

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One

Amy Macdonald was afraid of dogs. She was a model student with straight A's and a star athlete for her gymnastics team at university, but now she was too scared to go outside her dorm. Earlier that September, she was doing her usual running routine and was blindsided by a rottweiler that had come off its leash. She could remember the incident as if it were happening to her now: being knocked onto her back and pinned down by the hairy beast, the hot panting of dog breath on her neck, her disgusted groans as drool from his wet tongue slathered across her face.

The thing even bit her! The most traumatizing thing etched into her brain was the sight of the dog's cock, erect and pressing against her sex through her tracksuit bottoms as it dry-humped her restrained body. Her screams excited the dog; he was too heavy for her small frame to break free. She was pinned and humped for minutes before the owner found her and re-tied the pet to its leash. She lay there in shock, stained with drool and doggy precum.

After a lengthy apology from the owner and a bandage for her arm, the incident was primarily done with, but Amy couldn't move on. The owner even paid her a grand out of pocket to cover damages to her well-being, but she didn't spend it. Every time she saw a dog, she was reminded of her bite, the humiliation, and the trauma. She couldn't go for runs because trails are full of dog walkers, and leaving her dorm to attend lectures was doable but brought the risk of another wild dog attacking her. Just the thought of a dog was unbearable. She was even having trouble masturbating, leading to many restless nights. She'd spoken to her parents and friends, who all agreed therapy was in order.

That was more than a month ago, and little progress had been made. The health service in her country was stretched thin, so appointments were few and far between and usually consisted of a lot of talking with little usable advice. It didn't help that she lived in a different city on campus, so meeting up with friends and family was limited.

Amy was getting desperate and started looking online for private care. She didn't want to miss any more lectures, training sessions, and social events, but more than that, she wanted to be able to go outside with confidence again. She still had that money from the dog owner, which she could use to fund her mental recovery.

Searching online was disappointing. Everything in her budget was a scam, and everything legitimate was too expensive. After what felt like forever, she stumbled upon a Facebook group for Natural Anxiety Reduction, headed by a mental health guru-type named Dr. Conseil. After a bit of digging, it turned out he was an actual doctor, Ph.D. and all, who turned away from the 'business of big medicine to help people through tailored mentoring and physical therapy. Before reading the reviews, Amy first found the colorful, filled with colorful hippy-dippy language and graphics.

Hundreds of people praised the doctor for his effective albeit unorthodox methods and how they, too, have turned away from mainstream medicine after seeing the wonders of his service. A little more scrolling and Amy found his website, his office wasn't that far from her, and consultations received a full refund if they weren't delighted. It wasn't even expensive, to begin with. Maybe it was desperation or good marketing, but Amy decided to give it a shot and booked a visit later that week.

She spent the next few days in anticipation. Amy was skeptical of non-scientific medicine, but she was studying sports and physical health at university, so the concept of physical therapy aiding mental health was familiar. Even if she didn't like the alternative methods, she could leave with the

knowledge that she at least tried, which would be something.

On the day of her appointment, she looked from her bedroom window and saw her neighbor, a man in his thirties, with his dog, a Pyrenean Mastiff. The dog was awful, not only huge but excitable. He would bark when she was in the dog's eye line, running up to the fence. She had asked the owner to keep his dog inside, but he wouldn't. There was nothing wrong with having a dog off its leash on your property, even if it barked at pedestrians. Amy resorted to leaving through the back garden, hopping over the fence, and taking a detour through some bystreets to the bus stop.

A short bus ride later, she was outside Dr. Conseil's office. It was a large, detached house, slightly modified to resemble a health clinic, but it still looked like a home. It had a cozy feeling that many real hospitals lacked. Amy knocked on the large wooden door, and a woman wearing only a thin silk dressing gown answered. She looked around thirty, naturally beautiful, with pale skin and curly brown hair that stopped at her neck. Her gown was tied at the waist, but remained loose above, revealing her ample breasts down to the areola and cut at the upper thigh, showing her shapely legs. Her smooth pussy was visible where the gown parted as if she were trying to draw attention to her sex. Amy blushed, taken aback by her confidence to answer the door like this; she was very clearly nude underneath the thin gown, but that didn't bother her.

"Um - hello. I'm here for a two-thirty appointment with Dr. Conseil. For Amy Macdonald?" She asked, gathering her thoughts.

"How wonderful!" she beamed, motioning for her to step inside. "Since it was your first time coming here, I wanted to greet you. I am Laura Linton, Dr. Conseil's assistant and wife, and I formally welcome you to our home and office. I'm sure you will love it here. Please don't be too alarmed by how I dress, I know it's a little daring, but all our clients get used to it. Dr. Conseil is upstairs in his office. Come along."

The inside of the house was decadent, full of solid oak and soft cushions. There was a lit fireplace in the foyer which just screamed sophistication, and the wallpaper was a deep red, patterned with golden swirls like vines. On the foyer table were dazzling crystals of varying shades, and the smell of incense was diffused into the air. Amy followed Laura upstairs to Dr. Conseil's office, taking in the decor as she walked past. Intricate ornaments from various cultures sat on shelves and hung from the ceiling, each shining like its own chandelier.

Various paintings were spaced along the wall of the staircase: each one of a nude woman in different poses with a striking resemblance to Laura herself. The doctor's office was sizable and rectangular, with large windows that opened to the street. More incense sticks on the office table, the table between two cherry red leather sofas, each missing one arm for clients to lie comfortably. The back wall was lined with bookshelves, in front of a desk, behind which was the doctor himself.

"Oh, dearest, Amy Macdonald is here for her appointment." Laura chirped.

The doctor calmly stood and smiled at Amy. He was a tall, broad, lean man, around forty, with long, grey hair tied back into a bun. He was clean-shaven, with a defined face and noticeable lines along his forehead. He was dressed formally in grey trousers, a white collared shirt, and a mustard yellow jumper.

"Wonderful. Bring us some tea while Amy and I talk for a few minutes," he calmly replied.

Laura left the room, and Dr. Conseil moved to one of the red leather sofas and sat down. He gestured for Amy to sit on the other sofa, and she did.

"Hello, Amy. I do hope you had an alright time getting here. It must have been difficult, given how you've been feeling recently," he said.

"It was a bit worrying, but I was okay," she confirmed.

"Exactly what I want to hear. When you booked your appointment with me, Amy, you spoke about trying to cure your fear of dogs and that your problem began with an altercation with a dog. I would like you to tell me more about this incident and don't spare any details. I want to know exactly what we are dealing with here," he said.

"Well, to be specific, it all started about a month ago when a Rottweiler attacked me. I was running when it jumped on me from the side and pinned me down. He was too heavy for me to move and was barking so loudly that it was all I could hear. His claws were scratching me, and when I tried to fight back, it bit me on my arm," she said, lifting her left sleeve to reveal the faded scar of teeth marks on her forearm.

"So I froze. It held me down a little while, licking my face and covering me in its disgusting slobber. Once the owner restrained his dog, I was a mess, all shaking. I wanted to shout at him, but I was still in shock, you know? He apologized profusely afterward and compensated me, but ever since, I've been deathly afraid of dogs, and I don't know what else I can do other than talk to a professional."

The doctor looked at her quizzically. "Amy, I have worked in psychiatry for twenty years and have been a psychologist for over a decade, and in that time, I have developed the ability to read minds. I know that there is something you aren't telling me, and I need to know what that is to deal with your problem effectively. Tell me, in your own time, exactly what happened to you," said the doctor gently.

Amy was hesitant, she didn't want to bring up the humping aspect, but it seemed like the doctor already knew and just wanted to hear her say it. She took a moment before starting.

"It... It humped me with its thing. The dog was erect, humping me the whole time, rubbing its thing against my privates through my tracksuit. I tried to shut my legs, but the dog was completely on top of me. I couldn't do anything. It covered me in its - stuff - and I just lay there. It was so humiliating!" Amy managed to say, though tears were falling down her cheeks.

It was the first time she told anyone the story of what happened. Laura had returned with the tea and set it down before consoling the girl.

"It's alright. Just let it out. You're doing very well, Amy," cooed Laura.

"You've been brave to confront the incident, Amy. It takes real courage to face your fears like this. Just know that this is the first step on a healing journey," said the doctor.

Once Amy cried herself out, Laura left them to continue the consultation.

The doctor continued to question Amy and began to build a profile of who she was. She was a top student, constantly pushing herself to improve and do more. She got straight A's and was a star athlete on her university gymnastics team. Even at eighteen, she was accomplished, with medals for her performance on the balance beam and floor exercises. She was outdoors often, which resulted in a light tan, impressive for anyone living under the gloomy weather of England, and had a notably athletic body. She stood around five-foot-one.

Her hair was a light auburn, tied into a bun atop her head, and she had green eyes with freckles

dotting her cheeks below. She was energetic, disciplined, and agreeable, given her ability to work hard and follow orders. The doctor still believed there was more to Amy than she let on, but that would require a more careful series of questions.

"Now, there are only a few more questions I need to ask Amy. Please be as honest as possible," Dr. Conseil led. "You are a virgin, correct?"

Amy's face turned to shock. 'How did he know that?' she thought. The doctor looked at her for an answer and replied, "Yes, I am." She blushed. 'Maybe he really could read minds.'

"And given your inexperience, that Rottweiler that attacked you was the closest you've ever been to a sexual encounter?" he said pretty flatly.

Amy's face turned completely red. "Excuse me?" she choked. "I don't see the reason for asking that."

"It is normal for sexual mishaps like these to happen, Amy. Really. But I will need you to try your best to remain calm and answer with complete honesty, no matter how embarrassing. You need to tell me so we can resolve the problem. Now, in your own words," he said.

Amy was getting flustered. "Yes, that was the closest I've been to any penis, but that doesn't count as sexual! It's a dog, just some stupid animal," she said, not wanting to look at him.

"Because you were so preoccupied with school and your extracurriculars, yes?" the doctor questioned.

Amy was quiet for a moment. "Partly," she said flatly, still looking away.

"So, when you were being attacked, it forced you to address a part of you that you've never really explored before. I believe that there is something about the incident that you still refuse to acknowledge to me, maybe even to yourself. It's okay to admit, my office is completely judgment-free, and believe me when I say I've heard a lot worse," said the doctor.

"Like what?" Amy questioned. "Do you think I enjoyed it?"

"Did you? As I said, there is no shame in admitting it. Laura and I are not here to judge. We want to do whatever is necessary to curb your phobia and help you live your life. If anything, we are accepting of all sexual preferences and desires," he reiterated.

Amy's face went from red to white. "Of course, I didn't like it! I'm not some pervert! How can I enjoy being humped by an animal? An animal that bit me! Were you even paying attention to anything I've said?" She gasped. Amy was getting ready to leave, confident that she wouldn't be returning. "I'm sorry, but I don't think this will work."

"Forgive me for pressing, but before you go, I have some advice that may help you. Don't let fear stand in the way of satisfaction. Face your phobia, and you will master it."

She was already heading down the stairs in a huff.

"Whatever you've been too afraid to do recently, do it," he called out, with the front door slamming shut.

The doctor slumped back into the red leather sofa, and Laura came behind him and massaged his

shoulders.

“Always so stubborn at first, but they come around,” cooed Laura.

“I know. She reminds me of you, remember?” teased Conseil.

“I beg your pardon. I remember being a perfect patient, thank you very much,” said Laura, feigning upset.

“The best,” conceded the doctor. “She’ll call tomorrow.”

Later that day, Amy had returned home, again through the convoluted route through a few bystreets and over her fence into the back garden. From there, she went to her room, still fuming. How dare that quack to talk to her like that? As if she would ever – could ever – get aroused by anything so grotesque. She knew what she felt that day: absolute fear. But something in the back of her mind did keep coming up. On the day of the attack, she had gone home to change out of her spoiled clothes, and she noticed a wet patch on her panties when she took them off.

At the time, she brushed it off as anything else. Maybe it was sweat, or she wet herself from the shock, but deep down, she knew. When the dog was pinning her down, licking her, humping her, she could feel something heavy brewing in her. Lust. God, how she wanted it to be untrue. How could she be so aroused by something that scared her so profoundly? It was so wrong she couldn’t make sense of it. It was as though her brain was afraid, and her body couldn’t help but respond to the sexual energy coming from the beast.

Dr. Conseil had brought up an uncomfortable question that repeated inside the confused girl’s head.

‘Did I enjoy it? Or did my body react strangely?’ Amy continued to ask herself this for another hour before resigning herself to not knowing. This wasn’t her area of expertise to untangle complex emotions and experiences like this. It had been a long, stressful day, and all she wanted to do now was to unwind.

Amy had spent over a month without an orgasm. She was too afraid. Ever since the attack, she had been unable to masturbate without thinking of that rottweiler on top of her. The thought of that canine cock flooded her mind whenever she touched herself: the red, fleshy, hard rod rubbing against her crotch with abandon. Everything in her consciousness told her such thoughts were disgusting, perverted, and immoral, and they made her heart fill with fear, shame, and regret.

However, though she didn’t want to admit it, there was a certain allure from these thoughts that electrified her entire body. It was just so... taboo. Despite her every thought and fear that it was wrong, or maybe because of them, her body couldn’t help but get excited. She then thought back to the last thing Dr. Conseil had said before she left:

‘Whatever you’ve been too afraid to do recently, do it!’

There was no way Dr. Conseil meant it like this. But it was something she’d been putting off. She hadn’t been able to cum in over a month and was desperate for release. But to get herself off on such degrading thoughts? To masturbate thinking about dogs? Why was she even considering this at all? After some debating, Amy decided to at least try masturbating if it meant getting a good night’s sleep. After all, it was just some harmless sexual experimentation, and she could stop if things became too much. With that, she lay in bed with her hand down her waistband.

Initially, she kept her thoughts human-focused, but like her many other attempts, they soon devolved back to the same scene. She, on her back, pinned to the ground beneath a rottweiler twice her size. She felt the strong urge to stop what she was doing, but this time followed the all too familiar whisper, daring her to keep going. She felt a sickness in her stomach and a prick of devilish pleasure as she thought back to the dog's cock, large, red, and hard with its distinctly inhuman shape. The pointed end widens at the shaft before stopping at a large bulbous base. She could practically feel it as she rubbed between her pussy lips.

She thought about the shape and how it might feel in her hand. As if possessed, her fingers moved of their own volition, and she felt herself succumb to the pleasure she had so desperately been suppressing for weeks. In an odd mix of delight and disgust, Amy felt a long-awaited orgasm hit her. Pangs of bittersweet pleasure flowed over her, sending her into shocks more intense than she'd ever felt. It was everything she could do not to scream from the bliss she felt. Her orgasm subsided too soon, and she was quickly back to masturbating again to another climax. Followed by another. Each time she found her mind wandering back to dogs, which both frightened and revolted her, her body responded with frenzy.

Once she had gotten her fill, Amy felt a rising shame. Without the physical element, she was left to stew in her post-orgasmic dysphoria. She was in a puddle of her juices, her thighs slick and sticky. How could her anxiety around dogs feed into such pleasure? She felt like some criminal pervert and was ashamed of how quickly she forgot her morals at the moment. She hadn't changed, the thought of going near a dog still struck fear into her, but at least now she could cum, albeit shamefully and disgustingly. It was still something. Perhaps she was too dismissive of Dr. Conseil's methods. After only one meeting, he made more progress than any other professional did in weeks. It seemed an apology was in order, and she would need to call him tomorrow.

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## **Part Two**

After having her first good night's sleep in weeks, Amy awoke feeling fresh, albeit a little ashamed of herself. Ultimately she was glad she had managed to face her fears and masturbated to climax despite her persistent fears of canine sex. It took some real effort to push past the mental block to enjoy something that frightened and repulsed her, like bestiality, she was unsure of its effect last night, but the calm she felt that morning proved to her that she was doing something right.

Many nights since the attack, she found herself having nightmares and unable to sleep, but something about masturbating to the fears made them manageable. With the physical tension released, she could sleep in peace. The doctor's advice was working, weirdly enough, and while she was still afraid of dogs and very much paranoid, there was an improvement. She showered, made herself a healthy breakfast, and called Dr. Conseil's office.

"Good morning," chirped Laura Linton. "Natural Anxiety Reduction offices, my name is Laura. How may I help you?"

"Good morning, Laura. This is Amy from yesterday?" replied Amy.

"Oh, how lovely it is to hear from you again, Amy! I had a feeling you would be back, you know." Laura said.

"I just wanted to apologize for my behavior yesterday and see about booking another session with Dr. Conseil. I promise not to overreact the way I did ever again."

"I will pass it along, but know that your apology is accepted. I know my husband's therapeutic methods can be quite disagreeable at times, many are dismissive at first, but those who follow his advice find great results. It's suited for a specific type of client: someone open-minded, trusting, and willing. My husband could tell that you were a perfect fit when he met you. Let's see. I can book you in for today if you'd like," offered Laura.

"Thank you so much. Today would be perfect," said Amy.

Truthfully, she was nervous about speaking with the doctor again, but given her experience last night, she needed someone to talk to about her conflicting feelings. After a convoluted walk to the bus stop to avoid her neighbor's hound and a short bus ride, Amy was on the same red leather sofa as yesterday. Across from her on the other sofa was Dr. Conseil, and they began their second session.

"Amy, I want you to tell me more about your fear. What was your attitude to dogs before you were attacked?" he asked.

Amy thought for a second. "Well, I don't think I ever liked dogs. I always thought they were gross, with all their slobber and shedding. I was not too fond of their barking or the way they smelled. Even touching a dog made me feel like washing my hands. After the attack, things were worse, but I don't remember a dog ever being something I more than tolerated." admitted Amy.

"So, you were never fond of dogs. Why do you think that is?" he asked, jotting her words onto a notepad as she spoke.

"I don't know. Growing up, I never really knew anyone with a dog, so maybe I'm not used to them," she answered.

The two continued to speak about Amy's disposition toward dogs for a short while, and Amy became more comfortable with the questioning.

"I have my suspicions, but I want to hear it from you. Why did you come back? Remember, I want details," instructed the doctor.

From her experience with him yesterday, Amy knew it was best to bare all, no matter how embarrassing, since the doctor could tell if she was hiding anything. She could feel her face blushing as she played with her sleeve.

"Well, that night, I thought about what you said, about my inexperience with sex. How the Rottweiler attacking me forced me to confront that part of myself. And how, subconsciously, I might have enjoyed it. You also said to try something that scared me, and one thing led to another. I ended up touching myself and came for the first time in more than a month."

She continued, "I came multiple times. The whole time I was thinking about that attack—about dogs. For over a month, I couldn't masturbate without those thoughts entering my head, and it scared me too much to ever 'finish.' But this time was different, I told myself to keep going, and it made me so wet that I couldn't stop once I pushed past my defenses.

It was soothing to get it all out like this. "It was like fear and arousal mixed into one on my body. I felt chilling tingles all over. I slept better than I had in weeks because of it, and it was thanks to your advice."

Dr. Conseil said, "I'm impressed, Amy. I wouldn't have expected this kind of progress so soon. You



have done some great work peeling back the layers of your phobia. So let's keep peeling. From what I gather, you are in a very obtuse mental space. Your inexperience with sex and dogs being thrust upon you in such a traumatic way has imprinted on your psyche.

"Your mental and emotional states take an anxious turn around dogs, but your physical condition, especially sexually, seems to be charged by them. While perplexing, this is nothing to be ashamed of. I believe we can use this to your advantage. We can use your positive association with dogs in a sexual sense to resolve the turmoil mentally and emotionally.

"In other words," he said, "keep doing what you're doing, and I will even prescribe more physical therapies to aid your development."

"I'm sorry?" Amy asked, going a deep shade of red. "You mean you want me to keep masturbating to dogs? I was hoping that I would be doing something else."

"I'm afraid not," Dr. Conseil said. "Leaning into the physical will increase your mental and emotional experience with sex and dogs. Unfortunately, given how the attack simultaneously altered your psyche regarding sex and dogs, we will have to untangle your phobia similarly. So you'll need to address your naivety to sex alongside your fear of dogs to have any chance to return to normal."

He explained, "This has nothing to do with you, Amy. You are suffering from an understandable shock that has crossed some psychosexual wires. It may be uncomfortable, but you'll need to put them back through the physical therapy I prescribe. The therapy is custom-made to suit the patient's needs and if engaging in masturbatory fantasies seems to work for you. So, keep it up."

"So your solution for me is to masturbate to dogs," she repeated, still in disbelief. "Surely this can be done separately? The sex stuff and the dog stuff? Separately. Not together. I know what I said about last night, but it was still very uncomfortable to experience," Amy explained.

"Facing your trauma is always uncomfortable, Amy. It would help if you did the difficult thing to get results," he stated. "If you'd like something more solid to justify my diagnosis, we can run a quick test."

Dr. Conseil called for Laura to get the projector, which she did. The woman entered the room wearing a canary yellow robe similar to what she wore yesterday, wheeling the projector between the two sofas and facing the blank wall opposite the bookshelves. While she set it up, the doctor retrieved a black box connected to a series of wires, and each wire had a rubbery disc on its end. He asked Amy to adjust her top, allowing him to stick each disc to her skin. Two at the temples, both sides of the neck, and two on the upper chest.

Dr. Conseil told Amy, "This machine will record your emotional output. I will show you different images on the projector and see how they affect you mentally, emotionally, and physically. I prepared these slides for yesterday's session to gauge your anxiety stimuli, but they will also be good for this test."

With Laura at the projector, the doctor instructed her to move across each slide. Each slide contained either people or dogs and lasted a few seconds. The black box displayed readings for the doctor to interpret while Amy watched and reacted to the slides.

"Now, only the slides of men and slides of dogs," instructed Dr. Conseil.

Laura complied, and each slide contained a handsome man or a dog of various build, breed, and size. Soon the men were shirtless and in sexual poses, while the dogs were all male, their breeds large

enough to be bigger than Amy herself. Watching the slides go back quickly made her feel strange, and she could feel her temperature rising. Soon the slideshow ended, and the apparatus was put away. Laura left with the projector, leaving Amy and the doctor alone. The doctor uploaded the readings to his computer, and Amy stood by his desk, awaiting the results.

“Amy, your results are what I predicted exactly. The attack has warped your psychosexual makeup, and sexually you respond much more to large, male dog breeds than a shirtless Ryan Gosling, which is almost incomprehensible,” he explained. “While you generally respond to human beings in most social cases, your sexual response to human mates is nearly zero, another consequence of the attack, I presume.

“As such, there is no way you can masturbate to human-focused porn because it simply won’t affect you physically enough to resolve any issue. Additionally, you won’t be able to connect with dogs on an emotional or intellectual basis for obvious reasons. Since you cannot access a sexual connection to humans, nor an emotional connection to dogs, it suggests that the only viable option for you to resolve your anxiety would be through your imprinted sexual link to dogs.

“Predominantly sexual physical therapy via canine-based stimulus. So no, doing it ‘separately’ isn’t an option. Maybe you’ll have more options in the longer term, but I can’t say for sure,” he finished.

Amy was, again, lost for words. Unfortunately, there was a logic to what he was saying. She quite literally ‘had’ to fantasize about dogs if she wanted her everyday life back. The two sat back on the red sofas, where the doctor let Amy soak in the information. This explained why she had no progress with regular talk therapy, she never spoke about the sexual aspect of the attack, and according to Dr. Conseil, she could only make progress physically. It also explained why she was so averted to dogs.

She had an unresolved clash between her moral and sexual self resulting in her anxiety toward dogs. Despite her disgust, some relief came over her now that she had a better understanding of her fear. Even upon hearing Dr. Conseil’s diagnosis, she intuitively felt what he said was true, but she didn’t want it to be. She had unconsciously gained a dog fetish from the attack that her mind was trying to reject. Laura had returned to the room with tea for them both, and she handed a document to Amy, which she accepted with thanks.

Dr. Conseil said, “Now, Amy, you would be hard-pressed to find another doctor willing to explore your psyche the way you need. If you would like to continue therapy here, you are more than welcome. I can arrange for you to come every Friday to talk and perform physical exercises to navigate your troubled sexuality, but you will need to sign on as a patient of mine. I want you to be informed before signing, so please read it fully.”

Amy was hesitant but knew that this doctor could practically read her mind and may understand her better than herself. While his diagnosis was unpleasant, she could feel it was true, and she couldn’t go back to the standard therapy that wasn’t working for her. It was a contract, and Amy was smart enough to at least read the whole thing before signing. She read in silence, poring over each sentence. It was lengthy, about twenty pages, but boiled down to some key agreements:

First, that Amy was of sound mind and body, that she was entering the therapy of her own volition and that no coercion or force had been used for Amy’s agreement.

Second, that therapy will include (but will not be limited to) physical bonding activities with male canines of various breeds, with consent being provided by the patient in the form of this contract. Physical bonding may be sexual, depending on the expert opinion of Dr. Conseil regarding patient

needs. Canines will be vetted for safety, and a professional handler will always be present. Decisions on which specific acts are performed are to be made entirely by Dr. Conseil and solely to benefit the patient.

Third, any acts are performed solely for patient welfare. Additionally, the patient accepts responsibility for any illegal actions committed on her behalf relating to therapy should any legal authorities investigate the matter.

Fourth, Amy would follow treatments prescribed by Dr. Conseil to the letter. Given the patient's phobia and psychological disposition regarding said fear, treatment may be considered uncomfortable or even deemed 'cruel and unusual' by said patient. While the patient's wishes and boundaries are respected at all times, outright refusal, non-compliance, or general 'foul play' could result in restraint, termination of therapy, and possible fines. A termination is a last-resort option, however, and compromise is preferred.

Fifth, treatment may extend outside of office hours and location, in which the patient is trusted to follow said treatment without supervision. This includes equipment to be used or worn outside the office at prescribed times, general upkeep of bodily hygiene regarding cleanliness, body hair, diet, and exercise, and are expected to be maintained by the patient throughout therapy. Recordings/images may be required to ensure treatment is taken seriously out of the office.

Sixth, Natural Anxiety Reduction reserves the right to record within office spaces for uses applicable to future research, safety, and security. Recordings will not be distributed to any third party without explicit permission from the patient. The firm accepts legal responsibility for all recorded imagery held.

Seventh, agreement of non-disclosure. I just wanted to let you know that detailed information about treatment is not to be discussed in any way, shape, or form except for close friends, family, and health professionals in situations where the information is essential. This is done to preserve the confidentiality between both patient and therapist and allow treatments to remain on course while avoiding reputational damage or legal intervention.

Finally, NAR does not take responsibility for any damages caused on-site to persons, belongings, or otherwise.

Aside from the legal jargon covering NAR's backside, Amy found some things concerning.

"Physical bonding with male canines? Illegal activity on site? What does that mean exactly?" she asked.

"A good question," Dr. Conseil said. "For the first one, it means what you think it means, Amy. You're going to be tackling the dog aspect and the sex aspect at the same time. We will need to introduce real dogs into your physical therapy. I'm sure it won't be anything you can't handle, and you always have the option to remove yourself from the session. Bonding activities will include playing, cleaning, eating, and engaging sexually, but we will go slowly and carefully and only as far as we need to for your benefit.

"I won't bullshit you, though, Amy. Your psyche is distorted, so you must do taboo sexual acts to resolve your fear. It's a necessary part of dealing with your psychological frame. This is a safe place. I built this office to provide treatment that the established health industry would rather avoid, even if that meant stepping outside the lines of the law to help people.

"Myself, Laura, and anyone we allow inside this room can be trusted to keep a secret, and we trust

you to do the same. We both know that bestiality is illegal, but I believe that, in your case, it is necessary to explore the bestial part of your psyche to resolve your phobia. You will need to adopt this belief to continue therapy here.

“Morality aside, you will be engaged in illegal sexual activity as a part of the therapy I prescribe, and there are consequences. This is a big decision for you, so please take all the time you need before signing.” Dr. Conseil answered thoroughly.

Amy continued to ask more questions, and Dr. Conseil was happy to oblige. After all, he believed the most critical part of a successful therapeutic endeavor was that the patient knew the full extent of the therapy and was completely of their own volition. The doctor had done much convincing with the diagnosis and the tests of her physical response and was now talking it through with her. As gross as it made her feel, she was becoming sold on the idea of curing her phobia through sexual exposure to dogs.

She had already found success from masturbatory exploration, and it seemed like the doctor was a true believer in his physical method, which eased her mind. Once Amy had exhausted all of her questions and given it plenty of thought, she gave in and signed the contract with shaking fingers. She couldn't believe she was going through with it. She felt a rush as if she'd just signed away part of her soul.

She felt jittery; she had just signed on to face her fear of dogs through sex, which sent a lustful jolt of shame. She thought for a second about taking it back but thought against it. She had no idea where else she could go and decided not to say anything.

“Just one more thing,” added the doctor. “We are very serious about patients who completely refuse treatment and fail to follow instructions. Any walkouts like yesterday will result in a termination of the contract. I have neither the time nor the capacity to deal with such childish behavior. If you don't like something, we compromise. Always.”

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With her hour up, Dr. Conseil sent Amy out with another appointment next Friday and some prescribed exercises to perform at home. She returned home in the evening and returned to her usual evening routine: cooking herself dinner, cleaning, and studying. Before bed, however, she found herself thinking about her special 'homework.' Reading the prescribed exercises:

'One masturbatory session exploring your sexual response to male canines for (at least) three nights this week. Find out which dog breeds produce the greatest sexual response to report back. Extra, explore forums and online video sites for dog bestiality. Knowledge is healing!'

Amy couldn't believe this was prescribed to her by her doctor. She could feel both the heat in her sex and the twisting in her stomach and reluctantly gave in. Pulling down her pajama bottoms, she began to rub herself wet, and her thoughts naturally went to that fateful day. Her on her back, the Rottweiler pinning her down, its tongue lapping at her face, but this time was different. She was nude, and the beast's rigid member was pressed against her lips impatiently.

Her moans of pleasure and dismay groans collided with some new sound as her hand moved faster. She couldn't help but think about the cock: it was long and thick, probably eight inches, not including the rounded base. The thing was tricky and fleshy, rubbing up and coated in her juices. This felt wrong; an animal pressed up against her so intimately, but she couldn't stop once she started. She thought back to her contract. She signed up for sexual therapy, engaging in illegal sexual activity with canines.

She should have asked more questions. What breeds? How many canines? Were they all as big as the Rottweiler that attacked her? Could they be bigger? Just what sexual activities would she be doing? No, not FUCKING? Her whole chest heaved with panic, but deep down, some of her liked the mystery and what awaited her on Friday. She hated how wet it made her think these things, the shame in her soul feeding directly into her loins.

Her thoughts kept going back to the Rottweiler: its awful smell, the strange texture of fur, how muscular and heavy it felt on her one-hundred-and-ten-pound frame, and its big thick cock. Her fingers went frantic, and it wasn't long before she came, squirting all over her bedsheets. After her orgasm subsided, she felt a renewed shame.

'I shouldn't blame myself,' she thought. 'They are doctor's orders, after all.'

She finally dozed off after a strange day in therapy.

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Part Three

Amy woke up at ten in the morning feeling well-rested. For weeks she had woken up tired, from restless nights full of night terrors, but ever since she indulged in her masturbatory exercises she felt energised again. Oh how she had missed those lazy Saturday mornings where she could sleep in, uninterrupted by fear or paranoia. She started her weekend with some light stretches, followed by a healthy breakfast.

Knowing she was now officially a patient under Dr. Conseil Amy felt herself shudder at the thought of continued therapy. Try as she might, she couldn't help but wonder what was in store for her on Friday. It was gnawing at her, filling her with a morbid curiosity.

Throughout the week she kept up with her normal life as best she could. It was a struggle to attend her Sports and Physical health lectures as well as gymnastics training, but she was doing her best to at least show up. That was already an improvement since she was unable to attend at all a few weeks ago. However, Amy found it difficult to keep focus during lectures, wary of any potential attack dogs entering the classroom. During gymnastics practice it was difficult to pay attention to her movements and she found herself unable to stay up on the balance beam for more than a few seconds. Her coach could tell she was still in the same rut she had been for the past few months, and picked her up from the ground to talk to her.

"Still a bit rusty, eh? I'm sure you'll get the hang of it again soon enough." He said, patting her on the shoulder. His name was Coach Matthews, but everyone simply called him Coach. He was a stocky, clean shaven man in his fifties, dressed head to toe in grey cotton fleece. He'd been teaching gymnastics at the university for decades, and had a knack for churning out world-class gymnasts. He was the main reason Amy even applied to university, but she had only managed to join in on one session before taking her mental health break. Luckily, Coach Matthews already knew about Amy given her previous awards, and in that one session she had impressed the coach, who saw true olympic-level potential in the girl.

"I know things have been difficult lately with the whole dog business, so I was happy to let you take some time off. When you came back today for the first time in over a month I was all smiles, but the higher-ups are not pleased with your lack of progress. I've got multiple people from the gymnastics board asking about replacing you on the team this past month, and I said no every time. I think you've got what it takes to make it big, and I want you on the team, but in a few weeks it won't be my choice come the review period in November, so you need to show them that you are in tip top

gymnastic shape. Now, I know you can do it, but I need you here to practice with me every day to make up for lost time.” he said. Amy appreciated the support from her coach, he’d really been sticking his neck out for her while she was away.

“I’ll do my best, Coach. I’m more committed than ever, so that board will have no choice but to keep me on.” she answered, and Coach beamed at her optimism. In truth, Amy was concerned: if she didn’t go back to the star athlete she was in a few weeks she would be kicked off the team. She hadn’t done any training in over a month, and her mental state still wasn’t strong enough to handle the focus required for training, so she would have to really push herself both physically in training and mentally in therapy to secure her place.

She went home feeling defeated by life, going around the estate and hopping the fence into her back garden. If only that damn neighbour of hers could just keep his dog inside! She went into her room to cool down after such a long day. It was hard to be so tense all day long and she needed to unwind. Almost immediately she thought about masturbating; it had quickly become the time of day where there were no worries and she could just lose herself physically. In fact she had been masturbating every night that week, to the same fantasy of her attack. One of the benefits of a damaged psyche like hers was that she could turn her worst fears into something sexually stimulating, it really did feel like a kind of therapy. Soon after stripping down and untying her hair, she was under the covers and playing with herself. Her conflicting morality on the issue made it difficult, but knowing they were instructions prescribed by her doctor helped reassure her that fantasising about dog cocks was actually beneficial for her. As she had done every night that week, Amy played with herself until she came, her juices running down her legs, and tried to ignore the immediate shame that came after.

In the past few days she had tried watching human porn, but it was just as Conseil had said: absolutely no physical response. She hoped one day that she could eventually enjoy regular porn again, but it didn’t seem likely at this point in time. As per her treatment, she had begun looking online for bestiality porn, and found plenty of videos of women getting down and dirty with their pets. It was fascinating to Amy, who poured over her screen for hours in a state of dark curiosity. She watched video after video. Each one had millions of views. ‘Do people really like this stuff?’ she thought to herself, watching various women in masks get on their hands and knees for a huge dog to mount them. Amy watched as their canine cocks disappeared into their pussies, some of them even taking the knot. ‘Knot’.

That was a new word for Amy to add to her vocabulary. While watching the videos she felt a similar twisting in her stomach accompanied by the urge to masturbate, which she often found herself doing now. Something about the act of bestiality was just so *naughty* to her and had become mandatory if she wanted to masturbate. Coincidentally, one video featured a small redhead like herself getting mounted by a rottweiler, and was a video she found herself returning to frequently. Watching the girl ease the canine cock from its sheath, licking it, sucking on it, before finally letting the beast fuck her until she went limp with pleasure was riveting.

She always came to that video. Amy found it especially curious just how happy the woman was, how all the women in the videos were, to be having sex with a canine. They didn’t seem overly demented or traumatized, just perverted and a little too curious. Perhaps what she herself felt towards dogs physically wasn’t as taboo as she thought it was? She decided to sleep on it.

It was Friday again, and Amy woke up bright and early. She stretched, showered and made a healthy breakfast, before pulling on a white t-shirt, blue jeans, and a coat. Her bun tied atop her head in the usual way, she set off over the fence and through the convoluted bystreets to get to university. There she managed to attend her lecture but her thoughts were occupied by today’s therapy session. After dazing through it she took a bus to NAR’s office.

Nervously, Amy knocked on the same hardwood door, and saw it open to reveal Laura Linton, completely nude apart from a silver necklace and heels.

“Good Afternoon, Amy!” she chirped with delight, her bosom swaying as she opened the door. Her body was tinted a shade pinker than her usual ivory complexion.

“Good afternoon.” squeaked Amy, still surprised by her daring attire.

She welcomed Amy inside without a thought and took her upstairs to Dr. Conseils office, her hips swaying with each step. Between Laura’s cheeks glimmered the hand of what must have been a butt plug, which Amy could help but stare at from behind. In the office, Amy quietly sat down on one red sofa while the doctor sat on the other ready to begin their session.

“First things first, Amy. Have you been following your instructions to masturbate to canines?” he asked, getting straight to business.

“Y-Yes, doctor. It was difficult, but I made an effort to watch more bestiality content online. I actually watched it every night rather than three nights per week.” she answered, a bit of smug creeping in from her embarrassed tone. Being an overachiever, Amy revelled when it came to reporting homework, but she still found it uncomfortable to admit to watching dog porn.

“Very good, Amy. Tell me more about what you’ve found.” He said, and Amy spoke of the videos she watched, in particular the one featuring the redhead and the rottweiler.

“It feels odd, but I think I’m getting used to masturbating again.” She said, going a shade of red. The doctor smiled. She was making progress.

“Once again you’ve proven your success with therapy, Amy. I believe you are ready for the next step.” he said, pulling out a box from beneath the table.

Handing the box to Amy, she opened the package to reveal a rubbery dog penis, around six inches long in total. pointed at the end, widening at the shaft with a knot two inches in diameter. Her eyes went wide. The object was red and grey with veins throughout the design. The whole thing sat on a base mimicking a dog’s bollocks. It looked just like the real thing that Amy had seen in videos, and a bit smaller than the rottweiler she encountered last month. Amy looked at it in shock. “This is a special device Laura and I ordered just for you Amy. Whenever you masturbate we will require you to use this to simulate real sex with a canine. Obviously this is a toy, far from the real thing, but it should be close enough to tap into your mental state and confront your anxiety.” Amy found her voice again and asked,

“You want to put this inside me?” she whispered, going white.

“Not me. I want you to put this inside yourself, over and over. It’s a masturbatory aid; consider it a reward for your hard work masturbating with your hands only. In fact, we want to move away from masturbating with your hands in general, it is too... human, for our efforts.” He replied.

Amy inspected the dildo and looked underneath, the words ‘property of Amy Macdonald’ were engraved into the plastic which made her feel uneasy. She felt the urge to leave, but then thought back to her conversation with Coach; how she would be putting in real effort to make the therapy work in order to stay on the gymnastics team. Amy looked hard at the dildo, and while she did want to protest, she swallowed her pride.

“I’ll do my best.” she managed to squeak out. “But

“Wonderful to hear, Amy. There are just a few things left for us to do today.” he said. The doctor called Laura into the room and she entered with a collar in her hand. “We would like you to wear this.” Laura handed Amy the collar to look at. It was made of thick black leather with a soft lining, and came adorned with a gold, bone-shaped tag with ‘Amy’ engraved on the front. Amy held the collar in her hands and looked up at Dr. Conseil with an annoyed expression.

“I’m not a dog, doctor.” she explained.

“I can see that, Amy.” he replied.

“I’m not sure you do. This is a dog collar. For dogs. I’m a *human*.” She explained in an annoyed tone.

“It may seem strange, but there is a reason I want you to wear this collar. Your physical and mental states are misaligned, and this causes tension within you. As you know, exploring your physical attraction to dogs is our main channel of therapy, but I recognize this can be damaging to your mental state. By wearing this collar, you can adopt the role of a canine. Now, you are obviously a human, but playing the role of a dog will make the therapy more agreeable in your mind, and allow you to get the full benefits of our exercises. Lowering your status to that of a dog will help to align your mental and physical states to make the process smoother.” he explained. Amy’s face altered, going from annoyance to worry.

“Do I have to?” she pleaded.

“Well, the other way would be to raise the status of a dog to that of a human, but that is impossible, since they don’t have the capacity for such higher thinking. You always have the choice not to wear the collar, Amy, but it is highly recommended you listen to your doctor’s advice.” he answered emphatically.

“Fine.” she relented, defeat in her voice. Laura stepped behind Amy and fitted the collar around her neck with a click; the lining soft against her skin. “Is this everything?” the girl asked, feeling her new accessory.

“Not quite, we still have the actual exercise to do,” said the doctor. “I would like you to meet Baxter.”

Laura left the room and returned with a large black labrador on a leash. Amy screamed, jumping back into the red sofa and hiking her legs up to her chest as Laura led the dog up to the foot of the sofa.

“It’s alright, Amy. It’s only a dog, Labradors are actually very gentle pets.” explained the doctor, but Amy was going into a panic. The doctor tried to reassure her but the girl was having none of it, so he mentioned to Laura who unclipped Baxter’s leash. Baxter stayed still, awaiting Laura’s order.

“Baxter, Pin.” commanded Laura, and Baxter leapt into action. The dog jumped onto the sofa and held the screaming girl’s arms to the seat with his forelegs, and sat down on her stomach, constraining her underneath his weight. Amy went silent with shock, retracting her head into the sofa and shutting her eyes tightly. She hadn’t touched a dog since her rottweiler attack, and it was as if she had been dragged back to that day again.

“Surprise!” Laura sang, “I’m the expert handler!” she said beaming, her hands on the sides of her hips, swaying them in excitement.

"Laura was raised on a farm up north, which gives her the appropriate technical skill in dealing with animals. Most importantly, she can be trusted to keep a secret. She has assured me that Baxter here is the most well-behaved dog in her possession, and that he would make an excellent start to your healing journey." while Amy heard the words coming from the doctor's mouth, she was too panicked to make any sense of them.

"Just get the dog away from me. Please." she grimaced, gripping into the sofa cushions around her. She could feel its claws poking into her shoulders, the heat coming from its body pressed against her. Worst of all, that awful smell of dog burning into her nostrils.

"No can do, I'm afraid. This is an important part of your process, Amy, and we haven't even started yet." replied the doctor. Amy groaned in dismay.

"Let's begin with some introductions," said Laura, "Amy, meet Baxter. Baxter, kisses!" she commanded, and Baxter lowered his head and began licking at Amy's face. She screamed through her nose, still keeping her eyes and now her mouth shut tight. She wanted desperately to turn and run but her body was frozen stiff with fear, and Baxter's weight held her down anyway. Laura continued without hesitation, "Baxter here is just the friendliest doggy in the whole world! I have a few connections with a local shelter, and was able to pull a few strings to arrange a day out for Baxter to meet a potential owner. He's had a lot of trouble finding a family, he gets picked up and then returned after a few days because he just can't stop licking everything. It doesn't help that he drools so much either.

A bit impractical, but his tongue definitely has its uses. He's so well behaved in every other sense that the staff decided to keep him on as a 'stress reliever'. Before you ask, he is completely clean. The doctor and I figured it would be best to start testing your boundaries slowly, with simple licking at first." Laura kept talking as Baxter continued to lick at Amy's face which was now covered in a layer of slobber. While disgust flowed through every bone in her, she couldn't help but become aroused. She felt so dirty being licked and handled like this. The way he pinned her down and took her like the beast he was just made her feel a certain arousal that wouldn't go away as much as she wanted it to.

At Laura's command, Baxter stopped licking, leaving Amy still pinned with a coating of drool around her mouth and cheeks. The slobber felt thick and heavy on her face and the smell of drool made her gag in her mouth.

Baxter climbed down from Amy who lay there in shock. She slowly awoke from her state to Laura fanning her face, before again jumping away from the sofa and behind Dr. Conseil's desk. She wiped the slobber from her mouth with her sleeve and suddenly started to cry. Both Conseil and Laura went over to console the girl, while Baxter was ordered to sit at the other end of the room.

"You did very well, Amy. It was a real step forward in your exposure to dogs, and I know you weren't fully expecting it." said the doctor. He tried to pat her shoulder but she shrugged him off.

"This is your fault, you and your insane therapy tactics. Are you two both just perverts? What kind of people would get off on humiliating me like this?." she said through her tears. Amy was now curled up under the desk, and Laura felt sympathetic to what she was going through. Doctor Conseil started.

"You must be feeling quite confused, Amy. I understand it can be difficult to engage with this kind of extreme therapy, but know that it really is what's best for you. Before today, did you think you would ever get that close to a dog again? You just did that. You touched a dog, and it even licked you, and

you're still alive. I call that a resounding success." he said in his all too soothing voice. Amy's tears kept flowing but she took in what the doctor said. It was true, she had gone through the fire and come out again in one piece. She remained huddled under the desk.

"I don't like this kind of therapy, I don't want to do- 'close contact' with dogs. Am I going to have to have - you know - with a dog? I'm still a virgin!" she said, feeling a bitter arousal at the thought of her first time being with a canine.

"No one is making you do anything, Amy." replied the doctor, "It is entirely down to you if you want to continue therapy here, but it is my opinion that you need to address this imprinted fetish and get it out of your system to truly move on with your life. That means doing things you find uncomfortable, like licking. If you could have sex with a human male you wouldn't be here, so unfortunately I can't say you won't need to have sex with a dog, but we will try some other things before we get that far: kissing, fellatio, second hand stimulation, et cetera."

Amy grimaced.

"Am I normal?" she whispered.

"Completely normal." Dr. Conseil instantly replied. "You're just dealing with trauma in the way that suits you best. Besides, plenty of normal people have strange fetishes. Take my beloved Laura, for example. She was a compulsive exhibitionist, but through my help she is now able to express herself and still enjoy everyday life."

"It's true," said Laura, "I used to feel awful about my behaviour, but Lucius taught me how to be comfortable in my own skin." she smiled and gave Dr. Conseil a peck on the cheek.

"When he licked me, I- felt myself enjoying it." said Amy, slowly crawling out from the desk. "I'm not sure if I'm supposed to. I mean, I thought therapy was meant to stop this fetish."

"It is, but resolving your fear of dog sex requires exposing yourself to it and eventually getting over it. Standard exposure therapy. We want you to get used to the subject until you get bored of it, at which point your sexuality should be realigned. As of right now, leaning into the enjoyment will make therapy much smoother. This will mean sitting with Baxter again and letting him lick you." said the doctor. "Do you understand?"

"Yes," said Amy. She felt better, but she could see Baxter looking at her from across the room, and the smell of wet slobber on her face was still strong. A strong moral revulsion took over her at the thought of him licking her again. She knew what to do, but felt uneasy about what she was about to say.

"I want to continue the licking therapy, but I just can't sit with him. The way that dog looks at me gives me the creeps."

Doctor Conseil thought for a second.

"I know just the thing. You can sit with him, Amy, you just need some insurance to stop you jumping away again. Amy, sit on the sofa. Laura, get the restraints." he said.

"Absolutely!" gleamed the woman, who made a beeline for the supply closet, her breasts jiggling in step. Amy watched with apprehension as she pulled out a few items before laying them on the table. A rope, ring gag, and a small chain around ten centimetres long.

Amy allowed Laura to work her mastery as she sat back against the red sofa. Laura tied each end of the rope around her hands and to the sofa, leaving her arms stretched out and pulled tight. Then she fitted the ring gag to Amy's mouth to open it wide. The girl tried to protest but her arms were held back, and with the gag in place she couldn't speak.

"Don't fret, Amy. These measures are here to make sure you get the most from today's session. And I believe you need to get even closer to Baxter's tongue." explained the doctor.

Finally, Laura took the chain, which had clamps on both ends, and attached one to her tongue and the other to her collar, pulling her tongue out to her chin. Baxter was now staring at her intently, his tongue out and dripping with drool. Amy noticed his cock had even come out of its sheath, and she was beginning to get cold feet.

"I've just had a thought," said Laura, inspecting her handiwork, "something to make things more enjoyable for you, Amy." The woman fiddled with Amy's jean zipper before pulling down her bottoms, revealing a fiery bush and wet lips. Amy went white. They weren't going to pop her cherry *now*, were they? The frightened girl tugged at her restraints and shut her knees, looking at Dr. Conseil with desperation in her eyes, but he did nothing. Laura smiled.

"We aren't doing that yet, but I like the way you think." she said, picking up the doggy dildo and gently rubbing along her slit before easing the toy in. Amy felt herself quiver under the older woman's skilled hand as she widened under the rubbery cock. The girl's breath quickened, her eyes locked on the toy cock entering her. It was an unreal sight to her, it looked so... unnatural. Laura slowed as the knot touched her labia, rotating the thing with constant pressure. Amy felt the knot part her lips before sinking in deeper, being swallowed into her. Amy felt full, her pussy right against the toy bollocks, and moaned with arousal. Her chest heaved, she was panting like a real dog, her own saliva trailing down the chain to her collar. Laura looked her in the eye with a knowing glance before securely hiking up her jeans, fastening the button. The doggy dildo pressed even more into the girl, who felt already close to orgasm. Amy shifted in her seat feeling the new accessory inside her. She was stuffed.

"On with the show," she winked, "Baxter, kisses!"

Baxter practically leapt up to the girl and started to lick at her exposed tongue. Amy screamed in fright and felt the animal's weight on her: it's hind legs on the floor while it's front legs propped up on her shoulders. She could taste his thick doggy drool as it coated her taste buds. So gooey and not quite salty. She felt the instinct to turn her head but Laura was stood behind the sofa, holding her by the hair. Amy could feel his hot dog breath against her nose, the animalistic sounds of his soft grunts and growls as the two engaged in the longest french kiss of her life. She groaned into her gag as Baxter frantically licked the entire inside of her mouth. His tongue lapped her teeth, inner cheeks and gums, thoroughly covering them in saliva. The sight of the dog's face so close made her tremble, the smell and taste revolted her, and she struggled against the restraints hoping for release. Yet, her pussy was on fire. It was just so... physical; raw sexual energy dominated her nerves and stopped her from pulling too tightly against the rope.

Baxters shifted closer, moving Amy's legs apart to lick even deeper. His cock, now fully erect, was pressed against the front of her jeans, parallel to the toy inside her. Baxter was practically dry humping her, staining her jeans with precum. The commotion continued to stir the toy inside her and sent Amy into a frenzy, guilt flooding her as she experienced a very intense orgasm. Her groans became moans and juices squirted from her pussy, further staining her jeans. The two tongues had sandwiched an unholy mixture of drool which flowed down onto Amy's chin, neck and upper chest. Beads of spit even flowed between her breasts and to her stomach. Most of Baxter's saliva actually

flowed the other way, down Amy's throat, try as she might to spit it out. The way Laura held down her head meant gravity forced most of the drool back, which Amy swallowed with a wince in order to move the taste away from her tongue.

Dr. Conseil sat on the other sofa, watching Amy intently. It was clear she was now onto her second orgasm, a sign that the therapy was working and Amy was continuing to respond positively to sexual treatment. He decided to let the session continue until Baxter got tired, but after fifteen minutes it still didn't seem like Baxter was close to finishing. Laura wasn't kidding, the labrador was insatiable. Another few minutes passed before Conseil finally gave Laura the order to end the session, and she let go of Amy's hair and moved Baxter away.

With Baxter out of the way, Dr. Conseil had a full view of his patient. She was absolutely soaked, her face was sheened with spit, as well as most of her neck and chest. Her t-shirt was soaked through, revealing the outline of her toned stomach. Her blue jeans were noticeably darker and damper at her crotch and inner thigh, with unmistakable off-white blotches around her zipper. Laura returned to untie the ropes and remove the gag. Upon release Amy slumped onto the sofa defeated. Her tongue was rubbed raw, her jaw ached from being held open for nearly a half hour, and her whole body was covered in her own sweat, as well as her's and Baxter's cum and saliva.

Laura and the Doctor let Amy rest, opting to reward her for her efforts when she awoke.

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## **Part Four**

Another Saturday morning came and went, but Amy slept in until noon. She woke up feeling strange. Her neck felt stiff as Amy stretched, a reminder of the collar which now rested between her shoulders. She thought back to her masturbation session last night and couldn't believe how arousing a strip of leather could be. Amy couldn't tell how many orgasms she had, but they were all intense, and her shameful fantasies were steadily getting more depraved. A flush of emotions mixed inside her stomach before she decided to get up.

Still nude, Amy stepped before her mirror. Winter was officially here, and Amy's hard-earned tan had faded to the usual pale to reveal her face full of freckles which she tried so hard to cover up. Something about the collar seemed to attract her gaze; she couldn't help but stare at it whenever she saw her reflection. She looked sexual. She had never thought about herself in an erotic sense, which surprised her. It gave Amy an extra submissive look; she was already quite timid and small. Perhaps the collar did suit her. Still, it made her look and feel like a dog, and Amy wondered if she would ever get used to it.

'As if,' she thought.

Amy didn't want to leave her room. She didn't want to risk being seen in her collar by her roommates, but she was getting hungry. Plucking her pajamas from the floor, Amy gingerly pulled them on and went for the door. She fought the urge to cover herself, knowing it would only slow her progress.

Amy stepped out of her room with a deep breath, checking around before moving to the kitchen. She made her usual breakfast there, quietly relieved that no one was around. She focused on her cooking rather than wait for someone to show up and began cracking two eggs into a bowl. Her relief turned to an odd sense of excitement from wearing her collar; it just thrilled her in some strange way.

Amy could hear footsteps approaching as she whisked and had no time to react. The kitchen door

revealed a young, tan woman in casual clothing.

"Hello," said the woman, equally surprised by Amy's presence.

Amy had turned a shade of pink but managed to squeak out a 'hello' in response.

"You are the mystery roommate, yes?" she asked. "I'm Aria," she greeted, holding out her hand.

It dawned on Amy that she hadn't met anyone in her student house yet. "Y-yes. That's me," she replied. "I'm Amy."

She shook Aria's hand, and the two got acquainted. Aria was an international student from Italy. She stood above her at five-foot-six and had chestnut brown hair, hazel eyes, and a naturally warm skin tone that Amy envied. Aria's eyes flitted between Amy's face and neck, intrigued by her collar. Amy could feel herself heating up with embarrassment and fiddled with the tag, drawing even more attention to it.

"Is that a collar?" Aria asked.

"It's a fashion statement," Amy lied.

"Wow! So daring to dress in bondage!" she beamed. "Like a cute little doggy, you do this on purpose?" she asked with playful curiosity.

"Yep. I like it," Amy lied, going red.

"You like to be a dog? Do you?" Aria teased, seeing how red Amy was. "I'm only kidding. May I?" she said, reaching out to feel the engraving on the tag. "Such a cute little dog! Yes, you are!" she teased, patting Amy on the head, making her feel even smaller than she already was. Amy wanted to disappear.

Amy couldn't believe how forward she was and stood still as Aria inspected her collar with glee. This girl seemingly loved how embarrassed Amy was getting. It was almost a game to see how red her face would get. After what felt like forever, Aria stepped to the cupboard and took out a breakfast bar.

"Well, I have to be going. It was nice to meet you, doggy," Aria laughed, leaving the kitchen.

Amy was left confused. She should have corrected her. Her name was 'Amy.' She could have done anything besides standing there, but that seemed her standard response to anything uncomfortable. Alone again, she finished making breakfast and returned to her room to eat. She didn't enjoy lying to Aria about her collar, but there was no good way to explain. What was she supposed to say? 'I have an imprinted sexual attraction to dogs, and this collar is supposed to help me align myself with it'?

After breakfast, she still felt dazed but was in no position to dwell. She still needed to visit Coach for their daily training session at the university gymnasium and got dressed into her usual leotard underneath her tracksuit and jacket.

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The practice began normally. Coach Matthews was silent about the collar, wanting to focus on Amy's training, which made Amy happy. However, Amy's thoughts were still unfocused, and her new collar wasn't helping. She couldn't keep her mind on her routine, and the same recurring thought poked at

her: a pack of wild mutts, each one large and bestial, storming into the gym and tackling her to the ground. She would panic and try her best to fight back, but the dogs would easily overpower her.

Seeing her collar, the mutts could easily tell she was a submissive bitch to be bred and would tear off her leotard to expose her toned body. From there, the helpless girl could only watch in a mix of lust and terror as each dog would take turns fucking her wet pussy, knotting her and pumping her full of their seed, some of them too impatient and taking her by the mouth as if she were their plaything.

Her collar only intensified these thoughts and flustered her greatly, preventing her from performing even a simple balance beam routine. Coach called off the session early with defeat, noticing how much Amy struggled and brushed it off as her being under the weather. In her frustration, Amy rushed to the women's changing rooms and couldn't help but masturbate in the shower cubicle to release her sexual tension.

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Her following training sessions each day that week showed improvement, but Amy couldn't reach the level of skill she used to have with these fantasies driving her wild. It didn't seem to matter how often Amy masturbated. Her thoughts would return and be only becoming more intense. Aided by her prescribed masturbation sessions and the cards she was required to read each morning, her mindset was constantly orbiting around the one topic she hated thinking about the most.

Her fear of dogs still permeated her mind, but the constant bestial desires seeping into her brain began dominating her every intrusive thought. As the week rolled on, her thoughts interrupted her from paying attention in lectures, doing homework, or socializing. She couldn't help but masturbate anytime she had the chance. She could only focus on the stares and comments she would receive from her classmates and other students on campus over her new collar. The shame of walking around gave her a permanent blush.

Admittedly, one of the positives of her spiked arousal was that it helped to make her fear manageable. She didn't have any more violent intrusive thoughts, which was great. Whenever the thought of being attacked by a dog floated through her mind, the scene would transform into a much less frightening and more arousing one. The only problem was that her lust was just as distracting as her fears. Amy wasn't sure if this was better but chose to power through and consult Dr. Conseil on Friday.

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Friday had finally arrived. With each day dragging on Amy's mind and her sex, she looked forward to her therapy session later that afternoon. She knocked at the door of Natural Anxiety Remedies and was welcomed by Laura Linton, dressed in a tight plastic dress that was completely see-through, accentuating her large bust and hips against her small waist.

"Hello again, Amy," she chirped. "Now, before you come inside, Dr. Conseil wanted you to wear this," she said, revealing a leash from behind her back. It was a strip of black leather with a clip on one end and a handle on the other.

Amy relented with a sigh, accepting this as part of the Doctor's methods, and Laura clipped the leash to her collar. From there, Laura took hold and led her upstairs to the office where Dr. Conseil was waiting.

"Good afternoon, Amy," said the Doctor, already sitting on one of the red sofas, inviting her to sit.

She greeted him and sat on the other sofa to face him, the smell of incense hitting her as she lowered.

"Now, down to business," he said. "How has it been wearing the collar?" he asked.

Amy had plenty to say. "It's intense. It's been difficult to focus on anything when I wear this collar. I can't focus on my gymnastics training, lectures, or anything. People look at me like I'm a pervert. They comment about me in classes or just on the street. I must look like such a mess, all red in the face because I'm so embarrassed."

As Amy spoke, all her feelings that week were rushing back to her at once, and she couldn't help but cry. Laura quickly sat by the girl and consoled her for a few minutes while the Doctor encouraged her to let out all the emotion bottled up. After a few minutes, when Amy's cries simmered into silence, the Doctor continued.

"It's alright to feel this way," he said. "People usually react negatively to anything they don't understand, but in time they will either understand or ignore you. Shame is society's way of maintaining order and control at the expense of personal freedom. You say that you've been having difficulty focusing. Could you go into more detail about what is distracting you?"

"I get these thoughts," Amy answered. "The same ones I used to have, but more intense. Since I started wearing this collar, my thoughts have been non-stop and different. They used to be violent and scary, but now they are more sexual."

"More sexual thoughts surrounding canines," the Doctor noted. "Are you masturbating?"

"Yes. More than ever, I think I masturbate at least four times a day to function."

"Quite a lot and these masturbation sessions consist of dog sex?"

"Every one of them," she admitted with slight distaste.

"And your thoughts recur even after you have masturbated?" he asked.

"All the time!" she said more intensely than expected.

A smile broke out on the Doctor's face. "This is good news, Amy," he said. "We have broken past the first layer of your condition. Your mental and physical sexualities have been brought closer together, and your mind is beginning to crave bestial sex in a way that resembles the physical craving. Allow me to explain a bit further.

"Originally, you had fantasies of bestiality, which upset you. We managed to break down the cultural stigma you had internalized and encouraged you to engage with the fantasies through masturbation. Aided by your collar, we have dipped deeper into your subconscious and unveiled what I believe is your root sexual attraction to dogs."

"Root sexual attraction?" Amy said. "Do you mean from when I was imprinted? So I'm not just going mad. I've made progress this week?"

She looked up hopefully to the Doctor, who stood and paced between his desk and the two sofas. "Exactly right, Amy," he said, and Amy felt joy and cracked her biggest smile in months.

"You have done tremendously to get this far so soon, Amy, and I am very proud of you," the Doctor

continued. "You have shown dedication to my method, and I thank you. Uncovering this deeper attraction can be confusing, so I would like to discuss it further. When you were imprinted, your subconscious was impacted on a deep level, affecting the way you sexually react to humans and dogs.

"We have unfurled your subconscious and brought this subconscious attraction into your conscious mind through these past few weeks of mental conditioning. This implies a few things. Your craving for dog sex is now physical and mental, which only strengthens your lust, which is why you are distracted so often. You will need to maintain these conditions as we continue your therapy, but this doesn't mean you must constantly be frustrated and distracted.

"Continued sexual engagement is the key to bringing you mental clarity. Unfortunately, even with your increased masturbation sessions, it seems you are not nearly satisfied in a sexual sense. It may be an option to increase your masturbation count further, but this can be physically taxing and cause unnecessary soreness. Rather, this intensified lust has signaled a desire for stronger stimulus. Simply masturbating with your hand is, psychologically, too... human for you to be satisfied.

"Please understand that for us to continue and resolve your condition, it is time for us to introduce real canines into your sexual therapy," he explained.

Amy sat there, taking in what the Doctor had said, with Laura gently stroking the girl's arm.

"Real dogs?" was all Amy could say.

Her throat felt dry, and her mind wandered between fearing dogs and lusting for them. Perhaps being near a real dog would help to put her mind at ease, and the idea of being in closer contact with a canine was not as repulsive as it once seemed. She didn't think she would be too fond of the smell, saliva, or all the fur. All the same, Amy felt the all too familiar heat building in her sex, and despite the last strings of her moral reprehension of bestiality, her mind was made up. She bit her lip, almost afraid to even say it.

"OK, let's do it," she finally said, and the Doctor smiled.

Once the words passed her lips, Amy's mind began to stir with lust almost as much as her sex. She leaned back into the sofa and let the feeling flow over her in a mix of lust and nervousness.

"Perfect." the Doctor replied before turning to his wife. "Laura dear, contact Nicola and let her know she will be needed next week," he said, and Laura left the room.

The Doctor saw Amy laying back, her cheeks rosied against her pale face. He could see she was lost in some sexual stupor and would have left her be, but he needed to talk to her about something else. With a tap, Amy was brought back to the real world from her fantasies of dogs and their knotted cocks. The Doctor sat next to the girl on the sofa.

"There is one test I would like to do with you, Amy. How comfortable are you with nudity?"

"I don't know, Doctor. I haven't been nude in front of anyone since I was young," she said. "Why do you ask?"

"Next week, we will introduce you to a real dog, and for your therapy to have its full effect, it would be best for you to be naked. It strengthens the connection between your mental and physical disposition to dog sex and will lead to more skin-to-skin contact. Most people have difficulty stripping down in front of others, so I think it would be best to do that now so that you are more



comfortable next week," he said.

It made sense to Amy, who was beginning to understand the Doctor's methods a little better. But she still had her concerns.

"Doctor, I'm worried. I haven't been near a dog in so long. What if it attacks me? What if I get scared again and return to square one?" she asked.

"That's a good question that many people going through exposure therapy often have. Amy, you have experienced a traumatic episode with a rottweiler. It was unexpected and shocking, and the negative impact has stayed with you. You attached all those negative feelings from this episode and associated them with dogs. This also includes the sexual aspect of the attack, which you are well aware of.

"Next week, we will bring a dog into this office, a controlled environment with handlers devoted to your safety. The dog will be big, friendly, and have been trained to be non-aggressive. It is as safe as can be. You may initially feel nervous, but soon you will find that much of your suffering has been mental and that there was nothing to worry about. It is a big step, but I know that once you take it, you will have overcome the biggest hurdle in your recovery," the Doctor explained.

His words soothed her, but there was still a nagging feeling in Amy's stomach.

"Say I come next week and see the dog. What will happen? Is it going to have sex with me?"

"It's entirely unlikely. You're just going to get to know the pet on a more physical level. Petting, stroking, cuddling, that sort of thing. Though we go as far as you are comfortable."

"OK," Amy paused. "What if I get stuck like this? Being sexually reactive to dogs only, I mean. What if I never go back to being normal? I want to get married and have kids. What if I never get that?"

"It's unlikely that you will be stuck like you are completely," he said. "Truthfully, it depends on how deeply the attack penetrated your subconscious. It may have gone deeper than we know; the deeper it is, the more difficult it becomes to resolve. However, that doesn't mean the end of the world. I'm speaking not as a psychologist but as a man with fifty years of experience in being alive: life works out, maybe not in the way you expect, but in the best way. If it turns out that your psyche is more affected than expected, we have alternative methods that will allow you to live with your condition."

The thought of being stuck as some zoophile sounded awful to the girl. Even if she was attracted to dogs, she knew it was traumatically induced, and once her therapy was complete, she could move on without telling a soul of her ordeal. Was this too much, too quickly? Maybe dog videos could get her off, but the thought of being intimate with an actual dog felt too real for her, even if she was somewhat attracted to the idea. Her mental attraction was conditioning, but she wondered if she had always been drawn to the taboo.

She was making remarkably fast progress, after all. Deep down, she logically knew how wrong it would be and had trouble reconciling her feelings. When she explained this to the Doctor, he again spoke of how any condition, no matter how dire it seems, could be worked on if given time. Again, his words gave Amy peace, and they moved on to the test.

Laura had returned from contacting Nicola, the dog handler, and entered the office, standing by the door. Amy, following Dr. Conseil's instruction, began to remove her clothing. She stripped down to her underwear and felt embarrassed. Her slim, slightly toned figure was apparent, going a shade of pink and shaking slightly.

"Please continue," said the Doctor in a professional tone.

Laura moved to the girl to help the girl remove her bra and panties. Laura noticed that Amy's bra was padded, revealing that she was an A-cup, which Amy found humiliating. Amy was now nude, apart from her leash and collar.

"I don't know how you can be so comfortable being almost nude like this all the time, Laura," said Amy.

"Lots of practice, patience, and confidence," Laura chirped, striking a teapot pose. "There's no need to be so self-conscious, Amy. You look gorgeous."

Amy felt reassured by Laura's words and her near nakedness. It made her feel less like a test subject. The Doctor asked Amy to stand at attention with her hands at her sides.

"I see you are unshaven," the Doctor said flatly, pointing at Amy's ginger bush. "I'm afraid you will need to be clean-shaven next week. Pubic hair is a sponge of pheromones that can be a repellent to a dog. Also, shaving will aid us in closer inspections if we need to examine you further. For now, though, it is fine. Laura, go and fetch the projector and Amy's slides."

Laura left the room, returning with the projector, setting it to display against the blank wall opposite the bookshelf. The Doctor asked Amy to sit on his desk, facing the same way as the projector. She did, hopping methodically onto the desk with her knees together so as not to display herself more than necessary. The desk was cool against her bare skin.

"Amy, would it be alright for me to check your vagina? I want to check something quickly," said the Doctor.

Amy went red. "If it's important."

"It is. Please spread your lips for me," said the Doctor, pulling out a torch.

Amy did, propping herself on the one hand and using the other to hold open her folds. The Doctor shined a torch inside and saw a flap of skin behind the entrance.

"You are a virgin," he said. "May we document this with a picture? They will be used purely for research and therapy documentation," he said.

Amy looked unconvinced, but Laura reassured her that the files would be for work only. Amy agreed, and Laura took a photo of Amy's still intact hymen. Amy found it all eccentric, but her face wasn't in view, and it would be kept safe in a doctor's office.

"Amy, I would like you to look at the projection on the wall. Like last time, the projector will display a human male or a large male dog breed. Only now, when you see a dog, you are to spread your legs, and when you see a human, you are to close them, touching your knees together. Do you understand?"

Amy's entire body deepened to a hard pink.

"Excuse me? Why?" she asked.

"It is a reinforcement test," the Doctor explained. "To reinforce your mental and physical attraction to dogs. Remember, we cannot let your conscious mind lose its attraction to dogs. We need to work

to keep it strong. Otherwise, the mental opening can shut again, and you will begin to revert to fear rather than lust.”

“OK,” Amy mumbled, still going red.

“Let us begin,” said the Doctor, pressing the remote control.

A Doberman appeared. It shocked Amy initially, but she wasn't nearly as shocked by the appearance of a hound as she used to be.

“Spread your legs,” said the Doctor, and Amy remembered the task and spread her knees to ninety degrees of each other. “I thought you were a gymnast,” said the Doctor. “Surely you can do better than that.”

Laura giggled, and Amy put her flexibility to use. She propped her hands behind herself and spread into a full split, her legs outstretched and feet pointed out. Even then, the desk itself was shorter than the span of her legs.

The next photo was of a male model, shirtless, on the beach. Amy closed her legs.

“Tighter,” said the Doctor, and Amy shut her legs completely, pressing her knees together.

Another photo appeared of a Mastiff, its cock erect from its sheath. Amy opened her legs as before, wide and outstretched. She could feel a tingling in her sex and knew she was getting wet. The Doctor seemed to notice as well.

Another slide of a young, good-looking man in a suit appeared, and Amy shut her legs tight.

“Good,” said the Doctor.

Another slide showed a rottweiler, and Amy could feel her legs moving before she thought too, going back beyond a full split. She moaned under her breath, her eyes fixed on the dog's cock, fully erect with a flaring knot.

Amy was getting more flustered with each photo, and the test continued.

“Now, when you see a dog, you are to spread your legs and pussy lips and say, ‘I want it.’ When you see a man, you are to shut your legs, shake your head and say, ‘No way.’ Understood?” said the Doctor.

“Yes, doctor,” she replied, her breathing gaining pace.

The next slide was of another handsome man, completely nude with a large penis, and Amy's reaction was faster than before. She shut her legs, shook her head, and said, “No way,” with enthusiasm. The next slide was of a Husky, focusing on its erect cock. Amy Spread her legs wide, parted her wet pussy lips, and said, “I want it,” with light desperation.

The test continued for another ten slides before ending, and both the Doctor and Laura thanked Amy for her cooperation. She thanked them both in return for their help and changed into her clothes again. Amy was flustered after such a test and wanted to get home to masturbate. Before leaving, Dr. Conseil gave Amy a stuffed toy dog. It was large, around four feet long, covered in short black fur and brown patches.

“Thank you?” said Amy, unsure what the gift was.

"Because regular masturbation seems to be losing its effect in keeping you collected, I think this will tide you over until next week," the Doctor said. "It will help simulate a real dog in a way your hand can't. It's even scented."

Amy deeply sniffed the plush; it smelled like a dog. It should have been gross, but Amy couldn't help but feel tingles. "It's so thoughtful. Where did you get this?" Amy asked.

"I'm always prepared," said the Doctor. "And one more thing," he said, moving to his desk.

He pulled out a card and handed it to the girl, who read it aloud. "I love dog cocks. A dog's penis is a natural aphrodisiac for a woman like me," she said before looking up at the Doctor.

"Remember to read this every morning. Reinforcement is key," he said.

Amy still found his methods odd but was surely getting used to them. She said goodbye to Laura and the Doctor, thanking them again before returning home. Going around the block to avoid her neighbor's dog and jumping the fence into her back garden was difficult with the giant plushie in her arms, but she managed.

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Once inside, she made a beeline for her room and stripped it to her collar. Her panties were completely stained, and her pussy was wet. She practically jumped onto her bed with her new toy and ground it against her mattress like a bitch in heat, sniffing deeply into the dog-scented fabric.

After a week of near non-stop masturbation, her hand was getting tired, and the teddy was a welcome change of pace. She wrapped her legs tightly around the soft mounds and pressed her skin against the toy fur. Her fantasies of making love to a hound had never felt so realized, only making her squeeze tighter, moaning under her breath.

"Yes - more - more..." she breathed, going frantic in her movements, the texture of the fur gently rubbing between every little fold in her pussy lips.

Amy came hard with a scream she couldn't hold, squirting her juices onto the plush, staining the fabric. She moaned as waves of pleasure coursed through her body. Amy tensed up before sinking into her toy, breathing in that wonderful aroma.

"Good boy," she muttered between heavy breaths, beads of sweat forming on her body.

Rubbing against the stuffed toy made her smell like her own sex mixed with the scent of a dog, which was disgusting and arousing. She lay there in the afterglow to catch her breath and heard a scream from directly behind her.

"What the fuck?" screamed Aria, and Amy immediately sprang from her lying position. She forgot to shut her door!

"Oh, my God!" Amy screamed in panic, pulling her blanket over to cover herself and knocking her plushie to the floor.

Aria looked at the plushie, the dark patch of wetness on its fur, and back to Amy. Amy helplessly watched as Aria put the pieces together. Aria's face went from confusion to a devilish grin.

"Just a fashion statement, huh? I knew it! You pervert!" she squealed delightfully.

"Please leave my room," Amy begged, mortified.

"OK, OK, I'm going. I don't mind what you do with Teddy over there, but try not to be so loud. I could hear you from outside. Ciao, Bitch," she smiled, closing the door as she left.

Amy was frozen with humiliation. How could she have been so stupid? She didn't even have the time to process how good that orgasm was. She'd never felt anything like it. It was almost like being with a real dog. She reached down and pulled her plushie under the covers with her to cuddle.

'Teddy's a nice name,' she thought.

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Part Five

Amy MacDonald lay in bed snuggled against her teddy and felt odd. She could still hear Aria's laughter from outside her room, having just caught the girl grinding frantically against her plush dog to a loud and desperate orgasm. Amy cursed herself for not locking the door but was too horny to think about it then. From her erotic fantasies to her reinforcement exercises earlier that day in therapy, she was surprised she even made it to her room before getting off. Dr. Conseil had given her the plush toy of a large rottweiler, complete with black and brown fur, for masturbation reinforcement.

It had even been scented to smell like the real thing, to Amy's distaste and arousal. In her afterglow, Amy couldn't help but squeeze tighter and bury her head into the soft, scented fur, the smell of canine musk drifting deep into her nostrils. It made her feel a bit queasy; she had always disliked the smell of dogs. She had been advised to keep up with reinforcement exercises to keep her libido under control, which involved frequent contact with the plush toy in her arms. She pulled her nose from the fur and breathed in, allowing herself some fresh air. It was sickly, but the smell gave her tingles. She felt appalled with herself and threw the toy across the room in frustration. She felt restless and exhausted but eventually drifted into an uncomfortable sleep.

~'I don't fear dogs. I fear my lust for dogs.'

~'My lust for canines should be explored and encouraged.'

~'A dog's cock is an aphrodisiac to me.'

These words floated in Amy's mind as she slept. Amy dreamed she was walking through an abandoned alleyway in the dark of night before being halted by a gang of mutts, unsheathed and erect. They closed in, sniffing under the poor girl's dress, trying as she might to keep their snouts away.

Amy woke up feeling groggy and confused. Her eyes focused on her toy, which sat lopsided against the opposite wall.

"Good morning, Teddy," the girl mumbled.

She remembered the playtime she had the previous evening and cursed herself. In the heat of the moment, Amy could ignore her revulsion. So far, therapy has helped her to ignore her moral attitude to bestiality somewhat. However, it still felt wrong in the aftermath. At least she didn't feel overly horny as she had done the previous week, so perhaps Teddy was doing his job in keeping Amy's lust under control. Despite the queasiness, she felt in her stomach, her sex responded entirely differently

to the toy.

She felt herself come over with a familiar lustful pang. She stepped out from her covers to retrieve her playmate before diving back into her warm duvet. Under the covers, Amy pulled herself over the toy, straddling it between her legs, and began grinding against the plush. Her mattress squeaked in rhythm with her hips, and the girl arched over, sinking her head into Teddy's fur to take in that horrid canine musk.

"Like that, just like that," she murmured into Teddy's ear. "I want it so bad. Give me that...doggy cock," she whimpered between humps, almost too afraid to say it.

The words felt like lightning on her lips, and she moved faster. She ground her pussy against the fur, the individual hairs sifting between each fold on her lips and tickling her clit. She pretended she was one of those girls from the many videos she had watched, trying to squeeze as much cum out of her canine mate. Soon she was cumming; her body stiffened as she squirted against the soft fur, dampening it with her juices. Her mattress creaked beneath her shuddering frame as pleasure waved through her.

As much as she tried to hold back, Amy couldn't help but moan as she came; her entire body wrapped tightly against the stuffed toy. Her orgasm eventually subsided, and Amy felt her body relaxing against the plush and a newfound shame sweep over her. From her previous masturbation sessions, she had been learning to move through the doubt and ignore her feelings of shame. Still, the toy and the scent became too much as her morality returned.

Amy threw Teddy across the room again. Acting out such bestial fantasies, even with a toy, felt wrong. But she enjoyed doing it, at least on a purely physical level. It helped her to feel more in control. She buried herself under her blanket, conflicted and not wanting to do anything. Unfortunately, as much as she would like to stay in bed, Amy had to get up. She needed to attend her gymnastics training session, so the girl showered before putting on her leotard. She then wore her tracksuit on top, the neck of her tracksuit top barely touching her collar and leaving it exposed.

Amy was starving. Being in such a rush to get off last night, she missed eating dinner and needed a nutritious breakfast. She stepped into the kitchen only to see Aria in a robe, sitting at the kitchen table with a knowing smile hidden behind a cup of coffee.

"Sounds like you were having fun this morning," Aria teased.

Amy wasn't amused and felt her face go a tad pink. Given the show she put on last night, it was no use trying to pretend the moaning sounds were anything other than her orgasm.

"Oh, S-sorry about that," she mumbled. "I'll try not to be so loud next time."

"Next time? You really are a bitch in heat," she joked, enjoying the girl's humiliation.

"I don't have time for your jokes, Aria," replied Amy, trying to redirect the conversation, "I somehow need to cook breakfast and get to my training in twenty minutes," she said, pulling out a small bowl from her cupboard and two eggs.

"Cook? Just take one of my breakfast bars. Super healthy for lots of energy."

Aria stepped to her cupboard and pulled out a clear plastic package with two biscuits inside. Amy looked at Aria suspiciously but didn't have the time to question her generosity.

"Um, thank you, Aria," she said, cautiously taking the biscuits and pocketing them. "I'll have to eat them on the bus," she said, noticing how little time she had from the wall clock.

Aria waved goodbye, smiling as Amy stepped out, leaving the house through the backdoor as usual. The brunette's smile became full with the coast clear as she snickered into her coffee.

"Enjoy those dog biscuits, you gullible bitch," she giggled, taking a satisfied sip.

Amy made her way to the bus stop, ignoring the stares people made at her dog collar as she passed. It was still embarrassing for her to wear it in public, and being seen like this made her blush. Still, she persevered, hoping they would eventually get bored and ignore her. She couldn't wait to get this thing off of her neck. Once on the bus, she pulled out the so-called 'breakfast bar' Aria had gifted her. Amy had never spent much time around dogs, so she had never seen a dog biscuit up close.

'Perhaps she isn't so bad,' Amy thought, opening the packet. Amy's brow furrowed. It was like no breakfast bar she'd ever had before. Picking one out, she could feel the texture of the biscuit and how much tougher it felt than a regular oat bar. Perhaps this one was from Italy? It was pale, and the smell was oddly savory. Her stomach rumbled. Since last night, all her playtime with Teddy had burned up much energy, and Amy was getting painfully hungry. She looked at the biscuit in her hand. Perhaps it tasted better than it looked. Breaking the dry biscuit between her teeth, she chewed it slowly.

'Ugh, it tastes awful! Does Aria eat these every day?' she thought, her face contorting with disgust. Amy continued chewing the biscuit into a bitter mush before forcing it down her throat with a gulp. Her stomach rumbled again; it wasn't enough. She lifted the biscuit to her mouth and took a larger bite, focusing on chewing and swallowing rather than the taste, though it was hard to ignore.

She finished the biscuit with another bite, then moved on to the remaining biscuit still in the packet; the mushy, savory paste sticking to her teeth as she chewed. After finishing, Amy took a swig from her water bottle, which didn't remove the unpleasant aftertaste in her mouth. At least she wasn't so hungry anymore. Once the bus stopped at the campus, she went to the gymnasium.

After a few hours, she had completed another gymnastics session with Coach, which went surprisingly better than last week. Regular practice helped her get back into her rhythm, and her plush-aided masturbation sessions had simmered down her sexual fantasies just enough to allow her to focus much more compared to a few days prior. Her balance beam routine was solid, her timing was on point, and she only faltered slightly on her landings. By the end of the session, Coach gave her a round of applause.

"Kid," he said, patting her shoulder, "That was wonderful! I had doubts about your performance last week, but you're beginning to show the improvement that will impress the gymnastics board."

Amy beamed with relief at his approval. "Thanks, Coach. I was having trouble focusing, but the therapy's been really...helpful," she replied.

"Good to hear. I take it the, erm, the necklace is a part of it?" the coach asked sheepishly.

Amy froze for a second. It was, but she didn't want to ask further questions about her therapy. "It's for charity," she blurted out, not knowing what else to say.

"Oh," replied the coach, sounding as surprised as Amy was. "I thought you were scared of dogs?"

"I am. I just thought it would be good to...push myself. You know, try new things, test my boundaries. Plus, it's for a good cause, so I was interested," Amy lied.

Coach nodded. "Well, that's fantastic. What's the charity for?" he asked.

"For?"

"Yeah, you know, what's it called? What does it do?" he continued.

'Oh no,' she thought. Amy was not a good liar. "It's the Society for the Ethical Treatment of Dog Cocks," she said.

"Say again?" he asked, perplexed.

'Fuck, what am I saying,' she thought, panicking internally. These past few weeks of mental conditioning and masturbation therapy had Amy thinking about bestiality more often. Lying was already difficult for her, but talking about her collar while avoiding the topic of therapy or bestiality was too much, and the words just slipped out.

"Err... Locks..." Amy corrected. "Ethical treatment of Dog Locks. That's what it is! It... I mean... We stand against abused dogs being locked in cages or kennels. They get deprived of sunlight and much-needed social interaction. It's really, really awful! And that's what the collar is for, to show my support for the cause. We vow to wear a collar to convey that animal cruelty is wrong," Amy said, blushing quite hard.

Coach Matthews stared at her quizzically for a few long seconds. "Heh, always putting in the extra effort, eh?" he said, patting her shoulder as his expression relaxed. Amy just smiled, not believing her lie had worked. "So, how much have you raised?"

"Oh, um, something close to...one thousand pounds?" Amy lied, considering putting her foot in her mouth.

"Impressive! I'll let the gymnastics board know. They favor students with extra-curricular activities like charity work. It helps with the team image and all." Coach brought his head down to hers and said, "And between you and me, it would help to score some brownie points ahead of the review period."

"Really?" she asked, lighting up. "Maybe you shouldn't tell them about the charity work. Wouldn't it be better for me to earn my place with my gymnastic ability?"

"Amy, I know you've got skills, but you need all the help you can get. Our Brunnicks University gymnastics team has a reputation for creating future Olympians. We have some of the highest standards in the world. Students from all over fight for a chance to be on our team."

Both of his hands were on her shoulders now, and Coach was looking her directly in the eye. He then said, "I see a future Olympian in you. I really do. But, even training every day like we're doing already, you'll only be meeting the minimum requirements of ability that the board expects. I'm doing what I can to keep your spot, but if you're less than perfect, the board will drop you from the team. Do you understand? They're already unhappy with you missing so much training, and your charity work can be the boost you need to keep you here."

Amy was dumbfounded. She wasn't expecting any of this from such a small lie. "I don't know what to say," she replied.

"You don't need to say anything. Just bring in a list of your donors and their contributions tomorrow, and I'll put in a word with the board. They'll eat it up." he said.

"I don't think I can get that prepared for tomorrow," she replied.

"Fine, just bring it in before the review period so I can pass it onto the board. That gives you about two weeks." He said. Amy sighed with some relief.

"Thanks, Coach. I won't let you down," she replied, picking up her bag and shutting her mouth before getting in too deep.

She knew she needed that little bit more to impress the reviewing board, but how would she come up with a list of donors worth over a thousand pounds in under two weeks?

"Good to hear. Oh, and while you're at it, take this as well," Coach Matthew's said, handing her a mint. "No easy way to say it, Amy. You've got dog breath."

"Oh?" Amy said, regretting those damn biscuits even more. "Thanks, Coach."

She popped the mint into her mouth and made her way home.

Once back home, Amy found Aria and asked her how she could stand to eat those biscuits every morning for breakfast, only to be met with laughter from the Italian. Once her laughter subsided, she put on a face of remorse.

"That's such a shame you don't like them, but I have plenty more if you change your mind. They're in the cupboard in the clear container, help yourself," Aria said before returning to bed.

Amy wasn't keen to take her up on the offer and went to the kitchen for a real meal.

The rest of her week went by normally, or as normal as Amy could hope for. Though her thoughts were preoccupied a lot by dogs and their knotted cocks, her fantasies around dogs were much more manageable than last week. She had Teddy to thank for that. As the doctor said, simulating real canine sex with a toy was much more efficient in keeping her mind clear. It seemed to appease her anxiety and release the pent-up fantasies from her mind for a short time. The only problem was that the smell made her feel nauseous, and she felt a revulsion with herself shortly after her orgasm.

She would masturbate twice a day, Once in the morning to keep herself mentally sound during classes and training and once at night before bed so she could rest peacefully. She still found the smell of the plushie unpleasant, that unmistakable smell of a dog. Still, it was becoming near impossible for her to masturbate without it. Anytime she would use her fingers, she found herself having a weak orgasm, if any, only to be swept up into another stronger haze of lust a few hours later.

Just fantasizing about dogs on its own was losing effect. Each morning and night, she would straddle her toy, grind her nude, collared body against the plush pooch, and fail to hold back her moans as

she came. She would often squirt when she did, leaving a mess for her to clean up afterward, which was a bit of a pain. Her orgasms were noticeably better with Teddy; something about the taboo nature of the act drove her wild and left her with tingles.

The fur on her skin, dog musk in her nostrils, was a step closer to the real thing, and Amy found herself reveling in it. The scent of dog fur was becoming linked to strong orgasms in Amy's mind, and while the smell wasn't any more pleasant, she found herself more aroused by it as the days went on.

It was now Thursday night, and Amy knew that tomorrow she would be meeting Nicola and, more worryingly, her dog. She had made some progress, but being in a room with a dog terrified her. She hadn't been near one since the attack and was nervous. Her left arm was still scarred with teeth marks from her bite, and the idea of willfully getting that close to an animal frightened her. Amy couldn't help but think about tomorrow and feel the need to relieve her anxiety.

She fiddled with her pajamas, stripping down to her black leather collar, reminding her to identify with her physical lust for dogs. It wasn't as uncomfortable as it used to be on her neck. Once again, she pulled Teddy's large, fluffy body onto her bed and rolled over him until she was on top. She could feel herself heating up as she wrapped her legs around his waist and rocked herself into his fur.

"You're such a good dog, Teddy. You're quiet, and you don't growl or bite. You're not like the real thing, though," she whispered, leaning closely into the dog's ear. "I know it's wrong, but I can't help it. You smell like a nasty, awful dog...and it makes me so wet. Maybe my pussy's broken. I'm completely wrong in the head because I spend all day thinking about dogs and the red, swollen cocks between their legs. But I feel better with you, Teddy. You make me cum better than my hand, and after we play, it's like the fog in my mind clears away, and I become myself again."

Amy leaned in to inhale a deep sniff from his neck and tried to imagine how a real dog would feel up against her like this. Her hips built a tempo, grinding faster to an approaching orgasm.

"Good boy, good boy," she whispered between her moans. "Good... Oooooo," she spasmed as her orgasm took her.

Wave after wave of pleasure flowed through her, slowly subsiding into a soft, glowing feeling. As she slowly drifted into that night's sleep, she looked into his glassy eyes. She felt intense loneliness come over her. She wanted, needed, something more than a pile of fluff.

"You're really not like the real thing."

Amy was feeling nervous up to her neck. Once again, it was Friday Afternoon, and Amy stood outside Dr. Conseil's home and office. A black van was parked outside the home, with a large 'DogLover' sign written on the door in white, with a similarly shaded paw print in place of the first 'o' in the logo. Today was the day. She forced herself to knock on the door. Laura Linton welcomed her inside, dressed in a magenta robe similar to what she had worn on previous visits. An audible buzzing accompanied her. Amy looked down to see a thin antenna protruding from her pussy lips and a trail of juices running down her inner thigh.

"Sorry if I seem a little...spaced out," Laura said breathlessly. "I'm wearing a vibrator," she whispered as if it wasn't already obvious.

"Why?" asked Amy, not thinking.

Laura had worn some risqué things before, but nothing so explicitly sexual. "Therapy never really ends for some of us," she flustered.

Amy decided not to press any further out of her politeness. Like last week, Amy was attached to a leash, and Laura led, or rather waddled, her upstairs to Dr. Conseil's office.

"I won't be very hands-on for today's session. I have some other chores to attend to," Laura said.

She then bid the girl farewell and left the room, closing the door behind her. Amy turned to the office that she had been dreading since she arrived. The table that usually sat between the two sofas and the rug beneath it had been removed, leaving an empty space, and there was no smell of incense in the room. There she saw the doctor standing next to a strange woman. She was around five foot seven, thin with mousy features, a fair complexion, and a light-brown pixie cut. The woman was dressed comfortably: a long-sleeved cotton t-shirt, blue jeans, and work boots, topped with a grey sleeveless fleece. She looked older than Laura but younger than the doctor and sported faint smile lines.

"Good Afternoon, Amy. I want to introduce you to Nicola," Dr. Conseil said, gesturing to the woman.

"Here, in the flesh," said the woman in an eager tone. "Dr. Conseil has already told me about you, so let me tell you a little about myself. My name is Nicola Greenwall, and I will be your specialized canine handler for your therapeutic journey. For the past decade, I've run a dog grooming service in the city called 'DogLover,' where we handle all kinds of pet problems. There's dogsitting, relocating, and grooming, of course.

"We also run a hush-hush specialty service to help owners and their pets get more...intimate. That wild, sexual love between a pet and its lover is sadly untapped in most couples, and few can experience the joy of finding that real, ultimate connection to their furry friends. It requires sacrifice and dedication, but dog sex brings the relationship to the next level and creates a fulfillment most women lack in their normal sex lives.

"Every true dog lover is hesitant at first, but in time they understand that such a strong desire cannot be ignored. It must be embraced and nurtured. However, every single woman I've had the honor of servicing has felt attracted to both men and dogs. I thought it was a fact of life. So imagine my surprise when a certain doctor tells me of a client, a young woman, a virgin, who was exclusively sexually attracted to dogs and in denial.

"Why I was enamored, I simply had to meet her. You're something of a unicorn in that way, Amy. Seeing a woman so unsure about her true desires saddens and excites me. Still, in the right hands, she is a block of clay ready to be molded into the dynamic sexual beast she was always meant to be."

The woman sure said a mouthful, but at least she was enthusiastic. Amy was a little concerned by her language on Amy's 'true desires' and being 'in denial,' but she supposed one must be a little kooky to be involved in this line of work.

Amy didn't know how to react and said, "Hello."

"How very cute you are," said the woman, stepping towards the girl and looking down at her. Amy stood still as the woman gently picked up the leash which hung from her collar, "And how appropriately decorated. This collar suits you very nicely."

Amy felt a shyness creep over her but mumbled a thank you, taking the words as a compliment.

Dr. Conseil said, "I've performed all the relevant checks, and Nicola is one of the few experts in the field of dog sex that can be of use here, and I'm happy to say she will be joining us as we continue with your therapy." He motioned to the two women, saying, "I'm sure you have much to discuss. So please, both of you, sit and talk."

"Sit by me, Amy," Nicola instructed, gently pulling on her leash.

Amy was hesitant to be led by her and walked to the sofa. She looked to the doctor, but he stayed silent. The doctor gave her a reassuring nod.

"Come, Amy. Sit with me." she smiled.

Amy reluctantly followed, sitting beside the woman on the red sofa, her hand still gripped tightly on her leash.

"The doctor was right about you, resistant but ultimately submissive. Milo is going to love you."

Amy tensed up under the woman's grip. "Milo?" she managed to ask, her throat dry.

"Milo will be your new therapy dog," Dr. Conseil interjected. "Nicola and I had a lengthy discussion about what kind of companion would fit you best for today's session. Given her dog experience and my knowledge of your condition, I assure you that Milo is perfect for your training."

"Yes, perfect for breaking in new bitches," Nicola teased, her eyes bright.

"Ahem, perfect for helping you understand your condition," the doctor corrected.

"I'm having second thoughts about all this, doctor," Amy forced through her silent panic.

"Amy, we have talked about this. You will never see the benefits of exposure therapy without experiencing some exposure, hence the name. I understand your concern, but Milo is a well-trained and gentle dog. I've seen him, and he won't budge an inch without Nicola's expressed order. You have come here for help, which you will get. Prepare yourself because we are bringing him in now."

He left the room, returning with a large, black labrador on a leash. A rush of emotions shot through the poor girl, the most intense being her fear and lust. The dog looked huge, close to eighty pounds, and brought Amy back to the fateful day of her attack those few months ago. Amy couldn't help but shriek at the sight and tried to rush away, only to be held in place by Nicola, gripping tightly to her leash. They tussled, but Nicola held a firm grip and kept her seat.

"It's all right, Amy. Milo is far away across the room. He is gentle and loving. See?" Nicola said, stroking the girl's forearm.

Amy couldn't see, for she had shut her eyes and was shaking her head.

"Amy, you are safe. Breathe slowly, in and out. Follow my breathing."

Amy tried to relax, breathing in tandem with the older woman, though her eyes were held shut, and she shook like a leaf. Amy could feel tears roll down her cheeks, and Nicola motioned for Milo to come closer.

"Amy, we will bring Milo a little bit closer now," Dr. Conseil said, causing the girl to whimper.

"Please, no. It's too much," Amy begged between breaths.

She hated how little she could say, it was as if a balloon was in her windpipe, and she couldn't make a sound. The worst part of all was how hot her sex was becoming. Being in the presence of a real dog, just like the attack from so long ago, was turning her on, and she hated it.

Laura still held onto Milo's leash but didn't need to. The well-trained dog stepped slowly, looking to Nicola for his next instruction. Amy could hear each step, his claws clacking on the wooden floor only getting louder until he sat on Nicola's other side, a mere two feet away. The clacking stopped. Amy could hear it breathing, panting in the way dogs do.

"Amy, try to open your eyes," said the doctor.

"I can't," she answered. "Because I know I'll see that horrid mutt!"

"His name is Milo," Nicola corrected with a slight annoyance. "And he is a black labrador. You're afraid, I know, but he is a lovely dog."

"Amy, Milo is sitting two feet away from you. Nicola is between you both. Opening your eyes will not change that, but it will make you a little bit braver," the doctor said.

It seemed to make sense to the girl, but opening her eyes was difficult. "O-only a...dog. Only a dog," Amy replied. "Okay."

She breathed in deeply and forced her eyes to relax and open. Still shaking, she looked at the doctor before slowly shifting her sights to the large beast not two feet from her. The dog was sitting, its tail wagging and pink tongue lolling up and down, and Amy could see those sharp teeth behind black lips and the crude smile it made. The dog's fur was completely black with a grey shine, contrasting its brown eyes, which were looking right at her. Amy squealed, shutting her eyes again and trying to retreat to the other end of the room, only to be held in place by Nicola. A real dog was nothing like a picture on a projector or a teddy.

"There. I looked," said Amy, now squeezing the arm of the sofa.

"Very good, Amy. You've faced your fear. How do you feel?"

"Horrible," Amy shuddered.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"Horrible," she replied.

"Anything positive?" he sighed.

Amy thought. "I do feel a bit...better," she answered.

"That's good," he replied. "Now, do you feel any sexual arousal?" he asked.

Amy didn't need to think about it. "Urgh. You know I do," she admitted.

Nicola couldn't help but smile.

"How about we move away from looking and try to pet Milo?" he suggested, to the girl's dismay.

"I don't know, it's a lot for one day," Amy replied, her breathing still haphazard.

"How about I give you a little bit of help?" Nicola gently held the girl's right hand. "Just relax your arm and let me do the rest."

"I guess. Okay," Amy relented and did her best to relax.

Nicola lifted the girl's hand from her lap, gently dragged it over to Milo, and gently placed her hand on the dog's head. Amy flinched when her fingertips touched his fur but did her best to keep it there and focused on her breathing. Her clit was throbbing against her panties, and her heart was racing.

"How does it feel, Amy?" the doctor asked.

"Scary," Amy squeaked, "and warm."

"I would like you to keep your hand where it is while we talk," he said. "Can you do that?"

"I think so," Amy answered.

Now that her hand was there, she counted the seconds until it would get bitten off, but she tried to reassure herself logically that it wouldn't happen.

"First things first," he said, pulling out his notepad and pen. "How are you?"

"All right, I think," Amy answered, fidgeting. She could feel every little twitch or movement Milo made. "My whole week has greatly improved since our last session."

"Good to hear. What exactly is better about this week?" the doctor asked.

Amy knew the doctor wanted details, especially anything sexual. "I think the new toy you gave me. The plush dog. I think it's been really helpful in keeping me focused on things like my gymnastics training and my studies," she blushed. "As you said, I uncovered my subconscious lust for dogs last week. When I masturbate with Ted, my plushie, it settles me down."

"Interesting and unexpected," noted the doctor. "The stronger stimulus appears to work well, and you seem to be growing more comfortable with your canine-based sexuality. Can you tell me more about your... Ted, was it?"

'Shit,' Amy thought. She didn't want to admit that she gave it a name. She should have expected the doctor to figure it out, especially when she practically told him.

"Teddy," she blushed. "I named him...it...Teddy."

"How adorable. There is a Teddy down at the kennels. You two would get along," teased Nicola, toying with her leash and making Amy slightly alarmed.

"It's nothing to be ashamed of, Amy. Teddy is a nice name, fitting. It's a good sign that you see dogs as more than violent beasts," said the doctor.

"Yes, they are violent beasts that make you cum," Nicola teased.

"Please, don't say it like that," Amy mumbled, feeling herself redden. Nicola wasn't wrong. Her clit was throbbing hard. "It isn't my choice. Masturbating with my hands just isn't as effective anymore. I can't even get through one day without playing with Teddy first. Without him, I can't orgasm."

Without that release, I'm stuck fantasizing about...dogs...all day. I'd go mad without him. But that doesn't sound like a 'true desire' to me. It sounds like addiction," she argued, still thinking about what Nicola had said earlier.

"Isn't *love* a kind of addiction?" Nicola replied.

Amy didn't really know. She had never been in love. "Maybe, but I don't *love* Teddy," she returned.

"These are all good things, Amy," the doctor continued. "With your mental energy matching your physical lust for canines, you are much more attracted to dog sex. This may seem wrong, but allow me to explain. As you know, we must address your fear of canines through sex because the two are intertwined due to your attack. You have made much progress through masturbation, but the fear is still entirely unresolved without exposure, which we've made some progress on today. So far, we have merely reduced your aversion to dog sex from a purely mental standpoint. I take it thoughts of bestiality still dominate your sexual fantasies?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, they are," replied Amy.

"Whereas before, your thoughts were dominated by that of dogs as violent and frightening. By bringing forth your subconscious carnal desire for dogs into your conscious mind, we have allowed for this switch in your viewpoint. Sadly, this has limited use. Without constant and increasing reinforcement, your conscious mind will dismiss your lust for dogs. It will return to the deepest folds of your brain, and you will, without a doubt, revert to your irrational, dog-fearing self.

"Think of your brain like a computer. We have lifted the covering of your unconscious mind and now must rearrange the tangled wires. If we do nothing, the covering goes back on, and the problem remains unsolved," Dr. Conseil said.

Amy shuddered at the thought of returning to square one, afraid of leaving her room, anticipating an attack around every corner, especially with the review period so soon.

Dr. Conseil could see the look of terror on her face and continued to explain. "This can happen because we haven't yet tackled the root cause of your fear: your lust for dogs. You have seen pictures and played with toys, we have lifted the cover, but we must introduce real dogs as soon as possible to replace your wiring. However, with your subconscious desire currently brought out, we have a golden opportunity for a long-term solution. In these past few weeks, we have only primed you for the real physical therapy we will be doing from now on."

Amy could only imagine what her 'real' therapy would look like. "I understand, doctor. Can I remove my hand now?" she asked as calmly as she could.

"You may, but first," Nicola said. "We need to set some ground rules with you, Amy."

"Ground rules?" Amy replied with concern, but the doctor reassured her.

"First, during therapy, you will be lowered in status to that of a dog, or rather, a bitch. This means you will be collared, leashed, and nude unless otherwise specified," Nicola stated.

"That's fine. I was told about this at my last session," Amy replied, inwardly cursing herself for agreeing to such a condition last week.

"Second, bitches sit on the floor and crawl on all fours. They do not walk on two legs or get to sit on the furniture," Nicola said, and Amy was taken slightly aback.

"Is this beneficial, doctor? I mean, I'm still a person," Amy replied.

"Of course it is, and of course you are. Remember what we talked about last week, Amy? We want to encourage and strengthen your canine identity, and you certainly cannot envision yourself as a dog if you wear clothes and walk around like the rest of us. You agreed to do what was necessary to keep your subconscious lust in reach of our therapeutic methods," Dr. Conseil pointed out.

"Fine," Amy relented. "No clothes and no sofas."

"Third, good bitches get rewarded, and bad bitches get punished," Nicola smiled, her fingertips toying with the lead still in her hand.

"What does that mean?" Amy asked. "Punishment?"

"Allow me," Dr. Conseil said, reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a small remote. "Amy, your collar comes with a few features I elected to keep from you. It also acts as a shock collar to dissuade you from unwanted behavior."

Her eyes were open now, staring in disbelief at the doctor. "What!" Amy cried. "You psycho!"

"There is no need to be alarmed," he said, waving the remote around. "This function will only be used during therapy when commands are strictly disobeyed. It is not some toy, but a learning aid."

"It's cruel and unusual," Amy pouted, pulling at her collar with her free hand.

She looked down to see her left hand on Milo's head; more surprisingly, Nicola's hand wasn't there.

"When did you move your hand away?" Amy asked Nicola.

"About ten seconds after I put yours down," she answered. "Keep it there. No one has told you to move it," she ordered.

Amy pleaded with her eyes, but it was of no use.

"Would you like to test the shock feature, Amy?" the doctor asked.

"Are you mad? Of course not," she answered. "Besides, I haven't done anything wrong."

"All right," he concurred, returning the remote to his pocket, "We will save it for later. You may only remove your hand from Milo's head if you want to."

Amy's hand left the pet's head instantly, and she breathed a sigh of relief. The palm of her hand felt warm after being against Milo's warm fur for so long. Milo looked up at the girl, panting and smiling, but Amy was still unnerved by this and looked away.

"What do we do now, then?" Amy asked.

"We are going to do another touch exercise, but you will need to be nude, Amy," said the doctor.

"Another touch exercise?" she asked with concern.

"Nothing too sexual, just petting," he promised. "Please, get undressed. Those are the rules."

Amy looked to Dr. Conseil, remembering what he said last week about 'ensuring maximum skin-to-

fur contact,' and felt uneasy as she began removing her clothing. Blushing, she removed her jacket, shoes, top, and jeans, folding both as she went. Then, more carefully, Amy removed her bra, revealing her small breasts, and pulled down her panties, baring her smooth crotch, which Amy had shaved that morning, which the doctor commended her on.

She prayed no one could tell how stiff her clitoris was or the faint wetness she left on her panties. Finally, she pulled off her socks, placing them atop the pile of clothing she had made on the red leather sofa. Her body turned a shade of light pink. Amy stood before the three of them, feeling very exposed, but she kept her eyes on Milo, who remained sitting in place, his tail wagging. She didn't like how he looked at her, and she especially didn't enjoy how her body responded to the presence of a real dog.

"Do bitches stand?" asked Nicola.

"No, Nicola," she answered before lowering her hands and knees.

"Good girl, and from now on, you will call me 'Miss Greenwall' or 'Miss,'" said Nicola.

"Is this necessary?" Amy asked.

"Well, bitches normally don't talk at all. Would you prefer that?" Nicola asked.

"No," Amy answered.

"No what?" she replied.

"No...Miss," Amy said.

Nicola smiled. "Very obedient. You might earn yourself a reward soon," she said.

"Now, positions," said Nicola, clasping her hands together. "For now, I just want you to sit, so when I say 'sit,' you should be on your knees, sitting on your heels, with your knees spread to a ninety-degree angle, forming an 'L' shape. Your front paws will be on the floor, slightly in front of your pussy, your back straight, chin up, and your eyes straight ahead. Understood?"

"Yes, Miss," Amy answered.

"Then sit," Nicola ordered.

Amy adopted the position, spreading her knees and arching her back. In this position, she could only get her fingers to touch the floor, but at least that offered some cover for her nude pussy.

"Good. Stay like that while I bring Milo over," Nicola said, which caused Amy to shiver a little.

Nicola led Milo to Amy's left side and ordered him to sit, his fur brushing against her thigh. Amy shrieked at the touch and jumped up to a standing position letting her leash swing, only to feel a short zapping pain on her neck.

"N-ah-ahh!" she yelped, gripping at her collar. Her eyes darted to Dr. Conseil, remote in hand. "You bastard, that hurt!"

"You did not have permission to stand up, Amy," he replied. "Bad bitches get punished. Now, sit down."

"I can't. That dog is...touching me," Amy whimpered.

"That's the point," Nicola interjected. "You've already petted him. This isn't much different."

"I wasn't naked then, and it's our bodies touching, not just hands!" she emphasized.

"I understand this is difficult for you, but these are the rules. You either sit down or get punished," said Dr. Conseil, raising the remote.

Amy felt desperation hit her and succumbed to her situation. Slowly, unsteadily, she knelt beside Milo and looked straight ahead as she adopted her position. Nicola then scooted Milo over until their bodies were pressed together, side by side. Amy whimpered, trying to control herself for fear of another shock. She could feel the heat coming off Milo's body, and she felt a similar sickness in her stomach accompanied by a wetness in her sex, her clit begging to be touched.

"One finishing touch so you don't jump away again," said Nicola, pulling a double-ended lead from her bag and joining their two collars together.

Hence, they were only six inches apart at the neck. Amy could feel tears welling up in her eyes. She whimpered in fear, dread visible on her face but doing her best to stay still while Milo was unfazed.

"Aren't you two just so cute together?" Nicola teased, petting them both on the head, "Now, stay there. We're going to watch a film."

Nicola and Dr. Conseil both wheeled out the projector. They set it behind the pair on the floor, facing the opposite wall as Amy had seen previously. The wall lit up with the image of a redhead sitting with a large black dog and immediately began to play. Amy could feel herself heating up with the need to touch herself again. All this teasing, Milo pressed up against her, and now this? She didn't know how much more sensory overload she could handle.

The film continued, the woman and the dog playing in the bedroom, the woman playfully undressing for her lover before bending at the hip to be mounted by the beast. Amy was fixated on the screen. She didn't dare look away for fear of another shock and for fear that she may startle Milo next to her. Amy knew by now that Milo was well-trained and unlikely to do anything, but the thought stirred in her mind nonetheless. She thought about what other punishments she might face for disobeying orders.

Amy would hate something like making her lay with Milo for an hour. She also thought about what a reward might be for her. She would love something like letting her remove her collar for a week. One week without any stares or comments from strangers, one week of feeling normal. Although, laying with Milo for an hour wouldn't be so bad if she could just cum. Her fingers were so close to her pussy. They were itching to rub her clit. The actress' moans filled the room as the canine knot stretched out her pussy before disappearing inside her. Amy felt her wetness leak onto the hardwood floor and nearly died of shame.

"How are you feeling, Amy? Aroused?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," the girl squeaked.

"Would you like to masturbate?" he asked.

Amy stayed silent out of shame, but she did want to touch herself.

"Amy? It would be best if you answered the question," said the doctor.

"Yes, I...I would," Amy answered, her breathing becoming shallow.

"You are free to do so, but you must ask for permission to cum before you do. You do not orgasm without permission, understood?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, doctor," she replied.

"Good. We can add that to the list of rules," Dr. Conseil said.

'Oh God, more rules,' Amy thought. She could feel her clit harden, reaching out to her fingertips. Even with permission, it felt wrong to masturbate in front of others, but she was desperate for release from all the training. Being pressed against Milo, his musky smell deep in her lungs, his fur against her smooth skin, it was like being at home with Teddy. But he was the real thing.

She moved her right hand back onto her mound and touched her clit. She was dripping wet and gasped at the touch she was waiting for. She quickly forgot about the two professionals watching her from the sofa and rubbed to her heart's content. All she could think of was good it felt to masturbate, and she found herself leaning a little more into Milo's coat. His heartbeat, the muscle underneath his fur. It set her alight.

She watched the woman onscreen get pounded into bliss, and she could only imagine what that must feel like. She wondered what Milo thought of the film until she saw his large veiny cock emerge from its sheath. It was pink, with red and blue veins lining the shaft. It must have been nearly six inches, and the knot wasn't fully inflated. She hadn't seen a real dog's cock since the day of her attack, but it didn't feel as scary as it did then.

All it did was drive her closer to orgasm. She thought about how it would feel in her hand, on her lips, in her wet and dripping pussy. Nicola could see how fixated the girl was on the canine cock and wanted to push her.

"Touch it, just a little bit. It's okay," Nicola whispered.

Amy didn't even look up. She had permission and felt the temptation eating at her. Amy lifted her left hand and gently touched the tip with her finger before lifting it away, a string of precum joining her to the dog's member. Milo didn't budge at her touch, and she took it as the go-ahead to do some more. Amy was frightened, but in her mentally clouded state, Amy couldn't help but give in to her deeper desires.

She slowly wrapped her hand around Milo's cock, feeling its warmth and fullness. It was solid like a bone and throbbed. Amy rubbed harder and faster on her pussy, her orgasm approaching like a train. She tried to suppress her moans, but with her senses of sight, sound, and smell being focused on dog sex, it was impossible not to. In her distorted mind, Amy was in heaven. She rubbed until it was almost too late to hold back before remembering that she needed permission.

"Miss Greenwall, Dr. Conseil, I'm about to cum. Please, may I cum? Please?" she asked hurriedly.

"Not until we say, so keep rubbing but do not cum. Unless you want another shock," the doctor said. Amy whimpered, already on edge, but kept rubbing. "I am no expert in dog sex. Nicola, do you think she's earned an orgasm today?" the doctor asked.

"Maybe," teased Nicola. "I just don't think it's fair for Milo to help Amy cum her brains out without

Milo getting to cum, too, don't you think, Amy?"

"No, Miss Greenwall, it isn't fair," she answered, already guessing what Nicola would say next.

"Don't you think you should return the favor and help Milo cum, too?" she asked. "Does that sound fair to you?"

"I'm sorry, Miss, but I don't know if I could..." Amy answered.

"Then I'm afraid I won't be able to let you cum today," Nicola replied.

"No! Please, I'm so close! Miss, please," she begged, her entire body on the teetering edge.

"Promise you'll help Milo cum next week?" she asked.

"Promise!" she answered.

"I want to hear you say it," Nicola ordered.

"I promise! I'll help Milo cum next week! I'll play with his cock. I'll kiss it and rub it until he shoots all over me!" she cried, her sordid fantasies bleeding into her words and pushing her past the point of no return, "Please, may I cum?"

"Fine. You may," said Nicola, and the girl cried in relief, agony, and bliss.

She spasmed as much as she could be tied to Milo and felt her knees wavering as she finally came. All of her pent-up frustrations from the past hour were being released in what had to be the most intense orgasm the girl had felt in her life. She squirted directly onto the hardwood floor of the doctor's office, and her face contorted with a flurry of emotions as she did. As the cascading waves of her orgasm faded, Amy felt her rational mind re-enter her consciousness.

'Did I really promise to suck Milo's cock?' she wondered. Feeling faint from such an explosive climax, her body went limp with pleasure. She slid down, only being held up by her collar and Milo's body supporting her slouched form. Nicola and Dr. Conseil went to release the girl's collar and put her on the sofa to get some rest, her folded clothing acting as a pillow. The two looked down at the girl in her peaceful slumber.

"She made remarkable progress today, Nicola," he noted. "It really is very interesting to see the lust wash away the fear from her body and mind. She transforms into a different person, a part of herself she refuses to be without the proper encouragement."

"Yes, for someone so afraid of dogs, she seemed very comfortable once she could touch herself," Nicola concurred.

"She is a special case. All this multifaceted anguish and bestial fixation came from a single attack." Dr. Conseil paused. "It must have been a spectacle."

"You don't really believe all that, doctor?" Nicola replied. "Some girls are simply born with it and live in denial until one fateful day they meet the right pooch which undoes all of that social conditioning like that," she said, snapping her fingers for effect.

"I try not to rush to conclusions; it introduces bias," he answered.

"I guess that's why you're the therapist," she added. "Milo, come here."

The black labrador slowly stepped beside Nicola, his tail wagging. She knelt and fiddled with his collar.

"I take it that will be all for today, doctor?" Nicola asked, removing Milo's leash and placing it into her bag.

Milo never wore a leash. Today was just for show, to keep Amy's mind at ease.

"Yes. Thank you for coming in today. Your services are much appreciated," the doctor replied, opening the door for the woman and her pet and leading them downstairs to the entrance.

"Same time next week?" Nicola asked, stepping through the doorway into the now dark evening.

"Yes, same time," Dr. Conseil answered. "Before you go... Earlier, when Amy agreed to give Milo an orgasm in return for hers, did that seem rushed at all? I fear her lust may get the better of her, and it would be unwise to try pushing her too quickly."

"Relax, smartypants," Nicola teased. "Amy's a big girl who can handle much more than you give her credit. I get she's 'in a very unpredictable mental state, but I think she could benefit from more pushing."

The doctor thought for a few seconds. "I agree," he said.

"Great," Nicola said. "I can't wait for next week. The spoon game is a favorite of mine."

She stepped out and walked to her car, sliding open the side door for Milo to enter before shutting it, getting into the driver's seat, and exiting the driveway.

Nicola pulled away as Dr. Conseil closed the door, and he headed upstairs to Laura's dressing room.

"Apologies for being late, dear," he said, opening the door into the dimly lit room. "Work ran over a little."

The room was dark apart from the spotlight beside the large floor-to-ceiling window, which shone directly onto the nude Laura Linton.

"It's all right, dear," Laura cooed, her voice wobbly.

Her robe was hung onto a peg beside her, and her hands were held behind her head with interlocked fingers buried under her curls. She stayed facing the window as she spoke and stared at her reflection in the spotlight, knowing how prominently displayed she must be to the passing cars and Friday night partygoers below. Her vibrator buzzed inside her, as it had done for over an hour.

"One hour and twenty-five. Did you cum?"

"N-no, dear," she answered.

"Good. Five more minutes, so close to earning that wonderful orgasm you have been waiting for," the doctor said, grabbing her neck from behind with one hand and tracing his fingertips along her stomach with the other. "It would be a shame to cum before then because then we would have to ruin it. All that work for nothing."

“Please, dear, I’ve been so good. I’ve been holding it for so long. Just let me cum this once, please. It’s been months. I could do it, but when you touch me like that. It’s too much,” Laura begged.

“Just five more minutes, dear. Surely you can handle that?” the doctor teased, his hand stopping at her mound, pressing her g-spot against the egg inside her.

Laura whined.

“I’ll try, dear.”

To Be Continued...?