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Joanna Strayer loved her job. She'd been a cop for nearly 10 years now and had enjoyed it. She was traditionally attractive with very dark almost black hair to her shoulders and trim but not skinny figure. Several people had compared her to the actress Trieste Dunn, but she couldn't see it herself. Her parents died when she was a teen, and now at 32 she was twice divorced and content to sleep with whom ever she pleased whenever she pleased.

Speaking of which she was in a strictly physical relationship with a colleague from work by the name of Gary Fouldes but he was married, and it was destined to go nowhere. She was also sleeping with a waitress from a local deli, she didn't consider herself bisexual but had had several relationships with women.

Joanna woke early as per usual and looked across at Clarissa (the eponymous deli girl) sleeping soundly next to her. She considered waking her to 'fool' around before heading off to work but, to be honest, she thought this particular relationship had run its course and last night had been nothing more than a goodbye/good luck fuck before sending her on her way. She was a little too skinny for Joanna's taste although she did love the fact that a pretty 21-year-old black girl was at her beck and call. Joanna didn't doubt that given an option to 'go steady' Clarissa would jump at the chance for them to be girlfriend and girlfriend. Relationships really weren't Joanna's thing though, she was married to the job.

The job was a deputy sheriff in a hidden away, back water town by the name of Granville. It was the typical backwoods town that you see on the TV. Usually, people imagine that these places have a hidden and seedy underbelly that you don't get to see but on this occasion, it really doesn't the whole town really was as dull as dishwater. Joanna's ambitions stretched further than spending the next 30 years driving around this 2 horse shit hole. She wanted to move on, and she didn't care who she stepped on to get there.

Joanna had a quick shower and left her house, she left Clarissa sleeping upstairs and climbed into her car. It took about 15 minutes to reach work. After about 10 minutes of her half listening to the radio her phone rang, it was Clarissa.

"Classy, what's up?" answered Joanna

"I thought you were waiting for me Jo" the small town girl neediness evident in her voice.

"Didn't wanna wake you, you looked so cute asleep there. Listen I'm pulling into the car park now, I'll speak to you later."

That was a blatant lie, but she didn't want to listen to the bleating girl for the rest of her journey, and she hung up before she could respond.

Joanna completed the rest of her journey to work and looked at the building, it was a repurposed old bar and still held part of the old sign on its frontage. This had led it to its nickname of 'The Bish' as in 'Bishops Bar.'

The Sheriff's department building was dilapidated and needed extensive renovations, successive mayors had used the condition of the building as a campaign piece, but as soon as they were elected, they abandoned the idea. Joanna had heard it all before, the latest mayoral candidate had visited the week before and had made all the appropriate noises about getting the building done up.

The strange thing was the current sheriff William 'Bill' Buck had believed him, how many times have we heard this Joanna had said, but still, the old fool had fallen for it. In a town of little more than

5,000 people, the votes of a dozen members of the Sheriff's department were a potential vote swinger.

Joanna entered through the old wooden door, bag on her back. Her current (male) squeeze Gary was sat behind the front desk, he greeted her cheerfully.

"Hey Jo, how you doing?" he asked in his very best Joey Tribbiani voice, Joanna guessed he'd spent the night watching 'Friends' again with his very pregnant and very naive wife.

"Yeah all good Gary, anything happening I should know about?" answered Joanna.

"Not much really, Bill asked me to tell you to go see him before you head out" Gary replied.

This was never good, it could only mean one thing. A month ago a religious group had set up shop so to speak in an old house about 45 minutes from town. Why they'd set up there was beyond Joanna, the house was 45 minutes from town and about 20 minutes drive to the next nearest house. It was isolated, and Joanna suspected that the religion side of things was little more than a cover for something more nefarious, but she couldn't imagine what.

Joanna knocked on the door that held the sign 'Sheriff Wm. Buck'.

"Come" came the answer in the familiar thick southern drawl

"You asked to see me, Bill?" Joanna never meant that to sound as a question, but that's how it came out.

"Yeah, I need you to check out the old McMillan place, we've been told that Reynholm Baptists have moved on, but I need somebody to go check. That somebody happens to be you" came Bill's response. He held Joanna in low esteem because he disagreed with her choice of lifestyle. He was an old fashioned Catholic who honestly believed that a woman's place was in the home with six kids and a deep fat fryer. He didn't hide his disdain for what he referred to as 'muff divers.'

Joanna's heart sank, she knew that 45 minutes there and 45 minutes back, plus the hour checking the place out would account for her entire shift this morning. She considered asking for one of the newer deputies to do this, but she knew full well that her appeal would fall on death ears with this old troglodyte.

Joanna went to the changing rooms to change into her uniform, threw her cell phone into her locker and headed out.

Joanna pulled up outside of the McMillan house and true enough there weren't any signs of activity. The place looked deserted. She tried her radio, but she knew she wouldn't get a response, the local geography blocked the signal from the radios.

Taking another look at the house, Joanna unclipped her utility belt and tossed it on her cruisers passenger seat along with her pistol and baton. (How was she to know the magnitude of her folly in doing so?)

It was a hot day and getting hotter, and the extraneous weight of her belt wasn't something she wanted to carry around. Joanna walked around the house, it was a pretty big old house mostly white painted wood.

Calling out she received no answer, and she fatefully entered the house.

From the overgrown vegetation surrounding the house, a pair of malignant, intelligent eyes watched Joanna first move around the house and then enter. As she entered and the door swung open behind her.

Simple thoughts filled the brain behind those eyes. Primary amongst these was the thought 'A new bitch, smell of a new bitch'. Excitement filled him, today he will take a new bitch and make it his.

Joanna moved from room to room checking and double checking. The place did look deserted but not dilapidated. There was a TV in the family room, a fridge freezer in the kitchen and various bits and pieces of mismatched furniture dotted around the rooms.

Something that confused her was how 'unholy' the contents looked, not unholy in a devil worshipping, virgin blood drinking manner. More in a sort of neutral not really bothered by religion or any of that nonsense sort of manner, which for a Baptists house was odd, to say the least.

She called out again and again. Once she'd checked downstairs, she cautiously moved upstairs.

As she looked in what she assumed to be the master bedroom, Joanna noticed something curious. The sheets on the bed had been torn apart, she wasn't sure what was most odd, the fact that the sheets had been left behind or the fact that something had torn them apart.

As Joanna looked around, a large figure silently entered the room behind her.

Joanna turned to leave and nearly jumped out of her skin. Stood between her and the door was what she would describe as one of the biggest dogs she'd ever seen. Not in height, you understand, but overall, it must have been 200lbs of muscle and sinew. Looking at it, it appeared to be some sort of mastiff cross, but she'd never seen anything like it before. Collecting herself, she gulped down her fear at the huge beast before her.

The dogs heightened senses smelt her fear, and this excited him even more, 'My new bitch is scared' came the thought.

Joanna held out a placating, conciliatory hand, suddenly wishing she had her pistol or better yet the shotgun in the trunk of the cruiser on her now.

"Hello boy," she tried to control the quiver in her voice unsuccessfully.

The huge dog took a step forward and growled menacingly. As he took a step forward, Joanna took a nervous half step back and bumped into a wall. The dog moved forward again.

Joanna was now in a state of almost blind panic. Thoughts came vanishingly quick and left almost as fast. Coherent thought was an impossibility. Something was going to happen, and there was little Joanna could do about it.

His new bitch was against the wall, the sense of fear coming from her was palpable. He was now about a foot from her, she was shorter than he thought, maybe 5'5".

As Joanna stood trying fruitlessly to somehow back up through the wall, the animal stood on its rear legs and placed its fore legs on Joanna's shoulders. The huge animals face was now inches from Joanna's. She tried to push it away until a low undulating growl left the animal's mouth with a hint of the white of teeth showing.

For a moment the two stood in a sort of twisted embrace, Joanna's hands up towards her face in a defensive manner and the animal's forelimbs resting heavily on her shoulders.

Joanna regained a semblance of her usual composure and looked for an angle of escape, at this she saw something familiar around the huge dog's neck. It was a dog tag attached to a plain looking collar. It was moving spinning almost under the momentum of the dogs breathing.

"What's on your tag?" Joanna said aloud.

Mast... it moved around, it was blue on this side.

Bit..... it moved around again, it was pink on this side.

The 'mast' side rotated back into view, she'd missed the last two letters, it said 'Master,' it spun again, and on the opposite side, it said 'Bitch.'

"Master?" said Joanna out loud, "Is that your name?" she continued "Bitch? Who's that?"

The animal barked loudly into her face startling her.

Joanna's mouth hung open slightly as the huge animal had again unsettled her.

Suddenly and without warning the animal thrust its massive tongue into her mouth in a grotesque masquerade of a kiss. Joanna struggled to push the dog away but to a watcher, it must have looked that she wasn't even trying such was the impact of her feeble attempts to push 'Master' away.

The weight on her shoulders was becoming exhausting and painful to maintain especially with the 'kiss' also happening, and she crumpled to the floor Master landing on top of her, his front legs landing either side of her head.

She decided to use his name or rather what she assumed was his name to try to regain dominance, although deep down she knew this was a lost fight. She realized that the dog was indeed called 'Master' and she suspected that 'Bitch' was her, how she knew this. She couldn't be sure, but she knew within her being that the dynamics of this relationship had been set and for the first time in her life she wasn't in control.

"Master!" She said as forcefully as she could manage "Get off me now!"

As if in response again the animal barked directly into her face landing its drool onto her. After another moment Master barked again directly into her face. His almost demonic eyes staring implacably into hers.

Another bark, followed by a low rumbling growl and then seconds later a further bark. He was waiting for something.

Joanna knew this but what was it? She had to think, what's he waiting for? Is there part of a command I'm missing she thought, there must be something but what is it?

"Master" she began, she had to hazard a guess "Get off Bitch" that had no effect except to illicit another angry bark and the low guttural growl leaked out again.

Lower now she tried to change what she said

"Please Master" she began "Please get off *your* bitch."

This seemed to do the trick, it was the command that Master was waiting, but the response to it wasn't what Joanna had hoped.

Suddenly Master tore at the front of Joanna's khaki colored shirt ripping it from her body although not injuring her at all, Joanna screamed at this as the awful realization that this terrible creature was going to force himself on her became absolutely apparent.

Joanna now lay on the floor with her head up slightly because of its proximity to the wall her ruined shirt hanging open exposing the sensible blue bra underneath. The demonic dog still stood over her menacingly.

Again the animal barked loudly into her face more of its saliva landing on her, it barked again and again immediately after followed by that familiar low guttural growl. It wanted something, but what?

Terror gripped Joanna.

"W..w...what do you want?"

Again the huge beast barked at her, showering her in more saliva. He next took a grip of part of the remains of her ruined shirt and gave it a yank. This crystallized what he wanted to Joanna, he wanted her naked. She tried to move, but the dog again emitted that low growl. Joanna tried to speak, but it growled once more. He wanted more.

"Please Master," she quivered. The creature showed its teeth as if to say carry on "Please Master, let me" it growled again "let your Bitch" she corrected "remove her," Again that growl "remove its clothes."

Master now took a quiet step back giving Joanna space to remove the remainder of her clothes. First, she shucks her ruined shirt, then she quickly untied her boots and tossed them aside. Next, she unbuckled the belt on her trousers pushed them down and removed them along with the white socks she was wearing. Sat now wearing only her panties and bra, she looked up. Oddly she felt slightly embarrassed that her panties and bra didn't match, her bra being blue and her panties pink.

Master looked to be appraising her, that low growl again appeared yet again. Joanna knew this meant that he wanted her to speak, she knew the nature of what she must say.

"Does Master approve of his Bitch?" she began, he showed his teeth again which was the signal for her to continue "please Master, can your Bitch remove the rest of its clothes?"

Again the teeth which seemed to mark approval.

Joanna reached behind her back and unclipped her bra. She had always been proud of her breasts, no real sag and very pert they were neither too large nor too small. Next, she pushed down her panties over her toned legs. She was shaved. She was now naked in front of the dog.

He growled again, she had to speak she realized.

"Does my Master approve of his Bitch?" she asked.

The animal showed his teeth and then a moment later growled

Approval followed by something else, but what?

Professor Reynholm sat looking at the monitor his team around him. He could clearly see Joanna on it, his team busied themselves around him looking at various other screens and watching what was happening just as intently.

"What level is the gas at now?" He demanded.

"It's at 1 in 1,000cl" answered young doctor Lerwent.

"Put it up to 5 and then 10 and increase neuro suggestion, I want to see what she'll do, how far she'll go", he demanded.

"We have to make sure we don't permanently damage her brain Doctor, 10 is higher than we've gone before" Lerwent replied.

"She'll be fine, I want to see how far we can push her. We paid that fucking Sheriff enough to get her here, and I'm going to make the most of this opportunity."

Silently a fine blue gas entered the room through the air vents, and the understanding between Master and Bitch increased.

"Does my Master want his Bitch now?" asked Joanna, demurely now.

Again the growl, what does my Master want, thought Joanna? Then suddenly a moment of lucidity hit her, almost as if she now understood exactly what he wanted.

"Please my Master, let your Bitch suck its master's cock, your bitch promises to swallow for its master," she said slightly surprising herself.

This time the huge dog bared its teeth and Joanna sat up. Master took a few steps forward, stood on its rear legs and used its front legs to push its very large cock and Joanna's head and in particular her mouth together.

"Thank you, my Master, your Bitch is grateful" she uttered before opening her mouth and taking him into her mouth "Umm, Master, you're so good to your Bitch, this tastes so good. Thank you"

She used her left hand to help work the cock in her mouth, and with her right hand, she started to play with herself. Again she surprised herself when, rather than playing with her coochie as she normally would she slipped first one finger, then two, three, four, five into her ass. Joanna was an adventurous girl who'd try anything, but she'd never really liked anal on the occasions she'd tried it, not because it hurt but because she just didn't like the sensation. Here she was though, sat on the floor with her mouth wrapped greedily around a huge dog's massive cock trying to force her entire hand up her ass.

Joanna moaned around the cock in her mouth as her fist finally slipped into her ass.

Pulling her mouth from the cock, she licked along its length and gently kissed and licked the big black balls. She began to aggressively fist herself, her hand now wrist deep in her ass. She wanted to go deeper, she knew she could if she tried. Repositioning herself onto her knees, she gained more room and pushed again her wrist slowly disappearing into her ass just as the cock again came to her mouth.

"Master," she said, "your loyal bitch is preparing its ass for you to fuck if you would honor it. Please, my Master, take your Bitches ass and claim it as your own."

Again Joanna took the cock into her mouth, she made slurping sounds as she sucked it. Her arm now was buried even deeper, almost to her elbow, it couldn't go any further, and instead, she started to aggressively fist herself again moaning loudly around her master's cock once more.

Reynholm looked at the monitor, he was astonished. Here in front of him, a proud, strong, intelligent woman was giving oral sex to an animal whilst aggressively fisting her own ass. How much further can we push her he thought?

Joanna was by now moaning incessantly, but reluctantly she removed her hand from her ass as her master had now started to cum. Joanna caught as much as she could in her mouth and swallowed, some did spill on the floor Joanna made a mental note to lick that up after, lest she upset her new master.

The dog now stood triumphantly over Joanna. She had her face to the floor and was cleaning up the spillage from a moment ago. When she'd finished with that task, she looked up at the hound. Joanna deliberately kept herself lower than her master so as to show her complete acquiescence to him.

The dog looked down at her, she lay on her side in a semi fetal position looking up at him a mix of fear and adoration on her face. He wanted her now and decided to take her.

"Are you taking your bitch now master?" she asked. She turned around and presented herself to him her ass in the air.

"That's it, master, take your bitch now," she said as she felt the tip of her master's cock at the entrance to her anus. The huge animal pushed forward and forced his cock in. Joanna moaned loudly as she was being sodomised.

The dog shuddered slightly as his big cock bottomed out in her.

Once he was buried in her, he began to pump in and out fast. With each pump, Joanna moaned.

"Ugh!"

"Ugh!"

"Ugh!"

Then.

"Fuck it, fuck your bitch!"

Then.

"Fuck your bitch, Master!"

"Fuck your bitch, my Master!"

"Fuuuck," she now said as the animal shuddered in its orgasm.

Joanna came at the same time as the dog's huge knot forced its way inside her.

"Your bitch loves its master, its master is so good to it!" With that Joanna laid her face on the floor and fell into a deep dreamless sleep.

Lerwent and several other members of Reynholms team entered the room. There still laid on the floor was Joanna the dog was now frozen in place, it's programming complete. Hours passed while the team cleaned up and redressed Joanna. When this was done, they returned the dog to the lab and sat Joanna back in her cruiser.

Joanna awoke with a start.

"What the fuck, how long have I been asleep?" she pondered looking at her watch. It read 17:38, "How the hell did that happen five fucking hours?!"

All memory of her submittal and fucking gone, she started her cruiser and pulled away from the house.

Doctor Reynholm nodded slightly at the monitor, his thin gray hair waving like straw. Excellent he thought, that worked better than he could possibly have thought. Ideas flooded his brain, the practical applications of this technology were immeasurable. A couple more field tests like this were needed yet, but he knew that it worked. Several other 'test subjects' had been identified.

Next up were Captain Harriet Anderson and Major Olivia Fredericks of the British army currently deployed in Cyprus. A small smile split his face as he thought of their test.

The End