

READBEAST

BEASTIALITY STORIES



Part One - Speak

The warm weight of Master's hand came over her head. Even in her whining, she tilted her face to the palm. Master hummed in approval, stroking through the locks of hair that had fallen over her face.

The gag in her mouth muffled most of the sounds, but the high-pitched whimpers could not be silenced. There were more audible sounds in the room, the slapping of sex, primal and provocative, a taboo kind as she whimpered on her hands and elbows.

"Good bitch," Master said warmly when his stud gave a particularly hard thrust into her warm channel, causing her leg muscles to jump, quivering. "He's been waiting for you all week,"

She could feel it, his thrusting was desperate, of no care for her pleasure, hips slapping against hers, nails digging into her hips and tops of her thighs.

"Easy girl, clench on him," Master said, his hand holding her buttocks apart, giving the stud a deeper access into her cunt. She felt fingers spread her lips, giving only deeper stimulation, the hairs, his balls, the wet thrusting.

She panted, turning her head on the carpet, her cheeks blushed as she breathed through her nose. The swelling was growing faster, she couldn't keep him in or push him out, at the mercy of the dog bullying his way deeper into her body.

Her clit thrummed, the sensation of Master's fingers, hardly touching her with pleasure made her burn with delicious shame.

She screamed into her gag, eyes widening as her stud beat his knot into her cunt.

"There's a good bitch," Master said. He hummed with satisfaction at the sight of his stud deep within her soft, wet walls. Holding his bitch and stud as he was, he missed no twitch, no pleased micro thrust of his stud searching to go even deeper than his knot could reach. He watched with a fond expression as his bitch's clit continued to twitch, searching for pleasure as the stud's balls emptied inside her.

"It wasn't that long ago you were hesitant about this arrangement, sweet thing," he said, petting down her neck, breasts, along her ribs. He chuckled as he pet his panting stud, the dog licking the slick of their combined fluids from Master's fingers with gusto.

The bitch whined under her stud, her cheeks flushing even deeper with shame. She shut her eyes, turning her head away as best she could, as if the bitch could hide from her Master in the middle of the room. Master chuckled, reaching both his arms under her, he lifted his bitch high enough to slide a wooden stool under her, allowing for the stud to knot longer.

Bitch squirmed as Master lifted her and the dog atop them, the knot pulling at her cunt lips.

"Don't let him go too quickly," Master ordered, his fingers pushing the knot deeper into her channel. Bitch whined, clenching her muscles around his knot. She panted, more coherency coming to her as the stud began to turn them.

She whimpered, cried out, but was still stuck on his knot, now turned around. The sweat that collected on her back, kept trapped and heated by her stud, now left her cold. She could feel her breasts tighten with the cold chill.

Master's chuckle at her displeasure was covered by her own crying sound as the stud pulled his knot free of her. She collapsed onto the bench, panting hard as the last of her strength dropped her. A surprised whimper escaped her, feeling stud's snout come to sniff her no doubt dripping cunt, a quick licking session making her shift side to side.

"Shush, let me check inside," Master said, one hand holding her flank so he could better push his fingers into her. Her walls were looser, flooded with come that had been waiting for her warm cunt all week. He hummed, pushing his fingers in and out, clinically searching for any tears, pushing on her g spot only once.

"Was that a bark?" Master asked, leaning his weight over her back. She shook her head but could do nothing to hide her expression from Master. "Come on, be a good girl and *speak*," he ordered, thrusting against her g spot once more.

She shamefully obeyed her Master, the sound muffled by the gag, but a deafening bark.

"Good girl," he praised, moving his fingers to her clit. He rubbed her several times, the pleasure sparking as the wet sound of fingers slid. "Speak."

She twitched, her hips thrusting back and forth with small movements. She barked again, closing her eyes tight.

The pace of his fingers quickened.

"Good girls are rewarded," Master said, his voice in her ears. She felt Master's other hand come around her head, removing the gag. It fell from her mouth, a line of drool pooling from her as she whimpered, jaw aching.

"Speak."

The sound that escaped her was not a bark, she tried to pick herself up a little higher from the stool. A spank came to her butt, making her yelp. She looked back at her Master, her stud panting next to him as fingers continued to push into her.

"Speak!"

She barked.

Master let her come, his fingers flicking her clit, pulling away to let her stud lick her juices as she spilled over the carpet, whining and panting like the service bitch she was.

"There's a good girl," Master said, watching over his pets. The stud was still grooming his bitch's cunt, freshly leaking set of juices that would later prompt him to mount her again. She squirmed, whimpering, panting...

Just the way a bitch should be.

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**Part Two - Collars**

She was on her hands and knees, the carpet digging into the soft flesh. Her body felt as if it had light ablaze with a full flush at the sight of the thick, leather collar in Master's hand. Her eyes couldn't fall from the collar, knowing that it would wrap around her throat, buckled tight. There was a solid silver D-Ring on the edge, where she had little doubt Master had a leash.

Swallowing a suddenly parched throat, she hesitated, remembering some of the training Master insisted on between...between breedings. Sitting back on her haunches, her hips wide as Master so liked, she looked from the collar to Master.

"For me, Master?" she whispered, putting her hands back down, lowering her head. Lungs quickened with air as she sat under his scrutiny. His chuckle, warm and humiliating as he slowly made his way closer to where she was on the floor.

"I take care of my pets," he said, his hand coming to rub from her spine to her face. He tilted it upward, forcing her back to sit on her haunches. His eyes captivated her, warm palms moving to grip the leather, unbinding the buckle with gentle fingers. She felt herself grow wet, blushing, that a collar could make her react in such a way. "After all, we are continuing with your services."

She couldn't help the soft moan that escaped her lips as Master secured the collar around her throat, the dark leather covering a sinful portion. A finger came to rest between her neck and the leather. Her instincts froze as Master circled her neck with his finger, checking for the perfect notch to settle her new collar.

"There," Master said, standing back with a proud smile. She blushed, feeling herself panting, and uncomfortable wet feeling slickening between her thighs.

Hesitant fingers reached up to touch it, as if needing confirmation of its existence. Moaning immediately when quaking hands touched the leather binding. Unable to resist, she traced along the stitching that connected the leather, her hands clumsily coming to find the tag. Her head cleared slightly, attempting to look at whatever was etched onto it, burning with the need and something primal of belonging to Master.

"Don't worry, pet," Master said, his hand coming over her head, petting her, bringing her into submission. "We need a name for you yet, but the tags have you marked as *mine*."

Master reached his hand under her hair, pulling along her scalp until she was belly up on the ground. Scruffed, she whined, falling to the carpet, twisting her body to remain exposed. Giving into his play, she whined, wiggling her body for him. Master smiled, releasing her scruff, petting over her neck to settle her.

If he noticed her tightened nipples or wet cunt, Master ignored her.

She whined on the floor, blushing as she looked up at her Master, she felt compelled to speak one last time.

"Thank you, Master," she whispered, whining and spreading herself, blushing at such a blatant sign of submission.

"Sweet pet," Master said, his hand coming to rest on her breast. He kneaded her gently, scraping his nails over her to arch higher into his palm.

"Want to," she panted, arching her hips this time, inviting him closer. "please you, Master. Thank you, Master." Whining, trying to get her Master to understand that she wanted to help her Master,

please her Master in thanks for the gift.

His eyes darkened, another hand resting firmly on the meat of her thigh.

"We're going to teach you a new trick," he said, his tone commanding. It steadied her as her body grew more excited, heating to a degree her Master could likely feel under his palms. "Stay," he ordered, pushing on her body, the carpet digging into her back and hips.

She whined as her body relaxed on the floor, eyes tracking her Master. Without him by her side, she could hear Rusty in the other side of the house. He was panting, and from the sound of his heavy breathing broken by intense sniffing, aware she was leaking. When she turned her head back to look for Master, he was no longer in the room with her.

She dare not move, despite the feeling of displacement without her stud or Master by her side. The company only reinforced the thought that she was a pet. Separated from her pack...

Listening, she could hear her Master approaching the room again. She brightened, body jerking in response to greet him before her mind caught up to her. She willed herself back on the ground, eyeing Master suspiciously if he were to scold her.

"Good girl," He said, resting his hand over her neck and collar, a thumb stroking her cheek. "Good stay. It looks like we both get all get treats today." His one hand came around her hip. "Turn over, bitch."

She could never help the desperate, degrading moan that escaped her mouth when Master murmured the first words. Unable to help herself, she flipped over onto hands and knees, the position so commonly asked of her.

"Already excited," Master noticed, his hand coming to touch her clit. He stilled her with a firm hand on her butt, pulling the flesh to hold her steady. "That's always good to see, bitch. Rusty enjoys your company."

She panted, dropping her head as his thumb moved higher, tapping her cunt hole twice. She clenched on response, continuing to encage and release her muscles before he asked of it. Master pat her flank, rubbing over her hip to encourage her further.

As she thought she needed to do more to entice Master to touch her, his wet fingers instead plunged into her anus. She yelped, looking back at her Master at the sensation. He husked her, his finger having followed her movement, anticipating it.

"Don't worry, bitch," Master said, the sliding of his finger forcing her to grow used to, aroused by the sensation. "This is your tail hole," he explained, chuckling when she moaned, head dropping in shame.

Uncaring of her initial discomfort, Master's prep was clinical and liberal. He pumped his fingers in swiftly, lube coating her tunnel as his other hand spread her cheeks. As Master slid a second finger in, already used to her frantic jumping at the strange sensation, her hole spasmed. Degrading as it was to be on her hands and knees, Master prepping her, she felt herself growing wetter.

After two fingers slid into her hole without resistance, Master drew the item that his little bitch would gift him.

"I was going to save this for a later visit, but since you want to reward me, sweet thing," he said. He

clicked his tongue for her, forcing her eyes to follow him. She gasped at the sight. "Now you match Rusty. After all, he is a show dog rottweiler."

In his hand was clear to see the plug, one that had the shaft of a dog and a rottweiler tail nub end. Master's grin was near predatory as he pet over the small haired part of the plug, its authenticity brining another wave of lust to her groin.

She spoke, her eyes shamefully coming to Master's when the sound broke through her lips. Hoping to show him how much she wanted, no matter the burning in her ass, that she wanted to match Rusty before seeing the stud. Lowering herself further to her elbows, she knocked her knees wider and began clenching her hole.

"Bitch," he said, his eyes locked onto her heat presentation. Anus prepared, it seemed her Master could not resist slipping the plug into her hole. She arched her back, panting at the tight feeling stuck inside her. It was drier than something in her cunt.

"Ah, ah!" she gasped, feeling the knot expanding. Her eyes opened with a blurry expression, catching sight of a pump in Master's hand that grew with every fist of air.

"You're a new bitch," Master whispered, petting her flank several times. There was a pulling on her hole, the air pump disconnecting from her tail. "But you're finally *mine*." He said this as he gave a slight push on the tail's nub, making her gasp and squirm under his control.

Master began to pet over the lips of her cunt, tapping her clit every so often. He commonly did this, petting her cunt to gauge her wetness, if she was open enough to take Rusty's knot or to see how well filled she was. At no point did it grow less embarrassing for him to stroke over her spread lips, always reacting to the slightest of touch for pleasure or over stimulation.

"I suppose I should prep you while I have everything here, huh?" he said, causing her to turn her head to the sound coming from Rusty. "I can't blame my stud for being excited," Master said, wet fingers dipping into her cunt now.

This prepping was just as wet only faster as her this hole was used to being taken. She moaned on the floor, clenching her walls around his fingers when he plunged them in. She quivered at the third and fourth finger, the stretching that he extended his fingers with. A sheen of sweat had accumulated on her body, further pumping her scent to Rusty.

He thrust in her three times with his fingers, punching a throaty sound from her, before pulling them out and smearing her juices onto her butt.

"Come on, pets, time to go outside," Master summoned, his voice carrying through the house. Shaking on the ground, she got her arms under control, knowing that her Master was not going to be the one to make her come.

When she looked up at him next, she blushed, for in his hand was a leather leash that matched the very collar on her neck.

"Don't worry," he assured, kneeling to clip the leash to the buckle around her throat. Her heart pounded in her chest as Master moved away, the end coming to tug on her neck. She yelped at the feeling of the plug shifting in her ass as she was forced to crawl along with Master. "I don't want him learning outside means mount. You will have some playtime before I left Rusty in your cunt."

She could only whine as she followed Master. They caught up to the door that Rusty was on. She

stood behind Master's legs, her leash hanging by his knees.

"Rusty, down," he ordered, the voice harder on the stud than on his bitch. Though the order was not for her, she found herself correcting the small bits of her posture as she sat behind Master. By no means was Master yelling, but everything about his demeanor said he was the alpha of the pack, the master of the house.

Rusty responded gently, laying down on the ground even if he was excited at the sight of his bitch. Master opened the door and walked through, she made sure to keep by his side. At no point did Rusty break from Master's order.

Perhaps that was why she listened to him without hesitation, even through her humiliation.

"Let's go outside, pets," he said, his voice happier as he walked them to the fenced in back yard. Having a rottweiler, an energetic stud, Master had a large back yard with a high slatted fence to be sure that his stud would not crawl under or leap over it. Her breathing picked up as she followed Master, Rusty wagging his tail as he greeted her with only a lick over her face.

Rusty's excitement transferred to the outdoors, freely bounding beyond the glass door when Master opened it for him. Master chuckled as his dogs antics, tugging his bitch along. She followed outside, crawling in short strides as she looked over the fence, searching for any eyes.

Master brought her to the grass, her knees and hands touching the plush green foliage. He put a hand on her back as he unclipped her leash, patting her on the butt twice.

"Go say hi to Rusty," he encouraged, nudging her further into the backyard.

Pushed along by her Master, she crawled further into the yard. The pulling of the plug in her ass stifled her movements, but the more time that she spent with it, she realized there were easier ways to walk.

Rusty ran to the furthest end of the yard, lifting his leg on one of the bushes. She was still learning to walk with the plug in her ass and did not make it to the bush before he ran off on the scent of something else.

She found herself growling, almost like a game, as Rusty raced the perimeter of the fence ever time she got close to him. The dog had his tongue hanging out of his mouth, bowing down several times to her before racing along, faster than she could ever be

Even on two legs...which was what introduced them all...

She stumbled on the ground, laughing as she rolled, jolting when her leg shifted the tail plug in her ass. Rusty startled at her tumble to the ground, coming over to check on her. He sniffed over her face, licking her neck and exposed chest. She wasn't hurt, the ache in her ass reminded that Master would be the only one remove it.

Happy that Rusty was near, she reached up and scratched over his neck, nuzzling his nose and pulling away. The dog wagged his nubbed tail, moving his nose down to sniff at her butt. She blushed, spreading her legs.

With Master watching, and after gifting her the collar, she wanted to behave, to give him what he desired, the show he wanted. She turned on her hands and knees, shuffling her body to be sure Master had a good look at the both of them.

With a flush on her face, she turned her tail to her stud and began to sniff at the studs balls, introducing herself as any dog would.

If the moan she heard from Master was any indication, she might get a bonus this weekend.

Rusty sniffed her new tail, licking along her butt where she recalled Master had wiped his fingers on her. Gently nuzzling Rusty, she licked at his balls dramatically, giving a wide tongue swipe. When she opened her mouth wide, gently bringing his balls into her mouth, enticing his shaft to release from his sheath, the leather of the collar made itself pronounced.

Rusty pulled away from her, his paws crawling over her body. She widened her stance, eyes rolling at the feeling of the bulbed plug, a shadow of the size that Rusty could become.

Would become.

She moaned as she braced herself, turning her head, feeling the thick leather of the collar as she looked at her Master. She tried, really she did, to maintain eye contact with her Master as Rusty thrust and thrust, finally taking purchase with his paws and finding her cunt hole. He pushed his way in, her eye sight going white with the force of her stud.

Without a gag, she couldn't help but be vocal as Rusty thrust into her cunt, the anal knot, her tail, pushing further with each pulse of his hips. The thick dog cock throbbed within her, hotter than any human cock. Rusty growled as he dug his paws into her thighs, one back paw standing on her calf for better leverage.

Like a good bitch, she dropped her ribs to the ground, eyes rolling as he snapped further into her. He was starting to grow larger in the folds of her, his knot beginning to make itself known. Soon, she would feel the tugging along her lips, the fighting thrusting.

She gripped the grass, the sounds of the birds and a cool wind passing over her. She moaned as Rusty tried to get deeper, but she was as wide and spread as she could make herself. The stud was eager as he was last night, Saturdays just as filled with breeding as the other evening. She tried to avoid pulling the grass when Rusty's knot started to grow, knowing that her Master didn't want any holes in his backyard.

But Rusty was growing so, so large, and the anal knot, while training sized as Master claimed, pushed along her stud with such vigor and force, it left her body out of her control.

Drooling, her eyes caught a brief glimpse of her Master, watching her from the shade of the porch. There was a noticeable bulge in his pajamas, much larger than when the three woke.

Rusty's knot was getting larger, his nails beginning to scratch along her skin. He pulled her hips back to his own, fucking as fast as he could run, pulsing his knot into her wet cunt.

Where last night the stud fucked her for speed and release, now he was mounting her to *breed*.

And she *loved* it.

Oh, Rusty was a stud that was young enough to repeatedly mount her cunt with the enthusiasm of youth but had enough stud years to know what he was doing. She might have been new to this arrangement, but Rusty and his owner knew what they were doing.

The dog licked her ear, down the length of her neck, marking her with scent. She could feel the



drool that was leaking from his jowls as he panted over her, shifting his hips as he tried to dig himself a deeper place in her body.

Eyes rolling into the back of her head, she felt her toes begin to curl as Rusty's knot grew larger, helpless to do anything but take the cock he was feeding her. She moaned, quivering and attempting to hold his knot, trying to follow Master's orders. Bug god, Rusty was a powerful stud and he was built for strength.

Her tiny body was nothing compared to his own. He was faster, stronger, and had more stamina than she ever would. Helpless, she did the best she could as a bitch to satisfy the stud. His balls slapped against her, hitting her throbbing lips and clit with force that had her seeing stars.

It was hard to look at Master with so many sensations coiling in her body. She moaned, her lips spitting out the grass that caught in her mouth as Rusty pummeled his knot into her cunt.

Yelping, Rusty locked her tight to his hips, holding her even as she struggled. His knot burned in a new way with the plug. Unable to help the series of moans, she hung on Rusty's knot, waiting for her eyesight and feeling to return to her body.

Each pulse of the knot was felt in her body. Flooded with hot come, the dog remained on her back, panting happily. Pinned on her elbows, Rusty was quick to maneuver himself off her spine, still facing to the side. His knot tugged on her lips, pulling her body in the grass as well as the knot in her ass. Hoping to keep the dog from tugging her around the yard, she squeezed her cunt, a hand managing to catch a back paw.

A brief moment passed over the yard, the bitch waiting to see if Master would scold and punish her for grabbing Rusty. It seemed his silence allowed a bit of rough play on her part.

All the same, soon Rusty began to struggle to free himself of her body. She moaned, struggling to keep him in her body as he turned them ass to ass.

Rusty's knot was big and pushed against the one in her ass, a duel sensation that had her choking on air. Attempting to rise, she tried to push herself up on all fours, letting go of Rusty's back paw.

The dog, free of her grip, lunged forward and pulled his knot out. She was helpless at the pained pleasure, the feeling of come and slick rushing out of her cunt, had her coming on the grass, ass high in the air and pulsing with the beat of her heart.

Each breath she took was a moan, the grass under her tickling with every inhale. Tipping to the side, she laid on the grass, the knot in her butt firmly planted. She could feel the gape in her cunt, the wetness along the feux fur tail nub. Her thighs cramped with delicious pain, cunt quivering still as she basked in the sun.

A gentle hand came to her collar, rubbing the leather, up the side of her cheek.

"Did the bitch enjoy her first breeding with her tail?" he asked, his hand moving down her body, heavily petting over her skin until it pushed her plug in, firmly plugging it in her ass. She whimpered, one leg moving on the grass to show submission as she spread.

She twitched in his hold as Rusty came back to sniff at her cunt, licking along her sensitive lips, finding a small well of his slick where skin met the base of her tail plug.

"Clean her, Rusty," Master ordered, patting her thigh.

And the stud, he was as obedient as his bitch.

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Part Three - Vet Visit

She was standing on two legs, mildly uncomfortable as Master began adjusting the scarf around her neck, covering her collar.

“You ready to behave, sweet thing?” Master asked, his finger brushing one last stroke over her neck. She shifted on her heels, the skirt long enough to cover the plug in her ass.

“Yes, Master,” she said, her heart thundering as she thought of their first venture. Rocky was calmly sitting by the door, his nose pointed upward as he waited for his leash. Master smiled, clucking his tongue to gather both their attention. He leashed Rocky, slipping her matching leash in his hand discreetly. She gulped, following next to her stud, feeling the plug shift within her as she stepped down the stairs.

At the car, Master opened the door at the passenger side.

“Ladies first,” he said, Rocky waiting for her to get in the car. She gathered her nerves and boarded the car, both watching as she buckled up. “Good girl,” Master said, pleased with her discipline.

As the door closed, she felt herself blush, knees quaking as she forced herself to keep them from crossing. She listened to Master open the back door of his car and load Rocky into in protective crate.

“And a good boy,” Master said, Rocky’s door closing. The trunk closed, the two pets loaded into the car. Master entered the car, the engine coming to life softly and he began driving to their destination.

“This will be good for you, pet.” Master assured her with a comforting hand on her thigh. “It’s been a while since your last vet visit.”

She blushed, breath hitching, tail catching at Master’s words. Another person would see her, in her collar.

“Don’t worry, pet,” Master said, his hand coming up to stroke the scarf that hid her collar. “Dr. Smith is very professional, and I will be with you the whole time.”

As if sensing her anxiety, Master put the window down a crack for her to catch some fresh air. He chuckled, giving the same treat to Rocky with his window. It was not a long ride to the vet, anxiety pooling in her stomach in a different way than whenever she might go to a doctor.

Master pulled into a parking lot and parked his car, her anticipation swelling.

“Take Rocky and have a seat while I check you both in,” he ordered, walking into the vet office. She stepped out of the car, doing her best to ignore the shift in her stub tail plug. Rocky was ready to jump out of the backseat by the time she leashed him.

She looked at her own leash, the one that Master brought. Hands shaking, she grabbed it as well. Closing the trunk, she lead Rocky into the vet’s office. Rocky was oddly willing to head into the vet’s office, panting as he sat at her feet, both leashes in her hands.

Master was calmly talking to the receptionist at the front desk, the old lady with her cat going over her bill with the woman next to him. She and Rocky were both watching Master, perking up when he started walking to them.

“Good pets,” he said, the din of the room covering his term of endearment. “We have the last appointment of the day.”

She shuddered to think what that might mean for her. Every sound had her jumping. The sound of the cat meowing anxiously in his carrier as the woman haggled for her bill. The phone ringing, a joyful receptionist answering it, the various dogs barking from somewhere deeper in the kennel for boarding.

“Easy girl,” Master said, a hand coming over her spine to rub her shoulder. Rocky picked up on her anxiety, turning his head to lick at her fingers. She smiled at her stud, chuckling. With shaking fingers, she took care to scratch along Rocky’s head, the dog lapping up every moment of her attention.

Rocky distracted her from the opening of the back door, a new face in a white coat.

“Rocky and Bailey.” The voice called.

Her head shot up, heart pounding but hand coming to grab her Master’s jacket sleeve aggressively.

“Bailey,” she whispered, the name hardly spoken. Master sat back down on the chair with a smile, his hand reaching to touch the soft hair behind her scalp. His warm finger traced between the fabric of the scarf, a shudder rippling through her as his nail scratched the fine skin between her warm leather.

“That’s why we’re here,” Master said, another hypnotic pass of his finger between neck and collar. “You get your name, you have to get a checkup.”

She whined.

“Rocky and Bailey,” the voice called again.

Bailey looked up at her Master as he stood, her leash hanging in his hand, unclipped. When he took a step forward, she stood and walked behind him. Her grip on Rocky’s leash was tight, the smell of the vet’s office mixed with chemicals and dog.

“Good to see you, Dr. Smith,” Master said, shaking the vet’s hand.

Bailey got her first look at him, middle aged, professionally fit for a man that spent a lot of time around active animals. He wore a standard white coat, stethoscope and several pens clipped into his lapel. When he dropped Master’s hand, the man went to his knees, petting Rocky enthusiastically.

“Dr. Smith is one of the few people that Rocky likes,” Master said to her. Bailey had a feeling what might await for her in the vet’s checkup.

“I think Rocky would like anyone that lets him mount his bitch,” she snapped. Master looked ready to scold her, but Dr. Smith stood up, a hand coming to take the empty leash in his hand.

“Give a smart girl some leeway,” Dr. Smith said. He opened the door, Rocky leading, a new hand coming to her back. Dr. Smith lead them all through a series of turns until they came to a large

examination room.

Before Bailey could grow too stressed when the door closed, Dr. Smith took her to a plush chair, plopping her in it.

“Going to the vet is always a little scary, isn’t it?” he began talking to her, his tone the same when he was speaking to his other dogs. When the doctor looked back at her Master, his expression was of mock accusation. “Bailey here is a rottie- makes sense she bites when stressed.”

She flinched slightly when his hands came to her neck, hushing her, before moving in again. Dr. Smith gently unwrapped her scarf, revealing her collar. “You’re being a very good girl, Bailey.”

Bailey tried to fight the blush from her face, her clothing hiding her body, yet feeling very exposed. She didn’t know if it was the use of her new name that Master gave her or the additional domineering presence.

Dr. Smith stood, looking at her Master.

“Can you undress Ms. Bailey here while I get started on Mr. Rocky?” The vet asked, moving the dog to the ground weight.

Bailey flinched when Master came to the plush chair, her eyes looking at the examination table in the middle, the tubes of popsicle sticks and needles hidden in cabinets.

“Bailey,” he said for the first time. Her attention focused back onto Master, the warm presence of his large being. Even clothed, she felt stripped to him. Her panic began to subside. Slowly, making sure she was aware of every sensation of his hands on her, Master stripped Bailey of her human clothing.

Bailey found herself panting now, arousal beginning to fight through the fear as her skin was exposed to the vet’s office. Still on the plush chair, the plug did not dig painfully into her rear, sitting pleasantly and grounding her as the vet hoisted Rocky onto the table.

“Standard temperature,” Dr. Smith said, dropping the plastic slip into the trash. He picked up his otoscope, carefully working with Rocky’s face. “Some pretty brown eyes,” he said, moving his hand to his ears, switching out tops. Checking one ear to the next, the dog shook his head when he was all finished with his cranial checkup.

“He keeps a healthy diet and exercise,” Master said, petting through Bailey’s hair as she rested on his shoulder, finally calm.

The vet hummed, his concentration focused on listening to Rocky’s internal organs, fingers pressing on occasional places that made the dog grunt. Dr. Smith pulled away, petting Rocky’s hips until the dog was wagging his tail.

“What a good boy,” Dr. Smith praised, going so far to offer a carrot treat to the dog, happily eating it. “His testicles are a much healthier size,” commented the veterinarian.

Master hummed, stroking down Bailey’s neck, along her collar to begin to bring her back to the present. She whined, knowing that it was time for her checkup.

“The frantic breeding period has ended,” Master said, thankful that the period Rocky spent frantically mounting the bitch had passed. Yes, it had been arousing to watch each mounting, every moan echoing through his mind, but the cleaning that came of their coupling.

"I did warn you," the vet said, checking the weight of his balls. Rocky began to shake his hips, his attention now focused on Bailey, licking his chops. "Not yet, boy." The vet apologetically pat the dog's head, knowing he was a little amped up. "Let's switch them," he said, heaving under the dog to cage him in the waiting area while he examined Bailey.

Bailey curled a bit when Master clipped her leash, her eyes pleading as she looked at the examination table. Dr. Smith pulled a fresh sheet of paper onto the metal table, patting it twice as if to entice her. A firm tug came to her neck, focus back on Master, that promised more.

With hesitation and shaking legs, Bailey stood from the plush chair, her cheeks on fire as she walked to the table.

"Let your Master help you, Bailey," Dr. Smith said, rummaging around for supplies in the cabinet. Master put two hands on her hips and lifted her as if she weighed nothing, settling her carefully in the middle of the sheet.

She gasped, the cold metal seeping into her skin, the plug connecting to the table as Master spread her legs. Whining, Bailey felt herself shiver under the harsh light as the vet approached.

"Nice and easy, girl," the vet said, holding a light up for her to look at. She hesitated, knowing what was coming, and nodded. Dr. Smith gave a soft smile and began his exam.

It was fairly standard, leading Bailey into it as the vet examined her. She opened her mouth for him to look within, he checked on her teeth, commenting on their health with a pat on her shoulder. Bailey's ears and nose looked healthy, even if the man had to pull on her head in strange ways.

The stethoscope came next, cold only for a brief moment as she breathed at his command. Master was watching behind the vet, his arms crossed as he smiled over her. She found her heart fluttering as he looked fondly on her, even when the band squeezed her arm.

"High blood pressure and pulse," Dr. Smith commented, removing the strap from her arm. "But that's likely because Ms. Bailey here is a little stressed." He pet by her ear, a smile on his face too. She felt good, warm to perform so well for Master and his friends. "Lay down, Bailey."

Her eyes went to Master, who came by her side, taking her hand. Master and Dr. Smith helped her lay down on the cold table, her legs dangling over the side, flesh cold to the touch. She shivered and whimpered as the vet moved.

"Easy Bailey," Master said, his thumb stroking along her collar again. She whimpered, exposed and bare, knowing there was more to come. "You're a very good girl," he praised, damn her, warming and calming under his words.

"Now, Bailey," the voice of the vet came from her other side, causing her to whip her head in the other direction. "When was your last gynecological exam?"

She squinted her eyes, feeling her legs coming closer together.

"Four," she panted, tears coming to her eyes as Master encouraged her, "four years ago."

"Well, it's a good thing you've got your Master here looking out for you now," Dr. Smith said, his smile now forced. "I'm going to begin with a breast exam, move through your organs, then get the stirrups."

Gripping Master's hands, she had little doubt there would be claw marks later. The vet's hands were as clinical as Master's could be, pressing on her breasts, pinching her nipples until she whined. Dr. Smith moved down her body, the stethoscope back on her as he listened to whatever digestion was happening.

Dr. Smith swung two antler crown stirrups up from under the metal table beneath her, locking them in place. Heart beating, Bailey was compliant as Dr. Smith placed her feet into the stirrups, her body now completely exposed to him. She felt herself pulsing, cunt trying to relax under the stretch. Her plug pulled at her rim now.

"I need to remove this for examination," Dr. Smith said, a firm hand coming to her flank as the other gripped her plug. She yelped, looking up at Master as the veterinarian removed her tail plug. She panted flushed body, eyes looking at the growing size of the plug's plastic knot. "Training, I take it."

"Yes," Master said from her head. "All play is new to her," Master said this fondly, stroking over her hair and down her collar as he spoke, distracting Bailey from Dr. Smith. "She was an untouched pup when she signed onto service."

"Untouched?" the vet asked, now sitting between her legs on a stool, a bright light looking into her vagina. "There's a trainer you might want to think about hiring for both Bailey and Rocky."

The vet slid something cold into her cunt, Bailey gasping, hips beginning to arch. The vet calmed her with a hand, shushing her until she stilled. Breathing deeply, Bailey remembered this part, waiting for the stretching to begin.

"She's nice and healthy," the vet commented, looking within her pink walls. "Little tight for Rocky without a lot of prep, I take it?"

"We've been playing with plugs," Master said, grounding Bailey with gentle petting, rubbing her breasts, collar and cheeks as she panted. "She has some toys for when we are not working."

"I'd suggest contacting Sarah then," the vet said. He grabbed a brush, entering her slowly for Bailey's cervix. "She runs a clinic part time that gives her access to studs. The other part of her income is selling stud dogs."

"Lucrative business," Master said, hushing Bailey when the vet took a vaginal sample.

"Almost done, sweetie," the vet praised. He grabbed another thin tool, this time, directing it into her anus. Bailey growled at this one.

"No, pet," Master scolded from above her, trying to keep the grin off his face at his pet's antics.

"Healthy temperature," the vet said.

Bailey whined when she felt two fingers enter her cunt this time, thrusting slowly as she was stretched. Her legs still hung above her hips in the stirrups, strangely inverted to the way she was normally mounted. More lubricant was added to her cunt, further slickening her channel. Soon, Bailey could feel sweat beginning to dampen her skin, slicken the paper on the metal table beneath her.

"Untouched, but eager?" the vet asked, chuckling at the way the bitch began to respond to his preparation.

"She was ready to mount," the Master said, holding his bitch's arms down. "Took Rusty's knot's very well."

Dr. Smith began to speed up the pace of his fingers, now taking to forcing them wider for her cunt to prepare for a third. He observed Bailey's clit enlarged, growing excited by his fingers and the anticipation of her stud. Her twitching inner thighs and the way her hips fought to remain pinned to the table showed him this bitch had taken well to breeding with studs. Bailey's eyes were cast up at her Master, the man responding with a firm yet gentle hand.

"Ready to breed, Bailey?" the vet asked from between her legs. The bitch twitched at the question, her legs trying to release from the clamps. Her Master chuckled as they removed her from the table. She crawled with her Master's guidance to the soft rubber material.

The vet went to Rocky, panting and excited to mount his bitch. With a firm hand, he took the dog and lead him over to Bailey, the bitch spread her legs in a perfect mount position. Rocky went between her legs with no aggression, his broad tongue licking her lips wider.

"Does he need any incentive?" the vet asked.

The Master scoffed as his dog began to crawl over Bailey. She huffed, shifting her legs as he began to thrust for her cunt. The vet watched Bailey's face carefully upon penetration, her face lurching forward with a gasp but little pain on her face. In fact, as Rocky began to thrust, her jaw dropped, eyes rolling into her head.

"She's enjoying it very much for a new service bitch," the vet said, observing the breeding. Bailey's Master hummed, eyes roaming over his pets as they took their pleasure. "And Rocky is certainly less aggressive than when we last spoke."

The bitch was whining consistently now, her hips giving little pulses to meet Rocky's as he continued to slam into her. The vet moved from where he was standing to get closer. It appeared that Bailey was a good height for Rocky- his hips had a high enough angle to knot in Bailey's cunt and prevent painful tugging.

Dr. Smith looked at Bailey's thighs, noting that there were only superficial scratches on her skin. Rocky's nails were well taken care of, thus, preventing any harm from coming to Bailey. He made a note of her Master's due diligence and praised him as a Pet Master.

When it came to inspecting her cunt, Dr. Smith could see that Bailey was having trouble catching Rocky's knot as he thrust it in and out of her channel. While this would feel good, and made for excellent film, after prolonged exposure, her lips might sustain damage.

Dr. Smith explained as much to her Master.

"Now, see how she's beginning to lose grip on Rocky's knot?" Dr. Smith asked, pointing at where Bailey and Rocky were now joined. Her cunt lips were peeling back, his bulging knot releasing bit by bit. "We don't want Rocky to release too quickly. We want good, effective breedings," Dr. Smith said, pushing Rocky's knot back into Bailey, the bitch grunting.

"Attach the name of your trainer to our bill when we leave," the Master said, thumbing her clit with light strokes. She whined, her cunt beginning to pulse and squeeze. The vet smiled at the potential of Bailey, knowing that Sarah would want to snatch her up in an instant. He plucked her card from a box and added it to the pet files.

"A nice, firm, release," Dr. Smith said, watching as Rocky finally pulled his knot from her stretched rim, the dog panting as he walked away. Dr. Smith observed her gushing cunt, the way it pulsed in time with her heart beat as she moaned. He returned to her vagina with his equipment, stretching her obscenely and allowing Rocky to lick inside her depths as she squealed.

"Everything looks nice and healthy," Dr. Smith said, removing the speculum from her vagina. He twisted her knot plug in some of the juice Rocky left in her cunt, plugging her anus before she could squirm away. "Clean bill of health for the both of them. I will finish up the paperwork and check you out upfront."

Dr. Smith leaned down to pet Bailey one last time, knowing it would not be long before he would see that blissed out, red cheek look on her face again.

"You were a very well-behaved girl, Ms. Bailey," he said, rubbing her hair askew, offering an apple chip to her mouth. He grinned when she took it between her teeth, chewing it slowly as her eyes began to come back to focus.

His last sight of Bailey was of her Master clipping a rather beautiful leather leash to her collar.

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## **Part Four - The New Trainer**

### ***The Post***

Master ran the brush through Bailey's hair with another gentle pass, the brown locks of hair softly falling under his gentle ministrations. She was naked against him, a soft blanket thrown over body to keep the draft from chilling her. While Bailey might have found cover in the blanket, her neck was bound within the soft leather, a silver tag with his credentials on the other side.

A constant reminder of who she belonged to and who cared for her- Master.

Rusty was on the couch, comfortably resting among the pile of legs, his head resting on Bailey's thigh, above the blanket, staking a subtle claim over her. Master ran the brush through her hair again, watching as her fingers made a similar petting motion in between Rusty's eyes, sending the rottie into a blissful state of being.

At the sound of a car door closing, Rusty immediately jumped from the furniture to bark at the door. Bailey, on the other hand, stiffened in apprehension, her nails digging into his stomach with anxiety. Master refrained from hissing, not wanting to further startle his bitch.

"Easy girl," he said, passing the brush over her hair once more. It seemed, however, her attention was now solely fixed on the door. Little point of continuing in such a state, Master set the brush down on the side table as he sat up, dislodging his bitch from his hold.

She squirmed, assuming she was no longer allowed on the furniture. Master chuckled, scooping under her arms to hold her now exposed body close to his own. He pet over her front, passing her breasts, down her stomach and thighs, before making a pass up again.

"Remember we talked about Sarah visiting?" he asked. His bitch whined, turning her body into a more submissive pose, guilt clear in her expression as her eyes darted to the numerous stains left



around the house.

Master brushed her hair back, kissing the top of her head.

“Sarah is going to help me be a better Master to you, my sweet bitch,” he said, feeling himself heat at the groin.

The doorbell rang, Bailey’s head whipping to the sound as Rusty began a new chorus of barking.

“Master,” Bailey whispered as he lowered her back to the floor. She whined, nuzzling the side of his leg, looking up at him with the saddest of eyes, cheeks flushed.

“It’s okay, Bailey,” Master said, walking to the door. In his periphery, he saw Bailey battle internally, wanting to stay away from the door or find comfort in the proximity of her Master. “Dr. Smith recommended Sarah’s services and I would *never* put a bitch in danger.”

He unlocked the door with a last look at her.

“Master knows best.”

The door opened to reveal a woman holding a large diaper bag overflowing with fruit chips and toys that could be easily played with by both human and dog.

“Oh, is this the big guard dog defending his territory?” Sarah said, taking note of Rusty’s slightly raised hackles.

Master watched the interaction carefully, knowing that his approval meant nothing if his pets could not get along with the trainer. Rusty was less cautious of unknown women, never knowing when the next one he might meet would be on his cock. Still, a stranger at the door brought his instincts to the front.

Sarah did not cower under the stud’s growls. He shook his head side to side and began a slow approach. Sarah said nothing, reaching her fist out for him to inspect. She did not ask to pet him, simply allowed for Rusty to decide if she met his approval.

His stud sniffed at her skin, eyes no longer interested in staring down a threat, but identifying smells. Rusty’s nub tail started to wag, a clear give away that he approved of the woman, the lick to her hand only another sign.

Master smiled- one of his pets approved, now for the other.

“Sarah, so glad you could make it,” Master said, shaking his hand as he stepped to the side of the door.

“I was ecstatic when Dr. Smith hinted at your call.” Sarah carried her items in, her attention still focused on Rusty. Sarah must have enough experience to know that a pet would be rather apprehensive of meeting anyone within their...dog park.

Master looked at Bailey, on her hands and knees, hiding under the kitchen table. She did that when she was scared, Master noticed, providing her protection from the chair legs around her, making it difficult for him or Rusty to reach.

He felt himself soften, walking over the floor with steady steps and crouching to where she was hiding. She lifted her lip in a bit of a growl, daring him to grab for her collar.

"Is that the pretty girl there?" Sarah asked. She put the bag on a high counter, the contents rattling suspiciously.

What surprised Master was Sarah dropping to her hands and knees, fully clothed, and crawling under a one of the kitchen chairs.

"My, you are a special puppy-girl to have this one under your paws long enough to call me."

Several things happened in a moment.

The first was the noticeable blush that overtook Bailey's entire body, even if she tried to hide it by curling herself inward. Praise was a fast way to Bailey's heart- Master wondered how long it would be until Sarah discovered Petting was another.

The second sensation was one that occurred within Master. It was true, he and Rusty had employed three bitches over the years, Bailey being the fourth. Master *never* felt the same desire to look after a pet as he did Bailey. He did not take them to Dr. Smith for a vet check up nor did he call Sarah for her training services.

He and Bailey were both reaching the part in their relationship where she would begin to test boundaries. At this point, Master would commonly break the contract.

Instead, he bought her a collar.

Master felt things for his pet that he did not with the others.

"First time meetings can be jarring for pets, even the toughest of breeds." Sarah said, her hand reaching to a bag on her hip. She held up an apple chip, then tossed it forward.

Bailey looked almost affronted at being bribed, to the point that Master thought it would break her of the headspace. Yet, Sarah seemed to know what she was doing as Bailey unwound her body from the tight fetal position to grab the apple chip.

It took ten more minutes of the three on the ground and four apple chips before Bailey crawled out from under the kitchen table.

The fifth chip was held in Sarah's hand. Bailey regarded the treat for a moment, then her eyes found Master's.

He nodded his approval.

"Good girl," Sarah said, petting over Bailey's hair as she chewed on the final treat. Bailey still looked unsure of the woman petting over her back, yet she was no longer hiding. "She likes apple chips, huh?" Sarah said, sitting down on the ground next to Bailey so she could continue to pet the bitch.

"Yes," Master said. "I only want to give treats that both can consume."

"Good to know I don't have to do any treat training. I had an owner feeding his puppy chocolate and wondering why his stud was sick."

It seemed that Bailey had enough of Sarah's attention. She slunk off, crawling with her tail nub as tucked as it could be, towards Master's leg. She sat down and nuzzled him, begging for it to be over. He hushed her, dropping a hand to her head.

Sarah moved from the ground to the couch, petting Rusty when he came to inspect her once more.

"Tell me some of the problems you've noticed," she began.

Bailey stiffened under his hand, anticipating punishment. He continued to pet her as he spoke.

"I've begun to realize the consequences of...free breeding."

Master supposed in the short term, with his other bitches, he had anticipated a fair degree of carpet cleaning and stain removals. Rusty was a virile stud and a dog, there are always going to be fluids when breeding pets. Yet, as Bailey had begun to live with both, long term, finding crusted cum stains in his closet over clothing or the rugs wet at random hours had become more apparent.

And he could only blame himself for not instructing Bailey and Rusty.

"Alright, understandable. I've got a couple of things for that. What do you three do as a pack?"

Bailey nuzzled his hands, demanding him to pet through her hair. Master had no response for Sarah. The woman hummed.

"Pack play is a critical part of long-term pets. If your pet thinks she's being...whored or milled, to studs, it risks our integrity as owners."

"Then lets get to work," Master said.

Sarah's attitude changed, back to the jovial woman as she practically skipped to the contents in her bag.

"Come here, Bailey," Sarah said, patting her thighs, "Let's try some things out." As Sarah rattled in the kitchen, Rusty at her side begging for treats, Bailey looked up to Master. He nudged her along, prompting her to crawl forward.

With slow movements, she made her way over to the kitchen to inspect what Sarah was doing by the sink with the water.

"Remember," Sarah said, "she's a human-pet, a sweet puppy-girl. She can't drink from a bowl."

In Sarah's hand were what Master supposed were two choices of water apparatus for Bailey to choose from. One was what he had seen at pet stores for rabbits, a upturned bottle and a lick nipple at the end. The other had a similar bottle that would use gravity to help give the water, only shaped like a cock.

Master didn't mind which Bailey chose, they both made him hard in his jeans.

When Bailey didn't speak or indicate which to try first, either too stunned or stubborn, Sarah put down the bunny lick. Before his bitch could escape, Sarah grabbed the scruff of her hair and rubbed the slit of the cock over her lips.

"Come on, girl, be good and try," she asked in a sweet tone. Bailey slowed her struggles, her eyes wet with near tears as she submitted and opened her mouth.

"Good girl, Bailey," Master said, straining to keep his voice from cracking as Sarah slid more of the cock sheath into her mouth. Bailey tipped her head back, jaw slackening as a tear dripped down her eye. Her tossed back head exposed her throat working for the water, bubbles rumbling at the top.

His cock throbbed.

“Alright, that’s enough girl,” Sarah said, slipping the cock out of her mouth. Bailey gasped, coughing and spluttering water everywhere. Master would have helped Bailey as she choked, but Sarah was helping her and he wanted them to bond. “Yeah, you chugged that down.”

Master looked at the bottle and noticed half of the contents were missing.

“Have you been training her oral fixation?” Sarah asked, rubbing over Bailey’s chest now that the bitch had regained her breath. Rusty came over and started to lick at the water on her chest, checking her, before moving to his own water dish.

“Training? No,” he strained in his seat. Sarah hummed as she looked at the two water bottles.

“Until she learns not to chug the water, I’d suggest using the bunny lick. We don’t want her to drown or throw up if she’s too waterlogged for breeding.”

Master shuddered, not wanting to think of the mess.

“Well, now that we’re all hydrated, should we address the free breeding?”

“I’ve already begun creating a space for them to breed rather than mating over the entire house. Shall we?” He asked. Sarah nodded her head, making sure to grab her back from the counter as he showed her the room.

It was on the first floor, to prevent Bailey from harming herself climbing up or down stairs. The floor was matted with rubber tiles, easy to clean and sound proof. There was her bench in the center of the room, the leather binding hoops for her legs and arms in large loops, waiting to be tightened against flesh. A small collection of leashes lined one of the walls, some plugs, vibrators and a collection of oils and prays hidden in drawers.

Bailey shifted her squatting sit wider, no doubt wet as Rusty was salivating.

“Before Rusty gets too excited, I’m actually going to have this session be with you and Bailey.”

Master wasn’t expecting this, but he trusted her judgment. Rusty was wagging his tail, knowing why he was in the room, and sniffing at Bailey’s tail as she tried to keep her butt planted to the ground, shy around this new stranger. Master grabbed Rusty before he could push Bailey into a mounting position, leading him away from her with strained muscles.

“Sorry buddy,” he said, sexiling his dog by closing the door.

“Bailey,” Sarah said, catching his bitch’s attention. “I’m going to ask your Master to make you feel nice and good while I get a new toy for you, okay?”

They could all see Bailey breathing faster, excitement, anxiety, anticipation, coiled around her. She gave a short bark.

“Come here, girl,” Master summoned, watching as she crawled to him, her arms naturally dipping her chest lower to the ground, superficially raising her ass. He sat down on one of the chairs he used to prep her, to spank her when she was naughty. With practiced ease, she moved to his legs, nuzzling his thigh once, before climbing over him.

He hummed in pleasure as he ran an appreciative hand down the flesh of her spine, feeling the curve

of her body as he arrived to the nub tail. He checked around the base and found it to be drying.

“Sit, Bailey,” he instructed, watching with a pleased expression as she sighed with displeasure, but followed his order. He got up from the chair, feeling her eyes on him as he walked to the drawer holding lubricant.

Unsure of the activities Sarah had in mind, he selected a standard one that was for a wide range of play. Before he ventured back to his bitch, he picked up another toy, sliding it into his pocket so she would be unaware until he played with it.

Bailey was quick to climb back on his lap when he sat down, her butt wiggling to show her happiness at his return.

Soft moans and the glide of wet fingers joined the commotion of whatever Sarah was building. Master kept his fingers on Bailey, playing her thoughts from her mind with a stroke over her clit each time she would grow curious enough to look at Sarah. He would draw a moan from her with a push of his finders inward, or a bark if he crooked them upward.

Sarah was building something that looked similar to a breeding bench, if it were a T. He slid his free hand up Bailey’s rump, pulling her cheek open and blowing air over her hole when she heard Sarah. His bitch whined and dropped her head, hair providing an effective curtain.

Bailey gave such a wonderful sound when he removed her plug, wetting it once more, abundant enough to spread around her soft pucker. She barked when he slid the plug back into her ass.

The bench was slanted at an angle, braced on the bottom. Towards the lower end of the cushioned bar was an odd mesh material. Master dribbled some more lube over her slit, watching how her body clenched at the cold sensation. She panted, drawn to orgasm, and backed off.

“Alright Bailey, bring your daddy over here and I can show you how it works.”

Bailey moaned, her hands quaking as Master denied her further touch. She humped at his legs a few time, clit trying to find purchase against the skin of his thighs. He chuckled, moving his hands to pick up her hips and nudge her off his body.

Flushed and panting, Bailey was able to finally look at the toy Sarah built. Crawling over to it, Master noticed it would be very easy for her to straddle.

Which was exactly what Sarah instructed her to do.

The bitch sat back on her haunches with a look of surprise on her face.

“Yes, puppy, I’m asking you to masturbate.”

Bailey’s breath audibly hitched at the word, her eyes cast to the side, face ablaze with shame. Master walked over to reassure his bitch as Sarah put her hand on the toy.

“Masturbating is healthy for girl puppies as much as boy puppies,” he whispered in her ear, almost feeling the heat of shame in her body. She shook her head, denial ingrained in her.

Master would find her humping furniture, the rug of the carpet, pillows, to entice Rusty to mount. Only when Master was with her, did she properly present. While this wasn’t unhealthy, it caused for a lot of cleaning.

"Oh puppy-girl," Sarah said, sliding over to the other side of Bailey, the two of them boxing her in, unable to escape. "I bet your Master would love to see you use the Humping Post."

Bailey growled at Sarah, her lips turned upward.

Master made a choice, knowing that Bailey was acting out of old, ingrained fears and shame, to show her that this was still acceptable. He was still her first Master, and all bitches had trouble shifting from sex with humans to including an animal into their play without constant shame grabbing them.

"I'll show you, Bailey," Master said.

He stood and began to strip himself of his clothing. His socks he tossed in the hamper that held cloths for cleaning his bitch, stud, and equipment. His shirt and pants were neatly folded and placed on the chair he prepped Bailey in. His underwear was tossed in the hamper as well, leaving his skin pebbled to the slight chill of the air.

Taking hold of the same lube he used on his bitch, Master felt a wild burst of pleasure race through him as his bitch looked upon him with obvious lust. He walked to the lowered bench and knelt on the ground, awaiting his bitch as she crawled to him.

"I'll show you it's okay," he said, kissing her forehead. He ran his fingers over the silicone hairs that would rub against his cock, her cunt. They were hard, yet the silicone allowed them to bend whichever way he manipulated them. Excited to entice her, Master poured some lube over the fingers and straddled the cushion.

"Normally, you would lay on your hands and knees," Sarah said as Master hummed, feeling the way the fingers cupped his sack, the lube warming with his natural heat. He leaned back, gripping the bottom T bars with his hands, thrusting his hips along the silicone.

On a particularly hard thrust forward, the bench dipped low and a bell chimed. Master halted his movements, an eyebrow lifted in Sarah's direction.

"There is a bell, so you can know if your pet is using it."

Master leaned forward, thrusting harder to gauge the sound of the bell. When his eyes rolled into his head, and the bell sounded, he was sure if he left the door to the room cracked, he could hear if Bailey was using the bench from his office.

Not wanting to drag his own orgasm out, desiring to see Bailey break under the soft silicone, Master was quick to come. White streaks rubbed between the hairs, massaging them around his balls as he moaned. A few moments were spent catching his breath. He sat upright, righting his hair as he dismounted.

"Up Bailey," he ordered, tapping on the come covered bench. "Use the Humping Post."

She blushed in shame at the reminder of the name, yet her lips were parted as she panted. Master bet if she were a real dog, she could taste his come in the air. Clearly, her arousal had beaten through her resistance, as her legs wobbled to climb over the bench.

While this toy felt great on his cock, he imagined it was designed specifically for a pet with a clit in mind. The wide expanse of the silicone hairs parted along every fold of her cunt, spreading his come from her outer folds, down to pushing along the hairs of her plug.

Bailey barked with pleasure, dipping forward, unable to help herself as her body thrust against the soft fibers of the Humping Post.

"There you go!" Sarah praised, petting along her back with enough pressure to keep Bailey from lifting off the bench. "See? Doesn't that feel good?"

Bailey was unable to help the sound that left her mouth, her legs trying to find the right angle to grip the cushion. Her eyes were closed, a barrier keeping her from pleasure.

Sarah and Master both noticed this, yet said nothing of it, having already made so much progress.

"Keep going, Bailey," Master ordered, watching as her muscles twitched, listening to his order as she began to hump faster. It spread his scent along her skin, deep into her body. He could feel his cock struggling to get hard a second time.

Bailey panted, moaned, her head twisting as if in pain at taking her own pleasure. Yet, it mounted and crested, a wave flowing from her body in frantic motions, humping furiously against the silicone. She cried out, her body pulsing as she came over the Post.

"Good girl," Master praised, petting over her face, pleased the way her eyes flickered.

"What a good cummie, Bailey!" Sarah praised, clapping her hands with enthusiasm. Bailey moaned at the phrase, flushing as she tried to hide.

Master chuckled at her, the sweet pet, embarrassed over a breeding term.

"Such a good girl," Master assured, petting over her back, bringing her slowly to comfort. "Using the Post. Did you like it?"

Her eyes dilated, of course she did, he was hoping she would admit it.

Bailey gave a soft bark and shyly turned her head to Sarah, nuzzling her outstretched hand.

"Oh, sweet puppy-girl," Sarah cooed. "Let me grab your stud. You stay," she said the last word as an order, his pet stiffening under his tone.

Master watched as Sarah, despite being a shorter woman, wrangled Rusty with a firm hand. She brought him to heel, asking several commands from him and only rewarding the stud when he listened. By the time he ate his third treat, he was listening to Sarah's command.

He was pleased with her knowledge as a trainer so far.

"Alright, boy," Sarah said, bringing Rusty to Bailey on the Post. "Clitty kisses," she ordered, pointing at the juncture of Bailey's legs. Master knew that Rusty did not recognize the verbal command, but the pointing was an order that he had given numerous times.

Rusty dove for her tail, putting his tongue to good use and lapping along the silicone fibers, chasing after both of their mating fluids. Bailey began to moan again, her hips rocking as Rusty licked.

Rusty grew to the point he would stop licking and began to push upward, moving to hitch his legs over her body. Sarah grabbed his scruff and puled him back down.

"Clitty kisses," she ordered. Rusty complied for the first time, Bailey's moans and barks breaking the sound. When Rusty would stop to mount, Sarah would order him back to Bailey's cunt.

"Clitty kisses," she would say to Rusty, fingers sometimes tapping on her tail plug, her cunt lips or the flesh of her thigh.

Bailey spoke, barking twice, pleading as she could while thrusting against the silicone hairs of the Post, Rusty's tongue providing another texture to torture her. Her eyes watered, her legs were quivering and head twisted to beg to both Sarah and Master.

And all while Bailey thrust her hips against the sensation of dog tongue, the sound of a bell reminded her of what she was doing. Soon, Master could tell this bell would be her own Pavlovian response. He had little doubt that she would be able to hear any bell now without getting flushed in the face or wet between the legs.

"There's my good girl," Master praised when she came for a second time. "Good cummies," he said, brushing over her collar. Sarah was able to pull Rusty off the bench, preventing the stud from breeding her yet.

Bailey would need a little time to recover, luckily Sarah was booked to stay until the evening.

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### ***Positive Reinforcement***

Bailey felt as if her body was made of lead, molded on the inclination of the humping post, her body over sensitized and floating in the warmth of an orgasm. She felt a hand petting her hair, the scratch of nails unfamiliar to her.

She whined until the all too familiar hand of her Master settled over the center of her back. Sighing, Bailey flopped back onto the bench. On her hand, the licking of Rusty's tongue. She hummed, trying to summon the energy to pet her stud, but the angle of her arm was awkward.

Something touched the end of her lips, cold and metallic. Eyes fluttering in the light, she could make out the hazy image of her Master and attempted to nuzzle his hand. Muted voices sounded above her, the nails of Rusty prowling around her exposed form.

The metal came to her lips again. She attempted to suck, but found nothing came out as the last cock. The tip of the metal bit was pushed just a bit deeper into her mouth, not enough to cause Bailey to gag, but for her teeth to bite down.

That felt awful. She shook her head, thighs clenching as she began to sit up in protest.

Another set of hands fell on her hips, pushing her down and reminding her of the soft silicone fibers of the Humping Post. Jolting, gasping, the metallic bit rubbed painfully in her mouth until her tongue managed to push against it.

Water, only enough to be a drip, pushed back against her tongue.

Bailey hadn't realized how thirsty she was until the cool liquid kissed her. Eager for more, Bailey focused on the end of the nipple, the metal still awkwardly held in her mouth. She turned her head to the side, neck angled to prevent her teeth from coming in contact.

After a series of strange sucking sounds and her tongue pushing against it, Bailey found that a fast licking against the ball bit within the shaft released small amounts of water. She moaned as she drank, her body pitching forward to try and catch more.



As she drank, Bailey's view of Master cleared. He was standing above her, holding the bunny lick at an angle. His arm was strained, the muscles engaged as she realized he was struggling against her own weight as she drank. When her eyes fell lower, wanting to be submissive, they caught the clear straining of his pants.

She blushed and couldn't help the involuntary movement of her hips.

"You're doing so well, puppy-girl!" Sarah said from where she was petting Rusty. The dog looked calmer, but Bailey knew the tension in his body. His eyes were zeroed in on her form, paying little attention to the affection that Sarah was giving him.

Rusty would later mount her, and she would feel it for several days.

Master pulled the nipple from her mouth, water dripping down from her lips. Before she could raise a hand to wipe her face, Master had a cloth gently removing the mess she made.

"What a good girl," Master praised, picking her up around the middle to remove her from the Post. Bailey blushed as she turned, looking to see that Rusty dove for the silicone fibers, his tail wagging as he cleaned the remnant of her orgasm.

Master ran his hand through her hair, his hand coming to rest on the crux of her collar and neck. She moaned, eyes fluttering as the warmth spread through her body. His finger pushed against a sore part of her neck, Bailey melting into the side of his leg as she relished in his proximity.

"You've been a very good bitch, Bailey," Master hummed. Bailey still blushed at the term, her status, but she was a good girl. His nails scratched gently along her scalp, trailing down to the leather stitching and with every movement, she could feel her name tag bump along her breast bone.

"I think you have to go out."

Bailey felt all of the blood that had flushed along her face drop. She stiffened and Master noticed immediately, his hand becoming firmer, comforting and stabilizing.

After scenes, it was common that she had to pee. The intense adrenaline rush of breeding or a scene with Master, his playing and torture, would flood her with hormones. He was gentle and firm with his aftercare, taking good care of his stud and bitch. Once she was watered, Master would often let her in the bathroom, the door closed, for only three minutes while she collected herself.

When he would open the bathroom door, Bailey was expected to return to the pup space.

Now, that seems to have changed. She calmed the panic in her, the passing thumb of Master on her spine reassuring her. Breathing slowly, she turned her attention back to her Master and shook her head.

Bailey startled when she heard Sarah laugh from the other side of the room, having almost forgotten she was there.

"Oh puppy-girl, why do you think I'm here?" She stood up and pat her hands on her thighs twice. "Who wants to go out?" She asked in an excited voice. Rusty perked up from the Post, bounding over and around Sarah with an excited wuff.

Bailey felt her lip pull back in a snarl, hunching back on her haunches to sit closer to Master.

In reality, she did have to go out, but this was...

"Bailey," the stern voice of Master caused her to flinch from where she was growling. Her shoulders curled and even Rusty took heed of his tone. Bailey whined, she wanted to be good, but the pressure on her bladder and the pressure in her mind were at war. Unable to find the words, she whined and nuzzled Master's knee.

Master dropped a hand to her head for only a moment. He stepped away from her, his presence leaving her exposed to Sarah's gaze. When Master returned, he reached for the D ring of Bailey's collar and the click that broke the silence told her what he had.

"Come, Bailey," Master said, his voice firm but no longer scolding. "I know you have to go out."

With the word, Rusty started to bounce around the room again. Sarah lead the party out of the breeding room, Rusty hot on her heels. Master gave a tug to the collar, pulling her to her hands and knees. He gave her a moment to think about walking on her own, which Bailey debated sitting down for.

Only the pressure in her bladder was beginning to travel further down her torso.

She dropped her head as she slowly crawled forward.

"There's my good girl," he said, waiting for her to come to his knee. Rather than walk forward, Master reached for one of the treats he kept in his pocket. He held it to her lips and she took the little morsel.

"Here," Sarah said, walking closer to her and Master. She extended a small plastic box to Master that fit in the palm of his hand. Bailey could only catch a glimpse of the device from her angle on hands and knees. She felt anticipation as she thought it might be a vibrator.

Yet when Master clicked it, only a sound was made. Bailey turned her head in confusion, looking up at the both of them. Master seemed to understand what it was though. He flipped the sounder in his hand, a dark expression on her face much the same that Rusty had. He clicked it again, this time looking at Bailey.

She didn't understand...had she done something wrong...was she expected to do something?

Bailey sat back on her legs, her bladder growing more insistent, and whined to her Master, trying to figure what he wanted. The leash was slack in his hand, and rather than say anything, he began to walk forward.

She followed at his pace.

"Good bitch," Master praised, accompanied with a double click from the item in his hand. Bailey still didn't understand what he wanted from her, but she supposed she was doing it right.

Bailey hesitated at the door leading to the grass. Rusty bounded outside as he usually did, eager to scent along the perimeter and mark his territory. Tied to one of the sturdy trees outside, Master had installed a rope toy for him to tug when he got too aggressive with Bailey.

Another pull had her whine, head low as she walked outside. She shivered, the cold only making her body feel a larger urge to pee. She whined, knowing that Master would not allow her to escape this.

"Come on, girl, lets go out." Sarah walked to Master, who easily handed her the leash. Bailey felt her anxiety rise as Sarah began to walk in the grass, the leash's slack growing taught. Before she could be dragged, Bailey reluctantly walked to Sarah.

The grass was cool on her hands and knees, causing her to shiver. She paused, the chill wracking her body to curl in. Sarah must have noticed her frigid stance and paused.

"You can go right here, girl," Sarah said, squatting right before Bailey's face. She panted with anxiety, seeing that Master was only a few strides from where they were in the grass. In fact, she was in the middle of the yard, Rusty having circled the perimeter with his attention back on her.

Bailey blushed as she felt the growing heaviness of her bladder rest along her pubic bone. It was beginning to hurt and there was no way she was going to make it to a toilet, nevertheless be allowed to use it. Her human mind, the one that existed outside of bitching services, fought against what was asked of her while her body warred for a natural release.

She felt tears pooling at her eyes as the battle raged on. Maybe if she just submitted, like she did so many of Master's requests, it would be over and she could forget about it.

"Oh, it's not that bad." Sarah said, scratching her head so it skewed her hair. Her lack of a response brought a sigh out of Sarah, like she was going to be forced to use other measures. It began with the trainer moving around her body, hands coming to rest on her kidneys.

Bailey cried, a tear falling into the ground. Her head was turned to look at Master, watching them both in the grass.

"Can't," Bailey cried to Sarah, her attention on her Master.

"Okay, girl, I can see you clenching." Sarah said. The hands on her hips mercilessly removed themselves from her kidneys, shifting down to her hips. "Pee shy is normal for puppies," Sarah seemed to say to Master as Bailey was maneuvered. "Lets try this squat then, there you go, let gravity do the work."

Now Bailey was squatting, her legs spread wide, ass directly facing the ground. She could feel that her tail was brushing the grass. In this new position, the weight of her bladder shifted downward and she released with a groan that had her tip forward.

Sarah was kind enough to catch her.

"That's a good girl," said Sarah, that clicking sound coming from her. Bailey didn't feel like a good girl, peeing as she was. Yet, her body flooded with relief, impossible to stop the flow, Bailey kept her eyes shut as she continued.

"I shouldn't have expected you to lift your leg, Bailey," Master said, the sound of his voice causing her to open her eyes. Though she was supported by Sarah, she accepted the gentle stroke of Master's hand over her cheeks, removing the tears that fell.

Bailey was unable to escape the cold feeling of a wet wipe swiped over her butt. She yelped, jumping out of her grasp and tucking her tail. Before she could scramble away, Sarah had her gripped tight and diligently cleaned her rear.

Bailey was flushing a furious shade of red, ignoring the sound of the clickers. Rusty had ambled over to them all, his nose to the ground. Master pulled Bailey to the side, moving her out of the way in

time-

In time for Rusty to lift his leg and pee over the spot Bailey had gone.

And when he finished, the stud walked to her, licked up the side of her collar, then raced for his rope toy.

She was flushed for several reasons, sitting next to Master, stunned, watching with a thick ball of anticipation in her stomach as Rusty tugged with all his might on the rope toy.

“Lunch time, Bailey,” Master said. He took her leash back in his hand, leading her back to the porch. “Sarah, there is a lunch platter in the fridge, may you grab it?”

Sarah gave her affirmative and left for the inside of the house. Master pulled one of the couch cushions to the ground, next to one of the chairs. Bailey crawled over to it, sitting next to him as close as she could, trying to keep the autumn chill from her bare body.

A warm red light cast over the porch and Bailey felt her skin warm immediately. She sank into the leg next to her Master, humming into his calf in appreciation as the heat lamps brought her skin back to a comfortable temperature. Master responded with a warm hand on her head, straightening out the mess that Sarah made of her hair. Though his fingers carded through the knots, he was gentle with untangling them.

Before she could drop further into his comfort, Bailey heard Sarah return, the sliding door closing behind her. In her hand was a large plate of small foods that would be easy for Master to hand Bailey.

She looked at the table board of cheeses, fruits, and small meats. Rusty must have smelled what Sarah brought, now sitting next to Bailey.

“Aww,” Sarah said. “Look at your puppies begging.”

Master hummed and looked over them both. Bailey felt Rusty next to her, the stud large and protective, warm and muscular at her side.

He picked up a small slice of cheese. Rusty licked his lips, adjusting his stance to sit.

Bailey’s stomach actually rumbled, loud enough that it was impossible to excuse.

She flinched, clutching her stomach. Oh, this day was filled with embarrassing moments.

“Stop starving her,” Sarah scolded Master. The man, spurred by Bailey’s unauthorized protest, put the cheese to her lips.

“Go lay down, Rusty,” Master ordered as he pushed the morsel into her mouth. He watched her, his eyes almost hypnotically holding her gaze, as she chewed the food. His hand took another piece of food, this time, some popcorn. He put a kernel in her mouth, a second, a third.

Then came a piece of salami. The meat was larger, heartier, and required her to chew longer. As she ate, fed by Master’s gentle hand, she heard a distant conversation rumbling above her. Master offered her a red grape, fat and juicy. She took it carefully, her tongue stretching to lick along his fingers before she began chewing slowly.

Bailey adjusted herself on the cushion, sitting so she was leaning against Master’s leg with one hand

petting Rusty. Her stud enjoyed resting his head on her thigh, having access to lick at her stomach and whatever crumbs she might have dropped. As she was fed, she was able to pet her stud.

At one point, chewing slowly, she looked down at her stud and could see he was clearly begging her for some treat. Scratching down his ears, Bailey noted that Master and Sarah were invested in their conversation.

She opened her mouth as obediently as she had the other times, the salty meat of salami bursting on her tongue as she took it from Master's fingers. She turned her head so she was looking over Rusty, and opened her mouth.

The salami cube dropped between her lap and the stud dove for the treat. Bailey yelped, not anticipating where the treat would land, as the dog lapped up the treat, licking around her thighs as well.

"You've got a sneaky girl," Sarah laughed, having clearly seen the whole thing. Nothing seemed to escape Master, the hum and look he gave Bailey indicating he noticed her actions.

"If you're fed enough for games, then present."

Master's favorite game.

Bailey only spared a brief glance at Sarah before she turned her hips so they could better see her tail plug and hole. Stretching her knees on the cushion, Bailey didn't have to wait for long before Rusty's attention was on her clit, eager strokes of his tongue quickly replaced with the mass of his body.

Bailey huffed under his weight, shifting her hips as she felt his cock slide along her thigh, trying to find purchase in her cunt. The tail she wore heled him angle his cock against the crease of her ass. He thrust his body, the weight of him pitching her forward.

Stronger than she had been when she started bitching for Rusty, Bailey got her arms back under her, bracing her weight against his own, she shifted her stance along with his frantic movements until he caught within her.

Bailey barked.

Several clicks from the plastic echoed over the sound of slapping sex. Rusty took her just as fiercely as he always did, the desperate movement of his hips as his front paws tried to pull her closer to his body. It was as if his cock was trying to fuck through her body, to find a place for him to remain forever.

Now that Bailey was a regular client of Master's and therefore, Rusty, the stud was no longer so quick in his breeding's. It was not a race to a finish line that might not ever come again. Now, it was a marathon, one that Rusty was a practiced runner.

He fucked and fucked and fucked with all the enthusiasm of a stud, intent on breeding a future line of studs and bitches.

Bailey moaned, her head turning to the side as his knot began to expand around the lips of her cunt. She panted, her hand clutching against nothing as the dog attempted to drive her back down into the floor. Determined to keep herself up, Bailey clenched her cunt.

And then barked when she felt his knot expand.

Rusty was really thrusting into her now, her breasts moving with the force of his thrusts that she was sure to be sore tomorrow. His balls were slapping along her labia, the fine pubic hairs spiking her with pained pleasure at each slap.

Bailey could feel herself cresting again, the best of orgasms, the taboos, found with her under Rusty and his cock.

The dog's knot was merciless as it continued its assault within her body, pushing, driving its way deeper into her, until the flesh was as far as could go- forced now to expand.

"Master," she moaned, eyes fluttering as Rusty's knot stretched past her rim, beaten into her pussy with the strength of his hips and forepaws pulling her deeper on it. She struggled to keep upright the strain in her shoulders pushing in a beautiful cocktail along the pleasure in her cunt.

The clicking sound and Master's warm hand resting on her collar, offering her praise, for taking Rusty, for presenting so willingly.

"Bailey," her name came, different from Master...Sarah. "Bailey, puppy-girl, there she is." Sarah said. She was kneeling to Bailey's side. Her hand likely on top of Rusty. "Can you give me three clenches?"

Bailey moaned, the exertion of her arms hard enough to keep up. She panted, feeling Rusty pulsing within her.

A click of the plastic came.

"Come on, girl, two more," Sarah encouraged.

Bailey concentrated, her body feeling all sorts of sensations as she kept Rusty on her spine. She gave two more weak attempts, unsure if her body even responded or if she was doing something akin to a bowel movement.

Apparently, it was good enough for Sarah, as the clicking of the plastic came.

And with it, a rush of praise that was non-verbal.

"Yes, Bailey," Master said, having noticed Bailey's response to the clicker. "You are a good bitch," He clicked the plastic several times, reinforcing the praise. Before Bailey could protest, Rusty decided it would be time to slip from her spine.

He moved in a clumsy manner off her spine, jostling her strained arms so she was pinned a little lower, ass higher in the air. With it positioned as it was, she could feel the way her tail plug strained against her rim, pulling along with the knot in her cunt.

Bailey panted, feeling how the weight of Rusty was now solely on her cunt, knot kept tight inside by her kegel. Before it was asked of her, she pulsed again.

"Oh," she slipped, whispering. The pleasure with her pulsing drew Rusty back into her body, spreading his knot along her g-spot. She shifted her weight, trying to clench him again.

The clicking sounded off, she was unsure if it came from Sarah or Master, but she was sure of chasing her orgasm. With each kegel, he could pull Rusty's balls closer to her clit, a brief rub, a

slight tease, that would push her closer and closer to the edge.

Bailey didn't mean to challenge Rusty to a game of tug of war where her body was the white flag, but she apparently did, and the stud was reigning champion as he pulled his knot from his body with a lurch. The sensation of it slipping free, the feeling and *squelch* of come that flooded out of her body, had Bailey's hips twitching in the air as she came.

Her hips thrust against nothing, voice crying out in broken pitches, and the sound of the clicker fueling that she was a good girl.

Much like before, Master took care of Bailey. She felt a warm blanket fall over her naked body, the warmth of the lamp above her making her feel as if she were in a nest. It wasn't long before Rusty came to her side, licking along her face twice before he laid down behind her with a tired huff.

Sarah came over to her, holding her hand out for the bitch to sniff. Bailey rubbed her nose along the woman's hand, taking two of her fingers in her mouth to give a gentle lick. The woman softly cooed over Bailey.

"I'll see you soon, sweet-girl," She said, putting a kiss on her hand, then booping Bailey's nose. She did the same to Rusty and left from the outside of the yard.

Bailey could see that Master still had one of the loops of her leash in his hand, yet it appeared he was as content as Bailey and Rusty. She grumbled a bit, shifting her body so she could flop over the end of his feet, making sure that the blanket was over him.

And as she drifted off, she heard the sound of the clicker.

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Part Five - Lace and Longing

Master was quite pleased with the results of Sarah's visit. Initially, he found himself skeptical of her provided services, yet he trusted the word and experience of Dr. Smith. He found himself fawning over Bailey more than the other bitches he hired in the past and that desire...wanted to make him push further than he'd gone with the other pets.

He and Rusty only had a few hours with their bitch before she would remove her collar and return to the real world.

"Bailey," Master said, catching her attention from where she was petting Rusty on the dog bed. She perked her head up, hand still stroking her stud, but made no movement to get up. Rather than remove the pleasant sight of a bitch and her stud cuddling, he stood and walked into the breeding room.

The sight of his entry into the room spurred Rusty into the room. With his stud sniffing the various toys he could reach, most of his attention on the Humping Post, Master searched for the perfect thing for Bailey to wear.

By the time he had chosen the matching set, Bailey had crawled into the room, sitting at his side with a side eye to the Post.

"I want to try some pack bonding," Master said, removing his shirt so his torso was bare. He made

no move to hide his nudity from his bitch, taking pleasure in the way that her eyes roamed over his body. "I have given Sarah's words some thought and I believe it would be best for us to try some stretching exercises."

Bailey leveled him with a glare, yet kept human words to herself.

"Don't give me that look, Bailey," Master said. He stripped off the remainder of his clothing and promptly ignored Bailey. He turned his attention to the soft lace in his hands, away from her gaze. "Being on your hands and knees, being *bred* causes a lot of stress on your joints and spine."

He turned around to show not one, or two, but three pieces of lace.

They were all the same dark navy-blue color. Master thought that the color would do well for her complexion and complement the supple brown leather of her collar. The blush on her face spread down to her chest, her nipples visibly hardening.

Bailey stuck her tongue out and began panting at the sight.

Master chuckled and hit his praise clicker several times. He felt his cock harden at the sight of her, her legs shifting to widen as she no doubt grew more aroused at the sight of the panties and bralette. He set her pieces down, the final piece of lace in his hands.

Bailey gasped as Master lifted his own leg to slide the lace on. Oh yes, he *loved* lace- everything about it. Not only the way it looked on a woman, on a man, or a bitch, but the way it felt when he put his cock against it. It was only when he held an old pair of panties to his cock as he masturbated one lonely night that he discovered the feeling was just as intoxicating wrapped around his own flesh as rutting against it.

"Master," Bailey panted, at his naked ankles and nuzzling his calf. She panted, her butt wagging side to side to show her pleasure at his dressing. He hummed as the soft fabric slipped over his cock, hardening even more with the soft pants of Bailey's lips near him.

"Sit, Bailey," He ordered, knowing that stretching would be more difficult for him if he were harder than he already was. She panted against his hip, nipping him once, before she scampered away from him.

Her eyes were blown with lust and she made no illusion of her arousal, sitting in such a way that it exposed the slickening of her cunt. Master grinned at his bitch, her little mean streak that served him and Rusty well.

He picked up the set of lingerie he purchased for her, stalking to her slowly. When he knelt on the ground, she nuzzled the underside of his jaw.

"Pretty Master," Bailey whispered, her eyes darting up and down to show her submission as she used a non-pup word.

"Thank you, Bailey," Master said, feeling warmed by her praise of him. She hummed, her hands reaching to touch his body. He used the opportunity to slip on one of the loops of her bralette.

He made sure it had no underwire, not wanting for the material to cut into her as she would contort to his movements. She was plaint, if panting, as Master lifted her arm, sliding the lace over shoulders and then head.

He straightened out the lace, slowly unraveling it over her ribs, watching how the lace stretched with elasticity as she breathed. She nuzzled his face and chest, humming in show of her pleasure and thanks. Wrangling her into the panties was a bit more difficult, involving him putting Bailey on her back and manipulating her legs into the holes.

Master was pleased to see that Bailey, rather than hide in embarrassment, rushed from his grasp once he finished wrapping her in lace to sit in front of one of the larger mirrors. He watched her regard her reflection for a moment, his bitch blushing at the sight of her beauty.

Bailey looked like sin in silk and leather. The rich brown leather that was wrapped snugly around her neck complimented the deep navy of her new lace. She lifted her hands, as if unbelieving this was her reflection, and touched her breasts, jolting at the sensation lace could offer.

She turned her hips, on all fours, so she could look at herself with her tail. She froze, the moment where she had to justify that this was Bailey in the mirror...only for her to shake her tail.

With Bailey left mesmerized by her own reflection, Master was quick to load a stretching video on the TV. The sound brought her attention back to him, and she crawled over to his leg. She kissed the side of his knee.

"Thank you, Master," she practically purred. Master clicked her reinforcer and pat her head once.

He checked on Rusty, the dog laying down on one of the dog beds not far from the TV. He seemed to be tired out, having knotted Bailey three more times after Sarah left.

It seemed even his stud had his limit with Bailey.

He took note of the scratches on her hips and the marks that would surely bruise for the rest of the week, reminding Bailey of her favorite job. For now, Master played the stretching program.

"Come on, Bailey," Master said, getting on his own hands and knees, watching the instructor begin to arch and dip his spine. Master followed along with the movements, knowing that Bailey would be soon to follow.

Sure enough, as she did with the Post, with a little demonstration from Master, Bailey was willing to participate. She was stiff in the beginning, her back creaking as she arched, then dropped, but as she moved with the flow, Master was pleased to see that her movements were becoming more organic.

He forced himself to look away from her, his cock beginning to throb.

"Downward dog," Master laughed, sitting up on his toes as he pushed his ass high into the air. The feeling of his cock, now held aloft by the lace, caused him to throb. He concentrated on the stretch, his cock hardening as he saw Bailey cant her hips into the air.

He supposed the pleasant thing about their stretching in lace was that Bailey seemed to be equally as aroused as Master.

On one particular move, laying on the ground, legs bent over one another, Master heard the sound of Bailey's hips cracking, followed by a pleased moan from her lips.

"I'll be sure to add more stretching like this, Bailey," Master assured, feeling his own shoulder pop back into place.

Her body popped several more times they went through the routine, only reinforcing Master's resolve that this would become a common practice for them both. Master did have to break from his own pattern to scold Rusty from licking at Bailey's exposed clit, her tail doing little to protect her in downward dog.

Master was very proud of how Bailey had done in the twenty minutes of stretching. He was going to reach out and praise her, but his bitch seemed to have plans of her own.

"Master," she said, knocking him on his back. She spread her body over his legs, managing to pin them under her weight as her hands gripped the bones of his hips. Her chest, wrapped in navy lace, dropped over his cock. She shifted her breasts over his own lace, causing him to thrust into her chest with a moan. "Good, Master. My Master," she said, rubbing her nose along his abdominal muscles as she stroked his cock with her breasts.

"Rusty," Master gasped, grabbing his studs attention. He pointed at Bailey. "Clitty kisses."

His stud was quick to remember the trainer's command, rushing to Bailey's hips and sticking his snout along her own clit. Bailey gasped as Rusty began to lick her, a moan escaping her mouth. Panting over his erection, Bailey used her teeth to pull the lace, his cock sliding from the side in a delicious movement.

Bailey slid her mouth over his cock, humming in pleasure and sending a ripple of vibrations up his shaft. Master moaned, his hand reaching for the back of her head. He was careful as he guided her face up and down his length. He took his time with training her, feeling the squeeze in her throat and holding only for moment, then backing off to let her catch her breath.

"No, Rusty," Master scolded, the sound weak as Bailey continued to pleasure him with her mouth. He pushed the dog off from mounting her. "You've had enough," he said. "Clitty kisses."

His stud reluctantly went back to licking her clit. Her moans sent wonderful sensations up his cock. Master wrapped his fingers in her hair and braced her. Slowly, he began rocking his hips, watching how her eyes fluttered or widened when he pushed. Bailey struggled when he pushed beyond her gag reflex, her muscles twitching, but each pass deepened the threshold.

"Good girl," he praised, his other hand hitting the clicker. The sound of Rusty's tongue against her cunt grew sloppier as she grew closer, as they both drew near to orgasm.

Master stopped holding back. He alternated pushing his cock in her throat or forcing her face to take it. All the while, she squirmed on the Rusty's tongue, humming that caused Master to feel more pleasure.

It was wonderful when they came, unsure of who was first, yet a torrent of hormones and come. Master caught his breath, his fist holding some of Bailey's hair.

"Good cummies," he sighed, his eyes fluttering as the pleasure of release warmed his entire body. She whined, her hips squirming as Rusty continued to lick her too oversensitive.

"Beat it, Rusty," he ordered, slowly pulling Bailey's face off his spent cock. He watched as her swollen lips popped off him, a little drop of white come slipping from her mouth only to be chased by her pink tongue. Bailey's eyes were frosted with orgasm, a dumb smile on her face as she rested it against his lace covered hip.

The feeling of damp, come covered lingerie was a sensation Master did not like to linger in for long.

He pet Bailey's hair, slowly drawing her awareness back to him before he moved to sit up. Removing his lingerie, he was quick to strip Bailey of hers.

He collected Bailey in his arms, holding her small frame to his side as he stood on two legs. She groaned as she was brought back to an upright position after spending almost the entirety of the weekend on all fours.

"What a good girl," he praised, kissing the top of her head as she nuzzled his chest, leaning against him.

He waited for her body to gain better grounding before he began to walk, careful to watch how her legs moved. Often, they both found she would be bound by pins and needles. Bailey limped only slightly in her right leg, whining in his ear as they made their way outside.

"No, Master," she pleaded, knowing what was going to be asked of her as her feet came on the grass. It was later at night now, the cold air more frigid than it was in the afternoon when they first tried this exercise.

Master did not listen to her protest, settling her on the grass and waiting for her expectantly. She was blushing red again, squirming on her hips as he clearly had to go.

She began crawling a few paces away from him when Rusty joined them outdoor. Bailey had her back turned to Master, as if that would hide her from his eyes.

She was squatting low to the ground, her tail nub brushing against the grass. In such a position, her butt was completely spread, showing off the entirety of her crack, down the length of her labia. Master watched as she hung her head low when she began to pee.

Master watched as Bailey finished doing her business, Rusty walked to her from her blindspot and lifted his leg. Her response was immediate, pulling back from him and snarling. She looked down at the flank that he peed on, then up to Master with an affronted look.

"He's marking his territory, Bailey," Master said, stepping to her from where she was sat on the ground, her face alight with emotions. Before she could say anything, Master grabbed his own cock and pissed on the same spot Rusty did.

Bailey growled at him, staying under his spray for only a moment before she darted to the side. Master laughed, finishing peeing over the spot she went over. Rusty, ever a stud, smelled the mixture of their urine and felt the need to add his own.

"Master," Bailey whined, looking down at her leg, drying with combined urine, clearly uncomfortable. Master was not cruel as he walked to her, leaning down to scoop under her arms. Such a position was the only time that Bailey was allowed on two legs when wearing a collar.

She leaned on him, and he felt that the smearing of urine on his own leg was intentional as they walked back into the house. He lead her back into the breeding room, through one of the side doors that had a bathroom with a tub in it.

He settled her on the edge of the tub and began to run the water. Bailey slipped away from the tub, Master watching with a questioning eye. As the tub filled, he reminded himself that Bailey was a human, and unlikely to respond the same way to bath time as Rusty.

Who was cowering at the far end of the breeding room.

Bailey walked away from the tub, and just as Master was going to scold her to return, he noted that she was walking to the bunny lick.

Content that she would return, Master turned his attention back to the tub, adding a scoop of Epsom salts that would help her muscles recover from such vigorous use.

Bailey returned to Master's side, her hand dipping into the water. He did not need much to coax her, helping her slide into the tub and taking care of the leather on her neck. She immediately moaned as her body hit the warm water, practically melting into his hands.

Master was finding that this was becoming one of his favorite part of having Bailey on the weekend. He thought it was the sight of a bitch's eyes when they were finally hung on a knot, or the sound a stud's knot squelching as it pulled from a cunt. But now, with Bailey becoming a regular service bitch in his life, he had found the moments that brought studding most joy to him were these, when Bailey was soft and pliant under his hands, trusting him to take care of her every need.

"Master," she moaned, incoherent as he shampooed her hair. Her head lolled to whatever way he wanted, completely at ease with his manipulations. He rubbed his nails into her scalp gently, part of it to bond, the other part checking for ticks that might have crawled on her during outdoor breeding.

Washing her body made Master aware of all the bruises and scratches that would be left as evidence on her body. None of them were deep enough for him to worry, and the scratches he would be sure to rub some antibiotic ointment before she left for the week.

His hand reached into the water and gripped her tail. It pulled a weak whine from her, Bailey shifting her stance so he could pull the plug from her ass.

Small bubbles left the water as he removed the plug, pulling it free from the water and setting it to the side. Bailey whined as he soaped his hands with a special soap for cleaning after hard play. He carefully dipped his hand into the water, rubbing along her clit and folds before reaching within.

Bailey grunted as he cleaned her insides, more bubbles escaping the water when he moved to her ass. Master hummed to her, clicking the reinforcer as she behaved like a good bitch.

For her body, Master switched to a soapy mitt, long, gentle passes over her arms and spine. She nuzzled into his neck, bestowing a kiss to him as she was cleaned.

Master found himself in the position of longing for Bailey even as she was still in his arms.

Unwilling to dally on thoughts that might distress her, Master was quick to unplug the tub and turn on the hose, spraying down her body. He pulled her from the tub and swaddled her in a towel before her shivers could break through her peace.

This part of care was more important than the breeding. Master had moved Bailey from the breeding room back to the couch in the living room. He had several of what he called 'transition supplies' stored within the side table.

The brush was the main one. Running the teeth through the wet strands of her hair, Master gently untangled each lock of her hair. She was beginning to come back into awareness as he groomed her. Her fingers were against his chest, nails digging in with the occasional bout of anxiety.

Master hand passed over her neck and collar.

"I am very proud of you, sweet-bitch," Master said, running a finger between the back of her neck and the leather. "You were very well behaved for Sarah." He kissed the top of her head when she turned pink. "And you passed all of my tests like a good girl."

"Master," she said, the word sounding so wonderful on her lips, bringing him such a strong response that he wanted to keep her forever.

Unfortunately, the weekend had to come to a close, and with it...

Master's fingers reached for the buckle of her collar. She whined as he lifted the leather from the one ring, sliding it through the protective metal. With careful pressure, Master applied slightly more pressure to her neck, enough to pop the metal tongue free.

He pulled the leather off her neck.

"Shh, girl," Master said, no longer using her pup name. With great reluctance, Master moved the collar away from her neck and onto the table. Bailey...his service bitch, gave a defeating sigh but sat up.

Her clothing and human supplies were kept safely in an unassuming trunk that acted as a decoration. As Bailey went to open the trunk, revealing her human clothing and items, Master stood and walked to his office.

He too, dressed in clothing that was easily removable. Rusty was at his side, nudging his hand with his snout.

"I know, boy," he said to his dog. "I'll miss her too," he admitted softly.

Master took his time counting out the money. He counted the initial fee they discussed for daily studding, added on the bonus for allowing Sarah to visit and then an additional bonus, growing ever larger as he got more attached.

It was a large stack of money, put in nondescriptive brown paper bag that could be exude as groceries.

Rusty gave a soft *wuff*, as if he knew the contents of the bag.

"I know, boy, but I can't buy her like I got you." He chuckled, the sound a little sad to his own ears. He picked up her fee, growing heavier with each passing week. "We have to convince her," he whispered as if it were their own secret plan.

For the moment, they would both have to let her go.

Master walked out of his office and found that Bailey was dressed in her usual clothing- a sweatshirt one size too large for her and some tight-fitting leggings. At her side was a backpack, filled with supplies that she might have needed during her stay.

Not that Master wouldn't provide for her tenfold.

He handed her the payment for her services, always hesitant to take it.

With past bitches, Master relished in the exchange of payment- the feeling of power over his bitches, how they would blush and take the money with shaking hands, knowing what they had done to receive such monumental funds so quickly. The taboo of their exchange always served to make him

hard.

With Bailey, he longed to keep her at the foot of his bed along with Rusty.

“Same time next week?” she said, her voice hoarse from lack of use other than moaning.

“Call me if anything changes,” he responded.

She nodded her head, hands coming to grip her keys. Master and Rusty were morose and silent as they walked her to the door, standing on two legs rather than crawling on four. She passed through the threshold, giving a slight scratch to Rusty’s head as she bid the stud farewell.

Something akin to jealousy stirred in Master as she said goodbye to the stud and not the Master.

As Bailey walked towards her car, the old thing looking out of place next to his own, she paused.

Before he could ask if something was the matter, his bitch turned on her heels and marched over to him. She took a handful of his shirt and pulled him in for a kiss, feral and full of teeth- just like a rottweiler.

She broke the kiss as quickly as she initiated it, practically throwing herself into her car and driving away without looking back.

Rusty whined as they watched her taillights turn the corner and disappear into the night. Master felt her immediate absence as well, yet, there was something else stirring inside him, much like when he first met Bailey.

Anticipation for that which was to come.

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## **Part Six - A Complete Accident**

The clouds overhead were looking rather ominous as she pulled her beater car into the parking lot between the two stores she needed. Her engine turned off with a continued hiss, rattling around within the gears. She stepped out of the car, her loose fitting clothing swept to the side from the wind.

Bailey was no longer embarrassed to cross the street and enter the store, having so many successful appointments with the stylist. The receptionist must have been sent home before the storm arrived as there was no one to prompt Bailey to sign in. She signed her name, her legal one, and took a seat.

The spa was meant to bring all patients to a sense of tranquility. The walls were painted a deep navy color with plants climbing up the sides of the walls. There were no harsh lights above, all light provided by tinted glass lamps or salt rocks.

Even the glass separating the inside of the building was tinted for the privacy of the clients.

Her name was called by the deep timbre voice, removing her thoughts from her head. She shook off the residual nerves that always peaked when she arrived at the boutique. The lighting of the shop grew darker she walked into the groom the woman was in. The heavy curtain closed behind them and Bailey made to put her items on the chair.

"The usual Brazilian today?" the woman asked, dutifully checking over her supplies rather than look at Bailey. She gave her assent. "The usual towel is on the chair. I will return in three minutes."

Bailey found the tone of her instructions much like those her Master would give- firm and guiding. Bailey had come to get waxed long before she'd met her Master, and if she looked back on her memories, responded in a similar fashion.

She said nothing as the woman left behind the thick drapery. Stripping her shirt off and folding it quickly, she moved to her pants. They were not the form fitting yoga pants she commonly wore, this was a long skirt that came down to her knees. It was the first time she had a Brazilian wax when she learned *not* to wear tight fitting yoga pants.

Naked, she laid herself on the table, her legs propped up at an angle. She took the towel the stylist provided and laid it over her body.

Bailey did not have to wait long before the woman entered the room again.

"I'll be sure this is done quickly so you can get home safely," the woman said, walking to her table of wax.

"Thanks," Bailey said, her hands gripping the sides of the table. It took a few moments for the woman to grab her antiseptic cloth. She sat down on her rolling chair and Bailey spread her legs a little further.

"Thank you for being a good client." The woman said, professionally lifting the cloth that hid Bailey's clit. "I never have to worry about you getting cold-feet when you book your appointments." Bailey felt the woman take a damp cloth over her folds, spreading her to clean between her hair follicles.

Bailey *hated* having hair. She hated the feeling of it growing, the way it itched, how it felt chaffing against anything she had sex with. Clinicians that waxed were difficult to come by, ones that did it well, that is. Sometimes the wax was heated to a degree that burned her sensitive flesh.

Wax play was one thing, burning the soft folds of her clit was another.

Bailey hissed when she felt the wax hit her flesh, the popsicle stick curving along her thigh as the woman held her down.

"In three, two-" and she ripped without saying one, Bailey exhaling as the pain blossomed. The next thing to hit her stinging cunt was the cooling balm. It was a mix of her own design, some aloe vera mix that cooled the bite of hair being ripped off.

She removed her hand from smearing the balm and repeated the process of getting a stick slathered in wax. Bailey calmed her breathing, knowing that the pain was easier to manage if she was not panicked.

Bailey knew that Master appreciated her groomed cunt- it was a pleasant coincidence.

A sharp yelping sound came from beyond the curtain. Bailey propped herself up on her elbows, looking at the curtain as if she could see through it.

"Did you hear that?" Bailey asked the woman. She looked at the curtain for a moment but shook her head.

"It might have been a person on the street, fighting the wind," she said, gesturing with one of her wooden sticks to lay back down. Gulping at the unknown punishment that might come, Bailey returned to laying on the table.

Her other flank was done as swiftly as the first, a grunt coming from her lips as the wax was pulled off her. Bailey took two settling breaths as the woman prepared for the worse strip of her's: right over the clit.

"Easy," the woman said, hushing her as the hot wax was smeared over her clit to catch the hairs. There was nothing erotic about this, only the hair moving uncomfortably, laid bare and *paying* for it to be removed.

She heard a yelp, followed by another one. Her mind was fixed on if someone was in danger from the storm. Bailey tried to look for it but the woman put her hand on her hip and ripped the strip of wax off.

"Fuck," Bailey cursed, unable to keep quiet on that strip. There were always little white dots that came across her vision when she was waxed over her clit. She might have moaned at the feeling of the cooling balm spread over her clit, fingers maybe straying on her a second beyond professional.

"It's another client, dear," the woman said, the voice in her ear. She pulled away, prepping another wax stick. Bailey shuffled on the table, feeling her eyes on her. "Please give them the courtesy of being more sensitive." She paused to look at Bailey. "We've all kinds of clients here."

Exposed and throbbing in pain, Bailey couldn't help the shiver that traveled up her body from the smoldering gaze given to her. The dark walls and muted light made the woman look ethereal in her power.

Bailey found herself silent, only capable of nodding her head.

"Good," the woman said, seating herself between Bailey's thighs. "Hold your legs."

Bailey complied, a normal dusting blush on her cheeks flaming with their conversation. She gripped the back of her knees and spread herself, completely exposed to the woman with wax.

"Breathe," the woman said, her tone slow and methodical. Waxing the crack was done in three strips like the front-panicking in the beginning would do her no benefit. Bailey settled while the wax cooled, feeling compelled to nod her head even though she had little say over when the wax was stripped from her crack.

The pull stung like Master swatting her with a newspaper. She hissed, her fingernails biting into the back of her calf. Belly heaving with breath, she gathered herself for the next set. This stick wrapped down her crack, making her jolt when it smeared over her anus.

"Steady," ordered the woman.

Bailey cursed again as the wax was stripped from her, her hole giving short pulses even as the cooling balm was spread over her.

Thoroughly throbbing all over her cunt, she hardly noticed the strip of wax and the pull that went over her lower spine to remove the hair that got sweaty when Rusty was fucking her.

By the time the waxing had finished, only fifteen minutes had passed but Bailey was exhausted as



she was with every appointment. She was assured it was common on the internet but this clinic was kind enough to cater to those needs.

The clinician cleaned her supplies around Bailey with swift movements, caring not for the panting form on the table before her. She kneeled at a fridge and pulled a takeaway container with a small bottle of water. It was placed on the very table the towel once sat.

“As always, we request you hydrate and eat before you leave,” she said, even taking to uncapping the water in case Bailey was too tired to unscrew the bottle. “The restroom is to your left. You have ten minutes before your appointment is up. I will check you out at the front.”

As she spoke, she gathered the blanket that had slipped off Bailey during their waxing and put it around her body. Her hands were warm as she made sure Bailey was secure in the massage table before pulling away. She freed a small egg timer and set it for ten minutes, the slight clicking keeping clients from sleeping.

With that, the woman left with a quick pivot of the curtain.

Bailey spent the first two minutes in a stunned heap, feeling the dull throb on her cunt and thanking her better judgment she had three days to heal before seeing Master and Rusty. By the third minute, Bailey had sat up and drank half the water bottle in a fit of chugging she was known for.

Minute four was then spent rushing to the bathroom and relieving herself, the string making her gasp and bite on her finger. This type of pain only lasted for the first ten minutes, much like being stretched from a knot. Bailey breathed as she stood from the toilet.

That whimpering sound came again, long and stretched. Bailey could hardly believe the panting sounds could be another client or what kind of treatment they were receiving. She blushed as she hobbled away from the bathroom.

Shimmying herself into the draped skirt, Bailey popped open the container and was pleased to find three slices of apple, a few pretzels and two-colored chocolates wrapped in foil. Her hands went for the pretzel first, craving some kind of salt. She made sure to eat the apples, all three slices, having a feeling that the woman would judge her or comment if she did not.

Bailey threw on her shirt and gathered her items, checking the room to make sure she left nothing behind. As she went to reach for one of the foiled chocolates, she heard a dog bark.

There was no mistaking the sound and it made Bailey freeze. She swallowed, stunned and heart beating as if somehow caught in the real world. She straightened and made for a retreat to the front reception area.

When she escaped the sound, Bailey breathed a sigh of relief to find that her clinician was not in the reception area. It gave her time to straighten her clothing from her retreat and will the blush away from her face.

A distant rumble of thunder brought her closer to the tinted glass. Bailey looked at the circling clouds above. She reached for the list in her pocket, a meager supply of groceries that would be quick to gather. It was not raining...yet, and she did not want to be caught in it any longer than needed.

Her name was called in that low tone, bringing her attention to the woman. Bailey moved to the pay kiosk and made a tentative next appointment.

"I'm uh," Bailey started, looking at the woman's eyes then at the pencils or anything else, "really sorry, but...we've been doing appointments for...well, a while and I don't..." Bailey shook her head and stopped talking but the woman said nothing, looking at her expectantly.

Perhaps it was her extended silence or the clap of thunder that jolted her sentence out.

"I don't know your name, and you're the best clinician that I've had." Bailey grit her teeth, feeling irritated at herself for opening her mouth.

Sometimes, she wondered if she should be wearing a muzzle out in the real world considering how often her mouth got her in trouble. With Master, she behaved, and it was so frustrating to live in polarity.

Yet the woman did not mock her, she smiled, her teeth with a little bite to them, but nothing that threatened Bailey.

"It pleases me that you like our work here," she began. "I have worked long and hard crafting waxes and herbs for safe vaginal health and wellness. It is also no surprise that you do not know my name—we value our patients need for confidentiality."

The kiosk beeped for Bailey to insert her card for payment. She nodded her head, knowing that her cunt was groomed better than ever with this spa.

"As for my name," she plucked a business card from behind her desk rather than the set available to all clients on the tabletop. "Madam Ivy," she introduced, extending the business card to Bailey.

She made sure her hands were not to tremble as she took the card.

The kiosk prompted her for a tip and Bailey selected a custom tip. Madam Ivy was a proper business woman, going about business on her computer as Bailey imputed a tip she would have liked to receive when she was struggling to make money waiting tables.

This entire waxing was unlike the others Madam Ivy had given her, more intimate, slightly dangerous if Master were to find out. She did not want to question the moaning or the single dog bark she heard, she wanted to get her groceries and head home before the storm.

Finished paying, Bailey put her card into her pocket and made for the exit.

Her name was called again, and when she came back to the woman-

"You forgot your treat," Madam Ivy said, in her extended hand were the two chocolate candies that she neglected in her room.

Bailey felt the blush rush to her cheeks, her legs walking mechanically to Madam Ivy as she took the candies. She turned around, hands fumbling with the foil as she moved to the door. When she popped the candy in her mouth, other hand pushing open the door, fighting against the storm's wind, she couldn't help but hear:

"Good girl."

Bailey dove for safety in the exposure of a storm. Her long draped skirt whipped to the side with the wind as she walked as fast as she could to the store given the throb between her legs.

She almost growled by the time she made it to the grocery store, the ache in her legs painful. She

grabbed a cart, more to lean on than carry her supplies. With her list in hand, Bailey stumbled around the grocery store, hoping that people didn't suddenly develop the ability to read minds and figure why she was limp.

Or hope they didn't think she was a slut.

...not that she wasn't.

Bailey tossed items in her cart she needed, making sure to balance the list of perishables with times she would be with Master. Bailey hated wasting food.

As she rounded the aisle for bread, she could hear the pounding of rain overhead. She looked up, listening to the incoming wrath of the storm. Moving as fast as she could wobble, Bailey made her way through the list.

Leaning on the handle of the cart, Bailey looked over her list and items in the cart, not wanting to have to make a return trip because she foolishly forgot something.

A body bumped into her own, pitching her forward on the cart, body stinging with additional pain. She growled, a sound that should only be reserved for Master, and threw her elbow back at the person. Her body protested at the movement, preventing her from throwing a punch.

At a well dressed man who looked more like a sopping rat, no coat to have protected him from the incoming rain and caused his suit to drag.

"Master," she questioned, her body taking a step back only to run into the back of her cart.

No, there was no way...she and Master lived an hour from each other, and she made sure that she had safeguards to keep him from finding her identity.

All the same, Master was here, in her territory.

Bailey growled and lunged for his throat.

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Master was not having the best of days, and that was putting it mildly.

It was the middle of the week and he had gone several days without seeing or hearing from Bailey. He took Rusty on his morning walk, yet had no woman to walk next to him at a slower pace, balancing the plug hidden in her ass behind yoga pants. When he ate breakfast to prepare for work, only one dog laid by his side.

This longing had him between thinking himself pathetic or pathetically hoping that Bailey felt the same.

Of course, there was the other problem of not finding the same kind of orgasmic satisfaction with his hand as he did with Bailey. No matter if he had her old, used panties in his fist between his flesh or thoughts of her in his mind, masturbating without her there brought little more than a hormonal calm.

Even Rusty seemed to be missing Bailey, an unusual trait for a once independent, alpha-stud. He had little concern for the other bitches in his past- only caring for their cunts. Now, Rusty was a damn cuddler.

And damned be, Master was becoming too.

Which made it all the more frustrating when he had to book hotels on the fly for meetings he was only *just* informed he was needed for.

Thank whatever perverted god existed that he had Bailey, because this meant he had access to Sarah. With a quick call and a faster explanation, Master had Sarah book Rusty for a stay at her clinic and a promise that he would have access to knotting patrons.

"I want to start training one of my baby-boy's how to take a knot," Sarah said as she loaded Rusty in his protective carry crate within her van. "It'll be good for Rusty to learn how to knot boy-cunts too, won't it boy, won't it?" she asked Rusty, trying to encourage him to not look so mournful at his loss of Master.

"I'll see you soon boy," Master said, letting the stud lick his fingers through the crate bars. "You're going to have more fun than me."

And that was true.

He had little time to prepare for his surprise business trip after Sarah left with Rusty. Quickly packing some suits, he threw items into his suitcase with the intention of buying whatever he forgot when he got to the hotel.

As he drove, he ran into traffic. Typical, he told himself as he breathed to calm.

Thankfully, his meeting was pushed back- thus allowing him to make it to his meeting in time rather than stop at the hotel to drop off his things.

With his suitcase safely locked in the trunk of his car, Master buttoned his suit against the wind that began to pick up. He observed the fluffy white clouds in the sky and hoped it was a good omen.

For all that he rushed, booked an emergency hotel room, it seemed that the meetings could have been an email. His eyes drooped and no matter the mind games he played to normally keep himself awake failed him.

He drank more than his usual amount of coffee.

As the day went by, he made glances out the window and noticed that the puffy white clouds that he came in by were gradually turning darker and darker.

And the meetings drawled on. Useless figures of numbers that would mean little to the overall company. It was an executive dragging everyone in to gloat about some project that wasn't yet completed.

By the time the meetings had ended and the morning's agenda handed out, Master had felt worn from the coffee jitters while simultaneously wired from the continuous caffeine drip he'd given himself all day.

He heard a few coworkers talking down one hallway and made to escape down another. He rounded the corner, hoping that he hadn't been seen, only to be snagged by the very executive that brought forth this fiasco. He gave rather clipped answers, the thunder rumbling in and bringing with it the very rain he wanted to avoid.

The man finally snapped at the smaller man before excusing himself in a rather rude manner.

Master made it to the outer door and it was pouring rain. The kind of rain that made rivers in the street. He could see his car and while he knew he had neither a coat nor an umbrella, he thought he could make it to the car in a relatively dry manner.

His shoes were lost to the torrents of water. As he ran, Master clicked for the lock on his car, practically throwing himself in the car. Water sloshed within, raining so hard that the angle brought pellets of rain to his thigh and side body. Master shut the door with a huff, the front glass immediately fogging with humidity.

Master fished out his phone from his pocket and set the gps to the hotel address. It took two times for his phone to get a decent connection in the storm before finally showing him the route.

His car started and while the heat was unbearable with his wet clothing, the windshield cleared enough for him to drive. He drove slowly, using more caution than the idiots speeding along beside him only to crash a few miles later.

He did not laugh for them, having once been that stupid with other things...

Master found shelter in a parking lot with one light flickering ominously over the cars. He had trouble finding a parking spot and a bad feeling started in his gut.

The trip inside the hotel only served to make him more wet, having forgotten to pack a coat in his haste to get to a useless meeting.

"Did you get a confirmation email?" the host asked, already typing on his computer.

Master looked for any type of hotel email confirmation on his phone.

"Let me see if we have anything available," the host said. Master was grateful even as his fury mounted. Honestly, he would kill that little executive when this was all said and done.

A hesitant sound came from the man's lips and Master knew he would need to find another place. He hung his head, not willing to take his anger out on some service boy. The poor kid was doing his job so well, and even went to the lengths to find Master another room without having requested.

A set of manicured nails clicked on the keyboard.

"Sir," he said, looking earnestly at Master. He turned his computer screen for Master to view, the hotel of this address and another one only two miles away- practically a straight line. "This is one of our partner companies, allow me to call and see if they have a room for you."

What a good boy.

"Thank you, young man," he said, dropping his tone to show his gratitude. He was ever so pleased to see a faint dusting of pink on his dark cheeks.

A little kindness always went a long way... and always revealed the ripest of fruit.

The host smiled and cleared his throat as he reached for his phone, holding it to his ear. Master watched him, taking his attention off the entire nightmare to make the good boy sweat a bit. He kept his focus on the host, taking note of the way the suit clung to his frame.

Master noted two things about the bowtie around his neck: the first, it was not a clip on tie, so the man was elegant enough to have spent the time learning to tie it around his neck and two, it was tied *tightly* around his throat.

The host smiled at him, his eyes darting between his computer screen and the intense look Master was giving him. As he spoke on the phone to the other receptionist, his voice wavered even as he tried to clear it.

Master stopped playing when two claps of thunder had them both jumping in instinctive fear. Righting himself, Master tried to get his hair to cooperate given how wet it was.

"Sir, we managed to find you a suite at the other hotel," said the host. He noticed Master running his hands through his hair and reached beneath his desk, no doubt a stack of towels waiting for this, but thankful all the same.

"You are very good at your job," Master said, taking the offered towel. He looked behind him, at the rain that still pelted to the ground, and put it under his suit jacket. As he did so, he freed his wallet and handed over a stack of bills to the host.

"Thank you, sir," he said, taking the money offered all the same. "Anything to make sure our guests have a pleasurable experience."

It sounded like a script, something he was forced to say to all guests, yet when the words finally registered, what tumbled out of his mouth, the host blushed and shifted on his feet. Master had no doubt if he stepped forward and peaked over the edge, he would find something growing within his pants.

All the same, he behaved.

Still...Master made sure to take his business card, after all, Sarah was always looking for new puppies. While their community was secret, it was growing.

"Good boy, Elliot."

What a lovely, darkened shade of pink he could grow. Oh, Master was sure that Elliot would make an excellent pet to someone in the future...if only he had the courage to submit.

The run to the rain was as drenching as his other two dashes. This time, Master knew he had a reservation at a hotel as Elliot was such a good boy.

He started his car, waited patiently for the fog to dissipate from his windshield and drove ahead in the storm. Merging onto the road, he followed the gps as the rain pelted down over him. It navigated him up a tall incline and his car groaned as the wheels battled the torrent of rain coming down.

Master felt his heart pick up, calmly making his way up the hill even as his car slipped once. He breathed a collective sigh of relief when his car made it up the steep and unfamiliar incline. He drove onward and stopped at a light.

When it turned green, he proceeded.

And that's when the other car clipped him. It was enough for his car to spin along the road, the rain not helping him in any manner. He gripped the wheel as his car came to a halt, arms shaking.

The airbags didn't go off and when he checked his mirrors, it appeared he was out of harms way. Master sat back in his car and took some breaths, going through the same measures he would with Bailey if she was in pain.

When he felt calm as one could be from a hit and run incident in a storm, he started his car up. And came to clicking and rumbling, but no start.

"Oh, you've got to be *kidding* me," he growled, trying again and again to get his car started.

There was no point, and he knew that. He looked at his phone and saw he was only a half mile from the hotel that was booked in his name. The rain was coming down far too hard for him to walk safely on the side of the road, especially since he'd already been hit by a car.

Looking around, he saw his place of refuge to be a grocery store with one of the lights out in the middle. Not his choice of salvation, but he had little to ask for. Knowing that nothing in his suitcase would be useful, he put his wallet and phone in his pocket climbed out of the car.

He had to wait in the pelting rain for a car to pass before he could cross the street. The rain was coming down harder than ever, drowning him by the time he made it to the underpass of the store.

When he reached for the towel that Elliot provided, he could only laugh with he found it was as sopping wet as he was. Hoping for a towel in the grocery store, Master entered and did his best to ignore the looks of everyone in the store.

He was disoriented by the lights and sounds, part of him realizing he was in shock from the crash.

Shock. Treat it like aftercare, like he would for Bailey...

Master made his way to the back of the store, knowing that's where he usually found the Gatorade.

In no way was today a normal day. He normally did not collide into people like he did this one hunched over her grocery cart. As he went to apologize, he couldn't help but freeze at the sight of her- could it be, or was this some shock held hallucination of Bailey?

And then, as if confirmation, her voice in that tone that was questioning, half-hesitant and yearning:

"Master?" she asked, her eyes raking over his disheveled image.

Before he could say anything, her expression changed and she had her forearm at his throat, her teeth exposed like she would wear a collar.

Master held very still, his body dazed from the accident and threatened under Bailey's arm pushing against his throat.

"What are you doing here?" She hissed, putting more pressure on him. "Are you stalking me?" Her eyes darted around as if looking for witnesses.

"I am here by complete accident," he said.

And then he found himself laughing. It was a little painful with her arm on his throat, but it was the truth, rather painful, but the truth.

When Bailey looked closer, she could see that Master's pupils were pinpointed. She adjusted the grip on her neck, releasing him so he could stand on his own two feet. Looking around, she could see that one employee was at the far end of the aisle, seemingly reaching for a walkie.

"Come on," Bailey said, taking his arm in her own. She used it to lean on him as she guided him and her cart to the pay counter. Quick hands put the items on the belt, scanned and then put in bags. As she did so, transferring the items into her cart, Master had already put his card into the kiosk.

Bailey wanted to say something, but Master appeared to be out of sorts, and she had no idea what either would say in public like this.

"Thanks," she muttered, taking her Master as she walked to the edge of the shed.

She handed the lightest of plastic bags to Master, taking the heavier ones herself. Returning the cart to the rack, she made her way next to Master.

"Follow me, alright," she said, hoping that this choice wouldn't get her killed. Without waiting for him to say anything, Bailey made a break for the rain.

Lightning immediately burst above them, as if cursing their mad sprint to the car. Bailey couldn't help laughing as Master ran beside her, equally as foolish, blindly following her around the sea of cars in the lot.

She finally made it to her beater car, jamming the key in the lock to throw the groceries in the back, Master following suit, before they both dived into the car.

Bailey and Master were both soaking wet, their hair dripping with evidence of the rain and the old felt seats soaking the water with a wet squelch.

"It's not much, but-" Bailey's weak explanations of her crappy car were cut off by two large hands of Master's cupping her cheeks, taking control of her face as he kissed her. Even as he cunt throbbed with the pain of waxing, she found herself beginning to pulse for another reason as Master moved his hand down her spine, his tongue pushing through the seam of her lips to slide along her own.

She panted against him, going to reach forward to whine, demand, beg, for more when thunder sounded above them.

They broke apart.

"Let me take you home," she said, kicking her car into gear. It rumbled to life, coughing twice in protest of the rain, but humbly marched onward. As she made a turn for the light, she noticed Master's car, on the side of the road with a bump in his tail.

"I'll call for a tow in the morning," he waved it off, laying back in the seat as the shock of the crash seemed to settle into him again. Master was quiet as Bailey drove through the rain, not far from her apartment complex.

"Master," she said, keeping her voice soft to wake him. He opened his eyes, his pupils reacting to the light with some normality. "Come on, one more mad dash."

Before she hopped out of the car, Bailey collected the groceries by bending over the car. Again, handing the lighter bags to Master while taking on the heavier ones. She was lucky to have found a parking spot so close to the entrance of the building.



With only a quick dash, they were safely inside Bailey's apartment.

"Not the elevator, Master," Bailey said, already in the stairwell. "I've been trapped in there for hours. Storm doesn't mean any good." And she began to climb the stairs.

In this moment, she kinda felt like Master. Normally, he would walk away and wait for Bailey to follow. Now, it seemed Master was getting a taste of his own medicine.

Sure enough, Master began following Bailey up the stairs. It was only three flights they needed to climb, and maybe now Master would understand why she had the thighs she did.

She unlocked the door and took the groceries out of Master's hands, setting them on the counter. She thanked herself that she had a clean apartment- anything to keep the rodents and roaches out.

"I don't think we can take a shower or bath given the storm," Bailey said, the thunder rumbling it's presence. "But I've got some towels in the bathroom and can grab you a set of clothes."

She didn't wait for him to say anything, unsure of their new situation as she retreated as much as one could in a studio apartment. In her closet, up high on a shelf was an old cardboard box.

She heard the door to the bathroom click and breathed a sigh of relief as she brought it down.

Within it were old men's clothing and she chose not to think about the shitty ex-boyfriend who wore them...and how unworthy they were of Master. She sighed as she took them out, not having anything else to fit him.

Bailey set the sweatshirt and pants by the bathroom door and retreated to the kitchen. She looked around for something to do, setting to putting the groceries back in their place.

Spaghetti seemed good for dinner. It was easy to make as she settled the water to boil, a jar of sauce at the side and some meatballs thrown in the pot. The moment that she began to calm, given her Master was in *her* house, the man opened the door.

\*

"This is unusual for me as well," he confessed, walking to where Bailey was pitched over her kitchen stove. She shifted on her feet, uncomfortable as he.

Master appreciated that she clothed him. He did not like that he smelled of a lesser man that once tried to seduce Bailey, to do what he and Rusty were capable of. Like he did before, he needed to assure his bitch that he was not going to harm her.

"However you spend your night, please, I would like to join you, not interfere."

Bailey regarded him closely, a wooden spoon in her hand and the kitchen knives a short distance from her grip. She looked him over again and nodded her head. Master found himself relaxing.

"Can you pick a movie or something?" she said, almost a bark or yelp, clearly nervous as he. Master nodded his head and left her to the kitchen, no wanting to invade her space.

Finding her movie collection was easy in the studio apartment and gave him time to peruse her other items. He did not like where she lived. The hazard of the elevator was enough of a problem, but the screaming neighbors that she hardly flinched at, even as they threatened to kill one another?

Master did not want her living in a place that had the pipes exposed in the bathroom, the wood clearly eaten away by termites.

He ran his fingers on the plastic spines of the DVD discs and settled on an old title that he'd long forgotten. Making his way to the TV, he powered it up and inserted the disc. By the time the trailer titles were done, Bailey had arrived with dinner.

She stopped when she looked at the title: *Lady and the Tramp*

In her hand were two bowls of spaghetti and meatballs.

"Complete accident," she echoed his words, giving a nervous giggle as she sat on the couch next to him.

Master warmed as the title opened to show little lady as a puppy. The ate in compatible, somewhat tense silence. The tension grew significantly when it came to teaching the puppy Lady to sleep alone.

*"Now darling if were going to show her who's Master we must be firm from the very beginning."*

Bailey practically choked on her food. Master put down his bowl of spaghetti and gently rubbed her back as she regained her breath. Master and Bailey watched, with somewhat teary eyes, as little Lady cried and cried until her Master allowed her within the bed.

*"But remember, just for tonight,"* said the master in the film.

"See," Master said, drawing Bailey into his lap to watch the movie. "Puppies always have a way of warming the sternest of hearts."

He went to slowly drag two fingers up the crux of her legs, still covered in a skirt when she hissed and pulled away sharply. He removed his hand and sat up.

"What's wrong, girl?" he asked, the reaction clearly one of pain. Now that he thought of it, Bailey didn't seem to be well herself, her movements hobbled and hunched over objects.

The movie played on, Bailey grabbed Master's dinner, returning it to his lap before taking her own. She took a bite, swallowed before looking at him.

"I got waxed today."

Master realized what that meant after a moment.

"Do you have a good groomer?" He asked, having only taken a bitch to a groomer once. Bailey blushed as she shoveled another mouthful of food.

"Yes," she replied, clipped and clearly finished with the conversation. Master looked down at his food and began to eat. Not wanting to cause her to gain food possession, he kept his mouth shut until they were both done with there plates and the movie had introduced Tramp.

"Thank you, Bailey," Master made sure to say, taking the dishes from her and putting them in the sink. "I'm very pleased to have eaten with you," he said when he returned to the couch. He leaned back on the pillow, his body open and inviting her to cuddle.

She didn't resist him long, slow movements and a gentle rest of her hips along his own had her

pressed against him.

Rather than play with her clit, he stroked her hair, gently combing her as *"He's a Tramp"* played. For a moment, he saw himself, the one dog who had many bitches.

*"Yeah, but he never takes 'em serious."*

*"Ah, but someday, he is meeting someone different. Some delicate, fragile creature who's giving him a wish to shelter and protect."*

Bailey certainly wasn't delicate or fragile but the movie wasn't wrong- it made him ache to take her in, away from the thin walls where two were clearly having over-exaggerated sex to make up for the faults of their relationship.

The movie ended and with it, the wrath of the storm. It was still raining, but the thunder and lightning passed. Bailey and Master were both tired as they shared the bathroom. Bailey allowed him to borrow his toothbrush and other items in the bathroom.

When it came to climbing in her bed, it was small and Bailey only hesitated in her sheets for a moment before patting the bed, giving permission for Master to enter. He climbed in, hugging Bailey close in an effort to keep warm and from falling out of the small bed.

She fell right asleep in his arms, to the hellish lullaby of police sirens and domestic disputes. He tracked the sounds around him, knowing that the only thing protecting them was a lock and a chain on the door.

Master had Rusty, a rottweiler. And while Bailey acted as such, had the tails, ears and collar worthy of a rottweiler, she was not one- she had no teeth, claws, nose or ears to protect her. Only a lock and chain on the door.

If Master yearned to take Bailey into his house forever, he was going to make certain of it now. Now that he had seen how and where she lived, he would no longer allow his bitch to live in such a hovel.

The morning was a long one coming, between the shouts and sirens, Master believed he managed a solid three hours of sleep. In the meantime, he made up his mind regarding Bailey.

He took her phone and used her thumbprint to unlock the screen. First, he rifled through her alarm and closed it, far too early for a good girl like her to be waking after saving her Master. Second, he opened the calendar on her phone, knowing that she often checked it before making next appointment with him before they became a repetitive contract.

"Oh, Bailey," Master said, looking over her work schedule, "you work too hard, sweet-girl." He began removing the alarms from her calendars as well. "No wonder you're so tired when you get to me."

Though, Master could suppose the service industry made good bitches like Bailey and Elliot. No matter, sweet pets needed some spoiling when they proved themselves.

Master left her bedroom area and made his way to the kitchen. She had a few eggs and some toasts, no bacon, what a shame.

As the eggs began to cook in the pan, Master drafted her resignation letter to her job.

"Part-time is such a taxing life. Poor girl," he said, making sure not to burn the eggs as he looked around the apartment again, the sun giving light to pain chips he missed last evening. "Poor girl, overworked and underpaid, even with my funds, you're hardly making ends meet."

He could hear Bailey rouse, no doubt by the smell of food. He supposed if he wanted her to sleep in, he shouldn't have made breakfast.

Rare was it that Master saw Bailey rouse from sleep on two legs, but there she was, hair askew with only a shirt to cover her body. She wore no panties, likely commando because of her recent waxing, all the same, making him stiff. She yawned, stretching her arms and the shirt rising to show off her belly now.

Master took a deep breath, keeping himself in check as he realized she was not trying to tease him. She startled, as he suspected, as if she forgot he was there.

"Uh," she said, hands pulling her shirt down, as if he hadn't seen all of her just then, "morning, Master."

Master chuckled, plating the eggs. He gestured to the two seats she had at a table, needing a more formal setting for their discussion.

Master had the words *sit* on his tongue but held back- they were not in the pup-space. He changed his tongue.

"I'm going to sit and have breakfast. Join me?" he asked, settling the plate of eggs and buttered toast on the table. He did not look at her, giving her the illusion of a slip of tongue as he found her forks and knives. They were mismatched, but he cared little for it.

She approached the food and took a seat. Master sat next to her and took a bite of food, hoping to ease her into the situation. Bailey sat down, her movements slow but not as painful as yesterday. Master wanted to say something, but didn't want her growling yet.

Bailey speared the eggs with her fork and ate them, chewing slowly as she looked at him.

"What do you want?" she asked, bluntly, taking another bite of her food, showing her teeth. Master chuckled, chewing the bread that was in his mouth. While he laughed, it gave little away to his nerves. Yet again, he had one opportunity to secure Bailey, only this time, permanently.

He wiped his mouth with the napkin and faced her.

"I would like for you to be a full time bitch," Master said, watching as her pupils dilated much like they did when he requested she be Rusty's service bitch. He refrained from reaching out to touch Bailey. "Not only has Rusty become a better stud, but you have improved our relationship. You fill a part in our home that I was not aware of."

Master watched as Bailey took a slow bite of her eggs, feeling under her judgement yet again. He would have to prove himself as a Master, that he could provide for her while she serviced them both. Money was clearly a concern, its what brought their arrangement about in the first place.

"I would move in?" she questioned, her voice unwavering as she questioned his proposal. Like a mating dance, he changed his angle, showing off his other pretty feathers.

"Yes," he said, "You will have a room of your own. We will need to renegotiate when and what

bitching looks like. Any rent concerns you have over this place I would handle, you would have no need for a job, I would provide for that.”

Bailey continued to eat. Master didn't want to speak more and ruin his chances. She would mull his words over as they ate. As he consumed his eggs, he caught a glimpse of Bailey looking around her apartment, judging it against his offer.

He looked down at his watch, knowing that he had to leave now to get an uber to his car, from there to the office.

He put his plate in the sink, feeling Bailey watching him.

“I would like an answer by our appointment on Friday.”

“And if I say no?” Bailey asked from the barstool, eggs and toast eaten. “Will that ruin everything.”

Master gave a soft smile at her hackles.

“No, but I don't appreciate the thought of my bitch living in squaller.” He said, grabbing the keys to his broken car. Master felt his tone change. “If you want to live outside like a street bitch, I'll chain you outside.”

Bailey straightened on her barstool and for a moment, Master thought he pushed too far in her territory. He was a guest here, and she had every right to punish him for that type of insult while he was in her den.

“Don't move,” she said, her tone challenging him. If he were in his house, with Rusty, he would have her over his knee, red, crying, pleading. Here, he willed himself silent as his cock throbbed a bit harder than morning wood could excuse.

Bailey went to her phone and rifled through it. She looked up at him with a knowing look, having seen some of the evidence of his tampering. Once again, under her scrutiny, Master watched as Bailey began typing something.

She put her phone down and made her way off the barstool one foot at a time, a pinched look on her face. Master wondered how long it took Bailey to learn how to time waxing to her appointment with Rusty, always clean and smooth for the both of them.

“Give me your phone,” she ordered when she stood before him.

He did as she asked.

“Show me the email thread to the boss that sent you here.”

Master felt his heart pick up in pace, yet did as she ordered. He took a deep breath as he looked over the details of this morning's meeting- likely to be somewhat more important than the bullshit of the earlier day.

He handed her his phone.

She took two steps back and typed a message to the email thread. Master stood still, thrilled at the terror he was feeling as she messaged his coworkers like he did to her.

“If I'm going home with you, I won't stand it for another day,” she returned his phone.

He read over the brief response that his partner informed them of a traumatic car crash, needing the rest of the week off and to expect a damages claim.

"We're both sore," Bailey said, taking her keys and wallet. "And while I don't enjoy living here," she said, shutting the door and locking it- for whatever that was worth. "I wouldn't mind camping."

Master chuckled as he followed Bailey down the stairs.

He was silent in the passenger seat as she took her route to his house. The hour drive was calm, her beater rumbling along the stretches of road until they began to look familiar to Master.

"Take the next exit, if you will, girl, I'd like to pick up our stud from day care."

Bailey stiffened at the wheel, Master was pleasantly surprised at this form of control over her. She nodded her head, set her blinker and followed his instructions to Sarah's kennel. Bailey pulled into a lot, cartoonish dogs painted on the front that gave nothing to the activities behind the curtain.

"I'll be right back," Master said, leaning over to kiss Bailey on the forehead. "Such a good girl," he praised, only to climb out of the car.

Sarah happened to be at the front desk and very surprised to see him a day early.

"How was Rusty?" Master asked as she looked for anything in his file.

"Oh, *such* a good boy!" Sarah praised. "I was a little worried, being a big rottie and all, but he was ever a gentleman to a male first timer."

When she left to go get his stud, Master remembered of Elliot at the hotel, so eager to please even as Master made a mistake on the reservation. While it never came to pass that Master made it to the room Elliot booked on his behalf, Master would not let such a generous man come to pass.

"Rusty," Master said, taking his dog in his arms with a smile. "Boy, did I have an adventure."

"I can see that," Sarah said, looking over him, asking nothing. "But this boy gave a new puppy-boy an excellent licking and an even better knot."

Rusty was panting on the ground, his tail wagging as he was happy to be reunited with his Master.

"That's my good boy," Master said, pleased to hear that. "He wasn't good with boys before I got Bailey."

Another reason to keep her full time.

"I had read that in your file, but I would have never known if you didn't disclose it." Sarah unclipped his ID collar unique to the kennel. "Bailey has been a good fit for you both. Want to book her for a stay?"

Master did, lucky to have his phone on him and knowing that Bailey was now his full time, her schedule was his schedule.

"One more thing," Master said. He handed Sarah Elliot's business card. "I don't know how well he responds to females, but he has...*potential*."

Sarah took the card in her hand and smiled, a predatory one.

"I love puppy hunting." She walked around the booth. "Let me walk you to your car." It didn't take long for Sarah to spot Bailey driving her beater when the woman couldn't find his nicer ride. "Bailey? Bailey-girl?"

Sarah ran to the side of the car as Master walked with Rusty in hand. Bailey clearly was squirming under all of their attention, Rusty recognizing that name.

"Don't stress her out," Master told Sarah, walking to the back door. Rusty got in the car, sniffing around and wagging his tail, greeting Bailey with a bunch of kisses.

"You're right, I know," Sarah said, taking a step back to her kennel.

Master loaded into the car, telling Rusty to sit down so Bailey could drive without killing them both.

"I'll see you soon, Bailey," Sarah called out. Bailey took a deep breath, looking at Master, who would give nothing away now that she was his.

Bailey put the car in drive, and like a good girl, got them to Master's house safely. Master unloaded Rusty and Bailey, allowing the bitch to walk in through the door while the stud when to pee outside.

When he made it back inside, she was kneeling on the floor, her knees parted and naked- patiently waiting for her collar.

"There's my good girl," Master said, walking with Rusty to greet her. Rusty wagged his tail, licking her face and breasts, moving to lick her clit. "No Rusty," Master said, taking the stud off her cunt. "How long does it take to heal?" Master asked her.

"Another day, Master." She said, nuzzling his hand as he stroked her neck, where a beautiful brown collar would rest as soon as he moved. He stood, walking to where he always kept her collar, oiling it on days that he felt the need to have her close when she was gone.

This time, when he clipped it around her neck, the buckle sliding with a familiar kind of grace to settle against her neck, they both shared a moan.

"Don't worry, Master," she whispered as she nuzzled his groin. "I can still use my mouth."

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Part Seven - Into a Reflection

Bailey and Master both waited patiently by the microwave as it counted down. While she might have known what he removed from the fridge, he had little understanding why he would warm it. Without saying anything to her questioning gaze, Master walked around from where she was sitting on the floor, mixing a bit of honey into the bowl, shaking a packet and adding only a teaspoon of carefully measured contents.

Atop the counter, she could not see if he was doing anything else.

"We're going to have a pupdate with Sarah today," Master said, taking the cock-lick that she brought, originally to help Bailey drink water. She swallowed as she realized why Master only gave her a light breakfast this morning.

He took a seat on a stool, patting his spread knees for her to crawl over. Bailey slowly put her hands

to the cooled tile and crawled over to him, the tail in her butt larger now, forcing her movements slow once more.

“There’s a good girl,” he said, taking a moment to stroke her from collar to tailbone. He did not tease her with his touch, though each soothing pass of his hand over her body brought a possessive wave over her mind.

She hardly noticed the finger at her cheek, swiping it into her mouth as Master commonly requested. Bailey blushed as she heard a single click of her clicker sound. Master pulled his finger from her lips with a *pop* and before she could protest, Bailey flinched at the feeling of the plastic cock-lick.

“Open up, Bailey,” Master said, a firm hand gripping her ass, threatening what could be done if she misbehaved.

When Master prodded the plastic tip of the cock at her mouth again, Bailey let Master push it past her lips. Her moan turned into a gag as he went beyond her reflex. Though she struggled over his lap, Master hushed her, alternating the depth of the cock between what she could handle and past her reflex.

With one of her hands gripping his ankle, feet skittering on the ground, Bailey eventually found a position of her head that allowed the cock in her mouth to sink down her throat. She struggled against the burn in her throat, eyes watering as she heard the clicker from Master.

Master pulled back her hair from where it laid uncomfortably over her face. She could feel her face heat up as Master looked down at her, the long purple dildo-suck halfway down her throat. The position, hanging over Master’s thighs, legs pitched at angle, forced to hold onto his legs, offered little for her to balance other than his support.

“Good,” he said, brushing along the side of her cheek so he could better see her. Bailey’s eyes watered as she began moving forward and backwards on the cock. Master let her grow used to the large girth of the dildo suck before his hand came to hold her collar bone, forcing her to still on his lap.

She whined under him, breathing harder as she realized what Master wanted of her.

“Go on, Bailey,” he said, his legs shifting under her weight.

Having grown more accustomed to sucking Master’s cock, Bailey turned her head at the angle that supported her neck. This time, however, she was held still by Master- the weight now held in her throat consistently.

She bucked, whining.

“Steady, Bailey,” Master said, alternating between hushes and strokes along her spine. Bailey gagged as she sucked on the dildo, rearing her head when she felt the warm yoghurt that Master heated in the microwave slide down her throat.

Master said no encouraging words this time as she was held down over his thighs. With the dildo in her throat, a hand on her shoulder, she was easy to pin down.

Then came the smack to her cheeks. She jolted under his hand, struggling to remain still as another two landed across her flesh. Bailey put her hand on Master’s ankle when he stopped his blows, the

other hand trying to find purchase on the floor.

Bailey's butt stung from Master's punishment and she resumed sucking the cock. This time, when she felt the warm yoghurt slip down her throat, she was more prepared for it. It was heavier than Master's come and required her to suck with more force than she normally gave.

"See?" Master said, and Bailey could practically hear the smile in his tone, "there's my good girl." He doubled his praise by rubbing over where she was spanked.

Eager to please him more, Bailey tried to take more of the sleeve into her throat, testing her gag reflex, pushing on it even as she sucked. She breathed through her nose as she sucked the cock, pushing against Master's hand.

Something began pushing against the back of her teeth. At first, she thought it was the way she had her face angled as she sucked down the yoghurt, the thick liquid slowly filling her stomach. But the size behind her teeth grew bigger.

A knot.

Bailey couldn't help but have the same mixed reaction when she realized it, that dangerous combination of arousal and fear as she felt the knot coming onto her.

"Smaller to start," Master said, seemingly having noticed Bailey relaxing into the knot settling behind her teeth. She moaned, feeling Master begin to stroke her back now that she had settled on his lap, no longer struggling.

With the plastic knot along her teeth and the thicker plastic wedged down her throat, Bailey tried to focus on sucking the yogurt, now a steady drip down her throat, without biting down on the hard plastic around her teeth.

Several times, when she found herself gagging while unable to open her mouth, her teeth bit down on the dildo. Bailey whined, her eyes pinched closed when she bit down a second time, waiting for Master's hand on her rear.

"This is why we practice, Bailey," Master hushed, adjusting his arm on the dildo, pushing it deeper into her throat simply to watch her gag before the knot inflated just a little more. "Almost there, sweet-bitch."

Bailey felt her eyes flutter as she dipped her head to the side, sucking gently now that the knot allowed for a steady drip down her throat. Master continued to hold the sleeve for her, mindlessly exploring the knot with her tongue. In a half attempt to keep her teeth off the flexible material, Bailey opened her jaw a little wider and felt a larger gush of yoghurt flow down her throat.

"There's my good girl," Master praised.

Her jaw, stretched wide, had grown sore. She whined, feeling more and more uncomfortable. Master hushed her, pushing her a little beyond her limit as she struggled on his lap.

Bailey spat the knot out of her mouth when Master deflated it. She felt herself heave off his lap and tumbled to the floor. There was the slight taste of sweet yoghurt on her tongue.

"You didn't even spill!" Master praised, holding up the dildo for her to see. She blushed, looking away from the purple suck, knowing that the toy was now hiding a knot behind it. Master walked

over to her, kneeling so he could clip on her leash. "Come on," he said, leading her to the kitchen. "We'll get you changed, grab Rusty and then go to Sarah's."

Bailey tried not to slow her walk as she felt her heartbeat with anticipation at what that might entail. In the kitchen, Bailey could hear Rusty scratching the door in the Mating Room, kept there as Master didn't want her breeding so soon to getting in the car. It was still early in the morning, they had only had their walk, having been denied Bailey- Rusty was hungry for her.

"Alright, *follow*," he ordered.

This was a new command, for when she was in full pup-space yet expected to walk on two legs. Bailey started by nuzzling the side of Master's knee before she slowly rose to a stand. While on two legs, she gasped at the sight of her leash, now hanging suspended between her neck and Master's hand.

"Oh, do you like that?" Master asked. "Yes, you are still my bitch, even on two legs."

"Master," Bailey moaned, shivering at his words, the weight of her collar over her neck- different now that she was on two legs. It hung on her collarbones rather than a heavy weight on the back of her neck- hanging low with gravity. Standing, she could feel the cold metal of her tag, a little blue dog bone, pressed against her chest. The clip of her leash was not pulled upright, adding a pressure to her throat as she crawled on the floor, but now that it was hanging, she could feel the dramatic sway of it as Master started walking.

The larger plug was always more pronounced when she walked up stairs on two legs. Somehow, Bailey was able to scale the stairs on four legs with a tail plug with more ease than on two. She clutched the railing when she saw sparks, slightly afraid she would fall.

"Follow Bailey," Master commanded, giving a slight shake of the leash along her neck. Bailey opened her eyes, not remember closing them, and put one foot in front of the other. Master let her have slack in the leash, yet did not let her pause in the climb of the stairs.

By the time she made it to the top, Bailey was panting, legs sprawled on her side as the tail hung, swaying between her thighs. She moaned when she heard the clicker. Master chuckled at her plight.

He pat the bed with his hands twice, silently ordering her to sit as he walked around the nightstand. Bailey was sitting on the bed by the time he was elbow deep in a drawer of lace.

"I do love seeing you in blue," Master said, holding up two different sets of lingerie for her to wear. He walked to her, but Bailey already had seen her favorite of the two. Before she could bark her answer, Master held the two patterns over her skin, humming to himself.

Rather than make a choice, Master looked at Bailey, causing her to sit up a bit straighter as he looked her over. With a slight uptick in his lips, he held up the one she preferred.

"You like this one, don't you?" Master didn't wait for her answer, already sliding her one arm into the bra strap, the next following. "I do spoil you," he said, snapping the elastic clasp.

Bailey playfully bit his ear since he was hunched over her. He responded by snapping her bra.

"Lay back," he ordered, pushing her on the shoulder, much the same way she did to get Rusty excited. Bailey's breath hitched as the plug shifted in her body, feeling her legs twitch as Master manipulated her legs to get into the panties.

With his strength, he lifted her into the lace, making sure to spend ample time checking that her plug was snugly pushed into her ass.

In a teasing manner, he placed a delicate kiss over her laced covered clit, hands on both sides of her thighs, no doubt pressing bruises into her.

"You're getting wet, bitch," he said, giving her another light kiss. She gasped, knowing better than to reach for him, to touch herself. "What a good girl you are, Bailey." Two, three kisses. "Could you come from this? In your panties like a little teenager that just discovered her clit?"

Bailey gripped the sheets.

"Or I could bring Rusty in here, let him lick your pantied covered clit and deny him even your juices."

"Master please," Bailey begged, the plug in her ass, the pressure against her legs, his words peppered in with kisses that hardly grazed her, yet stoked within her everything forbidden- that hidden furnace breathed with new life.

"Oh Bailey," Master said, now resting his head against the meat of her thigh. He leaned down and kissed her hip. "I wish we had the time, girl, but we'll run late."

Bailey held back the *fuck you* and other curses with a growl.

Master laughed as he stood from her legs, going back to the drawers that held some of her clothing now. Looking through his choices, Master freed a pair of leggings that would keep the winter bite from her, some thick socks, and a soft flannel.

"Be dressed by the time I'm ready," he said, putting her clothing beside where she was laying. He let his hand pet up her body, stopping at her collar. He unclipped her, making it easier for her to dress, yet left the leash on the bed.

Master walked into the bathroom- probably to wash his face from the slick that was drying. Bailey started moving, the plug pulling her in all sorts of ways, and heard the water running in the bathroom. The easiest item to put on was her shirt, the buttons of the flannel easy to manipulate.

Her socks required her to bend in half, the plug pushing at its deepest while angled against her rim, straining her concentration as she put her socks on. In an attempt to save time, Bailey remained bent over on the bed to step into her leggings. They were thicker and required her to pull with a little more force.

When it came time to standing, Bailey stumbled at the constriction of her legs and the feeling of the plug, forced to grip the dresser to keep from falling. She panted, closing her eyes to center herself, then gripped the hem of her pants.

The fabric was thicker, meant for colder temperatures, so when it pulled the fabric of her panties over the sore flesh of where Master spanked her, Bailey took a stumble forward. White knuckling the dresser, Bailey shimmied her way into her pants.

She let out a heaving sigh of relief.

Master was pleased to see her dressed and ready when he exited the bathroom. He had washed his face and smelled of fresh cologne. Being as she was, Bailey stepped forward, scenting it along his

new shirt- suspiciously matching the color of her the undergarments beneath her clothing. Bailey hummed along him as Master pet her, a hand coming down to thumb at the crux of her skull and collar.

“Come on,” he said, pulling away to clip the leash back to her collar.

The walk down the stairs was equally as difficult as the walk up, her hand on the railing as Master trailed ahead.

Rather than collect Rusty, Master walked to the door with Bailey in hand. She paused at the threshold, looking distantly down the road for the neighbors that might be lurking.

“Bailey,” Master ordered, giving a tug on the leash. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath, remembering that she agreed to this. As she did this, she felt her breasts tighten ever so slightly, a drip of wet hit the lace of her panties.

Master walked out the door, leading her to the car. With quick hands, he had the door open for her, maneuvering her leash around the door as she stepped into the chilled car. She shivered, the cold leather pressed against her back. Master put the leash in her lap and moved with steady hands, clipping her into the car. He closed the door, walked around the car to the driver’s side and began to heat the car.

Bailey was left in the car, alone with only the radio playing a nonsensical song as company. When Master returned, it was with Rusty hopping down the stairs. Bailey flushed when she could see he was already pinking. Rusty loaded into his carrier as soon as Master lifted the trunk for him.

“Good stud,” he said, Bailey flushing a little harder in the passenger seat. Bailey could hear Rusty eating some treat before the trunk closed. A few seconds passed and Master was in the front with Bailey. He held out a small chocolate for her. “And a good girl.”

Bailey took her treat and slowly unwrapped it as Master backed out of his driveway, the bump of the curb causing her to hold the top of the car.

“Easy Bailey,” Master said, only just starting to drive. “It won’t be so bad.”

But it was worse than Bailey could have imagined. Because while she could have predicted her moans, the feeling of her spanked butt against lace and the car seat, she did not anticipate what a stretched plug meant against the potholes in the ground.

Neither keeping her legs crossed or spreading them did the trick to alleviate the burden of painful pleasure on her ass. Master said little of her struggles, humming to the song on the radio if he knew it, silently listening to her moans if he did not.

Bailey hardly noticed the car stop. She felt the draft next to her window, but didn’t say anything to Master about it, too focused on the feeling of a bulging knot deep in her ass.

“Hey, Bailey-girl,” a sing-song, teasing voice called.

“Oh no,” she slipped, the words that fell out of her lips caused both Master and Sarah to laugh. Sarah had her arms crossed over the car window, looking at Bailey with a hungry expression on her face. She peaked deeper into the car. “And I bet that’s Rusty in there. He sure sounds excited.”

Bailey panted. Rusty was excited, whining in the car as he could no doubt smell Bailey’s excited

pheromones *leaking* in the car.

“How about this?” Sarah said, taking a lock of Bailey’s hair, twirling it in between her fingers. “You let me take you inside while your Daddy checks in with your stud.”

Bailey gave an unsure look to Master but he was already hopping out of the car.

“Perfect,” Sarah said, opening the passenger door before Bailey could think of escaping. She had her hand on Master’s leash and Bailey complied, unclipping the seatbelt. Gently as she could with such a plug in her, Bailey stepped out of the car, holding onto the edge as if a lifeline. “Come with me, girl. I’m showing you to a special room.”

Bailey walked behind Sarah, who walked at a faster, more excited pace. This forced Bailey to walk faster, shifting the plug between her cheeks rapidly, her spanked ass grating against the lace. In the facility was the sound of numerous barking dogs that reminded her of the vet clinic. Bailey could smell the familiar scent of dog, products and toys in the front giving it every appearance of an obedience school.

There was always a backdoor- Sarah pushed it open after keying in a lock beyond four digits. The door slid open and locked once they passed through. Bailey felt her heart pounding in anticipation while Sarah looked at a number of charts hanging from the wall.

“Room six, then,” Sarah said, moving before Bailey could determine what the charts were really about, giving her a hint of what was coming.

Each set of doors she passed was painted a teal colored green, marked with a silver number at the top. On the outside of the doors was a similar chart to the ones hanging at the entrance, and two dog leashes.

Bailey felt her breasts tighten as she walked.

Sarah stopped at room six, keyed in another number to unlock the...the cell door- a small cut out of glass at the top only visible if one stood right up to it. Bailey was right about the cell- the floor was padded with a material that she imagined would be easy to hose down and given that she heard no moaning from the doors with two leashes, she imagined it was soundproof as well.

Her eyes couldn’t help but fall on the bench, lowered a bit that allowed for an easy breeding. Along the two walls to her sides, angled to the bench, were mirrors.

Bailey backed away from the bench, overwhelmed by even the sight of her in clothing with her leash attached to Sarah. The leash pulled against Sarah’s hand, the woman immediately turning to grip harder, pulling her hand down. This forced Bailey’s head downward, causing her to stumble into Sarah’s hold.

The woman held her tightly, even against her struggling, she managed to hold the leash in such a way that Bailey could not fight.

“Settle, girl, settle,” she said, moving them both closer to the bench. Bailey could see herself in the mirrors, hunched over and walking backwards with Sarah holding the leash, dragging her closer. Bailey’s hands smacked against the wood and leather of the bench, where she imagined her legs would soon be latched. “Are you going to be good?”

Bailey debated that, which was apparently enough of a response that it earned her a spank. Even

clothed, Bailey felt it- igniting the spanks Master already gave her.

"Is that what you need," Sarah asked, pulling her pants down, exposing the panties to Sarah. Bailey felt them constrict around her knees, forcing her legs together, pinching the plug. "A nice grounding spank on these *cute* little panties?"

Sarah looped the leather around some bar in the bottom of the bench, preventing her from lifting her head.

Then came the spanks. Over her lace, did little to hide the stinging bite of her palm. Even though the woman spoke with a puppy-tone, she did not let up on her hand. Spank after spank was delivered to Bailey's butt, jostling the plug with each slap of her flesh.

"There's a good girl, Bailey!" Sarah praised, a clicker going off numerous times as Bailey hung on the bench. "Who's a good girl?" she asked, brushing away the tears that ran down the cheeks of her face. "It's you, Bailey! You're a good girl!"

A dramatic kiss was placed to the top of her head.

"Stay here while I go get your Master." Sarah scratched behind Bailey's head and after a couple of paces, she heard the door open and lock shut.

"Fuck," Bailey groaned, finally allowing her legs to fall open, letting the bench take her weight. She couldn't help the feeling of her pulsing against the plug in her ass, the burn of a spanking always causing her to pulse.

With her neck pinned to the leash lock, Bailey took some of the weight off her chest by holding the bars with her hands, shifting her legs apart to hopefully ease the sting. She twitched in the bar, cursing softly for fear that Master and Sarah might return at any moment.

Still clothed, her legs caught in the tight binding of her pants, Bailey laid over the bench with the feeling of her ass throbbing to keep her company.

A rustling sound followed by the unlocking of the door, Bailey closed her eyes as she heard the clacking of nails and two sets of shoes walking in.

"Oh no," Master said, sounding as if he was walking closer to Bailey. "Was she a naughty girl?"

"Nothing unexpected," Sarah said. Bailey could hear Rusty pulling at his leash to get to her, regardless of her state of clothing. "She fought a little on the bench- needed a warming."

Now that they were in view of the mirrors, Bailey could see that Sarah was holding Rusty, her slight arms capable of holding onto all of his might as he pulled. Master strolled over to Bailey, his hands coming to her pants and stripping them off her legs. With her chest balanced on the bench, he could slip off her shirt.

Her bra's removal was as simple as unclasping her from the back. Master helped her onto the bench properly, his hands strapping her down, fingers familiar with checking to make sure she was secured. When Master got to her butt, his hands came to the meat of her cheeks, warmed and rubbed under her lace. His thumb came to press on her plug, causing a sharp whine to exit her throat.

He sighed, seemingly in disappointment as he had to remove the panties from her, pulling them free

of her feet. Master strapped her down at the ankles, then higher at the knees. There was a final strap that went over her waist, acting as a belt that would keep her from being able to move too far when knotted.

Bailey looked up at her reflection, strapped down in a great series of bands. She tested her restraints, looking in the reflection, hardly able to move. She startled when she heard her stud chuff from where he was tied down.

Master made his way towards one of the chairs she hadn't noticed in the room, now only able to see it through the reflection.

She felt her cunt quiver, knowing that it wouldn't be long before Rusty, and other studs would be inside her.

Sarah was by Rusty's side, her hand on his collar. Bailey readied herself.

She unclipped her stud without saying a word.

With the mirrors in front and around her, Bailey could see Rusty trot over to her, hear the way his collar jingled as he came closer to her. His snout touched her thigh, tongue licking up and into her.

"Oh," she gasped, looking in the mirror as Rusty began to lick her in the bench. She could feel the consistent pulse of his tongue parting her folds. Her fingers tightened around the bars when she felt his snout push against the sensitive flesh of her body.

Excited and denied, Rusty was quick to mount her. His paws scrambled over her, his hips thrusting as he attempted to steady himself on her body. She felt the tip of his cock thrust along her inner thigh, climbing higher until he found the crease of her ass.

Her large plug shifted and pulled, forcing her hips down in combination with the bar.

Bailey felt Rusty lick the back of her neck, his thrusts finally catching for him to sink into her body. With the spanking, Bailey felt every part of his hips slam against her ass, her legs jolting into the bench with every powerful thrust he delivered into her body.

Rusty was relentless as he took her body. Bailey moaned as she felt his cock bully deeper into her body, quick to grow, hoping to knot and seed her deeply until she was thick with a litter of puppies.

Unable to move, Bailey could only lay on the bench and *take*.

She gasped when she opened her eyes at the feeling of his teeth near her ears. In the mirror, she could see that Rusty was drooling, panting as he moved forward with each thrust of his hips into her body. Bailey's eyes ran over the muscular tendons of his legs, straining to both hold her close to him and the need to find purchase deeper within.

"You can really see every part of her," Master said, his voice almost in awe as he took in the sight of bitch and stud mating.

Whatever Sarah's response fell mute on Bailey's ears, when Rusty began to push his cock into her, the feeling of his knot beginning to expand. She gasped, every push and pull of her inner lips against his knot.

Bailey watched herself, the way her own cheeks turned redder as Rusty came closer and closer to

knot. How she twitched and pulled at her restraints and her stud. She saw the expression of her stud when he pushed her knot into her, the bulging flesh making her gasp and cry as it settled within her cunt.

Bailey could see all the ways she and Rusty were connected- the way his muscles twitched and strained now that he was resting on her spine, how her back arched or dipped against him. Bailey strained in the bench, the bars rattling with her struggles.

"You getting all juicy, girl?" Sarah asked, kneeling by her side. The woman pet Rusty's head, the dog happily letting her near as he was knot deep in Bailey. Her fingernails then combed through Bailey's hair, collected the locks and twisting them. When she let go, Bailey found that her hair was tied up. "You don't want to miss your own show, Bailey," said Sarah.

As Sarah walked away from having tied her hair, Rusty decided that it would be time to hobble off Bailey's back. She gasped, air coming to her easier, the pull on her cunt even stronger now that Rusty was on all four of his paws.

Bailey moaned in the restraints, gasping as she looked at herself and Rusty in the mirror. The straps held her down to the breeding bench tightly and there were faint scratches along her hips and thighs. Rusty was wagging his little stub tail, the movement flicking Bailey's plug back and forth, but with the mirrors, she was able to see the image.

Normally, Bailey could only hear the humiliating squelch of the knot's pull; with the mirrors, she could see the squirt, the dribbles and drips, but for the gush fell from her cunt as Rusty popped his knot from her cunt. Bailey moaned, her thighs quivering in the restraints.

She heard the door open and another set of nails skidding on the ground. Looking up in the mirror, she saw Sarah approaching with a lab mix, pulling at the leash to approach her.

"Oh!" she gasped, jolting as a cold nose pressed right into her cunt. Her hands gripped the restraints as she attempted to pull away from the sensation, unable to move more than an inch as she was forced to take the tongue of the dog.

There was conversation happening near her, a distant murmur that went unnoticed as Bailey moaned on the restraints. The lab was licking her cunt free of any remains of Rusty, pushing his tongue past her folds and popping into her pussy. With each pop of his tongue, deep licks that pulled his come from her, she moaned, eyes fluttering.

His tongue vanished, replaced with hips and thrusting. She grunted under the feeling of his slimy cock along her thighs, but did not need to wait long for the dog to mount her. Looking at her own expression, Bailey watched as the air was knocked out of her, pitched forward on the breeding bench, and the dog begin to thrust.

She moaned again, eyes rolling into the back of her head, turning so she could see her reflection- the way the dog panted as he worked to fuck his knot deeper into her cunt, his paws clenching on her body, nails digging into her flesh through the socks he wore.

Bailey moaned, panted, drooled on the bench as the dog knotted her. This dog had a longer tail and rocked her ass with him as he wagged his tail. She grunted as the knot slipped from side to side, pulling and pushing the mess he made in her.

The dog was faster to dismount her than Rusty, pulling and jumping off her body that would have surely dragged her across the floor if not for the restraints.

The next dog was a Doberman. Bailey could see that this dog was well trained and walked next to Sarah with powerful and measured strides. Bailey felt herself gulp as the dog approached her, not moving unless Sarah did, though, the intensity of his gaze made her quiver.

Her cunt was spasming without her consent, dripping from the two dogs that had her and this one was looking at her as if he wanted to eat her alive.

“Have a taste, boy,” Sarah said, putting a hand over her hips. Bailey panted as she turned her head, watching as the beast of a dog approached her exposed cunt. His long nose moved forward, scenting her, scratching her with his whiskers.

The first lick was broad and slow, dragging from her clit to her ass. The second was more precise, put on her thighs to lick up the mess the dogs left behind. She gasped, quivering in the restraints as he worked his way up, as if cleaning her for the mess he would leave behind.

Bailey moaned as his tongue began to work its way into her pussy. His licks were methodic, centering in at her hole and licking up to her tail. His nose was shoved at the base of her tail, allowing her to feel a touch of his sharp teeth before he began diving into her pussy.

In the same old song and dance, this dog seemed ready to mount her as she approached her orgasm, ripping her from it. Bailey scrambled in the restraints as the dog mounted her, his large cock finding her cunt without needing a guiding hand.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck!” she cursed as the dog plowed into her body. She moaned, her mouth open and tongue hanging out as the dog took her body for everything he had. His hips were higher on the breeding bench, allowing him to fuck her as fast as he could run her down. His hips smacked into her ass, spanking her with each thrust as his balls continued to slap her. Bailey felt sweat drip down her forehead as the dog continued to fuck.

It was impossible for her to open her eyes, fucked like this, like a machine was at the end of her ass. Plowing away, Bailey could feel as the dog expanded, his hips beginning to stall from the rhythmic movement. His knot was catching inside her body, pulling her only to release and thrust, thrust, thrust...

“Master,” she moaned, feeling a line of drool escape her as the dog pushed his knot into her. Bailey’s eyes rolled into her head as his balls slapped along her clit, the hair of his body resting along her labia, it was impossible not to come on his cock. She gasped, cried out, gripping the restraints as the dog and leather pinned her down.

With the heavy weight of the dog atop her and the pressure of the restraints, Bailey floated in the pup-space happily as she milked the knot of the dog. The Doberman panted above her, his paws still around her, but no longer clawing now he was knotted. A knot this big, she could feel the pulse of hot come inside of her, kept locked up as he continued to breed her in the stand. Bailey hummed, turning her head when the dog began licking the sweat from her neck.

Master was at her head when the dog released his knot from her cunt. He hushed her as she cried, the pain and pleasure mounting in the stand. Exposed like this, Master put his hand on her tail plug, gently massaging in and out until she relaxed in the stand. He pat her back and returned to her face holding a bunny lick of water.

She eagerly drank from the lick, feeling droplets of water drip down to the collar around her neck. Master chuckled at her, commenting that she was a sloppy girl, and took the water away.

By the time that Sarah returned, it was with another dog, a large husky mix that was pulling at the end of the leash.

“Did you think you were done, girl?” Sarah said, guiding the dog over to her ass. Bailey clenched in the seat, clearly enticing the dog as he shoved his nose into her cunt.

This dog took a few times to mount.

“He’s a young boy,” Sarah said as she pulled his paws into position. The husky’s cock was out, but the dog was too excited to mount her for longer than a few moments. “He’s only bitched a few times.”

Bailey moaned at that, knowing that she was the training bitch now. The husky, Max, circled around her a few times, kissing her face, licking her cunt, before climbing back up.

Bailey felt it, his shaft gliding along her thigh until it hit her hole. She moaned at the feeling of Sarah’s fingers, all but guiding the cock of the dog into her. Bailey whined in her straps, pulling at them with futile abandon as Max began to thrust into her body.

His fur coated her body and with the movement over her, Bailey found herself sweating in the restraints. She closed her eyes, feeling her cheeks flushed as Max knotted within her, quick to turn around.

A faint breeze passed over her back as Max wagged his tail.

“Oh no boy,” Sarah said, ushering him away from Bailey as he pulled out. “I wanted you in her longer. I guess we’ll have to try again.”

And again they went.

Bailey took Max a second time, and Rusty followed after, then several other dogs.

She panted on the stand, one after the other taking her body, finding their pleasure and bringing her to her own orgasm if their balls slapped against her hard enough. All the while, Master had his hand in Bailey’s hair, whispering sweet words into her ears as both watched in the reflection of the mirror, her body quivering under the knot of a dog.