

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



(c) by Puppy Foxy

I woke up to a stabbing pain in my head, my mouth so dry, and my throat sore as well. Looking about, frightened, not knowing where I was, all I saw were padded grey walls, a dim light above me on the ceiling, too far to reach. Even if I could stand up, this did not happen when I attempted to. In horror, I saw that my designer jeans were gone, as was my baby doll tee shirt. I was now wearing my violet push-up bra with the matching lacy thong.

Binding my ankles, knees, wrists, and elbows were padded shackles, the ones at my knees and elbows connected by an odd padded bar that kept my arms and legs spread apart. The best that I could manage was to rise to all fours, crawling about pitifully like some sort of hairless animal. Oh my God! The last I remembered was going to the women's toilet at the local mall, while my friends waited outside with our food, then while I was reapplying my lip-gloss, a sharp pinch in my shoulder, then darkness.

I panicked, thrashing, calling out frantically for help, but no one came to my cries. I pulled at the shackles but could not slip free at all nor break them. With my hands and feet separated, I could get no advantage or purchase to work at them, either. I had no idea if this were some sort of jail, mental hospital, or what.

I crawled about my new cell, exploring, finding only two things of note: a slight seam of a door and a metal bowl of water bolted to the floor. I tried to lift some of the water to my thirsty mouth with my hands but could not, in the end; I lapped from it, eagerly, wondering somewhat at the odd, slightly flowery taste. Not too long after, I felt a bit strange, my body tingly and warm but calmer in some ways.

Some time passed, and then the seamed door slid open, revealing a tall blonde woman clad in black leather pants and a leather corset. Her eyes were a cold blue, devoid of any compassion or friendliness. At her belt was a riding crop; in her hands was a metal leash, which she clipped the end of to the black leather collar that she fastened tightly around my neck. Ominously, I heard the collar lock in place. Before I could do more than squirm slightly, the woman spoke.

"So, little Puppy, welcome to the first day of your new life. I am your Mistress. You will obey anything I command you, yes?" So inquired the fearsome woman, who was tall and lithely muscled, and a whole foot taller than my four foot eleven inches tall. Who the hell was this woman, and why was she treating me so? Where was I? Why was she calling me Puppy?

I wanted to contradict her, argue, and demand she release me at once, but I could not make the words come out. All that came out was a nod, agreeing to obey, feeling Compelled. This was not enough, though; Mistress swatted my bared bum with the crop, stinging painfully. "You will address me as Mistress, Puppy."

"Yes—Yes, Mistress," I stammered in fright. "But my name is not Puppy. It's Anna."

Again, Mistress smacked me with the stinging crop, a bit harder this time, laughing as she did. "That life is over now, Puppy. You are no longer Anna, no longer a girl. You will not speak with your girl's voice unless I Command, is that clear?"

I inwardly struggled, but in the end, Obeyed, feeling to Obey Mistress was the only thing to do. "Yes, Mistress," I answered meekly, trembling. What was wrong with me, that I could not fight back?

Mistress examined me, smiling a bit cruelly. "From now on, Puppy, with your red hair, I will call you Foxy. What is your new name, Puppy?"

Again I struggled, but after some minutes and swats from the riding crop answered, "My name is Foxy, Mistress" Now she was stealing even my name and forcing me to agree to it! I wanted to ask her why she was doing this to me and why I could not do or say anything other than what she Commanded. I felt terrible when I tried to resist, my head ached, and my stomach lurched; when I Obeyed Mistress, I felt better.

"Good girl!" Mistress praised as She petted my head. Oddly, I felt warm and reassured at Her petting as She led me from my cell into a larger room.

This room had a large wooden rack with different objects, as Mistress began the rudiments of teaching me to Obey Her leash commands. I was taught to Sit, no longer as a girl would, but on my fours, with hands in front of me, and bum on the floor. Next was Heeling, following just behind Mistress on the leash, keeping the proper distance. Last and most sinister was to Present, with my head down and my bum raised. Each time I Presented, Mistress lightly caressed my nethers through my panties.

Never before in my sixteen years had anyone touched me so, except myself a little perhaps. With the shackles and bar keeping my legs parted, I had no way to keep her from touching me so. Struggling brought stinging smacks from Mistress' crop, Obeying got me petted more. Several times Mistress led me to more of the water. Each time I drank, things felt fuzzier, my body and mind odd, as if Mistress controlled me more and more.

After perhaps an hour had passed, Mistress attached my leash to a post near an oddly slanted bench. "Present!" Mistress commanded, and I did so, head lowered meekly, bum raised.

I saw Mistress walk about me from the side, picking up a pair of very sharp-looking scissors. With two quick snips, she cut my bra and panties from me, leaving me nude and exposed, vulnerable.

"Much better. Puppies do not need girl clothes, do they Foxy?"

"No, Mistress, I do not," I answered timidly, wondering what horrors she might have in store for me. I was not to wait too long as Mistress went behind me, coating my exposed vagina with something cold and foamy.

"Keep very still, Foxy, my razor is very sharp, and I would not want to nick your little bitchy cunt while I make it all nice and bare, would I?"

"No, Mistress, You would not, "I stammered meekly. I felt the pressure of the cold straight razor as Mistress removed every bit of hair from my cunt, as it now was, I realized fearfully.

Mistress spelled out the new status to me then. "This, Foxy," pointing to Her crotch, "is Mistress' Pussy. Puppies do not have a Pussy, though, but just a cunt. Do you understand, Foxy?"

Mistress ran Her gloved fingers over my cunt, teasing the nub of my clitty, showing me how sensitive it was. I felt so exposed and helpless with this strange woman entirely in charge of me.

"Yes, Mistress," I agreed, realizing just how low my status was now, as Mistress continued.

It was becoming harder and harder to even think of resisting, or displeasing Mistress, as I continued to be Trained. Mistress now pulled me over the strange bench, fastening my wrists and ankle shackles to rungs on the floor, wide apart. The bench came up to just below my small A-cup breasts, leaving them hanging over, nipples hard in the slight chill of the room. I could raise my head slightly from its lowered position towards the floor, and the bench moved back and forth if I moved my torso

some.

“You will now feel a couple of slight pinches, Foxy,” Mistress told me as She walked about me.

I nearly screamed as I felt a needle poke into the now exposed lips of my cunt, injecting some liquid into my most intimate place, now being claimed by Mistress. Then, Mistress injected me in each breast with a different syringe, just under the nipple.

“This will be your new daily medicine, Foxy until you’re fully a good little bitch.”

With that, Mistress walked out of the Training Room, leaving the medicine to begin its work.

After about thirty minutes of helplessly watching time go by on the wall clock, I began to feel different. My cunt felt on fire, so hot, my clitty swollen and engorged. My nipples were likewise swollen, aching, wanting to be pinched, sucked. My breath came in pants, tongue out even, as I tried unsuccessfully to rub either cunt or nipples against the strange bench, getting ever more aroused and frustrated. Finally, I near whimpered in relief as I heard Mistress come back in, her boots clicking against the stone floor.

“Why Foxy, my new little bitch, you seem to be in heat!” Mistress said merrily, then laughed, picking up a vial of something and began brushing it against my swollen cunt lips and nipples. Needily and wanting, I tried to rub against the brush, to no avail. Mistress merely teased me with it, as an odd musky smell rose to my nose from my cunt and breasts.

“And now you smell like a bitch in heat too, Foxy, though, in time, you will smell like this on your own, without help.”

Saying that, to my horror and shame with a bit of forbidden excitement, Mistress pressed a button on a remote by the tool rack, and a door opened with a bit of breeze of cold air. In trotted a medium-sized black dog, a Labrador, I thought, as he walked up, lapping at Mistress’ Hand. “This is Felix, Foxy, one of your Trainers this evening.” Mistress patted my ass, and Felix began to sniff and snuffle me all over, cold nose probing, especially at my soaked cunt and swollen nipples! I could not believe that this awful woman had a dog do this to me. My mind was utterly revolted, but my body seemed to enjoy Felix’s nose and tongue on me!

I trembled in primitive fright, mixed with some shamed desire, moaning and whimpering. “Oh, God, no, Mistress, please, please, no,” I begged.

But even though I begged, on the one hand, my body betrayed me as the long rough tongue of Felix began to lap at and between my new Puppy cunt lips. Confused yet so aroused and needy, I alternated from trying to scoot away from Felix’s enthusiastic lapping to trying to push at his hot mouth and spread more for him. Soon I felt as if my body might explode. Mistress called Felix away, leaving him in front of me.

“Oh no, not yet, my heated Foxy, you have to Earn that, to beg for it.”

Mistress moved Felix so that he was sideways to me and reached under him, showing me a furry sheath. To my shame, I saw a red tip protruding out of it.

“Suck on this now, Puppy Foxy. To thank him for lapping you so nicely.”

Against my will, struggling, still, I opened my mouth, moving my head so that the Dog Cock entered my before now virgin mouth. As I sucked Felix, more and more of his Cock came out, dripping into my Puppy mouth. Mistress pushed him deeper; soon, I had to breathe through my nose to not choke as more and more the Dog Cock engorged in my mouth, dripping more and more. Soon I was shocked as instead of merely dripping. It began to spurt against the back of my throat, filling my mouth with an odd metallic taste.

Mistress laughed with delight as I gulped and swallowed Felix's Dog Cum, servicing him like a good little Puppy bitch. When he began to subside, she led him away outside, leaving me still tormented in Heat.

Mistress came back a few minutes later, leading in a gigantic tan dog, an English Mastiff. "This is Arthur, Foxy, and he is your last Trainer tonight and maybe more." She walked around me, unfastening all of my shackles except my collar, unclipping the leash from it.

"Now is your Test, Puppy Foxy. You are free to go out the door to the Outside. If you want, it's unlocked."

For a moment, I looked out at the darkened yard, the trees beyond, but already my Anna life seemed dreamy, someone else's. Then I looked at the Mastiff Arthur, some one hundred and eighty pounds of powerful muscles. I could see his wet nose quiver at my Puppy bitch scent, glancing down showed a huge tip just beginning to protrude from his sheath. My mind screamed at me to crawl away, to get up and run, but the burning fire between my legs demanded otherwise.

Conflicted, I stood up on my cramped legs, strolling towards the door. I listened, waiting for Mistress to do something to stop me, but she did not move, apparently content to wait and watch me. My heart was pounding, and I started to run for the nearby trees that I could see. I did not get far, though.

I was about halfway across the wet grass when I heard Mistress say the words: "Arthur, Take!" and She unhooked the leash, letting Arthur loose to pursue me.

With a couple of powerful strides, he reached me, nipping my bum and forcing me to the ground. Crying, I tried to stand back up, but Arthur had none of that. He growled and pushed me back down with his massive head.

"God no, Arthur, leave me be, stop it!" I begged, but this just seemed to excite him more, hearing the fear in my voice.

The tan Mastiff sniffed and licked at me all over, growling slightly when he scented the other dog on me. Each time I tried to stand up or push him away, Arthur either ignored me or growled, making me obey with pushes from his head or jumping at me to knock me back down. I felt helpless as I lay on the wet ground, gasping as the horrid dog pushed his head between my legs, forcing them open, snuffling at my Puppy cunt.

I cried with self-loathing as I felt my body respond to the long rough tongue lapping at me, making me moan with tormented desire. I writhed under the slobbery licking, my breath gasping in pants like Arthur's, as the Heat burned in me. It was as if someone else rolled me over to my fours, arching my back with my legs spread, Presenting as Mistress had trained me to. Human thoughts and morals were vague now, I was a new little Puppy bitch, and the powerful alpha male Dog wanted me and would have me.

Then I squealed as I felt his huge paws wrap around my waist, and the point of him poked at my ass, my wet swollen cunt lips, and then Arthur was in!

God, the pain, as I felt something in my Puppy cunt tear from the thrusting assault of Arthur, slamming me so hard. Virgin blood and my juices and the start of his drip mixed and ran a bit down my leg as he fucked me harder and deeper, making me yelp and whimper with each push from him. Nine then ten inches and more of Dog Cock went into my Puppy cunt, swelling and deeper with each relentless thrust Arthur gave. I felt something large try to push inside of my cunt lips, instinctively I tried to shy away, but Arthur bit my neck, holding my neck as he pushed it in, forcing his Knot into my poor spread Puppy cunt.

“Now he has Knotted you, Foxy, you are His bitch now,” Mistress told me in satisfaction.

As I screamed and gasped with my cunt walls contracting around my new Master’s Knot, Mistress continued.

“Now he breeds you to try and give you his puppies. Though he will share you with the rest of my kennel, or others, you are Arthur’s Puppy bitch now, understood?”

I felt soooo stretched, so filled, as Arthur’s Knot grew larger and larger within my little Puppy cunt. He quivered many times, pulsing hot jets of his Dog Cum shooting deep within me, within my cervix, and into my womb. Several times in between my raging orgasms, I tried to move off Him, but I was firmly Knotted, my Puppy cunt stuck to Master Arthur.

I nodded weakly as my poor cunt repeatedly came, Dog Cum filling it, as all faded from my vision.

I awoke fully sometime later, I think perhaps a week, as Mistress had seven times injected my medicine into my breasts and Puppy cunt. I was spared from being bred for unknown reasons, perhaps being given time to recover, I do not know. I only have vague memories of that week: being taken outside to toilet train, being taught where to pee or poop, and then pulling dirt over it, as Puppies did not use toilets. Mistress Leash trained me more at other times, making sure that wearing the collar and leash and Obeying her was second nature. Things got foggy again when I drank the water in my cell or ate the gruel from my Puppy bowl.

Today though, I felt alert and sat up, startled that instead of doing so as I used to, I simply did so on my fours, butt on the floor. I winced a bit as I did. My tailbone was sore and tender for some reason. I examined my body as best I could and gasped in some astonishment and horror!

My nipples were much darker than before and swollen, and my breasts felt very tender. I squeezed my left nipple very gently, and a bit of warm fluid oozed out milk! Whatever medicine I was being given must be doing this to me, making me lactate, and making my Puppy cunt even now feel in heat again, a slave to its lust.

I crawled out the open cell door into the Training Room in a panic, looking around for anything that might help me. A tag swung from my Collar and jingled as I went. I paused for a moment to read it: *‘Puppy Foxy, property of Mistress Rebecca, Arthur’s bitch.’* I tried to remove my collar in anger and horror, but it was locked tightly about my neck, and I failed so miserably. It was then that I spotted a telephone mounted high on the wall, some six feet up, and tried to stand up to go over to it.

Somehow, my legs failed me, too weak to support me to anything but rising to my now callused knees. Still, I tried to jump up and reach the phone but could not get high enough to reach the wall.

As I failed, I heard the clicking of Mistress' boots on the floor behind me.

"Oh, such a naughty puppy you are, Foxy, trying to use the phone to run away as a Girl would. I will have to Punish you in the morning to make sure such thoughts are gone from your head. In the meantime, I think a night out in the kennel will remind you of just who and what you are now."

With that, Mistress clipped the leash to my collar, leading me out to the yard. "Heel Foxy!" She Commanded, and I obeyed at once, crawling properly after Her, wanting to argue and plead, but unable to speak to Mistress without Her speaking to me first. Across the yard, Mistress led me to a large chain link Kennel containing some six Rottweilers, each with a spiked collar.

"These are my off-duty Guard Hounds, Foxy, six more roam the grounds of my estate at all times, in case you should some time decide to try and run off? They have not had a bitch or Puppy in some weeks. I think that you will do just fine to please them, yes, Foxy?"

Mistress opened the Kennel door, and pushed me reluctantly within, then walked away inside, laughing cruelly.

At first, I tried to cower in the corner, hoping that they might not notice me, but soon the smell of six such large, powerful males reached my nose and triggered something within me. A few tears streamed down my cheeks as my breathing grew faster, my now aching nipples harder, and my Puppy cunt moistened with a powerful want, desire, Need even. Oh my god, even being near male dogs was bringing me into Heat again, my Puppy cunt driving away thoughts of fear resistance, my old girl thoughts being banished to the back of my brain.

I crawled to the middle of the kennel, parting my legs, whining at the six Hounds. One by one, they rose, approaching me, beginning to sniff and examine the new bitch in their midst. I moaned and panted as their rough tongues began to lick me, face, breasts, Puppy cunt too, tasting and claiming what was theirs that night. I sniffed and licked at the nearest in front of me, teasing his sheath, tasting the tip of his Dog Cock as it protruded out further and further. While I bobbed my head up and down on his shaft, two of the other Hounds were lapping at my Puppy cunt and ass, soaking me in my juices and their saliva.

My legs parted more as I pushed back against their mouths, writhing in lust and pleasure. "Oh yes, Doggies, please fuck me," I begged, and sure enough, one of them began to, his big paws wrapping about my slim waist, his claws digging into me.

I whined some as he scratched me, drawing a little blood, but that was soon forgotten as the seeking pokes of his Dog Cock slid home, and his hips began to pump rapidly. He was pretty large, maybe seven inches, though nowhere near the size of my Master Arthur, of course.

Unlike that first night, I began to fuck the Hound back, moving my skinny ass with each of his thrusts. Soon my Puppy cunt stretched open as his Knot slid into me, and I cried out in delight as it pressed my swollen clitty from within. Bright colors exploded in front of my eyes as I came so hard, my Puppy cunt Cumming all over the Dog Cock within me.

After some minutes, the Hound withdrew from me with a loud plop as his Dog Cum and my juices poured onto the straw floor beneath us. It was then that Mistress' punishment became apparent because as I went to lie down and recover a bit, the next Hound climbed up on my back and began to hump madly at me. The Heat that I was in kept me from protesting; my Puppy cunt wanted more and more and more. Hours must have passed during this Hound orgy, as each of them fucked me

repeatedly. Two of them accidentally found my ass and fucked me there; I was beyond caring at that point. The few minutes when not being fucked I licked and sucked at the Hounds, savoring the taste of their metallic Dog Cum.

When Mistress clipped the leash to my collar the following day, I never felt like such a little beast and not human as then, her leading me to a hose, spraying off my Dog Cum covered sore body, then washing me with dog shampoo. I thought all might be over then, and I could go back to my cell to rest and recover, but then Master Arthur came trotting up to me, sniffing imperiously at my just douched Puppy cunt.

Mistress laughed merrily as I automatically Presented to Master Arthur, lowering my head to the wet ground and raising my ass. Without any foreplay, He Mounted me, making me cry out as the tip of his huge Dog Cock stabbed my thighs and ass until it found its way into my gaping Puppy cunt. I was shocked as my body responded again, the Heat always on me, even more so with Master Arthur than the Hounds. I grunted and panted as I fucked Him back, moaning with delight as his huge Knot forced its way into me. The powerful orgasms shook me to the core as my Master bred me, filling me to the brim with Dog Cum once again.

Mistress had not forgotten my punishment the following day, though. She woke me early and led me on my leash out to a van with tinted windows, making me crawl into a small dog kennel inside. "It is Time to go to the vet, Foxy, and get your punishment." I whimpered in fear at this, but we drove on anyways until we reached an isolated white building. Mistress opened the van's rear; let me out of the van, commanding me to Heel.

I Obeyed, following her in, where a perky blonde receptionist waited behind the desk, wearing black jeans and a tight purple sweater. "Hello Mistress Rebecca, this is Foxy, here for her appointment?"

Mistress nodded to her with an evil smile. "Yes, Julie, she is still showing some wilfulness, so I think it best that Dr. Ryan treat that, yes?"

Julie nodded, agreeing. "Of course, Mistress. Foxy looks like she's taking to the treatment, thus far not like the first two."

Mistress smiled, and we only had to wait a few minutes before a tall, balding man with glasses came out, motioning us to follow him into the exam room. It was all white and very clinical, all steel and a little comforting. With ease, he lifted me onto the table and then examined me from head to tail.

"Well, Rebecca, it seems that a high dosage cocktail of canine DNA and hormones are certainly beginning to work. Her breasts are developing nicely and are sensitive to the slightest touch. I see that her vagina is keeping her in constant Heat as well?" Dr. Ryan asked Mistress.

I was horrified and tried to speak out, but Mistress had not told me I could talk, and no words would come out. It was awful how I began to pant when this vile man rubbed my Puppy cunt with his gloved finger, legs spreading. So too was the relief that I felt when Dr. Ryan placed small clear plastic cups on my nipples, and a pump began suctioning milk out of each of my heavy breasts.

Mistress nodded to Doctor Ryan. "As you can see, Foxy's Puppy cunt is beginning to own and restrain her better than any leash or collar. However, she still has some resistance, so I thought we might take preventive measures? I do not care to worry about her trying to call anyone."

Dr. Ryan frowned a bit. "I had hoped that the drugs in her water would make her docile, but I suppose some surgery is in order. oral and neuro."

With that, I tried to leap off the table, but I felt a jab in my ass from a hated syringe, then all faded.

I woke fully some while later, my mouth sore, and my throat was too. I looked about for some water and then heard the footsteps of heels as Julie entered the room I was in. It was a living room with tasteful furnishings, and I was lying on a cushiony dog bed.

"How are you feeling there, Foxy?" Julie asked me. "I decided to bring you back to my flat to play with. I hope you don't mind."

I tried to speak, to answer her, but all that came out of my mouth was a little feminine dog bark! Julie smiled at me in pity and lowered a hand mirror to my face.

"I'm afraid that your talking days as a human are over, Foxy. Open your mouth," she Commanded.

I Obeyed. Julie, being a Human Woman, and me just a Puppy and whined at what I saw. My tongue was swollen, thinner, and longer, not a girl's anymore but some twisted hybrid between human and canine. My eyeteeth were gone, replaced by false canine implants. There were stitches on my throat, by my vocal cords, and a bare patch on my head as well.

"Dr. Ryan made it so now all you can do is softly bark, whine, or whimper, like any other dog, Foxy. This is your new life now, so you might as well accept it."

Julie sat down next to me, stroking my hair and my body as well. It oddly felt very nice and comforting; she was gentle, unlike anyone else in my new life so far.

"I think you'll like this lesson, Foxy," Julie murmured as she sat down next to me, petting me, her light blue eyes looking into my green ones.

Her fingers moved down me, caressing my ass, stroking my rosebud. Soon I began to pant, the Heat rising in my Puppy cunt, as her violet nails traced my sensitive puffy lips.

"My, a horny little bitch, aren't you," Julie murmured, and I nodded in agreement, eyes begging her for more, but she shook her head, taking her fingers away, grasping the back of my head, kissing my Puppy mouth.

Her pierced tongue darted into my mouth, caressing and dancing with my new longer Puppy one, as Julie claimed my mouth as hers. After a few minutes, she paused, pulling her sweater over her head, then tugging her jeans down, revealing her large full breasts and black lacy thong.

"Pull my panties down, Foxy," Julie Commanded, parting her legs and lying back before me.

At first, I pawed at them, trying to use my fingers, but they were stiff, and I could no longer seem to grip them. Frustrated, I reached down with my mouth, tugging on the black lace, a slight growl escaping me, as I pulled then down Julie's hips then off her. She then pulled my head down to her moist shaven pussy, and I sniffed at her delicious aroma, snuffling at her pussy and her little rosebud ass as well. Never before as a girl had lesbian thoughts occurred to me, but now Julie's scent and taste were so powerful and erotic to me.

My long tongue delved her deep, lapping, opening her up as she grew wetter and wetter. While I nipped and sucked at her swelling clitty, Julie reached beneath me, squeezing each of my breasts. I whimpered into her as I lapped madly, my Puppy cunt aflame in Heat, puffy and wet. Soon Julie showed me mercy, rolling over on top of me, her tongue ring flicking my clitty, licking my Puppy cunt, teasing its lips. She slid two of her fingers into me, seeking that secret center that made me whine and pant in delight.

On and on, we played. Julie taught me how to please and be pleased by a Woman while fulfilling her dark fantasy of playing with a Puppy. At least, she thought that she had until she took me home the next day.

Julie drove me back to Mistress Rebecca's estate the following day, having me lie down on the back seat, a towel covering my head so that any casual viewers would just assume a regular dog was riding with her. I heard her buzz an intercom at a gate, and then we drove onwards, up apparently to the main house.

Once we arrived, Julie handed her keys to a man wearing an odd grey uniform, after which she called me, "Foxy, Heel."

Mistress Rebecca awaited us in a small parlor, seated in a fine leather chair. A petite, shorthaired woman left a tea service on a side table after she had served Mistress and Julie. I crawled over to Mistress, enjoying Her absent-minded petting of me as a welcome home, as She looked me over.

"Well, Julie, I am quite grateful to you for bringing Foxy safely back to Me and such; however, I do have one small question for you?"

"Yes, Mistress Rebecca?" Julie answered, sipping her tea and nibbling on some biscuits.

Julie seemed a bit nervous to me as she drank more tea, her mouth oddly dryer the more she drank.

"Why ever did you take Foxy back to your flat last evening? And do not deny it. Dr. Ryan implanted her with a GPS chip, just like all of my dogs."

Julie blushed deeply, startling as Mistress picked up her handbag, holding up Her hand to stifle Julie's protest as Mistress handed the purse to the maid collecting the tea things. "I just thought that she would be more comfortable there, Mistress."

Mistress laughed at the too blatant lie. "Oh really? Moreover, the way Foxy looks so adoringly at you now is just a coincidence, so too that her fur and breath nearly reek of your scent? What is that quaint expression I hear on American telly programs, 'what bullshit'?"

"Oh. Oh god, Mistress, I didn't mean to hurt anything. I was just curious, and—" Julie stood up as if to leave or flee, but Mistress was having none of that.

"Stay, girl!" Mistress Commanded and Julie stopped, struggling to move but no longer able to fully control her own body. "Since you felt the need to tamper with my Project with Foxy, obviously you want to join it?"

Julie shook her head frantically, eyes darting all around. "Please, no, what did you do to me? Why can't I move? Just let me go home, please?"

Mistress laughed at Julie's fear, walking about her, examining her as one would a potential new pet at an animal shelter. "This is your new home now, Julie. You will not be leaving. As to what I did to you, I had the maid put a double dosage of Foxy's medicine in your tea. You know, the Ecstasy sedative cocktail that Dr. Ryan and I concocted makes the subject quite docile and compliant with suggestions and orders? Not to mention that it breaks down moral inhibitions and brings out the subject's baser desires.

In any event, let me explain the New Rules to you, Julie. You will not speak or talk to my staff without my express permission or me. Nor will you try to harm me, the staff, or yourself in any way, is that clear?"

"Yes, Mistress," the answer was forced from Julie, who was trembling badly.

"Now Strip, you will not need girl clothes, new Puppy."

Julie shook, tears streaming down her cheeks as she tried to fight, but the Compulsion from the medicine won, as it always does, and her hands moved to her dark blue blouse, unbuttoning it, dropping it to the floor. After that, she unzipped her skirt stepped out of her heels, leaving her standing there in just a black lacy bikini and a matching bra. Mistress took out a pair of scissors from the drawer, slicing the lingerie swiftly off Julie, leaving her nude and vulnerable, just as I had been some weeks before.

"Get on your fours, Puppy," Mistress Commanded, and after a moment, Julie sank to her hands and knees.

Mistress took out a thick pink leather collar, studded with little fake gems, buckling it around Julie's neck, locking it into place with an audible click.

"That is such a pretty collar on you, Puppy. You love your new collar and will never try to take it off, will you, Puppy?"

Julie fought, but then in anguish, answered, "Yes, Mistress, I love my new collar."

Mistress clipped a leash to Julie's collar and then commanded both of us to Heel, which we did, following her to the Training Room.

Once we arrived, She looked Julie over for a few minutes, then said, "No longer are you, Julie. Your new name is Tawny. Puppy, is that clear? Tell me your new name."

"I am Tawny, Mistress," Julie gasped, crying still.

Mistress exchanged the leash from Tawny's collar for a chain, which She hooked to a post. I watched Mistress prepare a syringe, which She injected into Tawny's new Puppy cunt lips, making her cry out in pain.

"Since you have so graciously joined my project, Puppy Tawny, I wish to try something slightly different with you than with Foxy. You will receive the same canine hormones as Foxy does, but not the DNA, thus feeling the same urges and Heat as she does, but without the changes to a hybrid as she is becoming."

I watched as Mistress rubbed the dog musk on Tawny's Puppy cunt, which excited me with its scent,

and then Mistress rose. "I will return in a few minutes, Foxy and Tawny, behave until then, and do not play until then."

While we waited, I padded over to my water, drinking some of my medicine, enjoying the renewed feeling like some small part of my brain now realized that in addition to its other properties, that was highly addictive as well. I watched Tawny as she went from crying and trying to pull on the chain holding her to beginning to pant, her Puppy cunt lips flaring with her new need. I wondered why Mistress was treating Tawny somewhat differently but thought it was for taking and playing with me without Mistress' permission. How crueler to live a Puppy life with a human body rather than change to one as I was becoming?

Some small part of me still dreamed of escape, of my lost Anna life, but it seemed very improbable. I had no idea if any doctors could reverse my changes, the loss of my voice, and the milk-filled breasts. Not to mention the constant Heat that my Puppy cunt was always in now, insisting and demanding to be fucked, preferably by Master Arthur or other Dog Cocks. How could I fulfill that if I left?

I listened to Tawny as her pleas for me to somehow help her get free became pleas for me to lick her, to make her cum, which I ignored, Mistress having Commanded us not to play. Soon enough, the click of Mistress's boots sounded, and my heart leaped as I saw her bring in Master Arthur. I yipped at him in greeting as He trotted over to me, lifting my bum so that he could sniff and sniff him in turn.

Mistress sat down by Tawny, Her fingers lightly tracing Tawny's Puppy cunt, teasing her swollen clitty. I licked Master Arthur's sheath, teasing out his tip, savoring his taste. Soon Master Arthur licked my Puppy cunt with long powerful strokes of his rough tongue while Mistress tormented Tawny, bringing her close to cumming then stopping just before, making Tawny's Heat worse and worse.

I Presented, lowering my head and raising my ass, feeling Master Arthur's huge paws grip me as he Mounted his bitch. I yelped in pain and joy as the engorged Dog Cock poked at me, seeking and then thrusting powerfully into my soaked Puppy cunt. As I began to push my hips back and fuck my Master in return, I heard Mistress ask Tawny, "You want that too, don't you, Puppy Tawny?"

"No, Mistress, please don't have that done to me," Tawny begged.

But we could all hear the longing mixed with the terror in her voice as her Heat rose ever stronger. I whimpered as Master Arthur Knotted me, his Dog Cum shooting deep within me. Sometime later, he withdrew from me with a jerk, and Cum splashed down my legs and onto the floor. I went to lick and clean my Master, but Mistress whistled, calling me over to her and Tawny.

"Foxy, get in front of Puppy Tawny now." Mistress rolled me over onto my back and parted my legs, baring my Dog Cum drenched Puppy cunt to Tawny. "Tawny, lick Foxy clean now."

Tawny hesitated at first and then lowered her head to me, her tongue lapping at me, licking up my juices and the Dog Cum. I moaned and shuddered as colors exploded in my brain, Tawny's tongue ring flicking at my clitty. I hoped she would keep at it forever, but Mistress had other ideas.

"Foxy, get on your fours. Tawny, follow me to the bench."

I watched as Mistress led Tawny to the Breeding bench, securely fastening her to it. Mistress

pressed the remote to the Outside door and trotted a giant dog, a Great Dane, all grey and white.

“Tawny, this is Caleb, one of my best dogs. Caleb, Lick,” Mistress Commanded him, and so he began to, bathing Tawny’s whole body with his tongue and saliva.

Tawny cried, begging Caleb to stop at first, but soon moaned, trying to press her new Puppy cunt against Caleb’s mouth. While he was breaking Tawny’s will, Mistress sat on the chair beside me, rubbing something slippery on and into my Puppy cunt. Mistress bade Caleb stop before Tawny could cum every few minutes, then had the dog resume when she was further away from it.

“This is what happens to naughty girls that steal my Puppy and play with her without my permission, Tawny. If you decide you are ready, beg me, and perhaps I will let Caleb fuck your Puppy cunt and make you cum.”

While taunting Tawny so, Mistress began to finger me, first one then two, exploring and fingering me ever deeper, spreading me wider.

Tawny resisted for a few minutes, then begged, “Please, Mistress, tell Caleb to fuck me?”

I gasped as a third and fourth finger entered me, filling me again just when my Puppy cunt had begun to close, and Mistress Commanded “Caleb, Take!”

I whimpered in a bit of pain as Mistress closed Her thumb into me, making a fist. I began to ride Her hand within me, my inner walls contracting, watching in some awe as Caleb Mounted Tawny, poking his enormous Dog Cock at her Puppy cunt, until he slid it home.

She screamed as he began to fuck her hard, his hips bucking as he claimed her. Tawny rocked back and forth on the bench, her eyes wide in lust and terror, screaming as Caleb made her his bitch, forcing his croquet ball-sized Knot within her Puppy cunt. Repeatedly Tawny and I came together, me from Mistress’ fist-pounding me from within, Tawny from being Knotted and the Dog Cum spurting into her womb, running out too.

The End.