

READBEAST

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I came home to my new puppy. As a kid, I was always bouncing around from place to place, so I never had the chance to own a pet. It was the first thing I did when I got my place. Rex was already a couple of years old, still a puppy, but trained. At least, that's what I thought. It didn't take long for me to realize he wasn't exactly housebroken. After some chewed shoes and new stains in my apartment, I was ready to flip.

I started researching how to train my puppy. Of course, I used Google to skim the websites until I found one that guaranteed a trained dog within three months. After only three months of working with Rex, I'd have a trained dog! But it was on the internet, and I was a little hesitant to contact someone who may or may not be real.

I looked down at Rex. He was chewing on my brand-new shoes! I clicked the site and sent off an email. Now, all I had to do was wait.

"So, how long have you been doing this?" I asked the shadowed woman across from me.

She leaned forward before answering. "We have been providing trained dogs to clients for approximately five years. Only ten dogs have taken more than three months to train in those five years. Of course the ten were our first ten trained. The first took approximately seven months to train; the second took five and a half, the third five, and the time continued to decrease. The first dogs took the most time because we tried different methods before we settled on the most efficient. The training has not been perfected to an art."

She leaned back once again, leaving me to my thoughts. It all sounded fantastic, but there was always a catch.

"Is it alright if I come to a training? Just to see what it's like before I say yes."

"I am sorry this is unacceptable. We will, however, provide a contract that provides a dog within ninety days, or there will be no payment necessary."

I thought about this, unsure if I should agree. There were other trainers, but none that gave this kind of timeline. But if there was a contract, it gave a safety net, right? And I did just want to get right into playing with Rex. What's the worst that could happen, right?

"All right. It's a deal."

She pulled out a thick stack of papers. "All right, you need to sign here and here." She said as she pointed to several places in the stack.

I went to read the papers, but she held them to the table, nudging a pen into my hand. Although it was weird, I wasn't thinking and just signed. She pulled the stack away, closed her briefcase, and stood.

"All right, tomorrow, meet at 286 Carnel Street with Rex. According to the contract, you can stay with Rex until the three months are up. Come at six in the morning. Sharp."

She walked out the door, leaving me gaping after her. I guess I should have read the contract.

I walked into the building with Rex at my side. It was a huge building with practically no neighbors. I carried my pack with several changes of clothing. I stopped just inside the doorway. It looked abandoned. It couldn't be a scam because I hadn't given any money or information yet. Other than my signature, they hadn't gotten anything from me.

I started to back out, thinking maybe I had gotten the wrong address, when I was grabbed from behind, a cloth placed over my nose and mouth. I kicked, I punched, I did everything I could to free myself. It wasn't long until I passed out, though.

When I woke, I looked around, seeing nothing but darkness. After feeling around, a few slats, but no light was coming through. I tried to stretch, but whatever I was in wouldn't let me go further than my hands and knees.

After what felt like a lifetime, I heard a creak, and light began spilling in, allowing me to see I was in some type of crate with nothing on. I looked out through the slats, noticing rows of other crates.

My door opened, and I saw the woman I'd met with only a couple of days ago. She grabbed my hair and pulled me out. Keeping me kneeling, I was half dragged to a table where I was then strapped in. I tried to stand but couldn't break the bonds, no matter how hard I tried.

"Please. I don't know why you're doing this. I won't tell anyone. Please, just let me go?"

She looked at me with a smirk. "You've already been sold, pup. You'll live with your new owners in less than three months."

I was horrified. What was she even talking about? Was she a psycho?

"Please, no one has to know you can just-"

Right then, she placed a ring inside my mouth, preventing my mouth from moving. She reached inside, grabbed my tongue, and pulled it on top of the ring so that I could move it around. She placed a cloth over my mouth, and I sank into oblivion once again.

When I woke, I was once again in the crate. The ring was still in my mouth, and I felt like going to the bathroom badly. I had mitt-like things on my hands, making them look like paws, and my knee joints felt sore. When I tried to sit back and straighten my legs, they wouldn't go past 90 degrees. I tried to scream, but only a muffled sound reached my ears.

Only later, when I tried shifting, I noticed I had something in me. When I reached back, I found a tail. Following the tail, I found it attached to my ass. I tried to pull it out but only aggravated it with my hands in the mitts. I left it, shifting back to my hands and knees, and shortly after, fell back asleep.

I woke up to food being pushed into my crate. Before I could try to bribe the person, they left, moving to the next crate. The tail shocked me when I tried to pick up the dog bowl in my hands. I

dropped the bowl, and some pellets flew out. I tried again to pick up the bowl. I was shocked, even worse!

I bent down to my forearms and tried to pick up the pellets with my tongue. When I succeeded, I felt the most soothing sensation. It felt like the tail was leaking into my ass, countering the leftover effects of the shocks. I moaned in relief. Every time I used my tongue, I was rewarded with a soothing sensation. I tried again to pick up a pellet, but they were all gone! As the sensation slowly disappeared, I moaned in frustration.

I looked around, noticing some of the cages were empty now. Only a short while ago, they were filled. I wonder where they went.

I drifted to thoughts of freedom from the cage.

I've been in the cage for about 60 feedings. If they're feeding me once a day, then about two months, if twice, then only one. During this time, I was shocked when I did something relatively human. Each time was worse than the last. My tail gave me the most amazing sensation whenever I did something they liked. It's been about 15 feedings since I've been shocked.

I looked up to my cage door being opened. It was the lady from my first day here. I stood on my hands and knees, trembling with excitement. I've only ever left the cage with her. In her hands was a collar and leash.

I bent my head as she reached out. She snapped on the collar, the leash already attached. During this, I felt the liquid being poured into my ass. I shivered in pleasure.

"Come on, girl. It's time for your lessons." I followed her out of the crate and down the row of cages.

I could feel my tail wag as I walked, just like a real dog. We reached the end of the hall and stood in front of an elevator. She pressed the button, and we waited. As the doors to the elevator opened, we stepped inside.

When we reached our floor, we got off and walked to a door just down the hall. The lady opened the door. Inside was a wide-open space with three other women like me and their handlers. The lady walked in and sat us in the corner.

We were there for a few minutes before the door opened again, and a man walked in. This was the first male I've seen since I've been brought here.

"Alright, ladies. Those still standing sit by the back wall, and we'll begin." He waited for everyone to be seated at the back before starting again. "So, know you've all been here several times, and you know what you're doing, but this is just the preliminaries. And remember, every dog has a different temperament, and we don't know how they'll react."

Then I realized he was talking to only the handlers. To them, we were just dogs.

"Can I get the two of you who've brought your dog here before to come up front?"

Two ladies and their "dogs" went to the front.

"Remember, dominance is control. You are dominant to your dogs. You are a master. And don't let

them forget. Now, just go through the basics, then we'll teach the newbies."

I watched as the two handlers dropped the leash and commanded the dogs. I watched them bark, sit, beg, heel. I even watched them sniff the other's ass. I would say they were dogs if I didn't know any better.

"Excellent. Now, for the two newbies, please bring your dogs to the front. We'll start with sitting."

My handler brought me beside one lady and her dog. I looked at my fellow woman. She was panting, her tongue hanging out, and a little bit of drool dripping, too. When her eye got itchy, she scratched just like a dog. Was this going to be me?

"Sit." I sat on the side of my hip, trying to be careful of my tail. I started to feel a shock going through my body. I started to cry out. The shock increased in intensity!

I didn't even notice the man walk over. "Remember not to let your dog make sounds unfit for their species. A dog does not cry but whimpers. Continue to shock her if she still cries."

Hearing this, I stopped crying. Instead, they softened into whimpers. Instantly, the pain disappeared, and the leaking sensation came back. I felt the tingles begin in my nether regions.

"Now that she's behaving again get her to sit properly. No matter how old your puppy is, the posture should be correct. Our buyers pay quite a bit to have a properly trained puppy."

My handler raised my hind end of the floor into a standing position. Once I was standing alone, she commanded me to sit again. This time, when I sat, I looked to the more experienced. They were sitting on their asses like a dog should. I copied them. As soon as my ass touched the floor, I felt the soothing tingles. I gave a big sigh, so happy at that moment.

When my cage door opened at feeding time, I stood. I was hungry. I've stopped trying to count my time. After countless training sessions, it was obvious that I was never getting out. I would be here until they decided to let me go. I don't know when I gave in—maybe when I was first given dog food or my first training session. It doesn't matter because I've become one after being treated like a dog for so long.

I waited for my food, but it never came. Instead, hands reached in with a new collar and a new leash. I shivered in anticipation. I can only go to a few places, but my favorite is the training room. I truly hope we're going there. I exited my cage, my tail wagging. I followed my handler. When we passed the training room, I started whimpering. I don't know where we're going. It isn't very clear because I've never been so far in all this time. A part of me wonders if I'll be let go.

I shiver a moment, not wanting to leave. At first, it's what I begged for, but now, I don't think I'd survive without the things I've come to depend upon. When we reached a door, my handler bent down to my level.

"Are you ready to meet your new master?" I cocked my head. I wasn't sure if I was happy or not. After being trained, I was treated well here. What if my master's is different?

She pushed open the door, walking through first. I followed close behind, my tail still. When I reached a pair of legs, I looked up. I was shocked as I recognized the woman who sold me my dog, Rex. Then, I first thought about Rex and what happened to him when I was taken.

My training kicked in when Samantha, my new owner, bent and stuck her hand out to me. I automatically sniffed her hand and slowly approached her.

"You did a good job. Thank you." Samantha said as she stood, taking my lead from my handler.

"She hasn't been fed. The contract states she is your trained puppy, given three months after payment. Could you just sign here? It's just to say that we held up our end of the bargain."

My mistress signed the contract, thanked her again, and walked out. Stepping into the bright light, I was loading into my new crate onto the back of a truck. I looked around, once secure, ready to go.

It was a while before we pulled into a gated community. It was odd since the whole community was in a forest. It was protected, yet public. The truck stopped, and my mistress jumped out. She walked around the truck and released me. She took hold of my lead once again and walked me to the front door.

Once inside the house, I was a little nervous. It was a new, strange place. I started whimpering. At the first sound I made, I heard the clicks of another dog's nails. I looked, seeing Rex come running. I smiled, seeing him.

My mistress walked away, leaving us to be reacquainted. When Rex started to sniff my ass, my training once again kicked in, and I, in turn, sniffed his. When he licked, I stood for him. It wasn't until Rex was called into the other room that I realized exactly what I was letting him do. I blushed, knowing my descent was truly complete.

I followed Rex into the other room, where My mistress was with a man, petting Rex.

"See Dan. Isn't she a beautiful puppy?" My mistress stared at me before whistling softly, calling me to her side.

"Yeah. What's her name?"

My mistress paused in scratching my head. I looked at her, wondering why she stopped. She was staring at the man. "I don't know. I didn't think that far ahead." She started to scratch me once again. I turned my head, trying to get her to pet the spot I wanted. "What about Roxie?"

There was a pause before the man answered. "Are you sure, honey? You're not going to change your mind in a week?"

"Yeah. She likes her name. Don't you, Roxie?" At that moment, she reached my spot. My back leg started to shake, and I kind of groaned.

"Roxie, it is then."

After a few weeks, I got into a routine. I did everything that Rex did. I went to the bathroom outside and was taken for a walk once daily. I got to meet other dogs. Not just like Rex, but like me, too. It seemed as if it were an accepted thing in this community. I was happy. I had no worries. It's a good life.

I exited my spot by the television and headed to the backdoor. I whimpered before my mistress

realized I needed to be let out.

Once out, I peed, then went to find Rex. He'd been acting strange lately. I found him curled up in the corner. When he saw I was out, he ran to me. We started sniffing each other, making sure nothing had changed. Rex sniffed my ass before he began licking. I watched him as he started to lick my pussy. This was new. After so long of not having any sexual contact, I was being turned on by Rex. His tongue went so deep that my knees began shaking when it entered.

It wasn't until he tried to mount me that I understood what was happening. Rex smelled a bitch in heat and was trying to make puppies. I tried walking away, but he just kept following. It wasn't until I reached the back door that I had nowhere else to go that Rex finally mounted. I tried pawing at the door, but Rex was too heavy. He started humping, and I needed both paws to balance. My ass turned up and was in the right position. When I felt his cock touch my pussy, I shuddered.

He drove it in. He pounded into me again and again. All I could focus on was this beast fucking me. When my head banged into the door from the hard fucking, I barely noticed. At the same time, I felt Rex's knot banging into my pussy. It was going in and out, still too small to plug me. He pounded me into the door again. His knot finally stayed in. I felt the ripples start at my core, then spread until it was the only thing I could feel. My head was thrown up, my eyes unseeing.

When I calmed down, I could feel Rex emptying into me. I realized I had closed my eyes. When I opened them, my master and mistress stood there, smiling, watching us together. Rex turned, so we were ass to ass, periodically trying to pull out. When he finally got out, he walked into his corner and licked himself.

The door opened, and I was let into the house. I was truly a bitch now.

"Roxie."

My head went up at being called. I slowly woke, shaking off the sleep, before going to my master. He was at the front door with a long lead in his hands. I wagged my tail, excited to be let out. He clipped me in and led me out to the stake in the front yard. He clipped me in before going to his car.

When he pulled out, I sat. I didn't want to be left alone. I whimpered, wanting my master to come back. I lay down, genuinely wanting someone to keep me company.

It wasn't until I felt a snout at my pussy that I realized I fell asleep. Thinking I was Rex, I opened my legs. After the first time, we fucked at least once a day now. When his snout poked at me, I got the signal to stand. Sleepily, I went to my knees.

It wasn't long before I was mounted and moaning. With my eyes still closed, I rocked back into him. He pounded into me again and again. His knot was huge. It got stuck right away. He came not too long after, continuing to pump his hips. Still tired, I laid my upper body on the ground, my hind end held by the knot.

When the knot was small enough, he climbed off. He started licking me again. When I felt him mount once more, I was confused. When I looked back, I saw a small crowd of people, all with mad dogs, ready to fuck. I was still a bit groggy, but when the second dog thrust into me, I moaned.

He pounded mercilessly, never seeming to tire. I was rocking back into him, trying to get more in me. He quickly came, his knot slipping out quickly.

This was my afternoon. People would come and go. Dogs would pound into me, the knots no longer staying. Cum constantly leaked out. My ass never stopped humping back, even when there was no dog on me. It wasn't until my master unhooked me that I realized no more people or dogs existed.

I whimpered. I felt the need to be filled. My master carried me into the house. He carried me to my doggy bed. There, Rex quickly came to me. I stood, ready for him. He licked the cum for a while before mounting. He fucked me fast and furiously. As he fucked me, my master came to my front. He bent in front of me, and while I was being fucked by Rex, my master attached a new tag.

"Now everyone will know you're truly Rex's bitch."

My master walked away as I was being fucked by Rex.

I've realized my purpose in life. Maybe it wasn't, to begin with, but I don't think I'd be happy being anything else after training.

The End