

# READBEAST

## BEASTIALITY STORIES



## Chapter One: Out of Time

The click of her heels sounded like clasps of looming thunder down the long, broad hall of tile and glass. She was walking briskly, her white lab coat billowing back behind her. Their wing of the Facility already in preparations for closure, there were few present, most of the staff having been let go. Those that remained were sure to duck out her path. Those that dared any type of warm greeting, were rewarded with a spiteful glare. She was not in the mood.

Arriving at the end of the hall, she paused for the briefest of moments, before knocking upon a closed, wooden door. A name plate identified the office as belonging to a one, "Dr. Bernard Kuenig, PhD."

"Doctor?" she knowingly, and futilely announced before showing herself in. Of course he would be late to their meeting. The errant man would, no doubt, be late to his own funeral. When was the old codger ever on time? If it hadn't been for his sheer brilliance, and the proven success of their research, she would have parted from his team long ago.

Thoroughly annoyed, she took a seat in a chair across from his desk, rubbing at the temples of her head as she awaited him. She had zero patience to begin with, but now was certainly not the time. The stress was so intense, that the faint tick of the second hand of the clock upon the wall beat like a drum inside her head. Two heavy bags hung beneath her stark, yet weary, emerald green eyes. Her soft, brown hair was pulled back into a severe bun, just as she always wore it, but now only seemed to be fueling her splitting headache.

The deadline fast approaching, it had been a sleepless night. In naught but fifteen minutes, the soldiers would arrive to confiscate all the work they'd accomplished over these last four years, letting it all go to waste.

The door to the dimly lit office suddenly opened, causing her to squint her eyes at the in-pouring of fluorescent light from the sterile hallway beyond.

"Doctor Kuenig," she hardly acknowledged, displaying her overt displeasure with him.

"Doctor Arnice," the older man, in turn, greeted her just as coolly. He always addressed her as such, respectfully applying her earned title, but then almost mockingly by using her given name. He had insisted she call him Bernard, but she refused, just as she had always insisted he call her Doctor DeFlour, and he likewise refused. Not that she could force him. Though he always referred to her as his partner in their research, which she appreciated, he was still technically her boss.

In the end, she simply swallowed it. As a young woman in her field, it was impossible to garner any of the respect the others showed the older men. However, "Doctor Arnice," was a far better title than she had heard some of their subordinates and orderlies mutter of her behind her back: "Old Wench, Hag, Devil Woman, or her favorite, Doctor Bitch!"

It wasn't that she hadn't earned all those given titles. Well, certainly not "old." Arnice DeFlour, apart from already achieving the title of Doctor, and the vast research that she had performed, was anything but old, especially considering the age of her peers. Doctor Kuenig himself was sixty-three. At twenty-nine, there was no other in her field who could tick off the number of awards she had been given.

It had been her work ethic, her cold, calculating demeanor, her ruthless devotion to science and her research, her lack of any social life or other such niceties that had earned her both those awards, and her foul names, but these too, she did not let get to her. She was a scientist, nothing more,

nothing less.

"Pardon my delay..." the elder doctor sighed heavily as he made a line straight for the scotch he kept in a side cabinet. "I'd been... detained."

"A little early for that, don't you think?" Arnice chastised the older man.

"No," Bernard answered blandly, filling his glass to the brim.

Arnice watched him carefully, never approving of his drinking habits, but now was not a time to challenge him on it. Let him drink. She almost felt like one herself at the moment. They were on the brink of a ground breaking development in human behavioral habits and psychology, and it was all about to go up in smoke.

"Doctor Bergeroni..." he paused to take a drink.

"Yes?" Arnice perked her ears, turning in her seat to face him. Doctor Bergeroni was the third partner of their little trio in their research.

"He's been arrested," Bernard revealed bluntly.

"What?!" Arnice abruptly stood, shocked.

"Seems he could not accept the end and confiscation of our work. He was caught, not two hours ago, attempting to sneak out of the Facility with a laptop containing all our research."

"Oh no," Arnice brought a delicate hand to her splayed lips. "What will happen to him?"

"Don't know..." Bernard shrugged. This was no minor offense. This Facility was a military compound, top secret, and they'd all signed gag orders. "They did not allow me to speak with him. Put me through a grueling interrogation myself to ensure I had no part in it. No one came to speak with you?" he asked while bringing his glass to his own lips, looking to her for the first time.

"No," Arnice answered breathlessly, her eyes glancing towards the door, as if expecting a squad of soldiers to come bursting through for her. 'They would be soon enough,' she looked back to the clock.

There was a long pause as they were both lost in their thoughts. If Arnice were to admit, she had had the same thoughts as Bergeroni, but never the nerve to act upon them. She wondered if Bernard had considered it?

"Doctor Kuenig..." she began, her voice as tired as her eyes. By the motioning of her hands and her body language, there was obviously more she wished to say, but words failed her at the moment. "We could do this..." was all she said, though adamantly.

"Yes, Arnice," he sighed. "Yes we could, but..." Bernard Kuenig could not finish the sentence, choking up on his own words as much as Arnice had. She had only been apart of the study for the last four years. Bernard had devoted the last forty of his life to it, it was his baby, and it was all about to come to an end.

"Damned bureaucrats," Arnice slurred with loathing. Their research had been a closely guarded secret by the government, taking place at an undisclosed facility. Through the use of hypnosis, a finely tuned concoction of various drugs, and persistent conditioning, they were working on the

complete overhaul of the human psyche. Not just through physical or mental control, but right down to its core, changing how a person thinks, behaves, and interacts - right up to their mental capacity. That was their aim at least. The government, and especially their military handlers and financiers, had always had different intentions in mind, and though the scientists did not support this certain aspect, it was nevertheless a marriage of convenience.

Should the trio have been allowed to pull it off, it would have been revolutionary. Complete and true and real rehabilitation for the most delinquent of society, for those locked in a correctional facility or in the wards of a mental hospital. The three could have changed the course of man kind, had they only been allowed.

Like all scientific experiments, their research had thus far been conducted on animals. They'd started with dogs, those being which the military was most interested in, but had gone on to include chimps, pigs, and even elephants and dolphins. All those with the most potential for near human intelligence.

They had been able to uncover the most intricate workings of the brain, break them down and completely remold them. To make the dog act like the cat, the elephant like the mouse. And more than that, for those they intended, they had even managed to re-engineer their brains and thinking and reasoning capacities to human-like levels, able to understand spoken language, perform unheard of tasks by untrained commands, reason and apply logic, and even use tools.

Not only that, but they had taken the most abused, most neglected, vicious guard dog and turned him into a fluffy kitten. They had taken a deranged bull elephant bent on destruction and turned him into a loving lap dog - had you been able to let him sit on your lap.

Only one step was left, extending their research to humans themselves, and then they could achieve their goals. They could balance the imbalances of the most insane murder, correct the retardation in the most unfortunate soul, completely unlock the mysteries of the human brain. But now the bureaucrats were shutting them down.

The next phase was no simple one. As they had re-engineered the animals of their research into creatures with human-like intelligence and qualities, they were now assigned exactly the opposite task. To take a living, breathing, normal human being, and de-engineer them, so to speak. To remove what made them human, and quite literally, turn them back into the animal we had all been at the beginning of our evolution. But not just any animal, not just some neanderthal, but as tasked by their military financiers, into a specifically chosen specimen, a *canus lupis familiaris*, or, as they are more commonly known, a dog.

It was not beyond the doctors. They had faith in their abilities, and with this next achievement, they would be able to move to the final phase, correcting the most undesirable aspects of the human psyche. But over the last few months, as they had interviewed hundreds, thousands of applicants, it was all without success.

No matter the promised financial compensation, nor potential scientific notoriety for undergoing the study, upon learning of what they would be subjected to, each and all turned the offer down. For to truly test the hypothesis, Dr. Kuenig and his team were going to have to unplug the brain, to reverse evolution, and it seemed no one was inclined to see themselves reduced to a pure blooded animal, no matter if the doctors assured them that they would be able to reverse the effects.

It was bold, crazy even by societies standards, but to achieve this, there would be no limits to what they could do. The problem was, they had no test subjects, and running through a great amount of

funds without progress for months, the government was drawing it to an end.

Oh, the higher ups were not blind. They were just as interested in the research as the scientists, but without results, there would be no more money. The Facility cost millions to keep open and operate, and Bernard and his team were now just wasting space.

Before it had come to this, they had even offered to “provide” a test subject, but Bernard had absolutely refused. “I am NOT Dr. Jeckel!” he had shouted at Arnice, when she had tried to convince him to look the other way and just go forward with it. That was the end of it. For Doctor Kuenig, it would be a willing volunteer or none at all.

“I will do it...” Arnice spoke so softly, hardly a whisper, that at first Bernard did not hear her. “I will do it,” she repeated, louder this time.

“That’s nice, Doctor Arnice, but they’ll be collecting – taking everything. EVERYTHING!” he shouted at the camera mounted in the corner of his office. “Bergeroni had the same idea, and there is no telling what has become of him. We’d have to start from scratch, and with zero funding or equipment. I’m afraid this old man doesn’t have enough years left in him,” Bernard took another deep draught from his glass.

“No,” Arnice corrected him. “I will volunteer for the experiment,” she said in all seriousness, her cold eyes locked onto his. Bernard was struck senseless for a moment. He snorted, spewing his drink into his nose.

“Ha!” he chuckled sardonically. “Ridiculous idea,” he then grumbled to himself, waving his younger counterpart off.

“Why not?” Arnice demanded. “We are so close!” she moved to face him fully.

“Turn you, the most conceited scientist I know, but brilliant nonetheless, into a dog?!” Bernard scoffed. “There’s too much risk. I wouldn’t do it. Plus, without Bergeroni, I’d need your help to conduct the-”

“You don’t need me, not any more,” Arnice retorted. “Everything is already in place. The procedure, the medicine... you don’t need me,” Arnice repeated firmly. “We’ve come too far to let it all go to waste now!” she scolded him. “You CAN do this.”

Bernard was left speechless. He stood there, frozen with shock, drink in hand, studying his apprentice and co-researcher for the longest time.

“You can’t be... you understand what you’re saying, the implications, the risk?!”

A knock came at the door before she could answer. Both their eyes spun towards the clock. Eight AM.

“Times up.”

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## **Chapter Two: The Subject**

“You may sit there,” Bernard pointed her towards the hospital like bed. His words were as cold and as sterile as the operating room. He was no longer her co-worker, but the scientist, and she the

subject. He had his game face on. Arnice shivered, as much from her nerves as the chill in the room, as she obediently took her place.

They were not alone. Four assistants Bernard had assembled to aid him stood motionless in the back of the room, looking just as frightened as she felt. One of them, Henry, or at least that is what she thought his name was, attempted to help her up, but she slapped his hand away. Clad in only a hospital gown, she felt naked and exposed, and could have sworn she saw the little perv eying the back, where the slit of the gown opened and revealed her nude flesh beneath. He glared openly at her dismissal of him, before returning to stand with the others.

The faces she all knew. She had worked with them many times before, but apart from the guess at Henry, she couldn't think of any of their other names. She'd never really gotten to know their assistants, usually referring to them as "you" or "him" or "her." No names. No relationships. She was a scientist. But that was when she was above them. Now she was submitting herself to them in perhaps the most subjective way. She felt vulnerable.

It had been a hectic day. Bernard had insisted on more time to prepare, but Arnice could not bare the wait. What she was doing, what she was allowing to be done to her, if she waited any longer than was necessary, she feared she'd lose the nerve.

They'd already been through the formalities of pre-examinations, immunizations, physicals and other basic tests, and then the signing of waiver after waiver, contracts and legal releases. If the study was successful, and she had no doubts that it would be, she would be "gone" for a total of six months, but she had no friends nor family to say goodbye to. Most would consider this sad, but not Arnice. She was a cold hearted scientist, who had no time for such trivial things.

"Lay back," Bernard continued, just as short.

"I know!" she cut back at him, pulling her bare legs and feet up onto the bed.

"Clarice," Bernard signaled to one of the others, the only other female present, who quickly stepped forward to begin attaching the monitoring devices on her. Two at either of the temples, one on the forehead, one on the neck, two along each arm. Clarice had to loosen Arnice's gown to place three across her chest. Moving down her, she had to hike Arnice's gown up a bit to run two more up to her abdomen.

"Watch what you're doing!" Arnice bit at the young nurse, as Clarice's hands skirted along her nude body beneath the gown.

"Sorry..." Clarice blushed with fear and shame as she now fumbled to place the next few down Arnice's legs. The last was a clip, attached to Arnice's right index finger. Bernard studied the monitor, had her make a few adjustments, and then moved on.

"Jacque," he beckoned another assistant, who quickly brought forth a stainless steel tray which held four prepared hypodermic needles. One green. One blue. One yellow. And one red, to be administered in that order. After this, there would be no turning back. Arnice had to look away before she had any second thoughts. Without being told, she presented her forearm.

"I am now going to-" Bernard went on with the formalities, but was stopped by Arnice.

"I know!" she cut arrogantly at him.

Bernard showed no emotion to this, but stopped his instruction as he swabbed the inner crease

above her elbow where he would insert the injections.

"You're going to feel-" he again tried.

"Just shut up and do it already!" Arnice once again stopped him cold. Bernard shrugged his eyebrows as he picked up the first needle. This was it. These drugs would begin the transformation, putting her into a comatose-like state for an entirety of three full days. During this time, through a series of electric pulses and signaling, chemical re-balancing, and verbal and visual reconditioning, by the time she awoke, she would no longer be herself. By the fourth and final sting, Arnice felt her head begin to spin and her eyelids grow heavy.

"Timothy, dim the lights, if you would," Bernard's voice sounded like a distant echo in her head. The lights soon dimmed.

She saw split, spinning images of the doctor above her. She felt him lift each of her lids, shining a small flashlight into her eyes to check her dilation. She knew the steps... she had known the steps... she had performed them herself... but now she was already forgetting. Suddenly, she did not understand what was happening to her. She struggled to sit up, but her body was no longer under her control.

"Arnice," his words grew further and further away. "We are to begin the hypnosis," were the last she could understand before headphones were placed over her ears and her consciousness slipped away.

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Darkness. Total and complete darkness. She felt... empty. Afraid. Far in the distance, there was a small bead of light. She wanted out of the darkness. She tried to move towards it, but stumbled and fell. She didn't know how to...

She slowly picked herself up, until she felt herself on all fours. One forward, then the other. Her balance wavered as she pulled up her hind legs. The struggle seemed to persist on for forever as she battled to regain her motor skills. She had to make it to the light. She had to get herself out of this darkness.

Little by little her confidence mounted. She was walking. Then trotting. It was awkward. She stumbled a few more times, but before long, she found herself moving at an all out sprint, her two front legs cast out, only to hit the unseen ground to pull her hind legs in to push herself off once again. She was running. The wind brushed past her. She felt alive, wild, and free! The light!

Her vision suddenly burst open like an explosion. Too bright! She brought one of her hands up to shield her eyes from it, groaning from its discomfort.

"She's awake!"

She heard voices. Though she could not understand what they meant, she could tell they were excited, and it frightened her. Slowly, through the fog of her returning vision, the blurred lines began to take shape.

DANGER! Her mind screamed at her as she saw several other creatures standing erect about her. Her adrenaline suddenly rushed through her. Reflexively, she flipped off the bed, several wires popping off of her in the process, landing hard on her back before she scrambled up onto all fours to scurry away.

She was trapped! She flung herself at the walls, scratching and clawing at them, without finding any way out. Beneath her long, fallen bangs, she could see the others were staring at her with utter bewilderment. With no where left to turn, and with them left frozen in place, she backed herself into a corner.

She was afraid, deathly afraid. Something was tied about her, but had become loose and hung on the ground. Her legs were getting caught on it as she tried to move, and it was tugging at her neck. There was no time to investigate, as she kept her eyes glued onto them.

She had no idea as to where she was, or for that matter as to who or what she was, nor to who or what they were, but cornered, raw instincts kicked in. She tucked her tail against the wall, filling her chest with air to appear bigger than she actually was. She then bore her white, pearly teeth at them as she growled menacingly.

"It's okay..." she heard one of them say. "It's okay..." he kept repeating, soothingly. He was the oldest of them, she understood enough, evidenced by his gray hair and beard, but she had zero comprehension of his words. It was all gibberish. He spoke softly though, non-threateningly, as he held out his hands to show her he meant no harm.

"It's okay... Everything is okay..." he kept repeating, over and over again. "We are not going to hurt you."

She did not relent though, snapping her teeth and barking when he drew too close.

"Can you believe this..?" one of the assistants muttered in awe.

"No... not if I wasn't seeing it with my own two eyes..." another answered.

"You should all leave, this is too much for her," she heard him speak. "I didn't think this through."

"And miss this?!" one of the others protested.

"Please be sure to keep your voice calm and mellow, Henry. She cannot understand your words, but she can interpret your tone," he spoke evenly. The elder one did not take his eyes from her, ever so slowly approaching, hands held out. "No sudden movements."

Raw instinct was pulsing through her. Fight or flight. She had tried to run but she was trapped. It was too much. There was no way she could fight them all. She started shivering uncontrollably. Hovering against the ground, so full of fear, she lost her bladder.

"Fuck! You see that?! She's urinating on herself!" she heard one of the others comment with a mixture of disgust and amusement, which only caused her to lose more control. She felt the warm liquid pooling into the drape now bunched up below her. "Told you we should have stripped her!"

"Quiet, Henry," the one before her warned the other. "You will conduct yourself professionally in my presence." She could see the strain in his face to keep his cool.

With slow, yet determined movement, he cautiously guided his hand forward, offering it to her. By instinct, she relaxed her jowls and began to sniff at it curiously.

But then, the others behind him, curious themselves to see what was happening, stepped in for a closer view. Fear racked her again as they began to converge on her, and she nipped at him.



"Stay back!" the man before her yelled at the others, his sudden loud voice and the jerking of his hand only serving to frighten her more. She recoiled, poised to attack, but then she knew if she did, the others would come and they would hurt her. She did not think this man wanted to hurt her, he would have tried already. She held her place.

"It's okay..." he started the cooing all over again. "I am not going to hurt you."

Slowly, he offered her his hand again, and again she sniffed at it. The smell triggered some deep seeded familiarity, and it eased her. Painstakingly, he rubbed the back of it against her cheek, tenderly caressing her. She found herself begin to relax more and more.

His fingers slowly brushed across her brow, tucking her fallen hair back out her face behind her ear. There was no fighting him. As a sign of submission, she cowered down onto the floor and rolled onto her back, splaying her legs and exposing her belly to him.

"Holy shit..." the noisy one mumbled. She saw the other girl elbow him in his ribs.

This game went on forever, she huddling in the corner, the man slowly earning her trust. He provided her with small treats that smelled delicious and tasted even better. He even offered her a small bowl of water, which she finally crawled back onto her hands and knees to lap at, she was famished.

"Jacque," she finally heard him speak once again to one of the others. "Prepare the sedative. She is ready."

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### **Chapter Three: The Grooming**

The older man the others called Doctor Kuenig distracted her, while a second stung her with a needle. She jumped, trying to lunge and bite, but the medicine took quick effect. They struggled only briefly with her before she felt all her muscles begin to relax and she buckled to the floor.

"It's okay... that's a good girl," Bernard kept up the gentle cooing as he sat on the ground beside her, softly stroking her head with an open hand. "We're not going to hurt you, this is just to help you relax."

"Clarice, we will need to remove the gown," Bernard spoke methodically. The girl, Clarice, stepped forward to assist, only to be pushed aside.

"I got it," the one called Henry rushed forward. All looked to him with alarm, but said nothing as an eery smile spread across his face. His eyes trailed up and down her form, unsettling her. He looked as if he wanted to eat her. She did not trust him.

All but one of the ties had already come undone from the struggle before. The one about her neck was the last to hold, leaving the gown draped below her nude body, covering nothing, and the end of it was soaking into the urine left by her on the floor.

"Henry?" the doctor eyed him suspiciously.

"S'no problem," Henry slewed a little too mischievously as he stepped forward, pulling at the last knot. "Just want to help's, all," The gown fell free and he knelt beside her, taking perhaps a little too long, sneaking a glance below her at her small, yet pert, dangling breasts as he wadded the gown

together.

“Henry!” Bernard had to practically yank him out of his trance. “If you would be so gracious as to perform the job you were actually hired for, and begin to prepare the lab, I want to get some readings done first thing.” Henry nodded, still smiling as he stood, pocketing away the images he just stole.

“Sure thing, doc!” Henry backed away, having to force himself to pull his eyes from her as he left the operating room. Bernard did not look too pleased at all.

“Timothy, Clarice, if you would see to the supplies for the “grooming” afterwards, and ensure everything is in order. Jacque, do you think you can carry her?”

They all now moved, Timothy and Clarice disappearing out the door Henry had as Jacque approached to pick her up. He was the largest of them, tall and strong. He studied her for a moment, considering the best way to go about it.

As she was positioned, slumped forward from the effects of the sedative, she was laying atop her bent legs with her arms folded likewise beneath her chest, her head in Bernard’s lap. As it was, Jacque lifted her like one would a dog, wrapping one arm around her bare thighs, just below her butt, his other cradling her front, just above her chest.

“You have her?!” Bernard asked with concern.

“I’ve got her, don’t worry,” he turned and carried her into the adjoining room. Without being told, Jacque laid her down atop an additional bed in here. This room was scary, with large blocks and hovering arms of various machines and contraptions.

She heard words like “MRI” and “CAT Scan.” Of course, she did not know what they meant, but she soon discovered that she did not like them, as the large, noisy machines began moving over her.

The sedative did its job though, and she remained still and motionless throughout the entire process. After nearly an hour of undergoing these various tests and scans, Jacque carried her into yet another room, this time depositing her atop a low, stainless steel table.

By now, the sedative was slowly waning and she had more control over her body, though it still served to keep her calm. Jacque, and the one named Timothy, helped to get her back into her standing position atop the table, on her hands and knees.

“Now that’s what I would call a bush!” Henry, who had just come in from the lab room, laughed aloud. Seeing the nude Arnice knelt upon the table, he had strategically placed himself at the rear of her. Jacque and Timothy both looked affronted, but it was Clarice who shoved him away from her.

“Henry!” Bernard cut. “You will control yourself or be removed. This is a science lab, not a brothel. I will not warn you again!”

“Sorry, sir,” he quickly apologized, regaining his balance from being tripped unaware by Clarice. He looked as if he wanted to say something more, but beneath everyone’s mutinous glare, he held his tongue.

“Since you’re so eager to help, Henry, you can start by cleaning up the mess left on the floor of the operating room,” Bernard dismissed him. “There’s a mop and bucket in the janitor’s closet out in the hall.” Henry grimaced, but did not argue as he collected a couple of towels from the counter and left,

grumbling all the way.

"Alright then, let us begin!" Bernard returned to his more animated self. "Timothy, the leash and collar, please."

Timothy first handed him a short, black leather strap. Bernard allowed her to sniff and inspect it, before he then brushed away her fallen hair and looped it snug about her neck, locking it into place. Next, he attached the clasp of the chain leash to a post on the collar, thereby giving himself greater control of her.

"Clarice," he now looked to the girl. "We will need to get her cleaned up," he motioned to her rear. "Timothy, the clippers," he gestured towards her head. "Jacque, if you would check her vitals for me."

Everything began happening at once, making her dizzy as she tried following them with her startled green eyes, but the sedative held its sway. Bernard remained standing before her, reassuring her with dotting words of praise and additional treats as the assistants went to work. She felt a warm, wet cloth wiping across her backside, along her inner thighs and against her sex. It felt... soothing.

She jerked at the buzz from the clippers, but was held still by her leash and collar as Timothy began to trim the long hair atop her head, leaving it short enough so that it did not hang, almost in a mohawk type fashion.

She squirmed when she felt something thin and tubular being pressed into her rectum. Jacque had inserted a thermometer into her, and left it to adjust while he moved on. Next, he pinched at her wrist, studying his watch as he checked her pulse. He called out some numbers she did not understand, as the doctor scribbled them down on a clip board.

A wrap was velcroed around her upper front, left leg, and with the one named Jacque pumping a rubber ball, it restricted tightly about her. More numbers called out, more scribbling on the note pad. Clarice took a sample of her blood. Timothy began trimming back her nails. She squirmed as Jacque removed the thermometer. More numbers. More scribbling.

"Clarice," the doctor summoned the girl to him. Her eyes darted around nervously as Timothy used a special kind of glue on her hands, pulling in her thumbs to restrict their use. She tried to pay attention to them, they seemed to be having an intent discussion, but there was too much going on around her. More words she did not understand, but "proper hygiene," and "perhaps it would be best if..." were passed around. Neither seemed to be too thrilled about what they were discussing, but in the end, they both seemed to begrudgingly agree.

Her head shot back when she felt Clarice's soft hands on her hind legs, gently spreading them wider apart. She proceeded to apply a cool foam across her sex, but Bernard pulled her face back to him, offering her more treats. Clarice was not thrilled with her next assignment, but it was necessary for Arnice's "proper hygiene," as it had been decided. She proceeded to shave off the "bush," Henry had so eloquently pointed out earlier.

"The pads, Timothy," Bernard went on instructing. Timothy proceeded to glue soft pads to the palms of her hands. "A special design of kevlar and silicone," Bernard spoke to Jacque, who was now done checking her vitals and looking on curiously. "She'll be moving around on her hands and knees for the next six months, these will help keep her protected, and from forming any blisters or callouses." Jacque nodded.

"Here, will you give me a hand?" Timothy moved back to her hind quarters. She turned to watch as

Jacque lifted one of her knees off the table a few inches, and Timothy fit a similar pad onto her knees. This one however, was much larger, forming an arc about her knee.

"A special design," Bernard noted Jacque's intrigue. "Pliable, they will allow her free movement, but only in one direction. As the glue we used will restrict the use of her thumbs, these will prevent her from "accidentally" learning to stand," Bernard went on explaining to Jacque and Timothy as to why and what, exactly, they were doing.

Henry slowly re-entered the room, watching from a distance. "All clean," he said when Bernard discovered him.

"Good," Bernard remarked. "You may continue by sweeping this hair up off the floor. I trust you know where to find the broom and dust pan now?"

"Son-of-a..." Henry continued his slur of grumblings as he turned back around, stomping out the door way once again.

"Alright. Now then, Clarice," he went on, garnering her attention as she finished her grooming of Arnice's sex, wiping off the last of the excess foam. "If you would retrieve the items from the silver case there," he nodded towards a long, metal brief case that sat upon the counter beside him.

"What are these?!" Clarice guffawed upon unhooking its latches and lifting the lid.

"Those," Bernard smiled widely, "are a collection of two hundred thousand euros worth of modern engineering marvels."

"But... but they look like a dog's tail and ears..?" she glanced back to him.

"Precisely," Bernard remarked. Timothy and Jacque, now finished with the pads, came to investigate as well. They were all left speechless. They really were turning her into a dog.

"As a *canis lupis familiaris*, her priority of senses and how she communicates has changed. During the operation, we inserted sensors inside her nasal cavity to heighten her sense of smell, as well as one behind each ear to abed her hearing. Those will be activated with the addition of the ears. Apart from the use of hearing, dogs use their ears, as with their tails, to communicate, both with each other and with us."

"Doctor?" Clarice asked, confused, but it was Timothy who answered her, as dogs were his expertise.

"The basics you would already know. If they are happy or excited, they will wag their tails. Afraid, they'll tuck them. To take it a step further, if a dog feels threatened and wishes to display aggression, they will bare their teeth, and hold their ears and tail high and erect. Should they wish to show submission, they will flatten their ears and tuck their tail. There's more to it..." he trailed off in thought, "But how, Doctor..?" he turned back to Bernard.

"Very good, Timothy. I will show you!" he seemed very excited. Henry came back in with the broom and dust pan, but they all ignored him as he set about sweeping up the fallen hair, thus missing the lewd glares he was giving the nude Arnice in the process.

Picking out one of the ears, which was long and pointed, like that of a wolf's, and coated with short, brown fur the same shade as Arnice's hair, Bernard proceeded to explain to his assistants. "Do you see these small suction-cup looking devices here?" he pointed to the base on the inner side of the

ear. "Coupled with the device implanted just under her skin, it will be able to not only enhance her hearing, but read into her mood and emotions, in which signaling a reaction in the mechanics of the ear, causing it to move in ways Timothy just explained."

"Amazing," Timothy mumbled breathlessly. Jacque and Clarice were left speechless. "And the tail... how does that work?"

"Yes, well..." Bernard dodged that question for the moment. "Timothy, if you would watch her, keep her steady, I will place the ears myself," he said as he took the bottle of glue from him. "Clarice, Jacque... I will need you to conduct an enema on her in preparation for the insertion of the tail.

"Huh?!" - BANG! - Henry's head had shot up, smacking the back of it against the edge of the table in the process. "Dammit!" he swore, rubbing furiously at the back of his head. Everyone just rolled their eyes at him.

"Excuse me?!" Clarice and Jacque both guffawed. Bernard appeared affronted by their reaction.

"You are both nurses, are you not?" he questioned them sternly.

"Yes sir, but..?" Clarice shifted uncomfortably, unsure as to where this was all leading.

"And you've performed an enema before, no?" his lips were drawn taut. She nodded. "Good. The device and solution are ready for you there," he pointed back at the counter, "and there is a bed pan in the cabinet."

"Henry, what are you doing?!" Bernard shouted at him as he moved, and without seeing the kneeling Henry, nearly tripped over him.

"Just finished sweeping up the hair, doc," Henry stood back up, still rubbing at his sore head.

"Thank you," Bernard said not so gratefully. "Now if you would kindly move yourself out of the way."

"Yes, sir!" he stepped hurriedly back, hoping not to get assigned another mundane task. Enema... He just had to see this. 'Should'a been a nurse!' he thought to himself.

Timothy took Bernard's place at Arnice's head, holding her attention as he pet and spoke to her softly. He could not have felt more foolish, holding a leash and talking so to a naked woman knelt on a table like this, Doctor DeFlour no less! But... today promised to hold a lot of firsts. She was, for all intents and purposes, now nothing more than a dog, and he'd witnessed the bizarre transformation with his own two eyes. This whole thing was still taking some getting used to.

Bernard proceeded to apply some of the glue onto the inside of one the artificial canine ears, before slipping it over Arnice's real one. It fit just like a glove. After making a few adjustments, he held it in place for a moment to allow it to set. Jacque and Clarice moved around behind her.

Arnice's head shot up, and she tried to lunge forward when Clarice inserted the thin tube of the enema into her rectum. "Easy there, girl," Timothy took a tighter hold of leash, keeping her in place. "Everything is okay..." he offered her another treat, but this one she did not take. As Clarice pressed the large syringe of the enema forward, Arnice drew as still as stone, the features of her face twisting awkwardly. Henry had to cover his mouth from bursting out laughing. He did not want to be dismissed again, not now!

"There," Clarice said, removing the device, handing it to Jacque as he handed her the wide bed pan.

Satisfied with the first ear, Bernard ignored what Clarice and Jacque were doing, as he moved around Timothy to Arnice's other side to apply the second ear. Timothy was amazed as he watched the first artificial ear first tick to life, before flattening out of its own accord with Arnice's discomfort.

Before Bernard had finished letting the second ear set, Timothy felt Arnice shutter as she let out a low, rumbling whimper. It was soon followed by the tell-tale sound of liquid hitting the metal bed pan.

"You can give that to Henry," Bernard informed Clarice. "There is a toilette just down the hall," he then spoke to Henry.

"Dammit," Henry groaned, looking thoroughly displeased, but took the pan from Clarice all the same. He then scurried out the room, careful to hold it steady, but moved like a man on a mission. He wanted to hurry up and get back before he missed anything else!

Upon releasing the final ear, it ticked like the other had for a moment, before flattening out just like the first. "Very good," Bernard seemed pleased. "They appear to be working properly, wouldn't you say, Timothy?"

"Geez," Timothy breathed heavily. "Like I wouldn't have been able to imagine. That's really something, Doctor!" The ears were perfect, and coupled with her now cropped hair and mannerisms, more and more she was starting to look the part. At the same time, it was equally incredible, as much as it was unsettling for Timothy.

Smiling genially, Bernard clapped him on the shoulder. "Now then, for the tail." Bernard turned back to the counter to retrieve the final addition, just as Henry came bursting back into the room, seemingly out of breath. Everyone looked to him.

"Everything alright there, Henry?" Bernard asked, his eyes narrowing in on the Medi Tech.

"Yes, yes," he muttered, shrinking back against the wall, saying nothing more. Bernard then ignored him, turning back to the task at hand.

They all watched with wide eyes and dropped jaws as he lifted the tail from its case. They could all now see that it was not too long, about half a meter in length, and was covered in the same brown fur as the ears. It perfectly resembled that of a dog's tail, but the tail itself was not what was soliciting their shocked expressions. It was what was at the other end of it that concerned them.

Below the base of the furry tail was a thin rubber tube, not quite an inch thick, and perhaps eight to ten inches long. They could see that the rubber was soft and spongy, interlaced with small, thin wires imbedded within it. About half an inch from the base of the tail though, it abruptly ballooned out into a large ball, maybe two or so inches thick. Considering the area that Jacque and Clarice had just prepared, it did not take too great a stretch of the imagination to assume on how the doctor intended to attach this piece to her, or rather, insert.

"How... how is it supposed to work?" Timothy was nevertheless intrigued.

"It is quite brilliant, really," Bernard held it up in the air by one hand, the rubber tube dangling towards the ground. Clarice felt as though she should look away, that she was witnessing something improper, but she couldn't bring herself to. Just like the rest of them, her curiosity was getting the best of her.

"Though built by the engineers here at the Facility, the concept and design were actually created by Doctor DeFlour herself," he motioned to the kneeling Arnice atop the table, "just for this study."

They all glanced to her with disbelief, before turning back to Bernard. "As you can see the wires imbedded along the tube," he ran his finger up and down it as they all looked closer. "Much like the ears, it has its own power source, and these sensors are able to read the subject's emotions by her body language and electrical discharges, thereby allowing the tail to react appropriately."

"So she can like, wag her tail?" Henry asked stupidly.

"Yes, Henry, she will be able to wag her tail, or tuck it when she is afraid. Dog's display a wide range of emotions with their tails, and this will be able to tell us a lot, as well as help her communicate properly with the other dogs once we integrate her into the pack, just as Timothy pointed out earlier."

For what had to be the hundredth time that day, they were all four left utterly floored.

"So..." Henry went on, "you're just gonna stick that up her butt?" he questioned, not so gracefully.

"Henry..." Bernard dropped his head to his hand, shaking it while he rubbed at his forehead, like a parent frustrated with their out-of-control child would. "We are going to insert it into her rectum, yes," Bernard corrected his language.

"But..?" Clarice gasped.

"Not to fear, Clarice," Bernard addressed her. "It has been specifically designed, just for this purpose. The subject will not be injured."

"But, Doctor Kuenig?" Timothy now took up the cause. "If you intend to have her living within the kennels... as a - as a dog..." he was struggling with his words. "Well then... forgive me, sir... but how will she, you know... be able to use the restroom? Will we... um, have to take it out every time?" He turned a beet red with his question, but Bernard was gracious with him.

"A legitimate question, Timothy," Bernard responded. "And the answer is no, you will not." Everyone's confusion only deepened. "Another brilliant part of the design! The bulb here, to be set behind the sphincter, will hold it in place, and then," he now took hold of the rubber tube, turning it to where they could see the tip, and then pressed his finger against it. It immediately began to open, sucking it in. "It is made to respond just like the rectum and anus would, and discharge here out the back," he turned it around, showing them where the rubber merged into the furry tail. On the underside, the beginning of the fur was pushed back a bit as compared to where it started on the top, and in the space provided was an alternate, puckered, false anus.

No one had anything to say. This was all just way too bizarre.

"Now then, if there are no more questions..?" he gave them the opportunity, but none spoke. "Very well, we will proceed with the insertion." Everyone gulped.

"Clarice," he called, but she did not respond at first. She'd almost forgotten her name. "Clarice?" Bernard said again.

"Yes, doctor?!" she suddenly snapped out of it.

"You will find a set of latex gloves and a vial of special lubrication prepared on the counter," he

instructed her. She did not like the sound of this, but she did as she was told, putting on the gloves and returning with the lube. "You may begin by preparing her orifice."

"Excuse me, doctor?" she gasped yet again.

"Her orifice," he repeated with a loss of patience. "Her anal passage. The tube of the receiver is narrow enough, but to provide her with the greatest amount of comfort and to ward against any tearing, we will need to loosen the sphincter some to set the bulb." He said it so casually, like he was asking her to massage her neck or something.

Clarice's mouth was left bobbing up and down like a fish out of water. She could not believe her ears. Henry's face lit up like a child's at a candy store. Jacque and Timothy both stood by, trying to not look as concerned as they felt.

"Nurse..." he repeated.

"I... I.?" she stumbled, looking between the rubber tube and bulb, and then between Bernard and Arnice's upheld rear, totally unsure of what to do.

"The lubrication, Clarice," he instructed her.

With trembling hands, Clarice moved closer to Arnice's rear, staring at her puckered brown hole for the longest time. She did not know why she was so nervous, she was a nurse after all. This wouldn't be the first time she'd had to insert one of her fingers into a patient's anus, she'd examined prostates and the like before... but nothing quite like this. Henry could not help himself, he crept forward for a better view.

Letting her training take over, she proceeded to lube her middle finger, coating it thoroughly, but when she looked back at Arnice's wrinkled hole, she froze again.

"Perhaps it would be best to apply some on the subject first?" Bernard stepped beside her, overseeing what she was doing. "You will want to begin by massaging the exterior of the outer sphincter."

Clarice nodded slowly, before lifting the tip of the vial to apply a generous amount across Arnice's asshole.

"Be sure to hold her still," Bernard spoke to Timothy, who in turn took a tighter hold about her leash, wrapping it several times around his fist until it was flush against the collar.

With that, Clarice brought up her shaky hand, extending out her lubricated finger to begin the task.

"Eirrm," Arnice moaned, shifting herself as Clarice began to massage her delicate flesh. Nervous eyes flashed back and forth amongst Clarice, Timothy and Jacque, but Bernard looked on without emotion, and Henry with that shit-eating grin spread across his face.

"You may proceed," Bernard instructed her on after a bit of this. Holding her breath, Clarice positioned the tip of her middle finger into the center of Arnice's anus and pressed forward. It resisted at first, but with enough force, she finally broke in.

"Urrghh!" Arnice groaned, lunging forward, but Timothy held her tight, beginning his mantra of reassurances to her once again.



Clarice slowly pressed deeper, carefully threading her finger past Arnice's clenching sphincter until she reached all the way to her knuckle. She then froze, looking to the doctor for instruction.

"You're massaging her open, Clarice, not taking her temperature," Bernard chastised her, as if she weren't actually being made to finger another woman's ass.

"R-right," Clarice stuttered, slowly drawing her finger back out, only to press it in once again. It was the most embarrassing, awkward, humiliating thing she'd had to do in her entire nursing career, but at the same time, as she eyed the thick bulb of the plug, she understood the necessity of it.

Slowly but surely, with enough time, Clarice picked up a rhythm. And just the same, the shivering Arnice's whimpers turned to short grunts with each of Clarice's gently plunges, and then to slight moans as she actually began pressing back against her hand.

"Good," Bernard commented. "I think it is safe to add a second." Clarice did a double-take at this, but thankfully the doctor did not notice as he will still watching the progress of her finger intently. With her entire body now shaking as much as Arnice's was, but not wanting to look like the amateurish fool that she felt, Clarice forced herself, drawing her middle finger all the way back until just the very tip was left inside her, and then raised her index finger to join it.

There was greater resistance this time, but with enough determination, Clarice sank them both into her. Arnice's arms suddenly gave out and she dropped her head to the table, with her ass now stuck high into the air, splaying herself wide open. Her doggish moans grew even louder this round as Clarice massaged her fingers inside her, rotating them around in half circles as she slid them in and out to ensure she was properly stretching her open.

"Alright, one more and I think she'll be ready. Perhaps you should add some additional lubrication this time?" Bernard suggested in a clinical tone.

Clarice was being pushed to her breaking point, but she complied nevertheless. Removing her fingers to add more lube, she couldn't help but notice that Arnice's glistening and quivering asshole was left slightly gaping.

Three fingers into her virgin ass was no simple feat. Clarice had to eventually force it, putting her weight behind it. Arnice whimpered loudly from the additional pressure. As Clarice continued as she had before, Arnice's moans only increased in proportion.

The tension in the room was becoming heated, but Bernard did not seem to notice. Clarice sure did, though. Arnice was becoming louder and louder, her asshole quivering and clenching in angry protest over Clarice's three fingers. Before long, Clarice began to feel her pushing back against her hand again. At first it was subtle, before Arnice began to rock, and then to outright grind herself back against her fingers, forcing them deeper and deeper inside.

Clarice didn't want to look, she didn't mean to, but she couldn't help but notice Arnice's pussy was practically dripping onto the table by this point. From the stimulation in her ass, her pussy had spread open, like the budding of a flower, and Clarice could even see the hard nub of her clit, throbbing rapidly with the pace of her pulse.

With all this happening, Clarice's own mind began to become clouded. She felt her own temperature rise as a wetness began to spread into her panties beneath her scrubs. She was losing herself. She began pumping her fingers faster and faster, as if in an attempt to match the tempo of the rocking and grinding Arnice, until she was practically pistoning them in and out of her ass with all the force she could muster.

Arnice was shaking uncontrollably by this point, her moans near wails, and then one last hard, rattling shutter swept through her as she outright howled. A clear liquid suddenly squirted from her pussy, spraying Clarice, splattering all the way out against her uniform. Clarice froze in awe.

"Alright, I think she's ready," Bernard suddenly jerked her out of her trance. Clarice found herself out of breath, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Arnice was slumped with content atop the table, her ass still high in the air, panting just like a dog.

Clarice slowly drew her fingers back out as her eyes darted frantically about the others, hoping against hope that no one else noticed what had just transpired. They landed on Jacque first.

His own eyes raised from Arnice to meet hers. They were wide and startled, and there was something more... a fire glowing deep within them. He was standing awkwardly. She didn't mean to, but she glanced down. Something was jutting out at the groin of his scrubs.

Clarice gasped. She forced herself to look away. She glanced towards Timothy, first his eyes, then his... he was just the same as Jacque. She could not bring herself to look at Henry.

"I will let you do the honors," Bernard handed her the tail. She could not help but glance at the doctor's eyes, and then to his groin, but he did not seem to be phased in the slightest, as if he were the only one to fail to notice what had just happened.

Clarice did not need any further instruction, she just wanted to get this all over with. She spread an additional amount of lubrication all across the tube and plug before aiming its tip for Arnice's now adequately spread anus.

Her ass accepted it without issue, even the wide bulb passing with only the slightest of resistance and grunt from Arnice. As soon as it had slipped past the widest part and became locked in place, the innate tail suddenly sprang to life, wagging back and forth in the air lazily. All fell a step back.

"Amazing..."

"Unreal..."

"Perfect!" Bernard was elated.

"Guess it worked," Henry chuckled, winking at Clarice when she glanced in his direction.

"Now then, for the final piece and we can show her to her new home!" Bernard moved to collect a spray bottle and a yellowish rag sealed within a plastic bag. Bernard handed the bag to Clarice and the spray bottle to Timothy. They each looked to him quizzically.

"It is to give her the proper scent of a dog," Bernard answered.

"What am I supposed to do?" Clarice asked impishly.

"Timothy, you'll use the spray to cover her body with the pheromone," Bernard responded. "Clarice, you'll touch on the hot spots with the rag, around her neck, beneath her armpits, and across her groin.

"Er, okay..." she felt drained. As they finished this, Bernard worked busily to collect all his notes.

"Splendid," Bernard seemed very pleased as he made one, last final inspection of her. She was still laying just as she had been before: head down, ass up, her tail wagging lazily, ears sagging. Her

eyes were droopy, sated, and there was a content smile spread across her lips.

"You must pardon me, I am eager to return to examine and record our findings thus far." They all nodded. "I may trust that you can show her to the kennel properly?" he looked to Timothy.

"Of - of course, sir" Timothy stuttered, still getting his brain back into working order.

"Jacque, you have the prepared schedule?"

"Yes sir," Jacque answered.

"This is the most delicate time. I need her under a close, watchful eye, twenty-four seven, until we are sure there are not unanticipated side-effects," he spoke to them all. "And no slacking off," Bernard looked pointedly towards Henry this time.

"She'll have my undivided attention, doc!" Henry quirked, grinning widely.

"And one last thing..." Bernard spun back around before leaving, bringing his hand up to rub at his chin. "We will need to come up with a name for her..."

"Doctor?" Clarice asked, as confused as the rest were. "A name? We can't just call her-"

"No," Bernard interrupted her. "Nothing too familiar that might risk reawakening her previous self."

The four assistants could only look at each other, confounded.

"How about bitch?" Henry muttered under his breath, not exactly meaning to be heard, but he was by all nonetheless. Clarice gritted her jaw with anger, looking ready to unload on him once again.

"Hmm," Bernard considered it. "Scientifically accurate, yes," it seemed as if he might actually consent to this absurd suggestion.

Clarice could not believe her ears. "Doctor Kuenig?!" she protested.

"How about Bee?" Jacque stepped in.

"Bee... hmm, yes, I like that. Thank you, Jacque. Bee it is!" he patted her on her head before turning once again to dismiss himself.

"Tomorrow, we begin again, people. Six o'clock sharp." The door closed behind him.

"I can't believe you!" Clarice now turned on Henry fully. "You're such an asshole!" she smacked his shoulder with the back of her hand. The other two looked on with concern.

"What?!" Henry defended himself. "She is! And now in more ways than one!" he started laughing, gripping at his belly.

"You need to stop!" she warned him.

"Me?!" Henry scoffed. "She treated you just the same! All of us!" he was getting red in the face, no longer bothering to hide his contempt for Doctor DeFlour, now that Bernard was gone. "And I'm not the one who just frigged her in her ass!" This smacked Clarice cold.

"She... I... You...!" she fumed, but was unable to formulate a come back. "You're - you're such an ass,

Henry! We're supposed to be professionals here, why don't you try acting like one?!"

"Nice one, Clarice," he mocked her. "I'm the ass?!" he chuckled, insinuating a come-hither motion with a finger in the air. "And here I thought you were going to tell me to try acting my age!"

"Like that would ever be possible!" she tried swatting his pumping finger out of the air, but he dodged her.

"Enough! Stop it, both of you!" Jacque now stepped in. "She's..." he motioned to Bee on the table, as if they were squabbling before some young, innocent child, but to that effect, she was was in a sense, and she was watching them with tense, scared eyes.

"Come on," Clarice pushed past Henry, bumping him with her shoulder as she went. "Let's just get her to the kennels, she needs to rest. She's been through a lot today."

"There, there, now Bitch," Henry approached Arnice atop the table, petting her head mockingly. She shrunk away from him. "Don't be afraid, we're going to take good care of you," he said, grinning sadistically at her to where none but she could see. "I promise!"

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## **Chapter Four: The Kennel**

Though it had been an extremely long day, and while the four had been assigned different shifts to keep an ever watchful eye on the new Arnice, Bee, throughout the entire night, it was safe to say that none would have any trouble staying awake. To put it lightly, they were all a bit shell shocked. To put it not so lightly, there was even a part of them that was totally and completely horrified.

They were not scientists. Not even doctors. They could not begin to comprehend that in which they were taking part in, that in which they had just witnessed, and before this day, they had not ever really cared about the studies taking place at the Facility. Sure, they had seen Doctor Kuenig's, DeFlour's, and Bergeroni's work on the animals, and that had been impressive enough in and of itself, but this... It was like something out of a sci-fi movie.

They had been hired, not to help create or influence research, but simply to help conduct it. Of them all, Jacque had been here the longest, going on two years. Henry had only been brought on two short months ago. More than anything, they were all at Facility 4697 for the large paychecks that hit their bank accounts on a bi-weekly basis.

They had zero formal training in the science they were helping to conduct, but that was not their job. They had been hired by the Facility, and then selected by Doctor Bernard Kuenig for this specific study, not for their genius or insight, but because of their specific expertise.

Jacque and Clarice were both Registered Nurses, who had simply worked at your standard hospital before being taken on here.

When the Facility had found Timothy, he had been studying in vet school while working as a trainer at a zoo in Vienna, as well as a volunteer director at one of the city's dog pounds. He was good at what he did though, and in a few short months he had been charged with overseeing the entire operation of the Facility's kennels.

Henry was only a lowly Medical Technician, tapped to be part of a large team that ran and operated the Facility's medical machinery. Of all the various professionals working here, the Medi Techs had

little more clearance than the janitors and cooks of the cafeteria, which was perhaps why Arnice had written him off so frequently, and why he in turn held so much contempt for her. No, to be fair, Arnice wrote everyone off. If you weren't the most brilliant person Arnice had ever met, she had not the time of day for you. And in turn, if you weren't a guy kissing Henry's ass, or a girl trying to get in bed with him, Henry found you as a worthless waste of space. The two actually made quite the couple.

Though it was not necessary, all four of them, overly intrigued, helped escort the crawling Bee to her new home in the kennels. And all of their eyes were glued to her the entire way, and not just because she was a stunning beauty, a brilliant doctor having been reduced to crawling on her hands and knees like a dog, but because she now was a dog. They were all struggling to wrap their minds around That.

They watched her intently, afraid even, expecting that she would suddenly snap out of it and turn her notorious ire upon them. They felt like they were doing something wrong, illegal even, and that when she came to, any moment now, she'd have them all fired or worse - arrested.

But no. With her head and eyes cast down, tail hanging idly, wobbling back and forth as she crawled, she followed along at the heels of Timothy as he guided her by her leash, ever the obedient pet.

For the best possible results, Bernard wanted to keep Arnice's experience as close to "normal" as one would expect for a canine. One could already argue that the end game, the complete and total transformation of a human being into that of a dog, had already been achieved. From what the four assistants had witnessed from the operating room until now, all would certainly be willing to attest to that, but they were not scientists. Bernard's true test was the acceptance of Arnice into "the Pack," not as a human, but as a dog, interacting within its canine social structure and hierarchy.

In all, the kennels of the facility held forty-eight canines. When they had each been told of it, they had all envisioned something to the effect of a city pound, or the closed, sterile quarters of a research facility they had all seen in the movies. It was safe to say that they were all genuinely surprised, especially Timothy, Jacque and Clarice - who were all dog lovers - when they actually saw the kennels.

Like the Facility itself, the kennels were a compound inside of a compound. To be honest, it was more like some sort of resort. There were the sterile kennels where some of the more sensitive test subjects were kept, yes, as well as your standard "city dog pound" kennels where the newcomers like Arnice would be held until their proper integration, but the majority lived as a pack, thirty-two in all, in an impressive, open tract of no less than one hundred-and-eighty acres.

This was, in and of itself, part of their study. To see how these heightened, scientifically modified, intelligent animals interacted with one another on a social scale as compared to their normal counterparts. The fenced in land consisted of two pristine lakes, a wooded area one could lose themselves in, and a wide open grassland where they could all stretch their legs.

Bernard intended to eventually integrate her into this pack, but as with all newcomers, it was to be a slow and careful process. Tonight, and for the foreseeable days to come, she would be kept isolated, within an enclosed cell which resembled your standard kennel, but which sat adjacent to the Pack's territory so that they could begin to become accustomed to her and her scent, as she could them.

Bernard had not prepared anything special for Arnice's kennel, except for a video camera mounted all the wall in front of it to monitor her behavior. She was to truly live as one of them. It was small, eight feet by eight feet, with nothing more than a bowl for her water and another for her food. Still

inside the building itself, it was roofed, and enclosed by a chain-link fence that reached all the way to the ceiling. At the rear of the kennel was an additional door, with a smaller doggie door at its base that led into another small, enclosed area that was grassed so that she could do her "business," and faced the open acres that was the Pack's territory.

Upon entering the kennels, which consisted of a long corridor with an empty wall to the left, interspersed with different shelves of supplies, and the cages lined down it on the right, it immediately erupted with the reverberating barks of its current tenants.

There were only two of them, but the stone walls and concrete floors bounced their yaps around to near ear splitting levels. Bee immediately tucked her tail behind her, cowering up close to Timothy's legs as she looked about nervously.

"Alright, alright, quiet there you two!" Timothy called to them. "Jacque, would you mind?"

"Sure thing, buddy," Jacque retrieved some treats as he and Clarice attempted to calm them down, giving them the attention they always so deeply desired.

Timothy took it slow with Bee from here, allowing her to sniff about and become familiar with the surroundings as he gradually led her to her kennel. Jacque and Clarice had managed to settle the other two down, but when they caught the scent of the crawling Bee, they erupted all over again, this time with an even great fervor.

"Come on, Bee, it's okay, they won't hurt you. They just want to say hi," he pat her head and offered her some additional treats. Wanting to get her the most exposure possible, in the shortest amount of time within this protected environment, Bernard had arranged it so that Bee's kennel had the other two on either side of her.

Timothy led her by the first, which she finally garnered enough courage to approach. Just as any dog would, she started sniffing at him through the chain-link fence, just as he stopped jumping up and down long enough to sniff at her. Being left out, the other started whimpering pathetically, his tail wagging a hundred times a minute, but could do nothing but await his turn.

Slowly but surely, Bee eased and her ears picked up and her tail started to wag. It was a standard routine for dogs, but Bee was not your standard dog. Timothy witnessed the wheels turning in the real dog's head as he seemingly became confused, cocking his head from side to side with curiosity. His eyes were telling him human, but by the scent they had covered her with, his nose was telling him bitch.

"Good girl!" Timothy encouraged her, reinforcing it with another treat. He let them familiarize themselves with each other for a few more moments, before taking her through the same routine with the other dog. And, just as with the first, Timothy watched the confusion spread across the dog's face as he saw human, but smelt bitch.

Allowing them to get acquainted and Bee relaxed, he finally led her into her kennel. Kneeling down to release her from the leash, Timothy stood back to see what would happen.

She started off just looking around, staring at him for a moment with those big green eyes, before turning her attention back to the other two dogs. She stuck her nose into the air and started to sniff. Still weary from the sedative and exhausted from the night's ordeal, she was not very active. Bee simply started moseying her way around, sniffing here and there, checking her bowls, examining her new home, just as any new dog would.

Her two companions in either adjoining cell were watching her with as much intensity as the assistants were, seemingly still trying to figure it out. Bee passed back by them, sniffing them through the fence once again, just as they did her, but eventually she found a spot she liked in the corner and plopped down to go to sleep, and that was that.

Jacque checked his watch. "It's eight til midnight. I'm up first. Clarice, you'll relieve me at one-thirty. Henry, you're up at three. Timothy, you'll close us out from four-thirty to six. I'll make sure the doc lets you get some rest afterwards.

"Fuck..." Timothy exhaled. "I don't think I can sleep... not after all this."

Everyone stared at Timothy with shocked expressions, before Clarice started giggling. Timothy was not one to use profanities. In fact, that was perhaps the first curse word any of them had heard him utter, and it perfectly summed up what the rest of them were feeling at the moment.

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He was tired, exhausted from a long day of work and stress, but... he practically forgot to blink as he sat there on the other side of the fence, simply watching her.

She wasn't doing anything, curled up in a little ball, sleeping, just like the other two in the kennels on either side of her. But then... was this real? Was he really seeing this, taking part in it? Doctor DeFlour was gorgeous, yes. Even with her pompous attitude and snood demeanor, but... she was Doctor DeFlour - a human being!

She had always intimidated him, just like she did everyone else, well, maybe not Doctor Kuenig and Doctor Bergeroni, but certainly everyone else. She was brilliant! Even at twenty-nine, all could see it, she was a genius. And now, here she was, curled up on the floor of a kennel, naked as the day she was born, behaving like a dog. No, not just behaving. In her own head she now was a dog. Her ears... the tail... He could not believe it, and he could not pull his eyes from her.

"Hey," Jacque suddenly startled at the soft, feminine voice. He was stiff, his muscles cramped from not having moved for so long. He wasn't sure he'd taken a proper breath in the last hour and a half, much less stretched his limbs.

"Is it one-thirty already?" he asked surprised, checking his watch as if he couldn't believe it.

"Yeah," Clarice pulled up a seat next to him, both of their gazes returning to the sleeping Doctor DeFlour, now Bee, upon the kennel floor. They sat there like that for another five minutes before either dared break the silence.

"Did you get any sleep?" Jacque asked, trying to sound conversational.

"Not a wink," Clarice smirked, her eyes still straight ahead.

"Yeah," Jacque admitted. "Don't think I'll be able to either." Further silence.

"I keep..." Clarice finally started, but then just as abruptly stopped, shaking her head.

"What?" Jacque implored, looking to her for the first time.

"I don't know..." Clarice seemed almost distraught. "Is this real?" she spoke his own thoughts. "I mean... I just keep expecting to wake up... or for her to wake up... or expecting this to be some sort

of elaborate hoax or something," she paused, looking back to the sleeping Arnice. "Look at her! Can you even believe..?!"

"I know..." Jacque said in little more than a whisper. "I keep asking myself the same thing," he reached over and took her hand. Clarice's eyes fell to their interlocked fingers, just as his did. They then glanced up into each others eyes, looking deeply all of a sudden, but then both looked away awkwardly.

Awkward or not, they did not let go of each others hand, though. They needed to touch something real, to remind themselves that they were still real, that this was real. They stayed like that for the longest time.

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"Well, well, well!" a smarmy voice interrupted them. "Would you look at the two love birds!"

Jacque's and Clarice's eyes both fell back to their joined hands, before they both suddenly pulled away.

"What do you want, Henry?!" Clarice practically spat at him.

"Easy their, broad!" Henry tapped at his wrist watch with one hand, his other holding a coffee. "It's three, time for my shift... but if I'm interrupting something..." he smiled crudely at them, taunting Clarice as he fingered the air like he had before.

"Ugh!" Clarice abruptly stood from her seat. "Jerk!" she pushed past him, heading for her dorm without looking back. Jacque frowned as he watched her go.

"Do you always have to be such an asshole?" Jacque in turn stood from his own seat.

"What?!" Henry threw his hands up defensively, though chuckling under his breath. "Just asking."

"Whatever," Jacque brushed him off. "Think you can remain alert for your shift?" he prodded at the flask of liquor sticking out of Henry's pocket.

"Easy there, chief. Just a late night cap. I'm fine, I'm fine," he held forward his coffee, all the while smiling mockingly. "Not like there's much to do. She's just sleeping."

Jacque had nothing left to say, pushing past Henry himself as he rushed to catch up with Clarice before she made it back to her room.

"Better hurry, maybe she'll frig your ass too..." Henry said under his breath as he watched Jacque go.

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Henry shifted from left to right in his seat for what had to be the hundredth time. Boredom. His foot began tapping anxiously on the floor as the fingers of his right hand began tapping on his left forearm.

Fidgeting again, he reached his hand out blindly for his flask, unwilling to tear his eyes from the nude goddess before him. 'Fucking bitch.'

His fumbling fingers finally found it, knocking it over before he was able to take hold. He unscrewed



the lid, tipping it into the corner of his mouth, careful not to obstruct the view he had of the sleeping, naked bitch before him.

“Fuck...” he groaned aloud, opening his mouth to shake out the last drops of whiskey onto his awaiting tongue. All out. ‘Now what?’

“This is effing crazy,” he went on speaking to himself, shifting in his seat yet again, hyped up on coffee and liquor. “Stupid bitch,” his mind went on trolling through every foul word he could think of for the sleeping Doctor DeFlour inside a dog’s kennel.

He hated her. He hated most people, Jacque and Clarice included, even Timothy and Doctor Kuenig, but especially her. No one gave him credit. Didn’t they all know he had been Captain of his high school football team back in the States? Hell, he was even his senior class’ Prom King. ‘Fucked more bitches in my day than that little queer Timothy has ever dreamed of.’

No. They all looked down on him. Just like her. Talked to him like he was stupid. ‘Some stupid Medical Technician! Doesn’t have the brains to be some fag Nurse, or holier than thou Doctor!’

“Fuck them!” Henry cursed, turning to stare off along the long, empty corridor. “Yeah, fuck them,” he repeated, nodding to himself.

‘Gawd, she is fucking HOT, though!’ he could hardly stand looking at her. ‘And I’m the stupid one? This stupid bitch let herself be turned into a dog! Serves her right,’ he thought to himself as he glanced back at the camera monitoring her kennel. He couldn’t take it anymore.

Henry stood lazily, yawning and stretching as he did so. He started wandering off to the left, pretending to be interested in anything and everything other than what he actually was. Once he was sure he was out of the camera’s view, he started foraging around for something tall enough for him to stand on. He found a bucket they used to clean the kennels’ cells with. It would have to do.

Henry circled back, this time close, hugged up against the far wall. He carefully shuffled along until he was directly beneath the monitoring camera. Setting the pale upside down, he stood atop it. He had to reach on his tip-toes, but... just barely, he was able to reach. Henry unplugged the electronic cord out of the back of the camera, smiling devilishly to himself as he looked back to the sleeping beauty. “Stupid bitch,” the mumbled mischievously. “Now you’ll get yours.”

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The subtle scraping of metal on metal was enough to alert her sensitive canine hearing. Her eyes shot open and her ears up to see one of the humans slowly entering her cage. Though they had not harmed her thus far, she was still a bit weary, lifting herself to face him.

“Hey there,” he spoke to her quietly, a broad smile spread across his face. “Good girl...” he spoke tenderly to her, just like the doctor had before, as he took slow, careful steps towards her. “There’s a good girl!”

The words were reassuring, those of the doctor, but there was something about this one... she did not trust him like she did the others. She recognized her leash in one of his hands.

The other two dogs in the adjoining kennels also roused with this new disturbance, and approached the separating fences to investigate, cocking their heads to one side as they watched the human, the same as Bee did.

"Yes, you are a good girl, aren't you?" he went on cooing her, drawing ever nearer. Sensing her draw back at him, he extended out his other hand, offering her a treat from earlier. It was too much for her to resist.

Smelling the delicious aroma of it, Bee crept forward to meet him with her tail starting to wag. Sticking out her snout, she began to sniff heavily towards his hand.

"Yes, you like that? You are just a stupid bitch now, aren't you?" he said disparagingly, though still in a cool, calm and collected manner. He bent down, offering her the treat. She took it.

"Good girl," he went on petting her head with one hand as the other hooked the end of the leash into the loop on her collar. She ate it quickly, just as a dog would do, before sniffing at his hand again for any sign of another. Seeing this, he laughed, reaching into his pocket to produce one more.

"You like that?" he held it before her. "Come!" he tugged at her leash. She recognized the word, and followed as he led her with the leash and the baited treat, held out right before her face, goading her towards the chain-link fence of her kennel.

He finally gave it to her and she chewed on it as Henry fed the other end of the leash around through the fence, drawing it tight to hook it back in on itself at the collar. "There's a good bitch!" he now smiled sadistically, standing back up to take in his prize.

Here he was, the lowly Medi Tech, with perhaps one of the greatest minds in all the world, knelt below him as nothing more than a bitch in heat. And he was the stupid one?

"You're mine now, bitch," he lowered himself to her side, tracing the tips of his fingers along her slender, delicate back. "Don't think I've had any pussy as hot as this. Gawd, you are a sexy bitch!" he was practically glowing with self delight.

Now finished with her treat, Bee tried to move away as his hands rubbed across her bare skin, and she realized for the first time that she couldn't. She was tied. Bee jerked back hard against the bound leash, rattling the fence.

"Easier there, bitch," Henry spoke to her in those soothing words. "Papa is gonna take good care of you," he ran his hands down below her, exploring and kneading at her hanging breasts. "Perfect!" he whispered. They felt amazing in his hand. He couldn't resist, he pinched and pulled hard at either of her nipples, soliciting a pained whelp from Bee.

"Bahaha!" he laughed gutturally. "Don't like that, bitch?!" he was no longer speaking softly. Bee started fighting, struggling to pull away.

SMACK! Henry brought his open palm down hard on Bee's exposed rear, rippling her flesh and leaving a distinct, red hand print across her ass. She whelped again, shrinking away from him.

"I said easy there, bitch!" he raised his voice at her, cowing her. Bee tried to pull further away until she was practically choking herself on her collar, but there was no where to go. Henry had hardly left more than a few inches of slack in her leash.

He kept massaging one hand across her tits as his other traced its way to her backside. Bee froze as she felt his coarse fingers slip beneath her tucked tail and begin to probe along her slender labia.

"Damn, that's one nice pussy you got there, bitch," Henry spoke to her as he broke into her pussy's lips, searching for her clit. "There it is," he gloated as he began to rub his middle finger across it in

tight circles, stimulating her.

"Eirrr," Bee whimpered, ducking her head and leaning her trapped body away from him. The other dog across the fence was watching on intently.

"Arf!" she barked loudly as Henry pinched it, soliciting another deep, masochistic laugh as he watched her squirm.

"You like that, bitch?" he slewed at her as he rubbed her hardening clit more vigorously. "And to think, I bet you've only been with some nerdy fag! 'Bout time you learned what a real man's like!" he practically spat at her, before shifting himself around behind her.

"Fuck, that's beautiful," Henry paused. "You got a big o', tight ass!" he added before clenching her tail to lift it out of the way. "Damn..." he took his time, appreciating the beauty before him. "Don't think I've ever seen a more perfect pussy!"

And it was. Her lips taut, but beginning to flush with the rushing blood, it was the perfect tinge of pink, and it smelled absolutely delectable. Henry could not restrain himself, he had to taste her!

Still holding her tail up and to the side, Henry gripped one of her ass' cheeks with his free hand and spread her open. Without any further delay, he then ducked his face down into it. Sticking out his tongue to meet her, he slowly ran the tip of it up along her slit, sending her squirming up against the fence.

"Gawd that tastes good!" he could not help but comment. Pausing only to take in a deep breath of air, Henry dove right back in to begin devouring her cunt.

Henry was no novice. He'd eaten plenty of pussy in his time, and knew just how to drive them crazy. His strong tongue lapped up and down her crevice, ringing out her hole before he ducked further down to focus on her clit. He licked and he sucked and he nipped, driving her wild, writhing against the leash and whimpering puckishly against the fence. Even the other dogs around them were getting excited, pacing back and forth, whimpering the same as her.

Bee's pussy started gushing as she began crying louder and louder. "Quite down, bitch!" Henry smacked her ass hard, sending her flesh rippling again as the crack echoed down the long, empty corridor outside. "Ain't nobody there to hear you!"

And it wasn't just Bee. With the smell of her wet cunt in the air, the other two dogs were going just as wild, jumping up against the fences, rattling them, barking and yapping and begging to join in.

Mesmerized by the end of the tail disappearing into her puckered hole, Henry shifted his hand up her cheek to spread her wider there. "Effing crazy!" he used his thumb to prod about and investigate the wrinkled flesh of her asshole. Spread open about an inch, her rim was tight, and he could feel the muscle of her sphincter trembling and contracting, trying in vain to close whole beneath his thumb and the tail spreading it.

Ever so curious, Henry began to pull on the tail. "Damn, it's in there good, isn't it, bitch?" he smirked as he used his other hand for leverage to pull harder at it. Bee squealed in pain as her ass bowed outward with the pressure. "Haha! Fuck!" Henry laughed aloud. "Don't know how the doc is ever gonna get that out of you?!" he gave up.

Turning his attention back to her pussy, Henry started to run his fingers over her wet folds, before trying to push one of his fingers inside her. "Fuck, tighter than a teenager!" he guffawed as he

struggled to stick his middle finger up her. It took a little work, running it back and forth, but Henry had all the persistence one needed and with her seeping juices, first the tip, then the next two inches or so of it slid into her before he came up against a stiff, smooth barrier.

At first Henry stopped, confused. What is this? It took the longest time for it to dawn on him, but when it did... "Holy shit, bitch, y'use a virgin?!" Henry could not believe his luck. He nearly came in his pants right then and there! "Fuckin' figures, primpy bitch!" he sang to himself as he worked frantically at the knot of his scrubs to lower his pants.

"Hello?" a voice suddenly called down the hallway. "Henry, you here?"

"Fuck!" he grumbled to himself, unable to believe his luck. He lunged for the leash, unhooking the clasp as fast as he could, but then... he was distracted. The dog next to them... a long, eight inches of dog meat was hanging out his sheath. "You see that bitch?! Y'use one nasty bitch! Look what you do to the mutts!" Henry laughed, but the last would not be his.

Bee lunged at him, scratching and biting. "Oh fuck!" he fell back and she was on top of him like a rapid dog.

"Holy mackerel!" Timothy came rushing in, grabbing Bee by her collar, pulling her back. Henry tried scrambling to his feet, falling several times in the process as he fled posthaste for the door.

"Down, Bee!" Timothy threatened her, pushing her away, and she retreated, tail tucked, huddling back into the corner.

"Holy cow, man! You okay?!" A hypergenic Timothy slammed the gate closed, turning back to check on Henry.

"Yeah..." Henry was huffing, laying back on his elbows, fear in his eyes. "Yeah man, I'm cool."

"What in the world happened?!"

Henry just shook his head. "Thought I heard something out back... Went to check on it..." he said breathlessly, still struggling to fill his lungs.

"We need to get you to the infirmary, you're all scratched up!" Timothy knelt down beside him, looking him over.

"Nah man, it's cool. I'm alright," Henry pushed him away.

"We need to tell Doctor Bernard!" Timothy exclaimed. "You could have been-"

"NO!" Henry shouted, cutting him off. Timothy looked concerned. "Look man. Everything is fine. I shouldn't have been in there in the first place... just thought I heard something... everything is cool. She's just scared is all... it's her first night..." Henry sounded genuinely concerned for her.

Timothy did not look convinced. "We need to get you checked out," he insisted.

"Listen, dude! I said I'm cool. This is the first night! It's no big deal. I won't be the one who fucked this all up, do you understand me?" Henry shouted at him, almost threateningly.

"You're hurt..."

"I'm fine..." Henry stated, looking around for the first time. "Trust me, I've been through a lot worse."

If you want to help me, let's just keep this between me and you, capiche?"

Timothy took a moment to answer, but finally nodded.

"Say, would you mind getting me something to clean up with?" he asked. "I'm a little shook up and just need a moment."

"Right," Timothy said, standing back up. "I'll be right back!"

Timothy turned to leave, but was stopped by Henry's hand about his wrist. "Just between me and you, buddy. You swear?" Henry looked at him with imploring, near watering eyes. Timothy could see how much this all meant to him.

"I swear," Timothy said before taking off back down the hallway to find some anti-bacterial and bandages for Henry.

"Fag," Henry muttered under his breath once the all non-assuming Timothy was out of ear shot. "This ain't over, bitch," he then turned to sneer at the huddled Bee in her cage. By the time Timothy got back, the camera would be plugged back in, the pale replaced, and Henry nowhere in sight.

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## **Chapter Five: The Training**

Bernard and Timothy entered the cafeteria side by side, talking excitedly to one another. There were few present at this early hour, and all were segregated at the various tables into their respectful research teams. Spotting their own, Bernard and Timothy made a line straight for them.

"Good morning, Doctor," Jacque offered as they approached. "Timothy," he nodded.

"Morning," the formalities passed around.

"I stopped by the kennels first thing this morning," Bernard was all smiles. "Appears the night passed without a hitch?" he asked them. Everyone nodded a little sleepily. "Don't tell me none of you got at least get a little shut eye last night?" Bernard inquired as he and Timothy pulled up a seat. "Long day ahead of us."

Clarice and Jacque only shrugged, glancing to one another as they did so. "Like a baby," Henry said a little too cheerily. Timothy eyed him wearily, but kept their little secret from last night.

"Henry..." Bernard looked at him precariously. "Are you - are you wearing make-up, my boy?"

"Huh?" Henry stumbled, caught off guard as he brought his hand to his face. "No! Why would I be?!" he defended, almost angrily as all eyes now turned to him.

"Never mind," Bernard let it go. "We have a lot to cover," he began passing around manilla folders to each. "Your new schedules and assignments. From here on out, your entire days at the Facility will be devoted solely to this project," Bernard informed them, but they knew as much already.

"However tired you might think you are, ladies and gentlemen, I assure you I got no sleep myself last night, so I won't be handing out any sympathy cards today. There is a lot of work to do and I will accept nothing short of excellence, from myself, nor from any of you," he stared them all down. They each nodded as they began to open their folders.

"I needn't remind you of the gag order we are all under, there will be no exceptions," he warned, and indeed he needn't. Colonel Briggs himself, head of the Facility, had been present at the signing of their new contracts at the onset of this newest study. Apart from the legal repercussions laid out in the documents, he had personally warned them, in not so many words, that if they dared break the order, dropping so much as a hint to even another employee here at the Facility, that the legal problems would be the least of their worries. This was to be kept most top secret. "As is the case, we will all have to take on some additional responsibilities."

"Jacque," he looked to him first. "Your primary focus from here on out will be to assist me in monitoring and recording Arnice's vital statistics, as well as overseeing her general health and well being. Like her own, personal physician. I will expect a report to be handed in to me each morning on the day prior. Of course, you will alert me to any concerning changes immediately." Jacque nodded.

"Clarice," Bernard turned to her. "You will be working closely with Jacque. As our only female, I have tasked you with being her personal caregiver and hygienist. You will be providing her daily rations and water, the routine application of the false scent, as well as her regular grooming. Though I wish for her to experience the full effect, living in the kennels, I expect her to be kept no less clean than the rest of its inhabitants, so an occasional bath will be necessary, as well as protection against any parasites. Lastly, and to speak plainly, living as a canine, she will be relieving herself as one, and will need daily attention to keep her specific parts clean and free from rash or infection." Clarice nodded.

"Timothy," he went on. "I will personally be overseeing her training and conditioning as a canine, but as it is your expertise, I will count on your assistance in working with her when I am unable. Though for all intents and purposes, she now has the mind of an untrained dog, I expect that she has maintained her heightened intelligence, and that we will be able to move quickly through the basics and soon begin on what I am most interested in, her introduction and acceptance into the hierarchy of the Pack. You will continue your work with the others, but now with the intention and purpose of successfully introducing them to her and she to them. We've got to be careful with this, we may have only one shot at it, and this will all be a waste if she is not accepted. I do not want any screw ups, understood?" Timothy nodded.

"And then, Henry," Bernard turned to him last. "Apart from conducting regular scans and maintaining the equipment for our study, as this has been made top secret, access to the kennels has now been restricted to only the five of us, and Colonel Briggs himself. With the loss of the cleaning crew, I am assigning to you their responsibilities of cleaning out the kennels each morning, as well as keeping the entire grounds in fair condition."

"What?!" Henry scoffed. "Come on, doc! I didn't sign up to be some janitor and pick up their shit! Why don't you have the girl do it?!" he pointed at Clarice.

Bernard stared him down coldly. "We are all taking on additional responsibilities, Henry. We must all do our parts to take care of what is necessary. I believe you are being well compensated for your hardship, and if there is a problem..." he let the threat linger.

"No..." Henry grumbled, looking back down at his breakfast. "No problem."

"Good," Bernard stated with finality. He took a moment to allow the sudden tension from this exchange to pass.

"I can't begin to tell you all how excited I am. As I mentioned, I was up all night reviewing the

results from the MRI, CAT Scan and others tests and they are nothing short of remarkable!" Bernard was his cheery self again.

"The neuron reactions within the axon in the right frontal Lobe, and and then the new inter-sparkings of Dendrites in the Cerebellum all confirm that..." he stopped as they were all staring at him with total confusion. His two fellow scientists were both gone. Bernard frowned. "Anyways," he started over. "As you have all witnessed with your own two eyes now, the medical tests have served to reaffirm what we already know, that the transformation has indeed worked. Our Arnice is now truly, and completely, nothing more than a canine in her own mind!"

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They broke from their short meeting in the cafeteria to begin their newly assigned tasks at once, while Bernard excused himself to prepare his own materials for the day. He scheduled to meet back with them at Arnice's kennel at eight o'clock sharp.

They were still a bit dazed by it all, walking in silence back to the kennels, each deep in thought. Well, everyone but Henry that is, who was cursing persistently under his breath at having been reduced to grounds keeper.

"You should be glad you're even allowed to be here. How did you even get hired in the first place?!" Clarice could take no more of it.

"Easy for you to say, you're not having to go around cleaning up dog shit all day!" Henry fought back.

"Hardly! I'm having to clean up after her, Henry," she slewed his name. "And I don't get to use just a shovel and a water hose, but you don't hear me complaining!"

"I'll trade ya," Henry wiggled his brows at her.

"You make me sick!" Clarice quickened her pace, pulling away from the others.

"Broads..." Henry shook his head at her, speaking to the other two guys.

"This isn't the locker room, Henry," Jacque spoke up. "We're at a medical research facility. We are professionals here."

"Whatever," Henry wrote him off. "You're just a nurse, stop trying to act like you're one of the docs." Jacque looked as if he might swing at him.

"And you're just the pooper scooper," Timothy mumbled under his breath to Jacque about Henry, who certainly got a kick out of it and cooled his rising temper back down.

"What did you say, you little punk?!"

"Nothing, Henry. Nothing," Jacque defended Timothy as they kept on their way.

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By the time the three caught up to her, Clarice was already inside Bee's kennel. She was awake, sitting up, allowing Clarice to pet her as she fed her treats. They had already come a long way from her initial fear in the operating room.

"How is she?" Jacque walked up to the cage's door, hanging his fingers in the chain-link fence.

"Good," Clarice noted. "She seems happy... and still a dog," she smiled back at Jacque. Jacque laughed.

Clarice had no sooner said this, however, than Henry and Timothy walked up beside him, and Bee began a low, menacing growl from the back of her throat, staring right at Henry.

"Let's not overwhelm her, come on guys," Jacque herded them away.

"Easy there, Bee, easy..." Clarice spoke in that soft, reassuring voice as she ran her hand back over Bee's soft head. "Everything is okay." And as soon as the guys left, or Henry that is, Bee eased back up.

Jacque and Timothy saw to the other kenneled dogs, leading them out into their yards so that Henry could begin spraying them down. Clarice likewise attached Bee's leash and led her to the back door, out into her own fenced-in yard. Bee, though a little hesitant, eventually followed along.

The two on either side of her were already well rehearsed to the routine, quickly going about their business. As males, they hurriedly moved from corner to corner, first sniffing it, before shifting to lift one of their hind legs to piss on the post, marking their small territory.

Bee stood shrunken by Clarice's side, anxiously looking around the yard, her nose slowly sniffing harder and harder about it.

"It's okay, you need to go potty?" Clarice spoke to her in a voice one would use for an infant. She felt totally foolish, but what else was she supposed to say? She had to keep reminding herself that this was no longer Doctor DeFlour, but Bee, the bitch dog.

"Come on, go potty," Clarice led her further out. Instincts taking over, Clarice was both stunned and embarrassed as Bee lowered her rear and began peeing openly in the grass.

Smelling her, the two dogs approached their respectful fences, prancing back and forth as they barked happily, trying to garner the female's attention. Clarice watched as she saw Bee shrink again from the attention, but then ever so slowly, just like a curious puppy, come out her shell to investigate.

As Bee crept forward, Clarice bent down to release her from the leash. Unrestrained, Bee first began exploring her yard, sniffing curiously everywhere at all the scents and smells, before approaching to greet her fellow neighbors. It was the oddest thing, watching a nude, human female, a brilliant scientist she knew and respected, act like nothing more than a real, true dog.

"Here," Clarice heard Timothy enter the yard. "Wipes to clean her up, and the scent. Doctor Kuenig just brought them down."

"Thanks," Clarice said, taking them from him.

Bee trotted over at the arrival of a newcomer and began sniffing his legs and crotch curiously, until she moved around and shoved her nose into the crack of his butt.

"Err..." Timothy started to move away.

"Don't," a voice stopped him. It was Bernard, watching from the door. "You must remember she is a



dog now, this is normal. Let her go through the motions.”

Timothy turned a beet red as he did as he was told, allowing Bee to sniff him. “This is... awkward,” he apologized to Clarice as she watched them curiously.

“Alright,” Bernard said as Bee finished her investigation. “Get her cleaned up, Clarice, and the scent reapplied, and then we’ll begin the formal training.”

Timothy exited as Clarice proceeded to wipe down Bee’s sex, and then start to reapply the scent. Just about finished, the two dogs who had been watching on, started barking excitedly once again and scratching at the fence. Clarice meant to ignore them, before she saw one of their red penis’s poking out its sheath.

“Wha’..?!” Clarice gasped, attempting to avert her eyes with modesty. But glancing at the other, he was digging at the ground as if to tunnel his way into Bee’s kennel, his red cock extended as well! “Come on, Bee,” Clarice rushed her hurriedly back inside.

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The day progressed better than any could have hoped. Bee quickly learned all of the basic commands: sit, stay, up and down. She even began to recognize her given name, coming whenever they called her. By the afternoon, Bernard moved on to what should have been more difficult tricks, but Bee mastered each in turn: heel, beg, roll-over.

The training took place in the “Yard,” a small, enclosed track of grass they would bring the kenneled dogs to work with and allow them to stretch their legs. Though she could not run nearly as fast as a real dog, she showed surprising coordination and speed on her hands and knees as they taught her to fetch, and ran her through the small obstacle course set up to one side.

She even took to all of them, and shed away any display of her previous shy or nervous behavior. To all but Henry that is. She would not let him come near her, growling and nipping if ever he tried. He quickly wizened up though and kept his distance, less any become too suspicious.

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“What’s that?” Clarice asked from Bee’s kennel as the boys began stacking supplies on a nearby shelf.

“Her wipes, scent, and food,” Bernard informed curtly.

“But that’s dog food..?” she scoffed.

“Correct,” Bernard answered. “Nice observation, Clarice.”

“But... we can’t feed her that!”

“We most certainly can, and we will. It holds all the proper nutrition, and our final aim is observing her living amongst the Pack. To succeed, she will have to become accustom to eating their food.”

“But...”

Bernard softened as he turned and saw the poor girl’s distress for Bee, who was sitting obediently at her side. “It’s okay, Clarice, she doesn’t know the difference. She’ll love it, you’ll see.”

Indeed, placed in her bowl beside her water, after a long day of work, Bee eagerly scarfed it down without any second thoughts. Though it shouldn't have come as any surprise, they all seemed hypnotized as they watched her eat, pressing her snout into the bowl, eating without the use of her hands, just as the rest of the dogs did.

"So, what's left for tomorrow?" Jacque finally asked after she finished.

"I knew we would be able to move fast," Bernard said, almost beside himself, "but, to be honest, I did not expect her to take it all in this fast. I see no reason to delay. The other two are just about ready to be introduced to the Pack. We will begin introducing them to King tomorrow, and we will see how well he reacts to her."

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## **Chapter Six: The Introduction**

"It's the most delicate part of the entire process," Timothy went on explaining as the jeep bounced along the dirt road. "Either he'll accept her into his pack, or he won't. Not much to it after that," he shrugged, speaking casually. King was Alpha, and his opinion was all that truly mattered.

Jacque and Clarice kept their eyes peeled off into the distance, looking for any sign of the dogs, like tourists on a safari, but they were still listening to Timothy with care.

"Do you - do you think he will?" Clarice asked with a certain air of apprehension. By this point, they all felt a certain vestment into this little experiment. If they failed now, well... it could ruin everything.

"Hard to say, really," Timothy said idly. "The pack is... quite complex. Not exactly your standard set of dogs, you see, and well... it's not like anything like this has ever been tried before," he glanced back to her, offering her a faint smile.

"It's been too long since I've had some fresh air," Jacque inhaled deeply, savoring the scent of the full blossoms and open field. "Been locked up behind glass and tile for too long now."

"Yeah, well, plenty of that out here," Timothy remarked. They were now deep into the Pack's territory, and the gate was disappearing rapidly out of view behind them.

"And beautiful," Clarice intoned, leaning out the open, back seat window. "What's that?" she asked absently.

"Huh?" both Timothy and Jacque turned to see what she was pointing at. It was a solitary pole in the middle of nowhere, with a tinted, cylindrical device about its top.

"Oh that," Timothy answered. "It's a monitor. They've got this whole place under surveillance, just about all one hundred-eighty acres of it. Motion sensors will set them off."

"Can't go anywhere in this place without being on camera," Jacque quipped as they drove along.

"Yeah... just part of the study," Timothy remarked. "Well, think this is far enough," Timothy let the jeep roll to a stop. "We're on foot from here."

"What?" Clarice pressed herself back into the seat, now a bit nervous with the idea of leaving the safety of the vehicle.

“Not to worry, only about a hundred meters or so to the dens,” he reassured her, completely misreading her reluctance. “Doc likes to limit their exposure to humans and interference as much as possible.”

Trained, brilliant dogs or not, she’d never been out here before, and she did not like the prospect of walking on foot, unprotected, amongst a large pack of dogs that now lived like they were wild. They were no longer pets. The oldest had been out here on their own for four years now. Short of an injury or random review, only King was brought back in to the kennels.

“You’ll be fine,” Jacque nodded to her, exiting the jeep with Timothy. “Come on.”

It wasn’t far. Just over the last hill, a small valley rolled down below them, tucked between two cliff faces of a plateau to the right, and the woods to the left. A countless number of dark caves pock-marked their base.

“Oh...” Clarice gasped when she saw them all. An untold number of dogs were lazed about the center of this little nook of paradise. There was a group of small, precious looking pups playing down by the creek in the distance, a few of their mothers watching over them. Others were climbing on some simple, wooden structures left for them. A couple were digging with a purpose within a giant pit to their left. Several more were patrolling the perimeter, like sentinels on duty. They were all of the same breed, German Shepherds, and they looked the part of a small, archaic village - but dogs.

Upon her utterance, first one, then two, then thirty-eight heads were turned in their direction, not counting the pups.

“Sorry...” Clarice muttered. “I... I didn’t know they were breeding...”

“It’s okay,” Timothy said. “No one does. It’s a carefully guarded secret,” he turned away from her, back to the pack. “King!” he then called aloud, summoning the Alpha. All the dogs now stood, drawing into a long line to face the intruders, but only one stepped forward - the largest of them all.

He was a majestic looking beast. His coat thick and sheen, the large black spot upon his back shimmering beneath the high Sun. Every inch of him radiated muscle and strength and power. There was no doubt about it, he was king.

Standing at the head of his pack, he glanced only once back to them, as if commanding them all by some silent gesture, before he began the long march up the hill to the humans. His body moved fluidly, powerful shoulders and haunches rippling as he paced, his head and chin held high. His entire pack watched him go, but none attempted to follow.

As they turned to leave with King in tow, off in the far, far distance of the horizon, Clarice saw one more that caught her attention. She did a double take, for he was different. He was black, solid black. At first she mistook him for a wolf or something. The distance was great and though he appeared as hardly more than a speck, she knew that he too was a large beast of a dog, that to rival King. Her skin tingled as she felt something peculiar with this one. He was separate - separated. An outcast. Clarice could not explain this feeling, she had no reason for such assumptions, but all the same, it was there, nagging at her. Who..?

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From beginning to end, it was to be a carefully orchestrated procedure. As with any other, they first brought King into the kennels to meet the newcomers on a more neutral ground, before initiating any actual physical interaction, where there was no fence to separate them.

They started by keeping King in an adjoining cell, allowing the them to familiarize themselves with one other, learn each others scents, etcetera, before moving forward. Once that was accomplished and there did not appear to be any evident hostilities, it would come to the actual meeting, and if King accepted them, they could then move on to introducing them to the Pack, both together. Seeing that the Alpha did not object, all would obediently accept the newcomer as one of their own.

Bernard fist let King and Bee observe each other from afar, as they went through this process with one of the other two between them. It was an interesting exchange, as either of the new males seemed to understand that not just any dog was shacking up beside them, and always paid him deference. They did not partake in their usual, loud, bouncing shenanigans, but instead were quiet and calm, as if on their best behavior.

An entire week passed like this as they continued to work with Bee in the yard, allowing her to become accustom to her new life, more agile and well trained, taking all the time they needed to ensure King would not reject her.

To keep up the rouse, they made sure to keep her heavily laden with the scent, in hopes that King would accept her not as a human, but under the guise of a dog - but this success was still to be determined. Everything hinged on this, but so far, so good. King, most curiously, would sit for long hours at the edge of his kennel, watching across the others as he would just stare at her, his nose twitching with titillation.

Eventually, they separated King and Bee off from the other two, moving them to kennels further down the row. To encourage them both, they always offered them a surplus of treats and words of praise during their time spent together from across the dividing fence. Everything was going to plan. King and Bee appeared to be getting along well together, even showing signs of affection through the gaps in the wire. All too soon, and not soon enough, there was only one thing left to do...

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"Tonight is the night," Bernard said suddenly, as they all sat around the dinner table in the cafeteria. It had already been a very long day, but apparently it was not yet over. Timothy dropped his fork. Clarice spewed out the drink she had been sipping. Everyone was immediately on edge.

"Already?" Timothy asked with alarm. Whether any like to admit it or not, perhaps with the exception of Henry, they had all formed a deep bond with Bee and this experiment, and all wished to see it succeed.

"We've kept this up for long enough. At most, this process should not have taken more than a day or two, but I wanted to be sure. I cannot keep King from the Pack any longer. Everything has gone to plan, they are doing quite well with each other. I see nothing left to accomplish but the actual meeting," Bernard said.

Everyone swallowed hard. This was make or break. Everything further hinged on this.

"As always, we'll conduct this on neutral ground within the yard. Jacque, if you would please man the recorder. Clarice, you will escort Bee out into the yard first. Timothy, you'll bring King out next." They all nodded.

"And me, doc?" Henry asked.

"You'll stand back and try not to say something stupid," Bernard dismissed him with a glare down his long nose. "Alright, ladies and gentlemen, everyone to their places. This is it!"

Nerves were shared in abundance, though the first few sequences went off without a hitch, but that was to be expected. It was when Timothy approached the fenced in yard with King that everyone held their breath.

King was not your run-of-mill, mutt off the street. For starters, he was a massive, pure bred German Shepherd, like the rest of the pack, but by far the largest you'd ever seen. Then, as one of the smartest breeds to begin with, coupled with that of being one of the first of their previous experiments, he was also one of the smartest dogs ever to have lived.

That said, it did not mean that there was nothing to worry about. Smart, yes, but still very much a dog all the same. Topping out at just over one hundred pounds and the ruler of his realm, King was not to be trifled with. While all the dogs of the Pack had been scientifically modified with increased intelligence, they still had a social structure and a way of doing things that was all dog. If King didn't like you... well, he was king.

As if sensing what was coming, King became excited and pulled forward on his leash as Timothy led him out. When he actually saw her within the yard, the same yard he knew he met all new dogs, King nearly pulled Timothy over as he dragged him to the gate.

So far, the signs looked promising. His tail was up, ears relaxed, no defensive posturing. Indeed, after having to endure her scent for so long, he seemed almost eager to finally get to meet this strange looking anomaly.

Bee herself was sitting obediently beside Clarice at the center of the yard, but with the approach of King, she began to look anxious, glancing back and forth between Clarice and the gate with wide, nervous eyes.

When nothing happened, King stopped and looked to Bernard, barking once, almost as if saying, "Come on already."

"Go ahead, Timothy," Bernard relented. "Clarice, come out of there."

Like a mother dropping her child off at school for the very first time, Clarice knelt down to pet Bee, stroking her head affectionately with taut, drawn lips. "Don't worry, Bee, you'll do fine."

After several minutes of this and another beckoning by Bernard, Clarice finally relented and unlatched Bee's leash. With parting words of reassurance, she ruefully backed away, never taking her eyes from her pet as she exited the yard.

She had to command a trembling Bee to stay several times, but Bee held to her training. Timothy made King sit, removing his leash as well, before slowly lifting the handle to open the gate. Clarice came out, and King went in.

"Go on, boy," Timothy finally said, letting King, Alpha of the Pack, finally meet Bee, Doctor Arnice DeFlour in all her canine form. King made a beeline straight for her. What happened next, perhaps, should not have surprised them, they'd seen this process now many times before, but...

As with the other two dogs they'd already allowed to meet with King, if the newcomer was a male, he was expected to submit to the Alpha by will. He was to be his subordinate, or feel his wrath. If all went to plan, the newcomer would do just that, allowing King to inspect him, often by rolling onto his back submissively, before King was satisfied and would then allow the newcomer to sniff him. If things didn't go to plan, well... the newcomer would be taught a quick lesson in just who was boss around here.

If the newcomer was a female, much of the ritual would be the same, with one distinct difference, and Bernard and the rest of the staff had failed to see it coming. King was Alpha. The males were his minions, and the females his...

Bee quickly stood as King came at her. Clarice gripped at the top railing of the fence with a sense of panic, forgetting to breath or even blink as she watched on anxiously.

Like every other introduction they had made, King came forward, sniffing first at her face, their noses meeting, his strong body rigid, ears up, tail wagging slowly from side to side. Intrigued, his wet snout traced along her neck, zeroing in on the intense scent they had covered her with. Bee was frozen as still as a statue, her body slumped, ears flat, tail tucked, every bit the submissive bitch.

King then began to make his way down her nude body, sniffing furiously as he went. He displayed that usual confusion they'd all seen before, smelling bitch, but faced with what appeared to be the form of a human before him. He didn't know what to make of it, eventually working his way back around to her rear.

Everyone joined Clarice against the rail with this. It was not to be unexpected, every dog, every time they met one another would sniff each other here. But Bee was not just any dog, and her bare, human pussy was laid unprotected just beneath his cold, wet, canine snout.

He sniffed her for the longest time, his nose working feverishly in an attempt to help his brain comprehend. And then... and then prodding his nose below her tucked tail - they all saw it happen as if in slow motion - King licked her.

Everyone, Bee included, gasped with shock at this, their jowls falling with hers. One, two times his tongue struck out to taste her unprotected sex. King lifted his head, cocking it to one side, almost appraisingly. Bee did not move. Apparently King liked what he tasted as he then ducked his snout back beneath her tail once again, to begin lapping at her bent, exposed pussy with an even greater intensity.

"Doctor?!" Clarice suddenly sounded the alarm they were all thinking, but none could voice.

"No!" Bernard hissed at her under his breath. "This is our only chance! It is only natural, dogs do this all the time," he disregarded her protest. But it was not natural. Bee was a human and King a dog!

"But she..!" Clarice could not keep quiet, her fists turning white upon the rail she was now gripping it so hard. King was not stopping, but lapping at her with an ever increasing fervor, getting more and more into it with each swipe of his tongue.

Bee was whimpering, her head rolling back from side to side. They could all hear him slurping across her pussy, drinking up her nectar like a dying man of thirst. Clarice turned to Jacque and Timothy for support, but Jacque was hidden behind the camera, and Timothy... Timothy seemed to be lost in another world, utterly entranced by it all, frozen in time and space.

"She's a dog," Bernard reminded her as he saw her trepidation. "She'll be fine, everything will be fine. This is just what they do," he tried to reassure her. "Once he's got her scent figured out... there is nothing to worry about."

Clarice allowed Bernard's words to distract her. She was trying to make her brain come to terms with it. After all, there was a truth to this. In assisting with their previous experiments, she had seen the dogs do this to each other many times before, and she struggled to resign herself to the fact that

at the moment, Doctor DeFlour - Bee- was just a dog and this was just how they greeted each other. She waited with baited breath, practically hovering over the edge of the fence for him to stop at any moment.

But King did not stop. With each passing swipe of his broad tongue, King seemed only to work faster and harder, pressing his snout further and deeper into Bee's sex - into Doctor DeFlour's pussy!

"Doctor..." Clarice made to protest again, but was cut off as Bee moaned audibly, gutturally. It was... it caught her off guard. Her knees nearly buckled as she witnessed Bee lift her head and arch her back, pressing her sex back against his tongue. Bee then rolled her head until it came against his rear haunches, and she began to rub her cheek affectionately against his soft fur.

"I... I guess he's not hurting her..." Clarice mumbled incoherently, suddenly as entranced by it all as she had seen Timothy. None bothered to acknowledge her now as they intently watched the scene unfold before them.

The sloppy lapping of King's tongue along her grew louder and louder as Bee grew wetter and wetter. Even from here, Clarice could hear Bee begin to purr like a kitten, before they became interspersed by those heavy, doggish moans - those same moans Clarice had heard her utter when preparing her for the...

Clarice's thoughts came to a screeching halt as King began shifting himself around her. Bee lifted her tail into the air, un-obstructing his access to her. He was then behind her, his snout buried in her sex, his tongue going to town on her pussy, slipping into her very depths. Bee threw her head back and forth like a wild animal. She looked to be on cloud nine - they could all see it. Her body was shivering, trembling. She was now groveling so loudly it was near howling. And then it happened.

Without any warning, King suddenly lunged forward, soliciting a whelp from Bee as his claws scratched at her bare, delicate hips. And then he was on top of her, his paws wrapped about her waist. He had mounted her.

"Doctor Kuenig!" Clarice cried aloud, looking about frantically between them. Bernard abruptly turned away and began to pace.

"Doctor Kuenig!" Clarice cried again as King pulled her back towards him by his powerful forelegs, while his haunches began to thrust against her, rocking Bee - Arnice! - below him.

"I hadn't considered..." Bernard was talking to himself now as he paced back and forth, no longer watching the events unfold within the yard. "Failed to anticipate..." his face looked troubled. "But for the integration to take place..."

"Doctor Kuenig!" Clarice was in outright panic as Bee whelped yet again as King jabbed at her with his pointed spear.

"I... I don't see what alternative we have..." he did not seem too pleased with his answer, but alas, it was more of a rhetorical question. He was not asking any of them for their opinion, but simply debating his own.

"We can't just let him..?!" Clarice could not finish her own sentence.

"We'd have to call the whole thing off..." Bernard was still pacing. "If not now... he'd just try again..."

"We have to stop this!" Clarice stomped her foot in the grass, twisting her fists about the rail. Bernard no longer responded though, as he brought his hand up to his chin, deep in thought while he marched back and forth.

"AERHH!" Bee suddenly howled a hair raising whelp. Clarice jerked her head back to the center of the pen to find King's body curled up close against Bee's, her head dropped back, mouth still open with an unfinished, now silent wail as his haunches humped madly behind her. Her flesh was rippling below him as King was jack-hammering himself atop her. She'd seen dogs mate before. He had her!

"NO!" Clarice shrieked. The experiment be damned, running for the gate, she slung it open, sprinting for Bee to save her.

Bernard did not try to stop her. In fact, he seemed to have become totally oblivious to everything around him as he just kept pacing back and forth, watching the blades of grass pass below his feet.

"KING, STOP!" she was in a mad dash, her hair whipping about her face. Not ten meters from them, seeing her coming, just as fast as King had mounted Bee, he pulled himself out of her and dismounted, springing into action to face off with this intruder.

"GRRR!" King became poised, his teeth viciously bared, his hackles raised, his ears and tail held back.

Clarice came to skidding stop. Her feet slipping in the grass, she landed on her ass. "King..." she practically begged. Beneath his intimidating glare, Clarice did not dare try to stand.

Just as she was about to look over her shoulder to see what in the hell the others were doing to stop this madness, Bee distracted her as she came walking up by King's side. Her ears were perked, and her tail wagging happily behind her. She was... she was smiling.

King stopped his growling to turn and lick at Bee's cheek and face beside him. Clarice could have sworn that she heard Bee giggle. Shooting one last warning glare back at Clarice, King moved back behind his bitch. In was only a split glance, but she saw something red and raw dangling threateningly below his belly.

She could not see from her here, but King's head disappeared back behind Bee's rear once again before she heard that tell-tale sound of his large tongue lapping at her wet cunt. Bee's eyes immediately closed as her mouth fell into a wide "O."

Clarice could not believe what she was seeing, but this time... she did not try to stop it. She couldn't if she wanted to. Being this close to them, the sound of it consuming her senses. Seeing Bee's expressions, she'd forgotten how to move, how to think.

And then she saw King rise up atop Bee once again, his massive paws wrapping themselves around her tiny waist. Once King was into place, Bee started to rock back and forth beneath him once again. It started slow, in a short, gentle sway as King's feet danced in the grass between her calves, righting himself. Clarice could do nothing. She was enraptured.

Though she could not see behind them, she knew the moment it happened. She could see it in Bee's eyes rolling into the back of her head. She could see it in her dropped jaw, loosing a silent wail of wanton lust. She could see it written all across Bee's face. He was inside her again. A dog's cock was inside Doctor DeFlour!



And then she could hear it. She could hear it in that brutal, gust of air being punched from Bee's lungs. She could see it in the sudden burst from King as he rocked his bitch beneath him with sharp thrusts. She could hear it in Bee's strained, yet wanton yelps. She could hear it in their labored panting. She could hear it by that tell-tale sloshing of Bee's soaking wet pussy wrapped around King's massive cock as he plunged it inside of her.

Clarice could not pull her eyes away. It took all she had not to bring her hand up to squeeze at her own tits as she watched Bee's swing wildly below her as King fucked her with an increasing fury. It took all she had not to pinch and pull at her own hardened nipples below her blouse as she could see Bee's pointing out as hardened icicles. It took all she had not to slip her hand down her pants to rub at her burning clit as she heard King hammering himself into Bee with a violent staccato of thrusts. It took all she had not to bury her own fingers into her gushing pussy as she saw dog cum beginning to drip down from in between Bee's spread legs, knowing she was being stuffed full and loving every second of it. It took all she had not to cry out in her own wanton lust as she watched Bee turn her face up to howl at the rising moon in pure ecstasy!

Clarice's chest was rising and falling nearly as fast as their insane tempo. She was panting right along with them. King was fucking her for all that he was worth, pushing Bee closer to her across the grass with his relentless assault.

And then in one, deep, long, hair tingling whelp, Bee raised her face back to the sky and howled like an insane wolf as her body began to shudder as if a violent earthquake was trembling the very ground beneath her. Clarice could not believe it, she had not even touched herself, but witnessing this carnal mating and seeing, knowing Bee was cumming as King filled her with his doggie cum, the earthquake reached out to grasp her as her own body began to shudder. Clarice came the hardest she ever had, right with Bee.

When she was finally able to reopen her eyes once more, it was over. The two were now left panting, tongues hanging out to the side. King was still mounted across Bee's back, but they were no longer moving. He was no longer fucking her. There was nothing left to stop. Clarice had let King fuck her. Doctor Kuenig had let him. Bee had let him.

Clarice heard footfalls approaching behind her. She glanced up to see Jacque and Timothy come to a stop on either side of her, but their eyes were locked open and forward on King and Bee. Her own eyes fell to their crotches. They were both hard as a rock, their cocks jutting out beneath their pants, and they weren't even trying to hide it. Who was she to judge?

She saw Henry moving in her peripheral. He was sure to give King a wide berth, but then came up behind the two dogs. Kneeling down, he lifted King's tail to look beneath them.

"Fuuck!" Henry groaned. "He's got it all up inside her!"

"Henry, don't!" She thought she had protested. She had felt her lips move, but then, she couldn't be sure she'd made any sound at all. To her further surprise, Jacque and Timothy then followed in his previously made path as they too couldn't hold back, and came up beside him to see for themselves.

"He's... he's tied with her..." Timothy said breathlessly. All three of them had their fists gripped tightly across the tents in their trousers, as if in an attempt to restrain themselves.

"What?!" Clarice finally found her voice, her eyes popping open, alert and awake. She couldn't take it anymore. Her legs too weak to carry her, she moved onto her hands and knees like a dog herself to crawl up beside them. She couldn't stand it, she had to see it with her own two eyes as well.

"Oh!" Clarice gasped as she saw King's red meat sticking out Bee's spread pussy, only to disappear once again back into his furry sheath held ever so close to her. A trail of thin, milkish cum was seeping out her, running down her open slit in a steady stream to collect and drip from her fully engorged, throbbing clit.

"What - what do you mean... he's tied with her?" Clarice asked again, part of her telling herself to shut up, the other part demanding to know. While she'd seen it happen before, she was certainly no expert on the matter.

"A dog's..." Timothy turned a crimson red. "A dog has a large knot that will form at the base of his penis when mating with..." he stumbled. "Well, when mating a bitch..." If it were even possible, Timothy turned even redder.

"Yes..?" Clarice muttered on edge, all the while leaning in closer and closer like a moth to the flame.

"I - I guess you could say it looks a lot like the tube of the tail we inserted into her..." he let this last part go unsaid. "It can grow nearly twice as thick as his..." he was unable to complete a sentence.

"Oh?" Clarice was mesmerized by it all. They all were. All were creeping in now, shoulder to shoulder, jostling amongst each other for a better view. Clarice's nose was now only mere inches from their joined sexes.

"He uses it to tie with her, to lock himself inside as he... as he inseminates her, to seal himself inside her."

"You... you mean... he's..?"

"Look at his balls!" Henry guffawed. No matter how lewd it might have been, everyone looked. King's large, hairy balls were tensing up and releasing over and over again. "Fuckin' lucky dog! He's pumping that bitch full of his cum!"

Nobody had enough sense left in them to chastise Henry over his fowl language. Instead, they all glanced back down to the dripping stream seeping out Bee's stretched pussy, only confirming what Henry and Timothy had said.

And then... and then to all three of the guys' utter bewilderment, Clarice raised her hand off the ground and opening it, palm up, she reached out below them. A bead of King's cum dripped off Bee's clit, falling onto her out stretched hand. Clarice jumped, gasping as if it had burned her and she jerked it away.

But... to the guys' ever increasing amazement, she brought it closer in, ever closing the distance to her dipping face. All eyes shifted from King and Bee to Clarice as she carefully studied the fluid running along her fingers. None could believe when she reached her hand back out, letting several more drops fall into her open hand.

This time, though it was obviously trembling, she did not pull away as drop after drop landed onto her open fingers and palm. Rather, she lifted it, millimeter by millimeter, before an agonizing amount of time it finally came into contact with with the source, Bee's swollen clit.

"It's so... warm... it's... hot, burning hot..." Clarice seemed to be talking to herself.

All three guys glanced to one another with a look of total disbelief, but none said a thing, nor for that matter, made any sound or movement whatsoever that might distract or stop Clarice from whatever

it was that she was doing. Their fists began to grind.

Clarice began a slow, circular motion with her hand as she massaged her cum lubricated fingers against Bee's hardened clit. More and more of King's cum ran down onto her fingers and began to pool inside her palm. Whatever she was doing, she was rewarded by the soft moaning of Bee as she began to gently grind herself back against Clarice's touch.

As if completely consumed by it, alone in her own little world, Clarice proceeded to run her fingers forward, onto the underside of Bee's knotted belly.

"I... I can feel it..." Clarice whispered so lightly, the faintest breeze could have whisked it away. But there was no breeze and all three males knelt around her heard it. "I can feel him inside her... his knot..." she went on mumbling to herself. "It's... he's huge..." King's cum was now dripping onto her wrist and forearm, running off either side to join the forming puddle in the grass.

Unable to resist, Clarice brought her hand back up, leaving a glistening trail of cum spread across Bee's belly from her fingers as she now unabashedly traced her fingers up Bee's filled pussy, fully fingering and investigating their joined sexes.

Without an apparent second thought, the tips of her fingers traced along the outlines of Bee's wet and swollen lips until they reached what was left of King's cock. "Gawd, its so hot!" She paused only briefly here, before she wrapped her fingers around his cock and up onto his sheath.

"I can feel him... pulsing. It's so big... how can she..?" Clarice did not get to finish. King suddenly lifted himself off her, turning to dismount. Clarice half-shrieked as she fell back, out of King's way. When she was able to gain her bearings, she found the two still joined, on all fours, ass to ass.

"What... what's happening now?!" Clarice asked frantically, hearing Bee whimper.

"He's... he's turned, but he's still locked inside her. Don't worry, this is natural," Timothy reassured her. Jacque consoled her with two gentle hands on her shoulders.

"Na-natural?!" Clarice breathed, as if the suggestion were ludicrous. "How - how long does this usually last? How long... how long until he can pull it out of her?" Clarice turned red, becoming more aware of herself once again.

"Don't know," Timothy answered honestly, shrugging. "Fifteen minutes. Thirty. Sometimes a tie can last for an hour."

"An hour?!" Clarice gasped. Timothy could only again.

"It could, King has a large..." Timothy blushed, thinking better of what he was about to say, but then just spit it out all the same. "King has a very large knot. I don't really know how Bee's... vagina, compares to another dog's. It could take awhile." Clarice shivered, picturing that massive thing inside of Bee - and then not just inside of Bee, but herse... Clarice furiously shook the image from her mind.

Indeed, it did take the better part of an hour for King to shrink down enough to pull himself free. He'd dragged her half way across the yard by then, all four assistants right in tow. The loud, sucking echo of Bee's pussy ruefully releasing him, of King's knot slipping out of her, was undoubtedly loud enough to hear from the cafeteria. They all four jumped at it.

Following out behind of King's swollen cock was no less than a true waterfall of thin dog cum

pouring out onto the grass. Clarice was left dumbfounded. Her eyes were locked onto no less than twelve inches of raw, raging dog cock, what had to be more than an inch thick, if not two, and the knot... though shrinking, it reminded her of a grapefruit.

“Would you look at that!” Henry guffawed, drawing Clarice’s attention back to Bee as King moved away to lick at his cock. It was surreal. Bee, on all fours, head hung low with exhaustion, tail slightly wagging, her pussy was left gaping wide open, a never ending flow of dog cum trailing out her pussy to join that of the widening puddle between her legs.

They waited. And they waited. And they waited, but it would not end. It seemed like literally gallons of his cum were pouring out of her stretched hole.

“It’s... it’s unbelievable...” Clarice whispered as she was pulled back into her trance. For no less than the third time, Clarice reached her hand below Bee’s leaking cunt, but this time cupped it as she let the searing cum splatter and pool fully into her grasp.

Nervous, simmering eyes glanced around between the three guys as they watched Bee drain into Clarice’s outreached hand, confounded as to what she was doing.

“King... King can’t actually get her..?” Clarice did not finish her question as she stared at the cum in her hand, but they all understood.

“Of course not, a dog can’t get a...” Timothy started, but then trailed off. How complete had this transformation been? In unison, all their eyes lifted to Doctor Kuenig, who was still pacing in the background, still just as oblivious.

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## **Chapter Seven: The Conundrum**

“Ladies and gentlemen, we are faced with quite the conundrum,” Bernard spoke gravely.

‘To say the least!’ all their faces read, without actually saying it.

They all looked scared, terrified even, and not just from what they had witnessed last night. They were in the “War Room.” None had ever been in the War Room before. Inside these very walls were where the three doctors had converged to hatch and debate all their insane ideas, and now missing his two cohorts, Doctor Kuenig had dragged in his four assistants. What bright ideas could they offer? They were just the assistants. They all looked like they had just been put through the wringer, but none more so than Clarice.

For starters, she was nervous about the gross amount of cum she could feel drenching into her panties, afraid that it might soak right through to her scrubs and she’d be found out. She’d practically dragged Jacque back to her room last night, and forced him to fuck her. They’d done it seven times then, and twice this morning.

And then there was Jacque himself. He’d yet to even glance at her since the meeting began, allowing Timothy to sit between them. They’d always been good friends. Both nurses, they’d worked closely together on many projects, but before that first night following the transformation of Doctor DeFlour into Bee, they’d never so much as hinted at anything close to romance, and they certainly never considered anything like they did last night. But now... would this ruin everything?

Her list of troubles were only just beginning, however. To compound matters, they’d all seen her

finger Doctor DeFlour's ass on that first day like a wanton whore, no matter if Doctor Kuenig had instructed her to do it or not. She'd lost herself in it, and they all knew it.

To top everything off, there was last night... not just with Jacque, but with King and Bee. The way she had been consumed by their mating, by his dog cock knotted within her human pussy, by his cum draining out of her... by the way Jacque and they all had seen her behave by it! She felt so ashamed of herself. But what could she do? Quit? Go running home? She couldn't. She'd become too committed, too caught up in Doctor Kuenig's and DeFlour's experiment to turn back now.

But she also couldn't get the images out of her head. Every where she turned, all she could see was cock. And not just any cock. Red. Raw, vibrant, animal red. Purple veins criss-crossing menacingly. A pointed tip, threatening to impale her. A massive knot... images of a massive knot tied within side Bee... tied within herse... Clarice shook her head violently, forcing out such thoughts.

"So the question is, where do we go from here?" Doctor Kuenig's stern voice brought her back.

"What - what exactly do you mean, Doctor?" Jacque asked, leaning in against the conference table.

"I admit, I failed to anticipate..." Bernard did not conclude his statement. "But we cannot afford such lapses going forward. If we are to successfully integrate Bee into the-

"You cannot be serious?!" Clarice just blurted out, interrupting the doctor. "You cannot possibly intend to put her back with them... [I}with him[/I]..." her fury deflated rapidly, until she finished in nothing more than a whisper.

"Of course I do!" Bernard screwed his face in such a way, as if confounded by Clarice's statement. "While I failed to anticipate the actual result, the initial meeting went better than I could have ever expected!"

Clarice half-scoffed, half-gasped. Was this old man insane?! Better than expected?!

"Our goal was to have Bee accepted by King, the Alpha of the Pack, thereby accepted into the Pack itself. By any measure of success, we far succeeded it. I doubt any could argue that King has not only accepted her, but as totally and fully as a canine, and not as a human!"

'Isn't that the truth!' Henry burned to comment, but held his tongue.

"Doctor Kuenig..." Timothy now spoke up reluctantly. "Bee... Dr DeFlour..." he squirmed feebly within his seat. "She can't - she can't actually... be impregnated... I mean, since the transformation that is... can she?" Timothy finally finished his ramblings redder than a tomato.

"Don't be ridiculous!" Bernard scoffed at first, just as Timothy had the night before when Clarice had asked him that very question, but Bernard then seemed to have second thoughts as he fell back into his seat. Everyone's hearts dropped into their stomachs.

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'This is all his fault!' Clarice seethed, glancing towards the perpetrator, Timothy, from the corner of her eye. 'Had to open his big, fat mouth!'

"I - I will do it... if you want me to?" Timothy said apologetically, accurately reading Clarice's thoughts.

"NO!" Clarice practically shouted, all too defensively. She shrunk inwardly at this, clasping the glass jar tightly to her chest. She had to force herself to look back at the task at hand. She and Timothy were standing at the gate of King's Kennel.

Back in the War Room, Bernard's absolute assurance, that there was just no way for Bee to become impregnated by a dog, had faded by the second. In the end, he had maintained to believe that such a thing were simply not possible, they had altered her mentally, and besides a few cosmetics and some of her senses, not physically. But Doctor Kuenig was a scientist, and before they moved any further, there was only one way to be sure - a simple test.

Bernard, Jacque and Henry were now busy collecting a sample of one of Bee's eggs, while she and Timothy were assigned to collect a specimen of King's semen. Why she had raced Timothy for the jar? She did not know, and she did not want to think dwell upon it, less she was forced to admit the truth to herself. Taking a deep breath, Clarice lifted the handle of the gate to show them in.

King stood to greet them, just as Bee and the other two further down approached their own fences to see what was going on.

"H-hey there, b-boy," Clarice's voice was shaky as she pet him with a trembling hand, rubbing his soft head between his ears. King licked at her wrist.

Timothy came along and knelt down beside her, taking hold of King's collar as he began to stroke the dog's neck. "It's - it's not his first time..." Timothy seemed just as nervous as her. "What I mean is... we've had to collect samples before," he explained bashfully, nodding to Clarice.

"Right," Clarice swallowed, moving further along King's side. 'You're a professional, you can do this. You're a professional, you can do this,' she repeated over and over again to herself as she tried to steal the courage, but Timothy... He was just watching her with those knowing eyes!

With her cheeks blushing as red as Timothy's, totally unsure of what in the hell she was supposed to do exactly, Clarice squatted down at King's side, jar in hand. For lack of any brighter ideas, she started by running her fingers through his soft fur along his haunches. The minutes dragged on.

"Um... Timothy," she finally croaked. "What should I... what do I do?" she asked impishly, unable to face his eyes.

"Well..." Timothy's voice was just as strained. "The - the lid," was all he managed.

"Right," Clarice rolled her eyes at herself, unscrewing and laying the lid of the jar aside.

"Now..." his tone grew almost husky. "I'm going to offer him the scent... that'll get him going," Timothy pulled out the zip-lock bag from his pocket. Much like the scent they put on Bee, this one though was specifically that of a bitch in heat. Clarice nodded as she waited.

Timothy no more than broke the seal than King lit up. The effects were immediate. His body tensed as his nose ducked to the bag. Holding it before his snout, King began to whimper as he paced in place. Clarice was a little shocked by his reaction to a simple scent.

"Alright," Timothy said. "He's out, you'll have to goad him the rest of the way."

"Huh?" Clarice asked, but following Timothy's gaze, her own eyes latched onto the growing red member extending out of King's sheath. "Oh!" she gasped, raising a hand to her dropped mouth.

"Er... Clarice?" Timothy had to bring her back, as she had been left staring.

"Y-yes?" she glanced back to him, as if she'd forgotten what they were here to do.

"He's... he's ready," he nodded back to King.

"I, uh... okay..." she felt her whole body shudder with anticipation. She hadn't been offered any explicit instructions, and now her brain was failing her on what to do. Foolishly, she started by just holding out the jar beneath his tip, as if expecting him to begin filling it by the scent alone.

"Clarice..." Timothy finally spoke up as she did nothing more. "I'm sorry, but... you're going to have to use your - your hand..." he finished, swallowing heavily. "If you don't want to... I can..."

"No!" Clarice repeated, just as defensively as she had earlier. "I can do it," she stated determinedly.

Her words were far more confident than her actions. For scientific purposes or not, it did not change the fact that she was staring at three inches of pure dog cock extending out its sheath, assigned to collect a sample of his cum within a jar, and to top it all off, she could feel her pussy growing wet with the anticipation. Maybe she should let Timothy do it? 'No!' she answered herself. She could do it.

She was surprised by how hard it was to command her trembling hand, but she summoned all the strength she had left, determined not to show Timothy how nervous she actually was.

All her world seemed to zero in on that dangerously pointed spear, everything else fading away. Hours, days seemed to pass her by as her hand crept through space in effort to reach him, as if there was an invisible force field around it she had to break her way through.

And then it was there. The slick, wet, spongy texture of King's cock on her fingers. Her brain was screaming at her, the heat pulsing through her fingers, shaking her to her core, but she forcefully denied the instinct to pull away.

Instead, the tips of her fingers glid their way about him, until they met on his far side. She had a dog's cock gripped in her hand!

Feeling his strained cock encompassed by something warm and tight, and drunk on the scent of a bitch in heat, Clarice did not have to do anything as King began to thrust into her hand.

"Gawd!" she gasped involuntarily as King's rapidly growing tool pistoned in and out her fist. Clarice forgot all else. What she was doing. Timothy. King himself. There was only his cock.

Her fist grew tighter as no less than eight inches of meat slid in and out between her fingers. Distracted only by the small bursts of clear fluid shooting from his tip, Clarice started to shift her hand up and down him, slowly beginning to match his thrusts as she jerked him.

"Clarice..." an echo, far away in the depths of her mind, called to her.

"Huh? Wha'?" she responded in a mumble, before suddenly pulling herself out of her trance to look at the voice's source. Timothy, a dubious look stricken across his face, nodded towards the floor. Clarice looked. King's seed was being spilled uselessly all across it.

"Oh," Clarice jumped to action, lifting the opening of the glass jar to the tip of King's spurting cock as she continued to jack him off into it.

There was no sudden, gushing flood like that of a man's when he came. Instead, King's cum came little by little, in small, but frequent bursts. Clarice really started getting into it, kneeling down lower, almost beneath him, as her hand pumped faster and faster across his cock, her face drawing dangerously closer and closer.

Her eyes were locked onto the tip of it. Before she knew it, her fist was gliding up and down twelve inches of searing dog meat, and she could feel every throb of it as it sent jet after jet of his clear, watery cum into the jar. Little by little, it began to fill. First covering the base, it reached the walls, and then began to rise.

And then... her hand began to bump into something each time she drew it back. It was no longer his fury sheath. Clarice glanced up and gasped, witnessing his knot begin to form.

Though this scared her, sending a shiver up her spine, it did not slow her efforts. No, in fact, as if presenting a challenge, Clarice worked only harder, goading on his growing knot. Rapidly, it ballooned into the size of a baseball, but it did not stop there.

Clarice pumped harder, faster, gripping him tighter as she twisted her hand about his cock as she jerked him, soliciting desperate whines and pleas from King as he, unnaturally on all fours and not mounted across the back of a bitch, humped at her hand awkwardly. By the time she had the jar filled a quarter of the way, his knot was the size of a softball.

This amount was more than ample for their purposes, but Clarice did not know any better, and the hard-on in Timothy's pants wouldn't allow him to say anything. Though Clarice did not realize it herself, she had started licking at her lips as she overtly studied King's cock, and knot, and cum. Timothy, however, didn't miss it.

"The knot!" Timothy suddenly croaked, a little too loudly. But Clarice, lost in her new found passion, thankfully missed his tone.

"Huh?" she asked, not taking her eyes from King's spurting cock.

"G-grab him... behind the knot..." he just went for it. "Squeeze your hand around the knot, th-that'll get what we need..." he scrambled.

"Oh?" Clarice intoned, her hand slowing its rhythm. Timothy became afraid he'd gone too far, but Clarice did not challenge him. Instead, entranced, she guided her hand upwards, allowing her fingers to widen about King's huge knot as she gripped it and began to massage and knead it.

Whether Timothy's purposes had been more devious or not, they were still true. Feeling his knot encompassed, signaling to his instincts that he had knotted his bitch, King truly began to cum.

"Wow!" Clarice breathed as she felt his cock trembling with burst after burst of thicker, more abundant cum. She got more and more into it, working her hand harder and faster, goading out more and more of his seed. The jar rapidly began to fill. Clarice had been so lost in it all, that she did not stop until it was overflowing, dripping down onto her hand holding the jar.

"O-okay..." Timothy finally said reluctantly, stating the obvious. He did not wish for this little show to end, but his own cock was now throbbing painfully, and there was nothing left of the jar to fill. "That should be enough..."

Clarice did not stop immediately though, slowly winding herself down, her bosom beneath her blouse rising and falling sharply with her panting breath. As her fingers left King as reluctantly as



Timothy had spoke, they were both about to be in for another surprise.

King was not yet sated. The hand job had only been a teaser. Consumed by the scent of the bitch in heat, and with his cock left rock hard and unattended to, he turned on the only female available to him.

It happened faster than either of the two humans could react. Before Clarice knew what hit her, she was forced over with a heavy weight coming down atop her back. The jar spilt. She felt her face collapse down into the warm puddle. Her waist was clasped within a vice like grip. And then she was being jostled back and forth.

“Clarice!” Timothy shouted. “King! NO! BAD DOG!” he lunged at him, but a vicious growl and snapping teeth sent Timothy falling backwards onto his ass.

“Ow!” Clarice shrieked as something hard and pointed jabbed itself against her clothed rear. Reflexively, she reached back to protect herself. It slammed against her hand, over and over again as she was rocked back and forth beneath the weight. A warm liquid began to coat her fingers shielding her pussy.

“He’s...” was all that she managed to say as she suddenly reached out and took hold of him. Timothy could do nothing but sit and watch.

As King felt his cock consumed by flesh once again, not knowing any better, he went into overdrive as he began to fuck Clarice’s hand.

And Clarice, consumed herself by images of Bee bent beneath King, getting her brains fucked out, she guided King’s cock down below her “vee,” holding him close to her clothed pussy as she let him fuck her hand.

It was violent. Animalistic. Raw. Unadulterated. Even though she was fully clothed and he was just humping her hand, the taboo and the friction against her swollen pussy was enough to send her over the edge, and she cried out with wild abandon, forgetting all, forgetting King, forgetting Timothy, forgetting she was being mounted and humped by a dog as she came forcefully.

King thrust himself tight against her, pushing his cock deep into her hand and Clarice latched on once again to his knot, letting his cum spray out all across her wrist and arm.

How much time had passed, it was impossible to say, but the scraping of glass on stone brought her back to consciousness. Timothy was right before her eyes.

Her brain was too scattered to put any sane thoughts into order, but her eyes watched him as he lifted the now empty jar from the ground. Empty? Hadn’t she just filled it?

Then she felt the warmth about her cheek, and her hair wet and matted to her face and ground. Now consumed with shame, she could do nothing but hold still as she felt Timothy by their sides, ducking the jar back below her. He started refilling it by King’s still cumming cock.

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## **Chapter Eight: Truth Be Told**

Clarice sunk within her chair, as if she were trying to disappear right into it. Her eyes were fixed on the table before her, not daring to look up less she meet one of theirs. She could feel both their

gazes boring into her, Timothy's knowingly, Jacque's guessing.

Her morning had gone from bad to worse. Jacque had come to collect them straight from the kennels, as they had already taken far too long. Thankfully, Clarice and Timothy had just made it out of King's pen, but she - she hated to think of what a mess she must have looked right then.

"There... there was a little accident," Timothy had attempted to respond to Jacque's shocked expression. Clarice's hair had been matted down all along her scalp and neck, soaked right through by the spilt dog cum she had been thrust into. A large wet spot, left by that of her own juices and King's attempts, enveloped her groin.

Being dragged back, she'd yet to have been given the chance to properly clean up, having to settle for pulling her hair back into a pony tail. That didn't mean the warm cum wasn't still there, however, giving her the wet look as if she'd just stepped out of a hot shower, and what more, having forgotten to rinse out the conditioner. A shower... oh how she longed to escape this room and run for the showers.

There was nothing to be done about the dampness between her legs, short of waiting to let it dry. She was careful to keep her legs crossed, but that didn't mean she couldn't still feel it, and to top it all off, she could smell it radiating off her, overwhelming her nostrils - the bitter, sweet aroma of sex and fresh dog cum wafting through the air. She couldn't have felt more humiliated.

None spoke as they awaited the return of Doctor Kuenig and Henry, all far too embarrassed. The other two were busy completing the tests on the subjects' specimens. The tension within the War Room only mounted with each passing minute. Clarice's mind was spinning so quickly that she thought she might be sick. What Timothy had just witnessed... and she did not want to think of what Jacque was assuming at the moment. They all startled when the door to the War Room finally opened.

Doctor Kuenig marched right to the head of the room. Henry slunk into a seat.

"Doctor?" Timothy half rose from his.

"It's fine, Timothy. Sit back down," Bernard waved him off. "The test came back negative." All sighed a deep sigh of relief.

As it was, the grand ordeal Clarice had put herself through was all for naught. It wasn't that any had actually expected the result to come back positive, but it was better to know for sure. Bee could not be impregnated by another dog. But that had only been a secondary distraction.

"We're not out of the dog house yet, people!" Bernard so rightfully quipped. "The question remains, where do we go from here?" the good doctor eyed them each precariously. All their looks of angst had only deepened from the initial meeting this morning, and Bernard recognized as much, plagued by his own reservations.

"Let us be clear," Bernard backpedaled for a moment. "I will not pretend that the decisions we've had to make were not difficult - and that they will only become more difficult as we proceed. This newest development in the study... well, I can understand if some of you are troubled by... let us say, moral dilemmas," he laid it all on the table, waiting for each to show a sign of recognition as to what he was hinting at. "But we are professionals here, and this is a scientific study. We will continue as such!" he spoke harshly, as if throwing out a threat.

"While I am a dedicated scientist, perhaps coming off cold and uncaring to the civilian eye - for I

know the way you all felt about Doctor DeFlour's... attitude," he set aside his clinical talk for a moment, speaking as if to have a heart to heart with his four assistants. "I am not so delusional, that I do not understand it myself. Though this development is... unfortunate," he chose his words carefully. "Short of any life threatening danger to Arnice - to Bee - the mission, our mission, will always come first. Before we go any further, I want each of you to recognize this, and to accept it."

The four assistants all glanced to one another wearily, though none protested.

"As such - I think you've all earned the right to know what it is exactly that we are facing, what is at stake, and then decide for yourselves whether you wish to further participate or not. While the information I am going to share with you must stay strictly between us, I've decided to let you all in on a little secret."

All listened attentively as Bernard explained to them their true end game, and not just that of some bizarre study to turn a human into, and then accepted by, a pack of dogs. He revealed to them their true motivation, of being on the precipice to rewrite human history, to be able to treat and rehabilitate the most demented and mentally retarded of society. Of why Doctor DeFlour herself, in all her brilliance, had allowed herself to be transformed and degraded into that of a dog. It was all extremely heavy for the four simple assistants, to say the least.

"As unexpected as the events of last night were, I think it would be most prudent to assume that over these next six months, we will likewise be faced with many more surprises and hardships to come - Arnice knew the implications - but I will repeat myself once more. Short of any life threatening danger, we will move forward. I need each of you to be prepared for that, to speak now, or hold your peace.

"You have all signed a contract, and this is the only time I will allow you to break it. As a scientist, at times you must be able to leave your conscience at the door - to see the bigger picture, for that of the greater good. If you do not think you are able, there is that door. You will be reassigned, no questions asked," he finished, looking over each with a studious glare.

No one spoke as they all, one by one, nodded their agreement. They were all in.

"Very well then," Bernard offered an affirmative nod of his own, "let us move on." More nods.

"While I have been thoroughly pleased by our success thus far, it will only grow more difficult from here. The events of last night have presented us with new variables we must flush out before Bee's inevitable integration with the Pack."

Wide, staring eyes.

"To overcome these new challenges, I will need all of your help, and not just in the roles you have been assigned. We are a small, secluded team here, and as a team, I will need everyone's participation, everyone's input."

Nods.

"To begin, you must all possess a greater understanding of these challenges we face. I would like to draw your attention to the board behind me," Bernard stood aside. "Would any care to hazard a guess as to what this chart signifies?" he looked about them expectantly.

There were three such boards on the different walls, save for the one holding the door to the conference room. They all consisted of all sorts of diagrams and notes, but the far one was more bold

and distinct and organized, devoid of all of the clutter of the other two. There was no immediate response from the assistants.

"Anyone?" Bernard repeated.

It was a diagram, that was obvious enough. A large "t" divided it into four equal sections, each containing a series of names with a set of numbers in parentheses beside each name. Clarice was distracted by the first name, printed in large, upper case letters in the top left box. "KING (8,21)"

"It's - it's the Pack, sir. The names of the dogs of the Pack?" Timothy spoke up, though unsure of himself.

"Precisely!" Bernard retorted. "And the numbers?" None had an answer to this.

"The canines of our pack have taken on a most interesting social structure. In most of the Animal Kingdom - canines included, to promote the passing on of the strongest and most able of genes, it is the dominant male, and only the dominant male who is allowed to breed. The younger and weaker are most often cast out or killed, until the Alpha himself becomes too old or too weak and is defeated by another. Plain and simple, the cycle carries on. Not so in our Pack..." Bernard baited them.

"As one of the oldest, largest, and strongest, King is Alpha of the Pack, their leader. However, that was not always the case," Bernard paused here for a moment. "There was another before him... Titus," Bernard spoke the name with reverence.

All appeared baffled as to what this had to do with anything, though they all took note of the name, "TITUS," printed in the bottom left portion of the chart, with the numbers (0,0) beside his name.

"Before I go any further, can any of you tell me how this chart is divided, from left to right?"

"Sex, doc," Henry just blurted out. His three other co-workers glanced to him quizzically. "The... the males are all on the left, females on the right..." he finished timidly.

"That is correct, Henry. Thank you," Bernard said. The rest looked dumbfounded, but on closer inspection, Henry was indeed right.

"And then, Henry, can you tell me how many are on each side?" Bernard implored. Henry took a moment to tick off the names.

"E-elven males, twenty-one females?"

"Right again, Henry, thank you!" Bernard assured him. "While the exact numbers have varied from time to time, some... withdrawn from the Pack, others added, overall, we've tried to keep this size relatively consistent."

"At the initial formation of the Pack, four years ago, things were quite different than they are now. From the very beginning, we were surprised and intrigued with our findings."

"These modified, highly intelligent dogs, with no natural predator and assured of their food and water, seemed to have cast off their more animalistic, natural tendencies, and developed a social structure more closely identified as human."

The four shifted more comfortably into their seats, seemingly enraptured by this odd and interesting tale.

"You must all keep in mind that most of these canines have been raised in isolation, domesticated might be the most appropriate adjective. Titus, the first we ever performed on, and as the oldest and even larger than King, he took on the role of Alpha by default. He ruled with a... gentler approach," Bernard searched for the most accurate words. "Titus was unique in that he did not display those more dominant characteristics we would expect to find in an Alpha, like those in which we find in King."

"In this time, the Pack lived very differently than they do now. For starters, Titus himself took only one mate, Sara. The rest of the males were left to choose mates of their own. It was at this juncture, that the fractures began to form. It wasn't long before Titus was having to put down squabbles between his fellow males on a near daily basis, all over the competition for females.

"Over time, some even began to split apart from the main Pack to guard their claimed females from the others, and to start families of their own. Soon, entirely new and separate packs began to form."

"As it was, a drama began to unfold that could have paralleled the conflicts of our earliest of ancestors. While all showed Titus that ultimate deference, allowing him to wander anywhere within the fenced in borders as he pleased, the other males quickly began claiming territory of their own, warding off any other intruders, doing battle for more prime real estate, all with one goal in mind. To attract the most available females.

There was no answer, though they all could begin to see the picture Doctor Kuenig was painting.

"In what started off as a more trivial struggle, it soon escalated into outright WAR!" Bernard emphasized this with a resounding whelp. "To watch it unfold... their intelligence and schemes! The males began leading their own packs on raids on the other, smaller ones, stealing their territory, and if they could, the other male's females."

"Many took some very egregious wounds in this competition for mates. Most of those who have been segregated out into the isolated research kennels were the worst losers of those battles. We even lost several canines in the struggle. Anarchy was unfolding, the entire project at risk. But it was King who brought them back together as one, King who brought peace amongst the Pack. By strength, yes. By dominance and sheer ferocity, yes. But perhaps most interestingly of all, by his clever cunning!"

There were confused glances shared about, each assistant looking to see if any of the others had any comprehension as to what this old kook was talking about, most eyes eventually falling to Timothy, but he was just as much in the dark, having come after Titus's time.

"Let us now examine the diagram from top to bottom," Bernard went on. "Jacque? What do you think?"

Put under the spotlight, Jacque leaned in to study the chart more closely. He did not relish the idea of being shown up by Henry. As it was, there were three additional names below King's, and another seven male names below them in the bottom left portion. On the opposite side, there were fourteen female names in the top right partition, and again, only seven below. Short of the simple math, Jacque was brought up short.

"I... I don't know?" he hated to admit.

"It gets a bit more tricky from here," Bernard relieved him. "King managed to unify the Pack once more, not by brute force alone, but by cunning, as I've already alluded to. While the acres were divided up amongst the competing packs, Titus maintained a sense of neutrality about the Feeding

Station. All were allowed to enter, but all were forced to leave their grievances behind as they ventured into Titus's domain. In his will to dominate all, to choose any and all mates he so desired, it was here that King struck."

"The next below King's name..." Bernard lingered, allowing the four assistants' eyes to glance over it.

DUKE (3, 10)

"King managed to form an alliance with the next strongest male of the divided packs. Fighting together, they were able to defeat Titus, and together, by King's will, they brought forth a new order to the Territory."

Bernard sounded crazy. His little story told like some TV mini-series.

"But the conflict was only just beginning. With King and Duke allied, there were still another - twelve at that time - males and packs to deal with. With the battle lines drawn, and learning from King's ploy, different alliances amongst the packs began to form. The other two names you see below King's and Duke's..."

SAMPSON (2,9)

HERC (1,8)

"They too allied themselves with King. With these four packs united, taking control of the Feeding Station, by starvation and with the mighty King as their leader, they brought the rest of the packs to their knees. As if by a sign of rank, he allowed those most loyal to him to keep some of the females they had already claimed as their own. The price to the rest to enter his domain? The relinquishing of their claim to their own mates."

Even though they were just dogs, a sad feeling settled in the pits of each of the assistants' stomachs at the thought of these poor dogs being forced to succumb so.

"King has since claimed the females with the most desirable of traits, the strongest, smartest, most beautiful that he's taken interest in as his own, while leaving some for his underlings to squabble over, to take pleasure in, if you will. A form of payment for serving him."

It was all so... bizarre.

"So, that being said," Bernard went on. "The top left corner is reserved for King and his highest lieutenants. The numbers in the left column of the parenthesis signify the number of females they granted by King to claim as their own, Duke, his first and strongest ally, three, Sampson, two, and Herc, one. The numbers on the right, represent in total the number of bitches they are allowed to mate with."

"The names to the right of these four, are the names of these females they have laid claim to. They are the nobility of the Pack, if you will. None are allowed to mate with them other than their own respective partners, or at times, should he fancy, with King himself."

"The bottom seven males are those who were defeated, or have since been introduced to the Pack. They are not permitted to claim any solely as their own, but as a reward for their continued obedience to King, they are still allowed to mate for pleasure with the other seven females King has left unclaimed. Their names are notated on the bottom right of the diagram. These seven pay duty to

any of the eleven males who show an interest in them, at any time that they are required.”

Silence. What was this?!

“And Titus..?” Clarice spoke for the first time since she’d entered the room. “What about Titus?” While the lowly seven males had zeros in their first column, being denied any brides, they each in turn still had seven they were allowed to mate with for fun. “Titus is the only one with two zeros beside his name?”

“Very observant, Clarice,” Bernard complimented her, though with a frown. “Titus has not been permitted to rejoin the Pack. He lives in solitude, as an outcast from the rest.”

Clarice’s next question was already on her lips, but just then she bit her tongue as her eyes fell onto the answer she’d meant to ask. Titus’s Sara was at the top of the list that constituted the Pack’s concubines, that made up the bottom right of the diagram.

“So that brings us back to the matter at hand. Bee...”

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## **Chapter Nine: The Variables**

A short debate ensued on how to proceed, but the argument was, more or less, solely between Doctor Kuenig and himself. None of the assistants, especially Clarice, had any wherewithal left to add their own two cents.

Bernard presented the four assistants with three primary questions that needed answering before Bee’s integration. Following his little historical account of the Pack, the weight of it all was smothering.

First, there was the question of whether King’s mating with her was simply a fluke - King going through the ritual he performed with all new female dogs presented to him? Would he even attempt to mate with her again? From what they had all witnessed, they all felt they knew the answer to this, but none voiced their opinion.

Then, there was moving beyond King. King was smart, one of the smartest, and as Alpha, he was used to taking what he wanted. How would the other dogs react to her? Even introducing her to them with King, would they still take her in as truly just another dog?

And then the final question they had to consider, was what if they did? Would King claim her solely as one of his mates, or god forbid, would they be adding Bee’s name as the eighth in that lowly column on the bottom right partition of the diagram, beneath Sara’s and the rest?

Bernard made up his mind to move forward cautiously, step by step. The decision was made to place King and Bee in the Yard together once again, though this time they would be left and observed for a greater duration. Half the day now gone, they were to begin at once.

With unspoken reservations, Clarice gathered Bee and led her to the Yard once again, soon to be followed by Timothy and King.

Whatever any of them might have suspected, they were not left disappointed. They all stood on the outside of the fence, with white fists gripping the top railing, as they watched King trot over to his newest bitch, sniffing about her before working his way to her rear, and then proceed to lap at her

cunt.

It all played out just the same as it had last night. They all watched with heaving chests as Bee's head rolled back and forth with the lashing of his tongue. None, including Clarice, attempted to interfere this time as King mounted her, nor could speak a word as they watched the carnal mating transpire.

It was all too heavy. Every bit the scientist, Doctor Kuenig alone appeared to be the only one unaffected by it. King was brutal with her, giving her a vicious pounding, but at the same time, they both seemed to be quite enjoying themselves.

Bee obviously came no less than on three separate occasions during King's first fucking of her, if not more, and they all gasped when after about an hour of this - after King had turned and dismounted and had dragged Bee half way across the yard with his cock still knotted inside her, when he finally pulled free and all his cum started to spill from her, when they finally got a good look at the massive tool he had just demolished her with - and none louder than Clarice herself.

She had gotten an up close and personal look at King's cock this morning, but it seemed impossible to fathom how Bee could possibly take that thing up her so hard?!

That was not the only shock they were in for, however. As King stepped away, then attempting to turn and lick his massive cock clean, the exhausted Bee crawled over to him, and every bit the submissive bitch, she ducked her head beneath his belly, and began to lick it clean for him. Watching her delicate told mold itself against the dog's threatening cock, Clarice's knees buckled, her crotch becoming soaked all over again, and she had to hold her trembling body up by her hands about the railing.

Sated for the moment, King abandoned her to go about more trivial, doggish things. As his fiendish cock retreated back into its sheath, King wandered around, sniffing curiously here and there, pissing over everything he came across to mark his territory. Bee herself, depleted of any energy, collapsed right where she stood, soaking up the Sun's warm rays.

The reprieve was short lived, however, as King soon returned to his bitch and nudged her with his snout along her rear. When Bee did not immediately respond, all jumped when King growled and nipped at her bare hips. Bee likewise jumped up, and assumed the position for her second mating of the day.

"Hhmm," Bernard brought his fingers to his lips, deep in thought. "This could pose..." Bernard did not finish his thought. "I need to return to the lab to look over a few things. There is much to consider," he promptly excused himself to analyze their latest findings and formulate a new course of action, but he dictated to them to work in shifts to keep an eye on them to see how they got along throughout the day.

They got along all right.

Though Jacques did as he was told and assigned shifts, none of the four assistants left their seats from the side of the yard. By late afternoon, King had taken an exhausted Bee four more times, by which all four sexes of the assistants' were aching with pain. And after each time King took her, Bee would obediently lick his cock clean for him, until King trotted around to her face as if expecting it.

Unable to turn away, all four skipped their dinner to bear witness to King mounting and fucking and knotting and filling Bee with his cum seven more times before nightfall. He just wouldn't stop.



"How's it going?" Bernard later came back out to rejoin them.

"I... I'd say they're getting along fine..." Henry was the only one with enough gall to respond.

"Good," Bernard said. "Has King tried to mate with her again?" he asked.

"Once - once or twice..." Henry answered as he watched King mount her for what had to be fifteenth time that day. Bee was obviously spent, barely able to summon the strength to lift herself up. She left her head planted in the grass, while offering her master her sex, lifting only her rear into the air.

"I see," Bernard intoned. "Well, that's King for you!" he took it all way too lightly for how the rest felt. "I guess it would be best to let her get some rest for the night. Another long day tomorrow!"

Everyone gulped heavily, not taking their eyes from Bee as she whelped loudly at King's knot slipping back inside her.

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The grounds were dark, lit by mere pockets of artificial light by the time they got King and Bee back into their kennels. Jacque was up for first watch, as usual, and the rest departed quickly, no doubt eager to get back to their rooms to unload their built up tension into some tissue from the day's events. Clarice had not made it half way to her room, however, before she hesitantly turned around, and with one plagued step after another, headed back for the kennels.

"Hey you..." Clarice announced herself timidly, as she came back in.

"Oh! Uh... Hey!" Jacque jumped up, scrambling to pull over another chair. Clarice took it, smiling shyly towards him as she sat. But then her attention was drawn back to the kennels.

"Have they..?"

"Since they both got settled..." Jacque said with a heavy heart. Both King and Bee were laid up against the chain-link fence separating them, their bodies touching in between. Clarice was about to say something more, when she noticed a large, wet puddle spreading out behind Bee's rear upon the concrete floor.

"Is that..?!" she startled, before forgetting her words.

Apparently Jacque forgot his as well as the silence held. Neither dared speak after that, the tension between them heightened to near unbearable levels. Their attention was drawn forever to the two dogs before them. The silence stretched into the night.

\*\*\*\*

"Errm," King whimpered pathetically.

"Errm," Bee answered her lover, their noses reaching towards one another in-between the chain-link fence.

"Errm," King responded as a heart wrenching battle ensued between the two.

"Would you listen to them, sounds like they're being tortured or something?!" Jacque finally had to speak up.

"I know..." Clarice said, bringing her hand tentatively to Jacque's thigh. His head jerked towards it, before looking back up to Clarice and their eyes meeting briefly. "It's awful," she bemoaned.

"Does seem kind of cruel..." Jacque agreed, running his own hand down to join hers.

"We could... you know..." Clarice blushed. "Let them be together..." she suggested, almost unwillingly. Jacque's eyes lit up with this thought, before they turned to his watch.

"We've still got another hour before Henry's shift..." he further led them.

"But..." she glanced around, as if looking for some excuse to turn back. "Okay!" she finally relented, a devious smile spreading across her lips.

Both the dogs' heads popped up, their tails starting to wag, as Jacque opened King's gate, and Clarice Bee's. Seeing that he was being let to her, King suddenly lept up, his claws scratching frantically across the concrete, spinning his wheels, as he tried moving too fast, as if he he'd been missing her for months!

Still too exhausted, Bee barely managed to pull herself back up to all fours by the time King reached her, though her tail was now wagging excitedly.

"Would you look at them?" Clarice breathed as the two greeted each other like long lost lovers, their tongues coming out to meet in a bizarre, twisted kiss. They then hugged their necks to one another, embracing each other fondly, before the inevitable happened. King moved back behind Bee to mount her yet again.

It wasn't as if the two assistants had not expected this. Nay, if they were to admit it, it was what they were both counting on. They were being driven not by their better senses, but by need and lust, and nothing could stand in the way. Though they had both witnessed the unnatural coupling countless times by now, they still kept up the pretense of acting shocked when it actually happened.

"Jacque..." Clarice moaned as she held her trembling legs up by her hooked fingers within the fence.

"Clarice..." Jacque groaned into her ear, moving up behind her. She could feel his hardness pressing up against her ass, and she ground herself back into him, soliciting a short grunt of approval from Jacque.

Bee yelped as King found his target and rammed his cock up into her. Jacque and Clarice lost themselves in their own wanton desires as they watched the rough mating unfold.

With her breath becoming labored as she watched King rut his bitch, Clarice mindlessly reached back to take hold of Jacque's hand, and brought it up to her heaving breast, kneading his hand against her.

Jacque took the hint, sliding his other hand up her shirt. He pushed her bra up and out of the way to allow his fingers to fondle the soft swell of her ample bosom, before becoming more forceful in hungrily massaging and pinching at her hardened nipples.

"Oh, Jacque!" Clarice called out as Bee began to rock and grunt beneath King's violent thrusts. Jacque obliged her as he pulled his other hand from her grasp and sunk it beneath her pants. Clarice spread her legs apart, allowing Jacque room to find her gushing slit.

Wound up tight from watching these two fuck like animals all day long, Clarice came unraveled. She

came with his first touch, but as Jacque continued fingering her, it quickly became not enough. She needed more!

Clarice grabbed at the hem of her shirt and ripped it off over her head, quickly followed by her bra. In one fell swoop, she had both her pants and panties at her ankles, kicking them away.

Jacque played along, and cast off his own shirt. He couldn't get his trousers down fast enough for Clarice, however, and she turned to help him. She fell to her knees right before him, practically ripping his pants off him as she buried his throbbing, already leaking cock into her mouth.

"Mmm!" she groaned all around him, savoring his taste. She was overcome with a madness, and wrapping one fist about the base of his cock, she began jerking him as she bobbed her head violently up and down his stiff shaft.

Her other hand wound its way down to rub furiously at her swollen clit, but nothing she could do was enough. She needed Jacque to use her, to abuse her and to take her however he wanted, just like King did Bee, just like his bitch!

Without thought, Clarice suddenly reached up and took either of Jacque's hands, weaving them into her hair about the back of her head. Then, gripping his thighs, she started sucking him as fast and as hard as she could.

Jacque started moaning with ecstasy above her, his hands involuntarily balling into fists as he clenched tightly at her locks. She was slobbering and drooling all over him. Jacque had never received a blow job like this in all his thirty-two years!

It wasn't enough for Clarice though. It was like there was a burning itch, deep in her throat, and she just had to scratch it, or she would most certainly die! She started slamming her face up and down along him, ramming his big cock right into the back of her mouth, battering it up against her tight, clenching throat.

It was all too much for Jacque. He lost control, needing - having to bury his cock whole. With Clarice's hair gripped savagely in his fists, pulling at her roots, Jacque's hips started thrusting forward of their own volition.

Clarice let herself go limp, as she felt his hands pressing her head back down against him to match his thrusts, allowing him to take full control of her. Jacque had forgotten himself though, and he was becoming more and more brutal with every plunge of his cock past her drooling lips.

Clarice started gagging and heaving as the head of his cock banged against the closed entrance of her gullet, like that of a battering ram intent upon bursting through the gates of the castle. It was pure, heavenly pleasure, as he violently thrust his hips forward, holding them there as he jammed her face down onto his shaft.

Clarice's throat put up the fight of its life, but in the end, it was no match for Jacque's surging strength. It suddenly broke, and Jacque buried his entire length, several inches of it into her throat, smothering her nose right into his hairy groin.

"Ohhhhh!" Jacque groaned with splendid delight as Clarice's impaled air-passage clenched and quivered over his rock-hard cock.

And Jacque just held her there, enjoying every second of it. How long this went on, Jacque did not know, but he was suddenly brought out of it as Clarice began to struggle back against his grasp,

beating a fist upon his thigh.

“Oh my... I’m so sorry... I..!” Jacque quickly released her, muttering every apology he could think of as Clarice bent over, coughing and gagging and gasping for air.

“No...” Clarice finally managed to utter through her attempts for breath, shutting Jacque up. Her eyes were locked to the side of them, back on Bee moaning like a wanton whore as King fucked her brains out.

“Fuck, Jacque!” she looked back up to him, with a burning desire raging in her eyes. “I need it! Do whatever you want with me!” she commanded him as she took hold his cock once again, to shove it back into her mouth.

Jacque was left stunned for a moment, but as Clarice’s warm, wet mouth started bobbing back over him, her smooth tongue tracing and swirling about his aching shaft, and as she, of her own will, forced her face down hard enough to take him once again into her throat, he slowly picked back up a rhythm.

He wove his fingers back into her hair. His hips started rocking forward. His strong arms started pulled her face down to meet him. And then he was thrusting. And then he could feel it, and oh did it feel so good! He was slipping in and out her tight throat at will!

Clarice’s moans grew louder over his cock, as if in an attempt to drown out Bee’s grunts issuing from within her kennel. With his eyes locked on the two dogs fucking, Jacque grew more and more bold, losing himself all over again, as he outright started to fuck Clarice’s face, outright raping her throat.

His balls began to slap up against her chin as one could hear a loud slurping sound each time his cock popped in and out her gullet. Uncontrolled drool began to pour from her lips and curl onto her chin and his balls, and drip down onto her tits and thighs. And just as he saw King tense up, pressing his knot into his bitch, Bee howling at the ceiling as she came, Jacque tensed up himself, burying his cock whole, deep in Clarice’s throat as he unleashed the biggest load he ever had.

Clarice swallowed and swallowed and swallowed over his cock, drinking and gulping down each insane burst of his cum as he gave it to her. It felt like hours, but eventually he grew too weak, and with his balls emptied, his hands loosened their grip on her hair.

Clarice slowly guided her head back, sucking intently along his cock the entire way, as if to draw out the last of his cum from his balls onto her tongue. Drawing her lips to the very tip of his cock, Clarice flicked her tongue against his small hole, sending a shiver through him.

Giggling at his reaction, Clarice took hold of his still hard shaft, and lifting it out of the way, she ducked her head down to gently lick, and suck and kiss each of his hanging testicles, as if thanking them.

Their little erotic romance was cut short though, by the pained yelp of Bee, and the echoing plop of King’s huge knot being ripped from her used pussy as he dismounted her. This was the first time he had not turned in her and they left ass to ass. Apparently Bee’s pussy was getting too much use...

The two humans could only stare as they watched the deluge of cum pour out of Bee’s pussy and splattered atop the concrete floor. King walked back around to her face, just as they had seen so many times today in the Yard, to have his bitch lick his cum coated cock clean. Bee indulged him.

Before Jacque knew what was happening, Clarice was gone from his side, and knelt on all fours, just behind Bee. Like a moth drawn to the flame, Jacque tripped forward to join her.

He was distracted for a moment, as with Clarice bent so, he could see her pussy's lips were swollen and wide open, begging to be fucked. Glistening, the wetness ran all the way down the inside of her thighs, right to her knees. Jacque dropped to his knees beside her.

He should have been shocked, disturbed even, by what happened next, but he was just as far gone as she, drunk on sex and want. Like she had the night before, Clarice slowly reached out her hand, catching King's dripping cum along her fingers.

She started rotating her hand about, allowing the cum to coat it thoroughly, before cupping her hand once more to allow the cum to pool. It was all just so insane. How could one male cum so much! And then Clarice...

"Jacque..." she beckoned him forward. Jacque crept closer. Without any warning, she reached out for him with her cum soiled hand, and grabbed hold of his still hard cock, spreading King's cum all over it.

He was too stunned to do anything. Before his brain could comprehend, Clarice was licking her lips, her face ducking down for him. Short of any rhyme or reason, Jacque wove his fingers back into her hair once again, as he guided her the rest of the way onto his cock.

"Mmm!" Clarice moaned as she sucked the dog cum off of him. A few good bobs, and she was reaching back for more.

This time, however, Jacque stood on his knees as he watched Clarice guide her cum coated hand back beneath herself, between her spread legs, and began to massage King's cum across her pussy, before she buried two of her fingers inside.

"Mmm..." she kept moaning, still licking her lips as she stared at Bee's gaping, drooling pussy. "It's so... hot!"

Jacque did not know where to look, much less what to think by everything going on around him. To his left was Bee - Doctor DeFlour! - with her head ducked below King, lapping his hanging dog cock clean. To his right, a naked Clarice was on all fours, fingering dog cum into her pussy, and just before him... He saw it all happening in slow-motion, and he didn't dare say a thing to stop her.

Ever so slowly, spreading across painstaking minutes, Clarice crept out her tongue from between her moistened lips... ducking her own face forward... closing her eyes... until her tongue finally met Bee's dripping, swollen clit.

Jacque could not believe his eyes. He outright guffawed when Clarice lapped at it, cupping King's cum within, before etching her way up Bee's open slit to the source.

Bee moaned and ground herself back against Clarice's tongue with delight, as Clarice lapped at her, just as the dog King had. "Mmm," Clarice moaned, relishing the taste. "It's so sweet!" she remarked

Jacque was left with his jaw dropped. This was... surreal. He was watching one beauty, eating out the cum soiled pussy of another. His fist wrapped around his hard cock, as he began to jerk off in front of god and everybody at the sight of it.

Things only got more twisted from here. As Clarice continued lapping at Bee's cum drooling cunt,

King came back into the picture. Jacque watched with wide eyes as the large beast made a wide circle, first tilting his head, as if trying to understand what was happening – same as Jacque – before coming up behind Clarice’s bent rear, her lustrous pussy gushing out its own fragrant juices, begging for attention.

She startled when the cold, wet nose poked into her exposed cunt. She glanced back, doing a double take at just who was behind her, her eyes growing as wide as saucers. She looked like she was about to scream, but when King’s tongue lapped out and struck her, Clarice crumbled forward, her head dropping into her arms upon the floor.

“Oh, gawd!” Jacque heard her whimper into the cement. “He’s... it’s incredible!” her body shook as King’s tongue worked her over in every which way, running from her clit to her asshole, pulling her pussy’s lips apart, delving right in as he fucked her with his tongue.

“FUUUCK!” she groaned, for the second time this day resting her head into a puddle of dog cum on the floor. To Jacque’s ever increasing surprise, Clarice not only did not protest, but she actually reached back with her hands, and spread her ass cheeks wide apart, giving King even greater access to her. Bee’s pussy was now dripping out right onto Clarice’s head.

Clarice did not seem to be phased in the slightest, however, lost in the ecstasy of King’s tongue, as her head became drenched with dog cum, and this time even worse than the morning, dripping out right onto her face. It beat any bukkake video he’d ever seen on the internet. Indeed, Clarice stuck out her tongue and began to lap at the puddle, just as King lapped at her cunt, plunging her over the edge as she came yet again.

Confronted with another heated pussy, King knew just what to do. Faster than either could move to counter-act him, King was atop Clarice, his paws scratching and wrapping themselves around her waist like the bitch she was.

“JACQUE!” Clarice was abruptly brought back to reality as the dog took possession of her. Her hands let go her ass as her head popped back up with alarm. Jacque flinched, but he did not try to intercede. He couldn’t if he wanted to.

One, two, three jabs against Clarice’s open sex, and King’s pointed spear found its mark and impaled her.

“AGHH!” she cried out in fright and shock from the sudden intrusion, the wind being knocked from her lungs as twelve inches of raw dog cock split her open. “JACQUE, HELP ME!” her voice was frantic, but when she glanced back, all she saw were the smiling jowls of King. Jacque had disappeared back behind them, intent on witnessing her rape by a bloody dog first hand!

A thousand different emotions swept through Clarice at once as King’s cock ripped through her. It was like an explosion, and eruption of all her senses and all her nerves at once. Her brain turned to mush. Her skin crawled as if a thousand tiny ants were squirming across all her. She went deaf. She went blind. She felt every emotion possible, but none as strong as the overwhelming want and raw pleasure of it as his pointed tip ripped her open, ramming deep up against her womb.

King knew only one speed, and that was to utterly hammer his bitch. Instinct took over and he began his insane pounding of Clarice’s cunt as only a dog could do.

“He-e-e’ss f-u-uc-k-k-in-g m-e!” Clarice grunted amongst the rapid staccato of King’s thrusts, stating the obvious as she came at once, shouting and screaming unintelligibly. King’s knot, already fully blossomed from his mating of Bee, started to jam up against Clarice’s pussy, teasing her swollen clit,

sending her orgasm higher and higher to the precipice of no return.

Her face was rammed in to something... Clarice managed to peel open her eyes, coming face to face with a strained looking Bee. She was caught up in a whirlwind of orgasms as Bee started lapping at the cum across her face, and without any thought, Clarice opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue, just as Bee's delved into her mouth.

"UNGH-UNGH-UNGH!" Clarice groaned as King pounded her. "OH-OH FU-UCKING GA-AWD!" she kept crying aloud, wracked with orgasm after orgasm, losing every ounce of her sanity. King was consuming her. Dominating her. Making her his. Her large tits rapped violently back and forth below her as he thrust madly atop her back, his powerful forelegs allowing her to go nowhere, his cock owning her.

"FUU-UUCKK MEE-EE!!!" she was outright howling, no more than a bitch herself, being rattled to her very core, as Bee's tongue continued to invade every inch of her mouth.

She hardly noticed Bee's tail wagging madly, nor when Bee sprung around, offering up her pussy to her. She repeated this twice more before she began to yap frustratingly with Clarice.

Clarice had no choice. King thrust her right into Bee's presented pussy, and now every bit the obedient bitch herself, she began to lap at it.

It was all too much, however. She couldn't focus on a thing as King fucked her wildly. Bee grew angry with her, barking and yapping with frustration, turning around and around, each time offering back up her pussy to Clarice.

"JAC-UNGH-QUE! CO-UGH-ME HE-ERE!" she barely managed to rattle out amidst King's blows. She immediately wrapped her lips around Jacques's cock, though it was hard to keep them on him as King bowed her forward. Bee was then there, though, and as if curious as to what would happen, she pulled her lips back, offering Bee Jacques's cock. Before her very eyes, Bee started to lap along Jacques's swollen shaft.

"Uhh..." Jacques was unsure of what to do, a voice in the back of his head telling him to pull away, but the soft tongue lapping across his cock held him in place.

Bee sprung around once more, lifting her ass into the air as her tail whipped wildly back in forth, presenting her open pussy before them.

"CO-UGH-ME ON!" Clarice managed as she reached out and took hold his cock. "SHE-E NE-EEDS UGH-IT!" she grunted on. "I - UGH - CAN - UGH - T!" Clarice squealed between the harsh thrusts.

Jacque couldn't begin to fathom what was happening, but as Clarice guided him forward, as the tip of his cock finally met Bee's still leaking hole - he meant to pull away, he meant to retreat - but upon feeling, FINALLY, a hard cock at her entrance, Bee fell backwards against him, his whole length sinking into her with one fail plunge.

"OH, FUCK!" Jacques moaned, never having felt something so searing hot and wet as Bee's pussy. His hands fell to her hips as her tail pressed up against his belly. Forgetting what exactly it was that he was doing, Jacques started fucking her with all he had.

If it weren't for the thick walls of the kennels, the whole facility would have been alerted by all the moaning and grunting and howling taking place. The two males challenged each other on who could fuck the others bitch the fastest, the hardest, delivering the most pleasure. But it was King who still

had an ace up his sleeve.

King's swollen knot was hammering up against Clarice's pussy, teasing her clit, forbidding her climax from receding, even an inch. With it thrumming at its full potential, King thrust himself forward with all his might, jerking Clarice back against him with his front paws, grinding her into his knot.

Clarice howled the loudest yet, bellowing every curse word she knew as both pain and pleasure enveloped her. Her pussy's lips fought, and they fought, and they fought to deny this obscene object entry, but in the end, they were no match for King's strength. It happened slowly, millimeter by millimeter. With shooting pain, her hole was stretched agonizingly apart, until it finally, reaching the widest part of his grapefruit sized knot, broke, and abruptly sucked him in the rest of the way.

"AAYYYHHHIII" Clarice shrieked like that of an insane banshee, cursing, screaming, damning everything in sight as he knotted her. She screamed until her throat went raw and she lost her voice. Her toes curled into the air. Her fingers scraped against the cement. Her hair whipped about face, her eyes rolled into the back of her head, and she came. And she came. And she came. And not with just any orgasm, not just any climax, but one that shook the very ground beneath her, but with one that ruined her world, that ripped and shredded every ounce of recognition she had left. She could have died happy right then. Everything went black.

Stars were spinning. She was sooo full. She'd never felt so full. And she was getting fuller by the second.

She felt her belly bloating. She opened her eyes to Jacques slowly pulling his cock out of Bee's pussy, a trail of his thick cum dribbling out after it. It took another moment for her to understand. Jacques had just fucked Bee - Doctor DeFlour!

Her left cheek was planted firmly against the ground. She felt an unnatural warmth about it. It took yet another moment to realize she was resting it in the center of a wide puddle of cum - yet again.

There was a heavy weight across her back. A soft fur, a bodily heat warming her nude, trembling flesh.

A vice like grip held her about her waist. An intense feeling radiated out from her womb, from her pussy. She was being stretched sooo wide... too wide.

Something was panting over her. Saliva dripped onto her bare back.

And then it all hit her. King was mounted atop her. His dog cock was knotted in her pussy. She'd just been fucked - royally fucked - by a DOG!

"Ungh," she tried to move, but she couldn't.

"C-Clarice!" Jacques suddenly muttered, as if everything were only just now coming back to him as well. "Are - are you okay?!" he made to reach a hand out for her, but then stopped halfway, totally and completely unsure of what to do.

"No..." Clarice managed to grunt, feeling in intricate detail, pulse after pulse of King's cock inside her, implanting more and more of his seed in her belly.

"What do you want me to do?!" he asked frantically, his cock shriveling up.



"I don't..?" she started, but then stopped when she saw him check his watch.

"Damn!" Jacque groaned. "It's already five after! Henry will be here any minute!"

"You - you've got to get him out of me!" Clarice panicked, with more and more of her senses returning to her.

"I - I don't..." he breathed, looking over the two lovers.

"HURRY!" Clarice cried, imagining nothing worse than Henry finding her here like this.

"Alright!" Jacque responded, disappearing back behind her. Clarice felt a slight tug, and then heard King growl atop her.

"I don't think I can..?" Jacque groaned.

"Try! DO SOMETHING!" Clarice begged him. She felt another tug, before King growled again, and then suddenly the weight was gone as his claws scratched across her back.

"OH-UNGH!" she cried as she felt King's huge cock and knot twist inside her. She glanced back to see his tail wagging happily, the two of them left like she had seen Bee so many times before, ass to ass.

A fierce battle followed, with Clarice pulling one way, King the other. She'd never felt such a pain, but she was determined. Henry could not find her like this!

It took no less than another twenty minutes, and she dragged all the way across to the other side of the kennel before she heard that tell-tale plop! And then the sudden release as he slipped out of her.

"OH FUCK!" she whelped, consumed by a mixture of emotions, almost cumming again. The cum was pouring, splattering upon the floor, but Clarice wasted no more time. Scrambling onto her feet, she made a line right for the gate, snatching up her clothes, she sprinted as fast as her legs would carry her, tripping all the way for the door. A trail of dog cum marked her path, all the way back to her dorm.

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## **Chapter Ten: Error**

Clarice startled awake with a jolt, her eyes shooting open. She was panting and soaked with sweat. Gaining her bearings, finding herself alone in her room, 'A dream... just a dream,' she relaxed back onto her bed.

But such a good dream! A good dream... and a nightmare, rolled into one. She closed her eyes, trying to grab back a hold of it, remember it, relive it as she wound her hands down her body, to the valley between her legs. "Huh?"

Not just a dream! Clarice then shot right back up, sitting to meet her rising hand before her face. Her fingers were covered in a slimy, gooey cream.

With her knees bent and lifted, she spread her legs apart, using her fingers like scissors to open her slit.

"Oh!" she gasped. The first thing she noticed was her clit, sticking out its hood as hard as a marble.

What bit of hair she had left down there was likewise all sticky and matted. A slow but steady flow of opaque fluid was seeping out her hole.

Then she found her mattress was soaked beneath her. She had felt the dampness, but now that she noticed it, there was no way it was just from her sweat. She could feel the deep dampness under her butt, and then at the heels of her feet, and she could feel its stickiness on her back. Clarice twisted her head about, looking in circles around herself. There was a puddle. A giant, wide arcing puddle making a perfect circle all about her bed, the epicenter starting from her sex. She couldn't help it, she thought of the puddle she'd seen leaking out Bee in her Kennel. Cum...

Clarice jerked her head towards the clock - it was almost six. A little over an hour before she'd have to meet up with the rest in the mess hall for breakfast. She needed a shower! A flashing light caught her attention. It was her pager.

Meet me in the Security Room at once - Dr Kuenig.

'Doctor Kuenig?' she questioned herself. What could he possibly want at this hour? And then at the Security Room? - she wasn't even completely sure where that was... somewhere down the right corridor outside the kennels?

Clarice sat dazed and confused for a moment, allowing her sleepy brain to take a footing and make sense of all this. What was going on? She did the quick math, figuring that she'd only gotten a little over four hours of sleep. Four hours since... and then it hit her. Clarice winced as if receiving a harsh, physical blow.

'How could I have been so stupid!' She could see in her mind's eye the blinking red dots of all the security cameras mounted on the far wall, observing the kennels - Bee's kennel. "Fuck!" she grimaced. "I'm ruined!" she kept talking to herself. 'I'll be fired!'

She couldn't help but think that at this point, just being fired was the best case scenario, picturing that the Security Room filled with soldiers carrying big, threatening guns, readied to arrest her.

She started scrambling, adrenaline now pulsing through her veins. This was bad. Real bad. 'Nothing worse!' she yanked on the white tank-top she usually slept in. She wouldn't allow herself to stop and think. She just had to keep moving. To get there and relieve herself that this was all about something else entirely. She had to get there as fast as she could. She pulled on some gym shorts and was out her room in a mad dash.

Clarice paused before the ominous, solid door. She'd found the Security Room far easier than she had thought she would, coming right to it. Her whole body was trembling with fear.

'Why?' she held out her hands, trying her best to understand, but unwilling to let her mind drift too far into the memories of last night. Last night... 'What have I done?!' Clarice chastised herself, but as she looked down, she realized her situation was only getting worse. In her scramble to get out of her room and away from that bed, she hadn't given any thought to her dress.

She'd forgotten her bra for starters, and why she'd chosen this shirt..? It left her cleavage bulging, and she could see each of her nipples poking right out through the taut material, her dark aureoles just beneath, showing through the thin, white strapped top.

As she fidgeted nervously in place, she felt her lubricated thighs gliding easily back and forth against one another. "Oh gawd!" she could have beat her head against that door. For the second day in a row now, her pussy was seeping out cum, and she'd also forgotten her panties. Though she was

tempted, she just couldn't bear to see what her panty-less crotch looked like at the moment.

She glanced back over her shoulder, thinking of returning to her room, but she couldn't. They'd likely already seen her coming through the camera's. Unable to stand her nerves any longer, just wanting to get it all over with and face the music, Clarice haphazardly combed her fingers through her hair, straightening it out, before knocking gently upon the door as she pushed it open. But whom she found on the other side...

"Henry?" she guffawed, freezing in the doorway, her hand still on the knob.

"Morning Clarice!" he smiled jovially at her. "OJ? Bagel?" he swept his hand across the table at the breakfast he'd laid out.

"What are you doing here?!" she demanded. "Where's Doctor Kuenig?!" Though she was relieved not to find an armed guard waiting for her, one set of fears only gave way to another.

"How should I know?!" Henry answered her shortly. "Probably jacking off somewhere!"

Clarice had no response. The page?

The room was filled with all sorts of gadgets and blinking lights. There was a small table and a couple of chairs at the center, a large map of the facility on one wall, computers lining another. Clarice's eyes flashed across the various monitors, until they landed on the one she was looking for.

In the third row up, were the kennels. The first two were empty, followed by the next two displaying the new recruits. Several more empty ones. The one all the way to the right pictured King's, and the one to its left... showed all of Bee's kennel in a clear, crisp image, the transformed scientist sleeping peacefully within.

"Why don't you come in, take a seat?" he offered her kindly, breaking her from her trance.

"That's - that's okay," Clarice glanced over her shoulder, back down the empty hallway. "I really should be-" she felt the urge to run.

"Clarice," Henry interrupted her, his tone intense. A broad smile spread across his lips as his lewd eyes trailed up and down her. "Nice outfit!" he practically licked his lips at her. "Is - is that still... Looks like you're leaking?!" he said with obvious satisfaction, clapping his hands together as he laughed.

"Huh?!" Clarice gasped, following his gaze down to her crotch. She was soaked right through. "I've got to go!" she shrieked, crossing her legs and springing her hands over to hide her groin. She spun around to bolt.

"Clarice!" Henry stopped her cold. Reaching for a remote, he aimed it at a TV on the far wall, and hitting a button, the small room was suddenly filled with the echos of grunts and moans of a woman being fucked.

And not just any woman. Clarice's jaw dropped. On the screen... she saw as clear as day, herself knelt below King, getting fucked by the dog.

"How did you..?" words were suddenly hard to come by.

"Perhaps you should close the door?" Henry suggested. "Wouldn't want someone hearing," he

sneered at her.

Clarice stepped forward, and slammed the door closed behind her, spiked with anger. "TURN THAT OFF!" she demanded.

Henry laughed hysterically for a moment, his eyes tearing up at her, but finally, after she stood there fuming, Henry pushed another button and froze the image on the screen.

A long silence ensued between the two, as they glared at one another, sizing each other up.

"You really should be more careful-" Henry started.

"How did you get that?!" Clarice angrily cut him off.

"Me?!" Henry guffawed. "You're angry at me?!" he repeated. "Don't you know there are cameras all over this place?!" he mocked her.

Clarice shrunk a bit with this. Now that he mentioned it... how could she have been so stupid?!

"Not to worry," Henry said casually, leaning back in his chair, waving it all off with a waft of his hand. "Ever since this little project started, the doc has put me in charge of reviewing and logging the monitors. It's not easy, mind you, but I've just so happened to find a way around the security system. I've managed to delete your little soiree from last night from the record, and cover it with a repeat of them just sleeping..."

Clarice squirmed in place, still covering the wet spot between her legs. She studied Henry for the longest time. Deleted her video? Covered it up? This was not the Henry she knew.

"What do you want?!" she stated bluntly, holding her chin high. She felt like crying, curling up in a little ball, but she would not let Henry see her so weak. He was a predator, and that would only make things that much worse.

"ME?!" Henry shot back again, ignominiously. "I've just saved your ass, you and your punk of a boyfriend, and this is the thanks I get?!"

Clarice stumbled. Jacques... This would ruin them - both of them. 'What have I done?!

"Look, I'm keeping a copy for myself," Henry stated matter-of-factly. "I've got one here for you as well," he smirked, nodding towards a disc lying on the table. "But I just thought I should let you know, you know, so you can be more careful when you go about fucking the dogs," he said casually, grinning a wide, evil grin. "Would hate to see you get yourself into any trouble..."

Clarice's world was crumbling in around her, though she stood strong, audaciously keeping her chin held high in defiance to the creep before her. "Tell me what you want?" she repeated, before adding, "For your copy." She could not let this get out, and Henry was not to be trusted.

"My copy?!" Henry brought his hand to his chest, incredulously. "Now that..."

"Quit playing games, Henry!" Clarice snapped. Henry settled back into his seat with that mocking glare.

"That was pretty hot, you know?" he said. "Blew the biggest fucking load I ever have!"

"I don't need to know the details," she barked at him. "Just tell me what you want for it!" her knees

were shaking uncontrollably.

“Ha!” Henry laughed. “I’m sorry, honey, but I wouldn’t give up that video for a million dollars!”

He sounded like he meant it. Clarice felt nauseous, like she might faint. She battled herself internally, struggling to keep hold of her sanity. She couldn’t give up. She wasn’t leaving this room without that video.

Clarice was trapped between a rock and a hard place. She wanted nothing more than to scratch that bastard’s eyes out at the moment, but... he had her. He had her, and Jacque. This wasn’t just about herself anymore. She needed a plan.

Right now, Henry was in control. He was thinking with his head. But she knew men, and if she was to succeed, if she was to gain that control, she had to get him to start thinking with his...

Clarice stole what nerves she had left and straightened herself back up, letting her hands fall away from her mid-section. Henry’s eyes began dancing dizzily, flashing from her barely covered tits down to the wet vee between her legs, as if unsure or out of control at where he should be looking.

“That’s fine, because I don’t have a million dollars,” she responded to his previous statement by sticking out her chest, stretching the thin, white material even farther across her tits. “I want that video, Henry,” she said haughtily, slowly running her hands up her body until they came to her large breasts.

“H-huh..?” Henry started squirming in his seat, his eyes growing wide and distracted, unsure and in disbelief at what in the hell was going on. It was working.

“Mmm,” she went on, moaning and tossing her head back as she massaged her hands across her tits, pressing them up and together in a massive hill of flesh. “Do you like my body, Henry?” she went on speaking seductively, purring like a cat.

“Y-yeah...” he practically drooled out onto his chin as his eyes devoured her.

“Do you want to see it? I do not think the camera’s do me justice?” she toyed with him, pulling at her nipples from over her shirt.

“Fuck yeah!” Henry lit up with excitement.

“Mhmm,” she cooed at him as she slid her hands down, grasping the hem of her shirt to slowly begin drawing it up, until it was folded just over her nipples, allowing the bottom swell of her breasts to hang out. “I want that video,” she purred, still baiting him. Henry nodded, but could not speak as he leaned forward in his seat. It wasn’t exactly a confirmation, but Clarice was guiding him to where she wanted him.

With nothing more said, she hauled it up the rest of the way over her head, tossing it aside. Her large tits bounced into place with the sudden release. Her cheeks burned red with Henry’s eyes locked upon her, and she had to pause for a moment, resettling her nerves. Her chest was heaving... this was all so much.

“Please,” Henry practically begged her. “Don’t stop!”

“My shorts?” she asked innocently. “You want me to take these off too?” she acted surprised, teasing him like a young school girl. Henry’s head bobbed furiously up and down.

Clarice rolled her eyes at his reaction - men were so predictable! - but Henry did not notice it. His eyes were locked onto her thumbs winding their way into the waist band of her shorts. Ever so slowly, she slid them down her long, smooth legs to her feet, kicking them away. She was left totally naked before her nemesis.

"Mmm, you like what you see?" she spun herself slowly, modeling her bare body for him.

"Uh huh..." Henry mumbled.

"I want that video," Clarice stopped with her back to him, bending herself at her hips, showing him her leaking pussy. Henry did not answer her as his jaw was hung open to the floor. She wasn't happy about it, but she knew she was going to have to take this a bit further to get what she wanted.

Placing one hand against the wall to brace herself, Clarice arched her back, sticking out her ass and spreading her legs as she wound her other one down and to her pussy. "Gawd! Its sooo wet!" she moaned aloud, sliding her finger up and down her slit.

"You want to see me touch myself?" she purred at Henry. He nodded furiously once again, rubbing at the obvious hard-on sticking out his pants. "I want that video..." Clarice repeated, but Henry did not answer her as he kept on eating her up with his eyes. The game went on.

"Yes!" Clarice moaned loudly, louder than was necessary as she slipped her finger into her soaked pussy.

"Be-a-utiful!" Henry guffawed. "

Forgetting herself, she bit at her bottom lip as she sunk a second finger into her foaming cunt, grinding her hips back against them. A mixture of her juices and dog cum crept its way down her inner thighs.

Lost in her own little world now, Clarice did not notice at first when Henry could no longer stand it and pulled out his throbbing cock, jacking himself off furiously as he watched Clarice finger herself.

"Tell me about it..." Henry suddenly groaned, pulling Clarice back. She glanced to him, seeing the effect she was having on him as he fisted his cock. Whether she liked Henry or not, her eyes were entranced by the size of his cock. He had a monster!

"Huh?" Clarice groaned, fingering herself even faster.

"Tell me what it was like to get fucked by a dog!" he stated boldly

Clarice felt her cheeks go warm with the thought of it. "I..." she stumbled, flashbacks hitting her from last night.

"Tell me!" Henry repeated, practically shouting at her in the heat of the moment.

Clarice felt the strong paws about her hips. The furry weight atop her back. The flash of red. The huge cock jack hammering up into her. The knot...

"I..." she gasped. "I liked it..." she admitted between breaths.

"You liked what?!" he demanded of her.

Clarice blushed further, but she knew what Henry wanted to hear, and she could not let him take

back the control. "I liked getting fucked by a dog!" she dared, humiliating herself even further before him.

"Damn..." Henry groaned. "Tell me... did he have a big cock?!" he pushed her on.

"Yes..." Clarice answered, fingering her cunt faster and faster with the images of it.

"Bigger than your punk boyfriend's?!" Henry kept firing off.

"YES!" she felt herself drawing close, knowing that she was about to cum with the thought of King fucking her with that huge cock! "So big!"

"I saw him knot you..." Henry's voice was labored. "Did you like being made his BITCH?!"

"YE-UNGH-ES!" Clarice went on frigging herself.

"Yes what?!" Henry shouted at her.

"Yes I loved his knot!" she cried back, reliving that glorious feeling.

"Did it make you cum?" Henry led her on, bringing her close to cumming again.

"Y-yes..." Clarice breathed, closing her eyes as she tried to think back on just how many times King had made her cum.

"And what does that make you?!" Henry yelled.

"Huh?!" Clarice gasped as she pumped her fingers in and out her cunt.

"What does that make you, giving yourself like that to a dog?!" he repeated.

"A bitch!" she squealed, feeling herself reaching the peak. "I'M HIS BITCH!"

"Oh fuck!" Henry fell back in his seat once again, pumping at his cock harder than ever before. "Clarice..." he whimpered. Clarice was losing herself, losing the battle. She had to think quickly.

Clarice regretfully ripped her fingers from her cunt, before she came and all hope was lost. Henry looked like he might cry, but Clarice slowly brought her juice coated fingers up to her face, and looking Henry right in his eyes, she wrapped her lips around them, sucking them all the way back to the knuckle.

"Oh, damn, Clarice..." Henry groaned, shooting load after thick load all across himself.

'Damn...' Clarice cursed herself. He came too soon. She had not yet gotten what she wanted. This would only make things harder.

"Mmm!" she moaned loudly as she popped her fingers back out her mouth. "You like seeing me finger myself?" she turned the tables yet again.

"Yes!" Henry begged as she slipped them back into her pussy.

"Mmm! I'm so wet. You like seeing me suck on King's cum?" she stuck her fingers back in her mouth, sucking on them seductively as her eyes bore into Henry's.

"Y-y-yes..." he mumbled, his fist working faster on his cock once again, spent cum running all over his fingers. Clarice turned around, sauntering towards him before dropping down onto her hands and knees between Henry's spread legs.

"Mmm, my lips are so dry!" she toyed with him, running her delicate hands up his thighs. Henry froze. Clarice slowly ducked her head down, sticking out her tongue, she traced it along his knuckles, drawing his cum into her mouth.

"Fuck!"

"So good!" Clarice hummed, slapping his hand away to wrap her own fist around his girth. He was so thick, her fingers could hardly come back around together.

"Mmm," she moaned as she took the head of his cock and smeared his still leaking cum out the tip and spread it all across her hardened nipples and tits.

"You want me to suck your cock?" she cornered him, slowly jerking him with one hand while she lifted one of her big tits up to lick the cum she'd just spread across it off with her tongue.

"Fuck yes!" Henry bucked in his seat.

"You'll give me your copy?" she asked seductively, dipping her head down to tease the tip of his cock with her tongue.

"Y-y-yeah! Whatever-you-want!" he couldn't spit it out fast enough.

"That's a good boy," Clarice smiled up at him, keeping her eyes locked within his as she took the head of his leaking cock in her mouth. She'd hoped that it wouldn't have come to this, but so be it. She could not let Henry keep that copy.

"Mmmm!" she hummed over him, as his eyes rolled back into his head. The flavor and scent of his cum, from Henry or not, drove her on. She lowered her face, taking more of him into her mouth as she tugged at his pants, pulling them over his thighs and down to his ankles.

"Oh my gawd!" jerked and twitched beneath her, causing her to smile at her toil. She now had him. And now it was time to beat him.

She wrapped one hand around the base of his cock, jerking him into her mouth, as she sucked and slurped and licked about his throbbing head. She reached up with her other hand and began massaging his tight balls.

"Clarice! - UNGH! - You're... you're amazing!" he groaned, weaving his finger into her soft hair. He was right where she wanted him - or was she right where he wanted her?

His hands pressed down atop her head, and Clarice let go her grip about his cock. She let Henry start humping up into her face as she bobbed down onto him - big mistake.

He started to buck, coming right out of his seat to jam more of his fat cock into her mouth. It wasn't long before he was battering himself against her clenched throat. It hurt. Clarice started fighting back, trying to pull away, but Henry had a tight hold of her.

It was a fierce battle. She had no intention of doing this with him. She had taken Jacque, but that was different - for a lot of reasons, but none more so than Henry was hung like a horse. There was



just no way!

Clarice started to grow worried as Henry grew more and more forceful with her. She yanked and pushed herself away, groveling over him, but could not utter a clear word with her mouth stuffed full of cock. Henry had her.

And then with a fistful of her hair, Henry jammed her face down hard onto him, the massive head of his cock pitted right against her throat as he ground his hips into her. What was worse, was that she only had half of his cock in her mouth at this point.

Her eyes bulged. Her cheeks turned from red to blue. Her nails buried themselves into his bare thighs, drawing blood, but Henry did not let her go. Out of luck, and out of air, succumbed to his pressing strength, Clarice's throat opened and Henry's cock barged its way in.

"FU-U-UCK!" Henry came right out of his seat, pressing himself ever deeper. One, two, five inches of huge cock was stuffed down her throat, all the way until her nose was being ground into his pubes. Clarice was still fighting, pushing, scrambling to get away, to relieve the burning fury in her throat. She choked and she gagged, but there was no where for it to go.

"CLARICE... I'M GONNA..!" Henry did not get to finish as he ground her face back down into his groin, writhing and twisting her mouth and throat about his throbbing cock.

One, two, three-four... she could not count all the bursts as load after load after load of Henry's cum erupted into the back of her throat, and she was forced to swallow it all down.

After what felt like hours, Henry finally let her go. Clarice immediately fell away, pulling his long cock out her throat and mouth as she crumbled onto the floor, coughing and choking and spitting back up cum in the process, even injecting some of it into her nasal cavity. It burned, making things even worse

"Hahaha!" Henry was glowing, fully sated, slumped back in his chair.

"Where's your copy?" Clarice picked herself up, wiping away the wads that had spilled across her chin and shot back out her nose.

"It's..." he had trouble speaking. "In the player," he finished.

Without sparing a second glance at him, Clarice pulled herself up and half crawled, half stumbled over to the player to eject the disc. Collecting the additional one on the table, recovering, she drew herself up to her full height. "Did you make any others?" she demanded of him.

"N-no..." he breathed, his chest rising and falling unevenly. A glorious smile was spread across his face.

"You're welcome!" Clarice snubbed him, turning on her heels, she walked back to redress, and left the room without Henry so much as able to budge and inch.

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It took Henry another twenty minutes to pull his shit together. That had been the best blow job he'd ever gotten. He slowly stood up, wobbling in place as he did so.

"Damn, Clarice..." he mumbled to himself. That had gone better than he could have hoped.

He eventually pulled himself together, as he sat back down before the computers. He told the... half-truth? He did not have any more discs, but there was still a file on the computer. What Clarice didn't know wouldn't kill her.

He made another copy before sending a page to Jacque. He still had one more fish to fry, and he had big plans for these two.

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## **Chapter Eleven: New Mates**

"Alright people, now listen up!" Bernard drew their attention. They were all back within the War Room. He was rather lively, considering the early hour. Timothy rubbed at the sleep in his eye. Henry looked dazed, with a broad smile written across his face, as if he was off in Never-never land. Jacque's troubled gaze was focused on the table. But Clarice... Clarice held her chin up high, looking only to Doctor Kuenig, revealing no emotion whatsoever. She refused to let Henry see her cowed - just in case.

"We are running out of time," Bernard said heavily. "I've kept King from the Pack longer than I dare. Already things are starting to pull at the seams." They all understood from his previous explanation on the workings of the Pack.

"I believe it is safe to say that King has taken to Bee," the doctor put it mildly. "This leaves us with our second question. How will the others see her?"

Everyone, including Clarice, gulped. How would they cross this bridge?

"I think our safest bet is to see how her other two kennel mates do with her in the Yard. We will introduce her to Bruno and Ramses today, one at a time. If all goes to plan, we should be able to return King..." Bernard paused here for a long moment, "with Bee, post haste." His words tolled like bells in their heads.

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Bruno was up first. Clarice did her part, escorting Bee out, but as King yapped and barked as they passed him by, still locked up, she couldn't have felt more treacherous. It was as if King knew what was happening, and was warning her not to do it.

Clarice did do it, however, and Timothy led out the first of the other two males they had been keeping pent up within the kennels for introduction.

The first few throws went off as usual. Seeing Bee waiting for him within the Yard, Bruno darted right for her. The two dogs greeted one another, sniffing curiously, investigating, tails wagging, catching up at long last having been allowed to meet in the flesh.

Being young and boisterous, Bruno danced wildly about her, hopping up and down. Bee seemed to tense up with this, hunching her shoulders, lowering her body towards the ground, while pinning back her ears and tucking her tail. When he reached her rear and started to sniff and lap at her here, Bee abruptly pulled away.

Bruno tried again, but this time Bee spun and yapped and snipped at him, causing him to scramble back in retreat. He was much bigger than her, and they all expected him to easily overpower her, but when he tried a third time, it was Bee who lunged at him.

Hitting him quite surprisingly in his throat and chest with her front paws, Bee showed amazing strength as she flipped the dog onto his back, pinning him to the ground as she growled and bared her teeth over him. Bruno whelped and cried pathetically. Curling his legs into his body, he held still on his back, not trying anything else.

It was quite spectacle. Bee victorious, she eventually let him go, and the five observes went on studying them with utmost intrigue and bewilderment throughout the morning.

Bruno was young and playful, and by learning from his mistake - avoiding any proximity to her rear - Bee eventually warmed back up to him. The two dogs started to play together, as they frolicked across the yard, even chasing one another across the grass and through the obstacle course within. They even partook in a long game of tug-of-war with a short, knotted rope.

It was so peculiar. Bee had certainly become accustom to life on her hands and knees, moving quite naturally and with great speed and agility. But regardless of all this, and even her ears and tail, she still looked human, but was behaving and moving as naturally as any dog.

Eventually, the two new friends grew tired and bored, and lazed about within the Sun's warm rays as they napped. Later, they shared the same food and water bowl without event or contest, and Bruno showed all the signs of accepting her as another dog.

While Bruno was obviously interested in her - short of a better description, outright flirting with her - Bee denied each and every one of his advances. Bruno had learned his lesson earlier though, and was careful not to push her too far, instigating another brawl.

It wasn't until the early afternoon, until this charade had been carried on for quite some time now, that Bruno had finally had enough, and went for broke.

Bee was squatting to pee. It started off innocently enough, with Bruno coming up behind her, ducking his snout to sniff at Bee's scent. But as she was distracted with what she was doing, Bruno lifted his head and rolled out his tongue, catching her still leaking sex unawares.

Bee growled at him, but unfinished with her business, she continued on as Bruno began to fervently lap at her. All four assistants fell into place along the rail.

Bee did not stop growling as she straightened back up, but Bruno was still going at it. Despite her obvious displeasure with him, and considering all his previous failed attempts with her, this time however, Bee did not pull away.

The pleasure of his tongue had already hooked her, and she apparently could not bring herself stop him. The assistants all awaited upon pins and needles for the longest time, but, thankfully, the looming outcome was inevitable, and they would not be disappointed.

Bee started tossing her head in that tell-tale sign, her rumbling growl slowly giving way to a purr. And then with one sudden, unexpected burst, Bruno mounted her.

Bee tried to spin, nipping at his neck, but with his front paws locking about her waist, he already had her. Humping himself across her back, Bee fought with him, struggling to break free, but it was all in vain.

The four assistants all felt wrong for watching this. Bee was fighting back, trying to stop him, but Doctor Kuenig said nothing, and his instruction to them had all been clear. Short of any life threatening danger... and no matter what was to be said about this, it was not life threatening. They

had to let it play out.

Bruno was not as experienced as King, however, and after a few unsuccessful jabs, to everyone's surprise, he gave up in frustration and dismounted her. Everyone breathed a sigh of relief with this - or something to that effect.

The game was not yet up though. Feeling herself released, Bee made to flee, but just as fast, Bruno was lapping at her exposed cunt again. She froze with the first brush of it. Soon, Bruno's tongue was all up in her, and the groveling Bee was his hostage.

Rinse and repeat. It took the novice Bruno something like five or six more times of mounting and struggling with Bee, but by now, she was putting up little resistance. His tongue had already worked its magic on her.

And then with one lucky jab on his latest mount, Bruno found her opening. Bee jerked stiff and upright from her previously slouched position, all her senses being jolted alert and awake. Lifting her nose into the air, she loosed a silent yelp as he plunged into her wet pussy. Bruno sung with delight as he bucked himself forward, imbedding more and more of his dog cock into Bee's all encompassing, sweet cunt.

There was no turning back now. Inexperienced as he was, instincts guided him. Bruno was overcome with absolute desire and need from feeling his cock gripped tight. He slammed it into her, intent on burying it whole.

It was just as rough, just as savage as King had given it to her. Bee hung her head, grunting loudly with each of his violent, sharp thrusts. They all watched with jaws dropped, eyes wide open, not a word, as they watched Doctor DeFlour get deflowered by yet a second dog.

It was just so primal, so... animal. The knew the moment he knotted her. Bee cried aloud with the pain of it. Bruno slowed his pace to jaunty jerks as he began to fill her with his thin dog cum.

The two tied. Bee held still as he twitched upon her back, cumming more and more inside her womb. With time, he eventually depleted his balls, and dismounted and turned inside her, leaving them ass to ass. Then, after about a half an hour or so passed, he was finally able to pull free. Clarice's gaze fell right to his hanging, still twitching cock, mesmerized by it.

Though they had all seen it before with her and King, considering the circumstances of this mating, they all watched with shock as Bee crawled over, and pushed Bruno's head away as he tried licking at his cock. She ducked her head beneath him, and began licking it clean for him - just as she did for King.

Bruno, for his part, seemed shocked in his own right, but was obviously very pleased and grateful for it, as he began to lick affectionately at Bee's outer cheek and thigh. It was a bit too much stimulation for this young buck though, and without any rest, he eventually scrambled back behind Bee to mount and mate her once again.

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For purposes of the study - apparently - they left Bee with Bruno for another three hours. Bee put up no further resistance to his advances, and being as young and fervid as he was, he took her and fucked her and knotted her time and again, never bothering a rest.

That evening, they had to literally drag Bruno, all but kicking and screaming like a ranting, out of

control child, out the Yard to see how she did with Ramses.

By now, she was either too exhausted, or all the fight had been literally pounded out of her, as she obediently held her position – head down, back slouched, ass up, sex pushed out – as the large dog immediately ran up to sniff about her.

Ramses was just as young as Bruno, and danced about her with that same gusto. He made his way to her rear, drawn to the scent of a freshly used and leaking cunt, and proceeded to lick her here. Bee made no attempt to thwart him or move away. In fact, she seemed to be quite enjoying the soothing sensation as his tongue ate out and relieved her sore pussy.

Bee was now dog, all dog. Enthralled by this bitch, and with his red cock hanging – and as Clarice could see, he was a big boy – Ramses went on to mount her. Regardless of his size, Bee was well stretched out at by this point, and he had no issues getting his thick cock inside her.

The two went at it for the longest time, grunting and moaning and howling in discourse, fucking and knotting and cumming with an fanatic zeal. The two put on the most erotic show for the four assistants, Ramses destroying her with his big dog cock, and Bee bouncing herself below him, loving and cumming every minute of it.

And Ramses was one randy little bastard, giving Bruno a run for his money. As if he understood that his time was limited with her, he took her again and again, pausing in between mounts only long enough to catch his breath and let his dangling balls reload.

Bee's tongue was sure to keep him hard and out his sheath. He mated with her no fewer than six consecutive times, rutting her, knotting her, pumping her full of his cum each, and every time. And Bee only seemed to cum harder and higher with each desperate mating.

It was late into the night before they pulled Ramses off of her, and led them back to the kennels. Thoroughly spent, Timothy had to carry Bee, her thoroughly used cunt gaping and leaking the entire way.

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Clarice lay butt naked in her bed, tossing and turning. She'd fingered herself three different times by now, each and every time with the images of Bee getting fucked by those two dogs. And while she'd brought herself to three glorious orgasms, she couldn't seem to get enough, and she was burning up with want.

She was losing her mind, and she fully understood the risks. As she roughly frigged her dripping cunt, with her eyes closed, Bee's face had been transposed with her own.

She was careful to wait out Jacque's shift, not trusting herself, and not wanting to take any chances. She had to force herself to stop masturbating, in hopes to let her drive die down. To help kill the time, and her nervous angst, Clarice eventually turned to a bottle of vodka she'd been keeping stored for a special occasion. She needed it now more than ever.

Not paying attention to her pours, nor how much she was actually consuming, she didn't even realize she'd already finished the bottle by the time she spotted the clock. "Fuughck..." she slurred aloud. It was five 'til her shift.

Clarice stood up with a purpose, and it all hit her at once. Wobbling in place, she had to place a hand on her bed to steady herself and keep from falling over. Attempting to dress herself was a disastrous

struggle. From trying to force two feet down one leg of her pants, to finally succeeding, only to find that she had her pants on backwards.

Completely forgetting any underwear in the process, Clarice finally discovered the sleeve of her shirt wasn't its neck as she tried to cram her head through it, and righting herself, she finally managed to poke her arms through the right holes, and began her long, ominous trek to the kennels, stumbling all the way.

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## **Chapter Twelve: Henry's Plot**

"Hey - hiccup - you," Clarice slurred hesitantly upon finally reaching the kennels, no thanks to her drunken stupor. It had been long death march, and no matter how many different plans she'd tried conceiving along the way, upon her arrival, when all the dogs started barking at her, and her eyes unwillingly flitted to their pens...

"Hey..." Jacque called back. He merely glanced to her at first, but upon seeing her staring at the dogs wearily, and subsequently stumble, he jumped up from of his seat. "You alright?!" he raced to her, catching her before she fell.

"No..." Clarice fought to straighten herself, wrapping one of her arms around Jacque's shoulders. Butterflies assaulted her stomach, a lump formed in her throat. Her head began to spin, and not just from the alcohol. She became a nervous wreck.

"You're drunk!" he scolded her.

"Yeah..." Clarice stuck to her one word sentences, trying to tear her eyes away from the beasts within. Jacque rolled his eyes as he felt her wobble beneath his hold on her.

"Come on," he led her to the chair he'd been sitting in, before lowering himself to his knees to examine her glossy eyes. There was no doubt about it, she was thoroughly tossed.

"Wait here," he he told her as he left to grab a bottle of water. She was left with only the dogs... She forbid herself from looking to them, but all the same, she could still hear them, just there... and felt their overbearing presence. It was like every fiber of her being was being drawn to them.

"You gonna be alright?" Jacque finally returned, handing her the water. She accepted it gratefully.

"I'll - hiccup - be fine..." she sighed, turning up the bottle. She awaited the coming lecture, but Jacque said nothing more. Instead, with a heavy sigh himself, he simply pulled up another chair beside her and plopped into it. Clarice was a little perplexed. They were both apparently ill at ease.

She looked to him, meaning to challenge him on what his problem was, but then she caught his eyes. He was looking away from her, but she could still see that they were troubled. Even in her drunken state, she could tell as much. Jacque shifted uncomfortably in his seat, careful not to meet Clarice's inquisitive gaze locked onto him, less he let the cat out of the bag.

She took a deep breath, calming herself. Clarice thought she understood him - she hadn't completely lost the use of her brain - taking his awkwardness as a result of what had happened last night, and in part, she was right. What she didn't know, was that Henry had paid Jacque a little visit as well, nor the outcome of their extensive conversation.

"Jacque..." Clarice now squirmed uncomfortably as well, that eight hundred pound gorilla bearing down atop her. "I - I'm sorry about... last night..." she blushed with humility, unable to finish.

"Huh? Wha'..?" Jacque scrambled, finally looking to her. "No!" he practically shouted, understanding it himself, and the state she was in. "Don't be! Is this why you're..?" he trailed off, not wanting to call her out completely, and have to face his own demons. Clarice turned even redder.

"I don't... it just..." she rambled on, looking to her hands which were fidgeting nervously in her lap. "This has all been..." she struggled for some explanation, but as her jittery eyes wandered, she found herself distracted.

"Oh," she caught sight of King for the first time, pacing back and forth at the edge of his kennel next to Bee. "He doesn't look happy..." she diverted from their uneasy conversation. She had not meant to look to them, and the words came out involuntarily.

"No," Jacque huffed in a half-laugh, happy for the change of subject. "No he doesn't. He's been doing that all night," he added.

Clarice's eyes traced over to Bee, who was lying obediently next to the fence dividing them, her eyes watching King carefully, almost remorsefully.

"Do you think..?"

"He knows something happened?" Jacque intoned, before nodding and motioning down towards the puddle forming behind Bee. "They are smart, aren't they?"

"Oh," Clarice gasped once again, bringing her hand to her mouth as she took it all in.

"It's crazy! It's - it's like he's jealous or something..." Jacque was now watching them as well.

"They're too smart for their own good..." Clarice added. "Do - do you think we should..." she was about to suggest allowing them to be together, before she stopped herself. 'Have you gone crazy?!' she kicked herself. But the mere thought of it was enough to plant the seed.

And as that seed took hold and sprouted roots, Clarice found her hand lower and begin to gently caress Jacque's thigh. His eyes briefly darted towards it, before looking back up for her blue eyes, but all of Clarice's undivided attention was now on the dogs. He could see that hunger start to take hold of her... that same hunger he'd seen in her last night.

Jacque forced himself to look away, terribly conflicted at the moment. For starters, he could feel his cock beginning to twitch and swell beneath his pants at Clarice's touch, as well as with the images of her beneath King last night. It was the hottest thing he'd ever witnessed in his life! But then came Henry's cursed face, and what Henry had demanded of him if he wanted to keep this all just between them. It wasn't about himself, he'd gladly face Henry's wrath and whatever else would come, but Clarice... he had to protect her, but by protecting her, he had to...

It was terrible. Apart from everything else, Clarice was drunk, only compounding the matter. He felt like scum, as though he would be taking advantage of her, but he did not have many options - as a matter of fact, no options at all. Henry had made his threat clear, and what exactly Jacque would have to do to live up to his end of the deal, and by the way Clarice was staring at the dogs, Jacque had no doubt as to what would happen if he went along with Henry's devious blackmail.

He hated himself for it, but he had little choice. It was now or never. Glancing once over his shoulder

at the camera upon the wall, damning the bastard sitting on the other side, Jacque stole one last hesitant breath as he pushed himself up out of his seat.

“Jacque?” Clarice suddenly came out of her trance with the disturbance, reaching for him, but Jacque ignored her. He couldn’t stop now or he’d lose his nerve. With one careful step after another, he moved from her grasp, and headed straight for the kennels.

“Jacque, what are you doing?” Clarice repeated with a certain air of desperation, though his name barely escaped her lips as she watched him open Bee’s gate.

“Jacque, don’t!” she found her voice as he slowly marched his way over to King’s. She felt her whole body begin to quiver with fear... and whether she would ever admit it, even to herself - anticipation.

“I’m sorry, but I - I have to...” she thought she heard him utter as he lifted the latch and freed the beast.

He did not rush to Bee’s kennel as was expected, but with his shoulder blades rippling, he instead stalked his way towards the scared human trembling within her seat, like a predator would their prey.

Clarice froze, finding herself face to face with the huge Alpha, and King did not look pleased - no, not pleased at all. Clarice started squeaking like a scared mouse, half expecting King to lunge at her and attack her.

“King!” Jacque did not miss what was happening, but the canine was unmoved. A low, menacing growl began to issue from the depths of his throat. Clarice’s chair began to rattle upon the floor she shook with fright.

King suddenly barked at her, loud and damning, causing her to jump in her seat. He nipped at her inner thigh, forcing her to spread her legs by reflex. Jacque lunged forward, trying to intervene, but he nearly lost his hand in the process. Needless to say, Jacque fell back, completely helpless.

King turned his attention back to the bitch in question, and forcing his broad form between her legs, he nosed her crotch, growling an additional warning at her as he did so. When she did nothing, he barked and nipped at her inner thigh again, this time catching her inner seam and tugging at her pants. With his cold, amber eyes staring daggers up into her blue, dazed orbs, Clarice felt as though she could understand him as clearly as if he were speaking English to her.

With her mind spinning in circles, her entire body trembling, King growling, nosing her crotch, as if obeying a spoken command, Clarice picked her bottom up an inch or so out of her seat, and hooking her thumbs in her waistband, she slowly drew them down a bit until a sliver of her flesh was shown.

“Clarice?” Jacque was aghast at what was happening. He could not believe his eyes.

With her chest rising and falling heavily, her breath near panting and rattled, Clarice paused with her scrubs pulled just over her naked butt, watching King intently, as if testing him, but the beast knew what he was doing. Laying truth to his heightened intelligence, Clarice witnessed the dog nod at her to go on. She likewise gasped with shock at this obvious display of human-like behavior, but he was not a human. He was a large, threatening dog.

Pinned in her seat with nowhere to escape, Clarice was overwhelmed and could do nothing but obey. She continued to slowly inch her scrubs the rest of the way down, over her knocking knees, all the way to her ankles. King looked pleased. Completing the deed, she shucked them all the way off, and



kicked them aside, bringing her bare bottom back to rest in the seat. She was not wearing any panties.

King took two purposeful steps forward, placing his large head between her quivering knees, the touch of his soft fur upon her naked legs sending goosebumps rippling across her skin. With her eyes still entranced within his, he bore his white, pearly canines at her, as if daring her to resist. Her heart beat spiked. Her head began to spin with alcohol and fear, as if in a race with her labored breath. She was not so daring. She ever so timidly spread her legs open for him.

Wider and wider she drew them, until she felt the cleft off her labia part, and the cool air waft between her damp, swelling lips. She was wet. His massive head and snout moved towards her in slow motion, millimeter by millimeter, inch by inch. She jerked in her seat, whimpering at the touch of his cold nose against her defenseless sex as he sniffed her. And then that long, broad tongue swept out and lapped up her spread crevice.

“Oh, gawd!” Clarice gasped as the touch of it sent an electrical current pulsing through her tense body. It was full and wide and overwhelming, destroying every ounce of sanity she had left. Her very essence seemed to throb and come alive with it.

She jerked and bounced in her seat with each sweep of his his tongue, until the laps grew so heavy and rapid she all but began to convulse as she sat there and gave herself over. Without even realizing what she was doing, Clarice shifted herself and pushed her bottom out to the very edge of the seat, spreading her legs ever wider until they burned at her hips, giving him full access to her burning cunt.

She was as exposed and unprotected as she could be, her pussy wide open to be devoured by his tongue. And King took full advantage, burying his snout into her sex, as his long tongue flashed out over her cunt at a feverish pace, snaking its way right into her gushing hole.

“Holy shit!” Clarice cried aloud, tossing her head as she fell back into the seat, pressing her pussy out firmly onto King’s lapping tongue. “King – Jacque, it’s amazing!” she grunted, bolts of electricity snapping through her. She felt a burning inferno ignite in her loins, spreading out from her core as a powerful orgasm began to build, readied to explode like the looming eruption of a mighty volcano.

It was a noisy, sloppy affair. Clarice’s cunt was pouring juices out onto King’s tongue, goading him on as he drank her nectar like a bear his honey. Jacque, mesmerized by it all, carefully inched his way forward for a better view. His hand mindlessly made it’s way to his stiff cock beneath his pants.

“FUGHK! I’m gonna CUUGHM!” she groaned haughtily at the ceiling. Out of her mind, she grabbed either leg just below the knees, and hoisted them into the air, spread eagle for him.

But then something distracted King. The flame of her candle flickered with the incoming draft of wind. Clarice opened her eyes to see Bee crawling up beside him, rubbing her tender cheek up against his flanks affectionately, whimpering for his attention. Clarice nearly yelled at her to scram, to beat it, but before she had the chance, King thankfully turned his attention back to her offered pussy.

“YES!” she sang like a morning dove as her head rolled back and her eyes closed with the heavenly pleasure. Distracted as such, she missed what exactly happened next, but Jacque surely didn’t.

In need herself, Bee attempted to offer herself to her mate, turning and sticking out her rear, but King did not take the bait. He was too focused on devouring Clarice’s potent wine. Bee would not give up so easily, however.

Jacque saw it all play out as Bee, disgruntled, turned back around, running her cheek along her lover's side until she reached his haunches. Ducking her face below King's belly, she seemed determined to garner his attention however she could. With her eyes locked onto his hanging sheath, Bee proceeded to lick at the tip of it. And not just lick, but she actually wrapped her lips around it, sucking on it.

"Shittt..." Jacque groaned as it watched it all go down, still working at his own hard-on with his fist over his pants. King's cock, angry with his bitch or not, could not withstand the attention, and began extending out his sheath, right into Bee's awaiting mouth.

Hearing Jacque and noticing King's change in tempo, Clarice opened her eyes once again to see what was happening. "What is she..?!" she gasped when she saw King's cock disappearing into Bee's splayed lips.

Bee was clever, and having learned a new trick, she did not falter, but took more and more of his growing length into her mouth. It was intense. It started slow and awkward, but Bee quickly adjusted. Soon, she was bobbing her head back and forth like a pro, sucking and slurping and rolling her tongue all about his rapidly swelling cock, pleasing her master so. King's hips started to buck as a long string of his runny cum began to drool out of the corner of Bee's round, plush lips.

"Jacque..." Clarice hummed as she ground herself onto King's tongue, her climax growing closer and closer as she watched the lewd and erotic scene unfold before her. Bee was sucking King's red, animal cock!

"Fuck, Clarice!" Jacque couldn't stand it, and released his own cock from its confine, jacking it as he watched.

King suddenly bucked out of Bee's mouth, need overcoming him as well. Without warning, he abandoned Clarice and spinning around Bee, he promptly mounted her. And mount her he did.

It was to be a brutal affair, punishment for her disloyalty to him this day. Bee held still as her mate got himself into position, grimacing at the pain of his claws and the drop of his weight, but she did not pull away. Clarice fell from her seat, and she and Jacque both tripped down behind them to watch it transpire.

King forced his way inside her, stabbing her gaping pussy on the first jab. Bee whelped with the sudden invasion of the massive tool. He plunged himself deep into her with one mighty, unforgiving blow. He rammed ten inches of raging dog cock up into her, raping her, punching his cock into her pussy, taking out all his frustration from the day on her.

And Bee likewise moaned and whelped with each of his hard, savage thrusts. But she took her punishment like the good bitch that she was. Bracing herself atop the pavement, she gritted her jaw and pushed herself back against him, letting him take her, fuck her, as hard and as deep and howsoever he desired.

King's cock rapidly turned into a blur of red meat, sloshing and driving through Bee's tight, wet cunt. It was loud and fierce, only to be out done by Bee's belting pleats.

Left hanging on the precipice and starving, Clarice dove for the only other cock in sight. She ripped Jacques pants down to his ankles as she watched Bee getting the fuck of a lifetime. Her pussy was gushing like a spring fountain.

She'd been intent upon burying his cock right into her throat, but when his pants hit the floor,

something fell out of his pocket. At first it was only a momentary distraction. She grabbed hold of Jacque's cock with her fist, opening her mouth to take him in, but then... her brain began to process. She recognized it.

"Huh..? Wha' - what's this?" she pulled herself away, picking up the plastic bag with the yellowish clothe within, holding it up. "Jacque... is this...?" she could not finish, looking up to him with confused, curious eyes.

"I... er..." he had no explanation, or simply couldn't explain. Henry had given him very clear instructions. Jacque had no idea how he'd pull it off, but he loved Clarice, and somehow, someway, he knew he had to, to protect her from that asshole, as bad as protecting her was. "It's... I..." he continued rambling, unable to speak coherently. The jig was up - he'd been caught red handed. Now what?

Short of an explanation from Jacque, with the two dogs fucking beside them, Clarice peeled open the bag and stuck her nose in, sniffing it. A strong, musty aroma invaded her nostrils, confirming what she expected.

"Jacque, this is..."

"Erghm!" Bee whimpered as King opened up on her with a sudden burst of adrenaline, pounding her like they'd never seen. The Alpha had caught a taint of the scent, and driven by it, he began hammering Bee like he meant to drive her into the floor. Clarice became distracted again.

"You like this, boy?" she asked coyly, crawling over and wafting the open bag before King's nose. King turned his head and stuck his snout right into the open bag. If it were even possible, King unloaded on Bee a staccato of thrusts that could have rivaled machine gun fire, tossing her small frame violently beneath him, jolting her right off her hands onto her elbows and drove her face into the cement. Bee cried and whelped pleadingly from the brutality of it as she was tossed to and fro beneath the insane, ravaging beast.

"Crazy..." Clarice fell back onto her heels to watch the affects of it on King. Bee's wet pussy was sloshing loudly around King's blurred cock, her tits clapping back and forth with the savage, churning thrusts.

"Jacque, what were you doing with this..?" she asked in a daze as she watched Bee getting her brains fucked out, the heat burning so fiercely in herself, she was almost jealous. "Jacque?" she asked again when she did not hear a response, turning just in time to see him glancing over his shoulder at the other two dogs standing eagerly at the front of their kennels, watching the show themselves.

"Oh..." she gasped as he turned back and their eyes met. That needy look he gave her, it only threw fuel on her fire.

Clarice lost it. Drunk, horny, and in dire need of release from the storm pent up inside her, Clarice grabbed the bottom of her shirt and ripped it up over her head, leaving herself completely nude. Becoming the animal she felt like, she crawled over to Jacque on her hands and knees.

"What do you want?" she purred at him, lifting his cock to cup his balls with her tongue, before running the tip of it up his shaft to take him fully in her mouth. Jacque only moaned as he ran his fingers into her hair.

"Tell me what you want," she pulled his spit coated cock back out, and lifting herself more, she

wedged it between her ample breasts, and began to lift and lower her body before him, allowing him to slowly titty fuck her.

“Clarice...” Jacque moaned as his cock throbbed between her cleavage.

“Tell me...” she repeated, daring to glance back at the awaiting dogs.

“You’re so fucking hot!” Jacque groaned, staring longing down into her glistening eyes.

“Argh - argh - argh!” Bee yelped roughly beside them with each of King’s rapid, unwavering thrusts.

Clarice’s senses were overcome by the staccato of their rippling flesh, beating like a loud drum inside her head. Bee was grunting wildly, her wanton pleas reverberating around the bricked kennels, sounding as if she was cumming and cumming hard as King gave it to her. Images of that red, massive cock, of his swollen knot filled her mind. She felt her pussy gushing, her juices pouring out onto her thighs, her whole body quivering in need of it.

“Argh - argh - argh!” was all she could hear, all she could think, all she could see as King fucked Bee like the bitch she was.

“Tell me what you want!” she demanded of Jacque as she pushed her tits tighter together, working them over his cock faster and faster.

“I - I want... last night...” he burned red with embarrassment, but still with abashed need all the same.

“Say it!” Clarice shouted at him, the heat rising with their rhythm.

“I want you to take them!” he groaned back.

“You like watching Bee getting fucked by King?!” she moved faster and harder across his throbbing cock.

“Yes!” he exclaimed, almost painfully.

“You want to see me getting fucked by a dog?!” she stripped away any pretenses.

“YES!” Jacque begged, losing all control as his cock suddenly erupted, shooting hot cum all over Clarice’s tits.

“Mmm,” she took him back in her mouth, drinking and savoring the last bits of his load.

“ARGGGHHH!” Bee whelped a long, guttural plea beside them. They both turned just in time, Clarice with a cock in her mouth, to see King’s knot disappearing inside her cunt, and Bee cumming hard, collapsing to the floor. That was it. An insatiable urge swelled inside her, flooding over any dam or levee her better senses had erected. Clarice had to have it - she needed it like the air she breathed.

Releasing Jacque, Clarice pulled out the scent laden rag, and proceeded to frantically smear it all across her cheeks and neck, along her arms and under her pits. Jacque could only look on, utterly dumbfounded.

Clarice then turned over onto her hands and knees, and looking back over her shoulder at her best friend and lover, she continued to spread the scent of a bitch in heat all across her pussy and along

her ass and thighs.

“Well, what are you waiting for?!” Clarice practically barked at him. Jacque tripped backwards, falling and stumbling his way as he raced to Bruno’s gate before she changed her mind. He spared one last glance to Clarice, just to be sure. He paused as he saw her looking towards the wall, but she remained on her hands and knees, sticking out her pussy to him – to the dogs.

Clarice had frozen, rag in hand. The cameras... How had she forgotten so easily? Was Henry there now, watching all this transpire? Either she had completely lost her mind, or she just hadn’t cared. She had been in dire need, but the position she had put her self in from last night, and what she had done only this morning to cover it all up, came screeching back to her with the sight of the cameras.

Henry was indeed sitting on the other side of those cameras, cock in hand, watching his plot unfold with a devious grin spread from ear to ear. “The stupid bitch just can’t help herself!” Just as Jacque loosed Bruno, Henry sent the page to Timothy that he’d already prepared. Everything was going so well!

Clarice was just about to turn and tell Jacque to stop, but... too late. She heard the gate open and the scratching of frantic nails across the cement. She was about to jump up, to put an end to this insanity, but then... she was just too late.

With sex in the air, and the scent of a bitch in heat filling his nostrils, Bruno could not move his legs fast enough. Streaking towards her like an out of control steam engine, he collided with her with great impact.

“OH GAWD!” Clarice cried when Bruno hit her, knocking her forward and back down onto her hands and knees. “NO!” she tried to pull away, but Bruno wasted no time. Clarice cried aloud at the scratch of his claws along her delicate hips, bucking and turning her body, grabbing at and pushing away his coming paws, but before she knew it, Bruno had her waist firmly in his grasp, his heavy weight coming down fully atop her back – Clarice was pinned beneath him. She wasn’t going anywhere, like it or not.

She cursed and kicked herself for allowing this to happen. She fought and she scrambled, but it was all in vain. Though young, Bruno still weighed more than she did, and driven by the scent, he was currently nothing more than a wild animal. Clarice was completely at his mercy.

Left bent – head down, ass up – her pussy open and gushing, it took Bruno only a few random jabs to find his treasure, and just like that, he was inside her. Feeling her heat encompassing the pointed tip of his needy cock, Bruno thrust himself forward, burying half his thick cock inside his bitch with one forceful plunge.

“UNGH!” all the air was knocked from her lungs as the large dog cock speared into her. Her eyes bulged from their sockets, her jaw dropped with silent anguish, and there would be no reprieve. The assault began at once.

It was big and hot and raw and all consuming. Bruno hammered himself into her, taking her and fucking her as he pleased. Whether she wanted it or not, the sharp pain of his sudden intrusion quickly gave way to mind numbing pleasure, and before Clarice knew what hit her, she was coming.

And she came and she came and she came. One all consuming orgasm after another, each ever higher, spiraling her upwards towards some distant, unrecognizable apex. The sound of their wet, rippling flesh, the slap of his meat clapping against hers, the breathless grunts of Clarice’s depleted lungs, the whimpering and whining of a pleased and ecstatic beast, rivaled that of King and Bee.

Bruno was fucking her, hard and fast and with total abandon and there was absolutely nothing Clarice could do to stop it now.

“UNGH-UNGH-UNGH!” she grunted as she was rocked wildly beneath him, her large tits swaying and smacking and clapping together.

As if on drugs, Bruno fucked her with an uncontrollable insanity, his hind legs dancing about hers, scratching at her bent calves, his body hunched around her rear, bucking and thrusting and convulsing as he fed his red cock into her pink channel. Clarice started grunting and howling like that bitch in heat from the sudden and savage mating, her tongue rolling out and drooling from her gaped mouth.

Being taken like a dog, Clarice forget all else, Jacque, the cameras, Henry... as she braced herself and began to push back, taking all of his cock as he fucked her, plunging his cock in and out, in and out at a mind blowing pace, and she wanting, needing, loving every minute of it.

King watched on, displeased that one of his other bitches was being claimed, but at the moment, locked inside the others cunt, he could do nothing about it.

Before Clarice could make sense of anything, she felt another tongue lapping at her exposed neck and cheeks. She opened her eyes to an eager, dancing, practically hopping Ramses. Two dogs. Jacque had let them both out.

With sex in the air, with King and Bee fucking like mad, with Bruno pounding her pussy, with the scent of a bitch in heat spread all across her, Ramses was going crazy as well. Clarice was being mobbed, pushed back and forth between the two wild animals. Dog cock was ripping her open, while dog tongue was rippling her sensitive flesh.

Clarice was crescendoing unto a peak she did not know existed. She was screaming and begging and pleading, though none of it made any sense. She was being thrust into an alternate universe.

And then there was tongue in her mouth. Long, wide, rolling, slobbering tongue. She didn't care. She pressed her tongue back out against it, letting them curl and intertwine together, kissing the dog with a passion, sucking on it, practically swallowing his tongue.

And then just as fast as it came, it was gone. Sharp claws across her back awakened her senses. Something was jabbing itself into her face. Clarice opened her eyes to stiff, raging dog cock. Ramses, overcome by the scent, had reverse mounted her. Right before her very eyes was red, dangling, titillating cock, prodding into her face.

He was already squirting cum all across her cheeks, nose and lips. As if by impulse, Clarice opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue to catch the precious liquid. It was delicious, sending an inferno burning through her body. That was all the opening Ramses needed. The next thing Clarice knew, she had a mouthful of dog cock.

Clarice was being tossed, thrown, cast in a whirlwind of orgasm and cum. Whether she wanted to or not, Ramses forced his long cock all the way back into her throat. She was being fucked from two ends, by two different dogs, and she had never felt so alive, so erotic, so turned on in all her life!

She feasted upon Ramses' cock, devouring it, savoring it, letting him fuck her mouth and throat, all the while gulping down his spurting cum. She felt Bruno's knot swelling, teasing her pussy's lips and sending shivers through her cunt. She pushed herself back against it, intent upon having him force it into her and tie with her - make her his bitch.

“MMMM!” she groveled over Ramses’s cock, pushing her lips right onto his growing bulge, taking him deep in her throat, and then she felt Bruno tense up tight against her, pressing himself against her. He pussy burned in protest, his knot was HUGE! But Clarice determinedly gripped her fists and ground herself back against him, until in one sudden give, it slipped inside her. The deed was done.

Clarice came the hardest she had yet, howling about Ramses’ cock as she felt the sudden eruption of steaming hot dog cum inside her womb, filling her, stretching her even more. The only disappointment she felt, was that she could not be drinking it, tasting it, savoring it as she was Ramses’ spurting down her throat.

With her thoughts on cum, she reached up and took hold of Ramses’ knot, pulling him out of her throat to suck him properly. At first, she pulled him all the way out her mouth and jerked him as she let him coat her face with his slime, loving its warmth spread all her, completely masking her face, before she buried him back in her mouth once more.

She really started getting into it, bobbing her head back and forth, sucking on him with vigor, slobbering all over him as she continued to cum from Bruno’s massive knot inside her tight pussy.

She swirled her tongue about Ramses thick shaft, she let him flood her mouth, pooling it inside, swishing his cum back and forth within her inflated cheeks, only swallowing when there was no more room.

Bruno’s hard thrusts eventually abated to a sharp convulsion atop her back, as he continued to pump her full of his cum. She could hear him panting, drooling atop her. She squeezed her pussy about him, enjoying every throb of his shooting cock, as she kept sucking on Ramses’, swallowing as much of his cum as she could, as fast as he could give it.

“Tuh - Timothy?!” a frantic voice jerked Clarice back to reality. It was Jacques. Her eyes flew open. Turning her head to the noise, though with dog cock still in her mouth and pussy, her eyes fell first upon a stunned Jacques, naked from the waist down, a raging hard-on clenched in his fist, following his gaze to a likewise stunned Timothy, frozen as he was, pants around his knees, a stiff cock in his hand.

“Fughck..!” she mumbled from a mouthful, a quart of dog cum spilling over her chin, splattering upon the hard floor.

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### **Chapter Thirteen: Timothy’s Chance**

“I - er...” In one point five seconds, Timothy turned from a heated red, to an ashen white, right back into an embarrassed, crimson blush. He scrambled frantically to hoist back up his pants, shoving away his jutting out member, but failed miserably in the process and toppled over onto his arse. His bumbings would have been funny, if only...

Jacque was left frozen with undisguised terror, his gaze darting back and forth between Clarice, Bee and the dogs, and then to Timothy, unable to speak, unable to move. This was bad.

Clarice felt the weight of a bowling ball sock her right in the gut. In her mind’s eye, she saw herself suddenly erupt with tears, bawling, screaming, crying, jumping up and running away with absolute humiliation and dismay, the tears streaming down her face... but as she was, one dog pinning her down atop her back, his cock knotted inside her pussy, the other trapping her from the front, his cock buried in her throat, she wasn’t going anywhere.

And as she was, she wouldn't have had the strength to overpower one of these tenacious beasts on a normal day, much less two of them, and certainly not after all the complete and total, countless orgasms that had left her with barely enough wherewithal to hold herself up.

She was trapped, pinned, caught red handed now not only by Henry, but by Timothy as well, and this time fucking not one, but two dogs at the same time. She felt herself plummeting down the rabbit's hole with no way out, and new challenges around every corner. Could things have gotten any worse?

A million different things raced through her mind in that brief moment between discovery and response, but she could grasp on to nothing. She was left blank, too stunned to do anything, too far gone to try anything. To put it lightly, Clarice was not herself at the moment.

She had been lost, drifting somewhere on cloud nine, in a world of greed and pleasure, of need and want, of sex and seduction. And then... insert Timothy. The shock of emotions clashed like water and vinegar, with Clarice's sanity left fledgeling somewhere in between. As Timothy scrambled his way back onto his feet in fast retreat, Clarice spit out Ramses's cock and did the only thing she could... she screamed at him.

"TIMOTHY!" her vocal chords struck with an unexpected, dire pitch, echoing out more forcefully than she had intended. All the same, having just been ravaged by a beast, she should have been glad they worked at all.

Timothy froze, flinching at his name. All eyes in the room, both human and dog alike, were now trained on him, and he felt the insufferable weight of it plopped down atop his shoulders. Just as much as his two co-workers, he wanted nothing more than to flee this room, to be gone, to pretend it never happened, that he'd seen nothing, but just as them, something had him trapped.

With Timothy etched in place, Clarice had the floor, but then... what now? Her brain was still sprinting madly for some far, distant excuse, but no matter what, it evaded her clutch. What was there to say? 'It's not what it looks like?' flashed through her mind. What a joke. How long had he been there? How much had he seen? As she was, he'd seen enough.

Regardless of her precarious position, while she and Jacque had been caught red handed, Clarice did not miss that so had Timothy. She'd seen his fist wrapped around his shaft, watching her and Bee being mated by the dogs. She could still see it poking out his trousers.

"Ungh!" Clarice grunted as Bruno suddenly turned, dismounting her, but they were still very much tied, now left ass to ass. Apparently things could get worse. Timothy began tripping backwards again, towards the exit, but his eyes betrayed him, locking onto her and and the dog.

"Timothy, WAIT!" Clarice called after him. Her brain was not functioning properly, but she was determined not to let him escape, not like this. She had to do something to stop him. Something. Anything. It worked - Timothy stopped.

"What are you doing here?!" she said the stupidest thing one could in such a situation, but managed to sound quite accusatory as she did so. Not all of her female senses had abated her. She dared to turn the tables on him.

"I - I... er... I don't know..?" he started mumbling again, acting like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar, his face turning redder and redder by the second, and he shrunk more and more with every word he uttered, his eyes darting about the room, attempting anywhere but at Clarice.

"What - what were you doing... just then?" Clarice had the audacity to demand of him, she the one



still on her hands and knees, she the one with a dog's cock still embedded within her pussy, she the one with dog cum dribbled across her chin and cheeks, leaking from her cunt, puddling upon the floor between her legs.

"I was... I was..." Timothy rambled in circles like a skipping track, the gears misfiring in his brain. He glanced over his shoulder for the door again, looking like he wanted nothing more in the world than to fly through them at the moment.

Clarice's time was nearly up, and she recognized as much. Any second now, Timothy was going to break and be gone, and then what? He'd likely go fleeing to Doctor Kuenig first thing. She had to think fast, but she was working with very little. In her current predicament, only one thing stood out to her at the moment - and quite literally.

"Your - your dick is still hard..." the words came out as rushed and as afraid as Clarice felt. She had leapt from the edge.

All three in the room were aghast at her bluntness, she herself repulsed and confused from where these words came from, Jacque stunned and left wide eyed and gawking, and Timothy... Timothy oddly enough, was the one slumping with shame and humiliation.

With Timothy's back to them, Jacque managed to mouth the words, "What are you doing?" to her.

"I don't know..." she shrugged a mimed response. "He can't..." she started aloud, but then stopped. It was just too much to say, but Jacque was clever enough to catch on. They couldn't let Timothy leave. Not without... something.

"Timothy..." Jacque himself dared. "Come here," he sounded far more confident than he felt, but Jacque was a rung or two up on the social ladder than Timothy, and he played his cards well. Jacque caught Clarice's eye, the two communicating a silent plot, and she nodded at him, giving him the go ahead.

Having to think on the fly, only one solution seemed plausible. To get away with this, they were going to have to implicate Timothy as well. To say so was one thing. To act, another. The question now became, how?

"Jacque, I..." Timothy was shaking with fear, his knees literally knocking together. His hips were arched awkwardly backwards, his hands over his groin, failing miserably as to hide the bulge still obvious in his pants.

"It's alright," Jacque reassured him, now unabashedly standing tall with his shoulders back, no matter that he wasn't wearing any pants or not. He was acting. "Come here," he repeated.

Timothy struggled a moment longer, mumbling beneath his breath, but eventually, with his head down, eyes to the floor, defeated, he shuffled his way over to Jacque, who stood beside the kneeling Clarice and dogs. Timothy's tremors became stronger and stronger the closer he came.

"Do you always make it a habit on spying on other people?" Jacque was incredulous.

"Jacque, no!" Timothy finally looked up to his friend, alarmed, throwing up his hands. "I didn't mean to - I swear - I just..." he was incapable of articulating himself.

"Easy now," Jacque softened, trying to settle the flustering Timothy back down before the poor guy started crying - he looked like he just might. "You weren't supposed to see this..." Jacque went on.

“Doctor Kuenig asked us...” he glanced to Clarice for backup, “To perform a little side experiment for him. No one else was supposed to know.”

“Huh?” Timothy choked out.

“Yeah,” Jacque quickly formulated and went with it. “He needed to be sure that the dogs took to Bee because they accepted her as a dog, and not as a human...” Jacque repeated the words he’d heard the good doctor say so many times before.

“B-but..?” Timothy dared a quick glance over at the two girls, both knelt on their hands and knees, each with a dog trapped inside of them.

“It worked for the most part, but then we had to apply the scent to Clarice to see how they responded to that...” he motioned to the discarded rag laid out in front of her. “Er... and things got a little out of hand from there...” he finished ill at ease.

“Oh...” Timothy stuck to his single syllables, the gears obviously turning in his head, trying to put the pieces together.

Jacque studied the kennel keeper carefully as Timothy looked on to the specimens with a new curiosity. He seemed to be buying it, to Jacque’s utter disbelief, and he briefly considered leaving it there, but that would still leave a lot more explaining to do on why exactly Clarice had been caught sucking one of the dog’s cocks, and then why he himself wasn’t wearing any pants. They had to implicate him. There was no other way about it.

“It’s - it’s been a crazy last few days...” Jacque scratched at the back of his head, opting for deepening the ploy. He could only hope that Clarice would go along with it. “That looks painful...” Jacque gestured towards the tent in Timothy’s pants.

“Huh? Oh...” Timothy’s vocabulary had seemingly been reduced to these two simple words as he ducked his hips back again, covering himself. “I... it’s not what...” but Timothy ran out of words and left it at that.

“It’s okay,” Jacque reassured him. “All this...” he looked around the room at the two naked girls and dogs. “Seems as if we all three got a little sucked in,” he smiled playfully, baiting Timothy.

“Uh, yeah...” Timothy’s eyes latched back onto them.

“Why don’t you let her take care of that for you?” Jacque dared. He was pushing at the very outer limits, but what else was he to do?

“Huh?!” Timothy guffawed just as Clarice gasped, looking up incredulously at him.

“W-what?!” Clarice’s mouth bobbed with the same, silent question.

With Timothy’s attention back on himself, Jacque chanced another quick glance at Clarice, relaying his plan silently to her. She looked... shocked? Afraid? Angry?

All that said, Clarice understood. They had to implicate. With her head hung in resignation, she gave Jacque a slight nod. First Henry, now Timothy. Who was next, Doctor Kuenig?! Jacque didn’t like it himself, but what other options did they have.

“Come on,” Jacque grabbed Timothy about his shoulders and moved him in front of Clarice. “We’re

all friends here..."

"Jacque, what are you doing?!" Timothy spluttered, but then was brought up short as Clarice reached up with one hand and began tugging down his trousers. "Clarice?!" he muttered, terrified by what was happening.

Clarice did not possess the strength to answer him. Her chest heaving, she was nearly hyperventilating. She had to reserve everything she had left to follow through with this. She hated herself at the moment. She was having to whore herself out yet again to keep this all hush, and she was still very much aware of Bruno locked within her pussy, still cumming inside her.

But as she pulled his pants all the way to his knees, and raised her timid gaze back up to his groin... that inner demon who had been responsible for all this in the first place, reared its ugly head once again.

Cock. Hard, throbbing cock was right in front of her face. Timothy wasn't that big, but it was still cock. And it was reaching for her, begging for her to ease its suffering. It needed her, and suddenly, as if something had just clicked inside her, she needed it. Her mouth began to salivate with the sight of it. As if in a trance, Clarice reached back up and took hold of him.

"Clarice, what are you - oh..." Timothy pattered off as Clarice's moist lips wrapped around his stiff member and sucked him into her soused pallet.

"Oh geez!" Timothy's head rolled back. "Oh wow!" he rocked back on his heels as Clarice ringed the head of his cock with her soft, smooth tongue. His hands flapped awkwardly at his sides, unsure of what to do with them, and too afraid to touch her as she began to bob along his stiff shaft.

"Holy mother of..!" his legs nearly buckled as he felt the tip of his cock press into her tight throat. With one hand, and then the other, Clarice herself reached up and guided Timothy's to the back of her head.

An instant battle erupted inside Timothy as she struggled with all he had not to start thrusting and using his hands to cram Clarice's pretty face down onto his dick.

"It - it's sooo good!" he chirped like a morning song bird.

With each bob and weave of her head, Clarice worked her mouth over him faster and faster, tightening her lips about him harder and harder, sucking him with ever greater force as her own loin began to tingle. Timothy's knuckles curled involuntarily, gripping her hair, as she slipped him in and out of her clenching gullet.

The heat was rising once more. Her senses began firing like a million pin tips all across her and inside her. Her pussy quivered, milking Bruno's cock as he bloated her belly with his searing cum. Her clit re-hardened to a most painful level. Her nipples were jutting. She took Timothy deep, all the way, choking herself, until she could stick out her tongue and lick at his balls.

"Oh. My. Lord!" Timothy's legs nearly gave out with the wonderous sensation. Clarice slowly pulled him back out, only to plunge her face back down once again, savagely, as if in an attempt to hurt herself. She had a desperate itch, and only cock could scratch it.

"Go on, Timothy," she popped her lips off the head of his dick, sauntering haughtily back up at him. "Fuck my mouth with your cock!" she begged him while jerking his slobbery shaft, wanting him to use her as the slut she felt.

He couldn't take it. As Clarice wrapped her lips back around him, but just held still, his hips started to move on their own volition. He started slow, timidly at first, creeping his cock in and out.

"Damn... I've never... it's just so amazing!" he groveled as he dared push more and more of his cock into her mouth.

"Mmm!" Clarice began humming across him, teasing him, cupping his dick with her slender tongue as the tempo rose. As Clarice reached beneath herself to rub at her throbbing nub, Timothy forgot himself, and before long, the need too great, he started pumping his cock into her mouth, reaching desperately for the back of her heavenly throat.

And Clarice let him. It was almost too easy. He certainly wasn't as big as the rest she'd taken, and his timorous attempts were creating an itching deep in her throat that absolutely needed to be scratched. Bracing herself on one arm, she reached up with her other and began massaging his hanging balls, goading him on.

"Oh my! Oh gawd! Oh shit!" Timothy was grunting and moaning with lust-crazed pleasure, his eyes closed, face to the ceiling. His hips started bucking harder. He felt himself slip into her throat, causing Clarice to moan and hum even louder, tickling his throbbing cock within her tight grasp.

It was just too much. Caught up in the whirlwind of need and ecstasy, Timothy began pulling her face down to meet his thrusts. Clarice only moaned louder and louder with each plunge of his cock. Before long, Timothy was slamming her head back against him, outright fucking her face, plummeting his cock right into her throat at will.

Just as they were starting to get into it, however, they were abruptly interrupted by a sudden grunt from Bee, and the telltale pop as King's knot plopped out of her. All his cum splattered out onto the floor like a geyser erupting.

"Mmm," Clarice took hold of him and pulled out his cock, licking at her lips as she looked to Bee. Bee, as obediently as ever, turned and ducked her face beneath her master, cleaning his cock for him. Clarice felt her own pussy begin to tremble. It was so erotic! She just couldn't get enough.

"Holy mackerel!" Timothy guffawed as he watched with the rest of them, his own cock throbbing madly at the sight of it.

Hungry and driven herself, Clarice reached back below herself. Collecting some of the cum leaking out of her pussy, she swabbed it all across Timothy's cock before she swallowed it whole once more.

All watched Bee finish off King, her sweet, gaping pussy facing them, drooling out a long stream of his cum. The two finished and finally parted, and the next thing any of them knew, Bee had crawled up beside Clarice, investigating.

"Bee?" Clarice removed Timothy's cock once more, expressing with surprise. What happened next... Clarice was holding Timothy's cock out, and Bee stuck her snout forward on licked it.

"Holy shit!" Clarice and Jacque both gasped. Timothy was left speechless.

Jacking his dick now, Clarice smiled deviously up at Timothy as she reached beneath herself yet again, cupping her hand below her sex to catch more of Bruno's cum still leaking out of her.

"H-huh?!" Timothy was left floored as Clarice reached back up, and proceeded to smear the dog cum all across his cock and balls. Clarice didn't have to say a word. Bee stuck her nose forward, sniffing

the alluring aroma, before she then began to lap at the cum across Timothy's package.

"Oh my... w-what are you..?" Timothy's head fell back again as Bee eventually wrapped her lips around his cock, just as she did for King.

"That's it!" Clarice wove her fingers into Bee's cropped hair, and began forcing her head further and further down upon Timothy. "Suck him!" she rasped.

As Timothy's own hands eventually took over, Clarice abandoned her head, and with the insatiable urge to taste King's cum still drooling out Bee's pussy, even though it hurt to move with Bruno still inside her, she drug the dog along as she crawled to get behind Bee. She just had to taste it!

"Beautiful," she commented while spreading Bee's ass cheeks open. Clarice licked at her flush, pink lips before diving in, slurping across Bee's cum coated pussy.

Bee, still very much turned on and in need, whimpered loudly across Timothy's cock as she relished Clarice's lips sucking intensely on her inflated clit. Clarice's face was being coated with cum all over again, but she didn't care, she was loving every moment of it as she began to fuck Bee's pussy with her tongue, allowing the dog's cum to flow right out into her mouth.

Clarice was soon distracted from what she was doing, however, as King approached Bruno and began to growl at him. Apparently King was ready for round two of the night, and he did not like to be left waiting.

As if on queue, with her needy pussy left open and unattended to, Bee suddenly pulled back from Timothy, and spun around, offering up her pussy to him.

"Go on!" Clarice goaded him, commanding him, wanting, needing to see it. "She needs it!"

"N-no way... I - I couldn't... I can't..."

"Do it!" Clarice shouted at him. "Jacque has already fucked her. She wants to be fucked, look at her!"

Timothy glanced to Jacque, and... what could he say? He nodded, a bit ashamed with himself. Against his better judgment, but with Clarice's words seeming more and more logical in his clouded brain, and his gaze locked back onto Bee's open, gushing pussy, caught up in the magic of it all, Timothy dropped to his knees behind her. He needed it too. Timothy took her by the hips, and plunged himself into her by now well used, and drooling cunt.

"Aruhh!" Bee grunted.

"Fuck yeah!" Timothy groaned as his cock was engulfed by her searing hot pussy. Bee moaned gratefully as she pushed back against him.

Bruno, being challenged by King, was no longer willing to wait it out. Whether his knot was ready or not, he suddenly pulled away, and Clarice cried bloody murder as his knot was ripped from her, his cum likewise spilling out onto the floor in a flood.

Clarice was left tensed up with pain, her breath heaving, and not that she would have tried to deny him at this point at any rate, but she put on no resistance as King took the opening, and mounted his second bitch of the night. As Clarice would soon find out, however, King was no fool, and he had plans for this conniving bitch. She was to be taught a lesson as well, and not just any lesson.

"Yes! Give it to me, King!" Clarice was ready and willing, picking herself back up from having fallen beneath his weight. Little did she know as to what exactly King had in store for her.

Having been left out, as King positioned himself atop Clarice, she caught Jacque at Bee's head, the good doctor, now dog, already sucking him willingly as Timothy fucked her.

King was not one of the inexperienced newcomers like Bruno or Ramses. He knew just what he was doing. He'd had more pussy in his day than one could throw a stick at, and then, if he so wished, not just pussy... He knew his thick cock would hurt them, and he meant for it to. He saved this particular punishment for his most disloyal of bitches, and having already claimed her before, coupled with her treachery earlier today, Clarice fit this build.

There was no aimless jabbing, just hoping to get it in with some lucky stab. King was steady and intent. Clarice awaited it, wanting it, needing to be fucked again as she watched the other three go at it, but what she was about to get, she'd yet to fathom, as she'd never been fucked here before. Needless to say, she was in for a big - BIG! - surprise.

At first contact, her face pinching awkwardly, she simply assumed there had been some mistake. She tried to readjust herself, but as King felt the speared tip of his cock press against Clarice's tight sphincter, he abruptly, and quite savagely, plowed his way forward.

Clarice's eyes nearly popped from their sockets. Her jowls fell open as she howled a thousand silent wails towards the ceiling, but with all the air knocked right from her lungs, nothing came but some pitiful gurgling.

It all happened so fast, her brain struggled to keep up. The shock, the intense, searing pain, the burning of being ripped in two, everything hit her at once. And then it came to full fruition.

As all twelve inches of King's cock tunneled itself into her forbidden channel, spreading, tearing her in half, Clarice screamed at the top of her lungs like one gone mad. By reflex, she tried to scramble away. Strong paws about her waist and sharp teeth about her neck stopped her cold.

Clarice lungs screaming their heart out was immediately choked off. A mixture of incoherent crying and pleading and begging and groveling for help was all that she could now manage at King's sharp teeth closed about her neck and his cock settled deep into her bowels. Fear. Total and absolute horror consumed every ounce of her.

At the ghastly wail, Timothy and Jacque both froze to see what in the hell was going on, but neither bothered to pull their cocks out from Bee. What was wrong with her?

As if knowing his own limitations, he meant to punish his bitch, not kill her, King held himself still atop her, his cock buried in her ass, but not moving, allowing her time to adjust to his size. Clarice's enraged, burning red sphincter was clenching and clawing over him like a pitiful beast fighting for the last scraps of some discarded carrion, trying in vain to close whole. The two guys both looked stunned, but they'd yet to realize just what exactly had happened.

"What... what's wrong..?" Jacque finally asked as Clarice's exhausted lungs finally died down to whimpering sobs. She did not answer him at first, unable to. Each breath felt as though it would destroy her. She held as still as possible.

She was crying. She could not stop the pathetic whimpering. But King eventually released her neck, and her head fell into her arms upon the floor as she tried to reign in the tears, and force herself to relax.

As she waited and she cried, crying her heart out, begging King to stop, to "don't," and as he did nothing, it was becoming increasingly aware to her that the beast had meant to insert himself here, that he meant to punish her, and though he'd yet to begin fucking her, she had no doubts of what was to come next, and it shook her to her very core. This was going to be brutal.

"Please, don't," she pleaded with the dog, tense with pain.

"What's he doing?!" Jacque asked, alarmed.

"He's... he's in my a-ass..." Clarice sniffled, the words just coming. "Oh, please, King... he's got it in my ASS!" she wailed, a fresh bout of tears overcoming her.

"WHAT?!" both the guys guffawed in unison, both abandoning Bee as they scrambled over to see for themselves.

"Whoa!" Timothy gasped.

"Are... are you okay?" Jacque asked with unremitting concern from behind her.

"NO!" Clarice shouted at him from her arms. "DON'T!" she wailed as Jacque tried to grab King, and the dog moved as he began to growl at them. "Don't move him - it hurts!"

"What... what do we do?" Timothy murmured.

"It's too late!" she began to accept her fate. There was no stopping him now. It was all up to King. "Please, King..." she tried pleading with the Alpha. "No."

"Clarice..." Timothy spoke up. "He's got it all the way in you, we can only see the knot..."

"Fuck!" she groaned. "Tell me something I don't know!" she cursed at them, grimacing as she unintentionally tensed back up, her sodomized ass burning fiercely as she did so.

"It's... he's got it in your butt.," Jacque mumbled aghast. "Wow..."

"Just... shut up," she rolled her head back and forth in her arms in agony.

But then Bee was there, forcing her way in between them. She cocked her head, looking on curiously. The two guys watched her as she then ducked her head down, and proceeded to lap at King's hanging balls, and then on to Clarice's leaking cunt.

"Ungh!" Clarice grunted. "What are you doing?!" she screamed at them as King adjusted.

"It's not us..." Jacque said breathlessly. "It's Bee."

"Oh," Clarice gasped as Bee really started to lick at her, soothing her aching sex. It was helping. "Gawd, that's... better!" Clarice moaned as Bee buried her snout into her, licking her thoroughly. Sensing his bitch start to relax, King, in complete control of himself, crept his cock backwards an inch or so.

"Ungh!" Clarice grunted as he let it fall forward again, his knot pressing up against her burning asshole once more. King kept this up as the two watched on, each time slowly pulling just a little more out, only to sink it back in.

"Fughck!" Clarice groveled. "It's so - ungh - biunghg! I - I can't - ungh - take it!" she cried, her fists

clenching at the cement floor.

Timothy and Jacque did not need to be told, they were watching it first hand. Clarice's virgin ass was being stretched open an obscene three good inches, and the taut muscle was gripping his so tightly, that it was bowing unnaturally so in and out with each of his slow draws.

As painful as it was, she was slowly starting to stretch out, and Bee, still diligently at work, was taking Clarice's mind off the pain. Little by little, King trained his bitch's ass, until he was drawing nearly all twelve inches out of her, only to sink it back in, even though it was coupled with a whelp from Clarice each and every time.

As his spurts of pre-cum began to lubricate her forbidden channel, and Clarice began to take it with less and less squawks of pain though, King's tempo began to climb.

"Ungh... ungh... ungh... ungh - - ungh - - ungh - ungh - ungh!" Clarice grunted with a mixture of pain and pleasure as King started moving faster and faster. Before long, he was taking her ass at a steady pace, his entire length fucking her, right up to the hilt, his knot slamming into her tight anus.

"Ungh-ungh-ungh!" she continued grunting loudly. "Ga-ungh-wd, he's - ungh - fucking -ungh- my ass!" Clarice managed to pick herself back up onto her hands, moaning and grunting as she braced herself for each of his ever heavier punches. Timothy couldn't stand it any longer, and as Bee continued eating Clarice's cunt, he moved back behind her, and sunk his cock in. Jacque continued watching the show, pumping at his own cock.

"Ungh! Fughk! It feels - ungh - good?" she seemed to question herself. Her mind was spinning. The balance was tilting. Clarice started getting into it as both her holes were being tended to. "He's - ungh - so deep!" She started rocking herself backwards to meet King's thrusts. By now, her bowels were beginning to fill with both his hot cum and cock.

But King was starting to get into it as well, and his thrusts were becoming harder and harder, more dog like with each plunge of his cock. Clarice started screaming and squawking, ever louder, but this only drove King on.

Bee was humming, rocking herself back against Timothy, eating Clarice's pussy like a mad woman - or dog rather. Things were getting loud in the room as Clarice cried, Bee moaned, Timothy grunted, and Jacque cheered.

"Give it to her!"

"Oh yeah!" Timothy tensed up behind Bee, burying himself all the way in as he came inside her. Bee moaned loudly into Clarice's cunt as a thank you for the fresh cum being pumped into her pussy. Jacque practically pushed him out of the way as he lined himself up for his own turn.

Jacque sank himself into Bee as King began to fuck Clarice's ass as he would a bitch's pussy. Clarice kept up her hollering and screaming, but she did not buckle. It was intense - insane. She cried loudest yet, her toes curling into the air as her whole body shuddered, she was cumming, but it was not your normal orgasm.

One right after the other they beat through her, building on one another, exponentially, destroying any sense of who or what she was. Jacque knew that she was cumming - cumming from getting fucked in her ass. This tempted Jacque. He'd never had a girl in that hole before...

But then things started to really speed up. A staccato of rippling flesh began to sound as King



started pounding Clarice at that insane pace only a dog could do, hammering her. Clarice started squealing like a stuck pig, snorting and squeaking and squawking. The room soon filled with her cries and indistinguishable pleas. King was completely reaming her out.

Timothy and Jacque looked to one another with concern. King was raping her - her ass. Timothy surprised everyone as he, with his cock still rock hard, walked around and took a fistful of Clarice's hair, shoving his cock into her gaped mouth, shutting her up!

Clarice put up a fight, tossing her head back and forth, but Timothy, quite out of character, did not let her go. It was an unfair bought. Clarice was now being raped in her mouth and throat, and in her ass.

Bee's pussy now loose from over use and flooded with cum, Jacque dared. Lifting her tail, his eyes locked onto the false anus just sticking out her real one. He could see her flesh now well stretched around it. Was it possible? Would she let him? Only one way to find out...

Watching Clarice get raped in her mouth and ass, being destroyed by King, Jacque pulled his cock out, now thoroughly coated by Bee's juices and an ample amount of cum, he pressed the head of it up against Bee's ass. She glanced over her shoulder at him at this, but only for an instant, as she then turned back to Clarice's pussy. She was a bitch, to be used by males as they saw fit.

Jacque allowed his weight to shift forward, putting more and more pressure up against Bee's tight asshole. At first, it seemed impossible. Her ass was already stuffed full by the plug of the tail after all, but just as Jacque was about to give up, her already stretched sphincter suddenly gave way and accepted the head of his cock in. It was tight. Gawd was it tight. And absolute, pure bliss about his cock! Jacque's eyes rolled into the back of his head.

He heard Bee whimper and felt her wiggle her hips a bit, but she did not take her attention away from Clarice's pussy. Jacque took this as an invitation for him to continue. He pushed himself forward another inch or so, and slowly but surely, his cock began to disappear into Bee's ass.

It so tight. Jacque felt like her ass might pinch his cock off. It wasn't easy, but he had plenty of lube, and before long, he had it all the way in. So good. He started fucking her, way faster than King had allowed Clarice.

It wasn't long before he was fucking Bee hard, trying in vain to keep up with King's violent thrusts. Both girls were now screaming muffled groans into the sexes stuffed in their faces, in a mad duel of who could plead the loudest.

As their little orgy was pitched into untold heights, King still had one job left to do. Clarice had already been cumming. Cumming... and cumming... and cumming. But if she thought she had ever cum before, she was terribly mistaken. When King suddenly tensed up atop her, driving himself forcefully into her, reality of what was happening came crashing back.

Clarice spit out Timothy's cock as she let out an ear splitting wail. King was trying to knot her. He was trying to knot her ass.

"FUCK! NO!" she screamed. "SOMEBODY STOP HIM!" she begged. But it was too late. There was no stopping it.

Her asshole put up a good fight. It was a fierce battle, see-sawing back and forth. Leonidas would have been proud, but like the battle of Thermopylae, the Persians were just too overwhelming.

With a forceful thrust after thrust, King's knot assailed her, spread her abused and sniveling anus wider and wider. Like before she started crying and begging and pleading, the pain so intense she started to see stars, her vision waivering with her asshole.

Open. She was being spread, torn open. Ever so slowly, her asshole gave and gave under the pressure. It widened to an obscene, painful ellipse, until the slaughtered rim was quivering about the widest point of King's knot. And then it was over. King slipped forward. Clarice's ass swallowed him in, cock, knot and all, whole. It clapped shut behind it, now pressed up against his furry sheath.

There was no air left in her lungs for her to scream. There was no sense, no thought left in her brain. Her eyes were still open, but her vision was blank. Bolts of electricity went shooting through her, jolting her, shaking her, rippling her as if she were a ward of the insane asylum, convulsing madly.

She came the hardest she ever had. She lost every grain of sanity she had left, and as King's cock throbbed inside her, injecting his searing cum deep in her bowels, she was tossed and thrown violently until she crumpled to the floor, her ass left stuck in the air beneath King, wrapped about the wrath of his cock and knot.

"Oh my gawd!" Jacque pounded Bee onto the floor as well, cum dribbling out onto her head. He could not contain himself, and tensed up, shooting his own cum deep into Bee's ass. The way she shook and her ass quivered about him, he knew she was cumming too.

Timothy lost himself as well, spraying an insane amount of cum all over Clarice's twisted face and head and hair laying on her arms upon the floor, but there was not enough of her left to gleam what was happening.

The seconds, minutes etched by like sand through the hour glass. Orgasm after orgasm rippled through her as she was left waiting, completely defenseless.

Hours of her life seemed to drift by without her any the wiser. She was left so numb, she gave only a slight wince when King pulled out of her. Cool air rushed into her depths as the hot cum poured out.

She heard them mumbling aghast behind her, but she could not process the words. She felt fingers in her ass. She was wide open. Someone stuck their cock the gaping whole, but it didn't matter, she could hardly feel it. And whomever it was, it didn't matter as the second plunged his way in to leave his seed in her ass as well.

How much time had passed now? She didn't know. She only happened to notice Jacque and Timothy struggling to get King into his pen because her head was faced that way upon the floor, her ass still in the air, unable to move.

As soon as the latch clicked, she heard nails scrambling across the pavement. There were two more males who had been patiently awaiting their turns, not daring while the Alpha was still free.

She heard Bee grunt behind her as one mounted her. Ramses, she caught from the corner of her eye, scratched his way atop her.

"Oh fuck!" one of the guys cried, she didn't know which. Too late. Her asshole left open, it didn't take the hapless dog long to get it in. After that, there was nothing to do but take it, and then wait it out.

It hurt. It riled her from the near slumber she was in, but she could do nothing. The last thing she remembered, was Timothy and Jacque beneath each of her arms, laying her gently into the bed of

her room.