

# Raya becomes a Puppy-girl

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## GRAPHIC CONTENT WARNING

Raya slowly opened her eyes. She was sleeping inside her basket, when the sound of high heels near her woke her up. She liked the warmth and coziness of her basket, but she only slept there when she behaved and didn't displease her mistress. She was a very strict mistress, but could also show a more loving and caring side. But Raya, or Trixie, as was her name now and during these past three years, had to fight for that care and earn it, every time. It had been made very clear to her from the very beginning.

## CHAPTER 1: THE BEGINNING

Colorful lights. The feeling of the bass hitting you right in the chest. People dancing like it was the last day in the world. She loved every part of that lifestyle. And she had the means to live it every night. Her comfortable upbringing made sure of that. She particularly liked hanging out in the "Deep Web" a goth-style night club that matched her aesthetics.

She always liked to dress in black. Black boots up to her knees, black cute dresses that showed a bit more skin than her parents would approve. They all complimented her long straight dark hair. She really liked her hair and took extremely good care of it. Something that was also true of her make-up. Dark eye shadow and dark lipstick contrasted with the whiteness of the rest of her face. A cute, silver ring, pierced on her right eyebrow completed her look.

It was a casual day in the Deep Web. Raya was hanging in the booth with two of her girlfriends, when she noticed a new presence step inside the club. She knew most of the regulars, especially the women, so she found it strange that this extra-ordinary looking person had slipped off her radar. She was a tall woman, about 35 years old. She wore a very elegant purple dress and a big matching hat over her red, curled hair. On her neck rested a big necklace that came down to her breasts, with all sorts of precious stones that made it shine in the club's darkness. It was as if she stepped out of a modern, twisted, noir film.

Raya watched the woman take a seat in the booth next to theirs. She was alone, which made it ever stranger, since she was a stunning looking woman. "Do you know who she is?" Raya asked her friends, Felicia and Natalie. They both shook their heads, puzzled. Raya continued her night of drinking and partying, unaware of the woman's sneaky looks towards her.

It was Saturday night and the club was full of people as expected. Raya had drunk a considerable amount and was now dancing under the club's photorhythmic lights. Then, she spotted the tall woman she'd seen before, approach her gracefully through the crowd. "I see you a lot around here, what's your name?" said the woman in a deep, sexy voice. Raya didn't stop dancing but yelled "I'm Raya!" The woman stayed elegant and replied, "My name is Jessica, I'm the new owner of this place." she didn't lie, there wasn't a need for that. "I like meeting people who frequently come here" she added. "Great, nice to meet you!" yelled Raya, again. "I'm also looking to add some new DJs, if you're interested..." Jessica said with a little smirk on her face.

She had been watching Raya for months now. Not her, obviously, but people she paid well. They collected every bit of information that might be useful for Jessica, in order for her to approach the petite goth-girl. Raya's face lit up at the woman's proposal. She had only played in a handful of places, nothing really popular. But becoming a DJ was her dream, and she would do anything to make it reality. In her drunken state, it didn't even cross her mind that the woman in front of her, whom she'd just met, might be lying.

"I would love to work here for you!" she replied, unable to contain her excitement. Jessica seemed to move away from her, but then turned to face her and waived for Raya to follow her. Raya saw her go inside the ladies restroom. Her heart begun pounding, she had to go inside. She hesitantly opened the door, her steps echoing in the seemingly empty room, as the music's volume from the dance-floor was now quieter. She walked across the room, till she saw Jessica stand on the last stall's wall, the door wide open. "Aren't you gonna come in?" she teased her. Raya had frozen in front of her, just a few feet outside the stall's door. She wasn't really grossed out by women, but she definitely wasn't a lesbian. She really wanted this job, though and this was a chance she might never have again. She took a deep breath and walked inside.

Jessica dragged the bolt on the door, and then turned to face Raya. "I'm not very hard to please, you know. I promise I'll keep my word." she said calmly to the girl in front of her. She then reached and gave Raya a gentle kiss on the neck, and again higher, then higher, until their lips met. Raya felt weird, but not unpleasant. The drinks certainly helped. "I like that piercing you got there" the woman remarked. She then closed the toilet seat and put her right leg on top. She lifted her expensive silk dress, to reveal her naked crotch. Raya knew what she had to do, but she didn't like it. "I am not gonna wait for long..." said the tall woman playfully, but also assertively. Raya knelt and started licking her cunt. Jessica looked down on the goth-girl as she pleased her, the thoughts of what was to come for her made her dripping wet. Raya already felt humiliated, like a sex servant, but kept going.

Finally, Jessica came squirting all over the girl's pale face. Raya felt disgusted but tried not to show it. "Haha, you're so cute, you know that?" laughed Jessica. "Come sit here on my lap for a bit". She sat on the toilet seat after giving the girl a tissue. Raya sat on the woman's lap. It's weird but it doesn't matter, she thought. It's over now. While she was cleaning her drenched face, she didn't see Jessica take a small syringe out of her handbag. The next moment Jessica placed her right hand over Raya's mouth, smothering her. The young girl screamed at the top of her lungs, but the syringe was already stuck on her neck and after a brief struggle, she lost consciousness.

Raya felt like she had been sleeping for weeks. Her head felt like it was being crushed. She tried to rise up, but felt she was unable to move at all. Her limbs, her waist and her neck were strapped to a medical table. Then, a wave of pain hit her entire body and especially where her hands and knees were. She didn't know what it was, but every inch of her body ached. She saw Jessica appear over her side, with a satisfied look on her face.

"Your arms have healed very well" she heard the woman say. "Your legs will take a bit longer, but there's no rush" added Jessica. Raya started crying and moaning, but a big red ball gag strapped in her mouth made it impossible for her to make any comprehensible sound. "You'll be ready to come home with me in a month or two. There are some more things I'd like to have done to you."

Jessica would transform the girl into her favorite kind of pet. A Dalmatian bitch. Her hands had been cut off at the wrists and her legs at the knees. She would never walk again, nor would she be able to grasp anything. She was painted all over her body, with a special paint that becomes one with the skin, a clear white color with black spots in various places, just like a real Dalmatian. Her genitals, asshole and her perky nipples were dyed a strong magenta, highlighting them in contrast with her black and white body. Her alluring lips and her nose though, were dyed black like her spots, making her face very

dog-like. Every hair, from her head to her pubes was shaved and a special cream was applied to make sure they would never grow again.

Raya almost didn't recognize herself when Jessica pointed a mirror at her face. She immediately started weeping again. Over the next weeks, Jessica would visit her little puppy every day, to check on her progress, but mostly to torment her psychologically. "You'll never have those dark, pretty hair of yours" or "you always put on so much make-up, now you won't need to paint your face white or put that dark lip-gloss ever again" were just a few of the things she'd say to the poor woman, who was always strapped to the medical table. Jessica was a pure sadist. She wanted to break the girl's spirit as quickly as possible.

After two months, the additional preparations were finished. Jessica's pet was ready to leave the surgery room and begin her new life. Her wounds pretty much healed, she had already started to walk on all fours, the only way she could move now. In addition, three silver rings were pierced on her nipples and sensitive clit. Two more hang from each side of her inner labia lips. Finally, a sixth stretch piercing, 1 cm in diameter was punched on the back of her tongue and was connected by two, light but short silver chains to each nipple ring.

The chains put pressure on Raya's tongue, forcing her to let it dangle from her mouth, otherwise her nipples would suffer. That also would turn Raya's tongue longer as time progressed. Raya hated the effect, as it made her tongue permanently stick out of her mouth and caused her to drool nonstop.

In order to make sure the chain wouldn't be a problem to Raya's eating; her front teeth were removed, both upper and lower. They were replaced with bridges of softer, rubber teeth. To the naked eye they looked like normal, except for the canines which had been shaped to look pointy and slightly longer. Raya would be able to swallow her food and hold some things like fetch toys with them, but not be a threat to anyone.

Additionally, a special type of plug, made out of flexible, synthetic material was shoved inside the Goth's virgin rectum. The doctor had applied to it a liquid that felt like lubricant, but, as Raya heard him explain to Jessica, was surgical glue. The plug was invading and painful, but not as much as when Raya felt the doctor pump it inside her, inflating the plug into a pear shape, it's head swollen and consisting of small spikes, designed to grip into the colon's inner walls. It was clear that it was not made to be removed. What was only removed was the center piece of the plug, making it hollow, but keeping the pressure on Raya's poor insides. The main part of the plug could be pressed shut, if Raya clenched hard enough, but that would be difficult and not for long periods of time. While resting, Raya's asshole would basically gape open.

The young girl's was too blinded from the pain to notice that the plug's other end, the only metal part, had two small rings on each of its sides, facing down and another slightly bigger one on the top part,

facing sideways. She quickly found out what the first two were for, after two chains, like the ones on her nipples, were attached to them and after each passing through its respective pussy lip ring, both ended on the clit ring. It was evident that any move she made, could cause discomfort to her most sensitive parts, and that was the best case scenario. Still, Raya didn't know what the top ring's function was.

Jessica approached the bound girl, holding what obviously looked like a Dalmatian dog's tail. It had the same flexibility and texture as a real tail. She happily screwed it on Raya's plug. It looked like a proper tail. Only difference was a small hole on the bottom part where the plug met with the tail, right at the edge of Raya's anus. Disguised by the tail's black spots, it would be the exit for her "duties".

The piercing process was done without any anesthetic, only paralyzing drugs so that Raya would keep still during it, but feel everything. It was a real nightmare for Raya, but it was nothing compared to what they did to her face to complete her bitch-look. After removing her ears, leaving only blank holes for her to hear through, a slim, white Alice band was sewn on the top of her head. It was so thin it blended in with the rest of the girl's white skull. On it where attached two leather, black and white doggy ears, that, like a Dalmatian, dropped slightly to the sides. After ten days, the band was part of Raya's scalp, and trying to remove it would cause her great pain. The effect was very convincing and made her look really doglike.

Only part that Jessica left intact, was the girl's eyebrow ring. Something that, even though usual, had caught her eye. She wanted to leave that on her, as a remnant of her past identity. A new one was in store for her.

When Jessica arrived to pick her up, she had brought a small doggy-cage with her. Unlike most, it was opaque on all sides except the entrance. It had a soft, pink color and over the small door, was written the name "Trixie". When Raya saw Jessica bring it inside the room, she widened her eyes and tried to crawl away. "Where do you think you are going Trixie? There's only one way out of here, and it's in this cage for you." laughed Jessica at the mutilated girl's attempts at preventing the inevitable. "I think this will motivate you enough. It's my welcome home gift to you!" she added and took a leather collar in her hands. To Raya's embarrassment, it was the same magenta color as her tattooed private parts. The words "TRIXIE" were visible, made by silver beads, forming the word in a girly, calligraphic font.

Jessica placed the collar on the naked girl's neck and fitted it so that the words were in front of her. "Now, get on your cage, Trixie" she ordered her. Raya begun pleading like the countless times she had before, during these two months. This time, with her tongue sticking out, the words came out barely recognizable. "Pleeeath leee me oow, pleeeatthhh" the girl begged. But Jessica wouldn't sit and negotiate with her dog. She pressed a button on her cellphone, and a strong electric shock was sent through Raya's body.

"Don't you ever disobey me, ever!" she yelled at the creature which was now writhing in pain on the floor. She lifted her thumb off the button, and the shocks stopped. "Speaking is also out of the question for you" she concluded. "You can only bark and whine and nothing more. Now, go inside, before i fry your vocal chords with this thing!"

For the first time since her abduction, Raya was genuinely terrified of Jessica. Until then, it was the doctor performing on her, a middle-aged man with glasses Jessica called "the vet" who sent chills up her spine whenever he entered the room. She knew there was pain to come, then.

With tears in her eyes, Raya had no choice but to crawl inside the small cage. Jessica locked the small door, and signaled to two men that were standing outside the room, to take the cage to her car. "You're not very fat, but i want my bitch to be perfectly fit and thin, if i am to lift to her. But we have plenty of time for that."

"Trixie" was placed in the trunk of Jessica's luxurious car, and off they went. After a 90 minute drive in complete darkness, she felt the car stop. They picked her up like before and followed Jessica inside her mansion. Raya could see through the small door of her cage that the house was really big, each room decorated with a very modern style. But they did not stay in the house. They made their way through the rooms until they reached a backyard. It was plain, really. Beautiful green grass all over the cement-fenced area. Then, in the right corner, was a wooden dog house. It had been painted a soft pink, and her name was again displayed on top of its opening.

"I have prepared everything for you" said Jessica, much less hostile now, as she opened the cage's door and let Raya out. "This is your place, for the time being. If you behave well, who knows, maybe i'll even let you inside the house..." She ordered the crawling girl to follow her to where her home would now be. She had no choice but to obey this time, she didn't want to get zapped again. The older woman clipped her collar to a big chain that was attached to a short, metal pole, just outside the wooden doghouse. She then kneeled, for the first time since, to take a better look at her creation. She sighed in relief, that the preparations were over, and that she'd finally be able to spend time with her new pet. Raya looked up at her, their eyes now met. "I'm gonna have such fun with you" she said. "If you do as i say and don't displease me in any way, maybe you won't have such a bad time here." She lied.

She laid down on the soft grass and opened her legs. Her nice dress would get dirty, but she didn't give a fuck at this moment. "Go on, i think you remember how to do this, right?" Raya tried to plead again with her captor, but only unintelligent moans would come out of her now. Still the dumb noises were entertaining to Jessica, as was the sight of drool dropping from Raya's stretched tongue.

"Don't make me get my phone out, now" Jessica warned her little puppy. The puppy stayed still for a second, then begun crawling towards its mistress legs. As Raya reached Jessica's pussylips with her forcefully stretched tongue, the chain became taut. Jessica didn't move an inch, though. "Come on, get that tongue over here" she teased her. With the collar pulling against her neck, choking her, Raya licked the woman's pussy, until she squirted on her face, even harder than the last time. She got up and left her little pet chained, with a wet "snout" and not a sign of dignity.

She had become accustomed to walking on all fours. Her back stump legs didn't give her any chance of rising straight up. Her mutilated arms only served as front legs now, as she crawled around the vicinity of Jessica's back yard. She appeared bigger to her now. Maybe it was the position she was in, her face always a few inches from the ground. Or maybe it was her complete helplessness towards this woman that made her seem so imposing.

She quickly became aware of the limitations that were inflicted upon her. She could not raise her torso without putting painful strain on her clit, or raise her head without pulling her tongue and nipples. Every step she took with her "hind legs", as they were now referred to, jerked the chains on her genitals, pulling them left and right, along with her poor clitoris, which was never left to rest, since it was connected to 4 chains in total. These, along with the ever-present fullness of her tail, made Raya constantly nervous and aware of every movement she made.

Jessica had taken the time to explain to her pet how her men had staged the 26 year old woman's death. An experienced forger prepared what would appear as Raya's suicide note. Her car was never found, and so, Raya would become lost in the sea of missing people throughout time. Raya couldn't help but cry at hearing those words. No one would come look for her, especially here, since no one saw the two women ever together.

Jessica loved humiliating her little bitch. That's why she bought three small bells that she would attach on her nipple and clit rings. Just the sound of them as she crawled made Raya blush. Jessica could see her pet turn red with shame, even though her snow-white cheeks. It was weird how that small detail was so degrading. That, and the unwanted wagging of her ten-inch tail from side to side as she crawled, made Raya completely miserable. The bells would also later serve Jessica during Trixie's training. If she was to be her little Dalmatian pet, she would have to let go of her human nature.

But it wasn't easy for her. She cried herself to sleep every night, chained inside her pink dog house. Jessica thought it'd be nice if she had a mirror installed there, so that Trixie could become familiar with her new appearance. Trixie couldn't bear to look at herself like that, and the sudden glances at her form would send her into a sobbing fit every time during the first week.

A first week that went by mostly uneventfully, as Jessica was preparing her pet's training schedule. But Raya had gotten a very distinct taste of her new life. One example was the taste of dog food she was

fed every day. Her pink plastic bowl was filled twice a day, usually with dry dog food. "Meat will be only for special occasions" as Jessica told her. Raya never liked the smell of it, never mind the taste. She remembered when she used to feed the family dog, and rush to the sink to clean her hands of the foul smelling, dry food. But now, she gobbled it up with no hesitation, after realizing that it was this or nothing at all.

Her tongue already felt longer, even though she had a long way to go. Worst part was swallowing was only reserved for the essentials, meaning only her meals. That left her often thirsty and her breasts drenched with her own saliva, as it simply dripped from her tongue and open mouth down her body. After a few days, there were times where Raya would not even notice just how wet she would be from her constantly drooling mouth. When she did though, it made her feel like a real animal and she'd whine, humiliated.

Another new thing was the Dalmatian pet's walks. The first time Jessica clipped the magenta leash on her unsuspecting pet, she led her through the house and out into an empty road. The sight was beautiful, with tall trees and fields with flowers all around. But the road was asphalt, which was very hard on Raya's stump legs. She could follow her handler while she was walking, but when she started jogging, Raya could not keep up. "Come on, you lazy bitch, i haven't got all day!" She heard the woman, followed by a couple of encouraging zaps to her collar. She tried her best, but was panting after only 5 minutes. Sadly for her, the leash was a special order for Jessica. A tiny wire fed through and under it, sent a signal to Jessica's phone via Bluetooth, every time it became taut. That signal triggered her shock collar. That meant that Trixie would have to keep up with the woman's pace, if she didn't want to be shocked.

After about an hour they returned home. Raya was drenched in sweat, even though Jessica was a light jogger. Her feet hurt, her lungs burned and she was ready to collapse. Jessica was late for a dinner party, so she chained her pet at the post next to a bowl of water and left her, to soak in her own filth. "I should get someone to clean her, every week or so..." she thought.

Her daily walks were an important part of Trixie's routine. Raya despised being walked with a leash. Jessica's sky-blue and pink tracksuit, matching the girl's pink leash and collar, made Raya look like an accessory. Jessica used her pet's walkies to jog, but it was difficult and degrading to run alongside her on all fours.

Especially when Jessica stumbled upon a friend on the road, equally rich and powerful to not care about Raya's fate. They would chat for a bit and then continue their way. After the first encounter, they rarely even addressed her existence. Raya had tried calling for help when they first came across another person, but after almost losing her senses from the collar's shocks, refrained from ever attempting, again. To add insult to injury, Jessica would make Trixie do her "business" in front of her by passers.



That was the only time during which the young girl was allowed to relieve her bowels. She had learned the hard way to obey her mistress' command at all costs, when after finding the "evidence" on her grass, Jessica had shoved the woman's face on them, as a reminder. Keeping her sphincter under wraps for a day would probably be fine under normal circumstances, but with that tough-to-yield tube inside her, it became an everyday ordeal for the poor girl. At first, she was mortified at being forced to poop in front of another person, but after the first few incidents, she relinquished any shame, in order to ease the pressure on her aching belly and avoid punishment.

Jessica loved to watch her doggy defecate in front of her. She often made her look straight into her eyes while she was doing it, with the simple threat of the shock collar. Raya tried to hold back her tears during these times. She didn't want to give Jessica that satisfaction, too. But she soon would find out, that her pride was only harming her.

## CHAPTER 2: TRIXIE'S TRAINING

Raya was not a chubby girl. She was actually very beautiful and curvy, even though she had never really worked out in her life. She was lucky in that way. But Jessica wasn't satisfied with mediocrity. She would make Trixie the fittest and prettiest pet possible. Her training was programmed to do that, but not just that. It would also condition Raya into an obedient and docile pet, and transform her from this physical and psychological mess that she was now. Raya might have looked like a dog, but she wasn't one, yet.

She was curled up outside, chained next to her house. At least there wasn't a mirror there, to remind her of her situation. She also liked the feel of grass on her tummy, better than the rough wood of the dog-house, which she only used when it rained or it was too cold outside. Jessica sometimes brought her one of those doggy bones that dissolve by licking. Raya liked them, they had a bearable taste for her only treat, and it helped her pass the time, by digging her canines into it and slurping at it with her tongue, which was already an inch longer.

The French door opened and out walked Jessica, dressed in another of those tracksuits that showed her toned physique. Raya kept looking at her, worried, as the tall redhead approached her. She unclipped her chain and led her to the center of the yard. "Today we begin your training. I expect you to be a good little bitch and not make me zap you, at least not a lot." said the woman, looking down at her pet.

Raya started moaning and breathing heavily in fear. "Shut up!" her mistress yelled. "First of all, a good little bitch presents her curves at all times. It's what's called good posture. Now, show me how a good little bitch stands." Raya stood still, puzzled.

She earned a zap for being idle, before trying to bend her waist and poke her ass upwards. She felt weird, she always loved dancing, but not those slutty twerks, they always felt like they belong only in strip clubs. The chains on her rings didn't help her efforts.

"Hmm, not perky enough, actually, not even close. I knew this would come in handy" said the tall redhead, producing another silver chain from her pocket. The pet tried to extend its udders outwards more, but it was too little, too late. The chain had a length from Raya's collar to her coccyx, minus 4 or 5 inches. Raya didn't dare to object, as Jessica clipped the one end on her collar and pulled the other towards the ring, placed at the top of her tail.

Its use was now obvious. Raya's body was contorted, forcing her to stick her tight ass up and simultaneously push her size D tits out, by cruelly bending her waist. It also forced her tongue further out and put even more pressure on her nipples and clit.

Raya had to hold that pose, despite the pain in her entire body, or else the collar would choke her. "That's better" Jessica remarked. "It's a bit tighter than the actual proper posture, but it'll train you faster that way. Look at it as a corset. You'll be left with it for periods of time, and if i see you're slouching on your posture."

Jessica removed the chain, for the time being. She had other plans for now, but promised her pet that her "posture training" would be a daily occurrence from now on.

"A good little bitch also assumes the right position for each situation." She continued. "The first position is STAY. You sit on your butt with your back legs open, and your front legs in front, straight down." Raya kept looking at the woman, a wave of defiance hitting her. Who does this woman think she is? She was a human being; she had to stand up for herself! She tried to curse at Jessica, although what was heard was a loud unintelligent sound. Jessica sighed disappointed and took out her phone from her jacket. She kept her finger on the phone's touch screen for a while, to show her pet that she wouldn't take any objections.

"The next time will be twice as much." she warned Trixie, who was now mad at failing to exert any kind of freedom. Still, the shock was really painful and she wasn't ready to suffer like that again. She lowered her head and let Jessica continue. "Where was i? oh, yes, the signal for the STAY stance is this" she said, and pointed her index finger downwards with her right hand. Trixie looked at her owner, hesitant, then slowly assumed the position described. The position forced her tail, and subsequently her plug, to bend inside her. It was very uncomfortable but Raya didn't move at all. "Spread your back legs more" Jessica instructed her pet and she obeyed quickly.

"The next stance is BEG. You arch your back until your front legs and head are on the ground, and you wag your tail with excitement, ass as high as possible. During begging, it's important you always look the person in the eyes at all times. For now, you will beg whenever it is time for your meals and poops. If i don't think you're enthusiastic enough in your begging, you won't get food or be allowed to shit. Now let's see what that will look like."

Raya couldn't take this degradation anymore. She launched at the woman, in an attempt to knock her down, but she could only reach her up to her legs and just managed to nudge her. Jessica couldn't help but burst into laughter at Raya's effort. "HAHAHA, that was priceless!" she laughed as she took her phone again and zapped Trixie until she almost lost consciousness. " I didn't think i would start your bell training this early, but i guess you earned it, Trixie" she said, in a more serious tone. Raya was still twitching from her latest shock. She had regretted standing up to her. It only made her look silly and earned her shocks. And now, whatever punishment Jessica had in store for her.

The last stance was DISPLAY. Jessica ordered her puppy to lay on her back with her legs raised and her holes presented as clearly as possible. A snap of her fingers was the signal for that position and Trixie

obeyed this time without any more shocks. If her clitty bell was on, she was to always jiggle it as vividly as possible.

Jessica alternated between positions for almost two hours. After half an hour she was just lying on her sunbed, calling out positions for Raya to obtain. After finishing she put the "posture chain" on her pet for another two hours. Finally, the sun had set and Jessica was about to go inside after a productive day. "Don't think i have forgotten about your little tantrum earlier..." she remarked to her pet as she was hungrily eating her meal. She let out a small whine.

After she was done, Jessica led her to her dog house. She'd chain her inside at nights, by an iron ring, located at the back wall. She'd use a smaller chain, so that Trixie couldn't step outside her small house. This time she was carrying a small box and a spray can with her while she led her inside. She took a small microphone and reached inside the dog house, placing it in a holder that Raya had never noticed, up in the ceiling. Raya was scared. She didn't know what this meant. Jessica attached her collar to the ring and then took out 4 bells. The girl had seen the first three, but the fourth was attached by a thread to what looked like a clamp. Jessica clipped the bells on her nipples and clit and placed the fourth one snugly on her exposed tongue. Trixie let out a painful moan.

"Now, here's what your bell training is about. It will improve your concentration and hopefully, we'll also teach you some humility." Raya looked at the woman, petrified. "Inside this box are about fifty cockroaches. I know how much you're afraid of them, so you will spend the night with them." She was right about Raya's feelings. Jessica's "researchers" had noted how intense her fear and disgust towards these particular bugs were. Trixie was now visibly shaking in fear, making the bells on her body rattle.

Jessica started spraying the girl with a liquid mix. "It's sugar-water, just to be sure you're new friends here will really like you" said sarcastically, rattling the box full of the gross insects. She sprayed the puppy-girl in every inch of her body, including her stretched tongue.

"Here's the thing" she explained. "This microphone here will pick up every bell ring. It will also count the amount of rings, using a program. So tomorrow, you'll receive as many shocks as bell rings." Before her pet could even contemplate what that meant, she opened the box and dropped its contents on her unsuspecting pet. "Goodnight, Trixie!" she said with a sadistic smile and closed the opening of her house with a slide door. As she walked towards her living room, she could hear the sound of the bells ringing furiously.

The next morning Jessica was very excited to see her pet. She had stayed awake for a while, imagining her puppy's torment, but it was a certainty that Raya had slept even less. Jessica drank her morning coffee in her nightgown, looking outside into the yard, at the pink house. It looked so peaceful from there, but what occurred inside was far from it. She opened her laptop and clicked on the mic' icon on the screen. After a few seconds the screen displayed a number:

*Bells - 84*

The redhead smiled satisfied and sipped the last of her coffee. When she opened the slide door of the dog house, she saw Raya in a terrible condition. She hadn't slept at all. Roaches were roaming all over her body, others were stuck sucking the tasty sugar-water, which had dried and stuck on Raya's skin, from her feet to her head and her private parts. She was still shaking, from exhaustion or fear was unclear at this point.

Jessica released her from the metal ring and pulled her out into the sun. It was a warm, beautiful day. But Raya had suffered like she never thought was possible. Jessica hosed her clean off her stickiness and chained her to the outside post. She began softly stroking her back. "I know it must have been a tough night, but you have to understand your place now." she said to her. She didn't have the strict tone that she had other times, though. She appeared to genuinely try to comfort her puppy. Raya slowly started sobbing. She didn't know if they were tears of relief, that her torment was over, or fear for what the shocks that awaited her.

It didn't matter though. She wept and wept and Jessica caressed her lovingly. She knew she had broken new ground today. She placed her hands on the girl's face. "I know this is hard for you, but i promise you, it will get better. We don't have to put the roaches again. It's all up to you." She kept her hands on her pet's face, looking in her wet eyes.

"Now, i'm going to give you your zaps. I want you to remember all this, though, cause i don't want to be doing it again." She lied, but she knew that her pet needed strength now. A cruel and caring mistress was better than just a cruel mistress. "I want you to be silent at all times." she continued more assertively. "I don't ever wanna hear you trying to talk or misbehave again. You can bark and whine, but if you have your clitty bell on, you will reply only by ringing that, ok?" Raya shook her hips, producing a ring on her bell. "Good" Jessica smiled and took out her phone.

The next days were tough for Jessica's human Dalmatian. She responded to Trixie, now. Raya already seemed to be a distant memory, although it would take time before she was completely dissolved from Trixie's mind. But her latest bell training certainly pushed her in the right direction. She obeyed Jessica's every command during her training and most of the time, she managed to earn her food and plug breaks, by begging as submissively as she could. The cockroaches stayed inside their box, but

Jessica kept it sealed inside her dog's doghouse, as a simple reminder to her, that it could open at any moment.

She had now upped the ante by installing a motion sensitive camera into her dog house. Because she was too bored of administering all these shocks every day from the remote, she bought a device that connected the microphone to her shock collar wireless. Fine-tuned to pick up any jingling sound it would record from the bells, it would automatically send a strong wave of pain to Trixie's collar. Jessica would turn the young girl into the most stoic of creatures.

The bell training continued, along with her posture training, during the coming weeks. For four hours, every night, Raya was trained in her discipline, forced to stay completely stiff inside her wooden house, every slight movement causing the bells on her to jingle and causing her a wave of pain. It was impossible to hold still for so many hours, in the same crawling position, with her legs totally straight. Raya's entire body burned horribly, she couldn't even move her tongue; the bell hanging from it was the worst tool of torture she could imagine.

Another four hours, were spend on making her a presentable pet, with the mean posture chain, forcing her curves to sway proudly. Her muscle memory would take some time to readjust, until then, she struggled moving around, always wheezing due to her collar restraining the air in her lungs. An extra hour daily was spent on just perfecting her three basic stances.

Jessica had also purchased a small treadmill to help her with shaping her figure. It would also get her to perform better during her walkies and help her lose any hint of fat she might had. It had various settings and was really practical for Jessica, who could now just chain her pet's leash on the machine's front bar and with a press of a button make her work out for hours, usually three or four hours each day.

She'd either set a standard program with alternating speeds or just set a minimum speed limit. The machine had its own shocking mechanisms that could be placed like stickers in any part and shock if the limit was not observed, (something easy to measure with Raya's special leash). Jessica loved putting the zappers on Raya's tender pussy lips and watch her run on her cute little treadmill. One time she was especially mean and placed them over her eyes. The puppy-girl moaned in despair, but what her mistress wanted would be her reality and she was beginning to understand that.

All this meant that she was getting very little time to rest. Opportunities to sleep were rare and only between training breaks she could drift off, just for a little while, before Jessica's voice would send her off to a new task.

### CHAPTER 3: ACCEPTING A NEW LIFE

Six months had passed since the day Raya met that tall charismatic woman in the night-club. She had a lot of friends then, and a family that she always considered a pain in the ass, but at the end of the day they were there for her. She missed them, all of them. Now, this woman was all she had. Day and night, every hour and every second that passed, her life was determined by this woman's whims.

But the initial hatred she had for her was starting to subside. How long could someone stay angry at a person or a situation, after all? She depended on Jessica for her life now, and that was a fact, whether she liked it or not. Her bell training had been reduced to four or five times a week, which was something she was very grateful for. One time she was even spared from the posture chain, when her mistress saw her flaunt her tight ass and juicy breasts all by herself, during stance demonstration. Jessica was probably right. The start was the worst.

But her thoughts worried Raya from time to time, when the night fell and she was chained inside her kennel. "Does this mean i'm ok with this? Am i just going to live the rest of my life as someone's dog?" She tried to push back these thoughts, because they only caused her sorrow.

Her days continued and a routine was slowly, but clearly being established. She'd wake up (if there was no bell training) when the sun would rise. She would curl up inside her kennel for two or three hours until Jessica would wake up and unchain her, letting her outside. Sometimes, if she was in a really good mood, she would let Trixie free to roam around the back yard. Jessica would play games with her pet, making her fetch her chew-toys, which she could hold in her mouth easier with her new pointy canines. She'd play tug-of-war with her, always training her in the process. Trixie would always have to give it her all to pull the toy from her mistress hand with her teeth, but at any time, a snap of Jessica's fingers and she was to let go of it immediately and beg appropriately for more play-time.

Other times, Jessica wasn't that nice. Raya would never forget a day when Jessica had found a fire-ant nest in the garden. She brought her pet over it, filled with glee, and said to her. "Look, Trixie! I found some friends for you to play with." and then pointed her finger, signaling the STAY stance. Trixie moaned pitifully, and received a shock for her indiscipline. She eventually lowered her naked crotch onto the hole where the vicious ants came from. Jessica watched her sob silently as dozens of bites tortured her pussy. "Good girl!" she cooed her and petted her head after 10 hellish minutes.

At noon, Trixie would bring her a bowl of dog food, and one with water. After her meal it was exercise time. The hours spend on the treadmill, in conjunction with the bell and posture training, had turned Raya's body to an almost perfect condition. Her legs were nicely toned and her waist was slim. Her tummy was flat and her ass had become very firm, without a hint of cellulite.

After her runs she was usually chained again outside, until her afternoon walk. It was great for the redhead to see her pet capable of keeping up with her, most of the time. Even better, was how unaffected her pet had become while shitting and pissing in front of her mistress. Not a sign of shame was in her eyes at last; only in her mind were those feelings. She was just focused on relieving herself during the small time frame she was given.

At the end of day, Jessica would put Trixie inside her kennel for the night. It was a simple routine, but a pet's life is simple by itself. Jessica was of the belief that her puppy-girl was only there to make her life a little happier and less dull. "That's what pets are for" she'd always say.

One day, instead of sending her to her kennel, Jessica came out with a sponge, a dog shampoo and a cute towel with dog paws on it. "That is weird" thought Raya. She only cleaned her once or twice every week, and that was just a quick spray with the garden hose, no soap. "Dogs don't need to be that clean" believed Jessica. "Their beasts, after all". Raya's nostrils had yet to get used to her animal stench. It repulsed her and made her disgusted at herself.

That fact made her relieved that she was finally gonna be relieved of the sweat and dirt on her body. It made her less conscious of how humiliating it really was. Jessica was rough on her, Raya feeling the sponge travel all over her breasts, armpits, head and face and especially her dirty holes. Raya stood still on all fours throughout, just trying to take her mind of the fact that her genitals were being wiped by a stranger, and imagine how she would not stink for a while. After she was done, Jessica dried her carefully. She didn't say anything during this, which made Raya even more nervous. Only after she was done, she knelt down to look closer at her and said. "I'm gonna let you inside the house, now. This is your reward for being a good bitch lately." Raya was pleased that she was at least getting something for her troubles.

Jessica opened the French door and let Trixie inside. It was so warm; the girl had forgotten what room temperature felt like. The room was huge and it looked very festive, decorated with various abstract paintings on the walls and a long wooden table in the middle of the dining room. Far on the other side, where the living room was, she saw a beautiful fireplace, the fire producing a calming, almost lulling feeling.



Raya was snapped back into attention by Jessica's words. "I want you to be at your best behavior, because i'm going to have some guests over for dinner." Raya stared at Jessica's eyes, surprised. She was not expecting to hear that! "If i'm not satisfied with you, you'll go back to your kennel, with your bells and the cockroaches for company. And i know you wouldn't want that to happen, right?" Trixie ringed the bell attached to her clit ring very clearly, contemplating on what the evening might hold for her. Jessica had tricked her, "letting" her stay inside. But the warning was clear. She didn't want that box opened, at any rate.

Jessica then attached two bells on Trixie's nipple rings and one on her clit ring, saying "this will notify me if you're being restless" in a teasing, cutesy manner. She then took a collar from the table next to her and brought it in front of her pet. "And this is your formal collar, it's only for special occasions!" she explained and put it around Raya's black and white neck. It was not the nylon fabric and steel buckle that her pink collar was made from. It was black leather, with a silver buckle and a small, silver, coin-shaped label with the word "Trixie" beautifully engraved on it. Jessica took pride in everything that she owned, and that meant that her dog had to look appropriately, too. She pointed her finger down and Trixie assumed the "stay" position immediately. Jessica left her standing there, as she went to get dressed for the evening.

Raya was getting increasingly nervous. She didn't want to be seen like this by any other people, as if one wasn't cruel enough. When the guests finally arrived, her heart was pounding like a drum. Jessica greeted everyone at the door with a kiss on the cheek, all very rich men and women, with modern fashioned clothes. She herself looked stunning in a silk dress that matched her hair, with beautiful figures all over it. "Where is the doggy?" she heard one of the voices among the crowded chatter, followed by chuckles. "She's over here, come, take a look!" She heard her owner's distinct voice.

It was a nightmare. All eyes were on her, about fifteen people looking down at her naked form, and she could do nothing about it. Standing on the position she was ordered, trying not to instinctively cover herself and displease her mistress. A young woman, in her twenties, started petting her head, she was certainly younger than her, Raya thought. Another man pulled one of her nipple rings, and she let out a soft squeal. She tried to control herself, when she saw at the corner of her eye that her mistress noticed her slip.

For about twenty minutes that seemed like an eternity, Jessica paraded Trixie around the living room, showing her off to her guests. Raya's posture training had worked wonders, her form accentuated to the extreme, as she crawled with her ass and tits in the air, her waist bend downwards. The bells' jingles heard across the room, added to her shame. She felt so degraded, but the vivid image of the roaches inside her kennel, motivated her immensely.

Eventually, Jessica's guests gathered around the table to dine. Jessica preferred her doggy staying still during their dinner, but her friends wanted to see her crawl and move around the house some more, so she let her be. They were having fun, and she always wanted to be a good hostess. Raya wanted to find the deepest darkest hole and hide from this humiliating ordeal. After a while, she sat curled up in the corner, while Jessica and her guests were eating and chatting in good spirits.

The dinner went on and most of them had forgotten about Trixie, chatting and silverware heard through the room. An old man, possibly in his sixties, took a french fry from his plate and politely asked Jessica: "Can i give this to her?" pointing at the puppy-girl. "Sure" she smiled and turned to look at Trixie. She wasn't hungry, and didn't want to go near them again, but she felt that she'd regret it deeply, if she didn't approach him. Jessica's eyes were now fixed on her, as were everyone else's, but for a different reason. Raya crawled slowly next to the man's chair. He had a warm smile behind a thick, white mustache. She arched her back and lowered her torso, always looking at him. She began wagging her tail, left and right, and left and right, as she Jessica had taught her. "She has to earn her food, that's why i trained her to beg like this every time" Jessica bragged. The old man lowered his hand down Trixie's "snout" and she took the fry in her mouth from his wrinkly fingers.

She gobbled it after a few moments. The man petted her head, pleased. "Me too! Me too!" said another woman enthusiastically. She was about the same age as Jessica, and sitting right beside her. "Oh, Denise!" mocked her Jessica playfully. They seemed like best friends. She deep her index finger in a tiny bowl with some kind of sauce, and pointed towards Trixie. "Come here girl!" she urged her. She was having a blast. After begging, again, Trixie reached her long tongue and licked the sauce from the woman's finger. "Come on, all of it, i want my finger sparkling!" she laughed.

After dinner, they moved to the living room, where the fireplace was. Jessica ordered Trixie to come near her and she obeyed without hesitation. She sat beside her in the same "STAY" position as earlier, while she sat on the couch, chatting with two other people. No one paid much attention to her now, not even Jessica, who was casually stroking her head, while talking to her guests. How long can someone play with a dog before they get bored, after all?

Trixie was tired. She would have been asleep hours ago, if she was on her kennel. She tried to stay concentrated on staying awake and immobile. Then, the doorbell rang. "I don't believe it, they came after all." said Jessica and went to open the door. In the hall walked a man with two teenage girls, not older than eleven years old. "So glad you made it!" Jessica greeted them, happily. She loved her two nieces, like very few things in the world.

"Come, let me show you something!" she said after a few words with her brother, and grabbed each girl by their hands. Their eyes glowed with glee when they saw Trixie. "Can we pet it, aunt Jessy?" they asked with one voice. "Of course, you can do whatever you want!" she smiled. The girls examined Trixie from her tail, to her stump legs, to all the chains and bells on her body. They especially liked her milky white skin with their pretty black spots. "Watch!" said Jessica and snapped her fingers, ordering the girl to take the "display" stance. The girls were thrilled with Trixie's lightning fast response. Raya was forced to present her obscenely colored genitals to everyone and the ringing of her clit bell was the icing on the cake. The two girls petted her all over her body.

Trixie thought the worst was over, but she hated this more than anything. For the next hour, she had 4 hands stroking her and caressing her constantly, all over her nipples, belly or head. The girls just wouldn't leave her alone! She was forced to keep her "displayed" position, since no one said otherwise. The little girls played with the chains attached to her rings, pulling them slowly, just to get a whine out of the pet. They didn't know how sensitive Raya's nipples or clit were and they didn't seem to put much thought into it. Raya wanted to scream, talk, anything to show them how awful she felt, maybe they would understand that she was human, that what was happening wasn't supposed to be normal. They were young and pure, they would understand, right?

But she didn't do anything. The fear of what would happen to her if she angered her mistress had her deadly silent. The girls begged their dad to let them stay for the weekend, and to Raya's disappointment, he agreed.

Eventually, all the guests left and the girls went to bed, after being promised to play again with Trixie tomorrow by their aunt. She laid on the couch, in front of the fireplace, tired, but happy after a fun night. "You had some slips today, Trixie" she scolded her pet. Raya's heart sunk, her eyes looking deeply worried. After all this, she would STILL be getting punished?

"Buuuut you did ok, i guess, so no punishment today." Trixie was relieved. She felt so grateful, so thankful, she did something she would never thought she could do. She reached her owner's hand, which stuck out a bit from the couch, and begun licking it with her long tongue. Jessica watched her puppy-girl express her gratitude, a bit surprised, but with a big smile on her face. Trixie was showing the right signs of conditioning, letting go of her pride. The young girl licked and licked and only stopped when Jessica removed her hand from her sight. "I'm too tired to take you home, so you'll stay here tonight. But when i wake up, i don't want to see you an inch away from where you are standing now, understand?"

A single jingle was the only sound heard in the big house, and moments later they both drifted to sleep, Jessica on the couch in front of the fireplace and her pet curled up right next to her on the carpet.

The next four days were very busy for Jessica's pet. Her two nieces took advantage of their stay there, and spent almost every minute playing with Trixie. Jessica warned her little pet, to always express the utmost excitement towards the girls, during their stay. She didn't need to mention the bells or the cockroaches this time; Raya got the message just by her mistress' tone. She rushed to greet the girls when they came out of their bedrooms, by licking their hands with her stretched, exposed tongue. "Wow, she looks much more energetic than last night!" commented one of them. "Yeah, she was a bit ill yesterday" Jessica lied.

They spend their time playing all sorts of games with the cute puppy-girl, while Jessica was usually watching them from afar, relaxing in a sunbed outside. They played fetch with a pink plastic bone, they made her do tricks and petted her like crazy. Raya barked whenever the girls got hold of the plastic bone, in order to throw it for her. She run around with them and begged for more, even when fatigue had clearly taken its toll on her. So determined she was to prove to Jessica her motivation. Jessica's nieces really liked when they snapped their fingers, and she was on her back and wiggling her bell, in no time.

With their aunt's permission, the girls also took Trixie to her to walkies, alternating the leash between their hands every 5 minutes, so excited they were to walk the cute puppy. Problem for Raya was, they often forgot to let her go potty, resulting in her whining pitifully, until the girl's got the hint and let her go. This resulted in an embarrassing moment, in which, when Trixie raised her one hind-leg to pee next to a utility pole, the girl casually pulled her leash, making her stumble over behind them and wetting herself with her own urine. The girls of course didn't pay much attention and Raya had to endure the whole hour they walked her, covered in piss, until their return home. It was funny for Jessica, watching her pet try to rub her back legs on the grass, in order to clean them off.

The girls especially liked feeding the pet with their open palms, either the treats aunt Jessy gave them of Trixie's ordinary dog-food. If someone told Raya that she would end up begging to lick dog food off some teenage girl's hands, she would most likely call them mad. But there she was now, with her eyes pleading and her tail wagging. The teenagers had learned from her aunt, that only then could they feed Trixie, so they simply waited for a minute or two of "begging" until they did.

She wasn't gonna get punished, she was gonna be a good bitch, and that meant doing anything to satisfy her mistress and her guests.

Raya felt the girl's small palm with her more-than-4-inch tongue, as she swept her meal from it. At the same time, she felt the other hand petting her bald head, along with two "extra" hands, stroking her back. It probably should have been welcomed from the beginning, since it was the only nice way anyone had touched her since Jessica took her home, but honestly, Raya felt really de-humanized by it.

Pets aren't caressed in the same way humans are. Raya's mind drifted to when her boyfriend would give her back massages, boy, she loved those back massages! But the way the girl brushed her hands up and down her milk-white back, shared nothing in common with that. As much as she wanted to enjoy the sensation, it reminded her of the painful fact that she wasn't human anymore.

The fact that they had visitors didn't mean that Trixie was spared from her daily exercise. The girls saw Jessica connect her to her treadmill, but after five minutes of watching Trixie run, they got bored and left her alone, outside.

It was a relief for Raya when time came for the two girls to leave. She was exhausted from the ordeal and she'd get some time to relax, without them here. Jessica promised to bring Trixie over when she visited next time, as she waved at them from the entrance door.

## CHAPTER 4: A NEW FRIEND FOR TRIXIE

Life went on for Raya. She didn't have much to go on, but it was two years now, since Jessica brought her to her new home. She wasn't as lucid as the woman she once was, and she definitely looked nothing like the dark haired, sexy Goth, Jessica had met in that nightclub. But she had grown into what Jessica wanted her to be. A docile, good, little bitch. She didn't think anymore about ways to escape, or hiding her nakedness, or getting away with anything that deviated from what Jessica considered perfect behavior for her pet. She was at last, fully conditioned to obey any order, no matter how degrading or difficult, to avoid punishment.

The girl's pathetic way of living, made any rewards the more exciting for her, like a special meal, or being allowed inside the house. Jessica had even bought her a warm, cozy dog basket to sleep on, and she would go straight to it, after begging her mistress for permission of course.

One day, Raya was napping on her basket, when she heard the door being unlocked. She rushed in her four stump legs, to greet her mistress like she always did, but was surprised to find she didn't return home alone. On her side was a big, male, Dalmatian dog. It had the same white skin and black spots as her. It also looked well trained and strong. Jessica broke the silence. "This is Spike. He'll be staying with us from now on. I hope you two will become great friends, wouldn't you like that?" The question prompted Trixie to utter an agreeing bark, even though she didn't share Jessica's enthusiasm. This could only be bad, she thought. Jessica led Spike by his black leash closer to Trixie, and he started sniffing her ass. "Aren't you gonna greet him?" asked Jessica with a smile. Trixie got the hint, and stuck her black nose under the dog's tail, while he did the same to hers. The smell was horrible, and Raya tried desperately not to gag. "There, now you are introduced, god, you look so great together!" She laughed at her own joke.

Before putting them away at night, Jessica ordered Trixie to approach her, and then snapped her fingers. With Raya presenting herself to her, she produced a bottle with a clear liquid in it. "This is a female dog pheromone, it is very high in concentration and will attract any males from miles away." Raya started to whine, she knew what her owner had in mind. "Sssh" Jessica silenced her pet and begun rubbing the oil-like liquid on Raya's naked body. She was very thorough to make sure she was covered with the hormone in every inch of her body. She rubbed it on her exposed tongue and deep inside her vagina and pussy-lips. Then, she led her inside her kennel, where Spike already was.

"Spike's house will arrive in about two weeks, so he'll stay with you, until it does." Raya was terrified. The dog noticed the attractive smell and begun to inch towards her. He wasn't chained anywhere, but Trixie was, like every night. "Good night, you two! Have fun!" said Jessica and closed the kennel door shut. Raya was disgusted, she wanted to push the large dog away, but he quickly climbed on her back and his weight kept her down. Her chain prevented her from moving away from him, and she realized she was doomed. She moaned pathetically.

But for what? Help? She knew that wouldn't arrive. The male Dalmatian found her hole and stuck its furry dick inside, holding her firmly in place by the waist with its front legs. Tears run down Raya's face, as her clitty bell rang for hours, with every thrust it gave her. Jessica watched everything from the camera inside Trixie's kennel. The strong hormone was irresistible to the animal that came inside the girl's pussy and mouth six times! Jessica was very happy that the drug on the puppy-girl's tongue had enticed Spike to face-fuck her.

The next day, Jessica let them both out. "Had a nice sleep, you two?" she asked them, although she knew that only one could answer her. Trixie was a mess, with dried dog cum stuck on her pussylips and face. She rang her bell, looking up at the woman who had caused this to her, utterly defeated. "Well, i'm happy for you Trixie" joked the tall woman and left the two dogs alone.

Jessica had said that a new kennel for Spike would arrive, but after witnessing how enthusiastic Spike was towards his new mate, she decided Trixie would have a roommate. She painted it a more neutral brown color, and replaced the wooden sign on the front to read "Spike and Trixie". Raya was more miserable than ever. She tried to avoid the dog's sexual appetite, but it was impossible. Her training may have made her thin and toned, but Spike was larger and much faster, and she could do little to prevent him from mounting her. When Jessica would catch her resisting Spike's advances, she'd punish her severely, and so she had no choice but to tolerate anything Spike was up for.

The invasion on her sex-hole would cause the chains on her parted lips to pull on her pierced clitoris, an intense sensation for the young woman.

The bitch-hormone became her permanent scent, and she'd always be sprayed all over with it after her bath. The two Dalmatians spend their days out in the yard, and took their walkies together with Jessica, using a single leash that split into two, so they walked right next to each other. Nights were her worst nightmare though. Chained securely inside the small kennel with the horny beast, Trixie had essentially become his sex toy. He ravaged her every night, to the point she would have trouble crawling next morning from her painfully sore genitals.

After a few months, Raya's mind could not even comprehend the appalling things she suffered through. Jessica was worried she might completely break her, and that wouldn't be fun. She had plans for Trixie and, even though they were risky, she insisted until she finally succeeded.

In her desperation, Raya was starting to enjoy her nights with Spike. It was gradual, but the sex with her canine roommate was, eventually, the only thing she could look forward to. She was never a slut like a lot of the girls she had seen in her time in the clubs, but she had needs as well. Even though she tried not to show it whenever they were in front of her mistress, the camera footage showed Jessica everything, from Raya's lustful moans, to the movement of her hips, banging back against the dog's hard cock. The strong feeling on her clit now worked more on her favor, stimulating that spot she could never reach.

Raya had turned into a real animal, now. She didn't care anymore about what felt wrong, or degrading, or inhumane. Spike made her feel good, and she didn't have the luxury to turn down those feelings, anymore. Sure, she'd prefer if Jessica didn't tease her about it, referring to her two pets as "lovers" and showing her footage of their love-making sessions, especially her powerful orgasms. But she wasn't a human anymore, she was a bitch. And bitches getting fucked by dogs was only natural.



## CHAPTER 5: LOVE AND FEAR

The final stage of Trixie's conditioning was in motion. If she passed that, Jessica would never have to worry about her again. A great pet loves its owner like nothing else in the world. But how can you make someone love you, when you have caused them so much pain?

If you take everything from them, then give the smallest something back. That's what Jessica intended to do. Her pet would truly belong to her, then. She started speaking more lovingly to her, with encouraging remarks like "good girl" and "i'm so proud of you" and rewarded her a bit more generously. She also made a habit out of inviting her to sit on her lap, while she read her books. Of course she had to be cleaned for that. Raya liked the smell of her mistress, and the caresses she received from her.

Especially since she didn't see much of Spike as before. Jessica often took the dog inside at nights, while Trixie was left alone in her kennel. Other times she chained him out of her reach. She wanted to show her that SHE would decide when her pet would enjoy his company. Raya missed him, and it made her desire any contact. That contact now came from her mistress. It strengthened their bond and turned Trixie's attention from Spike towards her.

The sound of her mistress' high heels stopped. "I'm going out for a while" she said to Trixie. She was curled up with Spike inside a bigger basket that Jessica had bought. They liked to cuddle together, Raya like the warmth of Spike's body on hers. "And when i return i'll feed you. If you and Spike behave, maybe i'll even add some of those chocolate chips, you like so much, in your bowls. " Trixie rose from her basket and begged her mistress for the sweets, her tail swinging and her bell jingling. "Haha, i'll think about it" said the tall, beautiful woman and petted her puppy-girl on her hairless head.

It wasn't easy, but Jessica had made it. The girl she had disfigured, humiliated and tortured now looked up at her with bright, adoring eyes. She was her mistress; she took care of her and was responsible for anything good that happened to her. Sometimes she was punished. But that was her fault for not satisfying her owner. If she was mean or cruel to her, she had every right to be. After all, she was just her pet Dalmatian bitch.

## CHAPTER 6: AN UNWELCOMED GUEST

Once, she was a pretty goth-girl, trying to make it as an aspiring DJ. That was years ago, though. What she was focused on, at the moment, was making sure her tongue, bulging out of her pitch-black lips, caressed every inch and corner of her owner's naked feet. The taste was strong, especially today, since Jessica had walked for hours downtown, shopping. The smell, likewise. The tall, redhead woman had made a habit out of having her little bitch lick her tired feet after a long day. She made sure she got her tongue all over her soles and between every single toe. It was like a foot massage, only much better. Trixie was not happy with her current assignment, but she knew very well things could get much worse for her, and fast. She kept on working on her Lady's feet for a good 25 minutes, all the while throwing glances at her mistress every now and then, as if that would make Jessica pity her and relinquish her from her task - it certainly didn't.

When Jessica was bored of her pet's attention, she simply got up and, after leading Trixie outside, where her and Spike's kennel was, retired to her bedroom. Trixie had learned for some time now, that she was to spend her nights inside the small doghouse and not roam free in the yard. She had broken this rule, once, and the incident had been very constructive, reminding her to never disobey her mistress' orders. She wanted to pee so badly, she couldn't hold it anymore. Urinating on the wooden floor of her home would certainly backfire the next day, so she stealthily crawled out and did her number one on the grass.

But her little mischief was being recorded. After a severe punishment, she never got out again, during night time, even when her bladder was feeling like it would burst. A security camera located high up against the wall, facing the yard's entirety, in addition with the one inside the kennel, made sure Trixie could not avoid her mistress' ever-present eye. Even though Jessica rarely ever looked at the footage, the fear alone at the possibility made Trixie very complied.

It was another usual morning. Trixie had just gotten her morning fuck from Spike, something he liked to do to begin his day. He had filled her with his semen countless times already, so it wasn't a big deal for her, dragging her white crotch across the green grass to clean her dirty pussy. It wasn't the most efficient way, but it was all she could do. Jessica put food on their bowls and left for work, leaving them alone in the yard. Trixie liked those moments, they offered her a chance to relax and just lie on the grass or play with Spike. It was dull for any other sane human, but the meaning of that word had changed dramatically for her, over those past years.

At noon, the French door opened and out walked Jessica, followed by another woman. She, too, was around her forties, with long dark hair and a deep red shade of lipstick on her lips. She wore a very expensive, but simple white shirt, its buttons revealing part of her rich cleavage. "Here she is!" said Jessica, pointing at the deformed girl. "Oh, i remember her, she is a treat!" exclaimed the woman. Raya recognized the woman as the Jessica's loud, best friend, whose fingers she had licked sauce from during a party, years ago. "Denise will be staying with us for a couple of weeks" Jessica addressed her bitch Dalmatian - something she rarely did. Then, she turned to Denise. "The girls had so much fun playing with Trixie last time." It was the fourth of fifth time the girls had visited their aunt for the weekend, with her adorable pet on their minds. The brunette responded. "I know. They can't stop blabbing about it!"

Jessica's sister in law had fun watching Trixie assume the positions Jessica had taught her. The doggy-girl responded in no time, much to the woman's satisfaction. Afterwards, both women relaxed outside, with a cold glass of ice-tea on their manicured hands. "How are the ponies?" Jessica asked. "Good, good, we took in a new one recently." answered Denise. "She is a pain in the ass, but they always are at the start, so, what are you gonna do?" she sipped her drink. "That's true" agreed Jessica. "At least renting them brings in some money" Denise continued.

If the weekend with her two energetic girls was bad, these two weeks turned out to be a nightmare for Trixie. Denise was a proper devil when it came to tormenting the poor doggy-girl. Her amusement was the only thing that seemed to motivate her in these actions and so however much Trixie would beg and whine, her sad eyes went unnoticed. Having Denise around the house while Jessica was off at work was the worst.

There were two times were she had videotaped her love-making sessions with Spike on her cell phone, making sure she got every bit of shame on the girl's face captured. She'd go as far as to piss in Trixie's empty water bowl, letting her clench her thirst with her warm urine. Trixie refused to drink from the bowl, but after a couple of days without water, the stinky liquid didn't seem so bad. Denise would just tell Jessica her pet's bowl had been filled and that was the end of that conversation. The excessive physical strain Denise put her through also helped her crave anything drinkable.

Another time she came to her wearing some gardening gloves, holding a bunch of nettles on one hand. She ordered her to assume the DISPLAY position, then knelt over her. "Come on, girl, jiggle that bell. Tell Denise you want some nettles rubbed on your little clit." Trixie should have guessed the reason her clit-bell had been put on this morning wasn't gonna be a good one. She looked petrified, once at the stingy plants over her exposed, sensitive piece of flesh, then at the woman, then back at the plants.

She could not anticipate how this would hurt. "JIGGLE IT" Denise yelled this time to show her patience was running thin. "With a doomed expression, Trixie shook her hips as she lied there, making the little bell sing. Next moment she felt like her genitals were on fire. Denise rubbed the nettles relentlessly on her tender skin, with a satanic smile on her face.

The itch didn't leave Trixie for three days, tormenting her every waking minute. She'd rub her bottom against anything to get some relief, but it was pointless as the scratching returned immediately. Denise was touchier with her pets than Jessica, and also less repelled by their filthiness. She sometimes took pleasure in stroking the pet's suffering labia and clit and that made Trixie seek her touch constantly during these three days. Denise loved seeing the puppy's pained pleads, regardless of whether or not she helped the doggy-girl.

It was around the second week, when Denise started putting Trixie's tongue to the test. Jessica herself was against the idea of involving herself sexually with beasts, but Denise was one of her best friends and she knew how much she liked to use her pets like that. She'd often tease her and call her a "filthy slut" but it was all in good nature and they both laughed whenever that came up.

After bathing her so she could enter the house, Denise would take her to the guest bedroom where she'd sleep. Jessica's phone played a big role in guiding the puppy to please her newest mistress just right, delivering encouraging and instructing shocks. Trixie hadn't had any sexual encounter with a human, since that first day Jessica brought her home, and that now seemed decades ago.

The woman tasted salty, but that was the least of Trixie's problems. Having to bring her to orgasm, usually multiple times, was a challenge every time and her neck was often bruised from the number of zaps she endured. Denise would get the puppy-girl to satisfy her no matter what. After hours of fun for one and misery for the other, Denise would clip the leash, which was held on her bed's foot, on Trixie's collar and drift off to a peaceful, happy sleep.

On Denise's final day at Jessica's place, they went out for drinks. It was way past midnight when they returned home, both considerably drunk. "Let's play with the doggies!" shouted Denise, still full of energy. "Oh, come ooon, they'll make a mess on the carpet, i haven't cleaned them" whined Jessica, without any real effort of convincing her friend. "It'll be fine, just got get 'em!" Denise reassured her.

Both dogs were sleeping cozily inside their kennel, when they heard their mistress wake them up. "Come on, up! UP! Both inside the house!" slurred Jessica. Trixie crawled half-asleep inside the living room where Denise was sitting, followed by the male Dalmatian. The strong lights opened up her eyes for good, now. What did they want from her? "Make her blow it!" cheered Denise like a great idea had

just popped in her head. "You heard her" nodded Jessica as she made herself comfortable on the couch next to her friend.

Trixie felt like being hit by a truck. As many times as she had tasted Spike's hairy sword, it always made her sick, and she just stood there and let him slide in and out of her mouth and on her tongue.

One of the first times, before her affection for Spike had grown, she had tried to forgo the assault on her face, by biting the hound's member. But her harmless, soft, front teeth only got her a cautionary bite on her neck and more aggressive pounding of her throat. Now, she gives her "boyfriend" blowjobs as more of a reluctant favor, without resisting, even if she knows she has no say in it. Nevertheless, she definitely wasn't looking forward to it, repeating. The two ladies sat and stared at her waiting impatiently. Why did these women wish to torture her all of a sudden?

Unluckily for her, Jessica had her cell phone handy and sent a couple of shocks to her collar to speed up the show. The soft whines weren't even registered by the two women, as Trixie lowered her head under the dog's belly and between its legs. She hesitantly reached her tongue on Spike's flaccid, furry penis. Another shock later and she was licking it all over its surface. "Right, get it hard, little bitch!" Trixie heard Denise's drunken voice. It was revolting, but she took the little hairy thing in her mouth, teasing it with her tongue and stimulating, until Spike's libido finally started to wake up. "There we go!" commented Jessica. "Milk all of Spike's jizz!" Trixie had forgotten how awful it was, and suppressed the urge to gag many times. "Deep-throat it!" yelled Denise now.

Trixie's face was right in there, her nose pressed up against the dog's underbelly, as it begun thrusting inside her mouth. The girth wasn't much, but its length still prevented her from breathing when it thrust down her throat. She reflectively tried to back off, but more shocks kept her still, receiving all of the dog's efforts. After fifteen agonizing minutes, Spike shot his load, and, as she had been instructed, she caught it all. The gulp that was heard from the pet's throat made Jessica clap like a teenage girl, cheering "yeaaaah!" They had the time of their lives over there. "You missed a drop, there" said Denise menacingly and the pet-girl completed her task, licking the sticky liquid off the floor.

The next day it was time for Denise's departure. Trixie was relieved, but the dialogue between her owner and her friend didn't put her at ease. "I'll be going on a business trip next month. Would it be ok if i dropped her over at your place until i come back?" Jessica asked. "Of course, are you kidding? The girls will go mad! I liked playing with her, too, hehe" said Denise. "Ok, i'll let you know exactly when." The two women hugged and said their goodbyes. Trixie watched them, with the lingering taste of dog semen still on her mouth.

## CHAPTER 7: FRECKLES

Jessica had two Dalmatian dogs, Trixie and Spike. They looked different at first glance, but they were essentially animals, a 4 year old dog and a 30 year old bitch. Despite her years, she was amazingly fit, with a tight and slim body, thanks to her strict fitness schedule and diet. Spike didn't work out much, but that didn't stop him from having his way with Trixie, every so often.

Trixie liked having Spike around. It was quite the opposite at the start, but their relationship had flourished during the past two years. The large dog kept her company when mistress wasn't keeping her busy, and gave her some orgasms, every once in a while. Raya still understood human speech, but, although she once considered herself the same species as her owner, she felt closer to Spike, to this canine.

They shared a life, after all. They often ate from the same bowl, snuggled on the same basket, and every night, slept on the same kennel. They were walked together, played together, had sex with each other... It was a life she certainly couldn't say she shared with her mistress, whose lifestyle was in another spectrum, in comparison to hers.

Sadly for Raya, Jessica was getting bored with her current pets. Her pet-girl was kind of fun, still, but she wasn't exactly thrilled with Spike. She felt like he had served his purpose in helping her dehumanize the goth-girl Trixie once was. But she needed something fresh, a new addition. She wasn't in the mood to go into the trouble of finding a girl, though.

Luckily for Jessica, her best friend Denise coincidentally wanted to make her a gift. Her friend's birthday was closing in, but even more so, Denise wanted to thank her, for the fun times she had spent with Trixie, who was put in her custody for two weeks, during Jessica's vacation in the Caribbean. She sent her a girl that was initially destined for her pony-ranch, a 20-year-old ginger with freckles all over her rosy cheeks. Jessica knew she'd make a great pair with Trixie, and sent her right to the "vet's" clinic to start working on her.

Raya was really sad to hear that Spike would leave them. She liked his company and didn't want to be alone with her sadistic owner again - she had no idea of her plans. She whined and tried to tug at her mistress' dress, as she lead the male dog by the leash out of the yard, and towards the exit. Jessica pointed her finger down and Trixie immediately abandoned her efforts. She sat on her butt with her

front legs in front of her, in what was the STAY position. She stuck her "snout" on the glass door, as Jessica led Spike out of the house and towards his new owner.

About a month passed, until Jessica's newest acquisition was ready to be brought home. One day, Raya saw men carry a small cage, just like she was brought into her home four years ago. They brought out in the yard, and left Jessica with it. She unlocked the door, and gently cooed: "come out, doggy, here we are!" Nothing happened for the first 2 or 3 seconds. Then, Raya saw a white feminine form, with similar black spots across her body. A terrified girl crawled out of the cage.

She was mutilated like Raya had been, with healed stumps on her wrists and knees. She had gone through the same changes as Trixie. Her nose and lips turned black, the same rings placed on her clit, pussylips, tongue and nipples, attached to chains in the same sadistic manner. Only differences were the colors of the chains and rings, which were now a shiny gold, and her collar, which was a light cyan. Same colored nipples, pussy and crap-hole, to match. She looked very young and slim, with small breasts, but with a full, juicy bottom.

Raya read the name on the girl's collar. In the same girly font as hers, the word "Freckles" was visible in gold. She then noticed the ones on the scared girl, painted over with the same cyan color. "She is a ginger, or at least was one, so i named her Freckles!" commented Jessica.

The young girl seemed lost, standing on all fours in front of the tall evil woman, and the other mutilated girl. Trixie's breasts were larger than hers, but her ass definitely wasn't that voluptuous. She looked like she wanted to scream, more from desperation rather than actual attempt at calling for help. But she didn't, instead she kept her head down. It seemed she had learned that objecting or complaining in any way didn't go too well with either of her Mistresses.

Jessica didn't need to say anything to her older pet, this time, just shot a look at her. Raya crawled towards the frightened girl and begun sniffing her asshole, like all bitches are supposed to do. At least it smelled better than Spike's, Raya thought. The young girl looked flustered by the girl's action. "She is being treated like an animal, like me, why is she doing this without even someone ordering her?" She couldn't imagine what four years of physical and psychological damage did to a human's spirit.

Raya probably wouldn't give a shit once upon a time, but Trixie really liked the girl, she smelled nice, which was a long way from her condition, and had soft and smooth skin, unlike Spike's prickly fur. She crawled to face the unsuspecting girl and to her surprise, started licking her colored face. It was a thing she had learned to do years ago from Spike, a display of affection. They would both lick each other's

faces and mouths, nesting inside their warm doggy-bed, or snuggling for warmth in their kennel. She was showing in her own way, that she liked the young doggy-girl.

The smaller girl didn't seem to enjoy that welcome. The older girl's tongue was all over her cheeks, then her lips, then her own exposed tongue. "Come on, Freckles! You like Trixie don't you? Don't be rude..." she heard the woman's voice over her head. She returned the gesture, giving Trixie some of her tongue as well, but without the same enthusiasm. She received a shock on her collar for her laziness, which forced her to be more into her welcoming kisses with Trixie. After a warm greeting of mutual ass-smelling and face-licking, both pets were chained inside their common kennel. "I guess i need to change that sign, again" murmured Jessica to herself.

The two bitches would get to know each other far more intimately. Trixie comforted the girl during her first hard days in Jessica's custody. She didn't like seeing the tears flow from her eyes. She'd gently lick them off the young pet's cheeks, and cuddle her inside the cold dog-house. She didn't like seeing the new puppy sad and wanted to help her. Freckles accepted her kindness with relief, but didn't understand the way the black-and-white girl behaved. She had never met this girl, but in her eyes, she acted like a pure beast, like she never was a woman to begin with.

Jessica needed to make sure that her bitches didn't communicate in any way that resembled actual women. Raya had stopped trying to utter anything that sounded like words long ago, but the arrival of an untrained pet worried Jessica. She disciplined the young ginger through her collar-shocks, when she was around. The petite girl tried to speak and call for help often at the start, which was to be expected, same thing had occurred with Raya.

But Jessica could not be present at all times. Some small pins, silver and gold for Trixie and Freckles, respectively, were pinned on their collars, impossible to remove by their stamp paws. Inside the pins were tiny microphones, able to pick the slightest sound, and transmit it on Jessica's home computer.

As Jessica informed her pets, they would be always on (their batteries lasting a month, then they were easily replaced). The pets realized even the slightest word they might try to utter would be monitored. In the end, Jessica would have both their vocal chords cut if she found out any signs of human language, a warning she had made very clear to them. She was certain they would like to throw more than a few mean words her way. Every day, they had a reason to do so. After a few days, they were both too scared to utter a single word.



Only sound that would come from them would be yelps and barks, the first to beg and the second to show they understood. She also instructed them to howl, during the rare times she would let them orgasm. But that was far in their future. Needless to say, the pet-girls resigned from any attempt at communicating through speech, the stakes of getting caught were too great.

The redhead was once known as Judy Sanders. A smart, pretty girl, who had met a young man and was already thinking about getting married. She worked at her father's job, and it was ok, but Judy had aspirations of someday finding a job of her own. Unfortunately, she caught Denise's eye one day when she happened to walk by her on the street. She offered her a "modeling" gig, and the money seemed too good to turn down. The rest as they say is history. She now found herself in some rich lady's house, pretending to be her dog, along with some other unfortunate girl.

## CHAPTER 8: A NEW TRAINING

Jessica let the two doggy-girls get familiar with each other for the first three days, before beginning their training. She would make a show out of the two girls, something that would satisfy every adult guest she'd ever have. She spent those first days with Freckles, to get her acquainted with the standard positions and her own posture chain. Jessica knew she couldn't rush the puppy's training. Freckles had a lot to learn, even more so, with the additional training Jessica had planned for both her pets.

When she first ordered them in the yard, both of them looked up at her with worrying eyes, standing next to each other. Jessica was holding a long cane on her hands, and had a sinister smile on her face, one that Trixie knew too well by now. "So, today i'm going to teach you how good, little bitches should make love to each other." The two amputee girls looked at her wondering what she meant. "When i clap my hands i want you to start doggy-kissing, which is basically licking each other's face and tongue as sloppily and excited as possible." She said and clapped her hands together.

The two puppies were taken by surprise by the sudden order, until a good strike by the wooden cane helped them along. With two red welts on their asses, the puppy-girls' tongues got on to a wet dance with each other. Judy was amazed at how long the woman's tongue was. Little did she know she'd end up looking like her. The young girl had never even kissed another girl, never mind what disgusting thing that was. Regardless, she did her best to avoid Jessica's cane, for the next 15 minutes.

After that was over, Jessica ordered them to sixty-nine, and pleasure each other's pierced pussies, with the sound of two claps, being the signal. Trixie laid down on her back, while Freckles stood over her. Judy tasted Raya's sweaty, dirty cunt from days without a bath. A normal human would consider it appalling, but for Trixie, this was actually pretty clean in comparison to other times. On the other hand, Raya was putting all the knowledge Denise had "shocked" into her, from the countless times she had served her down there. The girl's parted pussylips and constantly erect clit, caused by the rings pierced there, made her job even easier.

Jessica egged them on with reminding hits of the cane, urging them to be more passionate and not slack off. Especially Judy left with a red ass, despite the permanent white paint over it. She watched them lick each other's pierced cunts for about half an hour. She made them alternate between the two positions, causing them to taste their own pussies during their "doggy kisses" as Jessica like calling it. Their tongues intertwined sloppily for a while, making the chains attached to them rattle.

Raya was tired, but she didn't seem too bothered by the task, so far. She liked the romantic nature of this encounter. All the other times she either had to do disgusting or degrading things, or just serve

Jessica and her guests, people she had no sympathy or feelings for. But that girl was different. She was like her. She was the only one who understood her. She even looked like her! Even though she had been ordered to do this, it somehow felt consensual, if not a bit fun.

Freckles, on the other hand whined a couple of times to her mistress, and got a good caning on her sides in return. She felt the girl that was called Trixie on her body, from her waist to her tongue. She felt the big, white, spotted tits press against hers. Raya's slim belly and waist on top of hers. She certainly had the body of a beautiful woman. But she was certainly not into what was happening.

After some time though, the girls' sweaty bodies begun rubbing against each other. While both lying down facing each other, Raya sensed she was close to an orgasm and instinctively wrapped her back legs around Judy's thigh, purposely rubbing her pierced clit against it. "I didn't order anyone to cum!" she heard Jessica's voice and moments later the sound of the cane striking her back. Trixie let out a painful whine and removed her pussy from its position. The puppies would come when their mistress wanted them to.

After a few more minutes of training, Jessica gave her doggies some food and water, before leaving them out in the garden. She warned them that if any bitch had an orgasm, the cameras outside and inside their kennel would let her know, and she would punish them. Raya was frustrated. At least with Spike she could get some relief when she needed to. His penis wasn't very big to really fill her, but the dog's quick pace and stamina usually got her over the edge.

Freckles didn't care much about the restriction. She just looked at Raya, with the kind of disgust that someone feels when they've just done something they never thought they would do. "Why are you so sick? Do you actually enjoy what's happened to us?" she tried yelling at the young woman. But only moans came out of her snout, making her even angrier. In her panicked state, she didn't even know what she was trying to utter, anymore. Trixie quickly crawled over to the young pet-girl. Years of shocks for trying to speak human words had programmed her to expect pain in these situations. She wanted to spare the little pet-girl that fate. She raised her front paw, up to Judy's snout, trying to make her stop. The 20-year-old jumped at her, in a fit of rage, knocking her on her back. She pinned her down with her body, trying to smack her with her chopped, white paws, without much success. Trixie let out soft painful moans.

Judy stops. The young woman she is hurting, is not even defending herself. Raya looks up at her with glassy eyes, her front paws cover herself. She is not her enemy. She is not the one responsible for what happened to her. "She has probably been through a lot more than i have" Judy thinks. She drops on top of her and hugs her, breaking down in tears and heavy sobs.

The bitches' love-training continued throughout the coming weeks. Both girls learned each other's smell and taste very well, all thanks to their trainer's discipline. Judy was young and inexperienced, but a quick learner, too. She remembered hearing that the key to a good pussy-lapping was doing the alphabet with your tongue, and she put that technique to the test. She knew she was doing a good job, indicated by the sound of the other Dalmatian's heavy breathing and the feeling of her heart on her chest, beating like crazy. Trixie came very close to orgasming a few times, but she knew doing so would earn her a punishment by Jessica, so she tried to control herself.

What had started as a fun activity had quickly turned into a nightmare for both girls. On one hand, Jessica wanted them to be all over each other, giving the maximum pleasure they could. On the other, they couldn't enjoy that pleasure too much, as unauthorized orgasms led to the worst of punishments.

As done with Raya, Jessica had researched Judy's file, to see what the best deterrent was for her. As it turned out, the young redhead was very claustrophobic, an information that gave Jessica the idea for the "punishment box". It was simply a metal rectangle box, small enough for Judy's body to be squeezed inside, with no further room for movement. She only fitted if she bent her torso on top of her back legs, with her front legs propped under her chest, bent at the elbow. Judy almost passed out from terror when she saw her mistress lead her in front of it. Like Trixie, her punishment would last the whole night, and her agonizing moans would echo from the metal prison till the morning. That motivation alone was enough for Judy to perfect her obedience, posture, and daily display of affection to Jessica, much faster than Raya.

Jessica would never forget one time where a simple threat of punishment she had made towards Freckles, had caused the pet to lose control of her bladder on the lawn. Jessica laughed and walked away, sparing her pet the punishment she had ironically earned for herself.

Freckles had become less hostile towards Trixie, a sign that her conditioning was going excellent. She was now less reclusive and even enjoyed some times when the weather was nice and the puppies could roam outside in the yard. She sympathized with Raya now, and had even started to get used to the idea of having sex with another woman. She still hated Jessica with all her being, but the imposing redhead didn't care much. All in good time, she said to herself.

Their nights at the kennel were hard though. After a day of generous amounts of lovemaking, both girls just wanted to get off and fall asleep, but the camera on the top of the wooden house reminded them that Jessica was like an all-powerful god to them, watching their every move. After their cuddling during the first days, the amputee girls didn't want to touch each other much and cause any further sparks of arousal.

But Judy became more and more desperate for a release. "There's no way she's looking at every single frame of the camera's footage" she convinced herself. Trixie was already curled up and asleep next to

her. It was too late for anyone to be up at this hour, Judy thought to herself. She snuck closer to the sleeping puppy-girl, and begun licking her ear. Trixie slowly opened her eyes and looked at Freckles, puzzled. Freckles stuck her face between her back legs, trying to reach that place she knew so well by now. Trixie kept her legs closed and let out a small whine, trying to warn the youngster. But the girl was determined. She surprised Trixie, pinning her down with her body, and started licking her nipples. It didn't need much for the magenta colored knobs to become hard as steel. Trixie moaned louder! She didn't want this to happen, even if she'd think about coming all day. She didn't want to get punished, it wasn't worth it!

But the young girl had already stuck her stamp legs between hers, and was riding her pussy against Trixie's thigh. If only Raya could get some leverage to knock her off her. But Freckles' weight and the tingling inside her kept her down. She tried to utter a scream, but Freckles pressed her paw painfully on her neck, cutting her breath. Judy was truly a beast herself. She was going to get that orgasm if she had to fuck a woman, a dog, or a piece of wood from this damn dog-house! Trixie steadily gave up to the bliss that was coming her way, and took her turn stroking her cunt on Freckles' back leg. They both came together with an earth-shattering orgasm, without a care about what the next day might have in store for them.

The next day they woke up, all snuggled up. During the afternoon, Jessica walked outside to put them some dog-food. She noticed how they were avoiding eye-contact and seemed worried, even though they were always looking forward to their meals. Full of suspicion, Jessica went inside and fast forwarded through the video-footage from inside the kennel. The two girls thought they had somehow made it without being spotted. But when their mistress came back with an evil grin on her face, they knew something was wrong. Both girls begged pathetically, shaking their tails as much as possible, letting out pitiful whines. But it was all in vain.

Jessica came up with a way to punish both puppies at the same time, while still keeping their biggest nightmares alive. She only had to widen the box by half its width. A simple sliding frame meant the box could return to its original size, with a simple move. She sprayed both girls with the sugar water the roaches loved so much and put them inside.

"You've learned to sixty-nine so well, now you'll stay like that until you learn that your orgasms belong to me" Jessica said with a strict tone in her voice and closed the box's hatch, cutting all light from the two puppies, who were tightly packed together in opposite sides, with a bunch of the big, gross insects crawling all over them. The box compressed them tightly and forced both the girls' faces to be buried between each other's crack. Their legs and arms had no room to move whatsoever, as well as the rest

of their bodies. They quickly started sweating immensely; the box being properly cooked by the morning sun. Judy must have passed out a couple of times from the heat, as Raya's stamp legs were pressing on her ears, hugging her head. Raya was softly sobbing from the experience she had vowed herself to avoid at all costs. When Jessica finally opened the hatch, both puppies couldn't be in a worse shape. "I hope you learned your lesson" she simply commented.

The horrific experience made both girls extra complied and docile. Their training resumed without any more incidents and definitely without any orgasms. Each day the same course took place. One clap for doggy kisses, two claps for 69. Judy thought, that if she ever got out of this hell, she would have trouble concentrating on not abusing people at the sound of clapping hands.

At the end of the month, Jessica decided it was time to have her first outdoor party. She washed her doggies really well, and fitted them with their bells and their formal, leathers collars instead of the nylon ones. The black and silver for Trixie, a dark blue and gold for her newest pet. It was a sunny day. All sorts of people showed up for the event, everyone dressed in high fashion. Tables were placed out in the yard alongside a large grill. Everyone was having a great time. Then, Jessica showed up with her two doggies, crawling on either side of her, led by a common black leash that split into two. The bells on their nipples and clit piercings made sure that no one missed the two bitches, who were dying of embarrassment and humiliation, especially Freckles, who had never experienced such degradation.

Jessica kept the two bitches by her side while she conversed with her guest and enjoyed her meal. Then, after everyone was full, she led the two puppies to the center of the yard. People gathered all around them to watch, as Jessica called them.

"Who wants to see the two bitches make sweet love to each other?" she laughed. She clapped her hands once, and the girls knew to start their loving dog kissing. The two girls felt so dehumanized, people were looking and taking pictures with their phones, others were laughing and others encouraging the show. Every move of their tongues on the nipples caused the bells, still attached to them to ring. Raya and Judy tried to focus on the task and ignore the crowd, but it wasn't easy.

Despite the fuss around them, their nipples were rock hard when Jessica clapped their hands twice. They immediately assumed positions on top, but as they went to start licking, an idea struck Jessica. "Why don't we try something else?" they heard her voice. She reached down to where Trixie's tail was, and after unclipping the two chains attached to it, unscrewed it, revealing her gaping shithole. Trixie let out a small moan, then watched her mistress do the same to Freckles.

"Let's do some ass licking!" she yelled and everyone agreed to the suggestion. The two puppies were mortified. None of them wanted to come close to each other's filthy asshole. A strong shock on both their collars reminded them that they didn't have a choice in that matter and they got to work. The crowd enjoyed the spectacle, and with each shock Jessica delivered to them, the puppies became even more disgusting in the exploration of each other's shit holes. They both gagged a lot, feeling the wrinkles of the other's anal ring with their tongues. With more electric encouragement, they even penetrated each other with their tongues. Both girls were in tears now, cursing the moment they were brought to this world.

Jessica then clapped once. Trixie and Freckles were resigned to their fate. Making out was usually fun, even in their deformed situation. But now that they had to taste their own assholes, it was the least attractive scenario. They reluctantly begun french kissing. Raya liked kissing the ginger girl, but now she was on the verge of vomiting. What made everything worse were the cameras' clicks and the peoples' eyes all over them.

When Jessica ordered them to stop, they were so relieved that their ordeal had finally come to an end. But they were wrong. "Time for a game!" she announced, and they couldn't believe their bad luck. Jessica brought out something a strap on, with a thick, 9-inch spiked dildo on the end of it. This surely wouldn't be pleasant for any human. "Whichever bitch makes the other come, she'll get to fuck her with this!" she explained the rules to her pet-girls. Both girls started whining and trembling in fear, begging her mistress to pity them. "You want to go in the box again?" she asked with an ominous implication and they were quickly on each other, grinding and licking with everything they had. People started chanting over them, it was almost like a ritual.

Fear drove them at the start, but they quickly realized that despite all their suffering, they were both very horny from the constant tease that was their training. Trixie had been better prepared for something like this. If nothing else, Denise had taught her thoroughly to pleasure a woman with her tongue. Judy moaned louder and louder, and Raya didn't let her get away from her. The blue freckled-girl climaxed powerfully, under cheers and whistles. "Trixie is the winner!" yelled Jessica and proceeded to put the strap on her older pet.

Freckles' eyes were already full of tears before Trixie even climbed her. Raya didn't want to hurt the young girl, but Jessica had gotten the cane out for this, and told her that anything other than full, powerful thrusts were going to be punished. Trixie mounted the girl and held her with her front paws from her waist, with her weight on the poor girl's back, just like a male dog.

She penetrated her slowly at first, and, with the first strike of the cane on her ass, begun thrusting rhythmically. "Now it's your turn to cum Trixie, if you want to come of course..." said her owner. Trixie saw red at the sound of this. The inside of the strap on had a wrinkly nub that pressed right against her clit. She just had to work that fake cock to get off. Judy's eyes were wide open like never before as the

spike intruder entered her. She hadn't known pain like that in her life. She tried to move away from the fake cock, but Trixie had pretty much immobilized her. It was time for her orgasm now. Judy screamed and whined, her young pussy bleeding from the assault, but Raya didn't let up, not until she came hard from ravaging her poor friend.

Jessica had fun with her little pets, organizing those social gatherings on a weekly basis. The girls dreaded these days with all their heart, but, like all other things inflicted upon them, it became a part of their lives. Apart from those parties, Jessica enjoyed watching them by herself, when she was feeling bored. Sometimes she'd let them come after minutes or hours of frustration, sometimes she wouldn't allow them to climax at all. The puppy-girls' joy depended solely on their mistress' whims. She sometimes liked to spike their water-bowl with aphrodisiac drugs and just watched them writhe in agony, knowing the consequences of a misdemeanor.

Jessica noticed that Trixie had taken a motherly role towards her newest pet, who after the latest parties, had been broken completely. She often caught Trixie cleaning the younger girl with her tongue, licking all over her entire body, and sometimes even her private parts when they were really dirty. There wasn't any deed that was beyond Trixie, after all these years. Her mistress still found ways to sink her humanity lower. Jessica would often catch them standing outside their kennel, with Freckles nesting under Trixie's taller body, like a cub seeking care from its mother.

Jessica was glad that Trixie had taken that role, in a way, she was happy for her. She'd watch the two bitches lick each other affectionately, play and cuddle together. She eventually let them both in the house, with the condition that they shared their doggy-basket and behaved themselves. She also liked when she had them lick her feet while she read, one doggy on each sole.

Judy, the once bright, redhead, was lost and had given her place to Freckles completely. It took less time than Raya took to surrender her mind, but she was too young and sensitive to last for long. She just was glad to be with her "mommy" as she saw as, now, even though she had no inhibitions about fucking her "mother's" brains out, or Trixie about her "child" for that matter. Even actual bitches seemed more sophisticated creatures than what those young women had been turned into.



## CHAPTER 9: MOTHERLY LOVE

It's a warm Sunday morning. The sun is shining bright above Jessica's garden. Jessica is relaxing outside, reading a book. Her two pets were allowed to play with each other on the grass for a bit, a few yards away from her. Trixie had just finished "nursing her baby" as Jessica called it, and was trying to get some sleep. On the early days of Judy's arrival, Jessica was worried that the girl's presence could reverse some of the work she had done, breaking Raya. Luckily for her, Judy was much more fragile than the former goth-girl and fell into the submissive spiral fast and with no return. The helplessness of her situation made it apparent that she had to adapt, and submit to this strange woman that had taken her life.

Upon losing herself, Judy had gone to Raya for comfort. Nesting under her warmth and feeling the female's swollen breasts around her face was her happy place. Raya had the same need for kindness. Feeding her "child" wasn't only a release from the pressure on her full-of-milk breasts, but a comfort and closeness she didn't have, since Jessica gave away her last dog, Spike. She was immensely close to Judy and often tried to keep her away from any sadistic plans Jessica had in mind for her, without ever succeeding.

It was important for them to take advantage of this break. Jessica had exhausted them over the past months. The weekly parties made Sunday a dreaded day of the week for them, as they were always forced to vile sex acts, sooner or later.

Apart from the acts between them, Jessica's guests would sometimes bring their own male dogs over. After strapping both her puppies on the grass by poles on their collars, they'd host a pretty straightforward canine gangbang. Trixie and Freckles had to make every dog cum at least three times. A timer on Jessica's watch had been set for their goal, reaching the time limit meant dual punishment for the pets. Constant zaps and the fear of "the box" were motivating them to move their hips and suck as seductively as possible.

Needless to say, they were both covered in dog semen by the end of the party. Their faces of complete disgust and exhaustion were documented on everyone's cellphone-camera. The couple of orgasms they got were really a small reward for what they had been through, plus, they could never enjoy them with all the people whoo-ing at every orgasm, teasing and mocking them. "Those bitches are IN HEAAAT!" Raya's ear caught one of the "spectators" yell. She could get her guilty pleasure from Spike when they were private, but now, she was repeatedly being reminded of what a filthy creature she was. It made both girls feel awful.

Jessica occasionally lifts her eyes from her food, glancing over at them. She still enjoys the sight. Even after all these years, it never fails to send her on a momentary power trip. After all, these aren't just any ordinary bitches. They were once beautiful, clever, and sophisticated (Judy more than Raya) women. They didn't crawl on all fours. They wore clothes. They could converse, flirt, laugh and joke. They had dreams and aspirations.

The fact that she, herself had crushed all these things that made them human, and had turned them into pure beasts, completely obedient and depended on her, was what Jessica loved the most about them.

Jessica was trying to find ways of strengthening her puppies' bond. She loved how motherly Trixie was towards little Freckles. An idea came to her mind.

So, she paid another visit to her trusted ""veterinarian" for a few alterations. The day she told them they would go to the "vet" Raya and Judy both pulled at their leashes and barked angrily. They detested going through what she and that psycho Vet would do to them. Jessica of course overpowered both of them single-handedly. They glared at her with eyes full of hate, wanting to curse her out so bad, but knowing the consequences.

Jessica wanted to have complete control over their sexual pleasure, and not just command it. She figured the girls would probably never touch themselves, after that last time, but again, she had to know. She had each one implanted with a small micro-chip on the inner walls of their pussy. This device could measure moisture on the part it was placed, and sent a painful electric shock if the humidity surpassed a desired point. The chip could be remotely switched on and off by a remote, but Jessica liked to have everything on her smartphone, and so, she controlled her puppies' orgasms literally with a touch of her finger.

The other part of the newest modifications was done on Trixie. The older pet had gotten settled to her new role as Freckles' mother-figure very much. Raya always wanted to have children, but now that she knew that this fate wasn't meant for her, she had grown attached to the young doggy-girl in a very motherly way. Jessica wanted to reinforce that relationship by making Trixie nourish the young puppy with her own milk. After being injected with tons of hormones, Raya's breasts grew to a size G in a couple of weeks. They would almost touch the ground in her crawling position. After her sessions

would be over, she would lactate on her own, indefinitely. Her swollen breasts put added pressure on her pierced tongue, making it even longer than it already was, as well as on her poor clit, lengthening it as well.

When Trixie first showed signs of lactation Jessica brought Freckles with her and informed her that she would be not be fed by her anymore, but from her "mommy's nutritious breasts". Judy pleaded with yelps, but after the first whole day she had gone without any food, she soon jumped on Raya's large breasts, sucking her tender nipples hungrily. Her dignity was far less important than her hunger. Maybe if she hadn't been broken for so long, she would have lasted more days. Judy was a prideful woman once, but now she sucked the life-giving milk from another woman's breasts without a glimpse of shame.

In time, Judy forgot how dog-food, or any kind of food, tasted. Trixie's milk was the only thing she had for meals. At least she was relieved from the effort of keeping her sphincter close, but the same wasn't true for her bladder, which was extra strained after her liquid meals. Her "mom" was fed dry dog food like before and she had to eat a good amount to keep the young pup healthy. Jessica's friends were delighted by the sight and always made a big fuss around them whenever they'd catch them during breastfeeding.

Jessica didn't forget about that look her puppies had given her when they returned home. She put their tongue rings to use, attaching each one's through a small padlock to each other's clit-ring. She left them like that for the rest of the day. She liked the way their locked 69 looked and decided she would make a habit out of putting them to sleep, like that. Trixie and Freckles were not thrilled with the idea, but didn't have a say. They would have to get used to falling asleep with the smell of each other's pussies on their noses, only sparred when Jessica wasn't in the mood to lock them in their doghouse herself.

## CHAPTER 10: FROM GOOD, TO GREAT

After the "external" changes, Jessica moved on to her bitches' behavioral re-conditioning. She believed she was too soft on them at times and that they had too much "free" time on their stamped paws. That needed to stop. They were good pets, but Jessica wanted them to be great ones, exhibiting devotion and submission at all times.

In time, Jessica forced her pets to show her gratitude and submission towards their owner, each day. The instructions were simple, but not easy by a long-shot. The dog-girls would have to express their gratitude and obedience to their mistress at all times. That meant that whenever they saw her, they were to automatically express joy, either by wagging their tails and sticking their tongues out, like excited bitches, or nuzzling their heads against Jessica's legs, or licking her palms with their long tongues, and begging to lick her boots, in a display of their undying love. All these things had to be done, every time Jessica appeared to them, unless they were instructed otherwise, (usually with a simple hand-gesture).

But the woman didn't want them to be mindless, like those robot-pets sold on kids' toy-stores. Both puppies would have to also think of new ways on their own, to express their devotion to her mistress, and without lazily repeating the same things - even though sometimes it was inevitable.

Most of all, they had to SHOW that they really wanted this, a trait which was easier said than done, considering the ordeals the pet-girls suffered through because of Jessica. Constantly trying to think of ways to be affectionate towards their tormentor, really messed with Raya and Judy's mind in a very pavlovian way. They were being conditioned to love their captor, as if the fear of torture wasn't enough. There was even a time where, desperate for something new, Freckles went to hump her owner's leg. She received a shock for her efforts.

Those displays of love where to occur, every time she let them out in the morning, returned home , or generally appeared to them after a long time, unless they were instructed otherwise, (usually with a simple hand-gesture). Jessica informed them, that the same rules applied to any guest she might have had over - especially Denise. Trixie and Freckles would become truly lovable pets by the highest of standards and according to everyone.

Jessica resigned from bathing them, too. But, that didn't mean they had the right to violate her nostrils with their filth. The dog-girls were both trained extensively, to lick each other clean in all areas. It was another way for Jessica to degrade them, but also bring them even closer than two regular people could ever be. Every day, Judy got a taste of Raya's salty sweat, from her armpits to her privates, and the dirt that was stuck with it. Especially after the hormone treatment, Raya was sweating much more, much to the young girl's dismay. Raya would get her share of filth tasting as well, though, cleaning the young pup with care. The latest updates on their hygienic habits made both girls try to cheat, wiping their plugged assholes on the grass after returning from their walks, but Jessica put them in their place right away, after a visit to their least favorite box. Whatever remains of excrement were left on that small hole under their tail-plugs, had to be removed by the other's delicate tongue.

The last part was the most painful for them to swallow. Literally, as Jessica made sure that they were to be pretty thorough in licking each other's assholes to perfection. After all, if she noticed any of them stank even the slightest, they would both be punished horrifically.

It was vital to her that they were disciplined as a unit, and not individually. That strengthened their bond, and thus their teamwork. They were loyal to their mistress, but also cared for each other. Now both puppies were careful not to make any mishaps, and cause the other unearned pain.

## CHAPTER 11: A HAPPY FAMILY

As Jessica was daydreaming about what could she do to make her day more exciting, she noticed a pair of white, floppy ears peak over her book. Freckles was making her way towards her, seductively perking up her tits and ass, as she had been taught long ago. Sitting with her legs crossed Jessica saw the doggy-girl seductively lick her right boot, wagging her tail in what was the begging position.

It was a usual thing for them to do, as a way to beg for things. They knew how much Jessica enjoyed having them lick her bare feet, and they also knew she was more likely to be nice to them, if they served her well. "What do you want Freckles?" said the woman nonchalantly, not waiting for any response. At any other time she might had kicked the pet away, if she didn't want to be bothered. This time, Jessica stood and watched her. Judy, who was now only known by the name written on her collar, let out a whine and begun licking her high, black boots with her wet tongue, her eyes fixated on her mistress, as if she was asking for something.

She was never really given the time to use those charming eyes to seduce a guy in her lifetime, but she had learned how to use them to beg her mistress.

Jessica let her doggy do its thing for a bit, nailing her with her dark eyes. She was definitely hers now. The woman grabbed her pet from under her shortened arms and placed her against her raised leg. Freckles' pierced pussy was now resting on the edge of her boot. Her parted, ringed lips inviting stimulation. Judy then saw her press something on her phone. The doggy-girl's eyes lit up! Sexual pleasure was one of the few things she had left to enjoy in this world. She didn't come much lately, as orgasms were a big no-no without her mistress' permission, but she was horny all the time. She kind of scratched that itch, be it a kiss by Trixie, or dry-humping on the grass. That had been taken from her as well, during those last months, by her mistress. Could she actually let me?!? Judy wondered.

She began yelping more desperately, begging her mistress, simply to allow her to hump her leg, hugging her calf with her "front legs". Jessica placed her hand on her pet's smooth head, between its two pointy ears, then started swirling her toe against the girl's pussy.

Without missing a beat, Judy started grinding herself on Jessica's boot, like a bitch in heat. Just the boot's leather, wet from her slurping earlier, would easily do the trick. But Jessica snapped her fingers, commanding her to stay completely still.

Judy tried to remain motionless and not hump Jessica's leg, but it was so hard! She remembered the family dog doing the same thing to her leg when she was little. She tried to push the degrading thought away, as the realization that she was now trying to do the same thing to that woman caused her tremendous humiliation. She just wanted to cum, if only that woman would let her!

Jessica's foot was the only thing moving, rubbing Freckles' aroused clit. The doggy's breathing intensified. But she didn't dare cum without some sign of approval. She kept still, hugging Jessica's leg, looking at her mistress' eyes, yelping, pleading for release. She knew Jessica could leave her fighting like this for a while, or just get off her and ruin everything. She also knew very well she could activate the chip inside her right before she climaxed, causing her excruciating pain the wetter she was, something she occasionally did for her amusement. This added an aura of terror to the girl's anticipation; she was truly on Jessica's mercy right now. But still, she was eager to give it a shot, orgasms were a rare occasion, and she was in heat!

"Come on, get it" said Jessica casually. Freckles knew she had to concentrate if she was to cum like that. If she moved again, her mistress would probably take that orgasm away from her, if not punish her, too. Slowly but steadily, with her eyes fixated on her mistress, her soft yelping sounds built up to a loud howl!

She had done it. It felt so good! Freckles was so grateful to her lady for giving her this precious gift. She went to lick her hands to thank her, but Jessica pulled them away. "Clean up your mess" ordered her owner. The puppy quickly began slurping her juices off Jessica's boot.

A snap of Jessica's fingers, signaled Trixie close to her. Both doggy-girls were now standing on either side of her and with a point of her fingers, they stood still, assuming the STAY position, their eyes fixed forward, as their mistress petted their heads, relaxing under spring's sun. "It's a good day to be alive, don't you think so, girls?" she sighed with joy.

"Girls". Even the use of that word alone seemed like a jab to them now. Raya, a brunette goth, party animal, and Judy, a shy, engaged redhead, didn't remember the last time they had a good day, or the last time someone actually called them "girls". Whenever it was, it seemed centuries ago. They couldn't tell which of their lives was the most surreal, anymore. The earlier, peaceful times that were fading away or the much more demanding ones they lived in now.

Still, this was one of the good days. They responded to their mistress in the only way good little Dalmatian bitches do:

..."Aarf!"