. "Closed Sunday," he said. "No emergency number. I guess they don't have too many dog training emergencies."

"This is terrible," said Jane, working on Max's coat. "Please, do something!"

"What am I going to do?"

"I don't know, but do something!"

"It looks like Max will take pretty good care of you until the center opens," said Kevin.

"You don't understand!" said Jane, starting to cry. "The things he's doing to me - I feel like I won't even be a person anymore after another day of this."

"I could call the ASPCA," said Kevin.

"No! I don't want to be seen like this!" cried Jane.

"Well..." said Kevin. At that moment Jane suddenly put down the hairbrush and trotted to the back door, as if in a trance. "What are you doing?" said a puzzled Kevin. Jane reached the door, stopped, and automatically turned her head to look at Max.

"Kevin, please, don't watch this!" said Jane.

Max spotted Jane by the door, sauntered over to her, and took her leash in his mouth. But, instead of jumping up and opening the back door, he decided to save the effort and lead Jane out the front door that Kevin had left open.

"Oh, no! Not out there!" said Jane as she vanished out the door behind Max. Kevin ignored Jane's plea and went to the door to watch.

Jane was burning with humiliation as Max walked her to the curb, in full view of the entire neighborhood. Her heart skipped a beat as she saw her neighbor Cody, washing his car right across the lane. Cody was frozen in mid-gesture, staring at his pretty young neighbor being led on a leash by her dog. Unable to deal with the situation, Jane dropped her eyes to the ground and kept them there.

Kevin watched in astonishment from the door as Max gave Jane the command to take down her shorts and panties. Cody dropped his sponge. But neither of them was prepared for the spectacle of Jane suddenly emptying her bowels and bladder on the grass by the curb, her head hanging in mortification.

Max waited while Jane cleaned herself as best she could and pulled her shorts back on. Then he tugged gently on her collar and took her back inside, her head still hanging.

"You're going to have to move," said Kevin.

"Just be quiet!" yelled Jane, as Max sat her in the middle of the room. Her face was washed in tears.

After Jane had a good cry, with Max looking on, she said to Kevin in a broken voice, "Go get me a change of clothes. I'm filthy."

"Yeah, you smell like Max," said Kevin.

"Just get them and don't make any comments!" said Jane. "He won't let me leave the room, but maybe he'll let me change if you get them for me."

Kevin started walking away. Jane called out after him, "And bring that bath sponge, and wet it with hot water."

Kevin returned with both a soapy bath sponge and a steaming hot wet bath towel for Jane to rinse off with. He also brought a T-shirt, a pair of shorts, and a bra and panties. Unwilling to get too close to Max, Kevin threw the items within Jane's reach.

"Thank you, thank you," said Jane. She started to take her shirt off, stopped in mid-motion, then said to Kevin, "Turn around."

"Why?" said Kevin. "I've seen you naked."

Too unhappy to argue, Jane stripped off and threw all her dirty clothes as far away as possible. Then

she scrubbed herself all over with the soapy sponge, and wiped the soap away with the wet towel. Max just watched, looking interested. It wasn't the hot bath that Jane had been dreaming of, but she felt a lot better afterward.

Still wet, Jane reached for her clean underwear. But Max, who until then had been happily watching the show, gave a sharp bark. Before she could put clothes on, Jane was immobilized in her "stay" position.

"No, Max..." moaned Jane.

"Aren't you going to get dressed?" asked Kevin.

"I can't," said Jane. "He told me to stay."

"Maybe he likes you naked," said Kevin.

Max moved around behind Jane and began sniffing her ass. With a sinking heart, Jane remembered that Max hadn't mounted her for at least forty-five minutes, which was a long time for him.

"Kevin, listen to me," said Jane. "What you're going to see might be a little ego-damaging for you." Her voice was quavering: Max was poking his snoot into her twat, and her juices were already flowing freely.

"What is he doing?" asked Kevin.

"...but it's not because Max is a better lover than you, or that his thing is bigger, or anything like that," Jane continued, breathing heavily. "It's just that he conditioned me to respond to him. I can't help it."

Max jumped up on Jane's bare back and began pumping his hips into her. In an instant Jane was screaming in response: "Oh my God, Max! I love you!! Oh, God!! Fuck me!! I'M COMING!!! FUCK ME, MAX!!! I'M COMINGGGGG...!!!!!"

Jane collapsed on the floor in a semiconscious, quivering heap of girl flesh. When Max had finished humping her, he settled down on top of her and went to sleep as well.

Kevin just sat there with his mouth open. Now that it was too late, he wished that he had taken out his cell phone and shot a video.

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On Monday morning, Hedy, the technician from the training center, showed up at Jane's house with her co-worker Joe. She found everyone in more or less the same positions where we last left them: a recently fucked Jane lying underneath Max; Kevin standing by helplessly.

Moving quickly, Hedy threw a piece of meat across the room. As Max ran after the meat, she turned around and threw a chew toy out the open door. "Fetch, girl, fetch!" said Hedy. The exhausted Jane jumped up as if there were a fire under her, and ran out the door after the chew toy.

The two technicians and Kevin followed Jane outside and closed the door quickly. Jane was kneeling in the lane with the chew toy in her mouth, naked and confused; Hedy took Jane firmly by the leash, and the four piled into the training center car and sped off.

"Good, good girl," said Hedy to Jane, scratching her on the back of the head. Jane looked angry, but

as soon as the scratching started she collapsed on the technician's lap, her tongue hanging out, looking as if she didn't have a bone in her body.

"How did you get her to obey your commands?" asked Kevin.

"We write it into our programs that the dogs have to obey us as well as their masters," said Hedy, pushing Jane off her lap. "Just in case of emergency. Though we've never had an emergency exactly like this before."

"Why did you scratch my head?" said Jane, trying to cover her nakedness with her arms now that she wasn't being scratched anymore. "That was really unnecessary."

"It's just routine," said Hedy. "You should always give a reward after a dog obeys a command, to reinforce the obedience."

"But I don't want to be reinforced!" yelled Jane.

"Sorry about that," said Hedy. "It's just second nature for me."

Back at the center, Hedy took Kevin aside. "So, technically speaking, we can't really undo the training," she said. "But we can redo it, with you instead of Max as her master."

"Geez, I don't think she's going to like that," said Kevin.

"All you have to do is not give her any of the commands," said Hedy. "You'll know all of them automatically after the training, so you'll know what to avoid. For all practical purposes, everything will go back to normal. You can handle that, right?"

"Uh, yeah, sure," said Kevin.

Kevin and Jane were placed in the training room and hooked up to the metal caps. Hedy sat Kevin in the chair, then turned to Jane.

"Um, Jane, just to be safe, I think we have to keep you in the dog position during the training," said Hedy. "We don't want to introduce any unknowns into the process. Down, girl!" Jane dropped to her knees like a shot.

"Let me up!" yelled Jane.

"Just for a little while," said Hedy.

Jane fidgeted angrily on her hands and knees, unable to move. The technicians had found some kind of dress for Jane to wear, probably a cleaning uniform; but she wasn't wearing panties, and in this position she could feel a draft all over the parts of her that she wanted most to hide.

In the control room, Hedy said to Joe, "Is this the right fucking disc this time?"

It was the right disc, and Kevin and Jane went home to their normal life. Max no longer had a pet/girlfriend to order around, but he adjusted quickly to his old, subordinate role. Kevin plotted clever ways to make Jane do dog tricks, but he didn't want her to know yet that she hadn't really been deprogrammed, so he kept his new knowledge to himself.

A few weeks later, Jane was shopping at the supermarket when she saw Hedy the technician shopping in the frozen food section. She almost didn't recognize Hedy without her white work coat;

today the tall brunette was dressed casually in a sleeveless shirt and jeans, and wore a cute little cap and tennis shoes. Jane didn't want to speak to Hedy, but the technician spotted her before she could get away.

"Omigod!" said Hedy, smiling. "Look who it is! Up, girl, up!" The happy technician slapped her thighs. To Jane's horror, she found herself racing across the supermarket floor on all fours, and jumping up into Hedy's lap! She was a dog again!

"Good girl! Oh, you're so cute!" said Hedy, scratching Jane's ears. Jane was completely helpless, rubbing her face into Hedy's stomach, getting her saliva all over the girl's shirt. The ear scratching was unmistakably turning her on.

"I'm so glad to see you again!" said Hedy. "Up, girl, get up!" Hedy slapped the inside of her shopping cart. In a few seconds the mortified Jane was crouching in Hedy's cart, trying to find room among her groceries.

"Let's go for a little ride!" said Hedy, wheeling Jane down the aisle. A little boy and girl at the end of the aisle stared at the grownup lady kneeling in the cart, looking pleadingly at them as she passed by and vanished around the corner.

"I'm so glad we live near each other!" said Hedy. "Maybe once in a while we can play together. Say yes, girl! Say yes!"

"Arf! Arf!" said Jane helplessly as Hedy wheeled her out of the supermarket and toward her car.

The End