

# **READBEAST**

## **BEASTIALITY STORIES**



## Prologue

"Right, lets get started," said Sam, opening a drawer in the unit next to him, extracting a tablet and tapping the screen until it lit up. After studying it for a few moments he indicated the nearest occupied pen where a near frantic German shepherd was waiting to greet him.

"Hello, Schmidt!" greeted Sam, enthusiastically as Nick unlocked the pen's padlocked door. He stepped inside and rubbed the dog's ears as it jumped up at him. "Have you been a good boy then? Keeping your bitches in order?"

Beyond the dog, Sam could see the other two occupants of the cage; two human females, both secured by a short chain of only a few links attached to a floor ring at one end and a collar around their necks at the other. Both wore dog suits, as did all the dog-slaves in the building. They consisted of a skin-tight suit of a light-weight, stretchy, yet tough synthetic fabric which covered the wearer almost completely except for a few strategic apertures. The suit's arms and legs were short, designed to force the wearer into an animalistic all-fours stance with their limbs doubled over tightly. There were thus no holes for hands or feet; the suit's limbs extensions were like narrow tubular bags, with wearer being forced to walk on knees and elbows. These were suitably protected by "paws" consisting of thick, gel-filled pads held within facsimiles of canine paws made of tough plastic.

In addition to the suits, which were appropriately colored for a variety of breeds, the dog-slaves wore a suitable snout mask face piece. This incorporated an integral ring gag which acted like a bit, fitting snugly into the wearers mouth but remaining attached to the snout's exterior at the sides. The limits of the gag size are adjustable.

Looking at the two bitches, Sam was very happy with the suits; very little that was human was visible. The suit of the slave on the left proclaimed her to be a beagle, all floppy ears, blunt snout and brown and black markings, while that on the right was a greyhound with short grey fur, a slightly pointy snout and semi-erect ears.

Sam refreshed his memory from the tablet inventory. The beagle was called 'Bailey' and the greyhound was 'Shadow.' Sam scanned their details. It had been 9 weeks since Bailey the beagle had come to the kennel from Glasgow. She was 29 years old...no...30, her birthday had been last week. Before, she'd been Anna Farley, a primary school teacher. Her entry photo showed an overweight woman with a round pudgy face, framed by straight, drab, shoulder length brown hair and wearing a voluminous calf-length patterned skirt and a brown cardigan. Not exactly a glamour-puss, but that was not unusual in the typical dog-slave; their human appearance became completely irrelevant.

He glanced at her now, from where he was standing. The tight dog suit left little to the imagination and he could see that the regime here had effected a transformation as, in place of the hefty physique visible in the photo, the delicious curve of her rounded rear and waist were clearly visible, bisected by the, semi-rigid rod that supported her white-tipped beagle tail.

He remembered his instructions following her processing had been that she was on the doggy weight loss program. Dog-slaves were just like any other dog when it comes to weight loss, feed them less and exercise them more. That regime was still in place and he saw that it had been nearly two days since she had last eaten. That explained why he could see her straining on the chain to lift her head enough to follow the food bucket with her eyes.

But, she would have to wait just a bit longer. The rule in the kennels was that the dog-slaves ate last. All the pens contained a male guardian dog which was trained, among other things, to enforce a crude pack discipline on up to four human charges. Given their helpless, vulnerable condition, most of them quickly became subservient to their canine keeper. Everything about the kennel routine was meant to reinforce the pack order: trainers, male canines, then dog-slaves. A dog-slave's body belonged to the pack and, being at the end of the order meant that she obeyed what those above her commanded.

Unusually, Bailey was a solo admission to the kennels. Most dog-slaves came as the submissive to a dominant partner but Bailey had had little luck in love and apparently wanted some change in her life. She had never actually been intimate with a dog before but that was soon taken care of upon her arrival. Schmidt had done the honours, a duty for which he'd been well trained. There was no grand ceremony or pomp; once she was in her dog suit, she and Schmidt were kenneled together until they had completed the task. Her notes showed that Schmidt, had a dozen or so pairings with Bailey since then, once just a couple of days previously.

The greyhound, Shadow, was significantly younger; she'd just turned 21 when her new husband had admitted her for training. The notes said she was a university student and talented computer programmer. Shadow's name had been Sarah MacDonald and her photos showed a thin, lanky brunette who, though no head turner was attractive in a girl-next-door sort of way. He could remember helping process her when she'd first arrived and discovering, that she heavily padded her bra. Though her dog suit had the typical holes, her small breasts and trim figure were a good fit for the greyhound look. Her husband clearly had a preference for this body type as he had a successful pack of male racing greyhounds at home. She looked every bit the part and would fit perfectly into the pack aesthetic. For the time being, though, she would be paired with a variety of males as was standard for the training program.

Leaving the notes, he now scooped a large amount of the food mix into an elongated bowl along one side of the pen and let Schmidt wolf down his share. Then he grabbed a long hose to fill an adjacent water bowl.

Returning to the notes, he moved slowly across the pen to stand over the two dog-slaves. He'd already noticed their short leashes which forced their heads virtually to the floor with their 'forelegs' splayed out to either side. Now he could see their hind legs were also secured using straps and light chains to floor rings on either side of them, holding them spread widely apart. Shadow was also wearing a muzzle over the greyhound snout secured by a leather strap around the back of her head. Normally the dog-slaves were left to sleep in their bed baskets with only a neck chain as a restraint, so this was unusual and probably a punishment inflicted by one of the night shift. Although a submissive, Shadow was known for being fiery. The muzzle she was wearing served as another psychological blow for the wearer but also had a practical purpose in serving as a mount for a dildo gag which passed through the ring gag in her snout and filled her mouth. It was likely a punishment for attempting to be vocal towards one of her handlers.

Sam let Schmidt out into the dog run for some exercise and then, reaching into his pocket he removed two leather leashes. Reaching under Shadow's head, he clipped one of them to the steel loop in the front of the pink leather collar she wore. Then he released the chains from the collar and her legs and pulled her firmly onto her stubby legs evoking a muffled yelp. Now he could see the muzzle and its gag more clearly; she had been drooling heavily around the intrusion and a pool of it was accumulating on the painted concrete beneath her head.

Then Sam looked more closely at the gag as he began to loosen the muzzle. The dildo was one of a standard range used in the kennels; constructed of medical grade silicon in the shape of a dog's

penis, complete with an inflatable 'knot' in its shaft. He removed the muzzle from Shadow's head and slid the dildo from her mouth. Her head swung down when he released it as she coughed and heaved repeatedly. It didn't look like the dog-slave had enjoyed her experience one bit and Sam wondered if it might go some way to towards curbing her rebellious outbreaks.

Sam looked at Bailey. She had not been gagged. Instead the limits on the ring gag in her snout had been set to its narrowest setting which served to prevent illicit attempts at speech. Despite that she tried to bark as if to remind him she was still there and hungry. Given his attention to Shadow, she was probably afraid she wasn't going to be fed again today.

Sam was pleased she'd displayed such canine behavior. Dog-slaves often came to do so eventually but it typically takes a long time to instill instinctual canine behavior. He remained fully aware that, under the floppy ears and fur hood there remained a human brain that was figuring how to get by in a strange environment. Many, perhaps most, eventually came to the realisation that acting like a dog would win them favours, but normally it took a while to overcome their pride. It was a surrender of sorts, a mark of progress and needed rewarding. Sam crouched resting the tablet on the floor and digging into one of his coat pockets to find one of the treats he carried there; a piece of jerky he had coated in a thin layer of chocolate.

"Hyvaa, tytto! Hyvaa tytto!" he said crouching by her. She had no idea what he was saying, but the tone was clearly praise. Sam was speaking in Finnish, or least an approximation of it. He had no idea whether his pronunciation or grammar was correct but that was not the point. She didn't need to understand them literally, just the tone in which they were said and the context in which they were used. In that way, any feeling of human to human interaction was removed and the dog-slaves came to learn communication with their handlers as any animal would. It was a simple technique but had proven to be an effective one.

Sam expanded the limits on Bailey's gag slightly as he held the treat under her snout and waited patiently as her mouth pursued it across his palm. Finally the bitch managed to scoop up the treat and Sam saw a shudder of pleasure run the length of her body making the stiff, forward curling rod of her tail swing from side to side. He imagined the chocolate must taste incredible after nine weeks of an intense diet, although the meatiness of the snack must be strange and a suitable reminder of her canine status.

Still crouching by Bailey's head as her jaw worked on the treat, Sam glanced back at Shadow. She whined piteously and then imitated Bailey by giving a decidedly canine "Arf!"

Sam grinned to himself knowing she was attempting to manipulate him, ingratiating herself by giving him what she thought he wanted. And that was fine by him. She was right; such dog-like behaviour was exactly what he wanted and her display of it, manipulation or not, still meant he was winning.

He walked to feeding bowls, pulling Shadow with him. She was eager enough and no doubt hungry. Dog-slaves always were. They were fed just once a day except for any tidbits they could find lying around. Such scrounging behaviour was encouraged by handlers who often deliberately left small morsels of food around for dog-slaves to spot during their daily activities.

Sam manoeuvred her over the long food bowl. Schmidt would receive a supplementary meal later in the day something that usually happened in the presence of his charges; another way to emphasise his status. What was left in the bowl was a cold mass of rice, vegetables, and stewed beef, with a healthy splattering of dog slobber, but Shadow knew it was all she'd get that day and was keen to eat.

Sam clipped her leash to a ring on the side of the pen and knelt down. He adjusted the size of her gag to allow her to scoop the food into her mouth more effectively with her tongue. Then, leaving Shadow where she stood, he turned his attention back to Bailey. She'd finished her treat and was whining to herself anxiously, obviously wondering if she'd be allowed to eat from the bowl. Quickly Sam leashed her and released her neck chain, pulling her up as he did so.

"Seurata!" he snapped, which literally meant 'follow' but Sam had used it in place of 'heel!' for a long while.

Relishing her good form and pace walking behind him on the end of the loosely held leash, Sam crossed the pen to the feeding area. Bailey was trembling with a combination of hunger and a pathetic excitement at the prospect of being fed. Sam unclipped her leash and immediately the bitch plunged her face into the bowl and began wolfing the mixture as best as her snout allowed her. Shadow was less keen and hesitated slightly before she too lowered her face and began to eat.

Pleased with the progress the two bitches were making Sam stood, unclipped and pocketed the leashes and looked down at them for a moment as they fed, now seemingly oblivious to his presence. Both were facing away from him their forelegs splayed and hind legs spread to allow their heads to reach low enough to feed. Sam chuckled to himself. Modesty was another human trait that quickly vanished in the kennels and both bitches anuses and vulvas were on totally open display through their suits. The rubber tail rod along their backs translated the movement of trying to access their food into a satisfying wag. Without context, one would have to look twice to notice that these bitches were other than born canines.

Their tail pieces could be fitted with a plug shaped to simulate dog penises of varying breeds and thus sizes. The standard for this purpose was the collie version; five inches or so of firm silicone with an inflatable knot the size of a lime. The plug contained a powerful, remote control vibrator which was supplemented by a variety of internal motors which, when activated made the faux cock writhe and squirm.

Below their tails, both bitches sported much the same adaptations to their vulvas. The flesh of both organs contrasted strongly with Shadow's grey greyhound fur and with Bailey's white beagle hindquarters. The labia of both were more prominent than the norm, swollen and bulging tightly outwards. The reasons for this, Sam knew, lay in the design of the suit opening surrounding the vulvas. This had cabling around it to keep the lips pressed together to prevent unwanted sex with the guardian dogs.

Visible within the engorged, enfolding labia, of both dog-slaves glimpses of silver showed other adaptations. At the bottom, Sam knew, was a clitoral shield, a stainless steel cap which covered the bitches' little buds, fixed there by two bars piercing the organ's hood. These were easily removed by a twist of the fingers but for the dog-slaves, lacking the use of their hands as they were, their best source of physical pleasure was removed from their control. Even rubbing themselves against a convenient object or each other would bring them little stimulation through the insensitive shiny steel. The further potential of the device had been obvious to Sam and he had quickly adapted it by adding a tiny vibrating cap which could be triggered by the remotes. The end result was hardly larger than the original cap and had proven to be a highly useful training device.

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## **Chapter One**

The kennels were kept on a tight routine giving a sense of normalcy and pattern to the dog-slaves in

their care. This made the training easier as the constancy drilled into them the permanence of their new status. For all intents and purposes, these women now were submissive dogs, expected to behave as such in every way.

Now that Shadow the greyhound and Bailey the beagle had been fed, it was time for morning exercise. Consulting the notes, Sam saw that Shadow was to be paired with Schmidt this morning while Bailey was to service a Catahoula named "Pepper" who had been dropped off a couple days earlier while his owner went on a ski trip in Switzerland.

The kennel made good money training dog slaves like Shadow and Bailey, but it's on the books income was from regular boarding. The special services they could offer by way of the dog-slaves was just a bonus and the practice the dog-slaves got with different breeds was an added benefit for training purposes.

Sam approached Shadow's rear to adjust the suit to give Schmidt access. As he did, she turned her head and let out a growl. Sam was not surprised as he knew she was not a fan of the exercise but did not even hesitate before pointing a stern finger and reprimanding her "paha koiria!" Even so, that her response was a growl rather than language was big progress. She had been punished severely for her vocalization in the first few weeks and the presence of the dog-cock gag this morning suggested she still struggled in this regard.

After loosening the aperture surrounding Shadow's vulva, Sam lifted the door to the dog run and commanded her "ulkopuoella." A grim expression was discernible in her eyes even behind the dog mask she wore but she meekly complied and slowly "walked" through the dog door in that stilted way the dog suit forced.

Once outside, she quickly moved over to the corner of the run and spread her legs to pee. Although Schmidt had been on the other end of the run when she came out, he bounded over in time to stick his cold nose into her crotch just after she finished. Responding to the sensation and wanting to get away from the wet spot, Shadow walked forward a bit; the space between her and the fence was now more than enough to give the German Shepherd full access.

In her first few weeks here, Shadow would have struggled or resisted Schmidt's advances, but she knew now that there was no escaping him. With the dog suit binding her arms and legs, she stood no more than two and a half feet at the haunches and even less at her shoulders. The difference between her front and rear legs was made up for a bit by the paw padding of the suit but Schmidt still towered over her head. Her angle and his low German Shepherd hips, though, meant that her exposed genitals were at exactly the right height for him.

Dogs don't care much for foreplay and the dribble of urine plus the slobber added by a few licks from Schmidt was enough lubrication for him; besides, the smooth dog cock provided some lubrication of its own. Without any consideration for her, he mounted his bitch and started rocking his hips trying to find her warmth. A couple of hops to adjust and her body heat plus the feeling of her soft folds signaled that he had found the spot. His front paws grabbed her waist hard and practically pulled her over as he yanked her back onto his cock.

They say a man's penis is like his hand but a dog's penis is like his snout. Schmidt's long triangular snout was suggestive of his long cock and large knot. Shadow would never have been able to accommodate a dildo of the same proportions as the erect dog, but everything about the mating was designed to maximize his ability to deposit his sperm as deeply in her for as long as possible. His penis bone meant that the initial thrust could effectively penetrate her before he was erect. The angle of the low hips, meanwhile let him stay deep inside her even as he fucked wildly. Finally, of

course, the excitement of their sex engorged his cock so that his knot sealed the two together.

The two fucked like dogs naturally do. The German Shepherd forced himself as deep inside Shadow as he could manage before rapidly and wildly humping, his back arching and paws gripping. This was not the first time Schmidt had had this particular bitch; part of why she had growled at Sam was because of his rough style. When his cock began to hit her cervix with every thrust, she yelped in pain but could do nothing to hold off the beast. After a minute or so of cervix-pounding fucking, Schmidt's knot had swollen big enough to prevent much further motion. The increasing tightness on his cock just added to his excitement. The abrupt and unsympathetic assault on her body hurt as much psychologically as physically. It was painfully obvious that at that moment she was little more than this dog's personal cum dumpster.

As his cock grew to its full size, the bulge of the knot pressed hard on her g-spot and the relatively small tip of his cock pressed past her cervix. It was at this point that Sam, watching from the window, activated the clitoral vibrator. It was an important part of the training to reinforce these moments. The dog-slaves needed to know that submitting to the pain of a large dog would be rewarded.

The male dogs were all accustomed to these devices by now and the feeling of their tight bond plus the exertion of his fucking prompted Schmidt to collapse his full body weight on top of Shadow's back. She could now smell his hot panting breath, which combined the distinctively musky scent of dog with the meaty aroma of their shared breakfast. Their two bodies were intertwined and pulsing in rhythm, both of their hearts racing, both of their lungs heaving, his massive cock completely filling her. As his balls rest on her labia, she could feel them jump every few seconds accompanied by a short burst of his cum directly into her womb. The pulsing cock and the vibration of the clitoral stimulator worked their magic as she felt an orgasm grow and take over her body. The world completely disappeared as her muscles moved through cycles of grip and release around the German Shepherd's knot.

When her awareness began to return, she noticed that the vibe had been turned off and that Schmidt had placed both his front paws on her left side. He was now trying to put his right rear leg over her back and with only a bit of struggle, he eventually managed it. He and Shadow both adjusted to make the new position as comfortable as possible. His knot prevented the two from separating, as indeed was its evolutionary purpose. She and he would stay tied together for a good long while to give his sperm the best chance in his mate. In the meantime, all of the dogs and their handlers could watch the pair and marvel at the beauty of nature.

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## **Chapter Two**

Sam didn't stick around to watch; he'd seen dog-slaves and their partners countless times. Even though it still got him excited, he needed to continue work with Bailey and attend to Pepper the Catahoula.

Bailey clearly didn't like the minimalist diet she was on, but other than that, she took to her role better than most dog-slaves. Of course, that stood to reason as a solo admission. She had decided to be here and take on this life. The diet just came with the territory and it was quite effective.

She was so enthusiastic in fact that the kennel master was already talking about training her to be "the greeter." This was a prize position among the dog-slaves and came with some extra benefits like her own kennel and the privilege to sleep without being chained. New dog-slaves were pretty much



always subs, but not all of them were clued in by their doms what the experience would entail. The greeter was a gentle way to introduce them to the basic idea.

A compliant and enthusiastic dog-slave would, as the name suggests, greet the new inductees and model good behavior. Obviously this included sniffing, licking, playing, and barking. After the basics, a male dog that had an established relationship with the greeter would be brought in. The dogs usually were not shy about putting on a show but, in the event that the male wasn't feeling particularly amorous, it was important that the dog-slave could seduce him.

Bailey was already showing progress in this area. Pepper had not been to the kennel before and he was nervous in the unfamiliar surroundings. Bailey was paired with him to see if she could get him to relax. The long duration without food and then a good meal this morning was scheduled for the occasion. The rush of calories would perk her up and give her mood a boost.

Sure enough, when Sam led Bailey into Pepper's kennel, she was practically bursting with energy. She was yipping and barking and her tail was wagging frantically. Pepper was cautious at first, but when Bailey put her front legs out in front to lower herself into play pose, Pepper responded in kind and the two started playing.

Sam stood back and watched their amusement. It wasn't long before their flirting turned to something more. Bailey had good instincts and moved to sniff Pepper's rear. Of course, there was nothing the kennel could do to improve her sense of smell, but the maneuver did give her a good close look at his testicles. The view and the playtime had started to get her excited and her excitement was becoming evident to Pepper. He turned to nose at her rear and took a few laps while he was at it.

Bailey jumped a bit at the sensation of his tongue on her labia but didn't slow down her advances. On the contrary, she turned again and leaned against her new acquaintance. Her body easily pressed into his and she turned her rear to his face in a sign of sexual readiness.

Sam has seen a lot of dog-slaves, but even he admitted she was a natural. She seemed to read body language like it was her native tongue and she fed it back just as easily. She was happy to be introduced to the strong young male in her presence and wanted to demonstrate her subservience to him. She yipped and barked and wagged her tail to entice Pepper into taking her.

Her charms worked and the handsome dog turned around in a flash to mount the willing bitch. Just as soon as he had, though, he jumped off again. Her tail made it difficult for him to navigate and he struggled to find the mark.

Back into play pose with another friendly bark from Bailey and he was on her again. This time he got a few good strokes in but pulled out too far and missed her vagina on the next thrust, hitting her perineum and eliciting a yelp from Bailey. His precum was all over her now and the smell of sex filled the kennel. Bailey turned again and put her face right in between his legs. She quickly raised her snout into his balls and sheath followed by rapidly lowering her chest to the ground while getting her rear as close as possible to Pepper's nose.

Pepper responded and with the next mounting finally managed to properly penetrate the bitch. With the excitement of the new mate, he was fast and hard. A Catahoula isn't as well endowed as a German Shepherd so Bailey the beagle had no difficulty accommodating him. As he thrust rapidly in and out, she arched her back and the pushed against him to maximize his depth.

It didn't last long but the two at least made a go of it. Pepper's wild thrusting and Bailey's gyrations meant there was no chance of a knotting. Instead, as the two fucked, his cum dripped steadily off of



her and onto the floor. Sam didn't feel the need to use the vibe; it would certainly have spooked the newcomer and the pair seemed to be enjoying themselves enough as it was.

When Pepper was spent, he hopped off her back and began sniffing and lapping at Bailey's crotch. She was clearly not satisfied and resumed her flirtations stronger than ever. No matter how much she wagged, and yipped, and nudged, though, Pepper had had his fill.

Dog-slaves were only ever brought to orgasm when penetrated by a dog in order to shape their sexual desires and encourage them to seek out male partners. Until Bailey had the opportunity to get one of the regulars to mount her, she would just have to settle for what attention Pepper had given her.

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### **Chapter Three**

After morning chores, Sam made his way to the employee lunch room for a break just in time to hear a burst of laughter from the room. Several of his employees were standing around the table where a red-faced Jack was sitting with arms crossed and head shaking. Yvonne was pointing at the closed circuit TV and saying "You can't deny what we can all see. You're a dog fucker! Look!"

"But she's not reeeaaally a dog!" Jack pleaded.

It didn't matter; to the staff, the dog-slaves were dogs and fucking them made you a dog fucker. Yvonne noticed Sam at the door and called him in "Sam, come look at this, Jack fucked one of the dogs last night!" As she said it, she jumped the video back to the start.

The screen showed pen 8, which was occupied by Daisy, a 24 year old full-time sub who's dom asked her to be turned into a golden retriever and Bella, the girlfriend of a Mexican drug lord who wanted a special female Rottweiler to entertain his guard dogs. The guardian of pen 8 was, Duke, a Doberman who was pawing at the gate.

Jack was on night shift and noticed Duke's pawing. Assuming correctly that Duke needed to go out into the run to relieve himself, he quietly entered the pen and lifted the run door to let him out. Lowering the door again, he turned to admire the two dog-slaves lying on their beds and chained to the floor as was protocol. Bella the Rottweiler was sound asleep, but years of her dom insisting she be ready and willing at all times had made Daisy a light sleeper.

She looked up at Jack with her soft brown eyes and instinctively wagged her rear when she saw him looking back. Unlike most of the dog-slaves, the labia pinching aperture on Daisy's dog suit was left loose. This was on request of her dom who wanted to continue the "always available" style he preferred. This meant that Daisy and Duke were mating at least once or twice most days and he had become protective of what he saw as "his" bitch, which had spurred plenty of bad puns among the staff.

At the moment, of course, he was out in the run and Jack was in the pen, eyeing Daisy lying on her bed. She noticed his attention and, almost by matter of habit, lifted her leg to give him a better look. Staff were forbidden from taking advantage of the dog-slaves, but it was difficult to enforce this among the night staff especially. The video cameras had been put in place to prevent this.

In Daisy's case, there was little "taking advantage." The formerly plain, average-weight, unremarkable blonde had been transformed into a voluptuous, amorous golden retriever with long flowing tail and blocky snout that did not take away from her welcoming eyes. Jack approached

cautiously and was even a bit surprised when she responded by working her way up to a "standing" position and turning her rear toward him. Her range was limited by the chain still connecting her collar to the ground and her limbs were in the standard bound position.

Her action was enough invitation for Jack who knelt down behind her and unzipped his pants. Looking around the kennel, he saw all of the dogs and dog-slaves fast asleep including Daisy's kennelmate Bella, who was snoring away on her dog bed. Lowering his hand, Jack could feel the warmth of Daisy's rear and he gently ran his finger up her slit, pausing briefly to pinch her labia. On a second pass of his finger, he pressed in to separate her folds and pull his stubby cock out of his pants.

Daisy was accustomed to rough lovers and Jack's gentle touch was unusual for her. It was enough to get her moist though which was good because Jack was not slow about placing his cock at her opening and beginning to fuck. Unfortunately, Daisy's tail combined with his short cock and the bulk of her legs meant that he could not penetrate more than a couple inches at best.

That didn't stop him though and the feeling of the fur of her tail just seemed to stimulate him more. He grabbed her waist and kept fucking the dog-slave until one good thrust when he couldn't take it anymore and held her still while he released his load into her.

Jack stood up and zipped up without a word. He walked over to the door and slid it open for Duke to re-enter the pen, after which Jack left and returned to his rounds.

The 24 year old formerly known as Tammy had had sex with numerous men, but not any since coming to the kennel and being transformed into Daisy the golden retriever three months ago. When she noticed Jack's lecherous look, she thought she could perhaps regain some of her humanity by taking him but the experience just left her unsatisfied and horny. She would never have anticipated such a thing when she first arrived, but she was now craving the kind of sexual satisfaction only available from a dog.

Duke had been in the run when Jack was using Daisy but now that he was back, the scent of Daisy's excitement and the string of Jack's cum dripping from her cunt told him that he had been cuckolded. There was no way Duke would stand for this and he quickly shoved his snout between her legs to lap at his bitch. The licking elicited moans from Daisy and got Duke ready to reclaim his mate.

The neck chain still limited her movement but this poses no real difficulty for Duke who mounted and penetrated her easily. Duke's cock was long and there was enough lubrication now to allow him to sink all the way into the golden retriever under him. The contrast with Jack's stubby cock was huge and Daisy showed her appreciation for this familiar feeling by matching his humping with rocking of her own.

The pent up excitement meant it didn't take long before Daisy and Duke were fucking hard. Daisy let out a clear, loud, "God! Yes! Fuck me Duke!" When supervised, any human vocalization is strongly punished but Daisy knew Jack had left the room and his actions meant he was unlikely to punish her tonight anyway.

The video turned off and the group began laughing and teasing Jack again, "Not only did you fuck a dog, you couldn't even satisfy her like that Doberman!" And "Jack, is your middle name Russel?"

Sam put an end to it saying "If you take advantage of the dogs again, Jack, I'll put you in one of those suits and we'll see how Duke likes you." The crowd "oohh'd" at the comment and began to break up to get back to work.

## Chapter Four

After the brief interlude, Sam consulted the tablet to review the next set of chores. Of course, how could he forget that there was a first timer this morning. Trixie had been at the kennel for just over a week and was being eased into her new role slowly. The dog suits most of the dog slaves wore weren't super comfortable at first and there was a break in period for both the suit and its wearer.

Trixie was still wearing only a "partial" meaning her arms and legs were bound but there was no full body suit, no tail, and only a ring gag with no snout. She was put into this getup each morning and wore it for most of the day now. In a couple months, she would be wearing a full dog suit at least 20 hours per day, for now, the partial would get her accustomed to how to maneuver in the awkward position.

Trixie, previously Shirley Jackson, a heavy set red head from upstate New York, had come from a tough background but thought she hit the jackpot when a rich lawyer from the city took an interest in her. He more than took care of her needs and treated her like a princess for the two years they had been together. He was never particularly sexual with her though which seemed strange as she was always told a guy like that would only be interested in a girl like her because of what's between her legs. It turns out that wasn't entirely wrong but she only really realized this when she came to the kennel.

She had seen a lot of things growing up in a bad neighborhood but never would have imagined what she saw Angel "the greeter" do on her second day there. It didn't take a genius to figure out what was in store for her but when they asked her whether she agreed to the terms, the thought of giving up "the good life" was too much. She imagined she could live with this temporary situation for a couple months and then go back to being the arm candy of Mr. Bling.

Of course no one told her that today would be the day she would first be penetrated by a dog. After being woken up from the big cushion they kept in her cage and being fed a plate of beef stew with rice, she was led into what looked like a medical clinic room where a couple of large guys put her into the arm and leg binds she was getting familiar with. This time, they also clipped a dog collar around her neck with a big bone-shaped tag that had "Trixie" engraved on it.

She was getting good at moving around like this and had little trouble navigating behind the guys into the room where she had watched the greeter "performing" with a poodle. It was only when they let a big red-nosed pitbull into the room that she realized what was happening.

"Chain her collar to the floor there" commanded a guy who looked to be in his mid forties. "Sure, Sam" replied the burly assistants as only one of them yanked the leash attached to the collar around her neck and the other pulled out a short chain with clips on either end.

Once chained to the floor with those awkward bindings on, the presence of the pitbull became much more real as she could feel her crotch spread open for the room to see. She was starting to have second thoughts but could say nothing with that thing in her mouth holding her jaw shut.

The older guy, Sam, walked over to her and made a kissy noise to the pitbull saying "Come here Bowser. Come get your bitch." He slapped her ass as he said it like you would to beckon a dog up on the couch.

The dog, Bowser apparently, approached her rear and shoved his nose right into her, causing Trixie to start and turn to face the other direction. Sam shouted something she didn't understand in a stern

voice. Trixie wasn't stupid and the show put on by the greeter clearly gave her the message about the expectation. Even so, the unnatural position, the cold surroundings with bright light, and three men standing there watching her made the entire situation an absurd way to have sex of any kind, let alone sex with a dog.

Bowser didn't seem to mind nearly as much and moved around her backside again and hopped up to put his front paws on her lower back. He began thrusting his hips toward her and she felt drops of his precum, and sometimes his pointy cock, hitting her ass and labia. Sam praised the dog but he seemed to not know what he was doing as he repeatedly jumped off, licked her, and remounted.

There was little Trixie could do besides turn in circles around the chain connecting her to the floor. She did work out that she could flex her ass to pull herself away from his thrusts and arch her back to get him closer. Similarly, she found that she could spread her knees apart to lower herself to accommodate the relatively short dog.

The next time he jumped on her, she did this and arched her back simultaneously in what felt like the lewdest gesture she could imagine. The technique worked and the pitbull managed to get his cock inside her and start thrusting. With all the lead up, his cock was already engorged and the two wouldn't knot. Trixie, of course, has no conception that such a thing was even possible. She just felt a fast and hard cock thrusting into her. The watching men cheered and praised the pair, "Good dogs! Yes, you are such good doggies."

The pitbull dug his claws into her unprotected sides and paused for a brief moment as liquid ran steadily out of her crotch. Then he hopped off again and the men continued their praise as they led Bowser from the room and transferred her chain to a leash. Sam then commanded something incomprehensible and pulled her along into a larger room with row after row of dog pens. He stopped at pen 5 and led her in where Bowser was lying on a dog bed and licking his now soft cock.

Another occupant of the kennel was a black lab dog-slave who raised her head to see what was happening and proceeded to walk over to Trixie's rear where she sniffed at the new, still dripping, kennelmate. Sam closed and locked the pen behind him as he continued on with his day.

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## **Interlude**

Midday was time for open yard play at Bone and Knot Kennels. Yard play was a privilege that dogs and dog-slaves could earn with good behavior. But when the weather was good, most of the kennel's occupants could be found out in the yard this time of day. Though training dog-slaves to be sexually submissive to male canines was a key aspect of the job, yard play was as much about teaching dog-slaves proper pack social skills as anything else.

It was kind of remarkable how guardians would mind their bitches in the yard. Presumably they were just being possessive over their own sexual privilege but the labia pinching straps were always cinched down to prevent major disruptions during yard play. Daisy the golden retriever of course wasn't so lucky as the rest given her dom's instructions. There was always a few staff in the yard to keep an eye on things but it seemed at least one of the males would try to mount her most days.

When Sam came out to the yard he saw Bailey playing happily with the poodle and trying to get him to mount. Apparently she was still hot from the morning with Pepper. All she could hope for was a bit of dry humping but that didn't seem to slow her down.

Shadow the greyhound was over in the corner trying to socialize with Bella the Rottweiler and trying

to ignore Schmidt's attention seeking. Things seemed calm there though so Sam turned his attention to what was happening around Daisy. At the moment, a husky named Snow was sparing with Duke.

This trio was a constant struggle since Snow had been Daisy's first guardian. The two apparently formed a bond as Daisy became aggressive and reluctant when she was paired with other males. Daisy and Snow were mating several times per day and Snow stopped performing with other females. Daisy had been moved to Duke's pen to break the dynamic and it worked to some extent. Duke was aggressive with his charges and asserted his will over her early. Snow, denied the ever-available Daisy regained interest in the rest of the kennel bitches. When they were all out in the yard, though, there was always conflict.

Of course, it was fighting that most concerned Sam and when Duke got distracted by a game of chase, Snow seized the opportunity and mounted Daisy in a flash. Huskies are just as fast fucking as they are on the trails; Daisy's willingness and cooperation just sped the process along. By the time Duke came back around the yard, Snow had already knotted with Daisy.

Snow didn't have a huge knot like Schmidt but it served its purpose well enough. He threw his leg over Daisy to tie the knot. Upon finding himself cuckolded for the second time in one day Duke took a quick snip at Snow. It wasn't possible for Snow to fight back fully, but the tie allowed him the freedom to take a couple sharp barks and lunges at Duke. Daisy, meanwhile was being jerked back and forth by her pussy.

When the bell rang and the handlers began returning dogs to their pens, Sam told them to let Snow and Daisy finish up before taking them in. Snow would only need a couple minutes to finish emptying his balls into his bitch and Sam felt a small amount of guilt for having broken up the pair even though he knew it was ultimately better for them both.

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## **Chapter Five**

There was only one training session after lunch; a St. Bernard named Rocko had been purchased with the hopes of giving the dog-slaves some practice with a giant breed partner. Unfortunately, he seemed a bit on the slow side in this regard and wasn't managing to mount successfully. Sam decided to try him with Apricot, a St. Bernard dog-slave who had been in the program a couple months and also was having difficulties mating successfully.

Apricot was brought into the observation room first because it would take a minute to prepare her. She followed commands well enough so Sam and his assistants had no trouble getting her over to the floor rings. Clipping her collar to the floor was not unusual, but when Sam reached to chain her legs down too, Apricot started to get spooked. She pulled away at first and had to be reprimanded "Praha koirä!" in his sternest voice. Sam got her left rear leg attached but when working on her right rear she vocalized "why? I didn't do anything wrong!"

This was a serious infraction and a dog-slave of 2 months should know better than to imitate human sounds. Sam finished connecting the chains on all four of her legs and stood up to talk to the aids. "Chuck, grab that muzzle please. Gary, prep a collie oral gag please."

The aids jumped to their tasks and handed Sam the muzzle and dog penis shaped gag. Sam pieced them together and forced the gag into Apricot's struggling mouth.

"Now, Rocky's really been struggling to hit the right spot so I think we need to limit his options. Gary, lets get a Labrador plug ready for her ass."

Gary grabbed the item off of the nearby shelf and handed it to Sam with a bottle of lube. Sam was busy at Apricot's rear loosening the labia aperture and prepping her tail for the anal plug. He poured a generous amount of lube on the silicon dog cock and spread it around with his hand. He reached over and rubbed the excess, on Apricot's anus and around the tail plug mount. She pulled back from this at first but her range of motion was severely limited by the restraints on her legs and neck. When Sam began to work the Labrador dildo into her tight hole, the most she could do was shift her back a bit and clinch her eyes as Sam slid the object into her.

When it was inserted to full depth, Sam grabbed the extension on the back and pumped it to inflate the knot on the end. It's true that the tail mount locked the plug in place, but Sam thought better safe than sorry and anyway, this was for her protection as there's no telling what Rocko would do if he found himself in the wrong hole.

Now, with the bitch in place and prepped, they led Rocko into the room. He wasn't eager to mount like most of the dogs, but the St. Bernard dog suit Apricot wore was hopefully a bit of comfort. Sam liked the look of pure breed mating but with the busy kennel schedule it seemed like they rarely had the time to arrange such things.

The aids moved Rocko around to Apricot's backside but even Sam holding her labia open wasn't enough to entice the giant. It took several minutes of fingering Apricot, letting Rocko sniff the results, massaging his cock, and encouraging him to mount before he even made an attempt with the helpless, bound slave. When he did, it took all three men to hold open Apricot's vagina, guide Rocko's cock, and hold him in place.

Apricot had long since closed her eyes and as she felt the warm, thick, dog's cock begin to slide it's way into her, she shut them so tightly it practically cut out her hearing. The dog cock gag in her mouth served as a bit and she wrapped her lips tightly around it. She similarly clenched all the muscles in her backside though this merely caused Rocko's cock to slide even deeper into her as the dog had a rather large flare to his cock.

He was slow, but once they got him going, Rocko had amazing power. His lumbering manner deceptively hid the strength of his giant muscles. Even if she hadn't been fastened tightly to the ground, once he had himself inside her, it's unlikely she could have gotten away from him. He nearly knocked the wind out of her with the strength of his grip around her waist and his massive 120 pound frame engulfed her, practically making her disappear in his fur.

Their matching coats just enhanced the visual and made it difficult for Sam to figure out where he ended and she began. Of course now that his cock was lodged deep inside her, the distinction between the two wasn't terribly relevant anyway. When Sam was confident that the dogs were firmly bound together, he stepped back to watch the performance.

He didn't think the pair would be able to knot given his size and the labrador cock knotted in her ass. Even so, there was a bit of a chance because, among all the dog-slaves, Apricot has the deepest vagina. Such measurements were a standard part of the intake process and her breed selection was made partly on this basis.

Rocko was a slow learner and a slow lover but once he got started he kept a steady pace. Sam could see his hips gyrating and hear muffled grunts coming from his mate. The motion started to slow after a couple minutes of steady rocking, so Sam lifted Rocko's tail to see if he could get a better look at their union. That really didn't help much because his heavy testicles and thick fur still blocked the view.

Sam squatted down and used his other hand to gently lift Rocko's balls. In among the mass of wet fur and hair he could see the glistening pinks and reds of labia and dog cock and was thrilled to see her inner labia bulging and stretched around the back of Rocko's knot.

"Guys, come here, I want you to see this."

As the men gathered around, Sam described how the knot formed at the base of the dog's cock in order to cork the bitch and keep his cum in her as long as possible. He then explained that after the knot was securely in place, most dogs would turn butt to butt, giving the male flexibility to fend off potential rivals. At the kennel, most of the dog mating was tightly controlled though Sam mentioned Daisy's unique situation and the incident in the yard between Snow and Duke.

Then Sam pointed to the clitoral stimulator that was pressing tightly against Apricot's bud. He showed them the remote and then, with a press of the button, the device came to life and the dog-slave began squirming and struggling against the chains that kept her in place. At best she could move an inch or two in any direction before meeting the firm resistance of the chains or the immovable bulk of the dog on her back.

The two silicon cocks were firmly in place and filled the respective cavities into which they were inserted, but Rocko's massive cock was a whole other level. It filled every possible space in her and pressed firmly not just against her cervix but also back against the opening of her vagina from the inside. His large knot pressed so tightly against that bundle of nerves galled the g-spot that close inspection of her abdomen would reveal the bulge of his knot. When Sam clicked on the clitoral stimulator, Apricot was stuffed so full that the vibration translated through her entire body.

The sensation was still new to Rocko who responded by moving his hips and effectively pulling back on her. There was no chance of him dislodging his cock while he was still stimulated and the vibe wasn't going to promote him cooling down anytime soon. Her chains and the tight knotting effectively bound the pair in one place.

Sam and the aids moved over to the bench to observe and discuss. He told them that this would probably last for at least five to ten minutes and that he'd seen dogs knot for as long as 20 minutes before. The vibe could be set to a timer to automatically shut off but in this case he just set it to "on" and explained that a new trainer should observe to learn the signs of orgasm in a dog-slave.

The team discussed other details of the kennel's work for several minutes before Sam paused to draw their attention to the pair. He pointed out that Apricot's breathing was getting shallow and she had started to make moaning sounds despite the dog dildo in her mouth. The moaning was accompanied by slight movement of her hips but even as her intensity increased, Rocko and the vibe stayed perfectly consistent. With a loud sustained "hhrrmmmmnn..." and whole body tremor from Apricot, Sam pressed the button to turn off the vibe as he said "there, now she's coming."

Even without the vibe running, Apricot's body went through a series of convulsions and Rocko showed little sign of moving. It was a full 10 minutes after her orgasm that his knot reduced enough to pull out of her and when it did, it was followed by a gush of dog cum. As one of the aids led Rocko back to his kennel, Sam removed the gag and anal plug. There was no more sign of resistance from the dog-slave, just a slight whimpering. After undoing the leg chains, Apricot simply fell over on her side and Sam could see her body periodically shake. He told her she was a good girl and that he'd let her stay there for a bit as he finished up some other chores before lock down for the night.

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## Chapter Six



Sam didn't typically work weekends but this Saturday was a rare exception. A potential client had flown in from the Bahamas and wanted a demonstration of the results of the Kennel's services. They had agreed for Mr. Roker to arrive early to watch some of the routine. That would help him get a feel for what kind of work was involved in properly caring for a dog slave. After all, the more time she spent as a dog, the less her ability to care for herself; a dog slave needed a master to feed and care for her.

"Good morning! You must be Mr Roker." Sam greeted as the door of the black sedan opened.

"I am. And you're Mr. Porter then?"

"You got it. Come with me, you're just in time for feeding."

Sam led Mr. Roker to the kitchen where a couple of the staff were preparing morning meals. He explained how the dog slaves were kept on a once a day meal schedule with frequent use of food as a training tool. In a home setting, food could be prepared in single meal size or in bulk to last the week. The kennel typically gave a balanced meat, carb, vegetable mix and stressed that while it was okay to mix commercial dog kibble in with her food, a dog slave had different nutritional requirements.

Sam grabbed a bucket of the food, his tablet with the kennel schedule, and asked his guest to follow him to the main kennels. Though early, the kennel was alive with activity. Barks were coming from many of the pens and the distinct smell of dog filled the room. Consulting the schedule, Sam led Mr. Roker down the far side row and stopped in front of kennel 6 where a barrel chested pitbull greeted them with a big open mouth and lolling tongue. Behind him was dog slave, Spot, outfitted as a Dalmatian who eyed the men but could do no more as her collar chain was still affixed to the floor.

Sam walked through the entire procedure, explaining the importance of keeping pack order by feeding the male dog first and how the kennel uses the foreign language technique of command training. Sam opened the door to the run after the pair had eaten from their trough and the bitch had been given a chance to lap up some water from their bowl.

To demonstrate some of the effects of their program he commanded

"Spot, tulla... istua!"

The commands were accompanied by hand gestures and the dog slave obediently approached and sat her ass to the ground with her front "legs" on the ground and her rear legs spread out in front of her. It was the one disappointing feature of the dog suits that they didn't allow for a convincing sitting posture but the leg binding was effective at preventing anything other than having four limbs on the ground.

"Hyva tytto. Puhua!"

The dog slave gave a loud "aaaarf!" which Sam rewarded with a small treat. As he held out his open hand and she worked to pull the morsel into her mouth, Sam noted his guest's attention to her breasts hanging through the holes in the suit.

"You're welcome to inspect her. We are proud of how tame our girls are. Aggression is usually limited to the first month or so but this slave has been here [consulting the tablet] about seven months."

"So long?" Mr. Roker said as he reached down and cupped her right breast in his left hand.

“Certainly. Remember that many of our dog slaves are going through a near permanent transition. They aren’t just women acting as dogs; it takes time to flip that mental switch to where their first instinct is the canine one. Spot here hasn’t made a human vocalization in [consulting the tablet again] three months... and she has been paired with a male dog every day for the last five months. She’s a very good girl.”

As he said it, Sam reached down and put his hand behind her neck to scratch behind her ears and pat her head. Spot liked the attention and gave another quick “aaarf” as she got back up on her paws now with her tail wagging.

Mr. Roker was impressed and asked how they made them so convincing. Sam explained the details of the dog suit and how it incorporated numerous features to encourage canine behavior in its wearer and allow for corrective measures with the dog dildo supports both oral and anal.

Spot was still wagging and barking occasionally when Goliath the pitbull returned through the open run door and stood next to her to get some attention. Sam commanded “Alas” and pointed at the ground. Spot lowered herself and rolled on her side, spreading her legs. “She loves belly rubs” Sam said as he knelt down and ran his hands over her stomach and breasts, taking the opportunity to pinch and pull on her nipples.

Their clients were free to care for their pets as they pleased, but Sam stressed the importance of only allowing dog slaves to reach climax when penetrated by a dog. Although some of the bitches were resistant at first, consistency in this respect slowly but surely shaped her sex drive toward male dogs and with patience, it was possible to get dog slaves to naturally seek out mating with male canines. He then explained the labia pinching aperture, clitoral cap and stimulator that they fitted for most dog slaves. And demonstrated by opening the suit and turning on the device.

The dog slave began squirming and Sam called Goliath over to her crotch. He used his fingers to spread her labia and give the dog access to lick her. Standing up again, he explained that the kennel routine called for mating all of the dog slaves right after meal time. Like Pavlov’s dogs, the paired reinforcement of food and sex helped train sexual receptivity.

Spot had been a dog long enough that she didn’t even register the voices of the men in her kennel. She just knew that the nice man had given her food, treats, and attention and that now her lover and the thing between her legs were making her want to be knotted. She rolled over and presented her ass to Goliath.

The pitbull mounted and grabbed the Dalmatian by the waist with his powerful front legs. He was fast to hump and the pair easily positioned for good penetration. It was only a couple of thrusts before he pressed his head down hard into her shoulders and had his cock fully inside the bitch, rocking his hips so his growing knot slipped in and out of her.

Sam gestured an outstretched hand to Mr. Roker suggesting that he was free to inspect the couple at a closer range. Taking the suggestion, the large man lowered to one knee and appeared mesmerized by the bitch’s swaying tits. He redirected his gaze to their faces and was surprised to see both had a relaxed face, mouth open, tongue hanging out and breathing heavily. Neither of them even bothered to look over at him though he was sure that he was in their field of view.

As the rocking slowed, Sam switched off the vibe and Mr. Roker stood and commented on the behavior. Sam smiled and responded “Well of course they’re not embarrassed, they’re dogs! This is just a part of their morning routine. Now that they’re knotted, I’ve removed the clitoral stimulation; this bitch doesn’t need it beyond routine stimulation, she probably had a couple small orgasms while

he was fucking her.”

The mating pair were well sized for fucking, but her rear was a bit tall for him and the height difference gave him motivation to tie. As he pushed, and hopped, and adjusted to turn, Mr. Roker smiled wide and exclaimed “They really do it! You get them to tie even, just like real dogs! That’s beautiful.”

“They don’t always but yes, many of them tie often. Look at his testicles and ass, every time you see a spasm, he is pumping a bit more of his semen in her. A genetic canine has neutral vaginal pH where our bitches are mildly acidic. There are body temperature differences too. Both have an effect on the sperm but our lab has shown pretty conclusively that dog sperm can survive in a human female for at least two days. Given that most of our bitches mate daily, every dog slave you see here has viable canine sperm in her uterus. Often from multiple male partners simultaneously.”

The dogs were both still breathing heavily and were locked tightly together by their genitals. As Sam locked up the gate behind them, Mr. Roker stared at the male’s rear and wondered how much semen this dog left in her. He wasn’t sure, but he even thought he could make out rhythmic muscle movement in her ass as though she were squeezing his knot with her pelvic muscles in response. And the men chatted as Sam led his guest on to see the rest of the facility.

*The End*